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THE WEEK.

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

CURRENT TOPICS.

Writing for readers in all parts of the Dominion, we do not usually enter closely into the discussion of local questions, except in so far as the principles involved seem to us to be of wider than local application. For this reason we have, in referring to the Sunday-car question, touched only upon the broader aspects of the controversy. As the day set apart for the voting approaches there are, however, two or three points which, though only of local bearing immediately, are of so much importance to the interests of all concerned, and which seem to be in so much danger of being overlooked until too late, that special emphasis should be given to them on all hands. These points, which have been rightly insisted upon by the *Globe*, are, that before the vote is taken, clear understandings and binding agreements should be had to assure the citizens, first, that no employee of the railway shall be permitted to work seven days in the week; second, that the city shall receive its percentage of the profits

upon the Sunday traffic, as upon that of the other days of the week; and third, that the Sunday service shall be subject to the regulations of the City Engineer exactly as that of other days. The first point is of special importance, both in its relation to the interests of the employees, and as involving a far-reaching sanitary and moral principle. The other two are legal questions in which it may be that the city's rights are already secure, but a clear understanding at the outset may prevent costly litigation with the bad blood it is pretty sure to engender. It surely devolves upon the Mayor and Council to see to it that no loophole is left for escape from the legal and moral obligations of the Company to its employees and to the city. If these points are neglected, a worse blunder than any that has hitherto been committed, will lie at the door of the guardians of the city's interests.

A motion providing in effect that the Irish representatives in the Imperial Parliament under the Home Rule arrangement should not be permitted to vote on any question except motions that may be made in amendment of the Home Rule Bill, was negatived in the British Commons by a majority of only forty. During the debate which arose on this motion, Mr. Chamberlain declared that the only just arrangement would be the total exclusion of the Irish members from Westminster. To most Canadians, accustomed to the working of the federal system, it must seem marvellous that Conservatives and Unionists in England, anxious above all things to conserve the unity of the Empire, could for a moment contemplate the exclusion of the representatives of Ireland from the great Council of the nation. Such exclusion would do more than anything else of which we can conceive to promote the real separation of Ireland from the Empire. Irishmen would naturally cease to take any special interest in the affairs of a Parliament in whose deliberations they had no voice. Instead of being gradually won over, under the conciliatory influence of the policy which removes old causes of exasperation and leaves them free to manage their own local affairs, to the position of loyal subjects of the Empire, they would be placed under the circumstances most favorable to the decay of whatever national feeling they may now possess. They would have a fresh grievance in being held responsible for the character and effects of

legislation in which they had no voice. The old cry, "Taxation without representation is tyranny," would soon be raised, and would probably be the precursor of a movement for absolute independence. In the face of such consequences, the danger of meddlesome or factious interference by Irish members in questions local to other portions of the United Kingdom sinks into comparative insignificance. Should such interference ever become troublesome, some remedy would speedily be devised, but the alienation of Ireland from Imperial interests would be permanent and its consequences irremediable.

An instructive object-lesson with regard to the folly and wickedness of retaliatory tariffs is now being set before the world in the tariff war between Russia and Germany. It is evidently a war between the politicians of the two countries. A few men at the head of the respective governments are venting their mutual piques at the expense of the masses of the people of the two countries. What could be more unstatesmanlike! The industrious citizens of the two countries are in consequence of the jealousies or rivalries of their political leaders, prevented from buying from each other freely the things which it would be to their mutual advantage to buy, and from selling to each other the things which it would be to their mutual advantage to sell! Such is European statesmanship in the last decade of the nineteenth century. Is it to be wondered at that Socialism is making rapid growth in the one country and Nihilism in the other? It is pretty safe to predict that the day is not far distant when the people will take such matters into their own hands and insist that the necessaries of life shall not be made artificially dear, and the exchange of products artificially difficult, to gratify the piques, or prejudices, or pre-judicial economic traditions of the men at the head of the State. An iron despotism may make the process of emancipation slow for Russians, but the intelligence of Germany will not long permit the people's bread to be made dear to suit the interests of selfish land-owners or the false economic notions of rulers. A more effective combination of circumstances for educational purposes could hardly be imagined than that which is furnished by the conjunction of increased taxation rendered necessary by the Army Bill, the pressure of hard times caused by a poor harvest, and the

virtual prohibition of the purchase of cheap Russian grain to supply the deficiency. The people must be short-sighted indeed if they fail to draw some useful inferences. At the base of the whole difficulty in Europe as in America is the strange thing that the buyer confers a favour upon the seller, and that it is less to a man's advantage to purchase what he needs than to sell what he does not need, on advantageous terms.

Those who think that Canadian Independence is a more desirable goal to be set before the minds of young Canadians than permanent colonialism, which is about all that could really be attained under any possible scheme of Imperial Federation, or political union with the United States, have much cause just now, to exclaim, "Save us from our friends!" Anything more unfortunate for them, or better adapted to bring their views into discredit, than the advocacy of Mr. Honore Mercier, it would not be easy to imagine. If anything could add to the misfortune of having an ex-Premier with so unsavory a record constitute himself champion of the movement, it would be the selection of the United States as the place in which to push the propaganda. By far the most effective argument that has been used against independence as an ultimate aim for Canadian patriotism and statesmanship, is the belief entertained by so many persons that independence must of necessity end in annexation. For our own part, we are much more inclined to regard independence, as a present aspiration and an ultimate aim, as the most effective safeguard against any incipient tendency towards political union with the neighbouring Republic. To have a movement in the direction of independence started, or attempted, by one whose past history as the Premier of a Canadian Province has, to say the least, failed to place his integrity and sincerity above suspicion, is bad enough. To have such a leader, self appointed, commence his campaign to the south of the international boundary, makes it about the most effective means which could have been devised to bring it into disrepute at the outset. If Mr. Mercier chooses to pose as the champion of Canadian Independence, no one has power or right to hinder him from doing as he will. But those who intelligently desire to see the change effected in honour and good will, at the proper moment, will unite in crying out, "Not with such champions." When the change comes, it must take place with the full consent and hearty sympathy of the Mother Country. The friendship of the United States will always be desirable, but to invoke foreign sympathy, as if for the oppressed escaping from a house of bondage, is to put all friends of independence in a false position which they will refuse to occupy.

Among the many changed and changing conditions which add to the intricacies of present day social and industrial problems, the increase of competition consequent upon the increase of population is not always sufficiently taken into the account. We sometimes read dissertations in which the results of a certain economic system are compared with those of that which it may have superseded, no account being made of the fact that there are now half-a-dozen competitors for the given employment when there used to be but two or three. Without attempting any general discussion of the way in which the great economic questions of the day are complicated by the ever-increasing numbers of those who are struggling for the means of subsistence, a discussion for which our space is wholly inadequate, we may mention a single case by way of illustrating how the fact referred to adds to the perplexities of the student of sociological problems. We hear many warm denunciations of the "sweating" processes, which are the means by which the marvellously cheap clothing and other articles in common use are produced. In so far as this "sweating" is the outcome of the heartlessness and greed of the middleman who coins money out of the necessities of the poor, by compelling them to work at starvation wages for his enrichment, no terms of condemnation can be too strong. The man, be he middleman or millionaire, who grinds the faces of the poor by appropriating more than his rightful share of the products of their toil is a robber and a murderer. If any legitimate pressure can be brought to bear to compel him to disgorge his unjust gains, or to pay labour its rightful due, every good man and woman should aid in applying such pressure, at whatever cost, whether of higher goods or of personal inconvenience.

But when we are taught to regard the goods manufactured by cheap labour, as accursed, and to refuse to purchase them, or to patronize the mammoth shops which are supposed to deal in them, we are constrained to stop and ask questions. Dreadful as it is for the poor needlewoman in the east end of London to be forced to work like a slave for three half pence an hour, it would be still more terrible for her to be deprived of an opportunity to work at all. Most of us would prefer, for reasons which we need not stop to analyze, life sustained on the plainest food and under the hardest conditions to absolute starvation. There is something very pitiful and tragic in the looking out a miserable subsistence often regard the well-meant efforts of philanthropists to punish their employers. It is, from their point of view, a doubtful charity to cut off their poor means of livelihood, if an absolute lack of employment is to take its place. It is but the operation of the simplest economic law which brings it about that

every reduction in the cost of an article of comfort or luxury increases the demand for that article by bringing it within the reach of a larger number of consumers, and thereby creates more employment for the makers of it. Every one of us, except perhaps the few whose wealth is superabundant, purchases many an article because of its cheapness, which he would not have purchased had the price been fifty or a hundred per cent. higher. He feels that if the one case he can afford it; in the other he could not have done so. The sum is this: Whatever cheapens production increases sales, and to increase sales is to increase employment. Hence if I refuse to purchase a cheap article because I suspect it to be a product of "sweating," unless I at the same time purchase a dearer article of the same kind, I simply reduce the sum total of employment and make the condition of those who work for starvation wages worse instead of better. We are not apologizing for the "sweater," or defending the cheap counter. We are merely airing a moral perplexity and pointing out that the condition of those who toil at starvation wages is not improved by our virtuous resolve not to buy their cheap products if our feeble philanthropy exhausts itself with that resolve.

The leading place in the Canadian Magazine for August is given to a short article in which, with some ability, though with somewhat faulty rhetoric, Mr. J. P. O'Hanly, C.E., defends Sir John Thompson from his critics. It is fair to suppose that Mr. O'Hanly knows whereof he writes, else we should have been disposed to regard his article as a tilt against a windmill. It is certainly no compliment to Canadian politics to essay a formal defence of a public man against such charges as having embraced Roman Catholicism as a means of political preferment, or having become the tool of Jesuitism, the nominee of the Roman Catholics, and their ally in a deep laid plot to hand over this country to the Pope, etc. Any stick is good enough to beat a political opponent with, and it is quite likely that all these arguments, or substitutes for arguments, may have been used on occasion by members of the Opposition. But Mr. O'Hanly's paper is, we judge from internal evidence, intended mainly for recalcitrant adherents of the party of which Sir John is the head, and hence takes on a more serious aspect. Time was, we suppose, when even in Canada the Roman Catholic vote was cast as pretty nearly a solid unit, at the bidding of the clergy. In that case it would generally turn the scale, and so become a thing of value for which a very unscrupulous politician might barter even a counterfeit faith. But that day has gone by, forever, let us hope, in Canada. The politician who should now turn Catholic or Jesuit in the hope of furthering his political ambitions would

prove himself sadly lacking in that perspicacity which is supposed to be one of the first qualifications for a political career. It is not unreasonable to suppose that the judgment of even the best of men may be influenced on occasion by religious preconceptions, but the evidence in the chief instance suggested is sadly defective. If Sir John Thompson acted under clerical influence in declining to veto the Jesuits' Estates Bill, what was the motive of the great majority of Protestant members of both parties who voted with him on that question?

condemn. Had we been loyally Conservative, instead of independent, would this have been wrong? Should we have been bound to say, "Well, it is opinion against opinion. Sir John thinks his course is that required by loyalty to his colleagues. What are you going to do about it?" If a candidate for the premiership may not be judged by his past record as a Minister; if his wrong-doings in that capacity are to be overlooked on the ground of fealty to his colleagues, by what is his fitness to be determined?

GOVERNMENT BY THE PEOPLE.

As THE WEEK, as an independent journal, does not represent either "the 'kicking' Conservatives," for whose benefit Mr. O'Hanly apparently writes, or Liberals, whose "constitutional function" it is to oppose the Government, we should not have felt called upon to comment upon his article, but for one passage, which seems to us to assume a theory of party fealty which even ardent partisans will hardly accept. While a member of the Government, before his accession to the premiership, Sir John was, Mr. O'Hanly holds, "in honor bound to carry out and defend to the best of his ability the policy chalked out for him by his party; or, failing this, to take up his hat and walk out. There is no middle course." At the Council Board a Minister may oppose a given policy and seek a change. "But when once a policy is determined on, it is the solemn and sworn duty of every Minister loyally to carry it out, or, if he cannot conscientiously do so, sever his connection." Many a good man and true, it is admitted, may think that the latter would be Sir John's best course, "whether gauged by prudence or honesty." Sir John believes the opposite. "It is opinion against opinion; and what are you going to do about it?" That is precisely the question. We are far from admitting, as we seem to be expected to do, that it is a question which admits of but one answer—that there is nothing to be done by the loyal party man but surrender his own judgment and accept that of the party leader, without objection or criticism. Take an example. When the Parliamentary investigation of two years ago was in progress we were struck with the rigid impartiality manifested by Sir John Thompson and his apparent determination to bring out the whole truth, let who might be hurt by it. THE WEEK commended him heartily for this. But when he afterwards, in our opinion, used special and specious pleading to save some of his colleagues from the legitimate consequence of misdoing; when he defended a gross gerrymander; when he condoned a party iniquity in the case of the London election; when he refused a fair enquiry into charges against a member of the administration, preferred by a member of the House on his responsibility, etc., THE WEEK did not hesitate to criticize and

Hon. G. W. Ross contributes an interesting article to the current number of the Canadian Magazine on the "Referendum and Plebiscite," in the course of which he points out that the former is already well-known and useful both in Canada and in the Mother Country, in local affairs, though it has not yet been tried on a Provincial or national scale. It is clear, however, that there is no difference in principle between submitting the question whether a certain act or policy shall become operative as law to the voters in a municipality and submitting a similar question, provincial or national in its range, to the voters of a Province, Dominion, or Kingdom. Having granted the legitimacy and utility of the referendum, it seems very like making a distinction without a difference, to object to that form of the same thing which is called the "plebiscite." The main difference between the two is that in the referendum the voters are called upon to pronounce "Yes" or "No" upon some bill or by-law which has already been discussed and adopted by some representative body, whereas in the plebiscite the question with regard to a certain proposed policy or change of policy is submitted in general terms, without having been put into formal shape or approved by the legislative body which submits it. This is what is to be done with regard to the question of prohibition in the Province of Ontario. Both referendum and plebiscite are thoroughly democratic, but then Canada is a democratic country and Great Britain is rapidly becoming such. Even so pronounced a Conservative as Lord Salisbury has declared with obvious reasonableness that no important constitutional change should take place in any country without the distinct approval of a majority of the people at the polls. The same position may be taken with equal confidence touching such a question as prohibition, affecting the personal habits and liberties of citizens.

democratic point of view. These defects arise mainly from the limitations of the franchise. When, for instance, the rate-payers of a municipality are called on to vote on a money by-law the voters may be said to be the persons mainly interested and so the proper parties to decide the question. But when such questions as the extension of the suffrage, or the enfranchisement of women, are submitted to the people, it is obvious that much, perhaps everything, affecting the decision, depends upon who are permitted to vote. The very question, for instance, which, as Mr. Ross reminds us, was submitted to vote in several States in the American Union, viz., whether women should be given the franchise, implied in its form and substance that it was considered at least doubtful whether they were not justly entitled to vote. This gives rise to a curious dilemma. If women had the right to vote, they should have been permitted to vote on the question submitted. Had they been permitted to do so, it is very likely that their right would have been affirmed. When the men decided against them, that decision was evidently without moral weight in the eyes of those citizens, men or women, who hold that woman should be placed on an equality with men in regard to all civil and political rights. On the other hand, had women been permitted to vote on the question and had the result been a negative, the decision would have been morally invalidated by the fact that some of those who voted were not entitled to vote. This is not a mere speculative refinement, like some of Sancho Panza's famous conundrums. The principle underlying it is of manifest importance. Take, for another instance, the coming plebiscite on the question of prohibition in Ontario. The sound democratic principle would seem to be that all citizens whose interests are or may be directly affected by the legislation proposed should have a voice in deciding for or against its adoption. But how many of those whose interest or happiness may be at stake, will have no voice in the matter?

These objections are not peculiar, it is true, to the referendum and plebiscite. They hold good under all systems of popular government in which the franchise is in any way restricted. Even were the suffrage more completely universal than under any system which has ever yet been tried, the principle of the objection—that of the wrong person being allowed or the right person not allowed to vote on a given question—would still be found applicable at some point.

But the fact that no system of self-government can be made perfect is no reason why efforts to improve existing systems and to bring them as near perfection as possible, should not be honestly and constantly made. It would, perhaps, be difficult to devise any scheme more nearly ideal than that of the Swiss, under which the referendum must be

used in the case of proposed constitutional changes, and in all other matters on demand of a certain number of citizens. An inherent defect of the plebiscite is that in many cases so much depends upon the form in which the general principle or policy to be affirmed or denied is wrought out, that, in the absence of a definite bill, one may scarcely know whether to approve or condemn. Obviously, in a question like that of prohibition, in which the decision may affect the property, the comfort, or the well-being, personal, domestic, or social, of every man and woman in the land, and in many cases that of women even more profoundly than that of men, any restriction of the ballot on grounds of property, class, or sex, is so far an obvious falling short of an ideal standard of justice.

BOOKS.

Who among us has not been overwhelmed with a feeling of awe as he has been ushered into some great library and finds himself surrounded by a wilderness of books? Tier beyond tier in endless line they stretch—books, some of them unknown to the world even by name; others whose title is a household word in every age and land; some whose influence has been but a bubble on the wave, others which, like a mighty ocean-current, have changed the whole course of history. The very air is redolent of the memories of the past. We stand with hushed voice and reverent mien as if in some great minster thickly strewn with the ashes of the dead. But from these urns has sprung a spirit that can never die, and which, an angel of light, ever beckons us on to higher and better things. For, as the great Blind Poet says: "A good book is the precious life-blood of a master-spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose for a life beyond life."

The word itself "book" is derived from the A.S. "boc" connected with the word "beech," because books were at first among these rude people made from the inner bark of the beech tree.

But thousands of years before our A.S. ancestors recorded their thoughts in books, the Assyrians stamped their thoughts in cuneiform, or wedge-shaped characters upon clay tablets; so many thousands of which have been found in the mounds of the Tigris and Euphrates, and placed in the great museums of Europe.

The books of the Romans consisted chiefly of papyrus rolls, the papyrus growing upon the reedy margin of the Nile. These leaves, or strips, of papyrus were specially prepared for the writing; and the author, if he wished, as we should now say, to have his book published, sent his original to the copyist, instructing him to have so many copies made by the writers, or scribes. These copies were then sent to the decorators, who ornamented the margins and the initial words of chapters, and who passed the roll on to those who mounted it upon a round stick or cylinder, of from one to two feet in length and adorned at the ends with metal or ivory tips. The scroll so prepared was sent to the case-maker, who made the cedar box to protect it from moisture and especially from moths. The pens employed were chiefly from the Nile, and the ink

was extremely durable, many rolls having been disinterred after the lapse of 1800 years. From the casemaker the rolls were sent to the librarian or stationer, whose wares were arranged about his shop very much as rolled-up maps are arranged in a modern school-room. It is scarcely necessary to say that, besides papyrus, the ancients used parchment, vellum, thinly-beaten leaden sheets, and waxen tablets, for their literary work.

