

This Number Contains: An Imperial Customs Union—What it is, and What it is for, by J. Van Sommer; Phases of Athenian Politics, by Professor Hutton; The Grand Old Man; Castelar; Belts; Professor Smith vs. Canada; A Voice from the Maritime Provinces.

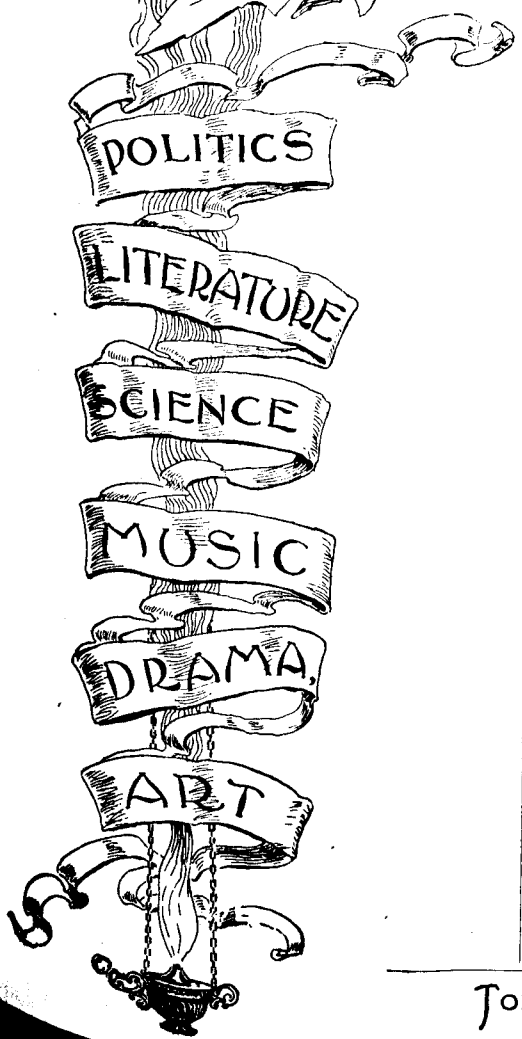
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# THE WEEK.

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Toronto, Friday, June 19th, 1896.

No. 30

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## WHAT IS INCLUDED IN AN IMPERIAL CUSTOMS UNION. SUMMARY.

Aims and intents of Imperial Federation.  
The need of more united defence.  
Mr. Chamberlain's trade policy.  
New openings afforded in the commercial and in the political world.  
The original declaration in New South Wales.  
Trade Congresses.  
Terms of "The Statist" competition.  
The Essays: Their distinctive variations.  
Essay of Mr. J. G. Colmer, C.M.G.  
Essay of Mr. R. S. Ashton, B.A.  
Points for discrimination.

We are told that the solution of the question of an Imperial Customs Union with a view to its being the stepping stone to Imperial Federation will tax the financial skill of the most experienced economist. The financial needs of each separate Government, the historical proclivities and tastes of their respective people, the preponderance of the practical good of the old *régime* over the present, the continuity of our constitutional tribunals of government and the maintenance of the present channels of business and traffic, are all factors in the problem. The result must be obtained without shock to established credit, or violating friendly relationships with other countries outside our own Union.

It is then a collection of questions, in which every one who undertakes to answer any one of them can use all his knowledge of history and in which he can bring his ingenuity to bear on the construction of a policy and programme.

Lord Salisbury states it as "nothing more or less than the future of the British Empire," and we should look upon it as the continuation of the work of building up our Empire, the different propositions as the stones in the building; and the care that the builders must take is to see that the stones both fit their own niche and are in harmony with the structure.

A constitutional Imperial Union already exists, having within itself principles of permanence and cohesion, so that federation will be the final step in the expansion of Great Britain to an Empire inhabited in every part by the British, alike in capacities, in possession of the same historical rights and united by a Federal constitution enjoying local control for their own individual development and entrusted with the royal prerogative.

In the different Imperial policies put forward there is no thought of in any way diminishing or narrowing the legislative functions we now possess. Every Colony will maintain intact its constitutional powers, in fact they will be augmented by the power of consent to Imperial affairs. Questions of Imperial Policy will come before the electorate throughout the Empire, the feeling of united nationality will be extended from a quiescent fact into active operation. The main object, however, at the present time being an extension and increase of our trade.

Viewed from the standpoint of united government the Colonies have always been bound together with but a slender thread. Lord Rosebery has said that he believed it impos-

## An Imperial Customs Union—What it is, and What it is For.\*

IN our issue of June 5th, we printed, under a "Request to Correspondents," an invitation to our contributors to give their views on the following questions:—

"What is your opinion as to the proposals made by Messrs. Colmer and Ashton, respectively, and—What is your solution of the problem set before the present Congress, namely, how to improve the trade relationships between the different portions of the Empire?"

We also referred to the synopsis of these two Essays in our issue of the 29th May, and the reports of the Congress have since appeared in the daily papers from the 9th to the 18th June.

We propose to keep this request open to the fifteenth of July, when we shall begin to print the replies under the contributor's name or otherwise, as they may wish. We cannot offer to print the whole length of all the replies, but we will give every contributor who favours us all the space we can.

Since this invitation appeared we have been asked to furnish information on the subject, or to say where it can be obtained, so that our readers can form a more accurate opinion in answering the questions.

It has also been proposed we should take a vote on the different replies received, and we have the suggestion under consideration; and it has further been proposed that we should organize a debate or series of debates on the replies as well, on all of which we would like to hear from our readers.

In compliance with the request for information on the subject we asked Mr. J. Van Sommer, of Toronto, whose essay was one of the six selected for honourable mention, for the following contribution. We intend to follow this up with a review of the Colonial Customs Acts now in force, and extracts from the Foreign Treaties which at present largely govern the situation. These with the list of books recommended for reference should help our readers to form an opinion.

\* EDITORIAL NOTE.—In this issue we depart, for once, from the usual arrangement of our columns. The vital importance to the Dominion of the question of Imperial Customs Union justifies our placing it in the foremost place in this journal. We earnestly call upon our readers to consider the subject as developed by Mr. Van Sommer's lucid synopsis, and to favour us with their criticisms and suggestions. Canadian intellect should be drawn in this direction rather than in that of internal strife.

sible to maintain our present loose and imperfect relations, and Lord Beaconsfield pointed out years ago that the missing link in the union of Great Britain and her North American possession was the want of representation in the home Parliament which lost them the American States.

The immense forces that a combination of two or more powers like Russia and the United States, or the French and the other Mediterranean navies, could bring on any portion of our present Empire have dispersed all the thoughts which were rampant half a century ago as to ultimate independence and separate nationality.

A more thorough system of defence for the outlying portions of the Empire would seem then to be one of the particularly practical results from closer union of the Empire. Under present conditions it is stretching the patriotic sentiment of a trader in Liverpool or Hull when he finds he is to bear all the taxes for the expense of a navy to protect trade across the Pacific between Australia and Canada from which he derives no profit.

Mr. Chamberlain put forward his plan in the opening speech at the present Congress on the ground that it would insure the more extended use of the financial power accumulating in one part of the Empire in the development of the natural resources which form the wealth of the Colonies and Mr. Colmer sums up the advantages in the "conclusion" of his essay as follows:—

"It may be asked what advantages would the Mother Country on the one hand and the Colonies and possessions on the other derive from Commercial Confederation? It would bring the Mother Country into closer union with the Colonies. By giving preferential treatment, on a modified scale, to British trade within the limits of the Empire the bond of unity would be material as well as sentimental. By such preference the doctrines of free trade, more than at present, would be made possible within the Empire. On the other hand the British manufacturer would retain control of the rapidly increasing colonial markets. There would be a unity of defence of the outlying parts of the Empire and a Colonial Council for mutual consultation on matters of general interest. Greater attention than ever would be attracted to the Colonies. Emigration would flow in larger numbers to their shores. Their powers of production would be increased and the United Kingdom would year by year depend less upon foreign sources for her food supplies. Such advantages would seem to open up a probable field of operations for our younger traders and an enlarged scope of business for our larger traders."

Then again there would be new openings in the political and official field for those among us whose ability is political, either executive or legislative. The Civil, Indian, and Consular services of the Empire might well be open to all British subjects, and with advantage, in stimulating the interest of our schoolboys in the management of the Empire they will some day share in ruling.

The original declaration for a United Empire was made by Lord Sherbrooke in 1850 at Sydney, N.S.W., and was founded on the principles of "local control of local affairs and colonial representation for Imperial affairs."

In days of old, when men had the courage to claim what was their due, the leader of the land, where the boundaries of the Scots and Northumbria marched, was appointed to the Upper House of Parliament as Marquis, and the Earl, answerable for the loyalty of a county, sat beside him.

The leader of a political clan where the boundaries of Canada and the United States march together, or the Governor of a distant Province, would be the natural present-day representative from their Colony in the same historic House at Westminster. If we look around us from a business point of view, do we not find confining lines, limitations, and contracted areas of employment, at least in regard to the

population as a whole, that want enlarging or removing. We hear the complaint every day that Canada has more young men than she can find employment for.

The foregoing will at least give an insight, or a sort of general view from a distance, of what is Imperial Federation.

The procedure to be taken in the way of getting down to business on the matter has long puzzled its friends in England and supporters in the Colonies.

The idea at first was undoubtedly of political union, but, on account of the small population in the Colonies, the actual use of such admission of the Colonies to the Imperial Council was doubtful; now as the Colonies and their ports and cities have become strong centres of finance and trade, the commercial view has come to the front, and the consensus of opinion seems to be that it is by a Commercial Union the results will be arrived at.

This view has been fostered for the last eight years by the Home Government calling together the Colonies in conference through their Boards of Trade, the full title of the present Congress being the Third Congress of Chambers of Commerce of the Empire, invitations being sent out through the London Chamber of Commerce to all duly organized British Boards of Trade.

The moral effect of these Congresses has been immense in obtaining the mental consent of these unofficial Colonial representatives to the theory of Federation. Now comes the practical idea of how to remove the difficulties in the way.

The Statist, of 2nd of February, 1895, places the case very well before us in the conditions of the contest then invited.

1. The scheme to be proposed had to show that it would maintain the integrity and strengthen the defence of the Empire and would be permanently advantageous to the various interests whose consent is requisite to its adoption.

2. The possibility of practical application without long delay was noted as an important element.

3. Essays were to be as concise as possible and conclude (about 15,000 words) with a summary of their proposals sufficiently clear to form the basis of instructions to a Parliamentary draughtsman.

4. That Essay was to be considered best which was most calculated to place the end in view within range of practical attainment.

In response to the invitation there were 136 Essays received, 45 being from the Colonies. From those that have been published in full or in part, we find not exactly conflicting but exceedingly different and divergent views expressed and many proposed. Probably there were 136 varieties of various plans.

THE WEEK will shortly be able to present its readers with a synopsis compiled by the authors and printed by the United Empire Trade League of many of these Essays and they can then judge of the various proposals, also suggest any better method yet.

The main distinctive points in these essays will be found to be somewhat as follows:

1. On the form of Colonial representation in England.
2. On the Trade Policy.
3. On the proposals as to Defence.

The variations on these will be found to be somewhat on the following lines:

1.—(a.) Representation by a Colonial appointive Council.

(b.) Or by an elective Council.

(1.) Chosen by the Colonial Parliaments.

(2.) Or by the Colonial Electorates.

(c.) Through a committee of the Privy Council corresponding to the existing Judicial Committee.

(d.) Advisory only.

(e.) Or advisory and partly administrative.

(f.) By an elective Imperial Senate.

(g.) By a council partly elected and partly nominated, ex officio, and co-opted.\*

(h.) By an Inter-Parliamentary Committee appointed from all the Parliaments within the Empire (as a tentative measure) to formulate the scheme.

2.—(a.) Free trade throughout the Empire.

(b.) Free trade within the Empire.

(c.) Discrimination on foreign goods and Preferential tariffs for British goods.

(d.) A Preferential tariff in Great Britain on Colonial produce, and

(e.) As to what the Colonies should offer in return.

3.—(a.) How the fund or contributions should be raised for the purpose of Defence.

(b.) How it should be used.

(c.) Where it should be used.

(d.) By whom it should be administered.

(e.) Whether it should be *per capita*.

(f.) A percentage on the Exports.

(g.) Or on the Revenue.

(h.) Or a direct tax levied on Imports for the special purpose.

The term bristling with points, seems very applicable to the discussion. The above divisions do not include all, and yet over 440 variations of the scheme can be made from combining in different ways those given under the above headings.

The two principal essays on which THE WEEK invites an opinion are very well analysed in the issue of the 29th May, p. 634, and to which we refer our readers, and so do not repeat them here further than to say that Mr. J.G. Colmer's suggestions were:

1. That an import duty of 3% *ad valorem* should be placed on certain articles (specified), received from foreign countries in the ports of Great Britain, thus giving a preference to similar articles from the Colonies.

2. A contribution by the Colonies of 2% from their revenues to an Imperial Defence Fund.

3. The creation of a Colonial Council appointed by the Crown and the Governor Generals of the Colonies for consultative purposes and to administer the Defence Fund.

Mr. Ralph S. Ashton's suggestions were:

1. Free Trade to be adopted by the Empire.

2. Direct contributions of \$10,000,000 towards the Imperial fleet, from direct taxation which he outlines.

3. An Imperial Fiscal Union Council elected from such parts of the Empire as they represent to administer the Defence Fund and advise on Imperial and Commercial affairs.

These essays can be obtained from The Statist, 51 Cannon St., London, May 2nd and 9th, and synopses of other essays are continued in the following weeks.

In answering the questions, then, asked by THE WEEK, I would advise their readers to take the question of Defence first as being comparatively simple. Then to consider the best trade policy, remembering this, that England does not feel much inclined to give a preference to Colonial produce without receiving a corresponding advantage in return, that England has deprived herself by treaty of the right of receiving a preferential rate in the Colonial ports not accorded

to Germany and Belgium, but that by maintaining those treaties she maintains the right to receive equal treatment with them and other nations with 750,000,000 people with whom treaties exist for that purpose. The consent of each Colonial Parliament will be required to the adoption of any plan. The most interesting point, however, in the controversy, I think, will be on the manner of Colonial representation in England. History can be ransacked for arguments and examples for or against an appointive council or an elective Assembly. Surely every British subject whose interest may be aroused in the development of this problem which may bring him as a factor into the full stream of the political thought of our Empire, influencing the history of the world in his day and generation, instead of, as at present, being, as it were, protected in and limited to an eddy or a side stream in the great river of time.\*

In this great question of closer political and commercial union we should claim our right to have a direct vote on our representation to an Imperial Assembly, and not allow the right to be filched away by some appointive method, which has always produced mischief and discontent in ancient and modern history alike.

My final advice in forming an opinion on these essays is—read them. You may find they are something like the description an old farmer gave of Shakespeare when he said: "It contained lots of things he would never have thought of himself." They are also very good examples of the practical literature of the day, correct in figures and statistics, clear and forcible in expression. There are several copies in Toronto. The writer would be glad to lend the ones he has long enough to be read over to any of THE WEEK's subscribers.

J. VAN SOMMER.

\* \* \*

## Phases of Athenian Politics.

BY PROFESSOR HUTTON, M.A., UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, TORONTO.

"AS Greece is to us the mother of almost everything that makes life worthy to be lived, so is Aristotle . . . the founder of political science." So writes Sir Frederick Pollock by way of introduction to his recent lectures. But, after all, the credit of founding our political science clearly belongs, in a much deeper sense, to those Greek communities which excited Aristotle's interest and riveted his attention. If his political writings have been to Sir Frederick Pollock and to Dr. Arnold and to other students of modern politics the starting point from which the philosophy of modern politics begins, it must be because those Greek communities and in particular Aristotle's adopted home—Athens—were the authors of political systems, the heroes and victims of political successes and failures, which have a very close affinity with the systems and the successes and the failures of the political world to-day.

