

THE WEEK

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

Eleventh Year.
Vol. XI, No. 47.

TORONTO, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 19th, 1894.

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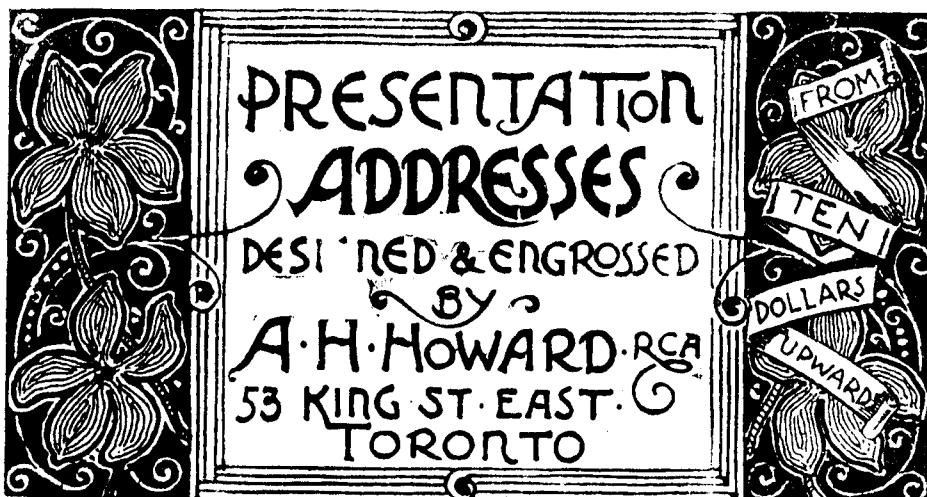
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THE WEEK.

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PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY BY
THE WEEK PUBLISHING COMP'Y, OF TORONTO, Ltd.

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

CURRENT TOPICS.

The statue of Sir John A. Macdonald, which was unveiled in Queen's Park, in this city, on Saturday last, has a two-fold value, in that it will perpetuate not only the memory of a great man, but also the history of what will, in all probability, remain for all time the most important epoch in the history of Canada. To whatever greatness the Dominion may hereafter attain in point of population, wealth, enterprise, in the councils of nations, it is altogether unlikely that any succeeding fifty years of her progress will rival in importance historically—that is, in their radical influence in shaping the institutions and destiny of the country—the fifty years during which the departed chieftain lived

and moved in the eye of the people, and much of the time in the seat of highest power. The changes brought about during those years, in most of which his powerful influence was felt, when they were not mainly wrought by his shaping hand, have not only made Canada largely what she is to-day, but have to a degree to which we cannot now easily fix a limit, determined what she shall be fifty, or a hundred, or, is it too bold a flight to say, a thousand years hence. As has been repeatedly said, it is yet far too soon to predict the final verdict of history with regard to the true character of the man. Many of the qualities which go to make up what the nations agree to recognize as greatness are conceded to him by all. Some of these were strongly and fittingly dwelt upon in the eloquent eulogies pronounced on Saturday. Loyalty to Canada and to the Empire, unfailing tact, far-seeing sagacity, a political courage that was almost heroic, may be confidently enumerated. In respect to the degree in which he possessed other, and perhaps still higher virtues, Canadian opinion will, for this generation at least, be divided. Party feeling is yet too strong. The events are still too near the eye to be seen in the right focus, or set in just perspective. Meanwhile it is eminently fitting that his statue should be prominently and perpetually before the eyes of young and old to remind them of one who was unquestionably in many respects the foremost Canadian of his time. In harmony with a sentiment which has been expressed by others, we should like to urge upon citizens the desirability of perpetuating in the same manner, even if in less artistic style, the memory of other Canadian statesmen who have deserved well of their country. There are few means so effective in fostering that genuine Canadian patriotism which all are agreed in thinking most desirable, as thus familiarizing the young with the features, and as an almost necessary sequence, with the history of our greatest Canadians.

The London *News* comments approvingly on a new scheme which has, it appears, been formulated for promoting Imperial Federation. It would be both unwise and unfair to offer any opinion in regard to the probabilities of success or failure of the new propaganda, in the absence of definite knowledge of its nature and methods. One of the proposals included in the scheme, the *News* says, is that courses of lectures on the expediency of Imperial Federation be delivered in all the large towns of the United

Kingdom and the colonies. It is designed that these lectures be popular in character, and that the appeal shall thus be made to all classes, working-men's clubs included. This is eminently practical. Nothing is clearer than that in these days it is useless to seek to effect any serious or radical change without the sympathy and approval of the industrial masses. But just here the old difficulty arises. It will be found extremely difficult to interest the mass of the people in any great project which is not somewhat clearly outlined and defined. The lecturer must be able to say with some degree of precision what Imperial Federation is or is to be. The *News* says, it is true, that the "promoters regard certain principles as necessary to the bond of union, primarily the continuance of our maritime supremacy as the mainstay of our commerce." This, which will be read between the lines as meaning taxation of the colonies for the support of the fleet, however reasonable and fair the thing may be in itself within certain limits and under certain conditions, and however well it may be received in England, would prove a rather bad "primary" principle for use on colonial platforms. The expectation that "a detailed plan of federation will be formulated by degrees after full discussion" is hardly justified by the previous history of the movement. That some rough outline should be presented, to be modified and perfected after full discussion, is surely the teaching of experience. Still, the more discussion of any kind which leads home and colonial citizens to think about the matter, the better.

"The colonies hold aloof from Great Britain and are content to look on while the Mother Country pays premiums for their assurance policies. We would not do the colonies the injustice of supposing they would refuse to share the expense of the navy's coaling stations if they were asked; but we are surprised that not a single colony has offered to do so. This being so, Imperial authority must take the initiative. It is clearly the duty of the Government to summon a conference of delegates from Australia, Canada and the Cape to discuss with the War Office and Admiralty some partnership scheme having a sound commercial basis."

The above from the London *Morning Post* of the 11th inst., suggests a word of comment. The *Post* overlooks, it seems to us, an important point in connection with the question. We have always held that it is but fair, if the self-governing colonies

continue to trust to the British fleet for protection, that they should aid in the support of that fleet. Colonial pride, as well as colonial sense of justice and honour, should accept that principle without controversy. But "taxation without representation is tyranny," even though it should be self-imposed. Sharing in the maintenance of what would thus become the Imperial navy, would carry with it, as a first corollary, some voice in its disposition and management. Unless we greatly misapprehend the colonial, and also the British, way of looking at things, the two would be deemed inseparable. We doubt if even the British pride of spirit would permit them to accept what would be almost equivalent to annual donations from the colonies, given for the support of the navy and no questions asked, even were the colonies willing to proceed on that principle. But if this be so, would it not be rather indecorous, not to say presumptuous, on the part of a colony, to take the initiative, and say to the British Government, "We are afraid that the burden of maintaining your fleet is too much for you. We will help you, on condition that we are recognized as part owners and allowed to help you in its management." What but a snub could be expected in answer to such a proposal? Evidently the Imperial Government should take the initiative if it desires such a partnership. The method proposed by the *Post* seems to be the natural and direct one.

In maintaining that commercial unity is not an indispensable prerequisite to political union, the *London Times* is, we dare say, logically and historically correct. If it goes farther and contends that such a union can be as complete and as prosperous among states which maintain high or low tariffs against each other, as amongst those which are commercially free so far as each and all the members of the union are concerned, one may well demur. The spectacle of a Confederated Empire, whose members were continually erecting tariff walls with a view either to exact tribute each from its fellow state, or to keep out altogether the goods of that state, would hardly make one enamoured of such a union, especially if an occasional tariff war between two or more of its own members were among the probabilities. Can anyone suppose that if the different Provinces of the Dominion had retained each its own tariff, with power to change or increase the duties at any moment, without reference to the effects upon the other Provinces, the Confederation could have made the progress it has made in the direction of unity of feeling and interest. Then, again, without any disparagement of the power of the higher sentiments which are drawing the British colonies nearer to each other and to the common centre, it would be shutting our eyes to well-known facts were we to attempt to deny that the commercial motive

has played a very important part in this movement from the first. The high tariff of the neighboring States has been, to say the least, one of the most powerful of all agencies in promoting whatever of enthusiasm for Imperial Federation there is in Canada to-day. Could it be made absolutely certain that the Mother Country never will consent to impose a discriminating tax on the goods of foreign nations in favour of the colonies, Imperial Federation in Canada would receive a blow from which it would be long in recovering. The bearing of the fact, if such it be, is obvious.

The "leader-writer" of THE WEEK is in despair. His ignorance, presumption, and dogmatism are, we fear, ingrained, ineradicable and—colonial. It might have been supposed that after being repeatedly rebuked by "Fairplay Radical" and reminded in the delicate and dispassionate style peculiar to that writer, that it is the height of unwise to "people brought up and residing all their lives on this side of the Atlantic" to presume to know any fact, still less draw any inference, or express any opinion touching English political life, even said "leader-writer" would have carefully refrained ever after from committing himself to any statement concerning British affairs until it had been carefully tested in the proper laboratory. And yet even now, with the eminently undogmatic letter of "Fairplay Radical" before him as a model, he finds himself incorrigible. He is unfortunate, too. Just when he might have been supposed to be trying to persuade himself that all that he had read in cablegrams and English papers during these last months about an alleged outcry against the House of Lords was an hallucination of the colonial mind, here come this (Monday) morning more cablegrams intimating on the authority of such men as Hon. George Shaw-Lefevre, President of the Local Government Board, Sir George O. Trevelyan, Secretary for Scotland, and others of like standing, that Lord Rosebery finds himself forced to make in a few days an explicit pronouncement to the effect that the Government will move for the curtailment of the veto power of the Lords immediately on the opening of the coming session. This must be, of course, all a mistake, seeing that there is no outcry, and consequently no pressure of the kind indicated. He was not aware, until told by his mentor, that he had "led his readers to imagine that there is an enormous disproportion between the Conservatives and the Liberals in the House of Lords," though he does confess to having been under the impression that at least three of the most important Radical bills passed by the Commons during the last session were either emasculated or thrown out by pretty strong majorities in the Upper House. In view of his past experience with himself, he hesitates to make strong promises of refor-

mation, but he will certainly try to remember, even when he supposes himself to be stating matters of fact, as he was in the paragraph of Oct. 5th, without expressing any opinions on the merits, not only that if "Unionist" Lords would but call themselves Radicals, the Conservatives would have only a very moderate majority in the House of Lords, but that that House is even now full of Radicals (of the "Fairplay" type).

To speak more seriously, "Fairplay Radical" seems to be labouring under a "curious misapprehension" as to our meaning, which was, we dare say, badly enough expressed. His strictures are apparently based on the idea that we were espousing the cause of Gladstone and the Home Rulers, whereas we were only pointing out what we deemed to be the insufficiency of the remedy suggested by the *Spectator* for an admitted inequality. Even one who had been brought up and resided all his life on this side of the Atlantic may surely venture to do that, giving his reasons for whatever they may be worth, just as anyone else has a perfect right to take exception to those reasons and show their futility. Every intelligent Canadian knows that ever since the Home Rule Bill sent up by the Commons was so unceremoniously thrown out by the Lords, there has been an outcry against the latter, and that this outcry was intensified by subsequent doings in the Upper House. As to the relative number of British and Irish electors in sympathy with that outcry, we have expressed no opinion. That the majority are yet prepared to support it, to the extent of seriously curtailing the powers of the Upper House, we have not asserted or implied, nor should we care to do so. The general election only can decide that. That a number of the supporters of the Government, within the Commons and without, sufficient to endanger its position, demand action hostile to the Lords is simple matter of fact within the knowledge of every reader of English and Canadian papers. That those who are making the outcry, whether strong or weak, numerically—and we are not at all disposed to over-rate their strength—would spurn, as utterly inadequate, the remedy proposed by the *Spectator*, is surely too obvious for doubt. That is, in other words, what we were saying.

It is intimated, or at least currently reported, that the Manitoba Government will take an early opportunity to make a further change in the Manitoba School Law, by completely secularizing the schools. It is perhaps reasonable to infer that the conditional clause in Mr. Laurier's pronouncement, "If the schools are Protestant schools," may have led to this result. We have not the text of the Manitoba Act within reach, and do not remember exactly what kind or extent of religious exercises is now permitted or required, but we have no

doubt that the conscience clause permitting the withdrawal from any service of a religious character, of all children whose parents object, is ample for its purpose. It would probably be unfair to construe the proposed change, if made, as an admission on the part of the Government that the schools, as at present conducted, are Protestant schools. It is more likely that it will be the outcome of a determination to remove, so far as is practicable, every possible ground of objection on that score. We must confess that, however repugnant the method may be to all sound ideas of education as a process of character-building, pure secularism is the only logical principle for State schools. That, as purely secular, the schools will be any more acceptable to the Catholic clergy, we see no reason to hope. It presents them with a mere negation in lieu of the positive institution which they demand. Probably they will argue that secularism is Protestantism, in that it is the antithesis of the positive instruction which they deem one of the fundamental prerequisites of Catholicism. Unfortunately there seems to be nothing better to propose.

However shilly-shallying and evasive may be the party platforms put forth in some of the United States, there are others which, by their courageous enunciation of sound principles, and no less courageous denunciation of abuses, command admiration, and encourage the hope that United States politics may be entering upon a stage of purification similar to that which has transformed the British politics of sixty years ago into the far more respectable, though still imperfect shape in which we find them to-day. The declarations of the Massachusetts Democrats afford an illustration, and a grand one, of our meaning. First, on the tariff question they give no uncertain sound. They regret that the Wilson Bill was not passed and severely censure those Democratic Senators who, by their inaction or resistance, prevented its passage. They declare that it is the immediate duty of the party to place upon the free list all raw materials, to abolish all duties which tend to create or maintain monopolies, and to reduce all prohibitory duties. This does not sound much like the "rest-and-be-thankful" for small favours policy which many have predicted as the sequel to the struggles of last session of Congress. In regard to other reforms these New England Democrats are no less outspoken. They declare for a sound financial policy, "approve of the income tax as a return to sound principles of taxation," demand that the scope of the civil service reform already begun "be extended as fast as the Civil Service Commission deems practicable, to the end that all federal positions to which the merit system of appointment is applicable may be placed by law upon a strictly non-political basis," and they would have

some plan formulated for bringing post offices under the working of that system. On the whole, it is a brave and straightforward document, worthy of all imitation.

The letter of Chang Yen Hoon, formerly Chinese Minister at Washington, addressed to a friend in that city, and given to the press by request of the writer, adds little to our previous knowledge of the causes of the war now in progress between his country and Japan. That the immediate occasion, or pretext, for Japan's interference, was the sending of a small body of Chinese troops, at the request of Corea, to quell an insurrection in the southern part of Corea, which China had a right to do, seeing that Corea was admittedly her tributary; that China was willing to withdraw her troops as soon as the insurrection was quelled; that Japan took advantage of the incident to send a much stronger force into Corea; that she refused to withdraw them simultaneously with the withdrawal of the Chinese troops, save on the condition that certain reforms should be wrought in the constitution and administration of the Coreans; and that she precipitated the war by attacking Chinese transports and their convoys before any declaration of war had been made—all this was already matter of current history. It suffices to prove that, on the face of the affair, Japan was the aggressor. The only question touching this point, so far as we can see, is whether China failed to recognize a treaty obligation in omitting to give the Japanese Government formal notice of her intention to send a force to suppress the disorders in Ya-Shan. But whether such omission gave Japan a technical right to interfere in the affair, or not, the whole proceedings from the beginning make it very clear that the incident simply furnished the occasion and was by no means the real origin of the war. The evident preparedness of the Japanese at every point puts this beyond reasonable question. Perhaps it is only fair to add that it removes the question as to the real provocation and justification or the opposite, farther back, into a region of previous history and relations whither we cannot now follow it. It also raises the secondary question of the right of Japan, in the interests of commerce and good neighborhood, to insist upon much-needed reforms in Corea. The instructive thing about the transaction is that the fact that the war was immediately declared upon a pretext, rather than an insult or injury, is nothing new in the history of such affairs. In fact, it is the rule rather than the exception, as could easily be shown by historical reference. The moral is that the real causes of war have their roots in either long-cherished designs, or the gradual growth of bad blood between peoples.

What Christ takes, not the exchequer carries away.—*Spanish.*

DEFECTS IN OUR PUBLIC SCHOOL SYSTEMS.

We say "systems" advisedly, because, though the remarks which follow will refer primarily to the Ontario schools, it is believed that in the main they will apply with equal force to those of the other provinces of the Dominion. We like, when possible, to take a cheerful and hopeful view of things, but we have often feared that the people are so accustomed to hear the praises of our educational system that they are in danger of overlooking its very serious defects. In calling attention for a moment to some of those defects, we hope we need not assure our readers that we are by no means blind to the excellencies which accompany them.

The first and fundamental defect in our Ontario system, as a system, is of so serious and radical a kind that it is to us a perpetual wonder that parents and citizens do not with one voice demand that a remedy be found and applied. We refer to the absence of any universal and adequate provision for ethical training. We say "ethical," in distinction from religious, for though most of our readers will probably be agreed that the ethical part of our nature has its roots so embedded in religious faith and feeling that the one could not long survive as a practical force in determining character and action without the other, yet religion is, in its very nature, so exclusively an individual, personal thing that it must always lie beyond and above the sphere within which the civil authority has the right to legislate or operate. But is it not a deplorable, a fatal mistake to assume that because the State may not set itself up as a teacher of religion, or interfere in any way with matters belonging to the spiritual realm, it cannot, therefore, provide for the moral training of those who are to become its citizens. And yet, though there are, happily, many able and competent teachers who do all that is in their power to reach the moral nature and so mould the characters of their pupils, and though it is enjoined upon all teachers to do this, it remains the fact that no time is set apart or made available in the regular programmes for definite ethical teaching, and among the numerous text-books, no one prescribed as aid for young and incompetent teachers on this subject. May we not say further, confident of being within the mark, that in a very large proportion of all our public schools there is nothing worthy of the name of ethical training, or even of training for citizenship? If this be true, can any thoughtful person regard such a fact with complacence?

