

THE WEEK:

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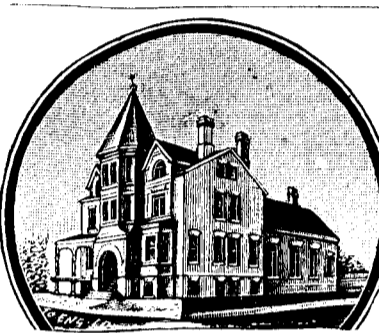
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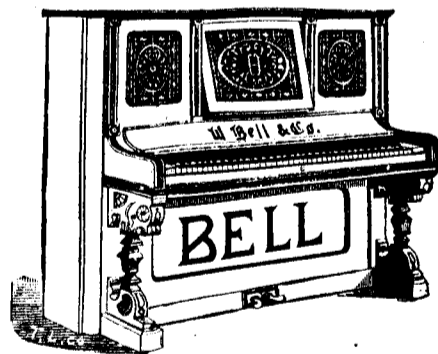
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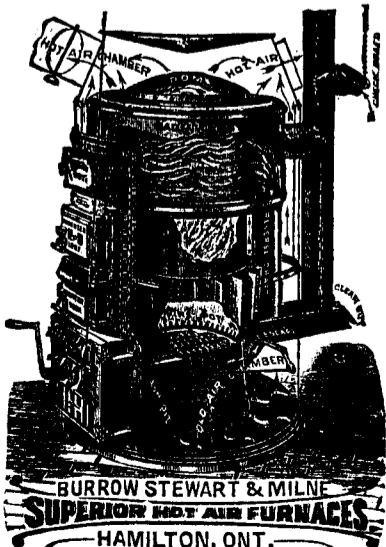
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CONTENTS OF CURRENT NUMBER.

TOPICS—	PAGE
A Serious Danger	787
The Remedies Proposed	787
A Plea for Canadian Unity	787
Canadian Emigration	787
Canadian Pessimism Unwarranted	788
Premier Mercier's Speech	788
Premier Mowat's Speech	788
A Question of Law	788
"One Man, One Vote"	788
The Weldon Extradition Act	788
A Ferment of Thought	788
The Case of the Man Harvey	789
JESUIT CASUISTRY	789
MR. WIMAN ON THE TRADE RELATIONS OF THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA	T. E. Moberly. 790
MONTREAL LETTER	Ville Marie. 790
THE COUREUR DE BOIS (Poem)	Arthur Weir. 791
PARIS LETTER	Z. 791
NURSING THE INSANE: A PROFESSION FOR LADIES	J. E. Brooks. 791
WHY CANADIANS OPPOSE ANNEXATION	W. W. B. McInnes. 792
BANFF	J. S. 793
TO CYBEL DEAR (Poem)	Alchemist. 793
LIFE, LETTERS, AND JOURNALS OF LOUISA M. ALCOTT	793
MRS. WATTS HUGHES' "VOICE FIGURES"	H. G. Joly. 794
THE WEIRD OF THE GREAT LAKE (Poem)	R. P. 794
THE OLD DISTRICT OF GORE	Charles Durand. 794
CORRESPONDENCE—	
Another Curiosity	D. F. 795
The Separate Schools Question	A. E. McPhillips. 795
Tree Planting on the Prairies	H. G. Joly. 796
The University Professorship	J. M. Hunter. 796
TRUE TALE	796
MUSIC AND THE DRAMA	796
OUR LIBRARY TABLE	797
LITERARY AND PERSONAL GOSSIP	797
READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE	798
CHESS	799

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

A RECENT article in the *Mail* calls attention to a matter which threatens, unless a remedy can soon be devised, to affect very seriously the stability of the Confederation. We refer to the seeming inadequacy of the constitutional arrangement for providing revenues for Provincial purposes. Every one of the Provinces originally forming the Confederation, with the exception of Ontario, is not only already seriously in debt, but seems likely to fall further behind year by year. A public debt is a very doubtful blessing at the best, whatever theorists may demonstrate to the contrary. But in ordinary cases, such as that of the Dominion, there is always the hope that the borrowed money, judiciously expended in constructing public works, improving means of communication, etc., may so stimulate trade and industry as to bring, eventually, an increase of revenue more than sufficient to meet the increased expenditure in the shape of interest on the money borrowed. In the case of the Provinces no such hope can be entertained. Their incomes are so nearly fixed that any increase that may result from growth of population, according to the *per capita* arrangement, or from other sources, is too slight to be worth taking into the account. Viewed in the light of experience, the arrangement which limits the Provinces in this way to a certain sum from the Dominion exchequer seems peculiarly objectionable. It has already led, as every one knows, to more than one modification of the original terms of union, and there is great reason to fear that it may give rise at an early day to fresh demands, which cannot be granted to one Province without causing serious dissatisfaction in others, especially in Ontario, which, owing partly, we suppose, to its superior natural resources, and partly to its admirable municipal system, is in a solvent and a prosperous condition. It is evidently high time that the friends of the Confederation in Quebec and the Maritime Provinces were earnestly looking about for a safe and practicable way out of the difficulty. Residents of Ontario are naturally prone to suggest the organization of municipal systems to provide for local expenses; in the way so successfully followed in this Province; but those who are acquainted

with circumstances and habits of thought in Quebec and the Maritime Provinces see clearly that a resort to any system savouring of direct taxation would be very unpopular, and would, in all probability, fan the still smouldering embers of dissatisfaction with Confederation into a dangerous and possibly destructive blaze.

IS there not a more feasible and less hazardous way in which the eastern Provinces may save themselves and the Dominion from the threatened embarrassment? We certainly mean no disparagement of the municipal system. On the contrary, we regard it as the only logical and complete method of carrying self-government to its legitimate issue. Local control of local expenditures and local taxation for such expenditures is an arrangement so simple and so obviously just that it must eventually prevail in all countries having free institutions and public-spirited populations. But there are in this case, undoubtedly, in some of the Provinces concerned at least, obstacles of various kinds which only time can remove, and which render it imperatively necessary to have present recourse to some other means of meeting the impending danger. A glance at the situation reveals the fact that there are at least two modes of retrenchment open to the Maritime Provinces, one of which is available also for Quebec, whose adoption would go far towards solving the problem. Let all the Provinces do away with their expensive and unnecessary Legislative Councils, and let the Maritime Provinces in addition merge their three legislatures with their costly and superfluous machinery into one. We make no claims to originality. These are no new reforms. Both have already influential advocates in the Provinces affected, and efforts, hitherto unhappily abortive, have been from time to time made for the accomplishment of both. We, therefore, shall be deemed guilty of no impertinence in urging them afresh upon the attention of all concerned. They might not suffice to effect the whole reduction of expenses required, but the fact of their adoption would be the best possible prelude to an appeal for a subsequent reconstruction of the financial basis of union, should such be found to be still absolutely necessary. Any objections that might have been at one time urged against the adoption of the single-chamber system on the ground of danger from hasty and ill-considered legislation, can be best answered by reference to the twenty-one years' record of the Ontario Assembly. Exception may be taken to some of the political methods and partizan tactics of the Ontario Government, but such charges are not peculiar to a Government dealing with a single chamber, and so do not touch the question under consideration. That question is simply whether the statutes passed by the Ontario Legislature have been on the whole less wisely conservative where conservatism was desirable, and whether they have not been more boldly progressive, where innovation was needed, than those of any other Province. Similar questions may be safely put, too, in reference to Manitoba, if due allowance be made for circumstances and conditions. The other reform alluded to bears its recommendation on its very face. No argument can be needed to show that the maintenance of all the machinery of three separate parliaments for the small population and compact territory of the Maritime Provinces is a legislative extravagance bordering on the absurd. All thoughtful Canadians in every Province must heartily wish for the success of the efforts which are being put forth in Quebec and at the seaside for the accomplishment of these most reasonable and much-needed reforms.

STRONG individuality is no less essential in a people than in a person to the accomplishment of any high purpose in the world. A nation is not necessarily the worse and may be very much the better for being to some extent composite. The history of Great Britain and of the English-speaking races the world over bears witness to the strength that results, not only from a healthful admixture of blood, but from the incorporation of distinct races as factors of one great national whole. But such a result can accrue from the coming together of immigrants of various races and creeds in a new land only as the different race elements become bound together and, to a certain extent, fused into one, by the operation of a common patriotic feeling and purpose. One of the chief hindrances to the

development of a Canadian national spirit has hitherto been the tendency, natural enough no doubt, and for a time inevitable, on the part of those who have come hither from various motherlands to regard themselves rather as transplanted sections of the old stocks, than as fully identified with the institutions and aspirations of this new Western land, and partakers of a new type of life, distinctively Canadian. Hence it has sometimes seemed almost as if the perpetuation of the St. Andrew's, St. George's, St. Patrick's and other national societies were inimical rather than otherwise to the development of a true Canadian feeling. It is evident that the growing strength of this nationalist sentiment in French Canada is to-day the most serious menace to Canadian unity. It may be, however, that the manifestation of this very tendency, greatly as it is to be deprecated for its own sake, will prove useful in arousing the members of other branches of the Canadian family to a sense of their common danger and binding them more closely in the bonds of a common patriotism. The following words of Rev. Principal Grant, in his recent address before the Montreal Caledonian Society, are not only a fitting rebuke to those who are so industriously sowing the seeds of division and disintegration in French and British Canada, but indicate the spirit in which all loyal Canadians, of whatever race, should unite to avert the danger: "On us and on them [the Canadian French] alike is one sacred obligation. We must be more than Frenchmen; more than Scotchmen. We must be Canadians. There can be only one Canadian nation, and all the races that have made Canada their home must contribute to its making. Dreams of anything else are folly and attempts to realize these dreams treason. Against treason all true Canadians must unite."

THE steady flow of population from rural districts and small towns to the cities has become a somewhat hackneyed theme. In many other parts of the civilized world the same tendency is displayed. The cities are steadily growing larger while the rural population remains at a standstill, or even grows less. The fact may be regrettable, but to deplore it is useless. In the course of time natural laws may bring about a reaction. In the meantime the social philosopher should devote his energies to the improvement of existing conditions. Without theorizing on the primary causes of this movement cityward it may be worth while to point out to how large an extent it is responsible for the much-talked-of "exodus" from Canada to the United States. The thousands of young men who have left our farms and villages to push their fortunes on "the other side" have not gone to till farms or to identify themselves with small centres of population in the Eastern States. We venture to say that the number who have done so is as insignificant as the number of Americans to be found on the farms and in the small towns of Canada. The emigration of our countrymen has been to the cities. Boston is the Mecca to which the bulk of Maritime Province pilgrims make their way; Buffalo, Detroit, and other border cities, entice hundreds of the young men of Ontario, while Canadians from all the Provinces meet in the cosmopolitan streets of New York and Chicago. It is no unpatriotic preference for American life that takes Canadian youth across the border. Toronto and Montreal, the only Canadian cities that approach metropolitan dimensions, are growing at a rate exceeded by few, if any, of their American rivals, and our smaller cities are nearly all making steady progress. But our urban communities are able to absorb only a part of the thousands who leave country homes to take part in the activities and excitements of city life. In speaking of the modern drift of population cityward we are not forgetting that the star of empire still, as in the days of Bishop Berkeley, westward takes its way. When we read in American papers of the deserted farms and depopulated towns of New England, we cannot but wonder if, after all, the lack of prosperity in the Maritime Provinces is due entirely, or in the main, to any specially faulty economic conditions. We feel inclined to ask, parenthetically, whether our countrymen by the sea would not, under any circumstances, have suffered from the movement westward and cityward that has wrought such disastrous consequences in the States contiguous to them. We have said that Canadians were not to be found, except in insignificant numbers, on the

farms and in the small towns of the Eastern States. With regard to the West a similar statement would hardly hold true. While Canadians are met with by the thousand in the cities of the Western States and Territories, it is also true that large numbers of them are on the farms and in the smaller centres of population. It is a sign of the times, however, that new Western communities do not form themselves into villages, but into embryo cities, with all the paraphernalia of civic government.

WE are, nevertheless, far from taking a pessimistic view of this question of the "exodus" from the Dominion to the States. Canadian emigration to the farm lands in the Western Territories is, we believe, about over. It is true that the new States of Dakota owe no mean share of their rapid growth to Canadian brawn and energy; but our own West, freed from monopoly, now offers a much better opening to the farmer than do the blizzard-ridden regions to the south. Late reports from Dakota show, if they may be relied on, a condition of things far from flourishing, and already we hear of Canadian farmers forsaking that country for Manitoba. Sooner or later the tide of immigration must set strongly toward the Canadian North-West, and a period of prosperity greater than any yet experienced on our western prairies be entered upon. Nor should it be forgotten that if a paucity of large cities causes the loss to Canada of many desirable citizens, the fact is not without features of compensation. Our country does not attract to its shores the dregs of European populations. Our institutions and modes of life are in no danger of giving place to those of foreign origin, and the great social problems of the age present themselves to us in less threatening forms. There is, moreover, an encouraging aspect of the situation which is, we think, usually overlooked by compilers of doleful emigration statistics. We refer to the large number of Canadians who, after a longer or a shorter period of exile across the border, return to settle down in their native land. This class is numbered, we believe, by thousands. Their action does not argue failure to achieve a reasonable amount of success in their new surroundings, but a strong preference for Canadian institutions, and a conviction that, after all, the conditions of success in the two countries are far from being so unequal as some would have us believe. We would not, if we could, build a Chinese wall around this country to keep our citizens at home. Their success in other lands does not, or should not, make them any the less Canadians. Still, it must be admitted, that the drain on our population has been in the past a heavy one, and our Governments are justified in using every legitimate means to render it less so in the future. Towards this end liberal and generous measures, in the direction of opening up our western territories and rendering them attractive to those who seek new homes, will work powerfully, and only a false economy or mistaken selfishness can object to any reasonable expenditure to accomplish this end.

THE distribution of the much discussed \$400,000 is a fact accomplished, but there is no reason to hope that the mission of the Jesuits' Estates Act as an apple of discord is at an end. The speech of Mr. Mercier on the occasion seems, indeed, to have added new fuel to the flame. With the main portion of that speech no reasonable fault can be found. It was but a re-statement of the case from the point of view of the Quebec Government. It again emphasized the fact, which is perhaps too much overlooked by Ontario agitators, that the difficulty which that Act was designed, ostensibly at least, to settle, was a difficulty so real and so serious that it had to be met and settled at some time and in some way by the Provincial Government. The influence of the Jesuits and other branches of the Catholic Church in Quebec was sufficient, irrespective of the merits of their claim, to compel attention. No Government, even had it been composed wholly of Protestants, could have long ignored the facts. However wrong and indefensible it may have been for the Catholic hierarchy to bring their ecclesiastical influence to bear to render the Jesuits' Estates practically worthless, it is not easy to see how any Government could have prevented that. Of course if an honest Government were firmly convinced that the contestants had no shadow of right underlying their "moral" claim, they could not have been justified in making any such compromise as the one in question, no matter what the consequences. But the "moral" claim had been at least tacitly admitted by successive Governments, and in view of all the circumstances one can scarcely deny the merit of at least courage to the man who boldly grappled with the question and claims

to have settled it forever. Premier Mercier's defence of the use of the Pope's name in the famous preamble was, too, but a new form of the familiar argument that the Church of Rome can act as a body only through its recognized Head; that by its constitution the Pope and the Pope alone was empowered to bind the Church in such an agreement. And, after all that has been said and written on the subject before and since this latest episode, we have to confess ourselves still unable to see any infringement of the Queen's prerogative, or any recognition of Papal political authority in the case. Much that is repugnant to Protestant ideas and tastes we do, of course, plainly see.

PREMIER MOWAT'S speech at Sarnia, though somewhat lengthy, presents few points for independent comment. It is to his advantage and that of his Cabinet, we are not sure that it is not also to the advantage of the Province, that the attention of the Provincial Government and Legislature have for some time past been largely confined to matters of administrative detail. The battle for Provincial Rights is ended, and ended in a way which cannot fail to be eminently satisfactory to the Province, however it may be regarded from a Dominion point of view. That the public business has been fairly well managed, on the whole, few will care to deny, even though they may hesitate to chorus the song of eulogy which Premier Mowat loves so well to chant on every occasion. Whether such eulogy had better be left to be pronounced by some other person is a question of taste upon which we need not venture an opinion. The most salient features of the address, and those to which public opinion is most earnestly directed, are those related to such topics as the use of patronage, and especially the Separate Schools controversies. In regard to the former, Mr. Mowat, while defending his distribution of offices as between Protestants and Catholics as being fair and just, did not, so far as we have observed, touch upon such special charges as those of favouritism and nepotism in the bestowal of the more lucrative offices, and alleged prostitution of official influence by license inspectors and other officials. To defend himself against absurd insinuations of complicity in the passing of the Jesuits' Estates Act was an easy task. Not so easy, and by no means so satisfactory was his somewhat laboured defence of the objectionable legislation in regard to Separate Schools, to which we refer below. In regard to the vexed question of the French schools, the position and action of the Government seem to us to be much less open to assault than many other parts of the administration of the Education Department, its management of the textbook question, for instance, upon which the Premier did not deem it necessary to touch.

DEALING with the Separate School question Premier Mowat, at Sarnia, after pointing out very properly that under the British North America Act, the Provinces are forbidden to pass any laws prejudicial to the Separate Schools, and that on the other hand it is by implication made the duty of the Provinces to pass any laws requisite for the protection and proper working of these schools, proceeded as follows, according to the *Globe* report: "Now, by a provision of the Separate School Act passed before Confederation, it was provided that a Roman Catholic could get exemption from Separate School rates by giving notice that he was a Roman Catholic and a supporter of Public Schools. Then he became exempt from Separate School taxation." We have not the ante-confederation statute referred to before us, and do not know its terms. But surely the above cannot fairly represent the tenor and intention of that Act. Mr. Mowat's language clearly implies that every Roman Catholic, as such, was by law set down as a supporter of the Separate Schools, and compelled to pay rates as such, unless and until he had obtained exemption by giving notice that he, though a Roman Catholic, was or chose to be a supporter of Public Schools. That is to say, every Catholic became *ipso facto*, legally bound to pay Separate School rates until specially relieved by a formal process. The initiative had to be taken not by the Catholic who wished to support Separate Schools but by the one who wished to support Public Schools. We have hitherto maintained that the Public Schools were the normal, the Separate Schools the exceptional institution; that therefore the intention of the law would be best fulfilled by throwing the burden of giving notice upon the Separate, not the Public School supporters, and that the way should be made easy for the Roman Catholic who preferred to patronize the Public Schools. But if the sentence above quoted correctly represents the state of the case before Confederation, which state the Provinces are under

obligation to preserve and perpetuate, we are bound to confess that our criticisms have been misdirected, and that the regulation requiring the assessors to set down as Separate School supporters all ratepayers who they are credibly informed are Catholics, is just, because strictly in keeping with the conditions of Confederation. The point is certainly important in its bearing upon the discussion. We should be glad of further light.

THE *Globe* thinks that THE WEEK must have overlooked the evidence of the completeness with which the Liberals of Canada have adopted the principle of "one man, one vote." We are well aware that individual Liberals have, in the course of debate in the Commons, moved resolutions affirming the principle and made speeches in support of their resolutions. But we have yet to learn that the principle has been adopted as an integral part of the Party platform, in such wise that, in the event of the Party coming into power, its leaders would feel bound and could be relied on to introduce a bill to make it the law of the Dominion. In fact, we have but lately been distinctly assured, on the very highest authority, that the Liberal platform is at present composed of but a single plank. Past observation has taught us that it is one thing for leading members of an Opposition to move resolutions designed to catch votes and embarrass the Government, and quite another thing for them to carry out in legislation, when in power, the reforms they have advocated when in Opposition. We are glad to be assured that the Liberal Opposition are keeping this particular reform in mind, for we regard it as one of considerable importance.

