

THE WEEK

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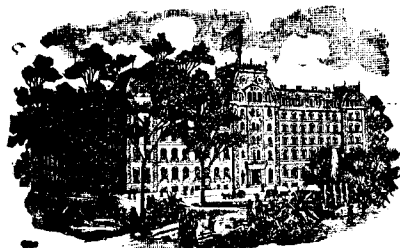
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THE WEEK.

Vol. X.

TORONTO, FRIDAY, SEPT. 29th, 1893.

No. 44.

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CURRENT TOPICS.

The case of the Canada Revue against Archbishop Fabre, now on trial in the Montreal courts, involves very important principles and may become famous. The case complained of, the issuance of the circular condemning the newspaper and prohibiting its being read by the faithful, is admitted. That serious damage to the property resulted and was intended to result in, we suppose, also certain. The real question at issue is, clearly, whether, as put in substance by the Abbe Marie in his address to the people assembled at the Cote des Neiges cemetery, an archbishop or prelate of the Roman Catholic Church can be made to answer before the civil courts for an episcopal act. The *reductio ad absurdum* is so easily applied to the law that it is surprising to those accustomed to regard law as supreme that it can be seriously held. Suppose, for the

sake of the argument, that the circular had been one inciting to murder or arson and that it had led to the commission of the crime recommended, could there have been any doubt whether the Archbishop was amenable to the civil law? If the case, however decided, is accepted as establishing a precedent for the Province of Quebec, the result, in its bearing upon the rights of the citizen, will be serious.

The records of Canadian public life contain few names more worthy of lasting honour than that of Sir A. T. Galt, who died last week in Montreal. Mr. Galt first entered the Canadian legislature in 1849. Nine years after, his abilities and influence had become so well recognized that on the resignation of the Brown-Dorion Government he was sent for by Sir Edmund Head and offered the position of First Minister, a responsibility which he declined to assume, though he accepted the position of Finance Minister in the Cartier-Macdonald Administration which was then formed. This was the position for which his talents specially fitted him. He took a prominent part in the debates and negotiations which led to Confederation, and twice held the responsible office of Finance Minister in a Dominion Cabinet, in which capacity he rendered lasting service to the country. Sir Alexander was a statesman of a type which has hitherto been all too scarce in the history of the Dominion. So far as we are aware no scandal ever marred either his administration of public office, or his personal reputation. He seems to have been distinguished no less by his amiability and uprightness in private life, than by the business and financial ability which gave him so much weight in public affairs. He was the first Canadian High Commissioner in London, having been appointed to that office in 1880, and retired from it into private life three years later. Though the period which has since elapsed has been almost sufficient, in these intensely busy days, to cause his former services to become dim in the memory of the public, the announcement of his illness and death will have recalled them with sufficient vividness to awaken a very sincere regret at his loss and call forth deep sympathy with his bereaved family.

French republican enthusiasm and Russian autocratic diplomacy do not seem to pull well together. If it be true that the Russian Minister at Paris has attempted to wet-blanket the burning desire of the

excitable Parisians for a great demonstration on the occasion of the coming visit of the Russian fleet, it is hard to see where the matter will end. Where is the great advantage of having reached a quasi understanding with the great northern power, if the fact may not be heralded to all the world in a great pageant, got up specially for the edification of the Triple Alliance? It is likely that some compromise may be reached which will still make the visit possible, and that the French love of theatrical display will find some means of gratification without ignoring the preference of the visitors, an act of rudeness which the polite Frenchmen should be the last to commit. But the incident serves to set in a strong, almost ludicrous, light the great contrast between the two peoples, and the serious difficulty which will always attend any effort at close alliance and harmonious co-operation between them. Such incidents tend, too, to make more manifest the inherent weakness of the Republic under present conditions, and to lessen the dread which she might otherwise inspire in her great antagonist over the border. The constant tendency to bluster and menace is in the end far less terrifying than would be the evidence of a quiet, resolute determination, which generally seeks rather to avoid than to attract attention while its plans are being matured and its forces collected for a desperate struggle. The progress of the naval visit will still be watched with a curious interest, but any effect it might have had as a significant manifestation of a close alliance between the two powers will have been discounted in advance by the hysterics of the republican partner.

The latest advices from Brazil seem to indicate that the revolutionary forces have received a check, and that their triumph may not be so near as was previously thought probable. One uncomfortable thing about these perpetual squabbles in the South American republics is that one never knows on which side his sympathies ought to be enlisted. There is a kind of satisfaction, when following the movements of armies, no matter how insignificant or remote the country, in being able to feel that some precious principle is at stake, and that one party or the other represents the cause of liberty and good government. It is very likely, in fact pretty certain, that in this instance, as perhaps in most other South American revolts, the uprising has really more or less of justification in the arbitrary

and unjust rule of the person or party against whom it is directed. But even when we believe this to be the case, our sympathy with the insurgents is generally chilled by the reflection that should the adventurer who leads the revolt succeed in gaining the supremacy, he will almost surely adopt the same obnoxious methods, rendering necessary in a few months, or years at most, another uprising to rid the country of him in his turn. The result is that we get into the habit of regarding with an indifference which is really unfeeling the sanguinary struggles that are almost perpetually taking place amongst one or another of these strangely restless peoples, and fail to realize what an amount of misery to multitudes each conflict must entail. Present indications make it probable that Argentina, which for a time bid so fair to outstrip all other South American countries in the arts of peace and to constitute a notable exception to the general unprogressiveness, is about to enter upon its period of self-destructive anarchy. Can anything short of the entering in and mastery of a new race ever bring peace, order and prosperity to the southern half of this continent?

From one point of view—a purely non-political one—the exceedingly warm and even enthusiastic reception which has been accorded to Mr. Laurier, and the equally cordial one which is being accorded to Sir John Thompson, are peculiarly gratifying. Both gentlemen happen to be members of the Roman Catholic Church. To this is added, in the case of the former, the further disadvantage in the eyes of many that he is a French-Canadian, while Sir John labours under a disability which appears to some even greater, in that he is a Protestant turned Catholic. In consideration of the strong convictions of multitudes in this intensely Protestant section of the Dominion, it is no small thing that we should be able to say that not only has no discourtesy been offered to either visitor, but that Protestant seems to have vied with Catholic in doing honour to the men and giving respectful attention to their addresses, irrespective of any question of creed or sect. This is all the more pleasing in view of the fact that we have unfortunately in the Province an association which is said to be by no means insignificant in point of numbers and influence, one of whose expressed objects is to prevent the election or appointment to civil, political, or military office, of any one who professes allegiance to the Pope. That any considerable body of citizens could take such a position in a country in which two-fifths of the inhabitants are adherents of the proscribed Church almost passes belief. Yet the fact seems to be beyond question. That there is much in the dogmas, teaching, and discipline of the Church of Rome which restricts the intelligence, energy, and many freedom of its adherents we deem de-

monstrable both by reasoning and by observation and history. But for a little more than half the citizens of a country to attempt to prescribe politically a little less than half, on the ground of creed, or at any rate by means of a creed test, would be a policy worthy of the dark ages. It would be the signal for the upbreak of the Confederation, in all probability for civil war. The manner in which these two representative members of that Church have been received in Ontario may be regarded as a satisfactory assurance that the great body of the people understand those principles of religious toleration which are one of the glories of British civilization.

There is an unconscious humor in the coolness with which the American newspaper of a certain class can discuss the most absurd project for national aggrandisements such as that which has of late been seriously treated by some of the California papers for the purchase of British Columbia. The part of the performance which would be most amusing to one cynically disposed, is the utter absence in the writers of any suspicion of one-sidedness of vision in assuming that the fancied interests and convenience of the Great Republic must necessarily not only outweigh, but obliterate all other considerations, such as the preferences or prior claims of other peoples. Take, for instance, the San Francisco Call's argument that British Columbia is "a necessary complement to the territory of the United States on the Pacific." This must mean, we suppose, that as the United States possesses the southern coast and has also purchased Alaska, it is in the fitness of things that it should obtain the intervening strip. This would remove any inconvenience or awkwardness arising from the present arrangement, and would complete the symmetry of the Republic on the West. Of course no account is to be taken of the inclinations of the people who now inhabit the coveted strip. By parity of reasoning, if Great Britain or Canada could only by some means get possession of the peninsula of Florida, she would have an excellent claim for the ownership of the whole Atlantic coast down to that point, as a necessary complement to the Maritime Provinces, especially since the continued retention of the intermediate territory might be construed in to a menace to Canada, as the retention of British Columbia and the building of the Canadian Pacific Railway are to the United States. By the way, cannot the Call see that as the thing now stands, the way in which the North-Eastern corner of the United States juts into Canada is most unsymmetrical and is a serious inconvenience to us. The addition of the New England States and New York, with perhaps a corner of Pennsylvania would be, if not absolutely a necessary complement to the Dominion, at least a great convenience and benefit to us. When the Washington

Government is negotiating for the purchase of British Columbia, would not the Call support a counter proposition, by way of facilitating the business, for the transfer of this little corner of United States territory to Canada?

In the Open Court of September 14th, Mr. Edward C. Hegeler suggests a plan for the settlement of the silver question in the United States which is, to say the least, worth thinking about. He proposes to meet the views of both the gold-standard and the silver-standard advocates by coin- ing the gold-standard currency as now for those who wish to use it, and a silver-standard currency for those who wish to use it, without attempting to fix and uphold any ratio between the two. In order to meet the initial difficulty he would have all money coined up to the time of the adoption of the new method, and all paper money issued, based upon that, redeemable in gold and all obligations and contracts entered into, subject to the gold standard in which they were contracted or which was in force at the time they originated. He would have both standards of money treated alike by the Government, which would also issue fractional and paper currency for each standard independently. Other practical difficulties which readily suggest themselves in connection with the relation of the Government to the matter are provided against in the scheme. There is some force in Mr. Hegeler's view that it is the business of the Government to coin for the people both gold and silver money, but not to fix a ratio between the two. But when he decries the un-republican "paternalism" involved in the latter course, and presages the danger of sectionalism and disaffection as the consequence of attempting to force the gold-standard upon those who do not believe in it, the question arises, would the plan he suggests be more acceptable to the advocates of the silver-standard? We think not. It evidently would not serve their purpose. They would foresee, as Mr. Hegeler himself foresees, that the gold-standard money would win. Apart from the question of intrinsic values, which he would have equalized at the outset, so long as foreign nations maintained the gold-standard on a basis, a fact which would of itself have a powerful influence in giving that the better reputation. Then the complication and consequent confusion, the facilities for fraudulent dealing with those not well informed in such matters and other grave difficulties which would arise in practice, are at once suggested. But the fatal weakness of the scheme would be, that it would greatly reduce silver to its intrinsic value as measured by gold, which is the very thing the silver standard men do not want.

Sir Charles Tupper has taken advantage of the opportunity afforded by a banquet

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September 14th
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Let us hasten to add, lest our feeling be misconstrued, that we do not think that the disabilities pointed out afford any just ground for complaint. They are, we believe, inseparable from the colonial position. We do not see how any nation could safely go further in the direction of admitting a colonial position of equality in the Empire than the Mother Country has gone in the case of Canada. The fact remains, and must ever remain, that a colony is a colony and that the only way out of whatever inequalities involved in the relation of a colony and colonists, is to cease to be a colony and become a constituent part of the Empire.

which Sir Charles very strongly deprecates. He would not have our constitution changed in any material respect, even for representation in the Imperial Parliament. From what follows he evidently regards such representation as incompatible with the independent management of our own affairs, which many will fail to see. That Sir Charles should be greatly enamoured with our present colonial condition is hardly a matter for wonder when we consider his views in regard to the other chief matter with which he dealt in his speech, that of our duty, under the proposed Imperial Federation, in regard to defence. His ardent advocacy of the view that Canada should not be called on to pay any part of the expenses of the Imperial army and navy is well known. So also, in its general features, is the argument he uses in support of that view, viz., that in constructing our canals and our transcontinental railway, in subsidizing our steamboat lines, etc., all for commercial purposes, we really have done well and liberally our share for the support of the defences of the Empire. This curious view is carefully wrought out. We need not stay to analyze the argument, but it is scarcely to be wondered at that our High Commissioner has hitherto failed to carry the British tax-payer, or his representatives, with him in his view of this important question—a question which meets the advocates of Imperial Federation on the threshold.

SIR JOHN THOMPSON'S ADDRESS.

In point of clearness, force, and general ability, the speeches of Sir John Thompson will compare very favourably with any that have been recently delivered in Canada on political subjects. It is difficult to discover any point at which the best has not been made of the case for the Government. We were about to add, "and its policy." But as we run in thought over the whole compass of his speeches, as reported, truth compels us to say that the future policy of the Government, so far as the principal issue, the trade question, is concerned, is drawn in very hazy outlines. In some cases these lines seem to cross and re-cross each other in a very bewildering fashion. We are told, for instance, that the Government "do not stand by the tariff as it is," that they "recognize that the time has arrived when many changes must be made," and these "will be made in the interest of the workingmen, in the interest of the mechanics, in the interest of the manufacturers." This declaration, or rather its first two clauses, must surely mean that the tariff is to be reduced. It can hardly be denied that that is what the workingmen and the mechanics, and above all the farmers, whose interests Sir John had just been expressing himself as particularly anxious to guard, are asking. But how can a reduction of the tariff be made in the interests of the manufacturers, as those interests are

understood by protectionists, and as Sir John himself understands them when he goes on to talk of the necessity of "keeping our own markets for our own workshops" and preventing long-established manufacturers from crushing out the manufacturers of a young and growing country? We are not of the number of those who believe that there is any natural or necessary antagonism between the interests of the manufacturers and those of the workingmen, mechanics, and farmers, but the opposite. Their true interests, so far as all those manufactures which are suitable to the country are concerned, are identical. In fact, each is in his turn both manufacturer and consumer in reference to the products needed by the other. But according to the principles of the fifteen-year-old policy, about which Sir John has much to say and on which he takes his stand, to talk in the same breath of changing the tariff in the interests of the farmer, the artisan, and the workingman, and in the interests of the protected manufacturer, is to approach dangerously near to clap-trap. It must sound very like mockery to those whose interests are so diverse from the protectionist-tariff point of view. Even Sir John Thompson can hardly hope to run with the hare and hunt with the hounds. The hour will soon come when he will have to choose under which king he will serve.

The Premier and his colleagues make much of the argument from history. We suppose it would be looking for an ideal and Quixotic virtue in a political leader to expect him to use historical facts with perfect fairness. The temptation to make *post hoc* synonymous with *propter hoc* is generally irresistible, when certain facts, occurring in a certain order, lend themselves readily to such a use. Mr. Laurier and his lieutenants resort to such a fallacy when they say and keep reiterating that the decline in the value of farm properties in the older provinces is wholly or chiefly due to the protective policy, ignoring the inevitable effect of the opening up of the vast and fertile prairies of the North-West for free cultivation and settlement. It is, of course, undeniable that during the greater part of the five years of the Mackenzie Administration, the Dominion, in common with other countries, suffered from severe financial depression, and that during most of the fifteen years which have since elapsed, its condition has been much improved in that respect. But what about all the years preceding the Mackenzie regime, during which the revenue system prevailed? What of the assumption, which underlies all Sir John's historical argument, that a country with the resources of Canada would have remained stationary during the last fifteen years but for its high tariff wall? What about that other equally untenable assumption that all the 113,000 workmen, who have been added to the census rolls during those fifteen years have been added by the National Policy, and would not only lose their

situations, but leave the country, were that policy changed, though nothing can be much more certain than that a large percentage of them have simply left some other employment to enter the workshops? What about the effect of all the immense sums of money which have been expended on public works within this period? Or, to turn the shield, can any intelligent Canadian, knowing the resources of his country, believe that it has made such progress in wealth and population during these fifteen years as it should have made? How are we to account for the fact that, notwithstanding all its rich resources and the expenditure of large sums of money in public works for the development of those resources and the promotion of immigration, the increase in population during the last ten years has fallen below the normal rate of natural increase in a healthy country? Can any one doubt that if during those fifteen years, in addition to all the other means of development, we had had free commercial intercourse with the United States, our country might have kept pace, to some extent at least, with that country in its wonderful progress in population and wealth? Those who remain in the country are reasonably prosperous, no doubt, but that fact affords but poor consolation to the tens of thousands of parents who are compelled to see their sons forsake not only the parental roof but the country itself, and cross the international border in pursuit of the means of livelihood, as soon as they reach the age of self-support. Should not such facts as these be taken into the account and fairly faced in any argument based upon the historical record of those memorable fifteen years?

So far as their courage, or the lack of it, with reference to the Manitoba school question is concerned, the two political leaders stand exactly upon a level. Neither gives any indication of his real views as to the right or wrong of the affair. It is very likely that both are alike hoping that the necessity for any such expression may never arise. Should the decision of the Supreme Court throw the question into Parliament, the occasion will test the breadth and manliness of each, as it will be about equally embarrassing if not politically fatal to both. We do not know that either is to be severely blamed for seeking to avoid as long as possible such a contingency, so long as he can do so by a mere policy of silence. There is a place for tact in politics as elsewhere. Perhaps there is no law, either of politics or of ethics, which demands that a political leader shall hasten to impale himself upon either horn of a dilemma before the actual necessity arises.

Sir John had a surprise in store for his Belleville hearers. The secret had been well kept and there was a touch of the dramatic in his announcement that his Government has intimated to that of the United States that, if they are prepared to submit any fair tariff concessions, they will

be responded to by Canada in a liberal spirit. The statement raises a good many questions. In the first place, would such reciprocal tariff legislation be a desirable way of increasing our trade with our neighbours? Would it not make our tariff dependent upon Washington in a way to which the Government have always been strongly opposed? To reduce the Canadian tariff upon certain classes of goods in consideration of certain reductions deemed equivalent in the American tariff, would logically mean that any future change at Washington should be followed by a corresponding change at Ottawa. Then, again, is there, judging from past experience, the least probability that what our Government would deem a fair arrangement would be so regarded by the Washington Administration? Our neighbors have declared almost *ad nauseam*, that no such arrangement would be deemed fair by them which did not include a considerable list of manufactures. To include such a list would probably be quite incompatible with the oft-repeated determination of Sir John and his colleagues to protect Canadian manufactures. But whether there be much or little probability of such an offer bearing fruit, the announcement that it has been made is significant, as another of many proofs that the Ottawa ministers are alive to the fact that there is a real and serious demand throughout the Dominion for tariff-reform and better trade relations with our next-door neighbours. Meanwhile there is good reason to hope that those neighbours have come to the conviction that it will be the part of wisdom and common sense to lighten the burdens of their own people, irrespective of the policy of others.

