

# THE WEEK:

A Canadian Journal of Politics, Literature, Science and Arts.

Seventh Year  
Vol. VII, No. 34.

TORONTO, FRIDAY, JULY 25th, 1890.

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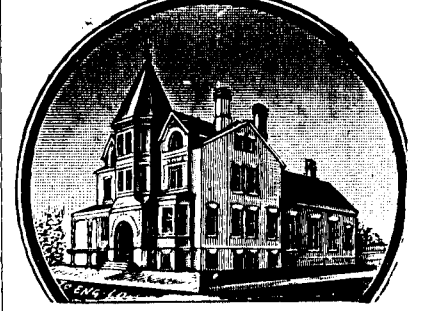
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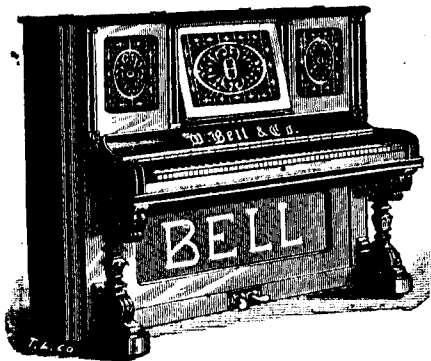
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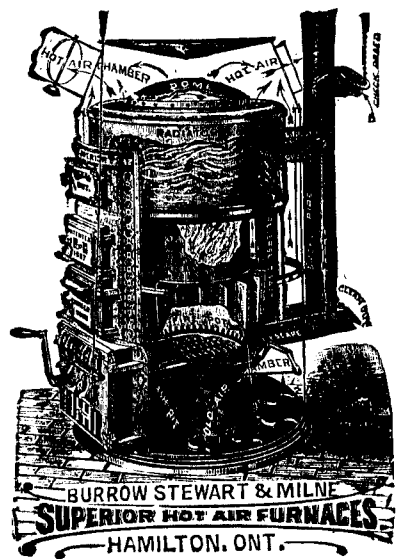
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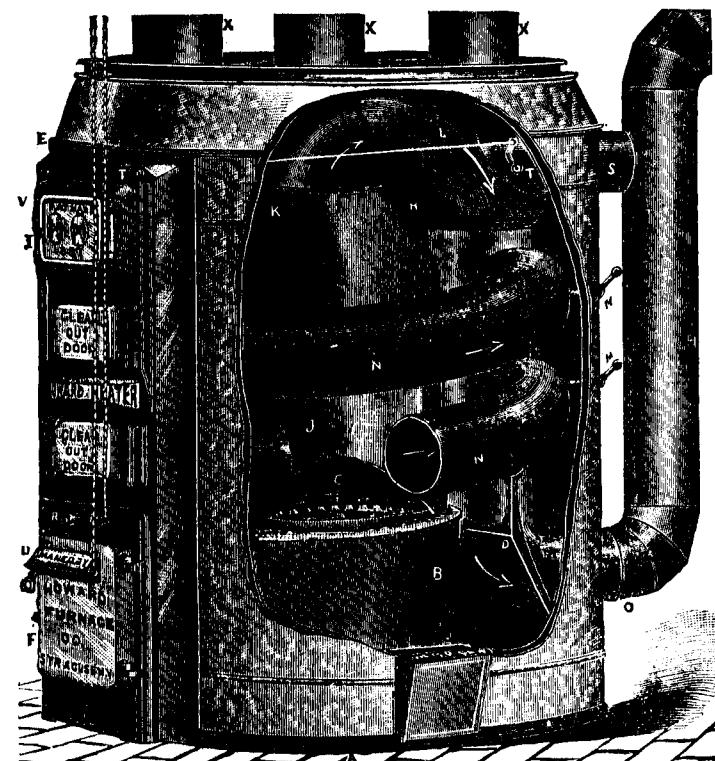
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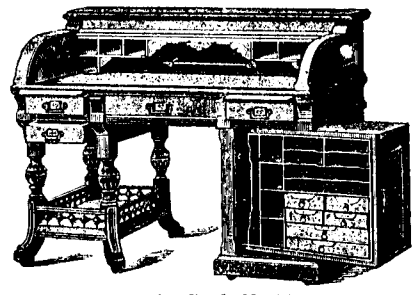
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## CONTENTS OF CURRENT NUMBER.

TOPICS—	PAGE
The Separate Schools Act.....	531
Public School Expenditure.....	531
The Prison Reform Commission.....	531
The New McGill Professorship.....	531
The Behring Sea Question.....	531
The Late Earl of Carnarvon.....	531
The English Licensing Bill.....	532
"The Truth about Russia".....	532
PROFESSOR HUXLEY ON "LUX MUNDI".....	532
MORAL AND RELIGIOUS EDUCATION.....	532
A CRADLE SONG (Poem).....	533
PARIS LETTER.....	533
A MODERN MYSTIC—III.....	534
THE WAR CLOUD (Poem).....	535
MIND-READING EXPLAINED.....	535
THE DOLL'S HOUSE.....	536
THE RAMBLER.....	536
DICTIONARY OF NATIONAL BIOGRAPHY.....	536
CORRESPONDENCE—	
The Banking Principle.....	537
Universal Alternation.....	537
TO THE WEST WIND (Poem).....	537
A SCIENTIST ON THE FLOOD.....	537
PERPLEXITIES THAT CANADA WOULD BRING.....	538
MISS FAWCETT'S ACHIEVEMENT.....	539
WHEN THE LIGHT SHINES (Roundel).....	539
ART NOTES.....	539
MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.....	540
OUR LIBRARY TABLE.....	540
LITERARY AND PERSONAL GOSSIP.....	541
READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.....	542
CHESS.....	542

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

## TO CANADIAN WRITERS.

### PRIZE COMPETITION.

PRIZES OF \$50, \$30, \$20 and \$10 will be given for the FOUR BEST SHORT STORIES by Canadian writers only on subjects distinctively Canadian, on the following conditions:—

- 1.—The MS. must not exceed six thousand words and must be TYPE-WRITTEN, and on one side of the paper only.
- 2.—It must be delivered at THE WEEK office, 5 Jordan Street, Toronto, not later than 1st November, 1890.
- 3.—Each competing story must bear on the top of the first page a TYPEWRITTEN motto and be accompanied by a sealed envelope marked with the same motto and the words PRIZE STORY COMPETITION, and enclosing the name and address of the writer.
- 4.—All the MSS. sent in to become the property of THE WEEK.
- 5.—THE WEEK will award the prizes and will be judge of the fulfilment of the conditions.

WE do not profess to settle the dispute which has arisen respecting the meaning of the Separate Schools Act. Certain things, however, were wanted, and we understood that certain things had been provided. It is, we believe, now quite clear that no one is to be rated for the Separate schools, unless at his own request. This is a reasonable and necessary provision. But it is said that a man's name may be put on the list by some one else; and of course this is quite possible. But surely there are ways of rectifying such errors in the case of Public schools, as well as in other institutions. It would be very easy to publish a provisional list, at the same time giving notice that any one whose name had been improperly placed on the list or omitted from it should have the power of withdrawing it or adding it within a certain number of days. By such a method, if misunderstandings could not be avoided, yet mistakes might be rectified.

WE heartily agree with *The Bystander* in many of his remarks on the expenditure connected with our Public schools. He remarks truly that of those who use the Public schools, three-fourths are just as well able to pay for the schooling of their children as for their bread and clothing, and that they are equally bound to do so. He also points out that there is reason to fear that the very

class for which gratuitous education is needed do not avail themselves of the provision. Of course, this should be seen to, and if the present state of the law is not such as to enable us to get the children of the poorest educated, it should be altered for that purpose. But there is, as has been pointed out in our columns before, something more unreasonable than the gratuitous education of all classes at the Public school, and that is the free education which, in many cases, is given at the High schools. It is not merely unjust to those who make no use of those schools; but it is frequently injurious to those who are induced to make use of them when they might be better employed in manual labour.

THE Prison Reform Commission seems to promise real results in the shape of a better knowledge not merely of the state of our prisons, but of the causes of crime. Thus, we learn from one source that sloth is undoubtedly a principal cause of the evil-doing which the law is invoked to repress, a cause more prolific than drunkenness itself, nay, generally the cause also of drunkenness. So remarkably is this the case that in one prison where the criminals were employed in stone-breaking, and the supply of stones fell short, this became known to the fraternity outside the walls, and crime greatly increased, as these gentry objected more to the hard labour than to the durance vile. Another very serious matter came out at Kingston, where Chief of Police Horsey said he considered the Reformatory for boys a nest to propagate crime. They learned more crime, he said, inside than outside. He favoured an Industrial School and compulsory Education. This is really a very remarkable quality of schools called reformatory, and it is much to be hoped that immediate attention may be given to the subject.

WE hear of complaints respecting the appointment to the new McGill professorship, recently set up in Experimental Physics. One learned gentleman has remarked that a Senior Wrangler ought to be good enough even for McGill; but a correspondent tells us that "it seems an absurd mistake to elect a mathematician, solely on the strength of his Senior Wranglership, over the heads of good Physicists." We don't much like this new word, we may observe in passing, and we believe it is Professor Huxley who says that it is hideous. Our correspondent says that there were three others, one of them a Canadian, who have been long and favourably known to the scientific world by their published papers in the leading physical journals. He also says that "if the McGill Board had a little more patriotism or healthy chauvinism, they would not have stultified themselves." Now, *prima facie*, we are at variance with our correspondent. There may be reasons, with which we are not acquainted, for preferring one of the other gentlemen to whom he refers, or for disapproving of the Professor actually appointed. But these reasons should be other than patriotic. It has often been said in this journal that if a Canadian can be obtained who is as good as the best of the candidates for any appointment, then the Canadian should have it; but we must protest, in the interests of our country, against the complaints which are almost always heard among us when our teachers are brought from another country.

ALL reasonable and patriotic Americans as well as British subjects will rejoice to hear that there are good hopes of an early and satisfactory settlement of the Behring Sea difficulty. That two great nations should even entertain the idea of going to war on such a subject is out of the question, one might imagine; and the thing would be utterly impossible if the decision of those matters now rested with those who are capable of right reason and true patriotism. But no one can predict the course which may be taken by an inflammable mob, liable to be set on fire by agitators. Unfortunately, too, the mob of America is not purely American, so that hatred of Great Britain may be a much stronger influence than any love for the land they live in. We are afraid there are some on this side who are addicted to a kind of vapouring which is almost as bad as the "tall talk" on the other side. While we are on the subject of our relations to our neighbours, it may be profitable to give heed to some words written by our most distinguished English

soldier, Lord Wolseley, to a gentleman at Baltimore. "The closer the bonds of union between mother and child, England and the United States, the better it will be for both, for our race, and indeed for civilization. Those who rant about causes of quarrel between us are no friends to either nation and to humanity. There must never be war between us, no matter how much either or both may be egged on by those who hate the English race, and would therefore like to see us at one another's throats. We feel quite as proud of the United States as any of its people can feel. Its honour and reputation are as dear to us as they can be to those on the other side of the Atlantic, and I rejoice, above all things, to think that the mutual respect we have always had for one another is now maturing into a sincere and mutual affection." Now, there is nothing at all new in the sentiments or in the expression of them. But it is well that they should be repeated until they sink into the hearts of all who speak the English tongue. No one doubts, for a moment, that these are the deliberate convictions of all educated Englishmen and Americans; but we must lay it upon ourselves as a duty to abstain from all boastful and contemptuous language when we are dealing with the subject of our relations to the United States. It ought not to be difficult for us to bear with, or even to love, our own flesh and blood.

THE death of the Earl of Carnarvon leaves vacant a niche in English politics and literature that will not be easily filled. Everyone has been told during the last few weeks how his lordship deserted his colleagues three several times on account of a disagreement in policy; but different estimates have been formed of his conduct on those occasions. According to his admirers it was a supreme evidence of his conscientiousness. According to others it was a proof of over-scrupulousness, of a want of robustness. We believe that those who knew Lord Carnarvon, and most of those who had even seen him, would say that there was truth in both theories. That he was a pure, honourable, able, cultivated man no one would ever have thought of denying; but neither in body nor in mind was he what could be called a powerful man. His manner and his very speech approached what might be called the finical. He was a fine scholar and a good speaker, yet he had nothing of the eloquence which could sway the multitude, and often when the time of action seemed to have arrived he was only in the period of criticism. It has been remarked as something surprising that Lord Salisbury should have given Lord Carnarvon a third chance of deserting after his two previous exploits; but it is probably forgotten by many that Lord Salisbury was himself the partner of Lord Carnarvon in his secession from Lord Derby's Government in 1866. It is a curious circumstance that Lord Carnarvon's residence at Highclere should have been near the field of the battle of Newbury, in Berkshire, on which Lord Falkland met his death. If Lord Carnarvon could have consciously chosen a type to which he would have conformed himself it would have been a man like Lord Falkland. Both were scholarly men, having as much interest in literature as in politics. In the words of the late Mr. J. R. Green, Falkland was "a man learned and accomplished, the centre of a circle which embraced the most liberal thinkers of his day, a keen reasoner and able speaker whose intense desire for liberty of religious thought, which he now saw threatened by the dogmatism of the time, estranged him from parliament, while his dread of a conflict with the crown, his passionate longing for peace, his sympathy for the fallen, led him to struggle for a King whom he distrusted and to die in a cause that was not his own." With certain differences the circumstances of Lord Carnarvon had also considerable resemblance to those of Lord Falkland. A man of liberal opinions, yet of more conservative leanings than his prototype, he yet feared to entrust the liberties of England to the care of the uneducated masses; for the Elementary Education Act came three or four years (not thirteen years, as has recently been said) after the Reform Act. It may turn out that he was right; but in any case he gave the noble example of following conviction and not sacrificing this to party ties. He left office not from weariness or disgust, or because he disliked public life, but simply because he could not conscientiously retain it.

**H**ARDLY anything can be worse, or ever has been worse in the history of Parliaments, than the conduct of the Opposition in the English House of Commons. Even if they were as much in the right as most educated people consider them to be in the wrong, the manner in which they seek to obstruct every kind of legislation is scandalous and iniquitous. It is no matter what the measure may be, even if it is one which has been advocated by themselves, some member of the party will be found to object to it; and if the objection is too absurd, the leaders will stand aloof and allow the business of the Government to be impeded by their irresponsible followers. In consequence of these obstructions, measure after measure of obvious utility has to be abandoned, and an Autumn Session is not unlikely to be held. Among those measures which are held over is the Tithes Bill, a matter of pressing necessity, unless we are willing to legalise plunder or else to enforce an unpleasant impost at the point of the bayonet. But worst of all is the opposition to the compensation clause in the Licensing Bill. Mr. Gladstone himself, in former years, would not consent to robbing the inn-keepers and liquor-sellers, but now that he is in opposition and sees a way of embarrassing the Government, he thinks there is a great deal in the principle upon which compensation is refused. It has been discovered, forsooth, that the publican has no legal right to the renewal of his lease. No one, however, save the most fanatical of prohibitionists, can deny that he has an equitable right; and equity is a fully recognized principle in English legislation. Even if the trade of the liquor-seller is a sin, it cannot be called a crime, since it has been sanctioned by law; and it can hardly be thought worse than slave-holding. Yet the British Parliament paid a large indemnity to the owners when the slaves in the West Indies were emancipated. It was only the other day that closure was first found necessary in the English Parliament, and now this provision seems to be ineffectual. This is a "Reformed Parliament" with a vengeance; with a House of Lords merely permitted to exist on condition of seldom venturing to put on the brake.

**I**T appears that we are to have "the simple truth" about Russia at last. Not only has Mr. Kennan made revelations as to the treatment of political offenders and non-offenders, the accuracy of which has not been seriously impugned; but everything which we are learning from other sources tends to confirm and strengthen the impression which he produced. One great obstacle in the way of real knowledge of Russian affairs is found in the frightfully mendacious character of the people. This quality of the Russian Government has been illustrated by many travellers in Central Asia, and it was set forth in a manner which would have been highly entertaining, if it had not been so horrible, in some articles recently published in the *Fortnightly Review*. In the current number of this periodical there is an article by Mr. E. B. Lanin, on "Russian Prisons: the Simple Truth," which reveals a terrible state of things. "No wonder," says the writer, "that the bewildered British public is at a loss what to believe, and is desirous of unearthing fresh facts, unvarnished by political prejudice and uncoloured by personal feeling"; no wonder, he says, when, close upon the revelations of Mr. George Kennan comes the assurance of an official representative of Russia solemnly declaring "that the only trait in the Russian prison system calculated to astonish Englishmen is the excessive indulgence with which Russian convicts are treated!" And so Mr. Lanin decides to give us the simple truth, although he warns us that every statement of his, however abundantly proved, will be denied by the agents of the Russian Government. At the same time we are glad to see that a more systematic effort is being made in the same direction by the publication of a penny monthly magazine, entitled "Free Russia," in London, which is also issued from New York. The conductors declare that the object of their "small leaflet"—it is rather more than this—is to utilise in the interests of Russian freedom the knowledge already acquired, and the feelings which that knowledge has already aroused. "As Russians," they say, "we cannot regard the ill-treatment of political offenders by the Russian Government as our greatest grievance. The wrongs inflicted upon the millions of peasantry, the stifling of the spiritual life of our whole gifted race, the corruption of public morals, created by the wanton despotism—these are the great crimes of our Government against Russia, urging her faithful children to rebellion." We fear that all this is too true.

WORDS should be used as the signs, not as the substitutes, of ideas.

### PROFESSOR HUXLEY ON "LUX MUNDI."

**D**R. HUXLEY seems never to lose a chance of having a fling at Christianity. Whether it is a speaker at a Church Congress whom he thinks he has caught tripping, or a preacher out of whose unguarded rhetoric he sees an opportunity of making capital, or a controversy between contending sections of the Christian army, he is ever ready to embrace an opportunity of making an assault upon the Church and the Bible.

It is of no use expressing regret at such exhibitions on the part of a man so distinguished and apparently so much in earnest as Professor Huxley. We might, indeed, hope that a man, who is himself a product of Christianity, might handle a little more tenderly the source of his own intellectual and moral life. It would not be unreasonable to expect that so eminent an advocate and promoter of human civilization should show some reverence for that religion, and for the concrete embodiment of that religion, which has been the greatest civilizer that the world has ever seen; but none of these things move Dr. Huxley. Let any rash theologian venture for a moment into the region of science, let him come in the most conciliatory spirit, wishing to make terms of peace between religion, or even theology and science, and he is instantly assaulted, and generally in a most unscientific temper, by one whose business it is to know nothing of human passions.

Such being the disposition and habit of Dr. Huxley, it was not to be expected that he should keep aloof from the discussion excited by the publication of "Lux Mundi," and he seems to derive great satisfaction from the conclusion at which he arrives, that both sides in the controversy are equally in the wrong. It is of no use, he says, trying to reconcile the authority of the New Testament with recent theories of the origin of the Old Testament. Unless the contents of the Old Testament, he says, are historical in the same sense as the received accounts of the execution of Charles I., then the references to them in the New Testament cannot be justified; and in that case the New Testament must go after the old.

Thus far, he seems to take substantially the line adopted by Canon Liddon in his assault upon the book. But having, for a moment, adopted the conservative, orthodox point of view, he immediately turns upon its defenders, and virtually tells them that no man in his senses can accept the accounts of the Fall and the Deluge for example, as historical narratives. One story of which he makes sport more than once is the turning of Lot's wife into a pillar of salt. His speaking of this as the "transubstantiation of Lot's wife" reminds us of the kind of taste which he showed in his controversy with the Bishop of Peterborough, in his allusions to the "Gergasene pigs." Surely the story of Lot's wife is a perfectly intelligible one. A person caught and smothered in a tempest of the kind which often rages in the valley of the Dead Sea might quite properly be spoken of as being turned into a pillar of salt. This is so small a matter that it was scarcely worth a reference except to show how small a big man like Dr. Huxley may be at times.