FOR some time past more or less anxiety has been felt in regard to the fate of the Weldon Act at the hands of the British Government. The rumours of its disallowance that were from time to time afloat were very properly discredited. It was in the last degree unlikely that Great Britain would deny to Canada the right of self-preservation involved. The Dominion has been for years, and is now no less than ever, suffering moral contamination from the influx of a stream of criminals from the other side of the border—not criminals of the coarse, brutal kind, from whom society instinctively turns aside, but well-dressed, educated, suave criminals, bringing with them in many cases accessories of education and wealth which, however ill gotten the latter may have been, are too often the *open sesame* to social circles. It was and is in the highest degree desirable that Canada should take prompt measures to rid herself of this source of contagion. In view of the circumstances, the announcement that the Act is suspended from operation pending the action of the United States Senate on a new extradition treaty said to be in process of negotiation between the British Minister at Washington and the American Government has caused, we feel sure, no little disappointment. Should the delay prove long, as is very likely to be the case, the dissatisfaction will be serious. It is very natural, we dare say, for the British Government to suppose that to permit the Weldon Act to go into operation would be to throw away a valuable make-weight in the renewed negotiations. If such were actually the case Canadians ought, no doubt, to be willing to continue to bear the infliction for a time, in order to aid in securing so desirable an end. But it seems to us very doubtful whether the operation of the Weldon Act would affect the Senate's action. The Americans are, we dare say, not half so anxious to get back their rogues as we are to get rid of them. And if they were, it is not easy to believe that Canada's good and generous example would render them less disposed to reciprocate. In any event, moreover, it is open to question whether the Weldon mode of dealing with the difficulty is not the more sensible as well as convenient one for all parties. Let each country resolve that, whatever the other may do, she will no longer be made a place of refuge for criminals of a very mean and morally dangerous class, or of any other class, and the question of extradition would be solved more effectually than any treaty can solve it.

THE presence of Henry George as a lecturer in the city, and the discussion on Tuesday evening at the Baptist Congress in the Jarvis Street Church, are two fresh straws, added to the many to be seen on every hand, which indicate how the atmosphere of present-day thought is being agitated by sociological discussions and speculations. The general trend of Mr. George's books and lectures is well-known. What comes, perhaps, as a surprise to many of us is the indication afforded by such meetings as that referred to, and by the abounding newspaper and magazine discussions, that theories somewhat akin to his, though not

necessarily identical with them, have already taken so strong a hold upon the minds of many of the younger thinkers of the United States and Canada. The subject of the Tuesday evening discussion was the interesting but exceedingly broad one of "Natural and Artificial Monopolies." Professor Andrews, of Providence, R.I., who was expected to introduce it with a written essay, and who, it was understood, would have expressed radical views, failed to arrive. It therefore devolved upon Hon. David Mills, who was to have followed with an address, to introduce the discussion. He was followed by several able speakers, Canadian and American. The noteworthy feature of the occasion was, as we are informed by attentive observers, that, while the speeches of Mr. Mills and one or two others were somewhat conservative, holding to the generally accepted views of political economists in regard to the laws of supply and demand, business competition, individualistic freedom, etc., their soberer opinions were met and almost overwhelmed by the torrents of radical eloquence which flowed from the lips of the younger and more enthusiastic debaters. And, in the opinion of those to whom we are indebted for our information, the tide of feeling in the audience seemed to set unmistakably with the innovators and would-be iconoclasts. We refer to the incident as suggestive of the fact that, whether for good or for ill, a wonderful upheaval is just now taking place in the region of economical and sociological thought. As it was a decade or two since in regard to theology, so it is now in regard to social and political philosophy. No creed is too firmly established, no opinion too venerable or sacred, to be ruthlessly assailed, re-examined and, by many, cast aside as unsound or effete. Whereunto this thing may grow it is impossible to say. But it is useless to ignore and folly to despise the tendency. It is doubtful if the world ever before saw so much fearless investigation, or so much hard, earnest thinking. Much of the latter is, no doubt, crude enough, but much of it is also tolerably profound. Whether it shall prove to be but a passing excitement, a fashion of the day, or the precursor of an overturning and reconstruction of the whole social fabric, on a better basis or a worse, it will be for the historian of the future to record.

IT is not wonderful that the sad case of the man Harvey, who has been convicted and sentenced to death for the murder of his wife and daughters, is being publicly and seriously discussed. The view seems to be very general that the poor man cannot be held morally responsible for the crime, and that he is, therefore, not a fit subject for the extreme penalty. It is not easy to see how any one can recall the circumstances of the case without sharing that opinion. The testimony shows clearly enough that Harvey loved his family. There was no "malice prepense" in the motives that led him to perpetrate the horrible deed. There is, indeed, no evidence even of a quarrel or of unpremeditated malice. Affection rather than anger or hatred seems to have nerved the murderer's arm. Nor has he, so far as appears, at any time since undergone the deluge of horror and remorse which would almost surely have, at least at times, overwhelmed any sane man, not utterly destitute of natural affection, at the recollection of his deed. The only reasonable explanation seems to be that Harvey took the lives of his victims, and intended to take that of his son, with the deliberate purpose of doing that which was best for them—saving them from the evil to come. When it is remembered that that evil was simply the disgrace likely to come upon them in consequence of the conviction of their husband and father of the crime of embezzlement—a crime mean and dark enough it is true, but yet one which rests so lightly in these unhappy days, upon the minds and hearts of many—it seems impossible to resist the conclusion that the man is suffering from some form of mania, which has so changed his moral nature that what is to ordinary human beings one of the most atrocious crimes of which it is possible to conceive appears to him a venial if not a meritorious act. The case is evidently one in which the ordinary legal test of sanity in its relation to punishment, viz., the ability to distinguish between right and wrong is utterly insufficient. That test assumes that to be free from legal guilt the man must have been for the time being without moral consciousness. This instance is probably rather one in which the moral standards are so perverted that what other men deem wrong this man deems right. If such a case is conceivable it surely amounts to moral insanity of a kind which demands some other treatment or penalty than the gallows. Does not the very fact that the public mind is full of questionings and misgivings, insomuch that the infliction of the death penalty will cause it to suffer a shock, indicate that the case

is one for the substitution of imprisonment for life, for the sake, not of the man, who probably would prefer death, but for that of the general moral effect? There is not a little reason to fear that that effect, in the event of his execution, would be harmful. The example would most surely be of no avail as a deterrent for another man in a similar state of mind.

JESUIT CASUISTRY.

WHATEVER may be the issue of the present anti-Jesuit crusade, there can be no doubt that the moral theology of the Order, and especially the department known as Casuistry, is regarded with the gravest suspicion by all Protestants and by some Roman Catholics. It is equally certain that the Jesuits complain loudly of the misrepresentation of their doctrine by all their opponents from the days of Pascal to this present time. Nor can it be denied that their writings have sometimes been quoted unfairly, sentences and phrases being separated from the context, in such a manner as to misrepresent the meaning of the writers. It is, therefore, of no small importance that those who take part in the Jesuit controversy should have an accurate knowledge of the teaching of the Order, if for no other reason for this, that any unfairness is sure to recoil upon its author.

For this and other reasons we would draw attention to the publication of a work which may be regarded of paramount authority on the subject of Jesuit teaching, the commentary of Ballerini upon Busembaum's "Medulla," which is now being published with the authority of the Society.* Ballerini died before he completed the work, but it is coming out under the care of F. Palmieri, a member of the same society. One volume is just issued, and two others will follow in due time.

It is probably known to our readers that the great leaders in the teaching of Moral Theology are the Jesuit fathers, and Liguori, who is often spoken of as a Jesuit, but who was in fact a Redemptorist. He was actually the founder of the Order of the Redeemer, but his teaching differed very little from that of the Jesuits in those points on which it was assailed by Pascal in his "Provincial Letters."

When Liguori was canonized by Rome, and elevated to the position of a Doctor of the Church, the Jesuits regarded this as a justification of their moral system. And now they maintain that theirs is the more sound, even where Liguori departs from them: for example, in the matter of Probabilism, the Jesuits held that it was lawful to hold and act upon an opinion which was less probably true than another. A probable opinion was one which had the sanction of some Doctor or Father of the Church; and in cases of doubt, the Probabilists taught that it was lawful to act upon such an opinion even if the general testimony of the fathers or one's own judgment should be opposed to it. Of course such a decision could be arrived at only in cases of doubt; but it can easily be seen that such a theory gives a loophole through which a shifty conscience may on occasions escape from duty.

Against the Jesuits on this point were ranged not merely the Probabiliorists, who maintained that the more probable opinion should be followed, but also Liguori himself who advocated a modified probabilism known by the name of Equiprobabilism, according to which it was right to follow either of two opinions which seemed to have equal authority. Liguori, who has become almost the authoritative casuist of the Roman Church, published his work in the form of a commentary of the "Medulla" of Busembaum. And Gury, a member of the Society of Jesus, has put forth a compendium, which along with the work of Scavini, founded also upon Liguori, is now the manual commonly used in the Seminaries for the education of priests. This work of Gury was published again, after his death by Ballerini, a member of the same Order, with the addition of short notes. It is to the work of the same Ballerini upon the chief work of the master of them all, Busembaum, that we are now directing attention.

Ballerini departed in some respects from the teaching of Liguori and Gury, and this gave occasion to a lively controversy between him and the Redemptorists who took the part of their founder. During this controversy Ballerini published his intention of replacing his edition of Gury by a new edition of Busembaum, with some additions and alterations, and with short notes. He died in 1881, before he had completed his work. The Superiors of his Order have commissioned Father Dominico Palmieri to complete and publish the work. As we have said, one

* Ballerini, Antonii, S. J. Opus Theologicum in Busembaum Medullam. 3 Vols. Vol. 1. Prato, 1889. Price 6 francs.

volume is now out, and two more will follow, very much enlarging the work, as Ballerini had added not merely short notes, but copious commentaries upon some of the sections of the "Medulla." The general views of Busembaum, Liguori, Gury and Ballerini, are as nearly as possible identical; but any one who wishes to understand the Jesuit position, and to state with accuracy their casuistic theories will be under the necessity of consulting this new work of Ballerini which is now published with the authority of the Order.

In the controversy between Ballerini and the Redemptorists a number of special points were argued, particularly the question of Probabilism. Ballerini, as we have said, contended for this theory as the only correct one; but he went further and endeavoured to prove that not only was Liguori a Probabilist in practice, which might be conceded, but that he was so also in theory; whilst the Redemptorists contended, and rightly, that, in his later writings, he had defended Equiprobabilism instead of Probabilism proper. In the volume just published Ballerini contests this view, and offers an out-and-out defence of "Simple Probabilism, as it has been defended by the theologians of our Society." Father Palmieri is of the same opinion, declaring that the Jesuit casuistry is "a scientific system founded upon firm principles and logically coherent, from which no part can be removed or replaced by something else without destroying the whole."

We ought perhaps to mention that Pruner, in his learned work on "Moraltheologie" (published in Freiburg), maintains that "Probabilism rightly understood is essentially identical with the system of S. Alfonso di Liguori," and the general concession that Liguori was in practice, if not in theory, a Probabilist might seem to support this opinion. It may be as well, however, to give the exact teaching of the theologian to whom the origination of this system is attributed, the Spanish Dominican, Bartholomé de Medina. In his commentary on the "Summa" of S. Thomas Aquinas (published 1571) he declares that, "if an opinion is probable, it is lawful to follow it, although the opposite one be more probable." We will give it in his own words: "*Si est opinio probabilis, licet eam sequi, licet opposita sit probabilior.*" This proposition he places as the foundation of his "Instruction to Confessors." We have no present intention of arguing the question of Probabilism. As, however, it is now reckoned a principal feature in the Moral Theology of the Jesuits and must frequently become a subject of discussion, it is necessary that those who undertake work of this kind should be sure of their ground; and they may now know with certainty that, in referring to Ballerini, they are using an authority fully sanctioned by the Order.

In saying this, we do not mean that the other authorities named are untrustworthy. Liguori, Gury, and Scavini would be quite accepted by the Jesuits as far as they go. The objection to them is that they do not go far enough. In Busembaum and now in Ballerini the complete Jesuit system of casuistry may be found. We may add that it is no tone of apology that the learned Jesuit has used in advocating the extreme teaching of his Order. He assails his opponents not merely with arguments but with copious abuse, and along with these, indirectly, Pope Innocent XI. and Benedict XIV., who protected some of these adversaries of the Order. The great offenders are of course the *mendaces Janseniani et horum inepti plagiarii.*

OUR LADY BEAUTY.

Our Lady Beauty, cold and dead, ye say,
Because the world is sad with sin and care,
And dull eyes open all the weary day
Yet see no water-nymph or dryad fair?
Nay surely, or the children's laughter sweet
White death would hush and slay the mother's song,
Nor would the echo of their silent feet
Be heard in empty heart-hewn chambers long.
Nay, for the beauty that the sunlight shows
Of clear warm spaces on the hills and sky,
The beauty that the breath of Cupid blows
Upon the glowing cheek and bosom high,
The matchless beauty of the souls who stand
For God and right still linger in the land.

Ottawa.

COLIN A. SCOTT.

TRUE or not, the following story hits off the mixture of reserve with geniality, which seems to be characteristic of Browning, and is too good to go unrecorded here. Tennyson, it appears, is extremely absent-minded, and often forgets to whom he is speaking. Once, while in full conversation with Robert Browning, he said, "I wonder how Browning's getting on?" "Why," exclaimed Robert, "I am Browning." "Nonsense," replied Tennyson, with almost an attempt at roguish raillery: "I know the fellow well; so you can't tell me you are he."—*Poet-Lore.*

MR. WIMAN ON THE TRADE RELATIONS OF
THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA.

ON Thursday evening, 31st ult., before a large audience in Association Hall, Toronto, Mr. Wiman spoke on the above subject. Those who listened to the emphatic denial of Annexation motives by the speaker in his opening remarks before his Canadian audience, and wished to believe in his honesty and veracity, were confused and depressed at the remembrance of expressions attributed to him by newspapers of his adopted land, such as "Commercial Union is the only right road to Annexation."—*New York Herald*. If Mr. Wiman, who, let it be borne in mind, is a citizen of the United States though he happened to be born in Canada, was sincere in repudiating Annexation on Thursday evening, why have so many papers of his adopted country placed words in his mouth which discredit his cause and damage his character, and which he has failed to deny? It was evident to all who heard him that he was desirous of scrupulously avoiding any topic which might offend a Canadian ear, but his zeal exceeded his discretion. His laudation of our Dominion and its vast natural resources; his array of facts and figures to show the incalculable wealth of our forests, mines, fields and fisheries; his description of our great lakes and majestic rivers; his enumeration of the products of our country were all well pleasing statements of fact at which no home-loving Canadian would be disposed to cavil. Neither could objection be made to the bright and glowing colours with which the benefits to flow to Canada from enlarged trade relations with the United States were portrayed. Nor do we take exception to the fulsome eulogy of his adopted country, or even the resounding climax, "the wonder of the world," etc., "the greatest nation under the sun."

With respect to the comparative progress of the United States and Canada, he will bear with us if we recall the apposite comment of the distinguished Canadian statesman, the late Hon. Joseph Howe: "Let it ever be borne in mind that the United States were a century in advance of us in point of time, and that they came into possession of all the property that the Loyalists left behind them." When Mr. Wiman talks of progress and prosperity, can he name a people on the face of the globe who, with the same limitations, have within the same time made greater strides in civilized advancement, national development and commercial enterprise than have the people of Canada? And no better subject for comparison with the vaunted enterprise, progress and prosperity of the United States could be given than the very city of Toronto where Mr. Wiman first acquired that knowledge of business which he has enlarged to such advantage to himself across our border. In arguing for the closest possible relations between Canada and the States, Mr. Wiman complained of the prejudice, ignorance and determination not to understand the question on the part of Canadians. If by prejudice, etc., Mr. Wiman means the suspicion with which Canadians regard both the advocate and the cause which present alluring prospects of prosperity with unchanged political conditions to Canadians, and of which the *New York Sun* reports Mr. Wiman as asserting in the States, "If this line of custom houses could be lifted from across the country and put round it, change (to annexation) would be hastened," we cordially admit the charge; but in view of the double capacity in which Mr. Wiman is presented to us, the expressive words of Shakespeare revisit our memory: "Now by two-headed Janus, Nature hath framed strange fellows in her time." And we say to him: The testimony of leading papers in your republican home is against you. They attribute to you words which, if true, convict you of hypocrisy and duplicity to the land of your birth. We can understand that having been for long years a citizen of the United States, it is natural that you should have "become tinctured with American ideas," and so, in discussing the trade relations of the United States and Canada, would be perhaps insensibly prejudiced in favour of the former.

But the people of Canada are largely, to use the words of John Hallam (in his letter on this subject), of the "old Anglo-Saxon stock," and while they accord even to an enemy—fair play—they abhor deceit and double dealing in either friend or foe. In asking us to contemplate your fellow-citizens as the same in lineage, laws, language, and literature as ourselves, and as being geographically united, it is needless to dwell upon the serious differences which exist between us, in the history of our countries, the constitution of our commonwealths, the statute laws of our land, or the home life of our people. We need not call for the testimony of disinterested witnesses, such as travellers from foreign lands, to prove our point. As to geographical contact—why has not Mexico become a State of the Union? Or, why, in the Southern Continent, has Brazil not absorbed her neighbours? We do not require to go to the other continents of the world to show that a people may live beside another people presenting some degrees of similarity, and not separated by great physical obstacles from each other, and yet continue throughout the centuries distinct and separate States. When Mr. Wiman says, "If all advantages of freer commerce were to be lost, if commercial isolation and restriction were to be continued perpetually, and all for fear of losing British connection, and what will be, what can be, the answer?" we reply, These are not the words of one who is putting the case from a fair Canadian standpoint, and who is showing fair play to our Mother Land. We charge his fellow-countrymen—the

people of the United States—with blame for lack of freer commerce with us. Canada has always been ready, whether under Conservative or Reform Governments, to enlarge her trade relations with the United States, and she has on her statute book a standing offer to do so. But she has been met from the time of the abrogation of the Reciprocity Treaty by the United States to the recent public utterances of John Sherman, James G. Blaine, and other prominent statesmen of the Union, and even to those which have been attributed to Mr. Wiman himself by the press of his country, with a determined and persistent effort to force or seduce her into annexation.

This fact turns the point of Mr. Wiman's query—What is the good of British connection?—upon himself, and I may say to him, speaking for my fellow-countrymen of Canadian birth, whom love of country and loyalty to the priceless heritage of freedom, civilization, law, and government, bequeathed to them by their forefathers, have bound to the land of their birth, that, inseparably entwined with our fond affection for our own Canadian home is our deep, undying affection, which gold cannot diminish and detraction cannot impair, for the little Island in the sea and our fellow-countrymen—the members and maintainers of that splendid British Empire, of which we are proud to form part, we share the belief uttered in 1875 by the great Liberal Statesman, the Right Hon. W. E. Forster, "I believe that our union with our colonies will not be severed, because I believe that we and they will more and more prize this union, and become convinced that it can only be preserved by looking forward to association on equal terms. In other words, I believe that our Colonial Empire will last, because, no longer striving to rule our colonies as dependencies, when they become strong enough to be independent, we shall welcome them as our partners in a common and mighty empire."