A second very serious evil in connection with our Ontario Public Schools is not so much a defect as a positive fault. It is that the School Law and the Regulations of the Education Department combine to put a very large percentage of the public schools

of the Province into the hands of mere children. We repeat it. A very large proportion of the schools of the country, the very schools in which, perhaps, nine-tenths of the children receive all their school education, are presided over by those who are children in age, children in their lack of solid educational qualifications, children in immaturity of character and lack of genuine culture. A writer who signs himself "Experience" sets this matter in a strong light in the *Educational Journal* of the 15th inst. Referring to the fact that the School Law permits boys and girls to become certificated teachers at eighteen years of age, and to the further well-known fact that large numbers annually avail themselves of this permission, and, after a few weeks' sojourn at one of the numerous County Model Schools, go forth with the passport to the profession (?) in their hands, to scour the country in search of a situation, the writer proceeds to detail some of the results. He states as facts within his own personal knowledge that in several instances these boys and girls in search of a situation have approached the trustees of schools held by experienced teachers, and have offered their services for the ensuing year for fifty dollars less, or for seventy-five dollars less, than the present salary; that this is being done before any vacancy has occurred, and with the manifest design to create such a vacancy; that in reply to certain advertisements known to the writer, would-be teachers of this stamp have ended their applications with these eloquent words: "I will take twenty-five dollars less than the lowest tender;" that in a specific case, a year ago, a capable teacher who had been receiving the magnificent salary of \$500 per year, was, through competitive offers of the kind indicated, compelled to accept \$425, or lose his situation, and that this year he has been displaced by one who is to receive \$325! Our readers have only to bear in mind that in 1892 no less than 1,225 new teachers were sent forth from the model schools to find places in an occupation which employs in all not more, probably, than seven or eight thousand persons, and that no doubt about the same number will go forth this year and next year and so on. Everyone can draw his own conclusions—first, as to the probability that really able and competent teachers will remain in the work; second, as to the competency of the boys and girls who are constantly taking the places of such teachers only to be driven out themselves in a few years, when their services are becoming valuable, by other fledglings; third, as to whether a system which leads to or admits of such results is a thing to be proud of; and, fourth, what is to be expected as the result of such a system upon the future citizenship of the country.

The list of glaring deficiencies in our school system, tried by the test of its efficiency as a method for producing men and women of a high type in point of intelli-

gence and moral thoughtfulness, could easily be enlarged. But most other defects are in one way or another the outgrowth of those which we have indicated. Whatever difficulties there may be in the way of remedying some of these, can any reader conceive of any valid reason why young men and women should be permitted to qualify for the very responsible position of teachers and trainers of our future citizens, before they have reached the age of at least twenty-one years

MONTREAL LETTER.

The citizen was reminded of the near approach of winter when on last Monday there fell on his light overcoat a few feathery flakes of snow. They were tiny, innocent looking flakes, nevertheless they sent a shiver through the frame of the individual who had yet to fill his coal bin and negotiate with his tailor for a heavy melton. They brought before his dazed eyes visions of ash barrels, snow shovels and frozen water pipes and he wondered if life were really worth living when it had to be put in north of the forty-fifth parallel of latitude.

The police investigation drags along slowly. One session was held last week at which one witness was examined and a great deal of talk indulged in between the members of the committee and the various counsel as to the lines upon which the enquiry was to be conducted. The witness told a damaging story and stuck right to it though severely cross-examined. The chairman drew up a report which he said would be submitted to the Council, setting forth the opinion of the city attorney and asking that further powers be conferred that the investigation may be made general. Thus sessions are held and time passes with little result.

A gloom was suddenly cast over the commercial community of Montreal last Friday by the death, by his own hand, of Mr. W. R. Elmenhorst, president of the St. Lawrence Sugar Refinery and a gentleman well known and highly esteemed. For a considerable time past the unfortunate gentleman suffered much from nervous prostration which undoubtedly affected his reason. Mr. Elmenhorst was about sixty years of age and had spent the last 15 years of his lifetime in this city.

There are fifteen schools in this city under the control of the Protestant Board of School Commissioners with a total attendance of 6,990 scholars. The teachers number 200, making the average of 35 scholars per teacher. One hundred and forty Roman Catholics and four hundred and eight Jews are in attendance at the schools. Those receiving free education number 1,444; two pay half fees; 29 have government scholarships and 91 commissioner's scholarships. Some of the schools are very crowded and in order to reduce the classes to the desired size sixty additional class-rooms would be required and an equal number of teachers. There are six night schools now in full swing.

A special train arrived at the Bonaventure station from New York last Tuesday with about two hundred Chinese bound for China. Transferring to the Windsor station they boarded another special and settled themselves down for the long overland journey to

the Pacific Coast. The Chinese were of all types and sizes; some dressed in costume of the land of their birth, others in the latest American garments, not even omitting kid gloves. All carried umbrellas and the amount of hand baggage was extraordinarily large. The baggage car was filled with trunks and boxes, attesting to the fact that in the new land they had prospered. There was a certain air of independence about the bearing of the Celestials, the result of their close acquaintance with civilization, nevertheless they submitted without a murmur to a treatment that would have been vigorously resented by the meanest of the Caucasian race. The conductor took down a minute description of each Chinaman, and examined his mouth to see if there was any peculiarity in the teeth by which he could afterwards be identified. Moles, scars and other distinguishing spots were noted. When the Chinaman travels in this country he is treated by the Customs as so much baggage and he is looked upon by everyone with suspicion. These Chinamen were not going to take part in the war, but simply going to spend the Chinese New Year at home and when the festivities are over return to New York and resume their various occupations.

Mgr. Satolli, the Papal legate in Washington, arrived in Montreal rather unexpectedly last Monday. His visit caused quite a stir in clerical circles, but a number of priests outside of the city were disappointed from the fact that they were not able to be present to pay their respects to the high church dignitary, the time of the visit having been arranged for Thursday following. The prelate was officially received by Archbishop Fabre and the Chapter of Canons in the Archbishop's palace. Mgr. Satolli was escorted to the apartments reserved for him, and shortly afterwards appeared in his clerical robes ready to say mass. He was escorted to the new Cathedral where he officiated at the main altar, Abbe Pepi, the legate's secretary, at the same time officiating at one of the side altars. After the service he appeared in the Archbishop's parlor in civilian clothes. He is a man of medium height, and what strikes one most in his appearance is a keen, sharp eye, together with a mild and attractive countenance. The prelate is an Italian, speaks English fairly well, but French very little. He denied that he came here to settle misunderstandings between Cardinal Taschereau, the civil authorities and the clergy, as had been stated by the newspapers in Washington. His visit was simply one of courtesy to meet old friends and acquaintances. He would not say anything regarding the Manitoba School question; he knew nothing about it, and had nothing to do with it. He did not give out the object of his visit, and of course the public is doing a great deal of guessing. Some think that he cannot fail to report to Rome what he hears in regard to the feeling of the Catholics of this Province on the Manitoba School question. Others believe that the prelate's visit is concerning the appointment of a successor to Archbishop Taché, although this is hardly probable. Then, another guess is that the visit to Canada is to ascertain the exact state of the health of Cardinal Taschereau, with a view to having a successor appointed at once, if necessary. One day General Booth, the following, Mgr. Satolli; who will be next?

A. J. F.

Beggars fear no rebellion.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

"I dislike to criticise; it has never to me been pleasant to put my foot on other men's necks." These words bear a sad and sacred charm, spoken, it seems but yesterday, by lips that now are silent. They reveal a spirit more akin to praise than blame, a strong, beauty-loving nature that has never drunk the poison of the bitterness of life, but has grown ever in kindness and charity year by year, until the man has won his way into the great heart of nations. It would seem the higher destiny to win great love than glory, and a sweet presence may steal down the current of the years, when the blaring trumpet of a former fame has died away. It is not essentially by force of the intellectual or artistic power of his writings that Holmes has so endeared himself to his readers, but rather by reason of a magnetic quality that pervades his work, combined with a rare spirit of charity as ever sweetened a poet's pages. Regarded from the standpoint of philosophic insight his work falls short, nor can it be with safety claimed that he moves consistently on high planes of thought. Having regard to the character of his poetry, largely devoted, as it is, to rhyming on matters of personal and temporary import, we can understand how it is that certain portions of his poetic work have been familiar to us from childhood, and now in maturer years retain for us their perennial freshness with a fuller depth, whereas poems innumerable stir in us no responsive chord, and only weary us by their fatal facility. It is the prerogative of the greater among poets that they can make mortality, as it were, put on immortality, cause a trivial incident in their lives to assume a significance not all its own. Hugo rows under the stars with a fair companion by his side, and gives us in return his divine "Soirée en Mer," filled full of the fervour of his desire, or walks alone at night through a dark wood, where his lonely spirit gropes for that light which is in darkness, though we see it not. Wherefore do these poems so strangely stir us? It is the passion that informs them through every line, and this strong emotion visits Holmes but seldom. Although a Bayard Taylor should say: "He lifted the occasional into the classical"—alas, it is but occasionally.

It is such an easy matter to have access to the main facts of this writer's life, that but few, and they the most significant, need here be referred to. Considering the predilections of Holmes for such as are of gentler birth, and can successfully and on the spur of the moment pronounce that seeming-innocent word "how," it satisfies us to discover that he is of excellent New England stock, received every advantage that education affords, and finally, with high honours, graduated at Harvard with that glorious class of '29, glorified in our eyes at least by their convivial spirit and post-prandial predilections for dry wines and witty verse. After a futile attempt at law he proceeded to the Continent to study medicine, and returning, finally settled comfortably at Harvard in the chair of anatomy. His devotion to literature at this period was but desultory, and entirely secondary to his devotion to his profession. Certain productions of his, however, attracted notice by their ready rhetoric and no less ready wit. Of those poems, published between 1830 and 1836, familiar to most readers will be "Old Ironsides," the

often quoted "Last Leaf," "The Height of the Ridiculous," and most ambitious effort of all, "Poetry: a Metrical Essay." In the staid precision of its figures and in their elaboration, in the monotony of the pauses and the tedious evenness of its versification, we are forcibly reminded of the rhymsters of Queen Anne, and this effect is further heightened by the constant tendency to personification. As, for illustration, lacking a better:

"Now, while around the smiles of Peace expand,
And Plenty's wreaths festoon the laughing land;
While France ships outward her reluctant ore,
And half our navy basks upon the shore.
From ruder themes our meek-eyed Muses turn
To crown with roses their enamelled urn."

One can appreciate in verse like this the likeness to the diction of Pope, and at times his very tricks of thought seem reproduced. But the ascendancy of this school has passed, and in these severer days that time-honoured cult seems fallen to decay. It is true that in the work of Austin Dobson and Andrew Lang antique forms are revived with abundant success, that Old-World themes are pursued with an assiduity almost bordering on pedantry: yet Pope's seal is not set upon their verse in trim pentameter and couplet, and they have been forgiven. The same absence of variety mars, artistically considered, Holmes' most successful lengthy poem, excellent reading though it be, "Wind-Clouds and Star-Drifts." This last named poem is from his later work, and, exceptionally enough, is written in blank verse, though unfortunately not after the manner of the great masters of that form. Apart from the monotonous precision of the versification, the poem is in every way pleasing, and exhibits Holmes in his capacity as a serious-minded and earnest thinker, dealing with problems that demand solution, and wrongs that claim redress.

We must absolve Holmes by his own confession from any pretension to the higher ranks, yet he has preserved the dignity of his claim to the poet's title by his freedom from all the objectionable and querulous introspection that mars the work of men whose ambition is beyond their scope of power. He is never conquered nor cast down, and his persistent optimism maintains the traditions of American verse. He is not so vigorously assertive of his personality as Whitman, and felt not as this latter did the great heart-beats of rejoicing Nature. Yet in serenity of mood he is one with him, and his words with lesser power bear the same impress of frank and fearless manliness as the subtler speech of Emerson and Lowell. Despite occasional exquisite descriptive touches, Holmes seems like Lamb to have been rather a lover of the streets and highways of men, than a communer with Nature. Poems of such delicate workmanship as "My Aviary" and "Nearing the Snow-line" would shatter this statement were it not made as it is of the whole volume of his work. To quote from the poet at his best would require more space than is at my command, yet some few selections must lend their grace to this review. "After a Lecture on Shelley" contains these lines:

But Love still prayed with agonizing wail,
"One, one last look, ye heaving waters yield!"

Till Ocean clashing in his jointed mail,
Raised the pale burden on his level shield.

Into the poem "Musa" he has instilled more passion than is his wont.

O for thy burning lips to fire my brain
With thrills of wild, sweet pain!—
On life's autumnal blast,
Like shrivelled leaves, youth's passion-flowers
are cast,—
Once loving thee, we love thee to the last!—
Behold thy new-decked shrine.
And hear once more the voice that breathed
"forever thine!"

"The Voiceless" consists of three excellent verses of which we may quote but two:

We count the broken lyres that rest
Where the sweet wailing singers slumber,
But o'er their silent sister's breast
The wild flowers who will stoop to number?
A few can touch the magic string,
And noisy Fame is proud to win them:—
Alas for those that never sing,
But die with all their music in them!

Nay, grieve not for the dead alone
Whose song has told their heart's sad story,—
Weep for the voiceless who have known
The cross without the crown of glory!
Not where Leucadian breezes sweep
O'er Sappho's memory-haunted bower,
But where the glistening night-dews weep
On nameless sorrow's churchyard pillow.

In 1857 his connection with the *Atlantic Monthly* began by his publication of the Breakfast-table Series in essay form, and it may with truth be said that in this work his characteristic thoughts found their best expression. Its pages abound in wit and delightful *bonhomie*, and pathos, humour and sound good sense make the series a unique production and in its kind unmatched. The paradox might almost be hazarded that in his prose we find his finest poetry and in his poetry his weakest prose. The characters that live in the Autocrat have already found their meed of praise, and to recommend them to favour seems superfluous indeed.

Viewing the concourse of great men assembled to do him honor upon his seventieth birthday, the poet must have had the proud assurance of a life not spent in vain, and we who scan the names of that gathering feel instilled upon us the sad reflection that of all that glorious throng the greatest and the best are gone.

I come not here your morning hour toadden,
A limping pilgrim, leaning on his staff,—
I who have never deemed it sin to gladden
This vale of sorrows with a wholesome laugh.
If word of mine another's gloom has brightened,
Through my dumb lips the heaven-sent message came;
If hand of mine another's task has lightened,
It felt the guidance that it dares not claim.

But, O my gentle sisters, O my brothers,
These thick-sown snow flakes hint of toil's release;
These feeble pulses bid me leave to others
The tasks once welcome; evening asks for peace.

PELHAM EDGAR.

A man's manners are a mirror, in which he shows his likeness to the intelligent observer.—Goethe.

Some girls have such hard hearts that nothing will make an impression on them except a diamond.

It may be true that our to-morrows are made by our yesterdays, but our to-days are always our own.

The lucky have whole days which still they choose; the unlucky have but hours, and those they lose.—Dryden.

[Oct. 19th, 1894.]

IN METABELE LAND.

[“Once between the attacks,” says a Metabele account of the death of Captain Wilson’s police party, cut off and killed to a man in the recent South African war, “when the Metabeles had fallen back, the men all stood up and took off their hats and sung.”]

They stood alone, a score or two. They had but fifty rounds of ammunition. They were outnumbered by thousands. Savages shut them in on every side. Escape was impossible. Death was near. Hats off, the bronzed, bearded men of the English blood which flows in the veins of all men of English speech, stood up and sang.

With what song did these men about to die salute the future? Was it “God Save the Queen,” or was it some last hymn of worship or doxology such as comes to men when death is close and the end not far? Whatever the song, the heart swells at this little band, dropping and falling one by one, rising and, “hats off,” joining in one last burst of loyalty, love or faith. It was of some such supreme moment that Tennyson wrote in words that dignity the writer’s work,

“And here the singer for his art
Not all in vain may plead,
The song that nerves a nation’s heart
Is in itself a deed.”]

“Saddle and mount and away!”—loud the bugles in Durban are pealing:
Carbine and cartridge and girth-buckle, look to it troopers, and ride!
Ride for your lives and for England! Ride in your hot saddles reeling!
Red in the blaze of their homesteads, the trail in your kin’s blood is dyed.
Up! who be men, and no other—rank, title, or no name, what matter?
Brood of the lion-cub litter, your birth-mark’s your passport to day.
Hard is the ride, and the fight ‘ere they break for their coverts and scatter:
Spring to the bugle’s quick challenge, then, saddle and mount, and away!

“Find them and fight them and stand!” down the line ran the captain’s curt orders—
Hot as the mission’s red embers, they burned to the hearts of the men.
Swift o’er the track’s desolation, tho’ peril each foot of it borders,
On thro’ the assegais’ hurtling and make for the jungle king’s den!
There, where the waggons are creaking, with ill-gotten booty encumbered,
Rush the zareba! It weakens—it breaks—but to close as the sand
Follows the swirl of the tide-beat—a handful by thousands outnumbered!—
England shall hear that we failed not to find them and fight them and stand.

Stand for the Queen! Ay, God save her! and save us, for sure there’s no other;
Trapped, with no chance for our lives, let the black devils see we can die.
Scrawl them a line or a letter—sweetheart, wife, sister or mother—
Quick, for their bullets fly faster: a hand clasp—“old fellow—good-bye!”
Round up the horses and shoot them—close up the dead comrades’ places—
Pray if you can, but shoot steady—the last cartridge gone!—all is still.
Save for the yells of the victors, that hush as they see the white faces
Kindle when comes the last order: “Men! hats off, God save!”—Ay, He will.

SAM'L M. BAYLIS.

RAMBLINGS ABOUT THE SOURCES OF CANADIAN HISTORY.

IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF THE FIRST EXPLORERS.

PASSAMAQUODDY BAY.

Historic pilgrimages, “personally conducted,” have of late become fashionable in both England and the United States. Canada has its historic shrines as well as older countries, and perhaps something may be done by-and-by to organize such historic pilgrimages of our own, with such accompaniment of oration and narrative as some

of our patriotic orators are so well qualified to give. Meantime, it may not be uninteresting or unprofitable to make, as it were, a *reconnaissance* of what might very well be done and enjoyed in this matter by our increasing number of students of Canadian history, by putting together a few brief notes of some recent rambles about the sources of our history, in the footsteps of the early French explorer.

