

THE WEEK

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TORONTO, FRIDAY, MAY 11th, 1894.

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

CURRENT TOPICS.

THE WEEK deeply regrets the necessity of publishing either the brief letter of "Play-Goer," which appears elsewhere, or any comments upon the performance to which that letter calls attention. Under the circumstances we could hardly decline to publish either without failing in our duty both to true art and to pure morals. From all we have learned of it, some parts of the entertainment in question were of such a kind as must have been offensive to every person of good taste in the audience, and as must tend to bring what should be an elevating and refining amusement into disrepute. If those who had the management of the affair can see nothing objectionable in such matters to which so many who are neither prudish nor puritanical have taken exception, it would probably be useless to appeal either to their good taste or to their sense of propriety and responsibility. The constant rehearsing of a play of such a stamp by those who appealed to their audience on the ground of the performance being an

amateur one presented by ladies and gentlemen, must be the reverse of improving to either the manners or morals of those taking part; and, as regards dress, we cannot help wishing that some of the members could have overheard the club-room criticisms to which our correspondent refers. The remedy might be severe but it would be, we are sure, effective.

If closer relations between Canada and her sister colonies in the East and between all these colonies and their common Mother, are not promoted by the visit of the Hon. Robert Reid, of Victoria, Australia, it will certainly not be for the want of an earnest and eloquent advocate. Mr. Reid's speech before the Toronto Board of Trade, on Monday, presented the subject in a shape so patriotic, and so attractive, that it can scarcely fail to command for the projects with which he dealt more serious consideration than they have yet received in Canada. We have the transcontinental road and the Pacific steamships; we want the swift Atlantic line and the Pacific cable, says Mr. Reid, in effect. These supplied, the main constituent parts of the Great Empire, so far at least as the Anglo-Saxon elements of it are concerned, will be drawn together in a real and lasting union such as is impossible without those bonds. True, the wants are pretty large and expensive ones, but if Canada, single-handed, has been able to provide one great link, or rather, including the C. P. R.'s Pacific line, two great links, the other partners in the concern should be able to furnish, with her help, the other two. And able they are, if the commercial judgments of all can but be convinced that the enterprise will be a paying one. Many practical questions will have to be asked and answered before the period of full conviction and action is reached. Especially will the question of commerce, of the actual products which may be profitably interchanged between the antipodal colonies, have to be considered on a matter-of-fact basis. The first stage, that of advocacy on patriotic and sentimental—we use the word with no disparaging connotation—grounds must give place to the second. We do not mean to hint that our guest should have gone into figures and statistics. That may be left for the coming conference at Ottawa. Meanwhile it may be observed that the American Congress, by its manifest tendency to relapse into McKinleyism, is helping on this movement powerfully.

We find that we have unintentionally omitted to notice the strong circular in

which the Dominion Live Stock Association bring before the people of Canada the very serious disadvantages under which they are placed, in carrying on the important business of exporting cattle to Great Britain, in consequence of the uncertain and sometimes extortionate freight-rates exacted by the steamship companies which have a practical monopoly of this carrying trade. In the circular it is stated that "every state of the market, or exigency of the cattle trade, seems to be taken advantage of by the vessel men to levy excessive rates." Buyers cannot ascertain before buying what the rate will be. It may be \$7 a head, or it may be \$17.50—a margin which is evidently wide enough to span the distance between a fair profit and a ruinous loss on the transaction. Montreal being the only Canadian shipping port, the vessels few, and competition consequently small and easily done away with by combination, the shippers have no resource. It is manifest that no trade can flourish under such conditions. One would suppose that self-interest would lead the vessel-owners to see the danger of killing the goose which lays the golden eggs, as they will surely do if they persist in so selfish and suicidal a policy as that ascribed to them by the Committee which has prepared the circular. Of course the other side is entitled to a fair hearing. The attention of all who would like to see the business prosper is particularly directed to the fact that nearly all the vessels in question are subsidized by the Canadian Government, i.e., from the pockets of Canadian rate-payers. As we have often maintained in the case of railways, it seems clear to us that the right and power of control of rates is or should be a logical accompaniment of the bestowal of aid from the public funds. When Mr. Mulock's Bill to correct this abuse comes before Parliament, the people's representatives will be remiss in duty if they do not see to it that it, or some substitute, is passed into law, to secure the rights of the farmers and shippers in this matter.

"Five or ten thousand men have no right to dictate to the other 65,000,000, or to dictate to the Government which the other 65,000,000 have established. . . We can recognize no master except the Commonwealth itself. Certainly no body of men less than a majority of the entire people can call upon us to act otherwise than in accordance with our own judgments."

So says Senator Hoar, of Massachusetts, writing to one of the Coxeyite leaders in his own constituency. The reasoning seems

sound. It is when we try to apply the principle to what is known to be the practice at Washington, and, we may add, at Ottawa and other capitals, that it takes on the tinge of irony. "Since 1861," says *The Nation*, commenting on Senator Hoar's letter, "there have been twenty-six changes made in the tariff, all increases. Now, nearly every one of these changes was made, not at the request of 65,000,000 people, but of small parties of men, sometimes solitary individuals, sometimes of delegations representing one industry. Every one of them Senator Hoar approved of, etc." Every reader knows how accurately these words describe the process which has been going on at Ottawa ever since the Budget was announced, and which is still going on. No one will suspect us of admiring the Coxeyite way of attempting to equalize matters or control national legislation. But if a few hundreds or thousands of Canadian farmers and other consumers, who felt that their interests were being overlooked in the absence of special delegations at Ottawa, while the Government and members are constantly made to feel the influence of the deputations from the few whose interests they might believe to be opposed to their own, should resolve to appear and urge their views upon the Government and Commons in person, on what ground could the right be denied them?

On what principle can a Government give repeated audience to the few and deny it to the many? Is it that the larger number is suggestive of intimidation? Is not the other equally capable of using intimidation of another kind? One has but to recall certain statements which were boldly made in the *Canadian Manufacturer*, a year or two ago, in order to find a suggestive answer to the question. Of course the farmers and other law-abiding citizens of Canada are not likely to have either the inclination or the time to go in large bodies to Ottawa, to lay their views before the Government while Parliament is in session. But, assuming that there is a conflict or divergence of views and interests between them and the proprietors of the various industries whose representatives are so much in evidence at the Capital, and keeping in mind the great advantage which the latter consequently have for impressing their opinions upon the law-makers, it seems a fair question whether the inequality should not be corrected by a strict adherence to the principle that the elected representatives of the people are the only proper medium of communication between the Government and the people, at least while Parliament is in session. If it is maintained, on the other hand, that it is the right of the proprietors of every industry to have access to the responsible heads of departments, for the purpose of giving information and urging their own views, personally

or through the medium of chosen agents, why should it not be equally the right of the farmers, tradesmen, etc., to do the same. If a dozen, or fifty, proprietors or managers may have their cause pleaded by three or four delegates, why may not ten or a hundred thousand laborers be represented in like proportion by a few hundreds or thousands of their own class? This is a question which is likely to be warmly discussed across the border in the near future.

The last debate on the Registration Bill in the Ontario Legislature, afforded two curious illustrations of the effect of party predilections in warping the logic and dulling the moral perceptions of even those who are, apart from questions which appeal strongly to party feeling, fair and broad-minded men. The first case was that of Mr. Meredith, who, by the way, as Sir Oliver Mowat observed, has fallen this session into the habit of applying unusually strong epithets to his opponents, and has lost something in dignity and, we venture to think, in power, by the change. His judicial fairness has always seemed to us hitherto to be one of his chief sources of strength. The change may probably be accounted for by the near approach of the elections. But that is by the way. The point to which we refer appears when we place side by side two parts of his speech. In the first he says, with great truth and force, that "it is unfair that a Government supported in the whole country by a majority of from 3,000 to 10,000, should have two-thirds of the members of the House." The unfairness is so obvious that it is hard to see why a Government and party containing many good men are not ashamed of it. Of course, the old answer, which is really no answer at all, that the same unfairness exists to a much greater degree in the Dominion House, will be on the lips of all the Government's supporters. But while we are in full and hearty sympathy with Mr. Meredith in his denunciation of this grave abuse, we are taken back immediately by his denouncing, in still stronger language, the means by which the Government secured a supporter in Toronto, under the "minority" system, now abandoned. If it is unfair that in the whole country the Government should have a majority of supporters out of all proportion to its majority of electors, it is surely unfair that a city containing so large a Liberal contingent as Toronto should be compelled to leave that large body of its citizens absolutely without representation in Parliament.

Perhaps a still more marked instance of dulness of moral vision in a party leader is contained in the following extract from the *Globe's* report of Sir Oliver Mowat's reply to Mr. Meredith's complaint of gerrymandering, above referred to: "If a Government or party, in arranging con-

stituencies, working in this way, found itself confronted by two arrangements, which, party considerations apart, were equally good, he did not see why the Government should not select that arrangement which appeared to be most in its favor. The Government had not done so always, but he knew of no reason why it should not have done so." That has at least the merit of frankness. Let us suppose a parallel case between individuals. It falls to the lot, let us assume, of a man to divide between himself and a business rival certain sums of money or parcels of property, of unequal values. It is possible for him to so arrange the division that the chances of each to obtain the more valuable parcels will be equal. It is also possible for him to so arrange it, in the exercise of his prerogative, that by far the greater share of the property will fall to himself. What should we think of the man who should deliberately adopt the latter course, saying that if a man had an opportunity thus legally to get for himself the better side of a bargain, he knew no reason why he should not do so? Would not a high-minded and magnanimous man rather feel that the circumstances were such as appealed most powerfully to his sense of honour, and take every care to see that the distribution was made with the strictest impartiality? Surely the confession, for such we must deem it, of the venerable Premier, constitutes the strongest reason why all such arrangements should be taken out of the hands of the party Government and entrusted to an impartial tribunal.

If there were no law and no courts for collection of debts, we do not suppose that there would be an end of all business transactions on credit, but they would certainly be very much rarer than under present conditions, by which the most effective machinery is provided for the collection of debts of every size, from a few cents up to hundreds of thousands of dollars. In the absence of such machinery, credit would be given only when there was full confidence in the personal integrity of the person asking it. No amount of property would enable a man to obtain goods without payment, from a merchant or other business man, unless the reputation of the buyer for honorable dealing were well established. As things now are, confidence in the buyer's or borrower's integrity counts for a good deal, but probably in most cases for much less than confidence in his financial strength and business capacity. The dealer knows that, under ordinary circumstances, if his debtor fails to keep his engagements, he can recover his own by process of law. Now, were all legal provision for the collection of debts done away with and the whole business carried on, so far as carried on at all, on the basis of trust in the financial ability and the personal integrity of the receiver

of credit? That the volume of business done in the country would shrink a good deal under such a system is certain. But that fact of itself proves nothing. Most business men, to say nothing of those who view the question from a social or moral standpoint, deplore the fact that so much credit business of an unsafe kind is done in the country, and that so large facilities are afforded to the inexperienced and the ambitious to rush into debt. In fact, no one who goes through life with his eyes open can fail to see on every hand evidence of the misery which is brought upon thousands of families by the fatal facility with which the rash, unthrifty or dishonest can get "over head and ears in debt."

Quite similar, in many particulars, it seems to us, is the question now before Parliament and the country with reference to the proposed insolvency law. That the inevitable effect of such a law will be to increase largely the amount of credit dispensed in the country, with a corresponding increase in the number of cases of insolvency, no thoughtful person can doubt. This and the reason for it are made clear in the letter of Mr. Thomas Ritchie, which appears elsewhere. The legitimate business basis for any credit transaction is, unquestionably, the moral character and financial ability of the person receiving the credit. It is equally clear that the tendency of insolvency laws is to shift this basis in the manner pointed out by Mr. Richards. Such laws, as in fact all laws to facilitate the collection of debts, are made for the dishonest. We suppose that it is rarely the case that the really honorable man who finds himself unable to meet his obligations in full, has any difficulty in obtaining an honourable discharge or frankly making known the facts and expressing his willingness to surrender his property to his creditors. No honest man needs the compulsion of the law to make him do those things. The direct aims of an insolvency act are, we suppose, chiefly to compel unwilling debtors to make a fair division of their assets among their creditors, and to secure the release of the willing from legal obligations which they may be utterly unable to discharge. Whether these direct advantages are not more than an offset by the evils of an unhealthy stimulation of credit-giving and by the facilities afforded for such sharp practices on the part of dishonourable traders as Mr. Ritchie describes, is a question on which it would be rash to pronounce a positive opinion, without a careful collection and study of a wide range of facts bearing upon the two sides of the case. There is, to say the least, great force in the objections urged by Mr. Ritchie and many others—so much force that it is probable that, long as the Government and Parliament have been thinking about the matter, they will yet conclude to take another year for its consideration, before legislating upon

it. Meanwhile it seems to us that the best aid that could be given in reaching a right conclusion would be a careful and somewhat exhaustive collection of cases of hardship and other facts, bearing on one side and the other, to show the effects which have attended both the operation and the absence of such an act in the history of Canada. Both plans have been well tried and experience should be the best teacher in the matter. Possibly this is one of the cases in which a Royal Commission might be of real service.

In educational discussions two things which are entirely distinct are often confused. It is one question whether the funds derived from public taxation should be drawn upon in aid of education beyond that which may fairly be supposed to be accessible to the whole people. It is another and quite a different question whether the largest possible number of citizens should be encouraged to get the highest possible education. When a statesman or a newspaper complains that the high schools and collegiate institutes are being fostered at the expense of the public schools, or maintains that they do not come within the category of those which should be aided from the public funds at all, the question is discussible. But when they argue that the children of the country are being over-educated and so unfitted for the manual toil which will be or ought to be the lot of the great majority, they trench on other ground. The contention that the masses should receive only a limited primary education lest higher training may stimulate an ambition above industrial callings, is one to which no thoughtful friend of education can assent. It places the whole subject of education on a low utilitarian ground. It proves too much, for it might be argued with equal plausibility that even the primary schools are injurious in this respect, that the man or the woman who is totally unable to read will make the more docile and submissive labour machine. But if we put the question on the higher ground that education is the birthright of every one to the fullest attainable extent, what right has one human being who has been blessed with a good mental training to throw any obstacle in the way to prevent another human being from receiving the same culture? Is it not quite clear that the human mind was intended for culture and development just as much as the human hand or muscle?

But all this, we may be told, though it sounds well, is mere theory and does not help in the least to solve the practical difficulty. That there is a serious practical difficulty, arising out of the tendency of those who are able to secure a little better education than that of their parents or neighbours, to shun all occupations which task the bodily energies rather than those

of the mind, cannot, we fear, be denied. Even in England, where secondary education has been hitherto somewhat neglected, and is only just now beginning to be organized on anything like a national scale, there are, the *Standard* tells us, eight thousand barristers where only about sixteen hundred can be said to be in practice. "We are making people so refined and so educated," says the *Standard*, "that manual labor is repugnant to them. As for doing anything disagreeable, or following an occupation that is irksome or inferior, how can a lad who has passed creditably through the sixth standard, or a young man who has attended a course of local examination lectures, be expected to hear of such a thing?" And yet what would induce the *Standard* writer, if such a thing were possible, to divest himself of the education and refinement which have fitted him for his present position, and go back to the mental state which he regards as necessary to fit one for manual labor, or any disagreeable occupation? What attitude of mind can be more illogical or awkward than that of the man who, having by dint of a certain amount of education been enabled to occupy a position which nothing but the direst necessity could induce him to exchange for one of manual toil, sneers at the aspirations of others who may be ambitious of the same advantages, and thousands of whom are just as well fitted by nature to make good use of them as he. The fault with him, as with the great majority of those at whom he sneers, is partly in the point of view and partly, perhaps, in the present inequalities in the comfort, respectability, and emoluments of the two classes of work. When manual labor is as well paid as the other employments, and the hours of toil reduced in proportion to the disagreeableness of the occupation, people will perhaps be as ready to engage in the one as in the other, and the popular notions in regard to the comparative respectability of the two will be modified accordingly. The life of the farm laborer who is compelled to work twelve or fourteen hours a day may be hardly worth living, but what could be more delightful than the situation of an educated farmer, working only six or eight hours a day, and having the rest of the time for reading and recreation, as many professional men now do. At any rate it is evident that the march of universal education cannot be stayed by any such reasoning as that of the *Standard*. Perhaps the best course is to hasten it as much as possible, and leave the question of occupations to adjust itself when all are on the same footing. Meanwhile, let the choice be between working and fasting and few will choose the latter because they have been a few years at a high school. Nor is it at all likely that we shall all perish for want of food or shelter because no one can be found to till the soil or build houses.

THE QUESTION OF WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

The question of woman suffrage has taken on a new phase in the State of New York. Hitherto the agitation has been all on one side, so far as the sex most directly interested was concerned. The women, many and able, who believe that the best interests, not only of their own sex but of the whole community are involved, have pushed forward the agitation with tremendous energy. Others and probably as yet a very large majority, who neither desire the ballot for themselves nor believe that its use by their sex as a whole, would be for the good either of the women or of the state, have been content to sit still and leave the battle to their ambitious and energetic sisters. Now, however, that an organized effort is being made to effect a radical change by erasing the word "male" from the constitution, large numbers of these women have aroused themselves and resolved no longer to remain passive spectators of the struggle. They decline to have the duties and responsibilities of enfranchisement thrust upon them against their wishes, without at least a struggle to prevent it. They are not, indeed, emulating the example of the opponents whose energetic campaign has aroused them to action, by holding public meetings and indulging in platform oratory. But they are scattering broadcast petitions which are being largely signed, asking that the prayer of the petition of their suffrage-seeking sisters be not granted, setting forth that the great majority of intelligent and thoughtful women do not want the ballot and praying that it be not forced upon them. They are also enlisting the influence of some powerful periodicals on their side.

The question at once suggests itself, "Why should these women trouble themselves to get up this quiet but effective counter agitation?" If they do not personally wish the ballot they need not use it. But why prevent those of their number who do desire it from obtaining it for themselves, if they can? Few persons will now attempt to deny that if women really wish the ballot they have a right to it. The reply is, in effect, that there is a broad distinction between the propositions that women as a class or moiety of the commonwealth have a right to vote in parliamentary elections if they wish to do so, and the proposition that those women who so wish, being a small minority of the whole, have a right not only to obtain it for themselves, but for all their sex. "But the question is not," says *The Outlook*, in which the subject is being vigorously discussed, "whether some women will consent that other women may vote if they wish to. Power to vote involves the duty of voting: a duty which may be enforced by a fine imposed on the recreant . . . and certainly will be en-

forced by conscience on all conscientious women." We give the argument as we find it, without pinning our political faith to its validity. Certainly nothing less than a strong faith in such validity can justify the earnest opposition now being offered to the efforts of the women suffragists by women.