Let not Mr. Wiman suppose that the Canadians of to-day, be they Reformers or Conservatives, fail to appreciate the vast resources of their country, the inestimable privileges they enjoy as a people, or the splendid destiny that awaits them. Let Mr. Wiman devote his time, his energy, his money to building up the decaying industries of his own New England States, to re-peopleing their deserted factories, to rebuilding their ruined foundries, or in his fondness for the farmer—let him pass from their towns to the country, and seek to repair the shrinkage in the value of farm lands, which the *Boston Globe* puts at \$5,929,142, or 14 per cent. in ten years; or when wearied with his exertions for the New England farmer, let him apply himself to the loss in population of their towns—of which the same authority states, that 142 towns in Massachusetts have lost 105,361 in population in one decade—before he expends his seas of ink, and oceans of words, not to mention telegraphic despatches innumerable, in kind though suspicious sympathy for the happy towns, the smiling homesteads, the peaceful farms of our great and growing Dominion. Why, it may be asked, has Mr. Wiman waited all these years, the long and trying years when, as a people, we had to struggle against physical obstacles, financial difficulties, competition from the States, and abrogation of reciprocal trade, until like a young giant growing greater with the greatness of his task the Canadian people have opened up the great North-West, spanned the continent with an iron road, founded and enlarged a commerce of vast possibilities, challenged the admiration of the world with their self-reliant energy, and enterprise, aye, competed successfully with their formidable neighbours, even within their own territory, in the struggle for commerce? Why is it, I say, that Mr. Wiman has waited till the perilous struggle of youth has passed, and we begin to feel the bounding life of a vigorous manhood pulsing in our veins, before he comes to cure our national woes, and inaugurate for us the "Age of Gold," and at the same time to provide for his Republican fellow-countrymen the transcendent boon tendered in this modest proclamation: "I come to offer you half a continent. The largest part of the British Empire shall be given to the United States without tax if you desire it." Only the sublime conception of Shakespeare can fitly grasp the situation: "Ye gods, it doth amaze me, a man of such feeble temper should so get the start of the majestic world and bear the palm alone. . . . Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world like a colossus, and we petty men walk under his huge legs, and peep about." We might add, as he unfolds his stupendous scheme to the Pan-American Delegates over a Sunday dinner, awes a British statesman with a hint of "another Boston Tea Party," and even intimidates the British Crown with a threat of possible expulsion from the North-American Continent. As to the fine phrase of Mr. Goldwin Smith, emphasized by Mr. Wiman, "The Continent of America an economic whole," we might repeat the reference to its author made in the speech of that far-seeing British statesman already referred to, the Right Hon. W. E. Forster, which is just as applicable to-day as when it was spoken some twelve years ago: "It is true a voice from Oxford declared this empire to be an illusion for the future, a danger for the present, but Professor Goldwin Smith has gone to Canada, and his eloquent arguments for disruption have as little convinced the Canadians as ourselves." It might be added that soaring ambition, and lofty culture will never supply the lack of political sagacity, and patriotic statesmanship.

Mr. Wiman's reference to the strained relations of the two countries as shewn by the cruisers on our coasts and the Behring Sea difficulty is met by the fact that, as to the former, one of our cruisers is but one of a number of United States fishing vessels that have been seized or confiscated for stealing our fish in defiance of treaty law; and,

as to the latter, and the unwarrantable boarding and seizure by United States men-of-war of Canadian sealing vessels pursuing their lawful avocation in the open waters of the Behring Sea, we refer him to the recent dictum of one of the foremost international lawyers of the United States, President Angell of Ann Arbor University, in his able article in *The Forum*, in which he says: "On the whole we find no ground on which we can claim as a right the exclusion of foreigners from the open waters of the Behring Sea for the purpose of protecting seals."

As to what would be the result of Mr. Wiman's trade policy for Canada, its antagonism to Great Britain, its discrimination in favour of the United States, the words attributed by the *St. Paul Globe* to Mr. Wiman present a concise and prophetic prediction: "Canada under Commercial Union could no longer resist the attractive forces which would prevail towards political absorption." The many and patriotic letters of those prominent Reformers and well-known Toronto merchants, Messrs. Stapleton Caldecott, in the *Globe*, and John Hallam, in the *Empire*, represent the views of the vast majority of Canadian Reformers—Reformers of the school of the late Hon. George Brown, that large minded, true-hearted statesman, a Canadian to the core, and a loyal and unflinching champion of British rights on this continent. For the independent press, the clear and dignified editorials of *THE WEEK* have spoken with no uncertain sound. I cannot more fittingly close than in the noble words of the great Liberal—the late Hon. Joseph Howe: "We are as free as any people in Europe, Asia or Africa; and as for America, I believe the principles of the British Constitution secure a sounder state of rational freedom than the Constitution of the Republic." Again as to annexation, he says: "I am opposed to it, and would resist such a step by all means within my reach. I believe it would be, unless forced upon us, morally wrong, being a violation of our allegiance and a breach of faith plighted to our brethren across the water for more than a hundred years. . . . I prefer full incorporation with them in one great Empire; free participation with them in its good and evil fortunes, its perils and its distinctions. All this I believe to be practicable, and shall not despair of its fulfilment. . . . There is another reason that would make me reluctant to be drawn into the vortex of the Republic. There might come cause of conflict between that country and old England. . . . I trust, nay, I know, that there is not one who would raise his hand in hostility against that revered country, from whose loins we have sprung, and whose noble institutions it has been our pride to imitate."

We say to Mr. Wiman, "We will not serve thy gods, nor worship the golden image which thou hast set up." We are the "Northmen" of this continent. We know full well the meaning of "hearth," of "home" and "fatherland." The embracing oceans of the East, and West, and North, and our expanded boundary at the South provide a nation's heritage. Our climate, soil and sea proffer a nation's promise. Of our past, we are not ashamed; with our present, we are content, and our future we may safely leave to our fathers' God, and our own—firm in faith, true to trust, bright with hope, we shall build upon the old foundation—Canadians and Britons to the end. And when our days on earth are numbered, we shall sleep sweetly under the folds of the good old flag, beneath the soil, forever hallowed by the patriot's dust.

Toronto, 12th Nov., 1889.

T. E. MOBERLY.

MONTREAL LETTER.

A COUPLE of years ago we put our scientific and economic heads together to relieve our fair city of its bad name in connection with the floods in the spring. We then built, at a cost of \$300,000, a dyke which kept out the floods last year simply because none tried to come in, and which, without any exaggeration, is unequalled for its ugliness and its interference with the natural beauty of the river. This, however, was merely intended as a make-shift, and was destined to come to pieces in five years from the time of its erection. The hideous thing is doomed to shorten its term of life. It is to be removed, and to be replaced by a series of alterations (we shall call them improvements when we test them) which in number, variety, and novelty, might be worthy of a new Arabian Nights' entertainment.

Commissioner street, which runs along the river, is to be widened to an average of ninety feet. The wharves are to be raised to the level of the street, with special provision of lower accommodation for small craft. A long embankment is to run from Victoria Bridge one and a quarter miles down, closing about the foot of the canal, with openings for summer use to be shut up by iron gates in winter, the still water within being intended for the storage of ships. This new plan is known as No. 6, and in a more or less modified form has been under the consideration of the City Engineers and Surveyors for two years. It has now received the sanction of the Council, who have voted a by-law in favour of borrowing one million dollars for the purpose. But in such a vote there comes up with us the East and West rivalry. The East regards this scheme as purely a gain for the West, and in no way a common advantage through the general improvement of the harbour. Therefore, if the increased facilities in the harbour should result in increased traffic in the approaches to the harbour, and should necessitate some further expenditure of money to relieve the streets of heavy waggon freight, the East must come in for an equal share of the money, whether it supply an equal

share of legitimate demand or not. Consequently our City Fathers have lost their heads among tunnels and vamps and vamps and tunnels, and a special vote for the East has been secured from their municipal pockets, a project which is strongly suspected to have arisen less in zealous rivalry in trade than in the tendency which contractors have to congregate around a spoil where such broad margins are going.

The loan having still to receive the sanction of Parliament, operations are not expected to commence before the spring. Two millions more are to be asked from the Government. The million voted by the city may be raised in Montreal at four and a quarter discount with interest at three and a half per cent., in which case the bonds may soon reach par and prove not a bad investment. The magnitude of the scheme has been too much for aldermanic nerves. A city father intends shortly to lay before Council a proposal to tunnel under the Mountain from the head of Park Avenue near Hotel Dieu, and making its exit at Cote des Neiges. The worthy alderman hopes thus to kill several important birds with this huge stone: first, to supply the city with metal for the roads from the excavations; second, to open a new suburb beyond the Mountain by thus providing a direct approach; and third, to add one more to our hobby-horse novelties for the attraction of tourists.

In St. George's Church Dean Carmichael has announced a course of Sunday afternoon lectures to young men on the origin, development, and early history of our race, the scope of which may be gathered from the following outline:

- The Antiquity of Man.
- The Place of his first appearance.
- The Intellect and Intelligence of Man.
- { The Biblical Theory of Man.
- { Modern Theories.
- The Testimony of Tradition to Primitive Man.
- Earliest Traces of Primitive Man in Stone, Bronze and Iron Ages.
- Traces of Early Civilization in Mexico, Central America, South America.
- Traces of Civilization in India.
- Traces of Civilization amongst Early Germans.
- Traces of Civilization in Egypt.
- Traces of Civilization in Phœnicia.
- Traces of Civilization in Babylon.
- Traces of Civilization in China.
- Result of the Investigation.

The ceremonies in connection with the appointment of Sir Donald Smith as Chancellor of McGill University were held in the Molson Hall on Thursday, the 31st October, and took the form of an inaugural address.

The Salvationists are making great preparations at their barracks for a period which they call Self-Denial Week, during which every Christian within and without the army is invited to deny himself some unnecessary article and to hand the proceeds over on behalf of mission work in India. If the Army would say *necessary* instead of unnecessary, the gain in moral force might be greater, although the gain in dollars and cents might be less.

A man, standing on a crossing of a street, was knocked down and made a cripple for life by a runaway horse. An action for damages was dismissed because the man was *standing* and not *walking across*.

The corporation road-sweepers are engaged in hundreds raking the dead leaves into piles, and the November wind is busy blowing them about again. VILLE MARIE.

THE COUREUR DU BOIS.

My home is in the forest shade,
My rifle is my bride,
From whom not e'en the fairest maid
Can lure me to her side.

My bed is on the scented pines,
My coverlet, the sky;
Yet not the king himself reclines
On softer couch than I.

Sweetly we slumber, till the dawn
Breaks in a flood of gold
O'er forest dense, and dewy lawn,
The mountain and the wold.

Then we arise, I and my bride,
To wander through the wood;
And woe the savage beast betide
That breaks our solitude.

Detroit.

ARTHUR WEIR.

PARIS LETTER.

"Adieu, plaisant pays de France!"

MANY persons express astonishment that this well-known piece of poetry, which legend attributes to Marie Stuart, was executed during the musical mass, at the obsequies of Dr. Ricord. Some minutes before the latter expired, to the surprise of his two medical attendants, he sat up in the bed, and commenced tapping his fingers on the quilt, as if accompanying an air of music. The doctors concluded it was the commencement of delirium, till Ricord fell back, dead. On mentioning the incident before the family, the deceased's grandniece related that her uncle made her promise, that if she and his favourite violinist, Balla, were near him when dying, they would execute his favourite air—Mary Stuart's lament on quitting France. He recalled the poet, but the others were

absent. This explains why Balla's violin, and a young girl's voice, accompanied by the tremolo notes of the organ, executed during the musical burial service, the air in question.

The air was written by Niedermeyer, a Swiss composer of religious music, for his five-act opera, "Marie Stuart," brought out in Paris, in December, 1844, when Madame Stolz filled the part of Marie, and Gardoni that of Bothwell. The opera, though full of sweet, pretty, and rather melancholy melodies, obtained only a *succès d'estime*. Whenever Dr. Ricord went to a chamber concert, the "Adieu" always figured in the programme. The notes are sad, soft, and sobby, quite in harmony with a departure. When Chopin was dying, his own funeral march was playing for him; Mozart, it is said, quitted life to the sounds of his own Requiem. Besides, as John Knox observed, there is no reason why the Devil should have all the good tunes. In the days of their persecution, the favourite psalm tune with the Huguenots was the air, well-known to-day, of "We Won't go Home Till Morning."

The "Adieu, plaisant pays de France" was composed 200 years after the execution of Mary by a journalist and versifier, named De Queslon, and who died in 1780. Not that Mary was unable to write poetry. She composed some fifty pieces. Ronsard describes her verses, not only as elegant and pretty, but that she could dash them off rapidly. She would quit Ronsard and Brantome, pass into her boudoir, and, after a short absence, return with freshly written stanzas. Often she sang her own verses—her voice was very mild and sweet—accompanying them with the lute that she played with the most delicate of fingers. The "Adieu" does faithfully represent the sorrowful feelings of Mary on leaving the gay but not over-moral court of Fontainebleau, where she was reared from about six years old, till she quit it in August, 1561, a widow, aged 18, and dowager queen of France. The vessel took four days to sail from Calais to Scotland; during the five hours after quitting the port of Calais, Mary sat, looking at the fading coast of France, on deck, sighing and weeping. She would not go below to her cabin, but had a couch made for herself on deck, and exacted a promise from the helmsman, if France was still visible at day-break to call her. Owing to a calm, it was. The remainder of the voyage was very rough, and, in consequence of general sea sickness, it was her own uncle, the Bishop d'Aumale, that dressed and cared for her.

Even in its last hour, the Exhibition reserves surprises. *Figaro* allows all condemned twenty four hours grace to curse their judges. Artists, whose paintings are declined with thanks at the annual picture shows, organize a *Salon des Refusés*. The unrecompensed at the present Fair are up in arms at the juries, guilty of the seven capital sins, for overlooking their claims for honours, and intend publishing an Index Expurgatorius, wherein will be consigned all the sins of omission and commission on the part of the jurors.

A writer, M. d'Orceet, draws attention to the ethnographical and political lessons of the Exhibition. The African was pitted against the Asiatic race. In an intellectual point of view, the former has produced the race of Dumas—the grandfather of Alexandre fils married a negress, and the race of Pouschkine, the Russian poet, while Asia has developed no men of mark. The examples are not happy, being only illustrations of crossings. Confucius might well be ranged alongside the French and Muscovite mulattoes—to say nothing of others, while in the matter of industrial decorations, the Japs have left Western nations leagues behind. In the political point of view, the 1889 Show has, it appears, allowed a fierce light to beat on Mexico, and thus warn her against being absorbed by the United States. Uncle Sam never "protects," he engulfs. Respecting the Latin States of Central and South America—numbering roughly fifty millions, and representing annually commercial transactions to the amount of five milliards of francs—these, it seems, cannot but have been convinced of the necessity of grouping themselves into Latin unionism, and of placing themselves under the moral and intellectual leadership of France—Washington wants to zollvereinize them in addition—since Spain is incapable of filling that maternal or metropolitan rôle.

The foreign policy of France is on the threshold of an evolution, in the sense that a *rapprochement* with England is viewed as expedient. Perhaps her naval armament, assuming formidable proportions, has had something to do with the change; more likely, the possibility of John Bull going over to the Triple Alliance has more; to this may be added a studied *sang froid* examination of the by no means certain support of Russia, who when crippled in the Black Sea, would next to have her back broken. At all events, several papers ask, What is the use of France thwarting England in Egypt, when unable to expel her? and if the English joined the Italian fleet on the out-break of hostilities, the colonies and foreign possessions of France would become a thing of the past, for unlike former wars, on the conclusion of a general peace France was restored the greater part of her colonies, while in the Armageddon war—said to be over-due—other nations, suffering from land hunger, would beyond doubt demand the colonial kickshaws. Greece, that once was a pet child for France, has now gone over to Germany.

Except to keep alive animosity between the Latin sisters, it is difficult to perceive what is to be gained by keeping up the discussion between France and Italy, respecting the protectorate of Tunisia. It was not a more crooked affair than land-grabbing in general. Whether Lords Salisbury and Granville acquiesced in France seizing Tunisia, to equilibrate her Mediterranean influence, dis-

turbed by the cession of Cyprus to England, is not so important as the fact that England, after the Berlin Conference, never said to France, when that seizure was spoken of, "You shan't have Tunisia." It was a charity to rescue Tunisia from chaos. Italy was sold in the affair; but as Bismarck observes, when three powers diplomatize, one must be fooled. Further Italy need not go into sack cloth and ashes over ancient history; see how she has progressed in the protectorating line, by putting her hand on Abyssinia, quite a big oasis in the Dark Continent.

The news from Tonkin is both bad and good. The Black Flags are at their old tricks again; they will always be with the French, like the poor. On the other hand, two steam boats, laden with 830 bales and cases of goods, have ascended the Red River, *en route* for Yunan. This ought to make England look alive to run her Burmah and Bangkok railway up to the east of that Chinese land-of-Goshen province, while Americans and cosmopolitan traders in general aim to tap the Yunan by the watery way of Canton.

The French Academy, despite the Spartan manners of the Republic, has a good deal of the courtier's blood in its veins. Whenever their co-immortal, the Duc d'Aumale, reads a paper, he is applauded to the echo. The Duke always manages to select a subject that will keep his ancestors in view. Perhaps it is needed, as his nephew, the Comte de Paris, who in politics ignores the right line, has by his alliance with Boulangism extinguished Orleansism. The Duc d'Aumale, in a criticism on Charles V., ascribes to France, and his ancestors the Guises, the merit of having broken up the scheme of the Emperor Charles V. to be universal monarch of Europe. Charles himself commenced by destroying a similar day-dream on the part of Francis I., by expelling him from Italy—the starting point of the historical grievance to-day with the Italians, that the French aim, and do aim, to protect Italy. Louis XIV. and Napoleon I. desired to possess Europe also. France did not hesitate to call in the aid of the Infidels to crush the Christians, and later, the Turks helped to give the finishing blow to the destruction of the Empire of Charles V. by attacking Austria, while Maurice of Saxony invaded Southern Germany in the Reformation interest, simultaneously with the march of the French on Toul, Verdun and Metz, a march where the Guises reaped laurels and France territory. Curious: the French king proclaimed that he undertook this very profitable march, as the "Protector of the Liberties of Germany."

Mustard without cress: a commission merchant has just swindled several traders by bogus mustard to the value of 200,000 frs.

M. Lambert de Saint Croix has died of grief from the crooked politics of his chief, the Comte de Paris.

Home Minister Constans is so superstitious that he has an old horse shoe tied beneath every chair he occupies; it brought luck, as he carried the late elections. Z.

NURSING THE INSANE: A PROFESSION FOR LADIES.

THERE was a law in ancient Rome which allowed suicide under certain circumstances, and matricide under others; this, in the present day, would be looked upon with horror and amazement, a scandal on nineteen centuries of Christianity. With us, reform and improvement are things daily to be seen. Howard for ever put an end to prison cruelties. All honour to Wilberforce, McCauley, the hero Gordon, and other illustrious men who have made slavery practically a thing of the past.

In this awakening, however, nothing has taken such strides, since nothing required to take such strides, as the treatment of the insane. The good old times have gone for ever when our wretched afflicted maniacs were treated as wild beasts, chained to the floors of loathsome dens, human beings fettered neck and ankle, until the image of God grew from the upright form of man into a bent hoop. "Say not thou, What is the cause that the former days were better than these; for thou dost not inquire wisely concerning this" is indeed a strong biblical truth. "Love is merely a madness, and I tell you deserves as well a dark house and whip as madmen do," says Shakespeare's "Rosalind." In the beginning of the last century there were show days at Bethlem Hospital, admission one penny. In 1815 cruelties were discovered and exposed at this same hospital too horrible to speak of. Mechanical restraint was the ordinary medical treatment and was not abolished until 1837 in the Hanwell Asylum in England, then under the superintendence of Doctor John Conolly.

