

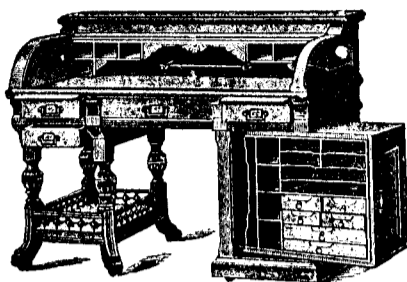
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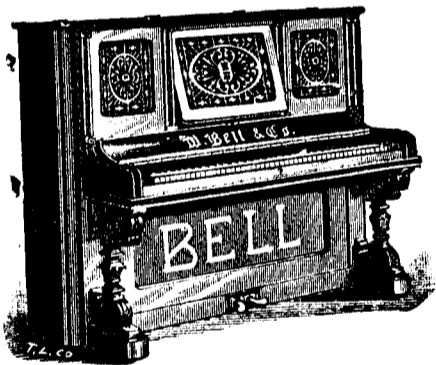
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All articles, contributions, and letters on matters pertaining to the editorial department should be addressed to the Editor, and not to any other person who may be supposed to be connected with the paper.

It is noteworthy that in the discussions which have been rife of late touching civic affairs, the press and people, of all shades of politics, have been in unusual accord on one point. All unite in condemning the ward system. To it the major part of the weaknesses and failures so conspicuous in the councils of our cities and large towns are freely attributed. The ward politician, the civic councillor who regards it as his special duty to his constituents to secure the largest possible appropriations of the city funds within the special ward he represents, is, it is agreed, the natural outcome of this system. Does it never occur to those who reason so wisely and so well, that the principle which is leading them to condemn this system and seek a better is capable of wider application? It is precisely the same system, save that the electoral periods are in the latter case much farther apart, which obtains in Provincial and Dominion politics. Nor are the results one whit less baneful in the larger spheres. What else is it that makes possible the wholesale bribery of constituencies, of which we hear so much complaint? The Quebec Premier, in a recent speech in the Legislature, is said to have frankly admitted that he uses the promise of railways, bridges, roads, etc., as a means of making himself and his Government popular in the constituencies at election times, and to have seemed surprised that anyone could see anything wrong in his so doing. The Dominion Opposition declare loudly that the recent elections in Napierville and South Victoria were won by such tactics. A bishop of the Roman Catholic Church in Nova Scotia, in the famous letter which has lately been given to the public, strenuously urges the same plea as an unanswerable argument in favour of the re-election of the minister of his choice, and his ecclesiastical superior approves the argument as legitimate. No one, we suppose, at least no political opponent, doubts that the long continuance in power of the present Ontario Government is due largely to the skilful use of the same tactics, with, perhaps, modified applications. The wonder is that the essential injustice and immorality of such methods do not impress themselves upon the minds of the people in their wider, as well as in their narrower, application. If it is dishonest and degrading for a ward councillor to seek to obtain for those

whom he represents more than their fair share of the civic funds, it is surely no less dishonest and degrading for a minister of the Crown, or a member of Parliament, to do the same thing for a constituency. Unquestionably the moment either minister or candidate intimates that a given constituency will stand a better chance of getting an appropriation for some local enterprise—whether deserving or not is immaterial—if the Government candidate is placed at the head of the poll, that moment he admits that the Government is not a strictly honest, impartial administration. It is surely unnecessary to argue the point, or to show that the political complexion of the member elected should not have the slightest effect in determining the Government policy in relation to any proposed expenditure of the public money. Why then are not electors all over the Dominion setting their faces against the ward system in politics, and trying to devise some plan for reforming or abolishing it?

THE Minister of Education took occasion at the general educational meeting to give the High School masters some excellent advice. They are, he said, sometimes in danger of forgetting that it is not the chief work of the High Schools to prepare students for matriculation and for the teaching profession. They should remember that only two per cent. of their pupils matriculate at universities, that the greater number of them do not enter the higher professions, that the solid education of the many is the chief thing to be desired. It is encouraging to hear Mr. Ross speaking in this fashion. We have on former occasions ventured to point out that the Minister's desire to unify the whole system of public education, from Kindergarten to university, has tended to favour a method of teaching the very opposite of that he now recommends. No such close correlation of the various grades of schools can be attained save at large sacrifice of the efficiency of the individual schools. So long as the work done in any school is shaped, in a large degree, with a view to meeting the requirements of some higher institution, its individuality is sapped, and the best results in its teaching become impossible. Did it not occur to the Minister that, as things have been hitherto, the High School master who should follow his advice, and throw the candidates for the university and other examinations largely on their own resources while giving his strength and that of his staff to the solid education of the many, would be simply committing professional suicide. We do not undertake to say who is to blame, but the Minister can hardly fail to be aware that the eyes of all, parents included, have been fixed upon the examinations. By the results of these the standing of the school has been judged. The head master who should fail to "pass" the proper proportion of his candidates would soon find it necessary to seek another situation or leave the profession. "Cramming" is the inevitable result of teaching with a view to the examinations of another institution, or of outside examiners. Now that the Senate of the Provincial University has accepted the Leaving Examinations in lieu of its own matriculation tests, the Minister will have an opportunity to have these examinations so conducted that they may become a help rather than a hindrance to the teachers in following his advice in their class-rooms. Let him see to it that the daily work of the students during term is taken into the account, as well as their answers to questions prepared by the examiners. As a rule the head master and teachers of a school can better determine the relative merits of one of their classes, from their personal knowledge and their note-books, than the most skilful examiners from a single examination. Hence there is a good deal to be said in favour of the action of the youngest of the universities, in accepting the certificate of the head master of a High School or Collegiate Institute in lieu of a matriculation examination. The Senate of the Provincial University has, however, done well to accept the Leaving Examination as a test of fitness for matriculation. No doubt the other universities will do the same. The guarantee of fitness will be equally good, if the examinations are what they should be, and evidence of fitness to enter upon their work is all the universities really need. The result will be a simplification of the educational machinery, and a saving of time and energy for real educational work.

ENTHUSIASM, restrained and directed, is becoming more and more, under present-day conditions, a *sine qua non* of professional success. The meetings of the various educational associations, held in this city during the holidays, evinced in a very pleasing manner that this quality exists in large degree amongst those engaged in the work of secondary education in Ontario. If, occasionally, there was manifest at these meetings some tendency towards too much discursive talk, at other times the practical directness of the papers and discussions was all that could be desired. When, for instance, Professor Alexander pointed out the important changes in the English curriculum of the University of Toronto, he called attention to one of the best of the many improvements which have of late years been made in the courses and methods of that institution. When, on the other hand, he deprecated the inadequate provision made for practice in English composition, or essay-writing, he put his finger upon what is unquestionably one of the weakest spots in the educational work of the University. Why is it, one is sometimes tempted to ask, that an institution with so able a staff of professors and so large and clever a body of students brings forth so little immediate fruit in the shape of literary productions? The answer that would be given by competent educators familiar with the facts would probably be two-fold. They would tell us first, as Professor Alexander has done, that the curriculum makes no adequate provision for that constant and vigorous practice in original composition which is an indispensable condition of success; and, secondly, that the time of the students is so fully occupied in preparing by means of text-books and lectures for coming examinations that they have no time for independent thinking, still less for carefully putting their thoughts on paper. The simple remedy proposed by Messrs. Alexander and Vandersmissen, to lessen the tendency to cramming by counting in the term-work in determining standings and honours, would go far to remedy this and other very serious defects. In connection with this subject the excellent suggestions made by Principal Huston, of Woodstock, touching the need of more attention being given to the cultivation of the conversational powers, and of correctness and ease in their use, are well worth the attention of teachers of all grades. The discussion in the Science Association directed attention to a most serious defect in the public schools, in the almost utter absence of any efficient instruction in elementary science. It can hardly be doubted that the elements of many branches of science could be studied with profit and delight by the more advanced boys and girls in the public schools, and few who have paid any attention to the subject doubt that both educationally and practically these subjects are of the highest value, developing as they do the faculties which are most intimately related to all industrial pursuits, and opening up avenues of research that may be followed with profit and delight through all the future life.

THE retirement of Sir Joseph Hickson from the position which he has so long and ably filled as General Manager of the Grand Trunk Railway is an event of no little importance, and demands more than a passing notice. In these days of railway consolidation and extension, the position of manager of a great railway corporation demands a combination of qualities not often found in a single individual. Great railroad managers are, in fact, almost as rare as great generals. Hence, when after a long period of successful service in such a position, one is able to retire, as Sir Joseph Hickson has now done, with the regret of all interested in the road, and the respect of the entire community, it may be pretty safely assumed that he has shown himself possessed not only of mental abilities, but of other sterling qualities of character, of no common order. Mr. Hickson entered the service of the Grand Trunk Company as chief accountant in 1861, almost thirty years ago. He was soon after appointed Secretary and Treasurer, and for ten or twelve years efficiently performed the arduous duties of this dual office. On the retirement of the late Mr. C. J. Brydges in 1874, Mr. Hickson was appointed to the high position which he has just now voluntarily resigned. Of the great progress and development of the line, or rather congeries of lines, under his management it is unnecessary to dwell. Suffice it to say

that during the sixteen or seventeen years that have elapsed since his appointment the mileage of the Grand Trunk system has been about trebled, and its earnings have been increased from less than two millions to about five millions of dollars per annum. As the tendency of freights has been downward, the volume of traffic must have increased in still greater ratio. One of the modes in which the penetration and foresight of the head of a large institution of any kind are most severely tested is in the choice, retention and promotion of assistants and subordinates. It says much for Sir Joseph Hickson's capacity in this respect that it has been found possible by a series of promotions to supply his place and that vacated by his successor with so little difficulty, and, so far as appears, with the hearty approval of all concerned. We are glad to learn that Sir Joseph proposes to continue to reside in Montreal, and thus to enjoy in Canada the rest he has so well earned in her service, for it cannot be doubted that in developing and improving the oldest of our great trunk roads, he has also been promoting the prosperity of the Dominion.

THE circular sent out a week or two since by the Ontario Department of Agriculture, containing a time-table of about one hundred meetings of Farmers' Institutes to be held during the current month in different localities all over the province, and announcing that each meeting will have the advantage of the presence of a Professor of the Agricultural College, a representative of the Fruit Growers' Association, and one or two of the best known farmers in the Province, in addition to its own local talent, shows that this Department, under its new Minister, is doing useful and energetic work. One of the great wants of the country and time is the diffusion of scientific and practical knowledge among the tillers of the soil. These Farmers' Institutes, conducted by skilled agriculturists and horticulturists, seem one of the very best means that could be devised for supplying this want. This work, together with that being done by the Dominion Agricultural Department along similar lines, by lectures on dairying, etc., cannot fail to confer lasting benefit upon the farming industry, and through it upon every branch of industry, since upon success in agriculture success in every other industry in large measure depends.

A PART from the startling view presented of the state of the Provincial finances, the transactions of the session of the recent Quebec Legislature are mainly of local interest. A good deal has been said in regard to the Bill empowering the clerical authorities to expropriate lands for cemetery purposes, but it does not seem likely that this power in itself can do a great deal of harm. It is, we believe, a wrong and pernicious principle which gives to the Church any control over the property of citizens, but this principle is so deeply embedded in Quebec legislation that it seems hardly worth while to quarrel seriously with this new application of it, unless on the ground that it is but the forerunner of other and still more objectionable encroachments. Had the power of expropriation been extended as was desired by the representatives of the Church, to the ground required for mission churches and other ecclesiastical purposes, its objectionableness would have been much more apparent, though the principle would have still been unchanged. This, it is very likely, will be the next step. The subservience of the Government, Legislature and people of the French Province to ecclesiastical influence and dictation is, indeed, one of the most remarkable phenomena of the day. It is probably unique, in the case of an essentially self-governing community, in this last decade of the nineteenth century. We are glad to turn to another enactment of the Session which is worthy of unqualified commendation. We refer to the provision for the opening of night schools in the cities and towns at the expense of the Province. Leaving out of sight for the moment the question whether the financial situation of the Province warranted any liberal outlay in any direction, it can hardly be denied that the establishment of such schools, if proper care is taken to make them free and efficient for the classes who need them, is a movement worthy of any Liberal Administration. We have not the details of the measure before us, and so can pronounce no opinion upon its special merits. But on general principles, as we have before urged in these columns, there is no argument in favour of a free public school system, much less in favour of the professional departments of State universities, which does not apply with greater force to schools intended for the practical education of those large classes of

citizens who, having enjoyed little or no school advantages in their youth, are desirous of improving their minds and of gaining some insight into the scientific laws which underlie their special occupations, during the only hours they can spare for the purpose. But when we turn to the financial exhibit of the sister Province, in order to ascertain how well she can afford this and other large expenditures to which her legislators have committed her, the figures presented may well create alarm. An annual deficit of two millions and a floating debt of five or six millions, in addition to a bonded indebtedness of twenty millions, make up a rather formidable total. It is clear that the new loan of ten millions, when contracted, will do little more than cover existing and prospective deficiencies. It is true that new and ingenious, not to say oppressive, taxes have been devised, and it may be hoped that these will do something towards balancing income and expenditure, but it is scarcely possible that that feat can be accomplished without driving the overburdened taxpayers out of the country in still larger numbers. On the whole the situation is such as may well create apprehension that the Dominion will again be called upon at an early day, and that another re-adjustment of Provincial finances will be demanded. When that day comes some very serious questions touching the relations of Dominion and Provincial exchequers will have to be settled.

THOUGH the return of Hon. Mr. Foster from his tour in the West Indies has been looked for with some interest, it would be unreasonable to expect immediate results in the way of enlarged commercial intercourse. All that he is able to say is that he was everywhere received with the utmost cordiality, that his suggestions and proposals looking to freer trade relations were listened to attentively by those in authority in the various islands visited, and that these will be duly and, as far as possible, favourably considered by the legislative bodies concerned. We do not suppose very much will be added to our stock of knowledge on the whole, though it may be advantageous to prospective dealers to understand more clearly the specialties of the respective islands or groups of islands. But all are well aware that so far as natural and agricultural products are concerned, these Islands and Canada are to a large extent the complements of each other. They thus seem to have been intended by nature for the freest interchange. Still it is never easy to turn commerce out of channels to which it has become accustomed, though in this case, so far as the Islanders have hitherto dealt with the United States, the McKinley Bill should be a powerful influence in our favour. Probably the chief difficulty will arise, so far as most of the Canadian manufactured goods are concerned, from the necessity of competing with the cheaper and perhaps better products of the Mother Country, under her free-trade system. The inequality under which our exporters would be thus laid would, it is likely, have to be counterbalanced by large reciprocal tariff concessions. Granting that both the Dominion and the West Indies can agree in regard to the mutual adjustment of these relations, and that the formidable obstacles interposed by clauses in existing treaties can be removed, it will still require no little magnanimity on the part of the Mother Country to consent to such discrimination against herself, mainly for the purpose of diverting a portion of her own trade to the Dominion which taxes her goods so freely. We dare say, however, that even this concession will not be refused. But all these arrangements will require a good deal of time. Meanwhile it is possible that steamship subsidies, judiciously bestowed so as to secure low freights, may do a good deal to foster at least certain lines of traffic. It is fortunate that the Jamaica Exhibition is coming off just at the right moment, and that the Dominion is likely to be so well represented there. A better opportunity for applying a practical test to determine the possibilities of the situation could hardly be wished for. It is to be hoped that Canadian exhibitors will act on the Minister's advice, by having good representatives on the spot to push their goods into notice.

THE correspondence just laid before Congress contains little that is new on the Behring Sea question. With the substance of Lord Salisbury's August despatch the public was already acquainted. Though Mr. Blaine's answer bears date so recent as December 17, the tenor of it also was for the most part familiar. This letter must be, we suppose, the document referred to in the notice given a day or two since to the news agencies by the British

Foreign Office. Mr. Blaine's course in delaying his reply, with its new proposal, from August 2nd to December 17th, and then sending the latter immediately to Congress, without giving time for consideration or answer, seems peculiar, whether contrary to diplomatic usage or not. If the statements from Washington with reference to the reinforcements of the cruisers in Behring Sea, said to be resolved on for the coming season, be correct, the situation is not free from danger. The tone of polite defiance adopted by the London *Standard* is too suggestive of gunpowder to be pleasant, as coming from a journal standing in such relation to the British Government. An exchange of shots between British and United States' warships would be the saddest event of the last quarter of the century. Yet if the American Government refuses arbitration and every other form of settlement not meaning unconditional surrender, and if it persists in capturing British vessels in the open sea, the British Government will have, so far as we can see, no alternative but to protect its vessels and its citizens. We cannot believe that the sensible and Christian people of the United States will permit Mr. Blaine to plunge the nation into a war on a question in regard to which many of their own best authorities declare him to be unquestionably in the wrong.

PENDING the slow movement in the direction of international copyright, an ingenious plan of cooperation between English and American authors has been proposed. It will be remembered that the first pirated edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica" failed because some of its articles had been written by American authors, and the copyrights held by these in their own country protected the whole work. Acting, probably, upon this hint, and remembering that, as is alleged, the Copyright Acts already in existence do not require that the joint authors shall disclose the exact portions written by each, it is thought that by the plan of joint authorship, with secrecy on the point indicated, all the benefits of international copyright can be secured. If the facts be as stated, there seems nothing to prevent the success of the plan, and joint authorship may be expected to become unusually popular.