It is not necessary to the purpose of this article that we should declare our adhesion to the views of one party or the other. That women as a whole have a right to the suffrage, if they wish it, is, as we have said, generally though it is by no means universally conceded. That the Woman's Rights agitation, of which the demand for the ballot is the culminating stroke, has done much for the correction of women's undoubted wrongs and the securing of their undoubted rights, will scarcely be denied, even by those who looked with strong disapprobation upon that agitation in every stage. Human nature is weak. The capacity of the average voter and legislator for putting himself in place of his unfranchised neighbour, be that neighbour a workingman or a helpless woman, has never been very large. The recognition of the right of the married woman to hold property in her own name and at her own disposal, almost axiomatic as it now seems, was not obtained without a long struggle. The admission of the woman property-owner's right to a voice in electing the men who make the laws for the protection and governance of property was still more tardily made, yet is now pretty generally conceded. But while it must be, we fear, frankly admitted that these and similar wrongs to which women were long subjected by their natural protectors were not righted until after energetic and prolonged demand, it can scarcely be charged that those masculine legislators are now at all backward in recognizing the claims of women in every department of active life. The question may be fairly asked whether the point has not been reached in the upward development where the rest may be safely left to the milder compulsion which the mothers and wives and maidens know to well how to apply.

The arguments, *pro* and *con.*, of the women themselves, which are just now being published in the New York papers, are interesting reading. We cannot attempt to summarize them. Some of them on both sides are weak enough; some wise and weighty. One of the strongest arguments put forth by the opposers of the suffrage is by no means complimentary to their sex. It claims, in effect, that the vote of the wise and good women of the country will be far outweighed by that of the ignorant, the superstitious, the weak and the wicked. As a result, it is argued, the full effect of the addition of the women's vote will be to lower the average level of the whole vote of the country, in respect to intelligence,

patriotism and morality. Others, of course, take the opposite view. And, indeed, in view of the enormous vote of the foreign element in the electorate, and the fact that this immigration is composed much more largely of men than of women, it is hard to believe that the addition of the whole body of women as voters, provided the better classes were fairly represented at the polls would not, large as the admixture of ignorance and frivolity it might contain, tend to the elevation rather than the further deterioration of the whole mass.

OTTAWA LETTER.

The visit of the Hon. Mr. Reid, Minister of Defence for Victoria, Australia, is one of the principal events of the past week. He is the advance guard of the Colonial Conference that is to be held on Canadian soil next month, the result of the Hon. McKenzie Bowell's visit to Australia last winter. Mr. Reid is *en route* for home after an absence of three months. He addressed an influential gathering at the Board of Trade rooms in the city hall which was also attended by the Governor-General and Lady Aberdeen with Mr. Bowell in the chair. Mr. Reid is an advocate for perfecting the mail and telegraphic communication on the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, as a preliminary step to a closer commercial interchange with the Australian continent, and pointed out that the Canadian route was a competitor with the route by the Suez Canal which had hitherto been the mail route between the United Kingdom and Australia.

Mr. Reid expressed himself pleased with what he had seen in Canada, and felt that a trade could be developed of mutual benefit to both Canada and Australia. He said he had been shown some woollens of Canadian manufacture in Montreal and he could say from an experience of 38 years in mercantile life, that they would hold their own with British goods. He could not speak with the same confidence of our cottons, but he hoped that before the decade had run its course, Canada would be able to hold her own in manufactures without any protective tariff. Coming from a Minister of a protective Government in Victoria, this might be taken as a hint that whatever views they might have held in the past, the Victorian Government would not see its way to taxing Victorian trade for the benefit of Canadian manufactures.

Public opinion in Victoria has been undergoing a change in regard to protection somewhat similar to the gradual change that has been coming over Canadians in regard to their protective policy; there it has been hastened by the advocacy of the Democratic Free Trade League of Victoria.

In Parliament the details of the tariff are still undergoing review. Scientific protection has been applied to the iron duties to the disturbance of the placidity of the rolling mills. Scrap iron, their raw material, is to be taxed to the extent of one and two dollars more per ton. How long will it take the Finance Minister and Sir Hibbert Tupper to realize that free trade will realize a higher protection to this great plentiful in Nova Scotia and elsewhere in Canada?

The claim that protection is essential to the development of natural industries is not borne out by the Southern States. A rapid and large development of the coal

and iron industry in the South has taken place without any protection from the powerful mining companies in the north. These industries rose as if by magic with the aid of several hundred million dollars of capital, twenty-five per cent of which was British capital; the market of 65 million people was the attraction. The result has been a reduction in the price of iron, the price of which we must on no account permit to be lowered to Canadians.

Under our present commercial policy greater protection is needed to meet this keener competition. Scrap iron is made the victim, adding to the cost of our bar iron, nails, etc. Free trade will apply such an economic condition to these great industries that the markets of the world, which are now closed to Canadian mining enterprise, will be opened by the reduced cost of production, and capital will flow in to aid in the process of development, larger home markets will be developed and cheaper material for Canadian industry provided.

The reduction of the working force of the Canada Pacific Railway and the threatened reduction of the wages on the Grand Trunk Railway are two of the features of the last week. The latter is to off-set the higher price of coal still further increased by the duty. The former is in consequence of the reduced earnings of the Canada Pacific Railway chiefly, as it is stated from the North-West Territories and Manitoba.

Scientific protection and high rates have both done their work in Manitoba by reducing the profits of labor below a living wage, and consequently reduced production ensues. The obliging implement agent now turns his back coldly on the farmer, and No. 1 hard is no longer king. The Provincial Government have, however, entrenched the patient tiller of the soil behind a solid phalanx of exemptions which enables him to exclaim, in the words of the poet,

"I am monarch of all I survey,
My right there is none to dispute."

And Mr. Van Horne pours oil on the troubled waters by assuring his clients that if they live long enough, wheat will be \$2 a bushel. Such is life—"Big fleas have little fleas with smaller fleas to bit 'em, and smaller fleas have lesser fleas, and so add infinitum" or, perhaps, a better quotation would be, "L'homme propose, mais Dieu dispose," for the science of tariffs and discriminatory freight rates does not work out to a logical conclusion.

Lady Aberdeen has a letter in the city papers calling for aid for the literary society formed for the purpose of distributing literature among the scattered settlements of the North-West, a work that is worthy of all praise if properly directed and one which doubtless receives the careful thought of Her Excellency.

The Annual Press Dinner was held at the Russell House and the feast of reason and flow of soul as usual marked its character.

"The Beggar Student," an amateur performance, has been running for two or three nights at the opera house with great success.

A letter from Mr. Lowe, who reached Hudson Straits in his exploring tour across Labrador, has been received, five months old. He had gone into winter quarters, moving from Ungava Bay to Hamilton Inlet by steamer on account of the scarcity of provisions at the former place. It does not sound as if the Straits were as formidable as they are sometimes accounted for naviga-

tion, when a geological exploring party can so readily avail themselves of its facilities in the fall of the year.

It is too soon to prognosticate upon the length of the session. The estimates have to follow the tariff. The Senate Committee on the Insolvency Bill is holding evening sessions, which looks like a desire on the part of the Government to pass it this session. The more haste the less speed is a homely saying applicable to such an important measure.

VIVANDIER.

Ottawa, May 7th, 1894.

IMPRESSIONS OF WASHINGTON AND RICHMOND.

Washington has every right to be a beautiful city; indeed it is naturally expected of it, as the show-place of the United States, having it for its *raison d'être* to be a worthy setting for the centre of government of a mighty nation, a fitting environment for the imposing Capitol and the other fine Government buildings that cluster around it. Though considered a small city in the Union, it would be considered a large city with us, being about the size of Toronto or Montreal. Like other American cities, it has grown immensely in recent years, and has almost lost the half built, unfinished look of "the city of magnificent distances" of fifteen or twenty years ago. Its diverging avenues are now broad, handsome streets bordered by stately buildings and parks of charming verdure,—Pennsylvania avenue reminding one very much in this respect of Princes Street, Edinburgh, though without the ravine and bridges and grand old castle rock behind them. Neither is there any Arthur's Seat looming in the distance; but the noble white marble obelisk in memory of Washington, which from every part of the city is seen gleaming in its snowy purity against the sky, commands a magnificent panorama of the city and its surroundings. From its five hundred and fifty-five feet of altitude, one gets a bird's eye view over many miles. At one's feet lies the widespread city, lying between two branches of the Potomac, as New York does between its East and North River, losing itself gradually in the country towards the west. From the Capitol to the White House, from north to south, seems to stretch one continuous park, while beyond the southern branch of the river rise the Arlington Heights, crowned by the stately white mansion which was the home of General Lee. Farther down lie the woods that surround Mount Vernon, with all its historical associations; and beyond that, we know, lies the great battle-ground of the sanguinary Four Years' War. Above the city, the course of the Potomac is lost to the eye between high wooded banks towards Georgetown—now a suburb of Washington. The white building of the Washington Observatory is clearly visible in the distance, as is the grey mass of the Georgetown College, and the white one of the Soldiers' Home. As the eye travels on beyond the massive Capitol, one sees on the north bank of the river, the green stretch of the U.S. Navy-yard, and, nearer, the docks and marine portion of the city. Eastward the broad stream of the Potomac winds its way calmly towards the sea, past the guns of Fort Washington, the Heights of Mount Vernon—past many fields and farm, where it was not always so "quiet along the Potomac" as it is to-day. It is one of the compensations of the unnatural

course of war, that at least its touch seems to consecrate the common ground with the tender pathos of human suffering and the ennobling memory of human heroism. Political corruption and commercial rapacity ought to be impossible within sight of the Washington monument and the blue Potomac,—ought to be but unfortunately are not!

As you descend the monument—if you go down its seemingly endless stair, you may see a number of curious and interesting inscriptions, denoting that the stones on which they were traced were presented by public bodies most various in their nature. There are contributions from civic corporations, Sunday School and Church organizations, Indian tribes,—and even one "from the disciples of Daguerre,—all in honor of the father of his country." The monument is supposed to be the highest erection in the world, when it was built, and occupies the spot selected by the hero himself as the site for the statue voted by the Continental Congress, in honour of his services.

Of course there are a number of places in Washington that every visitor is expected to see, as a matter of course. First, one generally ascends the long flight of steps to the portico of the Capitol, from whence there is a charming view of the city to the south with its broad avenues converging towards the Capitol,—the White House, and the great public buildings beside it, and the mass of the city around it. Above are the amethystine skies of a lovely spring evening, around are green lawns and bright blooming shrubs;—the stone basins that edge the Capitol base are filled with periwinkle and a little blue hyacinth, and below you are the Capitol conservatories in which you may take a leisurely walk under the shadow of tall palms and other tropical foliage. The Capitol itself, every one knows, and there is not much to see in it beyond the two chambers of representatives, the Congressional Library, the Supreme Court, and the Rotunda with its historic pictures. If one likes, one can take the Capitol conservatories on one's way to the Smithsonian Park grounds, which form the prettiest of the city parks, in connection with its *annexe*, the Botanic Gardens. This fine museum, picturesque in its gothic mass of brown stone was, curiously enough, the gift of an Englishman, named Smithson, a natural son of the Duke of Northumberland, who bequeathed \$515,000 "to found at Washington, under the name of the Smithsonian Institution, an establishment for the increase and diffusion of knowledge among men." The ground floor is now devoted mainly to an immense ornithological collection in which, carefully classified, one can see the numerous variations of each species of birds known over the great American continent. There is also a most extensive collection of shells similarly classified, while on the upper floor is to be found a great display of Indian weapons, arrowheads, etc., from all the States of the Union, and also some very interesting models of the curious Pueblos of New Mexico, and the abodes of the ancient Cliff-dwellers. At short distance from the Smithsonian is its *annexe*—the National Museum,—containing the overflow from the other. The contents are of a most heterogeneous character, from personal relics of General Washington, and the collection of curios from many lands presented by General Grant, to antediluvian animals and relics of the Mound-builders. There is Chinese, Japanese, French, Italian and English porcelain

Siamese and other oriental metal work, and curious musical instruments from many countries, from the tom-tom to the harpsichord. There is also a room full of ancient pottery of the Mound-builders and the New Mexico Pueblos; a number of life-size Indian groups of various tribes, a long array of stuffed animals, including magnificent buffalo and moose families, geological remains, and reproductions of the extinct mammoth creatures of remote antiquity. On the other side of the Smithsonian building stands the Agricultural Museum, containing exhibits of everything of interest to the agriculturist, including Indian grains and prepared food, with some interesting object-lessons as to the destructive or useful propensities of certain birds or animals. A colony or "town" of prairie dogs is represented, just as they are found at home, as are also the habitats of gophers and their kin. It is worth while to note that the much abused sparrow is here presented as an *insectivorous* bird, and that a certain mal-odorous black and white Canadian animal of unlovely associations is declared, on the whole, to be useful to agriculture in destroying vermin!

From hence it is a delightful walk towards the Monument nor the White House through the Botanic Gardens, which, charming at all times, were particularly so to any one coming from the bleak surroundings of a Canadian March. Many shrubs were in full bloom, among them hollies and other evergreens, contrasting with the crimson *Pyrus Japonica*, the yellow *Forsythia*, the white *Spiraea*, and the glorious pink and white of the magnolias. Plum and cherry, peach and apple blossoms perfumed the air, mingled with the fragrance from the brilliant beds of many-coloured hyacinths, tulips, crocuses, and daffodils. Among the greening elms and tasselled maples, robins were piping and rooks were cawing, while through the dusky boughs of the spreading pines, one could occasionally catch the brilliant flash of a Golden oriole, looking out for a settlement. This, with the balminess of the air, makes it almost impossible to believe that, instead of the end of May, it is still only the March of this favoured climate!

The grounds of the White House, a little beyond these gardens, are very formal in their plan, but when in them, the formality is disguised by the undulations of the ground and the beauty of the trees and shrubs. The private grounds to the south are generally closed to the public, and form a pleasant play-ground for little Miss Ruth Cleveland and "Baby Esther" in her perambulator. On Easter Monday, however, they are thrown open to the children of the city, and a bright and animated scene they are, filled with merry groups of children assembled to "roll" the bright-coloured eggs they bring in pretty little baskets, playing ball with these or chasing each other round the basin filled with gold fish, and amusing themselves as children always know how to do, when turned out on grass. A part of the White House is always open to visitors, who can admire at leisure the mirrors and chandeliers of the great East Room, in which receptions are generally held, but where no receptions were held this Easter, as the President, bearing the burden of his rheumatic gout and of his state worries, was in retreat, not visible to any one but his intimate friends. Mrs. Cleveland does not take part in public receptions. She is a devoted mother, and the care of her little

children keeps her chiefly in private life. The portraits of Washington and his wife in this room are very interesting, as is also a fine portrait of Miss Dolly Madison, in the picturesque costume of the period. From the windows there is an exquisite view of the winding course of the blue Potomac, with the low hills and purple ridges of woodland lost in the hazy distance. The House, in its quiet, republican simplicity, is a fitting abode for the President of a republic, and its situation is much pleasanter than many royal palaces of Europe. Its central pillared facade is its only ornament, but a long row of hot-houses must be a very agreeable addition to its internal equipment. It gives the impression of a much smaller building than it is, from being dwarfed by the proximity of the great Norman mass of the Army and Navy Building, and of the Greek one of the U. S. Treasury on the other. The most interesting objects in the former are the life-size figures representing soldiers of the old Continental army, in the picturesque uniform of those days. In the Treasury building the visitor is shown the great vault where the Government specie is kept, the finishing process of the "greenbacks," and that by which millions in redeemed banknotes are destroyed, etc., etc. The utmost vigilance is exercised to prevent the abstraction of coinage, for to many a poor employee it must often be tantalizing enough to see the machine knife cut recklessly through a pile of banknotes, which in his or her possession would represent comparative wealth. We were allowed to handle a small packet of American Government bonds, worth three millions of dollars, and we noticed a large package of greenbacks marked *forty millions of dollars!* Of course the strictest watch is kept to prevent any one from preserving a single note. In the Patent Office one can observe and admire the inventive genius of our cousins, to the fullest extent, in all everything from an air-tester to a locomotive; but the attempt to do so is too fatiguing for the ordinary observer, though one is at least always ready to admire the invention of the *elevator*, which, among multitudinous flights of stairs, save so much wear of weary muscles!

The political atmosphere is rather disappointing at present. The House of Representatives certainly does not impress one by its decorum, as the members chat and laugh, lounge on sofas or sit with their feet on their desks while debates or a division is going on. The main object of the republicans seems to be to delay and obstruct business as much as possible. They demand the calling of the roll for a mere motion of adjournment, this process occupying *fifteen minutes*; and then though present, they will refuse to vote, that thereby they have the pretext of "no quorum." The House seems to sit only from twelve to four or five; and very seldom in the evening, though, singularly enough, they sat on both Good Friday afternoon and evening, when they were occupied with a dreary pension report; some very doubtful cases being strongly pushed, doubtless for party purposes. There is no lack of illustration of the evils of party government. It seems odd to a stranger to hear members spoken of as "the gentleman from Texas," "the gentleman from Missouri," it being too cumbersome to give them the designation of the congressional district represented. The hall is too large for hearing well, especially through the confused hum of conversation, and impresses one with a strong sense of the already unwieldy

size of this great nation, and with no very favourable impression of its present political machinery. The Senate seems little inclined to burden itself with work; and the only opportunity we had of seeing the U. S. Senate was afforded by a Senator's funeral. Neither House seemed to be a young House for a young nation, even the House of Representatives having only a few youthful-looking men in it. Its Speaker, Mr. Crisp, has no light task in preserving order and pushing through the business; but he seems a man of firmness and ability, and was evidently not to be spared from his post for the comparative ease of the Senate, which it was to his honour that he declined, for public reasons.

One of the most interesting institutions in Washington is the Young Women's Christian Home, affording a pleasant and comfortable abode for about fifty wage-earning young women, at almost nominal rates, a matter of the utmost importance in a city where so many women come to secure employment in Government offices and elsewhere; and where it is often difficult to procure any respectable quarters for the sum they can afford to pay. Here, through the munificence of a Washington lady, who presented the house, and the energy and liberality of other ladies, they have all the advantages of a Christian home for about two dollars and a half per week. It also contains a guest-chamber most comfortably furnished, where a lady visiting Washington alone may, when it is not already occupied, be satisfactorily lodged and boarded at the moderate rate of one dollar a day. There is also a large building, belonging to the Women's Christian Association, in which women of a different class can find shelter, even with children, and whence also there is a good deal of outdoor relief supplied, the Government granting them a yearly allowance of \$3,000. Like other places, Washington has had a great deal of poverty and want to relieve during the past winter.