The care of its insane marks the advancement of the nation. The same patient who to-day is treated in Italy with mechanical restraint and iron bars is in Great Britain and America treated by moral influence and plate glass windows. Pinel in Paris, Samuel Tuke and Conolly in England, and their followers have indeed been the Martin Luthers of insanity. The mysterious diseases of brain and mind are being daily investigated and Psychology is still striding onwards.

The very change of name which in many places has occurred points to one step in advance. The old asylum where the "inmate," or at best the "boarder," was confined for his weary life, has given place to the hospital. The inmate has become the patient; the hall or gallery the ward; the keeper the nurse; and many cures are nowadays effected which in olden times would have been looked upon as little short of miraculous. Side by side with science a more humble branch of reform has moved quietly on, less conspicuous but of vast and endless importance,

and this is the nursing of the insane. If fifty years ago the penitentiary woman, the most depraved character, who was fit for no occupation, respectable or otherwise, was considered the proper person to nurse the physically sick of our hospitals, it takes small imagination to picture the inside of an insane asylum. These women became in many cases the close companions of people who possess, as in many cases of melancholia, a sensitiveness more than normal, and senses and perceptions more than acute, and the latter were often left to the mercies of unfeeling creatures, who for the better patients proved unimproving companions and for the worse ones brutal, overbearing masters.

To see the great importance there is in having the best procurable class of people employed in an insane hospital one has but to think of the persons who find shelter within its walls. There are few of us who have not had some relative or, perhaps, friend, fated to spend some time within such a place. In general hospitals the majority of patients are uneducated and of the lower classes, yet insanity is near of kin to genius; it is no respecter of persons; why should it not require as careful, if not more careful, nursing than would physical illness?

Happily, the ignorant slattern is passing away, and the neat, trim, well-trained hospital nurse is taking her place, and it will not be predicting too much to say that a very few years will see every insane hospital with its training school for nurses. Some six or seven years ago the first training school for nervous diseases was opened at the McLean Asylum, near Boston. Now they have spread and are spreading, not only over the United States, but Great Britain. They constitute one of the requirements of the nineteenth century, and already many brave, earnest women are found in the ranks of these training schools. A well organized training school not only provides suitable nurses for the hospital to which it belongs, but it also sends out into the world a constant supply of well-educated, experienced nurses. These are intelligent women capable of managing patients in their own homes, and thereby not only in many instances avoiding the publicity of insanity, but relieving a family from that stigma which generally attaches itself to one which has had any of its members in an insane asylum. The profession of nursing the insane has not as yet reached that degree of popularity which has been arrived at in general nursing. This is somewhat due to the fact that in some, though not all, asylums the nurses are called upon to perform the manual work, which of course no nurse is called upon to perform in any general hospital. This should not be. It may be said, this is not hurtful. True, it would not hurt a member of the Royal College of Physicians to wash his own bottles, but would it not be considered a waste of intellect and education on his part? And so it is with a nurse. A woman who has sufficient intelligence and education to pass a creditable examination in psychology and physiology, who possesses the nicety of touch to manage successfully and to the satisfaction of the attending physician a difficult mental disease, will surely be wasting her intellect and education on the scrubbing brush. This alone will keep many from devoting themselves to this branch of nursing. The dignity of the profession of nursing is never required more to be upheld than it is in nursing the insane. As mechanical control disappears, moral control takes its place, and a patient should be taught to look up to her nurse instead of down on her keeper, and excellent worthy creatures though our scrubbing women may be, and indispensable members of society, in case of mental disease overtaking us, we should hardly be satisfied were we told to look to them as our guides, our counsellors and friends. Eventually the ministering to the mind diseased must be looked upon as the very highest form of nursing. The mental life is above the physical. The watching back to health of the diseased intellect must to the nurse be of as great if not of greater interest than the watching back to health of the diseased body. It is impossible to overvalue the importance of good nursing for the insane.

In any General Hospital where there is a high standard of nursing, although entrance into the training school is open to all classes, applicants are reminded that while only a certain amount of education is necessary for a member of the training school yet women of superior education and cultivation will be preferred. This requirement should be even more observed in an asylum. The calling of an insanity nurse is indeed one of great responsibility, a fact which should be fully realized before entering upon such a career. All that is expected of a general nurse is required of her and much more. Her requirements are indeed manifold and complex. She must be healthy in body as well as pure in mind, and here it may be well to mention that great muscle and physical strength are not so necessary as many suppose. Now-a-days most patients are managed without force, and if in an exceptional case force is required, a nurse in justice to her patient, even more than in defence of herself, should in any difficulty call for that assistance which in an hospital is always at hand. But pure in mind she must be, or she will find her nursing degrading instead of elevating her. She must also possess an intelligent conception of the normal and natural processes or functions through which life is sustained. Healthy surroundings, sleep, amusement take a great share in restoring mental vigour. She must be of a deeply sympathetic nature, yet judicious in showing her sympathy. She must be mistress of herself before she can expect to be mistress of her patient. She must be swift to hear, yet slow to speak, self-denying while self-respecting. Her patience must have no end, her temper be perfect, and she must have education, for what is tact but education? She

must feel her calling so high that she will cheerfully do it unto the least of these. "Be pitiful, be courteous" seems to have been written especially for her. "A Christian" (say Augustus and Julius Hare) "is God Almighty's gentleman; he ought therefore to be mild, calm, quiet, even, temperate." A nurse should be "God Almighty's lady."

In the history of the world no one writing on the subject of nursing has ever omitted an allusion to the sentimental young lady who imagines nursing to consist of bathing her patient's head with *eau de cologne*, as she gently fans the troublesome flies from the heated brow and whispers sympathetic platitudes into the fevered ear. Sarah Gamp also adorns the page, and well she may, for has not Sarah, in conjunction with Florence Nightingale, done much to help on the great nursing reform? Sarah and our sentimental young lady have time and again been held up in derision to the scoffing, jeering world; but perhaps we can draw some edification even from this incongruous pair. Perseverance in remaining so many years in one business is all that can be got out of poor, old Sarah: but our sentimental young lady requires more gentle treatment. Undoubtedly she cannot make a nurse with nothing but her sentimentality to back her up, but most certainly she will never make a successful insanity nurse without it; and she will find it a true friend, carrying her over many a weary hour which otherwise would be all but unendurable. Before undertaking any kind of nursing a woman should consider well and long, reflecting earnestly upon the importance of the step. To some characters a two years' training will be to them a life long training—to be put into use wherever their lot may be cast—the matrimonial life included—while to others, two years of discipline and restraint will be more than they can endure.

The ideal of married life held by some women is so high that they are far happier and more independent in a career of their own, while to others an inferior man will bring happiness and blessings in a way that no profession will. These latter we would advise not to try nursing. Think well before you bind yourselves for even the two years' training. In one hospital where Gamp and Betsy Prig reigned supreme it was decided to make the much-needed reform. Their reign was over, the mandate had gone forth, Gamp had to march. The board of governors empowered the medical staff to organize a training school. The women who had been acting as nurses were to be put through their facings. They had all been in the hospital some time. What would they do in certain emergencies? How would they act under certain circumstances? Alas, all was a blank. How to administer stimulants they knew by personal experience, and at that point their knowledge ended. Three months were given them. During this time books were to be at their disposal and lectures given for their benefit, at the end of which time the training school would open into which they would be expected to matriculate. This was asking too much. In a body they resigned. No, not in a body, for there was one righteous Gamp; one Lot wishing to save the hospital.

The physicians were encouraged. She was a bright, willing girl, the flower of the flock and a general favourite. A fortnight elapsed. One day the physician who was acting as the medium through whom the governing body conveyed their orders was sitting in his study ruminating on what steps he should take to supply the vacancies of the departing Gamps when the door opened and a blushing girl stood before him. It was the one on whom his hopes were fixed. "Please, sir," she began in a faltering voice, "indeed, sir, I have done my best, but its them terrible lessons. I cannot do them, sir. Its no use me trying, and so—I've took him." The moral to be drawn from this is that nursing is not made for all. There is much drudgery, many a heart ache, many an annoyance; but with all this it is an elevating, wholesome, useful life, of endless interest and of certain excitement. To many the best advice would be "take him," to others, take nursing by all means.

We hear a great deal about local colouring. This is the age of realities. A marine painter does not sit by his fireside and paint an imaginary storm, with dashing waves beating against a rockbound shore. He has to brave the storm before he can give it its true-to-life look. Perhaps it may enhance the value of these few words to know that they have the local colouring of personal experience as a student in a training school for nurses for the insane.

J. E. BROOKS.

WHY CANADIANS OPPOSE ANNEXATION.

SINCE the Declaration of Independence the United States has attained such wealth and power, and made such progress in art and science as to create a host of admirers in every land. Such a class there is in Canada. With them admiration has evolved into a desire for union.

Bewildered at the thought of the Republic's enormous wealth and rapid progress, thoughtless of the thorns while the rose enchants them, heedless of the reef while the surface entices them, they long for Annexation. But there are many in Canada to whom the proposal that the Dominion should join the Union presents an uninviting side. They see the rose and admire it, but they fear that making it their own implies many a prick from the thorns. The grounds for this apprehension are:—

1. If Annexation took place Canadians would be subject to all the dangers that threaten the Republic. In the Southern States there are millions of negroes. They

are multiplying with amazing rapidity. Their intelligence is below the average. The government of many States is falling into their power. The spirit of the Ku Klux fanatics still hovers in the lonely places of the South and inspire the rash of both races to bloody fray. In what relations will they live together? How will the long accumulated dislike for the Ethiopian be destroyed and the mutual racial distrust and hate be overcome? These are questions to which ever increasing sly assassinations and sanguinary struggles add a peculiar interest and demand an immediate consideration. Before a distant date the Negro question must break with all its long repressed fury upon the American Ship of State. Against a rifting force, transcending that of former storms, all the cables of common interest and bonds of national unity must be taut. Through these troublous times will the ship sail steadily on, or will the morrow break upon a surge-swashed hull upon the shore, or a twain-rent bark upon the sea? That this great problem threatens both peace and prosperity cannot be denied. Canadians may well look with apprehension upon proposals that would involve them in such unprovoked danger, costing them separation from their traditional institutions, possibly their sons and safety. The probability of civil dissension and the lack of a national spirit in Canada seem to have very little weight as an argument for Annexation when it follows that union with the States, while preventing dissension among Canadians (if it would do that), nevertheless would not separate them from but, rather introduce them to, racial wars of such formidable proportions as never could arise in Canada.

2. Among Canadians has grown up an idea that the laws of the United States are loosely enforced, and that influence and capital control the Bench. While the rampant lawlessness in the West may fill the Canadian with unreasonable horror, and the weird ideas he associates with the mention of White Caps, Judge Lynch and Kansas race feuds may be more fanciful than real; nevertheless, one thing remains certain, viz., that the laws of the Dominion are framed and enforced to much better advantage to the community than are those of the States. Indeed one large section of their laws is so injurious that the average Canadian considers it a good reason for opposing Annexation. The section of laws referred to is that of the

3. Marriage and divorce laws. Disregard for the marriage contract has always been found simultaneous with internal weakness, decay and corruption in a State. Passing from this truism to a consideration of American society, what a conclusion! The vigour of youth has and may for a time keep from the world's gaze the terrible effects of this growing evil; but so soon as the flush of national youth begins to blanch they will loom up with all their characteristic hideousness. Well might any country hesitate to join its lot with a people who have come to regard marriage as a mere concubinage and divorcement a happy convenience, in some cases determined upon by contracting couples previously joined in holy (!) matrimony. On this ground Canada's aversion to union may well be decided, though it is often said, that if the Dominion joined the States, she would, like all other States, retain the privilege of adjusting her own marriage laws. This statement in nowise militates against the present argument, because it loses sight of the fact that if Annexation took place, the influx of Americans into Canada would soon bring about a revision of our laws to suit their wishes, as it would not be long before they would hold the casting vote in our elections, and consequently control our legislation.

4. In the light of anticipated dangers from the negro question, loose enforcement of law, and low order of marital regulations, the Canadian seems to have good reasons for looking shyly at proposals for Annexation; but still another great national danger demands our notice. The danger this time is anticipated from the great and ever-increasing number of socialist, anarchist, and such like organizations in the States. That these societies, the mad boast of whose members is to destroy all peace and order and make security of person and property a recollection of the past, have a pretty strong footing in the "Land of the Free," is proven by the Haymarket and New York troubles, to say nothing of lesser disturbances. It is often remarked, however, that these characters are not of American production, but are the offcastings of oppressed and criminal European poor, who, having been suddenly thrown into the zenith of political freedom, fired with recollections of past tyranny, have used their new power in the pursuit of ill-advised schemes. Such statements do not invalidate this argument, because Canadians have nothing to do with the origin of Anarchist doctrines in the States, they have merely to ascertain if such destructive elements are there, and if they are, to govern themselves accordingly. Further, if the leaders and majority of this class are foreigners, nevertheless, it is beyond denial that they find much sympathy and support in native Americans, and this expression of sympathy is in no degree abating. Again even supposing the Republic has displayed such assimilating power as to convert the worst of foreign agitators into good citizens, yet it remains a fact that to-day sees that marvellous digesting power overstrained and no longer able to efficiently do its work.

5. The anglophobia, which has long been smouldering but has lately burst out into activity in some places in the Republic, has aroused in almost every Canadian heart a spirit of resentment, which renders Annexation for some time out of the question; for the people of Canada revolt against joining a country that delights to parade its hatred for England, or allows its political parties to rival one with

another in evincing the greatest enmity to Britain. Canadians know full well the detrimental influence John Bull has often exercised in their affairs, yet the traditions and loving bonds by which centuries have knit Canada and the Mother Land together will not permit Canada to stand by unmoved while Americans indulge in this anglophobia.

6. If Annexation took place, practically the whole of North America would be under one government. When one considers this it is hard to escape the opinion that the great territory of such a country would involve such a disinterestedness and even opposition between its parts as would threaten the unity of the whole. Expansiveness has always been the greatest foe to large empires, and while it may be urged that modern facilities of communication and conveyance now render distant parts capable of uniting under one government, and living in peace and prosperity, yet no number of telegraphs or railways can ever destroy local industries and local interests, and while they exist the unity of a country can never be depended on. This is the story of the late Civil War.

7. The American Constitution is inferior to the Canadian. As this is very much a matter of opinion I will here cite but a few of the more generally acknowledged defects of the American Constitution.

(a) The great power placed in the President is inconsistent with true democracy.

(b) The selection of President, while open to many adverse criticisms which it seems impossible to obviate, is also liable to this prime objection, viz., that he may be a man little known to the country, of small ability, and of no aptitude for governing. Often when party chiefs vie for the highest honour in the land the party opportunely brings forward a dark horse to heal up dissension. Now, this dark horse, of necessity, cannot be among the best men of the party, for he must be a person whose inferiority is such as has never excited jealousy among statesmen, and, therefore, for whose election all can work without any envious restraint. If such a candidate be successful, then the situation of affairs is sufficiently serious.

c. The government of the republic, when once elected, is elected for a given term, and this is not as susceptible to the wishes of the people as a true democratic government or an efficient or respected government should be.

Again, even if the Legislatures change their views in compliance to public sentiment, yet the President may stand an all powerful unit fatal to all popular legislation. The remedy for this defect as prescribed in the Constitution, namely, the two-thirds Legislature vote is one that is rarely practicable. The History of the Union emphasizes this constitutional weakness and also the complete inefficiency of the prescribed remedy.

(d) Much might be said against the separation of the Executive and Legislative branches of the American Government. But as this is generally conceded as a defect, we will not enlarge upon it here. These, in brief, are the reasons why Canadians oppose Annexation.

To these there must be added the fact that of late, in Canada, there has grown up a powerful antidote to Annexation, in a healthy aspiration for a national life. The desire for a Canadian nationality has taken root and has become a widespread sentiment; it is watered by every disadvantage of colonial connection, and every gust of insult toughens its sapling strength. As has been stated, there are those in Canada who look forward to Annexation. The glory of united greatness, together with the boon of Continental Free Trade and assured peace, are no mean motives to union. But since Continental Free Trade and undisturbed peace are almost certain to exist between Canada and the United States without Annexation, and because of the reasons above stated, it is probable that the Canadian annexationist will exert little influence in the determining of Canada's future.

W. W. B. McINNES.

Toronto, November, 1889.

BANFF.

SOME twenty miles after entering the "gap" of the Rockies at Kananaskis, and following the narrow, winding belt of the Bow, the train comes suddenly upon a huge towering mass of rock, called Cascade Mountain, on the southern side of which, in a triangular basin, lies the town of Banff. Looking to the south you see the waving pine-tops up the side of the Sulphur Mountain. Towards this height, through a rough, shrub-covered space, the road leads. Passing down the newly-made streets, suddenly you come full on a fair scene. Immediately in front a handsome iron bridge spans the Bow; beyond lies a terraced park, a mansion-like hotel, and in the background the dark pines of the mountain side. Following up the winding roads which the Government has generously cut through the thick woods of this, the National Park, you ascend the steep incline for about two miles, when you find yourself at the famous Hot Springs.

Here, for years, perhaps for ages, a stream of hot, sulphurous water has been boiling from the mountain side. Now a house of stone encloses the spring, and a six-inch iron pipe leads the healing stream to the four hotels which flourish on the strength of it. An open waste-pipe allows the escape of a stream about as large as that passing through the closed one. The sides of this pipe are thickly encrusted with sulphur and other mineral deposits, and the soil around has petrified into a yellowish honeycomb.

In order to take advantage of the wonderful springs, there are two hotels built right on the spot. These supply ample bathing facilities. They will accommodate you

with hot baths or cold, shower baths, tub baths, or the "plunge." We take the plunge, and are ushered into a little chamber where the blue bubbling water is sending up steam in columns. We hesitate before making the plunge. On sending out toe major as a scout, the reception accorded that gentleman is decidedly hot. The reader will the better appreciate this when he remembers that the water's temperature is some 115° Fahr., and when it originally issues from the soil, some five degrees hotter. Gradually, however, we immerse ourselves, and begin to play the whale. Even being boiled has its pleasures. Five minutes, however, does an ordinary man to a turn. On withdrawing from the seething waters,

Limpid as garments that emerge
Above the wash-tub's rounded verge,

as Shakespeare puts it, we are enveloped in blankets and left to steam awhile. After perspiring for fully an hour, in fact till we thought we had bodily evaporated, we take a cool shower bath, and leisurely dress. After a stroll round among the pines we are ready for eating.

In the afternoon, with the aid of a team, we proceeded to explore. About a mile down the mountain side brought us to the Cave and the Basin. This cave is one of the great curiosities of nature. A great hollow cone gradually widening from a small orifice on the surface of a sulphurous rock, till some twenty feet below, it measures ten paces across. On a soft bed of sand lies four or five feet of clear blue water of such a delicious warmth that one could revel in it for an hour at a time. Overhead all is glittering with pearly pendants. Soft springs bubble up at one's feet. It is one of the Arabian Nights transferred to the Rockies.

Trickling from the surface a small stream seeks egress. Following this thread a passage has been hewn into the cool cavern. On regaining the open air, a few yards farther on there is an open basin almost identical with that just left. The water of this, however, is in the middle some ten feet deep, and thus gives better play to the frolicsome diver. All attempts to insert one's body into the bubbling sand of the springs clearly visible at the bottom are met with an indignant refusal. The only drawback is that joys must end.