ANGLO-CANADIAN FEDERATION.

In a March issue of this journal I ventured to state my opinions regarding the future of Canada, and endeavoured to show that the accomplishment of either one or the other of the proposals for Annexation or Independence is as impossible as is the continuance of our National Policy. While dealing with Annexation I advised the advocates of that policy not to be led away by Yankee glitter or the exaggerated utterances of un-British pessimists and unmasked boodlers.

In that essay, in the face of Carnegie's loud proclamation to the world that America was the most prosperous country upon the globe's surface, I stated as my opinion that the United States was undergoing a period of artificial prosperity and suggested a "sickening relapse." It does not require the exercise of any ability to say "I told you so," and, inevitable though we must consider the catastrophe which has befallen them it would ill-become us to gloat over it, as they are our neighbours and kinsmen, and what affects them most assuredly affects us in common with the other nations of the world. At the same time I should like to point out to my few surviving annexation friends the astounding inconsistency of the cry which still goes up—"we are a prosperous people." As this cry goes its accustomed round

the Mayor of Chicago announces that the coming winter will usher riot and anarchy into his city, as within it are 200,000 destitute unemployed. From the extremes of east and west, New York and San Francisco, comes the cry of the unemployed. As the territory comprised within the United States is the richest in the world, it cannot be the fault of the country that the people thus suffer. It must therefore, be the fault of the people themselves and their statesmen. A business man, by one dishonest act, ruin his credit, and it is the same with a nation. It is this dearth of European confidence in America which is the chief—I do not say the only—cause of her present stagnation. Largely using the borrowed European wealth in the development of their country, they sought to avoid these obligations which are imposed upon all borrowers, whether individual or national. The instrument with which they attempted this dishonest trick was the McKinley tariff. This is not a mere sensational and empty assertion. It is a fact that requires no great knowledge of political economy to prove it. The interest upon European capital invested in the United States amounts to many millions yearly. It would be folly to imagine that this was paid for in gold, for, even during her most prosperous years, it would be absolutely impossible for her to do so. It was paid for in the exchange of commodities between America and Europe. McKinleyism, however, so distorted and restricted this exchange as to render the interrupted payment of interest impossible. In brief, business thus hampered was unprofitable and Europeans are withdrawing their capital and seeking more profitable investments elsewhere. That they withdraw in gold is not to be wondered at, for gold is the world's standard of price. Had the same upheaval taken place in any other country investors would have withdrawn gold. In the United States, however, silver legislation, by driving gold out of employment in that country, has directly assisted the European military powers to accumulate vast gold reserves in the event of a not unexpected war, and thus the evil is accentuated. The United States is not able to meet the demand for gold, the primary cause of which demand was the McKinley tariff. Their silver is artificially priced at nearly double its value; and now want of confidence has given place to a panic both at home and abroad. The ignorance of the people, the cynicism, I know not which—and the dishonesty of statesmen whom they have great cause to be thankful are not now in power, while disgracing the United States in the eyes of the world, are solely responsible for the temporary though serious difficulties in which they are placed.

In giving this brief review of the deplorable results caused by the forces at work among the people with whom Annexationists have at one time asked us to throw in our lot, and who gracefully slink out of an Empire the magnificent solidity of which the world has never before seen, it would hardly be fair for us to leave this question, without reference to the commercial line drawn across this continent. Annexationists have used the promise of this line as a clinching argument in favour of their policy. In so doing it would be well to remind them that they become the tools of those American statesmen who have brought this trouble upon their own country, and who were they in power, would bring the same

able upon this country. But they are not a power; their places have been taken by men who are pledged to a policy which practically removes that line so far as they have been concerned in the building of it. It now remains for us to remove our share in that line which has been truly termed "idiotic."

The proposal for Independence still confronts us, and, although illogical, must be dealt with in a more lenient spirit than Annexation, inasmuch as it is an open confession that Canada has not proper relationship with Great Britain.

The other day the writer was on board the Royal Arthur, one of the four British war-ships which had come to visit Vancouver, standing upon the fore-castle beside a big gun, and gazing along the magnificent ships' decks at the British tars with their proverbial cheery and quiet self-reliant bearing, the voice of a very small boy was heard to say:—

"Father, do these ships fight in war-time?"
 "Yes, my son," answered the father proudly, "and fight well, for they rule the seas all over the world."
 "They belong to England, don't they?"
 "Yes, my boy."

"What do they come all this way for?"
 "To protect our Canada, Bobbie," answered the father.
 "How strange!" exclaimed the little boy, as his father led him to see another big gun. I do not know, of course, the exact trend of that little boy's thoughts, but his words implied a correctness of conclusion quite foreign to the majority of the most loyal Canadians when discussing this subject. I can only account for this shameful anomaly and want of national pride in allowing the struggling British taxpayer to bear this enormous burden alone, by the deplorable lethargy among ourselves. Such a Dominion does this depict, that Independence would be infinitely preferable to a continuance of our present relations. The argument that Canada has nothing in common with other part of the Empire has already been advanced by the establishment, with a Canadian and an attempt to arrange a preferential trade with Australia. I say an attempt. With our government pledged to a protective policy we cannot possibly prove to be anything but a great proof of our interest in things Imperial in the eyes of other nations.

The proposed form of Independence would not only mean material loss but would be, inasmuch more to be considered, a weak and contemptible shirking of our responsibilities. It would stamp us as a nation of cowards.

Another form of Independence would be to send representatives to the Imperial Parliament and to give our share for what we must have as the result of our maritime power—the British fleet. We should be prepared to give as nearly free access as possible to those countries sending representatives to the Imperial Parliament. Every Anglo-Saxon nation would ere long be invited to send its representatives, and fulfil the conditions of paying for what they use and

do well rather to express her pain than to nurse it. The whirligig of time brings about its strange coincidences. France, over thirty years ago, expended money and blood to make Italy quasi-unified; for she even occupied Rome, and in exchange received the provinces of Savoy and Nice; to-day the King of Italy drinks to the Emperor of Germany, as his "best friend," as not long ago the Czar toasted the ruler of Montenegro as his "only friend. Germany has wrenched from France, following the fortunes of war, Alsace and part of Lorraine, and the Crown Prince of Italy assist at the victor in the conquered provinces. France has not been prudent in reminding Italy so often what she did for her, that provoked irritating rejoinders, ending in the triple alliance, and the actual intimacy of the "Mother" of the Latins, with the great foe of France.

The review of the German legions in Alsace by Emperor William, is admitted even by French observers to have been magnificent and imposing. Independent judges add, that in efficiency, the Germans are terribly up to date. When the long-deferred day arrives for testing relative strength, the French will have a foeman worthy of their steel; they make no mistake on this point. It is also attested, that the principle of German unity never was more profound and general than now. This is, happily, a gauge for peace, as neither nation shows any readiness to rush at each other's throat. It is unfortunate that to all these unconsoling incidents for the French, is to be added the annual one of the anniversary of the battle of Sedan. Few nations but hurrah for their Waterloo laurels, and France has still enough to fall back upon, and so ought not to feel hurt.

The coming of the Russian fleet to Toulon, gratifies the French, but only in a sense, because the people are not absolutely certain of the nature of the alliance with the Muscovite, and it is unpleasant to be told by on-lookers, they do not believe in any alliance. Russia ought to set the mind of France at ease on this point; "if you are for me, be for me; if you are off me, be off." England being ranked as a member morally of the triple alliance, Russia gains nothing now by not officially proclaiming, as do the triple allies, her association with France's fortunes. Professional people know the exact value to attach to the maintenance of a Russian fleet in the Mediterranean. Alone, it could not stand before Italy's, and the latter, in case of graver danger, is fully aware she will not be left alone.

The Siam question seems to hang fire; if public opinion does not know exactly what supplemental conditions France exacts from the Siamese, it is aware of what cannot be obtained. The boundary question rests with England and China; and the British having the right of the most favoured nation clause in her commercial treaty, France cannot obtain any privileges; further, as she can nominate consuls in Siam, where any European power has them, her agents can officially perceive anything like settling down, on the part of the French, on guar-

Now is the time for this country to demand representatives in the Imperial House. Such a demand would so affect the new constitution of that House, as suggested in the Home Rule issue at present impending, that preparation would be made for acceptance of Colonial representatives within it. Such a House could not be tyrannical, for its power over individual parts of the Empire would be limited. It would not be unwieldy, for it would be composed of Anglo-Saxons, not a conglomeration of negroes, Indians and Sepoys as some have thoughtlessly asserted.

Thus could Canada by a demand for Anglo-Canadian Federation pave the way for the gathering together of the "Parliament of Men" of which Tennyson has sung. A parliament having power to enforce peace and the disbanding of European Armies with their accompanying vast gold reserves which even at the present time so disturb the financial world.

The great question of taxation must soon be solved. The writer is not alone in the opinion that the solution can only be found in municipal governments, each raising and paying their share to the Provincial Governments, the Provincial to the Federation, the Federation to the Imperial, thus sweeping away the present expensive machinery.

THOMAS CHALMERS HENDERSON,
 Vancouver, B.C.

PARIS LETTER.

One concrete fact stares out from the general election—the new Chamber will have a total of declared moderate Republicans amounting to 316, in a House of 581 members; the Monarchists figure only for 58—that's all that represents French monarchy after its reign of 1,000 years over France. A rather nondescript class, called Rallies, or Royalists, who have been converted to republicanism, as rapidly as was Paul on the road to Damascus, number 35; the Radicals have 122, and the Socialists 49 representatives, or nine less than the Royalists. This is the first time that the Socialists have a distinct party in Parliament; they have progressed by "leaps and bounds." The Radical rank and file have not more than remained stationary, but they have lost all their great captains, Clemenceau and Floquet, being among the greatest of the mighty fallen; lesser stars have gone out, or sunk below the firmament.

These various results were anticipated by public opinion, that had made up its mind, independent of Panamaism, that it had enough, and more than enough of the old parliamentary tricks, and small shifts of party intrigues that did duty for legislation and government. Then new generations have arisen that know not the Josephs. Floquet, after all, was but a figurehead in the Republic; the active man was Clemenceau; but he has no legislative laurels to his credit; 'Ichabod' may be written over his political house: he will be succeeded by M. Goblet, who will not commit the error of Clemenceau, and flirt with the Socialists. The latter will be led by M. Millerand, a cautious man, and not an irritating speaker. To keep the Moderates together—that's the question.

It is with difficulty that France suppresses her spite at the presence of the Prince of Naples at Metz; but she would

do well rather to express her pain than to nurse it. The whirligig of time brings about its strange coincidences. France, over thirty years ago, expended money and blood to make Italy quasi-unified; for she even occupied Rome, and in exchange received the provinces of Savoy and Nice; to-day the King of Italy drinks to the Emperor of Germany, as his "best friend," as not long ago the Czar toasted the ruler of Montenegro as his "only friend. Germany has wrenched from France, following the fortunes of war, Alsace and part of Lorraine, and the Crown Prince of Italy assist at the victor in the conquered provinces. France has not been prudent in reminding Italy so often what she did for her, that provoked irritating rejoinders, ending in the triple alliance, and the actual intimacy of the "Mother" of the Latins, with the great foe of France.

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antee territory. It may be assumed that England has protested in advance, that Siam must not be protected.

In the saline marshes of Aignes-Mortes, where the French and Italian labourers came to blows, the Italians left the unhospitable locality, and there being no longer a sufficiency of hands, the salt harvest is compromised. The vines in the neighbourhood cannot have their fruit gathered, because the Italians who made the vintage, have decamped, in dread of being killed. What signifies all the assurances of fraternity between international labour advocates?

In December last, it was decreed by the Minister of Public Instruction, to have Russian taught in five of the lycées. At once, 400 pupils put down their names; after the first lesson, not a few of the volunteers deserted, complaining that the Board of Public Instruction desired to torture them. It is not known how many students at present seek the "beauties" of the Slavonic tongue, in the originals of Tolstoi and Dostoiensky. To compel the alumni to learn German and English, in addition to the dead languages, was bad enough, but to top-dress these with Russian, is viewed by the victims as an unnecessary cruelty.

Dr. Napias is the head inspector of the sanitary condition of work-shops and factories: he has just published his very able report, from which it appears, that in 1892, the accidents caused by industry were; dead, 5,925; permanently injured, 3,047; partially permanent, 29,650; momentarily incapacitated, 16,929; and, he adds, all these could have been avoided to the extent of 50 p.c., by fencing machinery in a manner that would be effective and also cheap. In Paris and the suburbs, circular saws cause accidents to the extent of nineteen per cent.; belts and shafts, to nine per cent.; and thirteen for cogwheels. As for the hygienic conditions, these the doctor affirms, he can enforce, and does; the chief being the ventilation, and next, the cleaning up of workshops after the hands have retired for the day.

The theatres commence to be brushing up for the season's opening: managers have incurred great expense re-fitting and re-decorating the houses; they do not appear to be very hopeful about the supply of new plays; in the mean time they fall back on old successes for new generations. One thing they do not do—lower prices; hence, why the narrow purses keep away, and go to the singing saloon.

A correspondent from Rome states, that the Pope has the bulk of the Pontifical funds invested in London banks and house property, and that brings him in a rental of 110 million frs. annually. It has never been stated that he had anything in the French funds. Victor Hugo had all his vast fortune secured in England and Belgium; so had the late ex-president Grevy. Both are mentioned as having plenty of Egyptian bonds. The French must have large egg nests in English funds and scrip, so as not to be taken unawares as they were in the days of the invasion; they commence, also, to invest in American railway securities.

The weather continues to be lovely, in fact, it is glorious; but the farmers

have put on their wishing cap, and call for rain to moisten the ground, for the sowing of winter wheat, and the swelling of root crops. An Autumn drought would be the worst of all calamities.

The cholera has, as yet, produced no panic; it is being well watched; if the plague even did come, it could not be so direful in its consequences; we know how to keep the enemy at bay—never to capture him; hedge him in with a sanitary circle of cleanliness, till he surrenders.

An old man of 107 years of age, has committed suicide; he left "memoirs," stating he was suffering from an incurable disease.

The new representatives have given signs of life; they would appear even, to be more wide awake than many of the re-elected "ancients," as they have forestalled them in the selection of seats in the Chamber. It may not be known, that in the French Parliament each member has his own numbered place, that he retains till the dissolution. Indeed, he is best known by the number of his desk, and on, or into which, letters and documents are deposited.

Of all the once powerful deputies cast adrift by the general elections, M. Floquet takes his defeat the most to heart. At one time, he had all the chances in his favour of succeeding M. Carnot; he claimed to belong to the *crème de la crème* of democracy, was the first among its Corinthian pillars. In order to console him or, perhaps, his lady, who is known to be very ambitious, he will be offered the "temporal" embassy to Italy, for France has a distinct ambassador to the Vatican Court. Floquet is an old revolutionary friend of Signor Crispi, and, as the latter is likely to return to power, he might be capable of exercising a happy influence on the existing delicate relations between France and Italy.

The annual pilgrimage to the tomb of Auguste Comte, the founder of Positivism, and his "three angels"—lady friends who were to be interred with him, but who were not, has just taken place. En passant, there are not many shepherds who can boast of members of their flocks desiring to be buried with them. The real in memoriam service comprises a meeting in the rooms where Comte expired, and that his disciples have converted into a museum, when an address is delivered by the successor of the founder, M. Pierre Laffitte, on the progress of Positivism, during the last year. Next follows a banquet in a restaurant, where speeches are delivered by the delegates of that latter-day cult, from several countries. Positivism is the worship of humanity, of Mahatmas in the mass, and rejecting all evidence of religious belief, that is not based on concrete fact, and rigorous logic. The affiliated will not be convinced till they feel and see like St. Thomas.

Special regulations are to be enforced in the admissions to the night Refuges; none will be admitted to a free shake-down till having passed a medical examination. A new hospital regulation is said to be on the stocks—that of preventing visitors, who are admitted twice a week, from embracing their relatives, who are inmates of the wards, in order to avoid contagion; but visitors will be allowed to remain at bed sides half an hour longer.

VESPERS.

I sit beside the hearth to-night
And watch the shadows fall,
While twilight lingers o'er the plain,
Soft mingled with the misty rain
And casts a gleam on all.

The sombre wings of evening drip
With sad and silent beat,
And, as above the cloud forms go,
On hill and valley here below
The darkling shades repeat.

All drear and lonely night steals down
Along the burdened air,
Till o'er the mournful earth there swells
The music of the vesper bells
With voice and breath of prayer.

And up the valley on the wind,
In fitful gusts, is blown
The roll of organ melody,
That trembles to the far-off sea
Of silence, deep and lone.

And thro' the intervals is borne
The sound of sacred song,
Some old sweet anthem, or a hymn,
That floats across the twilight grim
In measures full and strong.

And down the ebbing tide of sound
I watch, across the gray,
The spirit of the day depart,
While thro' its tears its soothed heart
Smiles out in one last ray.

And o'er my soul with breath of heaven
A benediction falls,
Like a mantle from some angel's breast,
That, filled with hope and peace and rest,
Droops over Life's dim walls.

JAMES T. SHOTWELL.

Strathroy, Ont.

OUT-DOOR SKETCHES

THE SPRING FLOWERS.