EVENTS have sadly confirmed the fear we intimated in a former note that the killing of "Sitting Bull," on which so many were congratulating themselves as an end to the danger of an Indian outbreak, would have the opposite effect. Human nature, especially the Indian variety of it, being what it is, it is not wonderful that the desperation of terror, and the thirst for vengeance should have combined to precipitate the horrors his cowardly slayers hoped to ward off by his death. The massacre, amounting almost to the extermination of a whole band, after their sudden attack on the troops at Wounded Knee, has sent, as well it might, a thrill of horror throughout Christendom. The provocation was no doubt great, but that it justified the indiscriminate butchery, without distinction of age or sex, no Christian can believe. The so-called treachery of the victims is surely no justification; though it may be some palliation of the horrible crime. We say so-called treachery, because, when we take all the facts into consideration, it is questionable whether the ruse of the Indians differs materially in principle from the cunning surprises which generals and soldiers are constantly studying to effect, and pride themselves in effecting, in the most civilized warfare. Would a comparatively small band of American or British soldiers, if surrounded by savage foes, and with the terrors of torture or death staring them, as they supposed, in the face, hesitate to conceal, if possible, their arms and use them at the most unexpected moment, in an effort to break through the enemy's lines? Would not their shrewdness and bravery be applauded, if they were successful? It reflects no credit upon the troops or their commanders, that they, by their want of proper precautions, afforded their crafty foes so favourable an opportunity for a last desperate struggle. There can be little doubt, we suppose, that the Indians, thus surrounded and called on to surrender their arms, feared the worst. It is not unlikely that they looked for death, or imprisonment, which they would regard as worse. There is no evidence that any reassuring explanations were given them. It is doubtful if their scanty knowledge of the language would enable them to comprehend any promises that might be made. If otherwise, the bad faith which had so often been shown in regard to treaty obligations had left them little reason for trusting to the white man's word. They must have known but too

well that their chances of victory were small against such overwhelming odds, and the very fact of their making the mad attempt they did proves that they must have been moved by the courage of despair. But whatever their guilt, the denial of quarter to unresisting fugitives is an eternal disgrace to the arms of a civilized nation. It must not be forgotten, moreover, that the accounts we have of this and other struggles is entirely *ex parte*. The Sioux have no reporters and no official despatches to give us their side of the story. If newspaper reports be true—which Heaven forbid!—at least one Canadian was present at the cowardly murder of "Sitting Bull," and actually secured a piece of his scalp to send home as a trophy! The same despatch tells us that this scalp was taken while the poor victim was writhing in his death agony. We sicken at the thought of such atrocities. We had always supposed scalping to be a characteristic of Indian savagery. If white soldiers, in addition to refusing quarter to fleeing enemies, and even to women and children, have taken to the scalping knife, do we not well to ask: "Which are the barbarians?"

"BUT yesterday the word of Cæsar might have stood against the world; now lies he there and none so poor to do him reverence." Substitute for Cæsar, Bismarck, and Mark Antony's account of the downfall of the greatest of Romans might be used almost literally to describe the change which the year just closed brought to the great ex-Chancellor of Germany. If the account cabled from the London *Times*, and said to be vouched for as correct, can be relied on, the fall of Bismarck was both more unexpected and more humiliating than was generally supposed. And yet the story, so far as it relates to the overweening egotism and obstinacy of the man, and the final rebellion of the young Emperor, though somewhat dramatic, does not lack verisimilitude. It is quite in keeping with what we know of the two characters. The same can hardly be said of the act in which the Empress Frederick is introduced. A powerful stretch of the imagination is required to enable us to picture the man of blood and iron, the proud and relentless conqueror of France, as humiliating himself before the woman he had so deeply injured and imploring her intervention to save him from the fate impending. It is true that it is not for himself but for Germany that he is represented as pleading, and in this respect the audacity of the assumption is characteristic. But whatever the history of his tragic downfall, the fact remains and will go down in history that amid all the mutations in personal fortune ever wrought by the blunders of a statesman or the caprice of a monarch, that which the year 1890 saw in the case of Prince Bismarck has few parallels in the suddenness and completeness of the overthrow. The story has a moral for purblind statesmen who forget to conciliate the good-will of subordinates as well as for those who depend upon the favour of monarchs.

A GOOD many months ago we were enabled to give some interesting particulars of a successful voyage by a British merchant vessel through Behring's Straits, along the southern shore of the Arctic Ocean and up one of the long rivers, the Yenisei, we think it was, for many hundreds of miles into the interior of Northern Asia; almost in fact to the Altai Mountains on the northern boundaries of the Chinese Empire, where these magnificent rivers take their rise. It is now announced that other English vessels have just returned from another successful voyage, having passed into the Arctic Ocean and up the Yenisei to a point where their cargoes were transferred to small steamers and taken far into the interior. The event is of much greater commercial importance than might at first thought be supposed. The impression that used to prevail a quarter or half century ago that Siberia was a vast snow-covered and ice-bound waste is being rapidly dispelled. It is now becoming known that it contains immense tracts of fertile soil, that it has rich mineral deposits, and that the climate throughout a large part of it is not only healthy, but well adapted for the growth of the harder cereals and other products of the north temperate zone. Siberia is, in fact, in about the same latitude as our own Canada, and is said, by some, to be equally productive. The great obstacle to its development has hitherto been its isolation. On the east are vast deserts shutting it off from the Pacific, on the south almost impassable mountains separating it from China and Turkestan, and on the west the great Russian plains. Hence, if it be the fact, as Captain Wiggins who has been mainly instru-

mental in furthering the attempts which have been made is said to have demonstrated by no less than fifteen voyages, the last occupying only three months, that commerce by means of the great rivers which empty into the Arctic Ocean, and the numerous branches of which penetrate into almost all parts of the interior, is not only possible but practicable during the summer months, the result must be in the near future that Siberia will no longer be a vast and dreary prison-house for Russian exiles, but a thriving and progressive country, offering homes to millions of industrious settlers of the hardy northern races. Of course the traffic by such a route must always be more or less precarious, but with the aid of the great railroad now projected and others which would soon become necessary, free intercourse with the outside world would soon be established, and possibilities hitherto unsuspected disclosed and developed. Reading of these voyages the people of our own North-West may well renew their courage and faith in the Hudson Bay route that is yet to afford them a far shorter, and one might well suppose surer, outlet.

THE TRUTH ABOUT IRELAND—I.

THERE have been so many contradictory statements about Ireland that even well-informed and intelligent people have been baffled in their endeavours to learn the exact truth.

The writer was brought up "in the straitest sect" of the believers in Ireland's wrongs. His faith was so robust that it actually survived the justification by an intelligent Irish patriot, in his hearing, of a horrible case of mutilation of a landlord's horses. When he subsequently came to examine the facts, to look for evidence, and to compare the treatment meted out during this century to the three nations, he ultimately came to the conclusion of the *Economist*—the greatest political financial authority in the world—that England is "the least favoured nation," and that the case of alleged continuous ill-treatment is disposed of by Shakespeare's words "The fault is not in our stars but in ourselves."

The patient and persevering truth-seeker will discover that there is a great deal of meaning in the well-known saying of the late Archbishop Whately, who was Protestant Archbishop of Dublin, and the author of Whately's logic. He observed that the ancients said that truth lay at the bottom of a deep well, but that in Ireland he found that it lay at the bottom of a deep red bog.

Schiller said that it was rare to find a man who truly pictured in his mind that which he heard or read of, and that this lack of imagination was a great obstacle to arriving at the truth. The English lack imagination and consequently often fail in the manner referred to by the great German author. The average Englishman does not picture to himself the real Irish facts. If Gladstone is his idol, he believes what he is told about the "Union of Hearts," and that it is an Irish rendering of "Peace on earth, good will towards man." On the other hand, sceptical people, who do not in this instance require much imagination, read in the *Times* the account of the anti-Parnellite meeting at Tipperary, on December 14th, and that Canon Ryan called on the horsemen on the outskirts of the meeting "to come in and trample the hirelings (Parnellites) down," and to "kick the villains out." That subsequently during the progress of the fight between the two factions—fought with sticks and stones—the Reverend Canon and Father Humphreys, scorning the time-honoured shillelagh, "wielded their umbrellas, rushed amid their supporters, and, calling on them to follow, "charged upon the other side," and that "a fierce conflict ensued, but that at last the Parnellites fled in all directions." Such sceptical people even moderately gifted with imagination, instead of seeing Gladstone's "Union of Hearts"—"Peace on earth, good will towards man," behold a Donnybrook Fair rehearsal Home Rule, and think that such people, instead of Home Rule-unloosing, require a strong Government to keep them at peace.

The Celtic Irish have too much imagination, and often picture to themselves imaginary facts. This repeatedly results in untruthful statements, which in many cases is not intentional falsehood, but imagination run wild. The unimaginative Anglo-Saxon does not understand this.

The following is a good instance: Mr. Mulhall is an eminent Irish author, whose literary forte is claimed to be statistics. He is the author of several widely-read statistical works. In his *Statistical Dictionary*, when giving the number of Irish evictions during the present and past generation, he positively multiplied the official and real number by seven, repeating the error several times. In his case the erroneous statement resulted from Celtic heedlessness and credulity, and his inclination to strengthen the Wrongs-of-Ireland case. Another factor was his unfitness for a class of literature which, more than any other, requires a judicial mind, the rare faculty of rightly weighing conflicting evidence, and also a keen perception of truth. A statistician must ever bear in mind the old proverb "that all is not gold that glitters." A man thus gifted would not have acted as he did. Macaulay's schoolboy would have scorned such a grievous blunder.

Although Mr. Mulhall, bowing to indignant criticism,

has publicly retracted his marvellous exaggeration, yet it is to this day generally quoted by Nationalists and their sympathizers as being true, even by those who know the real facts.

Even if his statement had been true, the number quoted was greatly below the New York average during the same period. This fact gives a vivid idea of the difficulty of learning the truth about Ireland. Here we see a highly-intelligent and well-educated Irishman shutting his eyes to the truth, and stating as a fact that which any intelligent, well-informed, and unprejudiced man would have known to be false. Such a man would know that one of the troubles of Irish landlords has been caused by their general easiness in time past. In no part of America would landlords suffer tenants to get four or more years in arrear. In Irish evictions the arrears on a large average equal four years. Neither would American landlords in populous districts be content with from ten to sixteen per cent. of the produce for rent. Nor in America is it claimed to be a landlord's duty to be his tenant's providence, or to have to compensate him for his inefficiency or lack of industry. The English proverb "Let every tub stand on its own bottom" and the Scotch "Let every herring hang by its own head" are not recognized in the south and west of Ireland.

The cardinal error in this country is in judging the Celtic Irish by our Canadian standard of commonsense, industry, law-abidingness, truthfulness, and sense of justice. We often forget that there are different races in Ireland who are differently endowed in such respects.

THE SOIL OF IRELAND.

Ireland is the finest grazing country in Europe. In the temperate zone there are very few, if any, in the whole world that equal it for dairy farming. According to Parnell, the soil on the average is ten per cent. more fertile than in England. Arthur Young was the greatest agricultural authority of the last century. A portion of his work on France is used as an eighteenth-century condition of the people text-book in the Government schools in France. He twice travelled in Ireland, 1776-1779 (Cassell's publish a cheap edition of his travels). He thoroughly understood agriculture in all its branches, and was a man who investigated very closely, reasoned well upon what he saw and learnt, and was fair-minded. He sympathized with the toiling multitude. In his admirably written book he is never tired of praising the capabilities of Ireland, and he speaks highly of the improvements by the larger landlords, which improvements have since then been partially confiscated. He repeatedly states that it greatly exceeds England in fertility, and he gives many instances proving the fact. "Some of the lands (near Kingston) will carry an ox and a wether, per acre. Rents (for such superior land) 15s. to 20s. per acre"—\$3.66 to \$4.87. Is there any such land in Ontario, and, if there is, could it be got at that rent?

YIELDS.

The present average yield of the crops in Ireland, under a poor system of farming, taken altogether, is about 25 per cent. greater than in Ontario, which latter is above the average of the States. Hay, clover, and grass, which together include four-fifths of the Irish farmed land, yield per English or statute acre one-half more than in Ontario. Some quote the case of mountain land, not included in the fifteen millions of rented acres, and try to make the unwary believe that such is a fair sample of the more fertile lands, rented on an average for the whole of Ireland at less than three dollars per acre. But nowadays sorrowfully-experienced men meet heated Nationalist assertions by a reference to facts. Like cold-water they produce a healthy reaction.

PRICES OF PRODUCE.

Prices of course are higher on the average in Ireland than here. As near as can be calculated the average cash value of the produce per farmed statute acre, including dairy produce, is 42 per cent. greater than with cleared land in Ontario. Probably it exceeds 42 per cent., for it is very difficult to get at the exact truth in Ireland. For obvious reasons it is the interest of the Irish farmer "to bear" the returns, while here it is the reverse. They are possible buyers, and we are possible sellers.

If a farmer in Ontario rents a fair average hundred-acre farm, all cleared, in a thoroughly settled county, his rent will be \$350. But the Irishman from an average hundred-acre farm, all cleared, will get 42 per cent. more cash than his Canadian friend, and will only pay about \$260 rent. Besides this, by the Land Act of 1881, he has been made part owner to the extent of about one-third. On a wide average of tenant-right sales, his share equals twelve years' purchase of the rent. The value of the landlords' share has now on the average fallen below eighteen years' purchase, with no buyers, because there is no security. For if Home Rule were granted, the tenants would get their landlords' property on their own terms, which many clamour for at prairie value.

FAIRPLAY RADICAL.

(To be continued.)

THE most unhappy of all men is he who believes himself to be so.—Henry Hume.

THE mistakes committed by women are almost always the result of her faith in the good, and her confidence in the truth.—Balzac.

SONNET.

On the sinking of H.M.S. *Serpent*, Nov. 11, 1890.

HUSH! From the balmy south a soft wind bears,
With strange, sweet perfumes from the tropic groves,
And sighs of hopeless lover, as he roves
O'er vine-clad hills in search of calmer airs,
The dirge sung by old Ocean, as he wears
Away his stormy grief in quiet coves.
Alas! Again have hearts whom England loves
Found nameless graves, where stormy petrel dares
To heaven raise his ill-attuned cry:
Why should we love the treacherous Spanish main,
Again remorseless in its cruelty?
While England, for her sons, sheds tears like rain,
While now the sobbing wind, to muted strings,
In fitful strain, a fitting requiem sings?
Oshawa. M. E. HENDERSON.

PARIS LETTER.

SENATOR PROFESSOR CORNIL'S Sunday Conferences at the Lœnnec Hospital on his experiments with the Koch lymph are followed with augmenting interest. Indeed the Lœnnec Hospital has become the authoritative test-centre of the Koch discovery, and there is a fitness in things that it should be so. Lœnnec, after whom the hospital is now named, was the eminent physician who made tuberculous diseases his life study. He himself became the victim by overwork and mental strain of the phthisis he was ever endeavouring to cure. He was born at Quimper in 1781, and died from consumption in 1826. He was the son of a doctor and was reared by his uncle, also a physician, and medicine was his passion. He taught himself classics, and studied Kimri or Celtic, as savants assured him, that, was the primitive language of mankind.

One day a lady patient consulted him on heart palpitation. To render the heart sounds more distinctly audible, Lœnnec took a sheet of paper, rolled it into the form of a tube, applied one end to the lady's chest, and the other to his ear. This was the discovery of the "Stethoscope" of auscultation, by which the air expired or inspired, produces certain sounds or noises in the chest organs, each varying with mathematical precision according to the nature and the stage of the disease. Each sound has its distinct signification.

On Sunday, Dec. 7, Professor Cornil opened his lecture by announcing that he was liable to be indicted for employing a secret medicament, but that he had applied to the Home Minister for protection under such unusual circumstances. He could also be sued by any apothecary for employing a medicament whose composition had not been officially registered, the complainant receiving half of the penalty. Before undertaking an inoculation, Professor Cornil secures the written permission of the patients or their legal representatives, so that he cannot be open to a civil action in case of a death. Up to the present he declares the Koch lymph to be a proved success for indicating the presence of tuberculous; that its efficiency is certain in the incipient stages of scrofula, lupus, caries, consumption and other forms of tuberculous originating from the same bacillus; that extreme caution is requisite in administering the strength of the dose of the lymph, and that it cannot relieve advanced phthisis.

Some reactions have been observed on the kidneys, which only prove the necessity of prudence. The patients operated upon by him are progressing favourably; the cases of lupus are healing, and those of incipient consumption ameliorating. As the patients were introduced to the auditory, they bore out his opinion. Professor Cornil suggested that attention be fixed on what Koch himself advises and does, and not upon the statements of professionals in his *entourage*.

Connected with the death of Gambetta's father, the rather unknown fact has been declared that the deceased, of Italian origin, never changed his Italian nationality, so that the great orator himself only became French by naturalization. Thus two of the greatest men—Napoleon and Gambetta—that in modern times have left their mark in French history, were really more Italian than French.

The French press seems to have washed its hands of the Parnellites. The Americans here are turning cold towards them, but it is only fair to add they give their sympathy to Parnell for his fearlessness and incomparable tactics. It is rumoured in Hiberno-political circles that the Salisbury Cabinet will introduce the Irish Local Government Bill next Easter; that it will follow very closely on the lines of the Council Generals of France, save that there will be four provincial, instead of thirty county, councils; the voting, *pro rata* to taxation. Also, that the four councils will select delegates to form a consultative body for advising the Irish Secretaryship, which would replace the vice-royalty. In France the Government controls the receipts and expenditure of even the very communes and has the command of the city and mural police, or *gendarmérie*, and directly nominates by decree the justices of peace, the superior judges, and all legal functionaries—even bailiffs.

