

THE WEEK

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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
CURRENT TOPICS	1107
THE FUTURE OF DEMOCRACY	1109
HAS THE PARLIAMENT OF CANADA CONSTITUENT POWERS?—II.	1110
<i>W. H. P. Clement, LL.B.</i>	1110
CANADA FROM AN ARTIST'S POINT OF VIEW.—II.	1111
<i>T. Mower Martin, R.C.A.</i>	1111
<i>Z.</i>	1113
PARIA LETTER	1114
<i>Rev. Frederick George Scott, M.A.</i>	1114
IMPRESSIONS OF THE PARLIAMENT OF RELIGION.	1114
<i>Fidelis.</i>	1117
<i>Helen M. Merrill.</i>	1117
<i>Pastor Felix.</i>	1118
<i>F. Blake Crofton.</i>	1118
<i>William McGill.</i>	1119
MODERN PHILOSOPHY	1119
<i>Art Lover.</i>	1119
LIBRARY AND THE DRAMA	1120
<i>Art Lover.</i>	1120
LIBRARY TABLE	1121
<i>Art Lover.</i>	1121
LIBRARY AND PERSONAL	1122
<i>Art Lover.</i>	1122
PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED	1123
<i>Art Lover.</i>	1123
<i>Art Lover.</i>	1124
<i>Art Lover.</i>	1125
<i>Art Lover.</i>	1126
<i>Art Lover.</i>	1127

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

CURRENT TOPICS.

The statement that the expenditure of the Federal Government was about \$113,000 less during the last three months than during the corresponding months of the preceding year, is not only gratifying but suggestive. One of the chief obstacles in the way of tariff-reform is the necessity for a large revenue. Unfortunately, so much of the Federal expenditure is fixed that the opportunities for the application of the pruning knife are reduced within a narrow compass. Yet the fact above mentioned, assuming that no service of importance has been suffered during the period covered, would seem to indicate that very successful attempts are being made to cut down the expenditure. One hundred and thirteen thousand saved every three months would mean a reduction approaching half-a-million per year, which would be a handsome reward for a pretty rigid economy. Weak

firms sometimes add to their financial difficulties by increasing their outlay in order to keep up appearances. We do not mean to suggest that there is any resemblance in point of weakness, but we have sometimes had a suspicion, which is, we believe, shared by many, that Canada has fallen into somewhat extravagant ways for a young and not over-rich country; partly, possibly, for the sake of effect. We do not accept, without qualification, the dictum that it is impossible to reduce the tariff without reducing the revenue. We believe that it might be quite within the power of a Canadian Gladstone to increase the revenue by judicious reduction of the tariff. Whatever tends to increase trade by lessening the obstacles in its way, tends at the same time to increase revenues. But there will be a double scope for tariff-reform if it be found possible to largely reduce expenditure at the same time that the burden of taxation is being lessened.

The visit of an eleven of cricketers from Australia to our city is an event of interest to many besides the devotees of that almost ideal sport. The advent of these gentlemen just at this time, when special efforts are being put forth to promote better acquaintance and freer intercourse with our fellow-colonists on the other side of the globe, may be accepted as an omen of success for those efforts. Canadian players of the game and Canadians generally are too many to let the fact that the Canadian eleven who had the temerity to enter upon an unequal contest with the visitors were predestined to defeat, affect the cordiality of their welcome. The high reputation of the Australian team, confirmed as it has been by five months of play with the best elevens in the Mother Country, made it almost hopeless for any which could be brought together in Canada, where so little attention, comparatively, has as yet been given to the game, to enter the lists. It will be something, however, for those interested in cricket amongst us to have had the opportunity of witnessing a match in which players of the very highest skill and science yet developed in connection with it took part. An attempt has been made to crown lacrosse as the Canadian national game, but no one who contrasts the rough-and-tumble methods of the one with the self-possession, nerve, activity, and science developed in the other, can fail to recognize the decided superiority of cricket. It is to be hoped that the visit of the Australian eleven may

tend to popularize cricket in Canada. We see no reason why a return match might not be played a year or so hence, in which a Canadian eleven would prove themselves equal to the best which either Australia or the Mother Country can produce. Meanwhile we congratulate our visiting cousins on their superior prowess and hope that they may carry away the most pleasant memories of their Canadian tour.

There is something almost childish in the exuberance of the delight of the French at the visit of the Russian fleet. Such a demonstration is possible only amongst an impulsive and mercurial people. Allowance must be made for the peculiar temperament of the race. Even the special pains taken by the Czar to have it understood that the visit was a mere matter of courtesy, utterly destitute of political significance, which would have proved an effectual damper to the enthusiasm of almost any other nation, had little or no effect upon the multitudes who vied with each other in showering shouts and gifts and honours upon their visitors. One cannot but wonder what effect all this had upon the minds of the more phlegmatic Russians themselves. Politicians who are accustomed to maintain a strict reserve while year after year steadily, unfalteringly, relentlessly pursuing some policy that has been marked out for them, or some future aggrandisement which is set before them as an aim, will find it hard to understand those who delight in the atmosphere of excitement and who manifest to the whole world their delight at receiving a not very extraordinary mark of attention. It is doubtful whether such an exhibition of excitability is calculated to promote the alliance which the French so much desire. Indeed, it is not hard to give some credence to the rumour which says that the Russians are more likely, after all, to court the friendship of Germany than that of France. On the French side there is something almost pathetic in this unconcealed eagerness to secure the friendship and alliance of the great Northern nation. It is suggestive of national isolation. Why should France be so nearly friendless among the surrounding nations that no one of them is disposed to seek her alliance or favour? Can it be wholly due to a prudent dread of the power of Germany and the Triple Alliance, or has the course of the French themselves, their tendency to hysterics on the one hand, and

the low moral tone indicated by such revelations as those of the Panama scandal, on the other, tended to create distrust of the integrity and stability of the Republic?

The action of the New Brunswick judges in sentencing Mr. J. V. Ellis, a former member of the Dominion Parliament, to a fine of \$200 and a month's imprisonment, for an alleged contempt of court, committed six years ago, is one of so rare and peculiar a kind that it cannot fail to excite a good deal of comment. The events which led to the commission of the offence which is being thus tardily but severely punished, attracted much attention at the time, but will probably have faded into indistinctness in most minds after so many years. The offence of Mr. Ellis, who was and is the editor and proprietor of the *St. John Globe*, consisted of some criticisms which he made in the columns of that paper upon the action of Judge Tuck, of the Superior Court of New Brunswick, in issuing an injunction prohibiting the Queen's County judge from recounting the ballots in the case of a disputed election. The facts connected with that election and the proposed recount were so peculiar that they constitute an important part of the whole case. The difficulty arose out of the action of the returning officer in declaring elected the candidate who had received the minority of votes, on the technical ground that the candidate who had the majority had made his election deposit personally, instead of through his agent. We cannot at the moment recall the words in which Mr. Ellis criticised the action of Judge Tuck. They were no doubt severe. We do not suppose that the fact, which is now we think admitted, that the Judge's prohibition led to a manifest failure of justice, would be accepted as a plea of justification. An action for contempt of court was soon after commenced against Mr. Ellis, and has been continued ever since, with the result above stated. In the face of a prosecution so persistent and relentless, it behooves journalists to be careful how they comment upon the case. But probably we shall be safe in expressing the opinion, in which we feel sure that most of our readers will concur, that the court which finds it necessary to rely upon the rigid enforcement of a special law, of doubtful wisdom, instead of upon the strength of its own reasonings and the judicial dignity and impartiality of its own procedure, for the respect due to its authority, is probably taking the wrong way to attain its end. Mr. Ellis' counsel has given notice of appeal to the Privy Council.

How often a good cause is weakened by the use of a bad argument. Even the most eloquent advocate is in danger of making the mistake of attempting to prove too much and so shaking the faith of his hearers in regard to that which

he does actually prove. We have already pointed out that Mr. Laurier and other advocates of tariff reform have made this mistake in attributing the decline in farm values to the protective tariff. This tariff may, no doubt, be a contributory cause. It is pretty clear, for instance, that if our farmers, especially those near the border, could, by means of a reciprocity or mutual low tariff arrangement with their neighbors, get higher prices for their horses and cattle, eggs and poultry, etc., and at the same time procure, with a part of the money thus gained, implements for tilling their farms and corn for feeding their pigs, at lower rates than those at which they can now purchase the one or raise the other, they would reap a double benefit, and, as a consequence, the value of their farms would be increased. Yet it must be clear to every candid enquirer that the chief cause of the falling off in land values is the opening up of the fertile and almost illimitable prairie and other lands in the great West and North-West. By persistently pointing to the decline in the value of Ontario farms as one of the results of the National Policy, Mr. Laurier laid himself open to the sharp home-thrusts which Mr. Foster so skilfully and forcibly delivered in his speech at Elmira the other day.

Yet Mr. Foster's logic, great as was his advantage at this point, is scarcely less vulnerable than that of Mr. Laurier. Its weakness arises from the same cause—attempting to prove too much, to pile Pelion on Ossa. Mr. Foster, for instance, says: "Let Mr. Laurier have his free trade tomorrow, does your wheat quote one single cent higher in the markets of the world? I say No! It is a fact that great wheat lands have been opened to the world, where farming has taken place on an immense scale, that machinery has come in to do the work of thousands of men, and consequently the production of wheat has overreached the demand. Naturally the price of the article has fallen. He is a quack, and worse than a charlatan, that would make you believe that wheat has fallen merely because of the fiscal system that you happen to have in this country and which they happen to have in another country." But a slight analysis is necessary to show that what is genuine in this argument is much weakened by being mixed with what really counteracts its strength. It is perfectly obvious that free trade could not cause wheat to be quoted one cent higher in the world's markets. That, by the way, does not prove that freeing the channels of trade and thus giving easier access to intermediate distributing points might not raise the price by much more than a single cent to the Canadian producer. But does not Mr. Foster see that the argument from the introduction of machinery really tells both ways, for by enabling the Ontario farmer to lessen the cost of production it should counteract the tendency to

decline in the value of his farm. So, with still greater force, may it be said that the fact, if it be such, that while "the prices of farm products have fallen, the prices of every article that the farmer has to buy for his family have fallen as well," and that "they have even fallen several degrees more in per cent. than the market values of the articles produced by the farmer have fallen," cuts the ground from under his whole explanation of the cause of the decline in the value of farms. What can be clearer than that if, while the prices of the articles the farmer has to sell have fallen, the prices of those which he has to buy have fallen still more, he is really better off than he was before the decline, and that his farm should, consequently, be more instead of less valuable?

Thus it is that our statesmen, in their eagerness to make points, forget the relation of the various parts of their arguments, and counteract the force of one contention by the introduction of another. In one respect, and it is a broad and fundamental one, the reasoning of the tariff-reformers is the sounder. Mr. Foster says in effect: "The falling in price of almost every article you farmers produce is the result of causes beyond our control; but it is more than offset by the greater fall in price of almost everything you have to buy. The logical conclusion is, as we have said, that the farmer ought to be better off than ever before. But the average farmer knows well by hard experience, that he is not more prosperous, but far less prosperous than he used to be. We cannot blame him if with him the logic of tangible fact is stronger than that of the Finance Minister's eloquence. When in this mood he is met by Mr. Laurier and told that the real question with reference to the things he has to sell is not whether prices have fallen in the world's markets, but whether he is in any way prevented by a false fiscal policy from netting from their sale the highest price that the state of the world's markets makes possible; and that the real question with reference to the things which he has to buy is not whether they are so many per cent. cheaper than they used to be, but whether he is prevented by a false fiscal policy from obtaining them at as low a price as he otherwise might, the farmer can hardly be blamed if he cries out "That is so," and resolves to examine into the matter more closely and independently than he has ever before done, with a view to satisfy himself in regard to the correct answers to those two questions.

The Church Congress which held its sessions a week or two since in Birmingham was in some respects specially noteworthy. One of the marked features of the opening days was the presentation of an address of welcome on behalf of the Nonconformist ministers of the city, and the extremely cor-

dial reply made for the Congress by the Bishop of Worcester. In the course of this reply the Bishop recognized the assistance the church had always derived from Non-conformists, and referred to spheres of Christian usefulness in which both could work together harmoniously without either making any sacrifice of principle. This certainly points to a much more practicable and hopeful means of promoting Christian union than the formulation of impossible articles and dogmas, as was done a few years since at the Lambeth Conference. A second peculiarity of this Congress was the fact noted by the President, the above-named Bishop, that it was more than any other a working-men's Congress. For the first time working-men had been invited to choose the subjects for discussion at the working-men's meeting. Not a very wonderful concession, one might say, yet as it was now done for the first time it none the less signified progress. A surprise to many of his hearers would no doubt be the President's hearty acceptance in its main features of what had been described as an "insidious attempt to introduce the thin edge of disestablishment and disendowment unawares"—the Parish Councils Bill. So far from taking this view, the Bishop regarded it as the natural and necessary corollary and supplement of the County Councils Bill. He warned his hearers against the tendency to hastily assume that measures were hostile to the Church. Some so regarded had turned out to be either beneficial or innocuous.

Coming to the question of Disestablishment itself, the President admitted that "it was in the air." Disestablishment in Wales was only a step to disestablishment in England. There was no such body as the Church of Wales. The Church in Wales, he declared, was as much a part of the Church of England as the Church in Yorkshire or in Cornwall. The Bishop may be pardoned for thinking that disestablishment, whether partial or complete, would be a blow to England and to the national life. But when he went on to say that "it was not one which they ought to contemplate with alarm, as if it were irreparable, and must of necessity paralyze or cripple the power of the Church," and to declare that "her life and power did not depend on establishment or endowment," he was greeted with applause which was very significant. It showed that the sentiment struck a responsive chord in the minds and hearts of the members of the Congress. Having gone so far, it is a pity that the Bishop could not have seen his way clear to go farther and advise his hearers to accept disestablishment and disendowment in advance, and discount the effects beforehand, instead of declaring their determination to do their utmost to resist the inevitable. It is pretty clear, however, that the defence is not likely to

be very long or very strenuous, when the defendants so plainly foresee and confess that the battle is going against them. Still, after this admission, it is scarcely too much to hope for that the members and adherents of the Church will yet go enough farther to see that right is on the side of those who are denouncing the establishment as an injustice and demanding that all churches be put on an equal footing. It would be a grand spectacle to the world, and save the nation a vast amount of hard feeling and bitterness, could the Church but acquiesce in the will of the majority, and voluntarily resign the invidious advantages it now holds. Such a step in the interest of religious equality, freedom and brotherliness, would be a spectacle for the nations.

THE FUTURE OF DEMOCRACY.

For weal or for woe, both the spirit and the methods of democracy are gaining ground rapidly throughout a large part of the civilized world. Every new extension of the suffrage in constitutionally governed countries is, of course, a step in that direction, and every such step is practically irretaceable, for whether the result prove beneficial or the opposite, it is useless to expect that any considerable class of the people, having once obtained a share in their own government, will ever voluntarily relinquish it to return to its former state of political impotency, while any attempt on the part of those previously accustomed to rule to restore the old order of things would, almost surely, be the signal for a struggle in which the many would be pitted against the few, the masses against the classes, in unequal contest.

Whether universal suffrage would be a boon or a bane to those who are demanding it in various countries is not just now the question. That would no doubt depend upon circumstances. But that the current is setting strongly in that direction in various European countries is too clear to admit of doubt. To say nothing of the radical measures now on the Liberal programme in England, or the progress of socialism in its various phases in Germany and elsewhere, it is but a short time since Belgium, in the adoption of its new constitution, made a great stride towards democracy. Just now the Liberal Cabinet of Holland has a reform bill on its programme and actively promoted by its Prime Minister, which will increase the votes from three hundred thousand to nearly a million, which means practically universal suffrage. As the movement in Belgium no doubt stimulated that in Holland, so the example of Holland, in its turn, will not fail to have its effect upon other countries. Other influences, such as international trade-unionism, will tend powerfully in the same direction. Thus the movement goes forward, gaining momentum as it goes.

What will be the effect of all this upon the legislation of the future? It is already sufficiently clear that the ideas of the coming rulers are widely, radically different from those of the old, in respect to almost every important function of legislative bodies. Slowly, in the nature of things, but no less surely, these new ideas must make themselves felt. In the past, when parliaments and legislatures were composed almost exclusively of the land-owning, professional, and titled classes, it was but a natural consequence that the spirit and aim of law-making should tend to the conservation of property and privilege. This means simply that the law-makers looked upon questions which came before them from their own standpoint. The trend of legislation in all progressive countries has been for many years steadily in the direction of larger regard for the rights and the general well-being of the laboring masses. Nowhere has this tendency been more marked than in Great Britain and her colonies. But as in most countries the balance of governing power has still been in the hands of the "classes," the reforms introduced and carried out from time to time have been rather in the nature of concessions to popular demand than the outcome of the adoption of new theories of government. But the indications are clear that, when the representatives of the workingmen shall have attained the ascendancy which their numbers will give them under universal suffrage on the "one-man, one-vote" principle, they will no longer be content with this kind or rate of progress.

In a recent article, the London Spectator comments with much severity on what it calls the "levity" of the Trades-Union Congress at its late meeting. It is disappointed to find working men among the number of those who are ready to try the most momentous experiments in government, without the hardest thinking and the greatest clearness of view with regard to what the end will be. Yet it finds in the Belfast Trades-Union Congress more than three hundred delegates—representing, they say, more than nine hundred thousand workmen—accepting principles which, if carried out, would at once revolutionize the conditions under which labor is carried on throughout the entire kingdom. One resolution, for instance, was carried by 137 votes against 99, affirming that all labor candidates, if assisted by the party, "must pledge themselves to support the principle of collective ownership and control of all the means of production and distribution"—"that is," says the Spectator, "must support by votes and speeches the most gigantic of all revolutions, the transfer of all lands, all mines, all factories, all shops, and all fruitful capital, to the State, which is to become the sole employer of labor. We wonder how many of the three hundred delegates had ever thought for an hour on what that tremendous proposal meant; had ever

considered by what means it could be carried out; had ever reflected that, as against each trade, the interest of the consumer—that is, everybody outside the trade—is low wages; had ever seriously reflected whether he would, or would not like, an employer without a rival, who could make his own laws, who was impersonal and therefore pitiless, who would control all military force, and who would be compelled to put a summary check on idleness by giving the idle the lash!"

The Spectator probably puts the case too strongly in two respects. In the first place, we are inclined to think that it underestimates the amount of thought that is being given to such questions by the leaders of the workingmen. The idea of the State ownership of all natural sources of wealth, such as the land, mines, forests, etc., has unquestionably taken a very deep hold upon many of the most intelligent and thoughtful of the representatives of labor, and has received and is receiving an amount of discussion, both in private conversation and in the meetings of their organizations, which would perhaps be a surprise to the Spectator, were it made a matter of observation for a time. In the second place, the labor representative would probably maintain that the Spectator has forgotten the fact that, under the new order of things proposed, the State, the universal employer that is to be, is but another name for the people themselves—that, in other words, the people would become their own employers as well as their own capitalists. This is, however, by the way. Our present object is not to argue the matter for or against the theories of either the Socialists or the Radicals in the ranks of labor, but simply to call attention to some of the signs of the times which are worthy of more consideration than they have hitherto received from the leaders of opinion.

That we are on the eve of great political and social changes must be apparent to every student of current affairs. Nothing can be much more certain than that in the future, and that no distant future, the ideas of the working classes are to have much more influence upon public opinion and State legislation than hitherto. It is perhaps but fair to set over against the apparent "levity" of which the Spectator complains, the fact that those who advocate these revolutionary changes are well aware that they cannot be brought about all of a sudden. They know well that, like all other great changes, these so-called radical reforms, if wrought at all, can be wrought only by slow and gradual processes, and after protracted and exhaustive agitation. But, they would probably say, and not without great force, that the only way in which great reforms have ever been or ever can be wrought without violent revolution, is by the bold and decided advocacy of those who have faith in them. The man who fears to com-

mit himself unequivocally and enthusiastically to any great radical, social, or political change will never accomplish anything of importance in the direction of that change. Its strongest advocates need have no fear that the forces of conservatism will be too soon overcome, or that the change will be brought into practical operation too suddenly. In a word, the only way to propagate great ideas and to effect great reforms is for those who believe in them to throw themselves without hesitation or reserve into the struggle. They may be well assured that there will be brakes enough on the wheel to prevent its gaining dangerous speed, especially seeing that its course must be an up-hill one in any case.