A "late spring" has its advantages, as generally secures a longer term of existence for the sweet spring flowers—the most charming of all our native flora. The unusually cold May and June of this year greatly prolonged the frontier between spring and summer, and, if it made the early flowers somewhat later in blossoming, at least kept them much longer with us. The bloodroot (*Sanguinaria*) usually over by the beginning of May, in some localities, till the middle of it. The lovely three-leaved lilies or trilliums, continued with us all through May, being found in some shady places even after June 1st. The violets—purple, yellow and white—lasted well into June, and the bright graceful scarlet columbine (often called by the children "honeysuckle,") remained in bloom in some spots till the end of June, and even beyond. The wild roses and columbines thus being in bloom at the same time. The first opening columbines I found in the second week in May, and the last I know of was still blooming, with the sight of orange lilies, on July 12th—this beautiful flower thus continuing this year two full months in bloom. But owing to the late and coldness of the early spring, most of our spring flowers were this year included within the covers of May. For in it there were blooming not only the shadflower, the bloodroot, the trillium, the pretty plummy (*dicentra*) the arun, the columbine, the Canadian honeysuckle, the violets, the addertongue, the saxifrage, the corvallisias and their connection, the smilacina, the slender mitrewort and its pretty cousin, the tiarella—the graceful purple cranebill geranium and its distant relation, the white anemone; all these and many other less conspicuous flowers "too numerous to mention, especially in their long-winded Latin names."

date. Then June, in its turn, brought on its graceful troop, many of the May flowers lapping over into June, so that there was a profusion of bloom all through these two months. Among those that cluster thickly on the borderland are the more shrubby flowers, the aralia, arginseng, the actea with its "white feathery clusters," the osmorhiza, the blue choek, the viburnum or wild snowball, the chokecherry, the dogwood, with a host of smaller blossoms such as the charming little white *trientalis*, the pretty drooping purple blossoms of the pentstemon, the white clusters of the arenaria and all the more common, though sometimes despised, bloom that springs about our daily paths. The little weekly flower notices in the *Montreal Star*, giving a brief description and woodcut of our principal spring flowers, have given to many a new interest in the flowers they often passed by, classing them under the generic name of "mayflowers." There may not be much in a name—regarded by itself; yet somehow the fact that we can call a thing by its right name seems to give it a new interest. "A rose by any name may smell as sweet;" but what sweet visions does not the very name of a rose suggest? It is doubtful whether we should take quite the same interest in our friends if we could not call them by their names, and so the ability to find out the *right names* for our flowers of spring has this year given an added zest to many a woodland walk, and grave professional men and working men and women, as well as the happy young idlers in spring woods, have this spring been attracted to spend delightful hours in looking for and identifying the wild-flowers thus brought before their notice. The *Star* has thus done a real service in stimulating an intelligent love of nature among its readers.

But the longest spring must pass into summer, and so one by one the sweet spring flowers drooped, faded and passed into the maturer stage of development. The pretty strawberry blossoms, as well as the less showy ones of strawberry and raspberry, have fulfilled their mission by becoming the delicious fruit that becomes a staple of our summer dinner; the chokecherry and alder and shrub-roses have furnished many a meal for the squirrels, and the bright scarlet clusters of the *actea rubra* and the white waxen ones of the white variety, shine out amid the woodland blossoms with a brilliancy which even their snowy season did not possess, for, after all, it is the latest time which is the glory of the year. But still, it is the spring-time—full of the indefinite delight of hope—"which is its chief charm;" and it is with a wistful regret that we, each year, bid adieu to the budding and blossoming of spring-tide, even though it is the beneficent law of nature that beauty of the flower is but the precursor and promise of the ripened fruit.

sterne, Henrik Ibsen, keep up a succession of delightful surprises to which the women of their countries have added a fair quota. It is gratifying to find therefore, that Finland has not been indifferent in literary work to the march of the times, and that her women are doing their full share in this as in all other avenues of progress. The present century, however, appears to have seen the beginning of a Finnish literature in which women at once began to take their part. The great Finnish poet, J. L. Runeberg, is said to have inaugurated the movement in literary work: a movement which also led to an awakening on behalf of art.

Finland's earliest authoress was Sarah Wacklin who was born in 1790, and died in 1846. "In her 'Hundra Minnen from Osterbotten' (A Hundred Memories from Osterbotten), published in 1844-5, she describes life in the far North toward the end of the last and the beginning of the present century. Independent of its literary merit, this work, containing descriptions of historical personages and events, is valuable as a chronicle of customs and manners."

As in Sweden, so in Finland, the subordinate position of women has chiefly occupied the pens of the various women-writers. Frederika Runeberg, the wife of the poet, and Adelaide Ehrnroth, were the first Finnish authoresses who dealt with this modern problem. In her "Teckningar och Drommar" (Sketches and Dreams), published in 1861, Mrs. Runeberg gave utterance to thoughts and opinions on the relations of women to men and to society so much in advance of her time that they have hardly become general even now. The best historical novel yet published in Finland "Eru Catharine Boije and her Daughters" was published by Mrs. Runeberg in 1858.

Under the *nom de plume* of A-I-A., Miss Adelaid Ehrnroth has uttered a strong protest against the oppression and the injustice which have hitherto hindered the development of woman, and kept her, in a social point of view, a minor all her life. This lady has had conferred upon her the honorary title of *officier d'Academie Francaise*. She has published several novels, and has bravely fought the cause of women in the newspapers, and in treatises and pamphlets. Nor does she forget her main object even in her books of travel and description.

Among the lyric poets of Finland, Miss Wilhelmina Nordstrom holds a prominent place. But few Finnish women have yet sung in golden numbers.

All the ladies previously mentioned have written in Swedish, but Mrs. Theodolinda Hahnson and Mrs. Minna Canth, who wrote somewhat later, adopted the Finnish—the language of the people—as their vehicle of thought.

Mrs. Canth is considered Finland's greatest authoress, she was born in 1844, but did not publish her first work until 1881, since then she has written much both in fiction and drama. She has always a set purpose in her work; the degradation and subordination of women and of the masses fill her with indignation and she takes up the cudgels in their behalf with much courage and good sense.

Miss Alexander Gripenberg is the editor of the Finnish periodical for women, *Koti ja Yhteiskunta* (Home and Society) and is also a novel writer, and does brave battle in the cause of women.

Miss Helen Westermarek, a well-known painter, writes on Art, and has published a work of fiction "Ur Studieboken" (Out of my Sketch Book).

Other writers of fiction are Mrs. Constance Ullner, Miss Eva Ljungberg, Miss Edith Forsman, Miss Hanna Ongelin, and Miss Gerda von Mickwitz. Writers for the young are headed by Mrs. Maria Furuhjelm, who has also published a very popular work "Nagra ord till Finland's Modrar" (A Few Words to the Mothers of Finland); Miss Toini Topelius, a daughter of "our greatest living poet, Z. Topelius," has for some years edited a monthly paper for children called "Nya Trollslandan" (The Dragon-fly). To these names must be added Mrs. Minna Krohn and Miss Alli Nissinen. Several women have dealt successfully with pedagogics, and a lady, Miss Lucina Hagman, has published several works on methods of teaching and the advantages of education. She has also written a biography of Frederika Bremer, to which work was awarded the prize of the Finnish Literary Society. Miss Otilia Stenback has published a work on the history of pedagogics "Kastatus-opin Historian Paapurteet" (The Principal Features of the History of Pedagogics), the first extensive work of its kind in Northern Literature. Miss Anna Blomquist was the first woman to write school books, the first being "An Elementary school-book in the German Language;" others being on singing and German.

Among the contributors to educational literature, whose work is of great significance and value, are Miss Hanna Anderson and Miss A. Edelheim; and a woman is also responsible editor of one political journal. Miss Rosina Wetterhoff edits a periodical in Swedish of the same name as the Finnish paper, Home and Society, "Hemmet och Samhället." There are also many translators of foreign literature among women.

In the fine arts women have been by no means behind, although they did not begin to devote themselves to these pursuits with enthusiasm until between 1830 and 1840. "At about the latter date Miss Mathilda Rothkirch began to study the art of painting in Stockholm and Paris. She died before she had achieved success in the path she was one of the first to tread," but her example encouraged many other women to follow her. Government travelling fellowships—an idea Canada would do well to carry into practice—and School of Art fellowships have been granted to ladies frequently. Finnish lady artists for the first time received international prizes and medals at the World's Exhibition in Paris in 1889. Miss Helen Schjerfbeck and Miss Elin Danielson received third medals, and Comy Soldan and Helena Westermarek received the "mention honorable." Among earlier painters Miss Victoria Aberg, who had the title of Academical Artist at the Academy of Art in St. Petersburg, and Miss Fanny Churberg may be named. Several living lady artists have exhibited pictures at the Salon in Paris. In sculpture, Finnish ladies have made little way, one only, Miss Sigrid, af Forselles, having done anything of value. Women may also receive the Polytechnic Institute lectures, to fit them for becoming architects. The various societies for the promotion of the fine arts at Helsingfors, Abo, and Wiborg, comprise women in their membership, and the Government-aided schools of drawing employ women both as teachers and principals, and their prizes are frequently taken by women.

FIDELIS.

WOMEN AND WOMEN'S WORK IN FINLAND.—III.

Since Frederika Bremer introduced to the English-speaking world the home life of her native Sweden, we have become accustomed to Scandinavia as a possible mine from which gems shall be brought into the market which would vie with any yet known. Nor have we been disappointed, Bjornsen Bjorn-

In music, Finnish women stand high. The first Finnish female vocalist whose name became famous in Europe was the opera-singer Johanna von Schoultz, who died in 1863. Celebrities of a later date are Mrs. Alua Fohstrom, who has won the most brilliant success as a concert, as well as an opera singer, in London, Berlin, Russia, Italy, Spain and South America; and Miss Hortense Synnerberg, who has also been heard in London, Russia, Spain, Italy and America. To these may be added ladies of high local fame as concert and opera-singers: Mrs. Basilier Magelsen, Mrs. Achte and Mrs. Engdahl-jagerskjold. All these ladies, with the exception of Miss Schoultz, belonged to the Swedish and Finnish operas in Helsingfors, and several other ladies of merit in this department are mentioned.

In the department of instrumental music the pianist, Mrs. Alie Lindberg-Larsen ranks highest. The violinist, Miss Agnes Tschetschulin, is at the present time professor of the violin at the Cheltenham Ladies' College, England. She has also published small compositions for the violin.

The Finnish Government with an enlightenment and generosity worthy of imitation in Canada, endows the Helsingfors Institute of Music with 20,000 marks yearly. One hundred and one pupils, eighty-three being female, receive instruction this year (1893) at this institute. At the Orchestral School in Helsingfors are fifty-seven pupils, ten of whom are female.

The most successful lady teachers in connection with the Orchestral School are Mrs. Maria Collan and Miss Alexander Ahnger. Several ladies act as church organists, the church-wardens having the right to appoint them independently of an opposing ecclesiastical law. Two women are precentors.

In dramatic art Sweden for a long period enjoyed a monopoly, a Swedish theatre and Swedish stock company at Helsingfors, standing pre-eminent. In 1872 the Finnish theatre was founded, "and the dramatic art has since then occupied a prominent place in the national intellectual activity."

In this theatre artists and pupils are exclusively Finnish. "Actors and actresses are here looked upon as respectable people. This is chiefly due to the exertions of a noble and high-souled lady, Miss Emelie Bergbom, who with her brother, Kaarlo Bergbom, Ph.D., founded and still manages the Finnish theatre."

A Finnish lady, Miss Ida Aalberg, stands at the pinnacle of dramatic fame as an artist, in spite of her Finnish tongue. Her triumphs have been splendid in St. Petersburg and Berlin, and in Hungary and Scandinavia. Miss Carola Avelan, a lady of high social position, was one of the first Finnish ladies who went upon the stage, and her influence has done much to secure social recognition for the art.

The "Swedish Dramatic Society" in Helsingfors trains native artists for the Swedish stage, and has at present seven female and seven male students.

It is in the highest degree satisfactory to find the civilizing forces of literature and the drama so thoroughly appreciated and so highly honoured in a small and poor country like Finland, a dependent country also to a great extent, inasmuch as it does not enjoy full control of its own future, but this it wisely makes no difficulty of, but aims at developing within itself a nationality of culture and progress that

makes and keeps it abreast of other and stronger nations. To this end it already recognizes the value of its female element, and in the liberty it accords its women equals both England and America, surpassing both in some particulars.

In the municipal service Finland employs women as officers in its town councils, its city courts, police courts, boards of finances, and public libraries. Among these are registrars, librarians, secretaries and clerks. The highest salaries—those of a registrar and a cashier in Helsingfors—amount to 2,500 and 2,400 Finnish marks.

"Women have only lately been called upon to take an active part in the legal administration of poor-relief in Finland." In 1887, 3.56 per cent. of the whole population were wholly or in part in receipt of poor-relief, the amount involved being 2,239,327 Finnish marks, or at the rate of one mark for each person of the population. In 1889 female members of the commune who had a right to vote were eligible as members of the Poor-relief Board. Since 1891 the Poor-relief Government Inspector, Mr. Gust. Ad. Helsingius, has re-organized the whole system, and recommends that there should be at least three female members on each Poor-relief Board. "The method of providing for the paupers which has been found best to answer the purpose in our country—especially for the adult—is that of collecting them in 'poor-farms.'"

There are seventy poor-farms in the country. At about fifty of them women are engaged as matrons. At some poor-farms a male overseer to overlook the farming is employed. The principal work at these institutions, however, is nursing the sick, invalids, and babies, providing garments for the poor, and trying to inculcate order, thrift and cleanliness, work in which ladies of wide training are needed, and in many places are supplied.

"Experience has already proved that women as matrons, and as members of the Boards, are indispensable, when the unhappy are to be comforted, the fallen rescued, and the bitterness of receiving alms tendered by legal poor-relief alleviated."

This is a testimony fully borne out in England also.

"In olden times Finnish women seem to have taken very little part in business and trade, because they were in this as well as in many other connections fettered by prejudice and a narrow legislation. According to the law of 1734, neither married nor unmarried women had—on account of their being considered minors—the right to carry on a trade or handicraft. This right moreover was a monopoly reserved for the burghers of the cities." "Not until 1879 were industry and enterprise proclaimed free in Finland," the only conditions now imposed being that the trade carried on be consistent with public morality, the person engaging in it of good repute, and that he or she has the right to dispose of his or her property. A Factory Act of 1889 protecting children, only allowed youths under eighteen to work on certain conditions and for certain hours. This restriction has led to the replacing of boys and youths by grown women who were to be engaged at slightly advanced wages. These mostly in work requiring little skill and but ill-paid at best.

"In factories and workshops where workers of both sexes are employed, they have not, as

is the law in some foreign countries—Germany—been separated at their work nor does the law require it." No danger to the morals of either sex has ensued, on the contrary the female workers "seem to have had a humanizing and refining influence on their speech and manners of their male companions. Every technical school admits female pupils, and though the number of these students is not large, it is because the schools are comparatively new and their advantages little known.

The total number of women engaged in the different branches of industry in Finland may be estimated at 14,000. The number of women who manage a commercial business of their own is 1,050. About 1,150 hold situations as cashiers, clerks and assistants. In banks, fire insurance, telephone and other business offices about 400 women fill positions. Thus it will be seen that women occupy an important place in the industrial work of Finland.

"Finnish women, even of the lowest classes, have always exhibited no small amount of orderliness, adherence to duty, and contentment."

From time out of mind the work done by women in the department of agriculture has been of greater importance than in other countries. "Upon the Finnish women of the peasant class devolves not only the care of the household—which is, in narrow circumstances, no less than vastly important for the whole economy of the landowner—but also the whole charge of the cattle and dairy, inasmuch as in Finland every occupation pertaining to the dairy and cow-house has, until the present day, been generally thought unfit for, and even derogatory to the dignity of men; whereas not only the enriching of the milk but the feeding of the cows has been left in the hands of women.

At the present epoch in the history of Canadian dairy work, and cattle breeding and feeding, these notes from a country having a large butter export are worthy of particular attention, and it is satisfactory to be able to call to mind as a successful Canadian cattle feeder and breeder, our own example in a woman's enterprise, Mrs. Jones, of Brackville, whose prize cattle have long formed a prominent feature at our exhibitions and fairs.

"Ever since the Middle Ages, butter has formed one of the chief articles of export from Finland. In the middle of the present century about 1,000,000 kilograms of butter ("peasant butter" as well as butter produced in large modern dairies) a year were exported. At present the yearly export amounts to about 8,000,000 kilograms. This must be considered a result of the industry of the peasant women, and considering the good name this butter has obtained in the foreign market, it must be admitted that the result is most creditable to them. In many parts of the country butter making has of late years, passed into the hands of the peasant wives, from the hands of the owners of great dairies; but where this is the case the work is mostly performed by women. In the dairies of Finland 609 women and 326 men are at work. Finnish peasant women have also exercised an important influence on cattle farming and dairying, and are also instructresses in these subjects." For the training of teachers in dairy schools, where a course of instruction in dairy work is given, the Agricultural Institute at Mustiala opened a class for educated women.

to be instructed in the highest kinds of dairy work, forty-five of whom have up to the present time passed through it.

At these dairy-schools pupils are instructed, according to the regulations of 1868 in the theory and practice of cattle farming, butter and cheese making, the testing of milk with simple instruments, and in book-keeping connected with dairy farming.

The course embraces two years, and the instruction is free of cost, the pupils receiving board and lodging in addition, the schools being supported by the State.

The State also employs, since 1868, "county-dairymen," one in each county, whose business it is to travel in the county and instruct the owners of small landowners in cattle breeding and dairy work. Fifteen of these "dairymen" are women.

There are three schools for teaching gardening, one for women only, and two for both sexes together. There are also "Schools for handicrafts," and "Commercial schools," where both sexes are taught. At the "Polytechnic Institute" and the "Industrial Schools" ladies are taken as extras. At each of these, the ladies are taking chemistry. "Sloyd schools" are numerous and sloyd is taught in most of the Folk-schools.

In 1885 Miss Vera Hjett established in Helsingfors a Pedagogical Sloyd Institute conformably with the system developed in Salomon's Sloyd Institution at Naas, in Sweden.

Schools for needlework, weaving, and other female occupations, cover the stuffs for underwear, clothing, table linen, covering for furniture, mats and carpets both for domestic use and for sale. The influence of these schools is so far that the art of weaving has begun to flourish in some districts, and that the people have begun to think more highly of home-made articles than they did some time ago.

Many of the above schools are private projects, as are also some cooking schools. In Helsingfors are private classes for ladies, and the training of cooks and a pedagogical cooking school after the English pattern was organized in Helsingfors in 1891. The teachers in all these schools are women.

S. A. CURZON.

WILLIAM WILFRED CAMPBELL'S EARLIER AND LATER POEMS.

Mr. Campbell is to be congratulated, and Canada is to be congratulated, upon the appearance of a distinct addition to American periodical literature. "The Dread Voyage," separated as it is from the earlier publication by a period of four years, gives opportunities for a comparative criticism, and enables one to form a fair estimate of the maturer power these years have brought.

The vein is still the same, but the metal purer, and the hand that works the more strong. The plaintive personal note which reveals the minor poet of the "Lake Lyrics" has given place to a robust tone, and while none of the old sweetness of touch has been foregone a stronger hand strikes more melodic chords.

If there is one prevailing defect throughout the earlier volume, it lies in the monotony of the charm, but here is plenteous variety, and a revelation of higher scope. None who have read can forget verses that breathe the change-ful spirit of the lakes, can forget the

"Miles and miles of waters That throb like a woman's breast, With a glad harmonious motion Like happiness caught at rest."