The noble emancipation statue erected in honour of Abraham Lincoln stands in Lincoln Square, about a mile north of the Capitol, looking towards the open country. It is a fine bronze statue, cast at Munich and designed by Thomas Bell, and gives a life-like presentation of President Lincoln, with a gesture and expression of benignant, fatherly compassion, breaking the fetters of the slave, and, by the posture of his left hand stretched out in benediction, encouraging him to arise and take his place among men. The figures are admirably conceived and treated and the group is the gift of the freedmen themselves, the first subscription of five dollars being the first free earnings of a poor negro woman, offered the day after Lincoln's death.

Between Washington and Richmond one travels through a long stretch of country which impresses one as desolate and only partially inhabited, covered in part with pine woods and marshes, alternating with long tracts of monotonous level plain, much of which lies waste. This region has never yet recovered from the effects of the desolating civil war, of which it was the chief battleground—Bull Run, Fredericksburg, the Rappahannock, and the Wilderness all lying within its range. Only a few of the old plantation homes still remain, and look like sad survivals of a former age. Even the little towns through which the line passes have a shabby and depressed look, very different from the fast-growing towns of the North. Richmond itself is a most attractive city, built on low hills at the point

IN THE HURON TRACT.—II.

(*HURON NOTE BOOK.)

Hitherto in Canadian reminiscences, writers with few exceptions have confined themselves to the fighting days of Canada and to the greater or lesser lights that have from time to time shone in our political heavens; and when these lines have been deviated from, nothing less than Madame la Marquise herself, and the doings of Seigneurial Canada en bas, have been thought interesting enough to commit to paper. But there were log walls in Ontario that sheltered hearts as brave as any that beat in fighting days; where the dancing light cast from blazing maple logs, beneath chimney-pieces high and solid and deep as those of good Queen Bess's time, shone on faces of old settlers, faces lined with care and hard weather, whose eyes, as they gazed into that light, saw a long procession of events where patience, toil and self denial, were the groundwork of a growth moral, intellectual, industrial and political; and of many of these a certain notebook which lies by me holds within its fat sides the very words of some of those Huron pioneers, pen-and-ink pictures of them and their surroundings, with a background of the local coloring of the early Ontario days.

It seems but yesterday that I saw in front of one of those old fire-places, the bronze dogs and the maple logs each furnishing their quota of brightness, one of the first dwellers in the Huron Tract. The room was broad and low, the window seats deep, with geraniums flowering behind the small panes, and dickie belonging to each swinging above with his head under his wing, the yellow of his feathers paling and vanishing as the flames shot up or smouldered. The chair in front of that fire was a capacious piece of furniture, made when as yet wood was of small account; the arms broad, and the cushions on seat and at back spoke of fingers of amateur upholsterers. The short winter's afternoon had come to an early close, and on the table at the chair's elbow still stood the square doyley, worked in sampler stitch with a furry edge, sitting round the base of the cut-glass tumbler of that old-time pattern where shafts that acted as prisms in that glinting firelight seemed to strike from the solid groundwork into the thinner sides. A Wedgewood plate with the remains of a cut lemon, a toddy ladle and a wine glass beside the larger one, testified to the after-dinner toddy which was never missed; and on the trivet still spluttered and churned the brass kettle with its knob feet and snipe bill which shot forth a warning steam to the cat, who, acquainted of old with that kettle, managed to keep within reach of the warmest rays and still out of reach of the occasional spurt which followed unwonted aggravation from heat. And the figure in that chair; what did it see in those bright maple flames. The arms rested along broader arms of bird's eye maple; the pendant hands lifted ever and anon, and the voice would half sing, half chant, a verse from "Dhrim an dhu Delish;" and then, after an interval of silence, an ejaculation and a verse from the Psalms. The slow regular beats of an eight-day clock, which would now gladden the heart of a collector, counted out the minutes as they passed; the dickies ruffed their feathers and assumed their final attitude of repose upon one leg only, and the sullen roar from Huron, as it dashed its Novem-

*This reference applies as well to the first paper of this series as to the others.—Ed.

where the river James extends a broad reach of rapids and shallows studded with rocky islets, and immediately after becomes less picturesque but much more practical, as it expands into a broad, calm stream which carries large steamers down to the sea. The broad streets run between handsome and tasteful houses—not mere piles of brick or stone—most of them having piazzas or verandahs of iron or wood, which suggest a grateful shade for the hot days of summer. The little Capitol stands on a grassy slope shaded with fine elms, already greening in March, about a spirited equestrian statue of General Lee. The two chambers, in which the representatives of the Federal Government met, open from the Rotunda, decorated with the inevitable statue of Washington, and are small, plain apartments, with, however, what even staunch Northerners cannot but admit to be heroic and pathetic associations hovering about their walls. At a short distance from the Capitol is the large, old-fashioned mansion with its high-walled courtyard, which was the residence of Jeff Davis during his Presidency. Richmond is naturally southern in sentiment still, and we met with intelligent Christian ladies who evidently thought that the abolition of slavery was an evil and a mistake; so slowly does humanity rise out of the bondage of rooted prejudice! We saw the site of Libby Prison, the scene of so much suffering, now destroyed, and explored a quaint little church and graveyard, a century and a half old, where was pointed out the old-fashioned pew in which in 1775 young Patrick Henry exclaimed, "Give me liberty or death!"—a reminiscence somewhat curious in a city which was so long the stronghold of the slave-holding power. The "cold wave" had reached Richmond at the time of our visit, and the great wood fire in the ample fire-place of the handsome and picturesque waiting-room at the station—half tiles and half wood in its interior finishing—was as pleasant as it is an unusual sight in America, and was evidently enjoyed by the "colored" way-farers, who crept up close to its grateful warmth. That night a hard frost nipped most of the peach-blossoms which had so charmed our Northern eyes.

Baltimore was a surprise, for it has nearly doubled its population in the course of a few years, and now seems more like one of the "rushing" new cities of the west than the old-fashioned city of Jerome Bonaparte and Edgar Allan Poe, whose plain, square white monument we saw in the corner of a crowded graveyard on one of the most bustling thoroughfares. The old Bonaparte house is still extant, and old Lord Baltimore's effigy adorns a handsome educational building. The Maryland Historical Society contains many interesting portraits and other antiquarian objects, among others a series of maps showing the growth of the city from its first small beginnings. Its oldest portion has an unmistakable old-world air, with its narrow-paved causeways and old houses. Its modern streets are paved chiefly with brick, some of it a compressed brick from Ohio, which is heavier than stone, and one house was pointed out—built of brick made in Warwickshire, England, and imported! The oyster-shells used at the hotels and eating-houses are collected every morning, and many of them, when ground down are used in making roads, for which they are most useful. Baltimore has eight hundred school-houses, and about three thousand teachers for its five hundred thousand peo-

ple, so that it may be considered educationally very well provided. It has two fine public libraries—the Pratt, with its system of branches throughout the city and suburbs, and the Peabody, with a fine gallery of paintings and statuary attached. The Walter Gallery—a private collection, is full of gems of art, and is far superior in the quality of its contents to the Corcoran Gallery at Washington. It has three fine specimens of Jean Francois Millet, including the celebrated "Potato-harvest," as well as pictures by leading painters of the modern French and other schools. The Johns Hopkins University, notwithstanding its fame, is not in the least impressive as regards its outward habitation, its red brick, unadorned halls rising undistinguished from the bustling city streets, and some of them having other buildings closely adjoining them on the same block. Nothing could be less like our ordinary ideal of academic seclusion and tranquillity, yet some of the muses, at least, seem to thrive here notwithstanding. Each of its separate halls has a specialist library of its own as large as the whole libraries of some Canadian Colleges. This is one of the magnets that draws so many students to its class-rooms and has already given it so much prestige. The Johns Hopkins Hospital stands a little out of town, splendidly equipped and handsomely endowed. The two institutions are a magnificent legacy.

Baltimore has many pretty squares and parks, including cemeteries; but its Druid Hill Park is one of the most beautiful and extensive in America. Having seen it in its full summer beauty, however, as the day was dull and cold, we did not care to disturb the memories of our former visits. We went, however, to see Fort McHenry, one of the old fortifications which modern invention has now rendered useless; and looked down the long reach of Chesapeake Bay in the direction of Fort Sumter, now happily long silent. Baltimore is full of negro servants, and the white and colored folks get on most happily together "if," as was said, "the Northerners will let us alone!" And so we bid farewell to the south.

FIDELIJS.

THE FLEURS DE LYS.

State and Dominion, newly born,
Beneath Algonquin forests lay,
When the dim harbingers of morn
Were heralding Imperial day;
And the explorer steered a way
By chart half legend, half romance,
And raised above an alien spray
The shining Fleurs de Lys of France.

South from her misty cliff in scorn
Looks Stadacona, day by day:
Though Hochelaga's fields of corn,
And Huron tribes have passed away.
And city walls in bold array
Arise where western waters glance,
But nevermore from bastions gray
Float the pale Fleurs de Lys of France.

Let Wealth's gold coronet adorn
The brow of Empire as it may;
Yet hold in heart the hopes forlorn,
The souls that peopled yesterday.
Shapers of history, grave or gay,
Casting the dice with Doom perchance,
Who perished rather than betray
The war stained Fleur de Lys of France.

Where winds through seigneur forests play,
Where still careering rapids dance,
Unroll in older Canada
Those phantom Fleurs de Lys of France.
EZRA HURLBURT STAFFORD.

ber waves on the beach hard by, made its way into the peaceful domestic scene. But Master-five-year-old of the golden aureole, on his settle mid-way between the cat and the kettle, was not subdued by sounds within or without, and, tired of watching, asked for a story. A story was always forthcoming, sometimes beyond the hearer's years.

* * * * *

"Jack, if you've any clothes, for the love of Heaven lend me your breeches—mine have a good waistband truly, but the fringe therefrom will never pass muster. May the devil fly away with the C.O. before we are inspected this day."

"Sure you're welcome to what I have, but they're fitter for Alec McLean yonder than for a man of your style. I'm six feet two in my socks myself, and I'm thinking these days 'tis a pity I can't be clad in me brogue. Man, man! But kilties are fine things for a campaign."

The speakers, a veritable pair of Jacks, were two young men, who, as time waned and the Peninsular war over, were both well-known in Canada, one being Sir John Colborne. Of the other it is enough to say that his handwriting is still seen on some of our Canadian walls, and there are warm friends even yet left who attest to his cheery hospitable Irish heart and his straight integrity of character. He loved to find interested hearers for his stories of Waterloo and those old times of war, hard fighting and harder living; but one of the tales which pleased him best was built on the foregoing conversation. The future Sir John Colborne, Governor of Upper Canada, was then a stripling, who, with the singer of "Dhrim an dhu Delish," was not above spinning yarns while lying in the trenches, with nothing particular to do but wait for a stray shot to mark his story with a full stop. But the carelessness of life shown by these two and their like is not a trait for us to cavil at now, when that same carelessness formed one of the factors of their plucky existence. The old gentleman's sword now hangs within my sight, and as I look at it I confess to a semi-British thrill of pride in Ireland's dash and pluck in those old days.

But the loan of the breeches—which, by the way, were never returned, as far as I know—only had its final result when Governor Colborne was fairly far on in his luck and my old friend was correspondingly down on his. Lumber business took the latter to Bytown once, when he heard there were gay doings on account of the Governor and his friends. When some of the Captain's acquaintance asked if he were not engaged for that evening he not very amiably replied that society's doings had little interest for him, under existing conditions; but, as the conversation grew, he felt a curiosity in this Governor who seemed so popular. "Colborne—what Colborne? Egad, the name never struck me before. I'll be (something we would rather not repeat) if it's not Jack," and off he went to call on the Queen's representative.

Arrived at the door he was stoutly refused admission, as "His Excellency was at dinner, and could on no account be disturbed, as there was a dinner-party."

"You'll take in my card and bring me an answer or I'll smash your ugly little head," was the choleric retort. I fancy a second look at the tall soldierly figure with its handsome head and clear cut face, (that Roman nose and keen blue eye made many besides a footman trot to do the owner's bidding), convinced the menial that per-

haps, in spite of the visitor's somewhat shabby coat, his will, if done, 'twere well done quickly; but at any rate the message was delivered. No reply was sent; for the Governor, bounding through the hall and wildly waving his dinner-napkin in the air, cried, "It's Jack—and he's come for his breeches!"

No common handshake sufficed for such a meeting, and many a "whack" between the shoulders accompanied the questions and answers that rained. The footman, no longer in doubt as to the propriety of having admitted such an authoritative visitor, saw the latter dragged off under the arm of the excited host, who, scorning any idea of dress or undress, placed his friend at his right hand and made him the guest of the evening.

"And from that time," quoth the old man, "my luck was all right, as long as Colborne was in the country. Man, man! But we fought some queer battles over again at dinner that night! And now, ye young spalpeen, I'll tell ye no more."

But he did tell us more, and many a tale have I treasured up of Bishop Strachan and the Family Compact, and John Galt the First and the Canada Company, with the better loved stories of stormy local times in Ireland and bread riots in several countries; and last and best, the battle of Waterloo and all that came before and after. His sword which most commanded my youthful admiration, was one on which a fleck of rust had been allowed to stay, which spot I *knew* must have been Napoleon's blood at the very least. But sad was the discovery when I found the instrument of war, with its gay tassel and scabbard, was only a militia presentation, and the real Peninsular blade a very unpretending affair. In these days I like that dingy old leather covered one the best.

* * *

K. M. LIZARS.

JOHN GRANGER'S POMES.

JONG BATTEESTE.

I dunno' what to make out o' Jong Batteeste,
He ain't quite a man, and he ain't no beast;
Than our averidge Canadian he's shorter by a
neck,
And he ploughs with baby horses in his own
Quebec.

But he's sober and he's stiddy, and peaceable
and kind,
Yet thinkin' ain't his forty, for he's short o'
mind;
He sells corn by the bushel, and taters by the
peck,
And raises bad tobaccker in his own Quebec.

His farm is like a ribbon what's been loaned to
a friend,
With a queer cross-timbered shanty on the
highest end;
His door ain't never bolted, its allers on the
sneek,
For he ain't afeerd of bugglers in his own
Quebec,

'Tain't much he's got to buggle, for his priest,
you may be shore,
Is minded that his duty is to keep Jong pore;
And his pockets must go empty, and his farm
must go to wreck,
All to plant tin-roofed caytheedrals in his own
Quebec.

For Batteeste, he is picus to the stretch of his
tether,
Since the priest is boss of measles and of crops
and weather;

And the presbytare verander is a captain's
quarter-deck.
For that high and mighty muckamuck of all
Quebec.

So Jong in Sunday homespun toddles off to
church,
With fourteen boys and girls, none the worse
of the birch,
And his *famme* in stiff starched linen without
a crease or fleck,
The fat and smilin' maker of his own Quebec.
Sometimes there comes from city ways an
avocah,
He looks at Jong and Jong's *famme*, and says,
"Oh pshah!
Yore ways is old and stupid, and not what
you'd expect'
From a free enlightened citizen of old Quee-
bec.

It's time you took an interest in politics,
Subscribed for some good *Gawzette*, showin' up
the tricks
That you, yore fourteen *ong fongs* and yore
famme might help to check,
Of the naughty English enemies of our Quee-
bec."

Says Batteeste, "when my farm I shall have
to divide
Among my fourteen children, only five yards
wide
Will be the strip of each one, and a great big
hypothek
Restin' on 'em will make hard times in old
Quebec."
Then, if they don't take to drinkin', the pore
man's cuss,
They'll have to go for avocahs or somethin'
wuss,
Where there's readin' and there's writin', of
which I don't know a spec,
They never taught us them things in old
Quebec."

The avocah goes home, and the party tool
Prints his long savage letter, calling Jong a
fool,
And other names that savour very much in
disrespec',
Which are liable for libel in old Quebec.

But for Jong Batteeste the law has no charms,
He carts his manure off to other people's farms,
Makes a pore but cheerful livin' by things as
incorec',
And afore him the deluge comes on old Quee-
bec.

So, I dunno' what to make out o' Jong Batt-
eeste
What with his fourteen *ong fongs* and the par-
ish priest,
His thrifty shiftless ways and his banker's
hypothek,
He's the fifty thousandth happy fool in all
Quebec.

J. CAWDOR BELL.

Many changes have come to pass since Mr. H. J. Morgan published his "Celebrated Canadians." Thirty-two years (well nigh the third of a century) is a long period in the life of any nation; in that of a young nation like ours it may be called an age. The leaders in politics, business, the professions, industry, education and religion, who were in their prime in 1862, have long given place to younger men, and in many instances their successors, too, have gone the way of all flesh. Mr. Morgan has often been asked to publish another edition of a work which was long without a rival, but not until recently did he decide to do so. A circular informs me that a "Handbook of Canadian Biography" on the model of the English "Men of the Time," containing sketches of all persons of prominence in the Dominion, will be issued during the present year. It is only fair to say that all Mr. Morgan's volumes—his "Celebrated Canadians," his "Bibliotheca Canadensis," and his "Annual Register"—the cessation of which was universally regretted—have been useful and trustworthy, and as works of reference have been prized both in Canada and abroad.—John Reade, in the Montreal Gazette.

PARIS LETTER.

The cat is out of the bag: what was suspected about the deceptive character of the French navy, is more than demonstrated by the grand extra-parliamentary commission of inquiry into the working of the Admiralty. Even allowing for the weeping and gnashing of teeth that the undeniable examinations have revealed, with the view of cracking up the nation to accept the inevitable taxation guilting gently, there can be no doubt the condition of the French navy is more than grave. Deputy Lockroy, who has stood by his guns to push the inquiry to the bitter end, regardless of fear, favor or affection, has exposed during a speech of two hours before the general meeting of the commissioners the astounding deficiencies and the absence of all organization that he discovered at Toulon, the chief arsenal of France. And he has resigned his membership of the commission to secure full freedom and independence to make known in the Chamber the painful truths he is in a position to detail with documentary proofs in support. One journal that publishes portions of the commission's reports has to avow, in all sorrow, that the navy of France has to be reconstructed, and the money expended during recent years on ships and materiel represents so many millions wholly lost.