It is worse than folly for the leaders of thought in society and the State to ignore such facts and phenomena as those which called forth the Spectator's article. The seeds of these revolutionary ideas are in the air and are constantly dropping into soil, much of which is fruitful ground for them. If they are dangerous ideas, if they threaten destruction to the whole political and economical fabric, the greater the reason why they should be boldly challenged and confuted. Such events as the great mining strikes in England will do much to stimulate thought and discussion. The question of State ownership of the natural store-houses upon the contents of which the industrial and social well-being of the whole nation depends, is now being considered as never before. It cannot be denied that there is much in the theory of national ownership and control which is attractive to thoughtful minds. The main difficulties are moral ones. Must it be confessed that the nations as a whole are still so much under the influence of selfishness, greed and dishonesty that such theories must be scouted as visionary and absurd?

HAS THE PARLIAMENT OF CANADA CONSTITUENT POWERS?—II.

In a former paper I arrived at this conclusion, that the language of the Colonial Laws Validity Act, 1865, is sufficiently wide to confer constituent powers upon our representative legislatures unless the B. N. A. Act of two years later date contains provisions inconsistent with the application to Canada of the earlier general provision. To keep the matter clearly before the reader I again quote the language of the earlier Act:

"Every representative legislature shall in respect to the Colony under its jurisdiction have and be deemed at all times to have had full power to make laws respecting the constitution, powers, and procedure of such legislature."

This provision applies of course to colonial legislatures to be thereafter established as well as to those already in operation. There must be a beginning to everything and the initial organization of the legislature with which a colony is to commence operations must necessarily be prescribed by an Imperial Act. The fact that express provision is thus made for

this initial organization, even to details, affords no argument against the applicability of the Colonial Laws Validity Act, for *ex hypothesi* there must be the representative legislature duly established before the powers conferred by that Act can attach. What we have to ask therefore is: Does the B. N. A. Act make express provision, not as to the various details of our constitution, but as to the alteration of those details? Is anything said as to the making of laws respecting the constitution powers and procedure of our various legislatures, federal and provincial?

We have in this connection to apply the well established rule of interpretation expressed, as so many of our legal maxims are, in the Latin—*mentio unius exclusio est alterius*—the sound common sense of which must commend it to our acceptance. If the framers of the B. N. A. Act had intended that the legislative bodies to be established in Canada should have the power covered by the very wide words of the earlier Act, we should expect to find nothing said about this power in the B. N. A. Act. Upon the establishment of those bodies they as representative legislatures would be at once by virtue of the general provision of the Colonial Laws Validity Act, clothed with "full power to make laws respecting their constitution powers and procedure." But if on the contrary we find that the B. N. A. Act is silent on the point, that our provincial legislatures are expressly empowered (sec. 92, s. 1) to make laws respecting the amendment from time to time of the provincial constitutions ("except as regards the office of Lieutenant-Governor") and that no similar provision is to be found conferring like power in respect to its constitution upon the federal parliament, we must conclude that the omission was intentional. This argument, however, drawn from a comparison of the provisions made for the federal and provincial legislatures respectively, I leave for the present and confine myself now to those provisions which relate solely to the parliament of Canada. If we find that the parliament of Canada is expressly empowered to make laws respecting only certain parts of its constitution, and that it can legislate respecting its powers only in a limited fashion, the application of the above maxim leads almost irresistibly to the conclusion that it was not intended to confer the wide power specified in the earlier Act. Special permissive provisions would be entirely unnecessary if the general provision of the earlier Act were intended to apply. I say nothing as to procedure for to it very different considerations apply. Power to regulate its own procedure is one of those things "necessary to the proper exercise of the functions which it is intended to execute" and is therefore impliedly granted whenever a legislative body is established in a British colony by competent authority. Positive provisions must of course be obeyed and that ground avoided which is covered by restrictive clauses, but for the rest colonial legislatures have always had and exercised the power to regulate their own internal procedure. I shall therefore refer only to those provisions of the B. N. A. Act which relate to "powers" and "constitution."

The word "powers" in the Colonial Laws Validity Act has reference to powers other than legislative, such, for example, as the power to commit for contempt of the authority of the legislature, to compel the attendance of witnesses or the production of papers before

the House or its committees. Colonial legis-
 tures early claimed to possess these "powers"
 to the same extent as they were exercised by
 the Imperial Parliament, and it was in refer-
 ence to this claim to powers which savour
 somewhat of the jurisdiction of the courts and
 trench somewhat upon the liberty of the sub-
 ject that question was raised in colonial courts
 and finally debated before the Privy Council in
 England. The claim was negated, as was more
 fully pointed out in the former paper. The
 Colonial Laws Validity Act, however, now con-
 fers upon every representative legislature full
 authority to legislate respecting its "powers,"
 but it is manifest that in this matter of "pow-
 ers" that Act does not apply to our federal
 parliament, because the B.N.A. Act (in sec. 18
 as amended in 1875) expressly provides that
 the parliament of Canada must not confer upon
 itself or its members powers, privileges or
 immunities beyond those from time to time
 possessed by the Imperial Parliament and its
 members. Ours is not "full power." We
 may only follow in their footsteps.

A perusal of the clauses of the B.N.A. Act,
 which provide for the "constitution" of the
 parliament of Canada makes it equally clear
 to my mind that the "full power" mentioned
 in the Colonial Laws Validity Act cannot be
 claimed on behalf of our federal parliament.
 To repeat what has already been said, if we
 find that these clauses prescribe, step by step,
 what the form of organization is to be, that in
 some of them power to alter the form pres-
 cribed is expressly given, while in others no
 such power is conferred, the maxim above
 quoted applies, and we must conclude that
 where the power is not given it does not exist.
 To show just how this alternate insertion and
 omission occurs throughout these clauses I run
 them over shortly, italicizing the various pro-
 visions which the parliament of Canada is ex-
 pressly empowered to alter.

The Parliament of Canada is to consist of
 the Queen, the Senate and the House of
 Commons. There are to be yearly sessions.

The Senate is to consist of 72 members, 24
 from each of the three divisions—Ontario, Que-
 bec and the Maritime Provinces—of which Can-
 ada is to be deemed to consist "in relation to
 the constitution of the Senate." Under certain
 circumstances the Governor-General may,
 upon Her Majesty's direction, appoint three
 or six additional senators, equally from each
 of the above divisions. Certain qualifications,
 property residential and otherwise, are pre-
 scribed for members of the Senate. Their ap-
 pointment is to be by the Crown for life, sub-
 ject to a possible subsequent disqualification
 on certain specified events. The Governor-Gen-
 eral may from time to time appoint a senator
 to be Speaker of the Senate, and may remove
 him and appoint another in his place. *The*
presence of at least 15 senators, including the
Speaker, shall be necessary to constitute a
quorum. A majority vote, including that of
*the Speaker, is to govern, the negative win-
 ning when the voices are equal.*

The House of Commons is to consist of
 elected members, elected for certain specified
 electoral districts. *The election laws in force*
*in the respective provinces regulating the qualifi-
 cations of candidates and voters and prescribing*
the procedure at elections and for the
reversal of controverted elections are to apply
to the elections of members of the House of
Commons of Canada. As between the pro-

vinces the principle of representation-by-popu-
 lation is to govern, Quebec, with a fixed num-
 ber (*sixty-five*), being the pivotal province.
 In order to enforce the observance of the above
 principle, a redistribution as between the pro-
 vinces must take place every ten years, found-
 ed upon the results shown by each decennial
 census. The House of Commons is to be pre-
 sided over by a Speaker elected by the House
 from among its members. In case of the ab-
 sence, for any reason, of the Speaker from the
 chair for 48 consecutive hours, the House may
 elect another of its members to act as Speaker
 during the continuance of such absence.
 Twenty members constitute a quorum for the
 transaction of business. A majority vote is to
 govern, the Speaker voting only when there is
 a tie. Subject to the exercise of the preroga-
 tive of dissolution, the House of Commons is
 to continue for five years from the return of
 the election writs.

It will be seen that the above provisions
 established a well-defined form of organization,
 in other words, a "constitution" for the fed-
 eral parliament. Power to alter that form is
 given only in regard to the very few details
 which I have placed in italics. It would be an
 interesting task to examine these various de-
 tails with a view to unearthing the reason for
 giving the power of alteration in each case.
 For such a detailed examination there is not
 sufficient space in a short paper, and I must
 content myself with pointing out that, looking
 at the matter broadly, power to alter is con-
 ferred only in certain matters which lie close
 to the line which divides "procedure" from
 "constitution." In regard, however, to the
 particular matter which has given rise to these
 papers, it is of interest to note that, on com-
 paring the provisions which relate to the
 Speaker of the House of Commons with those
 which touch the Speaker of the Senate, there
 is the clearest ground for applying our maxim.
 Power is expressly given to the Parliament of
 Canada to provide for the case of an absent
 Speaker of the Commons. None is given in
 the case of an absent Speaker of the Senate.

All the arguments hitherto advanced lead up
 to and support the one great argument against
 the possession of constituent powers by the
 Parliament of Canada, namely, that the B.N.A.
 Act throughout all its clauses recognizes the
 fact, historically indisputable, that the consti-
 tution of the federal parliament was matter of
 agreement between the federating provinces.
 We have the authority of the Privy Council
 for saying that "the object of the Act was
 neither to weld the provinces into one nor to
 subordinate provincial governments to a cen-
 tral authority, but to create a federal govern-
 ment in which they should all be represented,
 entrusted with the exclusive administration of
 affairs in which they had a common interest."
 The word "federal" carries with it the idea
 of a central government, the constitution of
 which has been agreed upon by the parties to
 the federal compact. Among colonial consti-
 tutions that of the Parliament of Canada is
 unique. As yet it has no counterpart through-
 out the British Empire. We should, then,
 expect that if any alteration in the constitution
 of our federal parliament is at any time con-
 templated, the parties to the federal compact
 should be consulted. We certainly should
 not expect to find that the federal parliament
 has been given power to alter of its own
 motion the federal constitution. The same

reasoning does not apply to the provincial
 constitutions and consequently it is not matter
 of surprise that each provincial legislature is
 expressly empowered to amend its constitution
 from time to time "except as regards the
 office of Lieut.-Governor." The application
 of our maxim leads to a conclusion in conson-
 ance with our reasonable expectation; a clause
 conferring general power on a federal parlia-
 ment to alter its constitution is just what we
 should not expect to find. None of the argu-
 ments in favor of giving constituent powers to
 those colonial legislatures which possess the
 sole legislative power within a single colony,
 (subject always, of course, to the ultimate
 supremacy of the Imperial Parliament) are ap-
 plicable to a federal body such as the Parlia-
 ment of Canada. Those who contend that our
 federal parliament has constituent powers
 other than those expressly conferred must, to
 be logical, carry their contention to the extent
 of sanctioning, for example, the abolition of
 the Senate by dominion legislation, or the
 abandonment through like legislation of the
 principle of representation by population,
 which now obtains as between the various
 provinces; must contend, in short, that the fed-
 eral parliament can of its own motion and
 without reference to the provinces, subvert
 those features of our federal constitution
 which were originally carefully considered and
 agreed upon as the basis of confederation.

I should, perhaps, before closing this article
 advert to the argument lately advanced in
 certain quarters that the language of sec. 91 of
 the B. N. A. Act is sufficiently wide to con-
 fer the power in question to the parliament of
 Canada. This is the section which, under the
 heading "Distribution of legislative powers:
 Powers of parliament," enumerates the classes
 of subjects in relation to which the Parliament
 of Canada may pass laws. The section does
 not touch the question. Given the Parliament
 of Canada constituted in conformity with the
 requirements of the earlier clauses of the Act,
 sec. 91 proceeds to define the field for its legis-
 lative operation. "Given the machine, this
 is the work it may undertake." No clause of
 the section conveys the power to make consti-
 tutional changes, and the fact that in the fol-
 lowing section which defines the field for the
 operation of provincial legislation there is an
 express clause conveying such power to provin-
 cial legislatures over the provincial consti-
 tutions is, as I have already pointed out, an
 almost conclusive argument against the pos-
 session of constituent power by the Parliament
 of Canada except in regard to those few details
 over which such power is expressly given.

W. H. P. CLEMENT.

**CANADA FROM AN ARTIST'S POINT
 OF VIEW.—II.**

In our last paper we touched on a few of the
 salient points of Canadian scenery in a cursory
 manner. Now it is proposed to particularize a
 little more as to the special features and char-
 acteristics belonging to the landscape of each
 of the Provinces of the "larger half of the
 continent," and it may be hoped that the
 adaptability of the country for the purposes of
 the artist in all the various fields and phases of
 art, will be more apparent as we progress
 towards the setting sun.

For, naturally, following the course of civi-
 lization and of the first settlers on the conti-
 nent, we commence at the eastern coast, where

we find, to start with, subjects which are sufficiently important to attract a number of the best known artists of New York and Boston, who make annual visits to Cape Breton, the Bay of Fundy, and the Gulf of St. Lawrence, penetrating sometimes as far as the Straits of Belle Isle—for they have at last discovered that here are grander sweeps of coast line, loftier capes, more rugged cliffs and wilder tides than on the well-worn and familiar coast of Maine, so long their favorite haunt and sketching ground. Still but little of these grand coasts has as yet been portrayed by either American or Canadian artists, and still less of the picturesque life of the hardy denizens of these shores. Gaspé Cape and Roche Percé, Cape Porcupine and Halifax Harbor are familiar scenes in New York as well as in Toronto exhibitions, but the rugged north coast of Cape Breton, the Shickshock Mountains along the south shore of the St. Lawrence and the Watchish Mountains back of the north shore have received but little attention, while the Labrador and Newfoundland coasts yet await the artistic explorer, as do the realms to the farther north of Hudson Strait, Meta Incognita, and Baffin Land; the only practicable way to reach these inhospitable but still attractive and inviting shores being by means of a steam yacht, a conveyance that few Canadian artists may hope to command. As to the human life among these eastern regions it is picturesque by virtue of the strong contrasts it brings to view of man's littleness and nature's stern greatness, and at the same time of the heroism and indomitable energy of man in attempting to fight against the difficulties and hardships he encounters. What a contrast does many and many a little homestead along either shore of the St. Lawrence present. Cowering as it were amidst unlimited snow at the foot of the lonely cliffs and rugged escarpments of the mountain foot hills, the little stone house and the solitary barn may be often noted by the traveller along the Intercolonial Railway, with no sign of life but the thin blue thread of smoke curling up from its disproportioned chimney, the heap of straw and manure outside the stable window being the only bit of color besides gray in the whole picture. But it is intensely picturesque after all, and it is thoroughly Canadian. Who will paint it for the next R.C.A. exhibition? So too are the fishing villages scattered along the coast, sometimes, as on the Nova Scotia coast south of Halifax, on steep hillsides, each cottage separately built where the nature of the substratum and the absence of rocks permitted and where soil is so scarce that a few square yards are walled in with great care to protect them from the goats who here take the place of cows and who alone of all animals could find a living among the barren wastes and swamps. Others, as at Herring Cove, are built to take advantage of an inlet or natural harbor, and have a snug and compact look when the treacherous winds have driven all the boats to lie up together in the only safe place to be found. Here there is no want of subject matter. Always present are the changing sea and sky, the long reaches of sandy shore, the wild flights of sea fowl in the air, the gaunt rocks standing out where at every tide great waterspouts dash over them, and here may be seen the homely joys and, too often, perhaps, the tragic side of humble human life, not only in "watching the boats go out," when the waves are sparkling in the sun, but the long and lonely "watching for

the boat's return" in the darkness and the storm, and sometimes the finding of the old familiar boat bottom upwards on the beach in the rays of early morning after the night's storm, and the sad, sad search for the boat's owner, if haply the all-devouring sea may relent too late and cast him lifeless back towards shore and home. Yes, here sad subjects may be found in plenty, for see the village funeral with the bearers and the mourners all on foot (there are no horses) winding up the hills towards the little church that, although so small, serves for two or three of these little coast villages, the priest in his black robe meeting them at the gate and the group standing with uncovered head around the grave in the most picturesque graveyard, where natural rocks are used for gravestones and only local magnates use hewn stones: all pictures—and all waiting for the coming man.

It seems natural to take these eastern provinces as one, they are in their chief features so much alike, but they are not all coast. There are large stretches of fine agricultural land in each of them, everyone knows of the Annapolis Valley as the home of fruit-growers and farmers, and Longfellow has brought into notice Grand Pré and Blomidon, besides showing how the old French farm life lends itself to pictorial treatment, for perhaps no purely American poem has given rise to more pictorial illustration, as well as serious paintings, than has "Evangeline."

The French originally settled not only Nova Scotia but New Brunswick, which was part of the old poetic Acadie, and on the upper St. John River the bulk of the population is still French, as it is in almost all of Quebec, the few English in the eastern townships forming only a fragment of the population. And it is to be noted that, however naive and sincerely the rest of Canada may lament the isolation and some other characteristics of this component part of the population, the artist is not inclined to find fault with it, as it has preserved for his use some forms of home life and customs and some peculiarities in building as well as in costume that are becoming extinct even in old France itself, so that it has been well said that in some respects these people are more French than the mother country itself.

This we see in the old French part of Quebec, in the market, and many of the older streets and houses. We see it also in the rural districts, the huge churches surrounded by small houses, and in Montreal, chiefly in connection with the churches, worship, and funerals. More especially is this noticeable in the winter, when the habitants drive to market in their sleighs drawn by little rugged, wiry horses, descendants of those imported from Normandy in the old times. The habitants and their manners and customs have been to some extent immortalized and commemorated by the well-known Kreighoff, but much yet remains to be done. W. Raphael, of Montreal, has produced some excellent pictures of these people, but, owing to the want of appreciation of the Montreal art patrons, and the rage for cheapness instead of merit which is destroying Canadian art to day, has largely abandoned that field. The Montreal millionaires, who spend many thousands of dollars in French art of a sort that pleases them, would do more good for Canadian art by enabling this one artist to follow the bent of his genius and would make a far better investment for themselves, or at all events for their heirs and assigns, to use the legal phrase.

Quebec itself is a picture, seen from the river or from Point Levi, and it commands views of the river and islands and the St. Charles mountains which would amount to many pictures if taken in detail, while the coves along the river shore, with their busy scenes connected with the lumbering industry, and the docks and shipping, provide a succession of pictures which only emphasize the sad fact that while the material is plentiful the artists are wanting. Montreal, too, has many advantages from an artist's point of view—the old ecclesiastical buildings, the river and the so-called mountain constitute three important adjuncts to the city as an art object. It is, moreover, old enough to have some exceedingly picturesque buildings of a humbler sort, notably along some of the streets leading to the mountain and in the old French portion of the city. East of this, at Vaudreuil, Coeur de Landing and the villages along the river, fine old elm trees lend themselves towards making pleasant groups of trees and cottages, and in the evening, when sunset makes a background for the darkening masses, many a telling sketch may be found by those who possess the seeing eye like the late Allan Edson, whose excellent pictures and studies of the Montreal surroundings as well as of the St. Lawrence, Mount Orford and the Eastern Townships, are yearly more and more appreciated, now when also, no more can be procured. Mounts Orford, Elephantis and Owl's Head were favorite subjects with Edson, all of them situated on Lake Memphremagog and seen to the best advantage from within a few miles of the village of Magog; the view from the bridge on the river looking down the Lake with Orford and Elephantis on the right, and Owl's Head on the left, being very fine. On the St. Francis River, which runs by Sherbrooke and through Richmond, passing about five miles from Magog, there are fine picturesque views all the way to Lake St. Peter, which is merely a wide part of the river St. Lawrence. Back from the St. Lawrence, on the north shore, the artistic capabilities of the country are unexplored, but among the many French villages scattered all through the country there are an indefinite number of picturesque bits both of wild nature and habitant life, the picturesqueness of the latter being, strange to say, the outcome of an absence of all attempts to pose or to beautify. For it must be confessed that the adoption of modern fashions means destruction to artistic habiliments and surroundings, and is a fact for which it is difficult to account, that, however artistic a race the French may be, their descendants, the French-Canadians, do not show any aspirations in that way, and the absence of all attempts to beautify their homes and surroundings by the planting of trees and shrubs is a very noticeable feature to any one who studies their country, pencil and sketch book in hand. In many of these villages may be found those who add to their farm work the calling of trapper, or who go off to work in the lumber camps after the gathering in of the scanty crops. And this, no doubt, is one reason of the generally low productiveness of the farms, the poor breeds of the cattle and sheep kept, and the hand-to-mouth style of living prevalent among a large proportion of the population. The attempt to follow more than one business seems to be fatal to success in either of the branches followed, especially when one branch is trapping or hunting. Not until the rural population of Quebec stops at

PARIS LETTER.

land." This statement made the hair stand straight on the heads of his colleagues. M. Failet states there is no "people" in Russia, only an agglomeration of "races."