However this may be, that the politics of Athens come home very closely to ourselves and affect our own views of politics, will probably be disputed by no one. Indeed we often hear it made a ground of complaint, that Athenian politics and the politics of ancient Rome, in so far as classical education brings them within the reach of the modern world, come home too closely, influence too effectually, those whose education has been of this kind.

Accordingly, the critic who resents the influence of musty antiquity upon the live modern world, the critic who finds it easier to let his contempt for the classics breed familiarity towards them, than to wait till familiarity may breed contempt, and who, therefore, speaks with excessive familiarity and with entire contempt of the great names of Greece and Rome, this critic tells us that a column of The Times is better than all Thucydides; but he forgets—this critic—

\* See Seward Brice's Essay.

\* Mr. Ashton makes a strong point of this in his essay, p. 46.

that not unfrequently the column of *The Times* is but the English echo of Thucydides, the setting forth of some social ideal of plain living and high thinking which is the English version of Pericles' words, slightly transposed: φιλοσοφούμεν μετ' εὐτελείας, or some ideal of high art which shall increase the beauty of our homes and lives yet never degenerate into unmanly æstheticism, "and green and yellow melancholy:" φιλοκαλοῦμεν ἀνευ μαλακίας is the version of Pericles; he forgets—this critic—that not unfrequently the column of *The Times* is but balancing once more with English illustrations and for English readers the same political antithesis of Pericles' of peace with dishonour or empire at the cost of war's privations, or weak indulgence to disloyalty or stern repression of it, of the union of hearts, or the other union hitherto found indispensable in this sublunary world between the component portions of our empire, the union which rests on foundations less poetic and emotional; maintained too for the general good at some sacrifice—if occasion arise, of local clannishness and humanitarian sentiment.

He forgets, too,—this critic—that not unfrequently the most eager reader of *The Times* and the most eager reader of Thucydides are one and the same person, that to the old Banker, for instance, George Grote, amid the dinginess and the noise of his London office, out of all that was real in life, two things were most real, the politics of England, which he found in his *Times*, the politics of Athens, which live again in Thucydides. From one to the other Grote turned, reading each in the light of the other, and recognizing the two as identical in spirit. And so from the success of Athenian democracy, as he read it, Grote went forth into English politics with a livelier faith in democratic government because ancient politics act upon our view of modern; just as conversely, since his days, now that the tide of Democracy has swept onwards in leaps and bounds and our thoughts of it draw their colour more from experience than from hope, the reverse process has taken place. The generation which was young when Grote wrote his history, which discovered after him the greatness of Athenian Democracy and prophesied after him of the greatness of English Democracy, has lived to suffer something of disillusionment and disappointment, and disillusionment and disappointment have cast their shadows back upon democratic Athens, and Pericles' ghost wears to-day a less Olympian majesty in the eyes of the Greek scholars of Oxford and of Cambridge, because modern politics have reacted upon ancient. Take a similar and a somewhat fantastic illustration more recent than the days of Grote of this action and reaction.

The Russian Emperor, we have recently been told, taking a very different view from Grote of the success of Athenian democracy, or more probably thinking rather of the failure of democracy in Rome, has gone out of his way to encourage the classics; that so peradventure his educated classes may imbibe even at school a distrust of democracy and cease to furnish converts to radicalism and nihilism. But, on the other hand, the French ultramontanes and monarchists, confining their attention to the republican character of ancient Rome and the popularity of the history of Republican Rome, with the first authors of the French revolution, the Girondists, have discovered in the classics a republican and a liberal tendency; they have accordingly, while agreeing with the Russian autocrat in their ends, agreed with Grote in their conceptions of the results of classical study and they have forbidden classics as emphatically as the historian and the Czar have for opposite reasons encouraged them.

It is only the young German Emperor, always original, who has ventured to deny altogether this action and reaction when he has found time, while solving a few other large problems, the education of his infants, the diet and dancing of his soldiers, the orthodoxy of his sailors, the abolition of physical and moral evil, of consumption, of drunkenness, and immorality in large cities, to determine, incidentally, the relations of classical and modern history. "They have no relation," he says. "I was bred on the classics, and what am I now? What do I know?" the strongest argument, it must be admitted, which the case allowed.

So much by way of introduction and caution that no one may suppose Athenian politics to be matters merely of ancient history; to quote one of Aristotle's regrettably rare vivacities "it is only (Kaisers) Emperors and other vulgar persons" who make this mistake.

The first figure of surpassing interest in the history of Athenian democracy is Pericles; the idealist and reformer. However opinions may shift, as they have recently shifted, in regard to the practicable character of his scheme of democracy, there will yet be little serious difference of opinion in regard either to the generous idealism out of which his majestic visions took shape, or to their very vital interest for our own age; if Pericles was rash and visionary, his rashness and visionariness are yet our own: he did but attempt in Athens under favourable conditions what democracy is attempting in the modern world under conditions, which even in America are not more favourable than his, though more favourable than elsewhere. He dreamed of a state in which the privileges and prejudices of caste should exist no more; in which there should be no aristocracy but the aristocracy of talent and of merit, and in which democracy should mean not froth and fury, ignorance and intolerance, but universal intelligence, universal moderation, universal interest in art and politics, law and poetry, ripening daily in the life of the law court and the temple, parliament and theatre, into perfect citizenship and perfect manhood. It was for this and not for personal reasons that Pericles introduced the juryman's pay, that he established a salary for the attendance at the ecclesia, corresponding to the modern payment of members; that he introduced the payment of the spectator in the theatre; it was in order that each citizen, however poor, might be able to acquire the training of the law court and the ecclesia, that each citizen, however poor, might carry home in his heart from the theatre to the cares of this world and the deceitfulness of poverty, some idea of the beauty of Sophocles' tragedies, some image of the perfection of Phidias' sculpture. We are familiar nowadays with what may be said against ideals so high: they conflict with the commonest facts of life—it is said: higher education is a blessing for the few: for the masses of mankind it is never a blessing, and rarely even a possibility: generally it is beyond their reach and where, under exceptional circumstances, it is placed for a few years' space within their reach by free schools and universities, yet even here it is a curse rather than a blessing to that majority of young men and women, who have not the capacity to succeed in the hot competition of professional life, but have been disenchanted by this higher education with the harder and tamer life of the tradesman and the farmer; ambitions have been roused only to be disappointed, tastes have been acquired which cannot be gratified; dislikes and disinclinations to humble life have been encouraged, which have now either to be crushed—perhaps an impossibility—or at least to be ignored and set aside, which is possible but only with bitterness and repining. "The greatness of a country," says the French critic, "depends on the right employment of its activities and forces. But when each year brings you its legion of artificial capacities, in other words of ambitions more or less vain, what will you do with them? And what sort of society are you preparing by this universal higher education and this chimera of equal instruction?"\*

But if Pericles overlooked the facts of life and overlooked also, not merely the unwillingness, but the actual inability of the majority of the Athenian people to realize his enthusiastic ideal, if he was building castles in the air, and systematizing a scheme of popular education which would never truly educate the populace, yet it must be remembered that the age was an age of boundless hope when nothing seemed impossible.

The Persian wars had brought to Athens the impulse of mighty thoughts and eager questionings, such as the Elizabethan age brought to England, and the French Revolution to Europe. New knowledge in surging floods streamed into Athens, hitherto a humdrum provincial city, sweeping into the compass of the city walls, philosophers, orators, architects, sculptors, moralists and musicians, all the knowledge and all the curiosity, and all the mental energy of every quarter of Greece. The result was the high ideal which Pericles set forth, but which the age generally shared.

Every man was to become, if not omniscient and omnipotent, yet deeply speculative and thoroughly practical, a competent student and a ready man of business; each man was to imitate, in some degree at least, Pericles, the statesman.

student and art critic; Sophocles, the poet and general; Hippodamus, the philosopher, traveller and architect; Hippias, the universal genius—Hippias who engraved his own rings, hammered out of metal his own strigil and oil flask, cobbled his own shoes, wove his own tunic, embroidered his own belt, and carried therein still loftier home-made wares, poems (lyric, tragic, epic), orations (on every topic), treatises on music, grammar and orthoepy, and last, but not least, one of the earliest systems of mnemonics.

If any one had asked a man like Pericles, in a mood like this, what all the stir was about, if any one had suggested that there would presently come a lull and all things would continue as they had been since the fathers fell asleep, that the people would continue to be ignorant and noisy, and the educated supercilious and selfish, he would probably have answered in the spirit of Milton, the English Pericles "Methinks I see in my mind a noble and puissant nation rousing herself like a strong man after sleep and shaking her invincible locks; methinks I see her as an eagle renewing her mighty youth and kindling her undazzled eyes at the full midday beam, purging and unsealing her long abused sight at the fountain itself of heavenly radiance, while the whole noise of timorous and flocking birds, with those also that love the twilight, flutter about amazed at what she means, and in their envious gabble would prognosticate a year of sects and schisms. For now the time seems come when not only our seventy elders but all the Lord's people are become prophets."

There are a few lines taken here and there from Pericles' greatest speech—the Funeral Speech—which will bear quoting as illustrating incidentally the lofty idealism in which the speaker's thoughts habitually moved. He is closing the funeral service of the Athenian soldiers who have fallen during the year by a eulogy of them and of their country, delivered at the grave in the style of modern France:—"Our foot is on every land and sea: our memorials are everywhere: of the courage of these dead whom we are here burying, their last hour gave proof: whether as the first testimony to the recruit's courage: or the last seal of the courage of the veteran. So has the foolish man hidden his foolishness under the shelter of his love for Athens; so has he wiped out the evil of his life by the self-surrender of his death; the service of the soldier atones for the faults of the man. They have given up their lives side by side, and have won each man a praise that passes not away and a tomb most memorable: not the dead stone in which they lie but the warm hearts of those who turn to think of them when the hour for action comes. The grave of heroes is the wide world; they are recorded not by the inscriptions only of their native land, but by that unwritten record which lives on among men, graven upon no tablets save those only of the heart. It is not the desperate man, who has no hope of better things, who has reason to throw away his life, but rather he who has a high estate from which to fall, to whom the loss is greatest, if he fail. To a man of courage, cowardice and disaster are more bitter than the instant unfelt death which comes to him unawares in the hour of strength and patriotic hope. Wherefore I would comfort the kinsmen of these dead and not bewail with them; chance and change are the daily lot of life, and happy they who find like these an honourable grave, like you an honourable sorrow; though it seems a hard saying this, when often and again the sight of other's happiness shall awake the memory of what was once your own. Some of you have passed your prime; these may reflect that the greater portion of their life has been for good, and that this latter end will be but short and will be soothed by the glory of the dead. For the love of honour only never waxes old and in life's dull dregs, it is not gain,—as some men say—but honour that gives comfort."

In this passage, or rather string of passages, from the Funeral Speech, the orator discards more or less avowedly two somewhat ancient and commonplace beliefs, which still have a good deal of experience and authority at their back. The opening words imply that the Athenian army—like other armies—included a large element of desperate men, whose life had been a failure and a loss to the State, though their death had redeemed their life: yet instinctively the idealism of the speaker recoils from the inference suggested, the inference that out of such sad conditions—wasted lives and shattered hopes—springs often the splendid courage of the soldier; it is not from these men, he hastens to pro-

test that the sacrifice of their lives can most confidently be expected, but from their happiest, most self respecting and most respected comrades. Well, is it so, as a matter of fact? Apart from the exceptional cases where religious fervour or fanatic superstition inspires a rare and superhuman courage—the courage of Cromwell's Ironsides and Burley's Covenanters or Osman's Turks, is Pericles' idealistic explanation the true explanation of the effective courage of an average army? The Duke of Wellington, who ought to have known, thought otherwise; he has recorded his opinion in the trenchant phrase that the best soldiers on the average are London blackguards.

So, again, in the same lofty spirit, Pericles contradicts the common philosophy of his day and of other days, which finds the ruling passion of old age in the majority of cases to be avarice; the typical craving of old age, he says, is for honour. However, we might almost translate love, a saying which harmonizes with Christian sentiment and Christian poetry—Wordsworth's poem of the Village School-Master, Matthew, for instance, rather than with the ordinary tone of the matter of fact and rather cynical Athenians of the 5th Century before Christ.

Here, then, is one phase of Athenian politics and one type of Athenian politician; the idealistic reformer; the generous enthusiast who believed in human nature not wisely perhaps but too well; the democrat to whom democracy meant the opening of an honourable career, at once intellectual and practical, to every man.

(To be Continued.)

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### Tennyson as an Evolutionist.

IT is safe to assert that Tennyson owed his wide popularity more especially to the religious quality of his work. When he passed away I remember hearing people say that here was a truly great poet and,—a name not generally conceded to most poets,—an orthodox Christian. "In Memoriam" was universally spoken of as Tennyson's masterpiece. For long enough before his death portions of that famous threnody had been sung in our churches. The religious world delighted to do honour to one who had braved the storms of scepticism through so many years of change and struggle and unrest. While men of genius were everywhere adopting the gospel of unbelief and of despair, Tennyson clung to the old faith, conquered doubt, and in the end sang that last clear song of perfect trust, "Crossing the Bar," to the music of which the heart of man is still throbbing.

In the poetry of Tennyson we feel the quick pulse of this age. The keen spirit of criticism, the eager questioning of the unknown, the many coloured phases of thought in the nineteenth century, all are present in his verse. He lived in a stirring time. The excitement of the French Revolution still permeated literature. In his early life the Tractarian Controversy distracted the English clergy with its fierceness of dispute. Then Newman, confessing the weakness of individual thought to light him through the gloom, sought refuge in the bosom of the Mother Church whose infallible word precluded private opinion. Doubt stalked like a sombre giant through the land. The very foundations of religion seemed giving way. In a chill and blinding mist men were warring for truth, even as Arthur fought in "that last weird battle in the west." Darwin, Spencer, Wallace, Huxley, these were some of Tennyson's contemporaries. Science, then regarded as the deadly foe of poetry and religion, was advancing by leaps and bounds. Evolution was a word abhorred on all sides. Its advocates were promptly branded as infidels. A shadow seemed to be cast over the bright faith of Christendom, and the name of Darwin is still held up to derision in the pulpits of not a few denominations. But this principle of evolution grew and flourished. Those who love the old faith and yet cannot in reason refuse this offspring of mature scientific thought, have made it their chief care to reconcile new and old. In this respect Tennyson, I think, has been eminently successful.

Poets have never entertained much love for science. Wordsworth himself, though

"He was a priest to us all  
Of the wonder and bloom of the world."

though one of the world's greatest nature-poets, was entirely ignorant of the elements of chemistry and geology. He looked upon the outward loveliness of Nature, caught her divine teachings, and was satisfied. It was the same with Keats; her gleam and her glory and the splendour of her robes were to him a continual delight. He would hear no rude facts concerning her; he would scorn to divest her of that sacred mystery expressed in the voice of the wind and the sob of the sea. But Tennyson was to play the role of a poet versed in science. Already famous before Wordsworth had gone, and deeply influenced by the sensuous beauty of Keats' "Endymion," he looked toward the altars of the great Mother as reverently as either of these poets and with a larger vision. He was hearing "the fairy tales of science." The wonders of the spectroscope were unknown to his predecessors. But Tennyson, engrossed in this new study of earth and sky, did not cease to look on humanity with the sympathetic eye of a poet. He took, therefore, a half-way position, retaining Wordsworth's devotion and stopping far short of the cold analysis and abstraction of Darwin.

Tennyson's view of Evolution is two-fold. He admits Darwin's theory of physical growth, but he holds that conscience, the spiritual part of us, is of divine origin. Love and beauty and heroism have come into the world through no nebular process. "He spiritualized evolution and brought it into poetry," says a recent writer. Tennyson could not be a materialist. Such a harsh belief was thoroughly repugnant to him. Out of the bitterness of his dislike for materialism, voiced in poems like "Despair" and "The Promise of May," where he denounces these "know-nothings," comes his strenuous support of spiritualized evolution. Chiefly in "In Memoriam" and "The Idylls of the King" has he espoused this view of hope and faith.