It will require years and a few milliards to reconstruct a navy. Admiral Vallon's report is painful reading for the French, but invaluable as instruction for the naval authorities of other countries. He deals solely with the ironclad *Magenta* the pride of the French navy, and the accepted model of the modern scientific warship. Her keel was laid down 9th November, 1881, and she was launched 19th of April, 1890. She was thus nine years on the stocks, less two, when the works were suspended for want of money. As she floats at present, the admiral leaves the very plain conclusion to be drawn that she is a coffin ironclad, and possessing all the conditions for turning turtle, or diving bow downwards into Davy Jones's locker. The admiral writes that the object of a ship is to be able to keep afloat in all weathers. Even land-lubbers will not question that; next, as the ship is intended for combat, she ought to be able to use her guns, and next, to inspire confidence in her crew—all naval gospel truths. When the *Magenta* inclines too much to one side, she exposes the non-ironclad portion of her hull to the enemy's shells, and while the latter may be pegging away, part of the boiler would become red hot from the contents rolling to one side, with the certainty that an explosion would ensue when the contents rolled back. Instead of being able to steam 22 knots an hour, the big ship can be only counted upon, ordinarily, to accomplish 14, but with all her furnaces—24—lit, only 16 knots could be made per hour. She consumes 128 tons of coal during 24 hours, and has storage for 800 tons, or a supply for 6½ days. That quantity would not take her across the Atlantic. Clearly, Britannia rules the waves, and is destined for many a long day to do so still.

Ex-Foreign Minister Florens, who did so much harm by divulging or lending himself to the revelations of his predecessors in their relations with foreign powers, Germany in particular, now falls back on sheep farming as the panacea for the colonial empire of France. Here, again, he is likely to be shorn after going out to shear.

If the Merino sheep were farmed in the arid possessions of France, the wool clip, it is alleged, would in time equal that of Australia's. Mr. Gladstone at one time urged English farmers to try jam as a panacea for agricultural depression. It is not so much Merino sheep France requires in her colonies, as French emigrants to shepherd them. Until colonists betake themselves to the colonies, neither sheep runs, cattle ranches, kangaroo raising or hog fattening, to say nothing of coal mining, gold digging, diamond washing or lumbering will be of any avail. The new Colonial Minister thinks so too, and this proves he is a practical man, and will not put the cart before the horse. But when shall we begin! One is tired "talking" colony.

While women cannot appear at the bar—though duly called to it—to plead professionally for a sister, there is nothing to prevent a woman, if sued, from pleading herself. The Princess Craon, whom her family desire to incarcerate in an asylum, once appeared in court, showed that she was not only eloquent, but had more common sense than her family. On another occasion, a lady out-wrangled Maitre Delangle, one of the leading lawyers, and won her cause. Mme. Herberlat is an authoress, who has had to sustain an action for money lent, and omitted to be repaid. There was nothing romantic in the suit; Madame urged that the citation was served at her wrong address, and quoted the fables of Lafontaine to corroborate the fact. Opposing counsel adduced rebutting fables, from the same fabulist. The judge remanded the case for a fortnight to allow the fact as to residence being settled, and, while complimenting the lady on her eloquence—the flow could hardly be stopped—reminded her that the code was of more weight in the dispute than poetry or literature.

The press is at sea on the Egyptian question—perhaps it was ever so afloat. Abbas Hilmi is now accused of having become as great an Anglomaniac, as was his father Tewfik. But when Castelar has become a monarchist everything in the world seems to be turning upside down. Lord Cromer is classed as the Warwick of Egypt—he makes and unmakes khedives. Abbas seems to have been converted like Paul on the road to Damascus, and so much the better for himself. Now that Russia and Germany stable their horses together, and that France is knocked back till she rebuilds her navy, it is just quite possible, as the French conclude, that English foreign policy will display more than customary grit.

"Brandy for heroes," Burke could once exclaim. What would be his exclamation if in his day soldiers were to receive—as the French *braves* are going to be so rationed—milk as fresh as possible from the cow? The Russian soldiers have tea for their chief beverage, and without any milk in it. The Roman legions had their daily rations of vinegar. The Dahomean warriors had milk—but from cocoanuts. There is nothing new under the sun.

Be your character what it will, it will be known; and nobody will take it upon your word.—*Chesterfield*.

The essential difference between a good and a bad education is this, that the former draws on the child to learn by making it sweet to him; the latter drives the child to learn by making it sour for him if he does not.—*Charles Buxton*.

CORRESPONDENCE.

AMATEUR PERFORMANCES.

To the Editor of The Week :

Sir,—May I, as a supporter of THE WEEK and a consistent theatre-goer, ask you, as the editor of a Canadian paper which aims at the highest in art in all its branches as well as in literature, to give us the views of THE WEEK on a performance recently given to us by some "amateurs" of this city. Let it be said in parenthesis that some of these "amateurs" were not amateurs, beyond the amateurishness displayed in the crudities of their acting. I have no desire here to offer any criticism of the real work done by some members of the company, but I would like to be informed as to whether our amateur clubs are likely to develop into a competition with third-rate professionals. You are aware of the estimation in which a young woman is held when she palpably caters to the lower tastes of the male portion of her audience; and, if a club man, you know by this time some of the remarks which have been freely made regarding the performance which I have in mind. I have no desire to trespass upon your kindness and I will not occupy more of your valuable space, but I cannot conclude without expressing my pleasure at the fact that my feminine friends were distinctly disgusted with one element in the "show."

I am, sir, yours, etc.,

PLAY-GOER.

THE INSOLVENCY QUESTION.

To the Editor of The Week :

Sir,—It is gratifying to find such an able and impartial paper as THE WEEK take cognizance of the principles of the Insolvency Bill now before the Senate, while the other leading newspapers of Toronto altogether ignore discussion of these, seemingly in deference to the few but influential advocates of the bill, although it is a very important subject, affecting all classes.

Permit a few words in connection with your recent remarks relating to the memorial of the Belleville Board of Trade. You complain that "the reasoning is not in all respects so clear as one could wish." This document is now in the hands of a large number of persons throughout the Dominion, and the opinion of many of them will probably coincide with yours in this respect. Why the argument therein does not seem entirely conclusive as against the bill, I think arises from the memorial treating the subject too much in the abstract, omitting almost wholly the statement of concrete facts of experience in support of its propositions. These were left to be supplied by business men whose experience in trade would readily suggest them, it being forgotten that they would not occur to persons not fully cognizant of operations in trade affairs. Instead of the form of the argument being as it now stands, namely—given such and such provisions in law, so and so will follow; it ought also to have been, that whenever these provisions have existed in Canada, such and such results have invariably followed.

As you very justly point out, the gist of the argument in the memorial is that an insolvency law shifts the dispensing of credit from the just basis to an unjust one. Now it is a fact that credit is

dispensed on the strength of a provision for a *pro rata* division of an insolvent's estate, where otherwise it would not be dispensed. Indeed one reason given for the enactment of the bill by its advocates, a short time ago at Ottawa, was that the bestowment of credit by foreigners might be facilitated. Foreign merchants contend for it on the same ground, namely, that they, with more safety to themselves, may extend their credits. Now, observe that without an insolvency law there is no difficulty whatever, at home or abroad, in getting all the credit wanted, in proportion to the business standing of the one seeking it; indeed any solvent merchant in Toronto will tell you that credit is even now too easily obtained in trade. It is then an undeniable fact, admitted on all hands, that on account of this law credit would be given where it otherwise would not be, that is to say, it is dispensed, under an insolvency law, on the false basis furnished by the assurance of a *pro rata* division of assets. The extent and effects of this result of an insolvency law can be fully realized only by experience; fortunately then we can fall back on experience and not trust simply to inferences, however logically drawn from contemplated conditions, and we will find experience reveals both the extent to be far wider, and the effects more alarming, than we otherwise could have judged them to be.

Space available in your columns will not admit of entering into details; let one example suffice. Some wholesale dealers and other dispensers of credit, eager to extend their business, and not being over nice how it is done, will freely supply certain traders possessing inadequate capital or none at all. These, owing to their financial standing, are largely subservient to the creditors, and being urged by these to do a pushing business, do for several years sell large quantities of goods, to the gain of their supporters. These take good care in the meantime to maintain the credit of those in the market, in order that when the crisis of a serious deficit comes, which it will, almost inevitably sooner or later, they can largely withdraw and leave the heavier liabilities of the debtor on the shoulders of other creditors, and so to be very little on the estate when a division of twenty-five or fifty cents in the dollar takes place in insolvency. Indeed this loss would be provided for beforehand by extra charges, the debtor having to submit thereto. By this performance the debtor also has in no way left himself open to prosecution for any offence against the law and so can go on again, as nothing appears against his character. This course of conduct leads other merchants, who would not have thought for a moment of being so dishonourable as to originate such a mode of business, to do the same thing in self-defence. And so this thing goes on from bad to worse till the trade of the whole country becomes completely demoralized. Now this is not an inference of what might be, but is what has repeatedly occurred after an insolvency law has been in force for a few years. There then becomes little hope of the honest trader of limited means maintaining his position by legitimate methods of business. You may say that without an insolvency law there may be collusions to secure one creditor at the expense of others. Undoubtedly so, with this essential difference however, that these will necessarily be isolated cases and tend to become fewer, inasmuch as the dishonest debtor in these cases is at once marked as such

and will commonly be trusted afterwards neither by the one he has wrongfully preferred nor by those he has cheated of their rights. So he will have to drop out of trade, having got his quietus in a natural way. In the absence of an insolvency law a dispenser of credit cannot work safely with a trader aside from the true basis of credit, but let it be enacted and it furnishes safety for him to operate on a false basis.

It is observed that persons urging the passing of this bill make reference to features in it as being similar to some of those of the British bankruptcy law. This is done, seemingly, to conciliate public opinion by impressing upon it that there is a law of the kind in England. Now the English bankruptcy law is quite a different thing from this proposed Act, and moreover it applies to all persons who are eligible in law to make a contract, and not merely to one class of persons. Without entering into the merits or demerits of this law, I am quite certain, for many reasons, no one would propose it for Canada. Public sentiment is more pronounced there than it is here against dishonest conduct when exposed. There society, on the public exposure of questionable conduct, practically ostracizes the man; whereas here, though a man be convicted of dishonourable actions, in a few months at most the wrong is passed over and condoned, especially if he afterward attain to a certain degree of wealth. Social conditions may vitiate the working of a law in one country, while its provisions may operate satisfactorily in another where the conditions are very different.

Without trespassing further, I conclude, that all experience of insolvency laws previously in operation in Canada proves that the ulterior results are practically to demoralize trade—to debase the standard, not at any time too high, of honour and integrity in the community; and at the same time to enable unscrupulous dispensers of credit to make the public tributary to them through the employment of dishonest men in trade. It tends to drive good men to the wall and to retain bad men in trade. Whereas the absence of an insolvency law has the opposite effect, namely, of weeding out the dishonest and incapable, and of raising the moral tone of trade by preserving only good men in it.

Belleville.

THOMAS RITCHIE.

SERIES OF HISTORICAL REVIEWS.

II.

A HISTORY OF READY REFERENCE—ONE OF THE PIONEER BISHOPS IN ACADIA—THROUGH EVANGELINE'S COUNTRY—LEGENDS OF THE MICMACS.

The writer has grouped in this review several books which, without having any special connection with each other, have all more or less interest for students of American history. They illustrate the industry of scholars and writers in a field where the more we labor the more clearly we see how many materials of value exist not only for the pen of the archaeologist and antiquarian, but for the imagination of the novelist and poet as well as for the pencil and brush of the artist.

The large and handsome book (1) which

(1) History for Ready Reference from the Best Historians, Biographers, and Specialists. Their own words in a complete system of History for all uses, extending to all countries and subjects, and representing for both readers and students the better and newer literature of History in the Eng-

lish language. By J. N. Larned, with numerous historical maps from original studies and drawings by Alan C. Reiley. In five volumes. Volume I., A to Alba. Springfield, Mass.: The C. A. Nichols Co., Publishers. Toronto: Canniff Haight. Royal 8vo., pp. 768 plus xxxii.

heads the list commences what is to be a series of five volumes, quite novel in its conception as far as I remember. The preface tells us that the work has two aims: "to represent and exhibit the better literature of History in the English language, and to give it an organized body—a system—adapted to the greatest convenience in any use, whether for reference or for reading, for teacher, student or casual inquirer." The contents of the work illustrate not merely the indefatigable industry but the critical and literary acumen of Mr. Larned in culling from some thousands of books, "embracing the whole range (in the English language) of standard historical writing, both general and special; the biography, the institutional and constitutional studies, the social investigations, the archaeological researches, the ecclesiastical and religious discussions, and all other important tributaries to the great and swelling main stream of historical knowledge."

After studying this compilation, the writer has no hesitation in bearing his testimony to the excellent judgment displayed by the learned editor, whose labours, when completed, will entitle him to the gratitude of all students of history. It will be another monumental work like the "Narrative and Critical History of America," which, thanks to the intelligent and scholarly editorship of Dr. Justin Winsor, has become a necessity in the library of every reader and writer of American history.

It is to the pages devoted to Canada, from 1603-1873 (pp. 355-386), that we naturally turn with interest. The authors from whom citations are made are the following: Bancroft, Dent, Bourinot, Shea's Charlevoix, Hannay, King-ford, Parkman, MacMullen, Slafter's Memoir of Champlain, Martin, Bury, Warburton, Morgan's League of the Iroquois, Shea's LeClercq, Fiske, Paley, G. Stewart, Hinsdale, Barry, Hebbard, Hart, Patton, Brodhead, Marshall, Irving, Johnson, Clark, Munro, Greswell, R. MacKenzie, Lindsey, Lodge, Goldwin Smith, J. Bryce ("American Commonwealth"), G. Bryce ("Short History of Canada"), Justin McCarthy, J. McCoun, and Winsor's Narrative and Critical History.

The citations are made with good judgment, as a rule, and form an historical record very readable despite the different styles of the authors. Not the least interesting feature of these compilations on a given subject are the minor references to other authors at the end of the extracts, to make the narrative as complete as possible. In this way the book becomes in a measure a bibliography of the subjects treated; but so far as Canada is concerned it must be necessarily very incomplete while the author's plan is confined to English books and leaves out quotations from or references to Garneau, Ferland, Faillon, Sulte, Casgrain, and other modern French Canadian authors who have made such valuable contributions to Canadian history. As Mr. Larned has used Shea's editions of LeClercq and other early Canadian historians, and even Bell's slovenly translation of Garneau—who, however, is not even named in that connection—he could well have gone a little further and made some references to the French authors in question, who, in certain respects, have been the ablest historians of the old regime.

Not the least valuable contents of the volume are the texts of the written constitutions of the Argentine Republic, Brazil, Canada, France, Germany, Japan, Mexico, Norway, Prussia, Sweden, Switzerland, the United States and Venezuela. Among the maps is one of American discovery and settlement (p. 45) which gives the dates of the foundation of Quebec, Louisbourg, Plymouth and other historic places in America. Like the map in Hinsdale's "Old Northwest," the date of the settlement of Montreal is given as 1711, whereas nothing came of Champlain's visit in that year, and Canadian historians all concur in considering M. de Maisonneuve the actual founder, since he erected the fort for the protection of the first colony which he took there in 1642. It may also be added that while the fortress of Louisbourg was not commenced until 1720, the French established their settlement and government at that port in 1713, when they gave up Plaisance to the English.

When the Royal Society of Canada, at its general meeting in 1893, elected Archbishop O'Brien, of Halifax, one of the Fellows of the Section of English Literature, History and Archæology, it was a tribute only due to a learned prelate of the Roman Catholic Church who, for years, had devoted his leisure moments, snatched from the engrossing duties of his high calling, to meritorious contributions in prose and poetry to the literature of this young Dominion. No fact perhaps more clearly shows the catholicity in a secular sense of this society than the election of this divine, simultaneously with that of the Rev. Dr. John Campbell, the able archæologist and ethnologist of Montreal, whose liberal opinions on moot questions of biblical lore have evoked the bitter antagonism of an important and strictly sectarian section of the Presbyterian Church. It is well for the social and intellectual life of Canada that there are places and times where and when men of literary accomplishments can meet on a common platform and lay aside the theological controversies which, since the world was young, have had so often a narrowing tendency and have never stimulated the most generous impulses of our weak human nature.

But though these concluding words are by way of parenthesis they have an indirect bearing on the Memoirs (2) before us since they are not written by any means in the spirit of a bigoted divine always anxious to assert claims for his own church above all others. While keeping steadily in view the high aim and character of the zealous missionary who is the subject of the biography, the Archbishop shows throughout the liberality and culture of an historical student who can understand the influence of a man like Dr. Burke, in the early times of our country, not merely on the religious life, but on the social and intellectual development of the people. The subject of this book arrived at Quebec in the summer of 1786, and from that time for thirty-four years carried on his ministrations over vast tracts of the United States, Canada and Nova Scotia. Reading this lucid account of his life we can well agree with the author that "although the subject of these Memoirs was not by birth a Canadian, yet he was one by adoption; by long years of active service for the public good and by his

(2) Memoirs of Rt. Rev. Edmund Burke, Bishop of Zion, First Vicar-Apostolic of Nova Scotia. By Cornelius O'Brien, D.D., Archbishop of Halifax. Ottawa: Thoburn & Co., 1893. 12mo., pp. ii-154. Illustrated.

love of, and faith in, what his keen foresight gave him a calm and settled assurance, would be a great country." The archives of Quebec, of Halifax, and of the Propaganda, Rome, have been laid under contribution, and have "yielded a rich return," as the author truly says, "in the shape of letters, written by Dr. Burke during the thirty-four years of his life in Canada." Dr. Burke passed some eight years in Quebec where he was connected with the Seminary as Professor of Philosophy and Mathematics, of which he was a profound scholar. In 1794 he went on a distant mission to the wilderness country watered by the western lakes. He was the first English-speaking priest to minister in Ohio, as later he was the first in Western New York. Writing from Miami, now known as Maumee City, Ohio, on the 2nd February, 1795, he tells us: "This is the last and most distant parish inhabited by Catholics on earth. In it is neither law, justice nor subjection; you never meet a man, either Indian or Canadian, without his gun in his hand and his knife at his breast. The finest climate in the world, and the most fertile lands, but no industry." Now the scene of this old mission of a century ago is in the midst of one of the most prosperous, populous and busy districts of the continent. Later on, he worked in the Province of Ontario. Without doubt "he has the honour of being the apostle of English-speaking Ontario, and the founder of its oldest missions." It would have been interesting had his biographer given us some account of his impressions of the young Province, as we suppose he must have left such letters behind him.

