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

ONCE more the annual examinations in connection with
the Education Department have been held, and once
more the daily papers are filled with indignant protests
against the alleged unfair character of some of the exam-
ination questions. So far as memory enables us to compare,
our impression is that never before were the complaints
so many and emphatic, and never before did they relate to
so many of the subjects of examination. It is noteworthy,
too, that the length as well as the character of the question
papers is bitterly complained of. This ought not so to be.
Is it hardly conceivable that the papers could have called
forth such a chorus of condemnation without good cause.
But the experience of past years should, one might sup-
pose, have enabled skilled examiners, especially if they are,
as they ought to be in every case, themselves actual and
experienced teachers, to judge with a good deal of accuracy
what may be expected of the average student who has
faithfully gone over the prescribed ground. In the absence
of personal knowledge we shall not attempt to decide
whether the fault is with examiners, students, or schools,
much less to search for or suggest more remote causes of
the dissatisfaction. But one inference we will venture to
draw, in confirmation of an opinion which we have, if we
mistake not, more than once expressed in these columns.
That opinion is that the examination by writing, excellent
as it is as an instrument of education in the hands of the
teacher himself, is unreliable as the sole test of the results of
a prolonged course of study, or of the mental acquirements
of a given student. We say "as the sole test," for as a
partial test, in connection with other methods, it may
serve an excellent purpose. But we hold, and we venture
to appeal to the experience of thoughtful educators of
every grade, if the view is not a correct one, that in every
case in which the fitness of a student to enter a certain
grade, or to receive a certain certificate of culture or pro-
ficiency, is concerned, the opinions of the masters under
whom he has last studied for some length of time, and who
have kept a record of the manner in which the daily work
of the class-room has been done, is a much fairer and more
reliable criterion than the results of the most rigid examina-
tion. There is not, for instance, a competent High
School master in Ontario whose certificate of the fitness of

a student who has passed through the forms in his school,
for a given non-professional teacher's certificate, or for
entrance into the first-year classes of a university, is not
more reliable than the result of any written examination
that can be held. If this be so, the inference is obvious,
and the methods of the Education Department and the
universities should be modified accordingly.

WHAT is Canadian loyalty? A very simple and, as
most persons would suppose, correct answer would
be, "loyalty to Canada." If this definition be accepted,
then the first question for a loyal Canadian to ask and
answer in every emergency will be, What do the true
interests of Canada, its highest and best interests, demand?
It is a fact admitted and deplored by almost every one
who has given attention to the subject that the feeling of
Canadian loyalty as thus understood is by no means so
deep-rooted and vigorous in the breasts of Canadian
citizens as a whole as it ought to be and must be if we are
ever to have a true Canadian sentiment, corresponding in
kind and degree to that which, for instance, almost every
American citizen feels for the Republic to which he
belongs. Thousands of Nova-Scotians, for example, though
Nova Scotia has been for a quarter of a century in the
Confederation, will scarcely permit themselves to be
called "Canadians." Thousands in other parts of the
Dominion may formally recognize themselves as such, but
in their bosoms the word awakens no responsive thrill of
the kind to which we have referred as the spontaneous
outcome of the genuine patriotic passion. We are dealing,
be it remembered, with facts. We wish simply to look
them fairly in the face, in order to discover how they may
be changed for the better. A respected correspondent,
Mr. J. Castell Hopkins, assures us that "there really
should be no distinction, and to the true loyalist there is
none, between Canada and the Empire of which she forms
a part." We know that there are in Canada very many
citizens whose loyalty will stand the test of that dictum.
But we are sure that there are very many others who
would not yield even to him in their affection for Canada,
the land of their birth, the land in which they hope to
live and die, who would be ruled out by Mr. Hopkins'
criterion. Are they, then, not loyal Canadians? We are
sure that there are in Canada other thousands of citizens,
some of them of Canadian, some of foreign, birth, who
maintain that it is simply impossible for them to cherish any
such patriotic impulses in regard to Canada as they would
spontaneously and heartily feel were she a nation, instead
of a colony. Does not our correspondent meet with many
such? Perhaps the very fact that the Queen's representa-
tive here is an Englishman and successor in that position
to a Scotchman and an Irishman, which he gives as an
incentive to loyalty, as he conceives it, may be with many
of these a reason why they feel themselves unable to
cherish what they regard as a true Canadian loyalty.
They are accustomed to think of loyalty as an attribute of
nationality and incompatible with the status of a proconsul-
late. We are much mistaken if a close analysis would not
detect a good deal of this kind of sentiment lurking in
the bosoms of many British born residents in Canada,
whose loyalty to the Empire is unquestionable and intense.
It is not pleasant to say such things, and we know how
liable we are to be misunderstood in saying them, but to
us who have lived all our years in Canada, and in different
sections of it, they seem to be simple facts. True, a genu-
ine Imperial Federation, were such practicable, would go
far to meet the difficulty, but no one has yet shown that
such a thing is within the range of sober, practical poli-
tics. Why would not an Independent Canada, in alliance
more or less close with the Mother Country, be at once a
more feasible and a simpler solution of the problem? Of
course Mr. Hopkins knows that his categorical statements
in regard to the commercial, financial and political welfare
of Canada, however clearly demonstrable they may seem
to his own mind, will not be accepted by many, even of
those who are in hearty accord with his views of loyalty.

A GOOD deal of dissatisfaction was caused by the very
unusual course taken by Mr. Foster, the Minister of
Finance, in proposing certain changes in the tariff within

three or four days of the close of the session, when the
absence of a large number of the members from both sides
of the House prevented full consideration and discussion.
The Government gave no satisfactory reason for the inno-
vation. That omission has now been supplied by the
Canadian Manufacturer, in a remarkable article. Its
explanation amounts to this. The changes made were but
two or three out of a large number of similar modifications
of the tariff which the manufacturers, whose right to
direct the Government in such matters is set forth in terms
which must make the Ministers wince, had urged upon
their attention during the session. For prudential reasons
the Government did not see its way clear to complying
with the bulk of these requests, and did not wish to open
up discussion with regard to them, lest the manufacturers
in question and their friends in the House should prove
troublesome. Hence, they adopted the not very valiant
course of delaying the announcement of intended changes
until the last hours of the session. From the protection-
ist point of view the *Manufacturer* makes out a very good
case in favour of most of the changes denied as well as
those granted by the Government. They were all, or
nearly all, of the nature of reduction or removal of duties
upon raw material not produced in the country and enter-
ing into the manufacture of products of consumption or
export. These duties, it is claimed, seriously handicap the
producers of such products and lessen their ability to com-
pete in foreign markets. Why the Government should
have declined to comply with the requests of their masters
in the matter it is not easy to conceive, taking the cases
as represented by the organ in the number now before us.

WRITERS on Political Economy have sometimes
discussed with much learning and acumen the ques-
tion of the proper relation of the people's representative in
a parliament or legislative assembly to his constituents.
Among the various views which have been from time to
time presented the one which has perhaps found least
favour is that which regards the representative as a dele-
gate having no discretionary power, but bound to speak
and vote just as he may be directed by his constituents,
or such of them as may be specially interested in any
matter that may be under consideration. It is generally
felt that such a view of the duties of a representative,
reducing him as it does to the capacity of a mere agent of
the lowest class, who has only to do just what he is told
to do, is to degrade the business of statesmanship far
below the level of other professions. In law or medicine,
for instance, such a view of the relation of the agent to
the principal for whom he acts would be scouted, and the
person who should insist upon that kind of service would
soon find himself shut up to the employment of those at
the very bottom of the profession, if indeed he could
succeed in finding any one willing to set so low an estimate
upon his own professional knowledge and skill. Those who
think that the profession of the national legislator should
not be placed on a lower basis will deprecate any attempt to
degrade the business of law-making to a vote-as-you-are-told
level. These remarks are suggested by a series of articles
in the *Canadian Manufacturer* of the 15th inst., in which
what we may call the mechanical view of the position of
both Government and members is presented with refresh-
ing bluntness. A few sentences culled from these articles
will convey some idea of the trend of the argument, so
far as the relation of certain members to the manufactu-
rers who claim to have elected them is concerned. We
may add that in one or more articles preceding those from
which the quotations are taken the members of the Gov-
ernment are told their duty to the manufacturers who put
them in power with equal frankness, and are given clearly
to understand that they, too, are upon their good behaviour
to that section of the population. What would be the
consequences to both Government and members, if at any
time the views and interests of some other equally power-
ful section of their constituents, say the consumers, should
conflict with those of the manufacturers, must be left to
conjecture. Evidently the poor legislators would be
between Scylla and Charybdis with a vengeance. Fol-
lowing are a few detached quotations. The italics are
ours:—

That is what members are elected for—to look after the interests of their constituents, and that is what the candidate most faithfully promised to do when he was canvassing our manufacturer for his vote. . . .

It is evidently of but little use for manufacturers to go to the Government expecting prompt attention to their suggestions, or any attention at all, unless the members whom they elected to serve them perform their duty with spirit and energy. Mere perfunctory service will not answer. . . .

If such energy is not shown by the members chosen for just that purpose, they will be left at home and more sensible men sent to fill their places.

SATURDAY'S struggle in Manitoba resulted, as we anticipated, in the Greenway Administration being sustained, though by a smaller majority than we thought probable under the circumstances. A majority of ten or eleven is, however, we suppose, sufficient to give a degree of stability to the Government in so small a House. That being the case, it is better for the public interests, under the party system, that the Opposition should be strong enough to make its influence felt and feared. In regard to the main issue, the school question, the decision of the British Privy Council will now be awaited with anxiety, not unmingled, we dare say, with trepidation. Should that decision affirm the constitutionality of the existing School Act, the question will be as good as settled for all time to come, for it is hardly conceivable that the Dominion Government and Parliament will care to interfere with a law which is declared constitutional by the highest authority and which is so clearly desired by a very large majority of the people of the Province. Should the decision, on the other hand, confirm that of the Canadian Supreme Court and declare the Act unconstitutional, the Province will probably enter upon a new period of struggle with the Ottawa Powers, for it is not likely that the latter, with their views of the rights of the minority, will consider that those rights to be sufficiently respected by the negative course which will, it is understood, be the policy of the Greenway Government, that, viz., of exempting the Roman Catholic population from the taxes for the support of the public schools, but refusing to grant them legislative aid in collecting taxes for the support of their Separate schools. This will give rise to a very complicated controversy. It is deeply to be regretted, but seems to be a matter of course in a Canadian electoral contest, that charges and counter charges of gross bribery and corruption are vehemently made. It is to be hoped that they may be rigidly enquired into, and condign punishment meted out to the guilty on either side.

IT is interesting, though not perhaps surprising, that the youngest of the Canadian Provinces should have been the first to adopt and apply the principle of the plebiscite for the decision of a single question. Whatever may be the force of the objections generally urged against this mode of ascertaining public opinion and sentiment in regard to a serious and difficult question, it is very clear that in no other way is it ordinarily possible to find out that opinion with any degree of certainty. The recent British election affords a telling illustration of this fact. Probably there has never been an election in Great Britain, it is at least hard to conceive of one, in which it seemed more desirable, or in which a stronger effort was made, to have one issue supreme. And yet no man can tell to-day, with any approach to certainty, to what extent the result may be relied on as the verdict of the people of Great Britain in regard to Irish Home Rule. But it can no longer be doubted what the sentiments and wishes of the people of Manitoba are with regard to the question of Prohibition. And this is in this case a matter of the very first importance, for all experience demonstrates the futility and worse of passing a prohibitory Act until a very large majority of the people demand it and are prepared to see it enforced. After such an expression, the Manitoba Government can hardly refuse to carry through a prohibitory Bill; in fact, if we mistake not, they are distinctly pledged to do so. Whether the Dominion will contest the right of the Province to enact such legislation remains to be seen, but it seems hardly probable that they will care to raise the constitutional objection in such a case, and on so fine a point as the distinction between regulating the traffic and prohibiting it.

WHETHER Gladstone with his somewhat precarious majority of forty-five will or will not proceed immediately upon the re-assembling of Parliament to introduce his Home Rule Bill, it is hardly worth while to

guess, seeing that two or three weeks will decide the question. But that Home Rule, in some form or other, by one party or the other, will be given to Ireland in the near future may be regarded as among the political certainties. The only thing that could now prevent Gladstone or the Liberals from passing such a Bill would be the forestalling of their action in some way by the Conservatives. Reforms and revolutions—it matters not in which class we place it—proverbially go forward, not backward. It is not in the least degree likely that the process of decentralization, once begun, will stop with Ireland. Mr. Gladstone has already made the significant remark that any Home Rule measure given to Ireland shall be of a kind which England and Scotland might claim for themselves should they choose to do so. Mr. Blake, in his speeches to the Irish electors, has not hesitated to express himself unequivocally in favour of the principle of local management of local affairs for each of the great divisions of the kingdom. The congestion of local legislation which has long been chronic in the British Parliament, and the seeming impossibility of overtaking the ever-increasing demands of the different parts of the Empire, to say nothing of the uneconomic and tremendous waste of political power involved in having every petty detail of local legislation attended to by a body of four or five hundred representatives chosen from all parts of the United Kingdom, point to decentralization as the logical solution of the complex problem. Should an Irish Home Rule Bill, under whatever name, be passed within the next two or three years, and should it prove reasonably successful in allaying Irish discontent and freeing the British Parliament from the obstruction which has so long retarded its movements—two pretty large postulates, many will think, yet not beyond the bounds of reasonable probability—nothing is much more likely than that the next decade will hardly pass without seeing Scotland also, and possibly even England herself, with her local legislature. It is not easy to see why so natural an arrangement should not strengthen rather than weaken the bonds which unite the different parts of the kingdom, while the administration of those affairs which are really of national concern would certainly still afford ample occupation for the energies and statesmanship of the central Parliament.

TO one of conservative instincts the radical legislation which now looms on the horizon of British politics must be little less than appalling. Even the moderate Liberal of the type of that distinguished statesman who, on a former memorable occasion, after the passing of one of the great Reform Bills, thought the time had come for Liberals to "rest and be thankful," must stand aghast as he catches now and then a glimpse of the vista whose unknown depths recede into the distance before him. And yet it is now clear that all the possibilities and potencies of the future were wrapped up in embryo in those first cautious extensions of the franchise. At the stage which has now been reached no great stretch of imagination is required to foresee "one man, one vote," "one vote, one value," universal suffrage, Welsh disestablishment and Scotch disestablishment, with disestablishment in England as their inevitable consequent, to say nothing of what is involved in the ever lengthening labour programme, among the legislative innovations of the not very remote future. It does not necessarily follow that all these innovations are to be made by Radical Governments. It is quite as likely that some of the most startling departures may take place under the regime of the so-called Conservative party. The old Toryism, as a force in legislation, has scarcely to be reckoned with any longer. It may linger for a time in the shady recesses of the House of Lords. But from the moment, long since past, when the Conservative Government began to compete with the Radicals for the favour of the rising power, the labour vote, from that moment the old contest began to assume the form of a race for popular favour. We were about to add that it is now impossible to tell which party is most likely to be in at the finish. But all the history of the past teaches us that there can be no finish, no finality, no discharge in this march. The old goals are no sooner reached than they become the starting posts for new departures in democratic legislation. Perhaps this is well. In the very nature of things standing still in politics means stagnation and corruption. Almost anything is better than that. The *Spectator* makes a strong point of the fact that in the contest just closed Gladstone's successes have been won in the constituencies which are lowest in point of intelligence and education, and that he has almost invariably lost

ground in such localities as those of the universities, Newcastle, Birmingham, etc. We are not sure that "education" and "intelligence" go together in the political sphere. It is certain that "education," as represented at the great universities, or as synonymous with leisure and culture, has always been, as Mr. Gladstone has pointed out, an absolutely negative quality so far as the right decision of questions involving justice to the people is concerned. Hence we should have included the abolition of university representation among the radical reforms of which Mr. Gladstone's success is the precursor. He is already as good as pledged to that. It is very clear that the England of the next generation will be a very different land from the England of history, or even that of to-day. Whether the change will be for better or for worse posterity must decide. Let us hope for the better.

THE hasty passage by both Houses of Congress of the Bill empowering the President of the United States, in certain contingencies which depend entirely upon his own way of looking at the facts involved, to impose heavy tolls upon Canadian passengers and merchandize passing through the canal at Sault Ste. Marie, threatens to bring the long pending canal tolls dispute to an acute stage. That such a crisis should have arisen over the interpretation of a clause in a treaty is certainly discreditable to one or the other of the disputants. It is probable that in this case as in so many others of a similar kind both parties are in the wrong. It is evident from the tenor of such portions of the communications between the two Governments as have been published, as well as from the reports of the meagre debate in Congress, that the question is one of facts as well as of interpretation. Is it or is it not true, for instance, that the Erie canal is absolutely closed against Canadian vessels, as the Canadian Marine Association assert, or only that the American customs laws render it practically useless for Canadian purposes? The result may be the same in either case, and the hardship to Canada is clear, but there is, nevertheless, an important distinction between the two cases. Is it, again, correct that the provisions of Article 30 of the Treaty of Washington, granting certain carrying powers to Canadians in United States' territory, were repealed, as our Government declares, by way of inflicting the penalty provided by treaty for the very thing of which the Washington Government now complains, or was that article cancelled, after due notice of two years, in the exercise of a right secured to that Government irrespective of any infraction or alleged infraction of the Treaty by Canada, as seems to be maintained on the part of the United States?

In the meantime, what is to be done? It is very likely that the unwonted energy with which our neighbours are just now taking up the question and preparing for heroic measures is due quite as much to the necessity of playing to the gallery—which unfortunately means the most unfriendly and disreputable element in American politics—in view of the approaching election, as to any burning sense of wrong in the breasts of the leaders of either party. It is quite possible that means or excuses may be found by the President, who can have no personal desire to do an unfriendly act to a neighbour, for postponing action until after the Presidential election, when calmer counsels will prevail, and better means may be found for settling the questions in dispute. But it will not be safe to trust to that eventuality, under the circumstances. There are unquestionably elements of danger in the situation. Not only the Canadian Government, but, if we may judge from the utterances of the press, the great majority of Canadians, irrespective of party, believe that the refund of tolls complained of is not in violation of the Treaty. (Our own opinions upon that point have often been expressed, but let that pass.) This being the case, it is out of the question that the Canadian Government should yield to threat or compulsion that which it cannot yield to a sense of justice, or even to a conscientious doubt. That it has the power to retaliate with effect is certain, and it will no doubt be strongly urged to do so in case the President should proceed to use the extraordinary powers vested in him by Congress. But once a war of retaliation is begun, who can tell where it will end? Nothing is more certain than that the immediate result would be great damage to the commercial interests of both countries. Another result, not far off, would almost certainly be the mutual withdrawal of the bonding privilege, followed by non-intercourse. When that stage is reached, actual war will be not very far off. And all that for a

matter of eighteen cents a ton rebate in certain canal tolls! Of course war will be declared out of the question between two Christian nations. Then a settlement by compromise or arbitration must be had. But why, in the name of all that is rational and Christian, not have the compromise or arbitration at the outset? What is to prevent the Canadian Government from approaching the American Government with all self-respect and dignity and saying: "We honestly believe ourselves to have done no wrong in this matter. You believe otherwise. Let us refer the question to some competent and independent tribunal and abide by its decision." No costly or elaborate machinery of arbitration would be necessary. The question at issue is so simple that a body of independent judges would settle it in a few hours. The Washington Government could not refuse such an offer without condemning itself. There need be no loss of dignity on either side. Substantial justice would be done, bad blood prevented, friendship preserved, and a good example set to the world. Let the better class of papers on both sides of the line urge this course upon the respective Governments and the thing may be done.