All that language at the present moment cannot be happy for ears polite. More important than all would be an authoritative statement how the loan just put on the market here is being taken up. No one seems to have thought of starting a subscription to erect a statue to the Czar. The Radicals laugh at the idea proposed of executing a *Te Deum* for the Russian sailors, who are proverbially religious; but that would shock the materialists, who think perhaps the Russian "Hymn," sufficiently sacred. It was in 1867 that hymn was first heard in France. Before the three Alexanders visited France, another Czar had opened the march—that was Peter the Great—7th May, 1717. The house where he resided—it is uncertain what trade he followed in the city of light—has had recently a slab placed on its facade to commemorate the event. In October, 1857, the Grand Duke Constantine visited Toulon with six warships, later proceeding to England. These were the "Let us be friends" shake of the hands, after the Crimean struggle. He entertained and was entertained at Toulon; then he visited Marseilles, and in the Segne dock-yard laid down keel for five Russian steamers. Passing on to Lyons, he was received with all honors, and seeing a "pope" wearing the Greek cross on his breast, he went forward and kissed that crucifix. He was wined and dined to the full during his fortnight's visit in the capital. Two eminent men threw off the mortal coil pending his residence—the poet, Alfred de Musset, and the well-known thief-catcher, Vidocq. There was a review in his honor of 60,000 men on the Champ de Mars. The Grand Duke, however, failed to negotiate an alliance with the Czar, who formerly opposed Napoleon's application to wed a red-haired Russian-Prussian princess. Gortschakoff declared he could never comprehend why the Emperor declined that alliance proposed by Alexander II., and so full of "organic sympathy."

When the first Alexander entered Paris in 1814, at the head of the allies, the Parisians regarded him as their deliverer from the tyrant Napoleon, and kissed his stirrups. In 1867, Alexander II. made his visit to Paris; it was in Exhibition year, and the month of June. He was accompanied by the Czarowitch, the present Alexander III. Many French, but few Russian, flags were displayed. To avoid the name of Boulevard "Sebastopol," he was taken round to the Tuileries by the Place Vendome, from the top of which, in 1814, the son of Babœuf threw himself off, in a rage at the conqueror passing by. Baron Haussmann gave a ball in the Czar's honor that cost the city 1½ million francs; in passing through the salons, so great was the crush of ladies to have a look at his Majesty that next to a block ensued: "Ladies," said the witty baron, "a little more room; you know how I like wide streets." The day after, being fired at by the Pole Berezosowski, the Czar purchased a picture from a Polish artist.

By inviting a selection of members of the French Press to its week's proceedings the British Institute of Journalists has made itself widely known. M. Campbell-Clarko, to whom reverts the honor of the idea, merits the gratitude of the English Fourth Estate: after Mr. Crawford, *place aux dames*, he is the English correspondent best known to, and most es-

The colliers' strike maintains itself and extends; it is the sympathetic echo of the English strike, and the rehearsal of the ideal full stop. Excepting the Anzin Mines, the largest and richest in France, all the other collieries are on strike, but here the strike, too, will make its way among the *freres* and infiltrate the mines like choke damp. In France, the colliers out are not so unprepared for resistance as formerly; besides, French miners can live longer and better on nothing, than their English mates. They have not yet tried a "war-loan," but that progress may be expected in due course. Then, the struggle between capital and labor will be only a matter of stomachs holding out—to starve each other down. The strikists do not oppose the new law inviting, voluntarily or obligatorily, the men and the masters, to come and appear before a local magistrate, who is to act as arbitrator. But as he has no power to enforce his Justice's justice, the remedy cannot be regarded with great hope. However, nothing is ever lost by bringing disputants face to face, and trying oil and sugar.

In presence of the labour evolution, the Government wisely only keeps the ring; the men do not occupy themselves about such questions as economic crises and finance pinchings; they only state they have no right to bear the lion's part of the consequences and the sufferings of these transformations; why are not shareholders ready, as they themselves, to make redoubtable sacrifices? Everyone all round should help to bear the burden. Why, say the colliers, should it be on our poverty that all the fluctuations in the price of coal should fall? Certainly, public opinion is now of accord that the worker ought to be considered a little more than the work. The collier does not expect that his master can dictate a price, artificial or otherwise, for coal—or any other out-put of toil; but he expects being secured his fair part in the proceeds of his labor. If necessary, consumers must pay higher to have their wants supplied; in a word, more humanity, by a little all round abnegation.

Reading between the lines, and taking stock of the increasing efforts to crack up the public, on the part of the press and the stereotyped Russophiles, the enthusiasm in honor of the Russian squadron's visit to Toulon, is losing its wild freshness of jubilant spontaneity; but it will be extensive and significant not the less, and in the latter point, not less so than the "dropping in" visit of British warships simultaneously to Italian ports. Many extreme radicals, who are now in official station, must feel themselves ill at ease at having their speeches and writings of some years ago against Russian rule thrown in their face. The *Debats* reminds Rochefort, who is now hotly in favor of the Russian alliance, that when Alexander II. was dynamited, he exulted over the misfortune of the unfortunate Czar—the same potentate that Floquet welcomed in 1867 by the cry, "*Vive la Pologne, Monsieur.*" The President actual of the Municipal Council, M. Humbert, was very fierce years ago in his attacks on Holy Russia, yet to-day has to sanction grants to welcome Muscovite sailors in Paris. Town Councillor Vaillant declines to become "the ally of the Czar," because the "atter is a despot and a capitalist"; he adds that "the natural alliance for France is that with Eng-

home and minds its business during the whole year can the capacity and productiveness of the province be known, for it is almost impossible for a good trapper to be a good farmer; the two callings are antagonistic, and almost invariably when a conflict arises between the two, between gathering in crops and going off to hunt, the hunting, which is another name for pleasure, overcomes the farming, which is another name for work. But here, again, the artist profits by the conflict, and the writer must confess to having profited by the little ardour that the back country farmer shows in following his profession: he has known a farmer on a new clearing to leave his barn unfinished, while the wheat was standing out in shock for weeks exposed to the weather, in order that he might join in a deer hunt, and he has engaged men to stand and sit for models for artistic purposes under threatening skies while their oats were waiting to be housed. "Well, it looks like a little like ram, but I guess I'll risk it," would be the remark made, as the man led his horse or oxen to the necessary position and entered on the long talk that to him was, perhaps, as potent an inducement as the money.

But times change with men and manners, and in order to preserve what is left of the picturesque life of old Canada, it is necessary that the present opportunities be not lost, but that before the changes come that will introduce one dead level of excellent monotony, instead of the old picturesque habits antecedent to perfect civilization, the artist immortalize or at least perpetuate the best features of the old regime.

Poor old regime! It was very picturesque. One day, about ten years ago, the writer was sketching at Riviere du Loup. As he passed a French-Canadian farm there was quite a crowd of excited people, all talking together in the farm yard. All the generations of the family down to little children were there, and all gesticulating and chattering at once. Stepping up to the fence and peering over through the mass of people, he caught sight of a portion of a new, brightly-painted mowing machine, and it appeared that the family and the hired men were discussing how it worked, or which end went first, or something to that effect. The writer went on his way, and after a day's sketching returned and found the machine standing, in solitary state, on the same spot, and all the men patiently working away in a row with the "poor old crooked scythe," and very much more picturesque they looked against the evening sky than any clicking arrangement of iron, painted bright vermilion, rattling away through the clover as if it were professionally abating a nuisance. It seems the united wisdom of old and young had given up the machine as something too intricate to be understood and they had settled back into the ways of their forefathers and concluded that it was good enough for them. But, no doubt, those times are past and the machines now rattle and click through the clover and timothy, mowing more acres in a day than their owners' forefathers did in a week, and losing only the picturesqueness of which they never were aware

T. MOWER MARTIN.

According to an election return just made to the British Parliament, there are 6,229,120 voters in the United Kingdom. There were 4,592,482 in England, 270,276 in Wales, 747,271 in Ireland and 619,091 in Scotland.

teemed by, the French public. As for M. de Blowitz, "none but himself can be his parallel" Mr. Campbell-Clarke is popular from his affable manners, courteous disposition, and the irreproachable manner in which he has on all occasions maintained the honor and dignity of the British Press in France. He has ever been a warm and zealous friend of the Institute, never actuated by narrow-mindedness, or those petty jealousies that animate not a few journalists. His place is naturally marked, and in the near future, for the presidency of the Institute. The Odyssey of the French delegation has not been quite happy; first, the English "guide," told off for their wants, ballooned himself with some dozen packages of French tobacco, perhaps intending to set up in the weed line, and explaining to a passenger on board the boat that he could "do the gauger," was surprised to find he was confessing to an excise officer, who instantly made him stand and deliver. Were it not for "influence," the entire deputation would have been submitted, as well as their baggage, to a search light examination—a "*Debate*" Zola never anticipated—for the Excise does not take literary distinction in payment of customs dues. The French papers are not quite satisfied at Zola absorbing all the attention of English journalists; his co-delegates did not expect to be converted into decorative duty for the great novelist—*hinc illae lacrymae*. The English journalists naturally crystallized their welcoming cheers round the most notable symbol of the delegation. As to Zola's paper on anonymous journalism, that's rather stale fish; in quoting the *Debats* and the *Temps*, as edited by anonymous writers, he blundered—they are only half and half so. By the law of 16th July, 1850, every writer was compelled to sign his contributions under a penalty of 500 francs for the first, and 1,000 francs for the second offence. Now a writer can act as he pleases. Some journals protest against Zola being accepted, either as the representative of the French Press, or of French literature.

The present times are hard for foreigners resident in France. It has been discovered that the foreign clergy attached to churches in this country are all spies, ready in case of an invasion to aid the enemy by their knowledge of his language and their acquaintance with the locality where they officiate; in a word, they are what the police recognize as *indicateurs*. Naturally the hue and cry is raised to clear out such clergy—in Paris alone, 100 of these "spies" are signalled; and by whom? By a denunciator who signs himself a patriotic French priest. What a pity the Zola wish to sign articles cannot here be enforced. There is a law, a century old, prohibiting the foreign clergy from holding appointments in France. Several journals insist that, with a view of lessening the danger of an invasion, the Minister of Public Worship, who pays all the clergy their humble pittance, should order the Bishops to hand in with their pay sheets, the baptismal certificates of the officiating clergy in their dioceses. Before now, men have entertained angels unawares.

At Nogent-sur-Marne resided a buxom widow, rich in this world's goods: she set her cap at a merchant, who, however, displayed no inclination for matrimony. Disgusted at his persistent refusal, she made her will, enclosed it in a bundle of valuable funded stock and scrip, leaving all her wealth to him: she threw

the bundle into the merchant's garden; then swallowed a "cup of cold poison," like Dinah, before his door, and was picked up dead.

Since the authorities have employed detectives on velocipedes to scour the Bois du Boulogne of thieves and prostitutes, not a shady nook is now to be avoided in Paris's Richmond Park. Why not try to catch moonlighters in Ireland by "peelers on wheelers?"

While goody-goody people are endeavoring to suppress gambling, Paris is organizing another "Gran Prix." The big prize of 100,000 francs has been voted by the municipality to bribe the wealthy to return for the season to the capital. Four English horses are entered. M. Carnot promises to attend if he can; his presence or absence will not affect the betting world. But papers short of copy will demonstrate that he is preparing himself for the dreadful operation hanging over him for months.

A man can be his own medicine chest, as it is asserted the wax of the ear is so efficacious for sore eyes that the blind might thus be restored to sight.

Good news for the famishing: Drs. Debore and Remond have discovered that our "stomach" is not at all necessary or indispensable for life or health. The dyspeptic will be glad to learn that if they can pass powdered chalk and carbonate of soda into their inner man, independent of the channel of the stomach, they will live to be centenarians and models of sociality. It is known that we can do without our spleen, since physiologists have never been able to discover its use in the animal economy. Another medical fact, that anxious mothers and professors of music should note: allowing the hair of little boys to grow down the back interferes with the formation of bones. Thus Nature, ever kind, is now gallant, as long locks do not interfere with growth of girls' bones.

"Chauvin," a patriotic name in France, is the appellation of the barber at St. Denis, whom the Socialists have elected their deputy. M. Chauvin has removed to Asnieres, so the curious who desire to be literally "shaved" by a French member of Parliament, when not engaged in his Solon duties, should take note. Price for the operation "barbe et Portugal," one franc.

Victor Emmanuel is said to have paid Napoleon III. for his "demi-liberation" of Italy in "fractional gratitude."

Z.

MY LATTICE.

My lattice looks upon the North,
The winds are cool that enter;
At night I see the stars come forth,
Arcturus in the centre.

The curtain down my casement drawn
Is dewy mist, which lingers
Until my maid, the rosy dawn,
Uplifts it with her fingers.

The sparrows are my matin-bell,
Each day my heart rejoices,
When from the trellis where they dwell
They call me with their voices.

Then, as I dream with half-shut eye
Without a sound or motion,
To me that little square of sky
Becomes a boundless ocean.

And straight my soul unfurls its sails
That blue sky-sea to sever,
My fancies are the noiseless gales
That waft it on for ever.

I sail into the depths of space
And leave the clouds behind me,
I pass the old moon's hiding-place,
The sun's rays cannot find me.

I sail beyond the solar light,
Beyond the constellations,
Across the voids where loom in sight
New systems and creations.

I pass great worlds of silent stone,
Whence light and life have vanished.
Which wander on to tracts unknown,
In lonely exile banished.

I meet with spheres of fiery mist
Which warm me as I enter,
Where—ruby, gold and amethyst—
The rainbow lights concentre.

And on I sail into the vast,
New wonders aye discerning,
Until my mind is lost at last
And suddenly returning.

I feel the wind which cool as dew
Upon my face is falling,
And see again my patch of blue
And hear the sparrows calling.

FREDERICK GEORGE SCOTT.
Drummondville, Que.

IMPRESSIONS OF THE PARLIAMENT OF RELIGION.

I.

From the classic beauty of Grecian palaces and colonnades—fountains and statues, and all the iridescent light and colour—a rainbow of the glory of many nations, which floods the World's Great Fair, it is—a sudden and sobering transition to the grave and sombre assemblage that met in the hall of the Art Institute, scarcely out of the rush and roar of the great city, and close to one of its gigantic railroads. At first sight, the assembly seemed a very ordinary and common-place one, except for a few turbaned and white or red-robed figures on the platform, which otherwise might suggest one of the conventional Society meetings rather drearily familiar to us all. This one, however, is on a scale, material as well as metaphorical, which we gradually appreciate as we come to realize the magnitude of the hall itself. But let us sit there awhile and listen to the earnest speakers. Let us realize that the representative figures on that platform represent, not merely the Christian Church in all its branches, but also all the more important of the other great world-religions, through which, however darkly, the spirit of man has been striving to attain some knowledge and communion with its Creator. It is much, certainly, to see grouped on one platform ecclesiastics of the Greek and Roman Churches, Armenian and Jew, side by side with Episcopalian and Congregationalist, Presbyterian and Methodist, testifying to the common basis of faith, the common bond of brotherhood, which should surely be always and everywhere recognized. But, when before this remarkable muster of Christian and Jewish representatives, one sees the darker but not less earnest faces of the Wise Men of the East, swarthy, turbaned Hindoos, white-robed Cingalese, shaven, yellow-robed monks from Japan, Moslem and Brahmin and Chinese, drawn from their distant homes, to meet their keen-witted brethren of the West—drawn, too, by their common interest in those sublime questions which are of such momentous importance to humanity, so infinitely more important than any other material glory it can create—its relations with the unseen

and spiritual; then, indeed, we may begin to realize the unique and unprecedented character of this comprehensive Council, as well as the inspiring thoughts and hopes which it suggests; and may agree with an enthusiastic speaker that it is "the greatest thought of the century!"

For may it not be at least a step towards the "Federation of the World," of the universal religion, and the wide-spread recognition of the brotherhood of man to which we look forward when we pray "Thy Kingdom Come!" It seems, indeed, a strange lack of faith in its own unassisted might, when Christians look askance, or with unconcealed dread and dislike on such a Congress as this. Still sadder lack of earnestness and faith is evinced by the most unchristian sneers which have found a place even in some religious newspapers, which have seemed unwilling to accord to this grand experiment the careful and respectful consideration which is the least it deserves from all interested in the good of the human race. As regards the objections made in some quarters that the dignity of Christianity would be in some way compromised by admitting to an equally respectful hearing the presentations of the other religions of the world, it is enough to remember that the invitation to the representatives of other faiths came in the first place from a Christian Committee. The representatives of our holy religion said, in effect, to others: "Come now and let us reason together. Say all you can in defence of your historic faiths; we will give you an attentive and respectful hearing; but listen with equal respect to what we, in our turn, have to say concerning the religion of Christ, and then judge between them." Is not this following the most rational as well as the most scriptural course? Is it not testifying, in the most convincing way, a true confidence that "great is truth, and mighty above all things," and that the Church of Christ is founded on a rock, "and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it?" Was it not in this spirit that the first great missionary to the Gentiles thought it not beneath the dignity of an ambassador for Christ to reason daily in the Athenian marketplace, and in the "school of one Tyrannus at Ephesus?" Certain it is that whatever conclusions may be hastily reached by those who will not correct their own pre-conceptions by a careful consideration, no thoughtful and candid Christian could attend the "Parliament of Religion," and calmly weigh its spirit and probable results, without feeling that the shallow criticism and shallower sneers it met with in advance could spring only from the conventional spirit which is the bane of our modern Christianity, and which it must shake off if it is in any adequate degree to discharge its glorious mission to the human race!

But the Parliament of Religion has also been a recognition of the truth which the great unthinking mass of the Christian world has been too apt to forget—though the more thoughtful portion of it is now beginning to recognize it—that what we call heathendom is not simply and solely a mass of degraded and corrupt superstition; that each great world-religion has a core or kernel of spiritual truth without which it could not have lived and been, to a certain extent, a light in the surrounding darkness; and that this kernel of truth is held by many earnest and honest men along with much that we regard as error with as tenacious,

and to a certain extent, intelligent grasp as that with which Christians generally hold the fuller and clearer light of Christianity. The failure to recognize this has led to many mistakes in Christian missions, and to very unreasonable calculations of the immediate results to be expected from them, often perhaps by missionaries themselves. St. Paul evidently did not expect to convert the Athenians from their long settled modes of thought by one sermon, or by many! When one sees how the belief of a Brahmin or a Buddhist is rooted in his whole scheme of thought and philosophy, how difficult it must be for him to appreciate the entirely different genius of the Christian religion with its spirituality and lowliness and loving dependence, one is compelled to feel that his conversion must necessarily turn on a spiritual rather than an intellectual basis, and that it must partake of the supernatural and divine element as much as did that of St. Paul himself, as indeed must every true conversion in our own Christian lands.

Still, intellectual conviction has, of course, no small influence on religious belief; and the presentation of Christianity by the most able and earnest leaders of Christian thought at such a congress must needs have a great and widespread influence on the minds of the representatives of other faiths and on those who will hereafter be influenced by them. Now, for the first time, perhaps, will some of these earnest men of other creeds have an intelligent comprehension of what Christianity really means, provided, however, that this advantage is not counterbalanced by the practical ungodliness which they could see only too clearly at every turn in a professedly Christian country—an experience which was very distinctly and somewhat scathingly expressed by some of the Hindoo speakers, and which led to the only infraction of the rule that controversy in any shape or form was not to be admitted. The basis of this great and so far successful experiment was one in which it would seem every lover of truth and righteousness should be able heartily to sympathize. "To unite all religions against all irreligion, to make the golden rule the basis of the union, to present to the world the substantial unity of many religions in the good deeds of the religious life, to provide for a World's Parliament of Religions, in which their common aim and common grounds of union may be set forth and the marvellous religious progress of the nineteenth century be revived, together with provision for the holding of minor religious congresses by the separate organizations." This comprehensive plan was most ably carried out and the throng of interested listeners that filled the spacious Hall of Columbus and the other halls where congresses were in progress, notwithstanding the manifold fascinations of a World's Fair within a few miles, was a significant testimony that whatever agnostics may say, religion has not lost its interest as a paramount concern of our race.

Furthermore, the rule of the Congress, lasting seventeen days, was that the representatives of the different faiths were to present their views of the great subjects of religious faith and life, the best and most comprehensive statement of the faith held and the service it claims to have rendered to mankind, "without controversy and without making attack or passing judgment on any other religious body or systems of faith or worship." The magnitude of the plan as carried out may

be estimated from the numbers and proportion of papers, each about half an hour long, which filled the sessions to overflowing. Over one hundred papers from Christian standpoints were presented to the Congress, as against not much more than a quarter of that number from representatives of non-Christian religions, exclusive of Judaism, which had its own moderate representation; a proportion which ought to satisfy the most zealous advocate of Christianity.

The place of meeting was, appropriately enough in this Columbian year, the large Hall of Columbus, in the great Art Institute of Chicago, which, however convenient in other respects, is not very well adapted for hearing, especially as the trains of the great Illinois Central Railroad were perpetually rumbling by in the background. Unless seated directly in front of the speakers, it was difficult to catch all that was said by even the clearest speakers, while many were the pleading calls of "louder!" when lady speakers addressed the audience. The too inflexible rule of "barring out" during the whole course of a half-hour address was exceedingly disappointing to many who were prevented by the many delays unavoidable on trains and street cars, from reaching the hall before the beginning of an address which perhaps they were especially anxious to hear, and who had, therefore, to stand in the vestibule during the whole remaining portion of the paper. It is not easy to see why the Committee might not have, with great advantage, acted on the suggestion of one of its Canadian members, the Rev. D. J. Macdonnell, that the doors might be opened at least at the end of each quarter of an hour. It was to be regretted, too, that there was also some irritating favoritism practised, friends of the chairman or other prominent men passing in with notes to the door-keeper, while members of the General Committee from a distance who could ill spare the time, were kept waiting outside, despite their badges, for nearly half an hour till possibly the address they had specially come to hear was over. Such flaws are, however, incidental to human nature, and one cannot have a World's Congress of any kind, without a good deal of this element creeping up, in season and out of season.

The programmes, as laid down in the plan originally published, were not closely adhered to, alterations being made from time to time to suit the convenience of the speakers who made a point of being present, a number of the British and foreign representatives being present only by their papers. But this lack was largely made up by the presence of many American leaders of thought on religious and social subjects as well as by the interesting and devoted men who represented the old historic faiths of the Orient. And when the list of papers included such writers as Professors Max Muller, Henry Drummond, A. B. Bruce, Sir William Dawson, Dr. Moberg, Count Berstorff, Canon Fremantle, Dr. Munger, Cardinal Gibbons, Bishop Dudley, Dr. Keane, Dr. Gladden, Dr. Lyman Abbott, Principal Grant, Professor Ely and Professor Peabody of Harvard, and many other men who have made comparative religion or Christianity in its theoretical or social aspects a life study, one would think the flippant newspaper critic who was so ready to pass judgment on the Parliament, in advance, might have some reason to feel just a little ashamed of himself.

The earlier sittings of the Congress were occupied with the profound theoretical questions of religious belief and religious speculation; its later sittings with the hardly less interesting and not less important and necessary questions relating to the bearing of religion on social life and progress. The representatives of Christianity had, as has been said, greatly the preponderance, numerically, and, therefore, of course, intellectually, though the representatives of oriental religions were by no means behind in this latter respect. Judaism was represented by men like Dr. Isaac Wise and Rabbi Hirsch. The Roman Catholic Church by men like Cardinal Gibbons and Archbishop Ireland. The Greek Church by a Greek Archbishop and a Russian Prince, and the Armenian Church by a letter and messenger from an Armenian Patriarch. Zoroastrism, Confucianism and Mahomedanism had each their zealous advocates; while Brahminism had several of its handsome and haughty-looking turbaned champions, evidently penetrated with all a Brahmin's pride of race. The "Light of Asia" was presented in all its various aspects by Buddhists of every shade, from India, Ceylon, Siam, Tibet, and Japan, one of the papers coming from a Siamese prince. This curious and widespread religion excited a more general and a warmer interest than all the other non-Christian religions put together, one reason of this being that there are already not a few American Buddhists, for the Americans are like the ancient Athenians in their desire perpetually "to tell or to hear some new thing," and "the old, old story is apparently considered less worthy of their careful study than the teaching of Buddha. It is not unlikely that if Christianity is for a time to have a rival as a universal religion, that rival will naturally be Buddhism; for this many-sided religion has aspects which bring it into line at certain points, both with a philosophic idealism and also with the modern agnostic school of science. For it argues with an appearance of close logic that there can be no First Cause, nothing but a perpetual succession of cause and effect. It then argues that, since we can know nothing but these perpetually recurring phenomena, the only way of escape for man out of the miseries of life is to escape the bondage of the material and transitory, which, after all, has no real self-existence, by the "noble path" of a high morality, which is to lead, in the end, to a full redemption from the power of selfish passions and a selfish individuality. And at this point it harmonizes with the teaching of Christianity, as given by Christ himself. "But this purity," says a Buddhist treatise, "is unattainable to skeptics, unbelievers and the proud." Analogies to this in Christ's teaching are too obvious to need quoting. But how is this state of enlightened wisdom and redemption from the bondage of self, to be attained? Not alone by contemplation and effort, but, to quote from a recent authorized publication, "with the help of Buddhas." It is clear then that Buddha—in the singular or plural—is to them a Divine Being and Saviour, who not only has not passed into nothingness, but retains an active power to bless and help his followers. This may or may not be due to some leavening influence of Christian thought. Be this as it may, it shows the necessary dependence which is a part of religion, even in spite of the apparent inconsistency on this point with the intel-

lectual agnosticism of Buddhism. This is noticeable, too, in the belief of some schools of Buddhists, in the forgiveness of sins. With its strange mingling of agnosticism and mysticism, it is not wonderful that there should be conversions to Buddhism from a superficial and conventional Christianity, which is another reason the more for Christians rousing themselves to a greater depth and reality in their own faith; for in the matter of real faith in the Divine, as was well said by a Christian speaker, some of these non-Christian orientals put the average Christian to shame.

The writer had an interesting opportunity of learning something concerning a long-disputed point as to Buddhist teaching from one of its best representatives at the Congress, a man who may be said to belong to the evangelical school of Buddhism, and one who is devoting his life to the re-purchase of the temple which marks the site of Guatama's entrance into "Nirvana," one of the holy places of Buddhism, from the Brahmans, in whose hands it has long been. He very clearly explained that, in his belief, "Nirvana," as taught by Buddha himself, did not mean, as many writers on Buddhism, including Max Muller, in his earlier writings, the extinction of personality and consciousness, but something quite different, the extinction of the tyranny of the lower self, the complete redemption from the reign of selfish passion, which the New Testament calls "the life of the flesh." The writer asked if that did not mean the same thing which Christ taught when He said: "He that will save his life shall lose it, and he that will lose his life for My sake, the same shall find it." He admitted that this was a beautiful thought and that there was in some respects a wonderful similarity between the teaching of Christ and of Buddha, admitting, also, that to live the Christ-life was certainly a way to attain Nirvana. He responded warmly to the beautiful lines of Whittier:

"That to be saved is only this,
Salvation from our selfishness,
From more than elemental fire--
The soul's unsanctified desire,
From sin itself, and not the pain
That warns us of its galling chain."

Surely there is one whom the Master Himself would have called "not very far from the Kingdom"; and when an intelligent Buddhist admits that to live the Christ-life will attain Nirvana, it would seem as if we were almost within sight of "The Coming Kingdom." May not this side of Buddhism indeed have a mission in purifying a Christianity which has failed in many respects to realize its high mission, its message to teach men to "be perfect as your Father in Heaven is perfect," so that, before the mammon-worshipping, sense-enthralled masses of to-day, she may rise again in her pristine beauty, "clear as the sun fair as the moon and terrible as an army with banners!"

"Toleration in religion is the best fruit of the last four centuries," is one of the inscriptions on the beautiful classic peristyle at the World's Fair. Few thoughtful persons now-a-days would dispute this. But we must remember that this toleration in religion, which recognizes the sacred and unalienable right of man to worship God according to his conscience, and which is quite compatible with the most ardent and tenacious grasp of what we ourselves hold for truth, does not merely mean the refusal to impose penalties or disabilities

on those who think differently. It also means much more, respect and justice done to other forms of faith and those who hold them. This sort of toleration has often been conspicuously absent from the judgment of a large part of the Christian world, partly from unavoidable ignorance of what these religions really teach, partly from incorrect information given by those who have to some extent misconceived them, or who have not taken the trouble to ascertain the exact truth, just as Buddhists and Chinese so often misconceive Christianity. There can be no doubt that missionary teaching has often missed its mark from ignorance or crude conceptions of the beliefs of the people addressed, or by exciting their violent antagonism by injudicious attacks on what they hold as sacred. It could hardly dispose the mind of a Chinese to receive the good seed if the word to be told that his revered Confucius "was in hell," as a missionary, young and callow, let us hope, from his forgetfulness of his Master's injunction to "judge not" is reported to have said. There have been too many cases, it is to be feared, where St. Paul's wise caution and willingness to take such common ground of truth as he could find to begin with, has not been followed. In order to meet wisely the problems which Christian missions have to face, it is necessary to have a clear conception of their character, and such conceptions could scarcely be better formed than from coming into contact with such orientals as gathered in the Hall of Columbus, and hearing from their own lips their own beliefs as they understand them. Moreover, in the "enthusiasm of humanity," as well as in faith in God, some of these "heathen" orientals might teach many professing Christians a needed lesson. The more evangelical Buddhists hold that the salvation of humanity is to supersede in the minds of the more enlightened, the mere desire of personal salvation, and is itself a part of that attainment. The Buddhist monks who had come all the way from Japan to bring a vigorous presentment of their faith before this Congress were evidently whole-hearted and devoted men, inspired with a true missionary zeal. One could not fail to recognize in the pathetic earnestness written on the face of the leader, especially as, with his shaven head and yellow cloak, he stood beside the reader of his translated paper, sometimes with eyes cast down as if in prayer, sometimes earnestly regarding the faces of the works as if mentally weighing the effect of the words on their minds, the same desire to make known his Buddhist gospel, that beats in the heart of the Christian missionary, with his simpler and more hopeful gospel of life and immortality brought to light by Christ. And in the closing adjuration to "Come to Buddha and find peace and rest," it seemed as if the very words were borrowed from the address of the Christian preacher.

The interesting discussions on social questions which occupied the latter days of the Congress must be left to another paper, along with the stirring demonstration in celebration of Lincoln's proclamation of negro emancipation, which brought out a large assemblage of African descent, and on which occasion, in addition to the usual opening with the Lord's Prayer, the hymn "Coronation" was sung with great spirit, the whole assemblage standing, including some orientals on the platform. It is doubtful whether they were fully aware

MY HIGHLAND MAID.

A single strain—I turned to see
 Who bore that thrilling voice :
 Of all the chances to a bard
 This was Apollo's choice.

In Love's green lodge I met her first,
 The springtide wilderness :
 Like star come down and turned a maid,
 Such was her loveliness.

My Una of the Scottish wild—
 My Highland Mary—stood,
 Shedding an angel light athwart
 Her sylvan neighborhood.

Not buxom-warm, like Bonnie Jean,
 Yet pearly-bright was she,
 And held my heart's keen passion fire
 In awful chastity.

She was all grace and shapeliness ;
 Her milk-white feet were bare ;
 A glimmering aureole seemed to rest
 Upon her shining hair.

One golden lock is all I hold,
 To show she once was mine,—
 That I have clasped with trembling arms
 A creature so divine.

Pity and trust, and gentleness
 Were in her soft blue eyes,
 That, misted with celestial dew,
 Communed of Paradise.

O Sabbath, sacred more than all
 The holy gifted span
 That light the tearful heritage
 Of toil-encumber'd man !

Thy dawn I never can forget—
 The day we linger'd here !
 Sweeter the birds did seem, the blooms
 That deck'd the opening year.

'Twas in the merrie month of May ;
 The birk-tree's tender green,
 And cluster'd hawthorn's scented flowers,
 Along the Ayr were seen.

The laverock darted up on high,
 Scattering his fiery notes ;
 And merle and mavis shook the songs
 From their enamor'd throats.

Montgomerie's woods were softer green,
 His banks more flowery-gay ;
 Sweeter his clear streams ran, more soft
 The sun let down his ray.

And love was in the scented sod,
 And in the warm blue skies ;
 For love was in the liquid light
 Of Highland Mary's eyes.

Down where the covert streamlet roves
 We spent the leclang day ;
 But wing'd were all the blissful hours
 To speed our joys away.

Our happiest and our last they were,
 For eve came stealing on ;
 She vanish'd from my yearning gaze,
 And evermore was gone.

Ah, perfect form of grace and love !
 O eyes, so kind to me !
 Dear innocent and beauteous one,
 My hope was set in thee !

Thou art forever with the Spring,
 Thy day is ever fair,
 While lonely rings our limpid Faile
 That runs to meet the Ayr.

There o'er the wave our hands we clasped,
 Wet from the flowing stream,
 And plighted the eternal vow
 That earth may not redeem.

Lonely my walk by dale and brae,
 And 'neath the greenwood tree :
 Thy grave is in the dingy town,
 And near the morning sea.*

*The traditional account of Highland Mary gives us a maiden of uncommon purity and beauty. Hugh Miller speaks of her as " beautiful, sylph-like, exquisitely moulded, statue-like in symmetry and marble-like whiteness. She was buried in the West Kirk yard at Greenock, near the Clyde. A wall separates the grave from Crawford Street, and the smoke and dust of the town pollute the air.

standing there now, thick, and looked like a band of wild Indians, bedecked with war-feathers, preparing for a sun-dance or some other pow-wow.

On the bank by the mill stood a small grey-white house where the miller lived, his wife was just inside the door ironing, and snatches of song drifted from her lips across the water. The miller's son came out of the big mill door occasionally with always a whistle, some old song, and Leon might have heard these sounds as well as the plaintive voice of a phoebe pilfering insects from spider-webs spun here and there in jagged places on the gray wall about him, but he was reading "Ninety-Three," believing its author inimitable, wherefore he heard nothing. The miller's wife having ironed the last big collar, curled it into a circle with deft fingers, slipped it on a rod to dry thoroughly, and went upstairs.

That morning, like many other mornings, Peggy had got up late, dressed in a hurry and ran down stairs to have her frock buttoned, had taken a mere bite of a breakfast and gone out to play. Her night-gown lay in a round heap on the carpet, in a circle just as she had stepped out of it. It was a pale blue one, shades lighter than Peggy's eyes, and there was a woolly odor about it like that of a humming-bird's nest. The mother picked it up and touched to her lips the soft, blue frill that had rested so often on Peggy's white, warm throat, then put it away. Every morning she did likewise, murmuring sometimes: dear little Peggy, or thinking that perhaps it was wrong to let the child acquire the habit of leaving her night-gown on the floor, but the after-thought was sure to follow that should she correct it she herself would lose by it, for it was a pleasure on entering the room in the morning to find the blue gown lying there, always in a circle.

When Peggy went out into the sunshine the first thing which attracted her attention was a chick-a-dee hopping about in a hedge. It was chirping, and Peggy cried gleefully: dee, dee, dee, shaking her chubby hands towards it. Just then her brother came up from the mill and in passing daubed her little nose with flour.

"Go away, go away!" she cried, rubbing her nose and stamping her small foot on the sod. She would have followed him and tried to hurt him with her tiny hands had she not been afraid of him catching her up in his white arms as he had done not long since, dusting her curls and her blue frock with flour.

Presently the chick-a-dee flew on and Peggy followed it from bush to bush up the road and out of sight toward the upper pond.

Leon was still reading—the children were being passed down the ladder out of La Tourge—when suddenly he heard a cry of distress, a child's cry. He looked about, passed his hand over his eyes and looked again but saw no one, and believing the voice to have been imaginary continued reading. In the course of half an hour he had read to the end and closed his book, and sat thinking. In his heart was a mighty doubt. Was it right that men should at all times "fulfil the law?"

A wind had risen and some scurlet leaves blew down about him from a maple growing somewhere above, and several drifted below to the clear brown water where they were blown about like fairy sailors. Across the water, a man came down the road bearing in his arms a child. As he approached the grey-white house he stood still a moment to put back from her face a wet, yellow curl, and to place her cold little hands on her breast. Then he went slowly on to the door, not thinking but walking anywhere, crushing some white flowers growing in the grass. He was wondering how he should meet the mother.

HELEN M. MERRILL.

Oct. '93.

A letter from Professor Garner, dated from his steel cage, which he has named Fort Gorilla, has been received in England from Fernandez Varz, Africa. The Professor claims to have made great progress in his study of monkey language.

of the meaning of the words; but the effect was indescribably inspiring, and to the writer it seemed an unconscious and suggestive presage of the time when "every knee shall bow" to the true King, and indeed "crown Him Lord of all."

It may reasonably be hoped that one result of this wonderful Congress will be to stimulate the most important study of Comparative Religion—far too much neglected; and that another will be to quicken the sense of that sympathy of feeling which exists in all religions, rightly understood, and that this may lead to the removal of at least a portion of that prejudice and antagonism, in which the Christian missionary has found one of his most obstinate hindrances. For sympathy alone is the medium through which religious truth can pass from heart to heart. There are perhaps people so narrow-hearted that they cannot take into their sympathies any whose religious formulae are not strictly in unison with their own. Such people are not to be envied, and it would be difficult for the writer to imagine any truly religious heart whose faith in God and hope for humanity would not have beat more strongly and warmly in the presence of such an assemblage, sinking for the time their formal differences in the underlying sympathy of heart and feeling which, traceable through all differences, constantly recalled the noble lines of our lamented Quaker poet, who so deeply sympathized with the objects of this Parliament:

"Truth is one ;
 And in all lands beneath the sun,
 Whoso hath eyes to see may see
 The tokens of its unity."

Wherever through the ages rise
 The altars of self-sacrifice,—
 Where love its arms has opened wide,
 Or man for man has calmly died,
 I see the same white wings outspread
 That hovered o'er the Master's head ;
 I trace His presence in the blind
 Pathetic gropings of my kind,—
 In prayers from sin and sorrow wrung,
 In cradle hymns of life they sung,
 Each, in its measure, but a part
 Of the unmeasured Over-heart ;
 And with a stronger faith confess
 The greater,—that it owns the less !"

FIDELIS.

PEGGY.

The sun was shining on the river and the broad fields, and there was a faint haze in the atmosphere suggestive of Indian summer, yet it was far too early for this fair, lone season to cross the hills.

Leon was reading. At his back, towering above him, was a solid wall of lime-stone showing traces of fossil imprints and fire long centuries ago burned out, on its uneven surface a glimmer of dewy grass was visible along the summit and several juniper bushes and young cedars grew at the edge. A few miles distant above a modern bridge lay a large mill-pond; its waters reaching below the bridge was a hollow like a big, brown bowl. There was no perceptible current in this lower pond, the dam was here, but just below it the river appeared flowing shallow past the mill and through a wide rocky gorge. The ledge on which Leon sat was directly above the lower mill, and overlooked the opposite bank, the land beyond the mill, in a sunny hollow, lay a field of great pumpkins fast turning yellow. The Canadian farmer knows well how to economize for in this same field a fine crop of corn had been raised among the pumpkins. It had recently been cut, and the dull green sheaves, browned and tinged with Indian red were

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But thou—O my leaf-haunting star !
Art set within my soul ;
Wilt thou not hold thy Poet's heart
In thy divine control ?

If he shall fall, and sorrow sore
To see the wound and stain,
Thy memory, like thy living smile,
May make him whole again.

Dark grows my day ; yet listening low,
I hear the years prolong
The sound of Scotland's noblest name,
And Scotland's loftiest song.

For He who fed thee with His love
Hath strung my fiery heart,
And sent me out among His birds
To catch their tuneful art ;—

Till he who loves thee cannot die,—
His lightest word is fame ;
And singing worlds shall weep to hear
His Highland Mary's name.

PASTOR FELIX.

GLIMPSES AT THINGS.

With some sarcasm and more indignation the Regina Leader snubs the well-meant action of some Halifax ladies in starting a branch of the "Lady Aberdeen Society" whose object is "to supply settlers in the North-West with literature." I have no doubt that none of the estimable ladies of the branch society had the slightest idea of constituting themselves missionaries for the enlightenment of benighted North-Westerns, their kindly object being only to entertain and cheer the loneliness of remote settlers. Nevertheless it might have been more judicious on the part of these amiable ladies to have pursued their object more informally, without an organized or, at least, without an advertised association. Just as Canada generally objects to being advertised as a land of ice and snow, so the North-West objects to being advertised as a wild and lonely country, and its wildness and loneliness, as well as its poverty, are suggested by the public notices of the Lady Aberdeen Society. Private gifts of literature would have aroused little or no touchiness, sectional or individual. Many clergymen stationed in thinly populated districts all over the British Empire have received for years and still receive magazines and books from distant and unknown donors, and do not misinterpret the spirit in which they are presented. I must observe, however, that the repeated naming of ladies for the purpose of ridiculing their kind motives, certainly does not strengthen the claims of the Regina Leader for the superior taste and civilization of the North-West or its present profuse supply of high-class literature. And the character and position of the ladies named makes the insinuation about their small social ambitions as ludicrous as it is unfair. That the kind deeds of the Society are much appreciated by many North-Westerns I gather from the statements of a Winnipeg editor and of the president of the Halifax branch.

I have not read the details of "the lift incident" which happened lately in London and to which Truth devotes a whole column of verse. Evidently, however, some woman suffered a notable slight or snub from a man in an elevator, and Truth's poet attributes the rudeness wholly to the clamor of so many women for an "equality" with man:

"What wonder if they do not find
His conduct quite so knightly ;
Or if at times he seems inclined
To treat them impolitely ?"

Probably the London "lift incident" was like the New York "car incident," in which a prominent female lecturer on woman's rights experienced a rude sell. As she entered a crowded car a man rose with a pleasant smile. "Are you the celebrated Mrs. —?" he asked, apparently wishing to offer her his place. "That is my name, sir," she said, as she advanced beamingly to take the proffered seat. "Then stand up like a man!" he said, suddenly sitting down again.

It is eighteen years since the present writer expressed the sentiments of Truth's poet, but in more serious language, in the now defunct National Quarterly Review: "It is to be observed that the chivalry of man has always declined, and will always decline, with the dependency of woman. It was when she was unprotected by law, oppressed by customs originating in the dark ages, and never dreaming of independence or self-assertion, that she evoked that splendid outburst of slumbering magnanimity and mercy which historians have named the spirit of chivalry. Even then, when Clorinda or Belphebe girded on the sword to contend with men, she met no gentle handling from the yeomanry, and little from the knighthood, of those courteous ages. And an election is quite as unfavourable for courtesy as a battle; the free and independent voter of the nineteenth century is no more devoted to chivalry than the medieval man-at-arms, and the average advanced female of to-day is certainly no more likely to awaken the feeling than was a Belphebe or a Britomart. * * The virtues of magnanimity and disinterestedness, which man chiefly displays in dealing with the tender sex because of its tenderness and dependence, will have a narrower field for their exercise when woman has proudly repudiated his protection and proclaimed herself his competitor even in his prescriptive function of governing. The manhood of man must suffer some loss when woman has appropriated a portion of it."

Appended are some lines which were written during the bee season. The person remonstrating with the angry insect is a lad who has thoughtlessly thrown a stone at its hive:

TO A VINDICTIVE BEE.

Why don't you, little buzzy bee,
Improve the shining hour ?
You'll get no honey out of me—
I'm not an opening flower.

Business is humming and the buds
Are shedding scented gums ;
(Go suck the llossoms on the "spuds,"
And stop those angry hums.

I cannot love a bee that thus
Refuses to be mum,
And likes to give up "biz" for buz
And won't go home to hum.

I thought not, at thy castled wall
When I that missile shield,
To beard the Douglas in his hall,
Or tell thee "Thou'rt defied !"

Back to your beehive and behave,
And end that constant rumble,
Or you may fill an early grave ;
Dost tumble, Mr. Bumble ?

F. BLAKE CROFTON.

A projected canal from Marseilles to the valley of the Rhone is attracting the attention of French engineers, and they are at present engaged in seeking an outlet on the Mediterranean coast. This scheme would place a port which absorbs one-third of French commerce in communication with the canal and river systems of the continent.—New York Engineering News.

OTHER PEOPLE'S THOUGHTS.

Behind the mountain there are also people. It is pleasant enough down here in the valley; but behind the mountain there are perhaps quite other people. Old grooves press very lightly; there is a mellowness in the wisdom that has never been gainsaid—perhaps, indeed it were well to stay. But those people beyond the mountain? It is curious that we should have forgotten them so long. They have cast a shadow across our path; it is perhaps the shadow which gathers all things together.

And then, are we not weary of this quietude in which all things are certain? Shall we be always as rustic quibblers, moved to laughter by our own wit or charmed by our own urbanity? Let us look without, lest within we may become withered. Hitherto we have trusted, nor felt the whisper of doubt in our ears, but these other people—their ears are not so dull. And perchance this whisper will bear to us strange suggestions more fascinating than the sluggish calm around us; echoes of a restless grief more subtle than the peace which we have known as happiness; phantoms of life nobler than the reality of existence.

Somewhere beyond the mountain men will have learned that even as nothing is wholly false, so also nothing is wholly true. Desire will supplant satisfaction, and faith lose itself in the vista of possibilities undreamed of us. Let us go to this land where nothing sweeter than the air is laden with sounds sweeter than those falling from the charmed lips of Catullus—never expressed but always vaguely felt. Where Greek art blends itself with imagined creations and Greek mythology permeates what was best in forgotten creeds. Where art, in short, reveals religion; where religion fades shadow-like in art—its shadow of what yet may be. Let us go to see these people across the mountain who have forgotten our old beliefs, and to whom doubt has given the freedom of limitless change.

And they go—it is the journey of no inspired pilgrim that we are glancing at, but the voyage of common-place humanity, eager to find what it has never lost, what perhaps, indeed, is never to be found. Not altogether wise, this voyage, although it has been said and perhaps never wisely contradicted, that *L'experience de beaucoup d'opinions donne l'esprit beaucoup de flexibilit6 et l'affermissement de celles qu'il croit les meilleures.*

"*Beaucoup d'opinions*": it is that which they strive after; as to the inherent faith in what one "*croit les meilleures*," all that is gotten in this stampede after unknown truth, this will-of-the-wisp more illusive than the faintest rays of any slowly abandoned faith. And the torrent of verbiage is let loose near that the accepted monotony of established dogma has been left behind. They are very wise, these children beyond the mountain, but it is not amongst them that the cloud picture take definite shape. What is true to-day may be false to-morrow, they tell us, and it is always toward the morrow that they tell *Beaucoup d'opinions* boldly voiced, embracing everything that man's brain has conjured up or his heart revealed, a medley of supposition as to what is probable, clashing against each other and obliterating completely what little may have seemed inviolable—is this wisdom? The dreams of the beautiful die away in the fevered atmosphere, where nothing is wholly believed because nothing is wholly believed.

The tolerance which seemed to bring with it the expansion of life bears later only the barren blossoms of death. The voices that seemed laden with suggestions of a knowledge which should make men as gods have in them later only the ring of mockery.

It is only "smoke," as a Russian novelist has called it, but in the smoke there are the germs of poison. For behind the mountain there are also mountains and the wayward "opinion" loses whatever vitality it possessed. And the answers which once rang true fall meaningless upon the ears and the belief abandoned in the hope of a knowledge never to be attained, becomes, as it were, a symbol lost in the measureless void of words. Futility! Futility! Everywhere futility, and yet, though they had had faith in nothing, they had also despaired of nothing.

Beaucoup d'opinions! Beyond the mountains there are also worlds—measureless, unthinkable space. Has the word-jargon profited much? Is there always wisdom in knowledge; is there always liberty in thought?

And to these children who have left the valley with the old-time grooves and the old-time faiths, there comes through the darkness one echo of comfort be it never so vague, half-smoking and wholly sorrowful:

Still we say as we go—
"Strange to think by the way,
Whatever there is to know,
That shall we know one day."

HIDDEN GOLD.

With mole-like blindness toiling mortals mine For buried treasures wheeling years withhold, And curse Time's hoarding of his hidden gold Which all their art avails not to divine. They fancy frowning gods and fates combine To frustrate cares and labors manifold, To make the hollow and the heaped up mould Their self-sunk grave, grim Death's sinister sign.

Yet poor were life and paltry its reward Did men but gain the good they seek in vain, And miss the unsought wealth such searching brings: The steadfast will, o'er chance and changes lord; The patience which succeeds to hope's domain, The heart estranged that longs for higher things.

WILLIAM MCGILL.

CORRESPONDENCE.

NOVELTY IN ART.

To the Editor of The Week:

Dear Sir,—We expect about the 20th of this month the return of Mr. G. A. Reid and Mrs. Reid to Toronto. Mr. Reid has been busy with a portrait of Will Carleton, the poet, and a duplicate of the same for placing in the company of the portraits of some more American celebrities on the halls of an historical inn in the Catskills. Both artists are also assiduously gathering all the autumnal impressions they can before the glories of autumn vanish. Whether we may expect more like the "Study in the Catskills" will be interesting to know, but from some correspondence in re that much-talked-of picture shown at the Industrial Exhibition, we don't think the public need anticipate any more shocks in the same direction. In referring to the criticism on the subject of his picture, Mr. Reid writes a correspondent to the effect that "Although I hold that there is truth in the direction I have gone, still it is possible that I tried to paint what I didn't see or that I didn't paint what I tried to see." And he writes another correspondent that he considers a shock as necessary in the nature of things as the smoothly going on in the even

tenor of our way." Anyway, he does not regret that his experiment (for that is the exact and avowed nature of that one picture) has stirred things a bit in Toronto, and aroused both artist and critic. Readers of The Week do not need reminding that for mental or ethical hygiene any effort in that direction must make for our general health and welfare.

ART LOVER.

Toronto.

MODERN PHILOSOPHY.*

Mr. Burt is already favourably known to students of philosophy by his excellent volume on the history of Greek Philosophy, and we give a hearty welcome to his present volumes, which form a contribution of real value, and of much practical utility to the study of a very important branch of learning. The ground, is, of course, not unoccupied. We have the admirable condensed sketch of Schwegler, the careful compilation of Ueberweg, and the masterly work of Erdmann. Yet there was a place left for Mr. Burt's work, and he has filled that place very well.

In the first place, Schwegler stopped at Hegel and Ueberweg did not come much further down. More than half of Mr. Burt's second volume is devoted to writers subsequent to Hegel. We have a tolerably lengthy account, for example, of Lotze, another of Rosmini, not to mention writers of less importance. In the second place, Mr. Burt supplies notices of English philosophers, who are sometimes barely mentioned by the German historians, and few indeed of whom obtain any adequate treatment. Thus, besides Locke, who has about as much space in Schwegler as he could properly claim, and Berkeley, who has a mere scrap, we have, in Mr. Burt's book, some account of Bacon, Hobbes, the Cambridge Platonists (an important school, Shaftesbury, Hutcheson (founder of the Scottish school), Butler, Clarke, Price, Adam Smith, Reid, Stewart; and among later thinkers, James and J. S. Mill, Spencer, Lewes, and T. H. Green.

From these remarks it will be seen that Mr. Burt's book has another excellence of its own in its numerous notices of less note, which are often omitted altogether from the other histories. Some of these are obviously of small moment, but they cannot properly be ignored by those who study the development of philosophic thought. It will be apparent that much of the information supplied in these volumes will be found to be somewhat scanty, but this is inevitable if we consider the scope and bulk of the work. For those who study special systems of philosophy, it will be necessary to refer to works giving fuller treatment, but this may be said of almost any general history of philosophy, and the present work will be found most serviceable for purposes of reference, for gaining a general and comprehensive notice of the history of philosophic thought, and for reviving the knowledge which may have been gained by previous wider studies.

* A History of Modern Philosophy: From the Renaissance to the Present. By R. C. Burt, A.M., 2 vols. Chicago: M. Clung & Co., 1892.

ART NOTES.

It is very comforting to some of us who have often failed in appreciating many of the works of the old masters, to read an article by Mr. Kenyon Cox in the Nation. It is not in religion only that there is cant: there is quite as much in opinions expressed on music and painting. Mr. Cox gives most space to Titian, Tintoretto, and Paul Veronese. It is of Venetian pictures he writes, and although it is not easy to select, where everything that is said is so much to the point, we will give some idea of the whole: "And now we come to the greatest name in Venetian art, and to the

greatest disappointment in Venice. In Venice one has to hold with both hands to the memory of the splendid portraits—the wonderful small canvases with single nude figures—that one has seen elsewhere, to retain one's respect and veneration for the name of Titian. . . . The tourist looks and wonders, and tries to admire and doesn't, and imagines that art is a strange and sealed book. . . . The Pesaro Madonna is a fine picture, and when one's eye lights on the little head in the corner—is it a boy's or a young woman's, that fair head with its mild, steady glance and the white silk sleeve and shoulder telling so finely against the flesh?—one has surprised Titian's secret. He was purely a painter, and above all a portraitist, and his heart was not in these big canvases, painted because altar pieces were in demand. . . . He was the greatest of portrait painters and of the painters of the nude. Give him a limited space and a model, and he is unsurpassable. But his grand 'machines,' his tableaux d'apparat, are mostly failures. In the Scuola di San Rocco, on the staircase, high over a door and nearly invisible, is a little picture of two figures not over half life size, an 'Annunciation,' which is the one Titian in Venice to which the much-abused word 'masterpiece' might be fairly applied. This is Titian, Titian at his best, the absolute painter—as charming in sentiment as it is consummate in quiet mastery of execution, and nothing else in Venice seems quite as perfect as this. But if Titian is often mediocre, Tintoretto is often, perhaps most often, bad—bad with a thorough, uncompromising badness that is surprising. And the very worst of his pictures are gathered together in that museum of vast daubs where the faithful flock of Mr. Ruskin goes to worship, the Scuola di San Rocco. . . . But how shall one describe the 'Pallas and Mars'? Titian plus Coreggio is as near the formula as one can come, but there is much in it that is neither Coreggio nor Titian, and which no one but Tintoretto could have done. . . . Finally, there is the 'Miracle of St. Mark' at the Academy, which is quite unlike any other Tintoretto or other Italian picture that I know of. It is not without its faults; occasionally the drawing is careless and more often turgid; and, while the color is brilliant and gorgeous in the highest degree, the tone is not as perfect, the unity not quite as thorough, as in some of his quieter canvases. What distinguishes it particularly and places it among the world's great masterpieces is its amazing virtuosity. It seems to have been painted throughout alla prima—at one jet—with no under-painting and very little glazing, in a method more suggestive of Rubens or Hals than of any Italian work. The handling is less flowing and slippery than with Rubens, less abrupt and chippy than with Hals, the tone more full and transparent than with Velasquez; but the instantaneous touch, the economy of means, the marvellous precision, place him with these three as one of the unapproachable technicians—one of the few who have made the mere material endlessly delightful to the lover of painting." Finally, of Paul Veronese, Mr. Cox says: "When will the critics learn, what the painters have always known, that Paul Veronese was one of the most astonishing geniuses for painting—one is almost inclined to say the most astonishing genius—that ever lived? It is true he is not a good subject for writing about. The most ingenious inventor of meanings would have difficulty in finding any meaning in his splendid works. The 'subject' is nothing to him, and he has no discoverable 'thoughts' and no 'sentiment' other than the sentiment of beauty. He is contented with painting, and he expresses only the glory of life and the beauty of the world, the pomp of color and the joy of light and air. Even his technical merits are difficult to write of, for his manner is so natural and simple that he seems to have none, his handling so quietly masterful as to be unnoticeable, his light and shade so perfect as to escape comment. He seems to me the most Greek of modern artists, without shade of morbidity, joyously serene, content as the Greeks were with the perfection of craftsmanship and the perfection of art. Considering the amount of his production, it is wonderfully even in quality. He is never commonplace—still less

is he ever bad ; he is only not quite at his best sometimes. Sometimes his opulence approaches confusion, sometimes his color is less ringingly true than at others.....He is magnificent in the Louvre, superb in San Sebastiano, triumphant in the Ducal Palace, but, to my personal feeling, nowhere so glorious as in his 'Martyrdom of St. George' in the Church of San Giorgio in Braida at Verona. It was a sensation to remember for a lifetime when the sacristan drew the curtains and the picture burst upon one. It was like a splendid hymn of victory—one wanted to shout loud and sing. If painting can produce such an effect as this, it does indeed deserve its place among the foremost of the arts. There are a blue and red in the picture almost pure from the tube, apparently, yet so exquisitely just in their relation to each other and to all the colors about them as to be worth a kingdom !"

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

Mr. W. J. McNally, the organist and choir master of Beverley Street Baptist Church, is preparing Farmer's Cantata, "Christ and His Soldiers," to be given in the near future.

Miss Neally Stevens, the pianiste, gave a recital in the Recital Hall, World's Columbian Exhibition, last Monday afternoon, the programme being composed entirely of works by American composers.

Musical Editor of The Week :

Sir,—Will you please tell me if you know of any great pianist who has been trained in America or Europe by an organist, or who makes organ work the predominating feature of his musical activity? F. A. B.

Toronto, Oct. 7th.

No. Every pianist who has acquired fame with whom we are acquainted, or whose name is familiar to us, has received his (or her) instruction from a pianist, or a teacher who gives his whole time to the piano, or to the composition of its literature.

Sousa's Band will give three concerts in Toronto, on Friday and Saturday evenings, Nov. 3rd and 4th, with Saturday matinee. Mr. Herbert L. Clarke, the cornet soloist (late of Toronto), will play solos, which will doubtless be good news to his many admirers here, and a prominent violinist will also be one of the party and play solos. Sousa's Band is considered to be one of the best—if not the very best—military band in America, and their performances here will, in all probability, be unusually attractive. We believe Messrs. Suckling & Sons are the local managers.

The new calendar of the Toronto Conservatory of Music has already been referred to. No less than 650 pupils received instruction last year, a very gratifying evidence of the growing prosperity and popularity of this institution. The staff has been increased, and some new features added this season. A new head teacher of the Theory Department is Mr. J. Humfrey Anger, Mus. Bac., Oxon., F.C.O. (Eng.); the School of Languages is directed by Mons. E. Masson; Signor D'Auria is at the head of the Vocal Department; Mr. Shaw is principal of the School of Elocution, and is assisted ably by Miss Genevieve Baright, a graduate of Dr. Curry's "School of Expression" in Boston, in which she successfully taught for some time. The names of Mr. J. W. F. Harrison, Mr. A. S. Vogt and others, appear in the "Pipe Organ" Department, and are a sufficient guarantee of excellent and thorough work done here. Mr. Bayley has charge of the Violin, and Signor Dinelli the Violoncello Departments; the Pianoforte Department is under the special care of Mr. Edward Fasher, the musical director, who has in it twenty two teachers, comprising such names as Messrs. A. S. Vogt, W. O. Forsyth, J. W. F. Harrison, Guiseppe Dinelli, J. D. A. Tripp, Mrs. Edgar Jarvis, Miss Dallas, Miss Gordon, and other able teachers in their several departments. A Musical Reference Library and a Sheet Music Lending Library, provided for the pupils, are attractive features of the Conservatory's equipment.

Ovide Musin, the Belgian violiniste, and his company of excellent artists, consisting of his wife, Annie Louise Tamer-Musin, soprano; Miss Bessie Bonsall, contralto; Mr. F. W. Elliott, tenor; and Edward Scharf, pianist, gave a most varied and delightful concert in the Pavilion on Thursday evening, the 12th inst., to a well filled house. The engagement was made by Mr. Grenville P. Kleiser, of "Star Course" fame, to open his second series of winter entertainments. Musin is a great player. Not only does he possess a stupendous facile technic, and a sensuous, warm tone, but he has what every consummate artist must have, a refined taste and a grand style. He played with great brilliancy his own fantasie on well-known Scotch airs, two movements of Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto, and a Paganini number, filled with difficulties the most complex, but which were overcome with the greatest ease. The concerto was performed with impassioned eloquence, the slow movement receiving the most loving treatment. Mrs. Musin sang with splendid finish, a "Serenade by Gounod," and an Aria from "La Traviata." Her voice is somewhat thin in quality, but is cultivated to a high degree, and has a phenomenal range. Miss Bessie Bonsall was received in a manner which must have been gratifying to her; she was applauded and given flowers, for her singing of the Meyerbeer Aria from "Les Huguenots," and the charming Cradle song—which she sang as an encore number—was really well done and was most alluring. Mr. Elliott gave abundant pleasure in his selections, which were Clay's "I'll Sing Thee Songs of Araby," and an Aria from Gounod's Faust. His voice is sweet, not particularly strong, but of carrying quality, his high notes, however, are objectionable. Mr. Scharf is an excellent accompanist, and a most brilliant player. His solos were, an "Etude" by Saint Saens, and a charming "Minuet" by the clever pianist and composer, Sgambati, and they were performed in a style which exhibited in no uncertain manner the skill of the artist. Encores were numerous, so much so, that two concerts were welded into one, for an extra number had to be given after each artist's appearance. It is right and proper for an audience to show artists appreciation of their performances, but to insist on continual repetitions is an injustice, and is certainly not in good taste, besides being excessively wearying to the performers and to many of the listeners as well.

LIBRARY TABLE.

ENGLISH HISTORY FOR AMERICAN READERS. By Thomas Wentworth Higginson and Edward Channing. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1893.

The joint editors of this, on the whole, quite fair and pleasing adaptation of English history to the American standpoint have accomplished their somewhat difficult task creditably and well. It is impossible in compiling such a volume to please all readers. It would be extremely difficult with a due regard to its scope and design to touch upon every subject of interest in the long and varied course of British history and even to mention every deserving name to which merit attaches. It might also be charged that the authors have been too content with old historic methods and have not been sufficiently scientific and philosophic in their treatment. Whatever may be the general verdict, there is one fact for which the authors deserve special commendation, which is itself a quite sufficient warrant for the book and which cannot fail to make for it an influence both good and lasting. We can perhaps better illustrate our meaning by a few quotations. From the ending of the Preface we take these words: "The career of England is too important in the history of the human race to be handled in any petty or partizan spirit." At the conclusion of the volume we find the following expressions, "The reader will notice the vast energy and persistence with which 'the expansion of England,' as it has been called, has been carried on. A little island off the coast of Europe has made itself the head of the most marvellous empire which

the world ever saw." "At present our commerce is chiefly with England, and it is the English influence which is most strongly felt in our social habits and, to some extent, in our literature." "England is nearest to us among all nations, and it is the history of England which, next to that of our own country, needs to be studied by our people." Such a frank statement of wholesome truth cannot, we say, fail to make the influence of this volume most salutary and praiseworthy. The maps, illustrations, contents, index, etc., are excellent. The style is simple and straightforward and the mechanical features are in every respect commendable.

SKELETON LEAVES. By Frank Leyton. London and New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1893.

Mr. Leyton has in this volume of nearly 150 pages, in blank verse interspersed with lyric poems of varying length, told with pathetic power and poetic charm the mournful and melancholy story of an orphan girl, "Enar Ingelow." Inexpressibly sad is this simple, touching tale, beginning with a bright and innocent country girlhood. At the very outset the reader is attracted by the natural charm and easy movement of the verse:

Oh! the delight of action after sleep,
The joy of thinking of the joys to come,
The tickling softness of the dewy grass
To my bare feet as I went down to bathe
Among the water lilies in the pool.
I love the pool. It is the sweetest place
In all the garden with the drooping trees
Touching its surface, and the mossy steps
Which lead right down on to its gravelly bed.
It is so nice to bathe in.

The first of the shorter poems, entitled "Shade," begins with this pretty stanza:

In slumber deep a child will sleep,
And who regards its dreams?
So calm the rest, by angels blest,
How beautiful it seems.

But soon death comes to the loving father and the daughter finds shelter in the workhouse, where baser views of life reveal themselves. Later on a rural home is hers, till temptation comes her way and so the fall, the child, the untimely grave. It is the dread story—old as the world, yet ever newly told—the story of virtue, sin, despair, death: but seldom told with such impressiveness, attractiveness and power. We shall close with a stanza from the poem "Anxiety":

In vain we strive to banish from the mind
The scenes thy ghostly fingers ever draw;
Where'er we look, surrounding us we find
New visions taken from thy hidden store;
The background may be changed, yet still we see

The same dark shadow hovering ever near,
Pointing to something—something that shall be—

An unknown dread, whose mocking voice we hear,
Rising and falling still on changing waves of fear.

The volume is fitly dedicated to the Howard Association. It has a mission and it cannot fail to fulfil it.

A MERCHANT PRINCE. LIFE OF HON. SENATOR JOHN MACDONALD. By Rev. Hugh Johnston, D.D. Toronto: Wm. Briggs.

The life of a good man is always a salutary study, especially so when from a humble beginning, by force of character, great industry, high principle, unusual energy and perseverance, he achieves distinction in his chosen calling and as a private citizen and public man wins the respect and esteem of those who know him. He who has made the community in which he lives the better by his precept and example is well worthy of an adequate biography. Most of Scottish birth and ancestry have ever been among the foremost in every walk of life in Canada. Not the least among them was John Macdonald, well called by his able biographer "A Merchant Prince." Perhaps no Canadian throughout the length and breadth of our vast Dominion was more favorably known

than the successful Toronto merchant. His energy and administrative ability placed him at the head of his vocation; his benevolence and religious activity gave him prominence as a public benefactor and gave him rank with the foremost lay workers in the Methodist Church of Canada. The assiduity which marked his public life made him a valued Member of Parliament and an ornament to the Senate. His active interest in all those movements which were directed towards the good of men, whether of a religious, charitable, social or educational character, made his life most useful and his death universally regretted. He was not without literary taste and culture, and had command of a good straightforward English style. Mr. Johnston has given us a most praiseworthy biography, and in an unconventional yet most effective way has traced Mr. Macdonald's life from his birth in the town of Perth, Scotland, where his father was stationed as hospital sergeant of the 93rd Highlanders, to his death at "Oaklands," Toronto, on the 4th of February, 1890. This noble tribute to the life and memory of one of the noblest of our people should be placed in the hands of every young Canadian. Here he will find the true secret of life's greatest success and a true exemplification of the Laureate's dictum:

"'Tis only noble to be good."

The book is valuable not only as an excellent biography but from the side-lights it throws on many important events in which its subject figured so largely. Mr. Johnston's qualifications for his task are of no common order. He had at his disposal the amplest material—from diary, letters, speeches, poems, addresses, personal tributes, his own personal knowledge, and he has done his work faithfully and well. Mr. Macdonald's was a life which Sir Samuel Smiles would have loved to portray. Canadians will be well content with that of the Rev. Hugh Johnston.

PERIODICALS.

Fully illustrated descriptive articles are never lacking in the Methodist Magazine. We have in the October number another bright extract from W. S. Caine's "Picturesque India," dealing with Ceylon, as well as one from W. D. Howell's "A Little Swiss Sojourn." Professor F. H. Wallace contributes a spirited paper on the Free Church Jubilee. There are also two papers relating to the famous Professor Henry Drummond. In stories and other departments the Methodist Magazine for October is well up to the mark.

Of all the portraits of Cardinal Manning which accompany the first article in the October Magazine of Art, that of the bust by Signor Baggi and the portrait by W. W. Oules best perhaps bespeak the great man. The frontispiece, "The Blind Girl," by J. E. Millais, is a good example of his work while he was under the influence of the Pre-Raphaelite School. Robert H. Sherrard writes of that erratic genius, Jules Chéret, known chiefly through his posters in the streets of Paris. The second paper on the Salons, by Claude Phillips, is given. The remaining topics of importance are The Bingham Mildmay Sale and Decorative Sculpture at Chicago.

The Quiver is always full of good reading, and the October number in this respect vies with its predecessors. Among its varied contents are: "The Eternity of the Unseen," by the Rev. G. A. Chadwick, D.D., Dean of Armagh; "The Dream of the Sheaves," by the Rev. Hugh Macmillan; "Scylla and Charybdis," by the Rev. J. R. Vernon; "What we May Become," by the Rev. J. Niles Hitchens, D.D.; "Major Kennedy's Great Invention"; "The Beauties of Childhood in Lowly Places; Their Gladnesses;" and many other good things besides instalments of the serial stories, "Four Old Maids," "Pember-ton's Piece," and "Not Beyond Remedy."

Two papers showing careful research and competent knowledge are those in the September number of the Annals of the American Academy of Political and Social Science. The first is a treatise on "The First State Constitu-

tions of the United States of America," by Professor W. C. Morey, which seeks to show the independent character of these foundations, and the second is a monograph on "Married Women's Property in Anglo-Saxon and Anglo-Norman Law," by Florence G. Buckstaff, which aims at revealing the dominance of the Norman dower of one-third the real estate in Anglo-Saxon communities. The remaining papers are instructive and interesting, as are the usual departments of this excellent publication.

Professor Weismann and Romanes make a double-barrelled attack on Herbert Spencer's views on Natural Selection, in the October Contemporary. Professor Sayce's paper on "Serpent-worship in Ancient and Modern Egypt" is very interesting. Another graphic anecdotal paper is that by Caroline Holland on "The Banditti of Corsica." The Rev. W. A. Cornaby seeks to illustrate the national character of the Chinese from their Art. Papers of a political present day complexion are "A Story of Crooked Finance," by W. A. Hunter, M. P., which is by no means complimentary to Mr. Goschen, and "The Drift of Land Reform," by R. Munro Ferguson, M. P. No reader will omit Karl Blind's stirring narrative: "An Early Aspirant to the German Imperial Crown," in this number.

Harper's Magazine for October has for its opening paper, the first of a series of very attractive travel sketches by Edwin Lord Weeks, under the general heading, "From the Black Sea to the Persian Gulf by Caravan." Charles D. Lainer contributes a pleasant and seasonable paper on quail, i. e., Bob White, which he calls "Our National Game-bird." E. R. Pennell describes, and Joseph Pennell illustrates the French town, Toulouse, exceedingly well. There are some beautiful illustrations of "The Childhood of Jesus." Carl Schurz in his able paper on "Manifest Destiny" discusses the principle which should underlie the further acquisition of territory by the United States. Horsemen will be pleased with Colonel Dodge's paper on "Riders in Syria." Richard Harding Davis describes "Undergraduate life at Oxford" cleverly and amusingly.

The Rev. Chauncey B. Brewster, in his scholarly paper on "The Supernatural," in the Andover for September and October, endeavors to show "that vital interests would not be imperilled, that clearness of thought would be gained, and truth furthered, if the word 'supernatural,' *bete noir* of scientific men, were allowed to fall altogether into disuse." Well considered and presented are Mr. W. M. Bryant's "Historical Presuppositions and foreshadowings of Dante's 'Divine Comedy.'" Gamaliel Bradford, jr., has an appreciative criticism of the literary work of the Elizabethan Giles Fletcher, author of that noble poem, "Christ's Victory and Death," of whom he writes thus prettily: "Fletcher in the sweet solitude of thought, fixes his eyes on the ideal, celebrates the great battle of the world, not as ever waging, but as won long, long ago, once and for eternity." "Sunday in Germany" is shortly but clearly discussed by Prof. G. M. Whicher, and the Rev. W. J. Lhamon has some gentle cut-and-thrust play at the Blavatsky Cult.

Sympathetic, suggestive, and breathing a pure and lofty aim, is Professor Henry Sidgwick's paper entitled "My Station and its Duties," with which the International Journal of Ethics for October begins: "Life is essentially change, and the good life is essentially life; it is enough if it contain unchanged amid the change that aspiration after the best life, which is itself a chief source and spring of change," says this philosophic scholar. "We hold all that we possess as a trust. That is the position which the ablest minds of to-day appear to be taking on this subject of property. We are each and all acting as stewards for human society," is the concise yet forceful statement of Mr. W. L. Sheldon, in his thoughtful article entitled "What Justifies Private Property?" John S. Billings, M. D., has an all too short contribution to the impor-

tant subject: "The effect of his occupation on the physician." "It is never my business as a moral being to shun knowledge as knowledge, but always it is my task to get wisdom as wisdom, and then to use it in the cause of right," are the concluding words of Professor Royce's able paper on that old and profound question, "The knowledge of good and evil." The discussions and reviews of this remarkably able Journal are as usual acute and instructive.

The open, manly countenance of Frederick Law Olmsted, the popular American landscape gardener, appears in the frontispiece of the September Century, and Mrs. Schuyler van Rensselaer contributes an accompanying short biographical sketch. John R. Glover's first paper on the taking of Napoleon to St. Helena, is derived from the manuscript diary of the trip, written by the Admiral's Secretary. Most readers will find Walt Whitman's war-time letters exceedingly interesting, they will also value the full-page portrait of the poet, taken in '63. "Light in Shade," by I. H. Calliga, in "The Century American Art Series," represents a beautiful invalid girl sitting in the cooling shade of an orchard. Thomas A. Jauvier has a most enjoyable paper on "The Cats of Henriette Ronner"—the illustrations are superb. Richard Watson Gilder has a fine poem entitled "The Namsbing City." Fine and critical are the "Leaves from the Autobiography of Salvini." Archibald Lampman has a sonnet entitled "The Autumn Waste," in this number.

LITERARY AND PERSONAL.

Roland Graeme, Knight, is being reprinted serially in the English Christian Weekly of London, where it will reach many readers.

Messrs. Macmillan & Co. announce a second edition of Professor Goldwin Smith's brilliant sketch of the United States, the first edition of which was exhausted in two weeks.

The November Century will contain a timely article on Bismarck at Friedrichsruh with a striking full-page picture of the ex-chancellor seated at a table reading by the light of a lamp and smoking his long German pipe.

Dr. J. A. McLellan, Principal of the Ontario School of Pedagogy, has been invited to speak upon psychology, in the study of educational methods at the congress of teachers, to be held in Pittsburgh in 1894. There will be nearly a thousand teachers present.

From the Halifax Chronicle we take this item: Mr. J. E. B. McCready's retirement from the editorial management of the St. John Telegraph will be much regretted by his conferees. He has filled the position creditably for ten years. . . . Mr. McCready has had a lengthened newspaper experience, and being a clever writer it is not likely that he will long remain out of journalism. His brethren of the quill in the Maritime Provinces will wish him prosperity wherever his lot is cast.

G. P. Putnam's Sons announce the following illustrated books: "A History of New York from the Beginning of the World to the End of the Dutch Dynasty," by Diedrich Knickerbocker, (Washington Irving), "Van Twiller" Edition, with 225 original illustrations, by E. W. Kemble; "Old Court Life in France," by Frances Elliot, two volumes, illustrated with portraits and views of some of the old chateaus: Woman in France during the Eighteenth Century," by Julia Kavanagh, two volumes, illustrated with portraits on steel; and "Tanagra," an Idyl of Greece, by Gottfried Kinkel, translated from the German by Frances Hellman, with seven photogravure illustrations from designs by Edwin H. Blashfield, and a memorial sketch of Kinkel.

Probably no one in Canada is better fitted to tell the story of the medical profession of his own country, than the talented author of that valuable historical work, the "Settlement of Upper Canada," and of the competent professional treatise, "The Principles of Surgery." To love of country, thorough knowledge of her traditions and history, lengthened experience as a medical practitioner, wide and intimate acquaintance with prominent members of his profession, and ready access to records of other days, Dr. Canniff adds the enthusiasm of the student and the requisite literary qualifications. A moment's thought of the past, brings up the historic figure of Dr. John Rolph, and the cherished memory of Dr. Christopher Widmer. How important and attractive such a work can be made, is suggested by a glance at the table of contents of the proposed volume, "The Medical Profession in Upper Canada—1783-1850," which Dr. Canniff has now in the press of William Briggs, the well-known Toronto publisher. Here the work of pioneer medical men, the proceedings of early medical boards, numerous biographical sketches and records of events in our early history are foreshadowed, together with an appendix of appropriate historical documents. The profession and the public look forward with interest to the coming volume, and many prominent Canadians have already ordered early copies.

The London Daily News has the following interesting item: M. Francisque Sarcey, in contradicting the statement of a Paris paper, that he would be a candidate for one of the vacant chairs at the Academy, gives the readers of the Petit Journal, the reasons which keep him from presenting himself for election. It is not, he says, that being the colleague of the Dumas, the Sardous, the Melhaes, and other dramatists, he could not say in his Monday feuilletons what he thought of their pieces. On the contrary, he finds that first-class writers take criticism with a much better grace than men of lesser attainments. Dumas has never resented his strictures, and Sardou, than whom no writer has suffered more from M. Sarcey's hands, would give him his vote without hesitation, "and with a witty word into the bargain." But says the veteran critic, it would be impossible to be of the Fortys, and not make some concessions to their traditions and tendencies. For thirty-five years, he has been writing, and for thirty-five years, in order to retain his liberty of speech, he has never accepted invitations, but lived at home like a bear—though in his own words, "a very accessible and jolly bear." He has neglected all the duties of society, and even refused the honours which have been offered him, not in any fine contempt, but solely that he might be free from obligation to anybody, and to preserve intact the advantages of his self-imposed isolation.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

- Miss Machar and T. G. Marquis. Stories from Canadian History. Toronto: Copp, Clark Co., Ltd. 25cts.
- From Scribner. Stories of Italy. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Paper 50cts., cloth 75c.
- Imbert De Saint-Amand. The Court of Louis XIV. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. \$1.25.
- A. P. Russell. Sub-Colum. A Sky-Built-Human World. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.25.
- Alice Mabel Bacon. A Japanese Interior. Boston: Houghton Mifflin & Co. \$1.25.
- Thos. Bailey Aldrich. Two Bites at a Cherry. Boston: Houghton Mifflin & Co. \$1.25.
- Edward Sandford Martin. Windfalls of Observation. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. \$1.25.
- Eyre Crowe, A.R.A. With Thackeray in America. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. \$2 00.

LONDON AND CANADIAN LOAN AND AGENCY COMPANY (LTD.)

PROCEEDINGS OF THE TWENTIETH ANNUAL MEETING.

Report of the Directors—Satisfactory Business of the Past Year—The Outlook Promising—The Financial Statement.

The twentieth Annual Meeting of the above Company was held at the Company's Offices, 103 Bay Street, on Wednesday, 11th inst., the President, Sir W. P. Howland, in the chair.

Among those present were the following:—Col. Sir Casimir S. Gzowski, Rev. Dr. Warden (Montreal), Rev. Dr. Moffatt, Dr. Larratt W. Smith, Q. C., Col. Sweny, and Messrs. T. R. Wadsworth, C. E. Hooper, John Scott, C. S. Gzowski, Donald Mackay, David Higgins, David McGee, R. D. Moffatt, M.D., Jacob Moerschfelder, George Robinson, E. J. Hobson, Frank Arnoldi, Q.C., and O. A. Howland.

The following report was submitted to the meeting and duly adopted:—

The Directors beg to submit to the Shareholders the Twentieth Annual Report of the Company, together with relative accounts to the 31st August, 1893.

Applications for loans were received during the year to the amount of \$2,394,772 on property estimated as worth \$4,769,971; and loans were approved and effected to the extent of \$375,725.60 on property valued by the Company's own appraisers at \$1,183,723.

The Debentures and Certificates of the Company issued and renewed during the year amounted to \$736,846.59, making a net increase of \$181,045.93 since last report.

The Revenue account, after all interest and charges have been deducted and all ascertained losses written off, shows a balance of \$77,829 01
From which, deducting two half-yearly dividends, amounting with the tax thereon to 56,938 77

There remains a balance of \$20,870 24
Of which \$15,000 has been added to the Company's "Reserve Fund" and \$5,870.24 is carried forward at the credit of "Revenue Account" to next year.

During the greater part of the year just ended your Directors had considerable difficulty in selecting safe investments at remunerative rates, and in consequence ceased accepting the abundant supplies of money which our active Agents in Edinburgh had been sending us. The indications point to a stiffening of rates, and our prospects of securing desirable mortgage loans during the coming year are improved.

An increase of \$115,823.82 will be noticed in the item of municipal and other negotiable debentures, your Directors having taken advantage of the general stringency in the money markets to use the Company's surplus funds awaiting investment in purchasing at favourable rates some choice securities of this class.

Payment of interest on mortgages in Ontario has been fairly well met, and is nearly up to the average, notwithstanding that the very low prices for farm produce which have ruled during the year disposed the farmers to hold for higher figures. Although in Manitoba the same conditions have obtained, the Company has received payment of a larger amount of interest from that province this year than in any previous year of its history.

As usual, all ascertained losses have been written off. The amount has been considerably augmented by the irrecoverable costs in an important law-suit which had to be carried to the Privy Council, where the Company's position was upheld. The importance to investors, loan companies and banks of the principles involved in this decision cannot be over-estimated.

The Manitoba crop of this season has been safely harvested, and the quality of the wheat crop is generally good. In some districts the yield has been light, but the general average has been satisfactory. The President and Chief Inspector made their annual tour through that province late in August, and were pleased to observe that mixed farming is becoming more general. Evidences of more careful farming, improved buildings, and in some districts increased population were plainly manifest. New grain elevators and mills are being erected at many points along the lines of railway, and the cities of Winnipeg and Brandon, as well as the country towns, have increased in size, and their prosperous appearance is marked.

The Directors have pleasure in testifying to the efficiency and fidelity of the Manager and Officers of the Company, both here and in Manitoba, in the performance of their duties.

W. P. HOWLAND,

President.

Toronto, 4th October, 1893.

AUDITORS' CERTIFICATE.

To the President and Directors of the London and Canadian Loan and Agency Company, Ltd.:

Gentlemen,—We have completed the annual audit of the books and accounts of the Company for the year ending 31st August, 1893, and have found them correct, and the cash balances to agree with the bankers' books.

We have also examined the Company's statement of "Assets and Liabilities" and "Revenue Account," and have compared them with the ledger balances, and found them correct.

The mortgages, debentures, and other securities have been carefully examined. They agree with the schedule submitted to us, and with their respective entries in the ledger.

The "Loans on Call or Short Date on Debentures and Securities" have been valued at their respective market prices, and we find that the amounts advanced on them are amply covered.

We are, gentlemen, yours faithfully,

DAVID HIGGINS,
J. J. WOODHOUSE,

Auditors.

Toronto, 4th October, 1893.

ASSETS AND LIABILITIES, 31st AUGUST, 1893.

ASSETS.			
Loans on Mortgages and Interest.....	\$3,951,130 27		
Properties Account—Company's Offices and Building in Toronto.....	\$75,000 00		
Company's Offices and Building in Winnipeg.....	\$45,000 00		
Other Real Estate vested in the Company.....	\$98,217 55	218,217 55	\$4,169,347 52
Municipal and other negotiable Debentures.....	492,565 15		
Loans on Call or Short Date on Debentures and Securities.....	164,901 27		657,466 42
Sundry Debtors.....			6,704 30
Cash in hand.....			17,486 06
With Company's Bankers in Canada.....			\$4,851,018 61

LIABILITIES.			
Capital Stock Subscribed. 100,000 Shares, at \$50 each.....	\$5,000,000 00		
Capital Stock paid up—14 per cent.....	\$700,000 00		
Reserve Fund.....	406,000 00		
Debentures and Certificates payable at fixed dates.....	3,665,683 60		
Reserved for interest accrued on Debentures and Certificates to date.....	24,736 39		
Sundry Creditors.....	17,244 48		
Due to Company's Agents and Bankers in Britain.....	4,588 86		
Dividend No. 40, payable 15th September, 1893.....	28,000 00		
Balance at credit of Revenue Account carried to next year.....	5,870 24		
			\$4,851,018 61

REVENUE ACCOUNT FOR THE YEAR ENDING 31st AUGUST, 1893.

DR.			
Cost of Management.....		\$ 20,946 33	
Commission on Debentures issued and Loans effected during the year, and Agency Charges.....		20,827 07	
Debenture and Certificate Interest paid and accrued to 31st August, 1893.....	\$ 172,978 93		
Less amount reserved last year for interest accrued on Debentures and Certificates.....	23,053 70		149,925 23
Dividend No. 39, 4 per cent, paid 15th March, 1893.....	28,000 00		
Dividend No. 40, 4 per cent, payable 15th September, 1893.....	28,000 00		
Municipal Tax thereon.....	958 77		
Carried to credit of Company's Reserve Fund.....	15,000 00		
Balance at credit of Revenue Account carried to next year.....	5,870 24		77,699 01
			\$ 269,527 54
CR.			
Balance at credit of Revenue Account, 31st August, 1892.....	\$ 15,586 50		
Less amount voted to President and auditors at the last annual meeting.....	2,300 00		\$ 13,286 50
Net Interest, etc., received and accrued to 31st of August, 1893, after writing off all ascertained losses.....			256,241 04
			\$ 269,527 54
1893. August 31st—By Balance carried to next year.....			\$5,870 24

J. F. KIRK, Manager.

The following gentlemen were duly elected Directors:—Sir W. P. Howland, Sir C. S. Gzowski, Sir D. A. Smith, Donald Mackay, Dr. L. W. Smith, Q.C., T. R. Wadsworth, C. E. Hooper, G. R. R. Cockburn, M.P., and James Henderson. At a subsequent meeting of the newly-elected Board, Sir W. P. Howland was elected President, and Sir C. S. Gzowski, Vice-President.

A YOUNG LADY'S ESCAPE.

AN INTERESTING STORY FROM NORFOLK COUNTY.

General Debility and Chronic Neuralgia made Miss Lizzie Bentley's Life Miserable—Her Parents Feared She was Going into Consumption—Brought Back from the Brink of the Grave. From the Simcoe Reformer.

Miss Lizzie Bentley is the daughter of Mr. Ira Bentley, of Waterford, a former well-known resident of Simcoe. It is well known that Miss Bentley was long and seriously ill; and it was recently reported that she had fully regained her health and strength. Her case has excited considerable interest in Waterford, and coming to the ears of the Reformer, we felt more than a passing interest in the matter, for the reason that for a period of nearly three years there have been from time to time published in our columns particulars of alleged cures of various serious cases of illness that have been effected through the use of a remedy known as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. The scenes of these cures have been located in widely scattered portions of the country. It might also be said of the globe; for some of these stories come from the United States and some from England, to such great distances have the proprietors extended the sphere of their usefulness.

It is of course the common idea that the age of miracles has long passed, and thousands of people who would not relish a classification among "doubting Thomases," and who are quite ready to believe any long story, so that it does not trespass upon their pre-conceived notions, and what old-line physicians tell them of the limits and capabilities of the medical pharmacopoeia, as laid down by the schools, hear with a shrug of the shoulder and a smile of incredulity, of cases the evidence of which is of so certain a character that no court or jury in the land would question it. Take one of the best known and striking instances of the efficacy of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. We refer to the case of Mr. John Marshall. Could any evidence be clearer or more convincing even to a sceptic. Mr. Marshall is a well-known citizen of so large a city as Hamilton. He was paid by the Royal Templars of Temperance the sum of one thousand dollars, that being the sum paid by that institution to its members who are proven to the satisfaction of its physicians to have become permanently incurable. Every fact in connection with the case was investigated by the Hamilton papers and vouched for by them. Not satisfied to take its evidence at second-hand, the Toronto Globe sent a representative to Hamilton. The result of these investigations was the publication by the Globe of an article in which every claim made by Mr. Marshall and the proprietors of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills was fully conceded, and the "Hamilton Miracle" unreservedly endorsed by this great Canadian newspaper.

In a way it reminds of the story of the great lawyer who attended a prayer meeting. His own views of religion were of the most heterodox character. He went to be amused; he came away with all his preconceived ideas changed. He said: "I heard these men whose word was as good as the Bank of England get upon their feet and tell what religion had done for them, not theoretically, it was their own personal experience of it. Were these men in a witness box I would not have the slightest inclination to doubt their word; as a consistent man I was unable to doubt them anywhere else. I had doubted, now I believe."

The man or woman who will give an hour's attention to the evidence that Dr. Williams' Medicine Company have to submit, must, if able to reason at all, concede that their Pink Pills contain wonderful properties for the amelioration of human ailments.

All these reflections are introductory to the case that has come under our notice. Mr. Ira Bentley is widely known in this district, where he has carried on business as a pump and windmill manufacturer for years. He formerly lived in Tilsonburg, afterwards in Simcoe and now resides in the village of Waterford. A representative of the Reformer visited Waterford not long since to interview Mr. Bentley as to his daughter's recovery. For be it understood, this journal is as little prone to be carried away by fair spoken or written words as the rest of humanity; and as we had heard that Miss Bentley's cure was due to the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, we were anxious to investigate, that we might add our personal testimony, if possible, to the many who have already spoken and written on behalf of this great Canadian remedy. The result of the writer's journey to Waterford was eminently satisfactory. We failed in finding Mr. Bentley at home, for he was in Caledonia that day setting up a windmill; but Mrs. and Miss Bentley who were the immediate beneficiaries of the good effects of Pink Pills, proved quite able to give full particulars. Mrs. Bentley was apparently enjoying the best of health, and we were more than surprised to be told by her that it was she who, first of the family, had experimented with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. She told us that a couple of years ago she had been grievously attacked by rheumatism, and had, after solicitation by some friends, sought relief in Pink Pills. The result had been eminently satisfactory, as any observer could see. It was, however, to become acquainted with the case of Miss Bentley that we had gone to Waterford. In answer to our inquiries Mrs. Bentley told us that her eldest daughter, Lizzie, was nineteen years of age, that from her infancy she had been a sufferer and that her chances of growing up to womanhood had never been considered good. She early became a victim of acute neuralgia that for weeks at a time racked her body and made life a burden. She would at times go down to the very brink of the grave; she was in appearance a mere shadow, thin, pale and weak, unable to do anything. After finding how Pink Pills had benefited her mother, she too began to use them. No change from sickness to health could have been more rapid, no cure more complete. "You can say," Mrs. Bentley said to us, "she is a well girl, that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cured her, and we are willing to tell the whole world that such is the case."

Desirous of seeing Miss Bentley herself, we next repaired to the Waterford post office, where she is employed as a telegraph operator. We had known Miss Bentley when she lived in Simcoe. We remembered her pale, delicate face as it was then. One glance at the bright young girl before us, her cheeks aglow with ruddy health, was sufficient. The days of miracles were not gone. The happy subject of one stood before us. Her story was a repetition of the one told us by her mother, only with an added depth of thankfulness to the means of her recovery. We came away from our interview with Miss Bentley fully satisfied that we knew of our own knowledge of at least one marvellous cure to be credited to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

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

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N. Y., and are sold in boxes (never in loose form by the dozen or hundred; and the public are cautioned against numerous imitations sold in this shape) at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, from either address.

READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

DISTRACTION AND DIVERSION.

Nine out of ten of the Bank-holiday-makers would be not more out less idle if they could use the Bank-holidays of the year in learning for themselves exactly what a "wise passiveness" means. It surely does not mean giving yourself up to distractions. After the age of childhood, after the age when tastes of the various competing interests and pleasures of the world, as a bee sips at the various flowers of summer—to see where the greatest supply of sweet and nutritive food is to be found—there is no excuse for mere distractions. Children seem to need the mere physical exercise of their various senses, if only to convince themselves of the store of latent energy within them. There is, therefore, plenty of excuse for them in the delight afforded by genuine distractions. But men and women need not distraction, but diversions, when they would renew the energies within them. As Mr. Gladstone said of his friend, the great physician who relieves the strain on his anxiety and attention by reading books on metaphysics and theology in the intervals of his study of disease, and his self-questionings as to the most appropriate cure, change of attitude is one of the most effectual sources of rest. Distractions only draw the mind out of itself. Diversions do not draw it out of itself, but help it to find and develop the true self by relaxing the tension through which it is exhausting itself, and substituting interests which foster the growth of a "wise passiveness." Metaphysics and theology are not for every man; but these, or poetry, or meditation of any coherent kind on the mystery of life, are the best avenues to a "wise passiveness." Grown-up men and women ask to find themselves, and not

lose themselves, in their diversions. They want to loosen the tension of the stretched bow, but not to lose their command of the purposes for which they stretched it—rather, indeed, to improve and strengthen that command. That is the difference between a distraction and a diversion. In a true distraction you lose yourself, you give yourself up to a giddy whirl of sensuous experiences. In a true diversion you remind yourself of what you really are, of what you really care for outside the sphere of your professional work, of the ideal aims you have in life, of the softer sounds to which the din of the world usually deafens you, of the brighter visions to which the lust of the eye blinds you, of the course you wish to steer, of the nature into which you desire to grow. Distractions exhaust, while true diversions nourish, the soul. Matthew Arnold says of us Englishmen:—

"In cities should we English lie,
Where cries are rising ever new,
And man's incessant stream goes by,
—We who pursue
Our business with unslackening stride,
Traverse in troops, with care-filled breast,
The soft Mediterranean side,
The Nile, the East,
And see all sights from pole to pole,
And glance, and nod, and bustle by,
And never once possess our soul
Before we die."

And certainly the spectacle of a Bank-holiday is a spectacle which confirms Matthew Arnold's picture of our restless life, for it shows that an impatient restlessness is even our best loved rest. Even when the choice of possessing our soul is offered to us, we prefer to drown it in a clash of drums or a shout of laughter. The only way in which we possess our souls is by pursuing the same unchanging occupations from day to day. And we desist from them only to give them new zest, not to give them new meaning. Now zest is merely the sense of fresh appetite with which we return to a meal after a certain interval of fasting; and, so far as we can see, it is only to seek a new zest, not a new ideal, that the great majority of Englishmen put their work behind them, and seek what they are pleased to call "recreation." They do not want to find a fresh clue to life as a whole, but only a revived energy for their ordinary work, and they think that they shall find that best by plunging into a life in every way as different as possible from that which they ordinarily lead, into a life which dissipates, instead of a life which restores, the energies within them. But that is assuredly not to possess their soul, but to find the means of drowning it the more effectually in amusements than they have ever been able to drown it in work. In order truly to possess your soul, you must study a "wise passiveness." You must learn to know whether the magnetic needle by which you guide your course really points. You must learn what desires come uppermost in your mind when there is no urgent call upon your attention; and for that purpose you must provide for a certain interval of serenity, for an arrest of the hurry of life, or a lull in the rapids, for a cessation of distractions. Diversion should be the very opposite of distraction. It should make one feel that there is a real and permanent self behind all the urgency of practical occupations and engagements, a self which will persist after all these occupations and engagements have disappeared. A diversion is a turning away from the main current of business; but the object of that turning away is not to turn away from yourself, but, on the contrary, to turn towards your truest self, to find the permanent interests for which usually you have no adequate leisure, to recover the aims which the multitude of endless details has obscured or obliterated. No diversion is worth the name which leaves no scope for this recovery of the mind from the stress of the prevailing preoccupations of life, which does not admit of what Wordsworth meant by a "wise passiveness."—The Spectator.

PUBLIC OPINION.

St. John Globe: There are many political rumours afloat. For example, it is reported that Sir Leonard Tilley is to go to England as High Commissioner for Canada. This, of course, presupposes that Sir Charles Tupper will stay in Canada and enter the Cabinet.

Hamilton Herald: There need be no doubts as to what the pastoral drawn up by Bishop Carman, to be read in the Methodist churches, will say in regard to the prohibition plebiscite. If all the other denominations were as much in earnest in dealing with the liquor traffic as are the Methodists there would soon be an end of it. Even the Baptists do not take more kindly to cold water than do the disciples of Wesley.

Calgary Tribune: Supposing the Supreme Court of Canada were to order Manitoba to provide "remedial legislation," what then? Manitoba would not obey, what then? What power has the Supreme Court of Canada over the Provincial Legislature backed by a great majority of the people? In the last resort physical force would have to be resorted to, what then?

London Advertiser: D'Alton McCarthy and Col. O'Brien, in their speeches at Listowel, both said the endeavour had been made to read them out of the Conservative party because they had the courage to protest against what they regarded as the wrong-doing of a few men in authority at Ottawa. They took strong ground in favour of the local control of education in Manitoba and the Northwest, and they denounced "protection" as a bonus to a few men already rich.

Vancouver World: The timely words of the Hon. Mr. Davie and his colleagues are very pleasing to the people who now see for themselves how they were duped by the barn-storming haranguers who have been preaching blue ruin, sedition and hopelessness. Would that the press of British Columbia generally would assume a more jaunty air, in keeping with our illimitable possibilities, and assist the Executive in its endeavour to raise this Province to the proud position it is destined to occupy in the seven-starred sisterhood!

Montreal Witness: Although business here is quiet in nearly every department the approaching close of navigation will, no doubt, lead to greater activity in the export trade during the current month. The handling of the crops in the North-West is now going on, but the rates for money are higher than usual, and this has had a somewhat retarding influence. It is also to be noted that apparently the prices for wheat are somewhat lower than last year, but this is attributed largely to the sliding scale method of grading adopted.

Ottawa Citizen: The Reform press are publishing for the benefit of their readers, striking and suggestive cartoons in which the Canadian farmer is represented as a poor, scrawny individual, clad in rags, and evidently suffering from a hard fate. No doubt the farmer might enjoy a greater degree of prosperity than is his portion at present, and yet what we know of his affairs leads us to believe that his lot is rather enviable than otherwise. Thus, the Ontario Bureau of Industries published figures which show that the total value of farm buildings, farm implements and live stock in this province has risen from \$350,000,000 in 1891 to \$364,000,000 in 1892. This certainly does not look as if the farmer were losing ground.

Prof. George C. Chase, of Bates College, Lewiston, Me., has been advanced to the presidency. He is a graduate of the college, forty-nine years old. During the past ten years he has raised about \$140,000 for the institution.

Dyspepsia

Makes the lives of many people miserable, causing distress after eating, sour stomach, sick headache, heartburn, loss of appetite, a faint, "all gone" feeling, bad taste, coated tongue, and irregularity of

Distress After Eating the bowels. Dyspepsia does not get well of itself. It requires careful attention, and a remedy like Hood's Sarsaparilla, which acts gently, yet efficiently. It tones the stomach, regulates the digestion, creates a good appetite, banishes headache, and refreshes the mind.

Sick Headache "I have been troubled with dyspepsia. I had but little appetite, and what I did eat distressed me, and did me little good. After eating I would have a faint or tired, all-gone feeling, as though I had not eaten anything. My trouble was aggravated by my business, painting. Last spring I took Hood's Sarsaparilla, which did me an immense amount of good. It gave me an appetite, and my food relished and satisfied the craving I had previously experienced."

Heart-burn GEORGE A. PAGE, Watertown, Mass.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

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

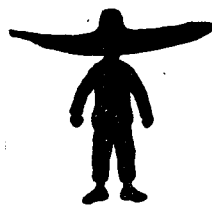
100 Doses One Dollar

MICROBES AND THEIR ENVIRONMENT.

The power of gradually adapting themselves to their surroundings possessed in such a remarkable degree by many micro-organisms, has been studied as regards their susceptibility to various strengths of disinfectants by Kossiakoff, and still more recently by Trambusti (Lo Sperimentale, 1892, fasc. 1.) Kossiakoff showed that a larger dose of particular disinfectant was necessary to destroy an organism which had been trained by being subjected to gradually increasing doses of the disinfectant than was required when the organism was subjected to it without any such preparation. Trambusti examined the behaviour of various bacteria in the presence of corrosive sublimate, and found that they exhibited striking differences in their ability to withstand this material. Thus whereas the pneumococcus of Friedlander was trained to survive an addition of 1:2,000 parts of the sublimate to the culture media, the bacillus of fowl cholera was not able to withstand more than 1:30,000. If, however, the pneumococcus were taken straight from a fresh culture without any previous experience of the disinfectant, it succumbed in a solution containing 1:15,000 parts. The bacillus of swine plague (Rouget des Porcs) was induced to resist an addition of 1:8,000 parts, whereas without training 1:15,000 points infallibly destroyed it. As regards the retention of their pathogenic properties amongst those organisms investigated, the bacillus of swine plague was the only instance in which the virulence was diminished during its treatment, an addition of 1:20,000 parts of corrosive sublimate rendering it innocuous, although its vitality was not destroyed in the presence of 1:8,000 parts.—Nature.

The twentieth annual report of the London and Canadian Loan and Agency Company (Ltd.) is a most creditable and satisfactory showing of business done during the past year. After deducting two half-yearly dividends from the Revenue Account, which had already been reduced by interest, charges and losses, there remained a balance of over \$20,000, of which \$15,000 was added to the Reserve Fund, and \$5,870.24 was carried to credit of Revenue Account. The debentures and certificates also show an increase of \$181,045.98 over last year's report.

IT COVERS A GOOD DEAL OF GROUND



—Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. And when you hear that it cures so many diseases, perhaps you think "it's too good to be true."