The Archbishop gives many interesting facts relating to the origin and development of the Roman Catholic Church in Acadia, as necessary to an intelligent account of the Vicar-Apostolic's career in the Province. It was in 1801 that Father Burke came to Halifax, where he lived for a quarter of a century, a faithful spiritual guide of the Irish, Scotch and Acadians who received "more loving care and attention than they had ever experienced in their eventful past." The greater part of the Memoirs is devoted to the record of his labours during this period. As late as 1815 it appears that although there were a large number of Catholics in Nova Scotia, there were only ten or eleven priests, and not even one Catholic school; but before the energetic and discreet Bishop died he had the gratification of finding his church on a prosperous foundation. His biographer tells us that Bishop Burke succeeded in winning the sincere and cordial friendship of the Duke of Kent, father of the present Queen, and also of every military and naval officer "who successively commanded in British America" for twenty years.

The book contains the print of an old likeness of Bishop Burke in his apostolic vestments and mitre, as well as sketches of St. Mary's Cathedral and the glebe house as originally projected by the prelate—two old buildings which have since given place to the stately and commodious edifices, of which illustrations are also presented. The book, however, is defective in one important particular, which, in a measure, lessens its value for the student who has to consult it for historical material. It has no index, or table of contents. An author, when guilty of such omissions now-a-days, should be fined by all historical readers of these busy times, when there are so many books to consult on any subject, and when facili-

ties for reference should be made as easy as possible.

If an industrious reader were to take the trouble of collecting all the poems, essays and books that have been written on the fair country which Longfellow's great poem has immortalized, we would be surprised at both the number and variety which could fill a bookcase of more than ordinary capacity. Every tourist who passes through the Acadian valley so famous in song and story, evidently feels it an imperative duty to embalm his or her thoughts and impressions, and give them at some time or other to the world, not always perhaps with as pleasing results as the American poet reached without having even seen the fair meadows and streams beyond which great Blomidon rises amid the tides of the restless basin of Minas. Still we suppose that, while none of us can ever weary of the record of woman's love and devotion, while one touch of nature ever makes the whole world kin, we shall continue to hear of the lovely country where the spirit of the Acadian maiden ever seems to hover, to give a certain charm and life to the fair landscape. All this goes to prove that it is, after all, the poetry, intimately connected with humanity, with its affections, its sufferings, its joys, its aspirations, its many attributes—that is most enduring—far more so than the poems of pure imagination or of scenery, however attractive. The poetic genius of a Wordsworth, describing the beauty of lake and stream and mountain, may satisfy our intellectual instincts but can never reach our hearts like the story of an Evangeline, ever associated with the meadows of Grand Pre.

This pretty little volume (3) now before us, tastefully bound in cloth, full of apt illustrations, and written naturally without any sentimental effort, is one of the latest wanderers into a well trodden field of literature. It is a book to take with us on a summer's day, say, to the banks of the basin of Annapolis, or under the willows of Grand Pre, since it will help us to recall the past which the author touches with a gentle hand and simple fidelity. She first landed at the pleasant, well kept town of Yarmouth, with its house windows full of great clusters of pelargoniums, and its streets beautiful with its walls of green hawthorn, recalling the lanes of far-off England. She then visited the Clare settlements, Annapolis, Grand Pre and other places full of memories of the old Acadians. She has a pleasant account of her visit to Metaghan, where she found an interesting settlement of the French people, the descendants of the Acadians who returned from exile and settled in Clare and other parts of Western Nova Scotia. Here is a description of a street in this quaint old town:

"The street at Metaghan is lined with houses for a distance of perhaps a mile. Some are old and weather-beaten, but many are trim cottages with porches and bay windows, and pretty bits of garden in front. Sitting at the wide front windows of the public sitting-room at the hotel, one could see across the way the neatest of white cottages with piazza, bay-windows, and the characteristic roof window of the provinces, known as the 'A' window. In its white fenced garden stood tall hollyhocks of rich wine colour. Beyond the cottage lay the bay, obscured often by rain and mist."

(3) Through Evangeline's Country. By Jeanette A. Grant. Illustrated. Boston: Joseph Knight Co., 1894. Small 8vo. pp. x plus 100.

Then we have a pretty picture of the church; a conspicuous feature in every French Acadian or Canadian village, a tall edifice with two spires, standing upon high ground and named "Stella Maris" or "Star of the Sea," since it is visible from the ocean for many miles: An Acadian "interior" is limned in these words: "Monday morning I walked through the street, enjoying the long perspective of pretty cottages, a young woman at a doorway shyly invited me to enter. I accepted gladly, for there is always a great charm about interiors. This cottage was very tasty. There were several pictures on the wall of the little parlor, mostly in the line of religious art. One was quite novel. It represented a group engaged in the marriage ceremony at the altar. Below were signed the names of the contracting parties and the witnesses. My hostess could not talk English, but we got on very pleasantly. She took me into a family room to see an oleander in bloom. Here was a pretty buffet with glass doors built into the wall. Within were arranged the glassware and pretty blue china. The tiny garden before the house held a riot of small flowers and the darkest hollyhocks I ever saw, almost black. The French people must be very fond of this *Passe Rose* as they call it."

A true picture of many a cottage in the Acadian settlements. Who has not seen those oleanders, those black hollyhocks, and those old fashioned buffets. We should like to linger with the writer at the historic places she visited in the beautiful valleys of Annapolis and King's. She says, very truly, that "the general air of Annapolis at the present day is English." It is, however, the associations of the past that give the poetic charm to this "serious little British town," with its hawthorns and apple blossoms, its rich clusters of the wigelia and wisteria, and the golden laburnum, ever mingling their fragrance at their season with the odour of the sea, with its large wooden mansions, recalling halcyon times of the ancient town, with its mounds of graves and ruined fort, and its straggling streets so often silent, save when the steamboats bring in their passengers from across the bay, or a long procession of ox carts, tinkling their bells, come in from the beautiful country of orchards that stretch all round. One loves to linger in these scenes of sweetness and calm, whose story has been so often told, and whose landscape has been so often painted; but we must stop and only refer our readers to this pleasant little book which makes us wish we were once more in the Acadian land.

No section of the Dominion can point to a larger number of men who have won for themselves a national fame for their successes in arms, letters and politics than the relatively small Province of Nova Scotia. The names of Inglis and Williams recall the brilliant achievements at Lucknow and Kars; Archibald, Howe, Tupper and Thompson are but four among many other orators and statesmen; Haliburton, DeMille, Dawson, Grant and Rand are associated with the humour, the history, the science, and the belles-lettres of a remarkable intellectual development. A writer in a recent series of interesting letters to the *London Times*—Mr. Parkin, I believe—enumerated many other names hardly less famous than the foregoing for their meritorious efforts in various walks of life. It is then easy to understand why Nova Scotia has won an influence and position in the Dominion

which may be compared with that occupied by the old Bay State of Massachusetts in America.

Among the remarkable men of the long list of Nova Scotia's scientists, *litterateurs*, scholars and divines, was Dr. Silas Rand, who was born over eighty years ago in the pretty town of Cornwallis, in that very Acadian district to which we have just referred in the preceding notice of a charming sketch of Evangeline's Country. He was only one of the twenty-two children—Acadia is obviously not always behind French Canada—born to his father who was married three times, his second wife being a connection of Sir Charles Tupper. His family were in humble circumstances, and he worked for many years as a bricklayer. He had in his youth none of the advantages which the Nova Scotian boys and girls enjoy in these times, thanks in a large measure to the admirable school system established by the present High Commissioner of Canada in London, while leader of the Government in 1861. He took his first lesson in English grammar only when twenty-three years of age. He first studied Latin at Horton Academy, for four weeks, and then returned to the work of a stonemason. He took a lesson in Latin before going to his daily labour, studied it while so engaged, took another lesson at dinner and another at night. It was not surprising then that a man so determined to learn should eventually have a more or less accurate knowledge of twenty languages. It is, however, as a zealous missionary among the Micmac Indians of Acadia, and as a thorough student of their language that Dr. Rand will be always best remembered.

As the editor of this book (4) now before us, Helen L. Webster, very truly says, "the value of that which he has done in the Micmac and Maliseet languages will become more and more apparent as the attention of philologists turn more and more to the investigation of the aboriginal languages of America." He translated into Micmac almost the entire Bible; he compiled an English-Micmac dictionary, published since by the Dominion Government, as well as one of Micmac-English, which is still in manuscript and ought to be printed as soon as possible at the public expense. Besides his numerous printed Micmac translations, of which a list is contained in the present book, he left behind him many manuscripts, a valuable portion of which found its way into the possession of the late Professor Eben N. Horsford, who was an earnest student of the Indian languages, and the indefatigable exponent of the Norse voyages and settlements in New England. The legends which formed part of the collection placed by Professor Horsford in the library of American Linguistics, Wellesley College, have been published in the present volume under the direction of the Department of Comparative Philology of that institution. Some of these legends will be familiar to the readers of M. Charles G. Leland's interesting volume on the Algonquin legends of New England, as he had the advantage of the use of Dr. Rand's manuscript. We learn from the prefatory remarks that the stories were related to Dr. Rand "in Micmac by the native Indians, and then translated and written down by

(4) *Legends of the Micmacs*. By the Rev. Silas Tertius Rand, D.D., LL.D. Wellesley (Mass.) Philological Publications. New York and London, Longmans, Green & Co., 1894. 8vo., pp. xlvi plus 452.

him in English; the translations only have been preserved, in no case the narration in the original language." These legends, it seems, were only familiar to the few Indians, who would never tell them in English. "Who their original author was," he tells us, "or how old they are, we have no means of knowing. Some of them are evidently of modern date, because they refer to events that have taken place since the advent of the whites. Some of them are so similar to some of our old European 'fairy-tales' and 'wizard-stories,' as told in our English story-books, as to lead to the impression that they are really one and the same." Some writers like Mr. Leland see curious coincidences between the Norse myths and these Indian legends. It is needless to add that Mr. Horsford hoped to live long enough to prove the intimate connection between the Norsemen and the Algonquin Indians.

The editor proves, what all students of the Micmac language and traditions have long since known, that "their curious tales show high imaginative power; the flexibility of their language and the copiousness of their vocabulary indicate a remarkable power of discrimination and expression; and, we may add, much simplicity and impressiveness. It is, of course, impossible in a review of this limited space to give any conception of the singular tales that appear in this volume, and illustrate that power of imagination which exists among even the most primitive peoples. They remind us very much of those tales of our childish days—Beauty and the Beast, Jack the Giant Killer, Jack and the Beanstalk, Little Red Riding Hood, Cinderella and the Glass Slipper—none of which have ever been equalled for their influence on the youthful mind by the more prosaic tales of the modern storyteller for boys and girls. Dr. Rand was the discoverer of Glooscap, a sort of demi-god or hero, like Odin or Thor, of the Norse mythology, whose deeds fill up so much space in the Wabanaki legends of Eastern America.

At the present time there is living in Canada only one scholar who can be compared with Dr. Rand for the abundance of his learning and his enthusiasm for all that appertains to the lore of the aboriginal tribes of America. Those who have passed up and down the Ottawa river by steamboat must have noticed with interest the monastery at the Indian village of Oka, by the side of that picturesque expansion of the river called the Lake of Two Mountains. Here dwells the most erudite Algonquin scholar of America, the Abbe Cuoq, now well stricken by years, who has just completed in the *Transactions of the Royal Society of Canada* a work on the Algonquin tongue, which is the crowning effort of a long and useful career.

J. G. BOURINOT.

O gentlemen, the time of life is short; to spend that shortness basely were too long, if life did ride upon a dial's point, still ending at the arrival of an hour.—*Shakespeare*.

Snakes are carnivorous, and do not feed on dust, as some people believe. For the best treatment for snake bite, the early application of a ligature above the bite is the most important preliminary step; then rub in, and even drink, salad oil freely. The delusion that there is in India a two-headed snake called the *bis-cobra*, is explained by "bis" being a corruption of the "bish," meaning poison, and cobra, of "Khopra," meaning hard; the term bish-khopra being applied to a lizard said to be poisonous.—*From Colonies and India*.

DICTIONARY OF NATIONAL BIOGRAPHY.*

The first name in this volume is that of an artist who is known to very few persons now living, yet the sketch here given is quite interesting, and is a very good example of one of the elements of importance belonging to this great dictionary. We shall not only possess standard biographies—of the highest value as to accuracy and literary value—of the prominent characters in English history, but we shall have numberless minor persons, not unworthy to be remembered, kept in remembrance, and their work duly chronicled and estimated.

Passing over the Masseys and Massies—some of them distinguished—we find, from the skilled hand of Precentor Venables, a genial little sketch of Chancellor Massingbred; but we hasten on from this to a greater name, that of Philip Massinger, a younger contemporary of Shakespeare (1583-1640), and one of the galaxy of Elizabethan dramatists who are the imperishable glory of English literature. There are few play-writers who have been judged more differently than Massinger. We are inclined to think that the present generation of critics underrate his genius. Hazlitt certainly did, whilst Coleridge and Lamb did him greater justice. At least it may be said that one of his plays, "A New Way to Pay Old Debts," was on the stage long after the plays of many of his contemporaries had disappeared. It is difficult to know all that he wrote, as a great number of his plays were produced in collaboration with Beaumont, Fletcher, and others.

Some interesting notices of the members of the Mather family are given. Among the Mathews comes first Father Mathew, the apostle of temperance, a very charming personality. Mrs. Carlyle's account of his work, here given, is well worth preserving. Then we come upon Charles Mathews, the elder, whom old playgoers declare to have been the most wonderful comedian of a certain stamp which the English stage has ever produced. Horace Smith says: "There was but one Charles Mathews in the world—there never can be such another." Then comes his son, the younger Charles, and his wife, better known as Madame Vestris. We ought not to omit Admiral Thomas Mathews, a very important person to whom six columns are given—"a choleric old man of the traditional John Bull type," who yet did fairly good service for his country, and might have done better if he had not "lost his head." He got rather hard treatment, which he did not much mind.

We come upon greater names when we reach the Matildas—the first the queen of William the Conqueror, who still reposes in the church she founded at Caen, the Abbaye aux Dames, not torn from that, as her husband was, by the madmen of the Revolution, from the other great church in the same city. Next comes Matilda, daughter of Malcolm Canmore of Scotland and Margaret of England, who threw off her novice's veil and became the wife of Henry I. of England and the mother of another Matilda, or Maud, who became, in the first case, wife of the Emperor Henry V., and afterwards married the handsome Geoffrey Plantagenet, son of the Count of Anjou, who was ten years younger than herself. It was a great rise for the Counts of Anjou,

but it cannot be thought a disadvantage to the royal family of England that it should have become Plantagenet!

A good many names of importance we, of necessity, pass over, and some we can only glance at. Of these are Maturin, novelist and dramatist; a number of Maules; Mauleverer, regicide; Maunder, of the innumerable dictionaries, and others. We pause at Prince Maurice, the brother of Rupert, to whom a brief but excellent memoir is accorded. Next we come to Frederick Maurice, a name remembered and loved by many in every Christian communion. The memoir, by Mr. Leslie Stephen, is of adequate length, by no means too long, yet full and sufficient, and gives an account of a life marked by few outward incidents, yet full of meaning for religion and theology in England. Few men who had so little sharpness of outline in their teaching have left so strong and permanent a mark upon the theological thought and sentiment of English-speaking people. Mr. Stephen, we should add, does ample justice to Maurice, without reflecting injuriously on his opponents.

Then we have Mavor, of the spelling book and of innumerable other books, and a number of Maxwells, among whom we must note, as one most eminent of our own days, Professor Clark Maxwell, the first Professor of Experimental Physics at Cambridge, a man that will there be long remembered. We tremble to enter further upon the Maxwells, although many of them are great. Then come a good many Mays and Mayhews. We remember our "Comic Almanack" of earlier days! There are Maynards and Maynes and Mayos and Meads. We must note, in passing, Joseph Mede, or Mead, of apocalyptic fame, who receives justice in these columns. Among the Meadows might they not have found a place for Kenny—not a great artist, yet appreciated by many in his time. Among the Medleys a brief article is given to the late Metropolitan of Canada. We wish we could pause among the Melvilles; but one, at least, must be distinguished, Andrew, the successor of Knox as a leader of the Scotch Presbyterians, whose life has been so well written by McCrie. Among other merits Melville is said to rank as a Latin scholar next to Buchanan—a high place indeed. The Rev. A. Gordon, who writes the article, does justice to McCrie as a biographer.

Among the Menteiths we have Sir John, concerning whom we have all the light obtainable. We fear that no explanations will remove from the Scotch mind the feeling of anger and contempt aroused by the belief that he betrayed Wallace. Menzies, Mercer, Meredith, pass along. Merivale reminds us of Charles, an eminent historian, but whose death is too recent to allow of his being mentioned here, although his brother Herman (d. 1874) has a place. Several columns are properly given to Merlin, who was an historical character, if not as we know him. Some Meyricks deserve mention, if nothing more can be given. Edward Miall, too, should not be passed over, since, more than any other one man, he gave its modern direction to English Nonconformity. His paper, *The Nonconformist*, was the organ and almost the creator of the spirit in favor of disestablishment, or as it was euphoniously called, religious equality. Among the Michells we are glad to see a column given to a well-known Oxford tutor, one of the most successful of coaches, who

was successively Professor of Logic, Public Orator and Principal of Hertford College, Richard Michell.

There are Middletons, and there are the two Mills, James and John Stuart, both treated at great length, as is due, and with eminent ability, by Mr. Leslie Stephen. These two memoirs are worth the price of the volume.

ROBERT BURNS.

The cold world had little blood to spare,
In her thin heart when thy bright advent
fell;
Meagre the dole she toss'd thee; was it
well?
Thou gavest much for little; was it fair?
For answer, hark! there floats a lilt'ing air,
That rising high above the storm's wild
swell,
And calming all disquiet by its spell,
Leads life beyond the farthest bounds of care.

On one side place hard fare and hoddan grey,
Contumely's draught—that bitter cup of
shame;
Against them range the witching smile of May,
A heart to welcome love, a muse to sing,
Now let them clash, and 'mid the world's
acclaim,
Proud glory hastes to crown a ploughman—
King.

ROBERT ELLIOTT.

"Tamlaghtmore."

ART NOTES.

Hubert Herkomer's painting, "The First-Born," was sold at the Art Exposition in Vienna for 12,000 florins.

Miss Anne Whitney, the sculptor, has completed a bust of Keats in marble, which is to be placed in the parish church of Hampstead, London, as a memorial from the American and English lovers of the poet. The bust is pronounced a triumph of artistic genius.

The widow of the sculptor Carpeaux is about to hold an exhibition of his works in the Ecole des Beaux Arts. Among the exhibits will be sketches made with his finger-nails dipped in ink, portraits and landscapes, also jocose and satirical bas-reliefs made for his own amusement.