THE ARCHIC MAN.—VI.

"NOW, Mr. McKnom," said Madame Lalage, "you must tell us of the weaknesses of the archic man."

McKnom: "That would occupy me until this time next year. The weaknesses to which he is exposed are more manifold than his gifts—hobby horses; pride; love of flattery; superstition; all the forms of self-indulgence; over-confidence; overweening trust; unwise distrust—vacillation."

Gwendolen: "Vacillation! Is the real ruler exposed to vacillation?"

McKnom: "Some ruling spirits undoubtedly. Some men of action are men of thought as well. There is a touch of Hamlet in them. Burke was a great statesman, a ruling spirit. Fox tells us they went to him as to an oracle, and he was the guiding genius of the Rockingham administration. He has had more influence on political thought than any man the three kingdoms produced. Yet I am inclined to think he would have been a less successful Prime Minister than either of the Pitts; than Palmerston, a much inferior man; than even Disraeli, also a far inferior man. Gladstone has nothing like his depth, but there is a great similarity between them. Burke was a man of thought, who preferred to make action his main concern; perhaps he fled to action to kill the pain of thought—the glorious malady of genius."

Irene: "Is that what Goldsmith means by saying he gave up to party what was meant for mankind?"

McKnom: "No; Goldsmith was an artist, who saw that if Burke had not wasted his time in the House of Commons he would have produced great literary works which would have delighted and instructed mankind for all time."

Glaucus: "As it was he did it."

Dr. Facile: "Blake is an instance of a vacillating leader. I wonder how he will do in the Imperial Parliament."

McKnom: "I am surprised at your having a doubt as to your ex-leader's success. He cannot fail to make a great impression on that House in which power of debate such as his will be more appreciated—not more felt as a force, but more appreciated than in our own chamber. All over the three kingdoms he will be more appreciated than ever he was in Canada. One was sorry to see from a few quarters partisan shafts follow him across the Atlantic, when he had removed himself from our arena. In Canada we cannot do justice to intellectual eminence unless it is on our side, and there is no such thing as criticism anywhere. Fangs have long been in the throat of the intellectual life of Canada."

"Don't you think, sir," I ventured to interrupt, "we are travelling away from the point? You were, I think, discussing the Hamlet-leader—the man whose resolution is apt to be 'sicklèd o'er with the pale cast of thought.' In my judgment there is no antagonism between the highest powers of thought and efficient action. It is not thought that makes men vacillate, but want of courage—want of will. The time a man devotes to action will be taken from speculation, and if he wants to be a great speculative thinker he had better specialize himself in that direction."

Glaucus: "Surely the thinker is greater than the man of action. All the great fiscal reforms of Pitt and Gladstone are traceable to Adam Smith. The influence of the man of thought abides, multiplies itself, rolls from soul to soul, goes on forever—that of the man of action often dies with himself."

Helpsam: "Dies with himself! Did the building of the O.P.R. die with Sir John Macdonald? Did the Hellenic conquest of the East, the building of Alexandria, die with Alexander the Great?"

Glaucus: "Who educated Alexander? When did he draw his sanity of intelligence combined with heroic enthusiasm? This from Homer; that from Aristotle. His influence on mankind is small compared with that of either the author of the Iliad or that of the comprehensive genius who still teaches the world to think correctly in

every subject, from poetry to politics. What is the influence of Pericles compared with that of Thucydides, of Herodotus? If Adam Smith taught Pitt political economy, from Thucydides Chatham's son got his mastery of language, and much of Pitt's action, what was it but the utterance of thought? His great speech on the European war fought Napoleon after the worn out frame of him who spake it was laid in the grave.

"That was the quarry whence subsequent orators drew their materials; that was the speech which sent our men to storm Mount St. Jean; that was the speech which gave Wellington that army on whose squares broke the veterans of Napoleon, the picked chivalry of France that never reeled in the shock of war before."

Helpsam: "Don't you remember what Michelet said to Etienne Arago? In his old age Arago looked back with more complacency on his life as a man of letters than on his fighting years as a revolutionist. 'We have,' he said to Michelet one day in the presence of Jules Claretie, 'frittered away existence in a kind of subterranean life, like the moles, whilst you have worked in the bright broad light of the sun.'

"Do not speak in that way," cried Michelet. "In this world action values more than all else. To write is good; to fight is better. To be a man of action—that is the ideal life," and then, after a pause and in a tone touched with melancholy, "Yes; to be a Garibaldi!"

McKnom: "We are travelling from the subject. The archic man is at more peril, especially in a democratic community, from mental infirmities than from sensual aberrations, prone as he often is to these and dangerous as they are. The papers have lately been informing us that Lord Salisbury drinks a bottle of port wine after dinner. Pitt used to drink two, and Dundas held him in countenance, yet both were able and successful statesmen, and Pitt was a great patriot and a benefactor to mankind. O'Connell was wont, until he was past middle age, to drink two bottles of claret and one bottle of port at and after dinner. Disraeli was too fond of wine, and had at intervals to lie up to cure his gout and bleach the claret out of his nose. He always stimulated before speaking. My friend, Mr. 'Johnny' Doyle, the oldest member of the Parliamentary galley in England, has often told me how in his younger days in the House, Disraeli, Beaconsfield, Vivian Grey—call him what you will—in a buff waistcoat and snuff-coloured trousers, would, before commencing a speech, order a bottle of port at the table in the lobby, drink half as a preparation, and the second half just the minute before he rose. Phillip, who founded the Macedonian kingdom, used to get drunk before his subjects, yet he was a most capable king. But look at the effect of this vice on his son Alexander, by far the greatest man the world has seen. He conquers a world, shows himself a far-seeing statesman of the highest order, and dies a drunken madman! Napoleon I. showed a tendency to this vice, but only after the eagle was chained to his island rock and his nephew, who was an abler man than Kinglake will admit, was an absinthe drinker. Bismarck has been an heroic drinker, and the other day performed the feat of emptying a gallon at a draught. Other examples might occur, and the moral seems to be that strong men are, as Robertson of Brighton says, 'strong passions and all,' and that, therefore, the man who aspires to rule others should beware of wine. What might Sheridan not have done but for this weakness? And Fox? Lord Dufferin has much of the wit without the bibulous habits of his great ancestor, and he has been phenomenally successful. Mr. Gladstone, with his fiery, excitable temperament, could not be otherwise than abstemious with impunity. The only statesman of the first class I can recall who was a total abstainer is Demosthenes, and the 'water-drinker,' as he was called, was not only the greatest of orators but a very great man. I need not dwell on the follies rulers of men have committed by allowing the deep necessity for the solace of female companionship to take the form not of devotion to one but devotion to many."

Madame Lalage: "O, well, we will not discuss that. It seems to me, however, that where they have erred has been in devotion to one, only she was not the right one. What about the great man's hobby horses?"

McKnom: "Look at Frederick the Great writing worthless poetry as he drives from battle field to battle field; Gladstone's Homeric studies; Lord Derby translating the 'Iliad'; Disraeli scribbling novels; Canning writing verses; Geo. Brown going in for cattle breeding. Bob Lowe wrote poetry, but he never let the world know it until he was raised to the House of Lords, and was practically out of strenuous active life. Some make flirtation a hobby, as, for instance, Gortschakoff, who, even in his old age, thought every woman was fascinated by his glance."

Irene: "But, surely some of these are noble relaxations. I read with great interest that Mr. Gladstone intended to rest his mind after the campaign by going to Paris to look up facts connected with mediæval universities."

McKnom: "I do not condemn them. It is, I admit, a noble way of resting the mind to turn to some literary pursuit. But they are hobby horses all the same, much better, I admit, than indulging in coarse relaxations like Walpole and some other modern statesmen, and they seem to have this advantage, that they tend to humanize the ruler, who, if always thinking of his great game, becomes a kind of unsocial monster like the first Napoleon, who could not rule men, but only crush them. Napoleon had above all the great men history has produced what the

Greeks call *hubris*, that insolence of pride which has its root in want of reverence, want of self-knowledge, want of moral perspective, a pride untempered by a sense of human frailty. Read Madame de Remusat, and you will see that though he was a greater soldier than Louis IV. (who was indeed a carpet knight), he was not as great a ruler. In fact, Napoleon exemplifies all the mental and moral weaknesses to which a ruler of men is liable. Most rulers, however—thank heaven!—will have no temptations to such petty resentments, petty vanities, petty selfishness, execrable social insolence and rudeness, utter want of all kindness, as were in his case associated with towering pride, despotic will and overshadowing genius; a great force, a conqueror, an emperor who had not even an idea of what a gentleman is, much less to be one."

Glaucus: "That is a good story of the Pope's interview with him. The great Emperor moved about in a fascinating style at first and the Pope said: 'Comedian!' at last the hero got angry, and the Pope said: 'Tragedian!' By the way, sir, you say nothing of governing through the weaknesses of others. Sir John Macdonald was said to be a great master of this art."

McKnom: "To bear with men's weaknesses may be a noble thing; to appeal to their worse side may be successful, but the truly great man will not stoop to this; he will appeal to the best that is in them."

Helpsam: "Now you are the philosopher pure and simple. From which side will he get the most ready response? You remember how, when Corporal Flaherty was captured by five Sioux on the warpath, the prisoner entertained his savage captors with the whiskey from his canteen. Thus having operated internally on the fortress of each, he appeared at dress parade the next morning, himself exuberant, with five scalps on his belt won during the overnight festivities. He touched his hat to the commanding officer and said: 'I scalped 'em first, and waked 'em afterwards.' Would not you say this man was a politician of a high order? At least a practical one?"

Glaucus (joining in the laughter): "Surely a statesman was lost to the world. In other days, at least, Flaherty would have been an invaluable whip when divisions had to be affected by keeping members of the opposite side away. Robin Hood, if we may trust, the great ballad dined and wined his victims first and robbed them afterwards."

McKnom: "The modern ruler—to come back to the weaknesses of statesmen—is not, as Napoleon mourned, likely to be able to get himself worshipped. But think of that wonderful Corsican with his oraculum, and Cromwell the Puritan, with his lucky and unlucky days. Look at Macbeth. There is often an infirmity of superstition in these lofty minds. You remember that great Austrian prince and captain—the wonderful soldier of fortune—consulting the stars before he fought, and reading his destiny in the rythm of the universe and the motions of worlds. And look at personal vanity, as in the case of Disraeli dyeing his hair, and the love of flattery so very common."

"In 1878," I remarked, "Sir John Macdonald, addressing a picnic crowd at Markham, said, half jocularly, half sneeringly, that he could stand a good deal of flattery. He liked praise it may be as the gods of the old world loved incense, or because he knew that under popular government where power lives in the mouths of men laudation swells the tide which floats the statesman's galley. Power has at all times found it easy to evoke flattery from mankind. The Eastern king required not only prostration but the assurance that he would live for ever, and even Western emperors have insisted as you have indicated on religious homage. Not less exacting are the people when the power is with them. In Great Britain, electors, a large percentage of whom were eager for bribes in one form or another, had to be told they were free and independent; let us hope their children in Canada never present a spectacle so false and so ignoble."

Glaucus: "Is that irony? Look at the election courts."

Madame Lalage: "It would seem, Mr. McKnom, your archic man is very human after all."

McKnom (with a sigh): "He is like your sex, Madame. Under analysis the hero and the angel alike disappear?"

Gwendolen: "Too bad!"

Irene: "Shocking."

Madame Lalage: "Could you believe Mr. McKnom capable of so ungallant a speech?"

Glaucus: "Do not be too severe. He knows you are better than angels because you have no wings to fly away with and" (turning to his charming wife with the smile of a happy husband) "you are too substantial to elude our caress."

As we walked down Daly Street the roar of the waterfall rose on the still night with the same measured thunder as when 'John A.' was king; as when the savage ruled ere all this beauty was invaded by the lumberer and his mills; as when this continent was unknown to Europe; as it will roll and roar when we of to-day shall have passed into the land of shadows; as though nature mocked at the schemes and dreams and follies of the fleeting generations of men, rising as they do like waves and like waves gliding rapidly away—the gurgle and murmur and beauty and power of a moment, and the next moment gone for ever!

NICHOLAS FLOOD DAVIN.

COMPARED to the possession of that priceless treasure and happiness unspeakable, a perfect faith, what has life to offer?—Thackeray.

A CENTENARY ODE.

1792—16TH JULY—1892.

HAIL, Upper Canada! Ontario, hail!
Sweet Province of the lakes, all hail to thee!
Thy children make a holiday to-day
To celebrate thy birth. See thy flags wave!
And list the magic sound of people shouting!
Hear the loud trumpets! And the booming guns
That proud salute thee on this happy morn.
And hear the bells! the merry, chiming bells
That from St. Mark's tingle all their music forth,
An offering dear at once to Heaven and thee.
So in Glengarry fly thy flags to-day,
So peal the merry bells in jocund Kent:
So ring the shouts of joy from Pelee's vines
To Sault Ste. Marie's wild and rock-bound shore.

Lo, to thy pleasant plains Niagara,
Where first wise Simcoe came, Kirkpatrick comes
—Our welcome governor!—welcome as he!
And knighted Mowat, premier well approved;
Of many sessions past, Ontario's choice:
And their surrounding, men of name and note
Far, far beyond thy borders, Canada;
Sons of thy raising, fair Ontario,
Good men and true, thee homage due to pay,
And shew thee honour before all the world.

Conceived of loyalty and born of faith,
Nurtured of piety, and schooled of law,
Wert thou, O Province, whose fair natal day
We do commemorate with psalms high,
And hopes made buoyant by thy brilliant past.
Firm stands thy throne within thy people's hearts,
Thy throne set broad upon the silver seas
Of inland waters, lucent, pure, and deep,
Yet not more pure, more deep, more full of light,
Than thy glad people's love.

A rustic cot
Within a forest dense thy cradling was:
To-day thou hast thy many palaces,
And broad demesnes teeming with corn and gold.
Then were thy lakes unrippled save by sweep
Of light canoe propelled by dusky braves;
Now thy stout navies ride on every wave,
Plough the high seas, and fly thy loyal flag
In every port where commerce owns a keel.
Then thy kind mother from her island chest
Sent thee large presents to enrich thy store;
Now doth she count thy gifts among her wealth,
And loud applauds thy enterprise robust.

O thou hast known brave times, Ontario,
Since noble Simcoe in his fleet of bark
From Frontenac came on the gladdening tide
A century ago, and made thee great
In the world's eye by giving thee a name—
A name of worth and merit, on the which
We proudly boast no blot or stain has come.
Thou hast known hunger, fire, and sword, but naught
Has daunted thee, thy sons were true and brave,
Thy daughters staunch and patient; to the core
A people loyal to their king and thee.
O for those times we offer praise to-day!
Ne'er shall thy groves and plains send to high Heaven
Their holy incense on the wings of morn
And Johnson's name and Butler's the maligned,
Fail as its subtle essence; and those else,
The dusky warriors of a noble race,
Brant and Tecumseh; men with statesmen's brains,
Who nobly prove humanity is one.
Who took their place within a greater heart
E'en than their own, their friend and leader, Brock,
Brock, pride of the province! whose rich dust
Bears richer fruit as Time his riches heaps.
Brock! whose great name is aye thy talisman.

And thou hast trod sad ways in law's defence.
Can we forget—O woe the day and need!—
Fitch and young Moor, thy sons, who won death's meed
On far-off prairies, where those others fell,
Children of Canada who loved thee well?
Or Acheson's brave deed at Cut-Knife; or that one
Who at Batoche the cross of fame had won
Had soldier-citizens the rights the service owns.
Nor Canada alone hath praise for thee:
Thy sons have served on other fields than thine
And brought thee back their laurels; on thy shrine
Have laid their glorious wreaths with loving pride—
Their loyalty and honour interwove;
Glad that they were thy sons to make thy name
Respected, loved, and feared, a badge of fame.

Proud may'st thou be, Ontario, with an honest pride
As thine eye gazes on an honest past.
But dwell not there, fair Province, there is more—
Ay, how much more!—in the far time to come.
The age is pregnant with the things to be
Of Human Right, the which shall change the world.
E'en now thy hand is on the lever set;
Be thine hand firm, nor let the lightning force
That should in gentle distribution give
Life to the land, deal devastation fierce.
For thou art charged with many messages
To teach humanity; the older lands
Bound close with chains of worn-out service, look
To thee for succour;—shall they look in vain?—
Or rising to the height of thy best self
Wilt thou the great example of a monarch set
Who reigns to prove his brother's welfare his;
That Law is Right, and Right is purely Law.
Addressing thee to truth and not expediency,
Give honest statesmen room, and fear thy God;
Nor let the leprous horde that like Him not
Have place within thy legislative halls.
Hold thy fair youth—none fairer—thine high trust
From God, to be returned to God intact.
Cherish thy lowly ones, nor let the poor

Cry with that great exceeding bitter cry
That calls down fury on the oppressor's head.
'Tis thine to solve their problems by *The Book*;
The Book alone gives man the fitted key.

O Province set amid the silver seas
For ever blest be thy centenary years!
May each outshine the last, and age to age
Thy children praise thy name by gallant deeds
And good.

July 16, 1892.

S. A. C.

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TWO KNAPSACKS:

A NOVEL OF CANADIAN SUMMER LIFE.

BY J. CAWDOR BELL.

CHAPTER XI.—(Continued).