Since 1867, when Emperor Maximilian was shot at Queretaro, and the account of the execution so dramatically described by Henri Rochefort, from his mind's eye point of view, aided by an Ariel news messenger, nothing has equalled the sensation produced by M. de Labruyère's recital of the evasion of Padlewski. It is a *chef d'œuvre*

worthy of the descendant of the author of the "Characters." Neither Gaboriau nor Dumas *père* could surpass the account in intensity of interest. Not a line of pad. Each paragraph is exciting, each step of this romance of real life is a sensation. You follow the incident of the evasion of Padlewski and his conductor-deliverer with bated breath. The escape of the avenger of the Paris Nihilists, now undergoing imprisonment, puts all historical evasions into the shade. Labruyère's was brilliantly planned with subtlety rather than ingenuity, and conducted with an artistic skill and originality that have no precedent in point of marvellous sincerity, emotion and audacity.

M. de Labruyère, if he has not beaten Rochefort in "invention" equals him in dramatic manipulation of "facts"—the latter attested by witnesses. The Russian general, Seliverstoff, who was shot on November 18 last, by Padlewski, a Pole, was an ex-minister of the Russian Detective Police. The Nihilists declared that Seliverstoff had paid one of his creatures to squirm into humble Russian society here, organize a plot against the Czar, and at the proper time capture the dupes. Padlewski appointed himself the avenger of his imprisoned countrymen and co-revolutionists, and claims, like Coriolanus when he routed the Volscians, "alone I did it!"

Two rich political ladies lead the Russian and the anti-Russian parties of France. Mme. Adam blesses the Czar and eulogizes all his works. Mme. Séverine, the friend of the late Jules Vallès, is standing council for all oppressed peoples whether Russian Jews, Nihilist Gentiles, French Communists, or German Socialists, etc. She was appealed to, to "save Padlewski"; she consented, and along with M. de Labruyère, a Socialist journalist, and once editor of the Boulangist paper, the *Cocarde*, concerted the plan of evasion. After shooting Seliverstoff, Padlewski was sheltered in Paris by French anarchists, who certify publicly to their having done so, while the police were searching for him all over Europe, till he was handed over to Labruyère. Padlewski, of a noble Polish family, whose ancestors fell in every freedom shriek of Poland, was transformed from a starving tramp into so aristocratic a masher, that his intimate friends could not recognize him.

He was baptized "Dr. Wolff," and merely accompanied Labruyère and his two seconds as medical help in a duel to be fought outside France—at Turin.

The party of four left Paris in a saloon carriage, electrically lighted, for Modane, the Italian frontier; they passed under the very eyes and noses of detectives. Nor did the daring stop here; "Dr. Wolff" was introduced to the station-master of Modane, the inspector of the detectives, and the local public prosecutor. Once in Italy, he was relatively free; on reaching Trieste Padlewski was shipped to a refuge country: Such was the exploit of M. de Labruyère, who stated that in addition to saving the Nihilist avenger, he wished to hit the police home for their chronic allegations that the press is of no use in the discovery of crime.

In all this absorbing romance there is one man overlooked—the Russian Jew, Mendelssohn. He is a grand-nephew of the composer, and a near relative of the German banker of that name. He is wealthy, and liberally assists the poverty-stricken students and exiles from Russia sheltering in Paris. He is a revolutionist, but has so far not been shown to be identified with any plots. He was at once arrested on suspicion when Seliverstoff was shot, and he is undergoing preventive arrest of now nearly a month's duration, and has not been allowed to see any legal adviser or friend. This is a phase of the French judicial system that sadly requires a little of the air of liberty to be let in upon it.

At the same time, a few rays of the reform might be shed over the role of the presiding judge at a trial, who is a prosecutor, not the impartial conductor of the trial. Other ameliorations might be also effected before the bicentenary of the Revolution; such as trying a prisoner only for the crime for which he has been arrested, and not adding on to the indictment the outside antecedents of his life. Another evil that ought to be extinguished is the placing in the cell of one arrested, a condemned, called a *mouton*, as a companion, but whose duty is to pump and spy the accused, and report his confidential utterances for the use of the examining magistrate. France ought to adopt the Anglo-Saxon system; when an individual is arrested, to place him next morning in the public police court with his counsel and friends at his side, and let the magistrate decide on evidence adduced whether he ought to be committed, bailed or discharged. Z.

BEWARE of those who are homeless from choice.—*Southey*.

THE gross earnings of those railways in the United States, Canada, and Mexico which choose to make public statements continue to show in the aggregate a large increase thus far in 1890 compared with the same period in 1889. The returns for 143 roads for the eleven months ending November 30, foot up \$425,102,868, against \$390,247,948 in the same time last year, a gain of \$34,854,920. It is a noticeable fact that of the 143 roads named, 132 show gains aggregating \$35,077,171, while only 11 show decreases, these aggregating only \$222,151. The roads which indicate the falling off are all very small lines with the exception of the Ohio and Mississippi, which suffered a decrease of \$86,882, and the Mexican Railway, which lost \$100,583.—*Railway Age*.

IN ACADIE.

SECOND PRIZE STORY. BY CHRISTINA R. FRAME, SELMA, N.S.

[Journal of Dorothy Heriot in America; written for her cousin, Georgiana Heriot, of Heriot Court.]

LONG have I been minded, dear cousin, to send thee this long letter, but Ralph hath been detained in Halifax, at first by many military duties and latterly by a grievous sickness of rheumatism. Caroline hath gone to him and I am left alone in what thy father calls a land of heathen savages.

Ah! well I know thou too rememberest the sadness of those last days at Heriot Court and the angry reluctance with which Sir George gave his consent to my coming hither. Sometimes I ponder were it not wiser to have taken the advice of our simple kindly friends, my dear mother's people, and have refused that Christmastide invitation of thine. Methinks my father never loved to have us consort much with the great folk of his worldly family.

And 'twas at Heriot that sister Caroline became engaged to Ralph Saxon. A soldier and conformer to the Church of England, both abhorrent to "Friends." That was indeed a great grief and disappointment to our parents, who wished to have given her in marriage to Jason Snow, one of our own faith, and whose goodly acres joined those of my mother's domain.

Young as I was I understood and ardently admired the quiet steadfastness that Caroline showed toward the man she loved, and when we came to know him there was that in his character and life of which any woman might be proud, a brave upright man. My father came to like him well before he died. After that sad time there followed a few quiet serene years in which my gentle mother seemed but to await the summons to join those that be risen in Christ.

In vain was all my beseeching and wild grief that still cold winter evening when I found her sitting in the twilight at her window, gazing with unseeing eyes at one beautiful lone star. She had crossed the great fixed gulf and I was alone, fatherless, motherless.

Indeed I know what thou would'st say—there was a home and a husband awaiting me at Heriot Court, but I never could bring myself to marry a man I did not like, and cousin Richard cared not for me nor I for him; it was but to please Sir George that he addressed himself to me. Alas that I should be the cause of so much dissension, for it needs must be that when I came back to Cowle, sorrowful enough, cousin Fox met me with proposals of marriage from Jason Snow. We had many words; 'twas hard to make him understand that I favoured it not. He was very wroth, cold and stern, not raving and storming, as Sir George is wont, but harder to bear. It was a woeful time for me.

Then came Caroline's letter begging me to cross the ocean to her. Gladly enough did I make preparation and journey down to Plymouth to embark in a troopship for Halifax. I made no regrets and not much sorrow at leaving my native land, for what had I to leave behind? And then I thought of thee, and a great wave of grief burst over me, and I fell a sobbing as if my heart would break.

We had a most tempestuous passage; great storms of wind and rain and many days of chill thick fog. I was very sick and at times indeed I would fain have plunged into the sea to escape my misery. Major Gore and wife, in whose care I came, both suffered much, as also their niece and many of the soldiers.

A week before we arrived in Halifax the weather cleared and we were able to be on deck. One evening I stood alone watching the sun set; the sky was all a mass of glorious colour, low banks of cloud, gold and crimson and purple mingling with the blue overhead, great green yeasty waves, and in the distance an immense iceberg whose many pinnacles reflected the colours of the sky. I stood lost in admiration of the wondrous works of Him who holdeth the balancing of the clouds, and in all whose works is perfect knowledge.

All petty desires in life seemed low and mean in comparison with the life beyond the grave, which I knew not was so near; for as I stood a great rattling and creaking of cordage sounded above my head; but, before I could look or move, a strong arm drew me aside just as a great block crashed down on the very spot where I had been standing.

"Thou had'st a narrow escape, Mistress Heriot. These great gales have so chafed and worn the cordage that" Then he stopped and looked at me standing shivering and like to faint away, and without more ado he picked me up in his arms, as if I had been a child, and carried me to Mistress Gore.

The man whom Hannah Fox would call my "Special Providence" is a captain in Colonel Gore's regiment; his name is Edward Cochrane, a very comely man, large and fair. He remindeth me much of Ralph Saxon.

The weather keeps fair. We are much of the time on deck, Captain Cochrane keeping us company; he tells us many stories of this new land of which so little is known; he hath travelled many miles in Western Canada, and beyond the lakes into the wilderness. He speaketh great words about the fertility of the soil, the abundance of minerals, and the vastness of the lakes and rivers; he prophesieth that in another hundred years the wilderness will blossom into fair cities and fruitful farms.

JUNE 8, 1774.

Still fair. Yesterday we were off Cape Breton. Naturally enough our converse was of the French occupancy and the great siege of Louisbourg. Captain Cochrane told us the story heard from his brother who was with the brave General Wolfe, at Louisbourg, and afterwards at Quebec.

Dear cousin, many a time am I ashamed of my ignorance of the stirring and heroic deeds of our modern times; much of it is owing to my quiet life among folk who look upon the battle field as Satan's play ground. But it seemeth as yet the great nation's desire to settle their disputes by barbarous war. I am much afraid the day is far, far distant, when swords shall be beaten into ploughshares.

HALIFAX, June 11, 1774.

We came to anchor last night just as the sun was setting. The sail up the noble harbour was glorious. 'Tis said this is one of the finest harbours in the world. The scenery is very grand along the coast which is bold and rocky; there are several beautiful wooded islands in the harbour and a bold bluff at the entrance against which the sea moaned and beat with a violent surge.

Thou wilt think me inconsistent when I say that I felt sad to leave the ship, but these last days on board have been pleasant and instructive, sitting on deck with the Gores, Captain Cochrane and other officers and their wives, listening to stories of travel and adventure in many lands. Lately I have thought that Sophia Gore approved not of my walks and converse with Captain Cochrane. I have found it hard to make friendship with her; she is of the underhand sort and I do not like her ways.

Caroline and Ralph with the children met me here; she hath changed but little in ten years. She was much concerned in finding me, but recognized me by a certain likeness to her little Florence. She hath three children, two boys and a girl. The boys are fine sturdy fellows, into much mischief but kind-hearted and obedient withal. Little Florence is a sweet child, and it doth make me quite vain that so many of our friends discovereth in her a likeness to myself.

We tarry here some time as Ralph hath an appointment on the King's works. I am quite content to remain here; methinks it were much pleasanter than at Cobequid. I enjoy this society much; thy father would scoff at the idea of its being more learned and much less narrow than the country society I met at Heriot, but 'tis even so. There are many naval and military men of high families, and also colonists with courtly manner and most generous hospitality.

Yesterday we dined at Malachi Salter's; he hath but lately returned from Boston where he hath had business with a Mr. Hancock. He heard many bitter words spoken of the Government at home and their misdealings with the people which is stirring up much discord. He feareth that if no heed is taken to their petitionings there will be rebellion and a most bloody war. Their converse was moving and strange; I would that thy father, who holds this matter so lightly, could have heard it.

A fortnight hath gone by since I have added to thy letter . . . the happiest weeks of my life. We are comfortably situated in a pleasant part of the town, not far from Ralph's duties. We walk thither with him every morning. The rest of the morning we devote to needlework and the children's studies. In the afternoon we receive, or visit, our friends and are often out to dine, and occasionally to drink tea.

Often in these beautiful moonlit evenings we row on the harbour round the great warships at anchor; indeed we sometimes go well up into the Bedford Basin. The June weather here is much hotter than in our damp rainy island; 'tis a dry shimmering heat that hardens the ground almost into brick, and beats straightly and fiercely down on the unshaded streets. But a coolness falls at eventide. In our walks we have explored much of the country adjacent to the town. I have drawn out a small map of the town and its surroundings which thou wilt find enclosed.

When the great military works which they propose to do are finished, it will be one of the best fortified towns in the world. It is built at the base and on the side of an exceeding high hill overlooking the harbour. Thou seest the small stars on thy map? They mark the fortifications and King's works. I have also marked the churches and residences of some of the principal people. Dost thou notice how narrow is the peninsula on which the town is built? We often walk across the woods to the water on the other side.

We see much of Captain Cochrane; he is a pleasant companion with us in our walks and on the harbour. We have found many beauteous flowers and shrubs quite unknown at home. Glad indeed am I that I came hither; it hath been a "port and happy haven for me."

We have invitations for a great ball, given by the general and officers of the various regiments. 'Tis already been talked about. Captain Cochrane and Caroline have been instructing me in the steps of the minuet and Sir Roger De Coverly. They say I am an apt pupil. Ah, what would Hannah Fox say of my so soon conforming to the ways of this wicked world? Methinks it is a very pleasant world withal. Thou knowest my gowns are all of the simplest, but since coming here I have sadly fallen into worldly ways by lightening the grey gowns with knots of cherry and other gay ribbons.

Caroline hath given me a satin petticoat; it is lovely, the delicate pink tint of the inside of a shell; with this I wear a white overdress much festooned with lace, and for jewels our grandmother's pearls. Captain Cochrane hath brought me a basket of lovely flowers and ferns; the flower is quite unknown to me, but grows wild here; 'tis called "the moccasin flower." The colours are white and pink. I have pressed one for thee, but it conveys but little idea of the beauty of the living plant.

And now I know thou hast a deep concern to hear of the ball and its gaieties. My first ball. It was a brilliant scene. The large and lofty room was trimmed with flags, greens and trailing vines. And surely the lights shone over as goodly an assemblage of brave men and fair women as in any old world ball-room. The first part of the evening seemeth as yet a maze of pleasantness to me. I had a light heart, a pretty gown, more partners than I could dance with, many pretty speeches, and Captain Cochrane ever at hand anticipating my wishes.

But something I overheard hath made me dull and dispirited. 'Twas near the end of the ball, I had been dancing a minuet with one of the officers. 'Twas long and I was tired, so I sat down in a curtained alcove to rest while he fetched me a glass of water. I heard voices outside the curtain, but gave no heed to their converse; it was nothing to me, until I heard one ask: "Who is the beautiful woman Cochrane is talking so earnestly with?" And the answer: "It is Madam Dorion, of Quebec; it is but natural that Cochrane should pay her some special attention as he is betrothed to her sister, Louise Caron, a great belle; thou hast certainly heard of her beauty and wit? His devotion to the little English rose this evening hath been very marked; it is a pity that some one would not tell her; 'tis but a way of his, and she passes as one of a succession."

And then they moved away. I covered my ears to shut out the hateful sound. A dimness came over my eyes; I gasped and shivered even in the oppressive heat. When St. George returned he was quite shocked at my paleness and reproved himself for his tardiness. As we passed out Captain Cochrane came up and eagerly asked to present his dear friend, Madame Dorion. I am not wont to hold my feelings under cover, and answered petulantly that "I did not care to know Madame Dorion, or any of his French friends now or ever." He stopped short and regarded me in amaze; his face flushed crimson, then turned very white, so that the great scar across his forehead was livid purple, and without more ado he turned and left us. It was true then. Alas! too true! There had been a hope, a prayer, that it were but an idle tale, or only a great doubt standing at the threshold of my heart and shutting out the light. But the look on his face confirmed my fears.

I danced much afterwards with Major Ferrers, a man whom Captain Cochrane thinks but lightly of. 'Twas nearly four when I shut myself into my room; I opened the window and looked out; no stars were shining, the night was sultry and still. I crossed my arms upon the window sill and laid my head down upon them, and 'twas thus that Caroline found me near noon.

It has been a dismal, cheerless day, the rain falling heavily, until the ground is like a sponge and the streets full of yellow pools. My spirits are in unison with the day. I know not why I am so moved; I had come to esteem Captain Cochrane highly, and there was that in his straightforward manner which has led me to place unbounded confidence in him. I ask myself what right have I to be so angry and distressed. 'Tis but natural that he should be betrothed to a beautiful and witty woman, yet why did he not speak of it to me? Is there no truth or faith in friendship? I would that I could forget certain words and looks of his.

It was June when I last wrote, and 'tis now September. The summer is drawing to a close. The still hot noons and quiet starlit nights have given place to cooler weather. We had thought long ere this to have been at Cobequid, but dear Caroline hath been down with fever. For many weeks we feared for her life, but God hath been merciful and raised her up. She is now able to be about, but is still very weak. Ralph was like one distracted. He neither ate nor slept; and 'twas I that gave the orders and administered the medicines. The kindly ministrations of our neighbours have helped me greatly.

Caroline still mending. Gross, who has charge of the estate at Cobequid, was here yesterday; he reporteth everything prosperous and a bountiful harvest. Ralph purposeth to go thither this month if Caroline be able for the journey.