The scene now shifts to the Spray Falls on the Bow River. The blue waters of that fine stream, with a hill on one side and a mountain on the other, are here narrowed into a gorge, and then dash and tumble down a steep incline till they cover all surrounding objects with spray. At the foot, a dark, rushing mountain stream, the Spray joins the waters of the falls. Across this river and just east from the sulphur springs rise the Twin Peaks, which next day we determined to climb. Starting off about six with a good lunch, we made our way for a couple of miles through a thick wood of half-grown pine till we reached a point where the height seemed accessible. Our progress was greatly impeded by the thick underwood, rocks, and fallen trees—relics, these last, of fires on the mountain-side. Everywhere were loose rocks, and this on a steep slope made ascent the reverse of easy. After toiling away at it for three good hours, the first point was gained, but this was only the beginning of the end. The sun was beaming down and it now dawned on us that a drink would be a desirable thing, but we had completely forgotten the bottle. Everything around seemed parched. Indeed there was nothing to parch, save an occasional patch of moss. It was a perfect lake of grey, shaly rock. For, after leaving half-grown pines, shrubs, saskatoons, and tufted grass successively behind, we had now got beyond the line of growth, all but the said moss.

The nearest peak was still high above us and away to the right. Looked at from the base it had seemed perhaps twenty yards from the point now attained, but from observation at close quarters it showed fully two miles to the right, besides its greater altitude. We now commenced climbing in earnest. Imagine a great roof of cliff, at places bare, at others covered with loose rocks,—rocks now large, now small, now minute, but everywhere ragged and sharp,—and the whole so steep that, if started on the descent, one could scarcely stop this side of the Happy Hunting Grounds. Up this we go, sometimes walking, sometimes crawling, till it became distressingly evident that the soul's aspirations would be satisfied only at the expense of soles. All the while the grip of thirst had been tightening, nor did the hot sun in one's back tend to relax the grasp, so it was with joy we saw close before us a couple of conies or mountain hares. So unaccustomed to man and so devoid of fear were they, that they scarcely moved at our approach. We fancied water must be somewhere near. A few minutes later we came on a little spring issuing from the surface of the bare rock. Only a mouthful at a time could be obtained. It must have taken half an hour to satisfy the craving. At last the peak was gained, and so remarkably narrow was it, that sitting astride, we could look down, on the farther side, a sheer descent of three or four thousand feet; on this, which we had just ascended, starting a boulder, we could see it roll hundreds of feet.

The return was nearly as tiresome as the ascent, for tired limbs find little rest in dropping from rock to rock. It was nearly sundown when we once more reached the level.

A place of interest to visitors, and especially to Nimrods, is Lake Minnewonka. This lake lies some eight miles to the north-east of Banff. There is a beautifully graded road along the mountain-side, and over the lofty cones of the rugged hills on the way to this lonely water. On the beach at the nearest end are a couple of summer

hotels. Once here the proper thing to do is to hire a boat and tackle and launch into the finny deep. The present day was dark and cloudy, and unpropitious to anglers, consequently we had to content ourselves with a sail. On we sped, with a fine breeze, between towering mountains, turning point after point, and ever finding points to turn.

Lake Minnewonka lies in a cradle of mountains some fifteen miles long, and from a mile to three miles wide; its depth is unknown. From the deep smoke-blue of its waters it cannot be less than hundreds of feet.

Whatever the heedless tourist may think of it, the Indian holds the silent tarn in awe. Casting its shadow into the "mirror blue" is Devil's Head, an immense circular peak, once surmounted it is said by a rock from the shape of which the mount has taken its name. Years ago a great battle between rival tribes of aborigines is said to have taken place on its side overlooking the lake. So fierce was the carnage that the waters of the lake were reddened with blood, and many corpses rolled into its depths. Hence the native has christened it Minnewonka—mysterious water. So sacred does he hold it that he will eat no fish caught in its waters.

To those not imbued with the sacredness of the lake, and initiated into the mysteries of trout-fishing, it affords good sport in the months of June and July. A forty-pound salmon trout was caught this summer with trolling-hook by Mr. Webb, of Pullman car fame.

And now let us return to the C.P.R. hotel, an immense building of Swiss design, erected on a rock rising between Sulphur Mountain and Twin Peaks. On entering you find yourself in an immense octagon open from floor to roof and beautifully frescoed. The whole structure above the solid stone foundation is made of the beautiful British Columbia cedar. From basement to topmost storey everything is the pink of propriety, convenience and elegance. In its busy season it employs fifty waiters, and its rooms, one hundred and fifty in number, are lit by electric light.

The C.P.R.'s sulphur baths are supplied from the Hot Springs by the iron pipes before mentioned, but in its descent of fully a mile the water loses much of its heat, and most of its virtue. What is its virtue? This: It cleanses the blood; and to all who are afflicted with rheumatism (no matter how bad), or any other disease of the blood, a course of baths at the Hot Springs, Banff, will effect a certain cure. The time required varies with the case, but usually from two weeks to three months is the time for an effectual and permanent cure. Here actually take place miracles quite as wonderful as those claimed for "la bonne Ste. Anne" of Quebec. J. S.

TO CYBEL DEAR.

LOVE-SONG.

I.

THOUGH others plight for pride or gain
And mix the cup of love,
Theirs be the duller froth, the stain:
Ours the sweet stars approve:
My riches, love, it shall be thou;
My pride thy love for me:
No diamond purer decks a brow
Than thine sincerity.

II.

Though ours be tenements, not towers,
Theirs lawns and halls of ease,
Beloved, 'tis heaven, not gold, is ours?
And the realities.
No sordid wish doth make us one,
But love, love, love.
O surely, surely that is done
Which the bright stars approve.

ALCHEMIST.

LIFE, LETTERS, AND JOURNALS OF
LOUISA M. ALCOTT.*

THE present season has begun well, if more biographies than usual may be taken as a sign of the times. It is as, *Temple Bar* remarks, the age of "gush," and the successful "trumpeting" of certain extraordinary writers, poets, novelists and essayists who are raised to much higher levels than Charles Lamb, Dickens or Wordsworth is one of the marvels of the age.

The French proverb, *Dieu nous préserve du jour des louanges*, is happily untrue of the bright, hearty, gifted and eloquent soul visible throughout the four hundred pages of Miss Alcott's "Life and Letters." The book will be a surprise to even lovers of her pure and beautiful stories—how much more to those who may never have cared to read works originally written for children.

To begin with, Miss Alcott was that somewhat rare but delightful person, an unmarried woman of large heart, fine mind, generous impulses and unaffected culture. No trace of injury, no sign of smallness, no suspicion of cant, no exaggeration of self or powers can be found in either the letters, some written from Europe and containing very clear and natural opinions about art and society, others of a purely personal character; or in the journal wherein her real self lies exposed. By the side of the healthy moral sense, the bounding spirits retained at the age of fifty, the splendid American unflagging energy, and

*Life, Letters and Journals of Louisa M. Alcott. By Edna Dean Cheney. Boston: Roberts Bros.

the interest in much outside herself and her beloved family which pervade these letters and diaries, how morbid, precocious, egotistical and base appear the outpourings and questionings of Marie Bashkirtseff! Mr. Gladstone, with accustomed impetuosity, rushes to the conclusion, "Here were great powers," and compares the unfortunate and aspiring Marie to Homer. Others, less optimistic, do not scruple to assert that this Diary, while brilliant, erratic and unusual in the extreme, does not show promise of a high and original order of mind. Between the Scylla and Charybdis of criticism one can safely steer and give Marie Bashkirtseff, the female Chatterton, her rightful place, while, in the case of Miss Alcott, one is almost tempted to wish she had been even more ambitious, and had to work less for money than she unfortunately had to do. For if not "great powers," there were here at least great gifts.

Though her books only reveal talent, her life reveals something very much like genius. The star of an unconquered will—she had this. Magnificent determination, the power of keeping on in the face of discouragement and trial—she had this. At eight years of age she wrote creditable poetry. At ten, she kept an excellent diary, went to bed repeating poetry, cried over the "Vicar of Wakefield," while she ironed, husked corn, and listened to Emerson talk with her father—an idealist and vegetarian. At eleven, poetry began to flow copiously; she acted *Aspasia* magnificently in Mrs. Child's "Philothea," and learnt all about the bones in her body, very necessary, as she remarks, "I climb, and jump, and run so much." At twelve, she read Bettine's correspondence with Goethe, and at fifteen, she entered safely upon the sentimental period, writing letters to Ralph Waldo Emerson, but never sending them; sitting in a tall cherry-tree, at midnight, singing to the moon, till the owls scared her to sleep; leaving wild flowers on the door-step of her "Master," and singing Mignon's song, under his window, in very bad German. The stage next absorbed her active mind, and to read "Hamlet" among her friends was, at this time, her favourite pastime. A farce, from her pen, was brought out at the Howard Athenæum, and from this time she began to write assiduously, composition alternating with teaching school, going out to service, and sewing. Also, from this time, that is, from the age of eighteen, she devoted herself to her family, never relaxing for an hour in her endeavours to procure the certainty of a home for her visionary of a father, and daily necessities and comforts for her mother and sisters. Little by little, painfully, but always cheerily, the desired end came. From five dollars a story to thirty-five, from "sky-parlours" to luxurious rooms, near her favourite theatres and lecture-halls, her success, though slow, was sure, and when at last "Little Women" appeared on the scene, the victory was won.

Won, too, like many similar victories, at the expense of health and youth. Writing, as at the outset of her career, she did, fourteen hours a day, and then only taking up sewing or teaching as a recreation, no wonder the nervous mechanism wore out even before the body, and, at forty-two, she writes, speaking of the pleasures she would like to surround her family with:—"When I had the youth, I had no money; now I have the money, I have no time; and when I get the time, if ever I do, I shall have no health to enjoy life."

In Canada, as in her native country, the name of Louisa Alcott is associated with much that is pure, earnest and noble. Those who have cried and laughed, almost in the same breath, with Jo's attempts at authorship, Professor Bhaer and his boys, and the charming home life of the March family, ought to possess themselves of this delightful compilation.

MRS. WATTS HUGHES' "VOICE-FIGURES."

MRS. WATTS HUGHES' Home for Little Boys at Islington is known to many. Mr. Augustus Birrell's lecture on Gibbon in aid of its funds, delivered in February last at Westminster, and again last summer at Islington, was heard by many. The Home is one for the most homeless of little street urchins, the children chiefly of criminals; a home to eat and to sleep in, to play and to sing in, during all the hours of the twenty-four when they are not learning their lessons at the School Board school. At once on entering it, you feel that the judgment guiding the arrangements belongs to one or more friends of these little boys who put real heart into the business of making them happy and good; the kind of personal interest which can be traced in the management of all institutions of the kind which can be called, in the widest and truest sense, successful. But beyond this there is a touch of fairy-land about this Islington Home which is quite unique. Instead of blinds or curtains drawn across the lower panes of the windows, there are wonderful designs in colour; strange, beautiful things—suggesting objects in Nature, but which are certainly neither exact repetitions nor imitations of anything in Nature. They are more like, perhaps, what a dream might make out of the impressions left by Nature—perfectly drawn designs of shell-like forms, photographically precise renderings of shapes of which the exact originals were never seen by human eye on sea or land; such things as "Alice in Wonderland" might have come upon, had she tumbled down to the bottom of the sea. There are trumpet and snake-like forms twisted and involved in complicated curves, impelled on to the glass seemingly by the force of a power like that which impels and sculpts the boiling wreaths of steam out of the funnel

of a gasping engine. Pictured on the glass, they are rendered into the most elaborate and perfectly drawn perspective, each curve coloured and toned with gradations as subtle as any shell or petal of flower could be. Each foreshortened form of shell, trumpet, and snake is barred across by an infinity of lines, sometimes merely surrounding the forms by straight lines, at other times rippled in wavy lines ending at the edge by the daintiest of goffered frills. Across these lines will have been impelled on some of the glasses, other lines taking a contrary direction, the two sets in crossing each other forming a perfect honey-comb pattern. Most strange and suggestive, indeed, are those window-panes which the little boys at the Islington Home have to look through. They see weird caverns at the bottom of the sea full of beautifully coloured fancy sea-anemones and mussel-shells, headless snakes and fairy cups, and mossy entanglements of bud and leaf-like form; all seemingly vital, with the same laws of growth as those which inspired the creation of the designs in Nature which they suggest. The special force of nature which produced them is Mrs. Watts Hughes' voice. These are some varieties of her "voice-figures." There are other classes which resemble more distinctly flowers.

I, with other friends, have been fortunate enough to see all the different classes of figures produced more than once, and will try and describe shortly what we saw when those classes of figures were produced of which there are specimens now being exhibited at the Arts and Crafts Exhibition. First, for the daisy-like figure, of which there are examples in a case at the New Gallery, Mrs. Hughes prepares a paste of flake-white powder-colour and water, and into a metal tube turned up at the end she inserts a ring resembling a table-napkin ring, over one end of which is stretched a thin membrane of india-rubber. The tube being inverted at the end, while singing through it, she looks straight down on the india-rubber disc. She covers this disc with a little water, and then taking up some of the flake-white paste with a penknife she adds it to the water, which floats it all over the disc. She then sings into the tube a low note of her voice—a note not very loud, but firm and wilful. The effect on the paste is immediate. Tiny globules are thrown up into the air above the disc, and sputtering and leaping all alive with the motion caused by the vibrations of her voice, crowd into the centre of the membrane, making a little round heap like the centre of a daisy. Mrs. Hughes then alters the character of the note she is singing, though not its pitch. Instead of the note of firm, preparatory character, she sings a very sustained and insidious sound. Then, from the round centre of white paste will fly out, at unequal distances, little tentative star-like jets. Sometimes two or three such furtive attempts at a start will have been made, when suddenly a perfect and symmetrical row of petals will start out and create with the centre a lovely little, exquisitely finished, daisy-like form. Sometimes even three rows of petals will be the answer to the song-note, whereas at other times the one row will be imperfect, and will require singing in again to the centre before a perfect regular row produces itself. The pansy form is produced somewhat in the same way as the daisy, but more water is put on the disc in proportion to the paste, and the note is altered and sung differently, only as Mrs. Watts Hughes knows how to alter and sing it. It must be remembered that it is no ordinary voice or singing which creates these figures. Those who have had the happiness to hear Mrs. Hughes sing parts of Gluck's "Orphée," or Pergolesi's "Stabat Mater," and last, not least, her own national Welsh air, "The Ash-Grove," must realise that there are very few even among the greatest singers who can rival her in the science of using the vocal organ in all its infinite delicacies, intricacies, and distinctions, and who can express pathetic and dramatic emotion with as much power and beauty.

For the singing of the shell and trumpet-like figures, Mrs. Hughes also prepares a paste with powder-colour and water; but instead of the flake-white, she uses prussian-blue, madder-lake, or any other colour which she has found, by its weight and character, will respond to the vibrations of her voice, and will work easily on the glass and membrane. She rubs the membrane over with this paste, and likewise the piece of glass on which she is going to sing the figure. For a small piece of glass she will use an inverted tube, as in the production of the floral forms, and will move the glass rapidly round on the disc of india-rubber, while she sings a firm, sustained, but short note. It is the work of a second, and we see on the glass one of the strange, nameless forms. Should the glass be too large to hold in the hand, then Mrs. Hughes uses a straight tube, and sings a note while moving it round or along the glass.

What it all means, no one, least of all Mrs. Watts Hughes, pretends to be able to explain. These voice-figures are facts which it is to be hoped science may be able, sooner or later, to explain. Every year more and more curious developments of these facts are created, and all whom they interest must wish Mrs. Watts Hughes may be able to continue working at them. Any day she may sing some fresh wonder which may facilitate the work of science, and lead to a fuller understanding of them. Meanwhile we must go on wondering why these vibrations of the voice should lead to the formation of designs so nearly the copy of flowers and ferns and trees and shells.

But no explanation is needed to make us enjoy the beauty of these voice-figures. Artists to whom they have been shown are enthusiastic in their admiration of them. They are particularly artistically interesting in one way. The old saying attributed to Titian, "Colour is quality,"

is by them amply exemplified. Most of these voice figures have been sung in the most ordinary colours; but the exquisite perfection and finish of the designs, and the subtle toning, shading, and gradation which the singing gives to this ordinary powder and water, produces a quality and beauty of colour which might be a lesson to any painter. If "colour is quality," what then is quality? Is it not the suggestion of life and growth? Why have some works of art that sense of life, and others, on the contrary, the sense of death—of finality—an absence of any power of suggestions to the mind to go on working beyond what is actually before the eye? In the actual manipulation of the colour, is it not the touch that suggests *mouvement*, that gives quality to the work of a real artist's painting? The touch not tightly restrained within hard and defined outline, but thrown loosely on to the canvas with a grace of unasserted security as to being in the right place, though suggesting a power of motion—a thing of life, and not of death—so, in the voice figures, this "quality" which gives us such beautiful colour, is it not the result of the suggestion of the force of motion which the figures give us? And more than this: do they not suggest that many more things in the world about us may have been created by sound? If one woman's voice can sing such strange and beautiful designs, what may not other sounds have created? What may they not be now creating around us?—*Emilie Isabel Barrington, in The Spectator.*

THE WEIRD OF THE GREAT LAKE.

THERE'S a spirit that haunts the great silent sea
Or lies alert on the lake's lone isles,
Oh the pale still victims unnumbered be,
And the Weird hovers o'er and smiles.

On the Lake Superior's lofty coasts,
In the tamarack forest's unhealthy glades,
The dead lie and rot in unnumbered hosts
And there writhe the tortured shades.

The dread spirit broods where the whitened skulls
In the mighty chasms are crowned with flowers;
She broods o'er the black, dismantled hulls,
O'er the wrecked ships her storm shape towers.

She broods o'er the ice fields, her fingers close
With a numbness like death round her victim's brain,
And the death-sleep comes swift, and the last repose,
And the snow-wreaths drift o'er the slain.

The dark spirit broods o'er her living prey,
And tempts them unseen with a maddening charm,
And they drink till the horrors of madness lay
Their souls within reach of her arm.

And remorseless she tortures her nameless dead
And they writhe and cry out in vain, voiceless prayer,
And she laughs like the winds at the blood she has shed,
—Laughs out in the darkened air!

R. P.

THE OLD DISTRICT OF GORE.

A JOURNEY THROUGH THE WILDS OF THE GORE DISTRICT, NOW INCLUDING THE COUNTIES OF WENTWORTH, HALTON, WELLINGTON, WATERLOO AND BRANT, AND THE CITIES OF HAMILTON, GUELPH, BRANTFORD AND MANY LARGE TOWNS.