The poet has wrought into the fabric of his verse the shifting lights and shadows of the waters, their moonlight dreaming, and the harrowing thunder of waves on sullen shores. But most he loves the gentle influences, the soft lake breezes, and the mystical vapours of dawn.

"The crags and the low shores kneel Like ghosts, in the fogs that reel, And glide, and shiver, and feel, For the shores with their shadowy hands."

Surely this is effective writing, and again in a kindred poem:—

"Where the great lake's shining bosom Rocks like some blue petalled blossom, Blossomed mid the night's sweet care, Wind-shook in the morning air."

We have to turn again to him to find this surpassed in his later work. The verse is descriptive of dawn:

"There comes a freshness from the floor Of ocean and the night-bathed land; A spirit swings each roseate door With winnowing wings and odours bland; Rose flames enkindle heaven's floor, And the grey mists are night no more."

Verses of similar charm abound in this new volume as in the old, but the temper of the man is firmer here, and can cope with Nature's fiercer aspects in poems such as "Midwinter Storm," where the attitude is more commanding, and has no touch of the clinging dependency that diluted the earlier poems.

We have dealt thus at length with Mr. Campbell's nature verses, not alone because of his success in descriptive poetry, but because he is here in accord with a prevailing tendency in Canadian literature. It might justly be charged against us as a defect, that there is too much accurate detail in the work of our nature poets, that in the accumulation of the separate aspects of a beautiful landscape the picture becomes blurred, and the effect marred. We readily grant that the greatest work is not accomplished thus, that the incisive force of description becomes confused when images multiply, and that brevity and precision are the underlying force of the strongest nature verse, making it undying because unobscured. But Dante, to be great, shed the gleaming of hell-fires upon his canvas, and the picture seared into the brain, deathless in that lurid light, and human passions molten in flame or swayed by gentle mood, infused their power into the work of Shakespeare. Yet ours is a gentler age, and echoes of old Sicilian melodies are welcome in our ears:

"Therefore, ye soft pipes play on; Not to the sensual ear, but more endear'd, Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone."

Of the four seasons we know not to which the poet has given his heart. He loves them all, Spring with its blossoming life, Summer with its achievement, Autumn with its decay, and Winter with its death.

SPRING.

Big swollen rivers, haunting still deep woods, Where dawn is midnight and faint dawn at noon, Sing under shadows, pausing in shimmering moods

Of inky silence, glimmering like the moon In midnight's heaven, the while a drowsy tune The singing shallows make to shine and shade, While through the budding boughs the warm winds wade, Sowing in petals white the year's first rune.

SUMMER.

There are a thousand beauties gathered round, The sounds of waters falling over-night, The morning scents that streamed from the fresh ground, The hair-like streaming of the morning light Through early mists and dim, wet woods where brooks

Chatter, half-seen, down under mossy nooks. The rugged daisy starring all the fields, The buttercups abrim with pallid gold.

AUTUMN.

Season of languorous gold and hazy drouth, Of nature's beauty ripened to the core, When over fens far-calling birds wing south, Filling the air with lonesome dreams of yore, And memories that haunt but come no more: Maiden of veiled eyes and sunny mouth, Dreaming between hushed heat and frosted lands;

With fire-mists in thine eyes, and red leaves in thy hands.

WINTER.

Out of the far, grey skies comes the dread north with his blowing, That chills the warm blood in the veins, and cuts to the heart like fate. Quick as the fall of a leaf the lake-world is white with his snowing, Quick as the flash of a blade the waters are black with his hate.

This is delightful verse without being lofty, good poetry without being great. A close examination of the first stanza will reveal that there are even at times positive faults of inaccuracy, and inexactness of language. This work only falls short of the highest in its kind by a lack of imaginativeness and a sparseness of thought; yet it entitles its author to place above many whom the world calls great. By lack of imaginativeness we refer to the absence in his descriptive poetry of that sustained inspiration which links nature to the very essences of being, and the sparseness of thought is betrayed in his ineffectual endeavour to perfect a sonnet, a form of verse which, in its perfection, above all reveals the thinker. Indeed Mr. Campbell seems to shrink from grappling with serious world problems.

"For I am not of all this weird mob thronging The streets of mad to-day, the world's dread throng;

I walk apart all hungered with a longing For some departed mighty long ago."

His limpid flowing diction, moreover, ill adapts itself to the more elaborate forms of verse, and an unevenness is apparent in some of his most beautiful work. In writing an Ode to Autumn he inevitably challenges comparison, and, despite a splendid effort, he suffers by the contrast. We miss the luxurious phrasing and majestic music of Keats while Watson's poem is superior in emotional quality and sheer force of thought. Yet let this not be said in his dispraise. Comparison with the greatest surely bears with it more distinction than indiscriminating praise bestowed on himself alone.

Passing over some poems confessedly imitative, we turn with admiration to poems that would have added lustre to the fame of Coleridge, and weirdness to the genius of Poe. In the earlier volume, "Lazarus" revealed unmistakable signs of latent power, and in the newer work, two poems as loftily conceived, stand apart from the rest, and above. "The Mother," from its appearance in periodicals and journals, must be familiar to many who have seen that specimen alone of Mr. Campbell's work, and such praise has been lavished upon it, that further words are unnecessary. The poem once read is stored away in those regions of the mind where only beautiful memories prevail.

"The Dreamers" is a companion piece, and equal to stand beside it. In these poems the poet is so unique that we are at a loss to know under what influences they were written. Perhaps it is unfair to presume an influence, yet the latter does recall "La Légende des Siècles," and breathes a spirit of Eastern mysticism that lets imagination slip her leash to wander forth beyond the worlds. Face to face with this poem, we again forego criticism, only praising the splendid achievement.

It would be invidious, if not to Mr. Campbell, at least to fellow-poets, to attempt to assign him rank among them or above. In closing we must express the sincere interest with which we look forward to the appearance of future volumes created in the intervals of uncongenial labour.

PELHAM EDGAR,

THE FULFILMENT.

I
Soft June that dreams beneath fair skies of blue,

And all the days alive with lilt of birds;
The fields all odorous, and dawn's faint dew
A gleam within the buds; while half-heard words

Re-echo with the wind, throughout the wood—
But yet an unknown want, scarce understood.

II

Dark, bleak December days, with wind awail,
And all the fields bereft of birds and flowers;
No gleam of blue above, but storm and gale
Low sweep across a sky that always lowers:
Yet all the joy of June here dwells apart,
For Love has wandered in a June's void heart.

ARTHUR J. STRINGER.

ANNIE LAURIE.

CHAPTER I.

The long July day was drawing to a close. The shadows were deepening; and from where the two girls sat near the thick-leaved maple they could see that the lamps had been lighted in the farm-house. At this moment a gate was flung open, and from the lane of trees five or six cows filed lazily past, and behind these came a colley dog with the air of one relieved of responsibility. The gate was shut and the farm-hand slouched heavily after the cows into the barn-yard.

As he passed out of sight the tuning of a fiddle came through the open doors and windows of the house. A young man appeared in the doorway and looked enquiringly out. He then walked quickly through the small enclosed flower-garden and stood at the little gate which let into the field where the girls were sitting.

"Aren't you coming?" he asked in a low tone.

"Frank, come here!"

He opened the gate and went toward them. "They're about ready for the first set," he said; "won't you come in?"

"Is Mr. Harnton in there, Frank?" It was the smaller and slighter of the girls that spoke, though the taller one had called him.

"Yes, he's there, 'Titia."

"Well, then, I'll not come in a step till he goes," the girl declared.

"You know he won't go, 'Titia," said the taller girl.

"I guess old Harnton's come after you, 'Titia," the young man remarked with a smile. "He says you're the prettiest girl in Renfrew County, and he never comes here unless he knows you're about."

"Annie! Letitia! Frank! where are you?" Two other girls, arm in arm, came dancing down the garden path.

"O, here they are! Do come on! What are you waiting for? Mr. Mullin's been ready the last ten minutes."

"We may as well go, 'Titia," said Annie. "Yes, Lizzie, we're coming."

"Well, Mr. Harnton, may just dance with some one else," said Letitia, rising. "You can take pity on him yourself, Annie."

"O, you'll be sure to," said Annie, as they followed Frank Laurie and the other girls into the house."

A stranger would have been at a loss to discover any ardor for dancing among the young people therein assembled. The large dining-table had been removed, and at one end of the room the fiddler sat, with his chair tilted against the wall. He was a half-witted, nearly blind old man, who lived at a short distance, and who could always be had for an impromptu occasion like the present. His music was not the best in the world, of course, but it had often served. Having tuned his fiddle he had placed it beside him on a sort of dresser, from the top of which the stock of a gun protruded, and he now sat calmly waiting directions to begin. The walls were covered with a neat, though cheap, design of wall-paper, and they showed by way of ornament a picture or two and a few prints taken from illustrated papers. They were also festooned with evergreens which remained from the previous Christmas. A certain homely comfort pervaded the place.

The uneager dancers were scattered about this room and the small parlor adjoining in knots of twos and threes. Near the front window a girl sat rocking herself with great energy and returning saucy answers to the remarks of two rustics who stood on each side of her chair. A couple were seated on a lower step of the stairway; the young man stimulated to clumsy badinage, to which his companion replied with impulsive fervor. Higher up on the stairway another couple had drawn very close together and were whispering mysteriously. Three young men stood in the doorway and at long intervals one of them would speak, when the others would laugh heavily and alternately. They had the air of waiting to be asked to take a lady out. In fact, this was the only way in which the country dance could be started.

"Now, boys, get your partners!" said Frank Laurie, bustling up to the three diffident ones. "We are going to begin. Dan there's Lizzie Soames, hurry up or someone will have her. Ned, you take Fanny. Aleck, find a partner, man."

While he was speaking two couples came out of the little parlor and took their places on the floor. The fiddler reached for his instrument, placed it on his knees, and again tilted back. He knew there was no hurry.

The two couples who had thus boldly challenged regard were Annie Laurie and Henry Neelin, the village grocer's son, and Letitia Lent and Arthur Dawson, the new school-teacher. The ladies tired standing and had seated themselves again for fully ten minutes before the required couples were induced to come out. At last the fiddler took up his fiddle, gave three or four long, sharp, prelude scrapes, the couples bowed to their opposites, and the familiar first set of the Caledonians commenced.

There were eight couples on the floor. Mr.

Harnton, the elderly bachelor who was "picking up" to giddy Letitia Lent, failing that young lady, had taken out Lizzie Soames, Frank Laurie, in passing Letitia, congratulated her with a laugh on her escape, and Letitia answered with a smirk and a glance over her shoulder at her ancient lover. The latter was just then beaming on her with indulgent good-nature, much to his stout little partner's amusement, who made grimaces from behind his back. Mr. Harnton, it should be explained, was a very courtly gentleman for those parts, and though still enjoying—or enduring—single blessedness, had always been more or less of a lady's man. His "glamor," as it was called, for that pale-faced little flirt, Letitia seemed a retribution for lost opportunities. He was old enough to be her grandfather, and the poor man's infatuation was published to the world.

In an interval of the dance, as he was mopping his face with his spotted red kerchief, he called to her.

"Heh! heh! pretty warm work, Mrs. Lent."

"Yes," simpered Letitia, turning away her head.

"By gracious! I think I'll melt," said the old man, still mopping.

"O, please don't melt here, Mr. Harnton," Lizzie Soames objected, shrinking away from him with feigned alarm.

At this sally a laugh went up in which the old man joined, but Annie and Letitia as they passed each other exchanged a deprecating, commiserating smile.

When Annie was at rest her position commanded a view of her mother and Mrs. Soames, Lizzie's mother, who sat in the kitchen knitting. These ladies glanced now and then at their spectacles at the hurrying figures in the dining-room, and Annie guessed from her mother's expression that she was the subject of their conversation. She believed her mother never wore that peculiar puzzled look except when she was talking or thinking about her.

In this instance she was not mistaken.

"Yes, indeed, Mrs. Soames," Mrs. Laurie was saying, as the needles clicked in time to her swift-moving fingers, "he asked her twice. The last time on New Year's Eve, when they were comin' home from the dance at the Cross Roads. And a nicer, better-mannered young man, as you see, can't be found anywhere. And he's just so kind. Looks sometimes as if he'd be obliged to her if she'd walk over him. And so comfortable—to have that fine two-storey brick house his father's just built, and the business when the old man dies. I'm afraid she won't do better, Mrs. Soames, I'm afraid she won't do better."

"He ought to have more spunk, Mr. Laurie," Mrs. Soames rejoined. "He doesn't take after his father with them light-blue eyes and that thin little red moustache. Annie's a quiet girl, but she's proud-spirited, and she was a little bolder she might have him."

"I don't know, Mrs. Soames, he's a good young man, and can give her a good home, and he's as fond of her as fond can be, and she can more can a girl want. But Annie always has such strange notions, with her books and wanting to go live in the city. She's too discontented to be happy, I'm afraid."

Mrs. Laurie allowed her knitting to rest on her lap, and gazed abstractedly at the dancers.

"How is she coming on with her telegraph books?" asked Mrs. Soames, twitching a needle.

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and then pausing also. "I see he has her for a partner now," she added, "and why not for life."
"I'm afraid it won't be," said Mrs. Laurie, as she looked furtively at the young couple. "Annie don't seem as if it would ever be, Mrs. Soames. She don't seem to lean to him."

Young Mr. Neelin was in fact at the moment exerting himself to entertain Annie with certain agreeable commonplaces, the effectiveness of which he had already tested elsewhere. While he did so he stood gracefully at ease, leaning an elbow, and with the disengaged hand caressing his contemned moustache. But the girl almost unconsciously held herself away from him. Her strong round chin was slightly tilted, and she stared at the end of the room as if listening to some one else.

"No, she's taken another notion," said Mr. Laurie, resuming her knitting with a sigh. "She had just about learned to send telegrams, and now she wants to be a teacher. I can't make her out; she won't talk much, but she's always thinking."
"Well, no matter what people say about being proud and removed and such like, Mr. Laurie, I'll always stand up for Annie. She's a good girl, and I'll always say it."

By this time the first set had ended and a reel was in progress. The shy of the boys and girls had come forward to take part in this popular country dance, in which the fun was always uproarious. Three couples, who had been in the first set, had retired to the comparative coolness and seclusion of the little parlor. These were Annie, Letitia Lent and Lizzie Soames, with their respective partners. The breezes shook the vines which covered the open window with their dark leaves. Annie had sunk into a rocking chair beside the window, and the young school-teacher, who sat beside her, took a photograph album from the table. Mr. Harnton placed himself beside Letitia on the little sofa in the corner. The young man had doubtless chosen this seat as a refuge to the unsuspecting gentleman. Mr. Neelin was describing a recent disastrous run-down to Miss Soames, who yielded him a divided attention. She was excessively interested in the progress of the drama between Letitia and her elderly beau.

"Laws, Mr. Harnton!" she suddenly exclaimed, "I didn't expect you would forsake me just as soon's we'd got through dancing."
"O, excuse me, excuse me, Miss Soames," the old man protested, half rising from his seat. "I quite forgot--and you see Mr. Neelin--"
"O, yes, Mr. Neelin--it's all very well to let it off on Mr. Neelin. He just spoke to me because he thought I was being neglected. I'm sure as you saw Miss Lent setting there on the sofa you forgot all about me."
"Now Lizzie Soames, you just hold your tongue," giggled Letitia. "You mustn't mind Mr. Harnton; she will talk," she explained apologetically.

An animated discussion ensued in which Mr. Harnton became entangled much to his consternation. Miss Lent's pretended assistance really adding to his difficulties. To this distraction the young school-teacher paid little heed, save a perfunctory glance and smile which Annie smiling. Photographs, he always interested him; and he found

curious revelations in the physiognomies of the ladies and gentlemen, whose names, with other personal details, the girl mentioned as he turned them over. When he came to one of herself, taken a couple of years before, he dwelt on it for a longer period than he had given to any of the others.

"Do you like living in the country, Miss Laurie?" he asked, closing the album and transferring his glance to her face.

"I have always lived here," she replied. "I like the country in summer, but sometimes it is very dull." Her voice was soft and low, and her eyes, which at first met his, dropped quickly as if in embarrassment.

"I like it myself in summer," he said, "but I fear I should be unhappy if I were compelled to live always so far from town."

"Yes, that is hard," she admitted.

"Should you prefer the city for constant residence, Miss Laurie?"

"O, very much indeed."

"I suppose you feel lost here--shut out from opportunity?"

"Yes, one sees nothing of life. I grow restless often and wish to see everything that can be seen. Never to stop; always to go on and on."

"I fear the most privileged must stop short of that large latitude, Miss Laurie."

"Yes, I suppose so," she said.

He noticed that her eyes refused to meet his. They glanced nervously at the dancers in the outer room or at the sofa, which had suddenly become the centre of a laughing scuffle, in which Mr. Harnton was the only sufferer. She and Letitia frequently exchanged smiles as of perfect understanding. In this Dawson found cause for wonderment. The girl beside him, with her serious, though sweet and interesting face, seemed an unlikely companion for the flighty Letitia. He supposed it might be explained on some principle of contrasts, association of opposites, etc., yet the difference seemed one not of degree, but of kind.

There were other things that piqued his curiosity in this well-dressed country girl. He could not say whether she was keenly sensitive and self-conscious or serenely dull. He suspected the former, and after the fashion of analysts (who is not an analyst nowadays?) he longed to put his theory to the test.

The reel had ended, and the dancers now thronged into the parlor. In a few minutes a waltz began, but for some time no one responded to its invitation. Dawson was about to ask Miss Laurie if she would not favour him when young Neelin approached and led her away for the second time. Two other couples (Mr. Harnton had managed to secure Letitia) followed, and, assuring himself that there was no one left with whom he would care to waltz, Dawson went into the dining-room to look on.

He saw at a glance that the grocer's son was not a favorite of Terpsichore. His talent, which had not yet been revealed to the school-teacher, must certainly lie in some other direction. Those movements which should have been circular were with him triangular, and the flushed look in Miss Laurie's face, Dawson suspected, betokened impatience. In a short time, and while the other dancers were still footing it briskly, these two withdrew, and as they fell out almost beside him, he rose to give the young girl his chair. Neelin sat down also for a moment, and then, excusing himself,

went into the garden, where a sound of voices in laughter and talk was heard. As the waltz continued, and as Miss Laurie seemed by no means exhausted, though she still had a glow in her cheek, it occurred to Dawson that, so far as he and she were concerned, the fiddler was wasting his music.