The recent elections of new Associates of the English Royal Academy seem to forecast a new era in that venerable institution; that they have for once been successful in pleasing every group in the artistic world, Tory and Radical alike, is proved by the outburst of satisfaction, even of enthusiasm, with which those elections have been greeted.

Mr. George Bruenech's central picture of his last exhibition, "Midnight on the Tys Fjord," Norway, which deservedly attracted so much attention, has, we are glad to say, found a home and purchaser in Toronto. We are glad that such a noble water-color, by a Toronto artist, has not lacked proper appreciation at the hands of our art-loving citizens.

"*J'ai le plaisir de vous annoncer que les ouvrages présentés par vous au Salon de 1894 ont été admis par le jury.*" This is the most important part of a communication received in the early part of the week by Mr. G. A. Reid, and relates to the "Modern Madonna" (there is a mistake as to the number) lately exhibited here. Mr. Reid is to be congratulated.

"That is the best picture in the exhibition, to my thinking," said an old lady

* Dictionary of National Biography. Edited by Sidney Lee. Volume XXXVII., Masquerier-Millyng. Price, \$3.75. New York: Macmillan. Toronto: Copp, Clark Co. 1894.

near us in the art gallery the other day, pointing to Mr. Atkinson's "The Mill on Avon, Brittany" (102), with the additional remark that she did not know much about paintings, but *did* know what she liked. "I can see away into it." "Mr. Cruikshanks has the best thing here," we overheard from a gentleman who is somewhat of an art critic in a way. They were both right probably, and there may be other "bests" as well, according to the taste and standard of the would-be critic. For an everyday scene, life-like and solidly painted, none is better than Mr. Reid's "Mother and Child" (120) the child's head is especially good as it lies on the mother's knee; the color also is well balanced. Miss Windeat has several charmingly bright bits in Silver Poplars (140) and Shinnicock Hills (141), a road sloping gently upwards which shows ease of execution. "The Paris Knife Grinder" (133) is an excellent piece of work by Miss H. Rusk. "The Bill Sticker" (136), by Mr. W. Smith, has little action in the figures, especially the bill sticker, but the perspective and general color are fair. The old man reading "The Morning Paper," by Mr. Bell-Smith is well done, and this same artist's street scenes; one in oil, and one in water-colors, are extremely good. The child's face in Mr. Mower Martin's "A Mender of China" (156) is not so good as that of the man, which is alert and interesting. This is a new departure for this artist. There is rich color in Miss Fraser's "Heather," but little softness of atmosphere. Mr. Staples shows the best thing we have seen from his brush in the fresh color and good composition of his "A Shady Spot" (125), where the flock has sought shelter from the sun. The effect of sunlight and shadow is good, as also in "The Goose Girl" (125). He has also succeeded in his less interesting study of lamplight. One is never mistaken in Mr. Jacobi's work; "A Mountain Torrent" is in his usual style. "At Bala, Muskoka" (147), by A. Jardine, is rather timidly treated, in soft, dull colors; it would be better without the figures. Mr. Wickson's "Grey Mare" (144) is a carefully drawn portrait of that animal, with subdued background of brown foliage. In his portrait (113) the composition is well balanced and color pleasing, but is it well to perpetuate a fashion in hats that is in itself ungraceful? Mr. Challoner's "Wild Roses" (150) are given with delicate precision, and his outdoor work has the same freshness in color; sparkling bits of water, and bright landscapes with possibly a tendency to hardness in places. In Mr. Atkinson's large canvas, before referred to, the foreground is somewhat cold in color; a little purple bit of landscape just beneath is delightful.

Mr. F. Brownell has a landscape and a strongly modelled head (100) of a French-Canadian girl, a good piece of work. Miss Spurr's "In Russet Mantle Clad" is well named. Her other oils are equally good, and sunlight and shade in the water color, "Old Farm on the Humber" (13), with a group of poultry feeding, are well rendered. Mr. Sherwood has an excellent pastel of a dog's head, his portrait (162) is life-like, but his picture (126) scarcely suggests the title "A Sabbath Afternoon." The attitude of each individual of the old couple is very natural, but the whole lacks strength. Mr. Rolph has a number of fresh water-colors—the perspective in color of 27 is excellent; Mr. H. Spiers shows a very blue study in "Ben Butler,"

which has much merit; Mr. Matthews has some grand views among the Rockies: "Among the Ottertails," with great variety of color in rocks of foreground, they are among the best; Mr. Gagen has caught the feeling of the season in "Early Summer" (16); Mr. Henry Martin has two good pieces of work in a sunset and sunrise (18 and 19), but his work is inclined to spottiness for lack of grasping general effects. Mr. Blatchly renders beautifully clear "Reflections" (29), his color is always fresh and handling free; Mr. Bruenech gives a glimpse of blue, blue sea with rocks in foreground. F. L. Foster has a pleasing, restful picture in "Near York Mills," worthy of some study. Mr. Fowler has some effects of hot summer in "Sunshine and Shade," as well as in some others; one's attention is arrested by "Willows in Spring" (43), by Mr. C. W. Jeffries, which has charming color in its yellows against the purple hills. A portrait (171) by Mr. G. de Murangi is somewhat peculiar in treatment, loaded rather heavily with paint, but shows strong work. We miss Mr. J. W. L. Forster here; no one makes up for his delicate firmness and fine flesh tones. A dainty miniature on ivory is from the brush of Mrs. Van der Linde. W. Cantwell has clear color in his stream through meadows, a lighter touch apparently than in his oil study.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

Miss Emma Juch, the charming prima donna, has at last succumbed to Cupid's dart, and will soon be married, the happy man being Mr. Weldon, Attorney of New York. She will, however, meet her present concert engagements.

Miss Lilli Kleiser, the well-known soprano and pupil of Mr. Schuch, has been engaged at a handsome salary as leading soprano in one of the aristocratic churches of Buffalo. We are glad to know of her success, for she has talent, a pleasing manner and a good voice which she uses well.

The Toronto Male Chorus Club, 50 members, under the direction of Mr. J. D. A. Tripp, will make their first appearance at a concert given by them on June 5th. Among those who will take part are Miss Mary Howe, soprano, Wm. Lavin, tenor, and Miss Arma Lenka, better known here as Miss Susie Ryan.

Miss Eva Roblin, formerly of Toronto, and a vocal pupil of Sig. F. d'Auria has been in London for a year or two past, and has won for herself many good opinions regarding her singing. She has been spoken of in England as having a voice and method of great excellence, which she uses with judgment and skill. We believe she has now returned to Toronto and will be heard here in concert soon.

In a letter we received not long since from Mr. Geo. H. Fairclough, who is attending the Hoch Schule in Berlin, we learn he is making good progress, and is delighted with the facilities afforded music students there in the way of fine concerts, good masters, art galleries, and other accessories which are calculated to broaden and cultivate the artistic faculties. Mr. Fairclough has ability and we have no doubt he will return a scholarly musician. We understand he will make the organ his chief solo instrument.

Miss Sarah E. Dallas, Mus. Bach., F.C. T.M., gave a piano recital in the Conservatory of Music Hall on Tuesday evening, the 8th inst., to a large audience. Her programme included Beethoven's Sonata, op. 27, No. I.; Schumann's Nocturne in F; Saran's Polonaise, op. 6; Paderewski's "Chant du Voyager;" Saint-Saen's Mazurka, op. 21; and Moskovski's Valse, op. 34. She likewise performed, in conjunction with Mr. Dinelli, Grieg's Sonata, op. 36, for piano and 'cello. All of the above numbers were played in a thoroughly artistic and painstaking style; indeed, some were given a vigorous and brilliant rendering, and were very enjoyable. Vocal selections were given by Mrs. F. E. Burrit, Mrs. H. W. Parker, and Miss Anna C. Laidlaw.

The musical festival chorus is, we understand, making excellent progress, and is singing very effectively with splendid tone. "The Messiah" will doubtless have an exceptionally good performance, the soloists, as before intimated, being distinguished for their excellence. Mr. Arthur Fisher's new work, "The Wreck of the Hesperus," will be conducted by himself and will likewise have the benefit of a large, well trained chorus, and the inspiration which always comes from large enthusiastic audiences, to assist in producing the best results. Then the miscellaneous programme, one thousand school children singing songs with their fresh young voices, the singing of the beautiful soprano, Miss Emma Juch, also Miss Lillian Blauvelt, Mr. W. H. Rieger, and Mr. Carl Duff, and the piano playing of the great pianist, Arthur Friedheim, will certainly attract, please and delight everybody. These rare festival days will be the 14th, 15th and 16th of June; June the month of flowers and sweet breezes laden with their perfume, when everyone is happy and ready to enjoy themselves; and how can they do this so well as attending these fine concerts and the opening of the Massey Music Hall?

The third quarterly concert by pupils of the Conservatory of Music was given in Association Hall, on Thursday evening, May 3rd, to a very large audience. The programme contained many selections of artistic importance, notably Mozart's Concerto in D Minor (first movement), most creditably performed by Miss Edith Meyers, with Miss Maud Gordon at 2nd piano; Reissiger's "Rondo Finale" op. 77, carefully played by Miss Bella Geddes; and Mendelssohn's "Rondo Brillante," distinctly and brilliantly performed by Miss Edith Burson, with Miss Ethel Thomas playing 2nd piano part. These young ladies are all pupils of Mr. Edward Fisher and promise well for the future. The conservatory string quartette also assisted in the accompaniments. Other important features were the organ playing of Miss Ida L. Jane, and Miss Jessie Perry, pupils of Mr. Vogt, the piano playing of Miss Emma Geddes, Miss Mamie Collins, and Miss Laura Beecroft, also the singing of Miss Ella Patterson, Miss Eldred MacDonald, Miss Nettie Cassady; and the Vocal Trio by Rossini, "Thy Child to Thee Restored," beautifully rendered by Mrs. Alfred Jury, Miss Ethel Shepherd, and Mrs. H. W. Parker. For lack of space and time we must refrain from individualizing all, but each number showed unmistakable evidences of excellent training and was highly appreciated.

A combined piano and song recital was given on Tuesday evening last, the 8th

inst., in St. George's Hall by piano pupils of Mr. W. O. Forsyth, and vocal pupils of Mr. Fred Warrington, the popular baritone. The following took part:—Miss Muriel Lailey, Miss Millie Evison, and Mr. J. L. Cherrier, piano; Mrs. Mackidd, Miss Millie Murch, Mr. Alex. Canning, Mrs. Green, Miss Marge Haines, Mr. Walter Sparks and Mrs. A. E. Nash. Mrs. Lailey played in a beautiful and expressive manner, pieces by Beethoven, Chopin, Grieg and Chaminade. These selections showed her elastic and artistically developed touch, and her splendid technic to great advantage. Mr. Cherrier played with considerable precision and ease, although a slight nervousness was apparent, Mendelssohn's Rondo Capriccio op. 14, a Mazurka of Chopin's and Liszt's "Valse Impromptu." Miss Millie Evison, a highly gifted young lady of some 15 or 16 summers, played with remarkable brilliancy and expression, two Chopin Valses, a Beethoven Rondo from "Sonata Pathétique" and a Nocturne by Carl Tausig. The pupils of Mr. Warrington did him excellent credit, their singing showing the conscientious care which has been bestowed on their training. The programme closed with the duett "O that we Two were Maying," capitably sung by Mrs. Mackidd and Mr. Warrington. An audience which completely filled the pretty St. George's Hall was present. Jessie Perry played the accompaniments very tastefully.

LIBRARY TABLE.

THISTLE DOWN. Poems by Julia Ditto Young. Buffalo, N.Y.: Peter Paul and Brother. 1893.

A number of press notices of this little book have come under our observation, but, perhaps, the most just and discriminating is that of the *Rochester Democrat* which says that "this collection is published in beautiful covers of white, buff and gold, and the book is neat and tasteful in its make up throughout." The book would look well on any shelf, but it would be a waste of time to peruse its pages. The author has the "fatal facility" that mars every poem she attempts: she seems to be able to string off rhymes by the page, and when she has nothing else to address she amuses herself by writing fifty lines or so to her pen. In a little poem entitled "The Choice," in which she declares she has a "silver holder," "purple ink," "virgin pages," and "pens galore," she asks the question,

"Why should I sit here and write
While all Nature calleth me?"

we are compelled to reply there is no reason whatever. It would certainly be far better for humanity, which is already suffering too much from the making of many verses, if the author would give herself up altogether to the enjoyment of Nature, and leave the Muse alone. Certainly, if she ever hopes to do good work, she must put the bridle on her "mettled steed," and check it in its "swift dash across the wide white plain."

THE BOOK OF THE FAIR; an Historical and Descriptive Presentation of the World's Science, Art and Industry, as viewed through the Columbian Exposition at Chicago in 1893. By Hubert Howe Bancroft. Chicago and San Francisco: The Bancroft Company. Parts I. and II.

The names of the author and publishers of this memorial of the greatest of World's Fairs are its best recommendation. The readers of THE WEEK have not to be informed of the rare ability and conscientious thoroughness that Mr. H. H. Bancroft brings to bear on every literary task that he undertakes. Not many months ago it was our privilege to call attention to his career as a man of letters and

to the methods of organized investigation by which he was able to accomplish such marvels of literary industry. He has done for the history of the western half of our continent, from Point Barrow to the Isthmus of Darien what no previous writer had even attempted. His five volumes on "The Native Races of the Pacific States" were enough to win him fame as a man of research, a scholar and a writer, and the gratitude of all students of aboriginal lore. But those grand volumes are but the eighth part of his completed task, which, though a library in itself, is but the classified quintessence of another library of 60,000 books, maps and manuscripts. We mention this great enterprise simply to show how admirably Mr. Bancroft is fitted, by mental and moral outfit, for the later task with which his name is associated. "The Book of the Fair," we are told, is "designed to set forth the display made by the Congress of Nations, of human achievement in material form so as the more effectually to illustrate the progress of mankind in all the departments of civilized life. The Columbian Exposition is the latest and fullest exemplification of what the nations of the world have severally contributed to the sum total of human culture, discovery, invention and the application of science and art to purposes of use and beauty. The international exposition is one of the triumphs of our age. It has been suggested that the next or at least a possibly near stage in its development may be the erection in some convenient spot of a City of Civilization which would represent perennially the ever enlarging domain of the best fruits of human endeavor, so that in these days of travel, when every new sunrise brings the "ends of the earth" nearer to each other, all that all men prize (as far as possible) may be condensed and concentrated and arranged in one beautiful metropolis of art for all the world to see. Whether this goal of desire be near or distant, the story of the World's Fair movement is wonderful enough to justify an enlightened public in asking that it be worthily told. "The Book of the Fair" is just this story, brought down to the close of the Chicago Exhibition, and as for the telling, we need only repeat that Mr. Bancroft is the narrator. The opening numbers introduce the reader to the Fairs of the past, giving particulars as to the origination of the idea and the concourse of visitors to London in 1851. But to understand the growth of the conception to which the Prince Consort lent the prestige of his name it is necessary to glance back to a past that antedated even what we term modern history and to call up the long vanished forms of Babylonian, Egyptian and Phœnician traders. In the remote centuries when men of those nationalities were the world's merchant princes, as in the mediæval times, the religious festival was made the occasion of commercial gatherings. Mr. Bancroft gives a most interesting account of these "Fairs" which were the embryo, as it were, of the "World's Fairs" of our nineteenth century. This retrospect takes up the first chapter. The second is a historical sketch of Chicago and with the third the story of the Columbian Exposition begins. The wealth of beautiful illustration with which these first numbers are enriched gives promise of artistic treasures in keeping with the all-embracing historical, local and technical knowledge with which the author equipped himself for his work. It is intended that it will be completed in 25 parts of 40 pages (12 x 16 inches), two parts to be issued monthly, at the rate of \$1 a part. There will be altogether 2,000 illustrations of the quality already indicated—many of them being full-page plates covering 102 square inches of surface. The paper is heavy and superior enamelled finish and was especially selected for the work. The Book of the Fair has received a cordial approval from all parts of the continent and we are happy to add our recommendation to this consensus of opinion.

Compulsory education has been in vogue for ages in China.

In the British Navy the annual cost of maintaining a man is £211.

THE GERM-PLASM: A THEORY OF HEREDITY. By August Weismann, Professor in the University of Freiburg-in-Baden. Translated by W. Newton Parker, Ph.D., Professor in the University College of South Wales and Monmouthshire, and Harriet Ronfeldt, B.Sc. With twenty-four illustrations. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; Toronto: William Briggs. 1893. Price \$2.50. (Contemporary Science Series).

This is an important work. Weismann and Weismannism have been the talk of the scientific world now for some years. He is a supposed antagonist of the great Darwin; Herbert Spencer and George Romanes both have publicly and more than once attempted his confutation; a whole library of books and magazine articles has sprung up concerning him and his theories; and he himself has been deputed to deliver the Romanes Lecture at Oxford this year. It was more than a happy thought, therefore, that suggested the addition of Weismann's "Germ-Plasm" to the excellent Contemporary Science Series.

Weismann's first presentation to English readers occurred when his "Essays"—which appeared in the decade between 1881 and 1891—were translated in one complete edition entitled "Essays upon Heredity and Poulton, Schonland, and Shipley. Oxford: 1889) This work contained eight essays; four more were added in a second volume in 1892. A glance at Poole's "Index to Periodical Literature" (brought down to December, 1893) will show the general reader something of influence Weismann already wields; but probably only the biological scholar who is conversant with the chief European and American magazines bearing upon his subject knows the extent of that influence. In fact it is safe to say that a large Weismannic bibliography could already be compiled and would be valuable.

Readers of THE WEEK will hardly expect a detailed account of Weismannism (even if such were possible—and certainly it would be difficult, for its propounder has more than once shifted his ground). For this they will go to various well known monthly and quarterly magazines where it has been done by excellent hands and in space more suited to its accomplishment. Readers who really desire an intimate acquaintance with the theory may be referred to this work, to the "Essays" above alluded to, and also to Mr. Romanes's "An Examination of Weismannism."

Very briefly, however, the nucleus of the theory of heredity propounded by the German biologist is contained in the words "the continuity of the germ-plasm," the 'germ-plasm' being a substance which, "unlike the substance composing the perishable body of the individual, is transmitted from generation to generation." That is the essence of this law of heredity. One most important consequence of the acceptance of such a law must be the giving up of the idea that characteristics acquired by the individual can be handed down to his progeny; for such characteristics are, of course, acquired by the perishable tissues of the body, not by the germ-plasm. Herein lies at present the great *campus philosophorum* of those who array themselves for and against the doctrine of Weismann. Darwin certainly taught the possibility of the transmission of acquired characteristics; in fact it was one of the principal pegs upon which he hung his doctrine of descent: the theory of adaptability to environment and the consequent survival of the fittest depended on it. The extreme significance of this new view is thus at once perceived. Nor have the leaders of science been slow to combat the novel dogma, Herbert Spencer (in the *Contemporary Review*) and George Romanes, especially taking up the cudgels against it in earnest.