THERE were some loudly beating hearts at that moment, for the enemy was in force, and partly armed with guns of some sort. Instead of advancing across the fields, as the defenders had hoped, they descended to the creek, in order to find cover from the bushes on its bank, until they reached the piece of wood. The veteran, telling his command to preserve its formation, wheeled it to the right, and ordered perfect silence. Leaving his rifle at his post, he slipped from tree to tree like a cat, having thrown off his shoes for the purpose. When he returned, the enemy, moving almost as silently, had entered the bush, but, anticipating no sentry at that point, had sought no cover. "Shtiddy, now min," whispered the sarjint-major; "take good aim, Front Rank, Riddy!" Five guns rolled out a challenge to the invaders, and, before they had time to seek cover, came, "Rare Rank, Riddy," and his own rifle led the other four weapons of the second line. "Are yeez loaded, front an' rare?" asked the ancient warrior; and, satisfied that all were, he put himself in the front and ordered a charge to outflank the enemy and hinder them getting away among the bushes. All perceived his intentions, except, perhaps, the two Pilgrims and Toner, who, however, were borne along by the rest. Dashing through the creek, part of the force volleyed the miscreants from there, and drove them into the open, while the remaining part kept them from seeking refuge in the bush. The Squire's men had the shelter of the brook alders and willows, now, and, led by Mr. Terry, in single file, at a rate almost as rapid as that of Rawdon's retreat, faced now and again to the left to fire, and loaded as they ran. At last the shelter ceased, and all were in the open, both pursued and pursuers. "Kape it up," cried the indomitable veteran; "don't give the murderin' blagyards a minit's resht!" Up, up the hill, they chased the said blackguards, until they reached the road. Within the skirting rail fences the Squire kept his men, faint but pursuing, and firing an occasional shot to lend the speed of terror to the miscreants' heels. In an hour from the beginning of the pursuit, the hunted Rawdonites were at the wild lands on the lakes, and prepared to enter the forest and make a stand or hide; when Carruthers cried: "Down flat on your faces every man," and five reports from in front rang through the air. The Richards were on guard, but either Perrowne had forgotten to tell them about blank cartridge, or they did not think proper to obey the order. "Come on a bit farther, lads, till we find where these villains turn in," cried the Squire. In another minute the victors combined with the Richards' party, and chased the thoroughly demoralized Rawdonites, whose guns and pouches strewed the ground, to a desolate rocky spot beside a swamp, where felled trees lay in indescribable confusion, over which the fugitives scrambled in desperate haste for home. The lawyer caught sight of a figure that he knew, far up the rocky slope, preparing to leap down from a prostrate trunk resting on three or four others, and aimed his rifle at it. The Squire threw up the weapon just in the nick of time. "It's ower gude a death for the likes o' him, Coristine. Gie him time to repent, an' let the law tak' its course. The cunning scoundrel! Even at the risk o' 's life he wadna let us ken whaur his waggon road is, but I've a thocht, man, that it's yonner whaur the rock rises oot o' the swamp." Then the good Squire took off his hat, and thanked God for the defeat of the evil doers.

Light though the night was, to continue the pursuit would have been the height of folly. The force was mustered and inspected by the so-called Colonel Carruthers, and the Sergeant-Major Terry. Including themselves, it was found to consist of no fewer than seventeen persons, one of whom was a woman, and the other a lad of about fifteen years of age, Matilda Nagle and her boy Monty. "I will show you where the road is," she said to the Squire; "it is hard to find, but I know it. When Stevy tried to find it, Harding and he put him to sleep, so that I couldn't wake him up. Harding is asleep now too; I put him, and Monty helped, didn't you, Monty?" Carruthers looked, and saw that the woman's right hand and that of the idiot boy were alike stained with blood. All his own men were safe and sound, not a scratch on any one of them. The veteran's rapid tactics had given the enemy hardly an opportunity to return the fire, and had destroyed their aim from the very beginning. All honour to the sergeant-major! All had behaved well. Father Hill and his friend Hislop felt like boys; and while the Sesayder took a fatherly interest in Rufus, the parent of Tryphena and Tryphosa was pleased with the bearing of the Pilgrims. Ben Toner's conscience was a little

troubled about his treatment of old man Newcome, but he also had a feeling that he was getting nearer to Serlizer. The veteran and Mr. Perrowne were filled with mutual admiration; and Coristine felt that that night's work had brought to his suit, as an ordinary year's acquaintance could not have done, the vote and influence of the Squire. The victors gathered up the spoils of the vanquished, and, by a unanimous vote, handed them over to the grateful Richards, whom Carruthers and Perrowne warmly thanked for their timely aid. "It's about time, Squire, we crushed them fellows out," said father Richards, to which the Squire replied: "If you and your sons are ready, we'll do it to-morrow as soon as the inquest is over."

"Boys," asked Richards, "are you fit for a man hunt to-morrow?"

"Fitter'n a fiddle," answered the boys; "then we can go fishin' where we durn please."

They bade their allies good bye, carrying their spoil with them, and twelve persons set out for a six-mile tramp home.

"Yeez can march at aise, march aisy, boys," ordered the veteran; and the party broke up into groups. The woman clung to the Squire, and the boy to Sylvanus, who had made whittled trifles to amuse him. Mr. Hill cultivated Timotheus, and formed a high opinion of him. Rufus, of course, addicted himself to his future father-in-law, the Sesayder. Mr. Terry thought it his duty to hold out high hopes to Ben in regard to the rescue of Serlizer; and Perrowne and the lawyer journeyed along like brothers. There was a light in the post office, and the post-mistress at the door asked if the doctor had gone home yet, for two wounded men had sought shelter with her, and told her that one named Harding was lying down the hill near by. The Squire promised to bring the doctor to the wounded, and asked his father-in-law and Coristine, as if they were his nearest friends, to go down and see if they could find the wounded Harding. They went down and found him, but he was dead, with two of the Bridesdale kitchen-knives planted in his heart. In part, at least, the murder of Nash was avenged. They picked the slain assassin up and carried him to the road, where the post office stood, and deposited the body in an outbuilding to await the verdict of the morning.

Meanwhile, the dominie was happy; his rival, the parson, his tormentor, the lawyer, were away, and even that well-meaning Goth, the tired Captain, was asleep in the guard-room, opposite a half-empty glass of the beverage in which he indulged so rarely, but which he must have good. The doctor's lively daughter had left Mrs. Du Plessis to guard the front of the house, and was talking to her father on his beat, and he had a suspicion that Mrs. Carmichael was wrapping that cloud again round the minister's neck. When the battle commenced below, the colonel was everywhere, directing Magullin, inspecting the posts, guarding on all sides against the possibility of the enemy's attack being a mere feint. All unknown to the rest of the company, Miss Carmichael was up in the glass-enclosed observatory at the top of the house, without a light, watching the movements of the hostile ranks beyond the bush, and inwardly praying for the success of the righteous cause and for the safety of those she loved. Of course her uncle John was among them, and the simple-hearted old grandfather of her young cousins, and even, in a way, Mr. Perrowne, who had behaved bravely, but there was a tall, unclerical form, which Mr. Terry and the Squire had difficulty in keeping up with, that her eye followed more closely. Every report of the lawyer's rifle seemed to press a warm spot on her maiden cheek, and then make the quick blood suffuse her face, as she thought of the morning and Mr. Wilkinson. That gentleman was happy on guard at the top of the hill meadow, for a tall female figure, muffled up slightly as a preventive to chill from the night dews, came down the path towards his post, eager for news from the seat of war.

"Be careful, Miss Du Plessis, I beg of you!" implored the dominie; "heavy firing is going on not far off, and a stray bullet might easily find its way hither. Permit me to conduct you to a place of safety." So he led her with grave courtesy within the gate, and placed her on a garden seat in front of two trees large of bole, and interceptive of possible missiles. Of course, his own safety was a matter of no moment; he went out of the gate and to the utmost limit of his watch to gain, by eye and ear, tidings of the progress of the skirmish, which he returned every minute or two to report to the anxious young lady. Thus it was that, when the colonel came to inspect the posts, he found two sentinels at each, pertaining to different sexes. Returning to his sister-in-law on the verandah, he explained to that lady the peculiar difficulty of his position.

"You see, my deah sistah, that this is altogetheh contyahy to militahy discipline, and I ought to ordeh all undeuh abhest, but, were I to do so, madam, where would my sentinels come from?" Miss Du Plessis perceived the difficulty, as she handled the colonel's silver-mounted revolver, with an air of old practice; and proceeded to ask what her brother-in-law knew of the young gentleman who was furnishing Cecile with information of the fight. Thereupon the colonel launched out into a panegyric of the dominie's noble qualities, imputing to him all that Coristine had done on his behalf, and a chivalrous Southern exaggeration of the school-master's learning and expressions of sympathy. "Marjorie appears to think more highly of the other pedestrian," remarked Mrs. Du Plessis, to which Colonel Morton replied that Mr. Coristine was indeed a

handsome and excellent young man, but lacked the correct bearing and dignified courtesy of his friend, and, he should judge, was much his inferior in point of education. When the tide of battle rolled away to the right, together out of sight and almost out of hearing, the double sentries were still at their posts, no doubt conversing with all propriety, but of what, they only individually knew. Even Miss Halbert did not confide to others the substance of a favourable criticism on Mr. Perrowne to which she treated her worthy father.

It was between one and two in the morning when the victorious army returned, and was received with open arms, literally in the case of the Squire and the veteran, and of Mr. Hill and Rufus in the kitchen, metaphorically in that of the remaining combatants. Mr. Carruthers released the doctor, and took him to visit the wounded at the post office. The minister and the dominie were also relieved, and Mr. Hill and the Sayer, at their own request, put in their vacant places; while Maguffin dismounted, and, being armed with a gun and set in the doctor's post, constituted a guardian trio with his late captors. Of course, the warriors and past sentries had to eat and drink in guard-room and kitchen, the latter apartment being more hilarious than it would have been had the seniors on duty formed part of its company. There was no old Bourbon for the colonel, but he managed to find a fair substitute for it, and informed Coristine, in answer to that gentleman's enquiry, how he happened to arrive so speedily at Bridesdale.

"It was Saturday, suh, when my sehvant and I ahived in Tohonto, and I met my deah sisteh-in-law. At once, I sent Maguffin back by rail with the hohses to Collingwood, giving them Sunday to recoveh from the effects of the jouhney, tyavel by rail being vely hahd on hohses. This mohning, or, rather I should say yestehday mohning, Madame Du Plessis and I went to Collingwood by rail, where my sehvant had secuhed her two places in the mail caht, and I had the honouh of eschohting her to this pleasant place, and of beholding my chahming niece for the first time. I was indeed vely fohrtunate in ahiving when I did, to be able to contribute a little to the security of Bridesdale."

"You are doubtless aware, Colonel, that our enemies of to-night are in unlawful possession of Miss Du Plessis' property?"

"Suh, you astonish me. As her natuhal guahdian, I cannot, though in a foheign land, allow that foh a day, suh."

"We think, at least Squire Carruthers thinks, of attacking them in force, after the double inquest to-morrow."

"Then, Mr. Coristine, I shall claim the privilege of joining yoah fohee as a volunteeh. I wish the ground were fit foh cavally manoeuvahs, suh."

"We may need a few mounted men, as we hope to discover a masked road."

"That is vely intehesting, suh. Will you kindly explain to me the chahacteh of the ground?"

The lawyer told all that he knew of the region, from hearsay and from personal experience. The supposed masked road, the actual rocky ascent covered with felled timber, an abatis, as the colonel called it, the access by water, and the portcullis at the narrows, were objects of great interest to the old soldier. He enquired as to the extent of the means of transportation, the probable numbers of the available force, and other particulars; and, when the weary Squire returned and bade all good people go to rest, if they could not sleep, in view of past wakefulness and the morrow's work, he begged, as a perfectly fresh man, to be excused and left in command of the guard, adding: "I shall study out a thyeefold convohging attack on the enemy's position, by watch and by land, with cavally, infantry and mahines." The guard-room company joined in a laugh at the military joke, after which they dispersed, with the exception of the Captain, whom it was a pity to disturb, and Carruthers, who lay down upon a sofa, while the colonel went out to inspect his posts.

The pedestrians occupied a large, double-bedded room at the right corner of the house, above the verandah. The dominie was sleeping peacefully, but the lawyer had not even removed his clothes, with the exception of his boots, if they may be so called, as he lay down upon his bed to rest, with a window half open in front of him. Precisely at the moment when, the night before, he had discovered the incipient conflagration, there came to his nostrils the smell of unctuous fire. Pocketing his loaded revolver, he stepped out of the window on to the sloping verandah roof, off which, in spite of his efforts, he slid heavily to the ground. At once he was seized with no gentle hands by at least three persons, who turned out to be Mr. Hill, the colonel, and Maguffin. "Catch that boy," he cried, as soon as they perceived their mistake, referring to a juvenile figure that he had seen slipping back towards the meadow. Sentry Hislop would probably have caught him, but there was no necessity. The idiot boy was in the arms of his wakeful mother, who, thinking he was going to Rawdon's quarters, as he probably was, intercepted him, saying: "Not back there, Monty, no, no, never again!" So deeply had his unnatural father, with brutal threats, impressed the lesson of incendiarism upon the lad that, all mechanically, he had repeated the attempt of the previous night. Fortunately for Coristine's hands, there was a garden rake at hand to draw out from under the verandah two kitchen towels, well steeped in coal oil, the fierce flame from which had already charred three or four planks

of the floor. Two pails of water relieved all apprehensions; but the Squire awoke Sylvanus and ordered him to take Monty into his room, and, with his companions, be responsible for his safe keeping. Then, turning to the lawyer, and laying a friendly hand on his shoulder, he said: "If ye canna sieep, ye had better come in and tak' the Captain's chair; he's awa til 's bed, puir man." So Coristine entered the porch, and, as he did so, heard a voice above say: "No, Cecile, it is not your hero; it is mine again." "What are thae lassies gabbin' aboot at this time o' nicht?" said the Squire, harder of hearing. "Gang awa to the land o' Nod, and dinna spoil your beauty sleep, young leddies." The apostrophized damsels laughed lightly, whispered a few more confidences, and then relapsed into silence. John Carruthers had a high opinion of his niece, and said some very nice things about her, but, so far short did they fall of the lawyer's standard of appreciation, that he regarded them almost as desecrations. Still, it was very pleasant to be on such friendly terms with the Squire of the neighbourhood, the master of hospitable Bridesdale, and Miss Carmichael's uncle. "A splendid honest fellow," he said to himself, "as good every bit as Wilks' foreign aristocracy!" From time to time the colonel looked in upon the pair, and remarked that the contents of the Squire's decanter pleased him as well as Bourbon or Monongahela.

When daylight came, the weary sentries were dismissed to the kitchen, where, under Tryphena's direction the insane woman took much pleasure in providing for their creature comforts. The restraints upon Mr. Maguffin's eloquence being removed, it flowed in a grandiloquent stream. "Lave the cratur to me, Annerew," whispered Mr. Hill; "lave the nagur to me, and if I don't flummix and flabbergast his consayted vocabuclary, I was never a taychor." Then, turning to the coloured gentleman, he remarked in an incidental sort of way: "Were you ever in the company of deipnosophists before, Mr. Maguffin, deipnosophists mind! enjoyin' a gastronical repast?"

Mr. Maguffin's eyes expanded, and his jaw dropped. "Yoh's got the devantidge ob yoh 'umble sarvant, Mistah Hill."

"It's not possible that a gentleman of your larnin' is ignorant of such simple, aisy polysyllables as them?"

"I see afeard yoh's got me this time, sah."

"It stands to reason that there's limits to everybody's vocabuclary, unless it's a great scholar like Mr. Wilkinson; but I thought, perhaps, it was for a school taycher you would be settin' up!"

"Oh my! no, Mistah Hill, my edurecation was pas-simously insufficient. Most all my bettah class language I see acquied fom elugymen ob de Baktis pussuasion."

"And they never tayched ye deipnosophist nor gastronical?"

"No, sah, they didn't, I see humbled ter confess."

The old schoolmaster looked at Mr. Hislop with a serious expression of mingled incredulity and commiseration, saying: "Such ignorance, Annerew, such ignorance!" and somehow Mr. Maguffin did not see his way to gathering up the broken threads of conversation.

Timotheus was despatched by the Squire to summon a brother J. P., and the township constable, in order that immediate action against known criminal parties might be taken, as well as to notify the farmers adjacent that they were expected to sit in a coroner's jury. Having made all necessary legal arrangements, the Squire returned to the colonel, who, from a memorandum before him, sketched the plan of campaign. He proposed to put the five Richards as marines under the command of the Captain to break down the grating between the third and fourth lakes, and push on to attack the enemy from that side. He wanted four mounted men armed with revolvers, and with stout sticks in lieu of swords, fearless horsemen whom he could lead through swamp or over obstacles to hold the masked road. The remaining body under the Squire, he thought, might follow the track of the fugitives of the night, and constitute the main besieging force. As to those who should perform the respective duties, apart from the persons named, the Squire suggested waiting till the inquests—which would bring some additions to the local population—were over. He hoped much from his fellow justice of the peace, Mr. Walker. Tom Rigby, an old pensioner, and the township constable, would probably have his hands full looking after the prisoners. Fortunately, the post office store of ammunition was not yet exhausted, to say nothing of that contained in various flasks and shot belts, and in the shape of cartridges. The colonel, apropos of warlike weapons, bemoaned the absence of bayonets, and warmly advocated a proposition of the lawyer's, that each combatant should carry, slung over the shoulder or in such way as not to interfere with the handling of his gun, a strong stick like those proposed by the commander-in-chief for his cavalry. Toner and Rufus were immediately roused from their slumbers, and sent to cut the requisite bludgeons, and drill them with holes to pass a cord through. Shortly after they had departed on their errand, the household awoke to life and activity, and, through casually opened doors, there came the gratifying odours of breakfast in preparation.

CHAPTER XII.

Mr. Bangs Accredits Himself—Silences Squire Walker—Constable Rigby in the Kitchen—The Inquests—Arrests, and Mr. Newberry—The Beaver River Contingent—Mr. Bangs and the Squire Consult—The Army Prepares—Wilkinson's Heroics—Mr. Bigglethorpe on Fishing.

WHEN Timotheus returned, he was not alone; a

slightly built man of medium stature, and rather flashily attired, rode beside him. The Squire strode to the gate, to learn that the younger Pilgrim had accomplished his various missions successfully, and to be presented by him, in his usual clumsy way, to Mr. Bangs, a friend of Mr. Nash as was. "Yore men is right, Squire; my neme is Bangs, Hickey Bangs, end pore Nesh sent for me to kem end help ferret out a geng of dem excise slopers, end here I find my pore friend merdered. I tell you, Squire, it's too dem bed, O, too dem bed!"

The Squire felt he must be cautious these times, but that did not hinder him being hospitable. "Come in, Mr. Bangs, and breakfast with us. My man will put your horse up. I have Nash's papers in my possession from his own hand, and, if I find they confirm your story, we will all be glad to take you into our confidence. You, of all men, understand the necessity for caution, and will, I hope, not take my precaution amiss."

"O Lud, no, Squire; yo're pretty shore to find letters from me ameng pore Nesh's papers, or some memoranda about me. H. B., you know, Hickey Bangs."

Timotheus led the new detective's horse away, and the gentleman himself entered the house and office with the Squire. "Coristine," said the latter, familiarly addressing the lawyer, "would you mind looking up Errol quietly and sending him here?"