We make our start from picturesque, though somewhat grimy, Levis; from whence we look across wistfully at the ramparts of Quebec, through a fast-falling summer rain which somewhat dims the always fascinating glimpses of the dark, scarped, fortress-crowned crag, the horizontal line of Dufferin Terrace and the broken outlines of the quaint old town, climbing about its protecting hill. But Quebec is too modern for us now! We are bound on a more distant pilgrimage, even farther up the stream of time, to the point where the hardy Norman pioneers made their first historic foothold on the edge of the great unbroken wilderness of North America. So we turn our back on Levis and are quickly carried out of sight of Cape Diamond, and its historic associations, as the railway relentlessly sweeps us back from the grand river, amid the endless succession of long narrow strips of farms stretching up the low hills on either side, which are the most prominent feature of the railway on the south shore route. Now and then we can catch a distant glimpse of the dim blue distant Isle of Orleans, and the broad grey river, the distant hills beyond which would be just visible if they were not blotted out by the mist and the rain. Now we note a scattered islet or two in the distance; now a small straggling village with the inevitable large stone church crowned by its gleaming spire, looming up beside it. But, towards eventide, the rain ceases, the clouds clear away, and some gleams of sunset brighten up the little red town of Rivière-du-Loup, and the distant river, with its long pier, at which the river steamboat lands her passengers. A few minutes later we catch, from the railway bridge, a hasty glimpse of the picturesque waterfall, and trace the river of “the Wolf” winding its brown stream through the meadows which skirt the town, to lose itself in the St. Lawrence. As we glide past the popular haunts of Cacouna, the summer dusk is falling about our way, and it has been dark some time when the train stops at the quiet village of Trois Pistoles, where, having been *en route* since two a.m., we propose to call a halt. At the little railway hotel we are provided with welcome refreshment and clean and comfortable beds, from which we arise refreshed to hasten out to enjoy the freshness of the morning and of the unmistakable sea-breeze, which comes crisply across the dew-drenched, marshy meadows behind the little railway station, fragrant with the aroma of some marine plant which we have not time to discover. We pause on a knoll to enjoy a full view of the sea-like expanse of water with its broad strip of brown beach left bare by the tide—which we can scarcely continue to call the “river”—and realize how far it has wandered from its inland lingering about its “Thousand Islands.” So far as the eye can scan the distant horizon line, it might be the open sea, while the low wooded island in front and the bold crags that break the level a little farther on, add to the generally marine impression. One enthusiast in sea-bathing rushes down to the pier to get a

dip, by way of foretaste of better things to come; and we stroll back to the village with its steep-roofed French houses and its typical church, from which the worshippers are just issuing forth after early mass. Its interior is unfinished, and the bare, unceiled rafters and plastered walls seem to convey a reminiscence of the primitive chapels of the early Jesuit missions. But we have to hurry back for breakfast, for the train will soon be due.

We have elected to take the day accommodation train of the Intercolonial, as the only apparent way of seeing the fine scenery of the Metapedia Valley by daylight. This seems such an extraordinary idea to the good people at the station that they strongly advise us against it, telling us our best plan is to wait for the evening express by which we had come the previous day. One official even blandly informs us that there is “no morning train,” to which we only reply cheerfully that “we are going on this morning,” inwardly wondering at his mendacity. When, however, we board the little car which is all the “accommodation” this train provides for all classes of passengers, we find that it is really scarcely to be called a passenger “train,” in the ordinary acceptation of the word, there being only an apparently endless succession of freight cars, in addition to our little unadorned and unpolished little car, with seats like park-benches, evidently intended merely to carry the country-folk in their short journeys from station to station. As there is but one passenger at starting, however, it seems like travelling in a “special”—minus the luxury—of course; and we enjoy the freedom of being able to move from side to side, the better to see the country through which we pass. On both sides, except when, here and there, we approach the shore, stretch the long ribbon-like strips of meadow or corn-field, climbing up the hillsides that close in the inter-vales, with the little painted wooden farm-houses dotted along in an irregular line, brown and white being the prevalent colour, though, now and then, we notice a house apparently painted black, with white facings, giving a whimsical impression of having been put into family mourning. Some of the barns are old and thatched, but here and there a new one is going up beside the old one, generally with a driving-way up to its second story or hayloft. As we look at the isolated little homes scattered along the recesses of these remote hills, we cannot but feel how lonely and circumscribed is the life their inmates must lead, especially in winter, when the only bond of communication between them and the outside world is the daily train rushing through a region whose bleakness is indicated by the great snow sheds which too frequently interrupt the view for long intervals. At Bic we come out on a glorious glimpse of the river, Bic itself being set in a charming recess among wooded hills, with one bold island in the centre of its rocky bay, and other wooded crags which are islands at high tide. There must be charming walks about the quaint little village surrounding its handsome church and neatly kept cemetery, with black-posted gate, and tall black cross. Here and there, in the vicinity, the crags recede enough to leave a pretty curve of beach; and near these are verandah-girt houses which look as if they were intended for summer boarders. The whole is a charming stretch of coast, scenery, a bit of Canadian *Riviera*, and the calm St. Lawrence in the distance was as softly blue

as the Mediterranean can look at its best. A little farther on we arrive at the long white street of Rimouski with its branch railway to the ocean steamer, one of which is approaching the pier. And then we wander away back from the inspiring sight of the sea and its bracing, exhilarating breath into another monotonous tract of long strips of hillside farms, and bare, unattractive villages of the kind that railway stations manufacture, with saints' names evidently bestowed on principle, as a sort of series; but as unlike the quaint, bosky villages of the north shore as can possibly be imagined. The hillside farms have a little of the pictureque and a good deal of the melancholy aspect of country life; for the road to the hillside farm is often so long and steep that one cannot but wonder how human patience, even that of a French Canadian, can stretch to meet the obvious difficulties of life; while the scarcity of visible rivers and springs is so great that it becomes a perplexing question how the cattle grazing in the dry meadows are watered. No doubt, however, there are "springs that run among the hills," springs, too, of human happiness, that well up in what seem the most unpromising circumstances. At all events, the French country-folk who, here and there, come into our train are, to judge by their merry chatter, a happy and contented lot!

But, as the forenoon wears away, we begin to understand the force of the conductor's discouraging remark, that "this is a bad train to reach St. John." For the long stoppages, at stations, the parleyings and consultations in a shrill *patois*, the shuntings on and shuntings off seem as interminable as incomprehensible. We are losing time the whole way, and, being late, we have further to wait for other trains. At the very uninteresting village of St. Flavie, we are detained till more than an hour has dragged its slow length along, and we seem to know its new "slab" houses by heart. We ask the conductor how it is that we are perpetually dropping so far behind "schedule time," and he explains that it is because there is so much freight—"one hundred and fifty packages at the last station"—with only two or three pairs of hands to move them. The freight, too, is often disposed at widely separated points along the long line of cars, so that there have to be several shuntings before it can all be unshipped. There seems to be a lack of sufficient force to handle so much freight, the Government having recently reduced its staff of employees, while those who are left certainly do not "hustle" over their work, to say the least. If these tiresome stoppages could be kept within reasonable limits and "schedule time" kept at least within sight, this would be a fairly agreeable way, —except for the Sybarites, to whose comfort springs and cushions are absolutely necessary—to see the finest part of this route which, in the absence of a day express, it is not otherwise possible to see at all, and which no lover of natural scenery should willingly miss.

As we go on through the interminable strips of farm, we notice the laborious care with which the great stones have been gathered out of the long fields, or rather collected in a kind of island in the centre of each, bordered generally by a lush growth of weeds. One wonders why they might not have been utilized to build stone dykes, which would have been so much prettier as well as more durable than the ordinary country fence. It is a welcome relief when,

as we approach Metis, we get again, here and there, some glimpses of the sea and, from a high level, a view of an extensive champaign country sprinkled with wooded hills and the distant spires of small towns. No doubt there are many pretty spots among the hills at Metis, but from the train it is not nearly so attractive as hill-encircled Bic. Then we are again hurried past arid-looking ridges, with the little houses climbing up to their very crests; and sometimes we catch a glimpse of a lumber-river, with a saw-mill near it.

And now we are on the watershed between the Gulf and the Bay of Fundy, and are bearing away to eastward, getting by degrees down into the valley, where the brown Metapedia ripples merrily over its pebbly bed at the foot of its great solemn hills above it. Before reaching this, however, we skirt a long breezy lake sparkling in the sun, from which, probably, its stream is fed. The wayside villages grow somewhat more picturesque till we reach, at last, something like the fine hill-scenery we have been looking for so long. At Causapscal, where the river of that name flows from through an interesting valley into the Metapedia, the vista amid the hill-slopes, purpling with evening hues, is indeed charming, and an approaching thunderstorm gives an additional touch of grandeur to the scene, deepening the shadows of the dark-green hills about which a chain of lightning seemed to play. After a heavy thunderstorm, however, the setting sun gleams out again, lighting up the rich woods of the shaggy hill that rises just above the pretty, shady village, where people driving in buggies have been scurrying along to take refuge from the thunderstorm in the ample grounds of a large white house standing among trees, which seems to be a kind of hostelry.

And now the shades of evening are descending as the great hill curves draw nearer, and at length seem to close in about the railway, which winds in and out among them with often startling abruptness. And the river, growing more and more rapid,

"With many a silvery waterbreak
Above the golden gravel,"

becomes indistinct in the fading light, till at length, as we stand at the end of the car, we can only discover the outline of the great hills and sweeping curves against the red sunset sky. As the soft dusk imperceptibly but relentlessly falls about our way, the encircling hills seem to loom more and more mysteriously above us, and we have to give up all hopes of seeing the last, and best, bit of this scenery at present as we should have done, had the train kept anywhere near its time-table. We were due at the terminus of Campbellton at half-past six; we reach it about half-past ten! But the moon has risen by that time, and the glimpses we get by "the pale moonlight" of the grand vista of hills that here wall in the Restigouche, which has been our companion for the last dozen miles of the way, make us doubly regret our loss, and determine to make it up, if possible, on our homeward route.

At Campbellton, however, a comfortable supper, too long delayed, puts a more cheerful face on matters, and at midnight we feel a little rested after the long tedious day's travel, and quite ready to take the night express for the rest of the journey. We are now, of course, in New Brunswick, the Restigouche being the boundary between it and Quebec, and the early morning light finds us approaching Moncton where we

just have time to snatch a hasty breakfast at half-past five. Then we go on, at first through primitive forest, then through an undulating pastoral country dotted with quiet little towns, past pretty Sussex among its elm groves and hills; then by the broad Kennebecasis, winding tranquilly through the pasturelands and woods. The people who enter the car have their hands full of flowers, evidently St. John people going home from visits to country friends. We pass on among high bold hills and catch a glimpse of some pretty little lakes sparkling in the morning sun, and in a short time the train stops at the handsome Intercolonial station of St. John. Here we find that there is a difference of half an hour between the standard time of the railway and the local time of St. John, which is rather confusing to travellers, since most of the local steamers go by local time. It happens, therefore, that we are too late for the steamer to Fredericton, which we had intended to take, and so content ourselves, meantime, with a sail some thirty miles up the St. John River which, among other benefits, gives us a very good idea of the rather complicated geography of the St. John river and harbour, both of which turn and twist about in a way at first very perplexing to the stranger.

St. John is a very interesting and somewhat unique place, having rather more than its own share of the "ups and downs" of life, for it is built on more than seven hills, and its streets never seem to run two blocks on a level. It occupies a long irregular promontory between the spacious harbour and a deep arm of the same, making its way up beyond it, so far that there is a tradition that the St. John river once found its way out there, instead of at the present narrow gorge, which looks as it had been hewn out for it by some convulsion of nature. Through the city runs a succession of hills, on one of which—an abrupt crag, rising up near the railway station—is built a small fort called Fort Howe. From hence one can get a good bird's eye view of the city, which has some good streets and a pretty park in the very centre of the town, though it is rather surprising, after such a "baptism of fire" as it had a few years ago, to notice how many of the houses are built of wood, and have a shabby and timeworn aspect. The docks are lined with seafaring craft of all kinds, from the ocean steamer to the clumsy "lighter" or ungainly ferry-boat making its way across to Carleton, opposite, on its hillside; on the highest point of which stands another fort, marking the site of old Fort La Tour, about which cluster some of the most romantic and chivalrous memories of New France. For here it was that the noble Lady La Tour, in her husband's absence, so bravely defended his stronghold against his hereditary and treacherous foe, De Charnissay—the first time successfully, the second with so tragic an end. Readers of Mrs. Cathewood's fascinating romance will remember the vivid story of the courageous endurance of the little garrison with its feminine commandant, the forced capitulation and the dastardly cruelty of the victor, who, after his solemn promise of safe conduct without the fort, put the unfortunate garrison to death within it, before the eyes of the brave lady who would not yield until she had, as she believed, secured the safety of her faithful followers. Little wonder that she never recovered from the shock! The rocky fastness must have commanded a magnificent view of the forest-clad hills and broad bay,

about which there raged so fierce a struggle for the possession of so splendid a prize. Fort La Tour looks down now on a very different scene—on the stately city across the harbour—on the town at its feet, and on the fine suspension bridge and “cantilever” that connect the two. At the suspension bridge every visitor lingers to study one of the most remarkable marine phenomena he has ever seen—a waterfall reversible under the variations of the tide! For these unique falls rush *down* their wall of rock seawards at low tide, while at high tide the strong backward current forces the water *up hill* with a tremendous swirl, taking a somewhat downward inclination after it has passed below the bridge. One would suppose that no craft could safely pass that fierce boiling eddy. Yet not only is the passage safe for large steamers when the tide is midway between ebb and flow, making the water level, but we saw a small skiff thread its way through in safety, when the tide was high and the fierce upward rush at its height. Sad accidents, however, sometimes happen here to the unwary, as had been the case shortly before our visit. This natural dam or “lock” at the mouth of the narrow *embouchure* of the St. John, is of the greatest importance to the whole surrounding country, for, without it, the strong, impetuous tide would force its way over the comparatively level country behind and reduce it to a waste of barren salt marshes. If St. John were ever attacked by sea, a charge of dynamite here might work untold destruction.

The most picturesque view about the city is obtained from a ridge just above it called Mount Pleasant, on which are several spacious residences, and a romantically situated convent, surrounded by artificially constructed terraces, commanding in front a fine view of the city, mapped out below with its harbour, “back bay” and intersecting streets, while behind it there is a lovely *coup d’œil* of the high wooded hills that follow the course of the St. John, with the ranges of other hills beyond fading away into the blue distance, a gleam of silver lakelet, and the isolated, rounded hill-tops, which, as we saw them first, were just taking an amethyst hue of approaching sunset. The second time we enjoyed this charming panorama it was after sunset, and the rich tones of the afterglow bathed the dark hills and the glimpse of winding river, though the soft idealizing light faded far too soon for our longing and delighted eyes.

Not only has St. John grand surroundings and a noble river, of which more anon, as well as interesting historical associations, it is also a most convenient centre for short trips amid charming marine scenery which should have a special interest for every Canadian as the cradle of Canadian history. First, in order of time, in this aspect, comes the sail along the coast of New Brunswick to Passamaquoddy Bay, at the head of which, in its *embouchure* of the St. Croix river, was the site of the first French settlement on the coast of North America, some years before the advent of the *Mayflower* itself. To us this was a pilgrimage fraught with intense interest, not because it carried us to the rising watering-place of St. Andrews, but because close to that little town lies the island of St Croix.

The steamer for Boston, which lands us at Eastport, at the entrance to Passamaquoddy Bay, leaves her dock about half-past eight a.m., and carries us rapidly down the wide

harbour, obscured by a fair specimen of one of the proverbial St. John fogs. The fog-horns are blowing and the fog-whistles are sounding almost continuously, as the steamer threads her way amid the passing craft, and gets out to the open sea—a suggestive bit of maritime experience. But by-and-by the fog lifts, clearing gradually, and disclosing some of the rocky headlands of the iron-bound coast, so rugged all the way down to famous Plymouth Rock. In hospitable enough it must have seemed to Champlain and his companions as they first explored the shore, not knowing what untried dangers might lurk there from human foes, as well as from merciless rocks. As the great wall of mist dissolves into sunlight, we see the bold grey lines of rocky coast gradually opening out into long bays, along the sides of which we notice occasional specks of white cottages or a more conspicuous light-house, while the foreground begins to be varied by some of the numerous coast islands, all of the same rocky type, whose general greyness is varied by a little scanty vegetation. As they grow larger and more numerous a current of hot air, almost like a blast from a furnace, strikes through the cool sea breeze which had made the passengers don every possible wrap available. Speedily are these dispensed with, as the warm land gale conquers the chilly sea breeze, and strongly does the warm and fragrant air recall the experience of the early explorers, as vividly narrated by Marc Lescarbot, the poet-historian of those early days of New France. Here it is, and we can vouch for its correctness:—“While we followed on our course, there came from the land odours incomparable for sweetness, brought with a warm wind so abundantly that all the orient parts could not produce greater abundance. We did stretch our hands to take them, so palpable were they, which I have admired a thousand times since.” And so, after the lapse of nearly three centuries, do we! After passing numerous small islets, we approach the large island of Campobello, like Grand Manan a popular resort for those who love sea breezes and rugged rocks. It is all ups and downs, yellow grassy slopes and dark brown crags, with caves sharply hollowed out at their feet, and sea-birds flitting about their rough sides. At the southern end—the “Friar’s Head”—the cliffs are extremely bold and picturesque. There is a village of small white houses straggling up a russet hill-side, and here and there about the breezy slopes, and amid the dark piney woodland, are dotted numerous cottages, where many summer visitors find temporary homes. But we are not bound for Campobello, nor even for Grand Manan, though much tempted to turn aside to visit the grand marine scenery of that picturesque island, and our steamer presently lands us at the high pier of Eastport, on the Maine side of Passamaquoddy Bay. Here we are transferred to the small steamer that plies to St. Andrews, but have to wait two or three hours for the expected steamer from Boston. It is a charming marine scene, however, to contemplate while we wait, the refreshing ocean breeze tempering the heat of what we afterwards discovered to be a very warm July day. On one side, the curve of the bay, studded with islands and bounded by low hills; in front the undulating mass of Campobello island, and away southwards, a blue curve of coast, on which gleams the distant white town of Lubeck, while we trace the course of the white steamers bound on their several routes.

We are not tired of studying the lovely colouring of land and sea, when, at last, the Boston boat steams up, transfers her passengers, and we are off up Passamaquoddy Bay, intent to scan every likely island for the famous one which De Monts and Champlain selected for the “Habitation de St. Croix.”

A sail of about an hour brings us to the little town of St. Andrew, scattered along the centre of the curve of shore which ends to the left in the St. Croix river, with Maine beyond it; while, just opposite the town, with its long piers projecting far out in order to find water enough at low tide, there lies a long narrow sandy island which, from its appearance and position, we take to be the island for which we are looking. As we land, we feel the exceptional heat all the more for our day in the sea breezes, and are glad to avail ourselves of the earliest opportunity of “cooling off” in the inviting water of the bay. This is cool enough certainly, but as it is not on the open sea, it lacks the buoyancy so delightful in sea bathing, and is also very shallow owing to the flatness of the shore. However, we gratefully enjoy its refreshing and invigorating effects, which enable us to do full justice to the excellent fare at the hotel, after which we devote the cool evening hour to a general survey of the town and its surroundings.