Notwithstanding, then, the great expense (we must never forget that the employment of slave labor wonderfully lessened this expense), the ancients collected vast libraries. With them, as with us, "of the making of books there was no end." The oldest of these libraries with manuscript writings was the First Library of Egypt, the accounts of the marvellous size of which seem almost fabulous. This was followed, ages afterwards, by another great Egyptian library, that of Alexandria, founded by Ptolemy Soter, and containing, according to one account, 400,000, and according to another, 700,000 volumes. Its stores were increased by the addition of the books of the library of Pergamos (the city whose name gives us the word "parchment") containing 200,000 volumes. This Alexandrian library was the wonder of the world; but in 391 A.D. it was almost entirely destroyed by a rabble of Christian monks led by a fanatical Archbishop; and the Moors, centuries afterwards, completed its destruction.

Not only had the Romans great public libraries, as we have, but the private libraries were, in many instances, thrown open to the public. Many—in fact, most—of these great libraries were destroyed by the barbarians who overran the Empire from the 3rd to the 7th century. The precious remains were preserved chiefly in convents and monasteries, some of which possessed from 1,000 to 2,000 volumes, while others considered themselves fortunate in possessing 10 or 20 volumes. Of these conventual collections many remain to this day: e.g., the collection of Christ Church, Oxford, and that of Canterbury. Although the inauguration of the era of the universities in the 12th century gave a great impetus to the multiplication of books for the students, yet the excesses of the religious reformers in the 15th century and their zeal against Roman Catholicism led to the destruction of many valuable libraries.

The most celebrated libraries in the world at present are probably: the National (formerly the Royal) Library of Paris, with almost 2,000,000 printed books and 150,000 MSS.; the Vatican Library at Rome with the best collection of ancient MSS. in existence; and the Library of the British Museum with its million volumes.

But until the invention of printing there could be no circulation of books as we understand that expression. For the labor of multiplying copies was so excessive that only the rich could afford to have a library. So precious were the manuscripts that they were chained to the desks in church and hall; and so great was the work of making, copies that Alcuin, the Anglo-Saxon monk, toiled 22 years at transcribing a version of the Scriptures.

The history of printing is full of interest, but time permits only a glance at it. From the most remote age the Chinese had the system which they still use; the stamping upon paper of the impression from a block engraved as a whole. This was, in fact, mere-

ly the Assyrian principle as exemplified in the clay tablets. But it was not until 1428 that there occurred the idea of movable type—type which might, therefore, be arranged in any combinations, and which could be used again and again. This principle, the application of which revolutionized the world, was put into effect by two men apparently at the same time. These men were Laurence Coster, of Haarlem, Holland, and Gutenberg, of Mayence, Germany. From these cities, Haarlem and Mayence, the new art rapidly spread throughout Europe—indeed Strasburg contests with the two the honor of having been the birthplace of the art. The first printed book appeared in about 1440; the earliest one printed by Gutenberg being a copy of the Bible; and about thirty years thereafter Caxton set up his press at Westminster.

With printing, newspapers became possible. Without it the Fourth Estate could never have sprung into being. The Romans had, it is true, their "Acta Diurna" and "Acta Publica" written bulletins, or notices, put up day by day in the forum or the market-place. These were prepared by the clerks under the authority of the magistrates, and contained notices of deaths, births, the amount of revenue required or collected, new edicts, and other like information. They were, in fact, much like the Government or official gazette of our own day—furnishing, in addition, however a certain amount of public news. To Venice and Germany it is that we owe the origin of the newspaper proper: "Die Neue Zeitung" and "Die Relationen," of Augsburg, appearing in the latter part of the 15th century, and containing an account of the discovery of America, of the capture of Constantinople by the Turks, of the burning of witches, of earthquakes, and many other items of public interest.

In the 16th century, there appeared at Venice, at first in writing and afterwards in print, "Le Notizie Schritte," which might be seen and read for a small coin called a *sezen*: hence our word "Gazette." In England the honor of precedence belongs to "The News out of Holland," of the time of James I., "The English Mercurie" of Elizabeth's reign being now considered unauthentic.

Did space permit it would be interesting to study more in detail the history of the Press—its emancipation from obnoxious governmental restrictions: in a word, the struggles through which it has passed from the day when a few dozen copies of a tiny sheet were struck off from the primitive hand-press to the present, when the sheets fall from the whirling cylinders like leaves from the wind-swept forest.

We live to-day, then, in a world flooded with printed matter. Of the present century it is true that "of the making of books there is no end," while from the small number of books that ever succeed many an author has been tempted to utter the Scriptural wish: "Oh, that mine enemy might write a book!"

We can scarcely put ourselves into the position of the men of the past, when so large a part of the population could neither read nor write. But still this universal multiplication of reading matter is not an unmixed good. It leads to superficiality of knowledge. We cannot read everything, and yet we feel that we must have a conversational acquaintanceship with the thousand and one events happening

day by day in the great world, with the new books continually appearing, with the new theories continually broached. The result is that we do not read thoroughly: our reading is desultory and often misleading. Our forefathers read thoroughly what they did read. Where is the man now who can quote page after page from Milton or Shakespeare or the Bible? But this was a common accomplishment a century ago.

But again, there is too great a tendency towards books of fiction. Novels are not to be condemned. They serve a very useful purpose, both for instruction and for amusement. But it is possible to read too many novels; more than that, to read useless, often pernicious novels. One of the greatest dangers of the present day lies in this passion for sensational, in many cases immoral novels.

But further. There is too much newspaper reading. It is impossible to exaggerate the good effected by the Press. It has scattered knowledge far and wide, and again and again has proved to be the palladium of a nation's freedom. But there is too much newspaper reading now; i. e., people read newspapers too exclusively. The majority, I venture to say, read virtually nothing except newspapers and light fiction. Moreover, many persons read just those parts which may be best omitted: gossip, accidents, exciting trials, etc., merely winning over the more solid matter.

And, by the way, there periodically arises the question: What ought a newspaper to publish, and what ought it not? Is it justified in printing accounts, say of a prize-fight, prohibited by law? It would seem that it is so justified; for newspapers exist for the giving of news, and their subscribers are entitled to such news. But there should be a line drawn as to the prominence given to such news. It is to preach a homily against something which it takes good care shall, in its news columns, have the greatest amount of space and the most attractive headlines. Moreover, there can be no excuse at all for the publication or circulation of literature the very object of which is to degrade the moral sense of the community and to gratify man's love for the morbid and the immoral.

This subject of the Press abounds with interesting questions. There is the much-disputed query: What shall an ideal newspaper be—a journal devoted to a particular party, or a mere vehicle of news without comment, or the reflection of the changeable moods of the nation as the London Times? And there is the question of the change of taste in reading, for each age has its fashion in books and journals.

To-day virtually no one reads the heavy, didactic literature so popular in the past, e. g., Pollock's "Course of Time" and Comper's "Task."

Then, again, there are the perennial questions: What are the best books to read, and how shall we best read them? No better answer can be given to the first than "that, while reading something upon all sorts of subjects, each one ought to make a specialty of some one subject: it matters not what it be, so that he may fulfil the injunction: "Know something of everything, but everything of something."

As to the second: How best shall we read? There can be no better guide than that given by Carlyle: "The great thing in reading is to know what to omit," which is but another way

of saying that the ideal reader can discern almost at a glance the main point of an article or paragraph; possess himself thereof, so that he shall never forget it; and avoid burdening his mind with useless verbiage or extraneous matter.

But all knowledge does not come from written words. There are books and books. And there are multitudes of men who have read but very little, who are more truly educated than is many a college graduate. Education is not from books alone—using that word in its narrow sense. It is from Nature, from the world, and from oneself. These are in a higher sense even than printed records—these are the books whence we may draw our stores of knowledge and experience. From Nature, whose leaves are ever open before us, waiting to be read: the heavenly orbs in all their infinite variety: "that great epistle writ on azure ground;" the rocks: "those pages written by the hand of time with the ink of death;" the flowers: yes, the flowers: for:—

Everywhere about us are they glowing,
Some, like stars, to tell us Spring is born:
Others, their blue eyes with tears o'erflowing,
Stand like Ruth amid the golden corn;
Not alone in meadows and green alleys,
On the mountain-top and by the brink
Of sequestered pools in woodland valleys,
Where the slaves of Nature stoop to drink;
In all places, then, and in all seasons,
Flowers expand their light and soul-like wings,
Teaching us, by most persuasive reasons,
How akin they are to human things.

From Nature and from the world. The world, with its ceaseless rush, its feverish haste, its vain pursuit of unsubstantial gain, but yet its kindly sympathy, its eager striving onward and upward, its history of the past and promise of the future. The world and one's self, one's own inner soul: that at times we may say:

Stand still, my soul, in the silent dark
I would question thee,
Alone in the shadow drear and dark
With God and me!

These are the great books of mankind: far more profound, far more potent in their influence, than all the written volumes of the libraries of the world. More than that: these are God's books just as much as are the Bibles of the world; for they it is in which man reads those things which he has transcribed into written words in the world's Bibles, and these great manuscripts of God are still open to us as to those of yore: man is still studying their inscriptions, he is still deciphering their hidden meaning.

So true it is that
Slowly the Bible of the race is writ;
And not on paper leaves or leaves of stone:
Each age, each kindred, adds a verse to it:
Texts of despair, or hope, or joy, or moan;
Still at the prophet's feet the nations sit.
J. H. LONG.

THE OTTAWA "SHINERS."

Some time ago I happened on the number of "The Lake" for last September, in which an article appeared written by Mr. J. Macdonald Oxley, entitled "A Habitan Hercules." The article dealt with the Ottawa "Shiners," an interesting episode in the early history of lumbering on the Ottawa, or Grand River, as it was then often called, an employment which, with the exception of the fur trade, was in Montferand's time (Mr. Oxley's "Habitan Hercules") the most romantic and adventurous in Canada.

As a son of one of the originators of that trade in the Ottawa valley, and as one whose memory runs back to the latter period with which the article referred to deals, I can write with some confidence regarding the "Shiners." Indeed, I would have contradicted a grave misstatement of Mr. Oxley's long before now but that I wished to confirm my own knowledge by referring to men whose memory runs back much farther than my own, and to one old friend in particular, a survivor of the genial race of Ottawa pioneers, who was well advanced in middle age when I was a boy.

Boy as I was, I had drilled into me a lively sense of the desperate characters to whom the Ottawa lumbermen had for years almost tamely to submit. Indeed, the earliest recollection of my childhood is connected with one of their characteristic exploits—the surrounding of my father's house by a gang of those very men whose innumerable deeds of violence had given them a complete ascendancy over the French Canadian raftsmen, and practically driven the latter from the river. I have a vivid recollection of the glimpse I got of the horde, armed with long pikes, who yelled and threatened around the house, which was strong, and built, like many lumbermen's houses in those days, of stone. I think I see them still: as well, the stern bearing of my father, whose Scottish blood was up; the barricading of the doors; the loading of fire-arms by his people within; the fears of my mother and sister that the ruffians would set fire to the out-buildings—all is more vivid in my mind to-day than the things of yesterday. I have been in more than one tight place since, but nothing clings so tenaciously to my memory as that childish episode. Such men had for many years carried things with a ferocious hand on the Ottawa, and gloried in their misdeeds. They conducted the timber "drives," as they were called, down the various tributaries of the great river pretty much as they pleased—all of these tributaries being then in a state of nature, teeming with peril and alive with the voices of chute and cataract. Savagely resentful of any interference on the part of their employers, the "Shiners" would lie for days at one or other of the numerous little "shebeens" along these streams, and when at length the timber was rafted, such was their insolence that owners were sometimes unable to set foot upon their own property, or having done so, were forcibly run ashore. In those days rafts were not towed by steamers as now, but were partly rowed and partly sailed, through lakes and sluggish waters, each being furnished with a full set of sails and anchors. These rafts consisted of a large number of "cribs," each of which contained about twenty sticks of squared timber, besides traverses and "loading-pieces," all being lashed together, and thoroughly secured by withes and chains. At the head of dangerous rapids they were broken up, and the rapids run in single cribs, or in several cribs, called "bands," and such places were invariably the scenes of riot and excess. When Bytown was reached, or any other habitat of the French Canadians, the "Shiners" instantly set upon them and their belongings, and indulged in mutilation and murder to their heart's content. The summer's experience culminated, upon arrival at Quebec, in a terrific debauch, where—backed by their own kind, who abounded in that city—they made Lower Town a hell until their means were spent, after which they bor-

owed from their rufel employers, and returned with saddened frames to the wilderness. But the "Shiners" were not altogether fools, else the timber trade of the Ottawa would have perished. They generally "behaved themselves" in the woods, and being physically strong, their axes told. The timber got to Quebec, somehow, though of course rafts were often "stuck;" and if they did as they pleased and ended the winter's work religiously on St. Patrick's Day, they sometimes did wonders whilst they were at it. Upon the whole, however, their feats lay mainly in the paths of insolence and crime; nor was it hard to do wonders in an Ottawa forest at a time when pines were as plentiful as their branches are to-day.

Coarse and cruel as his nature was, the "Shiner" did not lack the humour more characteristic of his countrymen than now—a drollery which was at its best when called into play by anxious or timid employers, whose interests were, of course, in constant jeopardy. These in their despair would sometimes flatter a "leader," or make touching appeals to his "manly pride," an artifice which was easily seen through, and which gave instant rein to the ironical temper of the man. In this spirit he would assume a sympathetic, even obsequious, air for a time—a species of acting which was fully appreciated by his fellows, but did not long impose upon his victim. Upon the slightest provocation the mask was thrown off, and the "Shiner," who knew his power, used it as the ruffian, in such circumstances, always does and always will.

Such was the state of things which existed for many years on the Ottawa River, Bytown being not the only but the principal scene of the "Shiners'" diversions. Even after they were put down they were troublesome when numbers and opportunity served, and sometimes, as in my father's case, made it hot for employers, or stray French Canadians "on the drive." But the game was up, and when at last completely cowed, servility naturally took the place of truculence, and they gradually forsook the river. A few stragglers still haunted it, however, and as late as 1860, on the Madawaska and elsewhere, decrepit characters have been pointed out to me as old "Shiners," by raftsmen who knew them. Numbers of them drifted into obscure employment at the various "depôts," as they were called, on the tributaries of the river, namely, farms where oats, potatoes and cattle were raised and supplies stored for winter use in the shanties. In this connection an amusing incident comes to my mind as I write. At the head of a rapid on the Madawaska, a large farm of this kind was worked by one of the most noted lumbermen of the Ottawa valley, Gerard McCrea, a rollicking Irishman of the old school, whose knowledge of his countrymen was instinctive. The rapids were being run by the raftsmen, and the Madawaska lumbermen had congregated, as usual, at a primitive but comfortable tavern, carried on, as such places often were at that time, by a broken-down gentleman, who knew his guests' tastes to a hair and catered to them with the familiarity of a friend. The house had a veranda facing the north, with an outlook upon the fields of McCrea's farm, in one of which a number of decayed "Shiners" and their kin were at work lazily picking stones. The seats in the veranda were filled by the lumbermen of the river, full of anecdote and fond of fun, and the conversa-

tion having turned for some time upon national characteristics, McCrea, who was present, exclaimed, "Look at those men yonder. Some of them are old 'Shiners,' and all of them are Irishmen, knit together by every kind of association, yet I can convert them into deadly enemies of each other in a few minutes." And he did. He went off to where they were at work, and, after some badinage, beckoned one of them aside, had some talk with him, and then returned. Nothing seemed to follow, the work went on as usual, and McCrea's friends began to twit him and to offer bets, which he took at once, and then quietly went back to the field. This time he jugged another man aside, had some conversation with him, and again joined his friends on the veranda. Not many minutes passed before the two men were seen to have some trouble; an altercation arose, sides were taken by the others, and all at once a furious fight began which taxed even McCrea's authority to end. Fortunately no heads were broken, and a liberal supply of whiskey healed all other wounds. McCrea's explanation of how a few magic words brought the ruction about was simple enough and is scarcely worth recounting. He told the first hand that he had been watching the laborers, and was satisfied that they were scamping their work, and asked him, as a man in whom he had perfect confidence, to take charge of the gang. He said the same thing to the second man, and as reason, as McCrea well knew, would not enter in, the result was as he predicted.

It is extremely doubtful if a single "Shiner" is still alive. They abused themselves, as well as others, and were intemperate to a man. The few who reformed were a meagre off-set against such a mass of undeviating brutality; though, in justice to the one or two who did reform, it must be said they became orderly, and, after a time, even respectable citizens.

But now to Mr. Oxley's article. He says: "A curious and interesting field of conflict was the Ottawa valley between the years 1806 and 1850. From Hull to Montreal, a distance of over a hundred miles, human habitations were few and far between. Lumbering was the chief industry, and this adventurous, arduous business attracted to it a class of men who had many points of resemblance to the Argonauts of '49. They were, for the most part of either Irish or French extraction, and when it is remembered that the former were mainly Orangemen, and therefore the sworn enemies of all who spoke the French language or held the Catholic faith, it is easy to understand that their mutual relations were the reverse of harmonious.

"Throughout the long line of communication law and order were alike unknown. Might alone was right. The raftsmen were selected for their size, and the chief of each 'gang' was always the man who had shown himself the best fighter. Montferrand was admirably adapted for such a sphere of action. As guide of a raft or foreman of a 'shanty' he had abundant opportunity for the display of his splendid strength no less than of that sound judgment and practical grasp of affairs, which made him the most sought after and best paid foreman on the river. He soon became the recognized chief and champion of the Canadian party.

"If a gang of his fellow-countrymen suffered defeat, he was sure to be called upon to avenge

their overthrow, and he devised schemes for the undoing of the Orangemen that would have done credit to a general.

"The continual going to and fro of the different employers brought them constantly into contact, and necessitated sleepless strategy and forethought in order to prevent calamitous surprises. The weaker party was always treated without mercy in the fierce struggles which took place, and in which many men were killed. The Orangemen got the name of 'Shiners'—a title whose etymology is uncertain. They were guilty of many cruelties. To burn down a house, to tar and feather men and women, to smash furniture, to break up a funeral, to interrupt divine service, to waylay and maltreat innocent passers-by—these, and the like enormities entered into their programme, and as each one of them provoked reprisals, there was little lull in the conflict which made the Ottawa valley the scene of many a bloody struggle during those score years."

Mr. Oxley's comparison of the men engaged in lumbering to the Argonauts of '49 demands a passing notice. In the first place, except to supply local wants, there was little "lumbering" proper, that is to say, cutting logs for export as sawn lumber. On the Ottawa at the time he refers to, the business was many years was confined to square timber, the "cut" being in the earliest days almost entirely of red pine, or "Norroway," as it was then called. In fact, the saw-log industry was considered at first an "interloper," and was looked upon for a long time not only with disfavour but even with aversion by the old license-holders, who were all engaged in making square timber for the English market. But this is a bygone feature with which one can scarcely expect Mr. Oxley to be familiar. The employees were shantymen in winter and raftsmen in summer. In the former season the industry included foremen (who acted also as wood-meeters, and had generally a thorough knowledge of their employer's territory) and clerks who kept the books and the "vanjottery," or "van," as it was called for shortness, in which were stored the clothing, tobacco, and other requirements. These were the officers, all of whom, as a rule, followed the river in spring and, with the assistance of "pilots," who were specially engaged to take charge of the rafts, conveyed the timber to Quebec. Until the "Shiners" appeared, the men at first employed were principally Canadians—that is to say, Frenchmen, for the word "Canadian" was applied only to them when I was a boy, all others being called "old-countrymen," whether born in Canada or not. Doubtless many casual people as well were attracted to the occupation though scarcely in the same spirit as the Argonauts of '49 were attracted to California. For the employers, they were almost without exception men of generous nature and private in hospitality.