The news that Major Ferrers is to accompany us hath put me out. He cometh here too much for my liking. I think him something of the same sort as Sophia Gore; they are fast friends; they have both tried to tell me tales to the disadvantage of Captain Cochrane, but I entertain them not. I have found out that Sophia holds not to plain speaking, and methinks Ferrers is like to her. Captain Cochrane I have not met since the ball. He was here two or three times, but must purposely have chosen the time of my absence. In July he left with a detachment for Chignecto.

COBEQUID, October 12.

We came hither by boat last Thursday. Oh! that thou could'st have been with us. It was a trip through fairy land. The weather was pleasant and mild, and the sun shone redly through a light haze. Our way at first

lay through the lakes. So quiet was the water it seemed but a vast mirror in which was reflected our three boats, the mossy banks, and the great forests of gorgeous trees. I would that I could describe them to thee, in their lovely colours, scarlet and red, and yellow, and every variety of brown, intermingled with the dark greens of spruce, and fir and hemlock. Water fowl were plentiful, and we secured a number of wild pigeons and partridges. We saw several stately herons flying away towards the east, their long legs like straight streamers behind. Often had I stood and watched them in the twilight coming up from the mere at Cowle. 'Twas the only familiar sight in all this vast solitude of woods and water.

We tarried over night at Fort Ellis, built at the junction of the Stewiacke and Shubenacadie Rivers. We were most hospitably entertained by the Commandant. At twilight we walked down to view the ruins of the French mass house and the village. The burned and fallen logs of the deserted homes were overgrown with wild grape vines and tangled bushes. Their orchards were strong and thrifty, and the soldiers were gathering the fruit. 'Twas sad, indeed, to be torn from such fair comfortable homes; families and friends separated and sent to distant lands far apart. It is said that the chapel bell was thrown into the lake near by, and at certain times it rings a mournful knell from underneath the water.

The talk this evening round a bright fire was of the Acadians and their expulsion. "Strong reasons make strong actions," and forsooth there was reason enough for sending them away.

In the morning's tide we continued our journey down the river Shubenacadie. Thou wilt think the name a great circumstance. It is an Indian word, and means "abundance of ground nuts." Methinks this mysterious river itself would puzzle thee more than the name. 'Tis not like the Ouse and Trent, quiet rivers full of water flowing between grassy reaches to the sea; last night it was but a brook in a great expanse of red, sticky mud; this morning it was covered with a rushing, foaming tide. It terrified me to think of trusting our frail boats to such a treacherous sea.

We left Fort Ellis at the turn of the tide. After a short distance the banks are very high and of a red colour; these high cliffs are overhung by trees of great beauty. Well down towards the mouth the river bank is cleft by a dazzling white rock of a cone shape, rising fully one hundred feet. I could not find words to express my admiration, neither can I express it to thee. We landed at the river's mouth—here a full mile wide—and in a short time were at our home in Cobequid. The house is quite large, built of logs, and very comfortable; much of the woodwork and all of the furniture came from Cowle. It is on an hill overlooking Cobequid Bay, and broad marshes enclosed by Acadian dykes, high banks of earth and stone, to keep out the wild and riotous waters of the bay.

The tide is awe inspiring. At low water I often wander down to the gravelly beach below the high cliffs; before me stretches miles on miles of shining red mud and quicksand with a channel like a broad, quiet river winding through it; on the other side of the bay mountains rise dim and hazy; there is no sound—all is quiet and peace. How different the scene when the tide is running in. It comes with a great roar, a high wall of dull brown water, and behind it seething white-capped waves; it rushes madly on, tearing up mud and quicksand, and beating with angry violence against the cliffs. It is death to any unfortunate voyager caught in the first rush of the tide. From whither doth this great expanse of water come, and whither doth it go? It is like many other things in this new land passing strange. Thou would'st do me a great favour by acquainting thy father's friend Enderly, of Oxford, with these facts, mayhap it were news to him.

Ralph returneth to-morrow to Halifax for a short sojourn on business. I had thought to send this journal by him, but will keep it yet awhile as he visiteth Halifax again in January. Major Ferrers returneth with him.

AT COBEQUID.

The days bring much occupation, with pleasant household duties, yet often methinks my hands do light work with a heavy heart. The harvest hath been plentiful and stored in good condition; it is a fair homestead with comfortable fields. We have four men, who live with Gross and wife, and his two daughters for maids. Our nearest neighbour, Lieut. Fraser, is seven miles away. We have suffered, as yet, no molestation from the savages. Yesterday the Mic-mac chief of this region visited us. His manner was so dignified that I unconsciously put on a stately manner to receive him. By certain signs he predicted a long, cold winter.

Gloomy, chill November days, with winds and tempests that make the heart gloomy and despondent. Ralph hath returned from Halifax with much news and a store of Christmas bounties. He hath seen Capt. Cochrane, who has returned from Chignecto, and purposeth spending the winter at headquarters. I longed to ask, "Did he enquire aught of me?" but my tongue seemed tied, I could not bring myself to speak his name. The days have passed, but tediously. To-morrow is Christmas eve. My heart turneth sorrowfully to Heriot and to thee. Ah, well! we had gaieties enough then to serve for many years. 'Tis a time of memories, and many, alas, more sad than happy. Caroline and Ralph both seem somewhat subdued, and I have taken up my pen to pour out my disconsolateness to thee.

JANUARY 2, 1775.

It hath been such a busy time that my writing to thee hath tarried. Methinks it was home-sickness that I felt when I was writing last, but my melancholy will ne'er be confided to thee; it was driven quite away by the cheery voices of our friends, Lieut. and Mistress Fraser, who had walked seventeen miles on snowshoes to spend the Christmas with us. We decked the house with greens and trailing vines until it had quite a festive appearance, but we missed the bright holly berries that are wont to make gay the rooms at home.

Christmas Day was bright and cold, with deep snow. In the morning Ralph had us all assemble in the great kitchen, and presented the Christmas gifts. Then he read prayers from the book as is his wont; sometimes I would that Hannah Fox, who thinketh there is no earnestness in these prayers could hear as I have heard the petition, "Give peace in our time, Oh Lord." Methinks she would find no lack of earnestness.

After a rich and plenteous dinner Lieut. Fraser took me for a walk on snowshoes. It was my first attempt, and when I stood up I could not move an inch; but by dint of dragging and persuading I got a few steps and then floundered down in the deep snow. The shoes had to be taken off before I could arise. I was in a sorry plight, but, after brushing and rubbing, started again. Lieut. Fraser thinketh I do well for a beginner.

Christmas evening we had much discussion concerning a name for the estate. It was at last accorded to Lieut. Fraser, who named it Selma Hall, from his favourite poem "Ossian."

Mistress Fraser and I have become fast friends; we have many mutual likings. She knoweth Capt. Cochrane and esteems him highly. She spoke many kind words of him. So as we sat in my room I poured out my tale of sorrow to her; all that I have written, and more mayhap. It was hard for her to believe, it was so against all she knows of him. She hath never heard of Louise Caron. Something she hath told me hath moved me much. Indeed I am ever too quick of speech, and oftimes am punished sorely for my hastiness. It was concerning my rude answer, when he asked to present his friend Madame Dorion. She thinketh my answer was well calculated to hurt him, as he might think I had reference to his only sister, who married a Frenchman much against the wishes of her family. For a time all went happily; then a new face caught his fancy; then he treated his wife with great cruelty, and at last denied the legality of their marriage; and one bitter winter night turned her out of doors. It was then that Madame Dorion befriended her; at their home she died, before her brothers reached the town. Her husband had left ere the snow melted. It was a vain search for him, but before summer was over news came of his death in a drunken brawl. It was indeed a sad story, and I am sore disturbed.

Mistress Fraser, who goes to Halifax with her husband, will try to find out for me the way in which he regarded my unhappy speech. She carries no message for me. It would not be fitting, as it is more than possible that the tale I overheard of his engagement is true.

SELMA HALL, January 27, 1775.

It hath been a terribly trying time, and we are much put about. A week after Ralph left, there came a messenger to say that he was down with a grievous rheumatism, very ill. Caroline must needs be with him, but had a deep concern at leaving me here alone. I am at heart a coward, but assured her there was no cause for worry, with Gross and wife and the servants as protectors. I have many occupations, among others the arranging of my letters into a long journal for thee.

Caroline set out on horse back, accompanied by Urquhart, one of the men servants, who takes a sled and will bring back both horses. The messenger who came from Halifax brought me a letter from Mistress Fraser. She has not seen Captain Cochrane, he being up the Musquodoboit hunting.

FEBRUARY 1, 1775.

We have been much disturbed by the appearance of many Indians in the hollow, about half a mile from us. The Mic-mac chief, Paul, who is disposed to be friendly, is not with them. They are ill-disposed looking men. Several have been round the barns, and two comely squaws visited the house.

FEBRUARY 5, 1775.

The Indians have encamped in the hollow. Gross dreadeth their pilfering and a quarrel between them and our men. Urquhart, who has been behaving strangely since his return, seems much too friendly with them. This afternoon I espied him walking with one of the squaws. I acquainted Gross with the fact. He thinketh when Urquhart returned from Halifax, he brought with him a store of rum, which he hath hidden, and is using as barter with the Indians for furs. He sayeth Urquhart, who has always seemed so quiet and civil, is a perfect demon when drunk, and careth not for friend or savage.

FEBRUARY 6.

It hath snowed steadily for two days, and, methinks, if it continues another, we will be well buried in it. The men had great difficulty in making a path through the great drifts. Urquhart, who was out late last night, has been away all day. He took no breakfast. I have been concerned as to whether he might not be buried in one of these great drifts, but Gross thinketh he is carousing with the Indians.

FEBRUARY 7.

I shudder when I think of what I have to write to thee. It is terrible, terrible; a scene I pray to forget, but 'tis ever before my eyes. I tarried late, thinking mayhap Urquhart would return. It was near twelve, and I had turned, candle in hand, to go up stairs, but was arrested by fierce whoops and a great uproar outside. The door was burst in and Urquhart fell at my feet, close followed by three savages. They knocked the candle from my hand, and me against the wall, but in the dull light of the fire I saw the flash of their knives, as they struck poor Urquhart many times. By this time the screams and noise had brought our men. The savages started away, and one of them, as he passed, seized me by the hair, and cut off a great handful. It was all over in a few moments. Poor Urquhart was quite dead, his body cut and hacked in many places. It was all terror and confusion. We were much afraid of a second attack, and securely barricaded the house.

FEBRUARY 8.

To-day the Indians have left the encampment. We are still securely barricaded, fearing treachery on their part. I have been long upstairs with the children; they are much terrified, and even the boys would have me sit with them and little Florence held me fast. The children had just dropped asleep when I heard a loud knocking, and in an instant Gross was at my door, saying someone desired to speak with me. I went down, and just inside the door stood Edward Cochrane, with a great gladness shining in his eyes and hands outstretched to meet me.

FEBRUARY 9.

Edward and Gross have walked down to the hollow, and in their absence I will write to thee; 'tis a glorious winter's day, and I feel so glad and happy that, if it were not for poor Urquhart lying in his coffin downstairs, I would be singing for very joy.

Edward met Mistress Fraser in Halifax on Monday. She told him of her converse with me, and he started at once for Cobequid, travelling on snow-shoes; he liked to have perished in the great snowstorm; it makes me tremble to even think of anything so dreadful. Last night we sat long by the fire holding sweet converse with each other. It was a sad misunderstanding that came near clouding both our lives, and all through the jealousy and machinations of Sophia Gore. She confessed it all to Mistress Fraser. It was she I overheard at the ball; 'twas purposely done so that I could hear, and as I look at Edward's noble, truthful face, I hate myself for being so easily made her dupe. She took great pains to spread a report of my engagement to Major Ferrers, which his being so continually with us did much to confirm. Sophia Gore hath lately come into a fortune of many thousands of pounds; yet I would not give one hour of this day's sweet happiness for all her gold. To-night we expect Lieut. and Mistress Fraser, who tarry with us until Ralph and Caroline return.

HALIFAX, June 28, 1775.

It is but little more than a year since I came hither, a year of great events to me. God hath been very gracious in all ways to us. To-morrow Edward and I are to be married in St. Paul's Church. In the afternoon we sail for Boston. Methinks we would be perfectly happy were it not for this terrible war with our brethren. Major Ferrers and Sophia Gore were married last month. She tried to do me great harm, but good came out of evil. Edward sends kind regards to the cousin he has yet to meet, and, with love to thee and all our friends,

I sign myself for the last time,

Thy loving cousin,

DOROTHY HERIOT.

Ronald Fraser, who taketh this, also beareth a package for thee containing some Indian work, moccasins and snow-shoes, also a goodly number of barks of maple sugar; 'tis delicious.

THE RAMBLER.

ON the train the other day I perceived a young man—something between a loafer and a labourer—very much exercised over a couple of books that the enterprising agent had chucked into his lap. I had wearied of the barren Canadian winter landscape. I had just finished Kipling's latest, "The Light that Failed," and consequently looked around for some diversion. It came in shape of the curious but not unnatural antics of the man in question. He, you could see, would probably have described himself as "not much of a reader," for he waited some moments before he even picked the top book up. When he did, he turned it all over, yawning; clearly literature was not his line. Then he looked at the title-page, and knit his brows. Then he dipped into the contents, and came out no wiser, apparently, for he put the book down with a monstrous yawn, and took up the other. This one again puzzled him, I imagined, by its title, for he knitted his brows as before, but upon looking through the pages seemed to be impressed at last, since he began at the first chapter, and soon appeared to be interested. Had I not been in an idle, yet observant, mood, I might not have looked at him again, but in a few minutes I noticed him giving the most peculiar glances around, down and across the car. I can hardly describe them.

They were, however, thoroughly furtive, for one thing, and a little bit shamefaced. In the seat opposite him sat a young lady, who presently reached across and took the book he had first looked into. At this his sense of guilt, or whatever it was, so increased, and was so visible in his bearing, that I involuntarily leaned forward to see if the nature of the novel he held in his hand could have anything to do with his redoubled fear and anxiety. I looked and beheld in his hand "Nana," the masterpiece of Zola, and in the hand of the young lady the notorious "Kreutzer Sonata." Apparently unlettered, yet full of good instincts, the man was clearly nonplussed, but he read on and on for some moments, only pausing to lift that furtive stare up to his companion's face and behind her. Soon the young lady tired. Tolstoi's directness did not even scare her into interest, and she put the green and black thing down on the seat whence she had picked it up. With a look of relief the man put down "Nana," and took up the other. His brow cleared, his face beamed, he looked forward to an intellectual treat at last, and soon he settled down to work. Little he knew what lay before him. Slowly, however, he perceived, and now a thrill of sympathy coursed through my appreciative system. I saw him lift frightened, confused eyes to the charming young lady who had only yawned over the "Kreutzer Sonata," and dropping book No. 2, the man buttoned his coat, seized his bag and made for the smoking-car, I imagine, to think over in his own way that question so frequently propounded in the leading magazines and dailies of the age, "Whither are we drifting?"

I have been eating the lotos in Hamilton. It tasted very well, at the Royal Hotel, commercial rates \$2.50 per day. Then there was the absolutely perfect hospitality displayed by the cultivated Hamilton people who know—none better—how to entertain and dispose of guests. Then there was the charm of having the market so nearly in the centre of the city—it makes of it something like a quaint English market town, only adorned by a much handsomer Town Hall than most English towns possess. Turkeys were no cheaper on the market than they are in Toronto. Butter seems to be, but it is not quite so good. I bought one pound at twenty cents and put it into my bag along with "Rambler" notes and the time table, and much to the astonishment of the crone who served me, who, when I told her that the butter was going to Toronto, lifted her hands and said:

"Eh? but that's a long long way just to carry one pound of butter!" I apologized for not taking a crock in good set terms, which partly appeased and partly mystified my ancient friend of the cart. Then after a Railroad Breakfast, whatever that may be—and very good it was, howsoever differing from plain everyday breakfasts—the hollow rumble of the Hotel Bus was heard and I and the "Rambler" notes and the pound of butter and the time table were soon "all abo-o-oard for the East!"

Did I dare, in a recent issue to say a word, one word, one fraction, one split atom, one Lucretian particle of a word against the great Rudyard? Let me take it back. My friend Luke Sharp, of London, sends me the Xmas number of the *Detroit Free Press* with a very good story of his own in it, and such a story by Kipling! The name of it is—unusual as usual—"The Record of Badalia Herodsfoot," and its only fault is that it is too real, too graphic, too dreadful, too true.

Then here to hand comes "The Light that Failed" which shows its gifted creator in an entirely new light. Here we get thoroughly rid of Mrs. Hauksbee and her crew; we have instead pulsing artist life in London, with vivid correct glimpses of Paris and the Soudan. There was once a novelist called David Christie Murray; there was another called James Payn; there is a third called William Black. Behold the fourth arises who, chameleon-like, is all three at once with the natural and incisive force of Hugo and Daudet as well. Poor Dick Helder! Perhaps he is as yet the most pathetic of all Mr. Kipling's figures. And now the train is slowing. I am sorry for the compositors who have to make up this copy, but the swinging and swaying of the G.T.R. is inevitable, I suppose. Good-bye to the great, staring, wide, frozen lake, to the dreary shore, to the sheds and fences and black pines that make of Canada such a desert in December, and welcome even the complete second wilderness of the Union Station.