In "In Memoriam,"—and it is a notable fact that this poem was published before Darwin had moved the world,—while Tennyson shows man's kinship with the brute creation, he does not fail to point him to newer and higher paths. In the saddest of Tennyson's songs there is a note of hope and triumph. Whatever evils exist to plague us, they are working and we are suffering for the good of the race. Implicit reliance should not be placed on the evidence of the senses. The *noumenon* is the true; the *phenomenon* is the false. Rapt above earth,

"And all at once it seemed at last  
His living soul was flashed on mine,  
And mine in his was wound, and whirled  
Above empyreal heights of thought  
And came on that which is and caught  
The deep pulsations of the world,  
Æonian music measuring out  
The steps of Time—the shocks of Chance—  
The blows of Death"

In such exaltation of soul, wide-eyed, the poet gazes backward over vast tracts of time and reads the law of progress, knowing it for an eternal and all-wise law.

Man closely allied to the brute, and brutal in desire, has power to rise and crush the animal of his nature:—

"Arise and fly  
The reeling Faun, the sensual feast;  
Move upward, working out the beast,  
And let the ape and tiger die."

Every generation paves the way, and makes room for a greater. Wisdom grows from more to more. As a young man Tennyson sounded this refrain of "Onward":

"And men through novel spheres of thought  
Still moving after truth long sought  
Will learn new things when I am not"

We find this sentiment echoed in "In Memoriam." All the talents and faculties of the human mind, typefied as the "maidens," are ever being perfected:

"And still as vaster grew the shore,  
And rolled the floods in grander space,  
The maidens gathered strength and grace  
And presence, lordlier than before."

Dealing with death and the world's agony Tennyson draws a large measure of comfort from the thought of evolution. It signifies to him greater ecstasies of love, a more perfect development of the best in us, in a scale of immortal progress. Nobler minds eclipse noble, and better the deeds of the past. Beauty shows her divine charms to nearer view.

Nature keeps pace with man in evolution:

"There rolls the deep where grew the tree,  
O Earth what changes hast thou seen!  
There, where the long street roars hath been  
The stillness of the central sea"

Even in that sternest of laws, the survival of the fittest, a divine purpose is to be seen. Nature, "red in claw and beak," is kindly cruel. There is no blind fatuity about her methods, no remorseless spirit in her operations. Through death comes fuller life, through sacrifice comes that which works out highest good to the race. In the fulness of time, watchfulness and care of long duration will reach their summation; out of seeming discord there will proceed the rarest music,—

"Then comes the statelier Eden back to men;  
Then reign the world's great bridal, chaste and calm;  
Then springs the crowning race of humankind."

None but a poet of evolution could have caught the visionary splendours of this better time, could have closed his noblest work with words like these:

"One God one law one element  
And one far-off divine event  
To which the whole creation moves"

Possessed of such a glowing faith in the ultimate perfection of all things it is not surprising that Tennyson engaged in a hand-to-hand conflict with materialism. He lavished the peerless strength of his art and the best years of his life in this warfare. "The Idylls of the King" present in allegory this strife of sense with soul. Tear off the guise and Tennyson himself stands forth as the real Arthur. The legendary king of Britain establishes his kingdom, the kingdom of the soul, drives back the heathen hosts and strives to lift his knights and people grossly enthralled by animal appetites and indulgence, to the high plane of his own spirituality. That Arthur fails in the long run goes to prove that Tennyson held evolution was not to be accomplished in a generation, no, not in a thousand years.

So we get the clearest view of his conception of evolution in the "Idylls." Man wallowed in the mire till Arthur came.

"And so there grew great tracts of wilderness,  
Wherein the beast was ever more and more,  
But man was less and less, till Arthur came"

The brute was rampant; the spirit lay dormant. But with Arthur in their midst men felt the quickening of the spiritual life. At his coronation, mark the effect produced on those long accustomed to the domination of the beast, so—

"That when they rose, knighted from kneeling, some  
Were pale as at the passing of a ghost  
Some flush'd, and others dazed, as one who wakes  
Half blinded at the coming of a light."

Henceforward evolution is rapid and glorious, but at length sense gains the ascendancy once more, and, to the short-sighted, Arthur has wholly failed.

The coming of Arthur is shrouded in mystery. Whether the germ of spiritual life comes by natural birth or whether by divine agency, Tennyson, in this poem, does not choose to discover to us. But it is easily inferred that he favoured the supernatural view. We were loath to believe Arthur "the child of shamefulness." Rather let us walk forth with Bley and Mage Merlin, out from the chamber of the dead King Uther, a moment since loudly wailing for an heir. Out into the black night let us go, down to the sea-shore, breathing an air surcharged with mystery. Behold! a wondrous vision "high upon the dreary deeps,"—

"A ship, the shape thereof  
A dragon wing'd, and all from stem to stern  
Bright with a shining people on the decks,  
And gone as soon as seen."

Eight great waves; then a ninth comes tumbling in upon the shore, a ridge of fire, full of voices, and upon its crest a babe whom Merlin snatches, crying, "The King! Here is an heir for Uther." Forthwith the darkness is dispersed and the sea sleeps under the free sky and stars. Arthur has come into his kingdom. Is this, then, the miraculous entrance of the spiritual into the world?

"Sun, rain, and sun! and where is he who knows?  
From the great deep to the great deep he goes."

But after all his heroic endeavour Arthur is baffled and slain. The materialistic element, never quite eradicated,



crushes high thoughts and noble aspirations. The sensual Guinevere brings about the downfall of the kingdom of the soul. Apparently Arthur's toil and ambition have counted for nothing. After "that last weird battle in the west," obedient to a divine will, he passes away. But he is to come again. Evolution is only delayed. And what is the longest period of stagnation in the full complement of measureless aeons of ages.

Tennyson was an evolutionist to the last, in the poem "By an Evolutionist" summing up his theory in one trenchant line, "The Lord let the house of a brute to the soul of a man." Again, in the same poem, he says:

"I have climbed to the snows of Age, and I gaze at a field in the Past,  
Where I sank with the body at times in the sloughs of a low desire,  
But I hear no yelp of the beast, and the man is quiet at last  
As he stands on the heights of his life with a glimpse of a height  
that is higher."

In "The Making of Man" Tennyson proclaims his doctrine of eternal progress for the last time. He hears the echo of the words of his early manhood,—

"Not in vain the distance beacons. Forward, forward let us range,  
Let the great world spin forever down the ringing grooves of change.  
Thro' the shadow of the globe we sweep into a younger day."

Piercing with prophetic eye the veil of those far-off cycles  
where perfection dwells, he exclaims in triumph,

"Hallelujah to the Maker. It is finished. Man is made."

WILLIAM T. ALLISON.

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### Concerning Belts.

OUR English "belt" comes from the Latin *baltus*, which Varro says is no Roman, but an Etruscan, word. This *baltus* was not a girdle, which the Romans called *cingulum*, but a baldric or cross belt hanging from the shoulder, as sword belts continued to hang till well on in the last century. They are worn differently now, but the body-belt or *cingulum* is as ancient as that which depended from the shoulder. Ladies now wear belts and they are occasionally seen on children. Among men, soldiers have almost a monopoly of them, save at sports and in holiday time. Then and there the amateur yachtsman, the lacrosse player, and the world of amusement generally, girds up its loins with a cincture of more or less elegance. From very ancient days great taste has been displayed in this article of attire. Hector and Ajax exchanged sword-belts before Troy. That of the Greek was of gorgeous purple, but Hector added to his a silver mounted sword and its sheath. The Greeks always seem to have got the advantage of the simple-hearted Trojans in the exchange of courtesies, as when foolish but magnanimous Glaucus gave to Diomedes golden arms for brazen.

The spectacle of the aboriginal American on the war-path doubtless aroused terrors sufficiently appalling, but to an unconcerned spectator it had its comic side. To see men advancing to war with both hands full, a rifle in one and a tomahawk in the other, must have appeared awkward at the least. Before the warrior could use the one, he had to drop the other; and to blow his nose, if Indians ever do such a thing, or to brush away hostile flies, he would have to deposit one or both. Looking at the copies of ancient paintings representing the march of Egyptian troops of old, one is struck with the same unsoldierly handling of many implements of war at once. Both hands are full, except those of captains and trumpeters, of sword and bow, lance and casse-tete, hatchet and javelins, so that the warriors look like travellers for hardware houses. Homer's Iliad makes it plain that the Greeks and Trojans did not carry all their paraphernalia of destruction in their fists; bows, arrows, javelins, swords, of course, and even shields, being suspended till required by belts and straps. The spear and the battle-axe were the only weapons that claimed the warrior's hand and shoulder. He thus had one hand free and available for any emergency that might arise.

The Egyptian and aboriginal American manual arsenals remind one of the fussy carpenter, who, with palms extended some three feet apart, tried to make his way along a crowded thoroughfare, at every step exclaiming, "Get out of my road; don't you see I've got the width of a door between my hands?" Both hands full was the cause of

MacKay's defeat at Killiecrankie, when the Highlanders with broadswords alone hewed down the poor wretches fumbling at their badly fitting bayonets. The same thing lost you something also when, with a parcel in one hand and an umbrella in the other, you fumbled and failed to take your hat off to Her Honour. Pockets, of course, will do a great deal, especially for the small boy, but even he wants his school-bag strapped knapsack-wise behind him. Fancy that poor child walking a mile and a half, twice or four times a day, with his two hands full of books! The Society for the Protection of Women and Children or the Children's Aid should look into such cases. A human being with both hands encumbered is at a bad disadvantage. Even if both hands hold pistols, he is sure to fire crooked. A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush, but a well-filled game-bag is worth more than the spoil borne by two hands. Even lawyers have sense enough to carry bags whether they be full or empty. A bag, however, is not a belt.

Some people wear belts simply as a matter of display, because they are ornamental. Even embroidered suspenders have a plebeian look over a flannel shirt. The tightened belt is supposed to help the figure and to be an antidote to obesity's tendencies. But, as a rule, the belt is meant for business, the holding *in retentis* what, at an appropriate moment, the hand will wield. To it are attached the sheaths, cases or boxes that contain the soldier's sword, bayonet, and cartridges, the man-of-war's man's cutlass, the frontiersman's bowie and pistols, the forester's hatchet. The common seaman, save in pirate scenes, fastens his knife about his waist with a bit of lanyard which answers the same purpose, and he who has to carry a gun far is wise in having a strap attached to it, such as that by which artillery and cavalry soldiers, *jagers*, and *gardes-forestiers* sling theirs over their backs. The feminine habit of carrying a purse at the belt was in ancient times almost universal among those who had money to carry. Even the scribe whom the prophet Ezekiel saw bore the inkhorn, not in his hand, but at his side.

Girdles figure largely in the Bible. They are first mentioned in connection with the dress of the high priest, unless, in opposition to the higher critics, we allow the Book of Job a superior antiquity to that of Exodus. Jonathan gave David his sword, his bow, and his girdle. Joab said to the man who told him that Absalom was hanging from an oak, "Why didst thou not smite him there to the ground? and I would have given thee ten shekels of silver and a girdle." Elijah and John the Baptist were noted for their common leathern girdles. In figurative Hebrew phraseology the belt denoted preparedness and even strength, and the taking away a man's girdle was equivalent to rendering him helpless. Doubtless many an old soldier, like the aged Charlemagne, when commanded to take the cross against the Moslem, has pleaded long service and weariness of years as grounds for being loosed from harness and the belt. So, in the hymn on the glories and joys of Paradise, which constitutes the twenty-sixth chapter of St. Augustine's Meditations, the veteran in holy strife breathes the prayer:

"Christe, Palma Bellatorum,  
Hoc in municipium  
Introduc me, da soluto  
Militare cingulum,  
Fac consortem donativi  
Beatorum Civium."

There is something very touching in the *da saluto* of the aged warrior, a time-expired man who awaits the discharge that shall loosen his belt forever.

The military belt is often taken off without any reference to peace or rest, but the very reverse. In garrison towns, where soldiers off duty are not allowed to carry their side arms, broils often happen. The weapon then employed is the belt, with its heavy brass buckle, which can break bones and take a piece clean out of a human body. Rudyard Kipling has immortalized "Belts" in his "Barrack-room Ballads." Whether borrowed from military life or not, a phrase is standard in the region of corporal punishment, which is germane to the subject, as the boy knows who has been threatened with "a good belting." There is hardly anything, however, on the face of the earth which cannot be misapplied into an instrument of torture, however sacred originally. Such was the Bible to Ruskin in childhood's years, and such very often are church pulpits and choirs to mature and devout people. A ripe strawberry is delightful, but not when violently propelled against your nose, and a

fresh-laid egg is a treasure, except when it is surreptitiously placed in your coat-tail pocket. Belts also have been abused, as if they had something in common with taws and the cat o'-nine-tails.

It is a good thing for a man to have been a soldier, or something equivalent to it, in order to acquire readiness, grace of carriage, ease, and reserve strength. When he puts off his belts, he pipeclays or blackens them according to service, polishes their metal belongings and puts them in a handy place. When the drum beats or the bugle blows the *réveille*, he is up and into them in the twinkling of an eye, ready for any event. His loins are girt up and he is fit for the march. Even the city man after the relaxation of the home evening and a night's rest, if he be a ready man, to use the homely lines of the humble poet :

" Buckles on his armour  
And goes forth unto his biz."

There are belted knights among city men, and there are not a few of the ungirdled ever trying to settle down to business and never settling. When some wild highlander of a panic comes upon the latter, they are found fumbling with their bayonets or wondering whether it would be better to throw away the rifle or the tomahawk.

No man can carry an armoury on his back, neither can he be expected to swallow a library of statistics or of any other kind of science. Nobody wants to meet him with his stock in trade in his hands, but he should have samples at his belt. M. is an insurance agent and wants your risk. You ask him the nature, standing, rates, of his company, and he says he will send you a circular. He should have had that circular at his belt ; in other words, in his memory. Professor N. professes to teach history. A student asks him a question, and he replies that he will look the subject up and give his answer to-morrow. The students think his head should have been the cartridge box for that sort of ammunition. Captain O. drills his company with a copy of the Queen's Regulations in his hand, just as Curate P. prays for a dying man out of an open prayer-book. These are by no means belted knights. Take away drill-book and prayer-book and where would they be? Among the ungirdled abjects.

Steady application, reading, close observation, cultivation of the reasoning powers and memory, are the belts whereby practical men fit to their personality the weapons of their peculiar callings. They do not parade these weapons in both hands as shallow sciolists, braggarts, and village gossips do, but they constitute their reserve strength. You have to respect an open-handed, peaceful man who has a rifle slung on his back, a sword-bayonet by his thigh, a box full of cartridges and a revolver in his belt. So it is with him who has his facts and figures about him, yet goes quietly through the world as if he were no more than any ordinary man. Cramming fills human hands for a time ; it takes steady application and experience to make a strong carrying belt. St. Peter gives good advice when he says : " Gird up the loins of your mind," and, while he applies the figure to the highest of all preparations, it may fitly be appropriated to every other worthy sphere, since he who is faithful in little will be faithful also in much. There is a large field for the application of this subject by ingenious minds to railways that span the waists of continents or islands, to say nothing of belt-lines, together with the towns depending on them. The writer cheerfully abandons it to the ingenious.

NOTE BY EDITOR.—We regret very much to inform our readers that this paper on " Belts " is the last of the series *de omnibus rebus* furnished by The Professor. Not to recognize publicly their ingenuity and excellence would be ungrateful and unjust. We hope to hear from our contributor very often on other subjects, concerning which no man is better qualified than he to write. Meantime, on our own behalf, and in the name of our readers, we have much pleasure in acknowledging the pleasure and instruction we and they have received.

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Sir Daniel Lysons's " Early Reminiscences " are of more general interest than his well-known work on the Crimean War. They deal with Canada during the rebellion of 1837-8. His adventures in this country are well told and are well worth reading.

## Maria Edgeworth.

THE fact that for many minds biography has an especial charm is surely attested by the enormous amount of it—good, bad and indifferent—that is yearly put forth by the publishers for the delectation of their readers.