One great source of satisfaction to this scientific student is found in the different theories which Christian writers and theologians have propounded with regard to the contents of the Bible, and their relation to history and to science. Thus the history of Creation has been handled in many different ways, and Dr. Huxley would infer from the disagreements among theologians that there is no reasonable way of understanding the first chapter of Genesis, except that of simply regarding it as Hebrew mythology. So with regard to the Fall. Is it a fact, or an allegory, or a legend? So with regard to the Flood. Are we to hold that it covered the whole earth, or only a certain portion of the earth?

He has two ways of dealing with these theories. On the one hand, he sets the defenders opposite to each other, and asks us what we think of a position which needs to be kept in so many different and contradictory manners. Then he assaults this or that defender, and shows that his position is untenable. Now, if the temper of Dr. Huxley's attack were tolerable, we should welcome him, not as an enemy, but as a friend. What Christian, who believes in the Gospel of Jesus Christ, can for one moment desire to remain in error on any subject? Falsehood can do good to none; and we know that, if our Master were personally and visibly among us, He would urge us incessantly to seek truth and ensue it, whether it was moral truth, historical truth, or any other kind.

But as we follow the criticisms of Professor Huxley, we do not feel that he has proved to us the uselessness of

the Old Testament or the untrustworthiness of the "Founder of Christianity." Supposing that we admit that there have been great differences between the methods adopted by theologians in the exposition and defence of the Bible and of the Gospel—and these two are not identical—what inference must be drawn from such a concession? Surely not that the thing defended is indefensible. Men of science have differed widely. One generation has overthrown the work of its predecessor, to be itself left behind by that which came after it.

Or suppose that we confess our inability to decide between Mr. Gore and Dr. Liddon, is that a reason why we should reduce the contents of the Old Testament to legend, or deny the authority of the New Testament? Supposing that it should finally be settled that the Old Testament Scriptures consist of a series of documents, edited and completed by writers living long after the time of their origin, and that these documents so edited were employed by prophets sent from God to illustrate the Divine dealings with the world, how should such a theory interfere with their value or their authority? And, after all, Dr. Huxley has not proved that there is no supernatural agency in the world.

But even if we confess, which we are not prepared to do, that we must leave the Old Testament as an unsolvable problem, is that a reason why we should give up the Gospel of Jesus Christ or any part of its contents? Dr. Huxley will hardly speak with contempt of the recently departed Dr. Delitzsch, of Leipzig; and we think he might learn a lesson from the simplicity and candour displayed by that great scholar in his recent publication on Genesis. Dr. Delitzsch frankly admitted that the school of Wellhausen had led him to reconsider some of his earlier theories; but he says this does in no way disquiet or unsettle his faith. "I believe," he says, "in the Easter Message;" and so long as we can believe in the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead, the hope of the Gospel cannot be torn from us.

### MORAL AND RELIGIOUS EDUCATION.

**"THE WEEK,"** I am glad to see, fully recognizes the difficulties in the way of anything like systematic religious instruction in the public schools as part of a legally-prescribed course of study. At the same time it is rightly anxious that moral education should not be neglected; and it thinks that such education might partake of a certain religious character without giving just cause for objection in any quarter, provided the matter were left to be regulated, locally, under some arrangement not of too formal a character between ratepayers, trustees and teachers. This at least is my understanding of THE WEEK's position, which to me seems a very reasonable one. The chief reserves I am disposed to make are not on grounds of equity, but are connected with the question of feasibility.

In a former article I indicated my opinion that the best intellectual results were not to be expected from any state-directed system of education; and to-day I must profess a more deeply-founded conviction that state schools have a special inaptitude for moral and religious teaching. Who would dream of asking any form of political government to supply our pulpits—to train and appoint ministers of the gospel? The idea will strike everyone as absurd. But when we come to think of it a certain portion of the same absurdity adheres to the idea that the state can adequately provide, what THE WEEK desiderates, preachers of righteousness in all our public schools. It is the duty of the State, we are told, "to prescribe and enforce a course of thorough moral training in the schools." But would not a course of "thorough moral training" imply an army of thorough moral trainers? A text-book will not do the business, however intelligently expounded; and, in most cases, it is not too much to say, such a book would not be very intelligently expounded. It is a grave question whether the learning off by rote of moral precepts might not do more harm than good. Certainly I should consider it dangerous to have a text-book of morality taught in a half-hearted indifferent way; better no moral teaching at all than that. What is wanted above all things in a teacher of morality is a certain high moral quality, which not only gives a natural insight into moral questions but creates a desire for the moral elevation of others. Such a person will speak with conviction and power and will sow seeds, even in apparently thoughtless minds, that may afterwards germinate into right principles. But what proportion of teachers of this stamp can we get? Is there one to be had for ten that can teach arithmetic and geography with a fair degree of efficiency? Perhaps even in the pulpit it is the exception rather than the rule to find men who can really touch the hearts of their hearers; and yet no one enters the pulpit without having been, as he professes at least to believe, divinely called thereto.

It may be asked how much better off we should be if education were left to private enterprise? The question is a fair one and should be answered some day; but to-day I prefer to apply myself to the practical question of what, under the disadvantages, whatever they may be, of our present situation, may be done to infuse a sound moral element into our public school education? The hopeful

feature in the case is that, however we have come by them, we have a certain number of teachers who are fit to inculcate morality, that is to say who have the necessary interest in the subject, and whose characters would lend weight to their words. In the hands of such teachers a good text-book would be of service; but on the other hand these are precisely the ones who could best dispense with a text-book, that is to say, who could find suitable texts in the daily lessons and the various incidents of school life. I much doubt whether it would be well to set apart any stated portion of the day for exclusively moral instruction. A better plan would be to authorize the teacher to take five or ten minutes from any lesson on any day of the week for the purpose of bringing home some moral truth to the children's minds. Less than half-an-hour even of pure and simple "preaching" is apt to create a sense of weariness, if not of positive revulsion, on the part of the young, and weariness in connection with the inculcation of moral truth is especially to be avoided. How many children have been morally ruined by being brought up in ultra-formal families? On the other hand, a word in season, how good it is! The word in season will be the word that springs naturally out of the matter in hand. A well-selected course of reading lessons would afford numberless opportunities of producing or deepening moral impressions and bringing the minds of the pupils into a certain elevated atmosphere of thought. But of course the teacher must be *there*, anxious to seize the golden moment; anxious, not to talk for talking's sake, but to say the right thing.

Before attempting to build any permanent material structure we search for a foundation; before trying to build in a moral sense it is equally necessary to find a foundation. The most widely diffused moral sentiment is probably the sense of justice. This in some degree or other is generally to be found in every mind. Once lay it bare, once make a child conscious that he or she possesses it and you have something to build on—a narrow foundation perhaps in some minds, but still as far as it goes a solid one. Wherever we discover the germ or fragment of a moral principle we should speak of it with respect, as something to be cherished, to be guarded, to be improved. Let the most poorly-endowed, in a moral sense, know that they have that which establishes their kindred with the noblest souls who have ever trod the earth, and try to lead them on to increase the sacred deposit. The parable of the talents is a very useful one, but I could almost wish there had been a second version of it in which the man with the one talent could, by dint of faithful effort, have come out better. However let us take it as it is, and let the conduct of the man with the one talent be a warning to those who, conscious of but feeble endowment, allow themselves to be discouraged and so leave their talent unimproved. The teacher has no duty to perform more important than that of encouraging the weaker members of his or her class, whether the weakness be intellectual or moral. "The battle gained is the battle we think gained," says Ernest Renan, in his last article in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. Things are a good deal what they seem to us, and he who helps those who are at a disadvantage to think a little better of themselves renders them, in most cases, an important service.

There is no better foundation on which to raise the whole fabric of morality than the sense of justice; but there are some natures that are more prone to generosity than to justice, and these call for special treatment. It is well sometimes to analyse a so-called generous action and show how much of it was justice and what was the surplus of generosity. It will sometimes appear that there was not much more than justice in it after all; or perhaps that the person performing it had himself been the recipient of so much kindness from others, which he had not been able directly to repay, that it was only just that he should have been generous when an opportunity presented itself. It has a better effect on one's mind to think that the good one does is, all things taken into account, only a kind of justice, than to regard it as the product of some super-eminent personal virtue. "Let no man think of himself more highly than he ought to think; but let him think soberly." At the same time care should be taken not to lay too heavy burdens on youthful spirits. "Counsels of perfection" are not for babes, and scarcely for children.

Truth-telling is a part of justice; so is punctuality; so is exactness in all our dealings. It is easy to find opportunities for showing the importance of every manifestation of this cardinal virtue. The teacher, however, should neither use too exalted language in speaking of any virtue, nor too bitter denunciation in speaking of any fault. In the multitude of words there lacketh not evil; and the same may be said of the profusion of emphasis. It is a great thing to know how to be earnest with moderation.

A very useful field of thought and study is opened up when we begin to explain to the young their relation to the community or state; but for want of a sufficient development in our day, of what may be called the civic sense, many teachers who are qualified to inculcate personal and domestic virtues might be unable to deal adequately with the subject of social or civic relations. This is an evil, however, which admits of a remedy and which should be remedied.

It will be evident from what has preceded that I do not regard moral education as in any sense an impossibility even under our present system, provided only we can get the right kind of teachers. In regard to religious instruction, I may briefly say, that I see no reason why a religiously-minded teacher should not tell the pupils unre-

servedly how he or she regards fundamental questions of duty. If we want a specific work done, it is well to allow those who have to do it to take their own way, so long as they do not violate any principle or understanding that ought to govern their proceedings. I should not think it right for a teacher to assert authoritatively that the Bible was an inspired and infallible book; but for a teacher to say that he or she had found the Bible a very helpful book, full of instruction and comfort, would not, in my opinion, be any violation of religious liberty. We want the most earnest thoughts and deepest convictions of the teachers, that is to say, of the kind of teachers we have now in view. But let their religious teaching be of a personal kind—the outcome of experience—and not dogmatic. If the teacher believes in an infinite sanction for good and an infinite condemnation of evil, let him freely say so, provided he does not in any way weaken or disparage the natural motives and reasons for right conduct. Some children hear so much about God's anger against falsehood and so little about the human aspects of that vice, that, when experience has taught them they can continue the habit without supernatural interference, they are very apt to do so. It was not a very pious man who said, *Deorum injuria diis curæ*; but the remark was a useful caution against fanaticism. We should supplement it with the apophthegm: *Hominum injuria hominibus curæ*, and show, as there is no difficulty in doing, that the *homines* generally evince their interest in the matter in a more or less lively and tangible manner. Let then the sincerely religious teacher who thinks he can enforce and render more effective the moral teaching he imparts by considerations drawn from his own religious experience, or by views which form an essential part of his scheme of thought be free to do so. An earnest man should be allowed to express himself earnestly, and this he can not do if he has to keep the best half, or what seems to him the best half of his thoughts to himself. What is wanted is loyalty to the truth all round, and with that charity. If these things be in us and abound we shall get good results out of very imperfect systems; and the truth will ever be outgrowing and bettering our imperfect conceptions of it.

Ottawa, July, 1890.

W. D. LESUEUR.

A CRADLE SONG.

O FAINT and far the Angels are  
Calling, my babe, to thee;  
O faint and low their voices flow  
In a ceaseless melody;  
Far away down from the distant skies,  
Where the old moon wasted and dying lies,  
In the midst of a silver sea.  
O slumber quick, for thou must not go,  
Because thy mother loves thee so.

And still they call, and their voices all  
Are bidding thee come away,  
To where they sing of a radiant King  
Whose robe is the light of day,  
And they whisper a tale of a land afar,  
Where the sunlight dies at the golden bar,  
And to light it there needeth not ever a star,  
For the Lord is the light, they say.  
O sleep, my babe, and thou wilt not know,  
For thy mother cannot let thee go,

O sleep, my babe, for I have prayed  
The Christ to let thee stay,  
And now on high from out the sky  
The voices die away.  
The voices are still that were calling to thee,  
And the Angels have passed o'er that shadowy sea,  
That breaks on the shore of eternity,  
In the light of an endless day.  
Then sleep, my babe, and thou wilt not go,  
For the good Christ knoweth I love thee so.

STUART LIVINGSTON.

PARIS LETTER.

THOSE who make the voyage to Oberammergau, simply to admire the beautiful scenery, will not be disappointed. The mountains of Upper Bavaria are very picturesque, and the village, where *La Passion* is played, possesses a very original character. Its houses are white with green shutters, and are covered with Biblical sentences and paintings representing sacred subjects. Look through the windows, and the tenants, men, women and children, will be seen occupied cutting and carving wood. The new theatre has cost 200,000 marks, but the expense will be covered by this year's representation of the play. The latter, as may be remembered, originated from a vow of the villagers in 1633, that the plague might be stayed, which was devouring them, and that in the course of thirty-three days had carried off one-fifth of the population, eighty-four individuals. Twelve inhabitants met and vowed to play a drama of *La Passion* every ten years, if Providence would check the scourge. From the moment of the taking of the vow, the chronicles declare, only one death occurred. The monks of the neighbouring convent of Ethal wrote the drama, and helped in the preparation of the scenes and costumes. The first representation was held in the cemetery; it was only in 1830, that a special theatre was erected.

Oberammergau was lucky; when all religious plays were prohibited in Bavaria and the Tyrol, at the end of

the eighteenth century, a deputation of the villagers was sent to the Prince Elector, praying for an exemption to be made in their favour, and which was granted. But the text of the drama was scissored. The *role* of Satan was suppressed. An attempt was made, at the commencement of the present century, to again suppress the Passion Play, as degrading religion. A new deputation was sent to Munich, and Oberammergau was again excepted, but on condition that the text of the play would be modernized, the sallies of humour expunged, which was done. Prose replaced rhyme, and the village schoolmaster, who was also the organist, wrote an accompaniment of easy music.

Only the inhabitants of the townland can fill the chief *roles*; participation therein is considered not only an honour, but an obligation, none showing any desire to shirk it. The same *roles* are even held from generation to generation, by members of the same family! The orchestra, too, is composed of local musicians, and the costumes and scenery are, as far as can be, made by the villagers. To repair and renovate the latter nearly absorbs all the profits from the play, which were, in 1880, 100,000 marks. Any balance is handed over to a fund for the general wants of the village, and especially the maintenance of a professional school of design and modelling. Very little money goes to the *artistes*. Joseph Meyer, who represents Christ, received 1,000 marks in 1880; Caiaphas, who is also the box-keeper and burgomaster, the *chef-d'orchestre*, and the leader of the choir, each 900 marks; the others, from 500 to 600 marks. But all the artists, from the highest to the humblest, believe they are performing a religious duty; no one can appear, as an actor, on whose life rests the slightest stain. All the performers attend a special mass before the commencement of the play.

Here it is not astonishment so much as amazement, that reigns at the energy of M. M. Stambouloff and Bismarck to have the sentence of the double court-martial on Panitza executed. That event is viewed as a direct slap in the face to Russia, where the iron energy of M. Stambouloff has equally created consternation. If Prince Ferdinand was not present in his capital at the time of the execution—a friend tells me he is the embodiment of calm courage and *sang froid*—it is due to his preparing for his next move, the declaration of his independence, in spite of the vacillation of Turkey and the menaces of Russia. The latter protests against thus violating the Berlin treaty, that she has already broken herself by converting Batoum into a military when it ought to remain a free commercial port.

Prince Ferdinand does not mean to throw any of his responsibility upon the shoulders of Stambouloff. It seems clear that a group of the Western Powers has decided the moment has come to recognize the independence of Bulgaria—and so reward her sound material and constitutional advance during the past few years—despite Russian intrigues, disowned when they fail, protected when they succeed. This, if it does not imply war, will compel Russia to show her hand, will test the character of the flirtation between herself and France, and permit the world to perceive who holds the trump cards. The Bulgarians belong to the Slav Race, as do the Italians and the Spanish to the Latin, that is, their language has root-relations, but yet so apart that neither Bulgars nor Russians understand each other when they converse. In religion, too, there are sharply separating shades, for all Slavs do not belong to the Greek Church. The Poles are essentially ultramontane, though racially Slav; as for the Hungarians—the latter do not swear by, but rather at the Muscovites.

This is the portrait of Major Panitza, by M. Guerroz, of Constantinople, just drawn in the *Revue Britannique*: "Panitza is a personage possessing but little interest. He is an heroic brute, more than a moiety brigand—such as crop up in all wars—with a character more or less national. As a *chef* of partisans—or bandits if preferred—he conducted himself bravely enough. He was one of those men that it is impossible to know what to do with when peace is signed; nor is he himself able to discover in what occupation he can find a fresh excitement. In former times, heroes of his type were accustomed to finish by the gibbet to-day their laurels are more respected in Bulgaria, but in other countries Panitza would have been got rid of without much ceremony. The Russians disavowed him (?); the Czar's agents knew him too well to compromise themselves seriously with him."

Professor Henri Marion asks: At what age can an infant sit in a chair, stand on its legs, and learn to walk? Let the infant, he replies, be only placed in a chair when it has commenced itself to sit in its bed. This will be about the sixth or seventh month, often later. Whether sought by the infant, or prematurely imposed, the effort is not without danger; the spine may be affected and so compromise growth. The Professor adds, Never teach the infant to stand on its legs, or to walk, that is its own affair, not ours; let it roll on the floor, in the nursery, or in full air, in full liberty, let it try to advance with its feet and hands, or crawl backwards, that will strengthen and embolden; then one day it will get on its knees, another day raise itself up against chairs. All this will teach the infant to estimate distance, to measure efforts, to direct and to know itself. The development of character and of locomotion will proceed simultaneously. The best of leading strings is—liberty.

Osman Digma is currently reported to be preparing to accept a great commercial position, backed by England and Italy; that of directing plantations of cotton and sugar-cane, between Kassala and Khartoum. In return

he is to prevail upon the tribes to remain quiet, and re-commence their commercial relations with Suakim.

Eyraud, the murderer, to the intense satisfaction of everyone, has arrived from Cuba, safe and sound to Paris. He has astonished people by the horrible coarseness of his manners, and that without any provocation. Yet at one time he had his carriage and horses. The most remarkable curiosity about the renowned criminal is that the portraits published of him are the contrary of what he is. He was represented with a fair crop of hair—he is almost as bald as a billiard ball; his hair was described, too, as black—the samples visible prove that it was red coloured. There is not the slightest doubt as to his guilt or the punishment in store for him. But the motive of the crime is still somewhat foggy, and it is not yet as clear as noon-day that he was its sole plotter or sole executor. The face-to-face scenes between Eyraud and his mistress and co-murderess, Bompard, will be taken by the new instantaneous photographic apparatus, and the results placed before the jury. Eyraud's jaw-bones are abnormally immense, and so are his hands. The anthropologists—early birds—are already in the field to claim his brain. Z.

### A MODERN MYSTIC—III.

McKNOM was proceeding, when four young men came and sat near. Two were smoking pipes and two chewing tobacco, and one of these squirted tobacco juice in front of where we sat. The day was bright, and a little bird, perched on a spray already laden with the delicate green of spring, was swinging himself and sang—a trochee, a trill and a spondee at the close.