In the early days they obtained their simply by applying for them, and so little was thought of them that owners sometimes feited "berths," now of immense value, rather than pay ground-rent, which increased in geometrical proportion if the limits were worked. The majority of the license-holders were British or French Canadians, with a sprinkling of Americans, who came from the States at an early day, and established their

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flung through the bedroom windows, one striking the bed in which Roche and his wife were sleeping."

It would be more agreeable to end this letter here; but one or two observations are inevitable. All this ruction in the old days in the Ottawa valley had its origin not in landlordism, rackrenting, or the rest of it, but in those barbarous instincts whose contemporary exhibitions in Ireland bear a striking resemblance to those of the Bytown "Shiners" of fifty years ago. The crimes of the latter could not be attributed, as crime is in Ireland to-day, to oppression and injustice, or even to the antagonisms of race and creed, for the "Shiners'" enmity towards his traditional enemy, the Saxon Orangeman, scarcely exceeded his ferocious hatred of the French Canadian. Sincere consideration leads to but one conclusion—a painful one, but inevitable—that the Celtic Irishman's troubles cannot be cured by the quackeries of his true oppressors, the professional agitators. These men make too good a living out of his destructive instincts to care to see him tamed, or become an honest and contented citizen.

It is almost certain that, if any other race (the French, for example) inhabited Ulster instead of its existing industrious and prosperous people, it would be the object of the "oppressed" Irishmen's hate. Nay, it is highly probable that if every Sassenach were thrust out, and the "oppressed" alone remained, in the absence of a common object of hatred they would turn upon each other and keep the unhappy island in perennial confusion. The Irish Celts present the strangest anomalies in European history. Brave in the service of other countries, they have failed to defend their own. Protected by the sea, with better soil and a larger population than Scotland, they have been unable to retain their integrity as a nation. Much of the Irish Celt's trouble in the past has been attributed to unjust legislation; but though this has long been got rid of, the trouble remains. He is living under precisely the same laws as the people of Ulster; yet Ulster is the abode of the things that make life tolerable whilst the "oppressed" brood upon crime and perpetuate the old ignorance, apathy and despair. Surely the leaders of such a people are the real "oppressors," who instead of guiding their followers to the light of knowledge and teaching them self-reliance, flatter their prejudices and intensify the antipathies of a vanished age. If such a people, under existing intellectual conditions and as at present led, were granted complete self-government, it is incredible that they would govern themselves aright—they would continue to be the prey of the agitator, the enthusiast and the parasite. Even the Teutonic race, with all its political instinct, has difficulty in steering a steady course amid the breakers of anarchy and empirical change. "Triumphant Democracy," venal to the core, is everywhere handing over its suffrages and its liberties to oligarchies of its own creating, and now finds that its vaunted "progress" is simply weakening and debasing the self-reliance and simplicity of the race, and, instead of tempering, is intensifying the struggle for existence. Hence anarchy is fairly on the cards. Yet the Teutonic nations, with all their faults, are the depositaries of the ideas of justice and order, and will right themselves if any people can. In the meantime, it would be wisdom for the "oppressed" Irish to pay more attention to indus-

"I shall be most glad to give my old friend the information he wants regarding the 'Shiners.' He may well refute the assertion that they were a body of Irish Orangemen. On the contrary, Orangemen were principally the victims of the many unlawful doings of the 'Shiners' in the early days of Bytown—rank Papists, who were finally stamped out by a force of Orangemen who came down from Richmond on what was ever afterwards remembered as 'Stony Monday.' I remember the day well. I went down on Saturday by the 'Lady Colborne,' and had to wait for her return on Tuesday. I witnessed the abuse of Jimmie Johnstone at the Sapper's Bridge, and saw the final blows struck and the 'Shiners' defeated. Even before my time on the Ottawa many a black deed was perpetrated around the Chaudiere by the latter. In my early day they were headed by men, some of whom afterwards became decent citizens, the ———, of ———, for example. I remember when ——— was a terror to Bytown, but who afterwards became a respectable man."

The Johnstone referred to in Mr. Munro's letter was a member of Parliament in his day and the most prominent Orangemen in Bytown at the time of the outrage. He was pitched over the Sapper's Bridge by the "Shiners," who were, shortly afterwards, defeated and put down by the Orangemen, as every old resident of the Ottawa valley knows.

I have now discharged my duty, not in the interest of faction, but of truth, in correcting Mr. Oxley's error. In a portion of his article on Montferriand—a brawny fellow certainly but not quite the invincible hero Mr. Oxley makes him out to be, for a tradition ran, in my youth, that he was beaten by Martin Hennessey, a brawnier fellow still—he speaks of the etymology of the word "Shiner" as being uncertain. I have often heard it discussed by Ottawa men in times past, who were generally of opinion that it was near of kin to the faction names of Ireland. The old term "moonlighter," revived and in present use there, is suggestive of the "Shiner," and perhaps a further quotation from Mr. Munro's letter may, in the eye of latter-day experience, satisfy the reader as to its genesis.

"H—— desires me to ask if you don't remember a relic which moved prominently for a long time around Renfrew in the shape of an old horse known by the name of 'Shiner,' the property of the above mentioned Jimmy Johnstone. The 'Shiners,' among other lawless deeds committed by them, took this horse and cropped his ears close to the skull, and shaved his tail, thus rendering him almost valueless. He then became the property of old Ruffie, who lived near the Horton Mills, and latterly that of Hugh Frood, who employed him in driving his brick machine in Renfrew, where he was long a curiosity, with his cut ears and bare tail. Do you remember the object?"

The foregoing is a mild specimen of the "Shiners'" brutalities in the Ottawa valley many years ago. By way of comparison let us see what is being done by the moonlighters in Ireland to-day. I quote a paragraph in an English paper of a few weeks ago, headed "Moonlighting in Kerry:"

"News has reached New Ross of a serious outrage which was perpetrated last week at the farm of a Nationalist named Michael Roche, of Ballybeg, County Kilkenny. The tails of thirteen cows were cut off, and large stones were

elves on the Ottawa. They were certainly anything but adventurers lured by the hope of sudden gain; but rather men who embarked in the trade in a purely commercial spirit, and who, like the fur traders, without any ardent liking for the settler, enabled him to live. For many years after 1806, bacon, and even bread-stuffs, were frequently imported from the British Islands, but all along the market furnished by the timber trade was stimulating the pioneer farmer to exertion and luring him deeper and deeper into the wilderness. It was a romantic industry as well, and, like the fur trade, had through its very vicissitudes an irresistible fascination for those engaged in it. But this is another matter.

It is not to elucidate these points that I now write, but rather to contradict a very serious misstatement of Mr. Oxley's, viz: that the "Shiners" were Orangemen. "The Orangemen," he says, "got the name of 'Shiners'—a title whose etymology is uncertain."

I am not an Orangeman, and my opinions are quite colorless as regards the Orange Order. In Canada it is looked upon by some as a braying instrument, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing. By others it is regarded as the tool of one horde of our professional politicians. For my own part I am colorless, as I have said, but I do know of an incident of real importance in its record in Canada, and that in connection with this very question of the "Shiners." In this matter Mr. Oxley is entirely wrong, and neither he, nor anybody else, has a right to falsify history. Indeed, I feel sure that so excellent an author could only do so unconsciously, for no one knows better than he that even the literature of fancy must have some sort of verisimilitude. As a matter of fact Mr. Oxley made no independent inquiry, since he refers to a brochure of M. Sulte as his authority. This does not entirely acquit him from blame, for no writer should make such a direct statement as his without ascertaining that there is contemporary evidence, or, at all events, tradition to support it. Though I have not seen M. Sulte's brochure, yet I am quite certain it is well written, for he is an author of cultivated taste and skill. But M. Sulte is also a professed Canadian historian, and, therefore, by the laws which govern historical composition, bound over to "keep the truth," no matter what race or what sect may suffer. I am sorry to think that he is responsible for Mr. Oxley's statement. The Orangemen of Canada might with justice accuse him only with want of historical integrity but of ingratitude as well; for the "Shiners," who were the terror of his race, and who drove his countrymen from the river and murdered them and Orangemen by the score, were Roman Catholic Irishmen, who, after every species of outrage and crime, were defeated in a downright battle by the Orangemen of the Ottawa valley. This is a truth so easily verified that there is no excuse whatever for such a misstatement as Mr. Oxley's. There are men still alive who were the contemporaries of the scenes he describes so well, yet from a point of view so valueless in one sense and positively immoral in another. Any old Ottawa man would naturally feel incensed at such a "wrong presentation," and one of these venerable gentlemen, now eighty-four years old, who lives at Kinross, Ont., but who was for many years one of the most widely known residents of the Ottawa valley, has still the most lively recollection of the "Shiners," as the following passage from a recent letter of his attests:

try and education than to the tricks of the agitators. In the opinion of her own best people, the true interest of Ireland lies not in separation, but in the closest union with Great Britain. Mr. Blake, in his present political campaign, has made vigorous use of the federal adjustment in Canada as a strong plea in favor of Home Rule in Ireland. But this is a fallacious argument. There is no comparison whatever between the enormous areas and distances which make the federal bond a necessity in Canada, and the close relationship, geographically, between Great Britain and her sister island. The area of both combined would amount to little more than that of one of our provincial districts whilst the political and economic necessities of the United Empire make it impolitic, and indeed impossible, to concede to Ireland more than such enlarged municipal powers as are necessary to the internal development of the Kingdom.

Under such circumstances, and if the idea of independence did not underlie the clamour for Home Rule, that is all that a sensible people, alive to the well-being of their country, would demand. For, much as the Irish Home Rulers hate the Anglo-Saxon, they cannot conceal from themselves that for better or for worse, he is the world's colonizer—a great matter in which Ireland is greatly interested. However recreant at times to his trust, he is nevertheless the guardian of individual freedom and public liberty. By him an end was put to the tyranny of things, and by him, if by any power, a check will be given to the still more dangerous abuses of democracy. His final cause, indeed, seems to be to constrain the conscience and energies of mankind to the reasonable and practical ends of life—ends neither above nor beneath the touch of humanity. But this can only be brought about by unity, not by the service of tribal conditions. There are evidently men alive who, if they had the power, would dissolve the political union of Great Britain and undo the work of centuries. A self-styled Druid died the other day in England. There is a society which commemorates the death of Charles the "Martyr," and dreams of a restoration. Indeed, it is not impossible that a proposal to revive the Heptarchy would find adherents. It is the day of superficial revivals, of fads and fakes and spectres, which sober reason condemns, and which humanity in due time will relegate to the limbo of absurdities.

AN OLD OTTAWAN.

PARIS LETTER.

The French fully understand the gravity of the Siam imbroglio, and admit that what has commenced at Bangkok may terminate in Europe. There is no use going to hysteresis over the hard conditions France has dictated to the Siamese; their reply to the ultimatum has been drafted by a firm hand and a cool head. The unknown elements in the problem are, the attitudes of England and China. It is for France to mark on the map what territories she insists upon obtaining; if her demands include the territory claimed by England and China, she is not likely to occupy it against the protest of those nations, so that England and China satisfied, France has only to arrange frontiers with Siam. But when she cannot close the Anglo-Indian route to Western China, not much advantage is to be gained by insisting on the remaining portion of the Mekong valley.

There is the blockade question; if a long war between France and Siam be on the cards, the Western powers may not be accommodating as to continuing to put up for an indefinite damage to their commerce. With the English, Dutch and Germans occupying Bangkok, there can be no playing at protectorate in Siam, so that there is not a great deal to be gained, but very much risk is to be encountered, by delaying to fix up the quarrel with Siam. The danger to be feared is a misunderstanding with China, and compelling England to actively join the triple alliance. Russia would then have to declare under which King she lived—Bezonian, speak or die. And when the powers would be thus classed, the clash of the sides would not be very distant. Some French people say it is Germany that is working all the mischief, to keep France occupied in the far East, expending men and money, to keep her quiet in Europe—and weak—a seton.

It is odd that the Admiral of the Siam fleet, whom the French admit is not to be disdained is a descendant of the great Cardinal Richelieu—his ancestors having emigrated after the revocation of the edict of Nantes. The Cardinal himself was not quite an amateur in naval matters, and hence why he was called at the siege of Rochelle, the "prelate admiral." Siamese Admiral Richelieu is tall and blond, and from wearing a Prussian helmet and ever speaking German, he passes for a German. But he is quite familiar with English and French; he is a foeman, then, worthy of the broadsides of the French gunboats. But the odds are not quite in his favor, especially if other gunboats of France cross the bar.

A Frenchman, long resident at Bangkok, gives a very fair description of the "Venice of the Far East," less its blue waters, its marble palaces and its gondolas. The gulf of Siam is "deeply and darkly blue"; but once entering the estuary of the sacred river Menam, the waters become yellow. At the entrance are the remains of the fortifications erected after the plans of Vauban, when the French occupied that territory, in the reign of Louis XIV. All around the vegetation is very rich, in banana and coconut trees, in rice fields ever green and shrubs of the same hue. At Paknam is the famous bar; here the custom house officers first appear, they wear helmets with a gilt spike like the Japs—the Siamese claim to be the most civilized people in the far East, the Chinese not excepted.

It is at Paknam that all merchant vessels ought to have their cargoes controlled; by treaties, no war ship was to pass the bar without obtaining permission and "depositing their guns on shore," like passing the Dardanelles. The river is as winding as the Seine, or the Links of Stirling; over the bar are seen vast factory chimneys on right and left, employed to husk the rice. Then comes into view every form of craft; from every nation nearly all the vessels carry the English flag, hence the importance of British interests. There are several jetties at Bangkok running into the river, to which are moored houses and shops constructed on rafts, there are neither roads nor bridges. The central street is six miles long, with branch thoroughfares, and along which is a tramway. The river is alive with small steamboats, carrying two to four passengers, and that are hired as if cabs. The royal palace occupies the centre of the city and represents one-third of the capital in point of size, but around the palace are grouped all the

public offices and the congeries of residences for His Majesty's wives. The residence of the French Minister is beside the English Club—the French Minister, M. Parie, represents an infantry officer rather than a diplomatist; he was originally a telegraph clerk, and to his credit worked his way up to his present position. The English Legation is surrounded by a beautiful park, where the English colony, numbering 300 of all classes and ranks, periodically gather. The British are either merchants, engineers, directors of companies or bankers; they have a monopoly of all the trade in rice and teak. M. Jones, the Minister, is an old Crimean hero, and when not on diplomatic duty, likes to touch glasses with the allies—alas, of other days. The consul, Mr. French, has great influence with the Siamese Prime Minister, an Oxford graduate; is equally the bosom friend of the King, while other English friends look after general business in the public offices—in fact, Siam is next to Egyptized—so much the better for Siam.

It is impossible to learn anything accurately as to M. Carnot's health; one paper states he is very ill, another that he is gaining strength while others assert he is completely recovered. In a word, Richard is himself again and it is to be hoped he is.

The dissolution of the Chamber of Deputies has not provoked the ordinary "speed the departing guest." In deed not a single individual or paper bestows on the defunct assembly even the ghost of a benediction. Bury the dead of sight, that appears to be the great aim of the incoming deputies, opinion hopes for the best. At the present moment—if the elections in Siam do not alter matters—the new House will include a majority of moderate men, imbued with no utopias, but resolute to push forward all useful reforms. They will open their arms to all who really and truly come to belong to political will-o'-the-wispism, in the shape of monarchial restoration. Their adversaries, not foes nor enemies, will be the coalitions of deputies of all advanced hues; the division of the Chamber into two parties well marked and clearly defined will be a great advantage to the country—anything that will extinguish the reign of Sets, Coteries and Little Bethels, may not succeed in every respect, but it will be the commencement of a desirable aim.

He heaped up riches, but does not know who may gather them; such may be applied to Professor Rossignol, of the College of France. Excepting going to deliver his lectures, he never went outside his apartments, he lived in the society of his books. He would not allow a soul to enter his rooms, even Jules Ferry who, when Prime Minister, called on him. He was cared for by his old servant, Catherine; he hoarded, but was not miserly in point of living; only he cared for no table luxuries; he gave his housekeeper all the money she needed, rather for her than himself; his pile of 240,000 fr. was locked in a trough drawer of his writing desk, he would only open that when the servant was out, when in bed it was always under his eyes; before he expired he asked to be raised to cast a last look on his strong box.

distant relative, a cooper, becomes the heir. M. Lengle was the intimate political friend of the late Prince Napoleon, better known as Prince Jérôme; he has just published the first volume of an ominous kind of history of the Prince's stormy life. The Prince having the habit of so playing the bull in the shop on all occasions, that he has left nothing

mysterious about his career to elucidate. However it is new to see confirmed as a fact, that at one time the ex-Empress of the French was on the eve of becoming the wife of Prince Jérôme, and that he was prevented from wedding because his cousin, Prince Louis, late Napoleon III, persuaded him the beautiful Comtesse de Montijo was of too mean a birth, for a Bonaparte, but which did not prevent Prince Louis from marrying her himself. It is that circumstance which the Empress never forgave the Prince Jérôme. The latter disliked his eldest son Prince Victor most cordially, and who appears to be not a good boy according to M. Lengle; he deceived and lied to his father unblushingly; in addition he has not a spark of talent save to be a masher, all of which do not prevent him "pretendingly" to be able to govern 38 millions of French people. The Prince had a liking for Boulanger while declaring he was but a baby in political knowledge; he utilized him to be a spoke in the wheels of the Republic, and made a trip to England to borrow money from the ex-Empress to back Boulanger; she did not give a sixpence to the adventure.

A beggars' "petition" is not new, but a "Peggars' Congress" is; at Neuilly Fair, outside Paris, the police were struck at the repeated swarms of beggars at a certain spot; on investigating the cause, it was a mass meeting of the orthodox beggars, that is, those allowed to solicit alms, to protest against the invasion of their happy hunting grounds by private vagabonds.

At Lauzerte, the Mayor called at the police office to complain of the negligence of one of the men, when the discussion waxing warm, the policeman said to the Mayor: "I'm on duty and in the name of the law I arrest you for disturbing the peace and for vagabondage—so he was locked up. The Mayor's secretary arrived, drew up an order that the Mayor—the highest officer—signed, ordering the Mayor to be instantly set at liberty, which was done. Following the example of Brussels, all foreign workmakers are to be expelled Paris, and to reside 30 miles from the city. Othello's occupation gone.

THE OLD LIGHTHOUSE-KEEPER.

It is a beautiful day on which I write this story, sunshiny and warm; so warm, that the fact that the writer will be here in but two months, seems impossible. Yarmouth just now looks its best, with blossoming hedges, green lawns, and gardens in bloom with flowers of every hue.

It is not a very large town, but it is a very pretty one. There are rivers and lakes in plenty for fishing and boating; and lovely drives through wooded country roads; but, unlike almost all sea-port towns of its importance, there is no place of particular interest to tourists, apart from its beauty of scenery; no home where Evangeline was born, such as Grand Pre can boast of; no old fort visited by travellers, as Annapolis contains; nor has it about there is much talk and planning about having one. Take, however, a perambulation with a very ordinary amount of appreciation the beauties of nature, and Yarmouth would be to them a very pleasant spot in which to pass the summer months. Such a person would enjoy a row through the three beautiful lakes of Milton, a

drive through its suburbs, Carleton and Tuskent, and if his time permitted, a sail from Yarmouth across to Cape Fourchu, not far distant from the shore of the town. Here he would be shown the lighthouse, a short description of which will here be given, for this lighthouse, and its resident keeper are the subject of my story.