St. Andrews is a small town which seems to have grown old without growing venerable, and lacks the vitality wherewith to renew its youth. It suffers, of course, with the rest of the Province, from the general stagnation of its business life, and also at present from the special depression everywhere prevalent, which has caused a diminution even in the number of summer sojourners, who bring some money into the place. The town itself is not particularly attractive, its water-front being built up with dingy-looking wooden houses, most of them shops; but in the outskirts are a few antiquated homesteads amid embowering trees and old-fashioned flower gardens. The four little churches are of the fashion of half a century ago. On a barren slope high above the town, the Algonquin Hotel, a C.P.R. enterprise, stands out as the most conspicuous feature, and though its grounds are as yet in the most rudimentary condition, and almost destitute of shade, its long verandahs and many windows command delightful views of the sparkling azure bay and the vistas of hills, blue, purple or grey, as the light may happen to make them. Just behind it are the bastions of an old fort which has long since disappeared, and from these there is an extensive view on all sides, sweeping back to the curve which the bay makes for some miles to the right, with a large partially wooded island on its breast, while to the left the St. Croix winds its way concealed in the bosom of the surrounding hills. The effect of the serried ranges of distant hills, with here and there a bold, isolated summit breaking the distance, and the calm expanse of river-like bay varying the landscape, was most charming, under the rich sunset colouring in which we first saw the scene, or in the cool soft greys of the early morning. In front of the earthworks, the long grassy lanes of the little town lead the eye past its spires and houses, to the blue, sail-dotted bay, with the historic island prominent in the foreground. We could secure no local information as to whether this really was the veritable St. Croix Island or not. Evidently the people of St. Andrews have not yet come under the influence of their historic associations! Even the captain of

the steamer only looked blank when asked about it. What was more unaccountable, the little booklet of views and description, prepared in the interests of the Algonquin Hotel, makes not the slightest allusion to the special historic associations of the locality! We would recommend that a short history of the unfortunate settlement of St. Croix should be added to its *résumé* of the attractions of the spot. The island in front, at all events, answers exactly to the description of the low sandy island at the mouth of the St. Croix, and, at the northern end presents just such a level plateau as that on which the colonists built their primitive palisaded settlement, with the steep-roofed house of De Monts, visible, no doubt, from afar. Foundations of old buildings, still very solid, are to be found on the spot. There, almost surrounding the other end of the island, is the still remaining fringe of evergreens left to shelter the garrison from the bitter winds of winter. Round it, too, are the shoals, which, at low tide, make it almost possible to walk across from the mainland. One can well imagine the gloominess of the winter solitude which oppressed the spirits of the little cluster of French, amid Indians of doubtful friendliness, and an unbroken vista of snow-clad hills. No wonder that they left the inhospitable site the next year, without waiting for the late crop that would not come to maturity in that sandy soil!

But in July weather, and unclouded sunshine, the varied landscape is charming enough, especially as seen from the vantage point of Chamcook Hill, an isolated mount vision about four miles from the town. Hither we walked on a warm afternoon, when great thunderous clouds were rising behind the green shoulder of upland and hill; all the way tempted to look back at the charming glimpses of the bay behind, set in a long vista of descending woodland road. The immediate ascent of the hill is made under the shade of spreading oak and beech and maple, with masses of luxuriant ferns growing thickly in the moist shade at our feet, until we came out just under the rocky brow, the ascent of which has a sort of Alpine suggestiveness. But once on the summit of the little plateau, the magnificence of the view that burst on us from all sides at once, was so overpowering and surprising that involuntary exclamations of delight arose to our lips, and the fatigue of the ascent was completely forgotten. Its variety was so bewildering that at first one could do more than vaguely enjoy the panorama of hill and sea, woodland and water. Below us, on the side by which we had ascended, lay the whole stretch of the island-studded Passamaquoddy Bay, with its ranks of flanking hills. To southward, the course of the St. Croix could be traced for a time, between its bounding hill-slopes, beyond which rose range after range of shadowy blue hills far into the heart of Maine, and possibly New Hampshire. All around us stretched range after range of densely wooded hills with green intervals, between, while, just behind the brow on which we stood, three little silver lakelets sparkled in the sun like gems set in the heart of the woods. These are the Chamcook lakes and we could trace the railway skirting their curving forest-girt shores. Then to northward, lay the deep arm of the bay, encircling the large island on which Sir William Van Horne and some of his friends have their summer homes. Returning eastward, we trace the town of St. Andrews lying quietly along the shore of the bay with our St.

Croix island always in view, bringing us back to the time when Champlain, no doubt, stood on this very hill-top, getting a sort of Pisgah view of what he held as a promised land for the possession of his royal master, "the most Christian king of France." Before us, southward, seems to lie that rugged coast of Maine whose fiords and headlands he first explored and named, and described to eager listeners at Varsailles or Fontainebleau. And the charm of the view around us was enhanced by a grand thundery sky, full of purple and gold-edged clouds which surged up from among the hills, sweeping down their long fringes over their summits and imparting variety of colour, and superb effects of light and shade, as they sailed harmlessly above us, almost disappearing as we reluctantly took our homeward way down the shady ferny path and along the descending country roads towards the town.

We did not follow by sea the retreating track of the French explorers of the bay towards Port Royal, and will not trouble the reader with the rather prosaic railway route back to St. John, by the "East Shore" railway, which, after passing the silver lakelets we had seen from the Chamcook Hill, buried itself deep in the spruce and birchwoods, amid wooded hills on all sides of us, some of which had evidently been at some time swept by those disastrous forest fires from which Canada has suffered such loss. At times we caught a glimpse of the sea, grey and hardly visible under one of the thick fogs so tantalizing to the traveller. By the time we had come out on the pebbly beach which lines the shores of the St. John Harbour, it was impossible to see the other side through the obliterating mist, and St. John itself was quite invisible till the ferry had carried us half way across the river.

FIDELIS.

THE LATE DANIEL FOWLER, R.C.A.

In the late Mr. Daniel Fowler, who passed away at his home, "The Cedars," Amherst Island, on the 14th of last month, Canada has lost one of the pioneers of Art, and one who, throughout his long residence of 51 years in this country, ever felt the deepest interest in, and made most earnest efforts for, her artistic progress and welfare.

He had attained the great age of eighty-four years, having been born in the County of Kent, England, in 1810, the fourth child and eldest son of a large family, only one of whom, a brother some years younger and resident in Australia, now survives. He was educated at two private schools, the second of which, a classical school of a high class, where he was for a short period a school-fellow of the late Lord Beaconsfield, he left when he was nineteen. From a very early age he showed a strong predilection for drawing, but the taste was not encouraged, as he was intended for the profession of the law, and in due time was articled in Doctor's Commons and entered on a study for which he had no wish or real liking. The death of his father, however, which occurred when the latter was scarcely more than a young man, while it entailed upon him heavy responsibilities in the charge of the family of which he became the head, also left him at liberty to choose his own path in life, and after no long interval he quitted the grave precincts of the law courts to commence the no less arduous study of the profession of Art, his love for and devotion to which no time

could change nor cool; his last sketches from Nature bearing date in the Autumn of 1892.

He worked for a time with Hullmandel, the engraver, and then entered the studio of the well-known J. D. Harding. Paris was his own desire and the advice of his instructor, but the delicate health which all through life was his drawback, necessitating constant care and debarring him from much that others enjoy, and which was hardly proof against the confinement to the English artist's workroom and life in a quiet, London lodging, precluded all thought of entrance on the fatigue and excitement of student life in the French capital. He therefore studied and worked at home until, at the age of twenty-four, he went abroad for a year on the Continent, spent in Italy, Switzerland, and the cities of the Rhine and Moselle. Here his unflagging industry collected that multitude of sketches from which so many of his well-known pictures were afterwards made.

Returning to England, he married, and settled down to an artist's life in London. But the young painter's means did not keep pace with his requirements under the altered conditions, and the strain of increased responsibility began to tell on the sensitive frame and nerves. "You must stop work, and live an outdoor life," said the doctors. "Impossible—in England." "Then you must leave England." The decree was harsh, but obedience was a matter of necessity, and Mr. Fowler emigrated to Canada with a family of young children and as little knowledge of the country to which he was going as most Englishmen at that time possessed.

Circumstances led him first to Amherst Island, near Kingston, and in a subsequent trip through the then Province of Upper Canada he saw no locality that he preferred. He therefore bought the place, naming it "The Cedars," which was to be his home for more than half a century; and here for fourteen years he lived the "outdoor life" prescribed for him, with the vicissitudes, troubles and surprises incident to the experience of most old countrymen in a new land, and without touching a brush. He then, however, paid a visit to England, and the return to old associations revived the old passion with a strength not to be resisted. He resumed the practice of his profession on his return home, and continued it with faithful and devoted industry for more than five and thirty years.

The history of Mr. Fowler's artistic career in Canada is almost coexistent with that of Canadian Art. There is before the writer the catalogue of the first exhibition of the "Toronto Society of Arts," in the year 1847, the artist's possession and safe-keeping of which shows his early and enduring interest in the progress of Art, and a study of which document reveals how very much in its infancy that Art then was. It was not, however, till ten years later that Mr. Fowler recommenced painting himself. He then sent his work, as did other Canadian artists, to the Provincial Exhibitions for some years; a large number of the prize tickets awarded to him on those occasions are in the possession of the writer and bear date from 1863 to 1875 inclusive. He was the means, associated with other artists, of introducing important improvements into the management of the art department of those exhibitions, notably the separation of copies from originals and of the work of professionals from that of amateurs. In 1876 he gained the medal

for water-color painting at the Philadelphia Centennial, the only one awarded in America; in 1886 he received the diploma and medal at the Colonial and Indian Exhibition in London; and he was a large contributor to the Canadian rooms at the World's Fair at Chicago last year. He took the deepest interest in the formation and welfare of the Royal Canadian Academy, of which he was one of the original members, and his name was mentioned as that of its first president, but, other considerations apart, his temperament unfitted him for a public position, as he shrank from prominence in anything save Art. He lived almost a secluded life, having for many years never been beyond a carriage drive from his home, his time fully occupied with his brush, his books, and his garden (of which, like many other artists and students, he was very fond), seeking no society, but sincerely enjoying that of the few congenial friends who sought him.

Mr. Fowler's industry as a painter was very great. One collector is said to possess over a hundred of his drawings; large numbers are scattered elsewhere, and he has left, besides a bequest of some of his finest pictures to the National Gallery at Ottawa, a valuable collection which had never left his own possession and are to be disposed of at some further time.

Mr. Fowler was an omnivorous reader, and, quietly as he lived, no literature or question of the day was unknown to or unnoticed by him. He contributed occasionally to the Canadian periodicals, and has left a considerable number of unpublished MSS., besides an autobiography which will probably soon appear. He never identified himself with Canadian politics; but always retained a strong interest in those of the Motherland. Being a man of large and liberal ideas, he was in youth a Whig; but for many years past, the policy of the English Liberal party had become distasteful to him, and of late the attitude of Mr. Gladstone on many points, in particular his foreign policy, and his dealings with the Irish question, had completely alienated his allegiance. Mr. Fowler seldom voted at a Canadian election, but when he did so, his vote was always cast on the Liberal-Conservative side.

Mr. Fowler was brought up under Unitarian auspices, but during his entire residence in this country he was an attendant on Church of England services. His sympathies were, however, as wide as humanity and no distinction of creed or nationality ever stood in the way when aid was asked or required either for church or charity. The world will miss his name and pictures but will only know that an eminent artist has passed away; but in that inner circle where his culture and benevolence were appreciated and where his worth in every domestic relation of life was known and felt by all around him, he has left vacant a place which it would be hard, indeed, to fill.

MY SHIP.

I sit within my sorrow's walls,
And watch through windows barred by pain
A west where sunset's shadow falls
And light shall never smile again.

For there, where stoops an angry sky
O'er breakers white and boulders brown,
My heart goes out with tears and cry—
To-day I saw my ship go down.

Outward or home-bound? In her hold
What treasures? Youth? A hope's career?

Faith? Love? the good that comes of gold?
Or some dear life, than life more dear?

What matter where her course was set,
Or what the freight her chambers bore?
Above my ship the breakers fret—
Mine—to reach haven never more.

What if to-morrow's skies be blue,
And other barques with glistening sail
Cleave their bright way the warm wave
through,
Homeward before a balmy gale?

I only hear the breakers roar,
I only see the boulders frown,
And shudder on the cruel shore
Where but to-day my ship went down.

Kingston. ANNIE ROTHWELL.

PARIS LETTER.

The success of the Japanese troops commences to stir the blood of European militaires. There is a marked revival of interest in military subjects, although the present is regarded in the army as the "dead season." With the termination of the autumn manoeuvres, or what the Germans satirically call the "recruits' six weeks' vacation," the military year closes. Unfortunately the army will ever be the most important of actualities. The steeple-chase of bloated armaments has become the principal preoccupation, and the chief anxiety, of states. A well-qualified French writer on military topics demands, Where are we now with respect to European armaments? Naturally he finds Germany ready at call of bugle to enter upon campaign work; swords as keen as razors, and firearms as bright and as clean as the works of a model watch. The German army in their "Loebell," and the French in their "Rau"—the names of the authors—have each their breviary, where the most minute instructions are laid down for working an army of two millions of men, to the selection of meat for a company, and the choice of fodder for cavalry. There can be no secrets for either side as to the organization and training tactics of the several classes of troops. The springs of power, as well as the resources of each *grande armee* are well known. In Germany every young man of 17 years can commence his military service, though not obliged to do so till aged 20; then there are many classes he will be relegated to as he advances in age, till his last stage will be the *Landsturm*, when at 45 he is discharged from all military duty. Germany can instantaneously put into the field 1,371,000 men, and in the course of a week eight millions will be ready.

Respecting Russia, the French wilfully blind their eyes to the fact that though Russia is a great reservoir of men, only three times less so than that of China, she is next to invincible. But the Russian reserves extend from the frontier of Corea to Warsaw, and not weeks but months, ay, years, would be necessary to concentrate them. And where would she concentrate them? No enemy will go to Moscow, and her advance into Western Europe would be blocked by the Hungarians and the Balkanites alone. Her soldiers do not possess the stuff of the Germans. In her octopus empire Russia has many disaffected peoples, and there are neighbors who covet not a few of her Naboth vineyards. Blocked on sea—a strategy that in the end brought Russia to her knees, whether after Tilsit, the Crimea, or San Stefano, in the looming up in the future sense, the Muscovite must ultimately collapse.

The Sino-Japanese war commences to create apprehension for the permanency of European peace. Once Russia and England disagree about the Far East it will be full time for the continental armies to fall in. For the moment China cannot make up for lost time or lee-way. Like Russia, she has millions of raw recruits, but cannot "gather them together as one man," and if that were possible, *cui bono*—since they lack discipline? The Chinese have dwelt careless, after the manner of the Zidonians, quiet and secure, till the Danite Japs dropped on them. Nations like China that have no military spirit and despise arms, who rely on the virtue of numbers rather than the unity of combatants, are doomed to go under before these Japanese. To live peacefully and to dwell securely peoples must remain armed to the teeth, at least till the millennium. If the Japs can dictate their peace at Moukden, the Mecca of Mantchouria, there will be no reason to regret the end of a war that appears unlikely to change the state of things. China has no fleet, no trained army; the Japanese have both. She can, like the Prussians after Jena, the Russians after the Crimea and the French after Sedan, lie low, recast her manners and become a fighting nation in the modern, the scientific, the Japanese sense of the word—a matter of 20 or 30 years. But then the victors must have fair play; they have bravely fought and honourably won. They have a right to "protect" the Corea, for protectorates are Western institutions. Russia cannot be allowed to keep the Corea unsettled—an open sore; England will not permit that, nor will she assent to the Russification of Lazareff.

Many see in the reduction of the strength of the expedition intended for Madagascar, a prudence on the part of France towards the anticipated complications of Europe; others attribute the reduction to the absence of roads, etc., to penetrate into the Island, where all the material of war would have to be carried on the heads of natives, like a Stanley march. Even the natives would have to be attended by natives to maintain the passing of food supplies and all this in terrible jungle and an overpowering climate. General Dodds could do much, but even the impossible has limits. Then it is said, though not much credited, that England has privately notified to the French Government what rights she will never surrender in Madagascar if an attempt be made to annex it by any power, and what material guarantees she will require to secure her interests. These achieved, France may peg away, but the little war must not be kept open too long, as British trade suffers by all these interruptions. The naval readiness of England is a puzzle, and a break on the French Excelsiorists; the advance of Col. Colville is accepted as definitely closing the march eastwards of France into the Soudan. There is no doubt that negotiations are being carried on by England, Italy and the Porte respecting Central Soudan; and now Portugal is prepared to go hand in hand with England in her portion of Eastern Africa. The serious illness of the Czar is no secret for the diplomatists. The French are devoting much attention to the condition of Morocco, but public opinion does not follow, just now, that red-herring trail. There are the battleships in the Far-East waters upon which eyes are now fixed.

The autumn manoeuvres have given rise to no serious faulty criticism, save that

opinion is rather on the turn respecting the utility of these mimic wars, where the unexpected and unforeseen cannot enter, nor shells and bullet showers make themselves felt on men and commanders. Brigades execute between sunrise and noon operations that would require in real war several days, and more battles are delivered in a week than in real campaigning could be fought in three years. It would not be bad were soldiers and officers to be made fully *au courant* of the trend of their marchings and counter-marches. Nothing has so bad an effect on the *morale* of men and officers as having to promenade here and there, not aware of the reason why, for a week, between the termination of one battle and the beginning of a second. That situation favours nostalgia, and since everyone must now be a soldier, there are no more civilians to be kept out in the cold respecting strategic movements. It is said that some of the soundest criticism on the manœuvres comes from the militia officers, or "Reservists," whom the "Reg'lars" do not professionally love. The various cavalry regiments do not stable their horses together; they are very jealous of one another, and the bickerings will continue till that arm of the service be abolished. They are considered as a mobile—happily—fortress, but must keep outside the range of artillery, and beyond the line of fire of infantry; the latter and the cavalry rely on the artillery; that is their *sursum corda* in battle, and that sentiment must be counted with. The smokeless powder enables artillery to remain concealed, but during the recent manœuvres, when the artillery commenced to play from ploughed land, which was very dry, each detonation blew up a tell-tale column of dust! Henceforth artillerymen must be provided with watering pots, or those knapsack sprayers in use against the potato disease. Complaints were made that too many reservist officers were employed in purchasing forage, provisions, and seeing that the soldiers did their cooking well. An officer's duty is to show an example of coolness and bravery before the fire of the enemy, not that of a soup pot. The bicyclists were rather viewed as a little too smart, requiring too often the services of the smith-veterinary for their steeds, and remaining in villages two days to be made right. Not a few bicyclists came to grief—the India rubber bands of the wheels slipped—when wheeling through a town, between six and seven in the evening; the rider handed the machine to be repaired, and retired to a hotel for the table d'hôte. Henceforth a bicyclist-smith will be attached to a brigade so "repairs can be made on the premises."