Cardinal Newman has somewhere well said, that the real truth about a man's character is to be found in his own letters, rather than in what others have written about him—a remark, the practical value of which few of us have not at some time experienced.

Given a person of marked individuality of character, whose range in life has been wide and whose views of men and manners—as recorded in their letters and conversation—may therefore be worth preserving ; and, in the hands of a skilful biographer, there is ample material for the delightful sort of book in which something of the charm of both history and fiction is mingled.

Such a book has been given to us by Mr. Hare, in his " Life and Letters of Miss Edgeworth."

In the curious swing of the pendulum of public opinion, fresh interest in and appreciation of the genius of Miss Edgeworth seems to have been awakened.

Perhaps it is one of the very real tests of a writer's worth—that after the warm admiration of contemporaries has died out—to be succeeded by the indifference of those who worship at other literary shrines, and with whom all personal interest is lost—there should arise in the third generation a certain enthusiasm for what it instinctively feels to be strong, vivid portraiture of the past. Details that to the former class were only " old-fashioned," have become " quaint " to the latter, acquiring thereby an added charm.

If Miss Edgeworth sought both to amuse and instruct the readers of her own time, no less will her " Life and Letters " fulfil the double mission now. The record of the happy, busy life of one who added to her other endowments the rare gift of absolute " selflessness"—a gift, indeed, that seems to have been shared to some extent by her immense circle of relations—is not without its lesson in these days of morbid introspection and restless querulousness. The letters—simple and unaffected—of a clever, well-educated woman, who mingled in the best society at home and abroad, whose clear insight and keen powers of criticism were tempered by a strong sense of humour, and by a spirit of kindly tolerance for all human idiosyncrasies, cannot fail to attract and amuse. Comparatively few have had as large demands made upon their home affections as Miss Edgeworth—demands always fully and warmly met.

Mr. Edgeworth married when little more than a lad, and after a few years his wife died, leaving three children, of whom Maria was one.

Unable apparently to live alone, he rapidly repaired successive losses, until it was the fourth Mrs. Edgeworth who survived his famous daughter, and whose loving tribute to her memory is included in Mr. Hare's book.

An affectionate elder sister Maria Edgeworth proved herself, from the girlish days, when we find her left in charge of the younger children, afterwards taking them to England to meet their parents—no easy journey in those days for inexperienced travellers—to the time when, as an elderly woman, she writes long, loving letters to the young brother in India.

Her father early associated her with himself in the care of his estate ; and the experience gained then not only gave her wide knowledge of human nature, it enabled her in after years to act as her brother's sole agent in the management of his affairs—keeping the property intact in a time of depression, which brought many old estates to the hammer.

Very interesting is the account of the Edgeworth's coaching trip through the Low Countries and France in 1802—especially the visit to Paris, where they shared in the gaieties of the time—meeting many whose names were of note in the literary and scientific world, and to whom the writings of both father and daughter were already well known. All these pleasures were abruptly ended by an official order to leave France, where young Edgeworth, less fortunate, was detained with many others for eleven years.

Throughout Miss Edgeworth's long life—with the duties and cares inevitable in a large family ; the many visits paid and received—for there was wide hospitality

among the Edgeworths and their friends, and we often come upon names of more than passing interest; and with the claims of a large family and other correspondence—the work of authorship went steadily on. Books, grave and gay, for children and for their elders, appeared, down to the last child's story "Orlandino," written at eighty years of age, that the author might have more to help with in the terrible potato famine days.

While not attempting here any criticism of Miss Edgeworth's novels, this at least may be said, they are wholesome reading.

Men and women come before us as they were in the "dress and habit" of their time, "pented" we know as they were seen—for are they not prototypes of many among ourselves—even to the "advanced woman," supposed to be a product of our own day?

Trips to England, a delightful fortnight at Abbotsford, a second visit to Paris, when the middle-aged woman renewed the pleasures of her youth through her younger sisters, and a memorable tour in Connemara, are among the many bits of enjoyment that came to this sunny-hearted woman, and of which the records are such pleasant reading.

An old age, bright and genial, especially so, perhaps, because more than usually in touch with younger lives; the peaceful ending she had always wished for; surely in all things Maria Edgeworth was a woman to be envied, not least, withal, for the high principles and self-control that were the mainsprings of her happy life.

One word more. It has been sometimes said of Miss Edgeworth that she inculcated morality, but nothing higher. To some such objection she once made answer, that religion was too high and sacred a thing to be touched lightly upon in a novel. Have we in our day missed nothing of the reverence that prompted the reply?

No one, however, can read the story of her life—now first given to the world—and doubt that in her simple faith lay the root of all that was best and finest in Maria Edgeworth's character.

M. ALGON KIRBY.

\* \* \*

### "The Grand Old Man."

"And statesmen at her council met  
Who knew the seasons when to take  
Occasion by the hand and make  
The bounds of freedom wider yet

"By shaping some august decree  
Which kept her throne unshaken still  
Broad-based upon her people's will  
And compassed by the inviolate sea."

A VERY good story recently went the rounds of the papers to the effect that a class of boys—in a Sunday school, I suppose—when asked to name the patron saint of England, replied with unhesitating unanimity "Mr. Gladstone." I remember hearing of a little fellow, who, when he heard that Mr. Gladstone was at Pennanmoner, said he would like to go there, and when asked why answered "that he would go on the sands and put his feet where Mr. Gladstone's feet had been." From the surroundings of my own childhood I can feel the truth and force of such stories. It is in early life that we are most susceptible to hero-worship, and genuine enthusiasm is a very contagious thing. I know that there must have been many homes where the feelings cherished in regard to the great statesman were of a decidedly different character, for in his time he has been the best hated as well as the best loved man in the United Kingdom. On this side the ocean, also, there is no doubt the same variety of feeling, but of less intensity, as we are more distant from the scene of action. At this distance it is possible for people to regard Mr. Gladstone as one of the greatest men of this century without discussing the controversies which have arisen in the course of his long, active life.

From the tone of remarks which I have noted in THE WEEK it is evident that some of your correspondents have scant reverence for the subject of this article. They have a perfect right to cherish their own opinions and feelings in this as in other matters, and to relieve those feelings by expressing them vigorously, but when I meet with a man who speaks of Gladstone as "the murderer of Gordon," and as the Grand Old Humbug, etc., etc., after the first impulse of indignation, I say: "Friend, go thy way, and worship thy

own idols." Those of us who learned to admire Mr. Gladstone at a time when his power and popularity was at its highest, may have discovered that even in our opinion the great leader has made mistakes, but we are not so stupid as to think that a great man can be explained, or explained away, by any striking phrase, and certainly not by a slanderous statement pardonable in the heat of passion but in cold print contemptible. I am not going now to attempt a review of Mr. Gladstone's life or a justification of any of his policies, there is no special need of that when he has retired from the battle and is spending the calm evening of his life meditating on the deepest problems. His ways and works will soon be committed to the judgment of history. This short sketch is simply a record of personal experience and as such may not be unacceptable to some of the readers of this journal. On the general question I would close with these remarks. Mr. Gladstone's influence as a great personality, round which the scattered force of Liberalism could rally, has been one of the most important factors in English politics for a great part of the last half century. Those of us who believe that the spread of education and enlargement of freedom may be turned to the highest uses recognize that Mr. Gladstone has been closely identified with almost every great movement of progress. And further, in any judgment we might make upon his character as a whole, we would desire to remember that statesmanship is not an easy thing. Surely we who look on the condition of things in Canada at this moment do not need any demonstration of that point. The agitator who, as Mr. Chamberlain said of John Bright, begins life with a definite programme, and neither adds to it nor takes from it, and lives to see it carried out, may have a toilsome time of it, but his life is simplicity itself compared with that of the statesman who has to meet complex and constantly changing situations. When this is carefully considered all but the bitterest partisans can recognize that here is a high-minded man whose private life was pure and whose public career was marked by magnanimity and chivalrous courtesy.

Now for the impressions scattered and somewhat faint it may be, but real so far as they go. I was a boy at home when Mr. Gladstone visited our quaint, old town, on the north-east coast of England, in the election of '68, immediately after the extension of household suffrage to the boroughs, the great question at issue being the disestablishment of the Irish church. Whitby had chosen as its member Mr. W. H. Gladstone, eldest son of the Liberal leader. It was quite natural that at some convenient time the Prime Minister should visit his son's constituency, especially as the visit meant a short summer holiday in a town famous as a quiet watering place, and interesting in so many ways to a man of Mr. Gladstone's varied sympathies.

I need not now touch upon the life of the son whose death a few years afterwards was such a real grief to the great politician. Suffice it to say that Mr. Gladstone came more than once to a place where people were always glad to see him and respected him sufficiently to allow him to go wandering about quietly enjoying a well-earned rest. He might be seen on Sunday, in the morning, among the crowd of residents and visitors who in the summer time climb the 200 stone steps which lead to Parish Church, the church standing on a cliff near to the ruins of St. Hilda's Abbey, and looking out upon the North Sea; or on week days coming from the sands, or the scaur, with some members of his family. He was then in the prime of his manhood, erect and well built, a type of the highest physical and intellectual culture. On one of these visits he gave a speech in the Congress Hall, to which I had the pleasure of listening. After a quarter of a century, when nothing but mental notes have been taken, one's recollection of a speech is apt to be rather dim, but that speech still lives in my mind as something that it was good to hear, the union of the highest ability with such enthusiastic earnestness. He referred to London as "the focus of adverse criticism," he coined a word "alarmism," he pronounced franchise in a way that was new to me (franchiz, the usual electioneering style being franchise), and he made us understand the vividness of his financial speeches when in discussing the income tax he referred to that "identical little sixpence." This is the kind of thing that sticks in one's recollection, but the real power of such an address lives with me as a vague but precious memory.

It was many years afterwards when I heard Mr. Gladstone again; he had borne heavy burdens and fought hard battles and was beginning to look old. It was soon after the death

of the Right Hon. W. E. Forster. I happened to be in the Speaker's Gallery of the House of Commons (order received from Sir John Lubbock, M.P. for London University) when Mr. Gladstone rose to pay an affectionate tribute to a departed colleague. Unfortunately there had been differences of opinion on that everlasting "Irish Question" and Mr. Forster had left the Cabinet; there was an allusion to this, but in a very guarded, kindly tone. The speech was short but impressive, marked by a delicate grace, all being said that should be said, and no more, every word falling into its right place and expressing a sincere sentiment. The picture of the veteran statesman standing in the place which now knows him no more, and uttering in slightly tremulous tones the nation's tribute over the grave of a noble man is a sight not to be easily forgotten.

Pardon a digression at this point, that I may chronicle the most spontaneous thing that I ever met with in my experience of political meetings. It was St. George's Hall, Bradford, a crowded audience of some 5,000 people, the occasion Mr. Forster's annual address to his constituents. When you looked on W. E. Forster you saw a man, and though his speeches might lack oratorical grace and skill they created an impression of strength, of deep conviction, and firm unfaltering will. He had worked hard in connection with the Education Bill, and stood the criticism of friends and foes; he had held the difficult and dangerous position of Irish Secretary; after all this he was prepared to look the whole world in the face and declared that he had manfully striven to do his duty—a statement that you were compelled to believe whatever your opinion might be about the details of those great subjects. Well, among the great audience on the night in question, there were some fifty or hundred Irishmen sitting all together in the upper gallery, and at one point in the speech the cry of "Buckshot" was raised from that quarter. Oh, the venom and passion concentrated into that one wicked word. If some of the brawny Yorkshire men could have laid hold upon the man who "emitted" that yell there would have been a descent quick but not easy. "Friend" Forster looked up to the shouting, struggling crowd and said in a quiet determined manner: "Since you did not succeed in killing me in Ireland, you must hear me in England." Then, without a guiding word or visible signal, the audience, men and women, rose *en bloc* and, with outstretched hands and waving handkerchiefs, gave such a cheer as is seldom heard. The great crowd became for the moment one many-voiced soul and expressed its admiration of honesty and courage. Is it necessary to say that our friends in the gallery recognized the situation and listened for the remainder of the evening in silence, if not in peace. W. E. Forster appearing in the "Life of Carlyle" as a young man of high intelligence and noble purpose, eager to serve his country, seen later by all Englishmen as a man of sterling character and great tenacity, we honour his memory and know that so long as England can bring forth such men she shall be great and free.

Returning now to the main subject, again a third time I heard Mr. Gladstone, this time at the largest political meeting I ever had the good fortune to attend. It was in the city of Birmingham, the stronghold of "Liberal Unionism," where the great statesman was, in the opinion of many, leading the forlorn hope. The meeting was held in Bingley Hall, a large building used for exhibition purposes, galleries had been built round it, and a platform constructed in the most suitable manner, with sounding board overhead. The audience was variously estimated at from 16,000 to 18,000. I was in one of the side galleries, and looked down upon 8,000 or 10,000 men standing in the area. The entrance of the Old Man was the signal for loud and continuous cheering. Earl Spencer, Mr. Morley and many political celebrities were there, but the feature of the evening was Mr. Gladstone's speech, which was mainly on the question of Ireland. The speech lasted over an hour and a half and for a man of Mr. Gladstone's years was remarkable for its clearness of argument, variety of illustration and fervour of eloquence. In action he seemed to me more abundant than ever before, and one remarkable thing was the art by which the speaker managed his voice so that when the time came for the peroration it responded to the call, and rang through that vast building in such tones that all who were not deaf might hear. A grand sight that is not to be witnessed every day! It is not my business to discuss the Irish question or any other question. Even a great attempt which seems to fail

may create conditions more favourable to future efforts. My only point now is that it was impossible to see and hear Mr. Gladstone without feeling that here was a great man who accepted "democracy" and tried to make the best of it, a man who trusted the people and was free from cynical contempt, a man whose very failures often came from the "enthusiasm of humanity" in him, and from expecting in other men and nations the humanitarian feeling by which he himself was moved. To Mr. Carlyle, Gladstone might not be a hero, but I do not know any one among living statesmen who has more fully responded to that prophet's call: "*Reverence thy fellow man*;" and, speaking for thousands of boys and young men to whom Gladstone has been an object of reverential regard, I may say that, while, with others, our vision may sometimes have been a little dimmed by party spirit, I do not think that our enthusiasm for the "Grand Old Man" has been other than a healthful influence.

W. G. JORDAN.

Strathroy, Ont.

\* \* \*

Castelar.

A THRENODY.

THERE were tears in many beautiful Spanish eyes in 1893 when Emilio Castelar, the leader of the Progressistas of Spain, publicly abandoned aggressive agitation on behalf of the freedom of his country, knelt in humiliation before the tottering throne of tyranny, renounced the revolutionary principles which even in defeat had gained him immortality, affirmed the divinity of a mediæval monarchy, and closed a public life, abundant in success, in a manner that seemed to justify the citizens of his country in branding him as the Judas of democracy.

The circumstances surrounding Castelar's defeat and eventual retirement are of such a nature that no considerable political importance can be attached to them, still their possible results are to be feared by those who entertained a hope that Spain was not forever destined to be a mediæval museum nor a sepulchre through whose iron barred portal the spectator might long behold the rapidly mouldering skeleton of antiquity. Nor, although political philosophers have deemed the measure of genius to be determined by its visible success, can we consider Castelar's genius to be denied in the terrible defeats which encircled with a crown of thorns his political career. He was the child of a country where characteristics such as his were considered as curiosities, where the highest type of a patriot was the professional politician, and where the principle attribute of a liberal was lethargy instead of a love for liberty. Radicals are always ready to renounce the renegade, but there are occasions when history has been known to approve of apostacy, when its effect was to inspire inquiry and awaken a zeal which slept through success. "Rome was not built in a day," said the sage, and he might have added that an enduring social condition is not the creature of a century. He knew that history is ever true to the inexorable law, that slow but certain is the march of progress, and that for every advance made by civilization there must be an almost equal reactionary retreat. He knew that many a bond of brotherhood would be broken, that many a faith would faint and fall by the wayside, that many a happy hope was destined to adorn a cemetery and many a perfect principle to pine away in a prison in the long journey from the anarchy of ancient civilization to the paradise of a people's perfect peace.