"Perhaps you would not be too tired to give me the remainder of this dance, Miss Laurie," he said; "especially when I tell you I was about to ask you when Mr. Neelin anticipated me."

She stood up, silently assenting, and in a moment they were smoothly gliding to one of Strauss's brightest and most buoyant waltzes. Dawson was surprised that the old fiddler should play it so well, and he discovered with keen pleasure that his partner could do justice even to Strauss. His blood and the music seemed to quicken momentarily, and he felt the dancer's gratified passion thrilling him as they moved in perfect measure. His companion appeared to respond to this rapture and he stole a glance to see if her face expressed any emotion, but he could discern none. It was perfectly impassive; she was evidently not unhappy--she at least was not impatient now.

He wished the fiddler might keep on indefinitely. The elastic, well-knit figure of the girl seemed capable of bearing her on forever. But he suddenly observed that they had the floor to themselves, and that certain young men and maidens were standing at the doors and windows staring with frank admiration. It was time to stop.

"I fear you are tired," he murmured. "A little," she replied. Then releasing her and offering his arm, he led her through the crowd into the little parlor.

"I cannot tell you how much pleasure you have given me," he said, as he dropped into a chair beside her. "I don't think I ever enjoyed a dance so much before."

She smiled, and taking a newspaper from the table, folded it and fanned herself.

"You enjoy dancing yourself?" he enquired ardently.

"Yes, Mr. Dawson, but I have danced very little."

"You dance perfectly, perfectly!"

"You may come, Mr. Harnton, if you are very good." It was Lizzie Soames. She and Letitia Lent were again in the room, and Mr. Harnton was with them.

"My, Mr. Dawson, what a lovely dancer you are!" she exclaimed. "Annie Laurie's the best dancer around these parts, and I will say you're a match for her. Here is Mr. Harnton wanting to come huckle-berrying with us to-morrow. I don't think we ought to take him. He'll eat more than he'll pick. Would you like to go, Mr. Dawson?"

"Huckle-berrying, Miss Soames. I'm sure I should like it of all things. Who are going?"

"Only three or four of us, Titia and Annie and me. And Mr. Neelin said he'd come, and now Mr. Harnton wants to come. Of course Miss Lent can't get on without him. He'll help her to pick."

"Lizzie Soames!" cried Miss Lent, with simulated indignation, while Mr. Harnton grinned foolishly.

"Miss Soames, I'm obliged to you for allowing me to join you. It will be very pleasant out under the blue sky--"

"Perhaps it'll rain," suggested Mr. Harnton prosaically.

"Hear him!" cried Lizzie.

"It will not rain. I am a weather prophet, you know," said Dawson. "I promise you we shall have a charming day."

J. H. BROWN.

NEST BUILDING AND BIRD-SONG.

Probably of all nests builded by birds in this locality, the most unique is that of the humming-bird. It is about five inches in circumference and just one and a half deep on the outside, and is fashioned of the softest of white stuff apparently the floss of the poplar, while over it all is ingeniously laid fine bits of fawn and pale green lichen so that it is a marvellous imitation of the bark of the branch whereon it rests, and for this reason it is difficult to distinguish it from a knot of the tree, fastened too as it is close on the limb with not a small branch on any side for support. Over the lichen is spun an invisible veil, fine like a very fine cobweb, and there is about it a warm odor like old wool or dry moss. In this nest just two pale tiny eggs are laid, and indeed there would scarce be room for another, so small is the soft hollow.

Another interesting nest is that of the wild canary. A snug one has been built yearly during the last five years in the heart of a blossoming bush here on the hillside; each time in the same cluster of twigs, the old one having been removed every season directly after the young birds had flown. This nest is composed of bits of wool, floss, white cotton thread and grey grasses, and before or about the time the first egg has been laid, along comes a lazy cuckoo, sliding noiselessly, thief-like, from bough to bough, and depositing in this nest a brown-speckled egg twice the size of the canary. Then when hatching-time arrives and the young birds appear and grow little, the young cuckoo, ingrate that it is, flops about and with its strong wings turns out of their home to perish the offspring of the sweet yellow bird. Every year I have watched this nest and taken from it the objectionable egg, and one year I found a second one, after the canaries had deserted the nest, imbedded in the grasses and wool, it having been laid of course before the completion of the nest, and thus covered over, it had remained unharmed during the rearing of the yellow brood.

This year, just as the canary had fashioned a fine nest in the old place, a wild wind came out of the south and tore it away, so I doubt if the bird will ever build there again. How wonderful! this building of nests year after year in the same spot, this memory of birds, inasmuch as there is such a vast tract of country wherein to go astray and so countless a number of trees to mislead. A few years ago, along the bay shore a phoebe built its nest in a robin's nest of the preceding summer. The following year the robins arrived first and placed their nest on the two old ones, and again the next year the phoebes were lords of the tower, and so they builded alternately until six or seven nests were piled one on the other, when the spot was forsaken for a new site.

Doubtless the most comfortable of nests is the swirring nest of the oriole. Narrow and deep, and woven of soft, light colored material, it is fastened to the drooping boughs of some tall elm, out of the reach of the small boy, and in it the mother birds sits and swings

through the hot summer days, the winds singing to her in fair weather, no harm molesting when storm is abroad, for the nest is builded and hung so deftly, that the entrance is protected against the sky out of which the summer storms come.

For us the oriole has sung his last song this year, because the autumn has no food for him and he has gone south again, not so much, it is believed, to avoid the cold as to find good feeding fields for the winter. What songs he sang when the apple-trees were in flower! His brilliant orange and black plumage all aglow against the pink and white blossoms. Then were the orchards merry with his music, for he hunted them the day long for food. We used to whistle sometimes, at best a poor imitation of his singing, yet he answered us. It is interesting, the study of bird-song and of birds' perception of musical sounds. Many times in the summer when there is music in the house, mocking-birds come about the open windows and struggle on through broken song in a mad endeavour to follow the notes of the instrument. Go out into any large garden after sunset when the mocking-birds and other singers are silent. Whistle some light air, and presently the shadows will be full of song, and it is good to feel you thus have power to make birds sing. Then, too, on a grey morning even a loon will answer you out of the mist if you imitate its note, though not, I fancy, because of any inspiration of music like that which whistling possesses for other birds—rather in all probability, it takes you for its mate and gives call for call.

HELEN M. MERRILL.

THE CRITIC.

Professor Goldwin Smith's "political outline" of the United States from their discovery in 1492 to the Geneva Award in 1871, published the other day, is a work which deserves and demands no little notice. Within the compass of some three hundred octavo pages, the author has succeeded in compressing what no other historian of the United States has yet attempted to do—perhaps it might with safety be said, what no other historian of the United States has yet been capable of doing. Perhaps no other historian has been so singularly fitted to do it. For, to say nothing of the intellectual endowments of the sometime Professor of modern history at Oxford, of his remarkable grasp of large masses of facts, and his keen historic sense, no one has seen and known so much at once of the political England of the last half century, from whose teeming womb the United States issued, and of the child, now full-grown, to which that England gave birth. He was present with observant eye and active pen during the tremendous crisis when the question of Secession was being debated both by tongue and sword, and from that date to this, has, as many published articles show, made a study of the political and social growth of our neighbours. The results of such study are apparent in "the United States: an outline of political history," and for once and for the first time we have before us, in bird's eye view, an unprejudiced account of the political growth of a nation whose historians hitherto have seemed incapable of writing without bias. Professor Smith's friendship for the United States is well-known: he has everywhere there, both as speaker and writer, been received with

acclamation, he holds a chair in one of their Universities, his views regarding the common future of the States and Canada—all prove him their well-wisher and admirer. Naturally, therefore, though in the preface he is careful to tell us that his book is "for English rather than American readers," there will be found in it no anti-American sentiments. Nor on the other hand, and equally naturally, will there be found any anti-British sentiments. To no other writer, perhaps, was a calm and judicial middle-way so possible. Certainly we get it here, and nowhere more distinctly than in the account of the woful separation of 1776, and the deplorable events that led up to it. He does not spare Grenville, he does not spare Townshend, he does not spare North, he does not spare Parliament, he does not spare the King. But, on the other hand, neither does he spare "the agitators at Boston, who . . . did their utmost to push the quarrel to extremity and to quench the hope of reconciliation," nor "the preachers of Boston who . . . made themselves the trumpeters of discord," nor "the mentors of the quarrel"—Samuel Adams and Patrick Henry. We get a calm and judicial account also of that other critical period in the history of the States, in the chapter devoted to Civil War. It is a pity, perhaps, that this account has been limited to a single chapter, for but few writers besides Professor Goldwin Smith are better fitted to undertake a full and careful recountal of the various and complicated opinions and events of that crisis. The data of such recountal are abundant—perhaps superabundant. Its true and concise history has yet to be written. A tremendous conflict indeed it was, but its narrators seem to have vied with each other in making it more tremendous still. The wave of bitter feeling ran so high as to cross the Atlantic and deluge even England. France and Russia felt the tide. Little wonder then, that even now unruffled narrative is rare. Yet nothing could be fairer than the chapter entitled "Rupture and Reconstruction." In it certainly concinnity is stretched to breaking point; but with so great a master of language, with one too who has devoted a lifetime to the exposition of political historical facts and their causes, the history loses little by this concinnity.

The amount of reading, thought, and observation which such a book necessitated must have been immense. Indeed we have a hint to this effect when the writer tells us in the preface that a full list of authorities would be disproportionate to the book itself! Not too many modern writers, we fear, could truthfully give utterance to such an assertion. When we consider the extreme paucity and insignificance of the errata which critics have discovered we see how carefully that reading, thought, and observation have been exercised. The work, in short, is a model of what a political history in outline should be: group events of peace and war, together with their connecting details; the characters of the leaders of these; the varying temper of popular bodies; the ebb and flow of popular opinion; glimpses of social life; growth of sentiment, of power, of material wealth; trends of statutory legislation; conflict of parties; antagonism of various theories of finance and government; electoral campaigns with their multifarious issues and curiosities; international and inter-racial diplomacies; these and a multitude of other matters are handled in a manner which, while it commands

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Administration, fixes at the same time our keenest interest. Undoubtedly "the United States" will rank as one of the best pieces of workmanship that Professor Goldwin Smith has produced.

CORRESPONDENCE.

A BIT OF CANADIAN BANKING HISTORY.

To the Editor of The Week :
Sir,—Though it was not addressed to me I have obtained due permission to publish the following letter of a Halifax bank manager. After the admirable stability shown by the Canadian banks through the late financial crisis, the letter cannot fail to be of interest to the public.

Yours faithfully,
F. BLAKE CROFTON.

"Dear Sir,—You ask me to furnish you with my recollections of the memorable meeting between the Government and Canadian bankers on the eve of the revision of our Bank Act. After several meetings and informal discussions with the Minister of Finance and his deputy, Mr. Courtney, the bankers were requested to assemble at Ottawa for an interview with the full Cabinet. In obedience to the request of Mr. Burns, of the Bank of Montreal, whose private office was made the rendezvous and headquarters, the representatives of capital from all corners of the Dominion flocked to the capital. Four speakers were elected to address the Premier and members of his Cabinet, namely, Messrs. Walker, of the Canadian Bank of Commerce; Fyche, of the Merchants Bank of Canada; Martigny, of the Bank of Nova Scotia, and De Martigny, of the Jacques Cartier Bank. If any one harbours the belief that our Cabinet Ministers at Ottawa lead easy lives, that their work is light and their daily office hours few in number, such belief may as well be permitted to join the numberless mistaken impressions we entertain of public men and their official labours. When the bankers arrived at the Council Chamber, there was unmistakable evidence that, although the Ottawa world was scarcely wide-awake, the Ministers had already been attending to the daily routine of their departments.

"That courtly old gentleman and famous statesman, the late Sir John A. Macdonald, received us. The Council Chamber is one of the numerous handsome rooms to be found in the magnificent Parliament Buildings at Ottawa. The chamber contained a round table, at which were seated Sir John A. Macdonald and his Cabinet, save Sir Adolphe Caron. The chairs occupied by these Knights of the Round Table were large, luxurious and sleeping. At one end of the room the wall was covered with a map of the Dominion, at which many of the bankers on their entrance gazed with admiration at its dimensions, and as they occupied the seats around the room and formed an outer fringe to the round table and the Premier, some of them studied the map as if looking for unoccupied territory and contemplating its occupancy with agencies of their respective banks.

"The President of the Council, Mr. Colby, estimated by a nod to Mr. Lawin, president of the Bank of New Brunswick, that the Cabinet members were ready to hear the bankers. Mr. Hague was introduced. During his address around the room, as if engaged in taking the measure of his unusual visitors. He closed with one finger laid against his large, shaggy nose, and the balance of his face supporting his chin. He was a man sure likely to excite the respect and attention of strangers than any one the writer has ever met, and, even admitting his faults, should be held in love and esteem by all Canadians. As no questions were asked by any members of the Cabinet, the opening address of Mr. Walker was followed by the speech of Mr. Colby, manager of the Canadian Bank of

"Mr. Walker is a studious looking gentleman, of sallow complexion, medium height, spare frame and square shoulders. He has dark, soft and intelligent eyes; his hair, mustache and beard suggest the artist and poet rather than a man who is now recognized by Canadian bankers as a clever exponent of their views, and one whose address before the Canadian Cabinet will always be remembered by those present as a most masterly, logical, instructive and convincing argument against ill-advised legislation as affecting the financial interests of a country.

"We had been informed that the Ministers could not grant a very long audience to the delegation. But this necessity for brevity was forgotten by the bankers as 'Walker, of the Commerce,' pumped facts, figures and lucid explanations into the members of the Canadian Cabinet. The Premier's eyes were fixed on the speaker; Sir John Thompson rewarded him with a gaze expressing sympathy and thoughtful interest; the other members of the Cabinet were as closely attentive as if listening to an instructive lecture on some intensely interesting subject, and even Mr. Chapleau ceased to sleep, as one of the best informed bankers in the Dominion of Canada, warning to his subject, reminded the Cabinet of the good work performed by his brethren, and pointed to their system of banking as one which by its enterprise has greatly assisted in the development of the Dominion of Canada.

"The earnest and thoughtful speaker referred eloquently to the intimate connection of the banks with the trade and commerce of the country, and then spoke somewhat as follows: 'Our bankers open agencies in many places where the savings of the people are in excess of their enterprise, they pay interest on these savings and re-distribute the money thus obtained in the form of loans in districts where enterprise is in excess of capital. In a new country such as Canada is, it would be well for its commercial and banking interests if the entire savings of the people were obtainable for the judicious and careful development of new industries. But the action of the Government has hitherto prevented this, and now the Minister of Finance would have us also lock up a large amount of our available resources, and thus render it impossible for bankers in times of depression to render necessary assistance to their customers.'

"The background to Mr. Walker was the huge map of Canada to which I have already referred. Against the lower part of said map were silhouetted the heads of the giants of the financial arena and these heads nodded approval, and there was a murmur of applause as Mr. Walker, with stern, relentless logic, dealt with Mr. Foster's proposals regarding fixed reserves to be held by Canadian banks. The Premier glanced for an instant at his Minister of Finance. Mr. Foster, during Mr. Hague's address, had adopted an easy, lolling attitude of indifference to the importance of the bankers' views of his proposals, and had propped one foot against the table. His foot fell from its support as Walker progressed with his speech, and he fidgeted uneasily with a small pen-knife. But he said nothing, gazed quietly through his spectacles at the speaker, and to the close of the address maintained the same absorbed air of interest with which all in the Chamber listened to Walker, of the Commerce.

"And is Mr. Walker a great man? Well, if by experience, careful, exhaustive research, and intimate knowledge of any one subject a man is entitled to be considered great, then Mr. Walker is a leader among his fellow workers, the bank managers of Canada.

"Did Messrs. Walker, Fyche, Hague and De Martigny show knowledge of their business? Yes, and more. They succeeded in proving to the Canadian Cabinet and the bankers of the Dominion how close the connection is between banking and commerce, how both are of delicate organism and that nothing is more remarkable than the regularity with which they thrive or sicken, according as that freedom, which is the breath of their being, expands or contracts.

"And when, in closing, they pictured the dangers likely to result from unwise legislation and hinted that the money now so well em-

ployed in building up Canadian trade and enterprise might be diverted by an ill-considered Act of Parliament into the tempting markets of the neighbouring Republic, more than one of those present whispered to their companions that the Premier of Canada would be more likely to be guided into a safe haven by these bankers than by Mr. Foster, the Minister of Finance.

"Whatever may have been the effect of the bankers' reasoning, and clever presentation of facts and figures pertaining to the banking interests of the country, upon the Ministers, they, Messrs. Thompson, Chapleau, Tupper, Bowell, Colby, Langavin, Costigan and companion, said nothing.

"But after such a smooth and masterly exposition of the great interest the country has in the welfare of its banks, it will be surprising if bankers are not in future, as at the Cabinet Council meeting referred to herein, consulted upon the terms and conditions of any new charter-rights and privileges to be granted to the banks by the Canadian Government.

"The only intimation received by those composing the delegation that the Government did not desire to question them further was conveyed by the remarks of Sir John A. Macdonald, who thanked the speakers for the information given to the Government, and assured them that their 'weighty arguments would be fully considered.'

"The passage of the Act in almost the same shape as when it left the bankers' hands proves how greatly impressed was the astute and powerful Premier by the special pleading of Messrs. Walker and Fyche.

"And as we left the presence of the members of the Canadian Cabinet, we noticed in the ante-chamber their lunch, an evidently light repast to be swallowed before returning to labours which we, like a dozen other delegations during the session, had interrupted.

"And it was pleasing as we dispersed and strolled through the corridors of the Parliament Building, to hear one member of the Government admit to a banking friend of his that the speeches of Messrs. Walker, Fyche, Hague and De Martigny had afforded him valuable information on a subject he 'did not previously know a d—d thing about.'

"As the same country,' says Mill, 'is rendered richer by the trade of one province with another; as its labour becomes thus infinitely more divided, and more productive than it could otherwise have been; and as the mutual interchange of all those commodities which one province has and another wants, multiplies the comforts and accommodation of the whole, and the country becomes thus, in a wonderful degree, more opulent and more happy; so the same beautiful train of consequences is observable in the world at large, that vast empire of which the different kingdoms may be regarded as the provinces. In this magnificent empire, one province is favourable to the production of one species of produce, and another province to another. By their mutual intercourse mankind are enabled to distribute their labour as best fits the genius of each particular country and people.'