"If I meet the —," said one of the young men frowning and striking his knee with the clenched fist of his right hand, "I'll knock the — head off him." "You couldn't do it, Bill," cried another. "I'll bet you ten to one I knock the — daylight out of him" was the confident reply, and he spat out, with a triumphant motion of the head, a volley of tobacco juice; the little bird still singing for all he was worth, as we say, and the Falls thundering and shining beneath the clear, blue, sun-lit sky; the lake-like spaces of the river gleaming beyond the bridges, against a back-ground of brown hills, and the delicate leafage of the trees and the tender grass, speaking of the mysterious vernal force.

Helpsam, anxious to hear the finish of our venerable friend's remarks, said: "Let us take a stroll."

We went down the steps leading to the Lover's Walk, McKnom, as we descended, saying: "How is it we have so few young creative minds to-day? Men run to and fro, and knowledge is increased. But, outside of physical science, where are the creative minds?"

"By Jove!" said Helpsam, "you are right. What is the cause?"

McKnom: "Our system of education is on a false basis. And in modern politics the politician has to give up so much time to managing King Democracy, he has no time for thought and reading, and without meditation no man can become great. We are told the Spirit of God 'brooded' before the drama of creation in six acts commenced."

Taking one of the seats (intended for vows and whippers), McKnom between Helpsam and the writer, said Helpsam: "Now tell us how the teaching of Plato should be brought to bear on Canadian politics."

McKnom: "That must be left for another time. I have not said all that should be said on the clue to the study of Plato. Have you observed that all the great—the immortal—books have arisen out of men's circumstances—have been inspired by their surroundings; have been forced into existence by facts pressing on a great, serious and creative mind?"

Helpsam: "You mean that the great writer does not say: 'I want to write a book, to make a hit, to get money'; but the book is wrung from him; as Lord Lytton says: 'Genius does what it must; talent does what it can.'"

McKnom: "You have expressed my view much better than I could have done it myself. Your writers who make a book as cabinet-makers a chair are fit for a community where every man knows a little, and few know anything thoroughly, and all despise what they do not know. There was a vein of sadness running through Plato which we see in his writings. It pained him to note how at Athens mental eminence, instead of being a passport to public confidence and to the highest positions, was a danger to its possessor; that public virtue, superiority to corruption, marked a man out for hatred; he witnessed the murder of the good, the brave, the wise; he saw scoundrels of low birth and low attainments prospering."

Helpsam: "I cannot recognize your Athens. Are you not thinking of that Rome which stung Tacitus, and inflamed the soul of Juvenal?"

"My dear friend," answered McKnom, "have you read Fabricius? He makes Plato say of the reforms of Pericles, that he bred spiders, and put them in corners in the Temple of Pallas, and then demanded the applause of the people for sweeping away the cobwebs. Under him Athens was a democracy tempered with despotism, and he had no successor; he took care of that. Self-government! is there such a thing in politics? It would only be possible where each individual in a community had perfect self-control and the power of thinking correctly. Still the many-headed nursing is king in a sense, and those who will control the beast have to consider what its many tongues and palates desire. Many and various are the caters and condiments the manager of the animal requires.

One head is hydrophobic; another loves only cold water, and—but why go on? When all the heads, some of which are religious, some the reverse, are satisfied, the master shakes the monster's chain, draws his bow across his fiddle, which has many strings, and like a bear which has been instructed on a hot griddle, it dances so as to delight gods and men."

His two listeners laughed, and Helpsam said: "What a fearful caricature of our free and independent citizens!"

"Well," replied McKnom, "I am not speaking of Canada now; I am speaking of Democracy, as up to the present it has shown itself in every country—in all history. Pericles beautified Athens—but look at the effect of his life, his association with Aspasia, his scepticism, on the youth whose profligacy made Plato's heart sore."

"It is a strange thing," said Helpsam "that the influence of women, which has been so inspiring to literature, has been disastrous in politics. I don't know an instance where a ruler of men has been influenced by a woman in which she has not led him into fatal errors."

"Do you know the reason of this?" asked McKnom.

"Well," answered Helpsam, "I think they want the political instinct."

McKnom: "That is not it. They think through their feelings. They act on their love or resentment. From Juno to Eugénie, they are all the same. In art, in literature there is room neither for love, hatred, whim, the antics of vanity, or the desire to display power. The woman who loves thinks the man who has inspired this misleading sentiment fit for any position, equal to any effort. Cleopatra was a woman of great ability, yet she seems to have loved that drunken gladiator, Anthony; Clytemnestra loved Ægysthus, and thought him fit to share the throne, though he was palpably a coward, and so down the course of history."

"But," replied Helpsam, "women have made excellent rulers. Take our Queen. Look at Elizabeth, of England; and the great Catherine of Russia, a great ruler, though not born under Dian's star."

McKnom threw back his head, looked as into the distance for a moment and, drawing a long breath, said: "*Varium et mutabile*—they have yet at times made good rulers. I was not speaking of them as rulers, but as influences in politics. But even as rulers, what shipwreck have they not made once their love or hatred has had leave to work! Virgil, who had a good knowledge of human nature, gives us a picture of it in Dido, and modern history exemplifies it in Isabella. I repeat, I was speaking of them as secret influences in politics, and while you can find good queens and empresses, you cannot find a case in history where this influence has not been pernicious. My dear friend, I know you place the ladies very high—I do too—no doubt Paul would do so, Phœbe, for instance; but he saw where the charming—here he laughed—"they call them 'kittle cattle' in Scotland—are weak. If we go to our great dramatist, we have Lady Macbeth the evil genius of her weaker lord, and what does English history tell us on this head? Look at the wife of Edward II., and her 'gentle Mortimer.'"

"O," said one of his listeners, "what a subject for a Tacitus! What a theme for a Juvenal! The pen which described the death of Messalina should have painted for us the ex-queen and her paramour seemingly secure in Nottingham Castle; her son, the crowned King, and his armed followers marching at midnight through a subterranean passage to the room of his middle-aged mother; the forcing of the chamber door, guarded by knights who are slain; the arrest of the Earl of March, while the tender-hearted old woman cries, 'Spare my gentle Mortimer!' and Drayton, in his poem of 'The Barons' Wars,' describes her, I doubt not with justice, as 'cherishing in prison the memory of Mortimer and leaving her curse to her son as her testament.'"

"You surely do not forget," broke in Helpsam, "the mother of George III., another middle-aged lady of strong predilections? Her influence over her son, whom she made what is best left undescribed, made him hate Pitt and every able man in Parliament, and raise her friend, Lord Bute, over the heads of everybody to the highest office of State—make the donkey even Prime Minister. On the day he became a politician, as Macaulay says, he became a cabinet minister, but when he found himself the scorn of politicians and the nation he had the good sense to resign, though he preserved his influence through the Princess mother; of whom, when everybody was asking how he rose; what was the secret of the booby's success; what did it mean, Lord Waldegrave said, 'You will find it in his memoirs.' The Princess discovered accomplishments in him of which the Prince, or her husband, or the King her son, or Parliament, or the public, may not have been the most competent judge."

McKnom grew impatient and cried with some warmth, "Where have we wandered? Into what by-ways of historical gossip, away from the groves of Academe? Time flies—*ultima forsam!* You should look into the Orphic theology and its hierarchy of gods and note the order; first the Ineffable, the Unknown, to whom probably Paul found an altar in Athens, and which led him to say that the Athenians were not a superstitious, but a very religious people. The main triad from the Ineffable is Intellect, Power, the Father—this last equals Jupiter, who is also denominated Pan. Endemus, indeed, begins the genealogy from Night, and Homer does the same. The greatness of Night in the Homeric theogony is evinced by this: that he tells us Jupiter feared lest he should act in a manner displeasing to swift Night."

"Ah," said Helpsam, "that gives a meaning to a passage in the first book of Homer, on which the notes of text books never satisfied me. It is where the angry Apollo is described going down from the summits of Olympus: *ho d'ēie nukti eoiōs*—and he moved along like the night,' as it is usually translated. It should clearly be translated 'and he went like Night,' the swift and silent and terrible goddess, one of the eldest deities, of whom even the father of gods and men stood in awe."

"I think you are right," he said. "But we will not waste our time on verbal criticism. Antiphon, who, like yourself, was an admirer of Pericles, asked Plato, 'How did the Athenians bear all you accuse Pericles of at the hands of any man?' Plato smiled and answered, 'You must know Pericles had many friends and these would echo anything he uttered. One day he called the leading ones among them together (you will find the story in the "Bibliotheca Græca," of Fabricius), and took a rat he had tamed, and, placing it on the table before them, he cut short its ears and tail, and put a collar of gold round its neck, and said: "O friends, is not this a beautiful dog?" Some cried out "Beautiful!" Others, "Magnificent dog!" "Large for the breed, too." "Yes," says Pericles, "it is a noble dog. Some vile traducers say he has stolen my cheese. But this is slander. I intend he shall be a watchdog." The next day it was placed in a golden cage and the friends of Pericles went through Athens saying, "Pericles has got a splendid dog," and many went to see him; and there was Aspasia, with whom the joke originated, feeding him; and the people looked on mute with amazement and disgust; and as they left the vestibule, some were silent and grave; others were smiling; some laughed outright and said, "Why, it's a rat!" and that day there was much sly jocosity and some gravity over this matter, and it lost Pericles many hearts. But the man that would make war on Samos—on Greeks,—on men who had fought side by side with Athenians against the Persians, on an island sacred as the birth-place of Juno, to please a woman of the stripe of Aspasia, might not mind this. Æschylus went to see the "dog," now become famous, and the strong language that prophetic soul uttered was the real reason for his quitting Athens, which was no safe place for him, after he had scorned to stoop to the sycophancy of saying Pericles' rat was a dog. As he leaned against a pillar, he addressed Pericles in words which have a fearful meaning, whether so spoken or as we find them in his greatest play: "An unpresumptuous mind is God's greatest gift. Happy let him be called who has come prosperously to his end." Plato believed in the force of individuals—like Carlyle, in great men—but he required that they should be good also."

"Draw your ear near me."

We inclined our heads.

"I will tell you something," he whispered.

"Yes?"

"Well," he said, "there is no great soul worth anything who does not lay an egg."

"An egg!" we cried.

"Yes; an egg!"

"An egg!" Helpsam exclaimed.

"I say an egg was his answer—an Orphic egg."

"Oh!"

"Now mark me," he went on, "the first cause is the one, equalling the good. The highest of souls are intellects, and the first of beings are gods; for as Being is the highest of things after the first cause, its first subsistence must be super-essential. Now in the Orphic theology the intelligible gods, or the highest order of divinities, is Time, and immediately after come Ether and Chaos (which last Plato calls Bound and Infinity in the 'Philebus'), and these, when mixed, are represented under the symbol of an egg. This is the first triad of the intelligible gods. For the perfection of the second triad they establish a conceiving or conceived egg as a god, whence Intellect leaps into light. Now every truly creative mind has in it some divine power, and every truly great man lays an egg, containing within it a beautiful winged principle, which mayhap never chips the shell until after he is dead, but in due time it breaks out, and makes itself beautiful and a blessing to mankind."

"It is," Helpsam said with a smile, "many years since I looked into the Orphic mysteries. I remember that the hymns pray for holiness, blamelessness of life, and, if the divinity addressed were changed, might be sung in our churches. If my memory serves me, however, Water and Earth were the two first principles."

"Yes," he answered, "that is as it is delivered to us by Hieronymus and Hellanicus. But they are silent concerning the principle prior to these two as being ineffable. A third principle is generated from them—a dragon, with three heads, one of a bull, and one of a lion, and in the middle that of the god himself. The third procession of this triad is dark Erebus; its summit Ether; its middle infinite Chaos. Now what is the third intelligible triad? The answer is the egg; the egg is the paternal principle of the third triad, and the third god of this series is Jupiter, the disposer of all things, and on this account, as I have already said, called also Pan."

"The theology was a curious jumble, which made their supreme god derived," said Helpsam.

"Jumble! Sir," he replied, "it is a beautiful order; who can get at the first principle? This the wise Egyptians regarded as a thrice unknown darkness, and Plato tells us, in the Parmenides, that it can neither be named, nor spoken of, nor conceived by imagination, nor be known or perceived by any being."

"By the way, at the Eleusinian mysteries they used,

THE WAR CLOUD.

FROM the ancient East  
Where the vultures feast  
On the hinds that till the soil,  
Where kingly thrones  
Are built on the bones  
Of the hardy sons of toil ;  
Where the Scottish crowd  
Shout welkins loud  
To the tyrants they obey,  
And in myriads come  
In response to the drum  
That sounds the call to slay.  
Like a foul fiend born  
Of the mists of morn  
When the sun is in eclipse,  
I arise and spread  
My shroud for the dead,  
Fresh wrought from the cannon's lips.

From the dark retreat  
In the crowded street  
Where vice and labour dwell,  
'Neath the curse of the past  
Like a furnace blast  
From the open mouth of Hell ;  
Where want and crime  
In a sunless clime  
Wrap lives in hideous gloom,  
Where the gibbet and knout  
Form the gateways out  
Of death into the tomb.  
From the peasant's hut  
Where the high heavens shut  
About him like a wall ;  
And the field-born slave  
As he tills his grave,  
Pines in a prison small,  
From thence I bring  
The colours I fling  
On the canvas of the sky ;  
When with fiery breath  
The angel of Death  
On his fleet, white steed sweeps by.  
When my thunder rolls  
The service for souls  
Which else are all unshriven,  
And the red blood flows  
From fiend-made foes,  
Cain's sacrifice to Heaven ;  
From the flying rout  
I turn about  
When the shouts of triumph cease,  
To hang dark palls  
O'er the homes of thralls,  
And stifle the new-born peace.

WILLIAM MCGILL.

MIND-READING EXPLAINED.

IT is rather curious that there should always have been such a halo of mystery surrounding the mind-reader, and that his experiments, clever as they undoubtedly are, should have been so long classed with mysticism and the "sixth sense." So many people have whiled away the tedium of an evening with "mind-reading" experiments that it is surprising that more of them have not gone a little farther and probed the apparent mystery to the bottom.

My object is to show that mind-reading is an accomplishment that can be learnt as readily as any other, provided only that the learner be possessed of a highly-strung nervous temperament. It is necessary to explain first of all, however, that the mind-reading referred to is that rendered famous by Stuart Cumberland, Alfred Capper and others, in which confederacy plays no part, success depending entirely on the proficiency of the mind-reader himself. We will take the following experiments, which constitute the mind-reader's usual repertoire, and deal with them first collectively, and then individually :—

- (a) The finding, blindfold, of any given object.
  - (b) Finding a given word in a given book, and subsequently writing down the word.
  - (c) Reproducing gestures made behind the mind-reader's back.
  - (d) Irving Bishop's murder scene.
- All other experiments being practically modifications of the above.

Now, the mind-reader, having selected a medium who undertakes to concentrate all his faculties on the coming experiment, takes him by the hand—usually placing it on his forehead—and, himself blindfolded, starts off at a rapid pace until he reaches the spot required. We are of course assuming that this experiment requires motion. Having reached the spot, the mind-reader finds the required object, and he does it by the following method :—

He takes the medium's hand because the human palm, being extremely sensitive, is liable to contractions according to the thoughts of its owner. These contractions are the mind-reader's sole guide, and he learns their meaning just as he would learn the alphabet of a foreign language. He simply follows the "line of least resistance," i.e. as long as there is no contraction he knows that he is going

right, and, as soon as a contraction comes, he knows that he has either reached the spot required, or that he has gone wrong, in which case he must cast about until the contraction ceases, when he knows that he is once more on the right road. Practice enables the mind-reader to detect contractions and understand their meaning, even though they may be absolutely imperceptible to the medium himself, it being, of course, obvious that only a person with a highly-strung nervous organization, and who is extremely impressionable, can ever hope to attain much success as a mind-reader.

The mind-reader starts off at a rapid pace, because then the medium being thrown, so to speak, slightly off his mental balance, loses a portion of his self-control, and, consequently, the contractions of the palm become more strongly marked.

When the required spot is reached there is a contraction either upwards, downwards, to the right or to the left. This contraction being followed, the mind-reader's own intelligence must supply the rest. The mind-reader is blindfolded, partly to heighten the effect of the experiment, and partly because his eyes being thus deadened to outside influence, he has less to distract him. The farther the distance of the object the easier the experiment, as the medium has more time to concentrate his faculties, and consequently gives firmer and more unmistakable contractions.

Now, as regards what is called "a good medium." Such an one requires two mental attributes, and one physical. The mental are: Sympathy and Power of Concentration. He must be sympathetic and anxious for the success of the experiment, because then he will avoid throwing any obstacles in the way, and will try his hardest for the success of the mind-reader. He must be able also to concentrate his thoughts, in order that he may always have the ultimate object in view, and consequently the contractions of his palm will all guide the mind-reader towards success.

The physical attribute requisite is simply that of a smooth, tolerably firm palm, the contractions of which can be clearly detected. If the hand be clammy, fleshy, or damp, the contractions are hard to detect, the prevailing sensation being one of unpleasant moistness. On the other hand, if the palm is hard and rugged, the slight contractions cannot make themselves felt through the thickness of the skin.

The general rule having been laid down, we will discuss the experiments individually :—

(a) This experiment is performed as follows: the mind-reader, starting off with a rush, proceeds until he feels a contraction. Practice tells him whether this contraction means that he has reached the required spot, or that he has gone wrong, in which case he starts another rush. The spot being at length reached he drops his hand according to the contractions, which now come thick and fast, until he receives a strong and unmistakable indication that his hand is at the object, which he then finds.

(b) Having found the book by the method described above, the mind-reader turns over the pages, until a contraction tells him that he has reached the place. He then allows his hand to hover above the page, subject to the various contractions, until the final one is given, when he at once drops his finger on the word. Then, taking pencil and paper, he proceeds to write very slowly, allowing the contractions to guide his hand. If the medium be a good one it will usually be found that the word when written bears a strong resemblance to the medium's own handwriting—the explanation being obvious.

(c) The reproduction of gestures is a trifle more uncertain than the foregoing, but is achieved by raising and lowering the arms tentatively until the contraction comes that denotes success.

(d) Bishop's murder scene—so called from being a favourite experiment with Bishop, the late mind-reader—is as follows: The medium first selects a knife from several that are placed in a row; he then chooses one of the audience to enact the part of "victim," and leads him to any particular spot, where he inflicts on him an imaginary wound. The knife and victim having been returned to their original places, the mind-reader, taking the hand of the medium, allows his hand to hover over the knives, until the contraction comes which says to him, "that one," when he at once picks it up. He then finds the victim, leads him to the required spot (by the method already described) and then lets his hand wander around the victim until a contraction discloses to him the locality of the imaginary wound.

Any other experiment in mind-reading can be reduced to the basis of one of those explained above. For instance, in picking out a tune on the piano, each note is found at first slowly, in the same way as the knife was discovered in the above experiment, and if the mind-reader be anything of a musician he can very soon discover the desired air and dash it off with both hands.

It is a much-vexed question as to whether there is anything hurtful to the health in these experiments. The mind-reader, obviously extremely sensitive, is apt to become over-excited, especially if not immediately successful. The motion of the heart is consequently accelerated, and if this over-excitement is indulged in for the sake of effect, the mind-reader may easily work himself up into so neurotic a state as to cause a rush of blood to the brain. This, however, can be guarded against, if the mind-reader is only aware of the danger.

In conclusion, let us remark that the mind-reader has to work, and work honestly and hard, but there is no more mysticism in his experiments than in those of the exponent of sleight-of-hand tricks.

GRANT STEWART.

according to the god addressed, to make incense from myrrh, manna, seeds, aromatics, peas, wheat, beans and—"

"Beans!" he cried—"Are you not aware that beans were forbidden in the Eleusinian mysteries, and Pausanias tells us it was not lawful to ascribe the invention of beans to Ceres?"

"That would be hard on the Boston girls; had they to be initiated, they could hardly get on without their beans."

"Are you jesting, Sir?" he enquired with some warmth. "Ah—I wish I could do for you what Socrates desired to do for Phædrus and—"

He paused. At last he drew a book from his pocket, a volume of Plato and said: "Here is a passage which I will read to you and which shows that his aims were practical, and that he regarded a wise and true man, who was also a politician, as in a happier and more useful position than a mere philosopher.

"Even of the few—it is Socrates is supposed to be speaking—the very few minds formed by nature for the study of philosophy, and devoted to it by election; some left behind in the general flight and dwelling in it by the nobleness of their own nature; some disdaining to engage in the affairs of a small State; some elevated from a meaner orb to follow it; some bound to it by sickness; or, in an individual case held by a heavenly voice within (Socrates' angel); of these few, even he who knows and feels what and how blessed a possession it is, and who has watched the madness of the many, has sighed to see that not one sound act of one solitary individual can be found in public life; that not a man exists with whom to ally himself, or who will ally himself with him, in support of right; that he is like a man fallen into a den of wild beasts, neither willing to be an accomplice of crime, nor able by his single arm to resist the fury of them all, and before he can benefit his country or his friends he must perish, his plans and usefulness perishing with him; when such thoughts occur and such sights greet him, all he can do is to retire into privacy and never move beyond himself . . . and when he sees all around him choked with corruption, to bless his fate, if he himself may live in this life clear from corruption and ungodliness, and may depart from it when his hour arrives, at peace with himself, and his God."

"And such a man," it is replied, "would accomplish no slight work." "Not a slight work," says Socrates, "yet far from the greatest. The greatest he cannot achieve, unless aided by a commensurate policy."

Here McKnom paused and looked away, over the Ottawa to the Laurentian hills, and two little birds, of the same species as the bird which sang near the Pagoda, were singing near us, strophe and antistrophe, their highest philosophy the beautiful instinct implanted in them by God.

"This passage," our Platonic friend went on, "shows that Plato was quite aware you must have organization as well as a high-minded man in order to effect all that may be done for men, and with many other portions of his writings throws light on his search for some young and generous nature, with talent, resource, goodness and high spirit, on which last—*thumos*—he set great store, to carry out his views. If the graceless but all-gifted Alcibiades had had any good in him he might have done it. Later on in the 'Republic' he emphatically expresses the opinion that until rulers become philosophers, grounded in principles, taking justice, and truth, and noble aims, and not expediency, for guidance, no State can be made what it ought to be."

Helpsam looked at his watch. It was one o'clock, and said "Let us depart—"

"Let us depart," McKnom echoed. "Let me read to you the close of a famous scene on the banks of the Ilyssus. Socrates has been trying to draw away Phædrus from the corrupting influence of Lysias. He sees he has impressed him. The better nature of Phædrus is waked up. The young man's heart is full.

"Phædrus: 'Let us depart, for the heat of the day is past.'

"Socrates: 'Must we not offer a prayer before we go?'

"Phædrus: 'Why should we not?'

"Socrates: 'O beloved Pan, and all ye gods whose dwelling is in this place, grant us to be beautiful in soul, and all that we possess of outward things to be at peace with those within. Teach us to think wisdom the only riches. And give me so much wealth and so much only as a good and holy man could manage and enjoy.'

"Phædrus, added Socrates, 'want we anything more? For my prayer is finished.'

"Phædrus: 'Pray that I may be even as yourself; for the blessings of friends are common.'

"Socrates: 'Let us depart.'

As we walked away one of us said: "What a beautiful prayer!" "Yes," he replied, "but to see the full beauty of it you must remember that Lysias was teaching this young man that wealth and sensual indulgence should be the main objects of life. To-morrow," he said, as he bade us good-bye, "if you are not tired of me I will show you that Plato anticipated the best teaching of Christianity, but that Christianity had that of which he felt the need, if he were ever to fulfil his noble aims, he, alas! never lived to find out."

NICHOLAS FLOOD DAVIN.

EVEN before the days of Petruccio it was pretty well known that women like a man who will have his own way.

—Mortimer Collins.

## THE DOLL'S HOUSE.

IN borrowing the title of Ibsen's play, there is no intention of in any way discussing his book, but the singular appropriateness of the title to one phase of the subject in hand is the best excuse. "Woman's Rights," "The Enfranchisement of Woman," "The Progress of Woman" and other titles have come to be rather mal-odorous, Shakespeare to the contrary.

Ever since the time of the "spouse adored," whom her consort in the "Creation" addresses so tenderly, man has had decidedly the best of life. Eve and her daughters have had to work out a problem during thousands of years; it has been in a blind, groping way, stumbling upon parts of the solution here and there. In fact, until very recently, that they have been doing this does not seem to have been plain to themselves. That problem is woman's exact place in the universe. Man has been so busy with his own destiny, thinking the whole world during all time depended upon that, that he is not at all prepared for the "vagaries" of woman in this nineteenth century. Woman was handicapped in the beginning by a curse which could only be removed by thousands of years of suffering. The curses of the decalogue are only to the third and fourth generations, but on and on during hundreds of generations, toiling, enduring woman existed until the star in the East became to her the star of hope. That Christ was born of the Virgin Mary was the visible sign that at last the heavy weight of that disobedience in Paradise was removed.

During the pre-Christian centuries the "Oriental view" of woman was the only view. A creature given to man to help to populate the earth, but to have thoughts, feelings, an existence apart from man was not for her, nature and the Creator had not meant that she should have. This of course sanctioned polygamy, even to the thousand wives of the wise king. Though of later years, the Mohammedans hold it and deny her a soul. The dwellers in India allow her enough spiritual nature to give her a part of a seat in the abode of the blessed, near her beloved husband, if on earth she never contradicted him, never objected to his beating her, never in any way resisted the worst indignity put upon her. The Jews permitted her a soul-germ, enough to admit her into the outer court of the temple. In attempting a classification hard and fast lines can never be drawn, we cannot say so-and-so begins here and stops there, but we find in Christian lands and in modern times that the man who holds the oriental view is not a *rara avis*.

With the Christian religion another feeling began to prevail. Now follows the time when man is to be the husband of one woman; that woman rapidly becomes a creature "too bright and good for human nature's daily food," an angel, a seraph—in short we enter the "Doll's House Era." The danger of over-population, and not that the waste places shall become desolate is the fear. But there is another fear in the minds of anxious parents—probably the fear was necessary for the correct solution—that is, lest the daughters of the house shall not find husbands. So woman's duty in life is to be good and beautiful that men may have good and beautiful wives. Woman is petted and caressed, given pretty clothes and furniture. How much of her life is her own? How many opinions and wishes has she which are not her husband's? Of course the funny man makes jokes about this—the woman rules, the husband is a cowering wretch—but the attitude of the joker only puts the general case in a clearer light. In this era the whole education of woman is for the one end, her pretty accomplishments, her ways of thinking, or rather not thinking. She must not have positive opinions, men do not like positive women; she must not be learned, men do not like "blue stockings"; she must accomplish her destiny when young; men do not like old maids. Volumes are devoted to "How to become good wives." According to the theory of this period, to be a reflector—not too brilliant—of man is the sole duty of woman. She became vain, frivolous, deceitful; not because it is woman-nature to be so, but because education and custom combined to make her so.

Some years ago there were those who were rabid over woman's equality to man; she must do as he does, dress as he does, be as he is. There must always be some fanatics. We live in a transition epoch—transition epochs are times of great upheavals. Tolstoi in Russia declares all marriage un-Christian. Statisticians prove that there are far more women in the world than men. Others are agitated over the fact that there is an evident reluctance in the minds of many to quit the celibate state. These things must needs be. Meanwhile woman is gaining the solution to the problem, not how to become man, but herself; how to be equal, but different; capable of taking care of herself or working shoulder to shoulder—so much of the petty sentiment about clinging and trusting is sheer selfishness on both sides—still capable of being taken care of when necessary; capable of living in harmony with man, though often differing widely in opinion; in short is learning how to develop herself physically, mentally and morally.

L. O'LOANE.

WE women want sometimes to hear what we know we die unless we hear what we doubt.—*Landor*.

EXACT justice is commonly more merciful in the long run than pity, for it tends to foster in men those stronger qualities which make them good citizens.—*Lowell*.

## THE RAMBLER.

A WELL-KNOWN contributor has lately assured us that much of the verve, the charm, the qualities of force and distinction that have raised men like Stevenson, Lang and Meredith to pre-eminence has been the result of French influences.

The statement is not without certain side issues of truth, yet the honest student of the literature of Elizabethan England, of the Addisonian school of essayists, and of the great Victorian book-making epoch, receives the statement—it must be confessed—with very great caution. Lang and Dobson, Henley and Gosse, Brander Mathews and Clinton Scollard have, it is true, revived the old "Gallic bonds" of Villon and Voltaire with brilliant success. These *papillon* forms of verse seem to have sprung anew from minds so much more intelligently and broadly cultured, from temperaments so infinitely chaster, purer, yet no less keen and alive to outward impressions, that our pleasure in perusing them, either in dainty books, willow-patterned down the margin and bearing rough mediaeval edges, or, as they occur, ephemerally but ever gracefully, in periodical literature, scarcely suits with some notions of French delights. Yet Dobson and Lang, for all their adoption of Gallic forms and certain glittering graces of technical adornment, remain English writers and writers of English—not always one and the same thing. The germ of Dobson was in *Praed*. With an added culture, a far wider and loftier range of thought, and an altogether higher and more compelling conception of his work, Dobson is *Praed* removed to a different sphere.

Andrew Lang is still further from the original *Praed*, and suspiciously like his friend Dobson. Yet his subject-matter is, if anything, still more removed from the common stock-in-trade of French poets, for he revels in the classical allusions and personages dear to the true student.

With regard to Robert Louis Stevenson, I am still less inclined to accept the statement that much of his power and finish is derived from study of French masters of style. It appears to me that Stevenson is one of the most typical and original English writers we have, holding his gift in a straight line from such authors and giants in their own lines as Kingsley, Leigh Hunt, De Quincey and Scott. His story of "The Black Arrow" is almost equal to the best of the Kingsley romances. His short stories may perhaps have borrowed in peculiar terseness from the French, but there have always been writers of short stories in England capable of great things in this not so very remarkable line, *vide* "Tales from Blackwood," the Christmas tales in annuals and elsewhere, the minor pieces of Charles Dickens, and many others. I am, by-the-way, either ignorant enough, or old-fashioned enough, to still consider Dickens the master of the short story. His essays and travel pieces, his short stories and sketches, alone would have sufficed to make a name—unique and a great deal more than respectable. I think the most powerful short story, dealing with murder and revealing the mind of a natural and hardened criminal, I ever read, is one by Dickens, describing a terrible occurrence at an English country-house, by which bloodhounds track the murderer to his doom. I have at this moment forgotten its name, and perhaps it has no name, purporting to be a confession written by the man in his cell, but it is to be found in one of the volumes of current editions along with "Tom Tiddler" and a couple of striking sea-stories quite as good as Clark Russell.

I imagine Stevenson, in particular, to be a great student of the old English essayists. That half-archaic turn of his, both in style and in train of thought, does occasionally recall the Thomas Browne (not *Tom Brown*, dear reader) and the Burton and the Cowley of our school-days. And, indeed, it is a gigantic debt the modern English literary world owes to these half-forgotten writers. In choice of words, how apt! In dignity, how impregnable! In latent humour, how rich! Then, to come down to Charles Lamb, how delightfully refined his stray lapses into slang! Lamb, the forerunner of many a modern humorist, who fancies, forsooth! he is the only and original exponent of that rare gift, humour, the salt—as it were—of daily life! It was Lamb—do not forget—who, speaking of the lark's matutinal song, referred to it irritably as "that orchestra business," which few of us care to hearken to very early in the day. Asked at random, whose was the expression, I should have said, "Mark Twain's."

Speaking of humorists, I wish to state that I have read Jerome K. Jerome's "Idle Thoughts of an Idle Fellow." Mr. J. K. J. is the new humorist. But this book, at least, I do not like. It is a most exasperating production. It reminds me of some sermons, in which death-bed scenes are made to alternate with side-splitting jokes of antediluvian origin. The fun may be very decent fun. The pathos may be very respectable pathos. But the fun and the pathos together, following upon one another's heels without warning or interregnum, strike me as miserably weak. If I were to tell you that Max Adeler and the "Country Parson" (you know whom I mean by the latter, of course) had collaborated in a new work, each of them retaining his own style, you would grasp the situation. Altogether, the fun is better than the pathos, which is saying a great deal, for, as every true critic will tell you, it is far easier to be pathetic than funny, either upon the stage or between the covers of a book. Let somebody expunge Mr. Jerome K. Jerome's sentimentalism, and I

venture to say many readers of THE WEEK will buy the expurgated edition.

Do you know those facile, mobile, volatile, versatile, futile Irish faces, that widen into grins one moment while their owners spout prayers—and then fall away into masks of despair and suffering to the tune of blasphemy and rancour? Such contrasts, such violences like not we, either in humanity or in the record of it—literature.

If I refer for a moment to a little matter which occupied my attention some weeks ago, and which a poem in the last issue of THE WEEK again brings before me, it is partly for the pleasure of writing about it. So much about Mendelssohn is enveloped in the rosy mist of loving reminiscence, particularly among his loyal English admirers and friends, that many of the charming stories about him have different beginnings and different endings, and may be said to vary greatly in sense and truthfulness of application. The story in question, which "Walter Powell" mentions and which "Basil Tempest" takes as a keynote for a very charming poem, is told in another way. The well-known "Song without Words" in A, called in Germany *Frühlingslied*, but long known in England as "Camberwell Green" from the fact of its having been composed on Denmark Hill, is generally supposed to be the piece in the composing of which Mendelssohn was interrupted, thereby causing the *arpeggio* or broken chord which is so striking a feature of the song. But mythical perhaps as so pretty a tale is, it would do equally well for either musical extract.

## DICTIONARY OF NATIONAL BIOGRAPHY.\*

MR. LESLIE STEPHEN has been almost the ideal Editor. Not only has he given us almost the best book of its kind ever published; he has also brought out its successive volumes with a marvellous regularity, a thing, we will not say unprecedented, but certainly very uncommon. And now, when he finds the work too heavy for his unaided strength, he has associated with himself Mr. Sidney Lee in the editorship, and under their collaboration the work goes on in the same admirable manner as before.

It is superfluous to remark that there are a great many names of eminence in this volume. Indeed there are many names which would deserve to be mentioned here, were it not that they are overshadowed by greater names, and that our space is limited. Thus there are Glovers and Glyns who should not be forgotten. There is the Lady Godiva (we beg Dr. Freeman's pardon, *Godgifa*), who is the canonized of Coventry. Then there is the great clan of Godolphin, with its members famous in Church and in State; with many others.

The memoir of Godwin, the father of Harold, by Mr. Hunt, is an excellent piece of work, which we commend to students of early English history. The period is one of great interest, and it is curious that Mr. Freeman's two disciples, Mr. Green and Mr. Hunt, should both have departed from their master's leading in this case. Mr. Freeman is undoubtedly too partial to Godwin, as he is also to Harold. On the other hand, Mr. Green seems over-severe in his judgment of the great Earl. Mr. Hunt holds a more even balance, and may be safely followed. We need hardly add that we are attributing no unfairness to Dr. Freeman, who always gives the facts with absolute fairness.

There is one name in this volume which would make it of interest to the lover of English literature, the name of Oliver Goldsmith. His memoir is from the pen of Mr. Leslie Stephen himself, and is, as a matter of course, written with point and force. We are bound to add, however, that it does not quite leave upon us the impression which was the effect of our previous knowledge of this charming writer. "He was," says Mr. Stephen, "clearly vain, acutely sensitive to neglect, and hostile to criticism; fond of splendid garments, as appears from the testimony of his tailors' bills, printed by Prior, and occasionally jealous, so far as jealousy can co-exist with absolute guilelessness and freedom from the slightest tinge of malice. His charity seems to have been pushed beyond the limits of prudence, and all who knew him testify to the singular kindness of his nature." This is all quite true; but it does not leave upon us quite the impression that we should desire.

We have passed over the Godwins and so we merely mention the names of Gooch and Good and Goodall and Goode and Goodman and Goodwin. But we pause when we come to the name of Gordon, which occupies no fewer than eighty pages of the volume. Here, amidst many not inconsiderable names, which cannot be mentioned, we have Earls of Aboyne, Marquises of Huntly, Dukes of Gordon, Earls of Aberdeen, and many untitled Gordons, as eminent as any of them. There is at least one name, that of Charles George Gordon, "Chinese Gordon," that must always be written high on the scroll of fame; and Colonel Veitch's description of him is so admirable that we reproduce it. "Gordon's character was unique. Simple-minded, modest, and almost morbidly retiring, he was fearless and outspoken when occasion required. Strong in will and prompt in action, with a naturally hot temper, he was yet forgiving to a fault. Somewhat brusque in man-

\* "Dictionary of National Biography." Edited by Leslie Stephen and Sidney Lee. Vol. xxii. Glover-Gravet. New York: Macmillans; London: Smith, Elder, and Company. 1890.



ner, his disposition was singularly sympathetic and attractive, winning all hearts. Caring nothing for that was said of him, he was indifferent to praise or reward, and had a supreme contempt for money. His whole being was dominated by a Christian faith at once so real and so earnest, that, although his religious views were tinged with mysticism, the object of his life was the entire surrender of himself to work out whatever he believed to be the will of God." God send us many such men, for we need them. The names of eminence belonging to this family are numerous. We have, for example, Jane, Duchess of Gordon, the friend of George III. who used to be delighted with her Scotch; the lady who managed to marry three of her daughters to Dukes, and one of them to a Marquis. We have a good many George Gordons of distinction, belonging to the Huntly family, among them the famous author of the Gordon riots, known at least to the readers of "Barnaby Rudge," and George Hamilton Gordon, Lord Byron's "travelled thane, Athenian Aberdeen."

Passing over many names worthy of notice, Gore, Goring, Goss, Gosse, Gough, and many others, we alight upon a charming essay on Gower, the poet, by the co-editor, Mr. Lee, an essay quite worthy of the Dictionary—and no more need be said. The Grahams very properly have fifty-two pages, and among the memoirs are two of first-rate excellence, one of James Graham, fifth Earl and first Marquis of Montrose, who was executed the year after his royal master and is the subject of the spirited ballad of Aytoun. The other is the article on John Graham, Viscount Dundee, better known as Claverhouse, who fell at Killiecrankie. The former is from the capable pen of Mr. S. R. Gardiner, the latter, no less satisfactory, is by Mr. T. F. Henderson. When we mention other names treated as those of Grant, Granville, Gratton and Graves, it will be apparent that we might greatly prolong this notice, but we have said enough.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE BANKING PRINCIPLE.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—The question of justice to labour or a fair distribution is simply the question of affording the industries the use of the surplus wealth at the lowest price—the lowest average interest; and the value of the whole wealth would be arrived at in the same manner as the price of labour or any of the commodities, if it all had a bearing on the money market.

Before the establishment of the first bank of issue, and that was in England in 1694, the current coin had to do all the exchanges, a first step beyond barter; but so badly was that performed the industries were limited to rudimentary efforts. It is only since the period referred to that spinning and weaving were invented, and indeed all the labour-saving machinery of modern times came into use. A bank issue, payable on demand, may be said to have originated modern industries such as they are.

The Bank of England was then much like those of Canada, and pursuing its course until the capital was paid out for assets which could not be converted to meet payments on demand, till suspension, bankruptcy and ruin overtook the trade and industries. This led the statesmen of England to suspect that the charter of the bank was radically defective; when Sir R. Peel took in hand, amidst violent remonstrances, to change the constitution of the bank, so as to secure all its creditors alike, being a public institution, it was deemed expedient to place depositors on the same secure footing as the holders of the notes.