The "outs"—chiefly the extreme Radicals and the Socialists—keep harping on the Minister and President Casimir Perier. But it is all stage thunder, and the public, knowing that, seeks no lightning conductors. The practice of abolishing a deputy's right to question the government, is not yet quite ripe for the nation's approval—though the exercise of questioning be a terrible nuisance, consuming much time uselessly, and often attended by complications. To make the passing of a question subject to the approval of an initial committee—the latter certain to be elected by the government majority—would virtually be the extinction of the minority. So parliament must live on with the institution—accepting it like matrimony "for better, for worse."

In the central penitentiaries of France, there are 7,933 male and 1,198 female

*détenu*s: the average daily earning of the former is 1 fr. 17c., and of the latter, 0 fr. 93c. The most lucrative trades are: printing, bookbinding and plumbers' work; the least, making slippers. The sewing machine and making shirt collars are the best paid work with women. Any balance left, after deducting the prisoner's cost for keep, is put aside till discharge day. The output of prison-labour must not now be sold below general trade prices.

The comic journals cease to occupy their pages with the Duc d'Orleans, and so do the ordinary newspapers—proof, that he has no political importance for the French. Let the Duc prevail upon one of his henchmen to set up as a candidate deputy, having for programme the restoration of the Duc d'Orleans as King. That, or a Strasbourg raid, are the only roads to the throne. The latter would be the most direct to the prison. Faith, to be sincere, must act.

Parisians at the present moment are wholly taken up with the theatrical law-suit between the elder Coquelin, the leading actor in France, and the *Théâtre Français*. It is an old quarrel that has simply come to a head. To belong to the *troupe* of the house in question, the first in France, the member, of either sex, and called *societaire*, must sign an engagement, to give his or her services exclusively to that theatre for 20 years, never to play elsewhere in France without permission, even after the twenty years; when a pension shall have been accorded they must still abstain from acting in France. The *Comédie-Française*, as this theatre is also called, receives an annual endowment from the State of 800,000 fr. The star artistes are paid 18,000 fr. a year, with a share in the receipts, often amounting to 30,000 fr. Sarah Bernhardt, in 1880, and Coquelin, in 1886, kicked, and left the theatre. Both really wanted to set up on their own account. The grand Sarah was sued for breach of agreement to act, and was condemned to pay a fine of 100,000 fr. to the house, with costs; she forfeited, in addition her right to a pension. She paid the fine, made star tours round the world and now owns the *Renaissance* theatre. Coquelin was unfortunate in his travelling tours. He has just signed an engagement with Sarah to perform at her theatre. This is in violation of his agreement when he retired from the *Comédie Française*, and was accorded his pension of 12,000 fr. a year, not to act in France without permission, and hence the law-suit. Of course he will lose his pension, and will be mulcted in damages, as he and Sarah will draw away the public from the old house.

The sanitary inspectors have at last "dropped" upon a ring of fishmongers, that smeared the gills of the fish when stale, with poultry and rabbit blood to have the look of being fresh. The knowing ones judge of fresh fish by the eye always.

Naturalist Milne Edwards informed the Academy of Sciences of a species of lobster, dredged at a depth of 3,300 yards, that has—not millions, but only 30, eggs housed in its tail, as a kangaroo shelters its young.

Z.

Law governs man, and reason the law.

You pretend the public, but you mean yourself.

To a man there is no more uninteresting object in the world than a woman who is in love with some one else.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

To the Editor of The Week:

Sir,—In THE WEEK of October 5 your leader-writer, referring to a suggestion of the London *Spectator* that Cabinet Ministers sitting in the House of Commons should have the privilege of speaking in the House of Lords and vice versa, observes, "this arrangement would do nothing to remedy the enormous disproportion in voting in the Upper Chamber, and it is the inequality of votes rather than any inequality of oratorical power which is creating the outcry against the Lords at the present time."

His observations show a curious misapprehension of the facts. I have on previous occasions, voicing the opinion of many well-informed persons, pointed out the unwisdom of people brought up and residing all their lives on this side of the Atlantic and totally unacquainted with English political life, writing heedlessly and positively upon such subjects. In THE WEEK of March 16 an Ottawa gentle man, writing over the signature of "British Canadian," for himself "and others," sympathetically thanked me for my humble endeavour to "let in light on the matter in question." I take this opportunity of thanking him and his friends for their appreciative and cheering words. Only once before have I been similarly gratified; that was when the Duke of Argyll wrote in the same strain in the London *Economist* of Oct. 12, 1889, anent an article of mine.

I contend that Canadians should be supplied with carefully tested facts, and that those who wish to inform us should avoid the errors so prevalent in the States with regard to the Old Country; and dogmatizing like Canning's "Three Tailors of Tooley Street," when they claimed to represent the people of England.

Your leader-writer leads your readers to imagine (1) that there is an enormous disproportion between the Conservatives and the Liberals in the House of Lords; and (2) that there is an outcry against the Peers. Both statements are erroneous. We have no exact statistics of the present relative strength of Conservatives and Liberals in the House of Lords. If there had been no Mr. Gladstone, probably their numbers would have been even. Moderation and justice are the ruling forces in the Upper House. Mr. Gladstone's conduct during the last nine years has caused numbers of Liberal Peers to vote with the Conservatives in their laudable endeavour (1) to prevent the disruption of the British Empire; (2) to prevent civil war in Ireland; which would increase tenfold the horrors of 1793; (3) and also to repel attacks upon the work-a-day Commandments. The insurrection of 1798 was mainly quelled by the loyal Catholic militia, and only extended over a small part of Ireland; but the one that would be caused by the handing over the property of those who have—whether Protestant or Catholic—to the "have-nots" would extend all over the country. The majority of those Catholics who have anything to lose would side with the Protestants. See "Ireland As It Is" (Birmingham Gazette Company) for the opinion of the educated Catholics.

If affairs were in a normal condition; if Mr. Gladstone had ceased from troubling nine years ago, it would be safe to say that at the outside the Conservatives would only have a very moderate majority in the House of Lords. But when the Sixth, Eighth and Ninth Commandments were attacked, then the Liberal Peers—with few exceptions—sided with the Conservatives and their combined forces rejected the Evicted Tenants Bill by 249 to 80. About one-half of the 30 were Government officials; and in all large bodies there are sure to be a few cranks. The Bill (initiated to retain Irish Nationalist votes) proposed at great cost to reward dishonesty, lawlessness and laziness; and to punish honesty, law-abidingness and industry. Therefore the real truth is, that the Conservatives and Liberals joined forces to repel an attack upon the Decalogue.

As to the fairness of the Peers see what

took place in 1846 as to the Repeal of the Corn Laws. At that time the Conservatives had a great majority in the Lords, yet in a very full House the second reading of the Bill was carried by a majority of 47, notwithstanding that many who then voted for free trade, honestly believed that they would personally suffer in their rentals by so doing. Has there been any instance on this continent of legislators voting for and passing a measure, when the majority believed it to be highly injurious to themselves personally?

As all intelligent people know, since 1846 the relative strength of the Liberals has greatly increased in the House of Lords. Practically the Peers, both Conservative and Liberal, preserve the nation from Jack Cade legislation.

The present position of the House of Lords is this: Before allowing Mr. Gladstone to break up the British Empire with the consequent result of civil war in Ireland, they insist upon a dissolution of Parliament, when the people will be asked to vote squarely upon the question, without (as in 1892) any red herrings being trailed across the scent. Should they on a squarely-put question vote for breaking up the Empire the Peers, though sorrowfully, will suffer the Bill to pass. But practically there is no fear of that. The 1892 election gave an English majority of 71 against Home Rule. Excluding Ireland, there are 5,481,000 voters, and I find, after a careful examination, that only one hundred votes in each constituency transferred from the Separatists to the Unionists would have resulted in increasing the latter by 47 and decreasing the Gladstonians by the same number, thus leaving Lord Salisbury in power.

The second contention of your leader-writer about the alleged outcry against the House of Lords is simply absurd. All the evidence shows that there is nothing of the sort. Even Mr. Stead, a strong Gladstonian and old-time Home Ruler, states in the *Review of Reviews* that such is not a fact, and that the Lords have really carried out the wishes of the majority of the English people.

The golden rule for all writers should be to abstain from dogmatizing upon subjects that they are unacquainted with, and to write upon those that they really understand. To do your leader-writer justice he writes very well upon the latter class of subjects.

Yours, etc.,

FAIRPLAY RADICAL.

Toronto, Oct. 11.

THE BIBLE, AND THE BIBLE ONLY, THE RELIGION OF PROTESTANTS.

To the Editor of The Week:

Sir,—In your issue of Sept. 21st, there is an article by Wm. F. Clarke on the subject of the recent perversion to Rome of the Rev. Finlow Alexander, M.D., upon which I should like, if you will allow me, to offer one or two criticisms. I don't know whether Mr. Wm. F. Clarke is a priest or layman. I cannot find his name in the Canadian Church Year Book. I judge, however, from the general tone of his letter, that he is an Anglican priest. But I fancy he is like the Rev. Finlow Alexander, M.D., "of no great weight as a theologian." The chief text of his article is "the noble utterance of the immortal Chillingworth: The Bible and the Bible only is the religion of Protestants." Now, whatever may be the religion of Protestants—and that is something which I have never been able to find out—this is certainly not the religion of the Church of England, because to quote "a noble utterance of the immortal" L. Neale, "the Church of England never has been, is not now, and I trust in God never shall be, a Protestant Church." Churchmen do not get their religion from the Bible. They get it from the Church, and prove it from the Bible. And, as a matter of fact, whatever the immortal Chillingworth may say, the Bible and the Bible only, is not the religion of Protestants either. There is not a man, or woman, or child in the world who got their religion from the Bible and the Bible only. Think of the hundred different influences which go to make up the sum total of the religious convic-

tions of any individual—the mother's knee, the Sunday School, sermons, books, magazine articles, conversations, etc. Where do the Protestants get their Sunday from? There is not one line in the Bible about a change of day from the seventh to the first day of the week. And for that matter, where do the Protestants get their Bible from? Why do they believe it to be the Word of God?

This is a question which never has been, and never can be, answered on Protestant grounds. We Churchmen believe the Bible to be the word of God *because the Church says so*, and for no other reason whatsoever. As the sixth article of the Church of England says, "In the name of the Holy Scripture we do understand those Canonical Books of the Old and New Testament of whose authority there was never any doubt in the Church." Surely, Mr. Clarke, "this is a virtual denial of the fundamental principle of Protestantism as stated by the immortal Chillingworth."

In support of this theory of Chillingworth's, Mr. Clarke goes on to say that "the Word of God does not direct us to any human tribunal, but it contains a promise of Divine direction, 'When He, the Spirit of Truth, is come, He will guide you into all truth.'" Then there is the command, "Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind."

With regard to this first passage I would submit that this promise is not given to individuals as a promise of infallible guidance but to the Apostolic College, i.e., the whole company of the Apostles in their corporate capacity as the founders and rulers and guides of the Church, and it is given to them for all time in the persons of their successors, the Bishops of the Catholic Church in General Council assembled. Apply this promise to individuals and it forms no basis whatever of agreement in the truth. The Baptist reads his Bible and prays for the guidance of the Holy Spirit of Truth, and is fully persuaded in his own mind that children ought not to be admitted to Holy Baptism. I read it equally prayerfully and am fully persuaded that they ought to be. Are we both guided by the Holy Spirit in this matter? Surely not. "God, the Holy Ghost," is not the author of confusion but of peace.

As for the next passage, "Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind." It is like the flowers that bloom in the spring. It has nothing to do with the case. St. Paul is not speaking of matters of faith, but mere matters of opinion, or rather, matters of conscience. He is speaking of the observance or non-observance of holy days and of a question between eaters of flesh and vegetarians. (See Romans xiv.) It is rather funny after this to find Mr. Clarke calling down Dr. Alexander for quoting our Lord's words, "Hear the Church," as having reference to matters of doctrine when they only refer to neighbourly quarrels.

Then Mr. Clarke goes on to say that the free exercise of private judgment has produced a consensus of opinion in regard to the vital truths of Christianity, which is common to the Anglican Communion and the Roman Catholic Church, along with all Protestant denominations. This is, indeed, good news if true, but I am afraid it is too good to be true. In the first place, I don't think we are even agreed as to what are the vital truths of Christianity. I had a friendly chat with a Methodist preacher the other day on the subject of Christian reunion, who also thought we were already agreed on the vital truths. Whereupon I asked him if the doctrine of Baptism was one of them. He said he did not know, but he thought not. The writer of the epistle to the Hebrews evidently thinks it is. (See Hebrews vi.). Moreover, it is perfectly evident from the Lambeth Quadrilateral and the preface to the Ordinal that the Anglican Church thinks the historic Episcopate to be one of the essentials, but all Protestant denominations evidently think not. No, Mr. Clarke, you will not find any basis of agreement in the unrestricted use of private judgment or in the Bible and the Bible only. Neither will you find it in the nebulous nonsense of Cowper's Calvinism. The course of Protestantism might well be described in his lines "slightly accommodated":

"Man on the dubious waves of Protestantism tossed,
His ship half foundered and his compass lost,
Sees, far as human vision can command,
A sleeping fog and fancies it dry land!"

About 300 years ago there was a strong reaction from the tyranny of Romanism, and ill-balanced minds rushed into the opposite extreme—the anarchy of Protestantism. Now, like the souls in Purgatory (according to the popular ideas thereof), they are rushing back again. In these days of doubt and difficulty men are walking like the homeless spirit in the parable through dry places, seeking rest and finding none. They will not find it in the new and maze-like paths of Protestantism, or in the still newer path of Papal infallibility; but let them seek out the old paths and the good way of the Primitive Catholic and Apostolic Church and let them walk therein, and they shall find rest for their souls.

FREDERICK THOS. DIBB, Priest.

THE NEW TESTAMENT.*

Dr. Godet makes an apology for presenting the public first with the particular introduction to the New Testament, instead of following the ordinary course, which he himself approves, of beginning with the general introduction. At his age, he says, he can hardly hope to accomplish the two tasks, and he thinks he can render a greater service by treating of the origin of the particular books than by discussing the origin of the Canon and the conservation of the text. Acting under the influence of this sentiment the author gives us in the present handsome volume an introduction to the Pauline epistles, which he hopes to follow up with a second on the Gospels and Acts, and, if possible, a third on the Catholic epistles and the Apocalypse.

We feel the force of Dr. Godet's reasoning and greatly rejoice that he has been able to give us the precious volume which is now in our hands. No serious student of the New Testament can be ignorant of the value of Professor Godet's commentaries or unprepared for the boon which he has conferred upon the church by the present publication. His scholarship, his learning, his sanctified common sense, and the devoutness of his tone, have long been known to his readers, and they are conspicuous in this Introduction. The book begins with certain "preliminaries" dealing with the general idea of his work. This is followed up by some sections on the Life of St. Paul before the first epistles. The epistles themselves are divided into four classes, the 'epistles of the second journey, embracing the two to the Thessalonians; the epistles of the third journey, embracing the epistle to the Galatians, the two to the Corinthians, and that to the Romans; the epistles of the captivity are those to the Colossians, to Philemon, to the Ephesians, and to the Philippians; the last class contains the first and second epistles to Timothy and the epistle to Titus. Of course, the epistle to the Hebrews is not among them.

There was a time when the whole of the epistles attributed to St. Paul were accepted, and it must still be maintained that the external evidence is alike for all. In recent times the chief opposition has been directed against the Pastoral Epistles and this entirely on internal grounds. Pro-

* Introduction to the New Testament. By F. Godet, D.D. Particular Introduction. I. Epistles of St. Paul. Price 12s. 6d. nett. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. Toronto: Willard Tract Depository. 1894.

fessor Godet's handling of this subject furnishes a good specimen of his method and manner.

First he takes up the "last days and the death of Paul," in connection with which the author holds to the later date, believing, as we do, that St. Paul was set free after his imprisonment in Rome, and that the pastoral epistles belong to a second captivity. He declares that "the Martyrdom of Paul and Peter at Rome under Nero is a fact universally admitted;" and although we fear that some persons will not admit this fact we, for our part, have no more doubt about it than Dr. Godet has.

In the next section the author takes up the contents of the three epistles. In his preface he almost apologizes for the length to which he carries these analyses of the various epistles. No wise student will need any such apology. These descriptions of the contents of the epistles almost amount to expositions and are of the greatest value. Having accomplished this part of his task, the author proceeds to consider "the inadmissible situations for the three letters." He decides against the period of the three years' sojourn at Ephesus and also a period immediately after that sojourn; so that, he says, we must either declare against the genuineness or admit an interval between the apostle's captivity spoken of at the end of the Acts and his martyrdom soon before which these epistles were written.

It is impossible here to summarise his treatment of the authenticity of the three epistles. Every opinion on the subject, ancient and modern, is here adequately represented. The higher criticism is seen almost at its worst, and it is safe to say that there is not a single objection to the genuineness of these epistles, drawn either from their ecclesiastical characteristics or from their linguistic peculiarities, which is not met successfully by the writer.

We deeply regret that we cannot do greater justice to a book which may well form the crowning glory of a life devoted to biblical studies; and we can only hope that the life of the venerable author may be preserved for the completion of the work which is so admirably begun.

"STRUWWELPETER."