Of course he didn't mind, and soon returned with the minister. Both noticed that the Squire had two loaded pistols on the table before him, the stranger being on the other side. "You can remain, Coristine. I must introduce you, and the Reverend Mr. Errol, my fellow trustee in the matter of these papers, to Mr. Bangs. Mr. Coristine is in the law, Mr. Bangs."

The dapper gentleman with the red tie and large scarf pin bowed amiably to the two witnesses of the interview, and Mr. Carruthers, with the minister by his side, proceeded to examine the papers. "Here it is," he said, after a few minutes of painful silence, "but what in aa the world's the meanin' o't? B. R.—B. T.—R. C. P. The date is Saturday night."

"I think I know," interrupted the lawyer. "How will this do: Beaver River, Ben Toner, Roman Catholic Priest?"

"The very thing! Well, here's Sabbath. Prom. cum S. W. L. C. sup. eq."

Coristine had written the words down to study them. At last he said: "It's a mixture of French, Latin, and English abbreviations; Promenade or walk with Schoolmaster Wilkinson, Lawyer Coristine on the horse."

"Eh, man!" ejaculated the pleased Squire; "Ill hae to turn lawyer myself. Now, here's later doon, the same day—B. D.—S. C.—P. O. scripsi H. B. vent. inst. Come, my prophetic friend."

Triumphantly, the lawyer rolled out: "Bride's Dale, Squire Carruthers, Post Office. I have written H. B. to come instanter."

"Have you his letter, Mr. Bangs?" the Squire asked, and at once it was produced with the Flanders post mark on it, written on the Bridesdale paper, and in Nash's peculiar way. Still Mr. Carruthers doubted. How could he be sure that the letter had fallen into the right hands, or that this smooth-spoken swell was not a cunning agent of Rawdon's?

"John," said the minister, stooping, and lifting something off the carpet, "here's a bit of paper you've dropped out of the pocket-book, or perhaps out of that bookie you're reading from."

The Squire eyed the paper, and then, stretching his arm over the table, shook the detective warmly by the hand. "It was very foolish of me, Mr. Bangs, not to have seen that at first. It gives notice of your arrival, and describes you perfectly. There's a bit of Latin, Mr. Errol, you might ask our friend. It seems to be a sort of watchword with a countersign."

The minister took the paper and read, "quod quaeris?" whereupon the detective smiled, and answered promptly, "molares ebrii."

"What in aa the world's yon, Coristine?" enquired the Squire.

"Mr. Errol asked Mr. Bangs, 'What are you looking for?' and he answered, 'For full grindstones.'"

"When a man is ebrius, John," continued the minister, "he's no' just sober. Weel, weel, the catechis is over, and ye can tak' puir Nash's frien' into our plans. Thank Providence, there's the breakfast gong."

The ladies were astonished to see the new arrival enter the dining-room, the breakfast-room table being too small, with his three inquisitors. He was quite polite, however, though a little stilted so, as if not to the manner born. Mr. Terry insisted on vacating his seat in Mr. Bangs favour. He said: "There's a foine Oirishman from the narth by the name av Hill Oi wud be plazed to have some conversation wid, so yeez 'll jist kindly ekshcuse me all," and left for the kitchen. There were sixteen people at the table, so when Squire Walker turned up, Marjorie, who had been brought in to equalize the sides, had to yield her place to him, and follow the veteran to the lower sphere, in one apartment of which the children, under Tryphosa's rule, had a separate table. To this Mr. Terry invited his countryman, the old schoolmaster, who, in spite of his recent deipnosophistic repast with Mr. Maguffin, was ready for something warm. He confidentially whispered to Mr. Terry that no doubt nagurs had sows and were human, but he wasn't pudden' fond of their society. In the dining-room, Mr. Bangs and Squire Walker, in the centre of the table, were in exile, for Wilkinson and the

Captain flanked the former, and Coristine and Mr. Perrowne the latter. Mrs. Du Plessis sat between Carruthers and Mr. Thomas; Miss Halbert between the minister and Mr. Perrowne; Miss Du Plessis between the dominie and the doctor; and Miss Carmichael between Coristine and the colonel. Mrs. Carruthers, who occupied one end of the table, had the colonel on her right, and her sister-in-law, who took the other end, was supported in the same way by the host. Squire Walker, a portly man, but not too heavy for exercise, with a baldish head and large reddish whiskers, sporting a velveteen shooting coat, high shirt collar, and large blue silk scarf with white spots, was a man of much intelligence and a good talker. His conversation compelled attention, and, like the glittering eye of the ancient mariner, held, now Mr. Perrowne and now the lawyer from much pleasanter ones with their respective ladies. He seemed to take a fiendish pleasure in capturing Wilkinson from Miss Du Plessis, and the Captain from her mother, and even sent his conversational shafts far off to the Squire and the doctor, and to the presiding matrons. Mr. Errol and the colonel were happily sheltered from him. Perhaps the new detective perceived the state of unrest and terrible suspense in which many of the company were on account of Squire Walker's vagaries, and chivalrously sought to deliver them. Eyeing keenly the autocrat of the breakfast table, he remarked, "I'm afraid you have forgotten me, Squire?"

"Don't think I ever had the pleasure of your acquaintance, sir."

"Oh, pardon me, you had though. Two years ago, a large, stout, heavy bearded man kem to yore ohffice, with a yeng Cuban who could herdly speak a word of English, asking you to commit him fer smegglin' cigars—"

"Haw! haw! haw!" laughed Mr. Walker, "and you were the bearded man were you, eh?"

"Do please favour us with the whole story, Mr. Bangs," asked the hostess.

"Go on, Bangs," added its victim, "I don't mind, haw! haw!"

"The Squire asked the big revenue detective how he knew the cigars were smeggl'd, and he said that nobody could pay the duty and sell these cigars for seven dollars a hendred. The Squire asked to see the cigars, and while the pore yeng Cuban with the bleak moustache stood twirling his sombrero and looking guilty, he took one, smilt it, and then smouked it. He said to the big detective, 'I won't let you hev a warrant for that pore foreigner on any such evidence, for I ken bey the very same cigar at Beamish's for five dollars.' The detective said, 'Are you shore the cigar is the same?' when the Squire pulled a drawer open and brought out a box of the identical articles. Then, the big men thenked him, hended him a revonue card, and took the pore Cuban away. Next day Beamish's was raided, and Nesh and I kem in for quite a reward."

"Then the detective was Nash?" asked Mr. Walker.

"Yes, Nesh, with a big men's clowthes on, pedded out."

"And what were you in the matter?"

"Oh, I was the pore yeng Cuban that could herdly speak English."

"I don't think he can yet," whispered Miss Carmichael to Coristine, who thought it an immense joke.

"So you made Squire Walker an informer against his will, Mr. Bangs," said Carruthers,

"Yes; but it was complimentary, too. We knew if there were any good cigars in the village, the Squire's was the best place to look for them."

"You should have had me up for having smeggl'd goods in my possession," said the complimented talker.

"No, no, Squire; you see you were the next thing to Queen's evidence, and they always go scotfree."

"A receiver and Queen's evidence! and the miserable little Cuban! Haw! haw! haw!"

That is the story of how Squire Walker was silenced.

After breakfast there were prayers, as usual, conducted by the two clergymen, and when they were over, the three J. P.'s, Doctor Halbert being one, assembled for consultation in the office. Tom Rigby, the constable, reported himself to the magistrate's court, and thereafter adjourned to the kitchen, there to hold converse with his brother veteran, Mr. Terry. Tom was tall, and as straight as if he had swallowed a ramrod. He gave the military salute with great precision and regularity. He was a widower, and a frequent visitor in the Bridesdale servants' quarters, whence it was commonly reported that he had an eye on Tryphena. Sylvanus had heard of this, with the effect that he lost no opportunity of running down the trade of a soldier, and comparing it most unfavourably with the free, rollicking life of the heaving sea. To hear Sylvanus speak, one would imagine that the *Susan Thomas* was annually in the habit of circumnavigating the globe. The children's breakfast was over, and they were all out in the garden picking certain permitted flowers, and presenting them to their favourites among the guests; but Mr. Terry had still remained, conversing with Mr. Hill, whose book-larnin' was so voluminous that he made slow progress with his breakfast, having had his cold tea thrice removed by his eldest daughter and replaced with hot. When Rigby entered and saluted, the veteran rose and returned the salute. "Good morning, Sergeant Terry! was it company colour sergeant or on the staff you were, sir?"

"Lasht noight, Corporal Rigby, Oi was sargint-major for the first toime in my loife. I wuz promawted loike."

"That would be in the volunteer service, Sergeant-major."

"Yiss; but we had a rale cornel in command that's been through the Amerikin war, they till me."

"Sergeant-major, there are no American soldiers."

"Shure, an' Oi'm thinkin', corporal," said the veteran, feeling a metaphorical thrid on the tail av his coat, "Oi'm thinkin' there's some pretty foine foightin's been done in Ameriky; Oi've sane it, corporal, wid my own two eyes."

"A dog can fight, Sergeant-major, and cats are tantamount to the same thing; but where, I say, is the soldierly bearing, the discipline, the spree-doo-cor, as they say in France? Sergeant-major, you know and I know that a man cannot be a tailor to-day and a soldier to-morrow, and an agent for pictorial family bibles the day after."

"I dunno, for you see you're a conshtable an' Oi'm a hid missenger in a government ahffice in the city."

"A soldier, Sergeant-major, can always serve the country, is, even as a soldier, a government officer; that is a very different thing, Sergeant-major."

"The cornel here was tillin' me there was min in his rigiment that was merchints an' lawyers an' clerks, an' shtudints, as good sowljers as iver foired a carboine or drewed a shabre on the inimy."

"That was a case, Sergeant-major, of mob meeting mob. Did these men ever charge as our cavalry charged at Balaclava; did they ever stand, Sergeant-major, as we, myself included, stood at Inkerman? Never, Sergeant-major, never! They might have made soldiers, if taken young; but, as they were, they were no more soldiers than Sylvanus Pilgrim here."

"You shet up yer tater-trap, Consterble Rigby, an' don't go fer to abuse better men nor you aint," angrily interrupted the subject of the corporal's unflattering comparison. Then, seeing the veteran, hopeless of convincing his opponent, retire to the garden to join the children, Sylvanus waxed bold. "A soldier, Tryphena, a common soldier! Ef I owned a dawg, a yaller dawg, I wouldn't go and make the pore beast a soldier. Old pipeclay and parade, tattoo and barricks and punishment drill, likes ter come around here braggin' up his lazy, slavish life. Why don't he git a dawg collar and a chain at wunst and git tied up ter his kennel. Ef you want a man, Tryphena, get one as knows

A life on the ocean wave
And a home on the rollin' deep,

none o' your stiff starched, nigger driven, cat o' nine tails, ornery common soldiers."

Tryphena snickered a little, but the constable went on with his breakfast, not deigning to waste a syllable on such unmilitary trash as Sylvanus, with whom it was impossible to reason, and to come to blows with whom might imperil his dignity. Some day, perhaps, Pilgrim might be his prisoner; then, the majesty of the law would be vindicated.

A messenger came and summoned the constable to accompany the coroner, Dr. Halbert, to Richards, and bring the body of the murdered detective to the post office. On such an occasion, the pensioner's dignity would not allow him to drive the waggon, so Rufus had to be pressed into the service. Squire Walker, as the presiding magistrate, in view of Carruthers' personal connection with the death of the subject of the jury's verdict, appointed the detective temporary clerk of the court that should sit after the inquests were over. Fearing that few of the settlers warned would turn out as jurors, through fear of the Select Encampment people, the master of Bridesdale chose a sufficient number of men for the purpose from the present sojourners at his house. These, some time after the doctor's departure, sauntered leisurely towards the most public place in the neighbourhood. Arrived at the post office, they found a large unfinished room in an adjoining building prepared for the court. This building had been begun as a boarding house, but, when almost completed, the conviction suddenly came to the post office people that there were no boarders to be had, all the transients of any financial value being given free quarters in the hospitable mansion of the Squire. Hence the house was never finished. The roof, however, was on, and the main room floored, so that it had been utilized for church and Sunday school purposes, for an Orange Lodge, for temperance and magic lantern itinerant lectures, and for local hops. Now, with the dead body of Harding laid out upon an improvised table of rough boards on trestles, it assumed the most solemn aspect it had ever exhibited. Three oldish men were there, whom people called Johnson, Newberry, and Pawkins; they were all the summoned jurors who had responded. Soon, from the other side, the waggon came in sight, and when it came forward, the remains of Nagle, alias Nash, were lifted reverently out and into the hall, where they were placed beside those of one of his murderers. The elder Richards accompanied the doctor, in order to give his testimony. The mad woman and her son were also there, in charge of Sylvanus and Ben Toner. Just as the party prepared to constitute the coroner's court, a stumpy figure on a high stepping horse came riding along. He was well disguised, but several persons recognized him. "Seize him," cried Squire Carruthers. "It's Grinstuns," said the lawyer. "Stop him!" shouted Bangs. But, Rawdon, having seen what he wanted, wheeled his horse and galloped away. There was neither saddled horse to pursue him, nor rifle to bring him down. "All the better," remarked Mr. Walker to his brother J.P.'s; "had he seen mounted men and fire-arms among us, he'd have smelt a rat. As it is, he thinks we are on the defensive and moving slowly." It was evident, from what people heard

of the presiding magistrate's conversation, that the court had decided in favour of measures offensive.

(To be continued.)

AFTER SUNSET.

WAVELETS of paling glory,
In opal oceans lie,
Drifts of crimson splendour fade
In slowly darkening sky.

Dusky bars of tawny gold
Grow faint in after glow.
Tender gleams of radiance shine
From crescent, hanging low.

Pale slumbrous stars awaken
In far-off purple gloom,
To guard with solemn vigil
The sunset's sombre tomb.

Toronto.

EMILY A. SYKES.

BRITISH COLUMBIA.

THE Province of British Columbia within the last few years has passed from the sphere of the unknown and inaccessible regions of the earth to that of promise and hope. Eastern Canadians are reading of her vast resources, Americans are prospecting in her mines, from England even thousands are pouring in every year to try their fortune on the Western coast. That many of these emigrants will be disappointed is as sure as anything can be, but the practical man who knows what to expect in a new country will not be disappointed, and it is precisely in knowing what to expect that the difference lies between those who will succeed and those who fail. Take climate for instance. The climate throughout British Columbia is for the most part delightful, but there is more rain, especially on the coast, than those from the East have been accustomed to. Straightway some denounce the weather as villainous, whereas it is nothing of the kind. The rainy season, disagreeable as it may be, is succeeded by magnificent clear weather not too warm and assuredly not too cold. Those who know, say that it resembles the climate of the South of England, and this is especially true of Victoria.

More important even than the question of climate is that of labour and wages. Here again there is ample room for bitter disappointment. New country though it be, British Columbia has already an adequate share of professional men; doctors and lawyers are to be found not, relatively, in as large numbers as in Ontario, for instance, but to such an extent that competition in those branches is quite active; of clerks and bookkeepers there is a supply quite equal to the demand. England sends out yearly numbers of young men of good family, fair education and a small annual allowance who fill departments in the Provincial civil service, banks, etc., and who can afford to take these positions whether the salary be large or small.

What the country really needs more than anything else is, in the first place, men of capital—not necessarily large capital, but something at any rate that may be invested and may help to develop the manufactories of the Province; and in the next place, mechanics—carpenters, bricklayers and artisans of all kinds; they can command good wages and steady work anywhere.

But wages, again, are another source of disappointment to those who have extravagant ideas of the West. It must be remembered by those who speak of the high wages paid in British Columbia that nearly everything is much dearer than in the East. The cost of living is much greater; board and lodging is at least fifty per cent. dearer than it is in the East; the useful if not beautiful copper coin in vogue in the East is unknown in the West, and one will pay two bits (in other words twenty-five cents) for what in the East could be bought for ten cents. What more than balances the disadvantages of the high rate for living is the chance of investing, which arises constantly, and such chances have made more rich people (of late years at any rate) than all the professions put together. As to the people of British Columbia there are of course in the Province representatives from all parts of the world. So far as having men from all parts of the world within her border could make her so she should be thoroughly cosmopolitan, but, strange to say, there is often much narrowness and Provincialism. The native-born British Columbian never calls himself Canadian. Indeed he appears to cherish a feeling of pity akin to contempt for the Easterner who is also characterized as a "North American Chinaman"—an epithet the most contemptuous that could be used. The Englishman, too, stands aloof from the Canadian with an air of conscious superiority—at least the third-rate Englishman, of whom there are many in the Province, do, and they are somewhat encouraged in this by the native British Columbians, many of whom are foolish enough to act in such a way that they can fairly be called Anglo-maniacs. The American comes and goes as he pleases without troubling himself about social or Provincial distinctions. And indeed to an outsider there is something ludicrous in the way in which each Province "cliques" with its own members on the Western coast. There is a great deal more of such non-

sense (for one can call it nothing else) in this new country than in all the rest of Canada put together.

Of the future of this great Province no one who has seen it can speak otherwise than hopefully; everything breathes of hope. The climate is for the most part so delightful, the mineral resources so great, the confidence of outsiders (such as Americans) so implicit that British Columbians may well be excused for thinking their Province unexcelled. Hard times have never pressed them; wealth and population have steadily increased; railways are being built and railways are being planned. New towns are springing up in every part. Much of the prosperity is certainly due to Americans; one may be far from being an annexationist and yet admire the good qualities of the Americans in this Province and their excellent services to the community. In British Columbia they have proved admirable settlers, confidence in the country and (it is perhaps needless to add) in themselves is so great that they are freely investing capital in the Province, and it is safe to say that in the next few millions of dollars of American money will find their way into this country. Much of the hoped-for future of the Province depends upon the mines. Hitherto they have been little worked, but prospectors of experience say that in the Kootenay country which lies in the south-east part of the Province amid the Selkirk Mountains are mines richer than those of Montana. The output yet has not been large, but the probable wealth of mineral of some of the mines may be estimated when it is stated that an American company offered the owners of a mine near Nelson in the Kootenay district \$1,300,000 for it—an offer rejected by the owners who thought (and perhaps with truth) that it would command a higher figure. That the mines will be worked in the not distant future is as sure as anything can be, and the Americans will be among the first to profit thereby.

THE CRITIC.

WHAT after all is criticism? It is one of the features of the day, perhaps the feature of the day; nothing is produced in the spheres of art or literature in whose wake there does not immediately follow criticism, good, bad, or indifferent. Whole books solely devoted to criticism follow each other in rapid succession. And everybody criticizes everything, the sober and judicious *Athenæum* equally with the ignorant or flippant provincial daily. But what after all is criticism?