On one side of the Cape is Yarmouth Harbour; on the other, the water running inland, ends in what is called False Harbour, on account of the obstruction to navigation by a bank of sand and small rocks. And it is to distinguish the one from the other, that the light was placed at this particular spot.

On a beautiful day in July, I, with a party of friends, old and young, visited the lighthouse for the first time, at least to me. Owing to the ebb of the tide we were obliged to spend several hours there, and thus it was that we came to hear the following story, told by the keeper, then an old man of perhaps seventy-five years of age, whose bent form, snow-white hair and careworn face, told a tale of loneliness and sorrow. I can see him now, sitting in an old arm chair amid half-worn cushions, one arm resting on the table beside him, as he began:

It is thirty-five years since I first came to this place, and thirty-five years is a long time to live in such a place as this. I was a young man then, father of one of the most beautiful little girls in all Nova Scotia, at least, so she was to me. She had long, shining hair, and such brown eyes, and, although six years old, she knew how to read and spell as well as most children of nine or ten. She was the last of four children, the others having been carried off by fever, and then their mother went, too. How Mary came to be left, I do not know; but, as soon as she pulled through and I recovered my senses, which came near leaving me during that dreadful time of loss, I looked around for some place where I could live in solitude with my child and forget my sorrows. The doctors thought a change of air would be the best for Mary, as she was never the same child after her sickness, so, when the position of lighthouse-keeper was offered me, I accepted it without hesitation. I was poor, and unaccustomed to work hard for my daily bread, and the position seemed a good one to me.

At the time I moved into the building it was about completed, with the exception of the light itself, which was to be put in on the following spring. During that time I was to live here free, my only duty being the charge of two large lamps, which, when trimmed and lighted, were to be placed in the two windows of the tower every night, until the new year, when the machinery of the revolving light would be in working order.

Those first summer months were pleasant ones to us both. The little one seemed to pick up wonderfully. We spent whole mornings on the seashore with no other companions, for our nearest neighbour lived four miles away. I occupied the time with sewing sails for a factory across the harbour, and talking to Mary. Such happy hours as she spent making sand-houses, only to see them swept away by the cruel waves, just as death

swept her from me soon afterwards. O ten she would call me from my work to examine some curious shell or bit of rock, which she had come across in her rambles along the shore, and I always had some wonderful story to tell, of the fishes and mermaids that hid under the waves, to which she would listen for hours at a time. But those days passed all too soon. As winter drew near, she seemed to droop and lose all her colour and health. I wanted to take her across on the mainland, but the doctor said she would be "All right when the warm weather came round again." And much against my own convictions, I believed him, at least for a time. Then she grew too weak to walk, and would lie day after day on a couch by the window, gazing out over the sea, and it just seemed to me as if she pined for some other life beyond the old lighthouse.

At last the conviction came to me gradually, that it would not be many weeks, perhaps days, before she would leave me; and I spent as much time as I could possibly spare with her.

The day which I knew would be her last, came. It was the twenty-second day of November, a day never to be forgotten. Early in the morning a messenger came from the town with orders for me to have the light lighted early in the evening, as there were every indications of a violent storm before midnight, and there were several small vessels hourly expected. I received the message as one in a dream, hearing the message, but not taking in the real substance of it.

The storm anticipated, came about noon that day. All the afternoon it raged, and by five o'clock complete darkness had set in. The waves lashed the lighthouse in all their fury, and the wind blew with a violence that threatened every minute to tear down the staking that surrounded the tower. Leaving my little one's couch, I hurried up the long flight of steps, and, without trimming, lighted the two lamps, and placed one in each window. Then, without a backward glance, I hurried down again, and took up my watch by the window, beside the couch of my dying child.

She was very weak, and her breath came and went in short gasps. Twice when an unusual gust blew, she shuddered, and I thought she had gone, but she opened her eyes, and smiled reassuringly at me. Perhaps she anticipated my loneliness, for although so near death, she must have realized how much we had been to each other during the months that had passed.

Suddenly, while sitting there, the report of a gun reached my ears, borne through the storm, sounding almost beneath the window of the room where I was sitting, and almost at the same moment, the light, which all along I had seen reflecting from the tower on the waters below, flickered for a moment, and then disappeared. What had happened? The report was surely from some vessel in distress, not more than a quarter of a mile away, and the oil must have all burned out of the lamp, else why had the light suddenly gone out. I saw it all now in a new light. In my selfishness regarding my own troubles, I had neglected my duty. In my endeavour to

spend as much of my remaining time as possible with the only companion left me, I had given scarcely a thought to the oil of lamps. Only that morning the man who brought me supplies, had inquired if there was plenty of oil, and I had replied, "Yes," scarcely heeding his question, or my reply.

Was there beauty?

I was as one bewildered. Could I leave her, alone and dying, on such a night as this? Was I responsible for that vessel? Then this thought: were there not other lives exposed to the dreadful perils of the night as dear to some, as this one life to me. All this passed through my brain like a flash. As in a vision, I saw the anxious, tearful faces of mothers gleam with joy as they welcomed back their sailor boys. Then I hesitated no longer, but dashed from the room, stopping not for one farewell glance, although I felt that when I returned she would be gone.

"Oh, God help me to hurry," I cried and in less time than it takes to tell it, I had the feeder in my hand. It was empty, so I knew was the cask, as I had drawn the last off into the feeder two days before.

What should I do? Seizing a package of matches, I almost flew over the steps, each one seeming to have a mesmerizing power of holding me back, as they sometimes do in dreams. When I reached the top of the last step, I saw my surmises were correct. One had died out; the other flickering feebly. The latter I seized. It was half full, but the wick was too short to reach the oil. I had no time to lose, not a minute in which to change the wick.

Already I could see by the light of the distressed vessel, that she was almost in False Harbour, and I knew, once in, no human aid could avail.

I tore open a window, and stepped out on the staging which yet remained around the building. The wind had no effect on the blaze, as the chimney was constructed for out-door purposes.

Holding on to the ladder with one hand, I shook the lamp wildly backward and forward. The oil thus reached the wick, and the blaze brightened and drew its yellow light over the black water below. I could see the vessel now almost on the rocks. Did they see the light I wondered, for, un mindful of its warning signal, they were making straight for the sands and rocks.

I strained my eyes into the blackness. I even tried to scream to them, but the sound reached no farther than my lips. This one little blaze was of no use. My help seemed of no avail compared with the wild element working against me. And my child I could help. For one moment, I allowed the temptation to remain; but only for a moment. With a cry for strength, I shut out all thoughts of her, and shook my lamp once more.

Suddenly a flash of lightning illumined the whole place, and showed them their danger. Almost on the instant, the vessel changed her course, and steered for the right harbour. During the flash, instantaneous as it was, I had time to see plainly the shape of the vessel, and knew it to be the Raven, a packet, running weekly between Boston and Yarmouth; carrying both passengers and freight.

The lamp had given its last flicker, a

sudden gust forced it from my hand, and it was dashed into a thousand pieces on the rocks below. But it made no sound, nor could I have heard it, had it been the report of a gun. They were safe, for I knew the beacon lighted them on the other side. I had done my duty, cost what it had.

Then my courage failed me. I dared not descend, for I knew what awaited me. It must have been half an hour that I stood, half paralyzed with cold and dread, leaning against the window frame, gazing vacantly over the sea, seeing and hearing nothing.

Then I aroused myself, and began mechanically to descend the one hundred steps between me and the sitting room below.

It was as I expected: all was over. No trace of the storm raging without was shown within that room.

Since then I have been on and on. One year has been the same as another to me, only each brings me nearer to her. I am an old man now, but for thirty-five years I have done my duty. Only that once did I neglect it, and my punishment was bitter enough. The light that streams every night from yonder window has saved many a life from the very jaws of death, but never did it do its duty more faithfully than did that one feeble blaze fed by those few drops of oil.

* * * * *

The old man ceased speaking, and dropped his face in his hands. We all started as from a dream. Was it a bright sunny day? We had forgotten the sun shone, and we were a pleasure party, so forcibly had the old man's story carried us into the past, back to that far-off night where all was darkness and storm.

We knew it was time to go. So quietly and reverently we took our leave, and left him standing there by the table; a picture never to be forgotten, with the last rays of sun-light streaming over his white hair, and lighting up the once bright colours of the cushions in the old arm chair.

FRANCES L. ALLAN.

Yarmouth, N.S.

THE MILKING HOUR.

The daylight fades like any dream,
Blue shadows creep along the vale
The south wind stealing up the stream,
Brings scent of mint and galingale!
Behold a girl with shining pail—
Fair as the evening—primrose flower—
To all the valley tells the tale
That ushers in the milking-hour.

"Come let the grasses grow,
Old Brindle, why so slow?
Hie there, White-foot!
Hurry, Light-foot!
Co boss!—co boss!—co!"

Across the dewy mead, the cows
File slowly while the thrushes sing,
Then circle 'neath the locust boughs.
That bend above the little spring;
Where, shaken by the night-hawk's wing,
Like honey-dew in elfin shower
The locust-blossoms lightly fling
Their fragrance 'round the milking-hour.

"There 'so,' white Daisy, so!
'Tis high time now, you know,
For o'er the clover
Comes my lover!
'So' now!—'so' now!—'so'!"

Idyllic Beauty here must choose
To make her own delightful home,

And from this green retreat, refuse
On any plea, afar to roam,
Until beneath the star-lit dome,
Rose—rising from her airy bow—
Like Venus rising forth the foam,
Brings to an end the milking-hour!

Then Beauty clings to Rose,
As by the stream she goes,
Where lilies' beaming
Eyes, half dreaming,
Closing!—closing!—close!

With mounting heart Hugh bears the pail,
That like his heart, is brimming o'er
With sweetness, as he tells the tale
That many a youth has told before—
Old, old, yet new forevermore,
And by whose fresh immortal power,
Hugh, at the vine-clad dairy door,
Spins out the merry milking-hour,

Where long he pleads until
Rose, putting at his skill,
Says, "Let me tarry!
Should not marry!
Must not!—will not!—will!"

ROBERT ELLIOTT.

Plover Mills, Ont.

THE CRITIC.

Nothing in the created universe apparently is too insignificant for poetic, that is for artistic, treatment. And sometimes those who have touched on the sublimest topics have also touched, and equally happily, on the most trivial. The same poet that sought to "justify" the ways of God to man "condescended" once to question whether it "were not better done as others use, to sport with the tangles of Neera's hair;" and he who indited an ode on the "Intimations of Immortality" indited also a stanza on an ass's ear:—

All, all is silent—rocks and woods,
All still and silent—far and near:
Only the ass, with motion dull
Upon the pivot of his skull
Turns round his long left ear.

Two of Burns' most exquisite poems are, one needs to be told, the one on the modestness of flowers, the other on the humblest of animals. Wordsworth is rapt into ecstasies over "The Small Celandine" or pillowwort; Scott has once and forever enshrined in our memories the "slight hair-bell" which "rings" its head, elastic from her airy tread—"upon which lines, by the way, Mr. Ruskin has the most typical and pretty commentary: the grass-hopper and the cricket have had numerous singers; Shelley has a poem of eleven stanzas on the pumpkin—hardly a Shakespeare subject one would think, but one must remember that he calls it the zucca; the vast scene of Turner once depicted Napoleon gazing at the rock-limpet; and Herrick, in his "Heavenly ideas," has gone as low as to the bag of the beloved mistress. And when we mention the able lips and dimples and looks that have inspired innumerable lovers. Other poets, however, have chosen subjects not perhaps so poetical, and certainly not so inspiring. William Blake's "The Fly" is disappointing.

If thought is life,
And strength and breath;
And the want of thought is death;

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Then am I
A happy fly,
If I live
Or if I die,
is hardly poetry. Dryden's extraordinary lines,
in which he did his utmost to throw a poetic
halo about the small-pox pustule, have been
the target for many a critic. The lines are
worth quoting, if only to serve as a model
from which to differ—a highly useful exercise,
as the great Sir Joshua taught :—

So many spots, like naeves on Venus' soil,
One jewel set off with so many a foil !
Blisters with pride swell'd, which through's
flesh did sprout
Like rose-buds stuck i' the lily skin about.
Each little pimple had a tear in it
To wail the fault its rising did commit ;
Which, rebel-like, with its own lord at strife
Thus made an insurrection 'gainst his life,
(Or wore these gems sent to adorn his skin,
The cabinet of a richer soul within ?
No comet need fortell his change drew on,
Whose corpse might seem a constellation.

One would imagine that lower than this art
could not go. Yet there is a well-known
drawing by William Blake of a thing even
smaller and perhaps more ignoble than Dryden's
theme namely his ghost of a flea. This per-
haps is the ultimate example of the diminutive
in art.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE SILVER QUESTION.

To the Editor of The Week :
SIR,—I thank you much for the insertion
of my "W." in the last number of The Week,
and more especially for your retention of its
date, which will show that though my article
agrees exactly with the President's message,
I did not copy it. I don't wish that your
readers should complain that I merely repeated
his happy exposition of the Silver Question.
I should very much like to know what further
steps he would recommend ; for I cannot
think that he will allow the two standard
system to remain, and the public to be ignor-
ant as to the currency in which American debts
and obligations, public and private, are to be
paid ; a sort of ignorance which is not bliss
either to the debtor or the creditor, and which
therefore it would not be wisdom to continue.
And not only the great people over whom he
presides, but the many nations with whom
they trade and deal, want to know, and think
they are entitled to be told, what in such deal-
ings the word "dollar" means.
Ottawa, 12th August, 1893.

W.

A SUNSET SAIL.

Far out upon the golden sea
Our sail goes seaward on the wave,
While aimless only wildly free,
And lull'd by the melodious lave
Of dreaming waters round our bow,
We see the land grow dim and grey,
As slumbrous clouds that cleave and blow
In misty remote and far away.

One bird's belated wing above,
Cawing flutters through the light
To land, and home-alluring love,
With fervour of a dawn's first flight.
And gazing through boundless depths of green,
Where mirrored stars appear like shells
Dun shadowed in deep opal-sheen.

And when the night-wind starts from sleep
And swells towards the longed-for land,
We turn our faces from the deep
And face once more the unseen strand.
Deep memoried silence dwells around
And then the land lights gleam
And then the first, remote, thin sound
Of voice breaks upon our dream.

Whose voices o'er the waters come
Flute-noted, faint and strangely sad ;
And strange appear the lights of home,
Half-sorrowful, and yet half glad ;
And from the shore wild laughter swells ;
Old voices seem unknown and strange ;
The tinkling of the twilight bells
Seems softened with mysterious change.

Our prow has glided on the sand,
The swinging sail has rattled down,
And welcome voices of the land
Re-echo from the sleeping town.

ARTHUR J. STRINGER.

PAYMENT OF MEMBERS OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

With respect to the opportunities I have
enjoyed for gathering numerous data, touch-
ing the payment of members of Parliament in
olden times that never came to the cognisance
of most of our writers on constitutional his-
tory, it may be remarked that it has devolved
upon me, as an Inspector of Ancient Writings
for Her Majesty's Commissioners on Historical
Manuscripts, to examine and report upon
the muniments of several of England's oldest
and most interesting boroughs—e.g., Chester,
Plymouth, Ipswich, Great Yarmouth, Wisbeach,
Southampton, King's Lynn, as well as other
corporate towns. The records of all the above-
named towns yielded me some curious and
valuable information respecting the various
ways in which the burgesses exercised the
powers of the Parliamentary franchises, and of
the intercourse which the Parliamentary repre-
sentatives of borough-towns maintained with
their constituents. But, in order that my re-
marks may be kept within convenient limits, I
shall in the present paper confine myself to
what came under my observation when I was
searching the muniments of King's Lynn, co.
Norfolk, a fair specimen of an English borough.
Prior to Henry VIII.'s twenty-ninth year it
was styled Bishop's Lynn. It was one of the
chief seaports in the kingdom.

In the sixteenth year of Henry VIII., the
corporation was reconstituted by the new char-
ter, which placed the borough under the
government of twelve aldermen and eighteen
common councilmen. Henceforth the mem-
bers of Parliament for the borough were for
several generations chosen directly by all the
members of the Municipal Assembly ; and
it was not till the burgesses-at-large contrived
to cast votes for the persons chosen to repre-
sent the corporation in the famous Parliament
which met in November 1640, that the mem-
bers of Parliament for King's Lynn were aught
more than the representatives of the governing
body of the borough—i.e., of "the corporation"
in the narrowest sense of the term. The al-
lowance for burgesses of Parliament having
been fixed at Lynn at two shillings a day in
the fourteenth century, the chief merchants of
the town (whose port was one of the principal
commercial ports) appear to have been con-
tent with a moderate allowance for a long
series of Parliaments. Though the King's
Lynn Assembly Books do not yield conclusive
evidence on the point, I am inclined to think
that the allowance was raised from two to four
shillings at some time of one or another of our
Tudor kings. An entry in one of the Assem-
bly Books shows that one hundred shillings
were "disbursed" in the April of Queen
Mary's first regnal year by the municipal
treasurer "unto Mr. Overend towards his
charges nowe at the parlyament," held at Ox-
ford. As Symon Pygott and William Milton,

burgesses of Parliament *temp.* Henry VI., re-
ceived a hundred shillings on account for their
joint expenses, at a time when they received
together the daily allowance of four shillings,
I infer from the payment of a hundred shil-
lings on account to William Overend "towards
his charges at parlyament," that he was receiv-
ing a daily allowance of four shillings. Any-
how, the allowance for a Burgess of Parlia-
ment for King's Lynn was raised in Queen
Elizabeth's time to *five* shillings and in James
I.'s time, at least for a short time, to as much
as *ten* shillings a day. No Burgess of Parlia-
ment for King's Lynn ever received a higher
daily wage than ten shillings, and it was only
in James I.'s time that the Municipal Assembly
made of their own free will so large an allow-
ance per day to a Burgess of Parliament.
Entries in Volume IX. of the Assembly Books
show that in Charles I.'s time the burgesses of
King's Lynn regarded ten shillings as an ex-
cessive allowance. When Thomas Gurlynn
and John Cook, aldermen of the borough,
were chosen and appointed to represent King's
Lynn in the first Parliament of Charles I., it
was ordered by the Municipal Assembly that
each of the two Parliamentary burgesses
should receive five shillings a day for his
"wages ;" and on January 22, 1628, at the
election of two other aldermen, to wit, John
Wallis and William Doughty, to serve at the
same rate of payment as burgesses of Parlia-
ment, it was ordained by the aldermen and
common council in Assembly "that the
severall wages of those that shall be elected
burgesses of this burrough shall be fyve shil-
lings a piece for every daye."

It is to be observed that the "burgesses at
large," i.e., the mere freemen, contrived to have
a voice in the election of the two aldermen,
John Percevall and Thomas Toll, chosen to
represent King's Lynn in the Parliament that
came to be known as the Long Parliament. It
does not appear how it came to pass that the
mere freemen successfully asserted their right
to take part in this particular election. It does
appear, however, that the majority of the
aldermen and common council resented the
action of the inferior burgesses, that they for-
bore to assign wages to the two members of
Parliament, whom they regarded as having
been improperly chosen. Under these cir-
cumstances the two burgesses of Parliament
laid their case before the House of Commons,
and petitioned the House to order the Muni-
cipal Assembly to pay wages to the parliamen-
tary representatives of the borough. One
result of this petition was that on January 2,
1642, Mr. Percevall and Mr. Toll produced in
the Municipal Assembly an order of the House
of Commons made on October 15 last past in
the following words : "It is this day Ordered
by the Commons now assembled in Parliament,
That the Maior, aldermen, and common coun-
sell of the town of Kinge's Lynne, in the
county of Norfolk, shall pay and allowe out of
the towne stock, as formerly, unto John
Percevall and Thomas Toll their burgesses for
this present Parliament, as lardge an allowance
per diem as they have heretofore allowed any
of their aldermen that hath been burgesses in
Parliament for that towne, notwithstanding
the freemen of the town had their voyces in
the choice of the said John Percevall and Tho.
Toll to be their burgesses for this present
Parliament. If the Maior of Lynne can shew
any cause to the contrary, we shalbe ready to
heare him." After perusing this order, the

Municipal Assembly resolved and ordered "that Mr. Mayor, Mr. Recorder, Mr. Dougherty, Mr. May, and Mr. Leeker, with all convenient speed shall consider of and draw up a fitting answer to present to the House of Commons upon the said order and offer the same to be allowed by the house." It seems that the answer made by the governing body to this parliamentary order resulted in a modification of the words of the order, so that, instead of being paid on the highest scale, to wit, ten shillings a day, Messrs. Perceval and Toll should be paid on the reduced scale, and should each receive five shillings for each day of parliamentary service. In the following November the keeper of Volume IX. of the Assembly Books of the corporation made the ensuing entry in the Book of Record, to wit, "24 November, 1643.—This day it is ordered that Mr. Perceval and Mr. Toll, aldermen, which are Burgesses in this present Parliament for this borough shall be allowed 5s. a day a man from the time they went up to the Parliament till this day out of the house," i.e., out of the moneys of the municipal house.

The order made by the House of Commons for payment of moneys out of the municipal purse of King's Lynn to Messrs. Perceval and Toll in the way of "wages" for parliamentary service, is the more remarkable as pointing to one of the very few occasions on which the House of Commons condescended to interfere in the pecuniary relations of borough members and their constituents. In an ordinary time the House would have responded to the statement of grievance by declaring it did not pertain to the State to concern itself with the private difference that had arisen between the borough and its burgesses of Parliament. Taken as it was in a revolutionary time, the action of the House of Commons on the dispute between King's Lynn and the two burgesses of Parliament should, to use one of Dugdale's happy expressions, be regarded as "a portent" rather than "a precedent." So far as King's Lynn is concerned, the practice of paying members died with the Commonwealth.

Though England has learnt nothing from her own experience of the advantages and inconveniences arising from State payment of members of Parliament, her politicians are well aware that in several of her colonies and some foreign countries members of Parliament are universally paid at uniform rates. They know that in New Zealand a member of Parliament receives a yearly salary of £100 and a free pass over the railways; that in Canada he takes for his parliamentary labour two guineas a day; that in South Australia he gets a yearly allowance of £300. And that a member of Parliament is paid 7s. 6d. a day for three months of the year in Denmark, 13s. 4d. a day for three months of the year in Norway, £80 a year in Portugal, £150 a year in the Netherlands, and £1,000 a year in America, our politicians know that members of Parliament get neither daily fee, nor yearly stipend, nor a dole of pecuniary reward for such services in Germany, Hungary, Italy. Cognisant of these facts, English statesmen and their followers do not need to be told that certain social conditions which make it needful to pay for parliamentary service in some lands are inoperative in this country. Should the majority of thoughtful politicians in this country come to the opinion that the members

of our Lower House of Parliament should each and all receive yearly salaries from the national purse, they will have come to the conclusion after much careful deliberation whether the payment of members would conduce to the welfare of Great Britain. In coming to a final judgment on the new proposal, our conscientious and studious politicians will not be greatly influenced by what is known of the payment of members of Parliament in former times of our own history. — John Cordy Jeaffreson, in the Leisure Hour.

EGOTISM.

If asked what egotism really is, the majority of people would promptly answer, vanity or selfishness. But we shall find, if we think, that more is required than these "short methods" of explanation. Whatever tendency there may be in egotism to lead to vanity and selfishness, they are not its inevitable accompaniments. For the egotist may be morbidly humble, and he may be capable of acts of great unselfishness. We shall find in egotism a variety of ingredients, some of them directly opposite kinds one to another; and we shall notice that they are combined in various proportions in the different classes of egotists whom we shall consider. Not only vanity and selfishness, with their kindred vices of pride and ambition, but an overstrained conscientiousness—a morbid self-distrust and humility, a weakness of moral fibre and want of self-control, as well as a particular intellectual cast of mind, may all be found in various forms of egotism.

Before thinking of the most objectionable and inveterate kind of egotists, let us consider three of the more venial sort—the ostentatious, the intellectual, and the religious. The famous saying in *Punch*, "it is worse than wicked, it is vulgar," might perhaps be applied to the first of these classes; which, full of the worldly importance which wealth confers, will flaunt its horses and carriages, its wines, its furniture and style of living, making them at once the staple of conversation with the most casual acquaintance. Perhaps a plea for mercy may be raised, on the ground that the vanity of this kind of egotist cannot be very deep-seated, since he tacitly admits that his merits rest not on himself but on his possessions, and that if he should happen to lose them, he would be a person of small consideration.

There is another class of persons who are apt to become egotists from the intellectual construction of their minds. The study of human nature and character being to them the subject of paramount interest, they naturally study their ornamental and moral characteristics in order to arrive at true views on the subject. How can they, they might ask, obey the great philosopher's maxim, "Know thyself," without the closest and most concentrated self-study? The observations they may make of others are liable to the grossest mistakes, for the secret springs of other minds are veiled from them; and as they are well aware that their own friends misread them, so are they equally convinced that they must often misread others, and accuse or excuse them when accusations and excuses ought to be reversed. Even when these egotists turn their attention to those around them, they can only make conjectures about them by a process of comparison with the workings of their own minds.

It must be admitted that the intellectual egotist has something to say in his own excess, and that his egotism may have little of the alloy of vanity or selfishness. Christopher North is said to have been quite free from these faults, though he could talk all day about himself. "No one was ever tired of his flow of egotism," as we read the other day in a review. Wordsworth has some claims to belong to the same class, and it would not be difficult to mention others. The religious egotist is being deserving of much pity. He is one to whom conscientiousness is the strongest element. Indeed, his conscience is not merely fully but abnormally developed. Born in an introspective age, his natural tendency is further increased by his religious views. If they happen to be in agreement with one of the clerical party, he will be for ever pulling himself up by the roots to see if the requisite sense of "assurance" is his. If with the other, he will rack his soul with minute systems of self-examination, analysing and dissecting his motives till every symptom of his overstrained soul becomes as interesting to him as do bodily symptoms to the hypochondriac. A spoiled and exacting invalid could demand more attention than this poor sickly soul of his. If he cannot escape the danger religious melancholy Mrs. Browning be right in saying:—

"We are wrong always when we think too much Of what we think or are: albeit our thoughts Be verily bitter as self-sacrifice, We're no less selfish."

Mrs. Browning, at any rate, would refuse to acquit him of selfishness, though it be of a refined kind. He has passed the lawful line which Bishop Barry laid down at the Chicago Congress, "of duty and love to the great end within us," the kind of self-love that would keep us from acting unworthily of our highest interests.

Let us now turn our attention to the worst kind of egotist from a moral point of view—the selfish egotist. If this annoying person (of either sex) has had the misfortune of being an only child, his fault will probably be aggravated by his surroundings. There will be no brothers or sisters to correct it, and though school and college may do something for his nature and home-training being more permanent forces will hold their own in the end. We might hope much from the influence of a wife if it were not that marriage often gives double force to egotism, making it, as the French say, "l'égoïsme à deux." His unshakable conviction that there is something intrinsically interesting remarkable and important about himself that must raise him both in his own and in other people's eyes is half ludicrous, half pathetic. The love which should have flowed out has struck inward, and he speaks of every thought, word or act of his own with a tenderness of affection that is almost touching. The thought of any injury to him that merit will stir him to an eloquence of genuine emotion. Whether he do the noble, selfish deed or not, self is sure to be enthroned; for, in the first case, it will be enthroned for admiring contemplation; in the second the reasons for abstaining from the act will be studied and elaborated and arranged in the most becoming garb. There may be a certain loveableness in the man, to begin with; but the love of our approbation, his craving for sympathy, may make us feel a sort of fondness for

him. nature with a intrud... act, a shre in... diligent... of a pro... possess... he woul... he make... about hi... weaknes... him, as... For to s... same as... equality... positive... fare int... describe... the hero... name) h... seemed... (all ar... If it... "se... curp a... see," th... his studi... there. I... anything... precision... feelings... subjectiv... it is to... self str... when he... others a... pleasure... himself n... upon him... traced h... able dim... be as his... counsel, h... his neigh... Wordswo... "The in... ade" be... there is r... followed... discussed... evanescen... on Hawth... and strik... "penit... from time... me. The... it is fou... we need... the miser... by a bo... impressio... minute... the thoug... healthirt... portrayed... interest... used devo... a devour... would had... and glory... did, no m... to others... covered, j... was, the

him. But our affection will be of no robust nature but of the weaker sort, born of pity with a cross of contempt. For though history introduces to us some egotists of strong character, as a rule there is a weakness of moral fibre in the egotist, showing itself in the indulgent pampering of self, and in the absence of a proper reserve and reticence. If, too, he possessed more of the strength of self-reliance, he would weary his hearers less by the appeals he makes to their opinion in his outpourings about himself. Perhaps it is this frequent weakness of character in the egotist that gives him, as a rule, but little influence over others. For to say that a man is an egotist is not the same as to say that he is a man of strong personality. He will have little influence of a positive kind, though he may unfortunately have much of the negative and baneful sort described in Mr. Meredith's well-known novel, the hero of which (if we may call him by such a name) by his hungry and insatiable egotism, seemed to absorb and exhaust the vital forces (all around him).

If it be true that, as Bishop Butler teaches us, "self-love is not selfishness till it curv a monstrous and unnatural predominance," the fatal error of the egotist is not that his studies begin with self, but that they end there. It is, of course, impossible to know anything or anybody except through the impressions they make on us, on our senses, our feelings, our reason—and the more naturally subjective a mind is, the more keenly sensitive it is to the force with which all that is outside when he stops at the point of discovering how others affect himself, regardless of how he pleases or pain. All that frets or annoys himself must be removed; any one who jars upon him must be avoided, till he has contracted his prison-walls to the smallest habitable dimensions. The consequence is that so far as his object—his own happiness—is concerned, he has fewer sources of it than any of his neighbours. To quote the famous line of Wordsworth in a somewhat new connection, "The inward eye which is the bliss of solitude" becomes in time the curse of it. For there is no pleasant sin that is more closely followed by its avenger. In extreme cases, a weakness of mind, but a common cause of it, as Hawthorne has pictured for us in his weird and striking sketch, "Egotism, or the Bosom Serpent," in which the principal character is from time to time put under restraint as in a cage. The tale may be in the form of a parable, yet its foundations are those of reality. But we need not turn to fiction for an example of the miseries of selfish egotism. A short time ago a book was published which made a deep impression on the literary world. It contained an elaborate account of the life and thoughts of a woman of genius—Marie Perceval. The self which she so carefully repressed was to her the object of the intensest interest, the most absorbing study, and the most devoted worship. She was consumed by a devouring ambition. The very best she would had to offer of admiration, love, honour and glory must be secured for this insatiable interest. Should any win a distinction she would be jealous, jealousy pierced her as with a sharp sword. Beautiful, gifted, interesting as she was, the book presents us with a speaking

picture of the Nemesis of an unbridled egotism. Her sufferings were so great that we must needs pity as well as blame her; especially as, towards the end of her short life, the inward gaze was turned outward, at least, as regards one person, and poor Marie was able to love another besides herself. But her whole previous life is a comment, if we need one, on that saying of profound truth and wisdom, "He that loveth his life shall lose it," for the life spoken of there means surely the low aims and desires bred of the self-love of the egotist. —The Spectator.

THE ASSASSIN'S KNIFE.

"For my part," said the Parson, "I think no private person is ever justified in taking a human life, except, of course, in self-defence."

"Or in defence of the lives or liberties of others," the Unblushing Radical observed as an amendment.

"Ur—quite so," the Parson admitted, somewhat dubiously. He hated to commit himself.

"I don't see that," the old Italian Revolutionist interjected, with ten extended fingers. (He had been a Mazzinist in his day, and hounded over half Italy.) "That seems to me to take for granted the prime idea of some diviner right in Governments than in the instincts of the people. Now to my mind, the people are much more to be trusted of the two. Was it not so in Lombardy? Is it not so in Ireland? Why should a determination to put a given man to death be any the more just and right because it happens to proceed from a judge or a jury—one man and twelve men, if it comes to that—than because it happens to proceed from the deliberate moral conviction of any right-minded citizen? It's the nature of the act itself, not the persons who are chosen to carry it out, that stamps its morality. We know now that Governments have no better right to put men to death, or to ordain under what circumstances they may be justly put to death than any of the rest of us. For my part, I have known many so-called murders which were a great deal more justifiable than many so-called executions."

"What perfect English he speaks," the Unblushing Radical interposed, "and sound sense too every word of it!"

"I can't agree with you," the Parson answered. "In my opinion no Christian has a right to take the life of another, except in self-defence or at the command of the magistrates." (He was at that rudimentary stage of logical development, you see, when a man mistakes an iteration of his own opinion for an argument against his opponent's reasoning. Nine-tenths of humanity never get beyond it.)

The old Italian brushed off the ash from his cigarette. "Well, I'll tell you a case," he said, "that I remember in Padua." He had the misfortune to be a foreigner, don't you see, and admirably as he spoke our tongue (being married to an Englishwoman) he wasn't yet aware that you musn't argue with clergymen. He shut his eyes and drew his hand across his forehead, as if he actually recalled to sight the vivid incident he was going to relate to us. "I remember one day," he began, "when I was a mere boy, an Austrian colonel, on an iron gray charger, was galloping at full speed through the Mercato dei Frutti, in the centre

of Padua—you know the way they used to ride—tippeta-tip, tippeta-tip, through the crowded parts of the town, clank, clank, on the paved streets, as if the world belonged to them. The people with their baskets scattered wide on either hand. Ho, ho, look out there! The Tedesco is upon you! Helter-skelter, right and left, quick as lightning they cleared the way for him. Either that, or be run down! We didn't know it then, but 'twas the survival of the swiftest. And on the Austrian rode, through the midst of the market people—whip in hand, spur at flank—his horse's hoofs throwing up spattered mud on either side into the faces of the women. A dog ran at his heels—a great Austrian dog, the right companion for such men—a sort of ferocious bloodhound. (And nowadays Italians have a Triple Alliance! Well, well; we won't think of it.) A boy was passing by on his way from school with a much smaller dog—a little Italian dog, slender, shivering, sensitive—the very contrast to the bloodhound. The big brute of an Austrian turned sharply upon him with one snap and worried him. The lad was a gentle lad—the kind that never hurt dog or man before; but he couldn't stand by and see the innocent little greyhound eaten up alive by that great iron-jawed monster. He picked up a stone from the street and flung it at the bloodhound. It hit the big dog on the head. The creature howled with pain. Then the colonel turned and saw it. 'Twas a good sharp blow. The big dog fell over and died on the spot.

"We held our breaths and waited. It was a righteous retribution. But the colonel was furious. He seized the lad, who belonged, as it happened, to one of the best families in Padua, and taking him to the Guard-house, ordered him at once thirty blows on the cavaletto. Ah you don't know what that means? Thank God for your ignorance, then! They stripped that delicate, gently nurtured boy—by an act of the legally constituted authority, mind you—and they set him upright on that infernal machine, and there they gave him ninety strokes of the bastinado. Ninety, I say, though the sentence was thirty, because each blow is counted at three strokes. He crouched, trembling, and awaited them. Three-quarters of the way through the surgeon in attendance cried, 'Halt! the criminal is fainting.' They took him off the cavaletto. He was dead, stone dead. Pain and terror had killed him. No redress, of course; he was only an Italian.

"Next day the colonel was sitting with some of his fellow-officers, sipping his vermouth outside the Caffè Pedrocchi. He was dressed in all his best, hussar coat on his shoulders, with arms flying loose, for it happened to be a festa. Suddenly, a man appeared by the officers' side and offered them for sale a box of matches. He was poorly dressed, like one of these street miseries. The colonel motioned him away with an impatient wave of his hand. Quick as lightning the man sprang forward, and drawing a poniard plunged it into the colonel's bosom. It went straight to his heart. Ah, Dio, it was good to see the red blood spurt out—gurgle, gurgle, gurgle! The colonel fell dead. The man lifted his cloak and displayed his face for a second. We all of us saw it: 'twas the father of the boy the colonel had murdered. He disappeared at once, before anybody could arrest him. Then he got away safe to England. The Austrians were

afraid to ask for his extradition. But the boy was dead, and the man's heart was broken."

The Unblushing Radical drew a deep breath. "I call that," he said, "not only a just but an obligatory assassination."

"You seem to speak with warmth about it, Signor," the Parson murmured, half in doubt what else to remark.

"Yes, I do," the old man answered, drawing one wrinkled hand across his white moustache; "for that boy was my brother; and the man who executed justice on the colonel, my father."

"There's much to be said," quoth the Parson, "on both sides of most questions."—Grant Allen, in The Speaker.

ART NOTES.

Insularity in art is puzzling. On its face the idea is not attractive, for it may mean more than a self-centred endeavor to put into artistic form the essential qualities of a nation. It has been good for France. It has been bad for England. It has been the salvation of Holland. It has not been the salvation of either Germany or Austria.—New York Tribune.

A noteworthy accession to the collection in the Salon Carré of the Louvre is announced. It consists of a brilliantly painted small panel of St. Sebastian. The painter is unknown, but experts are agreed that the work belongs to the period of transition from the Gothic style to the development of the Renaissance. Speaking of the Louvre, it will be noted with gratification that the administration has at last bestirred itself and is making a sincere attempt to classify the paintings in the Long Gallery. It is extraordinary that in a country where classification is almost a mania the principle should have so long been withheld from the great national gallery.

There is an artist in this city who says that he wants to paint things in the New York streets, the parks, along the water front, around the elevated railroads and among the picturesque shanty settlements, but the people will not let him. That is, they refuse to buy these things after he has made them, and keep him at work with portraits and other perfunctory and ordered work. He says: "You New Yorkers are so used to seeing these things that they don't represent artistic possibilities to you, and after the picture is done you refuse to see any more in it than you would find in the tangible scene. They treat their painters better in Paris."—New York Sun.