Last week the children of Europe and America lost their poet-laureate, Dr. Heinrich Hoffmann, the immortal author of the songs that tell of Shockheaded Peter, Harriet and the Matches, and the Blackamoor. If the babies could be polled, there can be no question that they would give their votes in favour of the "Struwwelpeter" as the king of nursery-books. The verses and pictures hit the children of from two to five just between wind and water, and make them happy as do no others in all their literature. It is true that Mr. Lear's nonsense-poems and nonsense-drawings are always very pleasing to the children, and are probably enjoyed more greatly by the older boys and girls than even Dr. Hoffmann's book. They have, too, a literary and artistic excellence beyond that which can be claimed by the "Struwwelpeter." Still, take it all in all, the little ones love more to hear about Cruel Frederick and Dog "Tray" than even about the old man of Spithead, who opened the window and said, "Chickabee, Chickabaw, and he said nothing more." People of from two to five are not quite advanced enough to see the acute-

ness of the nonsense in Edward Lear's writings, and find greater pleasure in Dr. Hoffmann's poems. The "Struwwelpeter," then, must be reckoned one of the really great nursery-books—not the comet of a season, but a classic,—a book which will be as much read by our children's children as by us. To have written such a work is no small achievement. It means that the author has managed to touch a very difficult and fastidious public, and to touch it just where it feels most keenly.

It is worth while to inquire in detail what are the elements in the "Struwwelpeter" which give it its peculiar charm. We believe that it is the young child's book above all others, because it so successfully appeals to every one of the emotions which interest and please children. In the first place, the poems are all narrative,—tell, that is, a simple story. But the first thing a child wants to hear is a simple story. Next, they all have in them the element of the strange and the marvellous,—the element of exaggeration and wonderfulness. It is this love of the grotesquely marvellous that makes children so fond of stories of pink bears and blue cats. Next, children all like to hear about other children. Dr. Johnson was utterly wrong when he said, "Depend upon it, Sir, babies don't want to hear about other babies." That is always exactly the thing they do want to hear about. But every one of the poems in the "Struwwelpeter" has to do with babies. Next, the poems are about naughty children. Little boys and girls undoubtedly like to have their flesh made to creep by hearing about their wicked brothers and sisters. A wicked grown-up person rather appals them, and is seldom a favorite. He is out of proportion. The naughty child is, however, near enough to be interesting and not too dreadful. His deeds of darkness give, too, a pleasant sense of virtue to those who hear about them. Without being hypocrites, the children have a right to feel satisfied that they are not as Shockheaded Peter, Cruel Frederick, Augustus, Suck-a-Thumb, or Johnny Head-in-Air. Then, too, children are by nature intensely didactic. They love a moral, and a moral which is well rammed home to their own breasts. Nothing is more delightful to a child than to say sententiously, "Little boys should be seen and not heard." The effect is not the least spoiled to the child by the fact that the enunciation of this great principle cuts clean through Mr. Jones's eloquent description of how he nearly voted for the wrong candidate at the last General Election, owing to a fixed mental confusion between Johnson and Jones which has always possessed his mind. Again, children have a keen sense of fun, and the "Struwwelpeter" is full of fun. Lastly, children have very quick ears, and the "Struwwelpeter" is written in a very pretty jingle,—a jingle which is well kept up in the English version. The "Struwwelpeter" thus gives children satisfaction all along the line, and supplies all their emotional needs, moral and aesthetic. It is a perfect child's book because it tells just the things children want to hear. If any of the poems are examined in detail, it will be seen how exactly they fulfil the conditions we have named. Take, for example, the poem of Cruel Frederick. It is a capital short story of a boy who was punished for cruelty:

"He caught the flies, poor little things,
And then tore off their tiny wings.
He killed the birds and broke the chairs,

And threw the kitten down the stairs.
And oh! far worse than all beside,
He whipped his Mary till she cried."

The infantile sense of pity and terror is delightfully played upon. There is something awfully thrilling in reading of these desperate acts. The poem, too, pleasantly reminds the good little boys and girls how virtuous they are in not yielding to these temptations. The poetic justice, for which children are always so hungry, is amply rendered. After Frederick has tortured good dog "Tray," he is severely bitten in the leg in return:

"So Frederick had to go to bed,
His leg was very sore and red.
The doctor came and shook his head
And made a very great to-do,
And gave him nasty physic too."

But the curtain cannot fall till the rewards have been distributed as well as the punishments:

"But good dog Tray is happy now,
He has no time to say 'Bow-wow,'
He seats himself in Frederick's chair
And laughs to see the good things there.
The soup he swallows sup by sup
And eats the pios and puddings up."

Here, too, that sense of fun which children possess so greatly—the sense which shows them not to be little savages, but the young of a civilized race—is specially appealed to. The notion of dog "Tray" sitting up and eating Frederick's dinner, is to them delicious—especially when brought home by the picture of "Tray," with a napkin round his neck, standing up on a red-seated chair, with his forepaws on the table, enjoying his soup. Over the back of the chair hangs Frederick's whip. The feeling of horror is conveyed by the story of "Harriet and the Matches." This, it will be remembered, is the story of the girl who burnt herself to death while a troop of pussy-cats first warned her, and then bewailed her fate, like the chorus in a Greek tragedy:

"Then how the pussy-cats did mew!
What else, poor pussies, could they do?
They scream for help—'twas all in vain,
So then they said 'we'll scream again.'"

Who can have forgotten the picture that closes the story? The pussy-cats, with mourning bows on their tales, weeping over the fate of naughty Harriet! The fairytale side is represented by the story of the boys who mocked the harmless Blackamoor, and were, in consequence, seized by tall Agrippa and put into the great inkstand. It is not stated who Agrippa was, but one always imagined him to be a magician. This was no case of premature knowledge that there was such a person as Cornelius Agrippa, but simply a deduction from general appearances. It is true that Agrippa wears a brown dressing-gown and bedroom slippers, but these cannot conceal the nature of the man. His fur cap with a red top is ample compensation for any little irregularities in the rest of his get-up. For children of four, Agrippa stands for the romantic and the marvellous. He is what "The Arabian Nights" and all the cycles of romance, Merlin, and the Knights of Logress or of Lyonesse, are to the grown-up. "The Story of the Man that went out Shooting" is almost pure comedy, but it has the great charm of introducing an animal who puts on spectacles and fires a gun. A child's first idea of fun is generally derived from the notion of an animal acting as a man. Why this should be, it is not easy to see. Perhaps because that incon-

gruity which is the rock-basis of all humor, according to Sydney Smith, is most plainly visible in a bear getting into bed or eating porridge. It might be supposed that "The Story of Augustus who would not have any Soup" would have been a little too much of a home-thrust to be a favourite. Yet, somehow or other, that tale of childish recklessness is always eagerly asked for in the nursery:—

"Augustus was a chubby lad,
Fat ruddy cheeks Augustus had ;
And everybody saw with joy
The plump and hearty, healthy boy."

The lines are simple enough, but it is impossible to repeat them without feeling the sensations which are popularly attributed to the old war-horse at the sound of the bugle. One sees at once, in the mind's eye, the lovely blue pictures in which the law of diminishing returns is operating on the plump body of Augustus, and hears the refrain,—

"Oh take the nasty soup away,
I won't have any soup to-day."

Who, too, can forget the two last pictures? The last but one shows Augustus a mere shadow. The last, a little grass grave with a headstone, marked "Augustus," and on the grave a tureen marked "Soup."

It would be an error not to pay special attention to the charm of the pictures in the "Struwwelpeter." It is impossible to imagine anything better suited to delight young children. If it is artistic to interpret a motive with force, simplicity, and directness, and yet ingenuity, then assuredly these pictures are artistic. The drawing may be primitive, and the colouring more than crude, but as illustrations of the poems they are perfect. Especially good are all the details. Shockheaded Peter is displayed in his green gaiters and red tunic, and his yellow "hay-rick head of hair," standing on a pedestal ornamented with combs and scissors. That does not sound much, but placed as these emblems are, the result is most effective. How good too, is the picture of the kitten that was thrown downstairs by Cruel Frederick. It lies dead at the bottom of a flight of steps with a brick-bat on it, and enormously heightens the appeal of the whole composition. Inimitable is Frederick in his very German bed with the doctor by him, dressed in a blue coat and green trousers, and holding a large bottle marked "for Frederick." Observe, too, the chest of drawers in the picture of "Harriet and the Matches." The present writer can well remember meeting exactly that chest of drawers in the Tyrol, and at once recalling his "Struwwelpeter." And then Agrippa's inkpot. Never did artist draw an inkpot with a nobler and more liberal sweep of hand. It is an epic inkpot—a joy and yet a mystery to every beholder. But one would run on for ages, if one were to notice all the glories and descent on the expression of the fishes in "Johnny Head-in-Air," or on the charm of the landscape in "The Story of Flying Robert,"—the church, the hill, the poplar, the raincloud, and the red umbrella. These must be left to some Ruskin of the rattle and the hobby-horse. It is enough to say that the men and women who were lucky enough to be brought up on the "Struwwelpeter,"—and few are they who were not, who were born after 1850,—will always remember with delight the pictures in this enchanting book.

The genesis of the idea on which the "Struwwelpeter" rests, given us by Dr.

Hoffman himself, shows that he had a real insight into and sympathy for children. He found in his practice as a doctor, that it was often necessary to gain the confidence of the children he had to examine. This was most easily accomplished by a story and a rough drawing. These stories and rough drawings, done on the spur of the moment, were afterwards collected and became first a MS. nursery-book for his son, and then the most popular nursery-book of the world at large. Dr. Hoffmann did not sit down and say, "Now I will write a child's book," and then and there compose on abstract principles a book "suitable for young children." Instead, and with his eyes as it were always on the object and with a definite, practical aim, he made something which amused his boy and girl patients. Hence the fact that he never misses the mark, but always strikes the nursery bull's-eye. It was doubtless this which saved him from sentimentality—the bane of most children's books. There is not a trace of sentimentality in the whole work, and no infant, however precocious, could possibly shed "the tears of sensibility" over the "Struwwelpeter." It is all good healthy fun and nonsense, and the morals are as plain as a pikestaff. The strange thing is that, as far as we know, Dr. Hoffmann wrote no other children's books. In these days the publishers would never have allowed that. Dr. Hoffmann would have been simply forced to do a dozen sequels. In the forties, however, either men were made of sterner stuff, or there was less competition in the trade. Dr. Hoffmann was permitted to obtain immortality on twenty-four pages of verses and pictures.—*The Spectator.*

"LOVE IN ABSENCE."

SONNET.

Yes, it is true that love in absence grows.
In thy sweet presence, Love, love grew apace.
Absence and presence herein run a race,
Though they in true-heart life need not be foes.

Absent, I reap the fruit which first arose
When twin hearts glow together, face to face
And hand in hand, our spirits in one place,
Made harmony impervious to time's blows.

True friendship has a life eternal born
From seeds of fitness sown in fertile soil,
Oft watered by the mystic rain of tears;
The favouring suns of circumstance its morn
Assure. Intrinsic life denies it toil.
In presence it ne'er cloyes, nor absence fears.

ALFRED THOROLD.

ART NOTES.

Mr. T. Mower Martin is holding an exhibition of his recent paintings at the rooms of Messrs. Matthews Brothers, Yonge Street, Toronto. This industrious artist shows no falling off in either the amount or quality of his work. Already a number of the pictures are marked "sold."

Is this a truth, or only a half-truth, that we quote from a new book of essays by Richard Le Gallienne? "There is nothing in life so much exaggerated as the importance of art. If it were all wiped off the surface of the earth to-morrow, the world would scarcely miss it. For what is art but the faint reflection of the beauty already sown broadcast over the face of the world? And that would remain."

Mr. W. H. Low, gives a definition of an impressionist in his paper on De Monvel in a recent number of the *Century*, which possibly comes nearer the truth than the meaning we usually attach to the word. "In the truest sense he is an impressionist, inasmuch as his view of nature is an outcome of his own temperament; for in the painting of the future, impressionism must mean more than a wilful subordination of aught else than the visual faculty applied to external objects, and he who sees with the eyes of the soul, and, without faltering technically, translates this inner vision, will be the true impressionist." In this same paper, also, there is a quotation from a letter from De Monvel which is well worth reading for the idea, almost ignored by many an artist, which it contains. "Having at my disposal a means so limited (as the pen) I have learned that there is one all-important element which we must seek in everything which we would reproduce, and which for want of a more definite word, we may call the soul, the spirit of the object represented. A rude stick planted in the ground has a particular character and interest of its own, and if we make of it a drawing which is commonplace, it is because we have failed to grasp its spirit. No other stick would have the character which belongs to this particular one, and this, which is true of the rude stick, applies the more as we ascend the scale of creation. This is the lesson taught me by the necessity of expressing much with the thin encircling line of the pen, and all is there. In comparison with this sense of individual character in anything which we try to represent, all else is unimportant."

"Imperialist," in *The Colonies and India*, gives the following information about a painter who has heretofore been to us little more than a name: "Mr. E. Wake Cook, the well-known Anglo-Australian painter, has been recently on a visit to Mr. Chevalier, who is now much better in health and has been doing while there a drawing of the really wonderful view from Mr. Chevalier's charming house on Sydenham Hill. In connection, by the way, with Mr. E. Wake Cook, I hear that he is just finishing one of the most important drawings he has yet done—the most important in the amount of work involved. It is a realistic rendering of nearly the whole of the splendid facade of the Cathedral at Florence in truly Italian sunshine. On the right, part of the time-and-weather-stained Baptistery is seen with its well-known bronze doors and statues. Beyond is Giotto's far-famed tower, with its mellowed marbles rising against the heavenly azure of an Italian sky. Beside it the newer facade of the Cathedral—a mass of white and coloured marble—occupies the largest part of the picture. All the bewildering masses of delicate detail which have hitherto scared painters from attempting the subject are here rendered with a care and truth seldom seen in pictorial work. It is a dream of loveliness, and suggests a vastness not its own by the cunning of selection which shows the great mass, but not its limits. An animated crowd of figures fills the foreground. A procession of blushing young girls in their bridal-like veils are marching to their first communion. These and all the other figures have an amount of character that is convincing, and could only be given by a humanity lover with a hand early trained to portrait-

ure. Mr. Cook is to be congratulated on the successful conclusion of a task which has taxed even his indomitable perseverance and shows anew the value of his favorite maxim, "It's dogged as does it."

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

Ovide Musin always gives pleasure. His company of artists, consisting of Mme. Anne Louise Tanner-Musin, soprano; Miss Bessie Bonsall, contralto; Mr. Elliott, tenor; Mr. Scharfe, pianist, and his genial self, were well received by a large audience, on the occasion of their appearance here last week at the Foresters' concert. We have frequently spoken of Musin's playing in these columns, of his mastery of the violin, his exquisite tone, his fabulous technique, and his beautiful phrasing. We only regret that he doesn't think it worth while to play music of a better character when he comes here. We remember speaking with the artist on this very point during one of his visits here two or three years ago, but he good naturedly said that the great majority who go to hear him play, wish to be sensuously pleased, to be entertained, that they would not enjoy music of a higher class, and he thought an artist, travelling as he does the continent over, should endeavour to please and delight this majority. We know there is both truth and wisdom in this statement; an artist to be successful with his audiences must please and electrify them almost, otherwise they will not give their dollars a second time. But just on this account, there are many musical people who will not go, simply because they wish to hear some genuinely good music performed as Musin can perform it. The plan spoken of above may be better for money making, but it is not the highest art by any means, and we believe should not be encouraged. Ole Bull followed this plan, Remenyi is doing so now; but what about the great violinists, Sarasate, Joachim, Ceasar Thompson and Ysaye, who are so popular, and who draw such crowded houses wherever they play? They do not play music wholly to please the uncultivated, but perform pieces chosen from the choicest of violin literature, and by the noble beauty of their playing, delight everybody, musicians and all. M. Musin's accompanist, Mr. Scharfe, is so excellent a pianist that it would be a treat to hear them play at least one *Sonata* by Grieg, Beethoven, or some such composer. This certainly could not be tedious to the most unmusical, and then all would be pleased. Mme. Musin sang on the occasion above spoken of beautifully, as did also our talented Torontonian, Miss Bonsall. Mr. Elliott, the tenor, likewise won immediate success. Musin was, however, the great attraction, and was frequently recalled.

We are glad to observe that the subscription list for the Seidl Orchestra, which is to appear here on the evening of the 20th November in the Massey Music Hall, is being well filled up, many having signified their intention of being present by signing their names on the list. The Seidl Orchestra is an expensive organization, and our music-loving public should come out in large numbers to hear it. Seidl is one of the greatest conductors in the world, perhaps the greatest Wagnerian conductor, and his orchestra is magnificent. In a week or two we will be able to give the programme. Miss Lillian Blauvelt is to be the soloist.

Dr. and Mrs. C. E. Saunders, who we believe recently came here from Ottawa, gave a highly enjoyable recital of flute, piano and vocal music in St. George's Hall on the 10th inst. The programme was well arranged, varied and interesting, and both performers succeeded in pleasing the large audience present exceedingly. We are sorry not to be able to give a more detailed account of this concert, but unfortunately were, at the last moment, prevented from personally attending it. We hope to have the pleasure of hearing them in the near future.

Modjeska's California home contains many unique and beautiful souvenirs. In a library of some 200 volumes, each book contains on the fly-leaf an autograph inscription to the actress. There is also a copy of "As You Like It" dedicated to her, the only one of its kind in the world. It was prepared and presented by an English admirer of her *Rosalind*, and but one copy was printed.

Mr. Walter H. Robinson has again accepted the position as conductor of the Galt Philharmonic Society. Rehearsals have already begun, and expectations are high for another successful season. Anderson's "Wreck of the Hesperus" and many other choice works will be given.

A second monument to Robert Schumann will shortly be unveiled in Leipsic, through the efforts of an admirer of his, who contributed 50,000 marks. The first monument was erected in 1875, by another admirer, Dr. P. Fiedler.

It is now certain that New York will have a season of German Opera this winter. Mr. Walter Damrosch, who has been in Germany has engaged singers. The season will begin in New York on February 25, continuing for four weeks. A second four weeks will be divided between Boston, Philadelphia and Chicago. Only Wagner's operas will be given. The Trilogy will be sung throughout, "Das Rheingold" being given for the first time in several years in this country. Among the singers engaged are Frau Rosa Sucher, the dramatic soprano of the Berlin Royal Opera House, Mme. Materna, Fräuleins Malten and Mailhas, Herren Max Alvary, one of the greatest Wagnerian tenors. Rothmühl, Lange, Oberhauser, Emil Fischer, Conrad Behrens. Many of the costumes have been ordered in Germany. "Lohengrin" will be the star opera, and its costumes have been ordered with special reference to a color scene, the colors being entirely in pale tints. A sufficient amount has been subscribed by New Yorkers to ensure the financial success of the season. Tickets for the entire course of 16 operas are to be sold at \$50.

Massenet is reported to be writing an opera for Mlle. Nikita, who has just signed a three years' engagement at the Paris Opera Comique.

Marion Manola, the singer and actress, is seriously ill in New Hampshire. Her trouble is insanity, and the chances for her recovery are slight. She has not been successful for some time, and the nervous strain, together with the hypodermic injections of morphine, taken to enable her to keep up, have proved too much for her.

The thirty years set by Meyerbeer in his will, during which his musical effects should be undisturbed, have expired, and examination reveals a nearly completed opera, with Goethe as the central figure.

LIBRARY TABLE.

THE NEW ACTS OF THE APOSTLES, OR THE MARVELS OF MODERN MISSIONS. By Dr. Arthur T. Pierson. Price \$1.50. New York: Baker & Taylor Co. 1894.

These lectures were delivered upon the foundation of the "Duff Missionary Lecture-slip." Dr. Pierson will be remembered as the temporary successor of Mr. Spurgeon at the Surrey Tabernacle and as a writer of some distinction. The idea of the present volume is a good one, and Dr. Pierson has carried it out very well. Their design, as Dr. Andrew Thomson remarks in his introduction, was to compare the Christian church in the nineteenth century with the church in the first century, especially in their missionary aspects, so as to bring out the points of resemblance and of contrast between them. Although they were prepared while Dr. Pierson was ministering at the Tabernacle, Dr. Thomson says he was astonished at their power, and freshness, and varied excellence. We are bound to state that this is a remarkable book showing a wonderful acquaintance with missionary work of all kinds.

A TREATISE on the INVESTIGATION of TITLES to REAL ESTATE in ONTARIO with a PRECEDENT for an ABSTRACT. (Second Edition). By Edward Douglas Armour, Q.C., of Osgoode Hall, Barister-at-Law. Toronto: The Carswell Co., Ltd. 1894.

It is always a matter of inconvenience and regret, and the occasion of no little loss of valuable time, both to the law student and practitioner of our Province, when some important branch of our law has to be studied without the aid of an authoritative home text-book. It is all very well to say you may consult English or American text-books for the principles involved and then ferret out their application in the reports or statutes. To those to whom "time is of the essence of the contract," who have much to do and but short time to do it in, it is of the first importance that they should have every reasonable facility for doing their work promptly and well. For many years there has surely been sufficient waste of time in the way indicated to make the legal profession rejoice at possessing such an excellent and trustworthy text-book as that of Mr. Armour on Titles. The work of which Mr. Taylor—now Mr. Justice Taylor—was the author, served its day well. The constant changes in case and statute law rendered the first edition of Mr. Armour's book necessary, and the same operative causes have made the present edition imperative. Those who were familiar with the earlier works can at a glance see how necessary the present edition has become, and in a measure estimate the pains and labour involved in bringing the whole subject down to date. A most important addition will here be found in Chapter VIII. Part I, on Payment and Discharge of Mortgages, a subject of no small importance. The present edition now includes, in all, over 400 pages. It is unnecessary in a lay journal to enter into detailed statements regarding a work so well and favourably known in earlier editions to our professional readers. The first edition established for its author a reputation as a thoroughly well grounded specialist, and one, moreover, possessing the eminently useful faculty, for a legal writer, of clear and concise exposition. Apt in comment, as well as in illustration, Mr. Armour also possesses the by no means common merit of including what is essential and excluding what is not germane to his subject. Thus his pages are not padded and overloaded with matter of little or doubtful utility. One cannot fail to be impressed by the thoroughness, as one is by the clearness of his work. Nor is it at all surprising to its reader that this able and learned author should, at a comparatively early age, have attained his present distinction as a legal editor and lecturer, or his prominence at the bar of his native Province. Thoroughness, conscientious-

ness, clearness, and utility, characterize the new edition of this excellent work, which cannot fail to find for itself a welcome place on the shelves of every law library, that is worth the name, in Ontario. Nor should its sale be by any means restricted to our own Province.

PERIODICALS.

"Government by Party" is dealt with in the October *Westminster*, mainly from the standpoint of its application to Manx Land, by A. N. Laughton. Mr. W. J. Carbett urges the abolition of private lunatic asylums. E. V. Ingram has a pretty paper on Art Literature, and W. Miller makes Mountaineering in Montenegro entertaining for us on paper. Mr. J. Dodds Shaw has something to say on Finland and its Parliament, and this is not all the diligent reader will find in the October *Westminster*.

The *Expository Times* for October begins a new volume—the sixth—with its usual excellent Notes of Recent Exposition, taking up Mr. Kidd's book on "Social Evolution" somewhat at large, and treating it rather kindly. Professor Davidson's papers on the Theology of Isaiah (proper) are concluded. By and by he will take up "the great unknown." A very sensible paper by Prebendary Whiteford is on "Religious Reserve on the Subject of Heaven." The general contents of the number are excellent.

October *Bookman* brings us a brimming bumper of "News Notes," portraits of Miss Violet Hunt, Ian Maclaren and "The Angel in the House." "The Literary Associations of Hampstead" are continued by Mr. R. Nicoll. An editor utters a wail against printers, to which the courteous editor promises to print satisfactory replies. Mr. D. Hay Fleming brings the story of Mary Queen of Scots down to her marriage with Darnley. New books, novel notes, etc., add variety and interest to this good number.

Edward Baxter Berry's article in *Music* for October, on "Music and Nutrition," is really an excellent essay, and will be read with relish. "The Music of the Psalms" is also interesting, as are the two articles on Bayreuth, by William Morton Payne and Mode Wineman. But one misses the healthy, breezy writing of the editor, Mr. W. S. B. Matthews, who has been abroad. We had hoped to have something from him this month, but are content to wait until the November number. This magazine has now a warm place in the affections of the musical people of the country, who welcome it each month as they would a friend.

A good deal of space is given in the *Art Amateur* for October to china painting, and most valuable the instructions on various points from various pens are. The short account of Mr. Chase's summer school at Shinnecock Hills by one of the students is most interesting, and in it are many bits of wisdom let fall by the teacher. Mr. Theodore Childs continues the account of "The National Gallery, London." All the articles are well illustrated, several studies by Gari Melchers are especially good. In the colored plates there is a departure from the usual in the seated figure of a girl by Charles Sprague Pearce. The designs for letters and monograms are most original.

Mr. J. M. Le Moine writes most agreeably of Francis Parkman in the *Canadian Monthly* for October, especially in regard to his frequent visits to Quebec. D. McCaig contributes to this number a poem entitled "In the Shadow of the Church." Mr. McCaig's poems have won for themselves some warm admirers. This effort will add to his reputation. "Canadian Homes and their Surroundings" is the pleasant title of a pleasant paper by the Hon. James Young. Hugh Sutherland argues for a Hudson Bay Railway. William Wilfrid Campbell's short story does not compare favourably with his poetic work. Though we have heard before from Mr. Longley on the subject of Joseph Howe we are glad to hear again. Thomas W. Gibson favors us with a bright sketch of the Algonquin National Park

and J. C. Hamilton has an instructive and readable paper on "Indian Treaties in Ontario and Manitoba, 1781-1894."

We fancy most readers of the October *Contemporary* will begin with the end. A battle of argument between two such scientific giants as Professor Weismann and Herbert Spencer cannot lack interest. Mr. Spencer has, in the concluding article in the number, a vigorous attack on the learned German's theories. He says: "I have felt more and more that since all the higher sciences are dependent on the science of life, and must have their conclusions vitiated if a fundamental datum given to them by the teachers of this science is erroneous, it behoves these teachers not to let an erroneous datum pass current: they are called on to settle this vexed question one way or other." A succession of most readable articles will be found in the ethnological study of Elisee Reclus entitled "East and West," the bit of political light literature, with the caption "Cabinet Counsels and Candid Friends," and Cecile Harlog's charming paper descriptive of the "Poets of Provence." Edith Sellers has a touching sketch of Prince Kropotkin in this number.

St. Loe Strachey attempts to depict the proteau character of the British Premier in an article entitled "The Seven Lord Roseberies" in the *Nineteenth Century*. The Countess of Galloway makes a good showing for an amateur in her paper on "Wagner at Bayreuth." Professor Max Muller discusses most learnedly the subject of "The Alleged Sojourn of Christ in India." "English Art Connoisseurship and Collecting" could scarcely have a better exponent than Sir Charles Robinson. Ernest Hart argues for the suppression of cholera by the Sultan. R. Vasudeva Rau examines with no little erudition the question "Did Omar destroy the Alexandrian Library?" the learned Hindoo thinks it highly improbable. There are other excellent papers in this number some of them by well-known writers such as Sir Herbert Maxwell, Charles Whibley, Professor Alfred Russell Wallace, and there is a gossipy narrative by M. de Slowitz of a "Trip to Bosnia-Herzegovina," as well as a note from Mr. Gladstone—an aftermath of Heresy and Schism.

LITERARY AND PERSONAL.

The *Boston Home Journal* says that the amusing character "Lamps" in Dickens' "Mugby Junction," was a real personage, and is still living and still in the employ of his railroad. His name is Chipperfield, and he is very proud of the part he plays in "Mugby Junction," and sometimes shows the copy of the story which Dickens himself gave him.

The Rev. John Graham Brooks has written a monograph on "The Future Problem of Charity and the Unemployed," published by the American Academy of Political and Social Science which will be studied with great care by all students of social questions and all charitable workers. Dr. Brooks has made an especial study of the subject at home and abroad.

It is said that Ouida never shakes hands. She declares it to be the most vulgar form of salutation. As soon as she enters a room, she makes for a seat. Once seated she will not budge until she takes her leave. Anyone who wishes to meet her must play Mahomet to the mountain. No matter who he be, she never rises or changes her position.

A letter of Robert Browning was recently sold in London, in which he speaks enthusiastically of the liberal treatment this wife received from London publishers. They paid her \$100 apiece for her poems, and offered \$2,000 a year for an amount of

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labour which would cost his wife and himself but a single morning a week. The letter was written from Florence in 1860.

A hitherto unknown work of Maimonides, the greatest Jewish theologian and philosopher of the middle ages, says the *New York Sun*, has been discovered by Professor Gaster among a number of Hebrew manuscripts which he acquired from the East, with a translation and notes. It is a short treatise written in Hebrew, entitled "Commentary on the Sacred and Profane Names of God in the Pentateuch."

Marion Crawford, it is said, writes many hours at a time, shutting himself up in his study and requiring by way of sustenance nothing more than cigarettes. As a rule his pen moves very rapidly, but occasionally he suffers from writer's cramp, and then the services of a shorthand writer are requisitioned. On these occasions the novelist has in the course of the day completely tired out more than one expert stenographer.

Mr. Meredith's last novel, already so famous, "Lord Ormont and His Amants," is said to be based upon the history of the Earl of Peterborough and his unacknowledged wife, Anastasia Robinson. Peterborough was a great soldier and a lady-killer, was forced into retirement, it is remembered, by an ungrateful country, and married a woman socially beneath him, with the stipulation that the marriage should not be made public.

The *Colonies and India* among some comments on Kipling by a Mr. J. J. Archer who is said to be an American and a personal acquaintance of that author has the following: "Kipling is thought more highly of in America than in India, I am led to believe," says Mr. Archer. "In fact he is not very well liked in India. He has incurred the general dislike of both Europeans and natives. He is cognisant of the fact, and I do not think he will ever return to that section of the globe. The fact is not very well known, but Kipling is not of pure Caucasian extraction. One of his parents was an Eurasian, or half-caste, and the fractional proportion of native blood that flows through his veins is just one-fourth."

READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

AN UNPROGRESSIVE POET.

For Keats, knowledge emphatically meant disillusion. Reality, romance—these were essentially contradictory terms. To explain the processes of Nature was to remove them once and for all from the soft twilight of poetry, through which they loomed dim but beautiful, into the lurid white glare of actuality, where they stood out, gaunt, naked, revolting. The sense of real things constantly present to break in upon his sweetest fancies, he could liken only to a muddy stream, the turbid current of which was forever sweeping his mind back to darkness and nothingness. In the well-known passage in *Lamia* about the rainbow, with its emphatic protest against philosophy, we have the man's horror of science, so frequently revealed elsewhere in his work by implication, set forth in a kind of formal declaration. Such an outburst inevitably reminds us of the diatribes in Mr. Ruskin's *Eagle's Nest* against physiology and what he calls Darwinism—perhaps the fooliest utterances to be found anywhere in his voluminous writings, which is itself saying a good deal. But, after all, perhaps the best commentary on the lines in question is Haydon's statement that, three years before *Lamia* saw the light, Keats and Lamb, while dining with him (Haydon), had agreed together that "Newton had destroyed all the poetry of the rainbow by reducing it to the prismatic colors." We may imagine how these two sage critics would have laid their heads together over the more modern legend of the cynical chemist who is said so have remarked that a woman's tears had no longer any kind of power over him, since he knew their precise constituent elements—muriate of soda and solution of phosphate!—*From Poetry and Science, by Prof. W. H. Hudson, in The Popular Science Monthly for October.*

MR. JAMES PAYN'S "GLEAMS OF MEMORY."

The September number of the *Cornhill Magazine* contains another chapter of Mr. Payn's recollections.

"As to the calling of Literature, which has been so much abused of late by some of its own followers," writes Mr. Payn, "if I were to live twenty lives I would choose no other profession. It is the brightest and most genial of all of them, and, so far at least as my experience goes, the most free from jealousies and acrimonies. There are times of course, when one would like to sentence a critic to be put to death "to slow music," but I have never felt inclined "to put my knife"—unless it was the paper-knife—into any of my brother authors. They are very pleasant company, as kindly friends as can be found, and more inclined to look upon one's faults with tenderness than what are invidiously termed the respectable classes. The pursuit of letters makes us friends all over the globe, but it does not lead to fortune. Leisure in old age has been unhappily denied me. I suppose without vanity I may say that, as regards popularity, I have been in the first dozen or so of story-tellers; but my gains have been small indeed when compared with anyone in the same position in any other calling. A judge and a bishop get £5,000 a year and a retiring pension. I have been exceptionally fortunate in receiving such small prizes as literature has to offer, in the

way of editorships and readerships, but the total income I have made by my pen has been but an average of £1,500 a year for thirty-five working years. As compared with the gains of Law and Physic, and, of course, of Commerce, this is surely a very modest sum, though it has been earned in a most pleasant manner."

Referring to the well-known Tennyson and Timbuctoo story, Mr. Payn writes:—"When I re-peruse the little story, 'How Jones got the Verse Medal,' I cannot resist the conviction that the original of that fortunate young person was Tennyson. I heard the tale while I was an undergraduate, and wrote the story before years had brought the sense of reverence; and it must be confessed that 'Timbuctoo' is a poem that does not itself preclude levity. The examiners for the year (as I heard the tale) were three—the Vice-Chancellor, who had a great reputation, but a violent temper, and did not write very well; a classical professor who knew no poetry that was not in a dead language; and a mathematical professor. It was agreed that each should signify by the letters 'g' and 'b' (for 'good' and 'bad') what he thought of the poems, and the Vice had the manuscripts first. When the mathematical professor got them he found 'Timbuctoo' scored all over with 'g's, and though he could not understand why, nor indeed the poem itself, did not think it worth while, as he afterwards said (though the fact was he was afraid), to ask the Vice his reasons; so he wrote 'g' on the poem also. The classical professor thought it rather funny that both his predecessors should admire so unintelligible a production; but, as he said, 'he did not care one iota about the matter,' and so wrote 'g' on it also; and as no other poem had three 'g's,' the prize was unanimously awarded to the author of 'Timbuctoo.' After all was over, the three examiners happened to meet one day, and the Vice, in his absolute fashion, fell to abusing the other two for admiring the poem. They replied very naturally, and with some indignation, that they should never have dreamt of admiring it if he himself had not scored it over with 'g's.' 'G's!' he said: 'they were "q's," for queries, for I could not understand two consecutive lines of it.'

The following story of a club-foot is also well worth quoting:—"When instituted in his new office he [a certain curate who suffered from great shyness] went round the parish to make acquaintance with his congregation. It was very wet weather, and he got almost swamped in the Devonshire lanes, but he persisted in his duty. On one occasion he called on an honest farmer of the good old school, who asked him how he liked Devonshire. 'Oh, I like it exceedingly,' said S—; 'but I find it rather muddy. I notice, however, pointing to the farmer's boot, 'that you take very sensible precautions to keep yourself out of the wet.' 'Well, you see, Mr. S—, I've got a club-foot.' S— waited to hear no more, but fled instantly from the house, and only after much solicitation could he be induced to remain in the living. The farmer never understood why he had run away, and thought he had been taken suddenly ill. What he suffered, however, was nothing to what I subsequently suffered in consequence of S—'s mishap. I thought the story very humorous, and told it in my best manner at a large dinner-party at a house at which I had never dined before. During the narration I received a violent kick on the leg from my next neighbor, but thought it

accidental. The tale was received in total silence, and it was some time before general conversation was resumed. 'That was a very amusing story,' whispered my neighbour. 'But, being very angry at the want of appreciation shown to it, I put in quickly, 'but, you would say, deuced stupid people to tell it to.' 'No, my dear fellow, it isn't that, but our host has a club-foot.' Then I knew what S— had suffered, and wished I could have run away as he did. A bevy of fair and fashionable young ladies made existence intolerable to him by occasionally addressing him in public; by a young lady in private I do not think that S— had ever been addressed. He used to go into the neighboring town daily to procure articles of furniture for his lodgings, and the lady of the house asked him at the breakfast table one morning what his plans were for the day. 'Well, he said, turning as red as a rose, 'I am going into Exeter to buy a pair of drawers.' I am sorry to say for the manners of the aristocracy that this little mistake of a 'pair' for a 'chest' caused a shout of inextinguishable laughter, and poor S—'s face remained for a week less like a rose than a peony."

"The first book of tales," writes Mr. Payn, "I ever published ('Stories and Sketches') contained one called 'Blobbs of Wadham,' the foundation of which is the accidental likeness of two strangers to one another. This was the case with another Trinity man, whom I had never seen, and myself. Not only was I often addressed by persons who took me for him, but people used to ask, *a propos* of nothing, whether I knew So-and-so. I remember making a considerable impression upon a chance passenger in a railway train on the Cambridge line, who was staring at me rather hard, by suddenly observing, "No, sir, I do not know Mr. So-and-so." It had been the very question he was going to ask me, but my anticipating it seemed to him so uncanny that he got out at the next station. Mr. Sherlock Holmes had not at that time been heard of. When I came to know my double I saw but little resemblance between us except that we both wore an eyeglass; but I believe no one does see any likeness to himself in anybody, so true it is that after having beheld one's natural face in a glass, one straightway forgets what manner of man he is. The exception was Narcissus, which proves the rule."

Another humorous incident on the same railway line was as follows:—"I was travelling up to town with two undergraduate friends, A and B, the former of whom was a particularly shy man. We wanted to play whist, but disliked dummy; and the only other man in the carriage was a very High Church clergyman, as we knew by what was then called his M.B. waistcoat. B, however, cut the cards and shuffled them, and looked at him appealingly; while A murmured, 'Don't! don't! he will think we want to play the three-card trick.' We two, however, were resolute. At last it was agreed that we should draw lots who should ask him to play, and the lot fell upon poor A. I can see him now, pink and palpitating, as he made his plaintive request. 'Well, of course,' said the parson, 'that is just what I have been waiting for.' And I remember that he won our money!"—*London Public Opinion*.

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OCTOBER NUMBER READY.

Book Reviews.

A Monthly Journal devoted to New and Current Publications. Price, 5 cents each number; subscription, 50 cents a year.

The current number contains some delightful Reminiscences of the late Walter Pater, by Prof. E. B. Titchener, Cornell University.

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PUBLIC OPINION.

Halifax Chronicle: Nova Scotia in the past has been foremost in the great political struggles of British America. It has produced more great men than all the rest of the Dominion, and Nova Scotians to-day must be worthy of their past.

Ottawa Free Press: It would be unwise to overload the course of studies prescribed for our public schools. The tendency in our system of scholastic training is at present to multiply the studies to such an extent as to leave the pupils at the end of their courses confused, and with nothing more than a superficial and ill-digested smattering of a multitude of subjects.

Montreal Star: Britain is commercial, inventive, educational, liberty-loving, home-making; the Empire is like a busy householder and the fleet is but a revolver under the pillow to scare away intruders. It is prudent to have the revolver always oiled and ready, and of longer range than most; but the stability of the Empire is a thing of National character rather than of the calibre of its cartridges.

Hamilton Herald: The second of the Macdonald memorial statues to be erected in Canada was unveiled in Toronto to-day, Sir John Thompson doing the unveiling, as he did with the Hamilton monument. The Toronto statue is a handsome bit of bronze, and will be quite as much a credit to Toronto as Hamilton's statue is to Hamilton. Canadians should build more monuments to the memory of the men who do great things in this country. They would give young Canadians every day object lessons in the ideals of manhood.

Brockville Times: The *Catholic Register* is advocating the starting of a fund for the purpose of erecting a statue to D'Arcy McGee, in Queen's Park, Toronto. An excellent scheme, which we heartily endorse. McGee, one of the most eminent of Irish Canadians, was murdered by the selected tool of a disloyal conspiracy, because of his loyalty to British Canada, and therefore loyal subjects ought to unite in perpetuating his memory. Besides, he was one of the most genial and generous of men—a true lover of his kind—and therefore worthy the loving regard of all Canadians.

St. John Telegraph: We observe that the question of good roads is attracting much attention in the United States, particularly in the State of New York, where a league has been formed for the promotion of good roads, and where a magazine entitled *Good Roads* is published for the purpose of aiding in the improvement of the public highways. The difference between a good road and a bad road in a country district is so great that it is surprising that so much indifference is shown to the question. The loss suffered, especially by farmers, by bad country roads every year amounts to an enormous sum, far more than the interest on the capital necessary to provide the country districts which suffer from bad roads with roads of the very best class.

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What strikes us most markedly in reading the book of the rocks is, not so much the strange forms which are portrayed in its pages, as the fact that so many of them are extinct. Indeed, except in the very newest of formations, it is extremely rare to come upon any forms which can even approximately be considered identical with any now living on the face of the earth. All are vanished species. What is more, when we once get clear of any formation, it is the rarest possible occurrence ever again to see any of the species of fossils characteristic of it. Each period of the world's history had its own fauna and flora—that is, its own assemblage of animals and plants—and once they disappear they are gone forever. Yet, within the historic period, we know of the extermination of only a few animals, and of no species of plants at all. Even then the extinct animals have, in every instance, met their fate at the hand of man. The dodo, a curious bird of Mauritius, and the solitaires, of the Islands of Reunion and Rodriguez, were exterminated by ruthless seamen within the last two centuries. The moa of New Zealand lived long after the Maoris reached these islands. The great auk and the Labrador duck have ceased to exist, from an identical cause, within the memory of man. The Philip Island parrot is a still more recent loss, while the only mammal which can be said for certain to have been utterly destroyed from off the face of the earth is the gigantic sea-cow (*Rhynchos*), of Behring Strait, though, when it was first discovered, and took the taste of the seamen who liked oily beef, its numbers were small, and seemed on the wane. These, and a few other species of less interest, form the total extinctions of which history preserves any record. But in the rocks composing the earth's crust there are the remains of thousands which disappeared ages and ages before man came upon earth.—*Our Earth and its Story*.

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SCIENTIFIC AND SANITARY.

A distinguished French specialist is now claiming that a hypodermic injection of nitrate of strychnine will cure alcoholism.

Eisleben, the birthplace of Martin Luther, is sinking into the moor upon which it is built. Efforts to drain the bog have been without avail.

Arctic explorers who have found themselves in the midst of an aurora describe it as producing a cooling, prickly sensation and a very exhilarating effect.

The upper third of the face is altered in expression, say physiognomists and doctors, in affections of the brain, the middle third in diseases of the chest, and the lower third in diseases of the organs contained in the abdominal cavity.

According to a German authority the total length of lines in the world is about 1,006,000 miles, of which 540,000 are in America and 380,000 in Europe; in the United States there are about 400,000 miles, which is the greatest in any one country.

An authority on hypnotism says that hysterical persons are very difficult to influence. They are so wedded to their own fancies—mental and physical—that they prove very obstinate hypnotic patients. Even if an influence is gained it passes off very quickly.

The Egyptian Government has issued an invitation to the architects of all countries to submit designs for a museum, to be built at Cairo, costing £123,000 sterling. The successful design will secure a prize of £630, and £420 will be divided among the next four designs. The Khedive is anxious to secure designs from Americans.

A cotton-picker which may revolutionize the whole process of gathering cotton has been invented by Eli Whitney, of New Haven, the grandson of the famous Eli Whitney who invented the cotton-gin. By means of this machine, which is called the Whitney harvester, the work of one hundred men can be done by two men and two horses.

The *Popular Science Monthly* says: "Although the science of electricity is still in its infancy, it is marvelous the progress it has made in the last 20 years. We have in the United States more than 300 mining companies making use of electricity for light and power, and fully one-third of all the copper refined in this country is treated by the electrolytic process."

The Thermogen is an appliance for keeping up the temperature of a patient during an operation, doing away with blankets and hot water bottles. It is in the form of a quilted cushion, with an arrangement of fine wires inside, by which any desired degree of heat may be maintained by electricity. It was exhibited at the last meeting of the Royal Society.

Only 906 persons in a million die from senility, while 1,200 succumb to gout, 18,400 to measles, 27,000 to apoplexy, 7,000 to erysipelas, 7,500 to consumption, 48,000 to scarlet fever, 25,000 to whooping-cough, 30,000 to typhoid and typhus and 7,000 to rheumatism. The averages vary according to locality, but these are deemed pretty accurate as regards the population of the globe as a whole.—*Medical Age.*

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Pupil of Prof. Martin Krause, Hans von Bülow and Reinecke, solo pianist Albert Hall concerts; Richard Strauss, conductor, Leipzig; pianist of the Saidi orchestra tour in Canada, 1892; by invitation of Theodore Thomas, representative Canadian solo pianist at the World's Fair, Chicago. Concert engagements and pupils accepted. Address—105 Gloucester Street, or Toronto College of Music.

Many species of bacteria are capable of doubling their number every hour. In this case, in the short space of 24 hours a single bacterium would increase to a number but little short of 17,000,000—to be exact, in 48 hours the offspring of this minute germ—which is not more than 1-15,000 of an inch in length—have increased to the surprising number of 281,500,000,000, their bulk being sufficient to fill a pint measure.—*Inventive Age.*

The brain is the most complex structure in the human body. In the adult man it weighs from 48 ounces to 50 ounces. In the new born child it weighs from 10 ounces to 14 ounces. At the age of seven it already averages 40 ounces. Beyond the age of 40 it slowly, but steadily, declines in weight—at the rate of about one ounce in ten years. The average weight of the female brain is less than the male. In the adult it amounts to about five ounces less. Degree of intelligence corresponds to some extent with brain weight, but to a greater extent with complexity and depth of convolutions.

The annual report of the Comptroller-General of the British Patent Office shows that during the year 1893 there were deposited 25,120 applications for patents against 24,171 in 1892. Under date of August 22, the United States Commissioner of Patents submits a report in which it is shown that there were received in the fiscal year ending June 30, 1894, 35,952 applications for patents; 1,050 applications for designs; 108 applications for reissues; 2,193 caveats; 1,720 applications for trademarks and 368 applications for labels. There were 22,546 patents granted, including reissues and designs; and 1,656 trademarks registered.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Hospitality to the exile, and broken bones to the oppressor.—*Gaelic.*

Some recently published statistics of the United States Army show that no less than 150 women disguised as men served as soldiers in the Army of the Potomac during the civil war.

The King of Korea is suffering from a disease of the throat. Unhappily for him, he is looked upon as a divine being, whom no metal instrument may touch. In consequence of this, the operation which is necessary to save his life cannot be performed.

Simla, the "Hills capital" of India, seems inclined to go piecemeal down the *khud*. One large house collapsed the other day, and another had to be vacated as dangerous, while, according to the Lahore paper, "new cracks and slips" are showing themselves all over the station.

The Punjabi woman is worthy of her sire. We read of two Punjabi women who, while travelling on a camel, were attacked by two robbers. The camel driver was struck senseless, but one of the women seized his stick, stunned one of the robbers, and made the other take to his heels.

The Lake of the Woods has again been visited by a large number of summer residents. On Coney and other islands and at Keewatin the number of summer residences has been largely increased, the hotels are all full, and large numbers are camping. Never before have so many people spent the summer months at the Lake. There is a great demand for a large summer hotel, and it is certain if properly managed it would do well. The C. P. R. has put on a special train service which is proving a great convenience to Winnipeg business men and others whose families visit the Lake.

Nothing derogatory to the fame of Prof. Von Helmholtz was ever published in the course of his life, but now the gossips are endeavoring to force a vile pun on his memory. It is related that at a dinner to Prof. Bunsen at Heidelberg, Prof. Kirchhof closed his speech with the exclamation, "Long live Bunsen!" Before the cheering was ended, Helmholtz was on his feet to observe that "Bunsen must indeed be immortal when the churchyard wishes him long life." We must explain that "Kirchhof" means "Churchyard"—in common usage and fact graveyard. And even after that offence, Helmholtz was still respected.

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

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

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

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

To Coutts & Sons, 72 Victoria st., Toronto.

A POSTMASTER'S STORY.

A STRANGE ATTACK AND THE DIRE RESULTS THAT FOLLOWED.

Mr. Robert Sharpe, of Starkville, Tells of His Sufferings—Lost the Use of Both Hands and Feet and was Forced to Give Up Business—The Timely Action of a Friend Pointed the Way to Renewed Activity.

From the Bowmanville News.

Mr. Robert Sharpe is a well known resident of Starkville, Durham county, who has been living in Canada for about thirteen years. He is by trade a blacksmith, and on coming to this country located in the township of Haldimand, in the county of Northumberland. After working there for a time he purchased a residence and shop at Starkville, where he worked at his trade and established a nice business. Being both courteous and obliging he was well liked and was appointed postmaster for the place. He was in the best of health and with the exception of a slight asthma trouble had no complaint of any kind. In the month of March, 1892, he attended an auction sale in the neighborhood and came home in the evening apparently all right, but during the night was taken with a chill, accompanied with a violent pain which gradually grew worse and before morning he went into convulsions and became unconscious. A doctor was summoned who bled him freely, which seemed to relieve him for a time, and next day he seemed better, and the doctor told him he would be all right in a few days. This, however, was not verified, and although he could go around he was fast failing in health and at times would be in an agony of pain. One doctor said he had sciatica, and another told him that his trouble was rheumatism of the spine and that he would never be better. He tried many medicines but all failed to do him any good. At this time he was so weak that he could only hobble around with the assistance of two sticks, and had to give up work. The pain continued day and night and finally he lost the use of both hands and feet, and often longed for death to relieve him of his suffering. About this time Mrs. Sharpe wrote a letter for him to a friend for whom he had worked when he first came out to the country, and this friend sent him a couple of boxes of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, urging him to give them a fair trial. Before the second box was done he felt somewhat better and purchased another supply. To hasten the story, Mr. Sharpe continued the use of the Pink Pills until he had taken fourteen boxes, by which time he had completely recovered and is now as well as ever he was, and has lost all the asthma trouble as well. He is now able to do a hard day's work, and is loud in his praises of Dr. Williams' wonderful Pink Pills. As the reporter was leaving, a Mr. Stark, an intelligent farmer who lives close by, called, and verified all that Mr. Sharpe had said, and referred the reporter to others in the neighborhood who knew the circumstances as well. One who had never seen Mr. Sharpe before would not think, looking at him to-day, that he had come through the ordeal he has, as he seems the very picture of health, and both he and Mrs. Sharpe attribute the whole cure to Pink Pills.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills strike at the root of the disease, driving it from the system and restoring the patient to health and strength. In cases of paralysis, spinal troubles, locomotor ataxia, sciatica, rheumatism, erysipelas, scrofulous troubles, etc., these are superior to all other treatment. They are also a specific for the troubles which make the lives of so many women a burden, and speedily restore the rich glow of health to sallow cheeks. Men broken down by overwork, worry or excess, will find in Pink Pills a certain cure.

Sold by all dealers or sent by mail, post paid, at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N.Y. Beware of imitations and substitutes alleged to be "just as good."

Better a lean peace than a fat victory.

Be you ever so high, the law is above you.

Good laws often proceed from bad manners.—*Ital.*

The coffee crop of 1894 is estimated at 12,500,000 bags, the largest in the annals of the trade and 2,000,000 bags in excess of the consumption. A drop in prices is expected.

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If you have not seen the Superbly Illustrated Main Monthly issue of THE STUDIO, send us the regular price of one copy, 30 cents, and we will send you two specimen numbers of THE STUDIO, together with our Portfolio, containing

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It is impossible to describe their great beauty in words. They contain all of the finest views and photographic gems of the World's Fair. They are worthy of a prominent place on the center-table of the most elegant mansion, but we furnish them FREE that they can now be had to ornament the humblest home. The photographs of these same views sold on the World's Fair Grounds for from 50 cents to \$3.00 each.

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The trial is not fair where affection is judge.

The mob hath many heads but no brains.

The worst of law is that one suit breeds twenty.

A deceitful peace is more hurtful than open war.

He who buys office must sell justice.—*Adaptation.*

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REV. WM. BROWN.

I was CURED of a bad case of earache by MINARD'S LINIMENT.

MRS. S. KAULBACK.

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MRS. S. MASTERS.

QUIPS AND CRANKS.

Teacher (in the geography class) : Tommy, what is the easiest way to get to the Pacific Coast ? Tommy : Git a pass.

"What are the relations now between your wife and yourself ?" "Oh only her mother, two uncles, a sister and a few cousins."

He : Do you think that your father would object to my marrying you ? She : I don't know. If he's anything like me he would.

Man in a hurry : Is there a way of getting to the Grand Central Depot sooner than by taking this car ? Urbane Conductor : Yes sir ; run and catch the next car ahead.

"So you are a strong believer in prohibition, eh ?" "Yes," said the Kansas man. "Why ?" "Because it makes business better." "May I ask what business you are in ?" "Certainly. I am a druggist." And he winked his other eye.

"Can you suggest any reason why I should print your poem ?" said the overbearing editor. The dismal youth looked thoughtful and then replied : You know I always enclose a stamp for the return of rejected manuscript. "Yes." "Well, if you print it you can keep the stamp."

Jack (rapturously) : Now, darling, will you please name the happy day ? Minnie (blushingly) : Three weeks from Thursday, Jack. Norah, the kitchen maid (through the keyhole) : Av you plaze, Miss, that's me reg'lar day out. Ye'll have to get married in the early part of the wake.

"I engaged," said a traveller, "a chaise at Galway to conduct me some miles into the country, and had not proceeded far when it pulled up at the foot of a hill, and the driver, coming to the door, opened it. 'What are you at, man ? This isn't where I ordered you to stop,' said I. 'Whist, yer honour, whist !' ejaculated Paddy. 'I'm only desaving the baste. If I bang the door, he'll think you're out, and I'll cut up the hill like mad.'"

An Irishman applied for and obtained a situation on the Trafford Road section of the Manchester Ship Canal. "What's your name, my man ?" asked the timekeeper. Patrick Cahill," was the reply. "How do you spell it ?" Pat scratched his head. "Indade, an' Oi don't know, sorr. Oi never spelt it ; an' me father, he niver spelt it either. Faith, an' Oi don't think it was ever intended to be spelt at all. Put it down without spelling, sorr."

A coloured woman presented herself as a candidate for confirmation in the Diocese of Florida and was required to say the creed, the Lord's Prayer and the Commandments. She got through with the first two fairly well, as somebody had evidently been coaching her, but when she came to the last she bungled and hesitated, and then remarked in a confidential tone to the clergyman : De fac is, Mr. Turpin, I hasn't been practisin' de Ten Comma'dments lately.

Over the door of a certain public house is painted the picture of two asses, under which is inscribed :—When shall we three meet again. Pat, who was just returning from work, scythe over shoulder, happened to notice the picture and gazed intently at it for some time. The landlord, seeing him from the window above, put his head out and asked what was the matter. "Faith, an' I see it now !" exclaimed Pat ; "I see it. I wondered where the third ass had gone to."

It is told of a well-known music hall manager of Manchester that his wife, wanting to frighten him from stopping out late at night, obtained a Mephistopheles dress from the theatre, made a few imposing preparations, and waited behind the door in her infernal costume one night. When he came she pounced upon him. At last she cried, in a fiendish shriek. "I've got you. I'm the devil."

But he didn't faint. "That so," he said. "Shake hands old boy ; I married your sister."

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Dr. Pierce's Pellets cure constipation, piles, biliousness, indigestion and headaches.

"Great is Acetocura."

185 Madison street,
Chicago, Aug. 17, 1894.

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

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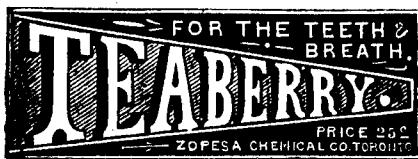


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