That was done by requiring the issue on the eleven millions of debt, owing by the Government, to be invested in three per cent. securities, and for every pound note issued beyond that limit a sovereign had to be deposited in the vaults. It was made as secure as a credit bank could well be. About the only fault found is the undue haste to raise the rate of interest on the shipment of any respectable sum of gold, which corners the money market and embarrasses the industries. It is thought that not the slightest cause for fear should be entertained until that line termed "reserve of notes" be run down.

The unnecessary rise of interest is on a par with the action of Canadian bakers who put a cent a pound on bread the moment that wheat rises five cents per cental in the Liverpool market. Certainly it is against the spirit of the Act, as Peel was too wise a statesman to legalize speculation; and perhaps to this unscrupulous action of the directors may be attributed the value of money usually ranging far above its value.

The high rate of interest in Canada is likewise caused by the bankers cornering the money market. As they are not required by charter to secure their creditors by adequate reserves, they force on this market excessive importations, which export the capital and keep up the rate of interest to perhaps four-fold the value of money.

Those good people who imagine that the price of money cannot be manipulated and competition of capital prevented by legislation are, to say the least, badly informed on money matters.

T. GALBRAITH.

Port Hope, July 21, 1890.

UNIVERSAL ALTERNATION.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—The very important discovery of the movement of the earth, by Galileo, prepared the way for the perhaps still more important discovery of universal gravitation, by

Sir Isaac Newton; but both these grand discoveries are valuable to us, chiefly because they may prepare us in some degree for comprehending the overwhelmingly important discovery of Universal Alternation, which reveals to us not only the wonderful order of the Universe, but also the exact relation of creative mind to the whole Universe, as well as to our earth and our solar system, revealing at the same time the exact relationship of the human mind to the creative mind of the whole Universe, as well as of our earth and of our solar system also.

Universal Alternation may be thus formulated (so far as it relates to solar systems). The great central world and the revolving planets in a solar system are, alternately, sources of light and heat, either to the other, and alternately habitable worlds. Our sun, for instance, consumes its surface for so many thousands of years, in furnishing our earth, and all the other planets revolving around it, with an abundance of light and heat. Ultimately, however, the tremendous energy of our sun becomes exhausted, and the burning hydrogen gas (which is well known to envelop the sun for thousands of miles in height) suddenly becomes burnt hydrogen, thus deluging the sun in an ocean of water (for burnt hydrogen is only another name for water) and the sun becomes at once a habitable world; the sudden change in the condition of the sun naturally producing a corresponding change in the condition of our earth and of all the other habitable worlds revolving around the sun; so that the oceans of all the planets instantly become decomposed into their constituent gases (oxygen and hydrogen), the planets being thus immediately converted into so many miniature suns, revolving continually around an enormous central habitable world, to furnish it with the requisite supply of light and heat for so many thousands of years, until ultimately the energy of the planets also becomes exhausted, and the revolving planets again become deluged with water, the sun again becoming the great central source of light and heat for all the planets revolving around it; and so on, alternately, *ad infinitum*.

In my next communication on this subject, I can easily show that the knowledge (and understanding) of this grand alternation in the solar system involves a very marvellous revelation in reference to the future existence and development of the human mind.

HENRY WENTWORTH MONK.

Ottawa, July 24, 1890.

TO THE WEST WIND.

I TURN my face to the sweet west wind  
For I crave by its breath to be kissed.  
And I swear its caresses are sweeter to me,  
Than the kisses a maid will resist,  
When wooed by a lover to yield him her lips—  
Most perfect and utter surrender.  
Ah! a thousand times would I choose the wind  
For my lover, kindly and tender.

In heaven or on earth could a lover be found,  
More passionate in his suing,  
Than the wind that blows from the sun-set land,  
So strong in his princely wooing.  
In his mighty arms he can bear me away,  
Invisible, fleetier than death;  
And I—tho' I can not look on his face—  
Can drink of his perfumed breath.

Oh! wind that blows from the gate of heaven,  
From the splendid pitiless west,  
Where the sun-set clouds of centuries past,  
Have lived and died on her breast.  
Oh! wind that has conquered the demons of storm,  
And scattered the driving mist;  
To you, my lover, I lift my face,  
As a child lifts its mouth to be kissed.

MARY B. PAGE.

A SCIENTIST ON THE FLOOD.

THERE are three ways of regarding any account of past occurrences, whether delivered to us orally or recorded in writing. The narrative may be exactly true, that is to say, the words taken in their natural sense and interpreted according to the rules of grammar, may convey to the mind of the hearer, or of the reader, an idea precisely correspondent with one which would have remained in the mind of a witness. Or the narrative may be partly true and partly false. In the third class the fictitious element predominates. Here there are all imaginable gradations. At present, however, I am not concerned to dwell upon the importance of fictitious literature and the immensity of the work it has effected in the education of the human race. I propose to deal with the much more limited enquiry: Are there two other classes of consecutive narratives (as distinct from statements of individual facts), or only one? Is there any known historical work which is throughout exactly true, or is there not? In the case of the great majority of histories the answer is not doubtful: they are only partially true.

I am fairly at a loss to comprehend how anyone for a moment can doubt that Christian theology must stand or fall with the historical trustworthiness of the Jewish Scriptures. The very conception of the Messiah, or Christ, is inextricably interwoven with Jewish history; the identification of Jesus of Nazareth with that Messiah rests upon the interpretation of passages of the Hebrew Scriptures which have no evidential value unless they possess the historical character

assigned to them. If the covenant with Abraham was not made; if circumcision and sacrifices were not ordained by Jahveh; if the "ten words" were not written by God's hand on the stone tables; if Abraham is more or less a mythical hero, such as Theseus; the story of the Deluge a fiction; that of the Fall a legend; that of the Creation the dream of a seer; if all these definite and detailed narratives of apparently real events have no more value as history than have the stories of the regal period of Rome—what is to be said of the Messianic doctrine, which is so much less clearly enunciated? And what about the authority of the writers of the books of the New Testament, who, on this theory, have not merely accepted flimsy fictions for solid truths, but have built the very foundations of Christian dogma upon legendary quicksands?

The antagonism between natural knowledge and the Pentateuch would be as great if the speculations of our time had never been heard of. It arises out of contradiction upon matters of fact. The books of ecclesiastical authority declare that certain events happened in a certain fashion; the books of scientific authority say they did not. As it seems that this unquestionable truth has not yet penetrated among many of those who speak and write on these subjects, it may be useful to give a full illustration of it. And for that purpose I propose to deal with the narrative of the Noachian Deluge given in Genesis.

Notwithstanding diligent search I have been unable to discover that the universality of the deluge has any defender left, at least among those who have so far mastered the rudiments of natural knowledge as to be able to appreciate the weight of evidence against it.

Let us, provisionally, accept the theory of a partial deluge, and try to form a clear mental picture of the occurrence. Let us suppose that for forty days and forty nights such a vast quantity of water was poured upon the ground that the whole surface of Mesopotamia was covered by water to a depth certainly greater, probably much greater, than fifteen cubits, or twenty feet. The inundation prevails upon the earth for 150 days; and then the flood gradually decreases until, on the seventeenth day of the seventh month, the ark, which had previously floated on its surface, grounds upon the "mountains of Ararat." Then, as Dicstel has acutely pointed out, we are to imagine the further subsidence of the flood to take place so gradually that it was not until nearly two months and a half after this time (that is to say, on the first day of the 10th month) that the "tops of the mountains" became visible. Hence it follows that if the ark drew even as much as twenty feet of water the level of the inundation fell very slowly—at a rate of only a few inches a day—until the top of the mountain on which it rested became visible. This is an amount of movement which, if it took place in the sea, would be overlooked by ordinary people on the shore. But the Mesopotamian plain slopes gently, from an elevation of 500 or 600 feet at its northern end, to the sea, at its southern end, with hardly so much as a notable ridge to break its uniform flatness, for 300 or 400 miles. These being the conditions of the case, the following enquiry naturally presents itself: not, be it observed, as a recondit problem, generated by modern speculation, but as a plain suggestion flowing out of that very ordinary and archaic piece of knowledge that water cannot be piled up in a heap like sand; or that it seeks the lowest level. When, after 150 days, "the fountains also of the deep and the windows of heaven were stopped, and the rain from heaven was restrained," what prevented the mass of water, several, possibly very many, fathoms deep, which covered, say the present site of Bagdad, from sweeping seaward in a furious torrent; and, in a very few hours, leaving not only the "tops of the mountains," but the whole plain, save any minor depressions, bare? How could its subsidence, by any possibility, be an affair of weeks and months? And if this difficulty is not enough let us try to imagine how a mass of water several, perhaps very many, fathoms deep, could be accumulated on a flat surface of land rising well above the sea, and separated from it by no sort of barrier.

Water really cannot be got to stand at say 4,000 feet above the sea-level over Palestine, without covering the rest of the globe to the same height. Even if in the course of Noah's six hundredth year some prodigious convulsion had sunk the whole region enclosed within "the horizon of the geographical knowledge" of the Israelites by that much, and another had pushed it up again, just in time to catch the ark upon "the mountains of Ararat," matters are not much mended. I am afraid to think of what would have become of a vessel so little seaworthy as the ark and of its very numerous passengers, under the peculiar obstacles to quiet flotation which such rapid movements of depression and upheaval would have generated.

That is, in my judgment, the necessary result of the application of criticism, based upon assured physical knowledge, to the story of the Deluge. And it is satisfactory that the criticism which is based not upon literary and historical speculations, but on well ascertained facts in the departments of history and of literature, tends to exactly the same conclusion.

But the voice of archaeological and historical criticism still has to be heard; and it gives forth no uncertain sound. The marvellous recovery of the records of an antiquity, far superior to any that can be ascribed to the Pentateuch, which has been effected by the decipherers of cuneiform characters, has put us in possession of a series, once more, not of speculations, but of facts, which have a most remarkable bearing upon the question of the trustworthiness of the narrative of the Flood. It is established

that for centuries before the asserted migration of Torah from Ur of the Chaldees (which, according to the orthodox interpreters of the Pentateuch, took place after the year 2,000 B. C.), Lower Mesopotamia was the seat of a civilization, in which art and science and literature had attained a development formerly unsuspected, or, if there were faint reports of it, treated as fabulous. And it is also no matter of speculation, but a fact, that the libraries of these people contain versions of a long epic poem, one of the twelve books of which tells a story of a deluge which, in a number of its leading features, corresponds with the story attributed to Berossus, no less than with the story given in Genesis, with curious exactness.

We come along the convergence of all these lines of evidence to the one conclusion—that the story of the Flood in Genesis is merely a Bewdlerised version of one of the oldest pieces of purely fictitious literature extant; that whether this is or is not its origin, the events asserted in it to have taken place assuredly never did take place; further, that, in point of fact, the story in the plain and logically necessary sense of its words has long since been given up by orthodox and conservative commentators of the Established Church.—From advance sheets of Prof. Huxley's article on "Lux Mundi" in the *Nineteenth Century* for July, by courtesy of the Leonard Scott Publication Company, New York.

#### PERPLEXITIES THAT CANADA WOULD BRING.

A NUMBER of men on both sides of the boundary, whose motives are freely impugned, and yet whose motives are, on the whole, I think, better than their judgment, are forcing the question of annexation upon the people of Canada and the United States. That they have not been entirely unsuccessful in this is due certainly not to any novelty in the theme, but rather to the fact that the advocates of annexation appear to have begun to take themselves seriously.

Now I am too thoroughly a Canadian not to believe in our great value to any nation with which we should be willing to ally ourselves, or to harbour a doubt of our ability to become a great nation ourselves; and yet one cannot but see that we should bring certain political difficulties to the United States, not arising so much, perhaps, from our unworthiness, as from their weakness. The triumph of democracy as represented in the Republic is not yet complete; in fact, little more has yet been done than to fix attention upon the more serious problems of democracy. You—if I may presume an American audience—have the stagnant South to direct into channels of industry and prosperity. You have the labour giant awaking fitfully from his drugged slumber, and muttering socialism, or meditating rapine and bloodshed, or exploding dynamite bombs at the Haymarket. He will be the life of the nation when once awake, but it will tax the keenest faculties of your government to steady his waking movements. Then there is a Catholic school problem in Massachusetts, a Mormon problem in Utah, a "foreign element" bugbear in New York and Chicago, a tariff conflict between the opposing interests of different sections, and many other knots at whose corded complexity your politicians must tug. These snarls in the skein of the future are not merely disadvantages, as political problems often are to other peoples; they entangle the life line of the nation. You can bear great pressure at almost any other point. A war, an invasion, a commercial crisis would not unsettle your foundations, but the political chess board cannot be more deeply complicated without serious danger. This is the weak spot in your armour, and at this spot the annexation of Canada would strike at least three heavy blows. I am not troubled, as some are, about your ability, or even your willingness, to carry our public debt or to bear any other like burdens, but the trio of problems that this article will outline might well provoke on your part serious apprehension.

It is evident at a glance that Canadians would go into the American Union without affiliations to existing American parties. Their own party lines would be well-nigh obliterated by the discussion of annexation, and the feelings of the people toward American parties would be almost wholly determined by the things said by the leaders of those parties during the international negotiations. It is quite probable that these feelings might be far from weak, should one party appear to be the champion and the other the opponent of Canadian interests but they would be common to the entire Canadian people, would be based upon matters wholly Canadian and local, would be easily changeable were a kindness done us by the hitherto critical party, and would but intensify our disposition to look at Washington legislation through Canadian spectacles.

We should be in truth a Canadian party interjected into American politics. When a Republican Congress in the national interest enacts a law that happens specially to affect Iowa, the Republican party in Iowa becomes official counsel for the new legislation. Practically one half of the politicians of the State, because of their desire that their party shall continue to control the national government, are directly interested in commending this new measure to the favour of their fellow citizens. The other half are, of course, as surely retained as counsel in opposition to the measure. But, at their worst, the Democrats can do no more than play upon the local feeling and try to persuade the people of Iowa that their State interests are being sacrificed by the Republican party; and they must carry on this sectional argument against oppos-

ing counsel and before a jury one half of which is prejudiced against them.

But the state of affairs in annexed Canada would be far different. In Canada there would be no counsel for the nation. There would be no section of the people willing to risk the lightest local interest for the triumph of a national party. Our politicians would be all retained for Canada, outvying one another in endearing themselves to the people by the keenness of their jealousy for "Canuck rights"; and the people would be only too ready to take alarm at the first intimation of the approach of the sleepest possible kind of a "wolf." We should constitute a perpetual opposition, always alert to find a grievance in the management, by the national executive, of Canadian affairs.

It is impossible, of course, to predict how the American Government would deal with this kind of thing. A czar would merely increase the strength of military occupancy and send a few of the keenest patriots to Siberia, but this direct method is hardly open to the party government of a republic. We in Canada have had to face a mild form of this problem on a small scale, and, as politicians are very much alike the world over, the plan followed by ours in this case might be some indication of the path that those at Washington would tread. Our method was, stripped of all verbiage, public bribery. The Province of Nova Scotia was our disaffected region, having been brought into confederation somewhat against its will; but our policy of conciliation, which consists in building a railroad to every man's door, and cumbering the Province with public works, has been almost as effective as costly. As the result the Nova Scotians elect a Provincial Legislature overwhelmingly for secession, but send to Ottawa a majority supporting the Federal Government. Whether American politicians should follow this method or should choose another, the difficulty that would be presented by a distinctively Canadian party would be a grave one, constituting a political problem of first-rate importance.

The second problem that I wish to outline is of the nature of the first, concentrated, embittered, and made perpetual. It will be found in the anti-annexation or ultra-British party, left of necessity under arms at the signing of the annexation agreement. The composition of this party would depend somewhat upon the course of the campaign, but its main features can be easily foreseen. Annexation could never be carried without the support, or at least the consent of Quebec, and with that consent no tremendous majority would be needed in Ontario. No one knowing anything of Ontario at present could fail to pick out many of the elements of this anti-annexation minority. The Imperial Federationists would be there, as well as a large share of the Orange body, and the backbone of the Presbyterio-Protestant, Sabbath-observing people of the Province—pluckiest of fighters and most persevering believers in their own rightness.

Can there be any doubt as to the grave danger of dragging this element by force into the American Union? It would be neither small nor unimportant, and the public ear would be turned toward its jeremiads most kindly. Minorities are not disinclined to believe themselves misused, and especially is this true of a minority that has to hold its own in the face of a strong, progressive, and at one time hostile, people. A pro-British speaker would always have at his command two of the most thrilling chords in the whole vibrant harp of the emotions—that recalling the "good old days" to memories in whose sight distance hides the darker gullies and softens the hill tops, and that arousing a people against foreign rule with cries of tyranny and injustice. And pro-British speakers there will be; for these men are, many of them, descendants of those British loyalists of the last century who left opulence in New England for niggardly subsistence in the forests of Canada that they might live under the British flag. It would be hardly too much to say that this would be a disloyal element in the Republic, and, what adds to the danger of its presence, disloyal as a matter of conscience.

Your leading statesmen are considerably alarmed at the foreign element in your population, the *gravamen* of the charge against them being that they are not in sympathy with the American spirit. But they are not disloyal; they have signified in a practical manner their preference for the Government of the United States over any other government in the world; they become citizens of the Republic voluntarily, not under compulsion and against their strongest protest; and yet they are thought to be a source of danger. What then would be a people openly disloyal, ready, at least in the near past, to bear arms against the Republic; not only without the American spirit, but saturated with the British spirit? If Americans are rendered nervous by mere lack of sympathy, they should hesitate before taking to their bosom antagonism, disloyalty, and possible rebellion.

The third and most serious problem that Canada would bring into the Union is now to be seen, ready-made, in the Province of Quebec. If ever annexation shall become possible, it will be because of the problem that that Province now presents to Canadian statesmen. The difficulty is at once one of race and one of religion, and has inherited all the bitterness and passion and prejudice of the bloodiest wars of Europe, in which Protestant has been arrayed against Catholic and Frank against Saxon. For one, I believe that we in Canada shall solve this problem ourselves on the broad basis of Protestant toleration and of trusting the *habitant* to think out his own freedom as he has in his native France, and that thus annex-

ation will be banished from the region of the possible; but should my belief have drawn too much of its life from preference, and should annexation become an issue in practical politics, Americans would do well to look carefully into the matter and learn that Quebec as a State in the Union would be a much more difficult enigma than even Quebec as a Province of Canada. Our acceptance of annexation would be a confession that Quebec the Province had driven Canadian statesmen in sheer bewilderment to national suicide—Canadian statesmen, remember, who have practically no other problem of first-rate importance to solve. Then this problem would be complicated in Quebec the State by a union with the ambitious Catholics of your country, and would be rendered more insistent and insidious because the prelates of Rome would be playing for larger stakes. Consider the effect of laying this knotty problem upon the already cumbered council board of your nation.

Certain writers have been pleased to tell you that in the Union the problem of Quebec would solve itself; that while it might possibly wreck the Dominion, still, once in contact with the aggressive, Protestant, nineteenth-century spirit of your nation, its difficulties would disappear. In my humble opinion, nothing of the kind would happen. You know well whether the Catholic Church with you is now quiet or restless. Massachusetts can tell you. Wisconsin can tell you. New York can tell you. From all quarters of the Union you can hear the thunder at your school-house doors. You know, too, that your young Democracy can keep its lithe fingers upon the throat of that mediæval power simply because that power has not been able to mass its forces in any one State with strength sufficient to obtain the control. Quebec would supply that want. Quebec would become your Ireland. Quebec would give to the mother church a State vote in the election of the President, in the Senate, in the House of Representatives.