"Banking is so closely allied to commerce that the above quotation illustrating the advantages of commercial freedom may serve to remind you and others how much the trade of one country with another is facilitated by their banks.

"That the Bank Act framed as the outcome of the meetings between the Government and the bank managers of Canada is good and sound and wise in its provisions has been clearly shown during the recent financial flurry in the United States. The confidence of customers and depositors in the chartered banks of Canada has not been shaken for a day by the commotion among their American neighbours and our banks have been able to provide for the pressing requirements of their clients and to endure the strain of a large lock-up of their balances in the United States. And, at a time when the attention of the English-speaking people is directed to the disordered monetary condition of New York, Chicago and Boston, papers on both sides of the Atlantic find time to commend the Bank Act of Canada.

"I am not willing to believe that open let-

ters to the President of the great Republic alongside of us, even when said letters are written by Canadian bank managers, prove the superiority of our banking system to that of the United States. The temporary trouble among our neighbours seems to have been properly and best described by Mr. Chauncey Depew, who has styled it 'a panic of distrust.' But if the Canadian Bank Act possesses features worthy of adoption by our banking brethren across the border, they may be relied upon to copy same without suggestion from us.

"J. T. P. K."

Halifax, N.S.

IN DREAMLAND, AND OTHER POEMS.

The dainty volume in white and gold which comes to us bearing the above title, holds, we think, a unique place in Canadian literature. Now that it is so largely the fashion to sneer at the need of a patriotic Canadian sentiment, or to point out the strange dearth of such amongst us, it is certainly refreshing to find a poet so frankly outspoken in his love for and faith in his native Canada, as is the author of this volume. Canadian poets, at least, cannot justly be accused of a lack of love for their native land, as witness the stirring odes of Professor Roberts and others—songs which, if on the lips and in the heart of every Canadian school-boy, would do much to take from us the reproach of luke-warm patriotism.

Through his volume, "In Dreamland," Mr. O'Hagan has made an important addition to Canadian patriotic poems. In particular, "My Native Land," besides its true, natural sentiment, its purity and simplicity of phrase, its earnestness and depth of feeling, has that fine rhythmical flow, as of something written to be sung.

"My native land, how dear to me
The sunshine of your glory!
How dear to me your deeds of fame,
Embalm'd in verse and story!
From east to west, from north to south,
In accents pure and tender,
Let's sing in lays of joyous praise
Your happy homes of splendor,
Dear native land!

"Across the centuries of the past,
With hearts of fond devotion,
We trace the white sails of your line
Through crested wave of ocean;
And every man of every race
Whose heart has shaped your glory
Shall win from us a homage true
In gift of song and story,
My native land!

"Dear native land, we are but one
From ocean unto ocean:
The sun that tints the Maple Leaf
Shines with a like devotion
On Stadacona's fortress height,
On Grand Pre's storied valley,
And that fabled tide whose peaceful shore
Was rocked in battle sally,
My native land!"

We hope soon to hear of this being set to music, as it would be a welcome addition to our growing list of national songs. Other patriotic poems in this volume are, "A Song of Canadian Rivers," "Our Own Dear Land," "An Ode to the New Year," and "The Maple and the Shamrock." This last poem it is that shows what is unique in the volume. No one can mistake the true, deep love of the author for his native Canada—such earnest verse does not flow from the insincere heart—nor can any one fail to see the tender, almost passionate, love the poet has for the land of his fathers, 'Erin Machree.' We have many Irishmen who are most loyal Canadians, but Mr. O'Hagan is the first who has embodied in verse his love for both countries. Many compilations

claim as a Canadian poet Thomas D'Arcy McGee. He was undoubtedly a loyal Canadian, but his songs were Irish as his heart was. When he sang of Canada it was her history, not her nationality, that attracted him. With Mr. O'Hagan it is otherwise. "Canada first" must be the motto of the man who, in speaking of Canada, declares that

"Every gift of heart and hand
Be yours forever solely.
Our own dear land!"

We have called attention to Mr. O'Hagan's patriotic poems, first of all, because we hold them to be the most important. Poems of sentiment are common to all poets, in all ages; they vary only with the intensity of the poet's feelings or the fluency and melody of his speech. Our age and our temperament chiefly decide how a sentimental poem will affect us, but cold indeed, and warped by selfishness, must be the heart that is not stirred by a melodious patriotic song, be it of what country it may. He is surely no true son of any country who does not find his heart beat quicker under the stirring notes of "Scots wha hae," or feel a sympathetic thrill when reading Burns's wish—

"That I, for poor auld Scotland's sake,
Some usefu' plan or book could make,
Or sing a sang at least."

That is the key-note of all patriotism worthy of the name—a yearning to do some one unselfish thing for one's country, were it only

"To sing a sang at least."

And this note we find in Mr. O'Hagan's "Erin Machree," as well as in his "My Native Land."

The remaining poems of the volume are chiefly poems of sentiment, and poems written for special occasions. There is little of the purely objective in Mr. O'Hagan's writings, and no long, sustained poem such as would give the reader sure insight into the poet's real strength. No occasional poem, however well turned, can do a poet full justice. Such represent rather the dainty dishes we look for at dessert than the real meat and staple of the feast. Without doubt the near future will find this defect remedied in Mr. O'Hagan's case. We are certain the author of such a poem as "Profecturi Salutamus" does not lack any gift requisite to the production of a sustained narrative poem.

"To my Mother, to whose Faith, Devotion and Love I owe the inspiration of aught that is worth recording in my life," the dedication reads, and after this graceful and loving tribute we are not surprised to find the finest poem in the volume entitled, "The Song my Mother Sings."

"O sweet unto my heart is the song my mother sings
As eventide is brooding on its dark and noiseless wings;
Every note is charged with memory—every memory bright with rays
Of the golden hours of promise in the lap of childhood's days;
The orchard blooms anew and each blossom scents the way.
And I feel again the breath of eve among the new-mown hay;
While through the halls of memory in happy notes there rings
All the life-joy of the past in the song my mother sings."

There is a fine sympathetic note here, which is in perfect accord with that directness and simplicity of phrase which is a characteristic of all Mr. O'Hagan's poems. We do not find in them any striving after effect, nor any elaboration of phrase, such as so many minor poets

use in an attempt to disguise the poverty of thought. And as the phrases are unstrained and natural, so the poems are simple and touching the heart by their sincerity and pathos. How readily we can enter into the poet's mood in the introductory poem, "In Dreamland."

"I dreamt a dream of the old, old days
When life was sweet and strong,
When the breath of morn swept thro' the air
Like the notes of a joyous song;
And I knelt beside my mother's knee,
And lisped in faith her prayer,
While the lilacs bloomed and the roses faded
Too full of the morning air."
Did not some such "dream" as this occur to Emerson, we wonder, as, himself the model voted of sons, he wrote to Carlyle on the death of his mother, "We need mothers—we need who read and write—to keep us from becoming paper."

Of the poems written for special occasions the best is perhaps "Memor et Fideles," a poem commemorative of college days, read at the annual reunion of the Alumni of Queen's University, June, 1885. There is true poetry in fire in

"What care we for the rugged verse
If but the heart speaks in each line
'Tis not the sunbeam on the grape,
But friendship's smile that warms the wine."

In the same poem we find a graceful *à l'esprit* worthy of Dr. Holmes:—

"See, yonder is our Magister,
Who rules the board with grace and art
You think his hair is growing white,
'Tis but the flowering of his heart."

A marked and just tribute to Mr. O'Hagan's gifts as a poet is found in the fact that his volume of verse, "A Gate of Flowers," has been translated into French in Paris.

Of the remaining poems of "In Dreamland" we need say but little. Uniformly graceful and melodious, thoroughly pure in tone and simple in treatment, they are a valuable addition to Canadian literature, sure to be welcomed, we are sure, in many song-writer's homes. Perhaps, of all our Canadian poets Mr. O'Hagan comes the nearest to Longfellow in simplicity of phrase, directness of thought and sweetness of versification.

EMILY McMAHON

FAIRY-LAND.

THE FANCIFUL.

My Love she lives in fairy-land
And floats on azure wing,
While sprites about her day and night
For ever laugh and sing.

THE REAL.

My Love she wears a cotton gown
And keeps my brick-house clean,
Where happy children laugh and shout,
And of that home she's queen.

My home is fairy-land to me
More real than woodland dell,
True fairies are the merry sprites
Who in that same home dwell;
While fancy paints the azure wing
And Love adorns each common thing.
W. BALE

ART NOTES.

Lady Butler is continuing her series of illustrations of what she terms "the by-play of war," and is at work upon an excellent subject, "The Dawn of Waterloo, 1800."

The public made good use of the opportunity offered by the sale of Bell-Smith's pictures two afternoons last week, and some very satisfactory purchases were made—satisfactory to the buyer, at least.

The art schools of Philadelphia begin their first term October 2, and their second, January 29th. The second term will close May 26, 1894. Among the teachers are Robert W. Vonnoh, Henry Thouron, T. P. Anschutz, Chas. Grafly, Carl Newman and Milton Bancroft.

Messrs. M. Matthews and E. Atkinson will offer for sale their fine collections, respectively, of oil and water colours, at the rooms of Messrs. Dickson and Townsend, Toronto, on Tuesday, 3rd Oct. The reputation of these able Canadian artists is a guarantee of most excellent work; and we trust this opportunity will not be lost on lovers of good art.

It is said that the picture by Mr. F. Madox Brown, which was recently sold at Christie's place in London, is remarkable in several respects. The subject, "Christ Washing Peter's Feet," is treated as befits, with feeling and dignity. The picture, which is in Mr. Brown's best style, also reveals the extent to which that artist used his friends as models. Mr. W. M. Rossetti posed for the head of one of the disciples, and his brother, Dante Gabrielle, for one of the apostles, in which company, the features of W. Bell Scott are also recognizable. Miss C. Rossetti served as the model for St. John, and a still living art critic lent his fine face for the Christ.

It is not generally known that Victor Hugo was an artist of no mean ability, says the New York Tribune. Miss Mary Carpenter, who has recently come to this country after a visit to Hugo's home in Guernsey, Hauteville, tells of a striking picture from his hands hanging there. It pictures the terror of the boy told of in the first chapter of "The Man Who Laughs," wandering alone and half-clad through the snow at midnight. He is suddenly confronted by a corpse swinging from a gallows, a raven sitting upon the cross-tree above, while beyond is a dark and lowering sky. The picture is described as weird and forceful as Hugo's word-painting scene.

The Boston Transcript has the following: "In speaking of Japanese art," says a writer in the August number of Art Amateur, "it is well to remember that experts like Fenellosa and Anderson, compare its ancient religious paintings with those of Botticelli and the Italian fourteenth-century painters; that Mr. Whistler goes further and mentions Hokusai in the same breath with Pheidias; that Rousseau sold his pictures for small sums to buy Japanese kakemonos; and that our modern impressionist school is to a great extent an outcome of the effect that Japanese art has had upon those best qualified to judge of it—our artists." After this overwhelming prelude surely it is hardly worth while to tell us that "we should lay aside our notion that Japanese art is merely amusing." Merely amusing!

Mr. F. C. V. Ede, who was one of the five Canadians to receive a bronze medal at the World's Fair, after three years' study in Paris, is now exhibiting in France, and has had a picture well hung at the late Versailles exhibition. The Journal des Beaux Arts, the official art organ of France, makes the following comment: "F. C. V. Ede, 93. Such is the signature that is found in one of the corners of a charming study, where two cows bathed in sunlight, browse on a grass, rich and abundant. Do these mysterious letters hide a celebrated name, an unknown man or woman? This is of little importance. One thing is certain, the work they indicate is excellent." Very little of Mr. Ede's work has found its way to Toronto of late, what has come to this country has been shown at Scott's, Montreal. Six of his pictures were at the World's Fair.

The Galbraith Academy is to be congratulated on having secured the services of Mr. A. H. Howard, R. C. A. (a designer of exceptional ability) and Miss

Westmacott as instructors in the Department of Industrial and Decorative Design. Their reputation as specialists is a sufficient guarantee that this department will not fall below the high standard maintained by the founder of the Academy. Miss Westmacott was the founder of the first School of Design in Ontario, in 1885, and has given much time in bringing to the public notice the importance of this branch of Art. The staff is now composed of Messrs. G. A. Reid, R. C. A.; J. W. L. Foster, A. R. C. A., Painting and Drawing department; Mr. L. R. O'Brien, R. C. A., Water-Color dept.; Mr. A. H. Howard and Miss Westmacott, Decorative and Industrial Design. It may be mentioned that Miss Proctor gives instruction in China Painting.

No one of our Toronto artists is better known to the public, personally, as well as through his pictures, than is Mr. W. A. Sherwood. His art education, with the exception of a short time, spent in the Pennsylvania Academy, Philadelphia, has been received in our own country. His work in portraiture has been steadily improving, as any one who has seen his latest pictures will readily understand. A visit to his studio gives a fair idea of how much may be accomplished in a summer, and what may be expected from this source at future exhibitions. Portraits are here, of course, landscapes—a bright, tenderly-coloured bit of beach, a hay-field in the quiet gloaming, a bright bonfire effect on a dark night, a sunlight bay dotted with lilies, or a shady country road: all these to be used as studies for future pictures, or awaiting some finishing touches. Of his pictures of street arabs or newsboys, several of which have met with marked success, the artist has several in embryo. In his dogs, especially in pastel, Mr. Sherwood has done some spirited work. A pretty, though not entirely new subject, is a young girl caressing a dove, for which a sketch has been made. Best of all, though most original in subject, giving promise of brightness and sparkling colour, is—but it is scarcely fair to leave no surprise for the public, so we withhold further description here. Mr. Sherwood's work is always vigorous, his colour strong and brilliant. Time and constant work are doing for him what they have done for many another, giving him a deeper grasp of his subject, finer appreciation of shades of meaning as well as of value, and growing ability in draughtmanship.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

Mr. J. D. A. Tripp will give some piano recitals during the winter, when he will perform some new works he has recently added to his repertoire.

The letter signed "Musical Amateur," regarding the effects of organ playing on piano technic and touch, will be replied to in our next issue, as it came just as we were going to press.

In all probability we will again enjoy hearing the famous Seidl Orchestra in our city, sometime during the musical season, the news of which will gladden the hearts of all ardent music lovers. The Orchestra will begin the season early in October, and will travel extensively throughout the United States, with the great pianist Friedheim, as soloist.

Mr. Grenville P. Kleiser will present an excellent programme at Association Hall on Monday evening. Mr. Kleiser has been adding to his laurels as an elocutionist and entertainer, in the United States, and his promised entertainments for the present season will, we doubt not, even surpass those which proved so successful and enjoyable during that of '92 and '93.

Messrs Mason and Risch are having great success with the vocalion in the United States and at the World's Fair. This is not to be wondered at, for the tone certainly more nearly approaches the beautiful quality of the

pipe organ than any other instrument yet manufactured, and improvements are constantly being introduced and developed in this and other directions, which will further assist in popularizing this well-known instrument.

The piano warerooms of Messrs Farwell and Glendon, have been removed from King street, to their elegant new store on Yonge street, next door to Ryrie Bros., the Anglo-Canadian Music Company occupying part of the premises. The firm keep a superb stock of the famous Steck and Farwell pianos, as well as pianos from the factories of other well-known makers. Their show-room is a model of taste and elegance, and the situation one of the best in the city.

The distinguished organist, M. Guilmant, was not greeted with an audience particularly large at his recital in the Metropolitan Church on Tuesday evening, the 19th inst., the cause of which was, no doubt, the high price of admission. For many years past, the usual price of admission to church concerts—when there was a charge made at all—has been twenty-five cents, and for the last two or three years a great many church concerts have been free (or practically so, a silver collection only being asked at the door), so that when a great artist like Guilmant is engaged, and a price asked at all commensurate with the cost of the engagement, the public simply will not attend, the result being only a partially filled house and a financial loss. The so-called service of praise has killed the church concert, a state of affairs which the churches themselves—or those in charge of such matters—are responsible for. The playing of M. Guilmant is masterly, and evokes the highest enthusiasm. His style is broad and grand; his execution remarkable for certainty and smoothness; and the security of his pedaling is something to be wondered at. His programme was splendidly chosen, to show his versatility, and embraced Bach's "Toccatte in F;" Lemmens' "Sonata Pontificale;" Salome's "Offertory in D flat;" Schumann's "Canon in B minor;" Dubois' "Toccatte in G;" a march by the great English organist, Best; and three pieces of his own composition entitled, "Invocation in B flat;" "Finale in E flat;" "Funeral March and Hymn of the Seraphs." The dignity, virtuosity, and noble sincerity of the artist, was fully demonstrated in his performance of these works, which cannot help being of great value to organ players and lovers of music generally. Miss Florence Brimson sang Haydn's "With Verdure Clad," in a style highly pleasing, for her manner is easy and graceful, and her voice a soprano of excellent quality, although of somewhat light texture, and is fairly well cultivated. M. Guilmant also played a twilight recital on Wednesday afternoon, when a different programme was performed, which elicited the warmest admiration from the audience. Mention must be made of his magnificent extemporization on a theme which had been sent in for the purpose, he showing the most marvellous contrapuntal facility, elaborating and developing it in a remarkable manner, and this too, without the slightest hesitancy as regards harmonic colouring and tonal combinations. The fugue which he spontaneously created was a supreme feat of contrapuntal and technical virtuosity, and was appreciated to its full extent by the many musicians present. Toronto may well be proud of having a professional visit from this great organist and composer, who, in many respects, has no living equal.

When any person of really eminent virtue becomes the object of envy, the clamor and abuse by which he is assailed is but the sign and accompaniment of his success in doing service to the public. And if he is a truly wise man, he will take no more notice of it than the moon does of the howling of the dogs. Her only answer to them is to shine on.—Whately.

LIBRARY TABLE.

CATRIONA. By Robert Louis Stevenson. Toronto: William Bryce.

This new romance supplies further evidence of the author's power of narrative and character painting. To his masterpiece "Kidnapped" it is an interesting sequel, and is brimful of adventure, peril and achievement, both by sea and on shore. The further adventures of the two heroes described in "Kidnapped," Alan Breck and David Balfour, and of the latter's Highland sweetheart, are graphically told; and the cause of events carries them into France and Holland, giving the author additional opportunity of proving his great gifts as a story-teller.

THE OPINIONS OF A PHILOSOPHER. By Robert Grant. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Toronto: William Briggs. 1883.

Those who have enjoyed Mr. Robert Grant's pleasant volume, "The Reflections of a Married Man," will not delay in having this genial author expound to them "The Opinions of a Philosopher." Gentle reader, you cannot gravely read this book without a smile. Although it is by no means our habit we would be almost willing to lay a wager that at the very first incident recorded in its homely pages, viz.: where little Fred pushed the patient angler's first pickerel back into the hole in the ice, as the poor fisherman turned to bait his hook, your good natured face will relax and broaden. And we further venture to opine that the benevolent expression indicated will not be far removed as from time to time the book is resumed until its 224 pleasant pages have all been read. The illustrations of Messrs. W. T. Smedley and C. S. Reinhart render the letterpress more attractive. We shall look with agreeable anticipation for Mr. Grant's next volume.

PERIODICALS.

"The Electrical Engineering" for September opens with DeLands' Synoptical Index of Current Electrical Literature. It also contains a report of "The World's Congress of Electricians," and a continuation of "One Way to see the Exposition."

The most charming of periodicals for children, "Wee Willie Winkie," edited by Lady Marjorie Gordon and her Mother, has appeared for September. It contains "Notes for 'Wee Willie's' Bairns," "Wee Willie's" Competitions for September; "Puzzles and Riddles," besides other attractive and instructive short papers.

The September number of "Onward and Upward," edited by The Countess of Aberdeen, is full of well written articles as usual. Among others are: "The Irish Village at the World's Fair," by the Editor; "Idle Days in Patagonia," "Report of Annual Meeting of O. and U. Association," "Council of Wives and Mothers," besides some interesting editorial notes, etc.

I. Zangwill's "The King of Schnorrers," in the September Idler, continues to illustrate the character of its author's humour. Ernest Jessop writes entertainingly of the "Pets at Sandringham." Francis Gribble provides a dramatic short story entitled "The Fog on the Blumlis Alp." David Christie Murray tells the story of his first attempts at authorship, and Robert Barr has a descriptive paper on "Mont St. Michel" that we will defy any one to read without laughing.

The editorial notes of the Review of Reviews for September begin with "Our Monetary Crisis" and end with "The Referendum" as a probable rallying cry of the Tory party in England. "Engineer Ferris and his wheel" are described by Carl Snyder. Two papers on the silver question are supplied by E. W. Bemis and Professor Van Holst respectively, and J. L. Laughlin also deals with it. Very graphic and forceful is Mr. W. T. Stead's character sketch of the intrepid moral reformer, Lady Henry Somerset. That romantic, historic figure Jeanne d'Arc has also a paper devoted to her memory in this number.

Charles B. Spahr begins the Political Science Quarterly with a critical examination of Mr. Giffen's case against Bimetallism. "What is immediately needed," says Mr. Spahr, "is an Act giving us a silver currency which is not a promise to pay gold." Max West says: "The inheritance tax has been rapidly increasing in importance in the past few years." The papers of Alexander Winter on "The Modern Spirit in Penology" and Professor J. B. Moore on "The Late Chilian Controversy" are interesting. "The Prussian Archives" are the subject of a thoughtful contribution by Professor H. L. Osgood, while Professor W. Cunningham says of Professor W. J. Ashley's "Introduction to English Economic History and Theory, Vol. I, Part II, that it is excellent but unmethodical.

The essays comprising the contents of The Nineteenth Century are often of great value, and the issue for September affords confirmatory evidence of the statement. It opens with a paper on "Weariness," by Professor Michael Forster, followed by an essay from the pen of the Rev. Canon Knox Little, entitled "Protestant Science and Christian Belief," in which the learned Canon most ably replies to the article which appeared in the July number by Mrs. Humphrey Ward. The Countess of Jersey contributes "The Transformation of Japan," and R. B. Cunningham Graham "Father Archangel of Scotland." Many other excellent papers complete a good number.

Mr. W. H. Grenfell falls foul of Mr. Gladstone on the vexed currency question in the September Fortnightly and argues with no little warmth for greater consideration of silver. Mr. Grant Allen, with becoming modesty(?) in his contribution on "Immortality and Resurrection," speaks of the Christian religion as a religion of "a lower type" than Judaism, and the morality of which, he is good enough to concede, "may be as high and pure as its paid apologists assert" — of course, the gentle reader will not for a moment think that Mr. Grant Allen would take payment from the editor of the Fortnightly for his learned and scientific exposure of the erroneous views which are so widely held on the above subjects. It is quite refreshing to pass from Mr. Grant Allen's strictures on Christian belief, and even Mr. W. Bevan Lewis's thoughtful paper on "The Origins of Crime" to Mr. W. M. Conway's graphic paper on "The Climbing of High Mountains." Such papers as that of Mr. J. Theodore Bent, entitled "Under British Protection," are not only pleasing and informing but they keep one in touch with our world-wide Empire's progressive development.

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days, at 4.30 p.m., beginning October 21st. The subjects of the lectures will be respectively:—"Dante and His Times;" "The Vita Nuova, and other works;" "The Divine Comedy;" "Inferno;" "Purgatorio;" "Paradiso."

"The Relation of Economic Study to Charity," is the title of a recent paper by Professor James Mavor, of Toronto University, published by the American Academy of Political and Social Science. Maurice Block, the eminent French economist and member of the Institute, is the author of a monograph on "The Progress of Economic Ideas in France," published by the same Society.

Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin and Co., have recently issued the following volumes from their press: Sam Houston and the War of Independence in Texas, by Alfred M. Williams; Essays in Idleness, by Agnes Repplier; A Sketch of the Apostolic Church, by Professor Oliver J. Thatcher; A Roadside Harp, Poems, by Louisa Imogen Guiney; and The Day-spring from on High; compiled by Emma Forbes Cary.

Mr. Henry J. Morgan has been elected a member of the Association of American Authors, of New York, his proposer being General J. G. Wilson, the American historian. The association, which takes as its model, the French Societe des Gens de Lettres, was founded in 1892, by W. D. Howells, Geo. W. Cable, Thos. W. Higginson, Julian Hawthorne, C. D. Warner, James Grant Wilson, Moncure D. Conway, and Chas. Burr Todd.

Mrs. J. W. F. Harrison, (Saranus), purposes holding classes for the study of English literature, at her residence, 13 Dunbar Road, Toronto. The subjects to be taken up, embrace selections from later English Essays; Carlyle's Hero-Worship; the writings of Gilbert White; Richard Jeffries, Thoreau, and John Burroughs; Idyls of the King and Arthurian legends. Mrs. Harrison's fine literary culture and taste, and her standing as a Canadian authoress, admirably fit her for the conduct of such classes.

Mr. W. H. P. Clement, the author of "The Law of the Canadian Constitution," proposes to discuss, in the columns of The Week, the question—"Has the Parliament of Canada constituent powers." We are glad to hear that on the recommendation of the Hon. Edward Blake, the volume above mentioned was placed on the shelves of the library of the British House of Commons. It has also been adopted as a text book by the law school at Osgoode Hall, as well as placed on the curriculum of Trinity University, Toronto. It is pleasant to see the work of a young Canadian author receive such prompt and substantial recognition.

59 AND 18.

TWO EXPERIENCES IN KEMPTVILLE OF INTEREST TO OTHERS.

Mr. Hugh Brownlee Tells How He Was Cured of Sciatica After Much Suffering—Miss Delia Main Suffered From Trouble Incident to Girlhood—Her Case Critical—How She Found Release. From the Kemptville Advance.

One of the best known men in the county of Grenville and the adjacent county of Carleton, is Mr. Hugh Brownlee, of Kemptville. Mr. Brownlee was born in Carleton county, in the year 1834, and until about five years ago resided in the township of North Gower. Having by industry and good business ability acquired a competence, he determined to retire from the somewhat laborious life of a farmer; and, taking up his abode in a beautiful home in the village of Kemptville, has since continued to reside here. It is well known to Mr. Brownlee's friends and acquaintances that he has suffered many years from Sciatica of a violent form, and it has lately been understood that he has at last been relieved from the pangs of this excruciating disease. Recently, while in conversation with Mr. Brownlee, a reporter of the Advance asked him to give his experience for the benefit of other sufferers, which he gladly consented to do.

"You are aware," said Mr. Brownlee, "that most of my life has been spent upon a farm; and in addition to farming I followed the business of buying cattle, sheep and lambs. In doing so I was exposed to all sorts of weather and over-exertion, which brought on severe attacks of Sciatica. I suffered for about ten years, trying all sorts of powerful remedies, but without doing me a particle of good. During this long period of suffering I was deprived of much sleep and many a night tumbled about in bed nearly all night long, suffering the most excruciating pains. In fact I was rapidly approaching the condition of a chronic cripple. I had tried so many remedies that I was becoming discouraged, and almost despaired of obtaining relief. While in this condition I was induced to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I took the pills for some time without any noticeable results; but feeling as if they were a last resort I continued their use. Then came a slight change for the better, and every day added to my steady improvement, until now, after the use of about eighteen boxes, I am nearly as well as ever I was, being almost entirely free from pain. I am still using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and feel confident that my cure will be permanent. You may be sure that I am grateful for what Pink Pills have done for me, and I am only too glad to bear testimony to their merit. Indeed I believe they are deserving of every good thing that can be said of them."

Mrs. Brownlee was present and said that she, too, could vouch for the beneficial effects derived from the use of Pink Pills. She had suffered for nearly four years with terrible soreness and pains in the back of the head and neck, accompanied by frequent attacks of dizziness which caused great distress and inconvenience. Having observed the beneficial effects Pink Pills had upon her suffering husband, Mrs. Brownlee determined to try them, and from the outset found relief; and after the use of four boxes found that the soreness was all gone, and for the past three months she has been almost entirely free from pain. She has the greatest confidence in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and believes them the greatest medicine of the age.

A YOUNG LADY'S EXPERIENCE.

Having heard that Miss Delia Main, a young lady who lives with her parents not far from Mr. Brownlee's residence, had also been greatly benefited by the use of Pink Pills, the reporter next called upon her. Miss Main is a handsome young lady, eighteen years of age, with the glow of health in her cheeks. In reply to enquiries, Miss Main said that some two years ago she began to be affected with weakness peculiar to many young girls. Her face was pale; she was troubled with heart palpitation; and the least exertion left a feeling of great tiredness. She had good medical treatment, but without getting relief; and at last her condition became so bad that her parents and friends feared she was going into a decline and almost despaired of her recovery. At this juncture Miss Main was induced to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which are an unfailing specific in cases of this kind. Having lost all confidence in medicine, Miss Main took Pink Pills, irregularly at first, but finding that they were helping her, she began to take them regularly according to directions. From this time on improvement in her case was steady and rapid; and after the use of a dozen boxes she found her health fully restored. "I believe," said Miss Main, "that if it had not been for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills I would not be alive to-day, and I strongly recommend them to all girls who find themselves in a condition similar to what mine was." Miss Main's

Backwood's for September begins with a very interesting glimpse at the past in the family, in a paper entitled "Glengarry and the Family," based on the unpublished autobiography of Miss Macdonell of Glengarry, accompanying it is "Glengarry's Death Song," by Sir Walter Scott—hitherto unpublished. The Sudan: A Talk with Father Ohrwalder, gives a vivid view of the state of affairs in that troubled region. There are two excellent pieces of a biographical character in this number: one on that fine old Scotch poet Sam Dunbar and the other a warm and loving appreciation (evidently from a friendly hand) of the late Sir Edward Hamley, who died in the grove all too soon his lamented father, Major-General William Hamley.

Mr. Arling discusses "The Future of Society," in the September Westminster and offers advice on the subject. Mr. D. F. Morgan stands for realism in his short yet valuable paper on the "Prospective Transmutation of the Novel," and urges "that the novel, unless it becomes thoroughly scientific, will perish, or descend to the level of nursery tales." Mr. Isaac Isaacs urges his brother Jews in his article on "The Old and Modern Thought"—"Unselfishness is another, Charity for all beliefs, and charity to all men." The sketch, "A Family Night Mission in New York" is sadly interesting. Hugh H. L. Bellot pays a just tribute to the incorporated village of Ontario, a quotation from the Hon. J. R. Brown, M.L.L.D., one of the chief founders of the Municipal Act of Ontario.

The September New England Magazine contains an interesting account of the Literary Associations of Berkshire in the State of Massachusetts by James Tucker Cutler. A. A. Ward contributes a paper descriptive of the Agricultural Experiment Station at Amherst, where scientific methods are designed to aid the farmer and revolutionize the future of agriculture. His account of what has already been effected at Amherst and in other stations of such institutions. The birth-place of many distinguished New-Englanders is the town of Fryeburg; and very graphically and pleasantly it is described in a paper by the Stuart Barrows. The story of "John Barrows" and "Mrs. Partington's" reminiscences are continued; and other well chosen articles, including two short stories and a number of verses, make up a average

LITERARY AND PERSONAL.

The Century Co. has bought well-nigh the complete literary "out-put" of Mark Twain, during his year of residence abroad; and both the Century and St. Nicholas will have serial stories by this popular humorist among the attractions of the new year.

Professor Goldwin Smith contemplates an early visit to England, during which his old university, Oxford, will be neglected. No doubt, old memories will be revived, and new friendships formed at that great seat of English learning by her distinguished son.

Three stories by Henry James, "The Wheel of Time," "Collaboration," and "Julian Wingrave," and a new volume, by Julian Ralph, "Our Great West," prominently illustrated, will soon appear from the press of Harper and Brothers. The latter book embodies Mr. Ralph's recent travels in the progress and resources of the Western States.

Mr. Thomas O'Hagan, LL.D., whose poetic and pleasing verse is well known to Canadian readers, is visiting Toronto. Dr. O'Hagan was present at the annual session of representatives of religious bodies at Chicago, and he says that his speech produced a marked effect on the assembly.

Professor Clark will deliver a course of six lectures in Convocation Hall, Trinity University, on "Dante," on Satur-

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mother was present and fully endorsed what her daughter said, adding that she fully believed Pink Pills had saved her life.

Mr. Angus Buchanan, druggist, who is also reeve of the village, was asked if many Pink Pills are sold. His reply was that they have a larger sale than any medicine, and still the demand steadily increases, which is the best evidence that Pink Pills are a great remedy, and there can be no question of the great good they accomplish.

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

These pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N. Y., and are sold in boxes covered with the firm's wrapper and trade-mark, (never in loose form by the dozen or hundred, and the public are cautioned against numerous imitations sold in this shape) at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company from either address. The price at which these pills are sold makes a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.

READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

THE LOSS OF THE VICTORIA.

'Tis but a little discipline, a noble heart and brave,
A life of battling with the storm that dwells within the wave.
'Tis but a hundred years or so of noble-hearted sires,
That makes the men whose fame is sung on history's golden lyres.
Their heart by heart and face by face in rugged rank four deep,
As they would wait a mortal foe they wait that last dread sleep.
Nor breath is drawn, nor muscles change in that heroic hue.
They stand in nature's majesty, strong rulers of the brine.
Three hundred men stand silently in that fair sunny cove,
As one by one the minutes glide down the swift tide of time;
One slow ten minutes theirs to live and then that strange command,
With all the tangled threads of life, they then will understand.
In all that great ship's company, not one man back would shrink,
Although upon eternity they trembled on the brink.
Obedient to their order, calm, steadfast, undismayed,
With one strong prayer from those great hearts in dying they obeyed.
Nor they alone in all the world are heroes to the death.
In every land for glorious ends man draws his latest breath.
In many hearts the true steel rings against some flinty trial,
And flashes back the God-like spark that lights the noble pile.
—ELLEN M. BOULTON, in the Russell Chronicle.
Shellmouth.

PUBLIC OPINION.

Ottawa Citizen: A new sealing company is being organized in Vancouver, which intends building two schooners in time for next season's operations. If the projectors would read some Reform papers, they might learn that success in their adventure is impossible.

St John Globe: Mr. Laurier, in his tour through Ontario, is everywhere met with unbounded enthusiasm. The meetings that he addresses are very largely attended, showing the interest that is taken in his efforts to enlighten the public mind on the questions of the day.

Hamilton Spectator: Mr. Laurier finished his missionary tour of Ontario yesterday. The test of his oratory has been the claim that the National Policy is a failure. Upon this issue, the Conservative leader will not hesitate to appeal to the knowledge and intelligence of the people of Ontario.

Manitoba Free Press: The Senate at Washington, is not making much progress with that silver legislation. The delay suggests whether, in the United States "Lords," it will not become necessary to adopt some form of closure that will enable a majority to do business with reasonable expedition.

Montreal Gazette: The deposits in the Post Office Savings Banks last month, were close upon \$200,000 more than the withdrawals. This is a little straw that compared with the drift among our neighbours, shows how differently the wind blows on different sides of the much abused tariff wall the Conservatives persist in maintaining.

Guelph Mercury: This union of the various branches of the Church under one general government will tend to strengthen and extend the influence of the Anglican communion in Canada, will promote the feeling of union among the scattered dioceses of that Church in Canada, and will form a more effective body for legislation. The members of the Church of England are to be congratulated on the confederation effected.

Quebec Chronicle: Mr. Boyd well deserves the high honour. He is a leading wholesale dry-goods merchant—a self-made man, and a much respected gentleman. He has always been a devoted follower of Sir Leonard Tilley. When the latter was the leader of the "smashers," as the Liberals down by the sea were called in the old days, Mr. Boyd was ever by his side helping him to achieve victory and political success, with his purse, pen, and tongue. Those weapons were always on tap, as it were. A fiery politician, curiously enough, Mr. Boyd would never allow his name to be put up as a candidate for any office. He was twice offered a position in the gift of his friends, before he decided to accept the Senatorship. He was always helping others, and cared more for their promotion than he did, apparently, for himself. He made a very useful Senator, and his advice on all questions relating to trade, commerce and banking, was often valuable. He will make a most satisfactory chief magistrate, and his appointment will please the great majority of the people over whose destinies he will preside, during the next five years. This will be the first time in the history of our sister Province that a merchant has been chosen Lieutenant-Governor. The office has usually gone to the lawyers. Sir Leonard Tilley, however, was a druggist.

The Maharaja of Mysore has drafted a regulation to prevent infant marriages. It fixes the minimum age of boys at 14, for girls at 8 years.

SCROFULA

Is that impurity of the blood which produces unsightly lumps or swellings in the neck which causes running sores on the legs, or feet; which develops ulcers in the eyes, ears, or nose, often causing blindness or deafness; which is the origin of pimples, cancerous growths, or "humors;" which fastening upon the lungs, causes consumption and death. It is the most ancient of all diseases, and very few persons are entirely free from it.