It is known that pelagic animals—i. e., those living on the high seas—by day descend below the surface, rising at night. Groom and Loob think that this daily migration of these animals is due to heliotropism. In the daytime this is negative, the strong light driving them from the surface; while at night it exercises a positive action, causing them to seek the surface waters. Their observations show that light, and not heat, is the exciting cause.—*New York Independent*.

The French Government is proceeding actively with its policy of connecting various outlying colonies and possessions with the Mother Country by means of submarine cables. We recently made a note of the sailing of a telegraph steamer to lay cables between Martinique, Dutch Guiana, Cayenne, Brazil and Santiago de Cuba. This system, when completed, will give all the French West Indian possessions telegraphic communication with North and South America, and consequently with Europe.—*Electrical Review*.

UN DEBUT.

A SEED fell in a tiny rift
Between the rocks one autumn day,
And there, beneath the deepening drift,
Benumbed, it pining lay.

No throbbing of the mountain rills,
No music of a passing bird;
The wild wind shrieking through the hills,
Was the sole voice it heard.

It ne'er had known the petals rare
Within whose folds it sprang to birth,
The dead leaves fluttered in the air
When first it saw the earth.

Thus long it lay and murmured sore
That it was only born to die;
One morn it heard the sudden roar
Of torrents sweeping by.

As from a midnight of despair
It seemed to wake, to live, to rise;
And bursting upward to the air,
It saw the azure skies.

And swaying in the balmy wind,
With artless pride and dainty grace,
It bent above a stream to find
Its own sweet pictured face.

BARRY DANE.

PARISIAN LITERARY NOTES.

DAVID D'ANGERS. By M. Henry Jouin. (Calmann-Lévy.) This celebrated sculptor died in 1856, aged 67. The present volume comprises his correspondence with celebrities of his time, and in which is displayed a profound and childlike faith in the redemption of mankind by republicanism, and the cruel deceptions and bitter illusions he was destined to experience for his creed. David, by his talent and his academic situation, had his *entrée* into all the salons and circles where shone the literary and artistic glories of the epoch: Hugo, Lamartine, de Vigny, Chateaubriand, Lamennais, whom he adored—Balzac, Schlegel, Berzelius, etc., and with whom he maintained relations. He made a special voyage to Weimar to see Goethe, the better to reproduce his features. David was a man of stern republican simplicity. He did not like Napoleon, of whom he writes in 1845, "I do not regret not having been commissioned to execute the monument to that man, who did so much injury to liberty, and who displayed so little nobility towards the nation that had so generously charged him with its interests. The remembrance of such a man paralyzes the heart of a republican." That republican heart David owned; it inspired his works to propagate love for the martyrs of liberty. For him the artist had an educational mission. He did not subscribe to the theory of "art for art."

L'ESPRIT DE NOS BÊTES. By M. Alix. (Baillière.) The author, a veterinary surgeon, likes all animals, but more especially horses and dogs. Now to write about animals, one must not be their enemy. M. Alix belongs to this class; he goes so far as to accord to animals the greater part of the intellectual qualities of man. It is very difficult to deny his thesis, after reading the well-authenticated and most amusing anecdotes he adduces. That animals have memories, is a truism; but that they can reason or make guesses at truth, is more difficult to admit. As to other phenomena, the intellectual powers of animals are so limited, that they cannot bear any comparison with mentally developed man. M. Alix believes in the intellectual development of animals. Darwin has shown that they can change in manners when external conditions change. Birds on an island sparsely inhabited are not very wild, but when man arrives with his traps and guns they become wary. But that is not progress in the human sense. It is by education and through language that man imbibes ideas, facts and laws. There is nothing akin to this with animals.

BLAISE PASCAL. By M. Joseph Bertrand. (Gautier.) Of late much attention is devoted to Pascal. As one of the first mathematicians and physicists in France, M. Bertrand is well-fitted to treat of Pascal as a geometrician and scientist. There is an interesting volume still to be written—as in Pascal's case—on the connection between disease, its bearing on precocious intellect and the aberrations of genius. Pascal, who died in 1662, aged 39, lost his mother when three years old. We know but little of her, only that she died happy, having heard her infant "lisp the name of God." Being a quick child, and his only son, his father devoted himself wholly to the lad's education. The father was a magistrate, who believed in sorcerers while possessing the most exalted ideas on religion. His son was an invalid from infancy, and from eighteen years old not a day of his life was he free from headache and colic. Hence it is not surprising that his character was lugubrious and made him the enemy of himself and of his fellow-creatures. It would not be wrong to say that Pascal was unconscious of or indifferent to his genius. At least it was not accompanied by any vanity. When a child he wanted to know the why and the wherefore of everything. Euclid was hid from him, so he invented euclid at the age

of twelve. When sixteen he wrote a treatise on conic sections. Later he invented a calculating machine to assist his father; the hydraulic press, the wheelbarrow, the long wine cart, the cruetstand, and he sketched the omnibus. He described the theory of roulette, demonstrated that the rising of the mercury in the barometer tube was due to differences in atmospheric pressure. To commemorate the latter discovery his statue in Paris fitly stands under the tower of St. Jacques, where his barometrical experiments were conducted.

But what a constitution was his! Chronic headache and abdominal pains; paralysed legs, so that he could only walk on crutches; paralysed throat, so that he could only swallow warm drinks, drop by drop. His feet were so icy cold that he had to wear stockings steeped in brandy. Martyr to toothache, he cured it one night and forever—while studying the curve described by a nail on the circumference of a wheel. Nine years before his death he recovered his health so far as to become a man of the world. Like Molière, he joined the Fronde. On one occasion, at Neuilly, outside Paris, the four horses drawing his carriage ran away; two were drowned in the Seine. Pascal was so terrified that afterwards he always imagined seeing on his left side a yawning abyss. He wrote this impression on a morsel of paper that he stitched into his wearing apparel, where the amulet was found after his death.

He induced his sister, Jacqueline, at 21, to become a nun, and she later led him to religion and to live at Port Royal, a few miles from Paris, that famous retreat for solitary savants. He was now 32 years of age. However, it was the accidental perusal of a work by Jansenius, the Dutch theologian, that led to his controversy with the Jesuits, as immortalized in the "Provincial Letters." At Port Royal, Pascal lived as an ascetic. He was his own housekeeper, so that he dwelt in filth. He gave his wealth to the poor, many of whom lodged with him, as the best way to please God. Self-mortification, even to ulcers like Lazarus, and vermin like Murillo's saint, were for him a saving sacrifice. He wore an iron belt with spikes next to his skin, and when he sinned in thought, word or deed he struck the belt with his elbow, and pricked himself into penitence.

M. Bertrand does not say if Pascal was troubled by "doubt." Pascal, the perfection of logic and precision, never hesitated to discuss religion with all comers, but he never deviated an iota from his position, of dissociating reason from faith. For him, Faith was God, sensible to the Heart, not to Reason.

The publishing season has so far brought out no first-class work—all are reprints.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE MAIR, SCHULTZ AND LYNCH MEETING.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—I see in the last issue of THE WEEK a letter from Alderman Hallam, contradicting a statement made by me in my sketch of Charles Mair in your series of Prominent Canadians that there was a large meeting held in the City Hall Square to welcome Messrs. Mair, Schultz and Lynch, in 1870, and stating that the meeting was held right opposite his store, 85 Front Street East, and that he was responsible for calling it.

It is Mr. Hallam who is not correct in his statement. The meeting held to welcome the refugees from Red River was organized by the men of the Canada First party. In the issues of the *Daily Globe* for the 5th and 6th of April, 1870, will be seen the Mayor's proclamation calling this meeting; the requisition bears thirty-three signatures, among them being the ten most prominent members of the Canada First party. It will also be noticed that Mr. Hallam's name does not appear upon the requisition.

It was called for the St. Lawrence Hall but as thousands could not get in, Mr. Harman, the Mayor, adjourned the meeting to the City Hall Square, and the speeches were made from the top of the portico of the City Hall. In the *Daily Globe* of the 7th April, 1870, will be found a full report of the meeting which took place the previous evening. The speakers were: the Mayor, Hon. M. C. Cameron, Dr. Canniff, Mr. Sellar, Mr. Mair, Dr. Lynch, Dr. Schultz, Ald. Dickey, W. H. Howland, Capt. Bennett, Col. G. T. Denison, Andrew Fleming, Ald. Medcalf and Mr. D'Arcy Boulton. Mr. Hallam's name does not appear in the report, but he was present at the meeting, for I saw him there.

On the 9th April, 1870, three days later, a second meeting was held, got up, I believe, by Mr. Hallam, not to welcome Messrs. Mair, Schultz and Lynch, for they had then gone to Ottawa, but for the purpose of working up political capital against the Government.

When a man's memory is as defective as Mr. Hallam's appears to be, he should hesitate about attributing false statements to others, and should only do so when he can prove the truth of his assertions.

YORK.

Toronto, Jan. 5, 1891.

[The above letter has vividly recalled to our memory the meeting to welcome Messrs. Mair, Schultz and Lynch, which was held in the City Hall Square, where we stood and heard the speakers deliver their addresses from the portico over the entrance to the Hall. This correspondence may as well rest here.—ED.]

LA SALLE'S HOMESTEAD AT LACHINE.

WHERE is that block of four hundred and twenty acres of land on the lower Lachine road, reserved in 1666 by Robert Cavelier Sieur de la Salle as a homestead for himself?

Samuel de Champlain established while governor of French Canada, between the years 1609 and 1615, three fur trading posts; one at Tadousac, one at Three Rivers, the other at the head of the Lachine rapids, the old Sault St. Louis, which for nearly fifty years was the most important trading post in the whole colony. This was about thirty years before the foundation in 1642 of Montreal by Maisonneuve, and fully fifty years before the appearance of La Salle at Lachine. The post established by Champlain at the head of the rapids was built upon the present Fraser homestead farm, on the exact site where the ruins of Fort Cuillerier may now be seen, ruins which have been often designated as those of La Salle's home. Close by stood the old English king's posts, the most celebrated military point in Canada during the war of 1812, the transferring post of navigation prior to the building of the Lachine canal. Every British soldier, every British regiment sailed westward in bateaux from this post and returned here at the end of the war. A full account of the post and of all the buildings about it at the time of its evacuation in 1826, was given in my "Sixth Summer Morning Walk around Montreal."

The writer is one of the very few now living who can recall and picture in its almost primeval beauty the shore of the St. Lawrence river, from the foot of the La Salle common to the Windmill point. The scene within these two short miles embraces the La Salle common of 1666, the English king's posts of 1812, the intended homestead of La Salle, the ruins of Fort Cuillerier built on the site of Champlain's fur trading post of 1615, the old Penner farm, the St. Lawrence bridge, and the present novitiate of the Fathers Oblats built on the spot on which Fort Remy of 1689 stood—within the ground of the palisaded of old Lachine laid out by La Salle in 1666. There is not another historic two miles on the whole river front of the noble St. Lawrence from Gaspé to Kingston to compare with this in its interesting places connected with the early history of Canada.

All Canadian readers, and others who take an interest in La Salle, will be pleased to know that in placing before the public an account of this property in 1884 I offered the site for a monument, still open to public acceptance. Canadians should bestir themselves and do something worthy the memory of so great a man, the brightest figure either in Canadian or American history. Lachine is the only place in Canada in which he had a home. Two and a quarter centuries ago this Frenchman, then an adventurous youth, left Lachine in his bark canoe on a romantic voyage of discovery. He traversed, or rather coasted, all our great inland lakes, travelled through dense forests untrod by civilized man, sailed down turbulent and unknown rivers, even reaching the mouth of the grand Mississippi. Where does history exhibit another such a character? Canada should be proud to do honour to her La Salle, and Canadians should vie with each other in paying a tribute of respect to his memory. Truly La Salle has left his footprints on the sands of Canada. Will Canadians allow them to be blotted out?

La Salle, it is true, needs no monument along our river. No storied urn, no animated bust, to perpetuate or transmit to future generations the great deeds of his life. This whole northern continent of America, boundless and vast, bears unmistakable traces of his travels. His discoveries and explorations were all made in the interests of old France, the land of his birth, the country he loved. Therefore, so long as the noble St. Lawrence winds its course seaward and our great inland lakes exist as feeders thereof, or the great and broad Mississippi rolls its mighty waters to the main, these river banks and lake shores, if all else were mute, will silently testify to the memory of that youthful hero.

Scotchmen above all men are jealous of family traditions, holding them nearly as sacred as Holy Writ. When this homestead came into the possession of my grandfather in 1814, the interesting tradition was handed down to him through the former French occupants, the Cuilleriers, the Lapromenades, and others, that on the exact site where then stood in 1814, and still stands the ruins of Fort Cuillerier, was Champlain's fur trading post of 1615, and that the three farms of the present Fraser estate, having a frontage on the lower Lachine road of nine acres by a depth of forty-six and two-thirds acres, a block of four hundred and twenty acres of land bordering and adjoining the La Salle common of two hundred acres, was the veritable four hundred and twenty acres reserved in 1666 by La Salle as a homestead for himself. These three farms of the present Fraser estate are still intact, the common adjoining them is still well known, and the ruins of Fort Cuillerier built on the site of Champlain's fur post exist to mark the spot. I maintain that these farms comprise the actual block of land selected by La Salle. No other on the road named between the eastern boundary of the old English king's post and the present Windmill has any pretensions to being called La Salle's intended homestead, except this one particular block. It is not to be supposed La Salle lived altogether at his intended homestead during his short residence in Canada of three years. He was preparing it for a permanent home, and dwelt part of his time in a log house in his palisaded village, a fifteen minutes' walk distant or there-

abouts. Our best authority on Canadian history, particularly on old French Canada, is Parkman.* He says, "La Salle set apart a common two hundred arpents in extent, for the use of the settlers, on condition of the payment by each of five sous a year. He reserved four hundred and twenty arpents for his own personal domain. He had traced out the circuit of a palisaded village and assigned to each settler half an arpent, or about the third of an acre, within the enclosure." These facts cannot be disputed; the reserved homestead must have been as well-known to La Salle himself as the common ground is now publicly known, and to a man of La Salle's taste for the beautiful, what more attractive spot could he have chosen? Here, be it remembered, was a trading post fifty years old, and the most important one on the continent.

Between the years 1673 and 1676 Cuillerier converted the old fur post into a fort constructed of wood, and later on, between 1689 and 1713, the present stone building was constructed and used as a trading post by the Cuilleriers. At this important place in 1689 Vaudreuil on his return from the scene of the massacre of Lachine rested with his five hundred men before going to Montreal. Imagination fondly stoops to trace the picture of those far-off days nearly three centuries ago, when Champlain stood at the foot of the present Fraser hill, at the head of that once beautiful little bay—now destroyed by the water works' basin—which stretched down to the eastern boundary of the English king's posts, and was the first smooth water from which a canoe could shoot out to reach the channel of the river above the rapids. We see him surrounded by his escort band of wild Iroquois, their canoes hauled up on the quiet shore beneath the shade of the far-spreading primeval elms, ready to embark, to sail down the Lachine rapids. There was not a foundation stone then laid in this now great city of Montreal. The novelty and the excitement of the perilous voyage must have made him oblivious to its danger.

La Salle was seigneur of Lachine and the founder of the palisaded village consisting of fourteen acres, seven acres front by two deep, between the present cross-road and the windmill. To this village he transferred the fur-trading business from Champlain's old fur post. But from all we can gather it does not appear that La Salle was a man of business or of trade. Jean Millot, a trader of Ville Marie, Montreal, was the leading spirit and afterwards purchased La Salle's rights to the village. It is a curious fact that after La Salle departed and the attempt by Millot to establish the fur trade in the palisaded village had failed, Cuillerier arrived and re-established the business at Champlain's old post, and the Cuilleriers and their successors carried it on for nearly a century. There is not now, and there has not been for the past hundred years, a vestige remaining of the "palisaded village" of 1666; buildings and palisades were all constructed of wood, and have long ago crumbled and mingled with the dust of ages.

Who planted those almost giant pear-trees, said to have been two hundred years old in 1814, when my grandfather took possession of this old homestead? How old were they in La Salle's day, and did he partake of their fruit? They must have been planted by the people in charge of Champlain's trading post long before the days of the Cuilleriers. I can easily mark the spots on which fifty-two of these trees stood in my young years. One was so large and so open in the heart that the largest man on the farm could stand upright inside of it. I have never since seen elsewhere such pears—French pears—as that tree bore. They ripened about the middle of August, and the *pomme gries* were double the size of any now produced; the *famues* and the *Bourasa* with its leather like skin, were a treat in midwinter; and the *bon Chretien* pear was delicious.