IN the year 1831 I was the deputy clerk of the peace at Hamilton in the office of the late Robert Berrie, a Scotch barrister, formerly from the East Indies and the son of a Scotch gentleman and an East Indian lady. He was at that time the clerk of the peace of the said large district of Gore—then comprising the above named counties with a sparse population and immense ranges of woods, swamps and wilderness tracts, settled more or less by hardy pioneers. I was a student-at-law of two years' standing, articled to the said Mr. Berrie and employed as such clerk in said office, and a part of my duty was to make out, from the assessment lists of the various townships included in the said counties left in the clerk of the peace office by assessors, collector's rolls—which contained the names of all farmers assessable in the counties. My law master and superior, Mr. Berrie, gave me the job of the personal delivery of all collectors' rolls to the collectors in that year, and I think I was to get \$31 for it. The collectors lived in the far and drear townships in the wildest part of the counties, and some nearer Hamilton. It was a great undertaking for a young man, yet, being in those days an expert horseman, used all my boyhood life to riding on horseback through fields and woods and on roads, I was not afraid to undertake this job in the wilderness. Much of the work could only be done by horseback through blind roads. So having obtained the use of a favourite mare of my father's named Pink, a beautiful little bay animal, very gentle, fleet of foot and nimble as a deer, with a beautiful skin, fine black eye and flowing mane and tail, I set off in the month of June, 1831, to traverse the great wooded counties aforesaid. The woods were glowing with pristine sheen, the trees were beautiful and just emitting their spring fragrance, beneath whose branches the solemn Indian had trod for generations and the wild deer had swiftly passed. It is a solemn thing to be in the deep, silent forest, to hear only the echoes of the wild things—the songs of birds, the chirp of the squirrel, drumming of the partridge, the scream of the eagle, or the wild cat! and into the wild woods of this

kind I had to enter with my beautiful Pink, and off I set with my rolls, buoyant with adventure. I visited the townships of Saltfleet, ten miles east of Hamilton, Barton and Binbrook, on the top of the Hamilton mountain ten miles or more. I rode into the lovely township of Ancaster with its old pioneer farms. I went up far away among the Indians into Brant township on the beautiful, undulating river Ouse, where the oak plains, lively hazel bush groves and wild plum trees abound, and delivered my roll. The shout of the Indian or the sudden approach to the wigwam was not very agreeable to my Pink, and the Indians then were in a very wild state on the Grand River—and there was no Brantford city at all—only a few plain wooden huts or houses stood where beautiful residences now are seen. Soon after this, however, the town grew fast. I think the Wilkes family came here about the year 1831.

Again, my journey led me into West Flamboro, East Flamboro, and among the tall pine forests of Beverley. Beverley is a township that lies west of West Flamboro, east of Dumfries, and north of Brant. It was full of tall pine forests—trees standing from 150 to 200 feet, towering upwards, and some of them six feet through—aged from 200 to 500 years old. Did you ever stand beneath a forest of these mighty trees and look upward to their mighty branches of everlasting green, shining in the sunlight of midwinter and midsummer? A solemn hum, as of the distant ocean, comes from their branches, and when the wind shakes their towering heads it sounds like the sound of many waters. Here among the branches of arborescent green the dismal owl builds its nest, rears its young, and hoots in the silent hours of night. Into this forest of mighty pines my beautiful Pink made her way, and I delivered my roll. Regardless was I alike of the silence, the danger of the attack of wild animals, for pine forests are the haunts of the bear, the wolf and the savage lynx. I once saw a beast of this species shot from a pine tree by my father, in 1826, and, although wounded as if to death, it beat off with its claws and tore with its teeth a very large dog. In these forests you then would meet with what were called great windfalls of pine trees, torn up by some passing hurricane, and among the fallen trees great quantities of black thimble-berries would grow, of which bears would eat, and where they were often met.

Again my trusty mare wended her way into East Flamboro, and thence into the old and beautiful township of Nelson, lying next to the mountains of Esquesing and south of Nassagaweya. A curious name, this, of Indian origin. Thence I entered the hills and dense forests of the last named township, then into the old settlements of Trafalgar, which border on Lake Ontario up to Oakville and Streetsville. North of this old township, in which the beautiful town of Oakville is situated, and in which so many great creeks or rivers debouch, is Esquesing. In the mountain range continued from Hamilton, and in Nassagaweya, there arise three large creeks (almost rivers) the river Credit, the Oakville, or Twenty-Mile Creek, and the Brant, or Fifteen-Mile Creek, all passing through rich, picturesque, agricultural land, long settled by the oldest people of Canada. I passed through these townships hastily on horse-back into Garafraxa township—then almost a wilderness. It borders on the great township of Chinguacousy to the east, which then lay in the Home District—now the county of Peel. These euphonious names, Nassagaweya, Garafraxa, Chinguacousy, are of Indian origin, and the Huron Indians lived in them hundreds of years ago, and afterwards the Massasugas, or Chippewas. In Garafraxa I met an old resident and friend, John Gamble, who used to live in Dundas, Wentworth, and his father was one of the first residents of Dundas. He was a very amiable, excellent young man, and owned several mills there. This township abuts on Orangeville, and was then full of old beaver dams and meadows, where many years before this wise and wonderful animal used to live.

I had to visit in this tour the present site of the city of Guelph, and could not stop there for want of an inn. Only a few small houses appeared to be built, so I pushed on through the then thinly settled township of Nichol. It was full of cedar swamps and blind roads. As it was late in the afternoon, and the sun was sinking fast in the west, in my hurry I got for a time lost in these cedar swamps. It may be easily imagined, accustomed as I was to roads, what my feelings were then, surrounded by dense woods with boughs overhanging the road, the danger of wild beasts at that time being very great in the backwoods. Wild-cats, and the more furious animals called lynxes were abundant. The screams of this last animal at night are appalling. They can spring on their prey from the overhanging trees and might have done so on my beautiful Pink or upon me. Wolves howled around you at night, and appeared in packs often in winter—or in couples at all seasons. The startled deer were then seen in the woods as our cattle are now on our farms, very common, especially in the neighbourhood where I was. The howling of the owls in the hemlock or cedar trees would startle the traveller in his journey at night, and in case of my being lost, I resolved to trust my swift and beautiful mare and let her go as she pleased in the road—and upon one occasion she came, luckily, to the foot of a hill upon which there was built a pioneer farmer's house in Nichol. Here I was taken in and hospitably entertained by the good wife and a lovely daughter, who helped her. It seemed like my old wood-home of the year 1820, near Brantford, though all was primeval, with farmer's fare. Many a family from the front and from bonny Scotland, Ireland and England, in those days, ventured away back

into the woods many miles from other settlements and opened up farms, built log-cabins and barns, where now you can see the most beautiful cultivated lands, with orchards and brick-houses. Such a farmer was this—I forget his name—who no doubt in after years owned a beautiful residence. Nichol is now full of lovely farms and residences.

The kind hand of God on this occasion, as on many others in my life, led me into safety, and I felt that I was under a Christian roof, and in a family of most cultivated people. There was quite a little romance about it, for I was young and could easily have worked up a story of the meeting with a wood nymph in the distant woods upon a dark night in this sweet and silent farmer's home. The cows were lying around, the faithful dogs were at the door, and the farmer's implements of work were near. The gun was hung up in the corner, and the frugal table laden with a farmer's backwoods fare. The churn and the spinning-wheel were both present. Rich milk and home-made bread were on the table, with eggs, pies and meat, for the farmer's fare is simple but nourishing, and by the arms of the old pioneer farmers and their wives, sons and daughters, the wilds of Ontario have been made to yield to great beauty and culture. My beautiful Pink was also taken care of and on the next morning the sun rose lovely and bright. Everything as it does in June in Ontario looked enchanting, with the birds welcoming the rising sun, the leaves of the trees giving forth their rich perfume, and the echoes of the woods resounding over hills and valleys. I was kindly directed on my road by the farmer, and bade adieu to his hospitable home, his kind wife and rosy-cheeked daughter. I have now forgotten their names; we never met again, and doubtless, they have now gone to their long homes. My road took me to Wilmot Township, thence to Waterloo, these great settlements of our wealthy industrious German people, over 58 years ago. Wilmot, especially Waterloo, was pretty well settled, but there were no such towns as Berlin, Waterloo or Hamburg. Beautiful towns now flourish where great forests then were seen; noble farms grace the country; and it is a delightful thing now to travel through Waterloo. Before going on this journey I had transcribed on the rolls from the assessment lists the names of all the farmers in Waterloo, and every township on my journey. Strange names the Germans have too; sometimes laughable, such as Fierhell, Kuntz, Klofts, Fierheller, Bumberger, Binkley, Hamburger, Crib, Clement, etc. This is the township of fine horses, cows and hogs; poultry is in great abundance, with such Teutonic luxuries superadded as sausages, stuffed meats, and sauerkraut. The home-made cloth, quilts, and wool are everywhere seen, and were even then. From Waterloo I entered the great Township of Dumfree, settled by the late Elder Wm. Dickson. He lived where the great town of Galt now stands, and hundreds of pious and thrifty Scotchmen settled in it at a very early date. It extends near to Brant, and along both sides of the beautiful river Ouse or Grand River, up to the Indian Settlements. It was then, 1831, very thickly settled. Now it contains the beautiful town of Galt, which I lately visited.

These townships I visited now contain perhaps over two hundred thousand people, and then did not contain twenty. Hamilton is now a city of fifty thousand, then containing not a thousand. Galt contains 8,000; Guelph, 12,000; Berlin, 8,000; Brantford, 12,000.

Beautiful churches are seen everywhere, immense manufactories are at work, extensive farms grace the country. Brick and stone dwellings and rich mansions have taken the place of log cabins, and the music of the pianos and organs has driven away the sounds of the olden spinning-wheels in most places. Great schools are dotted all over where little log-huts served as such in my boyhood. The country school-masters who boarded around among the people have been supplanted by learned teachers. Great fairs are held in the townships, where such things were not dreamed of. Railroad trains thunder over the country now where we travelled on foot or in ox-teams. The howl of the wolf, the scream of the wild-cat, the wild gaze of the deer, or the solemn tread of the hunting, trapping Indian, once so common in these old wooded townships are heard no more, are seen no more. In that day, 1831, the late John Galt of Scotland (I think that was his name) and the celebrated Dr. Dunlop, a very learned but eccentric Scotchman, were well-known in Guelph, Goderich, and all these new regions; they were both authors. He was the father of Chief Justice Galt. The old Family Compact was then (1831) rampant, in full power in Upper Canada (Ontario). We had no responsible Government; all power was vested in an English Governor and an aristocracy of families at Toronto, then York.

It is curious to recall the position of towns then and now. Niagara was the principal town (after York) in Upper Canada. It was full of fine stores, dwelling-houses, noted families. Ancaster was the principal town about the head of the lake, and Dundas much larger than Hamilton. Kingston in the east was the chief place. Brantford, London, Woodstock, Windsor, Chatham, Goderich, Galt, Guelph, Stratford and St. Catharines were insignificant hamlets, with a few houses in them.

Readers to whom the foregoing reminiscences savour of the too familiar will perhaps in after years themselves be also anxious to recall, before it be too late, Toronto as it was—say, in 1889. In a young country such as ours, these small everyday occurrences are the real beginnings of history, and are important on that account to the public at large, while interesting at all times to the writer.

CHARLES DURAND.

CORRESPONDENCE.

ANOTHER CURIOSITY.

To the Editor of THE WEEK :

SIR,—I offer the accompanying poem as a fitting companion for the one which appeared in your "Correspondence" of 25th October. As it lies before me, it is a good representative of the old-fashioned broadside, printed on a long slip, surrounded by an ornamental border of a running pattern. The whole sad tale will be found to be very completely told, and the sentiments throughout are unexceptionable.

STANZAS

Written on the death of Mr. Joseph Bray and Miss Eliza Jane Treleven, who were unfortunately drowned by the swamping of a skiff at Portsmouth Pier, on 15th Aug., 1844.

COMPOSED BY H. M'M.

As Nature binds me with laws Divine,
I hope my heart it shall be inclined
And be influenced by that Supreme
Whose only Son was for us slain,
For to say something awful grand
Concerning those that left this land—
That was called forth in solemn haste
For to behold their Maker's face.
They started here from off this Isle,
Not thinking danger would them beguile
And they passed on without dread or fear,
For the thoughts of Kingston their hearts did cheer;
And still they pressed on their way
Not thinking death would on them prey,
For all the wind and waves did rise
There was no fear before their eyes,
Until they sailed near Portsmouth Pier,
When young Miss Sinclair screamed out with fear;
The waves they ran so very high
The thought that death was drawing nigh.
The night being dark and pretty late,
The wind blew south and the waves were great,
When these poor souls, sad news to tell,
Run in too near the outward swell,
That bounded thence from off the pier
And filled their boat, as you shall hear,
For she capized all her load,
Threw out those four that were on board,
Which makes one sad for to relate
Poor Joseph Bray met with his fate,
And also Miss Treleven young
She met her death, her time was come,
These two they perished in the deep,
Which makes their friends to mourn and weep,
Whereas the other two did rise,
And manly struggled for their lives.
This girl she was a native fair,
And young Treleven helped her there:
He being a swimmer very grand,
She smartly caught him by the hand,
And by his help she did regain
Their boat which floated on the main,
And unto her they stuck quite fast
Until their cries were heard at last;
For Providence did interfere
And sent relief their lives to spare;
For Thomas Polley and his crew
To their assistance quickly flew,
And by the help and aid he gave
He saved them from a watery grave,
For he did pull them off their boat,
That with her keel did upwards float.
And on the next day in the Bay
The people gathered straightway,
And found their corpse it does appear
Close by the point of Portsmouth Pier.
And when the law rites was fulfilled,
And on them there an inquest held,
Their bodies were laid in a room
That does belong to Patterson,
And there that night they did remain
Until the morning came again;
For Patterson's a decent man
A native of old Scotland,
And they were dressed there as they lay
By Misses Riddle of the Bay,
For she that night did truly show
She feels for others in their woe,
Then they were both brought home once more
Unto their friends on Tanti shore;
And oh! how woeful was the scene,
That did that evening intervene,
For their relations were all sad,
Not one of them but what was bad.
Now they both lie low in the tomb,
For dust to dust is all our doom;
But ever blessed be that name
That always gives and takes the same.
So now a finish I will make,
Excuse me sirs—my talent's weak.

Isle of Tanti, October 1st, 1844.

THE SEPARATE SCHOOLS QUESTION.

To the Editor of THE WEEK :

SIR,—The questions now at issue in Manitoba, *i. e.*, the abolition of the French language as an official tongue, and the secularization of the schools, apparently absorb considerable attention throughout the Dominion. In connection therewith I have read a letter of Mr. F. Beverley Robertson, in your columns, anent the School question. The gentleman who wrote the letter, a member of the same profession as myself, is held amongst his fellows an able lawyer; but with all deference to his expressed opinion I venture to disagree with his seeming conviction that the Separate School system can be legislated away by our Legislative Assembly.

Great reliance is put upon the decision *ex parte* Renaud v. Pugsley (N.B.) 273, and at first sight it would look conclusive. However upon careful reading it is apparent that the cases are very dissimilar, in that in New Brunswick where there was previous legislation—that is, prior to confederation—with regard to the school system, and such system was not denominational, in Manitoba there was no legislation. There could not be unless by Acts of the Council of Assiniboia, and none in that regard were ever passed. Therefore Manitoba had no school system "by law" within the meaning of subsec. 1 of Sec. 22 of the Manitoba Act. But the great question to be determined is, Had she "by practice"? The word practice is not found in the B.N.A. Act, 1867, and therefore the legal meaning of that word was not

considered *re* Renaud and in this respect Manitoba stands in a different position. It has been stated by those who might well be admitted to know the intention of the Dominion Parliament in regard to the vital word "practice," that its introduction into the Act was deliberate, and was for the exact purpose of covering the peculiar state of things then existent in that territory. I feel convinced that one reading the erudite judgment of Ritchie, C. J., in *ex parte* Renaud will at once see that the word "practice" takes Manitoba quite out of the line of that case. The Chief Justice, at p. 474, says, in this case, as there was no *legal right* to have denominational schools or denominational teaching there is no injury in legal contemplation committed by the Legislature, but in Manitoba there was the "practice." Mr. Armour, of the *Canada Law Times*, rightly said in the *Law Times*, Oct., 1889, "It is a matter of fact to be ascertained whether there were any schools of the nature of Separate Schools, but a matter of construction as to what is meant by "practice." As to the question of fact, there were Separate Schools in Manitoba before the union suggested by the following denominational bodies: Presbyterian, English Church, Roman Catholic. The Presbyterians and English Church people allowed their schools to merge, by statute, into what are now termed the "Protestant Schools," under the supervision of the Protestant Section of the Board of Education. The Catholics held to their Separate Schools, and legislation, now existent nineteen years, has preserved to them their constitutional rights. Now let us consider how the word "practice" is to be construed. The highest appellate authority, the House of Lords, in *C'hegot v. St. George's Hospital*, 6 H. L. cases, 338, treating upon the construction of statutory enactments held: "If the words of the Act are of themselves precise and unambiguous, then no more can be necessary than to expound those words in their natural and ordinary sense. The words themselves do in such case best declare the intention of the Legislature." Is the word "practice" ambiguous? I say not; it is clear, it is precise; the legislators, knowing that no school system existed "by law," introduced the word "practice" to cover the case. The people in Manitoba, in the year 1870, laid down their arms upon the faith of the Manitoba Act. Is Canada's escutcheon to be dimmed by a breach of faith? I cannot believe it; and although a fervent Canadian it occurs to me that when a people did rebel and afterwards accepted peace upon the faith of a written constitution, that a tampering with that constitution, nineteen years after, is a step that will not be countenanced by our people. Canada must not besmirch her heritage. England has bequeathed her a fair name. Are Canada's sons to trail the flag of honour in the dust? I trust not. In any case should Manitoba so far forget herself, I have trust in the Imperial and Dominion Parliaments that can alone authoritatively deal with the matter in question. Yours truly,

A. E. MCPHILLIPS.

Winnipeg, November 2nd, 1889.

TREE PLANTING ON THE PRAIRIES.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—I read with much interest the article on "Tree planting on the prairies," in your issue of the 1st inst. It is a most important matter for the North-West; the sooner the work is begun the better, especially as it must still at first be of an *experimental* nature, as the conditions under which it is undertaken are not the same as in Europe or here in the east.

Such experiments are costly and very often discouraging for private individuals. The Government may not be ready to organize, at great cost, scientific forestry stations in the North-West, but it would be easy to organize, at a trifling cost, a system of practical experiments, at each of the Mounted Police permanent stations, by employing the men to make plantations and start nurseries of trees.

The cost of tree seeds is trifling, the labour of preparing the ground, sowing the seed and tending the young trees would cost nothing if done by the Mounted Police and I feel certain that many among the officers and men would soon take a deep interest in it.

Their experience and their example would be valuable; the young trees from their nurseries might be sold at a low rate to pay for tools, etc., or given away to the farmers. Without dwelling any further on the advantages of such elementary forestry schools, of a practical kind, all over the North-West, I think it would be a pity to neglect such easy means of reaching important results. I remain yours truly,

Quebec, Nov. 7th, 1889.

H. G. JOLY.

THE UNIVERSITY PROFESSORSHIP.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—I read with much interest your article on the recent appointment of University Professors. With most in the article I cordially agree. But permit me, as one who supported Mr. Hume's appointment, to say that some at least did not support that gentleman solely because he was a Canadian, nor yet solely because he was a disciple of Professor Young. My position, and that of some others, may be stated briefly thus: We held first, that Mr. Hume's being a Canadian, should not militate against his appointment. We held second, that Philosophy should be taught for its own sake and not because it falls in more or less readily with this or that system of theology. Now it is notorious that a good deal of the opposition to Mr. Hume came from theological professors who wished a philosophy taught that would readily adapt itself to their theological

principles. No doubt they sought the interests of truth, but it was the truth they believed in. I, for one, was not so anxious to see Professor Young's system perpetuated, as I was anxious to see the spirit of his teaching perpetuated. Time after time Professor Young protested against himself or any other authority being taken as final. Now, from what I know of Mr. Hume, I believe this will be the spirit of his teaching. More than that, it is the spirit of the critical school of philosophy and therein that school is opposed to the dogmatic basis and methods of the McCosh School. Third, the objection to the double appointment is an objection to a vice inherent in a system of political appointments. Is it not written on the face of the appointments that they were made to escape the difficulty of offending the friends of either candidate? That is surely not a defensible principle of appointing.

J. M. HUNTER.

TRUE TALE.