In painting, says Mr. Walter Crane, so far as photography has taken the place of other studies and has induced the painter to conscientiously attempt photographic renderings of fact and aspect the effect has been for evil to my mind, as the scientific registering of certain facts and accidents of aspect is one thing, and the selection, treatment, and feeling the impression, in short, of the painter's mind—quite another. So far as photographs are used, like all other material, as sources of study and suggestion, they are helpful to both painter and designer alike. Photography, of course, has its own distinct and peculiar beauty, just as creative art has; and I believe, in the long run, the camera will do good service in defining the essential difference between imitative and inventive art.

In the Magazine of Art, for August, is an article on Sketching from Nature; the writer, Mr. J. E. Hodgson, R.A., besides giving some excellent advice, goes to the very heart of the subject in some of his remarks. "But there is besides what is known as the 'bold style,' which may be described as a sort of return to elemental chaos, when the earth was without form or void, and indigo was upon the face of the deep. In this style the scene is usually glorified by the introduction of gorgeous coloring; there is a lavish expenditure of cadmium, rose madder and cobalt blue. Mountains particularly have a tendency to assume fashion-

able colors, and I have seen beautiful tints of violet in such drawings which would no doubt be exquisitely becoming in a bonnet, but which, from some crossgrained peculiarity of my mind, I have been unwilling to accept as representing anything in nature. . . . How shall the world gain by rapid diagram imagings and the presentment of things that never were and never will be? But the humblest record of a natural fact, so it be earnestly and conscientiously done, is of value, of unspeakable value to the person who produces it, in the way of discipline and training to the mind, and of value to the world at large, because it tells of things which are beyond and above the human mind. And, moreover, it is a singular fact, *experto crede*, that though an object in nature, when seen with its surroundings, may appear ungainly and uninteresting, yet that object when reproduced faithfully and isolated on the pages of a sketch-book, will be found to have acquired beauty and interest; it has passed through a mind, it has been in some way glorified by the love and sympathy it had evoked in that mind."

In the June "Studio," the editor, Mr. Gleeson White, has collected the opinion of many well-known men who paint, on the question of photography and art. Here are some of the views taken. Mr. W. B. Richmond says:—

You have asked me a question, and I am pleased to answer it (says Mr. Richmond). Photography has been, no doubt, a medium of instruction and benefit to painters, as well as to the public. It has given chances to untravelled individuals of seeing, and in a measure of possessing, the masterpieces of the world in all that relates to art. It is therefore curious that with such opportunities the general level of taste should not have improved. Perhaps the old adage of familiarity breeding contempt may be still only too true. If photography reproduces for us only the best, we should indeed exist in Utopia! As it is, photography reproduces everything, good, bad, and indifferent. So we are confounded by a plethora and a confusion. For those who know how to choose, what to take and what to reject, light is an admirable master; for others it may prove to be a stumbling-block. I do not suppose there exists in Europe an artist who would not at once admit the value of photography. At the same time there may be some who think that modern exhibitions of pictures display an abuse of it. Valuable, indeed, as a record of facts, mainly facts already reduced to artistic methods of thought, yet photography may be used, and is, I am told, being largely used by portrait-painters, who, unless I have been wrongly informed, are beginning to photograph their sitters upon their canvases, and paint over. If this is the case the ruin of the art of portrait-painting is certain. There is yet another danger to be apprehended. It was the custom when artists travelled for their note-books to be constantly in their hands, and every impression was either carefully or summarily therein registered. I have been told that the kodak has taken the place of the note-book. If this be true the lamentable absence of interest in our annual exhibitions is to be accounted for. Photography can never be an art, though it may be a valuable adjunct! Yes. But if it ever is used by an artist instead of his pencil, where he could use his pencil, it will prove to be the destroyer of art instead of being as it should be an aid. I would write a great deal more upon your subject, but I fear to take up space in your journal.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

Miss McIntosh has been engaged as principal soprano for the Gilbert and Sullivan opera at the Savoy in September. From a vocal point of view the choice is undoubtedly a good one, for Miss McIntosh has a capital voice, which has been well trained under Mr. Henschel. She is also tall, and has a fine stage presence, but her powers as an actress have yet to be tested. Mr. Rutland Barrington also has a prominent part in the new opera.

The Neue Zeitschrift für Musik announced that "Das Strandfest," the prize opera of Coronaro, recently performed at the "Theater an der Wien," Vienna, by the Sonnenschein troupe, was eminently successful. Three melodious choruses were enthusiastically applauded, and had to be repeated. The composer himself conducted, and was recalled. The prize composition was preceded by a concert opera by Cipollini, entitled "Der Kleine Haydn."

Not the least interested spectator of Macnet Sully's "Hamlet" and Miss Reichembert's "Ophelia" at Drury Lane, was Christine Nilsson, whose performance in Amalthea, Thomas' opera, founded on Shakespeare's play, was one of the greatest things of its kind ever seen on the stage. The great Swedish singer, who, like Patti, has discovered the secret of perpetual youth and dignity, sat side by side with another operatic "Ophelia," also a Swede—the delightfully pretty Sigrid Arnolds.—London Star.

The Queen has presented Sir Augustus Harris with a tastefully designed inkstand of solid silver, bearing the following engraved inscription:—"Presented to Sir Augustus Harris by Victoria, R. I., Windsor Castle, Saturday, July 15, 1893." This souvenir of the recent performances before Her Majesty was accompanied by the following letter from Sir Henry Ponsonby:—"Osborne, July 23, 1893. Sir Augustus Harris,—In thanking you for the trouble you took to amuse the Queen at Windsor, I am commanded by Her Majesty to send you this inkstand in remembrance of the French play and Italian opera performed at the castle under your superintendence last month.—Yours sincerely, Henry Ponsonby."

The "Armide" of Gluck, which the Paris Opera intends to reproduce the coming winter, was produced for the first time March 3, 1825, at the National Academy of Music. The revival was in 1825, and since then successive directors have in vain attempted to remove Mr. Perrin alone was on the point of doing so when the war of 1870 interrupted the rehearsals. Marie Sass was to have been the "Armide," Villaret "Renaud," and Deroy "Hidraot." Mr. Vaucobail also thought of reproducing it with Gabrielle Kratus in the rôle. Before 1870 a number of the orchestral parts of the score were in existence; they have disappeared since, and before the burning of the Salle le Pelletier. In 1831 "Armide" served as a curtain raiser for Carafa's "Argie." Between 1777 and 1831 it had been given 337 times.

I have just returned from witnessing a striking incident. I went to Albert Hall this afternoon to hear Adelina Patti sing, which I had not done for more than twenty years. I am not going to criticise her songs, or those of her companion artists, further than to say that they were all very delightful. But the last song of her programme with violoncello accompaniment was so beautiful that the vast audience vociferously encored her. She came forward and sang again. It was late in the afternoon and I hardly thought she would. But when she had finished, they once more encored. That seemed too much; she came forward, bowed low, and was retiring. No, they insisted; and she came forward again, and accompanied once more sat down to the piano. We were all delighted of course, and cheered. When we had finished, or thought we had, he struck his prelude. But he had only struck through four notes when a tremendous burst from the whole assembly. They recognized those notes, "Home, sweet home." She was going to give us that. As we were quiet, she did. It is a song who was sobbing—well, I don't know what wasn't. She sang it very softly, yet with the old marvellous power. It is a commonplace ballad, granted; but human nature is commonplace. And all the pent up emotions of years past were gathered up in these simple notes; and when she almost whispered the refrain it was audible all over the hall. I, who was in a humble position, high as I could hear every word, and remembered with glad and happy tears my youthful days.

is a power, the power of song, and wonderful are the responsibilities of a gift which can thus move the hearts of thousands as the heart of one man.—Correspondent Church Times.

Mrs. John Strange Winter has given an answer to someone, who asked if music interested her, which is not without a certain significance. She declares that she loathes indifferent music; preferring the company of brilliant people.

But she continues:— "When I have good music under good conditions no one could be more fond of it than I. I certainly do object to the girl who plays 'The Maiden's Prayer,' and who sings sentimental songs in an utterly untrained voice like the wailing of the broken-hearted dog; and even more do I object to the man who bleats for hours on end, till all hearers long to give him a change that will put a stop to his singing for all time."

Most of us are only too familiar with feeble attempts of limited powers who inflict well-worn copies of "The Maiden's Prayer" type on us. It is customary to endure such inflictions patiently, but Mrs. Winter advocates open warfare of defence against performers of this kind. She thinks these social nuisances should be remonstrated with, and asks the pertinent question:—

"Why should you feel offended because your friend told you plainly that you could not sing properly? I do not think it was at all rude of her to tell you not to sing. You admit you have not had any lessons since you were at school at 16; how then do you expect to accord to anyone? It is manifestly as absurd as to think that a man who has passed a couple of years as a chemist's apprentice must therefore know all that there is to know about surgery! I cannot see why people should be so touchy about their musical deficiencies, or why their friends should have to pretend that they give them pleasure when they are at best only bored to extinction."

This is plain speaking, and our musical efforts would in many cases be better for more of this sort of open reproof. The disagreeable nature is, that no one exactly likes to undertake the task of this plain speaking. It is analogous to the dangerous operation metaphorically known as "belling the cat;" now cats are rare.

The latest opera by Pietro Mascagni was produced at Covent Garden on the evening of July 17, under the direction of the composer. The original production was as late as November 20 at Florence. The text is by Tezzetti and Mascagni, from Erekmann-Chatrain's romance. The story holds a middle ground between the almost idyllic simplicity of "L'Amico Fritz," and deals with a long feud of two brothers, which is healed upon the marriage of the children. The London "Daily News" discusses the music:

Despite its many and obvious merits it is only an advance upon 'L'Amico Fritz.' It is possible that, like other young composers who have suddenly leaped into fame, Mascagni is getting too much, and that a more restricted workmanship. With the first act, which opens with a prelude announcing one of the themes of the opera, deals with the accident of a field for which both brothers are killed, the composer could obviously do little, and he therefore confines himself to an open-air chorus of peasants, full of local colour, a simple romanza for the heroine and a cleverly constructed finale. The second act, which takes place in the elder brother's house, and deals with the quarrel between father and daughter, is far better. It opens with a dainty duet for the heroine, and it also includes the scene in the French drama, where the younger brother is silenced by the squire and his disobedient daughter, who refuses to marry any but her own choice. At the close of the act, in the interval, when the squire and his disobedient daughter, who refuses to marry any but her own choice, are hurled to the ground for her infidelity. Mascagni has put forth all his strength. Here he is in his most characteristic and unconventional vein, the orchestra is

employed with great freedom, and the whole is worked up to a highly effective climax. From the turmoil of this family quarrel it is an agreeable change to pass, at the opening of the third act, to a delicious little female chorus of water drawers, followed by a 'Cicalcio,' a chattering chorus of village gossips cleverly constructed. There is a passionate tenor air for the young lover, in style quite characteristic of Mascagni. The middle portion of this act drags not a little and the incident of the challenge to a duel, from which, by the way, nothing comes, might well be struck out altogether. The close of the act is identical with the French drama. In a fine baritone soliloquy paternal love triumphs over fraternal hatred, and to save his daughter the elder brother resolves to humble himself to the younger. Here, with the genuine artistic instinct, the composer represses himself, and the brief scene is followed only by a few bars for orchestra. The last act is certainly not the best of the four, and it therefore need only be said that it contains a melodious soprano song for the now convalescent heroine, a lengthy love duet and a finale in which the reconciliation is effected.—Musical Courier.

LIBRARY TABLE.

STORIES OF THE SOUTH.—New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Toronto: Wm. Briggs.

In the two previous issues of this series we spoke their praises warmly. This beautiful little companion volume of 222 pages merits the same treatment. The stories selected are, "No Hard Pawn," by Thomas Nelson Page; "How the Derby was Won," by Harrison Robertson; "Aunt Fountain's Prisoner," by Joel Chandler Harris; and "Tirac y Sault," by Rebecca Harding Davis. Handy little volumes these are, most suitable for travelling readers.

AN ADVENTURE IN PHOTOGRAPHY.—By Octave Tarnet. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1893.

Miss Tarnet's ability to write short stories well, and her experience as an amateur photographer enable her to put within the 177 pages of this interesting, instructive and excellently illustrated volume, just the kind of information that beginners in the art most need, and often fail to find. The adventures of the writer and her co-photographer Jane are clearly, lightly and most genially portrayed by facile pen and apt photographic illustration. It is a sort of kindergarten for amateur aspirants, for excellence in the art with which it deals, and is unpretentious, yet effective. Many a reader who has little or perhaps no interest in photography will enjoy the book for its humour, its attractiveness and its really unique character.

HISTORY OF FEDERAL GOVERNMENT IN GREECE AND ITALY.—By Edward A. Freeman. Price \$3.75. London: Macmillan & Co, 1893.

It is hardly possible for those who read this work on its first appearance to believe that thirty years have elapsed since then, but so it is. It was intended by Dr. Freeman to be the first of a series of volumes in Federal Government, which was to finish off with the United States. While collecting the material for this great effort, Dr. Freeman was drawn off to the subject of the Norman Conquest, and every one knows what splendid contribution he has made to this great subject. The present volume is, however, of good value. No one will enter upon the study of Federal Government in any legitimate manner without making himself acquainted with Dr. Freeman's work. The present issue (second edition) is produced under the editorship of Mr. J. B. Bury, who has brought the book up to the present time and has done his part admirably.

MARKED "PERSONAL."—By Anna Katharine Green (Mrs. Charles Rohlf). New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1893.

One cannot call this a strongly written

book. No reader of it can complain of lack of plot or sensational effect. There is ingenuity without doubt in the plotting, and a certain consistency in the whole story when it is all told. There is, on the other hand, a good deal of weak conversational chatter and sentimental nonsense. The book is dominated by a large pock-marked man of powerful frame and commanding personality who is assisted at the outset by a remarkable negro waiter, whose address, assurance, and courage are phenomenal. The Mephistopheles of the drama apparently holds the lives of the statesman and student who are introduced to the reader at will. Then we have Mrs. White, the young, beautiful, fashionable bride of an hour—who very soon after the sudden death of her husband, consoles herself by falling in love with his noble, handsome, yet effeminate son, whose heart is, however, held by a pretty school girl. Having launched the reader on the eddying current of the stream, we must leave him to pursue its sinuous and troubled course at will.

THE CHIEF FACTOR and MRS. FALCHION.—By Gilbert Parker. New York: The Home Publishing Company. Toronto: The Williamson Book Company.

In the first of these novels Andrew Venlaw, a young Scotchman, loves Jean Fordie, a beautiful Scotch lass whose heart however, inclines to Brian Kingley, a muddle-head, warm-hearted, clever young Irishman. Bruce Fordie, Jean's brother, has a fray with a keeper and as a result flees the country. Benoni, a rascally showman, figures largely in the story as the warm friend of old John Fordie, Jean's father, and of his boy and girl. Elsie Garvan a factory girl of violent temper, yet not uninteresting personality, plays her part in the tale. After a quarrel with Brian Kingley and a piece of vengeful deception on the part of Elsie Garvan, Andrew Venlaw leaves his native land, as an employee of the Hudson's Bay Company—and the scene shifts to the Canadian North West, where we also meet with Bruce Fordie and Brian Kingley. Here, after years of industry and enterprise, Venlaw attains the position of chief Factor of the Company. Then after years of waiting and hoping he returns to his old home to seek a return for the staunch unflinching love, which has been the mainspring of his ambition and the chief joy of his life. How he fares with Jean and what betides them both, and the other characters in the story, we must leave to the gentle reader to find out.

The early part of "Mrs. Falchion" is taken up with the incidents of the voyage of the occidental steamer "Fulvia," from England to Australia; the tale is told by Dr. Marmion, the steamer's surgeon. The chief character is Mrs. Falchion, a woman of extraordinary personal and mental charms, but a woman with a mysterious record. She married in the South seas, where she lived with her father who was a British consul at Samoa. Extravagant in tastes and fond of social pleasure, her husband at last became involved and pilfered to minister to her requirements. His sin became known and she deserted and cast him off. A rich relative dying left her a fortune and so she was travelling on the "Fulvia" for pleasure. Her disgraced husband, though she does not know it, is also on board. A fine manly character is Hungerford, the fifth officer. Later on in the story appears Galt Roscoe, a naval officer who was known to Mrs. Falchion in Samoa, and who is hated by her for a supposed wrong done to a member of her family. Justine Caron, companion to Mrs. Falchion, finds in Galt Roscoe her dead brother's devoted friend. Roscoe ultimately joins the church, and the latter part of the story is woven around his fortunes and those of Ruth Devlin, a noble British Columbian girl in their far-off home at Viking, in the Cascade mountains range, where Mrs. Falchion re-appears and plays her part to the end with vigour and address. These books and their predecessors will fully make clear to readers in Canada, Mr. Parker's birth-place, the secret of his popularity and success as an author in London. To vivid imagination, skill in the construction of plot and delineation of character, and no inconsiderable descriptive power he adds the unquestionable advantage of

travel. A keen and shrewd observer of man and nature, he brings to bear upon his pages the style and finish of a tasteful and acute literary workman. Mr. Parker's work is bright, clear cut, vivid—there is in it the skill and fashion of the artist—yet more than his art you feel the power of the man. Healthy in tone, high in aim and masterly in execution, do we find Mr. Parker's stories. For so young a man they are exceptionally good and give promise of a brilliant future for their author.

PERIODICALS.

Book Chat for August has its usual complement of matter for literary readers. Number eight of volume eight is quite up to the mark. This serviceable little journal has an intrinsic value quite out of proportion to its size.

The Bookman for August adds to its portrait gallery representations of the late M. Guy de Maupassant, of his house and study, and of Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton. There are notices of two new writers, Messrs. E. F. Benson and T. A. Pinkerton, and papers on Lord Beaconsfield, Maarten Maartens, Mrs. L. C. Moulton and Editor and Contributor from Contributor's standpoint. As well as other departmental matter.

To the reader who prefers exhaustive treatment linked with sound scholarship, the old reviews will ever prove attractive. In the July Edinburgh, there is variety in subject ranging from the elaborate notice of some works on the "Tell Armana Tablets," covering some thirty-two pages, to the terminal notice of Mr. A. V. Dicey's brochure, "A Leap in the Dark." In all there are in the number twelve articles well varied and excellent.

The Expository Times has most varied contents. The beginning of its notes deals with a very interesting discussion of the origin and integrity of the Book of Job. We shall look with anxiety for further information on the subject. An article on Charles Secretan is of much interest. The great Text Commentary, as usual, gives suggestions of value; and the smaller articles are all excellent. As a practical journal, the Expository Times is invaluable.

The Overland Monthly has become a varying study in covers. E. I. Denny celebrates the rare orchid *Calypto borealis* in prose and verse. John S. Hittell has a short paper on the late Leland Stanford. J. M. Scovel has a short personal reminiscent paper on Richard Cobden. An industrial contribution, by Mabel H. Closson, deals with "Humboldt Lumbering." An interesting descriptive article is that on "The Thinklets of Alaska." Short and serial stories and poems complete the August number.

The Scottish Review for July, has its usual complement of historical articles with a theological tinge. In the opening paper, entitled "The Spanish Blanks and Catholic Earls," Mr. T. G. Law passes in review some stirring incidents of the close of the 16th century. Professor Allan Menzies and Mr. W. A. Craigie, impart the literary tone of the number in their respective contributions: "The Romance of King Rother" and Barbour and Blind Harry as Literature." Neither science nor biography are neglected in this number, nor is there lacking other instructive matter.

"At the Green Dragon: an episode," is the taking title of the long, short story with which the August Blackwood begins, and in which Beatrice Harraden will entertain many readers. Mr. R. Jope Slade most seasonably tells the aquatic story of the America cup. The article descriptive of Russian progress in Manchuria, is followed by "A French Study in Burns," in which M. Augellier's fine appreciation is commended. "In Oradia," is one of these finely drawn philosophical brochures with which Blackwood now and then favours us. Other good matter will also be found in this number.

Many and interesting are the subjects referred to under the caption "Progress of the World," in the Review of Reviews for August. The leading topic however, is the proposed

Anglo-Saxon re-union. It is instructive to read the expressions of opinion of the United States professors of political economy on the present financial situation in their country. The United States editor writes a sketch of the late Leland Stanford, as does the English editor of the late Admiral Tryon and the Victoria disaster. An Englishman also gives his views of the civic life of Chicago in this number.

Royal Pets, No. II, is the delightful opening paper of the August Idler. In this capitally illustrated paper, Mr. Ernest M. Jessop writes of "The Prince and Princess of Wales's Pets at Sandringham." I. Zangwill follows with the first instalment of an Israelitish story entitled, "The King of Schnorrers." Sophie Wassilieff adds another sad chapter to her "Memoirs of a Female Nihilist." Raymond Blathwayt, in "Lions in their Dens" series, has something readable to say about Henry Arthur Jones, the dramatic author. Andrew Lang writes of "Stories and Story Telling," and Morley Roberts recites the story of his first book.

The Cosmopolitan for August offers a great deal of matter for a small sum. It has a number of appropriate illustrations for the weird astronomical story of M. Camille Flammarion, which is completed in this number. A paper of unusual interest is that by Professor Boyesen, which gives the reader some insight into the personal character and home life of the Norwegian novelist Bjornsen. Bliss Carman contributes an extraordinary poem entitled "The Red Wolf," with the word "door" as a recurring rhyme throughout its twenty-five stanzas; "The Prairie Hen and its Enemies," by Stoddard Goodhue, and Salmon Casts, by H. A. Herbert will please lovers of nature and sport. In the department of Art and Letters, Messrs. Sarcy, Boyesen, Lang and Janvier, have something to say and Science is heard from in later pages.

Canadians will naturally turn first to Professor Goldwin Smith's contribution on "Anglo-Saxon Union," in taking up the North American Review for August. It is sad to think that the last days of two of England's most illustrious sons (Gladstone and Goldwin Smith) should be devoted, as we think, to the dismembering instead of the upbuilding of an Empire—than which none greater or nobler has been founded by valour, and sustained by wise and magnanimous polity. The financial situation is not neglected in this number, and the assistant Secretary of the U. S. Navy, seeks to deduce some useful lessons from the Victoria disaster, but mars a thoughtful article by a beastful ending. A curious subject, yet one of wide-spread experience is mooted: "The American Hotel of to-day." Justin McCarthy, M. P., gives his views on the House of Lords, and Dr. J. H. Senner discusses the late German elections.

LITERARY AND PERSONAL.

The new volume in that useful series of hand-books, 'The Cambridge Bible for Schools and Colleges,' is 'The Epistles to the Colossians and to Philemon,' edited by the Rev. H. C. G. Mowle, M.A.

Mr. Clement Scott has decided to collect the articles which he wrote while on his recent tour round the world for the Daily Telegraph, and to publish them in volume form under the title of "Round the World to the World's Fair."

Messrs. Henry & Co. announce that they are about to publish Sir Richard Burton's rare version of 'The Pentamerone,' by Giovanni Battista Basile, who lived in the seventeenth century. The work will be issued in two editions, with a preface by Lady Burton.

Mr. Jerome K. Jerome has been holiday-making with Mr. Frank Matthew, author of 'At the Rising of the Moon,' in Switzerland. He has taken the Home Farm at Sulham, near Pangbourne, where he spent the autumn two years ago, for the summer. It is said that he is contemplating writing a long novel.

Mr. Hume Nisbet, says the Bookman, has just returned from a visit to Norway where he has been gathering local colouring for a new story of adventure entitled 'Valdmer the Viking,' which he is writing for Messrs. Hutchinson; he has also been making some sketches for the illustrations to the book.

Mr. F. von Wenckstern, the honorary assistant librarian of the Japan Society, has compiled a Japanese bibliography, extending over the period 1859-1893, to include works in languages other than Japanese. The work will also catalogue papers in the 'Transactions' of societies, as well as articles in magazines, reviews, and other periodicals.

Mr. Maarten Maartens, who is now staying at Chexbres in Switzerland, announces, that he has left England most deeply impressed by the goodwill of his brethren of the pen. He has said that he received more kindness from strangers during his fortnight in England than in the thirty-four years of his previous existence.

Mr. Douglas Sladen has furnished the words for the beautiful Oriental air by Mr. Walter W. Hedgcock originally written for Mr. Rudyard Kipling's 'Mandalay.' Mr. Kipling having parted with the musical rights, Mr. Hedgcock was unable to publish his music with the 'Mandalay' words. Mr. Sladen then wrote fresh words with a Japanese instead of Burmese inspiration. It is entitled 'The Mousmee,' or 'His Sweetheart in Japan.'

Mrs. Deland's new novel, "Philip and the Wife," it is said, deals with the subject of divorce on the ground of incompatibility. Those who have read the manuscript, upon which Mrs. Deland is still working, say that it is the strongest story she has written, and that it is likely to exceed "John Warlock Preacher," in popularity. It will appear first as a serial in The Atlantic Monthly, beginning probably with the October number, and afterward be published in book form by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

The marvellous child mentioned in the Chinese classics, who, at four years old, was able to recite the 360 verses of the Taoist poetry as well as the Ancient Book of Odes, has been eclipsed by an infant prodigy of the same age, who has presented himself at the Licentiate examinations in Hong Kong as a candidate for literary honors. The Pagan Chohsien personally examined this tiny prodigy, says the London Daily News, and found that he could write, in an infantile way, a concise essay on the subject that had been given him.

The editions de luxe to be issued by Messrs. Macmillan during the season 1893-4 will include the Poems of Lord Tennyson, with illustrations by Millais, Holman Hunt, Mulready, Stanfield, Maclise, Rossetti, and others. The reprint of the famous book wood block by Moxon in 1857. The original wood blocks are in excellent condition, and will be available without re-engraving. The large number of copies will be limited to one hundred, and will be printed on hand-made paper, with the text on Japanese paper mounted in the text, price two guineas net.

An interviewer of Mr. Besant in The Fortnightly says that the first Society of Authors was founded exactly fifty years ago by Charles Dickens. Mr. Besant, says the interviewer, showed him a book he had bought from a dealer containing the autographs of those present at the first meeting, among them being Dickens, Thackeray, Lytton, and Harriet Martineau. The old Society, however, had the least vitality, and when Dickens drew it tumbled to pieces. The only person who struck the right note, said Mr. Besant, 'was a woman—Harriet Martineau.'

Before the end of the year, says the London Literary World, we are promised a biography of Mr. John MacGregor (the 'Rob Roy'), who died a twelvemonth ago. MacGregor's career was active and varied. In 1865 he made his first voyage in the Rob Roy

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canoe, the log of which cruise almost every day is familiar with. He was one of the representatives of Greenwich on the first two School Boards of London, and was largely occupied with philanthropic work till his death. Mr. Edwin Hodder has been entrusted with the biography by Mr. MacGregor's family.

Messrs. Longmans have in the press, and will publish in the autumn, the Bampton Lecture for 1893, recently delivered by the Rev. W. Sanday, M.A., D.D., Dean Ireland's Professor of Exegesis and Fellow of Exeter College, Oxford. The subject of the lecture is the Early History and Origin of the Doctrine of Biblical Inspiration. Professor Sanday sent the editors of the various religious journals, and in this way the main contents of the book are not unknown. But no doubt there will be much of value in the notes and dissertations which Professor Sanday will append.

Mr. Baring Gould, it is announced, is engaged upon a new work for the autumn season to be entitled 'The Deserts of Central France.' It will describe the great barren limestone table-land in the departments of Aveyron, Lezere, Lot, Herault, Correze, etc.—a country of dolomitic cliffs and canons, full of prehistoric interest. The whole district is honey-combed with caves, and subterranean rivers were inhabited in the middle ages by robbers, who have left traces of their tenancy, and everywhere one encounters relics of the English domination of Guienne.

The original MS. of Allan Ramsay's once famous pastoral, 'The Gentle Shepherd,' has not fallen into the hands of an Edinburgh gentleman. It has been carefully preserved in the original covers, and inscribed on it is the following note in the handwriting of the author: "This is the original manuscript from which the copy was printed: presented to my Patroness, March 2, 1737, after my having been re-printed six editions of it, a thousand each time, besides two in London, one in Dublin, and one in Glasgow. And be it kend to you, curious posterity, that the performance has received the universal approbation, as I hope it will from you thousands of years hence." The MS. was given to Boswell, with flattering expressions of regard, by Ramsay's patroness, the Countess of Eglinton, the last time he visited her.

The little volume of poems by James Dryden Hooker, the postman poet, says the *London Literary World*, to which we drew attention some time since, is now before the public. It is printed on rough paper, tastefully and appropriately bound, and published by Messrs. Methuen. A critical and biographical introduction by Mr. A. T. Quiller Couch ('Q') will greatly to the interest of the volume. We desire his work to be brought to the final test of all poetry," he writes, "and judged on its own merits," and, having said that, he concludes, "I am ready to salute him for a true poet." We quote the following conceit upon his mistress—

Thou art a gem
Set on the wrinkled forehead of wide death,
Whose glad diffusive splendour must condemn
All thought that undervalues human breath.

According to a writer in the *Chicago Tribune*, Dr. Edward Eggleston is engaged upon his last novel; for after it is finished he will devote himself entirely to historical work. The novel will deal with New York life. He is writing it slowly, at the rate of 500 words a day, which is very different from the way he wrote "The Hoosier Schoolmaster." That popular story was written at "white heat" for the *Hearth and Home* while Eggleston, says this writer, "is far above the average man every way—in height and appearance. His figure is tall and broad and commanding, and his heart is warm and true. There is a merry twinkle of good-fellowship about his dark eyes. He is a charming conversationalist, unlike some other great authors who save all their good things for book pages."

Those who delight in "The Christian Year"—and such may be counted by thousands, says the *New York Critic*—will find in the biography of John Keble by the Rev. Walter Lock the best summary of his life and character. Mr. Lock is a Fellow of Mary Magdalen College, and has examined and sifted most of the correspondence of Keble. This year being the centennial anniversary of his birth, this scholarly and readable volume is most timely and welcome. A good frontispiece shows clearly the spiritual face of the great hymnist. The book tells particularly about the formation and growth of "The Christian Year" and of the struggle of mind that came to him when the Oxford and Tractarian movement began and increased. One chapter shows the preacher in interesting detail. That upon characteristics and influence is a fine analysis of his wonderful spiritual power. An appendix gives the poems of "The Christian Year," arranged in order of composition, and another presents a bibliography of all his writings. Probably, on account of its condensation and clearness, this is the biography of Keble most likely to be read in the future.

READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

A BALLAD OF AUTHORS AND BOOKS.

In the coves of the Island of Treasure,
On the tropical Beach of Faless,
I have taken unlimited pleasure,
Wafted there by a favouring breeze.
I have lingered with Lang and his Book-men,
I have Gossiped the day long with Gosse,
But have wearied of Stead and his spook-men,
And have steadfastly wished for their loss.
I have studied Vanbrugh and Pinero,
Ford and Webster, Kit Marlowe and Jones;
Whilst to me Oscar Wilde was a hero,
With his wittily cynical tones;
But so long as "A Doll's House," the craze is,
I am sure that the public might see,
If they wish for a play that amazes,
They can get one much better from me.
I have shared in each joy and each sorrow,
Of the garrulous "Warriors Three,"
I have travelled in Spain with George Borrow,
I have tasted the Autocrat's tea,
I have listened to Barrie's sweet "Thumping,"
And enjoyed "Lady Windermere's Fan,"
But I think of the writer who's coming,
And I wonder if I am the man.
—G. B., in the *Spectator*.

WAYS AND WILES OF FISH POACHERS.

It is astonishing how many men, in certain parts of the country, supplement their income by fish poaching, which, judging from a confession made to the present writer, seems to be that long sought desideratum, a "remunerative evening occupation." The particular "burst of confidence" was this:—"The other night I caught five salmon, and the least weighed twelve pounds. I sold the lot to a fishmonger for £2, and if I could do as well every time I went out I'd soon jack up work." Near the same town where the speaker lives, another profitable fish-poaching transaction took place a few months ago. Wishing to stock a pond, a man applied to a gang of three poachers, all "amateurs," for fish, and they accordingly netted a reservoir. The net was put in at one end, from side to side, in the usual manner, but to the bottom of the net, which was weighted, were fastened ropes, and these were pulled by a man at the other end of the reservoir. So that when the net had been run the length of the piece of water, the bottom was lifted carefully until all the fish were surrounded by meshes. The live contents of the water—some five hundred dace, roach, etc.—were

Be Sure

If you have made up your mind to buy Hood's Sarsaparilla do not be induced to take any other. A Boston lady, whose example is worthy imitation, tells her experience below: "In one store where I went to buy Hood's Sarsaparilla the clerk tried to induce me buy their own instead of Hood's; he told me theirs would last longer; that I might take it on ten

To Get

days' trial; that if I did not like it I need not pay anything, etc. But he could not prevail on me to change. I told him I had taken Hood's Sarsaparilla, knew what it was, was satisfied with it, and did not want any other. When I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla I was feeling real miserable with dyspepsia, and so weak that at times I could hardly

Hood's

stand. I looked like a person in consumption. Hood's Sarsaparilla did me so much good that I wonder at myself sometimes, and my friends frequently speak of it." Mrs. ELLA A. GOFF, 61 Terrace Street, Boston.

Sarsaparilla

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

100 Doses One Dollar

then drawn out, placed in tubs and carried away. When morning dawned, the fish were swimming about in the pond of the customer, who cheerfully gave 26s. for them. But on the following night, the same poachers paid him a visit, carried off his stolen fish, and promptly re-sold them to another accommodating buyer for 25s. Those salmon which realized £2, however, were caught by spearing, though, as a rule, the amateur shoots, "snatches," nets, or poisons. "Snatching," as many people know, is not at all difficult. The operator throws a sort of grapnel into the water, and allows it to lie on the bed of the river until a fish incautiously glides over it. Then the string or rope is jerked, and the fish hooked. Poisoning—an execrable method of poaching—is never, or very rarely, practised by a regular hand, except from motives of spite, when a whole river has been depopulated. A novice, who has resorted to it two or three times, describes the operation thus—"You fix a net across the stream, and go up the bank and sprinkle some chloride of lime in the water. Directly the fish get a taste of this they dart about, silly-like, and rush down stream into the net. 'Dosing,' if you use little stuff, won't mark the fish; but if you throw in a lot, they are poisoned in a crack and float on the top of the water, and everybody can see how they have been caught by the look of the eyes and gills."

Asked by the writer how he works, a man who gets his living by poaching said: "It takes three of us to net a pool or river. One gets hold of the net on one side, and one on the other, and the other man walks in the water behind it to lift it up if it gets fast. We pick out places in the daytime. That's netting; but there's more ways than one of catching fish. Oh, I've had to run for it many a time," he continued. "One night a fool of a keeper—he'd been laid in the wet grass for hours waiting for us, him and his mates—caught hold of my leg and lugged me down. I was too quick for him. I gave him a kick that nearly killed him. Yes, we left the net behind. You don't think we'd be soft enough to carry it, do you? Why, if a net was found on one of we chaps, it would be three months, certain. We never hardly take a net home with us. We almost always hide it, and the fish—we never take them home; we hide them, too, and rabbits. A bobby found one lot of our stuff not long ago, but he couldn't tell who it belonged to."

Sometimes a cart brings our fish or rabbits into town for us. Once, I put a lot of live fish into milk cans, and got them to their new home that way. Then there's an old woman I know—she takes bundles to the pop (or pawn) shop for people. Give her a pint, and she'll walk past a bobby with a net or anything. The other week she went into town with a string of rabbits round her waist, covered by her skirt, pinned up. She can do a bit at poaching, too." "What are the profits of fish poaching?" we asked. "Oh, the profits are right enough," was the reply. "We can't get enough fish. It's different in some parts. I've had £2 or £3 for a night's work, and I've had nothing. Rabbits are the profitable things." "Fish poaching is more difficult than rabbit poaching, isn't it?" "Not a bit; it's the other way about. Getting a few fish is easy enough. All you have to do is to mind the keepers and take care they haven't thrown any bushes in the water you are netting. You see, the net catches in them, and then the fish are out and off." "And have you never any difficulty in finding customers?" "Never. I can sell as much stuff as ever I can get—aye, alive or dead. Live rabbits are wanted for coursing, and live fish for stocking angling waters."—Cassell's Saturday Journal.

ROYAL PETS AT SANDRINGHAM.

We are at once greeted with a prolonged whistle by, perhaps, the most privileged pet on the estate. This is "Cockie," a jolly-looking white cockatoo, with a salmon-coloured crest surmounting his quaint and somewhat venerable countenance. With head sloped to one side, he balances himself on his metal perch, with the double object of having his portrait taken, and listening comfortably to the recital of his history. "Cockie," as is explained to me (the bird emphasising each sentence by alternately raising and lowering his crest, but maintaining strict silence), has an objection to wearing feathers during the present fine, warm weather. In fact, he carefully removes from his person, each as it grows, with the sole exception of those on his head, neck, and tail, which he possibly thinks add dignity to his appearance, and enable him the better to support his character as the chief Royal pet. He has been in the possession of the Princess for the last fifteen or twenty years, and is exceedingly fond of her, as well he may be, considering his exceptional privileges. He was an inmate of the Princess's own dressing-room until the last twelve months, and has only been removed on account of the increasing power of his lungs. A terrific screech from "Cockie" here convinced me of the wisdom of the change of quarters.

As soon as the Princess is near enough to his perch when making her morning visit, "Cockie" holds her hand with his big black claw, and rubs his head against her with the greatest affection, evidently trying his utmost to show his gratitude for her many kindnesses. He now has a small, sunny room in the keeper's house, allotted to him for a sleeping compartment and looks in the best of health and spirits, although his appearance, minus his natural clothing, irresistibly reminds me of the Jackdaw of Rheims when under the ban of the Church.—From "The Idler"

C. C. Richards & Co.

Gentlemen,—For years I have been troubled with scrofulous sores upon my face. I have spent hundreds of dollars trying to effect a cure, without any result. I am happy to say one bottle of MINARD'S LINIMENT entirely cured me, and I can heartily recommend it to all as the best medicine in the world.

RONALD McINNES.

Bayfield, Ont.

PUBLIC OPINION.

Regina Leader: It seems pretty certain now that the decision of the Behring Sea arbitration will be, as we stated at the first it was sure to be, on the side of law and common sense, that is to say on the side of Great Britain and Canada, and against the preposterous claims for which the late Mr. Blaine was mainly responsible.