Canons of criticism there cannot be. Both art and literature are to-day so untrammelled by rule that there are no rules by which to criticize. The days of epics in twelve books and dramas in five acts, the days of the dramatic unities, the classic days are fast passing away, and criticism has few or no principles upon which to depend. In short, form is with us of little moment, matter is all important. It follows too quite naturally that criticism now is largely but the expression of individual opinion. One singular and salient evidence of this is the great stress laid upon the critical utterances of individuals of high repute—a "notable book" lauded in the *Nineteenth Century* by, say, the Right Honble. W. E. Gladstone is sure of a second edition; and it is the notable reviews whose verdicts are quoted in long lists of "comments of the press." It is upon the reputation of the critic that the publisher relies, not upon the justness of the criticism.

And quite naturally. If there is no scale by which to weigh the thing criticized, there is no balance into which to throw the criticism. Accordingly it is not at all surprising to be told—as for example we are told by M. Anatole France (in *La Vie Littéraire*)—that there now exists no science of criticism. Nor are we even much astonished when Mr. Oscar Wilde hints that there ought to be no such thing as a science of criticism—that the artist, literary or pictorial, should be left free to create what he likes without thought of what criticism may say. However, Mr. Wilde to the contrary, criticism there always will be, if because of nothing else because criticism is in itself a thing interesting, instructive, and often creative—as in the case of such masters in the art as Sainte-Beuve, Matthew Arnold, Scherer.

The fact is, as M. France avers, there is no science of criticism; it is a matter of individual opinion. But the public usually demands, and rightly, that the individual who expresses his opinion shall be one who possesses certain qualifications. He must, for example, be widely read, in order that he may have at hand high standards by which to compare. He must also be able to eliminate to a large extent what a writer has happily called the "personal equation," he must be able, that is, to lay aside idiosyncrasies; and, although primarily he bases his judgment upon the effect on himself of the work to be criticized, yet he can so rid himself of his own sympathies or antipathies as that his ultimate verdict shall represent as far as may be the effect of such work on humanity at large. In this, to make use of another happy phrase, his criticism is avowedly an attempt to forestall posterity. Perhaps this is the essence of all criticism. For in reality posterity is the final, in fact the only, critic. It has very wisely been said that only the third generation can pronounce an unbiased opinion: the first is dazzled by the glamour of a great name; the second is blinded by the reaction which inevitably follows this; the third it is which can see clearly.

There is one qualification, however, never to be lost sight of, the critic must before all possess in a high degree

that indefinable thing called taste, he must recognize that indefinable thing called beauty wherever and in whatsoever form it appears. To recognize verisimilitude is one thing—the philosopher does this; to recognize beauty is another thing—that the poet does. Well, the true critic is both philosopher and poet combined. And such a combination is as rare as it is priceless.

LA SOTTISE.

BRIGHT eyes gleaming in tenderest passion,
White hands gliding o'er sounding keys,
Fragrance of summer roses' sweetness
Mingling soft with the summer breeze.

Light sinks dim as the music lingers,
Hopes rise high as the fancies stray,
Heart to heart in the falling cadence,
Beating soft as it dies away.

Tell me, dearest, what means the music?
Tell me, dearest, and tell me true,
All seems gone with the last faint sound,
My heart, my being, lost in you.

Sweetest one, 'tis a dream of madness—
Strike the keys in a nobler vein;
Love with white lips drawn tight in silence,
Life and Love—'tis a dream of pain!

J. A. T. L.

PARIS LETTER.

WILL Germany or France monopolize the eyes of the universe in the year 1900 by holding an international exhibition? The rivals have much to urge on behalf of their respective claims, and if persisted in some neutral power will possibly step forward and open the new century by a peace-offering. Evidently, if France and Germany send invitations to the powers, the latter will declare off; if the rivalry degenerates into a test of political influences, the era of international exhibitions may be regarded as closed—and which would be for many only a mixed regret. Could the world remain in fallow for a century in respect to Big Fairs?

In Africa the French apparently keep pegging away; how far the expenditure of men and money will repay is not quite clear. Impartial observers measure the colonial expansion of France, not by hinterlands, but by emigration to her possessions and the investment of hard money in their development. Full steam is being put on with respect to Dahomey, or at least to Cotonon. Dr. Siciliano describes the climate as murderous: inflammation of the liver exists in a chronic state; dysentery is frequent, and a European once attacked ought to quit the country; articular rheumatism is also frequent both with blacks and whites; the Guinea fly, or dragonneau, produces terrible ravages; ulcerated feet and legs are common; marsh fever is a standing complaint and is different from the Lagos black fever. The first reform to effect in Dahomey is, to compel the natives not to bury their dead under the floors of their huts. A European, if he abstains from alcohol and visits his native air every three years, can live for a time in Dahomey; only matured, ripe-aged white men ought to go to that country; young people "melt away."

The crusade against the Jews is a shade less rabid, but the leaders of the baiting campaign have not the slightest idea of disarming. There is no popular agitation strictly speaking against the Israelites; but they are not in the odour of sanctity; they are in a minority in France, and are viewed as occupying a disproportionate number of places in public offices. Perhaps the error they commit is that of figuring too prominently in party fights; that is dangerous for a small minority, as a reaction ensues. The Marquis de Morés, the Frenchified Italian Duc of Vallombrosa, is not a fool, as many allege; he works his crank orism to make the order of Rothschilds disgorge their fortunes to create capital for the prolétaires. The duel mania has calmed down; it is proposed to suppress it by law—which is moonshine. England accomplished that feat by the threat of certainly hanging as a murderer, the survivor in a mortal duel. Guillotine a brave for defending his honour—perish the thought! The way to suppress duelling in France is—not to publish any account of the meets, and to take no notice of a man with his arm in a sling, or a sticking-plastered head, or locomoting on hired crutches or detective policemen's walking sticks.

The anarchists, having ceased to scare, now make amends by amusing. Ravachol continues to be a burning and shining light of the *in memoriam* character. Executioner Deibler and his sinister tool-house are well guarded by the police, to keep off a few stormy petrels. The terrible anarchist's decapitation will be a surprise for amateurs of the guillotine—the event will be sudden and can take place at any moment. It is arranged that Deibler will operate on a condemned in the provinces, and, returning to Paris, will double back and finish up with Ravachol. The sooner the better. At a meeting of his sympathizers held here, one "oratrice"—great criminals have ever fascinated some of the fair sex—called for a "bravo" for the parting "compagnon"; a member proposed to fire some of the public buildings on the 14th July, to make up for the diminished grants voted for the illumina-

tions, while the meetings unanimously regretted society had not 100,000 Ravachols. The anarchists after all are not destitute of fun.

A layer of wild men, but not so out-and-out as the classic anarchists, have formed a union to demand an amnesty for Rochefort and other less-known exiled or imprisoned patriots—in fact to present the country with a clean bill of political health. If not granted, the martyrs will be run as candidate-deputies at the general elections next year. Even Berezowski, who shot at the Czar Alexander, in the Champs Elysées a quarter of a century ago, and is now leading a Robinson Crusoe life in New Caledonia, was not omitted. Among the signatures of the petition was M. Clemenceau; when his name was read out, it was received with hisses. A Russian boy in national costume was passed on to the platform, when cries were raised in favour of Russia and the "Nihilists," plus an *à bas* for the Czar.

The Pope is surely but effectively bringing the monarchical Catholics into line with the republic; they who intend to become the Tory wing of the present constitution. The *Pays*, once a fire-eating Bonapartist paper, has just been brought up to become the organ of the new party—"Papal republicans," as they have been baptized. M. Emile Ollivier, who set up and out to break a lance with the modernized—and common sense—French political policy of Leon XIII., has been silenced as effectually as if he were in holy orders. Some writers draw attention to the summary manner with which the First Napoleon fought the Church; at one time—1812—the emperor had imprisoned in the fortresses of Vincennes and Ham for disobedience, four cardinals, four bishops, three vicars-general, nine canons and thirty-eight parish priests; many priests were exiled also to a circuit of fifty miles from their parishes, and a notice was placed on the door of the chapel, setting forth that the *curé* had to leave on account of misconduct. Having imprisoned the Pope himself, Napoleon would never be stopped by even a Sacred College full of recalcitrant cardinals.

The commercial situation of France is improving, and if the "flowing tide" continues, under the new tariffs and reciprocity treaties, French protectionists will take to illuminations. The Comte d'Houssonville, who seems to have given up as a going concern the running of the Orleansist dynasty for that unknown institution—the French crown—alluding to the economical situation of France, writes: that situation resembles England's more than that of the United States. Thus with respect to the condition of workmen, without being as miserable as it is in England, is not the less painful and difficult in France. He adds that the "measures for the protection of woman have not ameliorated her situation to any marked degree; in legally over-protecting her we transform her into a victim."

Two young men a few days ago took to quarrelling; forgetting they had fists, and not being able to borrow swords, they placed iron nails in two sticks and prodded at each others' heads and necks, till the police came and conveyed both to the hospital.

It was certain to come; doctress-in-law Mdlle. Chauvin, has been appointed professoress in the governmental secondary lycæums for girls; she is a full-blown woman's rights young lady; claims for her sex, not only clerkships in the civil service—nothing to do from ten to four on week days, and a holiday on Sundays, but insists on the army and navy being open to her sex. As France finds difficulty in securing men for her new colonial army, why not try a few battalions of Amazonians; they could flesh their maiden swords in their sisters in arms at Dahomey?

There is nothing new in the alleged discovery that Labourdonnais (Labourdonnaye) sold Madras to the English, and was paid in hard money for his work. Any student of Indian history can tell that; the original documents of sale are in the archives of the India Office. The present writer drew public attention to the quip of the French calling the chief avenue skirting the Champ de Mars, that is, exhibition ground, after so tarnished a glory. I heard it stated, that Labourdonnais has claims on every tender and sentimental heart; it was he who was instrumental in obtaining the nomination of the governor of the island, who authorized the abduction of "Virginia," to her harridan old aunt in Paris—and when returning to her "Paul," she was shipwrecked.

A constant reader asks his journal, if "yak," is the correct pronunciation of "yacht."

The manager of two secondary theatres, and not bad ones, despite the "nineties," keeps his houses full; he merely exchanges his troupes and the properties every week.

An ever timely tax: During the Reign of Terror, the city of St. Etienne, near Lyons, struck a tax in favour of "suffering humanity." Z.

KNOWLEDGE is an excellent drug; but no drug has virtue enough to preserve itself from corruption and decay, if the vessel be tainted and impure wherein it is put to keep.—*Montaigne*.

ACCORDING to the *Colliery Guardian*, M. Dubree, professor of geology at the Ecole d'Histoire Naturelle, Paris, has found that the temperatures attained in several processes are not nearly so high as is generally supposed; for instance, that of the Bessemer converter is from 1,330 to 1,580° centigrade; molten steel from 1,580 to 1,640°; the Siemens furnace from 1,045 to 1,190°, and incandescent electric lamps from 1,800 to 2,100°.

CORRESPONDENCE.

CANADIAN LOYALTY.

To the Editor of THE WEEK :

SIR,—In your last issue you speak editorially of "a distinction . . . between loyalty to their own country as citizens and loyalty to the Empire as colonists." If sincere in your advocacy of Independence, and I think your columns prove that to be the case, what is your opinion of a loyalty to Canada nurtured upon disloyalty to flag and Constitution, Sovereign and Empire? Can good come out of evil? There really should be no distinction, and to the true loyalist there is none, between Canada and the Empire of which she is a part. No greater distinction at any rate than may be found between any Ontario man's feeling towards his Province and towards the Dominion, or a Scotchman's regard for his native land and his sentiment towards the United Kingdom.

The interests of Canada are bound up in those of the Empire. Its independence of the United States depends upon the maintenance of that union, its commercial, financial and political welfare is intimately connected with that of Britain. Why then try to cultivate an antagonistic sentiment of nationality? A British citizenship as truly exists as does a Canadian. An Englishman is the Queen's representative, here, successor in that position to a Scotchman and an Irishman; Edward Blake, as a British subject, sits in the Imperial Parliament, whilst this common citizenship is everywhere recognized throughout the vast bounds of the British Empire. Meantime we are also Canadians and proud of it. Thus we have a double privilege—a local citizenship and an Imperial one.

The best way to "foster the hope and purpose of Canadian nationality" is to imitate the ideal of Thomas D'Arcy McGee, W. A. Foster, Sir John Macdonald and George Brown, recognize and develop a British-Canadian sentiment, two kindred feelings voicing one great union—a Canadian and an Imperial idea bound up together in the hearts of our people.

True, the name of colonist is unpleasant. But whose fault is it? So long as we decline to aid in Imperial affairs so long we must remain outside the pale of British nations, and though one in reality, will have to bear the nominal stigma of being called colonists. Accept Imperial Federation and that difficulty will be settled.

Toronto, July 22.

J. CASTELL HOPKINS.

THE DOMINION ELECTORATE.

To the Editor of THE WEEK :

SIR,—In an editorial that appeared in an issue of THE WEEK the following startling and significant remark was made: "At the last general election in Canada about one-third of the legally-qualified electors neglected to cast their ballots."

Surely every thinking man sees that here we have that which must give us pause. Such an incident is assuredly most pointedly suggestive and indicative. Verily such a sentence is pregnant with thought and fraught with meaning.

No patriot should refuse to give it his utmost attention to discover the meaning, and if possible to suggest a remedy.

The conclusions to be drawn are few, but obvious, lamentable and such as call for action and men of action.

It is the purpose of the writer to endeavour to make it clear that the delinquent third had sufficient reason for abstaining from voting, and in conclusion to suggest a remedy for the existing deplorable state of affairs.

In the first place, it is as plain as a pikestaff that the third who did not cast their ballots, for the most part, is made up of incorruptible electors, while it is equally clear "that they whose voting is least desirable are the surest to be at the poll." It may be taken for granted as axiomatic that both parties polled every vote that could be polled, and that every means, straight and crooked, right and wrong, fair and foul, was employed to poll said votes. Those, then, who did not exercise the franchise had manifestly other motives than those either of expediency or self interest for absents themselves from the polls. They, at least, were above the breath of suspicion; of them it dared not be said they were venal, base or self-seeking. If the "bosses" failed to move them by hook or crook, it goes without saying that they had high motives and worthy reasons for abstinence. And is not such the case? How many of us can tell of this one and that one of our fellow-countrymen who remained at home because there was nothing to vote for—the policies of both parties were arrant nonsense, catch-trap cries, hollow mockeries.

Disgusted were they with Conservatism because it had no bill of fare—nothing which could command either the respect or the support of an intelligent electorate. It was naught else but a weak-kneed cry about British connection and a vain attempt to attract the public gaze from corruption, political jobbery and stagnation. Not a whit more worthy was Liberalism of an honest man's second thought, much less of his vote. Here was to be found a party with a policy, manifestly trumped up at the last moment, without the slightest pre-consideration, without the smallest regard for consequences, without an idea as to the effect such a measure might have upon the business of the country. In fact, they could not explain their policy; they were at sixes and sevens among themselves

in re this El Dorado—unrestricted reciprocity. There was no sane man but would rather endure those evils he had than fly to others that he knew not of, nor could be enlightened upon. Such was the burden of their respective songs. On the one hand, a hypocritical cry about British connection being an attempt to make political capital out of their opponents' policy, a cry that was truly as good an illustration of a whited sepulchre as was the Pharisee of old.

We heard nothing that was calculated to arouse us to the fact that the most important, because the most serious, event in a nation's life was at hand, a general election. The honest man who went to get bread was offered a stone. The thinking man was sent home with no pabulum upon which to ruminate. No; he heard cries of "Loyalty," "No Discrimination," "the Old Man," "the Old Flag," "the Old Policy," but nothing new.

In the other camp he heard declaimers who knew not whereof they spoke. They were not even agreed on their policy. They dared not consider its possibilities; the electors did that for them.

They bragged and boasted of the reign of prosperity that was already in sight, ay, to be had for the asking, to be gained by the voting.

It was cant, without even the semblance of truth or reality. It could not even boast stout supporters or doughty champions. It sank into well-deserved obscurity, though it deserved the better fate, of seeing its advocates disappear first. And still the prayer goes up to heaven—would that some Unseen Power would bless our poor country with a few honest and honourable politicians. Diogenes might have been kept busy looking for an honest man in Athens; he would have had to sublet his contract had he had the misfortune to abide in Ottawa.

Is a man chosen to represent or run for a county because of his principle, his ability and his knowledge of affairs, political and constitutional? Are the representatives of the people (so-called) always men who understand even the elements of political economy? In many cases they seem rather to be masters of ways that are dark and tricks that are not vain; tricks in jobbery and rascality that would turn a Machiavelli pale with envy.

The men of thought and principle were not at the polls last election, but they should have been. Yes, and more than that, they should have had candidates for whom they could have voted without misgiving. What was and is required are independent candidates: let them be supporters of either great party, for third parties are dastardly failures, but such supporters as are not nominated from Ottawa, such as are not servile followers of any leader or coterie of leaders, as will vote as they believe in accordance with the best interests, not of themselves nor of their party, but of their country. Let them be *men*—men who will strive to better their party by ridding it of parasites and scoundrels, and establishing it on a firm basis, both as regards policy and personell.

Perchance Diogenes would have found perhaps one or two who would form a nucleus for such an independent coterie. There is one member in the House whom I feel certain would make an ideal leader of such an organization. He already commands the respect of the country. Would that he would champion the cause, which we can rest assured would be supported by *that third*. Let this party of independents establish an organ in one of our great centres that will promulgate their opinions. Let it organize its forces and appeal to the electors—the honest and patriotic citizens. If the helping hand and loyal vote is not extended them, then God help Canada.

CIVIS CANADENSIS.

PLAISIRS DE FROISSART.

After Charles d'Orleans.

To drink a glass full fain am I
And to be clothed becomingly.
At sight of victuals rich and sweet,
On table fine in order meet,
Right joyfully my heart does beat.
Violets in their season true,
Roses freshly dipped in dew
Charm me; 'tis no more than right.
Rooms ablaze with candle light,
Cards and dances half the night;
Beds well furnished, soft and deep,
And, to tempt a sounder sleep,
Dainty meats and rosy wine.
When these pleasures do combine,
Where the heart so young as mine?

J. ROSS-WETHERMAN.

A NUMBER of stone idols, supposed to be six hundred years old and of a type differing from any heretofore discovered, have been unearthed among Aztec ruins in New Mexico.

THE amount of whalebone taken annually does not now exceed 200,000 pounds. The largest part of this is taken by the whalers sailing out of ports on the Pacific coast. A few years ago the amount taken reached as high as 500,000 pounds annually, and in some years it went above these figures. The price has gone up from fifty cents a pound to \$6 wholesale.—*Boston Transcript*.

THE DIALOGUES OF PLATO.*

IT would be superfluous to speak at this late date of the supreme merits of this translation of Plato, which is a product of the best thought and scholarship of the Oxford of to-day. To render such a master of style as Plato into English is no easy task. As Mr. Jowett remarks, "a translation, like a picture, is dependent for its effect on very minute touches. . . It ought to be idiomatic and interesting, not only to the scholar, but to the unlearned reader. Its object should not simply be to render the words of one language into the words of another, or to preserve the construction and order of the original—this is the ambition of a schoolboy, who wishes to show that he has made a good use of his dictionary and grammar, but is quite unworthy of the translator, who seeks to produce on his reader an impression similar, or nearly similar, to that produced by the original." No doubt the scholar will always prefer the actual words of the master, but even the most accomplished scholar will learn much from a translator like Mr. Jowett, whose fulfilment of the task of love he has set himself comes so near to the ideal he has conceived.