When Quebec shall offer for annexation, the Government at Washington may set up a needle's eye through which she must pass naked, stripped of every privilege of race and religion; Congress may take every precaution possible and take it to the full; but unless the history of Romanism has been written by contraries, the care will be taken in vain. Rome has never yet been unhorsed while the horse remained faithful. When, in the quiet of peace, to see the burden it carries, the day of that Roman rider is over; but in the clangor of conflict, when the hostile lance pricks the steed far oftener than the rider, the mad rush of the papal charger has never failed. Those magnificent stallions, France and Italy, when left in serene peace by their Protestant neighbours, threw their popish riders, while Catholic Bavaria, fighting for its religious life at the Protestant court of Berlin, is sturdier, more faithful, and, I suspect, nearer victory to-day than ever. We in Canada—at least some of us—propose to let the horse roll in Quebec where it can crush nothing but its own daisies. The American Union could not allow that, when the first plunge might wreck the public school system. In a word, we have the room here for the throes of another Italian liberation; you have not. Every abridgment by the American Government of the privileges of the ecclesiasts of Quebec would but make the people more firmly attached to their bleeding church. You may take from his Eminence the Cardinal every peculiar weapon that he holds, but you cannot take his solid vote—a vote that, if left alone, would loosen and disappear, but that, under your chastening hand, would be compacted into the solidity of granite; and you could not leave it alone, for that would mean, were the Quebec Church in political union with the American Church, removal of the pressure at Boston as well as at Quebec.

It is only too clearly evident what Quebec the State, once within the Union, would accomplish. The more compact her vote should grow through pressure of persecution, the more formidable would she be. She would become the redresser of Roman Catholic grievances the Republic over. Did the Republican party rudely blight Catholic school aspirations in Massachusetts, it would be punished at the next Presidential election by the loss of the Quebec State vote. Democrats, were they recalcitrant, could be similarly treated at another time. For then there would be one solid State vote in the Union that would favour the parties as the parties should favour the Church. Another means of obtaining the vote of Quebec the State would be to proffer her restored privileges, such as she enjoyed as a Canadian Province; and it can hardly be doubted that such bids would be made, publicly or privately, when a neck-and-neck Presidential election should induce politicians to try every expedient.

There is in my breast, in common with the great majority of Canadians, an abiding hope that our country will never so much as look toward annexation—not because the Americans are not a great people, but because we believe that our form of democratic government, moulded in the furnace of British history, is the best in the world. Still, with the present cat-and-mouse attitude of Ontario and Quebec, one can never tell what will happen; and should our good sense desert us in a passion-swept moment, then ought American caution—knowing a little of the political pill offered—come to our rescue and set us back on our own broad feet.—A. R. Carman, in *The Forum*.

A MAN of business may talk philosophy; a man who has none may practise it.—Pope.

MISS FAWCETT'S ACHIEVEMENT.

FOR the first time in the history of the University of Cambridge a woman has been placed at the head of the Mathematical Tripos and practically declared to be Senior Wrangler for the year, remarks the *London Times*, which proceeds to say that so remarkable a result of the movement for the Higher Education of Women "gives new dignity and encouragement to efforts which have not always secured the sympathy of everybody and to institutions which have had to struggle in their time against much opposition, indifference, and disdain." The lady who has distanced all her competitors "is the only daughter of a statesman whose strenuous life and consistent career have made that name known and respected throughout the length and breadth of the British Empire, while his untimely death and his heroic mastery of an infirmity (blindness) which might well have quenched the energies of a man of ordinary fibre have invested his memory with a deep and widespread sentiment of personal sympathy.

"Miss Fawcett, though the first Senior Wrangler of her sex on record, is not the first lady who has attained the place of honour in a Cambridge Tripos. Her triumph was anticipated a few years ago in regard to the Classical Tripos by Miss Ramsay, now Mrs. Butler, the wife of the Master of Trinity. But though the number of the celebrated female mathematicians has, perhaps, exceeded that of celebrated female classical scholars, and though it might be thought, on abstract grounds, that mathematical eminence is more easily attainable by women than classical, yet it can hardly be doubted that the achievement of Miss Fawcett is more likely to strike and impress the popular imagination than the previous achievement of Mrs. Butler. The Mathematical Tripos is to the popular mind the Cambridge examination *par excellence*. The Senior Wrangler of his or her year—as we must henceforth say—is pre-eminently the Cambridge hero or heroine of that year. It is no disparagement to classical scholarship as compared with high mathematical attainment that this should be the case. It is simply the result of a time-honoured system which has impressed the popular mind."

One of Miss Fawcett's friends writes for the *The Pall Mall Gazette* an article about the young lady in which she says:

"Of course, Mr. Editor, you and the public want to hear all about the Lady Senior Wrangler, the Newnham girl who has put the copingstone upon all that Newnham represents. It would be very wrong of you and the public if you didn't. But the idea of Philippa Fawcett being 'interviewed!' To those who know her it is quite laughably unthinkable; for she is the quietest of girls, with a perfect hatred of all formality and show. As for talking about herself, your interviewer would have required a thumbscrew; unless, indeed, he could have somehow argued this very clear-headed young lady into believing that the ordeal was positively demanded by the interests of the Cause. In the interests of the Cause, Miss Fawcett has been for years the most docile subject of King Conventionalism—at least so far as is reconcilable with the possession of strong, active faculties, and original and fearless mind, and a habit of looking at the inside of things instead of the surface.

"When she was younger, Miss Fawcett dressed aesthetically, had no proper horror of old clothes, wore her thick brown hair down on her shoulders, and has even been known (so I have heard) to ride on the top of a 'bus. I could tell you lots of simple, natural, delightful little unconventionalities—but no; when Miss Fawcett came to Newnham she knew that if there the remotest pretext, even the most innocent, it would be seized on by all the silly scribblers who try to make out that the women's colleges are peopled by a sort of impossible race of eccentrics. Trifles, after all, matter little. If to be commonplace will reconcile silly prejudice, conscience can save itself for more important things. The cause demanded it, and Miss Fawcett with a sigh resigned herself into the hands of the milliner. You must take this as a figure of speech, of course, for I have never seen her slight, tall, girlish figure dressed in any but the most unassuming style.

"Well, this is clearly a case for the judiciously indiscreet friend. You shall hear how it all happened. You have already told how coolly Miss Fawcett approached the contest, declining to 'go down' for a week, because she preferred to 'go in in the swing of one's ordinary work,' and answering the question, 'Don't you wish it were all over?' by the cheerful remark, 'No, I don't want to have three weeks taken out of my life.' Well, that is Miss Fawcett all over. Sage people up here, who did not know her personally, used to shake their heads and conclude that a girl, however brilliant, would not be able to stand the nervous strain. She would fall behind at the end, they surmised.

"As a matter of fact, probably no one ever went in with more complete self-control. Keen as she was to succeed, Miss Fawcett made a rigid habit of going to bed at eleven and rising about eight. None of that traditional wet-towel-and-teapot business to which even the male Wrangler is supposed to succumb! When the ordeal drew nigh, Miss Fawcett simply faced it with the consciousness that she had done her best, and that worrying would only do harm. She slept every night as soundly as ever in her life. She wrote her papers coolly, deliberately, without erasure. She thought, of course, that she had done badly, but one thing which gave her this idea was the most notable fact that she did not feel tired at the end. On the day when the list was to be read, Miss Fawcett did indeed wake early with

excitement, and confessed to reading 'Mansfield Park' in bed, in order to occupy and calm her mind. But now, after all the excitement on the top of the work, she looks pretty nearly as well as ever in her life. Indeed, throughout her Cambridge course, Miss Fawcett's health has rather improved than otherwise, and the lady Senior Wrangler, like the lady Senior Classic, adds one more to the striking statistics lately published by Mrs. Sidgwick to prove how unfounded is the assumption that you ruin a woman's body the minute that you improve her mind. Never have the friends of Miss Fawcett seen her brighter and more active than at the present moment.

"I am sure it is a great lesson to you all," said Miss Clough at the dinner on Saturday evening, 'a great lesson to you to go to bed early.' A chorus of laughter followed this homely moral, pointed by the most beloved of Principals; both laughter and cheers, in this assembly of Newnhamites, sounding queerly shrill and feminine besides those 'rougher voices of the men' to which cheering generally belongs, and which were contributed later by the chivalrous invaders from Selwyn. Very sweet and very venerable looked the sister of Arthur Hugh Clough as she presided proudly over the hour of Newnham's triumph. Well might Miss Fawcett allude to the privilege of being 'three years with Miss Clough' as the distinctive privilege of Newnham life. 'Never mind, dear,' the Principal is said to have whispered to Miss Fawcett when, in the confusion of the Senate House, the announcement of her place relative to the Senior Wrangler sounded for a moment like 'bracketed.' 'Never mind; it is just as well, because now they will not be so fierce!' But nobody was fierce at all; everybody was glad, and only sorry for the gentleman who was first read out as Senior Wrangler, only to find that he was really second. By the way, in your account of the dinner you forgot to mention that one girl read out a lay of triumph in the Macaulay manner, which she had composed for the occasion.

"When Miss Fawcett got back to Newnham she walked into 'Clough Hall,' the new wing where her rooms are, marched in the most every-day way up to the pegs on which the 'in' and 'out' labels are hung, and put her own right before proceeding to her room. It is a pretty little chamber, looking out at two aspects on the pleasant lawns and gardens in which the three wings of the college are set, where you may see girls sitting under trees, playing lawn-tennis, or strolling about in twos and threes, arm-in-arm, with the easy abandon and good-fellowship which men learned long ago to associate with college life. For furniture, a mahogany bureau, an old oak table, a bed in one corner, and a thoroughly cozy chair; for decoration, a low relief of Donatello's in white plaster, some photographs and autotypes, a few panel designs in paper, and a water-colour bit from the shore near Mrs. Fawcett's little house in Sussex hang on the severe plaster walls. In the book-shelf, above rows of mathematical tomes, are volumes of very varied reading—science, poetry, economics, and novels. A few have been prettily bound by the fingers of their owner, who is also, by the way, not too emancipated to be an expert needle-woman, with a nice skill in embroidery. If it be teatime, a kettle singing on the hob completes this characteristic little corner of Newnham life.

"Among many other interests, Miss Fawcett has inherited from her father and mother a strong one in political and social economics, and her speeches on these and other subjects in the college debating society have always been markedly practical and to the point. Rhetoric is foreign to her nature, and clearness and cogency are the only qualities at which she aims. At the time when she was attending in London a course of mathematical lectures from Mr. Karl Pierson, one of the advanced wing of Socialistic teachers, she used to express sometimes a half humorous fear lest the course should be interrupted by the lecturer getting himself put into jail. 'You see, it's "and the instruments of production,"' Miss Fawcett would remark, dwelling on that dangerous pendant, which Mr. Pierson favoured, to the comparatively innocent doctrine of the nationalization of land. From the political economist she differed profoundly; but she would have regretted the teacher. Mr. Pierson tells the story how when he first saw Miss Fawcett attending his advanced class he said to himself: 'Dear me, there's a poor little girl turned ambitious; of course she won't understand a word,' when presently, what was his astonishment to hear a question from the 'poor little girl' which showed that she understood to some purpose.

"Up here at Cambridge they say that her work is marked by extreme clearness and decision of method. She always knows in tackling a problem exactly what she means to do, and does it. She generally sees the shortest way, and by having to erase very little gains on others in comparison with whose fluency she might at first appear slow. It is not always the hare that wins the race, and Miss Fawcett more than makes up in method what she loses in speed. Hence her extraordinary superiority all through the Tripos. Every paper was written with the same unflinching coolness and decision. All this is highly characteristic; but you must not run away with the impression of grim, business-like seriousness in daily life. No picture of Philippa Fawcett would be at all complete which did not add that she has a most freshening and refreshing sense of humour, and that nobody ever laughed at jokes with a quicker or a heartier relish.

"I have saved for the end what I think is the prettiest saying of all. Twenty years ago, when Miss Philippa Garrett Fawcett was only a year and a-half old, the first of the meetings which, under Prof. Sidgwick's auspices

resulted in the foundation of Newnham, was held in Mrs. Fawcett's drawing-room at Cambridge. 'We did not think of this in 1869, did we?' said the professor as he congratulated the mother of the first lady Senior Wrangler.—*The Critic*.

WHEN THE LIGHT SHINES.

(ROUNDEL.)

DAY in and day out that the worn eyes see  
Are years upon years, as the tired lips say;  
"And when shall the night of our sorrowing be  
Day?"

"And what shall we answer, if speak we may?  
Give we warning of death, or a pitiful plea?  
Let us arm them with strength in a brave man's way,

"Saying: Where is more triumph for you or for me  
Than in this, to escape while the tyrants stay?  
Or to see, when the "bands of the alien" flee,  
Day?"

Montreal.

HUGH COCHRANE.

ART NOTES.

PAUL PEEL, R.C.A., has returned to London, Ont., to receive the congratulations of his relatives and friends on his success at the *Salon* Exhibition in Paris.

PROFESSOR HERKOMER has been elected to the vacant membership of the Royal Academy, and it is said that his election is very popular, as he has painted some of the most impressive and touching pictures of the R.A. exhibitions of late years.

MR. HARRY FURNISS has published a volume called "Royal Academy Antics," which has created a great sensation among English artists, not only on account of the truth of his accusation against the Academy, but of the fun and sarcasm he brings to bear on the subject. It is published by Cassell and Company.

MME. RONNER's paintings on cat and dog life, now on exhibition at the Fine Art Society's galleries, London, Eng., are said to be better painted and to show more vigorous execution than the works of Rosa Bonheur, while the animals have all the truthfulness and life of the celebrated cats of Lambert the French cat-painter.

MR. POYNTER, R.A., is now exhibiting in London, Eng., his great picture of "The Queen of Sheba before Solomon," on which he has been engaged for the past eight years. It is described as a work of great conscientiousness and knowledge. King Solomon's court with its great crowd of courtiers and wealth of quaint accessories is a miracle of research and splendour, the very excellence in the rendering of which it takes away, to some extent, from the importance of the chief actors in the scene.

THE recent sale of Meissonier's picture of Napoleon, "1814," to which reference was made in this column, has occasioned some enquiry as to others of the great French artist's portraits of the Emperor. That one which shows Napoleon reviewing his troops at Friedland, the "1807," as it is called, is now in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York, a gift of Mr. Henry Hilton. It was formerly in A. T. Stewart's gallery, having been purchased for \$60,000. In the present exhibit of the "Société Nationale des Beaux-Arts" is another, the latest of the series of Napoleonic portraits. This is the "October, 1806," which shows the Emperor descending to the battle-field in the very heat of the conflict.

IN Mr. Scott Taylor's "Modes of Painting Described and Classified" (Winsor and Newton), there is an essay on the causes of decay of modern oil-paintings in comparison with the works of the Old Masters, in which it is pointed out that (1) modern chemistry has extended the list of colours without controlling their conditions of permanence; (2) mediums are chosen for their excellence of drying and working, rather than for their endurance; (3) more white lead than ever is used in modern paintings, and (4) white lead is substituted for *gesso*. In the painting ground Mr. Taylor puts his points well and clearly, and artists ought, in common honesty, to heed what he says and beware of using colours that are fugitive or materials that are not permanent; but Professor Church's "Chemistry of Painting" deals with this subject in a more thorough manner, and we hope to give some extracts shortly from this work.

IN the July number of the *Art Magazine* there is a history of Ford Madox Brown and his works, giving some characteristic examples of engravings from his pictures. Whatever may be said of him, and opinions have differed widely, it is at least true that he has maintained his own individuality and given his own view of things to the world, which is the essential quality of art. The great trouble with the majority of artists is that they lose themselves in the school they adopt, and, ceasing to be teachers, merely repeat broken fragments of the lessons they have learnt, not from nature, but from greater men than themselves. What, for instance, are American or Canadian artists teaching? Almost entirely French, German or Dutch ways of looking at nature, not American or Canadian artists' ways. But Ford Madox Brown is thoroughly English to begin with, and the eccentricities and peculiarities of his work are simply the way he sees things and desires to express them.

## OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

REPORTS are beginning to come of the exhibit of the new *Salon*, which is now open to the public on the Champ de Mars, Paris. It may be remembered that last year a number of artists seceded from the old *Salon*, which for many years has been, if it is not yet, the most notable art exhibit of the world. This new organization is called the "Société Nationale des Beaux-Arts." Meissonier is its president. Competent critics speak in highest terms of the exhibit as a whole. Many of the names familiar to art-lovers are on the pages of the catalogue. There are new names also and not a few Americans are enrolled, although many of our countrymen stand by the old organization and have "no connection with the concern over the way." The collection is a comparatively small one. Only 910 pictures are hung, which seems an exceedingly meagre showing compared to the acres of canvas covered with pigments in *Salons* of the past. An improvement is noticeable too in the general arrangement of the pictures, the works of one artist being placed together as a rule. There is to be seen a marked individuality in the work of each artist, as if each had had some definite idea in mind and had attempted to follow it out, rather than, as is too often the case, simply designing to make a picture. The subject is worthy of further comment at another time.

TEMPLAR.

## MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

## LIBERATI.

POSSIBLY the season may be accountable for the extremely sparse audiences that greeted Liberati and his band at their four concerts last week. The financial result could hardly have been of such a nature as to encourage the *entrepreneur* to again cater for Torontonians during the holiday season. Better an enthusiastic few, however, from an artistic point of view at least, than a lethargic crowd. Liberati could hardly complain of coldness in his audiences, who were somewhat too exacting, especially in regard to the great cornetist himself, who played some exacting solos with band accompaniment. Excellent as are Liberati's tone and technique, he lacks the superb finish of Levy's playing, nor does he show that consummate ease which distinguishes the ex-cavalryman's production of both the clear and clouded tone. The swing and *ensemble* of the band was very fine, but the want of strings made the continued blare rather monotonous and the reeds if anything were rather too prominent. The ballet music in the "William Tell" overture was excellently rendered, the imitation of the Tyrolean pipes and the flute accompaniment eliciting deservedly prolonged applause. Liberati has his combination under excellent control, and there appears to be that sympathy of feeling between band and conductor which is essential to the best playing. But, as may be inferred from our remark upon the absence of strings, we would prefer to hear this excellent band in the open air; they prove rather overwhelming inside a hall. Miss Parepa, if she did not astonish us, at least sang creditably, though she would be wise to cleave to music of a *legato* character, and Miss Evelyn Severs sang two songs ("Le parlait d'amour"—"Faust," and "No, Sir") on Thursday night very acceptably.

QUEEN VICTORIA has granted the widow of E. L. Blanchard, the late critic of the *London Daily Telegraph*, a yearly pension of \$250.

THE big Madison Square Garden looks as if it was a financial failure. The prices are too high, and the show too quiet, the scheme too select.

GOSSIP says that Miss Lillian Russell will be *prima donna* of Mr. George Paget's next opera season at the London Avenue, and play the title *role* in Sims and Jacobi's "Queen of Spain."

SIGRID ARNOLSON has been singing at Florence in "The Barber of Seville," and no singer has made such a sensation in Italy since Adelina Patti's young days, if the Italian newspapers may be believed.

A NEW tenor has been found in Germany, at the village of Fischchen, named Kautor, possessing all the attributes of a great singer, including the high C. He will be carefully educated by his discoverer, an *impresario*.

CONCERNING the patronage of the almost limitless list of concerts during the London season, it is said that the London concert-goer is generally a woman. At a morning concert there are sixteen women to three men, and at an evening the proportion is about three to one.