However, the subject is an enormous and an intricate one. Weismann himself says (p. xii.) "I did not for a moment suppose . . . I had propounded a complete and elaborated theory of heredity"—the italics are his. The general reader may well wait till some consensus of scientific opinion is expressed on the point. It is the fascination of the study

and its bearings upon the great theory of evolution that will interest him, rather than any more or less accurate and minute investigations as to the constitution and functions of 'germ-plasms' or 'gemmales' or 'ids'—which, so far as the average reader is concerned, may be left till our methods of microscopic experimentation are even more delicate than they are now.

The book is printed upon that abominable glazed paper which so tries the eyes when read by lamp or gas light. A too frequent use of italics distracts rather than fixes the attention. With these exceptions this is undoubtedly the best addition to the Contemporary Science Series.

PERIODICALS.

Storiettes has a dozen short stories in its May issue. John Strange Winter and other writers will be found as contributors.

Temple Bar for May is brimful of bright reading; the sketch of the Marquis de Vauvenargues under the caption "Voltaire's Favourite Moralist;" the entertaining paper on "Quotation;" the short biography of "Horace Walpole" may be mentioned, but poem, serial and short story as well find many readers of this capital number.

Book Reviews is growing in size as well as interest. Mary Cadwalader Jones' leader on Mrs. J. R. Green's "Town Life in the Fifteenth Century" is ably written. Charles Dexter Allen follows with a paper on "American Book Plates," a subject which is just now exercising our cousins over the border. The notes and reviews are as usual bright and well selected.

The *Arena* for May opens with a portrait of Lowell, the paper holding the place of honor being "The Religion of Lowell's Poems," by Rev. M. J. Savage. Stinson Jarvis concludes "The Ascent of Life" in this number, Helen H. Gardener talks on heredity, and four papers are devoted to the saloon evil. Other matter on various subjects maintain the usual balance of the magazine.

The *Atlantic Monthly* gives us two more chapters of Margaret Deland's story, "Philip and His Wife;" a Nova Scotian sketch is contributed by Frank Bolles, Gilbert Parker deals with "Three Commandments in the Vulgar Tongue," and Justin Winsor and John Fiske each pay a just tribute to Francis Parkman. This is, of course, but a small portion of the matter contained in the excellent May number.

Outing for this month opens with a paper on the Crow Indians, sufficiently interesting to have been penned by a man who has no need to be "afraid-of-his-name." Four articles, with some clear illustrations, make pleasant reading for lovers of the gentle sport; a foot journey in the Hartz Mountains, another chapter of Lenz's Tour Awheel, and more hints from Perry Worden as to how to tour in Europe on next to nothing, all help to make a pleasant half-hour's reading. The complete story in this number is "The Mail Carrier's Daughter," by Jessie F. O'Donnell.

The first and second papers of the *Journal of Hygiene* are devoted, respectively, to congestion of the brain and hygienic treatment of insanity, while in the third article we have an American writer owing up to the fact that "there is something very much amiss with the average American family," a something which is making them "the most drug-taking, dentist-employing and doctoring people on earth." This magazine aims at all that is good in matters pertaining to our diet and general health, and it finds many endorsers in the numbers who endeavor to keep themselves happy and healthful by the aid of common sense.

"The Way to Regulate Liquor Selling" is dealt with in the *North American Review* by Governor Tillman, of South Carolina, and by the Bishop of Chester. "Lord Rosebery's Administration" is treated by Sir Charles Dilke, and two papers are devoted to "Hostility to Roman Catholics." Admiral Colomb, in

a paper entitled "England in the Mediterranean," says that if England could send every battleship she could put her hands on to the Mediterranean, to the Baltic, and off the French Atlantic ports, she would have but forty five, against seventy-two of the allied enemies. In this number Ouida and Sarah Grand speak with no uncertain voice.

The British Navy receives attention in the *Quarterly* leader for April, and Sir Herbert Maxwell's life of that strong and capable Englishman, the late W. H. Smith, is noticed. Very pleasant is the talk about "Shakespeare's Birds and Beasts." Quite scientific is the paper with the poetic title "Ocean Meadows," and then comes a chilling plunge through some three dozen pages of "Old Testament Criticism," from which the reader emerges and suns himself in "The Pleasant Land of Devon." Mr. Lucas' "Historical Geography of the British Colonies," and Mr. Stanley Lane-Poole's "Life of Sir Harry Parkes" also receive adequate notice in this number.

The *Edinburgh* for April has some attractive papers, such as the leader on African Discovery, in which Von Hohnel, Legard, Bent and Selous receive attention. That notable book, "The Memoirs of Chancellor Pasquier," receives a further review. Another book which has attracted wide attention is searchingly discussed; we refer to Kidd on Social Evolution. "It is obvious," says the writer, "that such a book must present many difficulties to a reviewer who wishes to be accurate and fair." In the article, "Three Noble Englishwomen," the memories of Lady Burghersh, Charlotte, Countess of Canning, and Louisa, Marchioness of Waterford, are revived, and "Von Moltke's Campaign in Bohemia," and "Naval Armaments" will suit the military taste.

Mr. A. H. Millar thus worthily ends the leading article in the *Scottish Review* for April: When a great writer whose works are known in cottage and in hall, expires in the prime of life, his death affects many as if it were a personal bereavement; but as time rolls on the poignancy of grief is abated, and the departed is apt to slip at last into oblivion. Well is it for such a poet as Sir Walter Scott, when successive generations with one accord combine to keep his memory ever green." Two fine articles on eastern subjects are "The Great Palace of Constantinople," by Mr. J. B. Bury, and "Modern Moslems," by Major C. R. Conder. "Scottish Arms and Tartans," by the late J. M. Gray, is an article appropriate to this *Review* and Dr. Menzie's paper on the "Spielmann Romances—Salmon and Morolf" is quaintly interesting from a literary standpoint.

LITERARY AND PERSONAL.

One of the most attractive of Macmillan & Co.'s spring publications is a volume of nature-studies by Mrs. James Osborne Wright.

In a hitherto unpublished lecture by James Russell Lowell, he says: "Mere scholarship is as useless as the collecting of old postage-stamps."

Under the title of "The White Crown and Other Stories," Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. have published a promising summer book by Herbert D. Ward.

Mme. Blanc says that Bret Harte is of all the American authors of the time the most popular in France, and that Howell's is not generally liked by the French.

"The Golden House" is the attractive title of the novel which Mr. Charles Dudley Warner has written for serial publication in *Harper's Magazine* during the last half of the year.

The Hon. Lieut.-Governor Schultz had the honorary degree of LL.D. conferred upon him at Queen's University, Kingston, on Tuesday the 1st inst. Queen's University is not forgetful of her old *alumni* who has made his name conspicuous in the annals of Canadian history.

Ladies' Watches

Are now being shown by us in all their completeness. We have guaranteed time-keepers from \$4.00 to \$100.00 including "Nickel," "Coin Silver," "Gun metal" and "Gold" cases, the latter with also Diamonds and other precious stones inlaid. We sell no timepiece that does not have our personal guarantee.

RYRIE BROS.,

Cor. Yonge & Adelaide Sts.

Mail orders receive very careful attention.

The publication of Mr. Du Maurier's "Trilby" will not be completed in *Harper's Magazine* until August. It is announced that the novel will be brought out in book form soon afterwards.

In the forthcoming *Chronological Outlines of American Literature*, which has been prepared by Selden L. Whitcomb and edited with an introduction by Brander Matthews, a special study has been made of colonial literature.

G. P. Putnam's Sons announce that under arrangement with its London publisher, Mr. Unwin, they will hereafter issue under the title of the Incognito Library, the American edition of the Pseudonym Library, the volumes of which will be duly copyrighted.

A report has been circulated that the Thiers' papers have been deposited for safe-keeping in the Bank of England because they were not safe in France. What a vicissitude of fate! says our informant. The Commune razed Thiers' house; Marseilles, his native town, would not accept as a gift his pictures and other collections, and now the French wish to destroy his memoirs!

Mr. T. M. Clark, a Fellow of the American Institute of Architects and the author of the well-known work on *Building Superintendence*, has in press *Architect, Owner, and Builder before the Law*. It will be published by Macmillan & Co., who have purchased from Messrs. Ticknor & Co. the right to it, as well as to *Modern Perspective*, by William R. Ware, the Professor of Architecture in Columbia College, and to *Safe Building*, by Louis De Coppet Berg.

The twelfth general meeting of the Royal Society of Canada, which takes place at Ottawa on the 22nd-25th of May, promises to be very interesting on account of the varied nature of the papers in the sections, and of the presence of eminent scholars and scientists from the United States, like Dr. Justin Winsor of Harvard, and Professors Fernow, Chamberlain and Scudder. Mr. Fernow will probably deliver a public lecture on Forestry, which is a subject of deep interest to Canadians just now when commercial greed is too busy in our rich woods.

Aubrey de Vere, the poet, and his family were, it is said, for long years intimate with Tennyson, who borrowed the whole of his famous "Lady Clara's name from them—for one of them was actually a Vere de Vere. Lady de Vere, it is said, did not quite like the association of her name and of a title something like hers with the character of the hard-hearted and haughty Clara. "Why should Lady de Vere be aggrieved?" was Tennyson's jesting reply. "I have not given her name to an ugly woman, nor to an old woman—only to a wicked one."

The *Literary Digest* has this item on Racine's influence: Racine, the dramatist

died in the last year of the Seventeenth Century. His "Berenice" was first represented in 1670. It has held the stage ever since, and has just been reproduced at the Comedie Francaise, Paris. To the tragedy, thus played after the lapse of all but two hundred and twenty-five years from its first representation, the critical journals give as much space as though it were an absolute novelty, the *Revue Bleue*, for example, filling five of its broad pages with an interesting *critique* by a writer of high rank, M. Jacques du Tillet, who points out with enthusiasm the pathetic, touching, and tragic nature of the sentiments expressed and the elements which go to make the undying charm of the drama.

In a recent work on "Public Libraries in America," published in Boston, U.S., the author, Mr. W. J. Fletcher has the following appreciation of the Toronto Public Library and its able librarian: The library at Toronto, altogether the leading one on the list, has a circulation of about 450,000 volumes annually, maintains two branches, and is supported at a cost of over \$40,000 per year, of which three-fourths is raised by taxation. It owes much of its success to the able management of its librarian, Mr. James Bain, jr., who, holding the position from the first, has carried into its administration not only a thorough acquaintance with the best methods in vogue in England and the United States, but also a high appreciation of the possibilities latent in the library as an agency for public culture.

The *Philadelphia Record* has the following interesting note relating to the famous African explorer: Stanley's real name was John Rowlands. He was born in Wales in 1840. When an infant he was placed in the poor house at St. Asaph and remained there for ten years. In 1855 he sailed as a cabin boy to New Orleans, where he was adopted by a merchant, whose name he took. The merchant died without leaving a will, and young Stanley enlisted in the Confederate army. He was taken prisoner, and subsequently volunteered in the United States Navy, serving as Active Ensign on the *Ticonderoga*. At the close of the war he went as a news paper correspondent to Turkey. In 1869 the *New York Herald* sent him in search of Livingstone, the African explorer. After attending the opening of the Suez Canal and visiting the Crimea, Palestine, Persia and India, Stanley sailed from Bombay on October 12, 1870, and reached Zanzibar early in January, 1871. There he organized his search expedition, and set out for the interior of Africa on March 21, with 192 followers.

The *Boston Home Journal* says that William Morris has changed greatly since he wrote "The Earthly Paradise," and "The dreamer born out of time, the idle singer of an empty day," as he then styled himself, has now become one of the most strenuous socialistic advocates in England, the fierce champion of the masses' rights. But he still retains his old love for literature and the beautiful, and the latter is shadowed forth in all the surroundings of the home he has made for himself at Hammersmith, in the West End of London. Morris's home, Kelmscott House, is a roomy, rambling old stone mansion, built a century or more ago. The large yard in front, filled with flowers and shrubbery, faces the Thames, beyond which, in summer, is a charming prospect of flowers, fields and trees. At the rear of the house is another smooth, well-kept lawn dotted with trees, shrubbery and flowers. The house itself is furnished in full keeping with the refined and perfect taste which has brought its owner fame and fortune. Morris's home is, indeed, a fitting dwelling-place for the poet who has become the prophet of a new dispensation.

Men of learning who take to business discharge it with greater honesty than men of the world; because the former, in reading, have been used to find virtue extolled and vice stigmatized, while the latter have seen vice triumphant and virtue discountenanced.—*Addison.*

READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

TO CHICAGO.

You with that limitless daring and might of gold and decision
 Have furnished the world for an hour with that gorgeous and vanishing vision,
 The fair White City, filling the earth with the ring of your fame,
 The glory of what you have dared, the triumph chant of your name!
 City of dreams and tumultuous life, city of fortune, Chicago—
 Be this your beginning of lessons only; a mightier field
 Lies beckoning grandly before you, a harvest whose riches shall yield
 In the future of justice and right a goodlier festival,
 When the fruits of the earth for your children are won, for each and for all.
 O men of the brave new land, the West, the impetuous city,
 Give rein to the strength of your hearts, the fire of your dreams, and prepare
 Another and purer example of what you can plan and can dare,
 The visible form of a life purged clean from the sins of the old,
 The horror of weakness and want, the triumph of self and of gold;
 The life of a kindlier law, without strife, without care, without crime,
 Of growth and of freedom for all, of brotherhood sweet and sublime.

—Archibald Lampman, in *The Arena*.

A MAN OF MEMORY.

A Maine gentleman says that a remarkable instance of acuteness of observation and retentiveness of memory may be found in Chief Justice Peters. "His mind," he says, "is a vast storehouse not only of the legal knowledge, but of general information, and especially of anecdotes illustrating life and character. But his memory is seen at its best in the progress of cases tried before him, where the exact words used by a witness become a subject of controversy.

Then it will be found that he has followed the case so closely that he can repeat correctly the testimony given at any point, a feat, usually, that none of the lawyers can perform. If a question arises as to just what was said by counsel in some argument made perhaps weeks before, he will call up all the circumstances undimmed by the thousand and one other things that have in the meantime been heard by him. When he was at the bar he was a terror to opponents in this respect.—*St. John Gazette.*

SHOULD BURGLARS BE SHOT?

The *Saturday Review* discusses the theory as to the right or otherwise of householders to shoot persons whom they find occupying their premises, after a felonious breaking and entry, especially at night. Commenting on the decision of a recent case at Manchester, the *Saturday Review* says:—"Mr. Justice Grantham must clearly be enrolled among the followers of the late Mr. Justice Willes; and who could be in a better following? The story told of that great man and very learned judge is related by an eye-witness to the following effect: Mr. Justice Willes was asked, 'If I look into my drawing-room and see a burglar packing up the clock, and he cannot see me, what ought I to do?' He replied, as nearly as may be, 'My advice to you, which I give as a man, as a lawyer, and as an English judge, is as follows: In the supposed circumstance this is what you have a right to do, and I am by no means sure that it is not your duty to do it. Take a double-barrelled gun, carefully load both barrels, and then, without attracting the burglar's attention, aim steadily at his heart and shoot him dead.' Mr. Justice Grantham had no occasion to commit himself so far, or so picturesquely, as this, because in the case before him the burglar did not die; but it is clear that if he had died it would have

made no difference to the lawfulness of the householder's shooting. It may be said that, in a general way, the existence of the circumstances which justify the killing of a felon by a person who is not a constable must be a question of fact for the jury. Nobody suggests that if a burglar was safely in custody, with his hands bound and his weapons and the implements of his vocation removed, it would be a lawful act to put a gun to his head and blow his brains out. Such an act would undoubtedly be murder. Killing burglars in a struggle might conceivably be manslaughter; and sometimes it may, without any question, be excusable homicide. According to Sir James Stephen, a burglar, or other felon, may be killed either if he is in the act of committing, or about immediately to commit, his crime by open force, and cannot otherwise be prevented from doing it, or if it is impossible otherwise to arrest him or keep him in custody. Also any person assaulted in his own house may kill his assailant, if the force he employs is 'proportioned to the violence of the assault.' The event is valuable, as it shows at least that, in the opinion of one judge of the High Court, it is not necessarily criminal to take the offensive against, and nearly kill, a burglar, 'doing his office.'

SPRING CLEANING.

O March wind, blow with all your might!
 Set disordered things aright.
 Rustle every dry leaf down;
 Chase the cold all out of town;
 Sweep the streets quite free from dust;
 Blow it off with many a gust.
 Make the earth all clean again,
 And ready for the April rain.

—Thomas Tapper, in *March St. Nicholas*.

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Strong Testimony of Emigrant Commissioner, the Hon. George Starr, as to the power of Radway's Ready Relief in a Case of Sciatica, Rheumatism.

VAN NESS PLACE, NEW YORK.

DR. RADWAY.—With me your Relief has worked wonders. For the last three years I have had frequent and severe attacks of sciatica, sometimes extending from the lumbar regions to my ankles, and at times to both lower limbs.

During the time I have been afflicted I have tried almost all the remedies recommended by wise men and fools, hoping to find relief, but all proved to be failures.

I have tried various kinds of baths, manipulation, outward application of liniments too numerous to mention, and prescriptions of the most eminent physicians, all of which failed to give me relief.

Last September at the urgent request of a friend (who had been afflicted as myself), I was induced to try your remedy. I was then suffering fearfully with one of my old turns. To my surprise and delight the first application gave me ease, after bathing and rubbing the parts affected, leaving the limbs in a warm glow, created by the Relief. In a short time the pain passed entirely away. Although I have slight periodical attacks approaching a change of weather, I know now how to cure myself, and feel quite master of the situation. RADWAY'S READY RELIEF is my friend. I never travel without a bottle in my valise.

Yours truly, GEO. STARR.

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PUBLIC OPINION.

Victoria Province: Times appears to be on the mend in Australia. The revenues of Victoria, South Australia, and Western Australia are increasing. Those of New South Wales have decreased. The treasurer of New Zealand states that the results of the financial year are "exceedingly satisfactory."

Montreal Witness: Great Britain is having its bimetallic controversy at present, in which Mr. Balfour is distinguishing himself for outspoken advocacy of the two metal basis. It is to be hoped that he will not wreck his reputation upon the reef which seems most dangerous to political dignitaries—financial questions.