This third edition, like the second, has the advantage over the first of marginal analysis, and of various essays on modern philosophy, and on political and social life. The chief subjects discussed are Utility, Communism, the Kantian and Hegelian Philosophies, Psychology, and the Origin of Language. Nor should we forget to mention the convincing, and almost contemptuous, way in which, in the preface, the forced interpretation of the development of Plato's ideal theory, given by Dr. Jackson of Cambridge, is disposed of. To our mind the view of Dr. Jackson sins not only by its failure to apprehend that Plato's ideas are, to apply Luther's words, "living things with hands and feet," but it completely inverts the probable development of his thought. German commentators, as Mr. Jowett contends, have been almost as ready to apply a "vigorous and rigorous" method to Plato as to the sacred writings; but at least they have not made his philosophy stand upon its head. That feat was unfortunately reserved for an English scholar trained in that "scientific" method which in literature and philosophy is foolishness. One of the most valuable lessons which the open-minded student of these volumes may learn is, that the attempt to confine the thought of a great master in philosophy within the narrow and rigid frames of an abstract theory is as fatal to real insight as the attempt to exhaust the infinity of the universe by stubbornly shutting our eyes to all its less obvious features.

Besides the essays already mentioned, this third edition contains new essays on the following subjects: (1) Language, (2) The decline of Greek Literature, (3) The "ideas" of Plato and Modern Philosophy, (4) The myths of Plato, (5) The relation of the Republic, Statesman, and Laws, (6) The legend of Atlantis, (7) Psychology, (8) Comparison of the Laws of Plato with Spartan and Athenian Laws and Institutions. It need hardly be said that all of these essays are more or less suggestive, but the space at our command will not allow us to do more than refer, and that in an inadequate way, to the essay which stands third on the list.

Plato's doctrine of ideas, the translator contends, "has attained an imaginary clearness and definiteness which is not to be found in his own writings." The popular view really consists of a series of unmeaning propositions. "Poetry has been converted into dogma, and it is not remarked that the Platonic ideas are to be found only in about a-third of Plato's writings and are not confined to him." What is great in Plato is "the spirit of idealism, which in the history of philosophy has had many names and taken many forms, and has in a measure influenced those who seemed to be most averse to it." It is this spirit which forms the bond of union in all the various and even contradictory utterances of Plato—the spirit which "places the divine above the human, the spiritual above the material, the one above the many, the mind before the body." There is a great deal in modern philosophy which is inspired by ancient. "To the fathers of modern philosophy, their own thoughts appeared to be new and original, but they carried with them an echo or shadow of the past, coming back by recollection from an elder world." The principle of ancient philosophy which is most apparent in modern is scepticism; we must doubt nearly every traditional or received notion, that we may hold fast one or two. The Eleatic notion that being and thought were the same was revived in a new form by Descartes. Like Plato, Descartes insists that God is true and incapable of deception, and that thought and extension are united by a special divine act. Spinoza is related to Descartes very much as Parmenides to Xenophanes. His teaching might be described generally as "the Jewish religion reduced to an abstraction and taking the form of the Eleatic philosophy. Like Parmenides, he is overpowered and intoxicated with the idea of Being or God." The grand description of the philosopher in the Republic as "the spectator of all time and all existence" may be paralleled with the famous expression of Spinoza, "*Contemplatio rerum sub specie eternitatis*." In the "pre-concerted harmony" (as Mr. Jowett calls it) of Leibnitz we catch a reminiscence, both of Anaxagoras and of Plato in the *Timæus*. In the "forms" of Bacon there survives a crude conception of the

*"The Dialogues of Plato translated into English with Analyses and Introductions." By B. Jowett, M.A., Master of Balliol College, etc. In five volumes. Third edition. New York: Macmillan and Company. 1892.

"ideas" of Plato, and both are almost equally superior to the illusions of language. Lock's analysis and construction of ideas is only the dialectic of the mind "talking to herself." Hume, like the ancient Sophists, relegates the most important principles of ethics to custom and probability. "We are still, as in Plato's age, groping about for a new method more comprehensive than any of those which now prevail, and also more permanent. . . . In another age, all the branches of knowledge, whether relating to God or man or nature, will become the knowledge of 'the revelation of a single science,' and all things, like the stars in heaven, will shed their light upon one another."

To examine the suggestive essay thus hurriedly summarized would require an essay at least as long as itself. In seeking for points of resemblance between ancient and modern philosophy Mr. Jowett is no doubt guided by the sound principle, that there is no break in the continuity of human thought; but it may be doubted if the analogies he suggests are not as likely to mislead as to instruct. No one insists more strongly than he upon the importance of reading Plato with the eyes of a Greek; is it less important to read Descartes and Spinoza and Kant with the eyes of a modern? If there is one thing that the history of human thought teaches more emphatically than another, it is that no age ever repeats any of its predecessors, that for every age there is a new heavens and a new earth. To compare Descartes or Spinoza with the Eleatics is almost entirely misleading; only less misleading than to speak of the philosophy of Spinoza as the "Jewish religion reduced to an abstraction." Nor does it seem to us true that "from the time of Descartes to Hume and Kant, philosophy has had little or nothing to do with facts of science;" on the contrary it has been too much overlooked that much of the speculations of modern philosophy have originated from an attempt to provide a higher synthesis which should bring into harmony the new ideas revealed by science and the deeper views of man and God suggested by them. Would the philosophy of Descartes have been what it was if science had not directed men's minds to mathematics as an organon for the precise expression of physical truth? Would Leibnitz have developed his theory that each individual thing possesses in virtue of its existence an indestructible quantity of force, had it not been that in his day science was advancing from the mathematical conception of the world as defined purely by extension and motion to the dynamical conception of it as an equilibrium of forces? If the new method of philosophy which Mr. Jowett sees, "as through a glass darkly," is to be the "method of idealized experience," must it not gather up into itself, and harmonize all the applications of the idea of development which are the characteristic mark of the science of our own age? For these and other reasons we cannot but think that the history of philosophy deserves a better fate than to be made the occasion of a number of superficial analogies, which leave its articulations vague and indistinct.

The other essays contained in this new edition of Mr. Jowett's great work will be found equally provocative of thought, especially that on psychology.

We cannot conclude this scanty and inadequate notice of a book that no man of liberal culture can afford to neglect, without expressing the pleasure which the reader cannot but receive from the admirable way in which Messrs. Macmillan have done their work. Such printing as they have given us almost deserves to be ranked as a specimen of fine art.

JOHN WATSON.

University of Queen's College.

ART NOTES.

THE *Magazine of Art* says of a recent exhibition at the Continental Gallery in Bond Street, London, that "the chief interest undeniably centred in the pictures by M. Jan Van Beers, two of them, 'Miss Ada Rehan as Lady Teazle,' and a dainty little full-length portrait called 'A Reverie,' being expressly painted by the famous Belgian for this year's English art market. . . . He has succeeded in producing an admirable portrait of the reigning American comedienne—though the expression is a thought too cynical—and one which is very beautiful in its treatment of costly draperies, and finished with the usual elaboration and panel like effect."

SHORTLY before his death, says the *New York Critic*, the late Mr. Cyrus W. Field gave to the Metropolitan Museum his collection of medals, paintings, etc., relating to the laying of the Atlantic cable. Among the medals and tokens presented to Mr. Field by various governments, states and societies, was one from the United States, containing, it is said, \$387 worth of gold; accompanying this is a certificate containing the vote of thanks from Congress. There is also the Cross of the Order of St. Mauritius, conferred by the King of Italy, and the certificate awarding the Grand Prize of the Paris Exposition of 1867. The handsome gold box presented by the people of New York will have a prominent place in the collection. One of the most interesting articles is a large tankard of silver and oak, the gift of the men working in Central Park. There are also several fragments of the Atlantic cable and numerous relics connected with the establishment of trans-oceanic telegraphy. The collection of pictures consists of six large oil-paintings and forty-six water-colours, illustrating the laying of the cable. Mr. Field was unwilling that these interesting relics should leave the city of New York, and his gift to the Museum was accompanied by a

request that they be so arranged in an alcove as to be easily accessible to visitors.

EVERY art has its minor as well as its great masters; and even as literature, including in her wide embrace the epic poet and the dainty maker of *vers de société*, accords them both their place on Mount Parnassus, and awards them both a niche in her temple of fame, so sculpture may recognize as worthy votaries the mighty master of the plastic art and the little master of *fantaisie*. Watteau and Lancret, or even Greuze, do not count for less than their merit demands in the roll of art because they lacked the power, the dignity and the higher qualities of men of genius far above them. Cosway and Romney are not less painters of grace and beauty—their claim upon our respect is not the slighter—because they had not the brilliant vigour of Reynolds or the mind of Hogarth. Each stands by himself, and upon his own merits must he be judged. And just as we may turn from the reading of Tennyson or Browning to the lighter fancies of Præd or Locker or Ashby-Sterry or St. Leger, and find pleasure in their own peculiar qualities of touch and flavour, so may we look from the splendid earnestness and richness of artistic power of Rodin or Dalou, of Mercié or Alfred Gilbert, to the dainty and tender elegance of Van der Straeten; and that, too, without feeling that with nobility of idea and greatness of execution we have lost the sense of mastery which belongs to the man possessed of surpassing excellence—even though his walk in life be on a lower plane. Let me not be misunderstood. I do not claim for Van der Straeten a high position as a sculptor. Judged by the standard by which more "serious" men are measured, he does not challenge our verdict; he could never compete, I take it, with those in the Académie des Beaux-Arts for the commission for a great public monument. As in the fable, he is the joyous grasshopper among the academic ants; leaving to others the intense study that the highest walks of art demand, and contenting himself with what is pretty, charming, dainty and amusing. Herein he excels, and herein lies his claim on the recognition and appreciation of the people. Van der Straeten was not always intended for an artist. As with hundreds in his present walk of life, he was brought up in a far more practical school, from which he broke away by sheer force of character. Born in Ghent in 1857, he was educated with a view to practising at the Bar. His study was chiefly directed to the classics and jurisprudence; but while he attended the lectures at the University, his love of practising sculpture—of a sort—became indomitable, until he finally threw off the legal yoke and openly devoted himself to art. His conversion came about by a curious chance, although in the nature of things it could not have been long delayed. In accordance with the practice of the inland population of Belgium, he was wont to pay an annual summer visit to the seaside. In the year of which I speak, the port and sea-wall of Ostend were in process of construction, and the young student formed one of a daily crowd that visited the works. Here chancing upon a quantity of loam or clay, he possessed himself of a lump and took it home. Setting to work, he produced a statuette—poor enough, no doubt, as one can imagine, but yet good enough to decide his father, a good judge of art and an amateur artist himself, to yield to his son's solicitations and place him with a sculptor as soon as they returned to Ghent.—*Magazine of Art for August*.

IT is surprising to see how many manufacturers are represented at the Champs-Élysées, and how few artists. Even the chiefs of our school pronounce over their pictures the formulas of incantation which have already attracted the wonder of the crowds and the money of Americans, instead of opening to us their souls. Dangerous current, in which the brilliant false reputations of to-day will sooner or later capsize, while honour will remain only to the true ones. There are two ways of embracing art: to spoil the taste of the public by preparing for it the dishes that it prefers, or to try to be true to one's self in order that the spectator may afterwards appreciate one's sincerity. In the first case sincere emotion is entirely useless; it causes no pleasure whatever to the great public which chatters of art in public places. That which is necessary at first is the unexpected, the novel, but the unexpected can never form a lasting school of art. But it is not only the thought of amusing, of astonishing, which injures art; it is the mania of specializing himself in some way shown by each exhibitor. That failing is increased by the desire to please the public and to sell at a good price. Those who buy seldom seek the translation of a thought in a word. They simply consider the picture as a piece of furniture. When they want pictures for the dining-room the most important thing is to find those of flowers, fruits, plate; for the boudoir or the sleeping-room, witty scenes, agreeable nudities; for the salon, portraits of idealized peasants; for galleries, historic or prehistoric fantasies, visions of dancing statues, etc. According as a painter responds more or less by subjects which fill one or more of these requirements, does he create a specialty like a commercial house. You may judge of the wrong done in this way. There are, without doubt, some artists who are not injured by this almost forced limitation of their talents; their strength is greater than all the temptations which beset them to become painting machines, and the intensity of expression is visible, even when they repeat themselves. But, outside of these, how many there are who, lost by that injurious specialism, allow themselves to drift to mechanical production. As an instance, behold the portrait of Renan, by M. Bonnat. The method of this

artist is to use to advantage in his official portraits the insignia of office. He represents every illustrious man with the expression which popular imagination ascribes to him. The real character matters little; each of them seems to wear a mask conforming to the commonly received idea of his *role* in society. M. Ferry had a political aim, and his eyes concealed themselves under his inclined head. M. Pasteur was the great scholar, who, his hand in his overcoat, threw toward an invisible sphinx a look cutting as steel. In the same way M. Renan is the sceptical philosopher, and behold him with his two hands on his knees and a cynical air. But, frankly, is that really that physiognomy so delicately spirituelle, and is not the character of M. Renan too fine to be construed in this manner? But commercial spiritualism is not only to be seen in the choice of subjects; it is even found in the exterior matter of execution. There are painters who seek to distinguish themselves by uniformly covering their canvas with a thick wash; others who compose with an insipid mixture of various tones, which they recommend to the eye as the *pointilliste* method. I know that the resolution of colours into their elements preserves their brilliancy and may be useful in rendering certain lights, but painters attached to this method employ it, right or wrong; nothing life-like, nothing solid, throughout a strange glitter, where one with difficulty distinguishes vague forms. Alas! it is too evident that the oddities of execution seen among so many artists of to-day respond solely to the desire of pleasing demi-connoisseurs, persons a hundred times more credulous than the purely ignorant. But the epoch which succeeds us will demand with amazement how we were able to take pleasure in such childishness. All virtuosity, all attempts to surprise the public by a turn of the hand is an enemy to art. In a word, when artists allow the public taste to become master of their destiny, they may be certain of not lasting long, for the gallery to which they address themselves changes quickly. On the contrary, that which will never cease to be an object of admiration is the energy with which an artist should size his particular idea and place it upon the canvas. I imagine a great painter sketching his work: "This is the frame," he says to himself, "where my personality may be expressed," and he goes enthusiastically to work. Having gone some distance, he is vexed: "That is bad; there is nothing which retraces my emotions; it is my hand alone which has progressed, and it has met nothing but the commonplace. My heart must be moved, that it may open. There, that is better, but not yet good; these are reminiscences of the old masters. Am I not able, then, to feel for myself and translate that which I feel?" And the touches fall quickly on the canvas. "Ah! if I were entirely sincere my work would be beautiful; there would then appear a new consciousness, luminous as life itself. Alas! I have not sufficient power. But proceed; courage; there is my idea exactly; my vision is taking form; now, no repose, lest I diminish or break down all the work that I may be able to do at one time. My entire soul should be represented there; for in this moment I see clearly that which nature has desired that I should myself comprehend, and my thought is open to the horizon which it has given me, full of the infinite." Then the work develops with certainty; the imprint of a human character is visible throughout, and it is the firmness of that affirmation, the absolute accord between the parts, which is admirable. Also what joy for the wrestler, when he has finished, to contemplate at his ease the image of his soul, which he has dragged from the shades of common, every day life. I conclude. There is no recipe for becoming a great artist. You may know all the tricks of the trade, all the fads of the public; these will not suffice to save your name from oblivion. But when a man imposes on all his impressions the unity and clearness of his consciousness, giving it a personal character, he will be great forever.—*Translated for Public Opinion from the French of Paul Gsell, in the Paris Revue Bleue*.

THE recreant who exhibits his timidity in the hour of danger is afterwards boldest in word and tongue.—*Tacitus*.

WHAT'S brave, what's noble, let's do it after the high Roman fashion, and make death proud to take us.—*Shakespeare*.

WHAT are the paltry gifts for which my neighbour forgets to thank me compared with the immense blessings for which I have often forgotten to be grateful to God?—*Gotthold*.

A NEW method of impregnating logs with zinc chloride in order to preserve them is now in use in Austria, being known as the Pfister process. The timber is impregnated in the forest as soon as possible after it is felled. The zinc chloride solution has a specific gravity of 1.01 and is forced into the thick end of the log by a force pump. To this end, an iron disk of suitable diameter and furnished with a cutting rim is forced into the end of the log and secured by clamps. The time required for this preliminary work is only three or four minutes for each log. After a pressure of two or three atmospheres has been maintained at the thick end of the log for a few minutes, the sap begins to exude at the opposite end, and finally a weak solution of zinc chloride comes through, showing that the operation has been completed. About 2½ gallons of the solution are required per cubic foot of timber treated. Though rapid, the process does not appear to distribute the solution so uniformly as other methods.—*Scientific American*.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

A FRIEND in Dresden has written a letter to Henry Schoenfeld, of this city, in which he states that Rubinstein was an interested auditor at one of the latest American composers' concerts, given under the direction of F. X. Arens. Rubinstein clapped his hands after the performance of Schoenfeld's suite and loudly ejaculated: "Now, that I like." Of course, under the circumstances, Mr. Schoenfeld is immensely tickled over the news.—*Chicago Evening Post*.

THE *Musical News* says: With reference to the interesting article on Her Majesty's Theatre, it is curious to note the way in which aristocratic support was formerly secured. Early in the present century no tickets for boxes or pit could be obtained without a voucher from the lady patronesses, who were persons of the highest rank. After the opera and ballet, the company retired into the concert room, where a ball took place and at which refreshments and supper were served.

DR. HUBERT PARRY'S cantata, "Job," which will form the chief novelty of the forthcoming Gloucester Festival, is a comparatively short work, occupying about an hour in performance. The tenor solo music will be sung by Mr. Edward Lloyd. Professor Bridge will contribute a setting of Dante's "Lord's Prayer" as a motet for chorus and orchestra, the English version of which has been supplied by Dean Plumtree; and Miss Ellicott has composed a brief setting of Mr. Lewis Morris' "The Birth of Song."—*Musical News*.

JEAN DE RESZKÉ being again ill, "Carmen" was substituted for "Elaine" recently in London. The latter opera will be mounted at the Paris Opera House this winter. If Mr. Grau's negotiations are successful, it will be produced in America, with Bimburg conducting the first performance. Jean de Reszké is to marry Mrs. Degoulvine, a wealthy Parisian amateur. He thinks the climate of America suits him better than that of Europe. He will return to London after his American tour. The report of his intended retirement is untrue.