IF the world were a whispering-gallery, it is hard to say whether one would experience the more concern about the things he spoke or the things he heard.

A REMARKABLE piece of mechanism has recently been completed for the great telescope at the Lick Observatory, California. It is an eye-piece larger than any other ever before made. It measures over three inches in diameter, and consists of the eye-glass proper and a field lens, the two being six inches apart. The eye-glass is constructed with three lenses, a double concave, a double convex, and a correcting lens, cemented together, the correcting lens being made of flint glass. The field lens is brown glass, and measures six and a half inches in diameter. It is stated that the light from the celestial bodies seen through this new eye-piece will be 2,000 times as bright as that viewed by the naked eye.

THE RAG-PICKER OF PARIS. By Félix Pyat. Translated by Benj. R. Tucker. Boston: B. R. Tucker.

If the uncovering of the lowest life of Paris be edifying to any reader, he may find it to his heart's content in this novel of realism. Zola himself could hardly descend to lower planes for subjects of description. But two redeeming characters present themselves, and their virtue, comparative only in one of them, is thrown into relief by the bestial setting of usurers, *lorettes* and their vile surroundings. The details of the story might have been gleaned from police blotters and records of houses of refuge. The self-sacrifice of the erstwhile drunkard, Jean, for the widow of the murdered Didier, is the one apology for the existence of the book, which is illumined by neither wit nor novelty.

A SOCIAL DEPARTURE. How Orthodocia and I went round the World by Ourselves. By Sara Jeannette Duncan. New York: Appletons.

"Respectfully dedicated to Mrs. Grundy" is Miss Duncan's book. That, of course, is for English readers, the literary kith and kin of that charming Orthodocia, so shrewd, audacious and original, who was the *compagnon de voyage* of the writer, familiarly known to Canadian readers as Garth Grafton. Mrs. Grundy, we are glad to say, does not thrive on Canadian fare, and one of the consequences of this happy condition is that all ultra-refined regard for proprieties, all sickly affectation of restraint *brille par absence* from the pages of Miss Duncan's healthy, breezy, amusing book. The two adventurous girls—at least they would have been adventurous a decade or two since; we move quickly now-a-days and the rusty proprieties are well-nigh worn through—start from Montreal to cross the continent by the marvellous iron belt, which is described in a paradox for Orthodocia's benefit as "the most masterly stroke of internal economy a Government ever had courage to carry out, and the most lunatic enterprise a Government was ever foolhardy enough to hazard . . . a boon and a bane." The ride to the Pacific, of course, would not be complete without a ride on the cow-catcher, and a suggestion of a possible romance is entwined in the account of the visit to Corona and "the P'leece." Jack Love is a very fair type of the healthier sort of young Englishman roughing it out west, with faint hopes of ever realizing the golden dream of youth, eclipsed in hard work. On over the mighty backbone of the continent he these defiers of conventionality; on to Vancouver of magic birth, where native shrewdness wins for one fair dame substantial profit; on o'er the stretching Pacific to the land of the rising sun, the new-born civilization set in an ancient and grotesque sort. Those who read in *THE WEEK* the charming letters of Louis Lloyd from the land which has given birth to what perhaps shall eclipse the "Light of Asia" will recognize with pleasure many of the features so attractively portrayed therein. "Chrysanthemum" is an old acquaintance, and so is the Japanese reporter, with his extraordinary English and quaint courtesy. Buddha and the episode of the bath recall reminiscences of like kind. Fairyland has its limits; so *sayonara*, Japan—Buddha, *sayonara*, and away over the dancing blue waves to old China, conservative of ugliness and musty wisdom. China, after Japan, is unspeakable, unbearable; stony, stolid Confucianism is barren of attraction, and "Ceylon's isle," where Nature adorns and man defiles, is reached after touching at Penang and Singapore. But we do not intend to give an itinerary of Miss Duncan's charming book. Never flagging, the touch always light, description never tedious, to the interest that surrounds a new work by one who has made a distinct and honourable mark in Canadian literature is added the innate charm of the book itself; a touch of pathos or romance here and there but serving to throw its *verve* into bolder relief.

MODERN IDEAS OF EVOLUTION as related to Revelation and Science. By Sir J. William Dawson, C.M.G., LL.D., F.R.S. Second edition. London: The Religious Tract Society; Montreal: Drysdale's.

The distinguished scientist and man of letters who is the author of this work desires to embody in its pages an answer that shall be at once comprehensive and, though of course not final, yet convincing, to many enquiries which have been addressed to him respecting the theory of evolution and its general relation to science and religion. He puts the general theory to the test of scientific facts and principles, and yet does so in a popular and telling manner. Beginning with the present already varied aspects of the question, and noting the quickly-reached divergency of views held by Darwin's disciples, the writer passes to the examination of the term evolution and its exact range. This is necessary because so dangerous has become the indiscriminate use of the word, that in argument, as many of us know, if we are to understand anything of this multiform philosophy, we have continually to pin its advocates down to a hard and fast definition of the kind of development of which they may be speaking. By one who has closely read Darwin it will be readily remembered that Darwin's original theory was considerably narrower than that we now understand to be expressed by the vague and comprehensive term, evolution. Darwin, himself, was content with a modal evolution. "He took matter and force and then existing laws, as he found them." Causal evolution, or the *origin* of things, drew no deliverance from Darwin. On this subject he was uncertainty itself. Sir William Dawson points out that in Darwin's "Origin of Species" nothing is told of the *origin*. Modes of "descent

with modifications whereby new species are derived" are discussed, but first causes are omitted *in toto*. The monistic and agnostic theories of evolution are successively considered, and their weaknesses pointed out; theistic evolution is considered, and chapters on God in nature and man in nature precede the general conclusions. Two valuable appendices, examining Weismann's views on heredity and Dr. McCosh on evolution, are attached. Sir William Dawson remarks in his "general conclusions" that "it is true there may be a theistic form of evolution, but . . . it postulates a Creator and regards the development of the Universe as the development of His plans by secondary causes of His own institution." But he points out the lack in this theory of the "principles of design, finality and ethical purity, inseparable from a true and elevating religion." Further we cannot go, though the book is simply and attractively written and, while always decisive in stand, is eminently fair in discussion.

GOD IN HIS WORLD: An Interpretation. Price \$1.25. New York: Harper and Brothers, 1890.

This is a book of considerable power, written with something of the Emersonian quaintness of diction, which is popular with American theologians and philosophers, and also with a little of the paradoxical spirit, which, too, is not unpopular among them. The writer, who is anonymous, tells us what he means by his designation of his book. "An interpretation," he says, "is not an invention, a mental construction, a speculation, but a vision of living reality as seen in the light of its own life." This perhaps is not quite so clear as it might be; but the author's intention is to see and declare the workings of God, and thus His character, as displayed in the history of the world. The book is divided into three parts, dealing with what, in ordinary language, we should call the Revelation of God in its three progressive stages; in the pre-Christian period, in the Person of Jesus Christ, and lastly, in the Church, or, as we might express it, by the manifestation of the Holy Ghost. On this last point the author departs most widely from the conventional language of theology. The first book is entitled, "From the Beginning," the second, simply "The Incarnation," whilst the third has for its title, "The Divine Human Fellowship;" and this third book is by no means the least interesting or the least suggestive of the three; but to the orthodox there will be a sense of ominous silence as to the work of the Holy Spirit.

The general spirit of the book, and also the author's relation to recent philosophical movements will be discerned in the following words from his introduction: "The presence of the divine, as real, is that which gives life all its glory and spiritual death all its sting. We evade this presence when we substitute for its real manifestation some abstract notion which is but a shadow thereof. The anchorite enters not into a spiritual exaltation, but into the ecstasy of a shadowy world. Abstruse study of divine things leads into the same realm. God is to be found only in the Real because He is a Spirit, since the Spirit is manifest only in some pulsing and throbbing embodiment. All of nature shows us God. All of Christ shows us Him; and we especially find Him in identifying ourselves with all humanity in Christ."

Now, on one side of the subject, this is admirably stated. Of course it is a commonplace of philosophy now, that all our knowledge comes to us by the way of actual experience. It is also important to point out the utter viciousness of those so-called spiritual notions, according to which men may make themselves more acceptable to God by separating themselves from their fellowmen. We are sure that the author does not mean to exclude that contemplation of the Divine which the Platonist regards as the supreme felicity, although his words do not seem to leave a place for it. The contemplation of God as pure spirit need not be the mere gazing at an abstraction.

We have referred to the paradoxical character of some portions of the book. We will refer to one or two examples. Thus, at p. 22, he says, "No thought of justice can occur in this Presence;" and then he goes on, "Justice is met by sacrifice, and an imputed righteousness to the sinner by imputed sin to the sinless one." We fully grant that there is a way in which these statements may be defended. Human justice is, doubtless, a very clumsy representative of any divine attribute or mode of working; but the same might be said of any word employed to tell us what God is and does. Surely we may speak of God acting righteously; and we must do so, unless our God is a mere synonym for existence, and personal action is denied to the Being so designated.

The unique character of the attitude and work of our Lord is thus set forth (after the quoting of some of His sayings): "Of all men that have lived upon the earth there has been but one who has uttered such speech. Others have laid down conditions of life, in creeds and philosophies, or have stimulated men to the struggle for life through good works and penances, but He alone has said, 'I am the Life.'" "There is no divine quality in condescension," he says, p. 185, in reference to the coming of our Lord as a divine condescension. All that we remark upon this is, simply that, in that case, there is no divine condescension in anything. The writer has no need of tricks of this kind, but something must be allowed for American leanings to Emersonianism. He is very hard upon established churches without, as we think, having properly considered the circumstances. In one place, p. 51, he tells us that "the Ionic school had resolved all into the four elements," but we do not remark any other similar lapse. The volume will repay perusal.

THE August *Quiver* brings with it a new serial entitled "The Other Son," which promises to be attractive. There is pith in the tale, "A Rejected Plank," and "Sick Room Comforts" is worth reading for the sake of the practical information contained in it.

NUMBER THREE of the first volume of the *Presbyterian and Reformed Review* has a varied and attractive table of contents. We notice such names as Professors J. Mark Baldwin, Samuel M. Woodbridge, W. G. Shedd, Sir Wm. Dawson, James McCosh, and others.

THE *Trinity University Review* for June-July contains, amongst other interesting matter, a poem by Rev. K. L. Jones, of Kingston, entitled "Lake Minnewauka." The vexed question of Musical Degrees is taken up, and a paper by C. Scadding and College news comprise the balance.

*Paving and Municipal Engineering* is a new monthly, dealing with the objects indicated in its title and, we should judge, an exceedingly useful and necessary publication. Those public-spirited citizens of Toronto who are interesting themselves in asphalt and block-paving should find in it a useful aid.

*Macmillan's* for July has a strange pathetic tale by the author of "Aut Diabolus aut Nihil" called "A Waltz of Chopin." The picture of the Dantesque Dwarf and his self-sacrifice for the child of the woman who scorned his love and met an awful death, and the description of Maryx contrast strongly, both touching the plane found in Ouida's novels where the deeply pathetic and outrageously extravagant are found cheek by jowl. Mrs. Oliphant continues "Kirsteen," and there are two other good papers, one by G. W. Hartley and the other unsigned. T. Baily Saunders sends a paper, examining what may be called the debt possibly owed to Lessing by Goethe in the production of the latter's "Faust."

RICHLY illustrated and full of interest is the *English Illustrated Magazine* for July. "The Needlework Guild" is told of by H. R. H. Princess Mary of Teck, one of the most popular and estimable of our German Royal cousins, and by Lady Wolverton who is always engaged in some good work. Old Etonians, and there are many out here, will find Mr. Maxwell-Lyte's article on Eton College full of pleasant reminiscence, historical and personal. The article is finely illustrated and is backed up by one on Athletics by Rev. Sydney R. James, dealing with that side of an Etonian's life. The Earl of Dunraven's country seat is described by Lady Enid Quin and an "Overland Route from India" is described by Sir Donald Wallace. The art of Silhouetting is amusingly gossiped about and illustrated by Andrew Tuer, and William Morris continues his serial, "The Glittering Plain."

BREEZY, attractive, and generally refreshing is *Outing* always. One takes it up after the more ponderous magazines with a sense of rest and relief. The July issue has for its leading article a picturesque paper, finely illustrated of "A Visit to Carthage and Tunis," by Colonel Cowperthwait, which is followed by one "Cycling in Europe," by Frank M. Farwell. Yellowstone Park is described by A. B. Guptill, who descants on the wonders of that marvellous region with appreciative prolixity. Lieutenant Leary continues his paper on "The National Guard of Vermont," and gives portraits of the more prominent officers. *Outing's* new department, Lawn Tennis, takes us to the headquarters of that game on the Pacific Coast, and an interesting paper on the "Soo," by a New-Englander, tells of the joys of fishing in that district. "Fly-trolling at Night for Black Bass" is another article of a similar nature. Numerous other papers full of interest and variety bring up the rear.

THE July *Andover* opens with a paper by Professor Joseph Le Conte on "The natural grounds of belief in a personal immortality," which ends in a practical plea for rational Christianity against such human substitutes as Positivism. By *personal immortality*, the writer is careful to explain, is meant the *spiritual personality* of men. Geo. B. Stevens, of Yale, sends a critical paper on St. Paul's style and modes of thought, pointing out the frequent parallelism that occurs throughout the great Apostle's writings, and his realization of religious truth as a personal relationship and not abstract ideas. The most attractive article of the number is a somewhat lengthy review of "The Story of William and Lucy Smith," by Henry Loomis, who enjoyed the personal friendship of these poet-philosophers. Miss Earle and Professor Ellis Thompson contribute interesting papers and the usual departments are well filled.

THERE are many good things in the July number of the *Nineteenth Century*, among others an article by Oscar Wilde, couched in the form of a dialogue, entitled "On Criticism." Arthur W. Palmer stoutly maintains the veracity of his article "What I saw at Tel-el-Kebir," despite Lieutenant Campbell's uncompromising denial. Professor Huxley handles "Lux Mundi" without gloves in his customary way, and Sir John Pope Hennessy, who is well qualified for the task, writes on the "African Bubble" in a brief and pregnant manner. The threatened disfigurement of Westminster Abbey is dealt with by the Editor and diagrams are appended to elucidate the text. An interesting article is that by Frederick Greenwood on "The Press and the Government;" in one part of which he discusses the inconvenience or convenience to a newspaper of ministerial relations. The King of Sweden concludes his memoir of Charles XII., and "The French Opera" is a chatty paper, half historical, half musical, with the unavoidable spice of scandal. Other interesting papers make up the balance.

### LITERARY AND PERSONAL GOSSIP.

WE direct the attention of our readers to the announcement of a Prize Story Competition upon page 531.

MR. F. C. BURNAND's burlesque of Stanley's book, "In Darkest Africa," is a great hit, and is immensely popular in London.

THE "Life of Admiral Collingwood," upon which Mr. Clark Russell is engaged, will contain a number of hitherto unpublished and important letters.

THE British and Foreign Bible Society has been enabled to secure the Fry Library of British Bibles. It is looked upon as the finest collection in the world.

A NEW novel by Señor Valdes, "La Espuma," has gone to press. It deals with the present state of the Spanish nobility, which is represented as very corrupt.

MORE "Looking Backwards" are on the press, the three-hundredth thousand being announced. The crop of imitations promises to be large, but pitiable as to quality.

MR. GEORGE DU MAURIER, the artist of *Punch*, has finished his "Novel of Society," which, with illustrations by himself, will appear in *Harper's Magazine* next year.

THE name of the work on which Mr. Andrew Lang and Mr. Rider Haggard are jointly engaged is "The World's Desire." It will run as a serial through the *New Review*.

LAMB collectors the world over will be glad to learn that Mr. North, of Scribner's, is at work upon a bibliography of the genial essayist; and an exhaustive work it promises to be.

THE story is told that the Rev. Dr. Edward Everett Hale once wrote a book, using for the purpose only the time spent in waiting at railway stations on lecturing and other trips.

THE clever poems of Mr. Warham St. Leger, which have been appearing for some time past in the columns of *Punch*, are about to be published, with the title "Ballads from *Punch*."

THE next volume of the "Camelot Series" will be called "Great Reviews." It will consist of early famous critiques of the works of Scott, Byron, etc., selected from English periodicals.

MRS. MARY J. HOLMES, who recently returned from a year's trip almost around the world, has embarked for Alaska, where she will spend the entire summer, accompanied by her husband.

GOLDSMITH'S "Deserted Village" has been translated into the tongue of the Hindu race by Sri Dhara. It is an almost line-for-line translation, and preserves nearly all the ideas of the original.

THE biography of Sarah Bernhardt will be ready in September. Special interest will attach to numerous letters of the actress to be included in the work. Madame Bernhardt writes in an animated style.

REV. A. M. MACKAY was a missionary whom Mr. Stanley met at Uganda, and who died soon after. He was called the "St. Paul of Uganda." His life has been written by his sister and will soon be published.

MR. WM. BLACK has made considerable progress with his new story, which he will name "Stand Fast Craig-Royston." The work portrays Scotch and American society, and some of the scenes are laid in London.

THE *Critic* of July 19 contains the names of the nine "Immortals" recently chosen by the surviving members of the "American Academy" elected by its readers in 1884 to succeed the Academicians deceased since that date.

HER MAJESTY has been graciously pleased to accept a copy of "The Historical Families of Dumfriesshire, and the Border Wars." The book is written by Professor C. L. Johnstone, St. John's College, Qu'Appelle Station, Canada.

MISS KATHERINE LEE BATES, the author of the new book, "Hermit Island," just issued by D. Lothrop Company, is associate professor of English literature in Wellesley College. Miss Bates is now on an extended tour through Europe.

ROSSITER W. RAYMOND, the life-long friend of Henry Ward Beecher, has furnished the introduction to Mrs. Mary Storrs Haynes' collection of the most representative thoughts of the great preacher. It is bright, characteristic and personal.

THE Brentanos are organizing to go into publishing on a considerable scale. Their "list" up to this time, though choice, has been limited. They announce a volume of poems by a well known New Yorker, to be called "Songs from the Attic."

AN interesting historical paper in the August *Wide Awake* will be "The Last of the Wampanoags," in which Pamela McArthur Cole describes the Princess Teweelma and certain direct living descendants of the old New England chieftain, Massasoit.

PROF. DRUMMOND'S "Natural Law in the Spiritual World" has had an immense success; and now it is announced that 120,000 English copies of his sermon on the Bible, "The Greatest Thing in the World," have been circulated, besides translations into various languages.

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD has promised to write for *Scribner's* three articles upon Japan and Japanese life. Mr. Robert Blum, who was sent out by the *Magazine*, has arrived in

Japan, and is making the drawings to illustrate these articles, under the guidance and suggestion of the author himself.

HEINE is to have a monument at Düsseldorf, in spite of determined opposition. The committee, which was dissolved, has been re-formed, the poet Paul Heyse is drawing up a manifesto for the German people, Ernest Herder has prepared two designs for a statue, and William II. has inspected them.

THE committee organized to purchase, as a Wordsworth Memorial, Dove Cottage, once the home of the poet, is headed by Lord Tennyson. They have abandoned the scheme for a museum in the cottage, and if the popular subscription enables them to purchase the cottage, will hold it as a trust for the contemplation of literary pilgrims.

"THE SPEAKER'S ERROR," by X. M. C., one of the leading articles in the July number of the *North American Review*, was ordered printed in its entirety in the *Congressional Record* as part of the regular business of the House of Representatives on the 11th inst. This is the first time in the history of Congress such a distinction has been accorded to any periodical.