It is singular that the two countries of Europe, through which the earliest ancestors of modern nations wandered, are now draped in the almost impenetrable gloom of primeval night. The caravans of our forefathers, which must have crossed Russia in their midnight march from Mesopotamia to the West and the North, seem to have left in that dark empire the germs of a civilization which is pre-eminently the most barbarous in the world. One of the first branches of that great ancestral Aryan family roamed westward through Europe for many years, crossed the Pyrenees, and descended into Africa through the Spanish peninsula. Modern Spain preserves in its useless institutions what seem to be the reminiscences of the march of this Barbarian band. During all these years but little progress has been made, and it defies denial that the Spain of a thousand years ago was superior

to the Spain of to-day. Spain of the Moors was an almost ideal country. Under the dominion of the Arabs the country could properly be termed prosperous. Its great cities, such as Seville, Toledo, Cordova, and Granada of the ninth century, throw London and Paris of to-day in the shade. Spain too possessed a literature rich in sweetness, and the fine arts were beginning to be cultivated with care. But the Arabian dominion was of brief duration, for the Moors were early driven from Spain. Their expulsion was attended by that darkness and desolation which everywhere accompanied the decline of Arabian power during its domination in the middle ages. For nearly five hundred years after the exile of the Arabs the history of Spain is the calendar of the internal conflicts of a few of the chief powers which were too weak to conquer and too strong to be overthrown. By nature Aragon and Castile were best adapted to aggrandize the sovereignty, and on the marriage of Ferdinand and Isabella the two monarchies were united in the kingdom of Spain. Then beneath the dark genius of the cruel Ferdinand, Spain sank into a despotism which was startling even to the middle ages. What the enlightening influence of the Inquisition failed to accomplish Ferdinand succeeded in achieving. Within the space of a few short years Spain became the Inferno of the earth.

The three hundred years following the reign of Ferdinand were marked by no great movements or significant struggles deserving of historical preservation. In the beginning of this century the mighty mind of Napoleon began to shake with terrible force the uncertain foundations sustaining the social and political systems of the European nations. He crowned his brother Joseph as sovereign of Spain. A distrust of the foreigner speedily gained him a martyr's grave and Ferdinand VII. succeeded the fallen Bonaparte. In his reign began the first insurrection in the interests of independence and freedom from the tyranny of the monarchs. The old argument of Kings—the Inquisition—was re-established, and in the revolution which followed, Riego, the leader of the liberals, was cruelly slain by royal command. His party was persecuted until an absolute monarchy was reared over the Inquisition's grave. With a little more consideration than a tyrant customarily concedes to posterity, Ferdinand, with the consent of the Cortes,—whose importance in legislative matters he had been persuaded by the rifle to recognize,—repealed the Salic law which had been enacted during the reign of the Austrian Philip I., and left the throne to his only daughter Isabella. In 1833 Ferdinand died, and a regency was established,—the queen being yet but a child. Regencies are usually unhappy, and this one was no exception. Before the repeal of the Salic law, Don Carlos, the brother of Ferdinand, had been the lawful heir to the kingdom. When he found another was to wear his crown, he rose in arms against the government; and commenced that rebellion known as the Carlist War which endeavoured to place him on the throne. The intervention of England, and the convention of Vergara in 1839, quelled the rising with little gain to the Carlists' cause. The spirit of revolution was not quieted by the convention, but continued to show itself on every possible occasion. One of those occasions was in the city of Madrid in the year 1854, and here the name of Castelar becomes united with the tragic history of benighted Spain.

The story of Castelar begins in a strikingly unpre-  
 faced manner. In 1854, as we have said, the spirit of revolution  
 manifested itself in the city of Madrid. Castelar was at this  
 time twenty-two years of age, and had come from his home in  
 Cadiz to the metropolis to complete his education in the  
 Madrid University. The revolutionists had gathered one  
 night in the Teatro de Oriente, and were being addressed by  
 the orators of the movement. After the last speaker had  
 concluded, Castelar ascended the platform. The vast multi-  
 tude was about to disperse. In an instant Castelar's silvery  
 voice was ringing through the air. A hush fell on the gather-  
 ing. It felt the electric thrill of the young orator's voice.  
 For two hours he held the mighty throng with the magic of  
 his oratory. From that night Castelar's name was famous.  
 The revolutionists were inspired. Castelar had made their  
 cause great. Over the hills of the unhappy peninsula, where  
 the Goths and the Moors had wandered many years before,  
 the tones of Castelar sped to tell in every vineyard of the  
 revolution soon to be. Over the peaks of the Pyrenees his  
 voice seemed to tell France to hope as she had hoped sixty  
 years before.

And now Castelar began pouring his soul into the cause  
 of liberating Spain from the rule of the Bourbon dynasty,  
 and article after article from his pen filled the newspapers  
 throughout the country, and the liberal and radical maga-  
 zines. The remotest corners of the kingdom began to learn the  
 lessons of liberty; and even Queen Isabella, in her prison of a  
 palace, trembled at the name of Castelar. Two years after his  
 first success the University of Madrid offered him the chair  
 of Critical and Philosophical History, which he accepted, and  
 for the first time in a thousand years the halls of old Madrid  
 rang with the inspired eloquence of liberty. Shortly after  
 his appointment to Madrid University, Castelar commenced  
 editing a liberal magazine to consolidate the forces which had  
 begun to behold the prospects of their country's peace in a  
 republican form of Government. How many intriguers  
 stood behind the editorial chair will never be known, how  
 many letters were opened and what correspondence was in-  
 tercepted will probably never be even surmised, but there is  
 little doubt that in dark hours and on unexpected occasions  
 false keys grated strangely in heavy locks, and cowardly  
 hands copied suspected documents, and between the editor's  
 chambers and the castle of the queen passed secret papers,  
 and masked figures bearing the precious burdens of their  
 little stolen tales. For a few years Castelar's liberality caused  
 no open manifestation of offence; but in 1864 he published a  
 bitter attack on the government for claiming the crown lands  
 of Spain. For this attack he lost his professorship in the  
 University; and now bound by no implied restraints he en-  
 couraged immediate and active measures against the already  
 ruined monarchy. A concerted rising of the revolutionists  
 occurred in 1866 in Madrid, and the government, startled for  
 its safety, arrested several hundreds of the republicans and  
 sentenced them to death. Among these was Castelar. But  
 the administration, which he had defied, feared to give him  
 martyrdom, well knowing that bombs were rapidly becoming  
 fashionable tonics for tyrants, and medicine for the malady  
 of monarchy. The young orator gained his freedom from  
 prison, and fled to France. From here he journeyed into  
 Italy; then, returning, he crossed to England. Everywhere  
 he went the voice of liberty seemed to be ringing in his ears—  
 Frenchmen in France, Italians in Italy, seemed to sigh and  
 sob and mourn; and the voice of Hungary came from  
 over the Alps. There was an inspiration in that  
 mighty sea of voices which beat its music into the soul of  
 Castelar, and when, in 1868,—the year of many liberal deeds,—  
 for the third time in his short political history, Madrid arose  
 and royally rebelled, and the queen fled to San Sebastian,  
 Castelar hurried home to his native land, after his happy  
 years of voluntary exile. With princely rejoicings Castelar  
 was enthusiastically received by his exulting countrymen.  
 The queen,—the conqueror of two years before,—was gone  
 forever, and the kingly Castelar,—the condemned of the  
 recent revolution,—was triumphant in the city of his foe.

Immediately on his return, the great cities of Spain con-  
 tended for Castelar's candidature for a seat in the Cortes.  
 He entered that assembly, where, for twenty-five years, he was  
 destined to thrill Spain at his will, as deputy for the historic  
 city of Saragossa. The new Cortes, still conservative, de-  
 cided that Spain should remain a monarchy, and offered the  
 crown to Amadeo, the weak son of Victor Emmanuel, the  
 deliverer of Italy. An alien by birth, he could scarcely ex-  
 pect a warmer welcome than was given to the brother of the  
 greatest genius of the century. Amadeo pined away for a  
 little over two years in the palatial penitentiary of the cap-  
 ital, and in February, 1873, he laid the crown upon the throne,  
 bade farewell forever to his kingdom and returned to his  
 Italian home. And now the genius of Castelar appeared.  
 With a succession of rapid but fearless movements, which were  
 scarcely discernible to the powerful opposition, he prepared  
 an elaborate constitution, abolished the last remnants of the  
 old monarchy, and proclaimed Spain a Republic.

Politicians are denounced as deceivers and demagogues  
 by those political philosophers who search for the science of  
 statesmanship in dark deeds of dishonour, and who think that  
 a politician is but the powerless puppet of practised plotters  
 whose success depends upon the credulity of their country-  
 men. The successful statesman of the dark ages was the con-  
 summate conspirator. His success was limited only by his  
 corruptness. He never placed a principle before his position,  
 nor a friendship before the object of his ambition. A mar-  
 quis and a mendicant were alike of importance if they could

assist him to accomplish his designs. Such men were Wolsey, Henry IV., Alva, Sully, Richelieu and Mazarin. In the middle ages politics was a proscribed profession, and in a proscribed profession it is always necessary to pander to passion in order to triumph. But when the science of government becomes recognized, not only as a necessity, but also as an advantage, it is speedily freed from the impurities of corruption. Then it is not policy for the politician to descend and deceive; it is absolutely necessary that he should rise if he would reign. With the advent of such circumstances appears the ideal statesman. The highest type of the perfect politician is the orator. It is little to a person's credit that he has stood among the shadows and successfully accomplished the ruin of his foes. He has a double advantage,—the view of his enemies secret movements, and the obscurity of his superior position. Only a fool could fail under such circumstances. There are no such conditions favourable to the orator. He dare not deceive because his heart is unfalteringly consistent with truth through all changes, even though sophistry should lead the intellect astray. It was by means of his brilliant bursts of oratory that Castelar conquered his conservative antagonists, and surely it is a sufficient evidence of his genius, that if he did not succeed in establishing an indestructible republic, he did succeed in obtaining a homage which will survive the endurance of empire in the universal admiration, endeared by defeat, of his unfortunate countrymen.

To the true genius success and defeat are equally acceptable, for in him the soul alone is supreme; and material gains and losses are alike successes to the intellect. When the republic fell in 1874 beneath that argument of aristocrats—physical force,—exposing the treason of General Pavia, above the ruins rose the regal spirit of the unconquered Castelar. Too noble to kneel to office under King Alphonso XII., he turned away from the disgrace of his country, and made a tour of Europe, where city after city fell as if by storm beneath the charms of his eloquence. Returning to Spain he was immediately elected to the Cortes as deputy for the city of Barcelona. Within the chambers of the Cortes he reigned, an intellectual sovereign, time and again forcing that assembly to tremble and quail before his unbounded genius. The successes he achieved over the vast combinations of those foes who bowed beneath his eloquence passed beyond the limits of enumeration. All Spain hurried to hear him when he was announced to speak, and whenever his voice was heard it was recognized that he held the destinies of the present monarchy of Spain within his hand. And although he retired from active political activity, believing that the time had not yet arrived when a perfectly free republic can endure in Spain, yet in that kingdom of republicans, in that realm of revolutions, where the sovereign of to-day is the slave of to-morrow, loving Spaniards look hopefully forward to the day, which, in the present, the latest of its many crises, it seems is not far distant, when its crowns will be considered as curiosities, and the mysteries of its monarchy will moulder in museums.

In these dark days for Spain, let it, then, not be imagined that Castelar retired from the field when the sacred principle of freedom ceased to be a novelty as Gladstone when he abandoned the cause of Home Rule. High over the voices which announced his retirement, other sweet Spanish voices are heard mournfully calling—Is there no hope for liberty? Is there no hope for the toiler tormented by the tyrant? Is the mental millionaire, and the intellectual Cæsus, to ceaselessly crave alms from the pauper in principle and the beggar in brains? Has a relic of the Inquisition survived to this century to cruelly crush and to torture the truth? Have the fatal fetters been forged to enchain individual freedom forever? Is Spain to repose through endless time in superstition's deathly sleep? Not while the thunders of a mighty revolution are still echoing and re-echoing with a terrible meaning far up among the lonely heights and the purple peaks of the Pyrenees; not while non-representative legislative assemblies are being quietly buried in the ruins of their wrongs; not while there is a plain beneath the eminence of power to which the throne of tyranny can ruthlessly be hurled; not while there remains in the memory of a monarch the blood on the slippery steps of the ghastly guillotine; not while the caves and the hills give a habitation, and the wolves a wild welcome more merciful than kings; not while secret societies can sow seeds of sedition that bloom in the flowers of homage to truth; not while the friends of freedom, with tear stained eyes and breaking hearts, look across the

history of twenty mournful years to the time when the clash of arms and the booming of guns and the riotings of revolutionists and the triumphs of liberty told of the fall of a mouldering monarchy and the rise of the republic of Spain on its ruins, and find a comfort for the sorrows of their present serfdom in the measured music of the murmuring Mediterranean as it sweeps in seraphic strains along the silvery shores of slumbering Spain; and not while revolutionist and conservative, and republican and monarchist and progressist and moderado forget together the treasons and the trials and the betrayals and the backslidings, and seem to hear again, as they heard in the years gone by, the eloquent tongue of the orator of Republican Spain, Emilio Castelar.

ALBERT R. J. F. HASSARD.

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### Parisian Affairs.

THE coronation of the Czar has cost Russia 100,000,000 francs and 1,300 lives. The crush and suffocation disaster has cast its sorrow and fatal remembrance over an otherwise successful ceremony. The people who study omens see in that catastrophe a number of coming evils, just as at the entry of bride Marie Antoinette to Paris, to be received by the crowd, numbering half a million, and, as a courtier declared, all her lovers. Years later the admirers largely assisted at her execution. At Moscow the human tornado was due to not having several centres on the vast Kodynsky parade ground, for the gratuitous distribution of free food to the poor and needy. Hence a sudden rush, a human tide-wave that slowly but surely carried off and submerged 1,300 persons, irrespective of the hundreds wounded, that were swept like flies into a trench destined to keep the wall of living beings at a distance. The waves' sweeping action lasted but fifteen minutes, and cavalry horses and riders were engulfed with the front row of people. The wells that had been excavated a few years ago for the wants of the French Exhibition, and that were only covered over with thin, and since rotten, planks, became also living sepulchres. In France when a popular *fête* is given, the authorities so arrange to have several centres for the attractions, so as to localize the gatherings and so thus remove the possibility of death-crushes. In the case of the latter, the women and children after a shriek go under, the brave stand still—but helpless; a sort of paralysis spreads like contagion involving the strongest; they remain so till the undulations of the wave shall have expended their force. Nature, it is said, does nothing violent, save cyclones and the death multitude wave. The rush for the free breakfast table was a terrible mortuary trap. But it is difficult to feed at a single meal 500,000 moujiks.

People who have returned from Moscow are unable to give any definite opinion as to the future of Russia. That is not extraordinary, as the Russians themselves do not know. Alone the Tsar keeps the key of that secret. He can as readily provoke war as any of the other great powers, but it is the making of peace that is the difficulty. That does not depend on any Tsar; no one can map out the consequences of a war in advance, only it is believed they would be profound, and even for, and at the expense, too, of Russia herself. It is that salutary unknown which begets prudence all round. That is the only benefit bloated armaments confer—the dread to employ them. Crete can as easily set Europe and the world in flames as Russia, and may likely do so. Civilization is becoming sick at beholding the only rôle of Turkey in the world, that to massacre Christians. Russia and France have opposed England's readiness to wind up the Sultan on account of his Armenianism, so perhaps Greece and the Balkans may now take up the subject.

The weather continues to be abnormally lovely, the heat is a little too oppressive. But field and garden vegetation suffers from the drought; garden products are rapidly running up in price, so that hotels, etc., will soon find it cheaper in summer to employ canned rather than fresh vegetables. The farmers are on the grill; they will have very little hay, and wheat commences to prematurely ripen. Milk in Paris never was known to be richer or better than at present, and this is attributed to the necessity of giving cows oil cake to supplement the shortage in grass food.