During my grandfather's lifetime, as well as my father's, this old home was known to every Highlander in Canada and the far north. It was the resort of the Scotch gentlemen of the Hudson Bay company; and the Simpsons, the Raes, Mackenzies, Mackays, Keiths, Rowands, and McTavishes, for some years during my mother's life used to walk down to the old homestead on a Sunday afternoon, after service in the Scotch kirk, to enjoy a real Highland treat of "curds and cream and oaten bread," with pears and apples in season. And the young gentlemen could there expatiate freely over the scenes of their early homes in the Highlands of Scotland, in their own mother tongue, the Gaelic. My mother was courteous to them because she had a brother, Paul Fraser, serving in the North West, who afterwards became a chief factor in the Hudson Bay company. The Highlanders of Glengarry made this their stopping place when they came down to Montreal in winter-time with their sleigh-loads of butter and pork. I have seen six double sleighs arrive at once. The men would leave their loads until they found sale for them in Montreal, then drive in and deliver the goods. There was always plenty of food for man and beast, with a true Highland welcome. Such were the grand old days of Canadian hospitality. Captain Allan, the father of all the Allans and the founder of the Allan's line of steamers, for several years paid annual visits to the old Fraser home, obtaining his supplies of *pomme gries*, which he carried to Glasgow, then to the West Indies, back again to Glasgow, and to Montreal the following spring, the apples keeping quite sound. Few people are now living who saw that antique homestead before the west end kitchen addition was built in 1829, with its

"Normandy stairway" (outside) and its old French window, or door, opening into the flower garden and pear orchard. The old "slave house" stood within thirty feet, to the west of the house; and the stone building now used as a barn, standing behind the house, was a mystery to all visitors, as it had gun-holes on the front, rear, and sides. It was formerly a storehouse, we suppose; but why the gun-holes? There were remains of palisades behind that old building, which run down to the rear of the ruins of Fort Cuillerier. The front of the farm, three acres by two in depth, must have been palisaded in 1689, when Vaudreuil encamped there with his five hundred men the night after the massacre of Lachine. The old stone wall, ten feet high, three acres in front by four deep, seems to have been built in the days of the Cuilleriers.

The writer is preparing, after an absence of nearly fifty years, to return to the old homestead, to seek shelter within its antiquated walls, to live under the shadow of its far-spreading ancestral elms, and to watch over the growth of a promising young pear orchard, as the exiled Acadians of old returned to live and die amid the scenes of their young days upon the shores of the Basin of Minas.

JOHN FRASER.

BY THE SEA.

ON the shore of the sad-voiced sea
In the twilight gloom I lie,
With the grey sky over me,
And the sentinel light-house nigh.

Afar o'er the waste are the ships
That the moonlight glances o'er,
And near me, with hungry lips,
The waves that lap the shore.

And I think of the ships that sail
Away in their lordly state,
From which come never a tale
Of good or evil fate.

And I think of the castles fair
That we built by river and stream,
That have melted away in the air
Like a dream, an idle dream.

Like the ships that never come back—
Like the leaves borne off by the tide—
Like the meteor's lightning track—
Like the rose that has bloomed and died.

St. John, N. B.

H. L. SPENCER.

ART NOTES.

THE great art masterpieces in the new gallery at Antwerp are fixed to sliding panels, so that at the first alarm of fire they can be sunk through the floors into cellars beneath.

SIDNEY COOPER, the famous British painter, is now eighty-seven years old. He still possesses excellent health and gives five or six hours a day to painting. He sleeps nine hours out of the twenty-four and lives abstemiously.

THERE are now in Paris 42,646 persons who claim the designation of "artist." They comprise painters, sculptors, designers, engravers, wood carvers, painters on porcelain, also actors, singers, musicians and public performers of every grade. About 20,000, or nearly half the total number, belong to the fair sex.

THE Winter Exhibition of the Royal Society of British Artists is really very fine this year, both in variety of subjects and thoroughness of treatment. Several distinguished members of the Royal Anglo-Australian Society exhibit novel and worthy works. Mr. William Strutt has been studying cats, and he has painted with great power and keen perception a novel feline picture, entitled "The Milky Way," representing a cat in a dairy, watching, with wicked chuckling, a struggling mouse swimming through the cream in a large milk pan. In this painting, colour, effect and general harmony are wonderfully sustained. The *Graphic* has recognized the originality of the subject by deciding to shortly publish an engraving thereof. Mr. Strutt's other works are "Little Kitty," a small kitten wandering among wild roses, etc., and a landscape scene with a love making Georgian soldier. Mr. Alfred W. Strutt is represented by a water-colour of a St. Bernard, which he calls "Of Noble Blood," and by a piece entitled "A Morning Call," wherein a country girl is amid a crowd of poultry pressing round her to be fed. This is a piece of difficult work, and has been exceedingly cleverly executed.—*The Colonies and India*.

A SOCIETY has recently been established in London to foster the indigenous decorative arts of India, and, if possible, to preserve their distinctive characteristics. It proposes to further these objects "by encouraging the artisans in every province of the country to continue in the practice of their hereditary handicrafts, notwithstanding the pressure of the commercial competition to which they are being subjected through the great development of the modern trade between the West and East, and the inducements that are often held out to them to copy unsuitable and incongruous Western designs." The society hopes to extend among European purchasers and patrons a taste for genuine Indian art work, and promises to do its utmost to

enlist the sympathy and support of Her Majesty's feudatories "in conserving the local arts and decorative handicrafts of their several States." Such assistance as the Indian Governments, Supreme and Provincial, are able to give in promoting the operations of the society may be, the organizers say, confidently counted upon. As showing the need of the society, it is pointed out that the intrinsic qualities of Indian art are in great peril of being lost to the world. "Already the Indian handicrafts are being discredited by the prevailing rage for cheapness. The example of meretricious Western taste has had a deteriorating influence on those Indian artists who have been brought within its influence, and a depressing effect on others who have persisted in faithfully following the traditional principles and processes on which true Eastern art is everywhere based."

MUSIC AND DRAMA.

AN amusing incident occurred recently at Essegg, in Austria. In a play, called "Die Hochzeit von Valein," the heroine has to die, her death being brought about by a villain who shoots her with a pistol. At the critical moment the weapon misses fire; but the actor was equal to the emergency, and exclaimed at once: "Die, then, the first victim of smokeless powder!"

ANTON RUBINSTEIN, says *Galignani*, resigns his place at the head of the St. Petersburg Conservatory of Music and leaves Russia finally, because of the anti-Jewish prejudice. Rubinstein was born a Jew, and long ago joined the Greek Church, but this does not protect him from the race hatred, nor does his great popularity or his connection by marriage with the aristocracy. His Hebrew birth affects his social standing, and he will not remain longer in his native land.

MR. LOUIS LOMBARD, of the Utica Conservatory of Music, says Germans make the best pupils, being more thorough, patient and obedient than any others. Hebrews he finds extremely gifted, with also good studying qualities. French are tasteful and refined, but apt to be capricious. Americans are clever rather than artistic, perceptive, and would be able to accomplish much more than they do if they could be brought to recognize discipline and the necessity for thoroughness.

WHILE we cannot take the hopelessly pessimistic views of Rubinstein about music, we are nevertheless forced to admit with the great Russian master that there is an interregnum in musical productivity. Rubinstein thinks with Chopin's death the era of originality closed; certainly, the Polish composer, in all that pertained to forceful and graceful ideas, exquisite technic of composition and daring innovations in harmony, must be ranked very highly indeed; but his sphere was narrow, and it really speaks volumes for his power to so have impressed us when you realize that he wrote his best thoughts for the piano. But since Chopin, Schumann died. Brahms lives, Gade has just expired. Rubinstein himself has done some remarkable, though badly balanced work, and Dvorak is still comparatively a young man. The outlook now on this last day of the year of grace 1890 cannot be said to be a particularly promising one.—*Musical Courier*.

ALBANI, in answer to a request for advice to young singers, gives an outline of her own musical training, which began when she was four years old, and had advanced to such a point when she was eight years of age that she could read and play at sight all the principal works of Beethoven, Mozart, Haydn, Handel and other classical writers. She considers it of great importance that any child who possesses a talent for music should be made familiar as soon as possible with the works of the best masters, that the highest ideal of true music may be early established. At fourteen she sang, as first soprano, in St. Joseph's Church in Albany, all Mozart's and Cherubini's masses, and Beethoven's great mass in D, and feels that, instead of injuring her voice by such severe work at an early age, she owes her subsequent successes to this early training. From Albany she went to Paris, and afterwards to Milan to study under Lamperti, whose pure Italian method she considers the only one under which an artist can sing properly, with a right and true production of the voice, and a correct method of breathing. This master never allows his pupils to sing for more than twenty minutes at a time, with an hour's rest between each period of practice. She insists that Wagner's music cannot injure a singer with a good method, and that it is only some youthful vocalist without a good method that is ever really hurt by singing any music that is written. Von Bülow said the first time he heard Albani in "Lohengrin": "If she will go to Germany she will prove to the Germans that Wagner can be sung." He advises the young artist, too, to learn all the traditions of the intention of each composer concerning the work under consideration and to study whenever possible with the composer, or with those most familiar with his methods and discipline. The best diet for a singer is the good, plain nourishing varieties, avoiding everything injurious to the health, especially nuts, which affect the throat as well as the digestion. A regular life is essential to the perfection of musical talent, and to the life of an artist the inspiration of fine music, fine acting, beautiful pictures, clever books, cultured people and congenial surroundings are all of serious importance, for he or she who can appreciate all that is best and beautiful will, perhaps, in that very capability become the greater artist.—*Sun*.

* We commend to Mr. Fraser Kingsford's admirable work.—ED.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

CHRISTIANITY AND SOME OF ITS EVIDENCES. By the Hon. Oliver Mowat. Toronto: Williamson and Company. 1890.

If our excellent Premier does not actually increase his reputation by this excellent pamphlet, he will certainly sustain it. It is among those things which show that public men, even the busiest of them, need not be wholly engrossed in politics. This lecture is admirable in argument, in tone, and in expression. We believe that the arguments here presented in support of our Lord's divine claims, and more especially in proof of His resurrection from the dead, are adequate and unanswerable. Moreover, they are expressed in lucid and nervous English, whilst the whole tone and temper of the writer are befitting the Christian advocate. Mr. Mowat writes like a man who not only fully believes all that he says, and is fully convinced of the truth of the religion of Christ; but who does not merely hold its truths as a belief, but who clings to them as a strength and a defence. We can have no hesitation in recommending so able and excellent a composition for wide circulation and careful perusal.

SOUVENIRS OF THE SECOND EMPIRE; or, the Last Days of the Court of Napoleon. By the Comte de Maugny. London: Dean and Son.

This book will serve as a useful refresher of the memory to those who are conversant with the inner life of the Imperial Court at the time treated by the author. M. de Maugny may be justified in giving accurate information as to the people holding the various positions about the Emperor and Empress from time to time, but we doubt if these minutiae are calculated to enhance the value of what ought to be a gossipy volume. To those who did not know them, his book will be of service in giving a glimpse of the life of the Imperial coterie, and as being a faithful picture of the Paris of the time. Unfortunately, that gay and careless Paris is not the Paris of to-day; unfortunately that is for those who visit it for pleasure. There is one story of the Empress that shows her in a most unpleasant light. There is a couplet, sung by the Princess de Metternich, in a play given at Compiègne, that would scarcely be tolerated in a music hall. So much for the inwardness of the Imperial Court. For ourselves, M. de Maugny has reminded us that we are growing old. It was in 1869 that M. Cherbulier published "Ladislas Bolski" and that M. Detaille earned his first honours at the Salon.

MUSICAL GROUNDWORK. Frederick J. Crowest. London and New York: Frederick Warne and Company.

This is a capital manual of musical form and history. The book, as a whole, though intended for beginners, would be more useful to those who have already been grounded in harmony, instrumentation, musical form, history of music, etc.; for, though well and clearly written, the remarks on these subjects are too brief and concise to be of as much benefit to the former as to the latter. The first chapter on "Music of the Ancients" is interesting and well written; a great deal is told in few words, and it will be most useful in giving a general idea of the music of antiquity. The author's chromatic scale is founded on the major, instead of the minor, or the minor and the major scales combined. The chronological and biographical table at the end of the volume will be fully appreciated by those who have gone through the difficulty and tribulation of endeavouring to fix the multitudinous names and dates of musical history in their memories, and equally so by those who have yet to learn this branch of musical study. There are one or two remarks that would give rather wrong ideas to the beginner—as for instance, that the ancients had no notation, vocal or instrumental; but we see in the preface that Mr. Crowest is himself aware that there may be some inaccuracies, but, taking it all in all, no one can fail to see what a well written, interesting and helpful book this will prove to be.

ONE OF CLEOPATRA'S NIGHTS; and Other Romances. By Théophile Gautier; faithfully translated by Laffadio Hearn. New York: Worthington and Company.

In his introductory address, on taking the chair of Modern History at Oxford, Mr. Freeman said, that in the course of his lectures he would have the courage to have a shy—the slang is ours—even at the great Mommsen. The enthusiastic tone of Mr. Hearn's introduction to the volume now under our notice tempts us to have a shy even at the great Gautier. We have always thought that Gautier was rather overestimated as a painter of scenery or the general surroundings of the action of his stories. For instance, on the seventh page of this translation he says: "After this rapid glance at the aspect of the landscape." Now the rapid glance is spread over six pages, and when we reached the end of the description we had forgotten the beginning. In truth, Gautier did not possess the power to make a scene live in these lines; such a power as Tennyson displays in "Break, break, break." He is too often a photographer rather than a landscape painter. But, enough of this. The translation is generally good, but Mr. Hearn was not fortunate in selecting as a specimen of Gautier's style his picture of the blue sea "unrolling its long volutes of foam." This particular bit of English is abominable, and, thank heaven, it is not Gautier. Of the stories selected for translation, "One of Cleopatra's Nights" is too long drawn out. "Clarimonde," "Omphale," "The

Mummy's Foot" and "Arria Marcella" are charming. They are all sketches of women, beautiful women, and therein Gautier's strength certainly lay. The last story, "King Candaules," had better been left to Herodotus; the modern writer has not improved upon his telling of it by adding to its length. Something surely might have been left to our imagination. To those who know not Gautier, we would say, by all means buy Mr. Hearn's book.

MODERN GHOSTS. With introduction by George William Curtis. New York: Harper and Brothers.

All lovers of the mysterious will warmly welcome this collection of weird, entralling tales. Two, "The Horla" and "On the River," by Guy de Maupassant, were translated by Jonathan Sturges. "Siesta," by Alexander L. Kielard; translated from the German version of M. Von Borch by Charles Flint McClumpha. "The Tall Woman," from the Spanish of Pedro Antonio Alarcon; translated by Rollo Ogden. "Maese Pérez, the Organist," from the Spanish of Gustave Adolfo Bequer; translated by Rollo Ogden. "Fioraccio," from the Italian of Giovanni Mogherini-Graziani; translated by Mary A. Craig. "The Silent Woman," from the German of Leopold Kompert; translated by Charles Flint McClumpha. If the Society for Psychical Research were to ask the question quoted in the masterly introduction by Mr. Curtis: "Have you ever, when completely awake, had a vivid impression of being touched by a living being or an inanimate object, or hearing a voice, which impression, so far as you could discover, was not due to any external physical cause?" We think the answer of most of those who had read "Modern Ghosts" would be in the affirmative, for, coming fresh from a study of the book, our minds are filled by a subtle awe, so strong are the fascinations of these tales of the invisible and supernatural world. In the story of "The Horla," that awful being whose unseen presence stirs up in his hapless victim the demon of self-destruction; and whilst listening to the celestial harmonies drawn from the old organ by Maese Pérez, or by his disembodied spirit; and wondering following the history of the Silent Woman's voiceless penance, we feel strongly conscious of the weird spell of a great unknown world. During our eager perusal of the occurrences so vividly depicted, a gradual enthrallment of our faculties by these mystic creations seems brought about, and we are impelled to agree with Mr. Curtis, that, "These little tales, like instant photographs, bring us near to the life of other lands, and apprise us that, in an unexpected sense, we are all of one blood, a blood which is chilled by an influence that we cannot comprehend, and at a contact of which we are conscious by an apprehension beyond that of the senses."

TEN YEARS OF UPPER CANADA IN PEACE AND WAR, 1805-15. Being the Ridout Letters, with Annotations by Matilda Edgar. Also an Appendix of the Captivity among the Shawanese Indians, in 1788, of Mr. Thos. Ridout, afterwards Surveyor-General of Upper Canada; also a Vocabulary, compiled by him, of the Shawanese Language. Toronto: William Briggs.

In 1787, Mr. Thomas Ridout undertook a business journey from Annapolis in Maryland to the wild frontier regions of Western Kentucky. A long, toilsome ride across the Alleghany Mountains and past the scene of Braddock's disastrous defeat brought him to Fort Pitt, now Pittsburg. There he remained until the ice broke up in March, when he started with some others in a batteau, down the Ohio, his immediate destination being the Falls of Ohio, now Louisville. Between the confluence of the Ohio with the Scioto and the place where now stands the city of Cincinnati, the batteau was captured by a band of Indians, and Mr. Ridout and his companions became prisoners. Though the Indian, a chief of some importance, into whose hands he fell, treated him kindly, Mr. Ridout had to endure severe hardships and face grave perils; but after many dangers and a wearisome journey of many hundred miles through unbroken forests, he was ultimately brought to Detroit, then a British post, where he was ransomed. Proceeding to Newark (Niagara) and thence to Montreal, he was so favourably impressed with the country that he determined to make Canada his future home. The narrative of his captivity, printed as an appendix to this work, was written by himself in 1811, and will be found by no means the least interesting part of the book.

Mr. Ridout filled many official positions, first at Newark, and subsequently at Toronto, becoming Surveyor-General of Canada in 1810. In 1805 he sent his eldest son, George, and in 1806 his second son, Thomas Gibbs, to Mr. (afterwards Bishop) Strachan's Cornwall School, that celebrated Academy from which so many distinguished Canadians graduated. In 1809, Mr. Ridout visited England, and his sons, who in the meantime had left school, took charge of his office in his absence. In 1811, Thomas G. Ridout went to England, where he remained until the outbreak of the war, in which he served until its close, chiefly in the Commissariat department, rising to the rank of Deputy-Assistant Commissary-General.