How Can It Be CURED

By taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, which, by the remarkable cures it has accomplished, has proven itself to be a potent and peculiar medicine for this disease. If you suffer from scrofula, try Hood's Sarsaparilla.

"Every spring my wife and children have been troubled with scrofula, my little boy, three years old, being a terrible sufferer. Last spring he was one mass of sores from head to feet. We all took Hood's Sarsaparilla and all have been cured of the scrofula. My little boy is entirely free from sores, and all four of my children look bright and healthy."

W. B. ATHERTON, Passaic City, N. J.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

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

100 Doses One Dollar

JOHNSTON'S FLUID - BEEF

maintains its high standard as

A PERFECT BEEF FOOD

STAMINAL IS A FOOD AND A TONIC COMBINED

It contains the feeding qualities of Beef and Wheat and the tonic qualities of *Lycoposphites* in the form of a

PALATABLE BEEF TEA

Milk Granules

Is the solids of pure Cow's Milk so treated that when dissolved in the requisite quantity of water it yields a product that is

The perfect equivalent of

MOTHER'S MILK.

At Cairo, on the occasion of the marriage of Mahmoud Pasha Riaz, Governor of the Suez Canal, and son of the well-known Riaz Pasha, ex Premier, the dinner extended for a full week; the dining room was a Turkish tent measuring 100 yards long by 40 wide, where, under the light of a myriad lanterns, candles, and jets of electricity, dinner was served both in European and the Arabian manner. About 150 sheep were killed for the banquet, besides which there were over 200 stone of other meats, and the preparation of the viands engaged the attention of 70 cooks and assistants, including the presents, the fête cost over £5,000. In magnificence, it has never been equalled since the day that Joseph Ben Jacob was Grand Vizier of the East.

SCIENTIFIC AND SANITARY.



TO STOP THE PROGRESS

of Consumption, you will find but one guaranteed remedy—Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. In advanced cases, it brings comfort and relief; if you haven't delayed too long, it will certainly cure. It doesn't claim too much, but it won't make new lungs—nothing can; but it will make diseased ones sound and healthy, when everything else has failed.

The scrofulous affection of the lungs that's named Consumption, like every other form of scrofula, and every blood-taint and disorder, yields to the "Discovery." It is the most effective blood-cleanser, strength-giver, and flesh-builder that's known to medical science. In all Bronchial, Throat, and Lung Affections, if it ever fails to benefit you, you have your money back.

A perfect and permanent cure for your Catarrh—or \$500 in cash. This is promised by the proprietors of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.

Nausea is said to be promptly relieved by a mixture of four drops of creosote in two ounces of lime-water. Dose: A teaspoonful every fifteen minutes.

The largest trees are not the Sequoia Gigantea, of California, but certain species of eucalyptus in Australasia. One specimen in Victoria is said to be 171 feet high. The eucalypti are of very rapid growth. The California big trees grow slowly.

Telephonometer, 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.—Scientific American.

Wood ashes are recommended in the American Agriculturist by Mr. J. M. Stahl, as a valuable medicine for farm animals. The author keeps them, with charcoal and mixed with salt, accessible to his hogs with the best effects; and he furnishes them to his horses by putting an even teaspoonful with the oats twice a week or by keeping the ashes, with the salt mixture, constantly before the animals.—Popular Science Monthly.

Alcohol, although the most convenient heretofore found, has proved an unreliable fluid for low-temperature thermometers. It is subject to the three vices of sticking to the tube, irregular expansion and defect from impurities and variations in water content, which affect its expansion materially. M. Chapuis has found toluol, the boiling point of which is 110 degs. C, a liquid well adapted to the purpose and free from these disadvantages.

Every country has some form of smokeless powder. France clings to melinite, one of the picric forms of explosive. Germany has a powder with which it is well satisfied, and Italy has still hopes of balistite. Cordite, besides being safe, gives the very high initial velocity of 2,800 feet per second to a projectile and develops a maximum pressure within the gun of from fifteen to eighteen tons per square inch. It is a very powerful ammunition, ahead of gunpowder.—San Francisco Call.

The use of coffee as a disinfectant is generally known, but it is doubtful if most people are aware of its true value in this direction. They probably know that it is harmless and handy; but besides these qualities, it is really one of the most powerful and effective agents known, as has been shown by repeated experiments. In one case a quantity of meat was placed in a close room and allowed to decompose. A chafing dish was then introduced and 500 grams of coffee were thrown on the fire. In a few minutes the room had been entirely disinfected. In another room, the fumes of sulphuretted hydrogen and ammonia were developed and the smell—which no words can express—was destroyed in half a minute by the use of ninety grams of coffee.—Good Housekeeping.

ALL MIRACLES DO NOT OCCUR AT HAMILTON.

The whole town of Glamis, Ont., knows of a cure, by the application of MINARD'S LINIMENT, to a partially paralyzed arm, that equals anything that has transpired at Hamilton.

R. W. HARRISON.

Professional.

DR. C. J. RODGERS, DENTIST, Suite 5, Oddfellows' Building, Corner Yonge and College Sts. TORONTO. Office Hours, 9 to 6. Telephone 3904.

MR. A. S. VOGT, ORGANIST AND CHOIRMASTER JARVIS STREET BAPTIST CHURCH. Teacher of the Pianoforte and Organ at the Toronto Conservatory of Music, Dufferin House and Moulton College. RESIDENCE, 605 CHURCH ST., TORONTO.

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MR. W. E. FAIRCLOUGH, F.C.O., ENG. ORGANIST AND CHOIRMASTER ALL SAINTS' CHURCH, TORONTO. Teacher of Organ, Piano and Theory. Exceptional facilities for Organ students. Pupils prepared for musical examinations. Harmony and counterpoint taught by correspondence, 6 Glen Road. TORONTO COLLEGE OF MUSIC.

W. O. FORSYTH, Lessons in Piano Playing and Theory. Private pupil of the great and eminent teachers, Prof. Martin Krause, Dr. S. Jadassohn, of Leipzig, and Prof. Julius Epstein of Vienna. Applications can be made by letter or in person to Address, 113 College Street, - TORONTO.

W. KUCHENMEISTER, VIOLIN SOLOIST AND TEACHER. Late a pupil of the Raff Conservatory at Frankfurt-on-Main, and of Professors H. E. Kayser, Hugo Heermann and C. Bergheer, formerly a member of the Philharmonic Orchestra at Hamburg, (Dr. Hans von Bulow, conductor.) Studio, Odd Fellows' Building, cor. Yonge and College Streets, Room 13, or College of Music Residence, Corner Gerrard and Victoria Sts. Telephone 980.

THE RESULT OF FORESIGHT.

A responsible life insurance company, such as the North American Life of Toronto, Ont., gives the insurer every legitimate advantage, coupled with first-class security.

The following letter, expressive of one of its policy-holder's satisfaction at the results achieved under one of its investment endowment policies, is well worth perusing:—

Carleton Place, Ont., Sept. 13, 1893. To the North American Life Assurance Co., Toronto:

Gentlemen, - Your favor is received advising me that my fifteen year endowment, ten-year investment policy has matured and that I have the choice of anyone of the following four options:—(1) Receive the entire cash value of the policy, or (2) the equivalent of this in paid-up insurance, or (3) withdraw the cash surplus and continue policy for next five years and then withdraw its full face value with profits, or (4) take the equivalent of the cash surplus to reduce the remaining five payments due under the policy when it becomes payable in full with profits.

The variety of ways which I have of dealing with my policy, the result in each case being in excess of what I anticipated, enables me to say unhesitatingly that I regard the settlement offered as most satisfactory.

After due consideration I conclude that the fourth choice will best meet my circumstances, and therefore desire that you shall apply the surplus now in hand to reduce my remaining premiums so that at the end of five years from the present time I shall receive the full face value of my policy with additional five years' profits.

Yours truly, A. H. MEARS.

Minard's Liniment cures Dandruff.

ULA which produces in the neck on the arm ulcers in the blindness or pimples, cas which, faste- consumption of all disease-ly free from it.

RED ulla, which, by accomplished, it and peculiar you suffer from

la. children have my little boy, rible suffer. of sores from s Sarsaparilla, scrofula. My sores, and all and healthy." N. J.

Carilla Prepared only by Lowell, Mass Dollar

N'S BEEF stand.

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Advertisement for Crab Apple Blossoms and Crown Lavender Salts. Includes an illustration of a woman and child. Text: 'Leading English Perfume', 'Crab Apple Blossoms', 'Crown Lavender Salts', 'Crown Perfumery Co.', '77, New Bond Street, LONDON.' Also mentions 'Sold by Lyman, Knox & Co., Toronto, and all leading druggists.'

Advertisement for PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION. Text: 'PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION. CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. 25 CTS.'

Advertisement for ARTISTS' SALE. Text: 'ARTISTS' SALE OF A FINE COLLECTION OF OIL AND WATER COLOR PAINTINGS, BY L. MATTHEWS & W. E. ATKINSON, (of Canadian and European subjects.) -WILL BE HELD AT- DICKSON & TOWNSEND'S TUESDAY NEXT, OCTOBER 3rd, '93. At New Saturday and Monday previous to Sale, at above address.'

Advertisement for MINARD'S LINIMENT. Text: 'NOW WELL AND STRONG. -It is my privilege to recommend For two years I was nearly crippled with an inflammatory disorder of the kidneys which six bottles of B.B.B. entirely cured me. I am now well and strong, and I recommend the B.B. Bitters which EDWARD JOHNSON, Aberdeen, B.C. had almost given up hope.'

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 eco-
nomical, costing less than one cent a cup.
It is delicious, nourishing, and EASILY
DIGESTED.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

RADWAY'S
PILLS,

An Excellent and Mild Cathartic.

Perfect Purgatives, Soothing Aperients,
Act Without Pain, Always
Reliable and Natural in Their Op-
eration.

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, Head-
ache, Constipation, Costiveness, Indigestion, Dys-
pepsia, Bilioussness, Fever, Inflammation of the
Bowels, Piles and all derangements of the Internal
Viscera. Purely Vegetable, containing no mer-
cury, minerals, or deleterious drugs.

DYSPEPSIA.

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

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

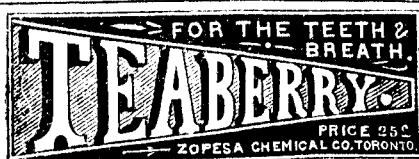
A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the
system of all the above named disorders.

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"



FACTS ABOUT DYSPEPSIA.

Wrong action of the stomach and liver
occasions dyspepsia. Dyspepsia in turn gives
rise to bad blood. Both these complaints are
curable by B.B.B., which acts on the stomach,
liver, bowels and blood, and tones and
strengthens the entire system, thus positively
curing dyspepsia, constipation, bad blood and
similar troubles.

MISCELLANEOUS.

When the heart hath its load, the tongue
will strive to lighten it.—Cooper.

The noble Brutus worshipped honor, and in
his zeal, mistook her for virtue. In the day
of trial he found her a shadow and a name.—
Colton.

Do you read the testimonials published in
behalf of Hood's Sarsaparilla? They are
thoroughly reliable and worthy your confi-
dence.

If he does really think that there is no dis-
tinction between virtue and vice, why, sir,
when he leaves our houses let us count our
spoons.—Dr. Johnson.

WORTH READING.

MR. WM. McNEE, of St. Ives, Ont., had
eleven terrible running sores and was not
expected to recover, all treatment having
failed. Six bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters
completely restored him to health. Druggist
Sanderson, of St. Mary's, Ont., certifies to
these facts.

Never was the accomplishment of verse so
general as now. "Weren't we in the luck of
it," said Scott to Moore, "to have come be-
fore all this talent was at work?"—Byes Ser-
gent.

SEVERE DIARRHOEA CURED.

GENTLEMEN,—I was troubled with chronic
diarrhoea for over three years and received no
benefit from all the medicine I tried. I was
unable to work from two to four days every
week. Hearing of Dr. Fowler's Extract of
Wild Strawberry I began to use it. Am now
all right.

JOHN STILES, Bracebridge, Ont.

Piety is not an end, but a means of attain-
ing the highest degree of culture by perfect
peace of mind. Hence it is to be observed
that those who make piety an end and aim in
itself for the most part become hypocrites.—
Goethe.

GIVES GOOD APPETITE.

GENTLEMEN,—I think your valuable medi-
cine cannot be equalled, because of the benefit
I derived from it. After suffering from head-
ache and loss of appetite for nearly three years
I tried B. B. B. with great success. It gave me
relief at once, and I now enjoy good health.

MRS. MATTHEW SPROUL, Duncannon, Ont.

The strength of the donkey mind lies in
adopting a course inversely as the arguments
urged, which, well considered, requires as
great a mental force as the direct sequence.—
George Eliot.

LOOKED LIKE A SKELETON.

GENTLEMEN,—Last summer my baby was so
bad with summer complaint that he looked
like a skeleton. Although I had not much
faith in it, I took a friend's advice and tried
Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry.
He soon got better. I truly believe it saved
his life.

MRS. HARVEY STEEVES, Hillsborough, N.B.

Women have led in the progress of the
ceramic art since our last great exposition.
The Rockwood ware of Cincinnati and the
gold china of Miss Healy, of Washington, are
the great novelties in their line at Chicago.
Miss Healy's process is the cause of much
argument and envy by European porcelain-
makers.—Harper's Bazar.

DON'T YOU KNOW

That to have perfect health you must have
pure blood, and the best way to have pure
blood is to take Hood's Sarsaparilla, the best
blood purifier and strength builder. It expels
all taint of scrofula, salt rheum and all other
humors, and at the same time builds up the
whole system and gives nerve strength.

Hood's Pills may be had by mail for 25c.
of C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Gold that is the price of blood was never
yet blessed to him that gave or him received.
—Cooper.

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certificated teachers, etc. Building and accommo-
dations unsurpassed. University affiliation. Prepares
junior and senior matriculation. Re opens Sept. 1st.
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Languages, Music, Drawing and Painting. The
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This school, conducted by Miss Lawder and
Rice, has been well and favorably known for
past twenty years, and will be re-opened on
day, September 14. An efficient staff of teachers
employed, and while all the English Branch
Latin, and Mathematics are thoroughly taught,
Music and French receive special attention. The
number of resident pupils is limited, and every
is made to make school life as home-like as possible.
On application to Miss Lawder, at above address,
circulars will be sent and further information given
if required.

Minard's Liniment relieves Neuralgia.

QUIPS AND CRANKS.

"Is your paper up to the times?" asked a stranger of the editor of the "Cyclone Weekly." "Not only up to them, but always ahead of them," replied the editor. "Why, sir, we report a man's death the moment he calls in a doctor."

"Dante?" remarked Mrs. Brown interrogatively. "no I don't know as I ever heard of him. But the name is familiar. Oh, yes, Ann Dante. I know I had heard of somebody by that name. Wonder if it was his daughter."

He: If you did not love me, why did you encourage me? She: I? Encourage you? He: For two seasons you have accepted every one of my invitations to the theatre, etc. She: That was not because I loved you, it was because I loved the theatre."

Benevolent Party: My man, don't you think fishing is cruel sport? Fisherman: Cruel? Well, I should say so. I have sat here six hours and have not had a bite, been nearly eaten up by mosquitoes, and the sun has parboiled the back of my neck.

The Court: Why did you assault this man? The Prisoner: I'll tell you how it is. You see I'm a barber. Well? And this man sells pianos and breaks up my business. How that? He gets people to be musicians, and then they quit getting their hair cut.

"Your honour, and gentlemen of the jury, I acknowledge the reference of counsel of the other side to my grey hair. My hair is grey, and it will continue to be gray as long as I live. The hair of that gentleman is black and will continue to be black as long as he dyes."

Englishman: Pardon me, sir, but where do you come from? Paddy: From County Clare? Englishman: Then that accounts for your brogue. Paddy: May I ax where you come from? Englishman: From Worcester, sir, proudly. Paddy: Then that accounts for your sauce.

Too Late.—Mr. Finnigan: Yez kin charge that drink to me, Dennis Finnigan. Bartender: Hold on! (raising his voice). Say, is Finnigan good for a drink? Proprietor (from the inside room): Has he had it yet? Bartender: Yes. Proprietor (shortly): He's good for it.

A gray-haired lady called at the Town Clerk's office yesterday and wanted to register so that she can vote for members of the Board of Education. As Town Clerk Tracey had not received a book in which to record the names, he advised her to wait a while. The election is a year and a half in the distance.

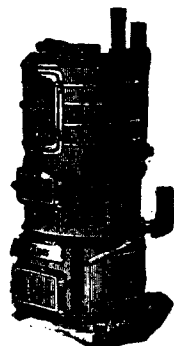
Mrs. R.: Why, Mr. H., isn't that Miss M.? That was her name. I believe, said Mr. H. Ah, she's married then? And pray do tell me what narrowed-brained, sniping idiot could have married her? You refer to the minister who performed the ceremony, I presume, as I am her husband.

A good many older persons who have been in difficult positions, and have felt that the world was really very hard on them, can sympathise with little Flo. She had been censured by her mother for some small mischief which she had been engaged in. She sat thinking it over for some time, and finally said in an utterly discouraged tone, "Everything I do is laid to me!"

"Peter Piper Picked a Peck of Pickled Peppers," was a line of alliterative nonsense, that the children used to say. Nowadays they can practice on the Perfect, Painless, Powerful, Properties of Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets. It will impress a fact which will be useful to know. These Pellets cure sick headache, bilious attacks, indigestion, constipation and all stomach, liver and bowel troubles. They are tiny, sugar-coated pills, easy to take, and, as a laxative, one is sufficient for a dose. No more groans and gripes from the old drastic remedies! Pierce's Purgative Pellets are as painless as they are perfect in their effects.

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He who writes himself martyr by his own inscription is like an ill-painter who by writing on a shapeless picture which he hath drawn, is fain to tell passengers what shape it is, which else no one could imagine.—Milton.

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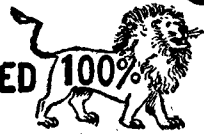
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Scrofula is a tainted and impure condition of the blood, causing sores, swellings, ulcers, tumors, rashes, eruptions and skin diseases. To remove it, the blood must be thoroughly cleansed and the system regulated and strengthened. B.B.B. is the strongest, PUREST AND BEST purifier and cures all scrofulous disorders rapidly and surely.
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