Quebec Chronicle: General Coxe's demonstration, as everybody expected, has ended in a fizzle. He thought that he was running a snowball, which would increase in size and strength, as he went along. He had made up his mind that, by the time that he had reached Washington, he would have had no fewer than three hundred thousand men under his command. As a matter of fact, he had less than six hundred enrolled, and most of them were disorderly tramps. "General" Coxe has made a miserable fiasco of the whole affair. The American people laughed outright. The Canadian people did not know what it all meant. The ring-leaders of the demonstration have been landed in jail, and their trial will, in due course, follow.

St. John Globe: The Canadian Pacific Railway is setting the Government of Canada a good example. It is not in the receipt of such a large income as it had and so it has begun to practise economy. Its economy reaches into every department of its service and it is carried out with a firm hand. The Government of this country is not receiving anything like an income for all its services, yet there is no end to its extravagance. The fact was developed the other day that Mr. Pope, a public official with a large salary, was allowed, by authority of a Minister, extravagant extras during the Paris arbitration. The Minister who so authorized would not do his private business in that way. But the country is fine game for Ministers and all their subordinates, and people who do not like the conditions and who desire to see the country honestly governed are merely pessimists.

Halifax Chronicle: As regards the proposed fast Atlantic service we have simply to repeat what we said on Monday—that we are strongly impressed with the idea that a twenty-knot Atlantic mail service at \$750,000 will cost the country more than it is worth; but if such a service is practicable at all and if \$750,000 a year is not too much to pay for it, then the acknowledged impracticability of the St. Lawrence route should be no bar to it so long as the excellent and easily accessible port of Halifax is located where it is—on "the wharf of British America" jutting out into the Atlantic. If there is to be a twenty-knot fast Atlantic mail service then a port in the Maritime Provinces, and not Montreal or Quebec, must of necessity be the terminal on this side of the Atlantic. This must be insisted on by the Maritime Provinces in connection with any improved Atlantic mail service.

Errors, like straws, upon the surface flow;
He who would search for pearls must dive below.

—Dryden.

Carbuncles Large as Hen's Eggs!

Mrs. NANNIE GOULDMAN, of Beulahville, King William Co., Va., writes as follows:

"For about eight or ten years my father, Col. T. U. Fogg, of West Point, Va., was laid up with carbuncles, the worst that I ever saw. He tried everything he heard of, his doctor



COL. T. U. FOGG.

could do nothing for him. Had six or seven carbuncles at a time, as large as hen's eggs. He got so weak and suffered so much he could not walk a step. In 1872 he had his bed put in the middle of his room and got on it to die. No one expected him to get well. He saw Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery advised for all blood disorders. Before he had taken half a bottle of 'Discovery' they began to go away. Two bottles entirely cured him. He is now 78 years old, and enjoys good health."

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OR MONEY IS REFUNDED.

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DIVIDEND No. 69

Notice is hereby given that a dividend of 4 per cent. on the capital stock of the company has been declared for the current half year, payable on and after the first day of June next at the office of the company, corner of Victoria and Adelaide streets, Toronto.

The transfer books will be closed from the 17th to the 31st May, inclusive.

Notice is also given that the general annual meeting of the company will be held at 2 o'clock p.m. Tuesday, June the 5th, at the office of the company, for the purpose of receiving the annual report, the election of directors, etc.

By the order of the board.

S. C. WOOD, Managing Director.

Toronto, 19th April, 1894.

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SCIENTIFIC AND SANITARY.

A scientist states that bees do not begin to gather honey until they are sixteen days old.

Asthma may be relieved by burning a small piece of blotting paper which has been immersed in a strong solution of saltpetre and then dried.

The physicians of the United States now number 118,453; New York leads with 11,171; Pennsylvania has 9,310, and Illinois ranks third with 8,002.

In the United States 276,360 telephones are in use. The largest switch-board in the world is that at the Cortlandt Street Exchange in New York. It has a capacity for 6,000 subscribers is 263 feet long, and is divided into 40 sections. There are 260,000 holes or "jacks" and 780,000 soldered joints.

Ophthalmia, according to an English authority, is especially prevalent in schools in that country. It now appears that the disease is definitely contagious, and there is little doubt that it has been propagated in many instances by means of the school towels. *The British Medical Journal* therefore advises parents to forbid their children to wash at school.

A new explosive cartridge, invented by Dr. Ochs, formerly with the Messrs. Krupp, is a sealed glass tube or ball containing acidulated water into which two platinum wires are led. For use a current of electricity is sent through the wires, decomposing the water into hydrogen and oxygen. Upon the ignition of the mixed gases an explosive force of 5,800 atmospheres per square inch is developed.

It is said that a German officer has invented a motor in which a fine stream of coal dust is utilized to drive a piston by explosions in the same manner as the gas in the gas-engine. The Krupps are now making the engine in their works at Essen. It has long been known that finely pulverized coal in suspension in the air is highly explosive, and it has been held responsible for some of the most frightful colliery disasters, but this is the first attempt to utilize it in this way.

The Rev. G. Henslow, of the Linnean Society, London, has attempted to show the existence of a power in living vegetable protoplasm of responding to purely mechanical external forces by enveloping supportive tissues, by means of which the plant is enabled to resist the effect of gravity, tension, pressure, etc. He thinks that the peculiar structure of climbers are all the outcome of a response to external mechanical forces acting directly upon the stems, without the aid of natural selection.

A new composition for hardening steel named "Durol" has been tried for two years or so in German manufactories, and is said to have given satisfaction to such firms as Krupp, Mannesmanns, and others. Drills hardened by it cut through the hardest steel without the aid of any lubricant, and last much longer than usual. The drill or other object is brought to only a dark-red heat, then dipped in "Durol" for ten to twenty seconds, then heated slowly until cherry-red, and cooled directly in tepid water.

It is now two years since the new star in Auriga first became manifest in sky-photographs. Since then it has undergone many irregular fluctuations in brightness. At the Paris Observatory this was observed to diminish perceptibly in the latter part of last October, and then to increase up to November 8, but at that time it had not regained the brilliancy of October 10. Micrometric measurements by M. Bigourdan show that this star, which is now named Tau Aurigae, has not changed its position sensibly in eighteen months.

It is a commonly observed fact that the enslavement of women is invariably associated with a low type of social life, and that, conversely, her elevation towards an equality with man uniformly accompanies progress.—
Herbert Spencer.

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A dressing gown which formerly belonged to Balzac was recently found by the French troops in the Royal Palace at Abomey, in Africa. It is of red velvet embroidered in gold, and was presented to the great novelist in Paris by one of his admirers. Balzac never wore it, and after his death it was sold to a dealer in curiosities, who, finding he could not dispose of it in France, sent it with a parcel of other showy goods to the West Coast of Africa. It was then bought by Behanzin, King of Dahomey, who has just been deposed by Colonel Dodd, and who used always to wear it on great occasions as a royal mantle.

A COMPANY'S PROMPT ACTION HIGHLY COMMENDED.

Not long ago it was customary for life-insurance companies to defer the payment of claims under their policies for a considerable time, but it is pleasing to note that that practice has been abolished by a majority of the companies.

The pioneer company to introduce the immediate payment of death claims, on satisfactory completion of proofs of death, was the North American Life Assurance Company.

It still continues to adhere to this excellent and generous practice, as will be seen from a perusal of the following letter, lately received from the beneficiary of a deceased policy-holder:—

"Seaforth, April 30, 1894.
"To Wm. McCabe, Esq., Managing Director
North American Life Assurance Company,
Toronto:
"Dear Sir,—I desire to thank you very much for your kindness in so promptly sending me a check for the full amount of the policy on the life of my late husband, Samuel Kestle. Such prompt settlement is more satisfactory than you may probably be aware of, and I have much pleasure in commending you for your generous treatment.
"Thanking you again for your promptness, and assuring you that I shall not soon forget your kind action, I remain,
"Most respectfully yours,
"MARIA KESTLE."

MISCELLANEOUS.

The *Colonies and India* says: One hears so much of the severe climate of Canada, based, it must be admitted, frequently on erroneous information, that is rather surprising to learn that Canada grows 9 lbs. of grapes for every man, woman, and child in the country! The wine industry is also increasing in importance, and some trial shipments have already been made.

Mr. Edison has perfected his kinoscope for the photography of objects in motion, and has exhibited it at a small party. The main principle of the invention consists in taking a great number of impressions by means of a camera in a very limited space of time, thus obtaining a continuous photograph of the entire motion of the object or person selected. The photographs follow each other in such rapid succession that no lapse of time can be detected between the impressions recorded, and the series of pictures becomes, in effect, but one picture. The subject chosen for the first photograph by the new process was the well known strong man, Sandow.

One of the most peculiar wills ever recorded was that of Madame Meens, who died in Antwerp, in which she left all her estate to her relatives up to the twelfth degree of kinship. The testator was reported to have been worth one hundred millions of dollars. The ambitious relatives hastened to file their claims. As a result, the Court is obliged to pass upon the alleged rights of 14,554 heirs. The family tree of one heir alone covers a space sixteen metres square. The poor people are doomed to disappointment, as the estate turned out to be worth only about three millions. So many lawyers have been engaged that their fees alone will swallow up this amount.

In one of the letters of the late Octave Feuillet to his wife, recently published in Paris, there is an interesting anecdote of the Empress Eugenie. At Fontainebleau one evening, while the Empress was serving tea to a party, of which the author was one, a bat flew in at the window and a gentleman promptly knocked it down with a cane. At Eugenie's request the stunned creature was brought to her and laid on her desk. The Empress began to fondle the bat, stroking its repulsive breast with her delicate fingers and stretching out its wings. Then she opened its mouth, thrust a straw in, and blew into its lungs to reanimate it. "But the loveliest mouth in the world blew in vain," says Feuillet; and, courtier that he was, he seized the opportunity to say that "the bat, to be insensible to such an honor, must be dead, indeed."—*New York World*.

Dr. Judson Daland, of Philadelphia, recently swam the classic Straits of Messina, where are the rock of Scylla and the whirlpool of Charybdis so dreaded by the ancients. We are assured that the oldest inhabitants of Faro, a neighboring fishing village, has no recollection of the feat having been accomplished before. Dr. Daland entered the sea at Faro, and, after much battling with adverse currents, he passed the Rock of Scylla and landed at Reggio in Italy. The straits at the northern extremity, between the Faro Tower and the Rock of Scyllo, where the swim seems to have been accomplished, are two and a half miles in breadth, but the actual length of the swim is given as about six and a half miles. The time occupied was two hours and twenty minutes. Dr. Daland has beaten Byron, for he had a more dangerous current to deal with, and he was able to go to the opera after his swim, while Byron, on his own testimony, "had the ague."—*British Medical Journal*.

Manitoba Lake which lies north-west of Fort Garry, and has given a title to the province formed out of the Red River region, derives its name from a small island from which, in the stillness of the night, issues a "mysterious voice." On no account will the Objibways approach or land on this island, supposing it to be the home of the Manitoba—the "Speaking God." The cause of this curious sound is the beating of the waves on the shingles, or large pebbles lining the shores. Along the northern coast of the island there

is a long, low cliff of fine grained, compact limestone, which, under the strike of the hammer, clicks like steel. The waves beating on the shore at the foot of the cliff cause the fallen fragments to rub against each other, and to give out a sound resembling the chimes of distant church bells. This phenomenon occurs when the gales blow from the north, and then, as the wind subsides, low wailing sounds like whispering voices are heard in the air. Travelers assert that the effect is very impressive, and they have been awakened at night under the impression that they were listening to church bells.

A REMARKABLE CASE.

THE STRANGE EXPERIENCE OF WM. R. HALL,
OF ALDERSHOT.

He Was Thought to be at Death's Door, and the Medicines of a Continent had Failed—A Final Effort to Regain Health was made, and he is to-day Alive, Strong and in Good Health.

From the Hamilton Herald.

One of the most attractive places in the county of Wentworth is the little village of Aldershot, situated on what is known as the Plains road, about five miles from the city of Hamilton. One of the best known residents of the village and surrounding country is Captain Hall, who has represented the Township of East Flamboro in the Municipal Council for a number of years, and who, with his family, is held in the highest esteem by all who know them. Recently a reporter of the Herald visited the home of Captain Hall for the purpose of investigating a story to the effect that one of the captain's sons had been restored to health in a wonderful manner after having suffered since boyhood from apoplectic fits. On arriving at his destination, the reporter found the genial captain, his wife, daughter and three sons constituted the family. Of the three stalwart young men it was impossible to pick out the one who had for so many years been such a sufferer, but the captain settled all doubts by referring me to "Will." William R. Hall, more familiarly known as Will, presented the appearance of a hearty young man about 30 years of age. His story is briefly related as follows: He had been a sufferer from fits from his sixth birthday, a childish fright being supposed to have been the original cause. For years he would fall down anywhere without being in the least able to help himself, the Doctors from Hamilton and various distant points were in vain called in attendance. Medicines were procured from numerous sources in Canada, the United States and even from England, without avail. The boy became so utterly helpless that seven years ago he was compelled to keep his bed, and until a year ago was completely helpless. The fits sometimes came on him so severely that he would suffer from as many as fifteen in one day, and at such times it was so difficult for him to get his breath, that his nurses had to wash him with liquor. At this time he was so low that the neighbors who dropped in to see him expected to hear of his death almost any moment. This continued until about a year ago, when the newspaper articles relating the wonderful cures by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills induced Mr. Hall to give them a trial, and to the great satisfaction of himself and his friends he began to mend not long after beginning their use, and in three or four months was sufficiently recovered to be able to go out of doors. He continued taking the pills, and for the past six months has been as strong and about as well as either of

his brothers, and has attended to the stock and done his share of the work on his father's farm and fruit garden. Before Mr. Hall began taking the Pink Pills he was so thin and light that one of his brothers could carry him upstairs without the least difficulty, but he has since gained fifty pounds in weight. He has not taken any other medicine since he began taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and although a fit of a very mild nature occasionally comes on him now, he is so nearly cured that his father took great pleasure in giving the information here recorded. "It is over a month since I had a spell," said William as the reporter was leaving, "and even when I do have one now it is not nearly so hard as before I began to take the Pink Pills. The neighbors look surprised to see me drive over to Hamilton as I frequently do, for they all thought I would die long ago. I am pleased at the wonderful progress I have made, and am very glad my experience is to be published, as it may be of value to some one else."

Every statement in this article may be verified by a visit to the home of Captain Hall, ex-councillor of East Flamboro, who has reside on the Plains road for the past eighteen years, and whose word is as good as his bond among those who know him. The reporter also had a conversation with several of Captain Hall's neighbors, and the story of William Hall's recovery was verified to his full satisfaction.

Such well verified cases as the above prove the wonderful efficacy of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in the treatment of all diseases of the nervous system, and stamp the remedy as unique in the annals of medicine. St. Vitus' dance, locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, rheumatism, sciatica, chronic erysipelas, nervous headache, the after effects of la grippe, and all diseases depending upon a depraved condition of the blood, speedily yield to a treatment with the great medicine. By restoring the blood to a healthy condition, and rebuilding the nerves they speedily drive out disease and leave the patient in the enjoyment of vigorous health. They are also a specific for the troubles peculiar to women, and soon bring the rosy glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In the case of men they effect a radical cure in troubles arising from overwork, mental worry or excesses of any nature.

The public are cautioned against imitations and substitutes said to be "just as good." These are only offered by some unscrupulous dealers because there is a larger profit for them in the imitation. There is no other remedy can successfully take the place of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and those who are in need of a medicine should insist upon getting the genuine, which are always put up in boxes bearing the words "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." If you cannot obtain them from your dealer, they will be sent post-paid on receipt of 50 cents a box, or \$2.50 for six boxes, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N.Y.

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QUIPS AND CRANKS.

It's funny that one rarely pores over a dry book.

The waiter girl is willing to marry while she waits.

As a boy grows up he grows down—on his upper lip.

The poet is a poet by birth. The dentist is a dentist by extraction.

You have often heard it asserted that "in union there is strength," and yet Sandow is a single man.

"Have you really and truly given up bacon during Lent?" "Yes, indeed; I don't even read Shakespeare."

Professor: In what way do we find the circumference of the earth? Student: Looking around for it.

"I would not recall the past," sang the fellow who had successfully disposed of a counterfeit silver dollar.

"The doctor says I need change." "Dr. Bigphee, I suppose. Well, you'll need more before he gets through with you."

Father (to son who is leaning over gallery railing): Take care, Johnny, and don't fall. It'll cost you a dollar more in the orchestra.

"It is very strange he doesn't hurry up and propose to me." "Oh, I don't know. I told him six months ago that I knew you'd accept him."

Judge: Have you anything to offer the Court before sentence is passed? Prisoner: No, your Honor. My lawyer took my last shilling.

Mrs. Cawker (quoting): Half the world doesn't know how the other half lives. Mr. Cawker: It ought to join your sewing society to find out.

"What a pretty sailor suit your little Willie has, Mrs. Slimson! Where shall you wear it, Willie?" "I think mamma expects to take me on your yacht."

"What will you give me for this article?" asked the author. "I can't afford much," replied the editor, "but if I could I would cheerfully give you six months."

Husband: First you make me stay home all evening, and then play nothing but sonatas. Wife: What do you want—"Ta-ra-ra?" Husband (sadly): No; I prefer Daisy Bell.

Poet (who has been reading his latest effusion to his fiancée): And yet sometimes I cannot help thinking that my lines lack fire! Her Prosaic Brother: Here's a match, old chap.

Little Boy: Mamma, are you really going to marry an Italian count? Pretty Widow: Yes, my pet. Little Boy (delightedly): Oh, then I can have the monkey to play with, can't I?

In the Excursion Train. Mrs. Tripps: You're a regular bear to-day, Henry. I declare, you've been growling ever since we started. Mr. Tripps: I'm always like that when I get up s'urly in the morning, my dear.

Marie: Oh, I was so very, very sorry to find you out when I called yesterday. Myrtylla: I, too, regretted it, of course. But do tell me why you were so very, very sorry. Marie: Because I'd just seen you enter the house five minutes before.

First Member of the Choir: But Mr. Meanwell, the curate, said Hymn No. 149 for the end of the service. Rector: Oh, I don't agree with him at all. You smother him. Chorus: Oh, Mister—! (But all the Rector really suggested was to substitute some other hymn.)

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He who would do some great thing in this short life must apply himself to the work with such a concentration of his forces as to spectators, who live only to amuse themselves, looks like insanity.—*John Foster.*

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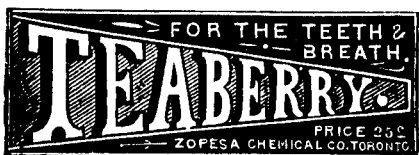
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