The letters in this volume are chiefly those written by Thomas G. Ridout to his father and other members of his family from school, from York while his father was in England, from England and from the front during the war. The letters from England are most numerous and lengthy. They contain many happy bits of description, and display great keenness of observation, soundness of judgment and aptness of expression for a youth not yet

twenty, and fresh from the rude unfinished surroundings of early colonial life. These letters were doubtless written with some care, while those from the front betray the haste of the busy man amid the press of thronging events.

The title-page chosen for this volume is somewhat misleading. Mrs. Edgar's work has been much more than that of a mere annotator or editor, as the title-page indicates. "The Ridout Letters" certainly make up the bulk of the first eight chapters, and Mrs. Edgar merely connects them or explains them where explanation is necessary; but the rest of the book—sixteen chapters—is a very complete history of the war of 1812-14, in which the several campaigns are sketched with great spirit and with singular clearness. Mrs. Edgar tells the story of the marches, battles, sieges, the reverses and victories of that unequal but glorious and triumphant conflict as one inspired by the spirit of Canadian patriotism, but with the strictest regard to historical accuracy. It is a story that cannot be told too often, and one with which every Canadian should be thoroughly familiar; "not," as Mrs. Edgar says, "in order to stir up old animosities, nor to revive a spirit of antagonism towards our kin beyond the border, but to inspire every Canadian with a feeling of pride in his country, and of grateful admiration for those who saved the land in its hour of need."

The volume contains portraits of Thomas Ridout and Thomas G. Ridout and two maps, one showing the frontier, especially the Niagara frontier, during the war, and the other indicating the route of Mr. Thomas Ridout's journey, both before and after his capture by the Indians.

WE have received the Second Supplement to Catalogue of the Toronto Public Library. This Supplement is prepared with the same care and accuracy which have made its predecessors such serviceable adjuncts to the Library. The arrangement is simple and helpful, and the printing is clear and sharp.

THE *Overland Monthly* for January is, as the purple letters stamped at its head indicate, a veritable Holiday Number. To lovers of the short story with a Christmas flavour, arranged with a due regard to variety and interspersed with poems, we commend the January *Overland*. Probably this magazine gives its readers a better idea of the somewhat unconventional freedom of western life—in its best literary form than any other magazine with which we are acquainted.

Belford's Magazine for January has in "Sarz," a story of the stage, by Celia Logan, a novel that is worth the reading. Frederick T. Jones contributes a well considered article on "Interest and the Usury Laws." That most attractive subject, "The Women of Louisiana," is delicately treated by Charles Gayarré. It cannot be said that United States writers neglect United States genius. Sidney Lanier is again considered, shortly, but lavishly by G. D. Black. Then follow in quick succession: "The Lake Region of Wisconsin"; "George D. Prentice"; "Laying A Man Trap: A Story"; "How long will our Navy be Effective?" "Physical Culture," Part I.; "Omar Kayyam"; "A Quartette of Sparrows." Then "Popular Science," and the usual departments close a well sustained number. The poems of this number are meritorious.

Lippincott's Magazine for January opens with Rudyard Kipling's "Light that Failed." It is the story of an artist's life and love, and is really the first novel with which this clever and prolific young author has favoured the public. In "The New Spanish Inquisition" Julian Hawthorne writes an enthusiastic eulogy of two Spanish dancers who are winning plaudits in New York. "Christmas Gifts" is an old plantation story, charmingly written, by Ruth M. E. Stuart. In "I Remember" the well-known comic actor, Francis Wilson, tells how he has played his part in life. Major Moses P. Handy, in an elaborate and carefully prepared article, describes "The State of Washington." Lewis M. Haupt, C.E., writes thoughtfully on "The Rood Movement." "In an Old Garden" is a pleasing poem by E. E. Rexford. And "Perversity" is a perverse little octet by Charlotte Fiske Bates.

THE *Andover Review* for January opens with an incisive review of Dr. Martineau's criticism of the Gospels in his "Seat of Authority in Religion," by Prof. Hincks. In stating his conception of religion, Dr. Martineau attempts to dissipate the claim of Christ to spiritual authority by attacking the historical character of the Gospel records. It is here that Prof. Hincks joins issue with him, and in a clear and convincing manner re-states the argument for the authenticity of the portraiture of Our Lord presented by the Evangelists. The second article is on "Disestablishment in Scotland from the American point of view." It is timely in view of recent political events in England; it does not seem unlikely that "Disestablishment in Scotland" will replace "Home Rule" in the Gladstonian programme. Mr. Henry S. Pancoast has a clever and amusing paper upon "Some Paraphrasers of Milton." Mr. Wendell P. Garrison has a concluding paper upon "The Preludes of Harper's Ferry." In "Ethics and Economics" Prof. J. H. Hyslop argues powerfully for the right of ethics to control economic action. The editorial notes are on "The Public Schools and Religious Education," "Relief of the Submerged Tenth," and "Do the Country Churches want an Educated Ministry?"

In *Harper's Magazine*, for January, Charles Dudley Warner describes "The Outlook in Southern California." Many illustrations of scenery and interesting objects in the fruit-growing regions of California accompany the paper.

The articles on South America are resumed by Mr. Child giving his "Impressions of Peru." F. Anstey contributes an article on "London Music Halls," which is illustrated from a number of drawings by Joseph Pennell. In "Another Chapter of My Memoirs," Mr. De Blowitz relates some interesting reminiscences of the Franco-Prussian War and the days of the Paris Commune. The opening chapters of Charles Egbert Craddock's new novel, "In the 'Stranger People's' Country," are illustrated by W. T. Smedley. "At the 'Casa Napoléon'" is a story of life in the Spanish quarter of New York city, written by Thomas A. Janvier. "A Modern Legend" is a short story by Vida D. Scudder. "Saint Anthony" is a Christmas Eve ballad by Mrs. E. W. Latimer. Other poems are contributed by Richard E. Burton, Julian Hawthorne, Charles H. Crandall, Nannie Mayo Fitzhugh, and Archibald Lampman. The usual variety of subjects is discussed in the editorial departments.

THE January *Forum* opens with a review of the colonization and division of Africa down to date, and accompanied with a map, by Prof. Emile de Laveleye. Mr. Thomas G. Shearman writes an essay on "The Coming Billionaire." He regards the present system of indirect taxation as doomed, and the early coming of direct federal taxation as inevitable. President J. C. Price, of Livingston College, N.C., himself a coloured man, discusses the question whether the negroes seek social equality with the whites. Maintaining that his race does not seek social equality, he argues that to seek it or to expect it through legislation would be futile and absurd. President Dwight, of Yale, points out the relative advantages from his point of view of the commercial life and of the life of a teacher. Eliza Lynn Linton argues the necessity of maintaining marriage as the very preservation of society. The Rev. Charles Dana Boardman, of Philadelphia, writes of "Conservative Progress" in church, in politics and in society; W. S. Lilly discusses the nature of real liberty, which must be subject to law; Edmund Gosse writes of the future of poetry as one of the great arts; Oberlin Smith shows how the construction and service of railways might be improved and even revolutionized; and John D. Champlin, Jr., writes about the ineradicable American habit of manufacturing ancestors.

THE January *Century* is very readable. "Along the Lower James" is a pleasing descriptive article by C. W. Coleman. W. A. Coffin gives a short, bright sketch of the United States artist, Kenyon Cox. Octave Thanet supplies a pathetic account of "An Irish Gentlewoman in the Famine Time." In "Among the Mongols of the Azure Lake," W. W. Rockhill bears his readers away to the wild, bleak tablelands of Thibet. Then we arrive at the nugget of the number, in the first part of "The Memoirs of Talleyrand." With the introduction by the United States Minister to France, prolonged expectation will be gratified by the very interesting revelations from the life of one of the most remarkable figures in modern history. C. H. Shinn contributes a graphic article on "Pioneer Spanish Families in California," followed by J. T. Doyle on a kindred topic, "The Missions of Alta California." Then comes a long and thrilling war contribution (for which our neighbours have such a passion), "A Romance of Morgan's Rough Riders," by T. L. Hines. "Colonel Carter of Cartersville" continues to amble through a few pages. "Sister Dolorosa" again leads us to the seclusion of the convent, and stirs the stilled waters of a sister's life with the potent swirl of love. There are three complete stories and a number of poems. The usual departments are well filled.

THE *Cosmopolitan* for January has an unusually pretty frontispiece, "After a Painting by François Flameng." A very interesting article and well illustrated, on "The Peoples' Palace in London," is contributed by Elizabeth Bisland. Gertrude Franklin Atherton writes on "The Literary Development of California." Especially interesting is an article by Henry George on "Australia." Chas. E. L. Windgate deals with leading actresses who have taken the part of "Hermione" in "The Winter's Tale." A very funny article with humorous illustrations is "Our Riding Party," by F. O. O. Darley. Munroe Smith has a poem, "Insomnia." Another bit of well written verse is "Doubt," by Margaret Price. Another short poem is "The Cascade," by W. A. Leahy. "Don Gracías" is a pleasing story, by John J. à Becket. "The Cyclone," by Milton Goldsmith, is a rhythmic poem, beautifully illustrated. Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen has an unusually clever contribution on "German Student Life." An old theme, well treated, is "A Transatlantic Trip," by Wm. H. Rideing. A new story, "Mademoiselle Réséda," by Julien Gordon, is begun in this issue, and will be concluded in the February number. In an article, "The Language of Form," Prof. Charles W. Larned, of the U. S. Military Academy, recommends more attention to the study of graphics.

THE January number of the *Arena* comes to us, as usual, with a number of original and attractive articles. The frontispiece is an expressive likeness of Dr. Alfred Russell Wallace, and his is the opening article on "Are there Objective Apparitions?" in other words, "Are there Ghosts?" He is not at all sure that the hallucination idea explains away the supernatural, and, after quoting numerous instances of unexplained phantasms, concludes that the physical effects they have produced afford a crucial test of objectivity too well attested to be ignored or explained away. *Objectivity* does not necessarily imply *materiality*. Wilbur Larremore, under the title of popular

leaders, discusses "Grover Cleveland," whom he commends very highly as a "courageous champion of administrative reform." On the subject, "Was Christ a Buddhist?" Felix L. Oswald, Ph.D., writes of the analogy between Christianity and Buddhism. We may refer to this article in another issue. Other articles are: "A New Declaration of Rights," by Hamlin Garland, in which he advocates the single tax idea; and "Silver Coinage," by E. D. Stark. A story of platonic love is that entitled "A daughter of Lilith and a daughter of Eve," by Kate Buffington Davis. Charles Henry Philipps has a fine poem, entitled "The Questioner"; and "Would we Live our Lives over Again?" is the subject of the No Name paper.

LITERARY AND PERSONAL GOSSIP.

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD is a man of unbounded hospitality, and gives a hearty welcome to any fellow-countryman in his beautiful Japanese home.

WE reprint from the *Magazine of American History*, the interesting historical sketch of "La Salle's Homestead at Lachine," by Mr. John Fraser.

THE well-known publishing house of "Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons" will after this month discontinue the use of the name "Welford" in connection with their business.

PROFESSOR ASHLEY, of Toronto University, is one of the contributors to the forthcoming number of "The Annals of the American Academy of Political and Social Science."

J. G. WHITTIER, the poet, is fond of pets. He has three handsome dogs, two cats and three horses. When the poet goes abroad in pleasant weather a young St. Bernard dog is his constant companion.

THE Humboldt Publishing Company have issued a timely addition to their series in "The Industrial Revolution of the 18th Century in England," by Arthur Toynbee, late lecturer in Political Economy at Balliol College, Oxford.

INSTEAD of the usual one hundred, the December *Review of Reviews* contains two hundred pages. There are sixty portraits (including that of the editor, W. T. Stead), forty caricatures and one hundred illustrations, and a four-page supplement containing all the crowned heads of Europe. The edition of this Christmas number is 200,000 copies.

Canada is the name of a new literary journal. It is edited by the Rev. Matthew Richey Knight, whose contributions to THE WEEK are well-known to our readers. It is the expressed aim of the editor to make his paper pure, patriotic and elevated in tone. A better name could not have been chosen, nor a better aim avowed. We wish *Canada* every success.

THE actual author of that peculiar personal narrative, "A Real Robinson Crusoe," which A. J. Wilkinson recently edited for D. Lothrop Company, has just died at his home in Cobourg, Ontario. His death only intensifies the mystery attaching to his adventurous life, as his identity is still preserved a close secret by his immediate friends, and the secret of the island has not yet been solved.

TRINITY UNIVERSITY has reason to be proud of the attractive and ably edited journal which reflects its literary culture in a popular form. The Christmas number, though delayed by the season's examinations, is of exceptional merit. The gracefully written topics, the charming poems, the finely discriminating review of Froude's "Life of Lord Beaconsfield," and the well filled departments, all testify to the ability of the contributors and the capacity of Mr. J. G. Carter Troop, the editor, who, by-the-by, is a Nova Scotian.

THE number of that authoritative journal *Science*, issued on the 26th December last, has a strong Canadian showing. Professor Mark Baldwin comes first in the leading contribution on "Infant Psychology." Later on Alexander Graham Bell, at one time a resident in Canada, has the first of the letters written to the editor. It is on "Deaf Mutes." Then follow "The Geology of Quebec City," from the pen of R. W. Ellis, and a continuation of the subject by A. R. C. Selwyn, both of Ottawa.

MR. JOHN READE, so well and favourably known for his able and scholarly contributions to the literature of Canada, is advancing his reputation and promoting the cause of literary and artistic journalism in his position as editor of the *Dominion Illustrated*. That creditable journal has decidedly improved under Mr. Reade's hand, and in the freshness and variety of its contents, the ability with which they are written, and, above all, the patriotic ring with which they resound, Canadians have every reason to rejoice. We wish Mr. Reade a long and prosperous reign.

MRS. MARY MAXWELL SCOTT, who edited the "Journal" of Walter Scott, just published, is the great-granddaughter of the famous "author of 'Waverley.'" On her marriage with the Hon. J. C. Maxwell, a younger son of Lord Herries, she and her husband were permitted by special act to adopt the appellation of Maxwell-Scott, to preserve the great novelist's name from extinction. The present Lord Herries having no heir, and the second brother being unmarried, it is not unlikely that the title and large estates of Herries will descend to Walter Maxwell-Scott, a bright boy of thirteen, who, it is said, is to be knighted on attaining his majority, that there may be another Sir Walter Scott.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

Edgar, Matilda. Ten Years of Upper Canada in Peace and War. 1805-15. Toronto: William Briggs.
Sell, Karl, D.D., Ph.D. The Church in the Mirror of History. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clarke.
Toynbee, Arnold, The late. The Industrial Revolution of the 18th Century in England, 2 Parts. 30c. New York: The Humboldt Publishing Co.

READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

THE MARTYR'S CROWN.

NOT only through the dungeon or the rack
Is won the Martyr's crown. Blest souls indeed
Are those which suffer openly, and reap
Through bodily pain the rich reward of Love—
Dear souls and strong; but those who only bear
The suffering of the soul, when the racked spirit
Gives love for faith, and dooms a life to die,
Dearer than life, for duty, and lives on
And bears and does not die, but wears its pain
For weary years, and hears no loud acclaim,
Of heavenly quires, and bears no victor's palm,
But lives self-doomed to solitude and doubt
And finds the closed heavens deaf, the past a dream,
And all the future dumb—for these, too, Heaven
Keeps its own crown, as precious as the pearl
Of sacrifice which decks the painful brow
Of agony,—its own triumphant crown.
For what is martyrdom but witness borne
To God and Truth, in body, as in soul,
Through life and death, through sudden stress of pain
Or life-long suffering witness to the Right?
—From "A Vision of Saints," by Lewis Morris.

WHAT IS A HORSE-POWER.

WHEN men first became familiar with the methods of measuring mechanical power, they often speculated on where the breed of horses is to be found that can keep at work raising 33,000 pounds one foot per minute, or the equivalent, which is more familiar to some mechanics, of raising 330 pounds 100 feet per minute. Since 33,000 pounds raised one foot per minute is called one horse-power, it is natural that people should think the engineers who established that unit of measurement based it on what horses could really do. But the horse that can do this work does not exist. The horse-power unit was established by James Watt, about a century ago, and the figures were fixed in a curious way. Watt found that the average horse of his district could raise 22,000 pounds one foot per minute. This, then, was the actual horse-power. At that time Watt was employed in the manufacture of engines, and customers were so hard to find that all kinds of artificial inducements were necessary to induce power users to buy steam-engines. As a method of encouraging them, Watt offered to sell engines reckoning 33,000 foot pounds to a horse-power. And thus he was the means of giving a false unit to one of the most important measurements in the world.—*New York Times*.

NELSON'S KINDNESS TO HIS MIDSHIPMEN.

IT may reasonably be supposed that among the number of thirty there must be timid as well as bold; the timid he never rebuked, but always desired to show them he desired nothing of them that he would not instantly do himself, and I have known him say: "Well, sir, I am going a race to the mast-head, and I beg I may meet you there." No denial could be given to such a wish, and the poor fellow instantly began his march. His lordship never took the least notice with what alacrity it was done, but, when he met in the top, instantly began speaking in the most cheerful manner, and saying how much a person was to be pitied that could fancy there was any danger or even disagreeableness in the attempt. In like manner he every day went to the school-room and saw them do their nautical business, and at twelve o'clock he was first upon the deck with his quadrant. No one there could be behind-hand in his business when their captain set them so good an example. One other circumstance I must mention which will close the subject, which was the day we landed at Barbadoes. We were to dine at the Governor's. Our dear Captain said: "You must permit me, Lady Hughes, to carry one of my aide-de-camps with me." And when he presented him to the Governor, he said: "Your excellency must excuse me for bringing one of my midshipmen, as I make it a rule to introduce them to all the good company I can; they have few to look up to besides myself during the time they are at sea."—From "Nelson's Deeds and Words," by Clarke Russell.