The resolution of the government to again change its mind—the fourth change since a twelve-month, as to what

to do with Madagascar, is almost humorous, only for the grave questions at issue. The big island is to be annexed, and incorporated as an integral part of France. But how the ministry intends reconciling that high-handed action with the treaty trading rights of England, Germany, and the United States, is full of thorns and surprises. These nations are not in a mood to go out of their way for the future to be agreeable to France, by sacrificing their material interests. Madagascar is the whitest of White Elephants for France. Supposing she excluded every other country from the Madagascar markets, that would not bring any grist to her mill. All French colonies are unpaying concerns, and that kind of expenditure is strangling France. Sooner or later she will have to throw up the sponge. The annexation of Madagascar will entail on England the creation of new naval and military positions on the East of Africa, pending that Portugal will sell her Delagoa Bay, as she has the first right to purchase it, and Germany has had to renounce great expectations in that quarter by the premature exposure of her designs on South Africa. No Frenchman in his senses believes his country will ever net a "red cent" out of the Madagascar grab; it will look well upon maps, like the Sahara and Senegal—that's a reward, because a "glory thrill."

The French have "retired their pin from the play" in the Egyptian question; they follow the preparations of England, slowly but surely coiling round the Khalifa, when the autumn's spring will be made. The strategic movements will converge from Suakin, Kassala, Dongola—and meet in Khartoum and Darfour. The Egyptians continue to be elated at the near prospect of re-entering their amputated territory, which has at the same time a splendid market region. From the moment England decided to bring in Indian troops to aid the Anglo-Egyptian army, the British possession of the Upper Nile was accepted as an accomplished fact. It remains for Britain to bring Belgium to a speedy sense of her situation regarding her treating the assassination of poor Stokes by Lothaire as a practical joke. It is the moment to make Belgium feel the consequences of her joining in the hue and cry by the coalesced jealous rivals of Britain last year. Stop her "prospecting" towards the Nile, and compel her now to bleed for the crime of her unworthy officer, by exacting the territory necessary to carry into execution the British Grand Trunk Railway from Alexandria to Cape Town—Rhodes' idea.

The French do not now view the Transvaal question as pregnant with danger, since England has taken up her position. It is noted, and the reason asked, why the sudden impulse of M. Kruger to liberate the 45 prisoners on their paying each a fine of 2,000 pounds sterling, that will be an addition to the money box of the smart Dutch Teutonic clique who pull the strings at Pretoria? It was shabby to accord the clemency at £2,000 per head; the quality of mercy is only strained with the Boers, with whom the commercial spirit is mixed with their "magnanimity." It was due to the more than officious threat that Cecil Rhodes and Dr. Jim—not quite fools, though they blundered and failed—had serious evidence that Kruger, who naturally denies the soft impeachment, and his henchman, Dr. Leyds, backs it up, had a conspiracy with the Kaiser. It was a most singular coincidence that the German movements were cut dry and timed to meet the Doctor's raid. The decision of the Cape Parliament to inquire into the raid is good, and will be excellent when they also inquire into the meaning of Mr. Kruger importing war material and food supplies into the Rand—a provisioning that will justify Mr. Chamberlain wiping his eyeglass and indulging in a stony stare. It would be better for Uncle Paul to end with his plan of fractional clemency by according a clean pardon all round, get rid of his wire-pullers, and join England in securing race union in the Cape Colony.

Gambetta died on 31st December, 1882, and it seems the cause of his death is not that certified to by six of the leading physicians and the surgeons who made the post mortem examination. The legend accepted outside France is, that the great patriot was shot by his angered mistress in the hand, 27th November, 1882, and which brought on lock-jaw. Gambetta was wounded in the palm of the hand by the accidental discharge of a ball cartridge that had been negligently left in a chamber of the weapon. On the day of the post mortem examination made at Gambetta's humble villa at Jardies, the writer was present in the garden, awaiting the

official report of the operation, as well as many intimate friends of the deceased. No one ever alluded to the pistol shot, but the nature of the malady was discussed, and Clemenceau gave a most lucid description of same. The pylorus, or blind intestine, had become perforated and bathed in suppurated matter, thus leading to inevitable death. This dry and bald explanation lacking all the romance of the mistress and the shooting, was superseded by the latter for exportation. It was no secret that Gambetta and his mistress, the daughter of a well-known French general, lived most happily together; she was separated from her husband.

Parisians are making a rush to the country as if the city was on fire; though not resembling the latter, it is not the less very warm. One fact to note in the summer social life of Parisians occupied with professional or administrative duties, they have selected their villa residences in a more distant zone from Paris. They take the train morning and evening. Their food supplies, as a rule, come from the city. Other evolution: the immediate suburbs of Paris are next to wholly inhabited by Israelites; strange still, the blond and blue eyed Jews prefer the north side of the city environs, while the dark-haired Israelites, of gypsy type, with red hue cheekbones, vermilion-colored lips, and dark eyes, lean to the opposite outskirts. As a rule, all the Jews in Paris are undersized; perhaps the Rothschilds are tallest in stature of all Israelites here. The French ought not to keep up such a crusade against the Jews, the latter have invariably large families, so a model to be followed.

At the Chantilly races—the Derby Day—last Sunday, M. Deville, a leading barrister, and his secretary, railed down to enjoy the sport. On returning it is always a struggle for life to get a seat in the train; people jump on to the foot-boards when the carriages are in motion, expecting to be admitted into a compartment. M. Deville so acted, slipped, and the wheels passed over his legs above the ankle. Removed to the hospital, one leg was immediately amputated, and the other awaited surgeons telegraphed from Paris to come down and decide. By an error, the telegraph for the unfortunate's wife was in the hurry sent to the surgeons, while the wife, who was awaiting dinner for her husband, was handed the other: "One of Deville's legs amputated; come at once to consultation as to the other." The poor gentleman is still alive; it was his first visit to the Derby.

Paris, June 3rd, 1896.

Z.

## Art Notes.

THE Swedish paintings exhibited in the new library of the Pratt Institute, Brooklyn, renew the impression made by those, mostly by the same artists, shown at the Chicago Exposition. There is evidence of power, fresh and unforced, but, it must be added, often set to childish work, in these paintings. There is also the natural refinement that comes of healthy senses unspoiled by training in conventional ways of representing things. Most of the painters have adopted the Impressionist's creed; but it is very evident that they are no half-believers. Impressionism is for them not a way, but the way. The visitor is frequently surprised by bits of fact which he had not known could be treated artistically; and perhaps as much surprised at the artist's contentment with them. These sons of the Vikings are, like their ancestors, great hobbledehoyes, who have taken sun, moon, and stars for playthings; and, in looking at their work, one comes to understand Rossetti's distaste for mere "outside nature." It is pleasant to note their hearty enjoyment of common things, to see how every now and then, while attending only to these, they attain fine quality, just as a child singing will sometimes utter a true note. But simplicity has its drawbacks; and people cannot always agree with painters to whom thistles are as good as roses, to whom kitchen wenches undressed are as forest sprites, and every sunset or snowstorm wonderful and beautiful beyond all degrees of comparison. But, while these bright Swedish painters must be set below their teachers, the French impressionists, they are a very interesting lot, and their works are thoroughly enjoyable.—The Critic.

## Letters to the Editor.

PROFESSOR GOLDWIN SMITH *versus* CANADA.

SIR,—The importance of the subject at this crisis of our national existence must be my excuse for thus assuming to add to your indictment, in your issue of the 12th inst., on this head. Your comment, in editorial on it, is, I take it, in accord with the sentiment of the mass—at least nine-tenths—of the Dominion. The subject, and the case itself involving such a body as the University of Toronto, is a broad one, and of imminent vital importance, calling for larger and graver comment, but that I leave to others. For the moment I would only refer to an incident or two, pertinent to the issue, which is not generally known, and which, I think, should be brought to public notice, viz :

In the quotation (page 690, head of second column of yours of 12th inst.) from the Professor's article *ad rem* (British connection) in the London Saturday Review, 14th December, 1895, is the following passage : "Of mere territorial aggrandisement I have never in thirty years of intercourse detected the slightest desire in the American breast," etc.

This, for a leading professor of history, is a singular statement—a *suggestio falsi*—simply disgraceful. Why! In the very same article he incidentally alludes to the Alaska purchase, also to Mexico, but in these instances with some manner of excuse for the grab. As to Canada, however, there is a studied ignorance of past, historical, effective and emphatic resistance to such aggrandisement.

That the desire—hunger ever growing—for our richer North still burned at the time the Professor wrote in December last, he must have known. Even the press of the United States and its leading tribunes of Congress, and the executive itself, blatantly rang the changes on the *ad captandum* theme. Amongst other modes demonstrative of such desire of "territorial aggrandisement" was the notable Banks' Bill of Congress, July 2, 1866, introduced "on leave" by Mr. Banks, read twice, referred to the Committee on Foreign Affairs, and ordered to be printed, and printed accordingly, headed thus :

## "A BILL

"For the admission of the States of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Canada East and Canada West, and for the organization of the territories of Selkirk, Saskatchewan, and Columbia."

The Bill, in legislative terms, provides for such admission "whenever notice shall be deposited in the Department of State that the Governments of Great Britain and the Provinces [in question] have accepted the proposition hereinafter made by the United States."

Article 1.—Provides for transfer of lands and all other property and civil rights to Federal and State Governments respectively.

Article 2.—Provides for the assumption of the public debts and liabilities of the Provinces, to certain specified amounts with interest, at 5 per cent.

Article 3.—Provides for representation in Congress, specifying Newfoundland as part of Canada East and Prince Edward Island as part of Nova Scotia.

Article 4.—Defines territorial divisions.

Article 5.—Prescribes representation in the House of Representatives.

Article 6.—Applies to the "territories of Selkirk, Saskatchewan and Columbia, all the provisions of the Act organizing the Territory of Montana, so far as they can be made applicable."

Article 7.—Undertakes to open the navigation of the St. Lawrence to vessels of fifteen hundred tons, "expenditure not to exceed fifty million dollars."

Article 8.—Appropriates two million dollars to "The European and North American Railway Company of Maine" on certain conditions.

Article 9.—"To aid the construction of a railway from Truro in Nova Scotia to Rivière du Loup in Canada East, and a railway from the city of Ottawa by way of Sault Ste. Marie, Bayfield and Superior, in Wisconsin, Pembina and Fort Garry on the Red River of the North, and the valley of the North Saskatchewan River to some point on the Pacific Ocean north of latitude forty-nine degrees"; and in land grant 12,800 acres ("selected") per mile, with guarantee

(Government) of five per cent. per annum on authorized stock, not exceeding thirty thousand dollars per mile.

Article 10.—Survey.

Article 11.—"The United States will pay ten millions of dollars to the Hudson's Bay Company in full discharge of all claims to territory or jurisdiction in North America, whether founded on the charter of the company or any treaty, law or usage."

Article 12 (last).—Constitutions of New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Canada East and Canada West to be "conformable to the constitution and laws of the United States, subject to revision of Congress."

## QUESTIONS.

Who or what inspired the above?

The incident falling within the "thirty years" (preceding Professor Smith's article in question, was he aware of it when he wrote as aforesaid?

Was he aware of the persistent recurrence, since, of such effort for such aggrandisement?

How (if possible) excuse such perversion of public fact in rank treason to the State which harboured such a Calchas?

More, much more, than what you have said might be charged against the traitor and his abettors in our midst, but that may be left to its appropriate Nemesis in due course and time.

Canada—keystone tower of the arch of the Empire she belongs to—is now unconquerable. That is the dominant fact of our hour, and to that we hold in firmest faith.

June 13th, 1896.

BRITANNICUS.

## A VOICE FROM THE MARITIME PROVINCES.

The real issue which the people of Canada will be called on to decide at the coming elections is that which has been, for better or for worse, the working principle of the constitution during the past eighteen years—the time-honoured National Policy. It is the same old policy, say the Liberal-Conservatives, on the principles of which we have staked our existence for eighteen years; and it may be added that that party of politicians are still continuing to use the same old methods of proving its expediency in the current campaign. It would be fortunate for the country if less public speaking were resorted to and more calm thinking indulged in. However easy it may be to the political economist to point out the proper methods of estimating prosperity and true progress, and the proper methods of taxation and expenditure, it is not an easy task to bring these methods home to the minds of the masses of our people.

Canada is plainly moving in the path which is being trod by the neighbouring Republic. Large, wealthy and dangerous corporations are coming into existence. No government, whether Liberal-Conservative or Liberal, dare despise this fact in an election campaign at the present day. Compelled to swear fealty to the interests of a Coal Oil Trust and a few other huge corporations, in order to make sure of their share of the floating vote of the electorate, no government whatever can, under such circumstances, successfully steer their craft among the monohippic establishments without pampering their wishes. The principle which underlies protection cannot be applied without fostering a dangerous form of selfishness. The infant industry glides smoothly on into the condition of giant manhood. At no point in the process dare a government say here its infancy ends and there its manhood begins. More than this, no government can have the courage to draw any distinction between the legitimate and the illegitimate infant industry.

Tariff revision is clearly a process of adapting the protective system to the shifting centres of political influence and "substantial aid" in elections. In theory the man on the stump very wisely denies such a statement, but in practice the same man in Parliament gives documentary evidence of its validity. Under existing circumstances, what party of politicians would be so disinterested in their own personal welfare as to openly fight against such a system? To whatever party they may belong there are surely some in our country impartial enough to assent to the truth of such statements as these. Every student of the history of the leading doctrines of political science can foresee that needless complexities are beginning to cluster around our Canadian policy of protection. The old story of which we



read in the history of centuries gone by is beginning to repeat itself. Canada needs to-day strong men to break asunder the shackles which protectionism is silently putting upon true progress. The man of one idea, or as he calls himself in Yankee parlance, "the self-made man," is playing by far too large a part in our political arena. We need men of breadth and culture—men noted for more than one thing—men like Salisbury, Gladstone, Balfour, Goschen. Well might the battle for free trade be begun over again. Canada needs something more than a timid, wavering party like that led by Mr. Laurier—she needs a voice which can speak with no uncertain sound against monopolies and mercantilism.

The argument which convinced Peel of the expediency of free trade was the argument of necessity. So long as absolute starvation was not at the doors of the people of the electorate, all ears were deaf to the voices of Bright and Cobden. In Canada it would indeed be a bad policy and a bad Government that would prevent progress in some form from being made. The argument of necessity has not yet appeared. So long as the masses of people are clothed and fed, and the poor provided for, the corporations, however dangerous to the State, do not excite many apprehensions on their part.

The argument which carries weight with the Canadian elector—and about the only argument upon which the protectionist can rely in this country—is to the effect that Canada is situated beside a highly protected country and that if she strikes off her tariff chains, her manufacturers will be crushed by the unequal system of competition which would spring up between home and foreign trade. This argument has time and again been successfully combated so far as the stress of logic and clear thinking go, but its refutation has never yet found a lodgment in the public mind. Again and again has it been shown that freedom of competition in trade will work out by natural laws the salvation of all legitimate home industries, that the effects of exchange do not end with a single action and its corresponding reaction but extend into the whole mechanism of production and distribution—and, as some clear thinkers would say, with wholesome influences upon the mechanism of government itself. Still the men who cling to the "same old policy" make a very simple and easy explanation of the whole matter—too simple to be understood and too easy to be believed. If by doing away with protective tariffs the competition in our markets is rendered keener and the producer finds it harder to dispose of his commodities, the influences do not end here. On the other hand consumers pay less for their commodities. Now, not a few but the whole five millions of Canadians are consumers—they are consumers not of one or two articles but of all shapes and qualities of articles. A hatter, for instance, sells nothing but hats, but consumes hundreds of different kinds of commodities. If he finds that the market price of his article falls after the present tariff laws have been given to the flames, he is still compensated for his reduced income by the fact that he can buy his kerosene, his tea, his cottons and woollens and almost everything which he consumes at a reduced rate. Every dollar of the hatter's income, though smaller, is given a greater purchasing power.