IT has been said that a great intellectual gift makes an easy passport to anything. At any rate, Sigrid Arnoldson has been able to prove its truth, for when she was in Rome she went one day to the poste restante to call for a registered letter. She was asked for her passport to establish her identity, but she had left it behind her at her hotel. Her reiterated assurance that she was indeed Sigrid Arnoldson failed to satisfy the officials, until at last the happy thought occurred to her to sing to them. "Assai, assai!" they exclaimed when the song was finished; "here is your letter, for no one but Sigrid Arnoldson can sing like that."—*Musical Courier*.

THE Carl Rosa season in London is now finished, and its statistics have been compiled. By far the most successful opera of the season is "Cavalleria Rusticana," which has been given 46 times. Next follows "The Daughter of the Regiment," which has been given on 36 and "Carmen" on 33 occasions. "The Bohemian Girl" (particularly on Saturday nights) preserves in the provinces the popularity which has altogether departed so far as the metropolis is concerned. It has been given 20 times. So also has "Faust," while "Aida" has been given 19; "Romeo" has fallen to 17; "Les Huguenots" has been performed 13; "Fra Diavolo," 10; "The Talisman," 9; "Maritana," "The Lily of Killarney" and "Le Domino Noir," 7; "Il Trovatore," 8, and "Don Giovanni" 5 times. The other operas of the repertory are "La Traviata," "The Elixir of Love," "Mignon" and "Figaro," which have each been given twice.

IN connection with tuition at the Leipzig Conservatorium a correspondent enquires if Mr. Legge can give particulars of any prizes given to students, and if he knows anything of a "First Prizeman of the Leipzig Conservatorium." To this Mr. Legge replies: "There are one or two prizes offered to students. Herr Blüchner, I fancy, gives a piano, and there is, or was, a Mozart stipendium; but I am strongly of opinion that a first prize is, vulgarly speaking, 'bunkum.' Until I read an advertisement of a 'First Prizeman of the Leipzig Conservatoire' in an English paper the other day I never heard of the thing, and I lived nearly six years in Leipzig, and was associated, in one way or another, with the Conservatorium a large part of the time. Books may be given, but the offering carries no weight. Neither do the much-vaunted certificates, which can be obtained by any student who has been a student there three years and behaved himself. I may say that anyone advertising himself in Leipzig as a 'first-prize man' would probably have the ever-watchful *polizei* (police) down on him."—*Musical News*.

PADEREWSKI has left for Paris to attend the wedding of the daughter of the Comte de Frangueville, the head of the house of Erard. He will return to London when, we believe, it is his intention to devote the entire proceeds of a recital at St. James' Hall to a well-known and deserving English charity. Mr. Paderewski performed a similar act of generosity in America, and he thinks it only right to do as much here. The renowned artist was the "bright particular star" of a select and brilliant musical gathering at the residence of Mrs. Edward Goetz, in Hyde Park terrace. It was a privilege indeed to hear Mr. Paderewski, with Mr. Arbos and Mr. Piatti, in Beethoven's trio in B flat, played to absolute perfection without the semblance of a rehearsal. Directly after this the guest of the

evening sat down to the piano of his own accord and went through nearly half the programme of his "only recital." He again played divinely, and gave his hearers a treat the nature of which can only be appreciated by those who have been permitted to listen to a great artist *en petite comilé*.—*London Sunday Times*.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

THE BEOTHIKS, OR RED INDIANS OF NEWFOUNDLAND. By the Rev. George Patterson, D.D. Montreal: W. Drysdale and Company. 4to, pp. 50, plates. Price, 50 cents.

In this treatise, communicated to the Royal Society of Canada, Dr. Patterson has brought together all that has been recorded concerning the extinct aborigines of Newfoundland. The work has been admirably done, as might be expected from Dr. Patterson. The Beothik vocabularies are not inserted in it, and one may therefore look forward to another communication from the learned author dealing with his theme from a philological standpoint. The Beothiks, although apparently Algonquin, were a very aberrant tribe, presenting peculiarities well worthy of investigation.

CATHCART'S LITERARY READER: A MANUAL OF ENGLISH LITERATURE. By George R. Cathcart. New York: American Book Company.

This neatly-printed, beautifully-illustrated, but too ambitious book is a new edition of a work which was published many years ago. As a literary reader for *United States schools*, in its present form it is excellent. The selections are taken from many of the masterpieces of English literature. Its portraits of some of the most celebrated writers of our language of time past and present are admirable and merit high commendation. The type and paper used are both capital. Had the compiler been less ambitious and confined his pretensions to the object suggested in the first title as above amended, his success would have been undoubted, but in venturing the higher flight heralded in the second title—well, he reminds us of Icarus who found that wax was scarcely the equivalent for good bone and muscle.

THE FIRST PART OF GOETHE'S FAUST, together with the Prose Translation, Notes and Appendices of the late Abraham Hayward, Q.C., carefully revised, with introduction. By C. A. Bucheim, Ph.D., (Bohn Library Edition). London and New York: George Bell and Sons. 1892.

That Hayward's fine translation of Goethe's great work should at the expiration of some sixty years have appeared in a new and improved edition at Dr. Bucheim's hands, proves the conscientious character of Hayward's work, and the singular merit which has won for it such permanent interest and value. The additional notes supplied by the Editor; the just excision of matter now rendered valueless or misleading by later research; the sketch of the Faust Legend; the arrangement of German and English in parallel columns, and the thorough and painstaking editing, make Dr. Bucheim's work both creditable to him and acceptable to all who are interested in one of the great masterpieces of the world's literature.

THE LANGUAGE OF THE MISSISSAGAS OF SCUGOG: A Contribution to the Linguistics of the Algonkian Tribes of Canada. By Alexander Francis Chamberlain, M.A., late Fellow in Modern Languages in University College, Toronto, Fellow in Anthropology in Clark University, Worcester, Mass., Fellow of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. Philadelphia: Press of MacCalla and Company. 8vo. paper, pp. 84.

Dr. Chamberlain is one of the few Canadian scholars who have turned their attention to the study of our aboriginal population. A Mississaga document in the Toronto Public Library led him to researches among the primitive inhabitants of the region in which the city is situated, and the result is this valuable monograph, a work of permanent scientific interest. It is much to be desired that scholars, possessed of the spirit of laborious and careful research which characterizes Dr. Chamberlain, should be retained in our seats of learning, to preserve the rapidly disappearing relics of aboriginal days, and stimulate original studies.

A GUIDE TO ELECTRIC LIGHTING. For the Use of Householders and Amateurs. By S. R. Bottone. New York and London: Macmillan and Company. 1892. Toronto: The Williamson Company.

Electricity has become so generally used on land and sea in such an infinite variety of ways, that a clear, concise and comprehensive guide to its use is almost a necessity of every-day life. It is indeed quite so to those who have to deal with this tremendous force, and who have no special knowledge of its nature and action. We object at the outset to the omission of a table of contents, chapter headings, and index from this otherwise excellent guide. Its author thoroughly understands his subject and treats it with sufficient fulness, clearness, and practicality, to enable any intelligent reader who thoughtfully reads the

189 pages comprised in the volume, to acquire a competent knowledge of the subject for ordinary purposes, and to lay the foundation for ampler knowledge if he chooses to pursue the subject further. Electric motion is thus described: "It must not be imagined that electricity is a thing, and that it has any existence *per se*; for although in some of its effects it may be likened to a flow of water or steam, yet it is more nearly related to the undulatory motion set up by a rush of wind across a field of corn, or by the shaking of a long sheet held by its four corners, than to the actual flow of any material body." Electricity is traced and explained from its simplest form of creation for use in the first chapter to the estimate "of the cost of power as obtained from an electric motor" in the last. The illustrations are numerous and excellent, and the accompanying tables add to the usefulness of this handy and serviceable guide.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF SIR WALTER SCOTT. Edited, with Memoir, by John Dennis. In five volumes. London and New York: George Bell and Sons. 1892.

It is quite unnecessary at this date to enter upon a discussion of the merits or demerits of Sir Walter Scott as a poet. To our mind the memory of Scott is unfading, and so long as a taste for pure and noble fiction, and graphic and spirit-stirring poetry, remains among men, Sir Walter will continue to enthral the young and cheer and solace the old of successive generations. We have spoken in terms of praise of the prior numbers of the Aldine Edition of the British Poets of which these volumes form part, and we have nothing but words of praise for these beautiful books. They are compact and convenient in size, the type is sharp, clear, and very readable, the paper excellent, and the binding attractive. The portrait in the first volume is beautifully executed. The low price of these volumes places them within reach of all. The editor has discharged his duties in a competent and scholarly manner; the memoir, notes, and arrangement leave nothing to be desired. The concluding part of Mr. Dennis' memoir is worth repeating: "In Sir Walter there is the happy union of moral and intellectual greatness, and Macaulay never made a false judgment than when he said he could not think him a high-minded man or a man of strict principle. If a constant consideration for others, if a sympathy that entails self-sacrifice, if the sense of honour that forbids a debtor to escape by bankruptcy from the burden of his debts, if the absence of all vanity and conceit, of all jealousy and meanness, if the gracious virtues which make home dear to a man, also fill the home of which he is the centre with sweetness and light, if to do nothing that is ungenerous, to write nothing that is not elevating and pure, be marks of strict principle and highmindedness, in whom are these marks to be found more conspicuously than in the most illustrious of Scotchmen?" For our part we deem Sir Walter Scott to be one of the greatest as also one of the noblest figures in English literature. The noble monument which marks his memory in Edinburgh is worthy of the man, but a nobler and more enduring monument still is the memory of his pure unselfish life embalmed and interwoven as it is in his marvellous and splendid contribution to English letters.

University Extension opens with "The Connecticut Society for University Extension." The number also contains an interesting paper entitled "Psychology as an Extension of Study."

In the *Illustrated News* of the 16th inst. is begun the promised new story by Robert Louis Stevenson. Its title is "Uma; or the Beach of Falesá" (being a narrative of a south sea trader). The last part of this instalment is better adapted for Samoan than civilized readers. Had it been written by a lesser man it would not have been published in a reputable journal. It is Samoan realism, we suppose, but it is disgusting nevertheless.

"TAYLOR'S Primitive Culture" is the name of a paper by Professor A. Macalister, M.D., which appears in the July number of the *Critical Review*. "Masperos' Lectures Historiques" are reviewed by Professor A. H. Sayce in this number. Edward Caird's "Essays on Literature and Philosophy" are touched upon in a critical paper by Thomas Raleigh. Rev. Fred J. Rae brings a good number to a close with a paper entitled "Zeitschrift für Theologie und Kirche."

THE July *Wide Awake* contains a stirring revolutionary story by Adelaide Waldron, the chief incident of which furnishes the frontispiece for the number. It is called "Jock's Journey," and is full of dramatic action. G. Adams writes a humorous Fourth of July story entitled "Flag on Top." Grace Stuart Reid contributes "A Grasshopper's Fireworks." "Sir Philip Sidney and His Oak" is the name of a descriptive article from the pen of Harriet C. W. Stanton. The July number is a very readable one.

"MARK TWAIN" is the name of a study from the pen of J. Stuart in the July number of *Literary Opinion*. "Huckleberry Finn, and possibly Tom Sawyer, being set on one side, Mark Twain's books seem rather an outburst of individuality"—this is the opinion of Mr. Stuart, and perhaps he is not altogether wrong. T. T. Greg continues his "Book Collectors' Fads," "Large Paper Copies" being the name of the contribution for this number. Helen Zimmern writes a paper on "Recent Italian Fiction," in which she reviews the recent works of D'Annunzio and Professor Onorato Fava of Naples.

"How to Spend a Cheap Holiday in Norway" is the title of a readable paper in the July number of the *English Illustrated Magazine*, from the pen of Mary Howarth. Alan Adair (Mrs. J. Everett Holloway) contributes a cynically humorous short story, entitled "The Man Who Was Brave." W. R. Scott writes a short paper entitled "Trinity College, Dublin." "In a Scotch Loch" is the name of a story by Dix Lerron. The July issue is a most readable and interesting number.

PROFESSOR FRANCIS B. DENIO opens the July number of the *Andover Review* with an interesting paper, entitled "In Memory of Professor Lewis French Stearns, D. D." Professor F. Macbride Sterret contributes a vigorous article on "The Ethics of Creed Conformity." "And where fancy once flourished," says Rev. Bradley Gilman, in a very readable paper entitled "The Decline of Fancy," "in fascinating beauty, utility now digs and delves, and produces harvests for the material welfare of man." Rev. Charles C. Starbuck contributes a second paper on "Missions and Civilization" to this number.

THE editor of the *Library Review* commences the July number with "Printing at Venice and Elsewhere," being a book-review which presents some further artistic representations from the Borghese Library. "The Winner's Hymn to the Winds (*A vous Troupe Lègère*)," by W. J. Linton, comes next, and is followed by another poem from the same author entitled "Attraction." R. Brimley Johnson writes an interesting study on Walter Savage Landor. "The Critics on Mr. Meredith" is from the pen of F. Graham Alyward. Walter Lewin reviews "Modern Thought and Its Makers," by David Nasmyth, Esq., Q.C.

"DON ORSINO," by F. Marion Crawford, is continued in the July number of *Macmillan's*. Arthur Tilley contributes a paper on "Montaigne," in which, amongst much more that is interesting, he points out the influence of this great Frenchman upon Shakespeare. "The Forces of Disorder," by C. B., is an ably written paper upon the land question in Great Britain and Ireland. "Up to the present time," says the writer, "the presence of the English country gentleman has with rare exceptions been an important and beneficial factor in country life." "The Bhut-Baby" is the name of a curious story which appears in this number. Vernon Lee writes a charming sketch of Italy under the title of "Midsummer Magic."

FREEMAN SNOW opens the July number of the *Annals of the American Academy of Political and Social Science* with an article entitled "Cabinet Government in the United States," in which he takes exception to a prior article published in the *Annals* on "Congress and the Cabinet," from the pen of Mr. Gamaliel Bradford. Mr. Snow remarks: "It seems somewhat singular that Americans should continue to write essays and books in praise of responsible Cabinet Government when that system is not only being discredited at home, but when, as these same writers admit, there is not the remotest possibility of its introduction into this country." "School Savings Banks" are advocated in a paper by Sara Louisa Oberholtzer. Professor Patton's treatise on "Dynamic Economics" is warmly praised by John B. Clark. A remarkable paper is the translation of Prof. Leon Walgros' "Geometrical Theory of the Determination of Prices." This is an excellent number.

THE midsummer holiday *Century* has for its frontispiece a portrait of Shelley. "The Ascent of Fuji the Peerless" is the title of a most interesting paper from the pens of Professor and Mrs. Todd. "Sea-Longings," by Thomas Bailey Aldrich, is really pretty. "La Chasse-Galerie," by Honoré Beaugrand, is an amusing narrative "founded," as the author tells us, "on a popular superstition dating back to the days of the *coureurs des bois*." R. H. Stoddard contributes "A Servian Song," which is short but charming. "A Sea Change" is the title of a fine classical poem, beautifully illustrated, and written by Edmund Clarence Stedman, who also continues his critical series on "The Nature and Elements of Poetry," instalment VI. being on "Truth." This number has besides several other entertaining contributions, poems, etc., among which may be mentioned "Songs," by R. W. Gilder; "The Philosophy of Relative Existences," by Frank R. Stockton; "Glimpses of Wild Life," by John Burroughs; "The Great Plains of Canada," by C. A. Kenaston; "Christopher Columbus—The Voyage," by Emilio Castellar, and W. C. Norris' article on "Golf," and George E. Woodberry's on "Shelley's Work."

PROFESSOR A. V. DICKY commences the *Contemporary Review* for July with "The Protest of Irish Protestantism." "It is revolting to common sense," says the Professor, "and to common justice, that English statesmen should call upon English electors to sacrifice the rights of Irish Protestants, because English electors are anxious to put down intemperance or to tax the ground rents of the London landlords." An Irish Presbyterian minister who wishes to emulate Junius upon a milder scale follows with "Ulsteria and Home Rule." Speaking of the famous convention, he remarks: "The one thing that the convention made clear was this—*Ulster Protestants will be able to take care of themselves*. The italics are his own; after reading his summing up of the relative numerical proportion between Protestants and Catholics, even in Ulster, we should be very sorry to emphasize the statement. A former Siberian exile, in a paper entitled "The Russian Crisis," says, speaking of Russia: "It will never see prosperity again . . . unless it is once more independent

and throws off the false, heartless, and indifferent guardianship of the bureaucracy." Francis Peek contributes a paper on "General Booth's Social Work," which is worth reading. "The Popular Songs of France," by Eleanor C. Pric, appears in this number. Speaking of these popular songs, she says: "The treasure is worth digging for, and the excavations are by no means finished yet." The Right Hon. G. Osborne Morgan continues the subject of the "Modern English Miss" in an ably written article entitled, "Are We Really So Bad?" in which the author attacks more than one of Lady Jeunes' conclusions in her now famous "London Society."

THE *Lake Magazine*, edited by the well-known journalist, Mr. J. Gordon Mowat, is the latest candidate for literary honours in Canada. In his "Salutatory" the editor puts the claim of his magazine fairly before the Canadian public. The opening article is from the forceful pen of the well-known Imperialist, Mr. J. Castell Hopkins, and deals with a favourite topic, "Canada and Imperial Federation." The intellectual face of the Hon. Edward Blake then is presented to the reader in a full-page illustration. Mr. John A. Ewan, the able editor of the *World*, supplies an appropriate article on "Edward Blake and Ireland." A fine poem of the gloom is "Penseroso," by Miss E. Pauline Johnson. In comparing the respective portraits of Benjamin Harrison and Grover Cleveland, we are convinced that the editor is republican in sympathy. Mr. T. Arnold Haultain, with his accustomed grace of style and scholarly treatment, sounds the note for a broad view of the realm of letters in his contribution "Canadian Literature." A timely and sensible paper is that by Mr. Arthur F. Wallis, of the *Mail*, advocating a simplification of the franchise. Fiction is well sustained in two capital short stories by Messrs. J. T. Clark and E. J. Toker respectively. "The Guardian Angel" is the title of a fine imaginative poem from the pen of Mr. W. J. Tassie—we should hear oftener from Mr. Tassie. "The Land of the Manana" is a descriptive article, in his best vein, by Mr. T. A. Gregg. In "Second Sight along the Wires" Mr. Thomas Mulvey shows how well he can convey scientific knowledge through a literary medium, and Messrs. J. H. Charlesworth and John Lewis ably round up the number with their respective articles, "Art in Canada To-day" and "The Doctrine of Handcuffs." We have nothing but good wishes and kind words for the *Lake Magazine*, and its genial and well-informed editor. We wish the new venture an assured success. Its form is good, and paper and type are both adapted to their use. The cover is appropriate and pleasing. This magazine, as well, supplies the much needed medium for the lengthy treatment of important subjects in politics, scientific investigation, etc., which every country should have.