THERE was once a poet, who, to keep up his reputation and be a proper poet, cultivated a love for flowers. Like Shelley, he loved roses, and long wanted a sensitive plant of his very own. With the true poetic eye, however, he was somewhat apt to regard his floral belongings from the distant heights of genius, and was given to exaggerating their beauties and ignoring their blemishes. For instance, a "lobster in a lobster pot" is an essentially normal and pleasing sight, but a root of musk or sprig of geranium in a lobster can cannot be considered equally interesting. Yet most of the poet's plants found local habitation and long botanical names in cans and bottles and pots which in less frugal households became, when their era of usefulness was over, gifts for the thrifty scavenger. But the poet's housekeeper—a frugal soul herself—had originally suggested these receptacles, and her employer used often to think of poor Tim Linkinwater, with his hyacinths blooming in blacking bottles, as he sniffed at heliotrope and snipped at begonia growing in the oddest things imaginable.

One day the thought of Tim was unusually strong, and he reflected that he had never yet invested in hyacinths himself, although they were very dear to him. Accordingly he ran over his funds, and walking out, went recklessly to a florist's shop and purchased with a fine *abandon* six of the dark, dry bulbs that were offered him by the enterprising seedsman.

The poet, with his sombrero tilted far back on his head, a good deal "after" the Laureate, chose the uninviting things mostly by their names. Thus he took a Madame Roland, delicate yellow; Mignon, a pale pink; Prisoner of Chillon, dark blue; Charles Martel, superb bright blue; Delilah, a brilliant crimson; and King Arthur, a spotless white. And further, he purchased, with most unprecedented lavishness, six tall and splendid hyacinth-glasses, of colours to match the bulbs. Thus Mignon and Delilah went into indigo glasses, Charles Martel and the Prisoner of Chillon into garnet ones, and Madame Roland and King Arthur into white ones.

This solemn task completed to his satisfaction, the poet, who had done this deed quite irrespective of his housekeeper, locked them in his own especial cupboard, along with foils, boxing gloves, cigars, manuscripts, albums, biscuits, photographs, apples, love letters and a microscope. Here he left them for the customary period, filling them afresh whenever the water decreased, and allowing nothing to interfere with his daily morning visit to their place of refuge that he might be in time to notice the first, the very first awakening of life.

Curiously enough, his housekeeper, being very much attached to him, had conceived the idea of presenting her gentle and patient master with the very articles he had so rashly purchased for himself, and the day after the placing of Charles Martel, Delilah, King Arthur, the Prisoner of Chillon and Mignon in the dark cupboard she brought him six similar bulbs, planted, or rather resting, in the queerest pots—a sponge-cup, two pickle bottles, a lamp chimney stuck in a tin, and so on, till the poet, thinking of the gorgeous glasses not a yard away, almost laughed at the good woman's frugality. But he accepted the gift, saying nothing of his other bulbs, since to have exhibited them might have aroused the ire of his careful friend, the housekeeper, who prided herself on keeping him in order.

Time went on, and the two sets of bulbs were daily visited by the poet. To his astonishment those in the outlandish tins and cups did very much better than those in the tall, fine, shining glasses. Neither Delilah nor Arthur, nor Charles Martel nor Madame Roland gave the slightest sign of a sprout. Sprout! Not a bit of it. While the others—unnamed, by the way—began to send down juicy, white roots, like growing, pushing fingers into the clear water that filled the ugly cans and bottles. The poet—and he had plenty of occasion—grew discouraged. He still kept his other hyacinths concealed from his housekeeper, but he looked at them day after day, perceiving, to his sorrow and disgust, scarcely an evidence of life. He fussed, he fumed, he fidgeted; he was a changed poet, crusty, sour, disagreeable, so that pretty cloying verse no longer ran from his pen, but dismal epics and wailing requiems instead. The paper for which he wrote wondered what was the matter, and so did that excellent woman the housekeeper.

Finally, the poet, on perceiving one day that there was no doubt whatever of the superiority of the six plebeian buds, as regards surroundings, over the six patrician ones, made his discovery.

Was it not, after all, only logical and legitimate that bulbs planted in rude vessels should flourish better, being the bulbs of a poet, than the others, vainly displayed in toys of glass that added naught to the beauty of the bloom nor the mystery of their offspring?

Straightway the poet wrote a noble Ode, on the "Beauty of Common Things." Wordsworthian in aim, it revealed no startling new truth, but it pleased and instructed the subscribers to his paper, and he grew calm once more when thinking of Madame Roland, and Arthur and Delilah.

There they were, poor things, beginning, alas, to be sadly purplish, odorous and flabby; not a single green tip, not a single white root appearing. The poet sighed, but his mind soared. It was not as it should be; and emboldened by so much high-class poetic exaltation of feeling, he invited his housekeeper to examine both sets of bulbs. That worthy person polished her glasses well, dropped her prettiest curtsy—she had the misfortune to be an Old Country person, and still retained positively degrading ideas about deportment—and began her inspection.

When she came to the radiant glasses, indigo, garnet and crystal, she looked close, closer, *very* close, indeed, then laughed.

The poet rose in mighty wrath from his chair. An "Ode to Homely Beginnings" slipped to the floor as he confronted the convulsed dame.

"What is this?" he demanded sternly.

And the housekeeper, between her laughs, told him that he had put the bulbs in the glasses *upside down*.

"Dear me!" she exclaimed; "but it comes from being a poet. Look at the tops of the poor, dear things, and you'll see the sprouts trying their best to force a way out. Dear me! yes, it must come from being a poet."

But the poet, although he felt somewhat crestfallen and absurd, had already pocketed fifteen dollars for the "Ode on the Beauty of Common Things," and could afford to laugh at his own stupidity.

Which he did.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

THE *Musical Times*, London, Eng. reprints a portion of THE WEEK's timely defence of English music and musicians in its November number. The article in THE WEEK was written in reply to some statements made by the *New York Critic*.

MR. HENRI DE BESSE, violinist, of Paris, France, will give a grand vocal and instrumental concert at the new Academy of Music, on Tuesday evening, Nov. 26th. '89, with the assistance of Miss Alice Waltz, soprano, from Plymouth church, Brooklyn, N. Y., and St. James church, New York, and principal concerts in New York and Philadelphia; Mme. Asher-Lucas, pianiste, Signor Ed. Rubini, late principal Professor of singing at the Academy of Music, London, Eng., and Mr. E. W. Schuch, baritone. A programme of classical and modern compositions will be given.

TORONTONIANS were perhaps afraid of the title "Les Surprises du Divorce," which lined the walls the latter part of last week. Arthur Rehan's excellent company included J. H. Ryley and his charming wife Madeline Lucette, and the whole performance was highly careful and creditable, full of healthy fun, and not one whit as dangerous as the emotional dramas to which young girls and their mothers so willingly flock. There were—we admit—three or four divorces in the course of the action, but the entire play is such an eloquent and sensible satire upon a vexed question that thorough enjoyment was afforded, shorn of anything in the least offensive. The company should score a success if brought here again.

THE new Academy of Music was opened on the 6th inst. by a concert company, the central figure of which from a Canadian point of view was Miss Leonora Clench, the talented young solo violinist of St. Mary's, Ont. Whether regarded as concert hall or theatre the Academy of Music should prove a welcome addition to our places of public entertainment. Its interior is in no way striking or ornamental but has been laid out in a manner which should make it serve admirably for the purpose for which it was designed. The auditorium is wide and spacious, its seating capacity being placed at 1500 persons. Not the least of its advantages, as compared with pre-existing music halls, is its sloping floor which enables the occupant of any seat in the house to obtain a good view of the stage. There is a light gallery, the sides of which are taken up by a few private boxes or *loges*. The management has made a new departure in adopting the incandescent system of electric lighting which has so far been found to work admirably. The whole floor of the house is provided with orchestra chairs of a modern pattern, and altogether the Academy of Music is most comfortably, if not pretentiously equipped. The acoustics of the hall are good.

The opening night attracted one of the most fashionable audiences of the season—one which adequately represented the musical culture of the city. The occasion had been selected as a fitting one for the *entrées* of Miss Clench, who had been absent from her native country for five years, a period which she had occupied in receiving general musical instruction at the Leipzig Conservatory, combined with a special course of technical tuition on the violin from the celebrated teacher, Herr Brodsky. When Miss Clench left Canada she had considerable executive ability, a graceful style of bowing, and a pure, sympathetic tone. Owing to a train of unfavourable circumstances which it is unnecessary to mention here, Miss Clench did not display the

height of her powers at the concert under notice, but her rendering of her two programme pieces, the Mendelssohn concerto in E minor (two movements) and Ernst's "Hungarian Airs," convinced the critical that she has made enormous strides in her art. Her tone is now of a firmer, more penetrating and powerful character, her left hand *technique* has wonderfully developed, her management of the bow is graceful and unostentatious, following rigidly the principles of the modern German school. She is quite free from tricks, meretricious devices or mannerisms; her expression is pure and unstrained; her deportment singularly modest and unassuming. Her intonation, owing to causes already alluded to, was not altogether irreproachable, but the writer has heard her play the same compositions in London, England, with an absolutely faultless adjustment of the notes. When in good form she has great facility in producing the harmonic sounds, while her double-stopping is surprisingly correct. The young girl, in fact, gives promise of a brilliant future, and if nothing should occur to retard her artistic development the promise should be amply realized. Miss Clench, it is stated, will soon appear at a second concert in Toronto, and it may be expected that with a more favourable environment she will give an account of herself worthy of her exceptional talents. The associate artists were Mme. Bloomfield-Zeisler, pianist; Mme. Moran-Wyman, contralto; and Mr. Mockridge, tenor. The triumph of the evening was won by Mme. Bloomfield-Zeisler, who proved herself to be a most finished executant. Her playing of the Scarlatti-Tausig number was a marvel of dainty and finished work. In the Liszt Rhapsody she showed she possessed an amount of nervous force and energy which one would not have supposed, judging by her slight physique. Mr. Mockridge sang with his usual suavity, and Mrs. Wyman won favourable consideration. CLEF.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

THE ROMANCE OF DOLLARD. By Mary Hartwell Catherwood. New York: The Century Co.

Readers of *The Century* will welcome in book form Mrs. Catherwood's picturesque and stirring romance. One's patriotism is called upon to take a back seat in this connection, it having fallen to the lot of an American writer to depict the story of Dollard, Sieur des Ormeaux. We have, however, in order to console ourselves, only to think of the "Chien D'Or," which, with all its faults, was the first attempt in the direction so happily followed by Mrs. Catherwood, and which is still a brilliant and durable bit of literary work. There is a fidelity to French Canada in Mrs. Catherwood's book very precious in itself, and while the tale is strictly an historical one, many of the peculiarities it embalms are characteristic of the present day. The illustrations are excellent and lend additional lustre to the work.

A COLLECTION OF LETTERS OF DICKENS. 1833-1870. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1889.

The somewhat clumsy title of a delightful book reminds us that these "Letters" are not now published for the first time. About ten years ago three volumes of the lamented novelist's letters were issued in England, edited by his sister-in-law and his eldest daughter. Despite some of the American papers to the contrary, there is nothing in this publication of to-day that can give pain or create disappointment or reveal unpleasant and unexpected weaknesses or vices in the author's character. Clever of course they are—intensely, spontaneously, amazingly clever, and full of honest sentiment and worldly wisdom withal. That they are egotistical it is true—they could not very well be anything else, but selfishly egotistical or senselessly egotistical—never. The letters to Macready are crammed with all kinds of references to art, the drama, literature and life. Those to Wilkie Collins come next in interest and there is one markedly important note to Mrs. Winter in which he alludes to the spell which authorship had already cast over him in 1855, and which was at times so strong that he could do nothing else but yield to it. The two letters written to his sons, Henry Fielding and Edward Bulwer Lytton Dickens, are models of good sense, fatherly solicitude and genuine religion. As for the *humour* of these letters it is all the author's own—vivid, universal, genial, superb.

FLORENTIA. By Bella French Swisher. New York: John B. Alden.

This is a narrative in verse by a well-known American authoress. Its value, though not remarkable, is at least equal to that of many similar productions and the story itself a very human and powerful one. Mrs. Swisher dedicates her book to her husband, Col. John M. Swisher, whose interest in her day-dreams has inspired it.

THE STORY OF BOSTON: A STUDY OF INDEPENDENCY. By Arthur Gilman, M.A. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons; Toronto: Williamson and Co.

The story of Boston deals with the doings of John Winthrop, Samuel Adams, John Hancock, Josiah Quincy, and the other resolute patriots who from 1644 onwards devoted themselves to the formation of a country and a constitution—the Fathers of New England. The city of Boston from 1629 or 1630 to the present day has played an important part in the development of typical American civilization, and Mr. Gilman's work is fully and vigorously entered upon and carried to a patriotic conclusion. Hand-

some maps adorn the volume, and the binding and letter-press are equal to the best in the popular "Story of the Nations" series, Knickerbocker Press.

Temple Bar has two finished little poems by J. E. Molloy and a story paper on "Thomas Poole," suggested by Mrs. Sandford's interesting life of a man who was very near to Coleridge's heart, the thinker who delivered "truths plucked as they were growing with the dew on them." The writer of the article, Cornelia A. H. Crosse, was well acquainted with John Kenyon, who died in 1857, a man of great culture and known to most of the literary and scientific people of his day and one of Southey's greatest friends. He knew Poole well, "who was never content to be your friend but must be your Saviour." Poole was also a great friend of a "young chemist—young everything, a first-rate—man, conversable on all subjects and learnable from"—afterwards Sir Humphrey Davy. The serials "Sir Charles Danvers," "Arminell," and "Paul's Sister" still hold sway, and the remaining items are all of first-class literary flavour.

LITERARY AND PERSONAL GOSSIP.

THE *Twentieth Century* is edited by Hugh O. Pentecost. MRS. CHENEY'S "Life of Miss Alcott" has reached its seventh thousand.

THE *Journal of Pedagogy* entered upon its third volume in September last. Why such a pedantic name?

A STATUE of Louisa M. Alcott is being modelled by Frank E. Elwell, to be placed in the Free Public Library of Concord.

GEORGE BELL & SONS have in preparation the early diary of Frances Burney (Mme. d'Arblay), in two volumes, edited from the original MSS. by Annie Raine Ellis.

CHAPMAN AND HALL announce "Behind the Scenes of the Comédie Française, and other Recollections," by M. Arsène Houssaye, translated, with notes, by Mr. Albert D. Vandam.

MR. PHILEAS GAGNON, of Quebec, the industrious Canadian bibliophile, is editing a column in *L'Union Libérale*, under the heading "Antiquités Canadiennes," the last number of which relates to the first Canadian railway.

PROFESSOR EDWARD DOWDEN is well advanced with his "History of Modern English Literature" for Macmillan's four-volume work. Mr. Stopford Brook has made some progress with the first volume, but it will be the last of the four to appear.

Queries cannot, it appears, refrain from copying its book notices out of THE WEEK. The N. Y. *Independent* has also suffered in the same way, and Mr. Chas. W. Moulton writes to say that in his absence from the editorial desk these plums were inadvertently picked.

THERE are few people in Canada who do not see *Grip's Comic Almanac*. It has just made its appearance for the eleventh year; and in many respects the new book is ahead of any predecessor. The illustrations are abundant, and all of the contents are of a very amusing character.

MR. SAMUEL PLIMSOLL sends us the advance proof of a pamphlet to be published by him, entitled "Our Seamen: Another Appeal." It deals with rotten ships, the merchant sailor's larder, overloading, etc., and declares that "England drowns four times as many men as the average of Europe."

MR. GILBERT is reported to have said that the subject of the forthcoming Savoy Opera will be Venetian, the period 1750, and the chief characters two gondoliers and two contadinos; the principal parts being sustained by Messrs. Wyatt, Barrington, and Denny, Miss Jessie Bond, and Miss Ulmar.

MR. JOHN MURRAY announces—"Among Cannibals: An Account of Four Years spent in Queensland, partly among the Aborigines," by Mr. Carl Lumholtz, of Christiana; "A Naturalist in North Celebes: Zoological and Anthropological Researches during some Months' Residence," by Mr. Sydney J. Hickson, late Deputy-Professor of Comparative Anatomy at Oxford.

MISS ANNIE ROBERTSON MACFARLANE, who was married on the 30th ult. to Mr. J. E. Logan (Barry Dane), is a well known contributor to the press of the United States, and came to Montreal last summer to collect material for "The Story of Canada," which she is writing for Messrs. Putnam's Sons' "Stories of the Nations" Series. Thanks to this happy combination of circumstances, "The Story of Canada" will be written by a Montrealer.

TEN years ago, while passing through Stratford-on-Avon, Mr. Toole, the English comedian, saw a rustic sitting on a fence. "That's Shakespeare's house, isn't it?" he asked, pointing to the building. "Yes." "Ever been there?" "No." "How long has he been dead?" "Don't know." "Brought up here?" "Yes." "Did he write anything like the *Family Herald*, or anything of that sort?" "Oh, yes, he writ!" "What was it?" "Well," said the rustic, "I think he wrote for the Bible."

MESSRS. RICHARD BENTLEY AND SON announce—"The Life and Military Career of the Duke of Marlborough," with portraits and plans by Lord Wolseley; "The Life and Letters of Mary Wolstenclraft Shelley," by Mrs. Julian Marshall, in two volumes, with portraits and fac-similes; Mr. G. A. Sala's "Autobiography"; a third volume of "Recollections," by Mr. Adolphus Trollope; and Mr. W. H. Mallock's account of his visit this year to Cyprus, entitled "In an Enchanted Island."

EMILE AUGIER, whose death you have already learned, was one of the strongest among the modern French playwrights. His comedies, the "Gendre de Monsieur Poivier," the "Aventurière," "Philiberte," the "Effrontés," "Madame Caverlet," and the "Fourchambaults," to mention only these, are standard works at the Comédie-Française. "Augier's prose," says M. Sarcey, the eminent critic, "enables us to call him the first dramatist of the day without Dumas, Sardou, Meilhac, or any other author protesting. He is always healthy and vigorous; the metal is at once solid and brilliant. It is the purest wheat of the French language. Augier can certainly be counted among our classical writers. His dialogues are models that can be placed in the hands of pupils as we do those of Molière. No one has approached any nearer to the master of masters." M. Augier was elected a member of the French Academy in 1858. He was born in 1820.

THE London *Economist* (the leading financial journal in England) in its issue of October 12th prints a letter from the Duke of Argyll—who was a member of two of Mr. Gladstone's Cabinets—and who as a statesman, political economist, and author, is one of the ablest men in the British Parliament. The Duke referring to a proposal by "Fairplay Radical" (who also contributed two articles on "The French Revolution" in our issues for October 11th and 18th) as to a statesmanlike manner of fixing Irish rents,—which besides rendering justice to both sides, which is not the case at present—would lead tenants to be honest and landlords to be moderate—and which proposition appeared in the *Economist* for October 5th—says: "I have no hesitation in saying that the facts and principles contained in the letter of Fairplay Radical are by far the most valuable contribution to the subject that has appeared in all the innumerable speeches and articles of recent years." As the Duke is a critical writer and speaker, and chary of giving praise, it is encouraging to all who on this side seek to make a name in any department where mind is concerned.

THE London *Literary World* says: "Acadian Legends and Lyrics" is the title of a volume of graceful verses by Mr. Arthur Wentworth Eaton, dealing, as the name implies, chiefly with old Canadian legends and memories. The following verses describe the naming of the Gaspereau River by the original settlers:

These were days of dream and legends,
Continents were new;
Here the humble Norman peasants
Into poets grew;
From their roaming in the forest
Claude, René, and Theriot
Brought their comrades rapt descriptions
Of the vale of Gaspereau.
Then around the hemlock fire,
In the cabin rude,
With their stock of cheese and brown bread,
And their ale, home-brewed,
Gathered all the Norman peasants;
And at last René said, low:
"Let us name the new-found river
Gaspere-water, Gaspereau!"
Gaspere was the gentlest comrade
In their little band,
None so buoyant, none so eager
For the Acadian land;
But ere half the voyage was over,
In the wastes of summer seas,
Suddenly there crept beside him
Some old shadow of disease.