Halifax Chronicle: Once more the dread- el cholera has made its appearance on this side of the Atlantic, one or two cases having been discovered in New York. The warning is one which should not go unheeded by the quarantine authorities of Canada, or by the provincial and municipal health officers. This is a time for the exercise of the greatest vigilance.

Quebec Chronicle: There is either a great deal of ignorance or very much unfounded prejudice in England respecting the freedom from contagious disease and general healthfulness of Canadian cattle, and all who are acquainted with the actual facts will agree that Canada has very much to gain and nothing to lose by the proposed visit of British experts, no matter how prejudiced they may come here in regard to the object of their mission.

Montreal Star: It is proposed that Britain and the United States combine in an effort to clear the Atlantic ocean of "derelicts." The "derelicts" are floating wrecks with a fatal tendency to add to their number. They show no lights and utter no warning in a fog, and hence collision with them is exceedingly easy. Some of them are so nearly submerged that an ocean greyhound is right upon them before they are seen, when they tear a hole in the side of the vessel like a sunken reef. "Many a ship that has gone to sea," says the Boston Herald, "never to be heard of again, has probably owed her loss to collision with one of these menaces to navigation. Derelicts are more numerous than is generally supposed. The last pilot chart of the North Atlantic represents a full score of them in the ocean pathways, recently reported." It would be money well spent to clear the highway to Europe of these lurking perils.

Victoria World: The display made by the citizens of Victoria, B. C. at the summer show, is declared to be such as would be a credit to any community. The manufacturers have come out in full force and their wares are attracting considerable attention. Until seen in the building few have any conception of the number and varied character of the Capital's industrial establishments. In arts and domestic manufactures the showing is exceptionally good. The outside exhibit in live stock, &c., is a very fine one, and commended by those who have visited shows in former years in other sections of the Province. The produce of the field, the garden and the orchard is to be seen, but the season is too early to exhibit the growth of this year in these. Altogether the experiment of holding a midsummer show in Victoria may be said to be a success. During the remainder of the week large crowds will visit it from all sections of this country and the Sound and thus swell the number of those who will help to make the agricultural carnival all that its most sanguine promoters could desire.

Among the many Russian articles of use and beauty now imported to this country are girdles for feminine waists. They are, like most Russian ornaments, gorgeous to the last degree. The girdle itself is made of cloth woven with threads of gold or silver. The buckle is usually a large, metallic affair, bedizened with Byzantine decoration. Sometimes a javelin, jeweled and colored, forms the tongue of the buckle, and sometimes the belt is further ornamented by heavy tassels fringed with gold or silver bullion. The girdles are not nearly so expensive as they look.—New York Sun.

THE HABITS OF CENTENARIANS.

Sir George Humphry has investigated the life histories of centenarians in England, with the view of ascertaining the causes and circumstances of longevity. The report was published by the Collective Investigation Committee of the British Medical Association, in 1887. One reads of the habits and lives of these men and women who attained the age of one hundred years and more, one is struck by the fact that they were almost invariably lean people, of spare habit, and of great moderation in eating and drinking. Of thirty-seven three took no animal food, four took very little, twenty a little, ten a moderate amount, and only one acknowledged eating much meat. With regard to alcohol the returns are much the same, and abstemiousness is found to be the rule of life of these centenarians. Fifteen had been total abstainers, either during the whole or part of their lives; two took very little alcohol, twenty a little, and ten a moderate amount. Sir George Humphry's interesting and valuable collection of facts regarding centenarians, confirms opinions which have been held from time to time by various persons, in opposition to the generally accepted view that as age increases, and strength diminishes, the diet should be more stimulating and strengthening. The most remarkable of these persons, was Cornaro, an Italian man, who lived in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and who attained the age of upwards of 100 years. He seems in middle life, to have suffered from dyspepsia, brought on by over-indulgence, he says that he had "fallen into different kinds of disorders, such as pains in the stomach, and often stitches, and spasms of the gut, attended by what was at the most still worse, an almost continual fever, a stomach generally out of order, and a perpetual thirst." At the age of forty he decided that abstemiousness and regularity should be the order of his life, instead of the previous course of indulgence in eating and drinking, which was surely driving him to an early grave. He kept his resolution for a year, at the end of which time he declared himself free of all complaints. He states that his rule was to take as much food and wine as would check appetite without completely satisfying it. "I ate my accustomed myself," he says, "to control matters so as never to cloy my stomach with eating and drinking; but constantly to rise from the table with a disposition to eat and drink still more. What with bread, meat, the yolk of an egg, and soup, I ate as much as weighed in all 12 oz., neither more nor less. I drank in all 14 oz. of wine." Cornaro lived on this meagre diet to a vigorous old age. He wrote several treatises on the subject of diet, urging others to follow his example; one of these was written when he had attained the age of ninety five, and shows that he was in full possession of his faculties.—Hospital.

A PERFECT COOK.

A perfect cook never presents us with indigestible food. There are few perfect cooks, and consequently indigestion is very prevalent. You can eat what you like and as much as you want after using Dock Blood Bitters, the natural specific for indigestion or dyspepsia in any form.

The average length of the whale is 60 feet average girth 40 feet; thickness of blubber 12 inches.

RHEUMATISM IN THE KNEES.

Sirs,—About two years ago I had rheumatism in the knees, which became so bad that I could hardly go up or down stairs without help. All medicines failed until I was induced to try B. B. B. At the time I had taken the second bottle I was greatly relieved, and the third bottle completely removed the pain and stiffness.

Amos Becksted, Morrisburg, Ont.

Vertical text on the right edge of the page, including "INVIGORATING" and "CR 177".

SCIENTIFIC AND SANITARY.

In *Physical Education* Dr. Luther Gulick argues that by exercising certain muscles it is possible to develop certain sections of the brain. His argument has special reference to feeble-minded persons, whose mental condition, in his opinion, might be improved by the right kind of muscular exercise.

Travellers in Arctic regions say the physical effects of cold there are about as follows: Fifteen degrees above, unpleasantly warm; zero, mild; 10 degrees below, bracing; 20 degrees below, sharp, but not severely cold; 30 degrees below, very cold; 40 degrees below, intensely cold; 50 degrees below, a struggle for life.—*New Orleans Picayune*.

The great cave in the Black Hills region is said to be 52 miles long, and contains nearly 1,500 rooms, some of them 200 feet high, having been opened. There are streams, waterfalls and 37 lakes, one of which is an acre in extent. The cave is 6,000 feet above sea level and 400 feet below the earth's surface.

Every railway should have its surgeon. He is a necessity as much as its lawyer, its president, or even its superintendent. Both professions of law and medicine are now a necessity for the proper management and conduct of a railway. The railway surgeon came, perhaps last, but he has come to stay, and no railway of importance can now dispense with this officer.—*Medico-Legal Journal*.

The telegraph is now used by deep-water divers. A receiver and transmitter combined is affixed to the inside of the helmet near the diver's ear. By a slight turn of his head he can speak into the 'phone, and he can hear readily from it at all times. Its value in deep-sea work for reporting progress or receiving instructions is clear. Formerly the only communication was by a system of pulls at a cord.

Telephometer is the new word naming an instrument to register the time of each conversation at the telephone from the time of ringing up the exchange to the ringing off signal. Such a system would reduce rentals of telephones to a scale according to the service, instead of a fixed charge to a business firm or occasional user alike. The instrument has been constructed at the invitation of the German telephone department and is to control the duration of telephone conversations and to total the time.—*New Orleans Times-Democrat*.

Prof. Zuntz, at the Physiological Society of Berlin, definitely explains the making of sugar sweeter by the addition of salt. From his experiments, he finds that if to a solution of sugar there be added a slight amount of salt and water, so weak that it excites no saline taste, the result is extra sweetening of the sugared water. The weakest of quinine solution is said also to produce similar results. The explanation given of the above seeming incongruity is that the ever so feeble saltiness bitterness imparts an increased sensibility to the sensation of taste by the simultaneous stimuli, and hence an appreciation of additional sweetness.—*British Medical Journal*.

What is meant by "raising" bread is worth a few words. The introduction of the yeast into the moist dough and the addition of heat when the pan is placed near the fire produce an enormous growth of the yeast fungi—the yeast "germ," in other words. These fungi effect a destructive fermentation of a portion of the starchy matter of the flour—one of the most valuable nutrient elements in the flour. The fermentation produces carbonic-acid gas, and this, having its origin in every little particle of the starch which is itself everywhere in the flour, pushes aside the particles of the dough to give itself room. That is what is called raising the bread.—*Harpur's Bazar*.

The many truthful testimonials in behalf of Hood's Sarsaparilla prove that Hood's Cures, even when all others fail. Try it now.

Unlike the Dutch Process

No Alkalies

—OR—
Other Chemicals

are used in the preparation of

W. BAKER & CO.'S

Breakfast Cocoa

which is absolutely pure and soluble.



It has more than three times the strength of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is far more economical, costing less than one cent a cup. It is delicious, nourishing, and EASILY DIGESTED.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

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RADWAY'S PILLS,

An Excellent and Mild Cathartic.

Perfect Purgatives, Soothing Aperients, Act Without Pain, Always Reliable and Natural in Their Operation.

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

Radway's Pills

For the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles and all derangements of the Internal Viscera. Purely Vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals, or deleterious drugs.

DYSPEPSIA.

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

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

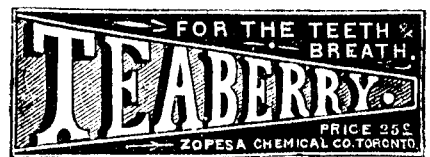
A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system of all the above named disorders.

Price 25 cents per box. Sold by all Druggists, or, on receipt of price will be sent by mail. 5 boxes for One Dollar.

DR. RADWAY & CO., - MONTREAL.

Information worth thousands will be sent to you.

Be sure to get "RADWAY'S"



HISTORY OF 15 YEARS.

For fifteen years we have used Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry as a family medicine for summer complaints and diarrhoea, and we never had anything to equal it. We highly recommend it.

Samuel Webb, Corbett, Ont.

IMPERIAL
BAKING POWDER
PUREST, STRONGEST, BEST.

The Crown Perfumery Co's
INVIGORATING
LAVENDER SALTS
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REGD. TRADE MARK
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SALTS
DEPOSITED IN THE PATENT OFFICE
CROWN PERFUMERY CO.
177 NEW BOND ST. LONDON.
SOLD EVERYWHERE

Our readers who are in the habit of purchasing that famous perfume, Crab Apple Blossoms, of the Crown Perfumery Company, should procure also a bottle of their Invigorating Lavender Salts. No more head aches, or other ailments, are possible.—*Le Monde*.

Sold by Lyman, Knox & Co., Toronto, and all leading druggists.

WEST- END
BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL
FOR YOUNG LADIES.
No. 2718 St. Catharines St. West, Montreal.

This school, conducted by Miss Lawder and Mrs. [Name], has been well and favorably known for the past twenty years, and will be re-opened on Thursday, September 14. An efficient staff of teachers is employed, and while all the English Branches, Latin and Mathematics are thoroughly taught, Music and French receive special attention. The number of resident pupils is limited, and every effort is made to make school life as home-like as possible. Applications to Miss Lawder, at above address, and circulars will be sent and further information given, if required.

SOMETHING UNUSUAL,



as a medicine, is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. And, because of that, there's something unusual in the way of selling it. Where every other medicine of its kind only promises, this is guaranteed. If it ever fails to benefit or cure, you have your money back.

It's the only guaranteed remedy for every disease caused by a disordered liver or impure blood. Dyspepsia, Biliousness, the most stubborn Skin, Scalp and Scrofulous affections, even Consumption (or Lung-scrofula) in its earliest stages, all are cured by it.

It purifies and enriches the blood, rouses every organ into healthful action, and restores strength and vigor. In building up both flesh and strength of pale, puny, Scrofulous children, or to invigorate and brace up the system after "Grippe," pneumonia, fevers, and other prostrating acute diseases, nothing can equal the "Discovery."

You pay only for the good you get.

WHY

Destroy health and happiness, sleep and domestic felicity by drinking impure water?

Sir Henry Thompson says the only safe water to drink is mineral, and

St. Leon

has been shown by analysis and experience to be the best water yet discovered. Don't endanger life by drinking filthy water. Get a jar of St. Leon at once.

For sale by all principal Grocers, Druggists and Hotels, or

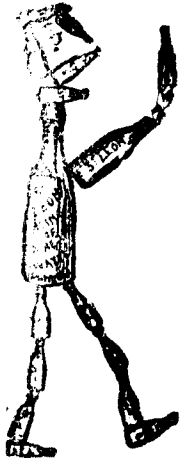
ST. LEON

Mineral Water Co.

(Limited.)

Head Office, Toronto.

Hotel at Springs now open.



CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

3 SOLID VESTIBULED TRAINS DAILY FOR CHICAGO,

On and after July 31st, 1893, Leave Toronto, north side Union Depot.

CHICAGO FLYER	7.20	A.M. DAILY.
DAISY EXPRESS	2.50	P.M. Daily, ex. Sunday.
Columbian EXPRESS	7.20	P.M. Daily, ex. Sunday.

From Toronto and all Stations, West

On August 18th and 19th, 1893.

Return Tickets will be issued to the

WORLD'S FAIR

Good to leave Chicago by any train up to and including August, 28th.

At First-class Single Fare for the Round Trip.

For berths in First-class or Tourist sleepers, or seats in Parlor Cars and full particulars, call on any agent of the Company.

KEEPS YOU IN HEALTH.

DUNN'S FRUIT SALINE.

DELIGHTFULLY REFRESHING.

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

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Queen of Greece is president of a sisterhood having for its object the reformation of criminals.

Local telegrams are now transmitted through pneumatic tubes in most of the principal cities of Great Britain.

In shoemaker's measure three sizes make an inch. Esterbrook's pens are made in all shapes and sizes to suit every writer.

The highest rainfall officially registered in India occurred at Chirpungi in the Khesi Hills, the quantity measuring 40.8 inches in 24 hours.

MINING NEWS.

Mining experts note that cholera never attacks the bowels of the earth, but humanity in general find it necessary to use Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry for bowel complaints, dysentery, diarrhoea, etc. It is a sure cure.

The Empress of Japan is an adept performer on the koto, a large-sized zither. It is an instrument which is much played and very popular in Japan.

Rabbi Isaac M. Wise says there is a project under consideration for the printing of the Talmud in the English language; and he believes the edition could be issued at a cost of \$100,000.

James Payn, the English novelist, asks: "Which of all the heroines of fiction, if you had your choice, would you prefer to take out to dinner?" For himself, he says that Becky Sharp would be his choice.

VIGILANT CARE.

Vigilance is necessary against unexpected attacks of summer complaints. No remedy is so well-known or so successful in this class of disease as Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. Keep it in the house as a safe-guard.

Lake Urmiah, in Persia, is said to be more salt than the Dead Sea. The only living things in its waters are a species of small jelly-fish, about half an inch in diameter, almost colorless, with a small black centre.

Not a sound has ever ceased to vibrate through space; not a ripple has ever been lost upon the ocean. Much more is it true that not a true thought, nor a pure resolve, nor a loving act, has ever gone forth in vain.—Robertson.

The German professor, Rigler, recommends ammonia vapor as an important means of disinfection. Experiments showed that the bacilli of cholera, typhoid fever and diphtheria were all destroyed in from two to four hours' exposure to this vapor.

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Dyspepsia is a prolific cause of such diseases as bad blood, constipation, headache and liver complaint. Burdock Blood Bitters is guaranteed to cure or relieve dyspepsia, if used according to directions. Thousands have tested it with the best results.

The custom of throwing a shoe after a bride comes from the Jewish custom of handing a shoe to a purchaser after the completion of a contract (Ruth iv. 7). Parents also gave a shoe to the husband on a daughter's marriage to signify the yielding up of their authority.

Recently-developed wagon traffic through a portion of Southwest Africa has led to the uprooting for fuel of all the little bushes, which formed the sole vegetation of the country. The light soil, deprived of its protection, has changed into drifting sand, and there is no prospect of this artificial desert being redeemed by natural agencies.

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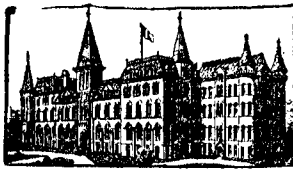
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You can't tell a fowl's age by its teeth, for it hasn't got any; but you can give a pretty good guess at it by your own.

"I nevah eat mince pie," said Chap-pie. "Why not?" asked Hicks. "It makes me dream of my ancestors, and between us, they were all twadesmen."

Heavy Swell: I say, cabby, what will you drive me to Victoria Station for? Cab-man: Well, sir, I s'pose I'll drive yer to catch a train. Is that it?

Editor: I want an article about a column. Do you think you can do it? Anxious Contributor: I know a little about Nelson's column. Will that do?

She: Do you really mean what you say? He: I swear by those sweet eyes and rosy lips. She: Very well; you've sworn; now why don't you kiss the book?

Mr. Bichtrade, rather nervously to his well gardener: Er—Thompson, the—er—place seems smothered in weeds. Swell Gardner, haughtily: Sir, I'm a gardener, not a weeder.

"This is a poor thing in geese, Mar-ja," sadly exclaimed Miifins, as his keen-knife slipped harmlessly off the bird, and the latter flew into his lap; "but it would make excellent chewing gum."

Schoolmistress (just beginning a nice improving lesson upon minerals to the pupils): Now, what are the principal things we get from the earth? Youthful pupil (aged four, confidently): Worms.

A little child laboriously prepared an Easter gift for this year for her saintly grandmother. It was a card-board mot-to selected by herself, and bore the words in scarlet worsted, "Go and sin no more."

Rags, the tramp: I may only be a tramp, but I tell yer, sir, I got de ad- respect? Rags, the adopted citizen: In what respect? Rags: By birth. I can be president of the United States, but you can't?

"What's the matter with Hughes! He looks very glum for a man who has just been married." "He has just discovered that he made a mistake in looking up his father-in-law's rating, and married in the wrong family."

"This hump," said the phrenologist, indicates that you are of a combative disposition." "No," said the subject. "It indicates that my wife is of a combative disposition. That's where she hit me with a hair brush, this morning."

A mile over in Maryland was struck by a live electric wire a few days ago and was apparently unruffled thereby, ex-claiming as regards his temper, which caused him to kick violently for a few moments when he came off conqueror. Elec-tricity is as yet a comparatively new power. When it gets older it will know better than to tackle a mule.

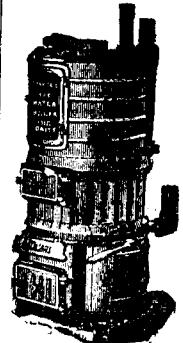
Patent medicines differ—one has reasonable hopes, another has not. One has reputation—another has not. One has confidence, born of success—another has only "hopes."

Don't take it for granted that all patent medicines are alike. They are not. Let the thousands of interrupted success and the tens of thousands of cured and happy men and women place Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription on the side of the comparison to which they be-long.

And there isn't a state or territory or people realize it or not, but have men and women in them that're happier because of their knowledge and their effects. Think of this in health. Think of it in sick-ness. And then think whether you can afford to make the trial if the makers can afford to take the risk to give your money back, as they do, if they do not benefit or cure you.

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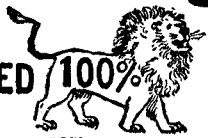
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