But it's only reasonable. As a blood-cleanser, flesh-builder, and strength-restorer, nothing like the "Discovery" is known to medical science. The diseases that it cures come from a torpid liver, or from impure blood. For everything of this nature, it is the only guaranteed remedy. In Dyspepsia, Biliousness; all Bronchial, Throat and Lung affections; every form of Scrofula, even Consumption (or Lung-scurfula) in its earlier stages, and in the most stubborn Skin and Scalp Diseases —if it ever fails to benefit or cure, you have your money back.

The worse your Catarrh, the more you need Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. Its proprietors offer \$500 cash for a case of Catarrh in the Head which they cannot cure.

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Every week in Forest and Stream. Good ones too. Do you see them? The sportsman's favorite journal—Shooting, Fishing, Yacht, Canoe, Dog, big game hunting and all phases of outdoor life. Worth your while to look at it. If your newsdealer hasn't it, send us his name, and we'll send you free copy. Costs \$4 a year, 10 cents a week.

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AGENTS WANTED for our marvellous picture, The Illustrated Lord's Prayers and Ten Commandments, which is a creation of gold picture, beautifully executed in eight handsome colors; printed on heavy plate paper 16x22 inches. Sample copies sent by mail on receipt of 25 cts. Special terms.

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KEEPS YOU IN HEALTH. DUNN'S FRUIT SALINE DELIGHTFULLY REFRESHING.

A safeguard against infectious diseases. Sold by chemists throughout the world. W.G. DUNN & CO. Works—Croydon, England.

If a man should happen to reach perfection in this world, he would have to die immediately to enjoy himself.—H. W. Shaw.

SCIENTIFIC AND SANITARY.

Cementation, or hardening the surface of iron with carbon, may be promoted by electricity. M. Jules Garnier has been demonstrating this in France lately. One terminal, the negative, connects with the powdered charcoal packing, the other with the metal. Furnace heat is also used in his process; but the electricity seems to hasten the work sufficiently to make its use advisable.

The Antipodean Rabbit.—According to Mr. Tegetmeier, the rabbit in Australia has been forced by his environment to alter his European habits. The fore-paws of some have already become adapted for climbing trees in search of the food which they cannot find on the ground, and others have begun to litter on the bare earth. The Antipodean rabbit also enters the water and swims very well, both during his migrations and when he is pursued.

At the Vatican, the other day, Leo XIII. held a brilliant reception of Cardinals, Bishops, members of the Pontifical court, and representatives of the Catholic lay societies of Rome. In the midst of the conversation the phonograph presented to his Holiness by Mr. Edison was brought out, and the Pope spoke into it an invocation to his patron, St. Joachim, which was reproduced with marvellous distinctness. Next a speech delivered by the late Cardinal Manning in 1890 was repeated by the instrument with all the tone of voice and sharpness of intonation peculiar to the dead prelate.—Catholic Review.

The "Aladdin oven," which Mr. Atkinson invented and gave to the public without reserving any patent rights, has heretofore been a part of his system of economical cooking. But he has discovered that a much simpler form of an oven will give nearly as good results. It consists of a kerosene lamp for heating purposes; a box or low table with a sheet-iron top, with a hole in it for the lamp chimney; some narrow strips of soapstone built around this hole and supporting a broad tile placed tightly over them furnish the resting place for the food while cooking, and when the half of a clean beer barrel is turned over this the oven is complete.

The controversy about the comparative mental development of the higher animals has long ago been decided in favor of the West-African man-apes, but for intelligence in the sense of docility the domestic dog has no rival. Not only will he devote all his energies to a prescribed task, even in the absence of his master, but will often attempt to prevent derelictions on the part of his four-footed fellow-servants. The guide-dog of an Esquimaux team will fly at any puppy trying to shirk its share of the work, and the hero of a dog-drama has been known to wreak inter-act vengeance upon a junior lover whose untimely gambols had disturbed the solemnity of the performance.

J. T. Donald, M.A., Professor of Chemistry, Medical Faculty Bishop's College, Analytical and Consulting Chemist and Assayer, of 156 St. James Street, Montreal, has given the following opinion of Baker's Breakfast Cocoa:

Messrs. Walter Baker & Co., 6 Hospital St., City.

Dear Sirs,—

I have made a careful chemical and microscopical examination of a sample of "Baker's Breakfast Cocoa" purchased in the open market. I find that it is entirely free from sugar, foreign starch, flour, husks and other substances used as filling in various Cocoa preparations: It contains no trace of free alkalis or of artificial coloring or flavoring substances. It may therefore be justly called an absolutely pure Cocoa. Baker's Breakfast Cocoa may be briefly described as the carefully roasted kernel of the Cocoa bean, deprived of a portion of its excessive amount of fat and reduced to an exceedingly fine powder which readily forms an emulsion when treated with boiling water or water and milk.

I am yours, etc.,

J. T. DONALD.

Professional.

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God's sweet dews and showers of grace slide off the mountains of pride, and fall on the low valleys of humble hearts, and make them pleasant and fertile.—Leighton.

Many a Young Man.

When from overwork, possibly assisted by an inherited weakness, the health fails and rest or medical treatment must be resorted to, then no medicine can be employed with the same beneficial results as Scott's Emulsion.

In the colliery fields of South Staffordshire, England, hundreds of acres of land are covered with shale or waste material from mines. It is a kind of slate-coloured clay. This material, when ground and otherwise manipulated, proves to be an excellent material for the manufacture of bricks. These bricks when taken from the kiln, are as uniform and rich in colour as those made from red clay, and their qualities are of such a nature as to assure an industry of considerable proportions.—St. Louis Age of Steel.

C. C. RICHARDS & CO.

Gents,—My daughter was suffering terribly with neuralgia. I purchased a bottle of MINARD'S LINIMENT and rubbed her face thoroughly. The pain left her and she slept well till morning. Next night another attack, another application resulted as previously, with no return since. Grateful feelings determined me to express myself publicly. I would not be without MINARD'S LINIMENT in the house at any cost.

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preparation of

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pure and soluble.

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the strength of Cocoa mixed
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eration.

Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated with sweet
gum, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse and strengthen.

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For the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver,
Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Head-
ache, Constipation, Costiveness, Indigestion, Dys-
pepsia, Biliousness, Fever, Inflammation of the
Bowels, Piles and all derangements of the Internal
Viscera. Purely Vegetable, containing no mer-
cury, minerals, or deleterious drugs.

DYSPEPSIA.

DR. RADWAY'S PILLS are a cure for this
complaint. They restore strength to the stomach
and enable it to perform its functions. The symp-
toms of Dyspepsia disappear, and with them the li-
ability of the system to contract the diseases. Take
the medicine according to the directions, and ob-
serve what we say in "False and True" respecting
diet.

Observe the following symptoms resulting
from diseases of the digestive organs: Constipation,
inward piles, fullness of blood in the head, acidity
of the stomach, nausea, heartburn, disgust of food,
fullness or weight of the stomach, sour eructations,
sinking or fluttering of the heart, choking or suffo-
cating sensations when in a lying posture, dimness
of vision, dots or webs before the sight, fever and
dull pain in the head, deficiency of perspiration,
yellowness of the skin and eyes, pain in the side,
chest, limbs, and sudden flushes of heat, burning in
the flesh.

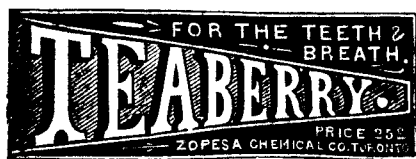
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for One Dollar.

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Information worth thousands will be sent to
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Be sure to get "RADWAY'S"



F. P. Loomis, formerly United States
Consul at St. Etienne, says that from
an investigation made he finds that about
95,000 Americans of the better class vis-
it Europe every year, and that they spend
about \$100,000,000 annually abroad.

MISCELLANEOUS.

In the last twenty-five years, so says
Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer, \$11,000,000
have been given in this country to wo-
men's colleges alone.

A RARE COMBINATION.

There is no other remedy or combination of
medicines that meets so many requirements,
as does Burdock Blood Bitters, in its wide
range of power over such chronic diseases as dys-
pepsia, liver and kidney complaint, scrofula,
and all humors of the blood.

The truth is never in greater danger
than when whole communities lend them-
selves to the vicious deception of
seemliness, and without truth there is
no virtues—Cooper.

DIZZINESS CAUSED BY DYSPEPSIA.

Dizziness is a symptom of dyspepsia. "I
have used Burdock Blood Bitters, for dizziness,
which came over me in spells, so that I had to
quit work for a while. The B. B. B. entirely
cured me."

JAMES WRIGHT, Chesterfield, Ont.

Miss Edith J. Claypole, of Akron, Ohio,
was the only woman to receive the de-
gree of master of science from Cornell
University this year, passing her exam-
inations "with the highest distinction."

ON THE PLATFORM.

Public speakers and singers are often
troubled with sore throat and hoarseness, and
are liable to severe bronchial attacks which
might be prevented and cured by the use of
Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam—the best throat
and long remedy in use

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe is a laborious
writer, elaborating her work with great
care. It is said that she was ten years
writing and rewriting "Later Lyrics." She
submits her manuscript to half a
dozen intimate literary friends for criti-
cism.

Peter Arreola, who recently died at
Tarimore, Mexico, aged one hundred and
thirty, was probably the oldest man in
North America. He left two hundred and
twenty living descendants, many of
whom are prominent in Mexican affairs.
—St. Louis Courier of Medicine.

IMPORTANT TO WORKINGMEN.

Artizans, mechanics and laboring men are
liable to sudden accidents and injuries, as well
as painful cords, stiff joints and lameness. To
all thus troubled, we would recommend Hag-
yard's Yellow Oil, the handy and reliable pain
cure, for outward and internal use.

Prof. Max Muller and his wife have
lately been on a visit to Constantinople,
where they seem to have won the heart
of the Sultan. They were invited to par-
take of a farewell luncheon, during which
various scientific matters were fully dis-
cussed. Before parting with their
guests the Sultan gave Professor Muller
the golden medal of the Order of Merit,
and his wife also received an honorary
order.—New York Evening Post.

A PROFESSIONAL OPINION.

Rev. F. Gunner, M.D., of Listowel, Ont.,
says regarding B.B.B.: "I have used your
excellent Burdock Compound in practice and
in my family since 1884, and hold it No. 1 on
my list of sanative remedies. Your three busy
B's never sting, weaken, or worry."

It has been estimated that an average
waltz takes a dancer over about three-
quarters of a mile; a square dance makes
him cover half a mile. A girl with a
well filled programme travels thus in
one evening: Twelve waltzes, nine miles;
four other dances, at half a mile apiece,
which is hardly a fairly big estimate,
two miles more, the intermission stroll
and the trips to the dressing-room to
renovate her gown and complexion, half
a mile; grand total, eleven and a half
miles.

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in Art. Home care combined with discipline, and high
mental training.

Resident, Native, German and French Government.
A large staff of experienced Professors and Teachers.

Colorado miners and business men
have devised a plan for the State to
issue certificates on silver bullion to be
used as legal tender.

A man who can, in cold blood, hunt
and torture a poor, innocent animal,
cannot feel much compassion for the dis-
tress of his own species.—Frederick the
Great.

The latest use for aluminum is for
street car tickets. A Michigan street
railway has just made its first issue of
these light and ornamental tokens, which
are about the size of a silver quarter dol-
lar. One is round for the ordinary fare,
the other octagonal for children.

It is not generally known that the
prime mover of the original Society for
the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals
was a Jew—Lewis Gompertz. In reply-
ing to the London Evening Standard,
which doubted this statement, the Jew-
ish Chronicle cites the authority of Mr.
S. C. Hall, who records the fact in his
"Retrospect of a Long Life."—Ameri-
can Hebrew.

Mrs. Leland Stanford is personally
supervising extensive changes in her hus-
band's great ranch at Vina, Cal., held by
her in trust for Stanford University, to
increase its productivity and thereby
enlarge the income of the university.
The Senator spent much money on the
ranch and carried it on more like a great
park than a farm. Mrs. Stanford has
gone to work resolutely to put it on a
revenue basis, and relieve the Universi-
ty's temporary embarrassment for funds.

The fund for the establishment and en-
dowment of the American University,
under the auspices of the Methodist Epis-
copal Church, is reported as growing at
an encouraging rate, and there is reas-
onable ground for expectation that soon
the towers of another university will
rise above the trees on the heights about
Washington. Instead of a chain of forts
the American Capital will be guarded by
a circle of universities, whose scope and
facilities when combined will more than
fulfil George Washington's dream of a
great National University. Not forts,
but educational institutions, are the
greatest safeguards of the Republic.—
Washington Star.

QUIPS AND CRANKS.

Miss Allhere: Men have no taste in women's dress. Mr. Fargone: I'm sure I always find something to admire in every dress of yours. Miss Allhere: Then you are an exception among men. Mr. Fargone: I mean when you have the dress on. Miss Allhere, with a little sigh: Ah, you are like all the others!

The great value of Hood's Sarsaparilla as a remedy for catarrh is vouched for by thousands of people whom it has cured.

Donald (an Americanized Scotchman, to his cousin Sandy, newly arrived): Sandy, me boy, and what will ye have for your breakfast the morning? Sandy: Oatmeal. "And what for dinner?" "Oatmeal." "But what for supper?" "Oatmeal." "And what else will you have besides oatmeal?" "Losh! man alive, is there anything else?"

THE ADVERTISING

of Hood's Sarsaparilla is always within the bounds of reason because it is true; it always appeals to the sober, common sense of thinking people because it is true; and it is always fully substantiated by endorsements which in the financial world would be accepted without a moment's hesitation.

Hood Pills cure liver ills, constipation, biliousness, jaundice, sick headache, indigestion.

An author recently received a singular compliment. A burglar broke into the house, and found the manuscript of a novel, which he appropriated, leaving the following note:—"Sir, I began to read your novel, and I was so deeply interested in it that I was obliged to carry it away, but it will be faithfully returned when finished." The manuscript was duly returned, with a really clever critique on it.

THE POWER OF NATURE.

For every ill nature has a cure. In the healing virtues of Norway Pine lies the cure for coughs, colds, croup, asthma, bronchitis, hoarseness, etc. Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup represents the virtues of Norway Pine and other pectoral remedies. Price 25c.

Readers who have never expressed themselves by slamming a door will hardly appreciate the following: Mr. Bliffers and Mr. Whiffers have desks in the same office. The other day Bliffers was trying to straighten an intricate account. "I say, Whiffers," he broke out, "can't you run that type-writing machine without making such an infernal racket?" "No," said Whiffers, "not when I'm writing to a man who has called me a fool."

Inquisitive people sometimes find satisfaction in catechising little boys about their names and affairs. This is how one of these curious bodies at Lockport recently fared:—"Hello, little boy! What is your name?" "Same as dad's," said the boy. "What is your dad's name?" "Same as mine." "I mean, what do they call you when they call you to breakfast?" "They don't never call me to breakfast." "Why don't they?" "Cause I allus git there fust."

OUR OLD FIRE COMPANY

"That was a gay old company that we belonged to, Joe, away back in '68, when you and I ran with the machine." Do you remember that big fire in Hotel Row, one freezing night, when fifteen people were pulled out of their burning rooms and came down the ladder in their night-clothes; and how 'Dick' Greene brought down two 'kids' at once—one in his arms, the other slung to his back? Poor 'Dick'! He got the catarrh dreadfully, from so much exposure, and suffered from it five years or more. We thought once he was going in consumption, sure. But, finally, he heard of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, and tried it, and it cured him up as sound as a flint. I tell you, Joe, that catarrh remedy is a great thing. It saved as good a man and as brave a fireman as ever trod shoe leather."

Minard's Liniment is the Hair Restorer

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Are you thinking about taking some Life Insurance, and cannot make up your mind which company to insure in? Well, you will find that the

DOUBLE MATURITY POLICY OF THE MANUFACTURERS LIFE

is the easiest and most convenient form of saving money for old age ever devised. The full amount insured for is payable at death or age 65, or as soon as the reserve and surplus combined shall amount to the sum insured, estimated at about thirty-one years from date of issue. The policy is

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and you may live or travel in any part of the world, engage in any employment whatever, without prejudice or restriction. You pay your premiums and the Company will pay the insurance. That's the policy for you.

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HEALTH FOR ALL!! HOLLOWAY'S PILLS

Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the LIVER, STOMACH, KIDNEYS AND BOWELS. They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For children and the aged they are priceless. Manufactured only at THOMAS HOLLOWAY'S Establishment, 78 New Oxford St., London; And sold by all Medicine Vendors throughout the World. S.P.—Advice gratis, at the above address, daily, between the hours of 11 and 4, or by letter.

They may talk of the devotion to the sex, but the most faithful attachment in life is that of a woman in love—with herself.

Maude: Mamma, what is a stag party? Mrs. Veni: A party where a lot of men get together and stagnate for the lack of ladies, dear.

Mamie: I believe in woman's rights. Gertie: Then you think every woman should have a vote? Mamie: No; but I think every woman should have a voter.

He: If you will give me just one kiss, I'll never ask for another. She: George, it is bad enough to tell a falsehood, without insulting me at the same time.

Gumme: Skidmore has good horse sense. Gargoyle: I suppose you mean he knows how to pick the winners at the races? Gumme: No; I mean he never bets.

The Rector: Did you ever hear of the theory that people will have the same vocations in the next world as they had in this? The Widow: I don't believe my husband will. He was an ice dealer.

Wife: Did you notice, dear, at the party last evening, how grandly our daughter Clara swept into the room? Husband (with a grunt): Oh, yes! Clara can sweep into the room grandly enough; but when it comes to sweeping out the room she isn't there.

"Certainly," said the farmer's wife to Meandering Mike, "I'll give you your breakfast." "Thank you ma'am, furever an' ever." "Suppose," she went on with a glance at the wood-pile, "that you start in with a chop?" And he turned haughtily away with a remark to the effect that nothing was so offensive to a man of taste as an untimely and unseemly jest.

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest. CATARRH Sold by druggists or sent by mail. Soc. E. T. Hewittine, Warren, Pa.

Minard's Liniment is the best.

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"The Drink—par excellence for children." —Dr. Stanley.

Minard's Liniment for Rheumatism.

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It is the solids of pure cow's milk of the very best quality so treated that, when dissolved in the proper amount of water, it yields a product which is practically identical in composition, re-action, taste and appearance with mother's milk. It is absolutely free from starchy matter, which is present in barley, flour and other infant foods, and contains no glucose and no cane sugar.

Put up in 50c. Tins.

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CREAM TARTAR

BAKING POWDER

PUREST, STRONGEST, BEST.

Contains no Alum, Ammonia, Lime, Phosphates, or any Injurious
E. W. GILLETT, Toronto, Ont.

A POOR MAN



indeed is he whose blood is poor, who has lost his appetite and his flesh and seems to be in a rapid decline; but

SCOTT'S EMULSION

Of Pure Norwegian Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites

can make it rich again by restoring appetite, flesh and rich blood, and so giving him energy and perfect physical life, cures Coughs, Colds, Consumption, Scrofula and Bronchitis. IT IS ALMOST AS PALATABLE AS MILK.
 Prepared only by Scott & Bowne, Belleville.

GILLETT'S PURE POWDERED 100% LYE

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 Ready for use in any quantity. For making Soap, Softening Water, Disinfecting, and a hundred other uses. A can equals 20 pounds Sal Soda.
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With agonizing Eczemas and other Itching, Burning, Bleeding, Scaly, Blotchy, and Pimply Skin and Scalp Diseases are instantly relieved and speedily cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES, consisting of CUTICURA, the great skin cure,



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SOAP, an exquisite skin purifier and beautifier, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, greatest of humor remedies. This is strong language, but every word is true, as proven by thousands of grateful testimonials. CUTICURA REMEDIES are, beyond all doubt, the greatest Skin cures, Blood Purifiers, and Humor Remedies of modern times. Sold everywhere.
 POTTER DRUG AND CHEM. CORP., Boston.
 See "How to Cure Skin Diseases" mailed free.

PIMPLES, blackheads, red, rough, chapped, and oily skin cured by CUTICURA SOAP.

WEAK, PAINFUL KIDNEYS,

With their weary, dull, aching, lifeless, all-gone sensation, relieved in one minute by the Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster. The first and only instantaneous pain-killing strengthening plaster. 30 cents.

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STRONG EVIDENCE!
 "My Sick Headache occurred every week for forty years, I took three bottles of B.B.B. and have had no headache for months, and so commend it highly."
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