In the second place, other things being equal, since the labourer can purchase his commodities at reduced rates, it is equivalent to an advance in wages. This, of course, for the time being, will be directly beneficial to the labourer. But, furthermore, it is a sound principle of political economy that an increase in wages, whether by putting the labourer in more comfortable circumstances and so inviting him to summon more children into existence, or by migration, tends to increase the number of labourers. Hence in the course of years the tendency will be to fix wages at a free-trade standard in place of the present standard which they assume under protection. It is now clear that the hatter referred to above will not only be enabled to buy his commodities at reduced rates, but he will also be enabled, since labour would be less expensive, to manufacture hats at a reduced cost. The hatter is thus strengthened as a competitor. What is true of the hatter holds also for all producers in Canada. Under a free trade policy there is no good reason why the Canadian should not compete successfully with the American in his own market. In the United States labour would be more expensive, their taxes higher, and the commodities which the great masses of people consume would be furnished

to them at a greater cost than in Canada. Why should Canadians not compete successfully?

One more point may be noticed with profit in passing. It may be suspected that, in the first shock in the introduction of a free trade policy, the Canadian manufacturer would be obliged to pass through a period of depression. Such would probably be the case. But it takes time for the industries of a nation to adjust themselves to any radical change. The national policy brought sorrow to many loyal hearts when it was first introduced. Peel's great measure of 1846 was the means of placing him in the cool shades of opposition. Still political justice must prevail. The manufacturer, as we have seen, would be partially compensated for his loss in the change by the increased purchasing power of his money. For the remainder he must wait until the standard of wages under protection changes to a free-trade standard. The period of depression would last during this change. If the labouring population do not press upon the limits of subsistence but are limited in point of numbers, while the amount of capital-seeking employment is greater than can be profitably employed while the change is taking place, the labourers will receive greater remuneration for their services, and at the same time receive the benefit of the increased purchasing power of their money. This in turn, as above indicated, by making it easier for the labourers to subsist, will tend to cause an increase in their numbers, and so, in the long run, the increased competition for employment, which would result on account of the increase in the number of labourers, would bring down wages to a free-trade standard corresponding to free-trade prices. We must not, however, in the meantime lose sight of the fact that if the labouring population receive more wages they must also expend more if they are to live more comfortably. This means that they must consume more. The market is thus widened for the manufacturer. So, however long the depression may be, through which the manufacturer must go during the change, it will not be great since the movement carries along with it its own panacea.

Now, the conclusion from this discussion is not that a general depression will be laid upon our people—far from it. Foreign commodities must be brought into our country, and our railways and other systems of carriage must be employed, but not employed without money and without price. If, after the cost of carriage is added to the cost of production of foreign commodities, our manufacturers cannot compete with them in our own markets, then we may suspect that such manufacturers are not carrying on a business which is conducive to political justice. The capital so employed should be transferred to some other form of investment in which the capitalists can save a margin after furnishing the people what they demand at rates either on a level or below the rates of the same kind of foreign commodities. Without involving ourselves in all the issues involved in the National Policy, it is still clear that these questions are not to be determined by any superficial considerations like those advanced by the Liberal-Conservative party. Deep in the whole system of representative Government the difficulties lie. Are we to say that all these ills are to be traced to party government? The case is clear. Party government is not wholly at fault. Deeper considerations will show that the chief source of the difficulties is to be found in the condition of those governed. "Now must we educate our masters," said a cynical English statesman after the passing of the last Reform Bill relating to the electoral franchise. If "Hodge" is to come to the polls to vote, then he must be made to understand the political issues. While "Hodge" does not exist in this country, "The boy" of the corporation and "Uncle Thomas" inside the ring and the man outside the ring seeking for a job do exist; and the Canadian statesman might well repeat, "Now must we educate our masters." Time will undoubtedly bring about the needed change. In the meantime it is to be hoped that the independent electors in the present campaign will make a powerful effort to capture as large a portion of the press of the Dominion as possible. Let them shower judicious criticisms upon the heads of both political parties until the day comes when every one of the 213 electoral districts will be set down by the office seeker in the list of the "doubtfuls" and when every elector must be approached as a man who possesses an opinion of his own.

QUEERCUS.

Nova Scotia.

## The Imperial Bank of Canada.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE TWENTY-FIRST ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING OF THE SHAREHOLDERS, HELD IN THE BANKING HOUSE OF THE INSTITUTION IN TORONTO, ON WEDNESDAY, 17TH OF JUNE, 1896

The twenty-first annual general meeting of the Imperial Bank of Canada was held, in pursuance of the terms of the Charter, at the banking house of the institution, 17th June, 1896. There were present:—

H. S. Howland, T. R. Merritt (St. Catharines), Robert Jaffray, William Ramsay (of Bowland), T. Sutherland (Stayner), Hugh Ryan, Robert Beaty, William Gordon, W. B. Hamilton, R. L. Benson, Rev. E. B. Lawyer, R. Donald, R. S. Cassels, A. A. McFall (Bolton), Clarkson Jones, Charles Forrest (Fergus), David Kidd (Hamilton), Prof. Andrew Smith, William Spry, Thomas Walmsley, R. N. Gooch, J. G. Ramsey, George Maclean Rose, John Gowans, R. Taylor, Nehemiah Merritt, I. J. Gould (Uxbridge), George Robinson, H. C. Hammond, Wm. C. Crowther, W. T. Jennings, William Hendrie (Hamilton), Rev. A. T. Love (Quebec), Chas. O'Rielly, M.D., J. Harry Patterson, J. F. Risley, D. R. Wilkie, and others.

The chair was taken by the President, Mr. H. S. Howland, and the General Manager, Mr. D. R. Wilkie, was requested to act as Secretary.

The General Manager, at the request of the Chairman, read the report of the Directors and the Statement of Affairs.

### THE REPORT.

The Directors have pleasure in meeting the Shareholders at the Twenty-first Annual General Meeting and in laying before them the Statement of Affairs of the Bank as on the 30th of May.

The Net Profits of the year, after making full provision for all bad and doubtful debts, maintaining the fund to cover rebate on unmatured discounted bills, and providing the annual contribution to the Officers' and Employees' Guarantee Fund (authorized under by-law 15), are within a few thousand dollars of the Net Profits of the preceding year.

The Bank has benefited by the improved condition of affairs in Manitoba and the North-West Territories, being a result of the gradual development of those sections of the Dominion and of the great harvest of 1895. On the other hand, we have suffered, with others, from the effects of the dulness in trade covering many articles of commerce which has prevailed for the past three years.

A branch of the Bank was opened during the year in Vancouver, B.C., which it is expected will prove a valuable link in the chain of branches which now stretches from Toronto to the Pacific.

The branches of the Bank have been carefully inspected during the year. The Officers of the Bank continue to perform their respective duties to the satisfaction of your Directors.

All of which is respectfully submitted.  
H. S. HOWLAND,  
President.

### STATEMENT OF PROFITS FOR THE YEAR ENDED 30TH MAY, 1896.

Balance at Credit of Account 31st May, 1895, brought forward....	\$34,589 55
Profits for the year ended 30th May, 1896, after deducting charges of Management and interest due depositors, and making full provision for all bad and doubtful debts.....	194,945 85
	<u>\$229,535 40</u>
From which has been taken:	
Dividend No 41, 4 per cent. (paid 1st December, 1895).....	\$ 78,544 00
Dividend No. 42, 4 per cent. (payable 1st June, 1896).....	78,544 00
Bonus of one per cent. (payable 1st June, 1896).....	19,636 00
	<u>176,724 00</u>
Balance of account carried forward.....	\$ 52,811 40

### REST ACCOUNT.

Balance at Credit of Account, 30th May, 1896.....\$ 1,156,800 00

### TWENTY-FIRST ANNUAL BALANCE SHEET, 30TH MAY, 1896.

LIABILITIES.	
Notes of the Bank in circulation..	\$ 1,201,784 00
Deposits not bearing Interest.....	\$1,513,381 29
Deposits bearing Interest (including \$38,081.02, being amount of Interest accrued on Deposit Receipts to date).....	7,690,028 62
Due to other Banks in Canada.....	9,203,409 91
	<u>2,063 79</u>
Total Liabilities to the Public.....	\$10,407,257 70
Capital Stock (Paid up).....	1,963,600 00
Rest Account.....	\$1,156,800 00
Contingent Account.....	23,484 22
Dividend No. 42 (payable 1st June, 1896), four per cent. and bonus one per cent.....	98,180 00
Former Dividends unclaimed.....	120 00
Rebate of Bills Discounted.....	33,881 65
Balance of Profit and Loss Account carried forward.....	52,811 40
	<u>1,365,277 27</u>
	<u>\$13,736,134 97</u>

### ASSETS.

Gold and Silver Coin.....	\$ 437,059 98
Dominion Government Notes.....	1,013,290 00
	<u>\$1,450,349 98</u>
Deposit with Dominion Government for Security of Note Circulation.....	82,209 32
Notes of and Cheques on other Banks.....	269,809 72
Balance due from other Banks in Canada.....	219,929 81
Balance due from Agents in Foreign Countries.....	1,053,179 87
Balance due from Agents in the United Kingdom.....	106,582 47
Dominion of Canada Debentures.....	\$113,800 26
Municipal and other Debentures.....	692,929 13
Canadian, British and other Railway Securities.....	816,653 99
	<u>1,623,383 38</u>
Due by Provincial Governments	23,256 71
Loans on Call, secured by Stocks and Debentures.....	941,475 60
	<u>\$5,770,176 86</u>
Other Current Loans, Discounts and Advances.....	7,428,290 80
Overdue Debts (loss provided for).....	34,474 47
Real Estate, the property of the Bank (other than Bank premises).....	54,743 72
Mortgages on Real Estate sold by the Bank.....	93,616 69
Bank Premises, including Safes, Vaults and Office Furniture, at Head Office and Branches.....	317,405 22
Other Assets, not included under foregoing heads.....	37,427 21
	<u>\$13,736,134 97</u>

D. R. WILKIE,  
General Manager.

The Scrutineers subsequently reported the following Shareholders elected Directors for the ensuing year:—Messrs. H. S. Howland, T. R. Merritt, Wm Ramsay of Bowland; Robert Jaffray, Hugh Ryan, T. Sutherland, Stayner; Hon. John Ferguson.

At a subsequent meeting of the Directors Mr. H. S. Howland was re-elected President, and Mr. T. R. Merritt, Vice-President, for the ensuing year.

By order of the Board.

D. R. WILKIE,  
General Manager.

Toronto, 17th June, 1896.

## The Ontario Bank.

### THIRTY-NINTH ANNUAL MEETING OF SHAREHOLDERS.

The Annual Meeting of the Shareholders of the Ontario Bank was held at the Banking-house, Toronto, on Tuesday, 16th June, 1896.

Among those present were:—Col. Sir C. S. Gzowski, A.D.C., K.C.M.G., G. R. R. Cockburn, M.P., Donald MacKay, D. Ulyot (Peterborough), W. R. Miller (Montreal), W. Moat (Montreal), Hon. J. C. Aikins, J. K. Macdonald, G. M. Rose, A. S. Irving, James G. Whyte (Ottawa), Nicholas Maughan, Louis Pinhey (Ottawa), R. D. Perry, A. E. Ames, Dr. James Browne, W. V. Richardson (Pickering), John Hallam, A. Harvey, F. M. Purdy, C. S. Gzowski, jr., E. G. Fitzgerald, F. B. Polson, Thos. E. Fraser, and others.

On motion, G. R. R. Cockburn was called to the chair, and Mr. McGill was requested to act as Secretary.

Messrs. J. K. Macdonald, W. R. Miller, and C. S. Gzowski, jr., were appointed Scrutineers.

At the request of the Chairman, the Secretary read the following report:—

The Directors beg to present to the Shareholders the 39th annual report, for the year ending 31st May, 1896, together with the usual statement of assets and liabilities:—

The net profits, after deducting all expenses, interest accrued upon deposits, and making provision for all bad and doubtful debts, were \$77,180 03. Profit and loss (brought forward from 31st May, 1895)..... 10,843 32  
\$88,023 35

Which have been appropriated as follows:

Dividend, 2 1/2 per cent. on \$1,500,000, paid 1st Dec., 1895.....\$37,500 00  
Reserved for Dividend, 2 1/2 per cent. on \$1,000,000..... 25,000 00  
Added to Rest Account..... 10,000 00  
\$72,500 00  
Balance of profits carried forward.....\$15,523 35

The sum of \$500,000 has been charged to a special Profit and Loss Account, and applied in writing off all bad and making provision for doubtful debts, and the General Statement for the year ending 31st May, 1896, is based on the assumption that the by-law to be submitted reducing the capital of the bank by \$500,000 will be passed.

Shortly after the last annual meeting Mr. Holland retired from the Bank's service, and on the 1st of July last Mr. Charles McGill became the General Manager of the Bank. After a careful examination of the Bank's affairs Mr. McGill advised the reduction of the capital stock to \$1,000,000, believing such reduction to be necessary in the interests of the Bank, and to be amply sufficient to meet all bad and doubtful debts.

After careful consideration with the largest Shareholders in Montreal and Toronto, the Directors determined to ask the Shareholders to pass a by-law, which will be submitted to you at the annual meeting, and which provides that the capital shall be so reduced to \$1,000,000 and divided into 10,000 shares of \$100 each, and that for every three shares of the existing stock held by any shareholder, he shall be entitled to two shares of \$100 each.

The Rest Account has been increased to \$50,000, and the Profit and Loss Account to \$15,523 35, while the sum of \$25,000 has been set aside to pay a dividend on the reduced capital.

The approval of the by-law by the Treasury Board of the Dominion cannot well be obtained before the 15th of next August, and the dividend will be paid, under the terms of the Bank Act, one month thereafter.

The Head Office and all the Branches have been inspected during the year.

All of which is respectfully submitted,

GEORGE R. R. COCKBURN,  
President.

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This preparation by its action in promoting digestion, and as a nerve food, tends to prevent and alleviate the headache arising from a disordered stomach, or that of a nervous origin.

Dr. F. A. Roberts, Waterville, Me., says:

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## GENERAL STATEMENT.

LIABILITIES.	
Capital stock paid up...	\$1,500,000
Less amount at debit of special profit and loss account, applied in writing off all bad and making provision for doubtful debts.....	500,000
Ret. ....	\$1,000,000 00
Balance of profits carried forward	50,000 00
Dividends unclaimed.....	15,523 35
Reserved for dividend.....	658 00
Reserved for interest and exchange.....	25,000 00
Notes in circulation.....	48,242 45
Deposits not hearing interest.....	\$1,139,423 80
Deposits bearing interest.....	727,458 00
Deposits due Banks in Canada.....	786,181 37
Deposits due Banks in Great Britain.....	3,379,878 15
Deposits due Banks in Great Britain.....	24,416 00
Gold and silver coins.....	234,407 10
Government demand notes.....	5,152,340 62
Notes of and cheques on other Banks.....	86,291,764 42
Deposits due from Banks in Canada.....	156,948 36
Deposits due from Banks in United States.....	327,307 00
Deposits with Dominion Government for security of note circulation.....	222,311 99
Municipal and other Debentures.....	50,098 04
Bills Discounted and Current.....	63,484 94
Overdue Debts (Estimated loss provided for).....	55,469 97
Real Estate (other than Bank premises).....	191,040 12
Mortgages on Real Estate sold.....	203,280 01
Bank Premises (including furniture, safes, etc.).....	\$1,269,940 43
Other Assets, not included under foregoing heads.....	\$4,799,947 76
	730 61
	31,850 35
	13,750 00
	172,061 61
	3,474 66
	\$5,021,823 99
	\$6,291,764 42

Ontario Bank,  
Toronto, 30th May, 1896.

After a few remarks by the President, and explanations by the General Manager, the report was adopted.