IN a special despatch from Providence, the *Tribune* says that the report comes from a trustworthy source that Charles L. Colby and Joseph Pitman Earl, both "well-known New York millionaires," who have long taken an interest in the affairs of Brown University, have offered to give \$500,000 for the establishment of a technical school in connection with the college.

RADICAL changes having taken place in the constitution of the firm of Messrs. Remington who are going to alter their style to Eden, Remington and Co. It is rumoured that a large publishing firm in Paternoster Row is to be turned into a limited company, the shares being retained in the hands of the present partners. Mr. Yates declares that the Longmans have already taken a similar step.

MR. CHARLES BOOTH, who has undertaken to write an account of life and labour as seen in the East End of London, is well on the way with his second volume, his plan embracing four. This second volume will probably be ready in March of next year. It relates to the southern and central districts, and will be illustrated with "poverty maps for all London," carefully coloured to show the various grades of social misery.

CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW has received an autograph letter from the Prince of Wales, acknowledging the receipt of his "Orations and after-dinner Speeches," recently published by the Cassell Publishing Company, New York. The Prince expresses his thanks warmly and indicates his belief that a perusal of the book will assist him greatly in his work of preparing the numerous addresses he is called upon to deliver on ceremonial occasions.

AN invitation was sent to Prince Bismarck by the American students at Göttingen to attend the Fourth of July fêtes at that place. In his reply, which was written in English, the ex-Chancellor said: "Of the four distinguished Americans who are to be honoured with memorial tablets, I have had the privilege of counting two among my intimate friends—Motley and Bancroft. Therefore I am doubly sorry that it will be impossible for me to take part in your interesting ceremony."

AN agitation has been started in Paris by a small but influential journal to chase the English from the opera. The grievance appears to be not against English residents, who, for the most part, accustom themselves very rapidly to the polite exigencies of the polite city, but against the unfortunate tourists who are brought over by the "specially conducted" agencies. These, says the journal in question, come to the opera in most ignoble style, with untanned shoes, check ulsters, and billycock hats. They often occupy the best places, and are thoroughly repugnant to their French neighbours. The writer of the articles calls upon Parisians to "chase the English from the opera until they know how to present themselves in decent style."

MR. WARD McALLISTER called at the office of the Cassell Publishing Company, New York, the day before he left New York for his farm at Newport, and delivered the manuscript of his book, "Society as I have Found it," into the hands of the President of the Company. Since he decided to write the book Mr. McAllister has worked on it every day and only completed it in time to leave town before the Fourth of July. A glance at the manuscript shows that it will more than fulfil the expectations of the public. No more interesting volume of its kind has been written since Lord Chesterfield's letters, which it strongly resembles, for it combines reminiscence with instruction, precept and anecdote, running side by side through its pages. A portrait of Mr. McAllister taken a few days ago, expressly for the purpose, will form the frontispiece of the book.

MODERN physiologists, says a Berlin correspondent of the *London Lancet*, regard the pre-frontal part of the brain as the seat of character and intellect. After the removal of this part in dogs and monkeys, no paralysis of any muscle or loss of sensibility occurs, but singular changes in the behaviour, emotions, and character of the animals have been observed. They become livelier, restless, impatient, irritable, quarrelsome, and violent. Their movements seem purposeless, and their attention to what is going on around them, and their intelligence, are diminished. These observations have been confirmed by similar phenomena in the case of human beings.

READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE

AT A DINNER OF ARTISTS.

(National Academy, April 8, 1890.)

"The Romans had a frivolous fashion of crowning their brows with roses, in *convivio*; the ancient Egyptians had the solemn custom of having a death's-head at their feasts. Which of these pagan races was the wiser—the one that forgot itself in life, or the one that remembered itself of death?"

SITTING beside you in these halls to-night,  
 Begirt with kindly faces known so long,  
 My heart is heavy though my words are light,  
 So strangely sad and sweet are art and song.  
 Twin sisters, they, at once both bright and dark,  
 Clinging to coming hours and days gone by  
 When hope was jubilant as a morning lark,  
 And memory silent as the evening sky.  
 Where are the dear companions, yours and mine,  
 Whom for one little hour these walls restore,  
 Courteous and gracious, of a noble line,  
 And happy times that will return no more?  
 Farewell and hail! We come, and we depart:  
 I, with my song (ah! me); you, with your art.

—R. H. Stoddard, in *The Century for July*.

ROMANCE REDUCED TO FIGURES.

THERE is an English literary man who, at the end of each year, penetrates into the published fiction and extracts therefrom very often some exceedingly interesting figures. The results of his researches into last year's fiction are entertaining. Of the heroines portrayed in novels, he finds 372 were described as blondes, while 190 were brunettes. Of the 562 heroines, 437 were beautiful, 274 were married to the men of their choice, while 30 were unfortunate enough to be bound in wedlock to the wrong man. The heroines of fiction, this literary statistician claims, are greatly improving in health, and do not die as early as in previous years, although consumption is still in the lead among fatal maladies to which they succumb. Early marriages, however, are on the increase. The personal charms of the heroines included 980 "expressive eyes" and 792 "shell-like ears." Of the eyes, 543 had a dreamy look, 390 flashed fire, while the remainder had no special attributes. Eyes of brown and blue are in the ascendant. There was found to be a large increase in the number of heroines who possessed dimples; 502 were blessed with sisters and 342 had brothers. In 47 cases mothers figured as heroines, with 112 children between them. Of these 71 children were rescued from watery graves. Eighteen of the husbands of these married heroines were discovered to be bigamists, while 7 husbands had notes found in their pockets exposing "everything." And thus is the romance of a year reduced to figures.—*Ladies' Home Journal*.

A VISIT TO THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

WE are going to the House to-night. Sir Frederick has an important Bill coming on in the evening, and wishes us to hear the debate. He goes down early, and sends us tickets for the Speaker's Gallery, to which one gains admittance only by a card from Mrs. Peel. We climb many steps, and a benign elderly person in knee-breeches and a great gold insignia of office shows us into a grated cage that looks down over the house, which is quite full. At one side of us, a bit lower, is the Ladies' Gallery, grated like our own. I wonder if they fear we shall get into mischief that they cage us up like monkeys? We are directly over the Speaker, and see only the canopy of his chair, the curly white wigs of his three clerks, and the enormous gold mace. On the tier below is the reporters' gallery—fagged, hard-worked looking men, who scribble furiously. One can see what they are doing quite well, and it is noticeable that most of them write in long hand. Their account of the debate is to be found in the *Times* next day, and the speeches as given by them are far more succinct and forcible than when the members delivered them. Opposite is the gallery for distinguished strangers, and crosswise run the galleries for the peers. From time to time some one drops in from the House of Lords—now also in session—and stays to hear a portion of the debate. Now it is a portly, florid old gentleman who listens with his hand behind his ear; and now some slim, pink-cheeked boy just succeeded to the title, immaculately arrayed in evening dress, with a pink peony in his button-hole. The Conservatives sit on the green-cushioned benches to the right of the Speaker; the ministers in front. Mr. Arthur Balfour, Secretary for Ireland, is speaking when we enter. A tall, slender man, with little silken brown ripples all over his head; good-looking, calm, and faultlessly dressed; and with delicate, slender hands, which he rests on the desk before him as he speaks, very languidly, but clearly, and with a slight hesitation. They are talking about Ireland as usual. On the bench from which he has just risen sit Lord George Hamilton, also handsome, tall, and dark-haired; Mr. W. H. Smith, leader of the House, whose head is very large and quite bald; Mr. Goschen; and the rest of the ministers. Behind sit the Conservatives, a fine body of men, extremely well set up, wearing glossy silk hats, and looking, on the whole, rather indifferent and bored, grinding out an occasional "Hear! hear!" when Mr. Balfour makes a point against his opponents. This gentleman is saying in polite parliamentary phrases, and with a somewhat fatigued manner, that he considers his accusers liars, one and all. When he is done, Mr. Gladstone takes the word, rising from the opposite benches, and looking extremely white and feeble, speaking

keenly and to the point, in the trembling, squeaky tones used by the sage old man. Close beside him is Lord Hartington, with his hat tipped over his eyes, his legs thrust out, and his hands in his pockets. Further back, among the Irishmen, is Bradlaugh, the famous infidel, rosy and genial, and very like the late Henry Ward Beecher in appearance. Finally the Irishmen get on their feet one after another—Dillon, O'Brien, Parnell—and scream fluently and vituperatively at Mr. Balfour, who looks over his notes and pretends not to hear them. Sir George Trevelyan, nephew of Macaulay, speaks on the Irish side with the polished roundness of the elocutionist; and a certain Mr. Fowler, with his laconic severity, brings a flush to Balfour's forehead and makes him stir angrily. In the gallery with us is a large handsome old lady with much white lace around her head. Lady B—whispers to me it is Mrs. Gladstone, who is known as the Stormy Petrel, for there is sure to be trouble brewing when she appears. It is rumoured to-night that her husband hopes to cut the Government majority on the Land Purchase Bill down lower than it has ever yet been. She shows little excitement, but watches affairs attentively through the grating. On one side of us sits a slim girl in red, so interested in the debate that she has thrown off her hat and gloves, and pushed back her hair from her forehead. She holds the bars with both little white hands, and will not miss a word—a high-bred, pretty creature, evidently an ardent Conservative, who gives us much information in whispers as to members and the state of the Bill. On the other side sits one I take to be an American from her excessively perfect raiment and her little rising inflections. At ten minutes of eight the Speaker declares a recess of half-an-hour, and the members troop out to dine.—*Miss Elizabeth Bisland, in Harper's Bazar*.

IN GLAD WEATHER.

I do not know what skies there were,  
 Nor if the wind was high or low;  
 I think I heard the branches stir  
 A little, when we turned to go:  
 I think I saw the grasses sway  
 As if they tried to kiss your feet—  
 And yet, it seems like yesterday,  
 That day together, sweet!

I think it must have been in May;  
 I think the sunlight must have shone;  
 I know a scent of springtime lay  
 Across the fields: we were alone.  
 We went together, you and I;  
 How could I look beyond your eyes?  
 If you were only standing by  
 I did not miss the skies!

I could not tell if evening glowed,  
 Or noonday heat lay white and still  
 Beyond the shadows of the road:  
 I only watched your face, until  
 I knew it was the gladdest day,  
 The sweetest day that summer knew—  
 The time when we two stole away  
 And I saw only you!

—Charles B. Going, in *July Scribner*.

A CHECK UPON EARLY MARRIAGES.

A VARIETY of arguments, based on science, prudence, and economy, have often been urged against the headlong folly of very early marriage. Reasoning of this kind, however, has unfortunately but little influence with such as those who commit the folly in question, for, indeed, it is not reason in any recognisable degree which guides their crude calculations. If it were, the probability of overstrain in child-birth, which is the natural counterpart of early functional activity, of domestic discord and beggary, and their too common social accompaniments, would not be so freely and frequently encountered. These matters are part of the tribute which will always be paid, while, for the want of native sense and sound home training, fancy is allowed to guide one of the most important concerns of life. The one available means of cure for this prevalent evil consists in a just exercise of parental control, but this, we need hardly remind ourselves, is only too easy of evasion. In a case lately reported to the Holborn Board of Guardians a juvenile couple and their infant, already dependent on the rates, were said to have been married by the Superintendent Registrar on receipt of a forged notice of consent purporting to have come from the girl's father. The lesson thus conveyed was not lost on the Board, which decided to notify the Registrar-General as to the wisdom of instructing an official to make personal enquiry in all such cases respecting the wishes of the parents in regard to the matrimonial ventures of their children under adult age. The proposal is certainly a sound one, and represents the minimum of justifiable interference on the part of a society which regards its own most natural interests.—*Lancet*.

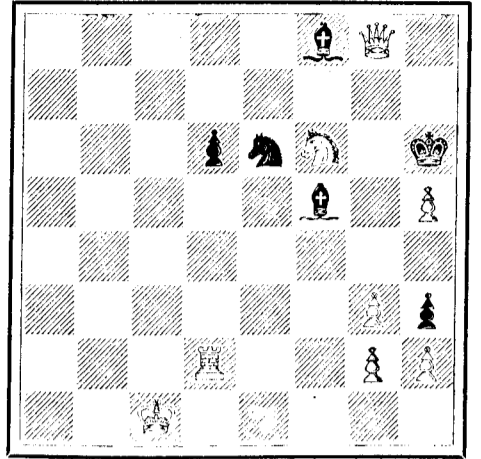
THE woman in sight is the woman wanted; that is the terrible power of actresses.—*Balzac*.

ONE of the "precious uses" of adversity is, that it is a great reconciler; that it brings back averted kindness, and causes yesterday's enemy to fling his hatred aside, and hold out a hand to the fallen friend of old days.—*Thackeray*.

CHESS.

PROBLEM No. 481.

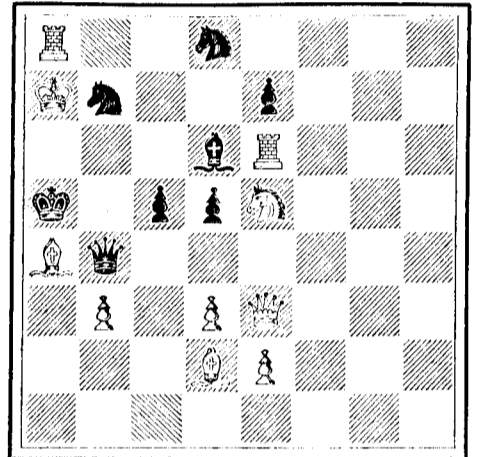
By K. KONDELIE, Svetovor.  
 BLACK.



WHITE.  
 White to play and mate in three moves.

PROBLEM No. 482.

By J. C. J. WAINWRIGHT, Birmingham, Eng.  
 BLACK.



WHITE.  
 White to play and mate in two moves.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEMS.

No. 475.

White.

- 1. Kt-Q 3
- 2. B-Q 5
- 3. Q x P mate
- 2. Q x R +
- 3. R x B mate

No. 476.

Black.

- 1. R from R5-K 5
- 2. K x B
- 1. R-B 4
- 2. P x Q
- Q-K B 2

With other variations.

GAME BETWEEN HERR E. LASKER OF BERLIN, AND MR. H. W. TRENCHARD OF LONDON.

The score and notes are from the London Eng., *Central Times*.

EVANS GAMBIT.

White.	Black.
Herr E. Lasker.	Mr. H. W. Trenchard.
1. P-K 4	1. P-K 4
2. B-B 4	2. B-B 4
3. K Kt-B 3	3. Q Kt-B 3
4. P-Q Kt 4	4. B x Kt P
5. P-B 3	5. B-B 4
6. Castles	6. P-Q 3
7. P-Q R 4 (a)	7. Kt-B 3 (b)
8. P-Q 4	8. P x P
9. P x P	9. B-Kt 3
10. B-Q Kt 5	10. P-Q R 3! (c)
11. B x Kt +	11. P x B
12. P-R 5	12. B-R 2
13. Q-B 2	13. B-Q 2
14. P-K 5	14. P x P
15. B-R 3	15. P-B 4
16. P x K P?	16. Kt-Q 4
17. R-Q 1	17. Kt-Kt 5
18. B x Kt	18. P x B
19. P-K 6!	19. P x P
20. Kt-K 5	20. Castles! (d)
21. R x B	21. Q-B 3
22. Kt-Kt 4!	22. Q x R
23. Kt-R 6 +!	23. K-R 1
24. Kt-B 7 +	24. R x Kt
25. R x R	25. Q x P
26. R x B P	26. B-Kt 3 (e)
27. R-K 7	27. P-Kt 6 (f)
28. R-K 4	28. R-K B
29. Q x K P	29. R x P!
30. R-K 8 +	30. R-B dis +
31. K-R	31. B-B 4! (g)
32. P-R 1	32. Q-Kt 5
33. P-Kt 3	33. P-Q R 4
34. P-R 5	34. R x R
35. Q x R +	35. B-B 1
36. P-R 6	36. Q-K 2!
37. P x P +	37. K x P
38. Q-Kt 5	38. Q-K 8 +
39. K-Kt 2	39. Q x Kt

And after a prolonged contest, Black won (h).

NOTES.

- (a) An unusual move at this stage, and premature till White has played P-Q 4.
- (b) Mr. Trenchard thinks he ought to have played 7 \* \* K-R 4.
- (c) The only move to save the piece.
- (d) Best. The way Black conducts his game is worthy of high commendation.
- (e) Necessary to avert the mate and free the R.
- (f) Here we would prefer 27 \* \* Q-Q B 4, forcing the exchange of Queens, with an easily won game. 27 \* \* R-K B would be met by 28 K-R.
- (g) 31 \* \* Q-B 4 would lose a piece!
- (h) As interesting a game as we have seen for a long time.

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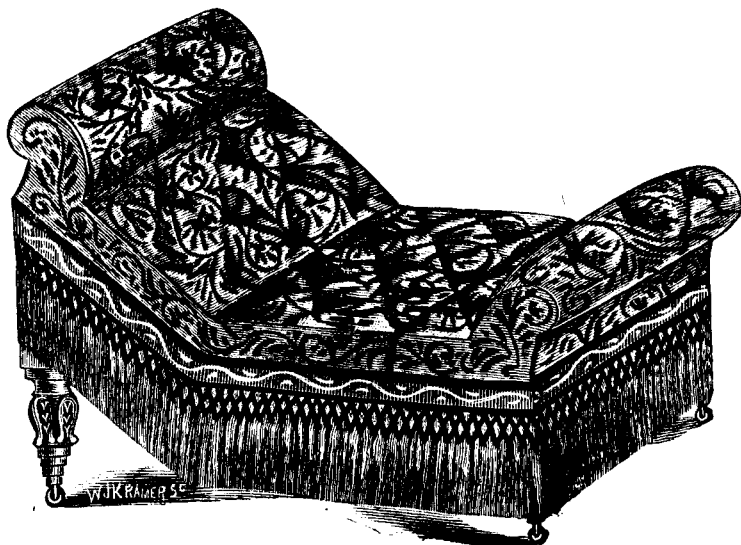
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Dear George was almost crazy when mamma told him what the doctor said, and I nearly cried my eyes out, but one day I overheard that 'hateful Nelly Parker' say to her mother, 'I think that George Blauvelt is just too lovely for anything, and when the girl he's engaged to dies, and they say she is dying of a galloping consumption, I'm going to step into her shoes and become Mrs. George Blauvelt; now just you wait and see.' This spring I noticed George seemed to be almost resigned to the idea that we should never be married, and the thought that that despicable hussy might get him after all nearly drove me crazy. One day I read the testimony of Lawyers Howe and Hummel as to the wonderfully invigorating effect of DR. CAMPBELL'S ARSENIC WAFERS, and I resolved to try what they would do for me. I commenced their use on the 4th of July. George had just sailed for Europe on business for his firm. On Sept. 18 he returned. I was, from the use of the Wafers, by that time again a well woman, and so enraptured was I with my healthy and robust appearance, so that he insisted we get married the very next day. I could not say him nay, and, as you will see by my card, I am now Mrs. George Blauvelt. Do call soon and let me introduce George to you; I am sure you will like him, he is so handsome, and as good as he is handsome. Good-by; be sure not to forget."

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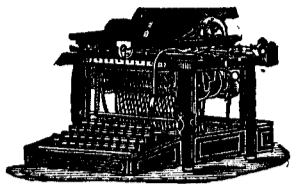
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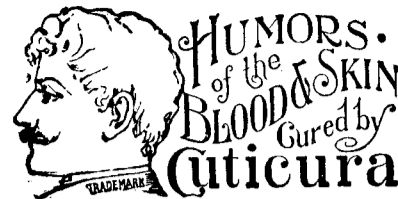
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