ALMOST simultaneously with the revival of the project of building a railroad in German East Africa comes that of providing a steamer for service on Lake Victoria Nyanza. The vessel, which is to serve German interests, is to be built at the large Hamburg works of Janssen and Schmilinsky. Naturally it is to be portable, and German steel will be used in its construction. Arrangements have been made for the delivery of the vessel on the East Coast on June 1, 1891. Emin Pasha is to arrange for a harbour on the lake, and the sections of the ship are to be there put together by the European mechanics who have already been secured for the work.—*New York Railroad Gazette*.

WE SHALL SEE THEM NO MORE.

WE shall see them no more, the yesterdays of the past week are as dead as the yesterdays that preceded the flood. They have gone into the old time from which there is no recall. The friends over whose cold ashes we bent with many tears a few days ago are as dead as Julius Cæsar or Charlemagne. We shall see them no more; the sun will shine for them, the daisies will blossom for them, and the birds will sing for them no more forever. Out of our lives goes something that is bright and beautiful every day. Just like the mayflowers, the daisies and the yellowing grain, something that is cheerful and pleasant is always going away from us and from all that live. We recall with anxious ear the brook that told us so many strange stories when we were young. The meadows that grew greener than any of the meadows of these later days, the birds whose language we could readily interpret, the woods that were haunted by fairy folk, and the clouds and the morning and sunset skies, where we saw Adam and Eve in their Paradise, the children of Israel marching through the Red Sea and Columbus sailing away in search of a new world. We recall them in imagination and at the same time we recall!

The dear, dead faces
That bear no traces
Of sin, of sorrow, of time or pain;
And the dear still voices!
How the heart rejoices
To see you, to hear you in dreams again.

It is a wonder,
From the daisies under,
The sunshine, the snow, and the pitiless rain.
Ye come to greet us—
Ye come to meet us,
In this world of trial and tempest again.

—St. John Evening Gazette.

A TRUE GENTLEMAN.

WHEN you have in truth found a man, you have not far to go to find a gentleman. You cannot make a gold ring out of brass. You cannot change a Cape May crystal to a diamond. You cannot make a gentleman till you first find a man. To be a gentleman it is sufficient to have had a grandfather. To be a gentleman does not depend upon the tailor or the toilet. Blood will degenerate. Good clothes are not good habits. The Prince Leo Boo concluded that the hog was the only gentleman in England, as being the only thing that did not labour. A gentleman is just a gentleman, no more, no less—a diamond polished that was at first a diamond in the rough. A gentleman is gentle. A gentleman is courteous. A gentleman is slow to take offence, as being one who never gives it. A gentleman is slow to surmise evil, as being one who never thinks it. A gentleman subjects his appetites. A gentleman refines his taste. A gentleman subjects his feelings. A gentleman controls his speech. A gentleman deems every other better than himself. Sir Philip Sidney was never so much a gentleman—mirror though he was of English knighthood—as when upon the field of Zutphen, as he lay weltering in his own blood, he waived the draught of cold spring water that was to quench his mortal thirst in favour of a dying soldier. St. Paul describes the gentleman when he exhorted the Philippian Christians: "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report, if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think of these things." And Dr. Isaac Barrow, in his admirable sermon on the calling of a gentleman, pointedly says: "He should labour and study to be a leader unto virtue, and a noble promoter thereof; directing and exciting men thereto by his exemplary conversation; encouraging the goodness of meaner people by his bounty and favour. He should be such a gentleman as Noah, who preached righteousness by his words and works before a profane world.—Bishop Doane.

CHARACTER AND SERVICE.

NEVER did men feel the abundance of unused and misused force as it is felt to-day. Nowhere is the student of the future met by the awful problem of a dead world, an unborn clod, or a burnt-out cinder to be kindled into life. The life is here. Only so often it plays instead of working, and loiters instead of running, and is eager not about the greatest, but about the least. Where is the noisy energy and great zeal to-day? It is where men are seeking money, not where men are seeking truth. It is where men are pursuing selfish ambitions, not where they are labouring for the common good. It is where the things of the flesh, not the things of the spirit, are the prize. So it appears at least upon the surface. So runs the lamentation of anxious hearts. Turn from the wide world, which it is so easy to abuse, so hard to understand, and think of your own life which you do know. There are high desires, noble discontents and ambitions in you. You know that they are there. But is not the dissatisfaction of your whole life this, that it is not that get your most devoted thought and eager action? It is "the meat which perisheth" for which you really labour. It is the prize of the moment that sets you all astir with desire, with indignation, with hope, with fear. All the time off there in the distance on its shrine it shines pure and white and real, the ultimate desire of your nature, adored and treasured, but too far away and cold to draw to it the tides of passion, love and hate, which spend

their forces upon the trifles of the day. Sometimes it seems almost as if so strange a state of things produced its strange result in the discrediting of eager passion and desire, as if they were too coarse and common for the higher interests of life. The instrument which you confine to lower uses and rob of its best duties is itself dishonoured, and becomes even suspicious of itself. Eagerness and enthusiasm seem to many of us poetically to have their true place in the stock exchange or on the ball field, but to bring something of defilement and distortion with them when you set them free into the lofty regions of the search for truth and the development of character and service of fellow man.—Rev. Phillips Brooks, D.D.

A POET'S MENU.

[Minus Soup and Fish.]

FIRST a few oysters, each upon its shell,
Rich, plump, and firm, and sweet as virgins' kisses,
With *Haute Sauterne*: no other wine so well
Accords with oysters—when 'tis good as this is!
Next, some nice *ris de veau*, with fresh green peas
Or *sauce tomate*, or, if you like them, larded—
Well cooked, well browned: and everyone agrees
No daintier dish could be by skill rewarded;
Especially with Burgundy's ripe wine—
A wine whose very name is wreathed in praises,
Whose perfume far excels the sweet woodbine,
And to gay mirth the drooping spirit raises.
Then a rich *filet*, served with *pommes de terre*—
One of the daintiest and best of dishes—
With dry champagne—Mumm's Verzenay is fair—
Which banishes all vain regrets and wishes.
Now a fat partridge waits the guests' commands:
Then, all that's needful—yet without excesses—
Comes the green salad, dressed with graceful hands,
And coffee crowns the lunch with sweet caresses.

PREFACE TO "A CENTURY OF DISHONOUR."

THE Indian is the only human being within our territory who has no individual right in the soil. He is not amenable to or protected by law. The executive, the legislative and judicial departments of the Government recognize that he has a possessory right in the soil; but his title is merged in the tribe—the man has no standing before the law. A Chinese or a Hottentot would have, but the native American is left pitifully helpless. This system grew out of our relations at the first settlement of the country. The isolated settlements along the Atlantic coast could not ask the Indians, who outnumbered them ten to one, to accept the position of wards. No wise policy was adopted, with altered circumstances, to train the Indians for citizenship. Treaties were made of the same binding force as the Constitution; but these treaties were unfulfilled. It may be doubted if one single treaty has ever been fulfilled as it would have been if it had been made with a foreign power. The treaty has been made as between two independent sovereigns. Sometimes each party has been ignorant of the wishes of the other; for the heads of both parties to the treaty have been on the interpreter's shoulders, and he was the owned creature of corrupt men, who desired to use the Indians as a key to unlock the nation's treasury. Pledges, solemnly made, have been shamelessly violated. The Indian has had no redress but war. In these wars ten white men were killed to one Indian, and the Indians who were killed have cost the Government \$100,000 each. Then came a new treaty, more violated faith, another war, until we have not a hundred miles between the Atlantic and Pacific which has not been the scene of an Indian massacre. All this while Canada has had no Indian wars. Our Government has expended for the Indians a hundred dollars to their one. They recognize, as we do, that the Indian has a possessory right to the soil. They purchase this right, as we do, by treaty; but their treaties are made with the *Indian subjects* of Her Majesty. They set apart a permanent reservation for them; they seldom remove Indians; they select agents of high character who receive their appointments for life; they make fewer promises, but they fulfil them; they give the Indians Christian missions, which have the hearty support of Christian people, and all their efforts are toward self-help and civilization.—Bishop Whipple.

TWELVE GOOD RULES FOR REVIEWERS.

If I were to attempt to draw up Twelve Good Rules for Reviewers, I should begin with:—

1. Form an honest opinion.
2. Express it honestly.
3. Don't review a book which you cannot take seriously.
4. Don't review a book with which you are out of sympathy. That is to say, put yourself in the author's place, and try to see his work from his point of view, which is sure to be a coin of vantage.
5. Stick to the text. Review the book before you, and not the book some other author might have written; *obiter dicta* are as valueless from the critic as from the judge. Don't go off on a tangent. And also don't go round in a circle. Say what you have to say, and stop. Don't go on writing about and about the subject, and merely weaving garlands of flowers of rhetoric.
6. Beware of the Sham Sample, as Charles Reade called it. Make sure that the specimen bricks you select for quotation do not give a false impression of the *façade*,

and not only of the elevation merely, but of the perspective and ground plan.

7. In reviewing a biography or a history, criticize the book before you, and don't write a parallel essay, for which the volume you have in hand serves only as a peg.

8. In reviewing a work of fiction, don't give away the plot. In the eyes of a novelist this is the unpardonable sin. And, as it discounts the pleasure of the reader also, it is almost equally unkind to him.

9. Don't try to prove every successful author a plagiarist. It may be that many a successful author has been a plagiarist, but no author ever succeeded because of his plagiarism.

10. Don't break a butterfly on a wheel. If a book is not worth much, it is not worth reviewing.

11. Don't review a book as an east wind would review an apple-tree—as it was once said Douglas Jerrold would do. Of what profit to any one is mere bitterness and vexation of spirit?

12. Remember that the critic's duty is to the reader mainly, and that it is to guide him not only to what is good, but to what is best. Three parts of what is contemporary must be temporary only.—Brander Matthews, in the *Christian Union*.

TENNYSON AND BROWNING.

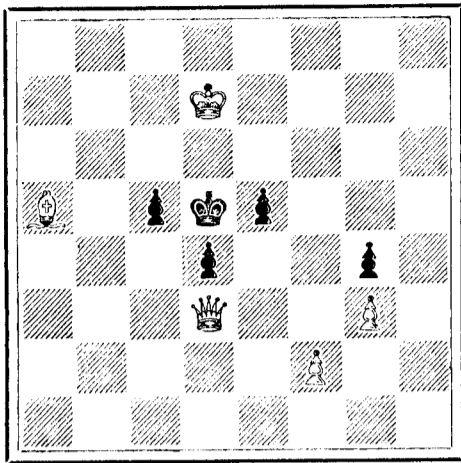
By a coincidence singular in literary history, the two most eminent British poets of the later years of the nineteenth century have been contemporaries, whose lives, happily prolonged beyond the common limits of human existence, present many marked features of resemblance. Alfred Tennyson was born in 1809, Robert Browning in 1812; both of them continued for nearly sixty years to cultivate their art with an amount of power and success on which the touch of time produced no material decline. Few men have had the good fortune to retain life longer or to enjoy it more. The century to them has been an age of increasing fame and popularity, and, save one or two of those bereavements from which none are exempt, we are not aware that any cloud has darkened their luminous career. Unlike the ordinary lot of poets, "who learn by suffering what they teach in song," it has been their happier fate to live exempt from the passions and excesses which have harassed the agitated lives of so many sons of genius. Their reputation has been unblemished, their morals pure, their existence simple and regular, whilst their works placed them in a high social position, and, it may be added, brought to them the most ample return of fortune ever vouchsafed to poets. Their marriages were happy, and no men ever filled more entirely the charmed circle of domestic life; the one united to a woman of remarkable genius, for whom his passionate attachment broke forth to the last hour of his life, since it was beyond the power of death to quench it; the other to a lady of exquisite taste and refinement, the worthy partner of his honours and his fame. In both cases the extreme delicacy and physical debility of these ladies seemed only to call forth a more tender devotion from their energetic and powerful husbands. Nor must it be omitted that both these men enjoyed during their long lives almost unbroken health; there was nothing morbid about them in body or mind. On the contrary, they retained for this long stretch of years the uninterrupted exercise of their faculties, even the gift of inspiration—if the poetic faculty be an inspiration—was not enfeebled, and sometimes broke out in their latest years with as much strength as in the days of youthful enthusiasm, tinged with something more of maturity of thought. But the noblest type of their resemblance is this—that being both of them keenly sensitive to the spirit of the age in which they lived—a transformed and transforming age, sceptical, scientific, mechanical, money-getting, and material—they stooped to none of these things. They held fast and taught the great spiritual truths of existence; and if they plunged a penetrating gaze into the mystery of the mind and the world, they looked upwards ever to the immortal destinies of humanity and the human soul. It has not been given to either of these poets to win the ear of Europe, or to rekindle the enthusiasm with which the works of Scott, Byron, Moore, and Shelley were received on the continent. A rare and intimate acquaintance with the English language is required to appreciate the exquisite precision of Tennyson and to unravel the luxuriant irregularity of Browning; and, like their great predecessor, Wordsworth, whatever passion and sensibility they possess lies embedded in severer language and in deeper veins of thought than in the poetry of Byron and Scott. But meanwhile, and in the course of their own lives, another world sprang into being. The English-speaking race doubled in numbers and advanced rapidly in culture and in taste. The literature of these islands became the literature of the American and Australian continents. Thus, amongst a new people, these seers of the latest time found an enthusiastic audience, and it is no mean addition to the glory of their lives that they became the favourite poets of the countless descendants of an ancient race, because they were hailed as the poets of the future even more than of the past.—*The Edinburgh Review*.

SLEEP is no servant of the will; it has caprices of its own; when courted most it lingers still; when most pursued 'tis swiftly gone.—Browning.

Is memory as strong as expectancy? Fruition as hunger? Gratitude as desire?—Thackeray.

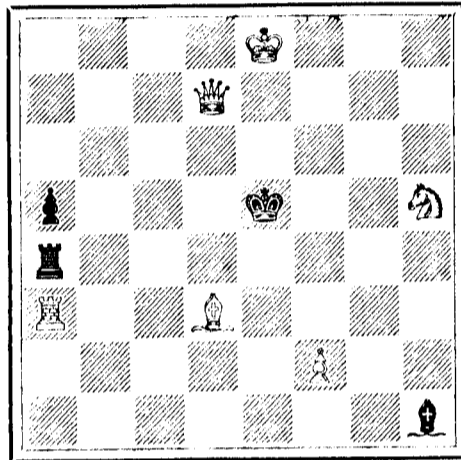
CHESS.

PROBLEM No. 529. By E. H. E. EDDIS, Orillia. BLACK.



WHITE. White to play and mate in three moves.

PROBLEM No. 530. From English Mechanic. BLACK.



WHITE. White to play and mate in two moves.

SOLUTIONS TO PROBLEMS.

No. 523. White. 1. Kt-K4 2. B-Kt4+ 3. Q mates if 1. K-B4 2. Kx B 3. Q-K R7 mate With other variations.

No. 524. Q-R3

SEVENTH GAME IN THE CHAMPIONSHIP MATCH BETWEEN STEINITZ AND GUNSBURG.

Table showing the chess game record between Steinitz and Gunsberg, including moves like P-Q4, P-Q B4, Kt-K B3, etc.

A MODEST woman is ever amiable; a reserved one is only prudent.—Rivarol.

VULGAR minds refuse to crouch beneath their load; the brave bear theirs without repining.—Thomson.

ENDURANCE is the prerogative of woman, enabling the gentlest to suffer what would cause terror to manhood.—Wieland.

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It is now about three years since the Germans began to train dogs for outpost service in time of war, the first experiments being made at Labben, in Prussia, and Elsass. The dogs are all of the same breed, a breed not thought of very highly amongst us. They are Pomeranians or Spitzes, mostly white in colour, but occasionally grey, the grey ones being chosen when possible, owing to their not being so conspicuous. Our Spitz dogs are always faithful so long as they are left at liberty, but once they are chained but little dependence is to be placed upon them, and the same peculiarity distinguishes the breed in its native country.

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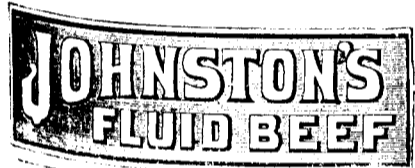
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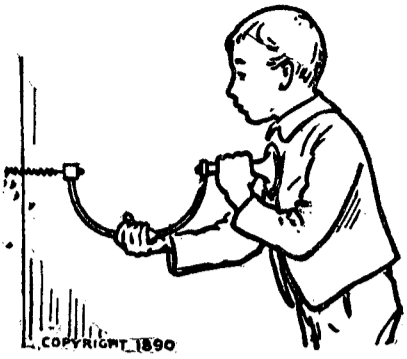


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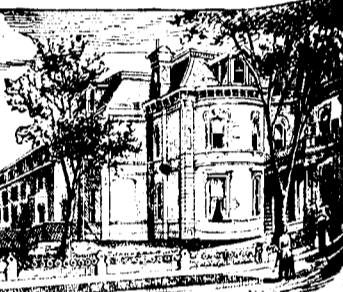


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