IN spite of the reproaches lately heaped on the Oxford University system, professors have not been idle since term began. The inaugural address of Professor Case is now a thing of the past, but it left nothing to be desired as a proof of the ability of the new lecturer to deal with his favourite subject, Aristotelianism. Dr. Parry, the choragus, delivered an admirable, because somewhat popular, lecture on harmony in the Sheldonian Theatre last week, his subject being "The Middle Age Theorists." This lecture is the beginning of an Oxford musical revival, which will leave its mark on the history of the university. Sir John Stainer, the professor of music, has gathered round himself a staff of seven lecturers, Mr. Hadow, Drs. Mee and Roberts, Mr. Lloyd, Mr. Taylor, Mr. Woods, and Mr. Frederick Smith. Each of these has a peculiar branch of music allotted to him, theoretical or practical, on which he will lecture at moderate fees in the course of term. Undergraduates, who must previously obtain leave from their college tutors, are thus enabled to study all the branches of musical education at small sacrifice of time and at very moderate expense. Such a revival cannot be too highly commended, and is attended by the good wishes of all. A musical degree at Oxford is already a thing of value and consideration, and it seems only right that the teaching power of the University should be impelled in this direction.

THOUGH engrossed in State affairs of a far more embarrassing kind than those which came before him at Rideau Hall, Lord Lansdowne has not forgotten those with whom he worked so cordially for five years in Canada. There arrived at Earncliffe the other day a package containing two silver bowls of native Hindoo workmanship, sent to the veteran Canadian Premier by Lord Lansdowne, to remind him and Lady Macdonald "of an absent friend who does not forget Canada." These bowls each weigh 40 ounces, are 10 inches in diameter and about 8 inches high, and are lined with gold. They were made by Lucknow artisans, and are probably the finest specimens of *repoussée* work in Dominion. The figures and characters engraved upon them represent hundreds of specimens of the animal and vegetable kingdom, and are beautifully delineated. These two works of art will doubtless be greatly treasured by Sir John and Lady Macdonald.—*Canadian Gazette*.

READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

TRADE BETWEEN CANADA AND BRAZIL.

SOME apprehension exists in Canada that the diplomatic efforts which are being made to develop direct trade between Brazil and the United States will prove detrimental to Canadian trade, and it is urged that the Brazilian deputation which is expected in Washington should be induced to go on to Montreal and confer with the Board of Trade there, or with the Government authorities at Ottawa. "It is understood," says the *Montreal Trade Bulletin*, "that the matter has been brought to the notice of the Board of Trade, and that the secretary is in correspondence with the British authorities at Washington, to see what steps can be taken towards bringing about the desired conference between the Brazilian delegates and the Canadian authorities. Canada imports sugar direct from Brazil to the amount of about 2,500,000 dols. per year, which has to be paid for in hard cash, as Canada has no return trade, although it could export lumber, dried fish, flour, provisions, cotton and other produce, if the proper means were employed for establishing such an important trade connection."—*Financial Chronicle*.

DECEPTION.

THE year fades, as the west wind sighs
And droops in many-coloured ways,
But your soft presence never dies
From out the pathway of my days.

The Spring is where you are, but still
You, far away, to me can bring
Sweet flowers and dreams enough to fill
A thousand empty worlds with spring.

I walk the wet and leafless woods,
Your spirit ever floats before,
And lights its russet solitudes
With blossoms Summer never wore.

I sit beside my lonely fire,
The shadows almost bring your face,
And light with memory and desire
My dull and sombre dwelling-place.

Among my books I feel your hand
That turns the page just past my sight;
Sometimes behind my chair you stand
And read the foolish rhymes I write.

The old piano's keys I press
In random chords—until I hear
Your voice, your rustling silken dress,
And smell the violets you wear.

I do not weep now any more,
I think I hardly ever sigh.
I would not let you think I bore
The kind of wound of which men die.

Believe that smooth content has grown
Over the ghastly grave of pain;
Content! Oh, lips that were my own
That I shall never kiss again!

—E. Nesbit.

AUSTRIA LEARNS FROM CANADA.

MR. MARTIN WILCKENS, Chief Professor of the Anatomy and Physiology of Domestic Animals at the Royal and Imperial Agricultural University at Vienna, Austria, arrived at Ottawa on September 20th from England. The Professor bears letters of introduction from the Austrian Embassy in England to Sir Alexander Campbell, Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario, and to several Ontario and Dominion Ministers and officials. He has been sent out by the Austro-Hungarian Government to inspect the workings of the Guelph Agricultural College, which, the Professor says, is very highly spoken of in European agricultural circles. He will also examine into the agricultural, dairying, cattle, and horse-raising industries of the Province of Ontario especially, and Canada generally. The Professor is also to visit the Government Experimental Farms.—*Canadian Gazette*.

ANONYMOUS JOURNALISM.

In practice there is no more anonymous journalism to-day than there was in the good old days of hand-presses and weekly mails. Steam and electricity have widened the horizon of the newspaper of to-day, until it embraces the whole globe and levies upon the uttermost regions for news and opinions. But they have not shifted the responsibility for whatever appears in the columns of the daily newspapers. Judge Altgeld says that the effect of anonymous writing has been to give us "what is practically an irresponsible press." This is an inexcusable utterance coming from a judge, and over his own signature. The owner or publisher of every newspaper is not only theoretically, but actually, responsible for everything that appears in his paper. If the law is not sufficient to hold him to such responsibility it is the law's fault, and not the fault of the anonymous character of the articles in a newspaper. The theory and practice of editorial responsibility concentrates in an easily ascertainable and responsible individual or company the accountability of a score or a hundred

otherwise irresponsible authors. These anonymous contributors to the daily press are all accountable for the correctness and reliability of what they write to their editors, who in turn are accountable to the public. Judge Altgeld asks: Would it be asking too much to require a signature to everything that appears in a newspaper, so that the public may always have some guarantee of good faith and know who it is that is talking, and that when anything is said against a man it will not seem as if an irresponsible institution were attacking him in the dark? Such a requirement, although easily granted in such a journal as *America*, would be ridiculous if made of a great daily newspaper. The French press is a standing witness to the weakness of personal journalism, while the great newspapers of America and England owe much of their magnificent usefulness to the anonymous nature of their articles, and it would be hard to prove that any of their grave faults result from the cause which has so deeply stirred Judge Altgeld's sense of justice.—*America*.

THE ELDER GALVANISM.—A PARABLE FOR NOVELISTS.

I, PAULUS, who love science more than money,
Self, woman, fame, or art,
Dissect a certain sleek, tame household bunny
And galvanize its heart.

Comes Paula, liking science less than habit,
Wit, beauty, youth, and flowers;
Storms—calls me monster—wants her old live rabbit,
Whose heart beats—beats—like ours!

Dora Reid Goodale, in *Century*.

THE CANADIAN ASBESTOS SEASON.

SUCH is the demand for Canadian asbestos in Europe, says the *Montreal Trade Bulletin*, that had the yield of our mines been doubled it could have been readily marketed at twenty to twenty-five per cent. advance upon last year's prices. A more satisfactory season than the present could scarcely have been desired, as there has been a steady demand for the output at considerable advance in prices. The sale of 100 tons of No. 1 rock asbestos at \$105 is reported at the mines, whilst about a year ago the same grade sold as low as \$80 per ton. Considerable quantities have been exported to England and the Continent, and there appears to be an unlimited demand for all we can produce. Such is the anxiety on the part of foreign buyers to secure Canadian asbestos that one of our large mining companies in the Eastern Townships has been enabled to make a five-years' contract for a large portion of its output, at the market price ruling at time of delivery. It would appear by this that the foreign trade is prepared to absorb the whole of our asbestos production at profitable rates.—*Canadian Gazette*.

CATHOLICS IN CHICAGO.

MORE than one-half of the church property of Chicago—about \$5,000,000—belongs, it is said, to the Roman Catholics. Their parochial schools are attended by 43,000 children—more than one-half the school population of the city. Their church income is about \$1,000,000. Next to the Catholic are the Methodists, with church property amounting to \$1,250,000. Congregational churches come next, with a property of \$1,125,000. One Congregational church supports more missions than any other single church in the city.—*Christian Union*.

THE ORDERLINESS OF WINNIPEG.

I HAVE been greatly pleased with Winnipeg, the capital of Manitoba. It has fine wide streets, and is marked by an air of substantiality and of comfort and content. Though it advanced suddenly with a great rush, followed by a great depression, the spirit of order and good behaviour still prevail. Seldom have I seen a more church-going community. Two Presbyterian congregations to which I preached exceeded a thousand each, and had a very fine appearance; and others share the prosperity.—"B," in the *Scotsman*.

TO MONTANA, OREGON AND WASHINGTON.

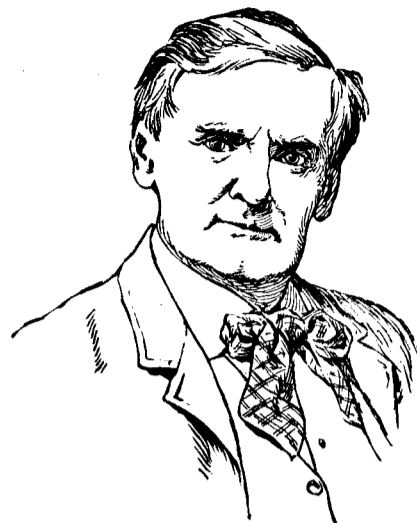
If you are going west bear in mind the following facts: The Northern Pacific Railroad owns and operates 987 miles, or 57 per cent. of the entire railroad mileage of Montana; spans the territory with its main line from east to west; is the short line to Helena; the only Pullman and dining car line to Butte, and is the only line that reaches Miles City, Billings, Bozeman, Missoula, the Yellowstone National Park, and, in fact, nine-tenths of the cities and points of interest in the Territory.

The Northern Pacific owns and operates 621 miles, or 56 per cent. of the railroad mileage of Washington, its main line extending from the Idaho line via Spokane Falls, Cheney, Sprague, Yakima and Ellensburg, through the centre of the Territory to Tacoma and Seattle, and from Tacoma to Portland. No other trans-continental through rail line reaches any portion of Washington Territory. Ten days' stop over privileges are given on Northern Pacific second-class tickets at Spokane Falls and all points west, thus affording intending settlers an excellent opportunity to see the entire Territory without incurring the expense of paying local fares from point to point.

The Northern Pacific is the shortest route from St. Paul to Tacoma by 207 miles; to Seattle by 177 miles, and to Portland by 324 miles—time correspondingly shorter, varying from one to two days, according to destination. No other line from St. Paul or Minneapolis runs through passenger cars of any kind into Idaho, Oregon or Washington. In addition to being the only rail line to Spokane Falls, Tacoma and Seattle, the Northern Pacific reaches all the principal points in Northern Minnesota and Dakota, Montana, Idaho, Oregon and Washington. Bear in mind that the Northern Pacific and Shasta line is the famous scenic route to all points in California.

Send for illustrated pamphlets, maps and books giving you valuable information in reference to the country traversed by this great line from St. Paul, Minneapolis, Duluth and Ashland to Portland, Oregon, and Tacoma and Seattle, Washington Territory, and enclose stamps for the new 1889 Rand McNally County Map of Washington Territory, printed in colours.

Address your nearest ticket agent, or Charles S. Fee, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, St. Paul, Minn.

THE CENTURY
* MAGAZINE

JOSEPH JEFFERSON.

The history of this magazine has been one of constant growth since its beginning nineteen years ago, and its great successes from "The Great South" papers, in 1873, to the War Papers, the Lincoln Life, and George Kennan's series on "Siberia and the Exile System" have been unprecedented in the history of magazines. The November number begins a new volume, the plans for which include the

publication of the long-expected

Autobiography of Joseph Jefferson,

First chapters of which—full of delightful reminiscences of the great actor's boyhood and richly illustrated—are in the November number. Here, also, begin the

* NOVELS *

By FRANK R. STOCKTON and AMELIA E. BARR,

Mr. Stockton's is a story, by the author of "The Lady or the Tiger?" describing the remarkable voyage of the *Merry Chanter*; Mrs. Barr's is a powerful love story of the days of Cromwell, by the author of "Jan Vedder's Wife." The first of the

"PRESENT DAY PAPERS,"

By BISHOP POTTER, SETH LOW, AND OTHERS,

Is printed in this number—a series of discussions of timely social questions by prominent men who are associated for this purpose. In December the series by PROF. FISHER, of Yale, on "The Nature and Method of Revelation," will begin. Accounts of the latest discoveries at the Lick Observatory, by PROF. HOLDEN, and illustrated articles on "Prehistoric America," by PROF. PUTNAM, of Harvard, will appear soon. The November number contains, also, a new illustrated story, "A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court," by

MARK TWAIN.

Among the great number of important articles in preparation for THE CENTURY is an illustrated series on "The Gold Hunters of California," by men who were in California in '49.

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NEW YORK.

THE *Pall Mall Budget* is reminded that "in securing a poem by Lord Tennyson, the *New Review* (at sixpence) will once more be even with the *Nineteenth Century* (at half a crown). Lord Tennyson, it will be remembered, gave the latter a 'send-off' in an inaugural sonnet, and subsequently helped it along with his lines on 'Sweet Catullus' all-but island, olive-silvery Sirmio.' It was this second contribution, beginning—

Row us out from Deserono, to your Sirmione row—
that *Mr. Punch* or somebody parodied at the time somewhat as follows:

Write us lines, oh Poet Laureate, for our brand-new magazine—o!
So he wrote, and so they published, Kegan Paul and Trench and Co.;
And his verses made the current number of the *Nineteenth Century* to go.

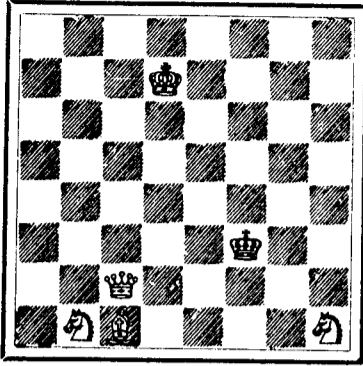
Though, as I think the parody went on to say, it was a 'little slow.'

CHESS.

PROBLEM No. 409.

By A. T. DAVISON, Toronto (composed for THE WEEK).

BLACK.



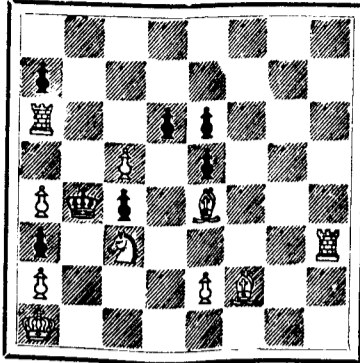
WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

PROBLEM No. 410.

By J. G. CAMPBELL.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

SOLUTIONS TO PROBLEMS.

No. 403.

- White. 1. Q-B 7. 2. Q x K P +. 3. Kt-Q 4 mate. Black. K-K 3. R x Q. If 1. R x B. K-B 5. 2. Q x K P +. 3. B-B 1 mate. With other variations.

No. 404.

Black. B-B 3. In this problem there should be a black Knight on Black Q Kt 3, instead of a White Knight.

Problem No. 407 was credited in error to the Montreal Gazette—it was composed for THE WEEK.

GAME PLAYED AT THE TORONTO CHESS CLUB, NOV. 6TH, 1889, BETWEEN MR. A. T. DAVISON AND MR. FRIEDWELD.

Table of chess game moves between Mr. Davison and Mr. Friedeweld, including White and Black moves for both players.

NOTES.

- (a) This is not in the books, and is a specialty with Mr. Davison, he considers it very strong. (b) Bad. R-Q 3 better. (c) Here Black loses his game for the sake of a sharp but futile attack. (d) Black gets all his pieces and much loved Pawn on White squares, out of the way of Black's Bishop.

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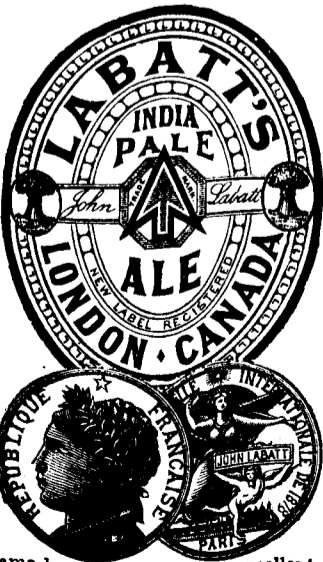
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Rev. P. J. Ed. Page, Professor of Chemistry, Laval University, Quebec, says: "I have analyzed the India Pale Ale manufactured by John Labatt, London, Ontario, and I have found it a light ale, containing but little alcohol, of a delicious flavour, and of a very agreeable taste and superior quality, and compares with the best imported ales. I have also analyzed the Porter XXX Stout, of the same brewery, which is of excellent quality; its flavour is very agreeable; it is a tonic more energetic than the above ale, for it is a little richer in alcohol, and can be compared advantageously with any imported article."



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While in the army I contracted a severe Cold, which settled on my Lungs, resulting in exhausting fits of Coughing, Night Sweats, and such loss of flesh and strength that, to all appearance, Consumption had laid its "death grip" upon me. My comrades gave me up to die. I commenced taking Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and it

Last year I suffered greatly from a Cold, which had settled on my Lungs. My physician could do nothing for me, and my friends believed me to be in Consumption. As a last resort, I tried Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. It gave immediate relief, and finally cured me. I have not the least doubt that this medicine

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A BRIDE'S CONFESSION



"Yes, dear, I am married now, and George and I are keeping house in the loveliest flat on 6th St. Well, yes, we were married some time ago. My husband, you know, had been very heavy, and I thought that he would follow poor dear Water Belle, who died three years ago from a wasting disease. Dear George was almost crazy when mamma told him what the doctor said, and I nearly cried my eyes out, but one day I overheard that 'hateful Nelly' (mamma) say to her mother, 'I think that George Blauvelt is just too lovely for anything, and when the girl he's engaged to dies, and they say she is dying of a galling consumption, I'm going to step in and just wait and see.' This spring I noticed George seemed to be almost resigned to the idea that we should never be married, and the thought that that deathly hussy might get him after all nearly drove me crazy. One day I read the testimony of Lawyers Howe and Hummel as to the wonderful invigorating effect of DR. CAMPBELL'S ARSENIC WAFERS, and I resolved to try what they would do for me. I commenced their use on the 4th of July. George had just sailed for Europe on business for his firm. On Sept. 18 he returned. I was, from the use of the Wafers by that time again a well woman, and so enraptured was he with my healthy and robust appearance that he insisted we get married the very next day. I could not say him nay, and, as you will see by my card, I am now Mrs. George Blauvelt. Do call soon and let me introduce George to you; I am sure you will like him, he is so handsome, and as good as he is handsome. Good-by; be sure not to forget."

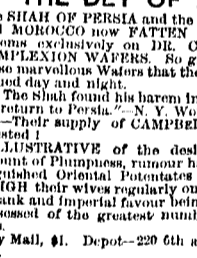
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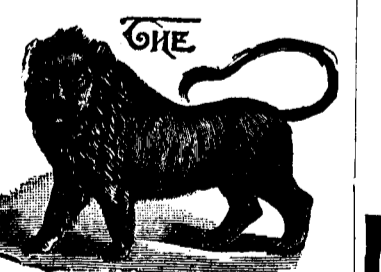
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