The following by-law was then passed:—

Whereas, by an Act of the Parliament of Canada, passed in the 45th year of the reign of Her Majesty, and chaptered 57, the Capital Stock of the Bank was fixed at \$1,500,000 divided into 15,000 fully paid shares of \$100 each

And, whereas, at the Annual General Meeting, held on the 16th day of June 1896,

the Shareholders, present, representing a majority in value of all the shares issued by the Bank, deem it expedient to reduce the said Capital Stock to \$1,000,000, divided into 10,000 shares of \$100 each, and approved of this by-law for that purpose.

It is therefore enacted as follows:—  
The Capital Stock of the Bank is hereby reduced to \$1,000,000, divided into 10,000 shares of \$100 each, and such reduction shall be effected by cancelling paid-up capital to the extent of \$33.33 per share, so that for every three shares of the existing stock held by any shareholder he shall be entitled to two shares of \$100 each, and so that any holder of shares less than three in number shall be entitled hereafter to shares reduced in value in the above proportion.

This by-law shall take effect when approved by the Treasury Board, pursuant to the provisions of the Bank Act.

The Scrutineers appointed at the meeting subsequently reported that the following gentlemen were duly elected Directors for the ensuing year, viz.: Messrs. G. R. R. Cockburn, M.P., Donald McKay, G. M. Rose, A. S. Irving, R. D. Perry, D. Ulyot, and Hon. J. C. Ains.

The new Board met the same afternoon, when Mr. G. R. R. Cockburn, M.P., was elected President, and Mr. Donald McKay, Vice-President.

C. MCGILL,  
General Manager.

Toronto, 16th June, 1896.

## Literary Notes.

A copy of Canon Fleming's new book on the "Art of Reading and Speaking" has been graciously accepted by Her Majesty the Queen, by H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, and by H.R.H. the Duke of York.

Lady Jeune will contribute some interesting articles on Girl's Home Studies and other kindred subjects to the new edition of "Every Girl's Book of Sport, Occupation and Pastime," which Messrs. George Routledge & Sons will bring out very shortly, and which has been edited for them by Mrs. Mary Whitley. Practical articles on dairy farming and poultry rearing by Lady John Hay will be a feature of the book, a considerable amount of space being also devoted to notes by experts on cycling, golf, fencing, skating, photography, drawing and painting, amateur theatricals, house decoration, needlework, and other other topics of special interest to girls.

Perhaps it is not generally known that "Thrums," the name by which Mr. J. M. Barrie has made the little Scotch town of Kirriemuir famous, had already been similarly used some forty years previously by a well-known lady novelist. In Mrs. Oliphant's (or, rather, Miss Margaret Wilson's) first story, "Passages in the Life of Mistress Margaret Maitland of Sunnyside, Written by Herself," which was published in 1849, we read how "the inhabitants of the town of Thrums, being assured of the learning, piety and prudence of Mr. Claud Maitland, preacher of the gospel at Dourhills, have resolved to call, in volve, and entreat him to undertake the office of pastor among them and the charge of their souls."

## A MOTHER'S THANKS.

SHE TELLS WHAT PINK PILLS DID FOR HER CHILD.

Suffered From St. Vitus' Dance—Lost the Use of Her Right Side and Almost Lost the Power of Speech—Cured in a Few Weeks

Aylmer, Que., Gazette.

Of all the discoveries made in medicine in this great age of progress none have done more to alleviate human suffering than have Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. We suppose there is not a hamlet in this broad land in which the remarkable healing power of this favourite medicine has not been put to the test and proved triumphant. It is a great medicine



and the good it has accomplished can only be faintly estimated. There are many in Aylmer who speak of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in terms of praise and among them is the family of Mr. John Smith, the well-known blacksmith and wheelwright. Having heard that his daughter, Miss Minnie, had been cured of St. Vitus' dance by the use of Pink Pills, the Gazette called upon Mr. Smith to learn the particulars. Upon mentioning the matter to him he expressed pleasure in making the facts public, if it was thought that they would benefit anyone else, and remarked that he thought Mrs. Smith could probably give the particulars better than himself. Mrs. Smith said that about a year ago Minnie was attacked with St. Vitus' dance, of a rather severe nature, and a number of medicines were tried, but without any effect upon the trouble. An electric battery was also used but had no beneficial effect. The trouble appeared to be getting more severe, and finally Minnie was obliged to discontinue going to school, having lost the power of her right side. Her speech was also so much affected it was with difficulty she could be understood. She was out of school for about six months and all this time she was undergoing treatment, which, however, proved ineffective. One day Mrs. Smith saw in the Gazette the particulars of St. Vitus' dance cured by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and determined to try them with Minnie. By the time two boxes were used Mrs. Smith was sensible of a great improvement in her daughter's condition, and after the use of four more boxes was satisfied that Minnie was completely cured, as no symptoms of the trouble remain. This was about the end of June last, and since that time there has not been the slightest recurrence of the dread disease. While Minnie was taking the pills her weight increased, and her general health was much improved. Mrs. Smith also said that her younger daughter showed symptoms of the same trouble, but the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills speedily dissipated it.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are offered with a confidence that they are the only perfect and unfailing blood builder and nerve restorer and when given a fair trial disease and suffering must vanish. They make rich, red blood and cure when other medicines fail. Sold by all dealers or sent by mail on receipt of 50 cents a box or \$2.50 for six boxes, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N.Y. Beware of imitations and refuse trashy substitutes alleged to be "just as good."

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## Periodicals.

The Vocalist for June contains a paper by Agnes G. Vaile entitled "The Voice-Vocal Science"; "A Lesson on Breathing," by Frederic S. Law; "A Musical Education," by W. G. Baltzell, and numerous other articles of interest to vocalists.

The Methodist Magazine and Review for June contains Part II. of "The Triumphs of the Cross"; "Home Life in Germany," by Dr. A. J. Bell; Part II. of "The Gain of Waste," by the Rev. Alexander Sutherland, D.D.; "Paul as Traveller and Roman Citizen," by N. Burwash, S.T.D.; "The Alaskan Boundary Dispute," "The New Astronomy," "The Cleveland General Conference," and a number of other good articles.

The June number of Harper's contains: "A Visit to Athens," by the Right Rev. W. C. Doane, D.D.; part of a story by J. K. Bangs entitled "A Rebellious Heroine"; "Queen Lockeria of Gorelovka," by J. F. B. Lynch; "The Greatest Painter of Modern Germany," by Dr. Chas. Waldstein; the conclusion of "Through Inland Waters," by Howard Pyle; a story by Mary E. Wilkins entitled "Evelina's Garden"; another by Brander Matthews entitled "A Wall Street Wooing"; "The Onaniche and its Canadian Environment," by E. T. D. Chambers; the conclusion of "The German Struggle for Liberty," by Poulteny Bigelow; "The Battle of the Celts," by Dr. Andrew Wilson; a story by James Barnes called "The Thanks of the Municipality"; "Editor's Study," "Monthly Record of Current Events," "Editor's Drawer," and "Literary Notes."

The Century Magazine for June is a good issue and its contents in part is as follows: "Sergeant and His Painting," by Wm A. Coffin; a continuation of "Sir George Tressady," by Mrs. Humphry Ward; "The Return," by L. F. Tooker; "Lights and Shadows of the Alhambra," by Elizabeth Robins Pennell; "Mr. Feegan's Elopement," by Winston Churchill; the second part of "The Harshaw Bride," by Mary H. Foote; Mr. James Bryce's "Impressions of South Africa," being Part II; "Absence," by Melville Upton; "Notes on City Government in St. Louis," by Albert Shaw; "Judith," Wm. Young; "Life of Napoleon Bonaparte" (continued); "Sayings and Doings of the Todds," by Viola Roseborough, and "Humour and Pathos of Presidential Conventions," by Jos. R. Bishop

How much of permanent interest is contained in the monthly numbers of The Century is shown by the table of contents of the latest bound volume, which has just made its appearance. Among the features that will be noticed are Henry M. Stanley's story of "The Development of Africa," and a discussion of "The Armenian Question," by James Bryce, M.P., and the Duke of Westminster. Marion Crawford, who knows the Eternal City more intimately than most foreigners, has contributed two papers on Rome, and the private life of Pope Leo and his household. "Stamping Out the London Slums," by Edward Marshall, secretary of the New York Tenement House Commission, is an account of the manner in which London deals with a problem that confronts all large American cities. Captain Alfred T. Mahan, the naval historian, begins a study of the four engagements which gave fame to England's greatest naval commander, by a study of "Nelson at Cape St. Vincent." Professor Sloane's "Life of Napoleon," reaches the most dramatic portion of the Emperor's career, his attainment of the very pinnacle of earthly grandeur. "The First Landing on the Antarctic Continent" is described by C. E. Borchgrevink, the Norwegian explorer. In fiction there is the first part of the novel of the year, Mrs. Humphry Ward's "Sir George Tressady," and the whole of F. Hopkinson Smith's novelette, "Tom Grogan." Among the short stories are "The Brushwood Boy," by Rudyard Kipling; "Captain Eli's Best Ear," by Frank R. Stockton; "The Devotion of Enriquez," by Bret Harte; and "The Little Bell of Honour," by Gilbert Parker. Thus the makings of many books will be found in this one volume.

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**J. B. McIVER, Secretary.**

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Lectureship in Latin in University College.  
 The initial salary is \$1,000 increasing to \$1,800 by annual increments of \$100. Duties commence October 1st.  
**GEO. W. ROSS,**  
 Minister of Education.  
 Education Department, Toronto,  
 8th June, 1896,

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Periodicals.

During June, articles on the following subjects will be published in Harper's Weekly: "The Republican convention at St. Louis" (profusely illustrated); "The Destructive Cyclone at St. Louis;" "The Coronation of the Czar;" "The Yale Crew for Henley;" "Opening of the Red Lake Indian Reservation." S. R. Crockett's serial, "The Gray Man," will be concluded, and a new novel by W. D. Howells, entitled "The Landlord of the Lion's Head," will be begun. Illustrations for Mr. Howells' story have been made by Smedley.

An important article entitled "The Colonies and the Navy," by A. H. Loring, Hon. Sec. Imperial Federation (Defence) League, appears in The Canadian Magazine for June. Other papers of interest are: "The Canadian Historical Exhibition," by O. A. Howland, M.P.P.; "The Daily Newspaper," by J. T. Clark; "The New County Council," by J. M. McEvoy; "Kate Carnegie," by Ian MacLaren; "Hunting for Jacques Cartier," by Kate W. Yeigh, and a further instalment of "A Canadian Bicycle in Europe," by Miss Constance Rudyard Boulton, a Toronto young lady who writes exceedingly well.

A most attractive number is Temple Bar for June. Further chapters of Mr. E. F. Benson's clever novel entitled "Limitations" are given. The poem "To the Canadian June," by L. Dougall, appeals strongly to all Canadians. The paper on "Leigh Hunt" is a very happy production. Among the wealth of other good papers we may mention: "Usque ad Mortem," "Three Days in Achill Island," "The Personality of Margaret Fuller," "From the Persian of Hafez," "Some Collecting Fads," "The Novels of George Meredith," "In St. Mary's Kirkyard," "An Evening in Bohemia," and "A King's Daughter," being composed of ten most interesting letters

One of the features of the seventh annual Recreation Number of The Outlook, just issued, is a collection of short stories under the general title "Thrilling Moments." Dr. Parkhurst relates an adventure in mountaineering, Dr. Van Dyke one in fishing, General Greely one of war times, Mr. C. F. Lummis one in Western life, Mr. Poultney Bigelow in canoeing, Mr. Walter Camp in football playing, and so on. Elver "Moments" in all are recalled. Another out-of-door feature deals with "Photography on the Heights," and includes articles on Greenland by the famous explorer, Lieutenant Peary, Switzerland by Madame Gozzaldi, and the Far Northwest by W. D. Lyman. "The Spectator Awheel" gives an entertaining account of bicycle trips about New York, and shows what may be done with a wheel and a kodak in the way of having a good time with neither expense nor great exertion. "The Real Broadway" describes the lovely rural English village where Mr. Abbey, Mr. Millet, and other American artists have done much of their best work. Ian MacLaren's novel continues to give humorous pictures of Scotch life. A review of the just-published "Life and Letters of Oliver Wendell Holmes" occupies the principal place among the book reviews. The editorial departments are full, and give the weekly history of current events.

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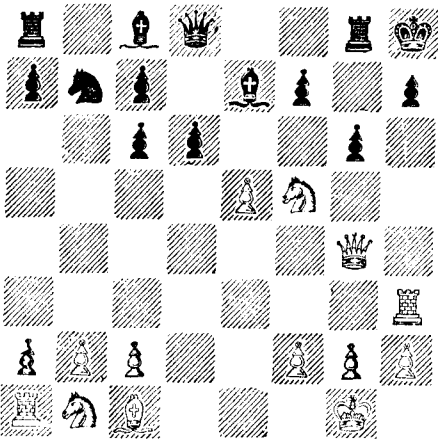


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D. Blackley, 80 Bay Street, Toronto, and 17 King Street West, Hamilton.  
Henry Barber & Co., Accountants and Assignees, 18 Wellington Street East.
- Architects** { W. A. Langton, Rooms 87-88 Canada Life Building, 46 King Street West.  
Curry, Baker & Co., 70 Victoria Street.  
Darling, Sproat, & Pearson, The Mail Building.  
Beaumont Jarvis, McKinnon Building, Cor. Jordan and Melinda Streets.  
J. A. Siddall. Room 42 The Janes Building, 75 Yonge Street
- Booksellers and Publishers** { Copp, Clark Company Limited, 9 Front Street West and 67 Colborne Street.  
Selby & Co. Kindergarten and School supplies. 23 Richmond Street West.  
The Fleming H. Revell Company, Limited, 140-142 Yonge Street.  
Rowsell & Hutchison, 74 King Street East.
- Bookbinders and Printers** { The Brown Brothers, Limited, Bookbinders and Stationers, 64-68 King Street East.  
Hunter Rose Printing Company Limited.
- Boots and Shoes** { H. & C. Blachford. "Best general selection Boots and Shoes in City." 83-89 King St. E.  
The J. D. King Co., Ltd. 122 and 124 Wellington St. W. Forteau, and Levis, Quebec.
- Brewers** { Dominion Brewery Company Limited, 496 King Street East.
- Chemists** { Hooper & Co., 43 King Street West and 444 Spadina Ave. Principals supervise dispensing.  
J. R. Lee, Dispensing Chemist, Corner Queen and Seaton Streets, and 407 King Street East.  
W. Murchison, Dispensing Chemist, 1415 Queen Street West.  
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- Coal and Wood** { Elias Rogers & Co. Head Office, 20 King Street West.  
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- Dry Goods** { John Catto & Son, King Street, opposite the Post Office.  
R. Simpson, Nos. 170, 72, 74, 76, 78 Yonge Street and 103 Queen Street.
- Furniture** { The Chas. Rogers & Sons Co., Ltd. Manufacturers and Retailers. 47 Yonge Street.
- Financial** { Canada Permanent Loan & Savings Company, Toronto Street. J. Herberu Mason, President.  
The Toronto General Trusts Co. See advt. 2nd page of THE WEEK  
The Home Savings and Loan Company, Limited, 78 Church Street.  
London & Canadian Loan & Agency Company, Ltd. J. F. Kirk, Manager. 99 and 103 Bay St.  
J. C. McGee, 5 Toronto St. Debentures bought and sold. Loans on mortgages at current rates
- Grocers** { Caldwell & Hodgins, Corner John and Queen Streets.
- Hardware** { Rice Lewis & Son, Limited, 30-34 King Street East
- Hotels** { The Queen's. McGaw & Winnett, Proprietors. 78-92 Front Street West.  
The Arlington, Cor. King and John Streets. \$2 to \$3 per day. W. G. Havill, Manager.
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Whaley, Royce & Co., Music Publishers, etc., 158 Yonge Street.
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- Tea** { Hereward Spencer & Co., Retail India and Ceylon Tea Merchants, 63½ King Street West.
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