LITERARY AND PERSONAL GOSSIP.

PROFESSOR SHALER's article about "Icebergs" in the Fiction Number (August) of *Scribner's* will be read with unusual interest. The fine illustrations add much to its attractiveness.

SIR DANIEL WILSON's continued illness is a source of regret, not only to those who know him, but to the Canadian public at large. We sincerely hope that Sir Daniel's health will soon be restored.

"FROM NEWFOUNDLAND TO COCHIN CHINA," by Mrs. Ethel Gwendoline Vincent, wife of Col. Howard Vincent, the well-known Imperial Federationist and promoter of Fair Trade, is an exceedingly bright and interesting narrative of travel through Canada and Japan. Its publishers are Messrs. Sampson, Low and Company, London.

MR. R. L. GARNER, who will shortly visit Africa for the purpose of studying in the open language of apes, will first bring out, through Charles L. Webster and Company, a work embodying his researches on "The Speech of Monkeys" in confinement, which have already been reported in divers periodicals.

"RIVER AND HARBOUR BILLS" is the subject of a monograph by Emory R. Johnson, recently published by the American Academy of Political and Social Science. "A Third Revolution" is the title of a recent pamphlet, by Prof. E. P. Cheyney, of the University of Pennsylvania, published by the same academy.

W. T. STEAD, the former editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, has on foot an enterprise for the translation of the Scriptures "into the language of the ordinary man and woman of our own time." He has eighteen translators at work on the New Testament, divided into groups of three or four; and he expects to publish the Gospels and Acts this year.

THE midsummer holiday *Century* will contain a number of complete stories, including "The Philosophy of Relative Existences," a ghost story which is said to reverse some of the old traditions, by Frank R. Stockton, and "The Colonel's Last Campaign," by the author of "Mr. Cutting, the Night Editor," and with illustrations by Charles Dana Gibson.

MISS A. M. MACHAR, who has made the pseudonym "Fidelis" famous in the annals of Canadian literature, has just had a new story entitled "Marjorie's Canadian Winter: a Story of the Northern Lights," published by D. Lothrop and Company, of Boston. Another book from the same and gifted pen is "Rowland Graeme Knight," which will be published in the United States by

Messrs. Ford, Howard, and Hulbert, of New York, and in Canada by William Drysdale, of Montreal, who will issue a cheap edition. We are confident that Miss Machar's stories will be widely read.

EUGENE FIELD has heard that in a second-hand bookshop in London is to be seen a complete set of Voltaire's works in fifty volumes, bound in what is technically known as "law calf." He says it evidently belonged originally to a lawyer who hesitated to let his clients know that he was given to reading anything so mischievously frivolous as the philosopher of Ferney, and so had the books bound to look like ordinary law-books, and put upon each the prosaic inscription, "Arouet's Reports"; a bit of humour which, he says, will be appreciated by those only who recall that the great philosopher's name was Arouet de Voltaire.

THE annual book fair at Leipsic still retains its popularity, though now an institution almost hoary with age. This year it furnished an additional attraction in the shape of an exhibit of foreign books, made by the well-known firm of F. A. Brockhaus, in the new and spacious premises of its foreign department. Besides a large collection of French and Italian works, numerous English books were exhibited, conveying to the continental trade, who habitually visit Leipsic at this time of the year, a good idea of current literary production in England. Fine art and scientific works, juveniles and prayer-books were brought together in good number, and standard books and classics in different editions. The arrangements, it is said, were made with much skill, and the exhibit, which attracted a good many visitors, was favourably received.

M. ERNEST LAVISSE, who has just defeated Zola in election to membership in the French Academy, is thus described by the Paris correspondent of the *London Times*: "His success is not likely to be thought undeserved in any quarter. Readers of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* have now for some time known the value of his diligent work in modern European history, and, in particular, in that part of it that has to do with the rise of the royal line of Prussia and the formation of the German Empire. Educated in Germany as well as in France, M. Lavisse combines in a singular degree the industry and science of the former country with the fine qualities of lucidity and charm which mark the French temperament at its best, and he has never hesitated, in the face of the Chauvinism of his time, to point to the country beyond the Rhine as the storehouse of scientific facts and the centre of scientific inspiration. His main influence has been directed to the education of French students, in whose regard it is scarcely exaggeration to say, no Frenchman holds so enviable a place."

A LATE issue of the *New York Evening Post* calls attention to a curious feature in recent French periodical literature in the following words: "The French author has a means of profit not possessed by American authors; he may arrange for a succession of serial publications of the novel or book of travels in periodicals of decreasing importance. While the *Revue des Deux Mondes* and *L'Illustration* and *Le Temps* contain only novels hitherto unprinted, many minor Parisian periodicals and most of the provincial newspapers are satisfied to offer their readers literary matter already printed in some other publication, and even after it is for sale over the counter in book form. *La Lecture*, for example, was founded two or three years ago to publish only first rate literature in this second-hand manner; and it was so successful that the same publishers brought out *La Lecture Rétrospective*, to contain the writings of recently deceased French authors. Like most French reviews, *La Lecture* appears twice a month. The same principle is now to be applied to a new weekly, *La Revue Hebdomadaire*."

IT was the opinion of several members of the Royal Society during their Montreal meeting that no satisfactory history of Canada has yet been written; we believe that their opinion was well founded. Mr. Arthur Weir, of Ville Marie Bank, Montreal, proposes to make good this deficiency. The work which Mr. Weir contemplates is a companion series to that of Parkman, in which the birth and growth of the leading industries of Canada shall be treated, probably in a series of monographs, in a literary manner and with such general history as may throw a side light upon the main theme. The author, for example, proposes to devote a volume each to "The Fur Trade, its Heroes and Effects," "Old Lumber Days," "A History of Canadian Currency," "Banks and Banking in Canada," "Treaties and Tariffs," etc., etc. Mr. Weir has been a close student of Canadian commerce, having had three years' experience as a commercial and financial editor upon leading Montreal daily or weekly papers. Mr. Weir has also had the advantage of acting as secretary to his father, the well-known president of the Ville Marie Bank. Since 1890 Mr. Weir has written weekly reviews and comments on trade for the *Montreal Star* and has recently been leader writer on financial topics for the *Witness* of the same city. Assistance in the way of pamphlets, Board of Trade reports, information, or reference to publications containing desirable material will be gratefully received and acknowledged by Mr. Weir.

HE who has resolved to conquer or die is seldom conquered; such noble despair perishes with difficulty.—*Corneille*.

I NEVER knew a trader in philanthropy who was not wrong in his head or his heart somewhere or other.—*Coleridge*.

OFF FOR THE LABRADOR.

Acadian Recorder, Halifax, N.S.

PROF. W. M. REID, J. D. Scomberger, Lyle Vincent and W. D. Vincent, arrived by the *Halifax* last night. They are some of the party who go to Labrador in the schooner *Evelina* in the interests of the World's Fair to secure an Esquimaux village with some fifty inhabitants and all appurtenances thereto belonging. The schooner left Cunningham & Curren's wharf to-day on her mission.

A Recorder reporter was talking to-day to Capt. Wm. McConnell, of Port Hilford, Guysboro, who is in charge of the vessel. An interesting incident was mentioned (and although it sounds like a "puff" of a patent medicine it is worth noting). "Do you see that man over there," said a friend, "that is Capt. McConnell, who is going after Esquimaux. I have known him for years, and he was that bad with asthma that he had sometimes to be held up on board his vessel. You see him"—(he was piling wood in a cord measure to take on board)—"he is a well man; and he attributes it to some of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills that he took, two after each meal."

Out of curiosity, the reporter secured an introduction to the captain, and after some talk about the expedition, remarked: "Is that correct, Captain, about your recovery from asthma, and that you attribute it to those pills?"

"Well, I don't know anything else. I recovered after taking them."

"And haven't been troubled since?"

"No. Of course we will see what this winter may bring forth; I haven't said anything about it."

"But last winter?"

"I began taking them in December, and found the change brought about in my condition, which Dr. Parker, of Halifax, said was about as bad as it could be."

It isn't often that a patent medicine gets such a big boom in the incidence of news-gathering, as is furnished in the above; but it is all set down just as it transpired, incidentally.

The whole Labrador party consists of Messrs. Tabor and Vincent, Prof. Reid, of Harvard College; Mr. Lyle Vincent, St. Louis; Dr. Baur, Philadelphia, a distinguished naturalist; Prof. Gillette, New Haven, Conn., and Hon. W. F. Ryder, Quebec. They expect to return with about fifty Esquimaux, with dogs, komatics, kayacks and a general collection of curiosities from Esquimaux land. The schooner is a handsome model, ninety-five tons, and is a fast sailer. John Silver and Co. furnished the supplies.

"German Syrup"

We have selected two or three lines from letters freshly received from parents who have given German Syrup to their children in the emergencies of Croup. You will credit these, because they come from good, substantial people, happy in finding what so many families lack—a medicine containing no evil drug, which mother can administer with confidence to the little ones in their most critical hours, safe and sure that it will carry them through.

ED. L. WILLITS, of Alma, Neb. I give it to my children when troubled with Croup and never saw any preparation so like it. It is simply invaluable.

Mrs. JAS. W. KIRK, Daughters' College, Harrodsburg, Ky. I have depended upon it in attacks of Croup with my little daughter, and find it an invaluable remedy.

Fully one-half of our customers are mothers who use Boschee's German Syrup among their children. A medicine to be successful with the little folks must be a treatment for the sudden and terrible foes of childhood, whooping cough, croup, diphtheria and the dangerous inflammations of delicate throats and lungs. ●

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, etc.

SCIENTIFIC AND SANITARY.

FINAL tables issued by the Census Office compute the entire population of the United States in 1890 at 62,979,766. Of the total population 7,638,360 are coloured, comprising 7,470,048 negroes and mixed blood, 107,465 Chinese, 2,039 Japanese, and 58,808 civilized Indians. The foreign-born inhabitants numbered 9,249,547, and those of foreign parentage numbered 11,503,675. The figures above given regarding civilized Indians do not, of course, cover the entire Indian population, which is put at 325,464, though this total includes some whites.—*Bradstreet's*.

DR. EMIL SCHMIDT, Docent of Anthropology in Leipzig University, and author of "Anthropologische Methoden," has in recent numbers of the *Globys* given the results of his studies on the native races of India. He classifies the different types as, 1, narrow nosed, fair skinned; 2, broad nosed, fair skinned; 3, narrow nosed, dark skinned; 4, broad nosed, dark skinned. The second type he is inclined to consider a mixed one, resulting from intermixture of the white Aryan and Dravidian. The third type is represented by the klings or day labourers observed in the cities of the Straits, and Dr. Schmidt thinks they are of Tamul or Telugur origin.—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

THE most beautiful mother-of-pearl, unless that of the obalone be excepted, is obtained from the nautilus, which is a cephalon and related to the cuttlefish. Occupying only the mouth of its dwelling, the latter is composed of a series of empty chambers, each of which the animal has successively lived in and vacated as it grew bigger, building up behind it at each move a wall of purest pearl. These vacant rooms of pearl are all connected by a pneumatic tube, which enables the creature to so control the air supply in its house as to make the domicile lighter or heavier at will, in order to ascend or descend in the water. The shell is too thin to bear grinding, and so muriatic acid is used to remove the outer coat and disclose the exquisite nacre beneath.—*English Mechanic*.

PEOPLE often ask what is the use of the abstract studies scientific men and women often indulge in. The reply is, you must first discover a new truth before you can tell whether you can make any value of it. The valuable discovery that the black rot can be prevented from injuring grapes by inclosing the bunch in a paper bag is the direct result of scientific studies. When it was found that the rot was caused by a fungus growing from a little seed or spore which, floating through the atmosphere, attaches itself to the grape berry, it was the easiest thing to think of putting bags over the bunch early in the season, so that the spore couldn't get there. Hundreds of thousands of dollars have been saved to the cultivator by this bagging of grapes, which would have been totally lost but for the labours of scientific men.—*Meehan's Monthly*.

As these facts have not been reported by others, and yet are unquestionable, I venture to emphasize them with a few words of description. Near Lexington, Ky., is a vein of lead ore which is traceable for half a mile or more through cultivated and forest land. The ore is galena in heavy spar, which has resisted the solvent carbonic acid water that has removed the limestone wall rocks and shows conspicuously at the surface. Thus it attracted the attention of the mound-builders, who seem to have prized the galena only for its brilliancy, as we find it in many of the mounds, but so far we lack evidence that it was smelted. To obtain it in the mine to which I have referred, they made a deep trench along the course of the vein, taking out the ore to the depth of perhaps ten or twenty feet. One hundred yards or more of this trench is now visible, running through forest which has never been disturbed by the whites. Here it is five or six feet deep, and is bordered on either side by ridges of the material thrown out. On these, trees are growing which have reached their maximum dimensions, showing that at least five hundred years have elapsed since the mine was abandoned.—*From the Ancient Civilizations of America, by Prof. J. S. Newberry, in the Popular Science Monthly*.

PROF. W. O. ATWATER, the well known chemist, in an instructive article in the *Forum*, points out the curious fact that, in the extraordinary applications of science to practical problems in recent years, one of the most important fundamental problems has been strangely overlooked, viz., the scientific study of food. The coming man will avoid four mistakes that are now largely made: (1) he will not buy as expensive kinds of food as are now generally bought, because some of the least expensive foods are the most nutritive and palatable; (2) with further scientific information the coming man will value foods in proportion to their nutritive qualities; (3) if goods are bought and eaten with reference to their nutritive qualities, and not to mere fashion or habit, it would require a much less quantity to keep a man in his best working condition than is now generally consumed; (4) there will be a revolution wrought in the present way of cooking, which is both wasteful and primitive and far behind our advancement in almost every other art. Professor Atwater gives the results of practical studies in diets made to show these conclusions. And he asks: "Has man yet reached his highest development? The poorer classes of people—and few of us realize how numerous they are—the world over are scantily nourished. The majority of mankind live on a nutritive plane far below that with which we are familiar. We may hope for the best culture, not of the intellectual powers, but of the higher Christian graces in the minds and hearts of men, in proportion as the care of their bodies is provided for. Happily, with advance of knowledge comes the improvement of material conditions. May we not hope that the future development of our race will bring that provision for physical wants which is requisite for the best welfare of mind and soul?"

"I WOULD like to sound the praise of Hood's Sarsaparilla over the entire universe," writes Mrs. Longnecker, of Union Deposit, Penn.

A STRIKING fact about the Chinese use of tea, which is told on the authority of a Chinese officer, is that it is employed for preserving the bodies of the dead. A corpse placed in the centre of a box of tea, he says, will "keep" for year. He further asserts that tea which has been employed in this capacity is often exported for foreign consumption, the boxes being marked in a way known only to the natives.—*Court Journal*.

"TIRED ALL THE TIME," is the complaint of many poor mortals, who know not where to find relief. Hood's Sarsaparilla possesses just those elements of strength which you so earnestly crave, it will build you up, give you an appetite, strengthen your stomach and nerves. Try it.

Hood's Pills act especially upon the liver, rousing it from torpidity to its natural duties, cure constipation and assist digestion.

THE RESULTS OF NEGLECT.—A slight attack of cramps may bring on diarrhoea, which in many cases followed by inflammation of the stomach and a dozen other dangerous complaints, any one of which if neglected will cause death. All such disorders are dangerous in hot weather, and should in their infancy be treated with the best-known remedy. The merits of PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER are so well known that it is recognized all over the world as the standard specific for cramps, cholera morbus, cholera, diarrhoea and dysentery. All druggists sell the PAIN KILLER, and directions go with each bottle. Only 25c. for large size.

C. C. RICHARDS & Co.

Gents.—I sprained my leg so badly that I had to be driven home in a carriage. I immediately applied MINARD'S LINIMENT freely and in 48 hours could use my leg again as well as ever. Bridgewater, N.S. JOSHUA WYNAUGHT.

ALTHOUGH jade was first cut by the Chinese, their only ornamentation of it was sculptured figures. The jewellers of India were the first to use it as a ground for mounting precious stones, and the finest known specimens of this work are found in the India Museum at London.



Mr. Chas. N. Hauer

Of Frederick, Md., suffered terribly for over ten years with abscesses and running sores on his left leg. He wasted away, grew weak and thin, and was obliged to use a cane and crutch. Everything which could be thought of was done without good result, until he began taking

Hood's Sarsaparilla

which effected a perfect cure. Mr. Hauer is now in the best of health. Full particulars of his case will be sent to all who address

C. I. HOOD & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Hood's Pills are the best after-dinner Pills, assist digestion, cure headache and biliousness.

LABRADOR, a country which we always associate with Arctic snowdrifts, icebergs, etc., has 900 species of flowering plants, 59 ferns, and over 250 species of mosses and lichens.—*Pittsburg Dispatch*.

AN interesting discovery has been made in a deep railway cutting at Andresy, near Paris, France, where the workmen ran upon a huge Merovingian cemetery of the sixteenth century. As many as six hundred tombs have already been uncovered, yielding a hitherto unheard of mass of carved sarcophagi, knives, spears, ornaments and pottery of unique shapes and styles of decoration. It is recalled now that the tiny hamlet of Andresy, in the generation succeeding the introduction of Christianity, was an important missionary centre.—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

MANY accounts of travellers go to show that residence in caves is not rare in modern times, and that it constitutes a feature of life, though not an important one, in some of the most civilized countries in Europe. Some of the most interesting pages in Mrs. Olivia M. Stone's account of her visit to the Canary Islands (Teneriffe and its Six Satellites) relate to the cave villages, still inhabited by a curious troglodyte population—mostly potters—found in various places in Gran Canaria. Appositely to an account by the Rev. H. F. Tozer of certain underground rock-hewn churches in southern Italy, Mr. J. Hoskyns Abrahall relates that when visiting Monte Vulture, and while a guest of Signor Bozza, at Barili, having expressed surprise at learning the number of inhabitants in the place, his host told him that the poor lived in caves hollowed out of the side of the mountain, and took him into one of the rock-hewn dwellings; and he accounts for their existence by the facility with which they are formed. The rock-cut village of Gh'mrassen, in the Ourghemma, southern Tunis, consists of rows of snug family dwellings, close to each other, hollowed out of the side of a cliff, the top of which, at an overhanging point, is crowned by the remains of a small mosque. At a recent meeting of the Royal Geographical Society of Madrid, Dr. Bide gave an account of his exploration of a wild district in the province of Caceres, which he represented as still inhabited by a strange people, who speak a curious *patois*, and live in caves and inaccessible retreats. They have a hairy skin, and have hitherto displayed a strong repugnance to mixing with their Spanish and Portuguese neighbours. Roads have lately been pushed into the district inhabited by these "Jurdes," and they are beginning to learn the Castilian language and attend the fairs and markets.—*From Cave Dwellings of Men, by W. H. Larrabee, in the Popular Science Monthly*.

Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere.