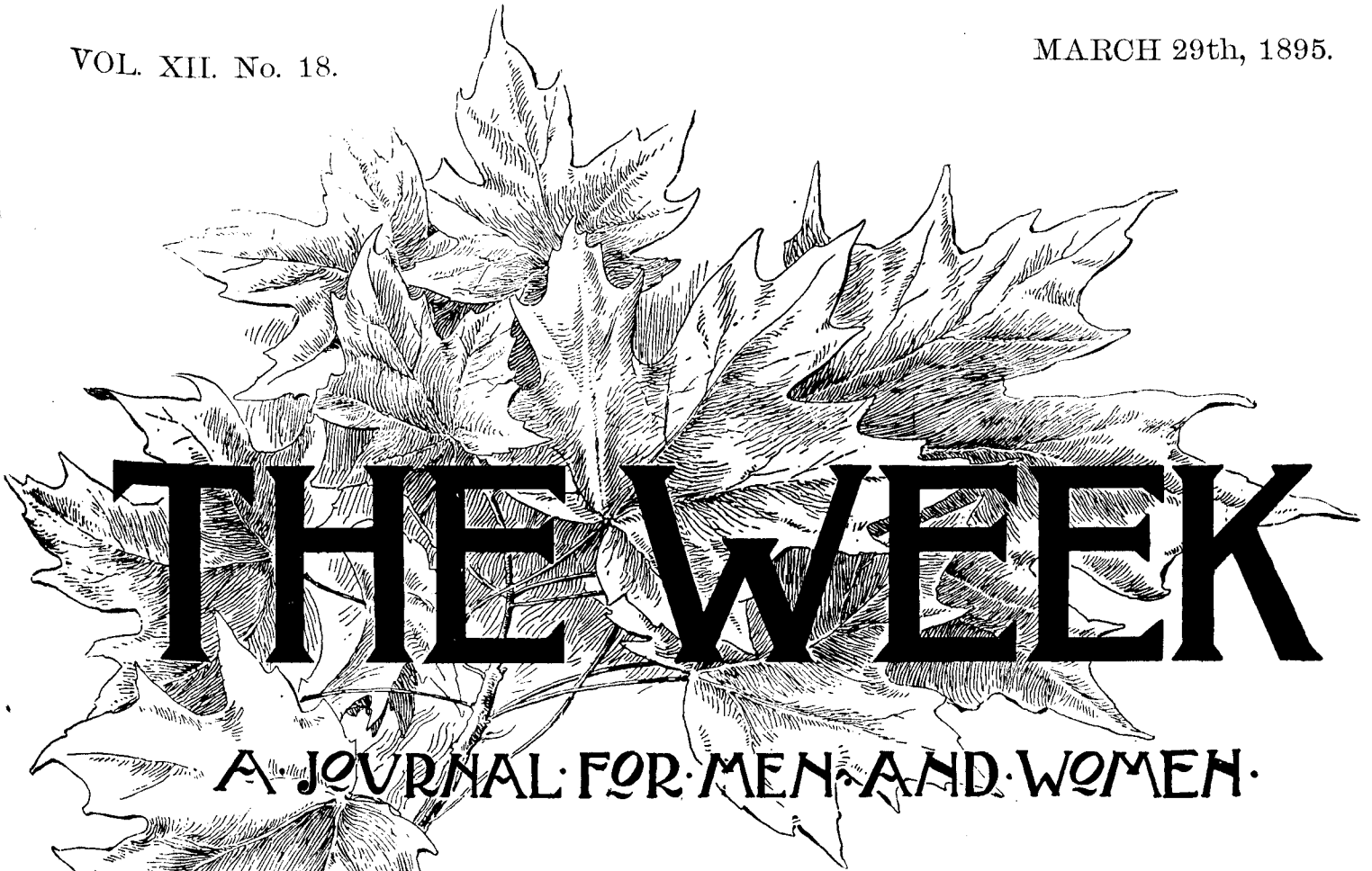


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VOL. XII. No. 18.

MARCH 29th, 1895.



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Toronto, Friday, March 29th, 1895.

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Current Topics.

Cabinet Changes.

The resignation of the Hon. J. C. Patterson, Minister of Militia, deprives the Canadian Government of a capable and energetic departmental head, and the people of Canada of the services of a painstaking and generally popular Minister of the Crown. There can be no doubt, we think, that the resignation is due solely to the reasons assigned—the Minister's failing health and the necessity which he has for some time felt, and which is, it is understood, now strenuously insisted on by his physician, of rest from the work and worry of office. It further appears that it has been Mr. Patterson's wish, for some time past, to be relieved of the burden of official life at the earliest practical moment, and that his resignation has been hitherto withheld, at the request, first of the late, and more recently of the present Premier. The bestowal of a portfolio upon the young and energetic member of the Cabinet, Dr. Montague, will meet with general approval, at least, within the ranks of the party. There seems good reason to expect that he will make his influence felt, not only in his own department, but as an influential and aggressive member of the Government. Like the retiring Minister, Dr. Montague is a strong party man, possibly too much so to comport with the highest ideal of statesmanship, but scarcely too much so to confirm his popularity upon his own side of the House, without necessarily making him obnoxious to the Opposition. The rumour which came first through the Toronto *World's* Ottawa correspondent, just as our forms were being closed for the press, touching the alleged resignation, or proposed resignation, of Sir Charles Hibbert Tupper, unfortunately appears to be only

too true. Yesterday's telegrams confirm the report. It is greatly to be deplored. The Government is, in all probability, entering stormy waters, and needs that every good officer should stay in the ship.

The Patrons and the Passes.

The strength of the opposition that is being evoked from both sides of the House by Mr. Haycock's Bill to prevent members of the Legislature from accepting railway passes may not unfairly be taken as one of the best proofs of the need of such legislation. Some of the opponents of the measure speak of the bill as too "paltry a consideration" to be supposed capable of affecting the mind of a representative in the discharge of his duties. But if the gift is so paltry why care so much about the loss of it. Why for a paltry consideration voluntarily suffer the sense, more or less keen, of loss of dignity and self-respect which attends the acceptance of such a gift when one is not in absolute need? Can it be conceived that the man who draws with one hand his mileage allowance, and with the other pockets his free pass, can regard himself with the same personal respect and approval after as before the transaction? If it is not to be supposed that the railway companies bestow the pass with a view to the effect which their acceptance will have upon the mind of the member, on what principle can their bestowal be explained? There is not a director or manager of such a company who will not scout the idea that he manages its affairs on any other than strict business principles. On what business principle is the pass bestowed? In nine cases out of ten the road would be sure, otherwise, to get the fare? Or, taking another view, if the member is in the least thoughtful, he cannot fail to see that the cost of his free pass must in the long run be taken out of the pockets of other travellers, or the public generally, while nine-tenths of those who are thus compelled to pay not only their own fare, but a portion of his, are much more needy than himself. Can a high-minded representative face that conclusion with equanimity? Some urge that to forbid the acceptance of the pass is to cast a reflection upon both the giver and the receiver. This can hardly be denied, but surely the reflection cast on some one by the offer and its acceptance is no less keen. But the severest of all reflections is that cast by the *Globe* when it argues that prohibitory legislation will be of little use because "it will be an easy matter for members to hold passes as shippers or under other pretexts." That is the "most unkindest cut of all."

Well Remitted.

Everyone who has a due regard for justice and its administration must have been gratified to learn that the Minister of Justice has remitted the three years recently added to the sentence of a convicted burglar, by a British Columbia judge, for the crime of uttering a sarcastic "Thank you," on receiving sentence to a long term of imprisonment. When we read the newspaper statement at the time of the occurrence we found it hard to credit it, and were inclined to suppose

that some imaginative correspondent had been drawing upon his imagination to fill his column. We have not unfrequently had occasion to comment upon the inequalities of sentences imposed for similar offences by different judges, as indicated by the fact that habitual criminals are said to have their favourites and their aversions among the occupants of the bench. It is a fact which has risen to the dignity of a proverb that the deterrent effect of a punishment depends more upon its certainty than upon its severity in relation to the offence. Still more, we may feel sure, does that wholesome regard for the administration of justice which constitutes the salutary awe and dread of ministers and courts of justice, depend upon the uniformity and the impersonality with which its inquisitions are conducted and its sentences pronounced. Nothing could be much more destructive of this salutary awe than that the idea should go abroad that a judge may, of his own personal will and caprice, and on the spur of the moment, without trial or verdict of jury, send a man for three years, more or less, to a felon's prison, for the offence of a word or a sneer. The judge in question is reported as saying in his report to the Minister that the additional sentence had a most salutary effect, though he now favoured its remission. He must mean, we suppose, an effect in cowering the prisoner. But what of its effect upon spectators and the public generally, and their respect for the administration of criminal justice?

Asiatic
Development.

The Citizen, the new journal published in Philadelphia by the American Society for the Extension of University Teaching, superseding *University Extension* and *The Bulletin*, has some thoughtful and suggestive comments on the great historical importance of the entrance of Japan into the ranks of the world-powers. "Nearly all modern writers on politics," it observes, "have taken the view that the political future of the world lay entirely in the hands of the white race. Some of the most eminent publicists have not hesitated to assert that the yellow races have shown little more capacity for political organization than the black, and that the only hope for them, as for the latter, is a gradual development under the tutelage and domination of the white races. Whatever there may have been in the history of the relations and contacts of the European and Asiatic races during the last century to warrant such a conclusion, all former reasonings are certainly put at fault by the events of the last few months. The development of Japan, dating from the moment when her people began to study and adopt, or perhaps we should rather say adapt, the institutions and methods of Europe and America in her own educational and political affairs, has been marvellous. The question how and why it has come to pass that a people which had been stationary for centuries in the traditional inertia of Orientalism should have so suddenly aroused themselves from their age-long lethargy and thrown themselves, with a restless energy not unworthy of the Yankees with whom they have been compared, into the march of enterprise and progress, is, and will probably remain one of those psychological mysteries which no metaphysical plummet can fathom. But the marvellous fact remains, undermining the fatalism of the East, confounding the scepticism of the West, and threatening to cut off the visible continuity of the chain of cause and effect on which the historian is accustomed to rely as his most trustworthy clue under all circumstances.

New World
Powers.

It would be idle to prophesy with regard to the final outcome of the present Asiatic war—if war that can be called, which is a uniform succession of triumphs on the one side,

or retreats on the other. The peace negotiations do not, it must be admitted, seem very hopeful as yet. It would be contrary to all historical analogy, as well as to what we know of human nature in its national manifestations, to suppose that China can possibly emerge from a situation in which she lies helpless under the heel of her adversary, without serious loss of territory as well as of money. Correspondents' rumours to the contrary notwithstanding, it is in the last degree unlikely that either Russia or Great Britain would think of intervening to save her from her fate, unless the demands of the conqueror should be so exorbitant and vindictive as to threaten the permanent upbreak of the Celestial Empire. But whatever may be the condition in which the great nation which has hitherto been, in virtue of population and extent of territory, the leading Asiatic power, may find herself when peace is declared, it is beyond conception that her people will not at once begin to profit by the terrible lesson, and will lose no time in studying and copying the Western civilization which has wrought such marvels for their formerly despised neighbour. It will not be surprising, therefore, as *The Citizen* suggests, "if from this time shall date one of the most stupendous events of modern times, the appearance of two great Asiatic powers among the political forces of the modern world." Other smaller members of the great Mongolian race would almost surely be caught and swept along in the current. Imagination fails us as we try to picture the effect upon the world's history of the advent into its national councils of a distinctively Asiatic diplomacy, as far-sighted and as powerfully backed as that of the greatest of the European nations.

American
Civilization.

An affray in the Indiana Legislature in which, if the newspapers may be believed, oaths, pistols, and slung-shot were called into requisition, and the Governor's Secretary was seriously, if not fatally wounded; a pitched battle with clubs, revolvers, and stones, in an Omaha churchyard, caused by the attempt of the Bishop to remove a priest in opposition to the will of the congregation of a Polish Roman Catholic church, and culminating in the serious wounding of two or three men, some of them not improbably by the hand of the priest himself, he having taken a conspicuous part in the conflict, and used his revolver somewhat freely; six Italians, charged with the murder of a deputy-sheriff, lynched in Colorado; such is a part of the record of a few days' lawlessness in the United States. "From half-a-dozen places in the West and South come threats and anticipations of lynchings. All these incidents and threats are distressing symptoms of a serious evil which can be met only by educational influences and public opinion." So remarks *The Outlook*, from whose columns the above incidents are taken. In the second of the three cases of lawlessness and violence quoted, as in very many similar instances, the blame cannot perhaps be fairly laid at the door of American institutions, as the outrages are the work of foreigners who have been in the past freely admitted into the Republic. But in the remaining two cases, as in others of almost daily occurrence, it is fair to assume that the native American was mainly responsible. In these cases it would seem that educational influences and public opinion should have had time to work. If not, their operation must be too slow to give hope of any but a very remote cure of this terrible evil. Would not a little stern application of the punitive and preventive methods used in the most enlightened and best organized communities have a much swifter educative influence both upon the lawless and upon public opinion?

Foreign Sons-
in-Law.

In a late number of the *San Francisco Argonaut* there was an article explaining the causes of the drain of American gold to Europe, for the information of those of its readers who failed to understand the subject and were inclined to suspect that they were the victims of some conspiracy to rob the American people of their gold without giving an equivalent. It pointed out very clearly that the export was due to the simple fact that the money had to be sent abroad to pay legitimate debts, travelling expenses of Americans going abroad, the freights of American goods carried in foreign ships, dividends upon American securities held by foreigners, etc. In the number of March 18th, the *Argonaut* returns to the subject in order to supply an important omission. The item of indebtedness to foreigners which it thus adds to its list is one which, though amounting to a sum away up in the millions, it finds it hard to classify, the question being whether an American heiress going abroad with a distinct and impressive market value should be classed as a "Security," or an "Investment," or under some other heading. Be that as it may, the *Argonaut* is constrained to confess that in its list of obligations for the settlement of which American gold is so largely exported, there should have been a place for the amount annually sent abroad for the support of the titled husbands of American wives. The writer pleads in extenuation of his fault the impossibility of obtaining reliable statistics. He finds some aid in the volume whose title page runs: "Titled Americans. A list of American Ladies who have married Foreigners of Rank. Illustrated with Armorial Bearings, &c." From this volume, whose promised "annual revisions" seem to have as yet reached no later date than 1890, and must therefore contain no particulars of the important events in the line of capture of foreigners which have occurred since that date, he finds the names of two hundred and seven American girls "who have given their hands, their hearts, and their fortunes into the keeping of foreign gentlemen." He confesses his inability to give reliable estimates, but, guessing that the sum required to support the titled husband of an American girl is about the exact equivalent of all that the lady has, and knowing that the dowries scale all the way up to the ten or fifteen millions of Miss Anna Gould when she became Countess of Castellane, he concludes that an average of half a million each will be a very moderate estimate. This gives a total liability of one hundred millions of dollars owned by the husbands of American women who have married abroad. This, capitalized at five per cent. as being probably gilt-edged property, represents the sum of five millions annually sent out of the country for the support of the "Sons-in-law of America." The reader can follow up the calculation, including in his estimates the possibility of the sudden withdrawal of this immense sum, in the event of some sudden loss of confidence by the sons-in-law in the security of the American investments, and thus get a purely business view of this interesting class of foreign "securities."

Realism vs
Romance.

The battle between the realists and the romancists in art and fiction is being fought out with almost as much earnestness and pertinacity as was the conflict of other days between the Realists and the Idealists in metaphysics. We do not know that the question is one solely for the artists themselves. It is even possible that the many, the consumers, if we may venture to transfer a commercial term to such a theme, may really be the better, because the more dispassionate, judges in the case. At any rate their judgment is likely to prevail in the end, for very practical reasons. And, if so, it seems altogether likely that their tastes will continue to differ, with

the result that a sphere and a use for each style in all departments of work will continue to be found. Probably the great bulk of those who can but admire, or at the utmost, purchase, will continue to be graded in sentiment between those whose appreciation of a novel, or a poem, or a picture, will be always in the exact ratio in which they can discern its truthfulness to nature, and those whose enjoyment of the products of literature or art depends upon the degree in which each appeals to the imagination or the idealizing faculty. Without disparagement of the former style, which has its place and use, multitudes, whose capacity for enthusiasm and for keen enjoyment is probably greater, can find no real attraction in works of art save as they to some extent satisfy the craving, to which no mind can be utterly a stranger, but which amounts to a passion in many natures, for something nobler in character, more refined in expression, more exalted and etherealized than anything which the study of nature as seen in ordinary and real life can afford. Multitudes of such will continue, no matter what the critics may decide, to say in effect: "We know the real in nature and character, or can study them without the help of artistic delimitation. Give us that which lifts us above the low level of daily surroundings and events, into a purer air, a more radiant sunshine, a loftier aspiration and achievement than the daily experience can ever bring. Thus shall you best help us to endure the tameness, the monotony and the ugliness inseparable from life in the real and the actual."

* * *

Completing the Confederation.

EVERY patriotic Canadian, whatever form his ambition for the future development of his country may take, must be desirous of seeing the federation of the British North American colonies completed by the adhesion of Newfoundland, the only one that has thus far held aloof. It would be superfluous to dilate on the considerations which render this a consummation to be wished. Suffice it to say that these considerations, arising in part from the value of the Island itself, especially by reason of its relation to the great fisheries, which have so important a place among the natural riches of the Dominion, and partly from the location of the Island at the mouth of the St. Lawrence, and as a most useful and valuable outpost on the great ocean highway to the Mother Country and Europe, are obvious and weighty. In view of the fact that delegates, duly accredited by the Government and Legislature of the Island Colony, are now on their way to Ottawa to confer about terms of union, it is no longer an impertinence to discuss freely the advantages and disadvantages of such union for Canada. We may observe, in passing, that the fact that this one weak colony has held out so long against the attractive force of the larger body, reflects seriously either upon the success of the Confederation, as seen from without, or upon the intelligent self-interest of the Islanders. Into that question, however, we need not now enter.

While it is not easy to see any sufficient reason why any Canadian should hesitate to welcome Newfoundland into the Confederation, provided the terms proposed were fair and reasonable, and any difficulties or dangers arising out of the foreign relations of the Colony satisfactorily guarded against, there is no exigency, on the other hand, so far as the confederated Provinces are concerned, which makes it necessary or desirable that, after having waited so long, any undue haste should now be suffered to prevent the fullest investigation and consideration of all the conditions, so as to insure that the union shall be consummated, if consummated at all, upon such terms as shall be mutually satisfactory and

beget mutual confidence. In order to that result a clear understanding will be necessary in regard to several matters.

First of all and above all it should be distinctly understood that no union is possible save with the free and hearty consent and approval of the people of Newfoundland. Of course it would be futile to hope for complete unanimity in such a matter. Under almost any conceivable circumstances there would doubtless be a dissatisfied, if not absolutely hostile minority. To wait for that to disappear would be to postpone any great change of the kind until doomsday, or later. But it should be made an unalterable condition of Canadian assent, that an overwhelming majority of the Island citizens should favour the union. To this end the verdict of the people, either as voiced in a general election on this issue or directly by a plebiscite, should be insisted on. The great mistake made at the first, in the case of Nova Scotia—a mistake, the mischievous effects of which are felt down to the present day—must not be repeated. Better no union at all than one which is not a union both of judgments and of hearts.

Second, we suppose we must admit, however reluctantly, must come the question of financial terms. These we do not now propose to discuss. We are no advocates of a narrow, ungenerous, cheese-paring policy. But it must be admitted that, if we may give any heed to the rumours which have, from time to time, reached our ears across the Gulf, any great expectations of immediate affluence as the result of access to the Ottawa Treasury will need to be ruthlessly dispelled before serious negotiations can be begun. Canada is not exactly an El Dorado, nor is even the treasury in question an inexhaustible storehouse of the yellow metal. We should hope for early development of the Island's resources, agricultural and mineral, as well as piscatory—and it is by no means unlikely that the former may prove to be much greater than hitherto supposed—as the result of the union. We should not care to refuse to look upon the picture which some fertile imaginations are said to have drawn of wonderful improvements in railway communication (with even a tunnel under the Straits showing faintly in the dim and distant background). But no Government could at present hope for the sanction of the Canadian people to any binding agreement touching any great or costly enterprise in the immediate, or indeed the distant, future. If our Newfoundland cousins enter the Confederation they must come prepared to share our fortunes, and abide by our limitations. We have always, we frankly confess, felt strong sympathy with the people of Newfoundland in their complaints of the interference of Canada to prevent the carrying out of the Bond-Blaine Convention, and should be gratified to believe that full reparation for any real loss thus inflicted would result from the proposed union.

There is one matter in regard to which we dare say many of our readers, who prize political purity and aspire to it as a goal yet in the future, may feel somewhat strongly. We refer to the fact that the Premier of the present Government and some if not all of his colleagues, by whom the coming delegates are accredited, have been only recently delivered by Act of Legislature, from the ban of disqualification for corrupt practices at elections. There is reason, however, to believe that the offence of which so many of them were found guilty was technically rather than wilfully corrupt. This was indeed admitted by the judge who felt himself compelled by law to pronounce the sentence of disqualification. The fact that the relieving ordinance was approved by the British Government may be accepted as a confirmation of this view.

We have space to touch upon but one other matter, but that is, unhappily, the most serious of all—the French Shore difficulty. Ever since the question of confederation was last mooted the stand has been taken pretty firmly by many influential persons and journals of both parties in Canada that some permanent settlement of this difficulty must be insisted on as a *sine qua non* of the admission of Newfoundland into the Confederation. This is but reasonable and sensible. No good could be done to Newfoundland and much harm would almost surely result to Canada from her assuming this old and exasperating quarrel. We do not know how the government view the case, but we are pretty sure that the majority of the Canadian people, of all shades of politics, are still firmly of the opinion that that difficulty must be taken out of the way before the question of union can be seriously entertained. How this can be done, or whether it can be done at all, remains to be seen. There is little or no hope that

the Mother Country can effect any friendly and permanent agreement with France, in the present mood of the latter country. Of course the treaty must be kept in the letter and in the spirit. It is probable that the trouble may have arisen largely from the unwillingness of the Newfoundlanders to recognize this fact in its full significance and to govern themselves accordingly. However we may resent the weakness or short-sightedness of those representatives of Great Britain who made the treaty, there is nothing left but to abide honourably by its provisions. It must be possible to ascertain with some degree of certainty what those provisions are. If Great Britain and France could but agree cordially on that point, all the rest should be comparatively easy. So far as we can see, should the negotiations reach a point at which this question comes to the front, the only wise course for our Government would be to confer freely with the British Government, in order to ascertain the position which the latter will uphold, and whether that position will be accepted by France, and then determine whether strict observance of those terms will or will not leave it still desirable to go on with the negotiations for union.

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Shakespeare's Characters.

ABOUT two years ago, Mr. Libby published "Some New Notes on Macbeth," in which, if he did not conclusively prove Ross to be "a coward, spy, and murderer," he at least very ingeniously showed that it was not impossible to harmonize such a conception of him with the rest of the play. From Mr. Libby's point of view, Banquo, too, has not the noble character with which he is generally credited, but in blackness of motive falls little short of Macbeth.

I had always accepted the orthodox view that Ross was an ordinary but kindly man, and that Banquo resisted the temptation to which Macbeth yielded. I was compelled to acknowledge that the new interpretation was not impossible, but when I began examining my unreasonable resentment I found it was not in the least on account of either Banquo or Ross. I disliked it because it seemed to make Shakespeare an inventor of literary puzzles of the dissected-map order, in which the result depends altogether on the way the different pieces are put together. One arrangement will give Africa, while another arrangement will give Europe. After reading Mr. Libby's interpretation, I half expected some one to prove Antonio selfish and Cordelia false. Further reflection revealed to me that were I obliged to reverse all my conceptions of Shakespearian characters, I should not be specially grieved, and I was confronted with the startling and puzzling fact that I do not love Shakespeare's characters. They are to me a warning rather than an inspiration.

I yield to no ordinary student of Shakespeare in reverence and love for the poet himself, but his characters are not real to me. They are mouthpieces speaking Shakespeare's thoughts, not their own thoughts. When I read of Portia, I see Shakespeare's conception of a young woman—Shylock but reflects Shakespeare's passionate protest against undeserved wrongs. When Brutus talks with Portia, I do not see a real Brutus and a real Portia, but I do see Shakespeare's ideal of the relations which should exist between man and wife.

Now, could any one succeed in raising even a suspicion concerning Sir Galahad's holy fervor, or King Arthur's unselfish nobility, I should feel I had lost faith in some one whom I love. From my childhood I had, in imagination, walked side by side with Elaine, and to cast a stain upon her would be to slander a beloved friend. Enid is more real and dear to me than either of the Portias.

Since my discovery of my mental attitude toward Shakespeare's characters I have wondered if any one else ever found them comparatively cold. Is it possible to so love an artist, to be so permeated with his personality, that our eyes are veiled to the beauty of his work?

This article has been written from an honest desire to know if any Shakespeare lover ever found himself or herself in a like predicament. Although I find Shakespeare's characters cold and shadowy, he himself is real and living. I know that he understood men and looked at life from countless points of view. His visions seem to me to have been hardly less thrilling than those of the prophet who stood by the river Chebar, but I should like to love his characters as I know they are beloved.

KATE CONWAY.

Pew and Pulpit in Toronto.—VI.

AT BOND STREET CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

THE substantial group of buildings at the northeast corner of the intersection of Bond street with Wilton avenue may well attract the attention of the passer by as an example of satisfactory design and solid workmanship. Of Toronto's "temples made with hands" it furnishes a prominent example. The gray stone of which these edifices are built is of good quality, the masons who laid the walls did their work well, the carpenters and joiners were well looked after. As a result the building looks as though it would stand for many years to testify to the conscientious work that was put into it. You can see from the outside that it is intended for meetings and worship of the public-meeting kind as differentiated from services of a liturgical character. The essential requirement is an auditorium in which a number of people can conveniently sit and listen to a central speaker. Accordingly as you look at the exterior you can see that its roof indicates that the church interior approaches the circular in form. It rises on the top to a domed lantern, though there is a high pitched gable on each street for architectural effect, and the modified gothic of which it is an example develops a square tower at the street corner and concludes its upward course by a single pinnacle. Subsidiary church buildings, probably Sunday school rooms, class and lecture rooms, form a distinct though adjacent block fronting on Wilton avenue. The whole gives the impression of an expensive and thoroughly well-built group. This material addition to the outward and visible signs of Congregationalism in Toronto is indissolubly associated with the name of Dr. Wild, the former pastor of the church. During his pastorate Dr. Wild proved himself a striking and vigorous personality, and there were many who counted him a prophet. He drew overflowing congregations and he was the means of the necessary funds being collected to build this commodious and in many respects satisfactory church. There was a time when Dr. Wild was the most popular preacher in Toronto. He adopted unconventional methods; was an ultra-Protestant, and preached a good deal to the gallery. Originally a working machinist, he had become a Doctor of Divinity. He had studied for himself on independent lines, and his sermons bore the ear-mark of no special school. He became the vogue in Toronto at a time when a good deal of money was being made, and the Bond street church, with its accompanying buildings, remains a standing evidence of his vigour and his popularity.

The present pastor of the church is the Rev. Thomas Sims, D.D., and he was announced for last Sunday to preach in the morning on the "Parable of the Leaven," and in the evening the first of a series of discourses on the history of Moses. Entering the church it is found to display many evidences of carefully thought out and tasteful design. There is a balance and completeness about its parts which is satisfactory from an architectural point of view. The task of its architect was evidently to make a comfortable auditorium, and he succeeded in performing it. The Bond Street Church is a religious theatre; the place usually occupied by the proscenium being taken by the organ. There is the steep, piled-up gallery, its front of a horse-shoe form, and of cast-iron open-work of an ornamental character. This feature of the church is a very important one, it alone affording seats for a large congregation. There are the seats in the body of the church, arranged in curved tiers so that every occupant has a good view of the pulpit. These characteristics are manifestations of the auditorium idea pure and simple. They make the church probably the best music or lecture hall in Toronto, and one of the easiest for a man to speak or a vocalist to sing in. Even the pulpit is not of the regulation church order. It is a roomy construction of deff joinery work in which ebonized, polished, and stained-and-varnished wood relieve each other with an effect that is somewhat *bizarre*. To add to it, its panels are of white marble with gold ornamentation. Its upholstery is of crimson cloth and the easy-chair which it contains looks inviting. There is another easy-chair in front of the pulpit and the dais on which the pulpit stands and which rises by steps to the organ, is comfortably carpeted with carpet of a crimson tinge. The whole of this arrangement has a cosy, not to say, a luxurious, look, so that one is reminded somewhat of the interior of a first-class railroad car or

of the fittings of a superior lodge room. When you come to the organ you see that its case is gothic, and that its pipes are gilded with some relief of blue in the upper parts. It finishes atop with crocketed pinnacles, as though the architect thought he must put something ecclesiastical somewhere to modify the somewhat secular look below. This comfortable, upholstered feeling pervades the church. It is as comfortable to attend Bond Street Congregational Church as to read in bed. You don't have to kneel, and you can see and hear the minister without craning your neck, and almost as easily as if he were conversing with you in your own parlour. It was when he came to the roof, however, that the architect let himself loose and indulged himself in more than a little gothic ecclesiasticism. The groined ceiling of Bond Street Church is far and away the most beautiful thing in it, and to anyone who cares about building, it is worth while to go and look at it on a week day, if one has scruples about observing it during service. Satisfactory, ingenious, workmanlike, the problems of it duly considered and worked out; it remains a testimony of the architect's brain power and careful adaptation of means to ends, and of the skill of the workmen who constructed it. The observer may perhaps criticise the slenderness of the columns that support the junctions of the arches, even though he remembers that they are iron and that the auditorium idea had to be carried out willy-nilly. But the effect of the whole is very pleasing, and the general scheme of decoration is harmonious and judicious, with an eye to colour and moderation that merit regard.

It was not a very large congregation that gathered on Sunday morning last in Bond Street Church. There were eighty people in the gallery. There were perhaps a couple of hundred or two hundred and fifty on the floor of the house. In the front seat of the choir gallery, immediately behind the pulpit, there were ten women choristers who all had good voices. In the centre there was a soprano voice of very pleasing quality and the owner of it knew how to use it. She favoured the tremolo, but perhaps not too much. It was a sympathetic voice, with a good deal of feeling in it. There was, also, at least, one good contralto, probably more than one. There were eight men singers who were not all there in time.

No man ever looked less like a Doctor of Divinity than Dr. Sims. When he came into the pulpit we saw that he was perhaps thirty-five or forty years old or thereabout, that his look was not in anyway distinguished, and that he differed from his predecessor in that his face was perfectly clean shaven. Sallow in complexion, his dark hair was arranged with a neatness that suffered no single fibre of it to be out of place. There was a preciseness, not to say perkiness about his manner, which marked him as an antique young man who was in every respect highly proper, and who did everything by rule, while his general meritoriousness of aspect was of the placid sort that is untroubled by the promptings of originality or the irregular stirrings of genius. He seemed perfectly calm and perfectly correct, and if he has emotions he does not betray them by voice or gesture. In fact he seems to belong to that category of persons that some unreasonable people sometimes wish to shake out of their cut-and-dried propriety.

The congregation of Bond Street is of the sturdy, stocky democratic kind. It is not stylish. There are signs of puritan descent about some of the people, who have been church-goers for years, who would feel quite reproached if they did not attend twice every Sunday, and who are content to have their names written in the Book of Life if they are not inscribed on the roll of fashion. It is not every church that can gather the leaders of society, or politics, or even of municipal affairs within its walls; and I believe the church at Bond Street is satisfied if it can do its work of enlightenment and edification among those who want it, though they may be for the most part of that modest unassuming rank of which the bulk of our population is composed. There are at this church, too, I should think, a good many young men and women who are engaged in business houses and who come from the numerous boarding houses around this quarter. The difference in numbers between the morning and evening congregations gives one the idea that they are hard at work all the week and give themselves a little license on Sunday mornings.

One of the heritages of Congregationalism is its hymns. The Congregational hymn book calls the best, and the old familiar evangelical ones are the favourites. The service on

Sunday morning was begun by the singing of Cowper's hymn beginning "The Spirit breathes upon the Word" which Dr. Sims subsequently characterized as being one of the most "theologically accurate" in the language. *Ex pede Herculem.* It contains that grand verse:

A glory gilds the sacred page,
Majestic, like the sun
It gives a light to every age,
It gives, but borrows none.

The singing of the hymns at Bond St., Church is bright, crisp, lively and congregational. After the hymn the pastor read from one of the Epistles of St. Peter; expounding as he read, in a dry, business-like and rather formal tone. Then the choir sang an anthem based on the *Adeste Fideles*, an air which was so glaringly out of season as to come with somewhat of a shock on that spring morning, even when you discovered that the anthem librettist had ingeniously arrayed "O come all ye Faithful" so that it would do for any season as well as Christmas. In this anthem it was apparent that the men's voices were not up to the women's. At Bond Street the choir is *par excellence* a feminine one, and its beautifully rendered, sweetly-modulated and tuneful anthems are among the distinct attractions of the place. After the anthem came the "long prayer," a relic of the older Congregationalism, in which the minister goes from the Dan to the Beer-sheba of petitions, and which appears to be the only supplicatory opportunity—it was comprehensive rather than devotional. After the prayer, the pastor read out the notices of the doings for the week and for future days. They covered a good deal of paper and took some time in the delivery. The offertory was taken at this point to slow music, after which came the sermon.

Dr. Sims is a careful preacher. He combines the use of copious notes, with actual reading from manuscript, and extempore passages. On Sunday morning he began with preaching from his notes, and finished extemporarily. As has been said, his subject was the parable of the Leaven, and his text was "The Kingdom of God is like unto leaven which a woman took and hid in three measures of meal till the whole was leavened." The preacher elaborated the metaphor very considerably, going with some detail into the chemistry of fermentation and the germs of life of which leaven was composed and somewhat muddling the issue—as preachers will—by telling us of the microbes in the air which were germs of death rather than life, and taking us among other places to the hospital where one surgeon was at work with the knife and another with an antiseptic spraying apparatus because of the germs of putrefaction in the air. He also took us in imagination to the fruit cannery where fermentation was the foe that the fruit-canner dreaded, so he heated his preparations and then hermetically sealed them. This excursion would have been a telling one if he had followed it up by showing us that there was bad leaven as well as good, spiritually; but as he did not, the over-elaboration rather weakened than helped his discourse. His chief doctrinal point was that the Christian life was impossible, unless a supernatural leaven was put into us just as the yeast was put by the housewife into the batch, and this he corroborated by giving chapter and verse at some length. The after leavening process he looked at chiefly from the point of view that regards the bettering of individual character, giving as an example one Jerry McAuley, of New York, a converted thief, who did much evangelistic work, and who was followed to his grave by New York's mourning thousands. Taken as a whole, the sermon was of a good, everyday, commonplace order, prepared with industry, and given with a certain dry clearness that made its points very easy to grasp.

At the evening service the congregation was at least double the size of that in the morning, perhaps larger. The church "lights up" well, and it is evidently the intention to give what is called a "bright" service. Thus a special supplementary hymn book is used, and tunes which have nearly as much swing and "go" in them as dance music. The opening hymn was Dr. Watts' "Come we that Love the Lord," with the following chorus after every verse:

We're marching upward to Zion,
Beautiful, beautiful Zion,
We're marching upward to Zion,
That beautiful city of God.

A Scripture lesson from the book of Exodus followed, then one of the low, sweet, harmonious anthems, and the one

prayer of the service, in which, among other topics, the Provincial as well as the Dominion Government was mentioned, as well as "Our Sovereign Lady, the Queen." The notices were even more voluminous than in the morning, and betokened a good deal of church work and a necessity for funds to do it with. The lecture on the Life of Moses, evidently the first of a course, was of a very interesting nature. It consisted for the most part of Egyptian history and Egyptology popularized. Stereopticon views were scarcely needed with such vivid descriptions of certain mummies as Dr. Sims gave us, one especially, that of a valiant soldier who had fought against the Shepherd King dynasty, and that "had a cut across the temple and a slash across the cheek that had carried away part of the lower jaw." The lecture had a museum flavour about it, and an academical attention to historic facts, but was somewhat weak when it came to the human interest. "The babe wept" was paraphrased into, "he pleaded with tears for the warmth and nourishment to which he had been accustomed." Amram, the father of Moses, was dismissed with a word. It was evident that we were intended, by Holy Writ, to give the chief credit of the career of Moses to maternal influence, and there followed an appeal to "mothers of Bond Street" to be like Jochebed. The lecture concluded with a dissertation on Divine Providence as shown in the delivering of the Jews from Egypt.

The discourse was listened to with the most profound attention, and was as clear as daylight. Dr. Sims certainly has the faculty of arranging a mass of information in a perspicuous and attractive manner. J. R. N.

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Civic Gardens.

A VERY interesting experiment has been tried in Detroit and in Buffalo for aiding the unemployed and the poor by permitting the cultivation by them of unoccupied land within or near the city; and it seems desirable that the attention of the inhabitants of Toronto should be drawn to the subject, more especially as a proprietor of land in the city, Mr. J. R. Code, has offered to the city some eight or ten acres of vacant land in the neighbourhood of the Dundas street bridges for market garden purposes in consideration of an allowance in the way of reduction of taxes.

The proposal has various aims. In the first place, if carried out, it would lighten the very heavy burden of taxation borne by those who own vacant spaces of land. In the second place, it would utilize those spaces which are now lying uncultivated and unproductive. But, above all, it would provide work and food for large numbers of needy persons, and so lighten the responsibilities of the charitably disposed and beneficent. It is of importance, therefore, that information should be given as to the success of such an experiment in other places, and that it should be given at once, as the spring season is close upon us, and the work must be taken in hand, if at all, without delay.

It appears clearly from the report presented to the Mayor of Detroit by the committee appointed to superintend the arrangements, that the scheme was attended with success far beyond their expectations, and this in spite of a dry summer and other disadvantages. Indeed the promoters of the scheme seem to be convinced that under ordinary circumstances the results would have been at least twice as great. As it was, however, they were quite satisfactory.

The plan was to give to poor persons an opportunity of cultivating the many acres of land lying uncultivated within and around the city limits, each taking a portion sufficient for the raising of potatoes and other vegetables for a family. Some three thousand applications were made, a considerable proportion being from persons who had never been assisted by charity, but who were out of work and deserving. Owing to the want of funds the committee could provide for only about one third of the applicants, a clear proof that there existed a wide need for this kind of provision. Not only city land was used, but also a good deal belonging to private persons.

About 430 acres were accepted: the land was plowed, harrowed and staked off by the committee into parcels of from one quarter to one half acre each; and a portion thus enclosed was assigned to each applicant upon a piece of land near his home, as far as was practicable. Seed potatoes, beans and other seeds were furnished by the committee to such as were unable to provide them. The ground was

planted under the direction of the committee's foreman. Some persons dug the lots assigned to them with the spade and furnished their own seeds and plants.

In this instance the work was begun somewhat late, so that the expenditure was increased. In spite of all drawbacks, the result was eminently satisfactory. Probably most of our readers would be little benefited by being informed of the average number of bushels raised on each "piece." We have the report before us, and those who need or desire such details can easily be furnished with them. "Although," say the committee, "this experiment partook somewhat of the nature of a charity, yet each person obtained the fruits of his own labour, and the committee feel assured that the expenditure of a like amount of money in any other way for the benefit of the recipients, would not have accomplished as good results. A large proportion of the cultivators had already some experience in raising vegetables, yet a great many learned something about gardening and truck raising. By such as work at day labour, the hoeing and weeding of the lots was done early morning or after working hours, and in many cases by women and boys. What was raised has materially aided the cultivators during the summer, and in most instances enough potatoes have been harvested to last them through the winter. The committee have received applications from a great many of these people for pieces of land for next year, the majority asking only for the ground, themselves to do the spading and seeding."

It would be difficult to imagine a scheme more simple, more interesting, more promising. There surely can be no difficulty in giving some partial effect to it in Toronto. At any rate the matter should be taken into serious consideration without delay.

WILLIAM CLARK.

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The Ontario Educational System.

FROM THE TAX-PAYER'S POINT OF VIEW.—I.

OF all public questions at the present day affecting Canadians, none perhaps is more important, than how to keep and how to increase our population. The labours of Canada in this respect during the last few years have been compared to the occupation of the daughters of a certain mythological king, who spent the greater portion of their lives in pouring water through sieves; and, indeed, when we compare the figures of the last census with those of the census of 1881, we cannot deny that at any rate there appears to be some foundation for this remark.

It is remarkable that in the public discussion of the subject, some of the issues involved appear to have been overlooked, or put aside, to make way for the all engrossing subject of tariff. While the engineers have been wrangling over the height of the embankment the reservoir has been quietly draining from leaks in the bottom. But some one has found it out, and already round the woodstoves in the country there are talkings and discussions which must, before long, find echo in our council chambers.

The two favorite topics of conversation are Education and Colonization, and it is our purpose, leaving the question of colonization for future discussion, so far as the necessary limits of a short paper will permit, to deal in outline with some of the more salient points of the first of these two broad and all important questions.

The Educational System of Ontario, as a system, has deservedly won wide-spread admiration. With our free schools almost at every door, our High Schools, and, to crown all, our Provincial University, it is the proud boast of Canadians that every man, whatever his means calling or position in life, has equal access to the fountain of knowledge and an equal chance of rising to the highest position in the State.

The system has now been long enough in operation to enable us to measure it by its results. What do we see? The Province, in the last fifteen years, has gradually and surely been losing all the characteristics of a youthful country; the farming industry is not being extended as it ought, not because all the government lands are taken up, but because those who have been born and bred as farmers, having once tasted of the sweets of learning will no longer work with their hands, and face the hardships of pioneer life; while in the case of the few who do return to agriculture, the more shrewd farmers are beginning to see that the young man, as a

result of this higher education, to use their own expression, "gets a bee in his bonnet and becomes no good." In nearly every town and city in the Province there is at least one-third more professional men than are needed, whose services, therefore, are practically worthless and a source of waste to the country, by the withdrawal of men from the class of producers. British Columbia and our North-West, the natural field for our restless and dissatisfied population, which, at one time, afforded scope for those who could not find room for occupation in Ontario, are filled to overflowing with men seeking employment in professions and the nicer occupations, while, in the United States, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, in almost every town, we find lawyers, doctors and clerks, educated at the expense of the tax-payers of Ontario, who, by reason of that education, with a refinement of irony, have been forced to leave their relatives and country to earn their daily bread.

This statement some may think, perhaps, an exaggeration, but we are bound to confess we believe it to be fully supported by statistics.

The total number of Patents issued by the Provincial Crown Lands' Department in 1892 was 352; and taking the years from 1889 to 1894 inclusive, it is estimated that in the former year there were 2,300 doctors, and about 1,400 lawyers practising in Ontario, while, at the end of 1894, the number of practising doctors had increased by 225, and of lawyers by 383. During this interval 840 students had passed the final examination of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, and over 700 lawyers had been called to the Bar. What, then, happened to the surplus who could not find room in Ontario? At the present time there are in Calgary, with a population of 3,000, 28 lawyers, which is scarcely suggestive of room for more. But the writer received some light upon the question, some few months ago, when, in a small town of 6,000 inhabitants, in the Western States, he found practising their respective professions six lawyers and two doctors who had been educated in Ontario. It is also significant that during the year 1894, when the United States were swept by a financial cyclone, which prevented many from venturing upon an unknown and precarious sea, in spite of the general business depression prevailing in Ontario, the numbers of the legal profession increased by 132.

There are some, no doubt, who, while recognizing the truth of all that we say, will deny that the present condition of things is to be attributed to the Educational System. For the satisfaction of all, we may, with advantage, examine the details of the machinery to see if there is any unnecessary tendency in the direction we have intimated; for the greatest mischiefs can frequently be traced to the most insignificant beginnings. Let us take the report of the Minister of Education for 1893. In this we find that the total number of high schools in 1892 was 128; that is one school for about every 16,400 of our population. How does this compare with our neighbours? In the United States there are only thirty-three high schools of sufficient standing to prepare candidates for admission to the leading universities and colleges, and out of these thirty-three Massachusetts has twenty-five or one to every 90,000 of her population.

The subjects taught in our high schools may be divided into three classes; those which ought to be thoroughly taught in the public schools, viz: reading, orthoepy, English grammar, English composition, poetical literature, elementary history, geography, writing and arithmetic; subjects which are useful only as a training for the University, viz: algebra, euclid, trigonometry, physics, chemistry, advanced history, botany, zoology, Latin, Greek, French and German. To these may be added the usual and most desirable adjuncts dealing with health and physical development, such as drill, calisthenics, gymnastics, drawing and vocal music, which however do not appear to be compulsory. Why is not the first mentioned class thoroughly taught in our public schools? At a venture we will suggest that the object is to draw the pupil to the high schools. To follow up the line of this suggestion, let us compare the policy of liberality adopted by our Government towards the high schools with their treatment of the public schools.

Turning again to the Minister's report, we find that the pupils attending the high schools represent only four per cent. of the total school population. The grants to the public schools, poor schools and separate schools, altogether representing ninety-six per cent. of the population, in 1892 was

\$273,293 or 56 cents per pupil; while the cost of education per pupil was \$8.40, and the average salary of the public school male teacher was \$421. On the other hand, the grants to high schools and collegiate institutes in the same year was 100,000 or \$4.38 per pupil enrolled, while the cost of education was \$30.48 per pupil and the average salary of teachers was \$904.

A hint of the real reason for this disproportionate expenditure may be gathered from a remark of the Minister on page 28 of his report, where he says: "The High Schools and Institutes train, annually, about 1,200 teachers for Public Schools. This gives an importance to their existence perhaps even greater than is attached to any other of their many useful functions." In this connection we would refer the reader to an excellent paper written by Mr. McMillan, of Toronto, entitled "Defects in our Public School System" read before the annual convention of the Ontario Educational Association last year, in which he says: "What becomes of this large army of recruits? For the fifteen years already mentioned (1867 to 1892) the total increase of teachers in actual service was 1,868 or a yearly output of 125. To supply this increase of 125 we have the annual output of the Model Schools, numbering, on the average, 1,200. May we ask why 1,200 new teachers are annually required to fill 125 positions? The death rate among teachers, we are informed, is not higher than the average."

Let us think for a moment what this means! A parent certainly may reasonably expect that his child should receive the best possible training at the Public School, and have there a thorough training, at any rate, in reading, writing and arithmetic. But no! The elementary course of the Public Schools, where the masses receive their education, is cut short and left incomplete, with the express object, apparently, that the pupils may be led on to the High Schools, to acquire the knowledge they might expect to obtain at the Public School at an additional expense of \$22.08 per head.

The natural conclusion to be drawn from the fact that 125 positions are annually filled by 1,200 teachers is that each teacher remains something less than two months at his vocation. We could not, indeed, wonder if this were the case when we consider the amount of salary paid. But apparently it is considered to be for the public good annually to expend \$30.48 per pupil on 1,000 superfluous teachers, to say nothing of the cost of unnecessary buildings, to subject the pupils of the Public Schools to a perpetual succession of tyros, and to cut down the salaries of the Public School teachers to the lowest notch. For what reason? The only reason that we can suggest is that the High Schools may be fed by young men who are attracted by an immediate prospect of \$400 a year, and that, discouraged by the absence of all worldly prospects, they may leave the teaching profession to make room for another candidate for a two months job, in order, perhaps, to go to the University; more often, alas! to swell directly the numbers of those who seek to make a living in what they call the "nicer" occupations, finally, perhaps, through stress of competition to drift to the United States.

That the tax-payer has not been willing to sacrifice everything to the perfection of the system is shown by the action of the Provincial Government, which, in 1891, passed an Act providing that County Councils may require a portion of the liability of the county to be paid by the county pupils in fees, but such fees must not exceed one dollar per month, and further provisions have been made for resident pupils and pupils from other counties. The popularity of this concession is shown by the fact that in one year from the passing of this Act there were 77 High Schools and Collegiate Institutes in which fees were exacted.

ERNEST HEATON.

Intuitions.

The green of leaves against a summer sky.
Nights of the North, when the white stars seem nigh.
Still water spaces, fringed by rushes gray,
With lines of wild fowl passing far away.
White rise of dawn across a shoreless sea,
Chasing the darkness o'er the waters free.
Vast fields of ice that stretch before us far,
To where a great berg sparkles like a star.
While viewing these; come moments when we see,
Dimly, the endless life that is to be.

REGINALD GOURLAY.

Yoshimori Saito.

THERE died recently in a small country cottage, on a hillside, near Dundas, a young Japanese artist whose life, cut short so sadly by the rigors of this winter, had in it much to engage interest; and in whose few pictures, now being shown in Toronto—some of them but half-finished—there is a note of pathetic struggle.

I first became acquainted with this wanderer from his own land—Yoshimori Saito—about three years ago. He had then, for a year or two, been married to a Canadian wife, and, with her and one chubby little boy, had taken up housekeeping. He was maintaining himself and his family by crayon enlargements of photographic portraits—work he disliked—and studying painting in intervals of leisure. He showed me a dozen works which evidenced considerable perception and ability, combined with a Japanese way of looking at things. I found him modest, alert and simple. He had the indefinable marks of good breeding, and I was not, therefore, surprised to learn afterwards that he came of a good family. The son of an officer in the Japanese army, who was killed in the last civil war, he had run away from home rather than be any tax on his mother's pension. He had been a sailor, a saw-mill labourer, a helper in lumber camps, a farm hand, a charcoal burner. In all these labours he had cultivated the germ of art that was in him. He had watched the sea, studied the human form, gazed at sunrises and sunsets, absorbed the mystery and shadow of the woods. Finally he gravitated to Victoria, B.C., where he became a helper in a Japanese store. From thence he came to perform similar duties at a like store in Toronto. Here he began to draw and paint, night and morning, and to sell dozens of small sketches at prices ranging from twenty-five cents to a dollar, or a dollar and a half. He eventually drifted into the crayon enlargement business, and ultimately he ventured to send a picture or two to local exhibitions. He also made a few artist friends, among them being Mr. W. E. Atkinson, from whom he learnt much, and who was his firm friend and helper to the last.

It was soon after I first saw him that a great event happened in his life. He met one day, in Toronto, a fellow-countryman who greeted him with demonstrations of surprise and pleasure, for, as he told Saito, he and all his friends in Japan had counted him as "dead in the sea." The two friends had much to tell each other, and Saito's compatriot announced his resolution of writing to the artist's uncle in Japan, who had been the tutor of the Minister of the Interior, to tell him of his nephew's steady following of the rugged path of art. Letter-writing followed; the help of the Japanese Minister of the Interior was obtained, and ultimately Saito received a commission to paint a picture for the Emperor to see. He set to work with great vigour and painted a large landscape which was exhibited at the art gallery of the Industrial exhibition, and afterwards at the store of Messrs. Ellis & Co. in King Street. The picture excited much admiration, and it was subsequently despatched to Japan.

The following extracts from a letter which I received from him last June will be read with interest:

I have not seen you for many months and I should be called to see how you are but I am ill ever since last March and could not do anything what I wanted to. Early part of March, one day it was very cloudy and very strong west wind blew although it was fine day. The various coloured clouds swiftly drifting by the strong gale was beautiful to see. at once I packed Paint box and canvas—took car down to high Park way and went near the Indian Road, sat and sketched, it was a most amusing to work, dush colors and sweep, the brushes was not quick enough to get form of the clouds but I succeeded to get effect but toward evening, I felt terrible chill and almost to drop brushes from my hand—I could not stay any length of time and pick up things to make ready to come home. but still chillness was growing worse and I called my friends house to get warm, no success, in returning home, I beggam gradually sick and ached all over my limbs—in a three day I could not streight my back, I was rhuematism which I received from dump glass, getting worse and worse every day at last I could not stand either to walk a step. thus I laid in the bed until last week flat on my back. the good warm weather never helped me gaining strength, I did not know what to do, at last made up my mind to get electric treatment, so I did, I gaind considerable strength next day and I continieued quite few times and now I can move a few yards with crutches. now the time, to gaine, so I secured small cottage in Dundas which built in the hill and a few apples and cherry also many grape Vines climbing on the fences—they say we can look down all over Dundas from that cottage and natural spring in the yard. I expect go there in a day or so, to stay all summer and if you ever happen to come over that direction, our humble cottage is your servise to you, almost any time. also

Mr. Atkinson comes with us to sketch and I am going to make special study of birch, and flower subjects, if I get good one, will send it to you. In that case, I could not work larger canvas which you saw and I had miserable small exhibition last spring—however, two weeks ago I received letter from Japan and telling me that picture arrived safe and every thing in a good prospect. I may get medal in repay.

A short time afterwards he sent me tidings of his safe arrival at Dundas. On June 24th he wrote :

Your Kind answer and Newspaper have reached me in due and I thank you gratefully. . . . When I left Toronto on the 16th I left my family and furnitures behind me. as I am only in the road of their busy packing and shipping—I came to Hamilton on the boat but it was bad attempt for me, when I reached to Hamilton, I could hardly move, I had had some person to guide me to cab which took me to Dundas, I took hotel of Collins and they are most Hospitable people I could wish—they drove me to our secured cottage and round the town and Hilly mountain. I enjoyed more than in a nine years at Toronto. the country looks very rich, the trees and plants are much stouter and solid although many rocks and hills—I was drove to salpherspring about 3½ miles from Dundas and I drank as much as I can. water has very strong quantity of salpher and Iodid of potash, when you put 25c. silver pieces put in it at spring, it will turn to black within 3 minuts—I also drove to Ancaster where the town already situated before Toronto had any houses, they say it is an oldest village west of Niagara. then I saw a large waterfall which is most pleasing effect. some of old cemetery which have not taken care for many years, the ruined graves and fine roses brossom falling over it, and such, some cascade streams here and there. I think the views around her are just for us.

My cottage of Brown property in Cannon Hill is very cute small building, with sloaping orchard of about ½ of an acre. 20 of chery, apples, prumbs and pear trees, the grapes and black corrents all round the fence, our varander looks down on the Dundas village and over Hamilton mountain. Our family, Mr. Akinson and furniture, all arrived last Friday and Mr. A. went out early in the dawn on the bare feet and shirt tail hang out from his trousers and investigate views. he was more than delighted. I thing he will stay with us altogether—it is very dry as we are situated on the hill side and a good fresh air and spring water to drink. It is only a week or so since I came here but I am able to walk without crutches, and as soon as I am able to sketch round I will send you some good one. I also will be down to Toronto during the season and will have opportunity of seeing you—I thank you that you take so much interesting in me and sympathize on my painting—indeed, I would be pleased if you will mention again when I received some notice from Japan.

I have no more to tell you just now, and whenever you come this war, pray drop in as we are quite humble servant to you even pretty good Bohemian style.

At the end of last July I went over to see him as I wished to converse with him from a newspaper point of view on the Japanese War. I found him and Atkinson busily at work painting the charming scenery of the Dundas Valley. Saito appeared to be restored to a tolerable degree of health and was hopeful for the future. On the 4th of August he wrote :

It was great surprise to us that you staped in my Bohemian-chanty and we wished that you could stay little longer. However, as you said that you will have some days to spare in meantime and hope you will run up here as we will try and show you very artistic landscapes in surroundings. Since, you left here, the weather keeps rather cool and in the evening it is almost too cold to open the windows, however, in the day time, the sun shine is very strong and gives a good and bright feeling to the body.

I have received a letter from our Government, the day after you left here, and it is from Mr. H. Tsuchikata, "the Minister of Interior," the letter states that

Your painting was forwarded to The Emperor according to the rules of our Government. The Emperor of his Majesty was much pleased of it and he said

"I am much pleased of this Canadian landscape. Saito is a representor of an original art."

Indeed I hardly deserve it but they say that there is many Japanese artists and other came to Foreign country but none of them worked up as I did for they need not have trouble, some, had money enough to study, some, were sent by Government expensisso that they studied very easily but Mine was altogether different Nature to them and the Emperor, and prominent officers are much admired my spirit—the painting was just present June 1st, they said it has been arrived early enough but Yokohama custom officer did not inform it—therefore it delayed so much. it is no doubt that emperor is pleased of it.

He told minister that he wants to have Frame fitted in his own choice and also he told Minister to exhibit it in our art gallery, and when the news was spread, all officers in the defferent department of Government were excited to see that Saito's painting and first exhibiting day there were 600 peoples, they were nearly all Government officers—and carriages and jinrikishas filled outside of art gallery.

Now Emperor wants to know all my history in particular and my family history and my history of abroad have been written by Mr. N. Oki "the assistant Minister of Interior" and forwarded to the Emperor.

Above is all the news I get this time and farther I receive in meantime—My cousin and Mr. Shinagawa wrote to me that I will have a greatest honour and will be a good result very soon.

Lately the atmosphere is very gray and misty. I get such a fine cobalt gray, very fainted yet there is great strength of the foreground.

I heard nothing more of Saito until a week or two ago

when I was shocked to hear that he was on a sick bed and not likely to recover. The winter, and the results of his former attack had done their work upon him, and the end came at last from heart-failure. Perhaps the falling-through of his hopes with regard to his picture for the Emperor's palace at Yokohama preyed upon him. The outbreak of the war with China appears to have interfered with his receiving the recognition he expected. Yet as long as he could, he worked, and he made many friends in the neighbourhood he had selected as a home. About thirty-five of his sketches and paintings are now being exhibited at the gallery of Mr. Roberts, 79 King St., West, where they are on sale for the benefit of his widow and child for whom he was able to make but little provision.

BERNARD McEVoy.

Address to the Mummy in Victoria University.

O little princess, in profound amaze
I gaze into thy silent, sombre face,
Whose cheeks, in ancient Egypt's palmy days,
The proud Rameses kissed with kingly grace.
And these same tiny feet, from cerements unwrapped
Have paced the golden floors of lordly On;
With them, methinks, you've petulantly tapped
Mosaics iris-hued and frowned upon
Some prince of mighty Ind who loved thee well,
Whose after grief, thou, only thou, could'st tell,

And did this smallish head, whose tressed hair
Held stony damp of pyramidal tomb
For full three thousand years, contain a share
Of learning more sublime than all the bloom
Of occidental lore? Ah, if you chose,
O relic of a people wondrous wise,
What unknown sciences could'st thou disclose
To fill professors with a dumb surprise!
But, princess, thou art mute and hollow-eyed
And past thee, dignified, the sages stride.

Can'st bear the sunlight strike upon thy brow
And touch thy dusky cheek with splendid glare?
'Tis great Osiris, princess, often thou
Hast bowed to Egypt's chiefest god in prayer.
Aye, oft, this onetime warm and throbbing breast
Recumbent lay on marble pavement rare,
As cold as pallid death, while you addressed
The winged deity, till trumpets blare
From holy, white-robed, thousand priests was done
In incense-vapour'd On, the Temple of the Sun.

When sable night, o'er whom high Isis reigns,
Throws horrid gloom along this college hall
Hear'st thou again the clink of golden chains
On Nubian slaves? the measured rise and fall
Of ivory oars as Father Nilus bore
The royal barge where beauty sat enshrined,
A perfume-breathing fairyland before,
And lines of glittering palaces behind?
But all I ask is vain, O princess old:
Thy tongue has withered, and thy heart is cold.

Thou mummy snatched from out Egyptian land,
Thou emblem of antiquity, a strange
Weird feeling makes me quake as here I stand
By thee, thou scoffer at historic change!
The Jews were merely slaves when thou wert young;
The Pantheon was yet unheaven: fell Rome
Lay nerveless in the womb of Time; unsung
The war songs of thy present Western home.
And still thou speakest not? Ah, princess dear,
I've talked for naught; you're very deaf I fear!

Victoria University.

W. T. ALLISON.

The Manitoba School Case: A Suggestion.

NO one who knows anything of the past history of Canada, or of the temper of the people of Quebec, Ontario and Manitoba, can doubt that an attempt by the Dominion Parliament to re-establish, by its own Act, the system of denominational schools in force in Manitoba, prior to 1890, will lead to a terrible race and creed war that will do incalculable damage to Canada. The Dominion Government, by its Order-in-Council, and still more by the report of the sub-committee on which the order is based, have made it a question between the old school system and the new; and have thus strengthened immensely the hands of the Manitoba Government in refusing. The Government are pledged, as far as words can pledge it, to give effect to its suggestions by

a Dominion law should the Manitoba Legislature remain contumacious, as it will. When it introduces such a bill it will set the torch to powder trains which are now being laid, and the outcome no man will be able to foretell.

Even if the Act passes, which is doubtful, how is it to be enforced? The Dominion has authority only where the Province abandons its authority, and it is not probable that any lawyer living could draft an Act which would not trespass on the legal rights of the Province and yet be workable. Will there be a separate educational machine for the minority set up by Ottawa and run by it for all time? The thing is impossible. An attempt to pass an effective school law which shall supplement and yet not destroy the present school will be fruitless of results, though not of effects, since it will lead to prolonged litigation and the continued subordination of all our national problems to a distressing religious feud. It does not follow from this that the existing law in Manitoba should be allowed to remain as it is. Its modification to a system approaching that in vogue in Ontario is greatly to be desired; but the Manitoba Legislature should do the amending. At present it shows no desire to do so; but the Dominion Parliament, by the passage of one Act, whose fairness would commend instant and universal attention, could put it in a position in which it would find it to its advantage to make changes in this direction.

The Dominion could pass an act to this effect: That as ratepayer in Manitoba we exempt from paying taxes to the public school upon establishing (1) that he is a communicant of the Catholic Church; and (2) that he is providing for the education of his own children or of the Catholic children of his district, either by private tuition or by contribution to voluntary schools. It could be further provided that the Manitoba Legislature, on certain broad lines, should have a supervisory power over these private schools. This legislation, to my mind, would bring about an amicable solution of the difficulty in a very short time. It would establish it as an unalterable provision of the constitution that no Manitoba Catholic could be compelled to contribute to schools to which he would not send his children; while it would leave the Catholic who wants to send his children to the public school—and there are plenty of them who do in Winnipeg—free to do so. The act would be workable. The assessor making up the school list, say of the city of Winnipeg, would indicate those who claimed to be exempt by the terms of the Act; and the Public School Board could, in cases where it had reason to believe the representations were wrong, sue for the recovery of the taxes, when the defendant would have to establish his right to exemption before a court. The Manitoba Government would speedily see the wisdom of recognising the dissentient schools by law; and we would then have an end to the whole trouble.

No doubt it will be urged against this proposition that it would satisfy nobody. It certainly would not satisfy the extremists on either side; but the great mass of the people would, I believe, welcome it. It is only a suggestion at best, but it affords, I think, a basis of compromise.

This question must be settled by compromise. The old order of things in Manitoba can never be re-established. Thousands of men who are ready to admit that some modification of the present law is necessary will never consent to the re-imposition on Manitoba, for all time, of the crude and unsatisfactory system established in 1872. On the other hand it cannot be expected that the Catholics of Canada will ever submit to the dismissal of the whole question by the Dominion Parliament. An honourable and satisfactory compromise must be made; and the country looks to its public men to make it.

JOHN W. DAFOE.

Montreal, March 25.

The Scottish Dialect.

WITH the ingress of the Scotch, in America, comes the oft-necessity of knowing something—if it were ever so little—of their peculiar words and peculiar pronunciation. And since Barrie and Crockett, not to mention George Macdonald and Stevenson, have arisen, as a new school of Scotch dialect writers, claiming an equal place with that long occupied by Scott, and Hogg, and Galt, it is the more necessary to have some slight knowledge of "Scotch."

Rarely or never does a Scotchman, who emigrates after he is grown up, attain perfection in the pronunciation of English. There is a broadening of the vowels, and a deepening of the consonants that never leaves him. There is a dropping of the lower jaw at the final *r*, giving it the rough sound; and there is an entirely different pronunciation given to the long *a* and *o*. The most cursory study of Scotch will reveal to us that we have been, in our English, giving a *compound sound* to our *a* and *o*. The *a* begins with the sound of *a*, and ends with *ee*. Pronounce *may* or *day* very slowly, lingering on the sound, and you will find that your mouth is gradually closing, and that you end with the pure sound of the long *e*. Now, the long *a* in Scotch is always a simple sound; that of *a* without the *e*. And they don't think they should be blamed for using a simple sound for a single letter instead of a compound sound. We often use this "Scotch" sound of the long *a*; but never in the final *a*, as they do. The name *Mary* pronounced with extreme slowness will show what I mean. There is the pure and simple sound of the long *a* before it runs into the *r*. It is not "May-ry."

Then the *o*. Our English sound is a compound one; *o* running into *oo*. The mouth closes a little in sounding it. In Scotch, the vocal organs *do not* move. Here again, while we have not the same sound at the end of a word, we have very often the Scotch use of the *o* in combinations. Once more the use of the vowel before *r* will show it. The word "before" gives us the same sound of the long *o* that the Scotch use in *all* situations. It is the *o* without the *oo*. The mastery of these two vowels will go far to enable us to pronounce a Scotch sentence, as we may find it in Barrie or Crockett, and go far to help Scotch people in America, who are trying to get a pure English pronunciation.

Here are two or three sentences from Crockett, in a speech by the Provost of Maitland. The rival town of Allo-kirk had voted for a twenty-ton *Town-bell*, and were boasting over Maitland in consequence:

"Wull ye let Allo-kirk craw ower you? Wull ye sit doon like Hennypenny in the hornbuik, wi' your finger in your mooth? Na, ye're Maitland men, and as sure as yer Provost is a Maitland man we'll hing a *thirty-ton* bell in oor braw too'er; and ilka jow o't, soondin' across the water, wull tell the Allo-kirk bodies that they're but cauld kail and soor dook beside the burghers o' the Auld Grey Toon!"

"Braw" is the word *brave*, in its old meaning; not *courageous*, but *adorned*. "Ilka jow" is each sound; though "jow" primarily means moving from side to side, and is sometimes used as unconnected with sound. "Kail" is vegetable soup, and "soor dook" is sour buttermilk.

Scotchmen often find peculiar difficulties in making themselves understood. I once overheard the following colloquy:

"Ah met oor neebor Chairlie just now cairryin' a *clock* on his airm."

"A what? A *cloak*?"

"No, no, a *clock*?"

"Well, you said *cloak*. Was it a clock or a cloak?"

"You can have it *clack* if you like (getting mixed a little); Ah said *clock*, and you said *cloak*, and what's the difference?" (It was really a clock.)

Now this Scotch friend was utterly unable to detect any difference between "clock" and "cloak." He put in the Scotch long *o* in each, and to him they were one in sound.

* * *

The Rhymer.

In waking dreamland's peaceful, hazy clime—
When by the travail of the world opprest,
And longin'g to be quit of the unrest
Caused by the hate, and selfishness, and crime,
And woes, and shams, that seem the factors prime
Of sterner life—he journeys hence in quest
Of chords of thought, which, having found, as best
He may, strings in roughly metered rhyme.

And should his versified imaginings
For lack of classic polish be deemed crude;
If, in true, earnest, manly tones he sings,
Hoping his lays will tend to what is good,
And ring in harmony with Manhood's cause,
Forget his crudeness, and forgive their flaws.

St. John, N. B.

P. McC.

A Parson's Ponderings.

CONCERNING THEOLOGY AND THE FAITH.

I SAID in my last that I should soon ponder upon the distinction between Theology and The Faith. This resolution of mine has been stimulated by the Rev. J. Burton's letter in THE WEEK of 2nd March criticizing my essay in so very kind and friendly a spirit. Indeed, there was far more of concurrence than of dissent in his comments; and our differences can, I think, be easily reconciled, with one exception. My friend (for I heartily reciprocate his courtesy) thinks that the future "cleavage" in Christian thought will be between the Puritan or Individualist and the Catholic or social conception of Religion. I sincerely hope not: for we want both ideas blended and not dissevered. We want the personal, self-appropriating faith of "Sun of my Soul," and of

"Abide with me when night is nigh
For without Thee I cannot die,"

together with the altruism or Catholic spirit of the remainder of that same hymn, beginning with the lines,

"Thou Fra mer of the light and dark,
Steer through the tempest Thine own Ark."

In my opinion the cleavage gaped its widest at the great upheaval of Reformation times, when Puritanism formulated her doctrines. The most definite expression of "egoistic" religion that I can think of is Head II., section 2, of "The Sum of Saving Knowledge," which one finds along with other interesting documents, bound up with the Westminster Confession.

My friend likens Puritanism to a pine-apple, rough without, but sweet and wholesome within. I quite agree with this sentiment. Surely all of us have found at times some of the sweetest and noblest souls encased in this somewhat rough exterior. But then the pine-apple of Puritanism has had 300 years in which to grow mellow. If one studies the documents before alluded to, and such controversies as those of Richard Hooker with Travers and Cartwright (vide "Ecclesiastical Polity" passim, Keble's Edition) one cannot help feeling that the fathers of the Anglican reformation and the compilers and revisers of the Prayer-Book must have found the Puritan pine-apple very—unripe, to say the least of it, and must have had a hard job to make any portion however small assimilate with their system.

On the other hand, I am bound in justice to concede that, in these modern days at any rate, all the crudeness is not on the side of Puritanism. If one comes across some young "priest" who treats with disdain, not only "the sects" but even his own brethren, who, in his opinion, are "not Catholic," because they have not "restored" some custom or practice which he deems essential, such as—well, let us say, the Kiss of Peace—one has good grounds for pronouncing all such "fruits of the Catholic revival" as not only sour but nauseous. But these are only the "crabs" among the fruit.

No; we don't want cleavage; we have had enough of that; we want to heal the breaches of Zion. We want to blend, and not dissociate, the seemingly antagonistic elements—the acids and the alkalies—into the "one body;" for they are all needful, in due proportion, to the "perfect man." Far better that they should amalgamate in one solution than that each should be crystallized and bottled up in some special ecclesiastical polity of its own. The only way to effect this, it seems to me, is to allow plenty of room for differences of speculative theology, while we draw the line at matters of fact; so distinguishing between the facts of the Christian religion and the rationale of those facts, between The Faith and Theology. Let me give an illustration of my meaning.

Ages ago, before there was any proper science, men had observed that on certain occasions the moon when at the full would mysteriously diminish in size and dwindle away until it was blotted out of sight or nearly so; and then after a short interval she would as gradually re-appear. Various theories were propounded to account for the phenomenon. The Chinese philosophers, for instance, had a theory that a huge dragon in the sky swallowed the moon, and was made to disgorge it by the inhabitants of the Celestial Empire raising such a din with drums, tin-pans, yells and every kind of noise, as to scare the said dragon into a fit of indiges-

tion. This theory of the ancient Chinese philosophers is now generally discredited; but that does not discredit the fact that an eclipse occurred. So must we learn to distinguish between the Christian verities, and the various philosophic theories by which various individuals and sects have endeavoured to explain those verities; and the more so in these days when scientific research is forcing us to reconstruct or largely modify our philosophic systems. That is to say, we must distinguish between Theology and The Faith.

Now the Elizabethan Compromise was based on that principle. While allowing free play for various theories as to the why and wherefore of the Incarnation, she insisted rigidly on the fact of the Incarnation and its correlative doctrine of the Trinity. Accordingly, the Church adopted the Nicene Creed as a sufficient statement of objective facts to be believed. As to the seventeen different kinds of subjective faith, of which only one was of a "saving" kind, and other like subtleties, about which some of the Puritan fathers interested themselves, she left them, along with the subtleties of the mediæval schoolmen, as open questions. Cannot all Christians—for the sake of that "brotherhood" we all desire, but which cannot be realized so long as we are kept apart by sectarian fences—agree on this platform? This is the purport of the second article of the famous Chicago Lambeth proposals, to which Professor Shields of Princeton so chivalrously responded.

The Catholic Church in pre-Reformation times erred, I conceive, through an undue eagerness to settle every question and define everything so as to leave no room for differences of opinion; and the various Protestant bodies in the recoil erred in the same manner, but in different directions. The outcome of all this was the creed of Pope Pius IV. on the one hand, and the various Confessions of Augsburg, Westminster, etc., on the other. All of them too long, too exacting; so that many persons like the late James Anthony Froude have found one as hard as the other to swallow in its entirety. Let us get back to the Nicene Creed with its simple propositions; simple, that is to say, in a certain sense. "The simplicity of the Gospel" is a stock phrase with the disputants of one school of thought to discredit the doctrines of another school; but the term "simplicity" is an ambiguous one. I must revert to this another time, however.

During the Reformation, and indeed ever since until quite recently, the fathers of the Anglican Church were denounced for their half-measures and for not being explicit enough in their demands on the faith of the people; but, after three centuries, wisdom is being justified of her children in these days of new departures in every branch of learning. If we accept evolution—in whole or in part—"The Sum of Saving knowledge" must be largely reconstructed; But I don't think that the Prayer Book (thanks to the Elizabethan Compromise) will need much tinkering.

GEO. J. LOW.

The Rectory, Almonte, March 13th, 1895.

* * *

The Latest News From Paris.

(By Our Special Correspondent.)

RADICALS are said to die Tories, French artists are destined to die "opportunists." Sooner than accept the olive branch held out to them, a few years ago when she was in Paris, to induce French painters and other sublime and beautiful interests to compete at German Picture Shows, they unmistakably hinted to Her Majesty, the Ex-Empress Frederick to quit France. It was St. Remy who in converting Clovis, and his 3,000 warriors in a day, exacted that the *chef* should adore what he burned; and burn what he adored. Now the French artists adore what they burned; they will go to Canassa, to Berlin. Art, it is said, has no country, but artists have; and the latter cannot live upon the expectation of glory. Lips though rosy must be fed. The artists will compete, then, for glory only, at the Berlin Salon, and if Emperor William decorates them with an iron cross, made out of say, captured French cannon, let them say nothing, but conceal it in a napkin like another talent. The great thing for French artists is to open up a market for their pictures; compel the Teutons to purchase them as they do French books, bonbons, toilettes, and other articles *de Paris*. Money has no odour.

Spoil the Egyptians. An artist has to find his bread and cheese, pay his rent, the taxgatherer, and to settle the bill of his laundress, or marry her like the poet Dufresny. The 212 degrees boiling point patriots are wrong in attacking their countrymen for going where glory leads them. Did not France throw herself, body and soul into the 1851 London Exhibition—and that was only 36 years after the little affair at Waterloo? Imagine the sensational papers fat-typing, that "France wants soldiers, not artists"—the latter showed in 1870-71, they could, when the occasion required, handle a rifle as well as a brush.

Equally nationally and internationally sensible has been the decision of the Government to join in the spree of the iron clads of all the nations at Kiel in June next. There was a time, and not so long ago, when the Government would tremble, not for its situation, but the personal consequences of encountering the Germans anywhere, save to fight. It was said that when the Augurs at Rome laughed in each other's faces, belief in the issue of a war or a doubtful event ceased to be left to the picking up of seeds by barn door fowl, though cured as pious as an Apis bull. Who knows that when all the navies, when they meet at Kiel, and from yard arms indulge in a *Hock!* for Fatherland, and an *Eljen!* for Emperor William, that nations may contract the contagion of broad grins and side-splitting laughter, at having such a collection of ironware, to blow their fellow-creatures certainly out of this world, with a chance of into either of the two grand sections of the other. The idea of French sailors cheering William II, and putting their feet under his mahogany, must surely be accepted as a sign that the end of the world is near. Of course his majesty, as Grand Chaplain of the fleet, will read prayers at the Inauguration ceremony. The artists and the Boys in Blue, all right good fellows, will thus have compelled Germany to take up her natural place in the 1900 Exhibition, and she ought to do it grandly, to make amends for all the dear moments she has abstained from such contests. The Emperor was not far out of his reckoning when he recently gave it to be understood, in a button-holding chat with a globe trotting Frenchman, that he saw his way to visiting Paris in 1900. At Kiel, then, for the opening of the era of European disarmaments, Italian and French iron clads, and their escort of mosquitos, will anchor side by side like real Latin sisters; English Jack Tars will cheer the Russians, and Uncle Sam will stand God-father for Japan. The Chinese would be present, only their navy lies in "full fathom five, or has been taken over—against her will—by a neighbour.

Apart from this being the Lenten season, the French do not like the world to conclude they are dead to the sense of religion; they endow the churches—Catholic, Protestant, Israelitish, and Islamic—not according to their creeds but *pro rata* to their numbers; if the Reverend Père Layson could convert souls like Peter the Hermit or St. Remy, he would have no necessity to send round the hat to live. On the approach of Good Friday, the cafe's concerts give only sacred music. Yvette Guilbert retires in favour of Hadyn's Hymn, and Paulus withdraws for selections from Handel. The Comedie Parisienne has just brought out a novelty—the religious *ballet*—intercalated with a three act comedy by "Gyp"—a lady who does not write Tracts for any Religious Society; her piece is called *Mademoiselle Eve*, not Adam's wife, a genteel bread and butter farce. The object of the whole staging was to introduce Miss Loie Fuller, to display some new choreographic sensations; some swathes of gauze, tulle or gossamer that would form the winding sheets for half the mummies in Egypt. Instead of having bells on her fingers and rings on her toes, Miss Fuller had a multitude of tiny multicolored electric lights to show off the classical serpentine movements that she has made a speciality. The dancing scene is laid in Herod's palace, and Herodias, fearing the influence of John the Baptist on her husband, desires to have his head. Her daughter, Salome, has so captured Herod, that to enjoy another of her dances, he will grant her any wish she expresses; her mamma whispers, ask for the Prophet's head, and the decapitation being granted Miss Fuller, that is Salome, commences her *pas*, when her "ma" appears with the head on a charger, at the sight of which, Salome faints, then expires—along with the electric lights. Nothing remains then than to swathe her in her long clothes, ring down the curtain, and join the majority in the enthusiasm that Edison, Chevreul and milliners could execute such wonders.

Political quidnuncs claim to see, despite all influenza, a connection between the vastness of the French preparations for bringing the Hovas to a sense of their situation, and the evolution taking place in English public opinion in favour of a more "forward" policy in Egypt. Should France annex Madagascar, under the guise of a more effective protectorate, England will at once reply by taking over Egypt, with doubtless a few other territorial pickings. The French apprehend another evolution in England, that of diverting, henceforward, a good deal of her trade from the Suez Canal, in favour of the Cape. It is also believed that Portugal will end the Delagoa Bay cash difficulty by selling out to England. With that magnificent harbour and Perim, Aden and Bombay, Madagascar could not do very much, were every harbour it possessed fortified. It is also remarked, that England, in proportion as the new additions to her navy come to completion, is tending to a more decided foreign policy. That will not be a fault, for she wants grit—honey and jelly-fish will never make any impression either on Orientals or Occidentals. As your strength, so shall your years—of safety and prosperity—be.

The funeral of poor M. Harry Alis—in civic life M. "Percher"—took place on the 6th inst. The Archbishop of Paris refused the remains Christian burial, because he was a duellist. "If Christ came to—" Paris, He would certainly give the deceased absolution, and tell his antagonist to "go and sin no more." The latter, when he dies, cannot be refused all the rites of the Church, although he killed a human being. The duel shows that the most dangerous of combatants is he who cannot handle sword or pistol. "Alis" was spitted; the sword run through his right and out at the left side, piercing lungs and heart, before the fencing had well begun. He expired ere he could distinctly finish his phrase, "I'm a dead man." Opinion does not say there was anything unfair in the fight, but concludes there was some bungling. The cause of the quarrel was so futile a reflection on the granting of a Colonial concession, that the seconds on both sides agreed that it should have no serious consequences; so that duelling, like heaven, has its accommodations. This will also help to explain the fact why so many duels in France do no one any harm, save, as Sarcey can testify, give the combatants a good appetite and the occasion to breakfast together in harmony. There ought to be an *ordonnateur* for duels, as there is for, say, funerals. They manage these things better in the French army: when two soldiers fall out, and chide, and fight, though children of one family, the general orders them, as a matter of course, to have it out in the barrack yard, with sabres, that makes them forever after as polite as Versailles courtiers. They strip off all regimentals, save the pantaloons; then a master of arms stands by, and when he sees a thrust likely to prove ugly or fatal he parries it; a few slashes and gashes, a few days in hospital, and an extra consumption of sticking plaster and bandage completes the reform. M. Alis was a good writer, but injured his usefulness by his speciality of Anglophobism. He firmly believed that he could, by dynamite newspaper articles, pull up the Britisher in his manifest destiny in matters Colonial, and, above all, compel him to clear out of Egypt, and let France take his place. He founded journals in Cairo to hound cosmopolitan patriots against the presence of the British in the Nile valley and so kept up a certain agitation and made a little noise. Only he forgot to perceive, he was playing John Bull's game; keeping up a state of unrest, and hence the necessity for his remaining. It may be safely concluded that newspaper articles will not bring about the evacuation of Egypt, by the English, who have come to stay.

After the terrible cold weather Parisians are most interested in the cab question. The present tariff is unjust, being 1½ frs. the "course," whether that be a distance from one end of the city to the other, or from the beginning to the end of a street. As the prospect of an ideal distance counter, with a time register, is still distant the public and the cab interests have agreed to a uniform fare of one franc for the first quarter of an hour, and for the second and succeeding quarter hours half a franc will be exacted. Only the cabman must not seek the most roundabout streets to arrive at the destination, nor get into a "block" where all vehicles are locked for 15 or 20 minutes. There will be a fight over the "tip." At present it is foursous, but that must be reduced the moiety for the first quarter hour and fixed at one sou every succeeding quarter hour.

Alpine excursions were hitherto chiefly confined to the

summer season, but a new school, the "Snowists," go into ecstasies over the majestic loveliness of the desert of snow, the silence of the landscape and the exhilarating purity of the atmosphere. One party of intrepid hygienists started from St. Beron, in Savoy, to reach that half way house, the monastery of the Grande-Chartreuse; one member was doing "Kneipp," that is, marching in bare feet—less a thin bit of leather to protect the sole of the foot—as a preservative of health; the Highlanders prefer their Kneipp fashion of no pantaloons. It is hard work walking in snow when you sink up to the knees, temperature 16 degrees below zero, and big drops of perspiration rolling off the face. You must keep moving like the "Wandering Jew;" to stop, to catch a cold, would be instant congestion of the lungs.

The ancient Gauls were wont to say they feared nothing, except the falling of the heavens on their heads; a nearly equal calamity is in store for their successors. Coquelin, the actor, states that in the event of his being cast, in his law suit with the Comedie Francaise, he will retire definitely from the stage.

* * *

The Reviewer.

"Irresponsible, indolent——"—TENNYSON.

A CRITIC in *The Dial* talks of the "recent irruption" of the Scot into the field of literature, as "noteworthy." It is; but "irruption" is hardly the word to use. The countrymen of Burns, Scott and Carlyle have no need to break into a domain already theirs by the right of inheritance. The latest invader is "Ian Maclaren," otherwise the Rev. Mr. Watson, of Liverpool. His collection of short stories, "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush," has achieved such sudden and complete success that it is well worth while to seek reasons for the fact.

The book is undoubtedly hard to review. Any book that makes you laugh and makes you cry, often in the same breath, evades the critic's ordinary rules and tests. Enjoyment is too keen to permit of analysis. If you open the "Bonnie Brier Bush" with the intention of finding out why you like it, straightway you are beguiled from page to page into forgetfulness of your self-appointed task. Your only safety lies in setting it aside, and setting at work the powers of memory and reflection.

"Ian Maclaren" has not gone far afield for his themes. He has not chosen the loves of a young Apelles and a superlative grisette, nor the slaughter of savages at the ends of the earth, nor the escapades of the nerve-sick victims of a hot-house civilization. The joys and sorrows of a few simple folk, in a lonely Highland glen, suffice him. The father pride of an old schoolmaster in the triumphs of his favourite scholar, the love of a peasant mother and son, of a father and daughter, a couple of "cases" from the experience of a country doctor, make up the greater part of the book. In all these tales there is not a hint of the startling, of the sensational; nothing but

"Familiar matter of to-day.
Some natural sorrow, loss and pain
That has been, and may be again;"

and yet one holds the breath to know what was in Geordie Howe's letter, and whether or not there is hope for Annie Mitchell, the cottar's wife.

But this is more than a book. "Who touches this, touches a man." The writer, one feels, knows his people; he has summered and wintered with them. The printed page is as a pane of glass through which you see living men and women and the familiar Barrie manner of making no introductions, but assuming that Burnbrae and Drumsheugh and the rest need only mention to be known, seems to imply that the personages are our contemporaries. Though the man behind the book is a clergyman, he has not written tracts, but artistic, well-told tales. Still, as he knows Scottish life so intimately and understands what a part faith plays in it, the tales are studies in Scottish religion. A survey of Scotch character without this would be incomplete and misleading. The national devotion to a Higher Power, the fru-

gality, the self-denial, the self-repression, the outward hardness, with the poetry and tender *politesse de coeur* beneath the surface are set before us by a few deft touches of the master. The fine feeling which induces the rough train-hand to speak of nothing but the new engine, when his guest is the wayward girl returning to her father, is only one of many instances which might be quoted. The moral beauty of this trait appeals to us no less strongly than the feeling of its truth.

The pathos of the book is never strained and always irresistible. It is not the mere fact of death that touches the secret spring of tears. Death and poverty, as is well known, are the least of evils. Tears are the only possible tribute to the courage that has no idea that it is heroic, the worth that is utterly ignorant of its own value, the love that the floods cannot drown. The death of the beautiful, superhuman Trilby has every accompaniment of sorrow, but it does not impress; because Trilby is a shadow and has never lived. But the passing of the rugged old doctor in the scantily furnished room which tells of a life lived for others, again in fancy in the night and storm with his old horse on some errand of mercy overpowers as often as one reads it.

The pathos is without gloom. The sadness does not make us feel broken and depressed; but, purging the mind by pity, leaves it freer, lighter, uplifted. Besides this sense of the heroic, there is, in the book, much genuine fun. Perhaps, to thoroughly appreciate it, one must have some saving drop of Scotch blood in his constitution, or at least some knowledge from the outside of the Kirk's little peculiarities. To the initiated, at least, the "feenishes" of the Rev. Mr. Pittendreigh will furnish laughter for a month. I wonder if they are unappreciated by outsiders. "This is ane o' them."

"Heaven, ma brethren, will be far grander than the hoose o' ony earthly potentate, for there ye will no longer eat the flesh of bulls nor drink the blood o' goats, but we shall sook the juicy pear and scoop the luscious meelon. Amen."

"But the meelon's naething tae the goat, that cowed a thing, at the Fast tae."

"It wes anither feenish, and it ran this w'y."

"Noo, ma freends, a' wull no be keepin' ye ony longer, and ye'll a' gae hame tae yir ain hooses and mind yir ain business. And as sune as ye get hame ilka man 'ill gae tae his closet and shut the door, and stand for five meenutes and ask himsel' this solemn question, 'Am I a goat?' Amen."

Very bright also is the chapter on the well-known rhetorical device, known as the under-statement, which is the monopoly of the Scotch. Take a specimen or two.

"It rained in torrents elsewhere, with us it only 'threatened tae be weet'—some provision had to be made for the deluge."

"Keeps a', if ye were tae pit me in the box this meenut, a' cudna sweer a' hed ever seen a man 'intoxicat' in ma life, except a puir body o' an English bag-man at Muir-town Station. A' doot he hed been meddlin' wi' speerits, and they were wheelin' him tae his kerridge in a luggage barrow." The italics are mine. Caution could hardly go further. The typical conversation at the "service of spirits," the remarks of the "sermon-taster," Hillocks's tale of the encounter between the Cockney and the Highland preacher who used him for a parable, are all as good as they could be. The "wut" would be perceptible even to Sidney Smith.

These idylls in homespun ought to be appreciated in Canada even by those who never even saw "the land of brown heath and shaggy wood." Every Kirk in this country is the centre of a little Scotland, and parallels to all "Ian Maclaren's" tales could be supplied from the experience of brother ministers here. I must not close without a protest against the American classification of Scotch with those debased compounds of carelessness and slang, which are called American dialects. Those who perceive no difference between them should read and lay to heart Ruskin's chapter "Of Vulgarity," and see how "Auld Robin Gray" would look improved into classical English.

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Recent Fiction.*

WE have received the advance proof sheets of the "Annals of the Courts of Oberon," by Mr. John Hunter Duvar, a Canadian writer who has already won his spurs in the field of literature. It is a book on somewhat unusual lines, and despite a certain want of finish in style, of considerable merit. It is not a connected story, but a series of sketches, purporting, as its title shows, to be extracts from the annals of the court of Fairyland. The writer tells how he came to be appointed court annalist. He describes himself as a man graver than his years, saddened, not soured, by the world, given to mooning about with books and lying under trees, himself generally considered harmless, and his views old fashioned. One day when returning to his favourite haunt, which turned out to be also a favourite haunt of the fairies, he found there a little gentleman in a green uniform who opened a conversation and dwelt with some bitterness on the general misrepresentations to which the fairies have been subjected. He went on:

"Which reminds me that His Royal and Imperial Highness Oberon, *Nature Gratia* of Faerie and Fairylande, Emperor, and King; Soldan of Wonderland; Archduke of Out-of-Doors; Duke of Phantasie; Marquis and Earl of Greensward, Coppice and Rill; Viscount Myth; a Baron; having no fit annalist to record the acts and revels of his ever-glorious reign, wants a feeble-minded elderly person for that duty and has deigned to appoint you to the office."

"Your Excellency," said I, tremblingly, "I am unfit. A Government officer requires intelligence—"

"Quite the contrary," he replied sternly.

He gazed in my eyes. My senses became hypnotised and I had to follow him whithersoever he would. Arrived at headquarters, a Commission was issued under the Great Seal of Faerie, and I became unpaid *attaché* to the Court of Oberon.

The beings to whom he is thus introduced, and among whom, for some time, he dwells, he describes as very human in their ways, yet with a lightheartedness which is to be expected in the children of nature, whose lives are hardly touched by pain or sorrow. The sketches are of all kinds—tender, pathetic, humorous, playful and homely. They deal not only with the life in Fairyland itself, but also with incidents in the lives of those mortals who, all unconscious, are brought into touch with the Fairies. There is a vein of pleasant satire running through the book, which, however, often turns to bitterness when matters ecclesiastical are alluded to. We hope the book, when published, will meet with great success, for, in our opinion, it fully deserves it.

"Jack O'Doon," by Maria Beale, is published in Henry Holt's Buckram Series, which consists of pleasant little volumes, easy to handle and easy to read. The hero, from whom the work takes its title, is a fine noblehearted sailor in the merchant service. The book opens with a great storm, in which his ship is supposed to have gone down, and for 171 pages everybody except the heroine and the reader, believes he is drowned. Of course he turns up. It is a new idea, and one which has little to commend it, to try to keep the readers of a book in doubt for nearly two-thirds of its length whether the hero exists or not. In the remaining third of the book he only plays a minor part. At the end, however, he disappears in a blaze of glory, sacrificing his life in a horrible way to save, for the girl he loves, the life of the man, less worthy than himself, on whom she has set her heart. Though his is the title role the two chief characters are Mercy Blessington, the daughter of a retired New England sea captain, and Algernon Abercrombie, a young man of good family, who, travelling about painting for amusement, comes across the little sea coast village in which she lives. These two are attracted to one another, she by his superior attainments and personal charm, he by her beauty both of form and character. Social difficulties hold him back and keep him from speaking out, though he knows he has gained her affections, and for a time he goes away. Then he discovers that he cannot do without her, flings social considerations to the winds and returns to do what he should have done long before. The old sea captain is of the regulation hearty type, rough and good-hearted, simple and devoted to his daughter. The descriptions of him and his unconventional domestic arrangements are the best things in the book. Some of the minor characters, the ordinary inhabitants of the fishing village, are well drawn.

* "Annals of the Court of Oberon" extracted from the Records by the Annalist John Hunter Dewar. London. Digby, Long & Co.
"Jack O'Doon," a novel, by Maria Beale. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

BRIEFER NOTICES.

Facts About Pompeii. By H. P. FitzGerald; Marriott. (London: Hazell, Watson & Viney, Ltd., 1 Creed Lane, Ludgate Hill, E.C.)—In this interesting and instructive monograph the author does not profess to give to the public a complete guide to Pompeii, but his main object has been to explain and illustrate certain special features which have not usually been noticed by other writers, such as the different styles of mural decoration and the curious marks cut in the masonry of the buildings, of which he gives a fully illustrated list. It is a delightful contribution to the literature already written on the subject of that old buried town. To those who cannot have the privilege of going there in person, it is something more than pleasant to follow the writer in his "description of the impressions left on the mind by seeing the ruins of the ancient town," to wander in imagination through streets that have been so strangely brought to light after nearly two thousand years of sepulchral gloom, through rooms where the walls are still bright with frescoes and pictures, where evidences still exist of the lives led by those long dead inhabitants, evidences that speak of luxury and art; of elaborate arrangements for baths and house heating; of floors inlaid with beautiful coloured marbles; of "columns encrusted from capital to base with richest mosaics;" of atriums once "surrounded by curtain-hung rooms." Gruesome sights are also mentioned. A skeleton half uncovered, "its head lying on a couch of mouldy ash, its legs drawn up on one side, and its arms reposing as if in disturbed sleep." There is the cast of the form of a dog that died, fastened to its kennel, in contortions of horrible agony. There is also a beautiful description of the surrounding scenery. Vesuvius lying "purple and grey" in the distance, with its smoke "rosy from the sunset." The islands of Revigiano, Capri, Ischia and Procida cloudlike on the dark sea, amidst the glorious colouring of the waning light of an Italian day. The book includes information not only on the masons' marks and frescoes, but also on the town walls, houses and portraits. There are two editions, a limited edition beautifully printed on hand-made paper, costing one guinea, and a smaller one on toned paper, price 7s. 6d. both enriched by numerous photogravures.

C. T. L.

The Plays of Maurice Masterlinck. Translated by Richard Hovey. (Chicago: Stone & Kimball. 1894.)—This is another volume of the "Green Tree Library." We have read every line of it, partly in order to give the writer fair play. Still a book of 369 pages which one can read from beginning to end must have some kind of merit in it; and some kind of merit belongs to these plays—the merit of simple and straightforward diction. But this is a good deal spoiled by the absurd manner in which the characters of the play keep repeating the same phrases and drawing at the same thought in a very feeble and uninteresting manner. The plots are ghastly. The author's "Master-tone is always terror," says his translator, "terror, too, of one type—that of the Churchyard." Quite true and most undesirable. We say we have read the whole book; but we cannot recommend any one else to do so.

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A special number of *The Canadian Medical Review*, dated March 19th, contains a letter from Dr. G. Sterling Ryerson, M.P.P., addressed to the officers and members of the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Ontario, dealing with the Patrons' Medical Bill. Dr. Ryerson ably discusses the salient points of the proposed amendments to the Medical Act, and we hope that every care has been taken to insure a wide circulation of the letter. By their extravagant and even ludicrous demands the authors of the Patrons' Medical Bill have so weakened their "cause" that they have already estranged many who, perhaps, might view with favour one or two changes or modifications in the Ontario Medical Act. As Dr. Ryerson points out, if the Patrons have their way there will be free trade in medicine. "It means a retrogression to a state compared with which the condition of the profession prior to 1850 was order itself." But it is in respect to the office of midwife that the Patrons' Bill reaches the climax of absurdity. An examination of the clauses dealing with this important subject is enough to fill everyone with alarm and disgust. It would be interesting to know what part professional outcasts have had in the framing of this remarkable Bill.

Periodicals.

The March *Century* contains a great array of attractive matter, the enumeration of half of which would fill two or three columns of THE WEEK. The Life of Napoleon Bonaparte, which was begun in the November number, is still the leading feature. The present instalment is adorned with portraits and pictures by Isabeay, Bois-le-Comte, Francois Flameng and others. Emile Hovelague's paper on Jean Carries, the Sculptor and Potter, is one of the most readable contributions, and the illustrations are superb. Mr. Joseph Pennell illustrates Miss Harriet Preston's travels "Beyond the Adriatic"—a new field. "Cheating at Letters," by Mr. H. C. Bunner, is very entertaining, as every body would expect.

Mr. Gilbert Parker, one of our few Canadian writers of fiction, contributes to *The Atlantic Monthly* for March the first chapter of a story entitled "The Seats of the Mighty." It purports to be the memoirs of a certain Captain Robert Stobo, sometime an officer in the Virginia Regiment, and afterwards of Amherst's Regiment. Mr. Parker starts off in fine style, and we predict great success for him. Many will turn with interest to Mr. Trowbridge's "Some Confessions of a Novel Writer." It is a very amusing chapter of personal reminiscences. Bliss Carman, another Canadian of whom we are proud, has a graceful poem entitled "At the Granite Gate." The reviews and the Contributor's Club are especially good this month, whilst the articles on "Immigration and Naturalization" and "The Ethics of Co-operative Production" are of considerable practical value. Mr. Lannan's appreciative notice of the late William Dwight Whitney is one of the chief features of a very good number of this magazine.

The Popular Science Monthly continues to be a credit to its publishers, Messrs. D. Appleton & Co. The March number has a most entertaining array of contents with many prominent contributors. Article No. 1 is "The Birth of a Sicilian Volcano," by Professor Packard. A practical article is that of Dr. Hubbard's on "The Lesson of the Forest Fires." The fires referred to are those which, last August, devastated vast areas in the States of Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota. It is pointed out by the writer how absolutely necessary it is that a sound and energetic forest policy should be at once inaugurated. It is as necessary in Canada as in the United States. Mrs. Burton Smith contributes a rather sensible article on "The Mother as a Power for Woman's Advancement." It is refreshing to read a moderate article written by a woman in these days. Two papers, dealing respectively with "Copper, Steel and Banknote Engraving," and "Bookbindings: its Processes and Ideal," are most interesting and instructive. We can commend them to the best attention of our readers.

The University Faculty of Political Science of Columbia College is to be congratulated on the general excellence of their *Political Science Quarterly*. The March number is a strong one and well begins the tenth volume. Professor Frank Goodnow heads the list of contents with a suggestive article on "Municipal Home Rule." He deals with the evil of continual legislative interference in purely local matters and its remedies. An interesting paper is that on "The Law of Population," by Professor Patten, of the University of Pennsylvania. It is a "new statement of the law," which depends upon the opposition between different elements in man's nature, and not upon the opposition between man and external nature; and also "upon the fact that an increase in productive power is due to subjective changes in man and not to objective changes in man's environment." Mr. H. C. Emery's contribution "Legislation against Futures" is worth careful study. Speculation in all its forms comes in for impartial discussion. The purpose of the article is to show that anti-option legislation is a blow at an essential part of the modern machinery of commerce. There are several other papers of great value. The reviews of new books are exceptionally good.

The current number of *The Westminster Review* opens with an article on "The Evolu-

tion of Modern Society in its Historical Aspects," by Mr. R. D. Melville. It is a big subject to deal with in fourteen pages, but the writer wisely contents himself with doing little else than mentioning the most outstanding points. These points he considers to be eminently encouraging. A lengthy but very interesting and scholarly paper is contributed by Mr. J. F. Hewitt on "History as told in the Arabian Nights." Mr. Hewitt takes Smithers' edition of Sir R. Burton's translation of the book generally known as *The Arabian Nights Entertainments* on which to base his remarks. It is shown that this famous book is not only a living picture of eastern Mahomedan life, but a storehouse of the unwritten archives of primeval history derived from tribal traditions and customs of northern and Southern nations. Mr. D. F. Hannigan writes a fierce little article on "The Tyranny of the Modern Novel" in which he expresses the hope—which THE WEEK begs to echo—that controversial fiction will soon disappear, "It is a bore and a tyranny," says Mr. Hannigan. "Such books should be relegated to the region of tracts. Let it be remembered that the novelist's function is simply this—to write a natural story of human life. Let 'faddists' write pamphlets and leave fiction alone." People who want to be amused will read the "Reverend" Walter Lloyd's article on "The Bible in the Schools."

The Fortnightly Review for this month contains an able article by Mr. T. W. Russell, M.P., on "Mr. Morley and the Irish Land Bill." The problem now before the country is the problem of improvements, and Mr. Russell sums it up in the question: "Ought a man to be rented on his own expenditure?" An eloquent and convincing appeal against "Church Disestablishment" is made by Mr. Bompas, who will have many warm sympathizers amongst Churchmen in Canada. "The Crisis in Newfoundland" forms the subject of a strong paper by the Rev. William Greswell, who points to the usefulness of the old Colony and the need of cherishing her. The lecture which Mr. Henry Irving delivered on "Acting: An Art," at the Royal Institution last month, is printed in full in this number of *The Fortnightly*. Mr. Escott's "Lord Randolph Churchill" is a little cold and apologetic in tone, but is a fair summing-up of the great abilities possessed by the late statesman. An article of much literary interest is Mr. H. D. Traill's criticism of the two poets, John Davidson and William Watson. Mr. Traill takes a hopeful view of the future of English poetry. "Presidents and Politics in France," by M. Augustin Filon, is an admirable article. "Our public men are sensitive and impressionable creatures; they have all the stored-up force, the sudden flashes and the rapid extinction of electric light . . . Mr. Perier despises mankind, I imagine; but who that knows mankind can help it? Surely, it is a sufficient merit not to hate them—"

Of the ten articles in March *Contemporary Review*, which cover subjects so diversified as music-halls, Hades, transcendentalism, and the Egyptians, perhaps the most interesting to Canadians will be that on the "Referendum in Switzerland," by Numa Droz. In Switzerland an unsuccessful Referendum is not treated as a vote of want of confidence. "The legislator is not discredited; he is only in the position of a Deputy whose Bill is not passed. There is no question of resigning. If, here and there, a measure is rejected, other measures are passed; there is clearly no want of confidence. Moreover, after rejecting a law, it is quite common to re-elect the same representatives. Thus the new régime leaves no room for either Ministerial or Parliamentary crises. The representatives of the people are elected for a comparatively short term, generally three years. During this time—thanks to the restraining Referendum—they can do nothing really contrary to the public will, at least in any essential matter. If they prove incapable, or if their action gives cause of complaint, they are replaced at the next election, and there is an end of it. We are far enough, by this time, from that era of revolutions which marked the period between 1815 and 1848." Other good articles are "The House of Commons: A Plea for Action," by J. F. Moulton, Q.C., M.P., "The Manchester School," by Mr. Goldwin Smith, and "The English Failure in Egypt," by

"A Cairene." It appears that the English have kept up "the fiction of doing everything from behind the veil of Khedivial sovereignty so well," that the Egyptian attributes all improvements to the Khedive and not to the English.

Littell's Living Age easily holds the first place amongst eclectic magazines. The recent numbers have been admirable in every respect. To select articles for reproduction is a much more difficult matter than is generally supposed. One great advantage of *The Living Age* is its completeness. Covering the whole field of periodical literature it not only presents, the best thoughts of the best authors, but gives them in full without mutilation or condensation.

The March *Arena* is a good representative number of this magazine. It opens with a portrait of Lady Henry Somerset, who contributes a paper on "The Welcome Child"—a "study" in the movement for social purity and equal standards of morality for both sexes. Amongst the great array of other articles, all of which are very much "up to date," we notice one by Professor Bixby, the writer on comparative religion. The subject is "Mohammed and the Koran." The Professor is very "advanced" in his views. Colonel Hinton contributes a striking study of John Burns, the English Socialist Labour Leader. It seems that the writer has a "personal and even intimate acquaintance" with Burns.

Harper's Magazine for March presents many attractions. It would be difficult to think of a taste that is not provided for. Thomas Hardy's novel, "Hearts Insurgent" reaches part IV., and is one of the marked features of the number. Two short stories, "A Californian," by Geraldine Bonner, and "Fame's Little Day," by Sarah Orne Jewett, are capital bits of fiction. Amongst the contributions of weight are "The Industrial Region of Northern Alabama, Tennessee, and Georgia," by Julian Ralph, and "The New York Common Schools," by Stephen H. Olin. The former is richly illustrated. Mr. St. George Mivart has an article on "Hereditry," which we have found of great interest. In the "Editor's Study" the opening paper deals with the ignorance of the Bible among students in American public schools and colleges. It is a very serious question, and we are glad that it has been taken up.

Outing for March abounds in excellent fiction, seasonable sport and a diversity of travel and adventure. The number merits the highest praise for literary strength and the artistic beauty of its illustrations. The contents are as follows: "A Study in Love," by Louise D. Mitchell; "Fish Shooting in the West-Indies," by Henry Wydam Lanier; "A Reminiscence of Texas Shooting"; "Australian Bush Memories," by R. Monckton-Dene; "Swordplay in Japan," by Kinza Hirai; "The Manx Mystery," by T. D. Dickson; "Lenz's World Tour Awheel"; "The Fallen City of Theebaw," by Edwin Asa Diz; "A Jamestown Romance," by Sara Beaumont Kennedy; "Curling in the North-west," by H. J. Woodside; "Miniature Yacht Modeling," by Franklyn Bassford; "A Yaqui Boar Hunt," by Forest Crissey; "The Eden of the Gulf," by Annetta Josefa Halliday-Antona; "The National Guard of New York State in Active Service in Brooklyn," by D. S. Mercein, and the usual editorials, poems and records.

The *Harvard Graduates' Magazine* is a voluminous periodical, published by an association of Harvard Graduates, and it is devoted to giving a full account of the progress and work of the great university whose name it bears. The current number contains much that is interesting to academicians everywhere, and not a little for the general public. The first article is an obituary notice of the late Robert Charles Winthrop, who came of an historical Massachusetts family, and was himself a distinguished Massachusetts citizen. He was five times elected to the House of Representatives of his own state, and was afterwards for ten years a member of the corresponding Chamber of the National Congress, to the Speakership of which he was elected in 1847. Those were times when a man to remain above water had to be either one thing or another, and as Mr. Winthrop was by nature what is called a "trimmer" in politics, he soon went

down. Failing election to the Senate and afterwards to the Governorship of Massachusetts, his public career terminated. He belonged to the class of 1828, and his obituary is written by William Everett, of '59. The troublesome subject of "Athletics" comes in for a good deal of notice. Prof. Taussig contributes an article on it, and it is very prominent in President Eliot's annual report. Both of them deprecate the intercollegiate contests and the excessive interest shown in them by the general public as promotive of brutality and other tendencies perhaps not so objectionable. President Eliot states in his report that owing to the existence of a depict for two years in succession, a policy of retreatment became an absolute necessity, and in one of the results Canadian Universities are deeply interested. While no individual's salary was reduced, and while some salaries were raised under standing rules, the vacancies that occurred by death or resignation during the year were either filled by appointing teachers of lower academic rank or were only partially filled. A prominent and interesting feature of the magazine is "News From The Classes," each year since 1830 being allotted a separate paragraph.

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Literary Notes.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co. will publish very soon "The Story of Christine Rochefort," a novel by Mrs. Helen Choate Prince, granddaughter of Rufus Choate, the famous lawyer.

Mr. Douglas Sladen's novel, "A Japanese Marriage," will deal with the life of the English colony in Japan, as his former book, "The Japs at Home," dealt with the life of the Japanese themselves.

Dr. Bourinot's new book on "How Canada is Governed," will contain a number of illustrations and lithographs, interesting to the students of our institutions. Among these will be a sketch of the old Bishop's Palace, in which the first Parliament of Quebec met in 1792, and which has not been reproduced in any recent book. The autographs will include those of the signers of the Quebec Resolution of 1864. The book is intended for students and the public generally, and will satisfy a popular want. It will appear in a few week's time.

An unusually interesting book that will soon be published by Macmillan & Co. is "Louis Agassiz: His Life, Letters, and Works," written by Jules Marcou, the last surviving European naturalist who came with Agassiz to this country, and who was closely associated with him both in Europe and America as pupil, assistant and friend. It brings out clearly the identity of Agassiz both in its personal and in its scientific aspects. It goes very fully, moreover, into the details of the work of Agassiz, though treating it from the point of view of a critical and dispassionate observer. Correspondence, journals and personal impressions of various sorts are freely drawn upon, and no pains have been spared to render this the definitive account of the great naturalist.

An important book of peculiar timeliness is Mr. Henry Norman's forthcoming work on the "Peoples and Politics of the Far East." The author spent nearly four years in the Far East, often under circumstances of difficulty that would have been insurmountable had he not possessed powerful credentials. As a result he has been enabled to prepare a work rare in information and interest, including an account of the present political situation in China, Japan, Korea, Siam, and Malaya. The object of the book is, in the author's own words, "to try and cast the horoscope of the Far East, mingling travel and studies, adventure and information, tales and statistics, fancy and fact." It will contain 60 illustrations and 4 maps, and will be published by the Scribners.

Canadian women are already noted for many graces of person, character and heart, and now they propose showing that they also possess mental powers of a high order, combined with business qualities. They have undertaken to assume charge of an entire issue of the *Toronto Daily Globe* (for April 18th, next). The regular editorial and reportorial

staffs, certainly all the male members thereof, will be displaced for that issue by a staff of ladies who will cover every department of the paper—business, editorial, local and general. The issue will be a very large one, both as to the number of pages and as to the circulation, and will also be non-political and non-sectarian. The result of this unique undertaking will, we are sure, be watched with keenest interest not only by the fair sex of the Dominion but also by the, on this occasion, more curious male element.

"The Idiot," by John Kendrick Bangs, might with appropriateness have been entitled "Lessons in Repartee." It is full of overflowing of wit—of the broadly humorous suggestion and of the delicately insinuated "fine point" that differentiates fair wit from foul: this as a matter of course; and of course, also, it is as wholesome as it is merry. The author's name is a guarantee of that. But if the delightful book had been entitled "Lessons in Repartee," in would immediately, and by the mere nomination of it, have suggested a fact which now must be arrived at by more devious paths—the fact, namely, that this would be a good book to send to your friend who fancies himself witty because he does not know what a serious matter real fun is. (Harper & Brothers.)

We have to thank Mr. W. L. Courtney, says the London *Literary World* for reminding us of what we had almost forgotten, that the "original bacillus" of "The Woman Who Did" and "Gallia" is to be found in Tolstoy's "Kreutzer Sonata." "The idea that marriage is impure, unchaste, intolerable—you will find it all amply expounded there." Mr. Courtney, writing for *Daily Telegraph* readers, sees nothing in all this "Tolstoism" (a word he gratefully adopts from Dr. Max Nordau) but a disease, "a curious form of literary influenza." We are to learn nothing from Mr. Grant Allen's and Miss Dowie's books but "the prevalence of a mood, the contagiousness of an idiosyncrasy." Well, perhaps, he is right, but then we cannot be quite sure that the revolt of woman against the traditional bondage which marriage has come to imply, as evidenced by such episodes as the Jackson case, may not produce permanent results in the next generation for the weal or woe of civilized humanity. The happily married, being the majority, may continue to insist on an inflexible system of conjugal relations for all, but the minority will not cease to make its "bitter cry" heard in the courts and in literature.

Our Canadian poets have all been so serious and dignified that one is almost forced into a premonitory chuckle at the announcement that we are soon to have a published volume of the poems of our "Canadian Whitcomb Riley"—as he has been aptly termed—Mr. J. W. Bengough, for many years editor and artist of *Toronto Grip*. Our anticipation, too, is quickened by the intelligence that the book is to be profusely illustrated with original pen-and-ink sketches by the author. Those who are familiar with Mr. Bengough's work, and have heard and seen his inimitable "chalk talks," will be prepared for something good. "Motley: Verses Grave and Gay" is the title the author has chosen for the volume, which will be issued early in April by the Toronto publisher, William Briggs. Such poems as "The Late Mr. Columbus," "Delsarte," "The Woodpile Test," "The Open Gates of Hell," etc., which have achieved wide popularity on the platform in Canada and the United States, will be included, with others as good or better, making in all a book of some 170 pages—humorous, pathetic and elegaic—affording a fine range of platform readings. A number of half-tone engravings from original drawings by Canadian artists will further brighten the volume. Orders may be placed with local booksellers.

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Music.

The concert by the Chicago Orchestra on Friday evening last, the 22nd inst., in the Massey Hall, was attended by a magnificent audience of over three thousand people. It takes a long time to seat so many people, but at exactly seventeen minutes past eight, the veteran and famous Conductor, Theodore Thomas, stepped to his desk and began the first move-

ment of the American Symphony "From the New World," by the Bohemian composer, Antonin Dvorak. This is a beautiful composition, is magnificently worked out, and to musicians particularly is very attractive. But the work could have been composed in Europe as well as in America. Barring certain themes which are characteristic of Negro music in the South, and which have a weird, almost melancholy expression, there is nothing suggestive of American life as it exists to-day, any more than in Central Europe. Many races uncultivated in music have the same peculiarities of melodic construction, as the so called Negro music. I am under the impression that we can never develop a school of American music by going to the Negro for the material. He is an importation as we all are, and anything coming from that quarter is no more distinctly American than that coming from any other race. Far better to go to the Indian who roamed the woods of this northern country hundreds of years ago, and develop compositions based on melodies illustrative of his wild life. Or, better still, go to the pine forests which forever exhale balsamic fragrance, to the lake district of the north, or to the mountains of the far west, and draw inspiration from these sources, and by the art of musical science create works which must be indigenous to the soil, and consequently American. The second movement of the above symphony is very charming. The melody is sung almost continually on the English horn to a soft murmuring accompaniment of the divided strings, and has a delightful, mysterious effect. Dvorak shows his great knowledge of orchestral effects in this work and one is constantly thrilled and surprised. The "Prelude and Glorification" from Wagner's Parsifal, received a noble interpretation, as did also Tchaikowsky's "Theme and Variations," op 55. Some of these variations are very ingenious, the last one for full orchestra being exceedingly brilliant and showy. Smetana's Symphonic Poem, "On the Moldau" is the second of six compositions for orchestra entitled "My Fatherland." It is a wonderfully descriptive and imaginative work, and represents the flowing water from the time it bursts out a tiny rivulet among the mountains until it grows to be a deep, swift, surging stream. The composition shows Smetana to be a genius of a high order, having perfect command over his thematic material, and also over the orchestra. The playing of the Chicago Orchestra is superb. Every section is complete with excellent players, and if the stage had been deeper and not so wide, a much better effect would have been the result. The soprano soloist, Miss Gifford, of Chicago, sang a couple of numbers, one in response to an enthusiastic encore. Her voice is light, but wonderfully flexible and clear, and she made a most favourable impression. Mr. I. E. Suckling deserves especial thanks for his enterprise in arranging this concert, and that it was appreciated can be readily seen by the large audience in attendance.

W. O. FORSYTH.

NOTES.

A most interesting concert was given on the 21st inst. in the hall of the Young Women's Association, Elm St., in aid of the funds of the Association. A charming programme was performed to an audience nearly filling the hall. Mrs. Nicholson sang "My Ladies' Bower" and Mascagni's "Ave Maria" beautifully, and was encored. The Misses Mara Gunther and Janes, three talented and very musical young ladies, played piano solos and were warmly applauded. Mr. Beardmore sang Bohm's "Calm is the Night" very creditably indeed and Miss Ethel Burnham performed a violin solo. Mrs. Klingensfeld, Miss Gunther and Miss Janes played the accompaniments. Altogether a very delightful evening was enjoyed.

Miss Topping, an ambitious and talented young lady, gave a piano recital in St. George's Hall one evening of last week. A programme of superior excellence was played in a manner which exhibited her splendid technique to great advantage.

The Mendelssohn Choir will give their second concert in the Massey Music Hall on the evening of May 2.

Art Notes.

Of the three chief art schools of London, the Slade has been through the most numerous and most varied phases; but, fortunately, the changes which it has undergone have tended towards a steady, general improvement. Under the leadership of Poynter, nothing could have been expected of it but a gradual decline into academicalism and, so far as really artistic training is concerned, oblivion. This, however, was the fate reserved for the South Kensington schools to which Mr. Poynter removed himself. On retiring from the professorship of the Slade he, for some unfathomable reason, recommended Legros as his successor, and the appointment was accordingly made. An entirely new order of things was begun. Legros, a man of the most arbitrary methods, made a march through the schools, leaving devastation behind him. The idols of Poynter were torn down, and the two under-masters, whose office was permanent, remained to watch the demolition of the former principles of the school, and to set their minds to the cultivation of an entirely different set of doctrines which it would soon become their duty to advocate. The new regime worked remarkably well. The autocratic rule of Legros gave a force and significance to the school which it had failed to gain under Poynter; and the students, when they had recovered from their bewilderment, cultivated the Italian method of drawing with praiseworthy assiduity. They resigned the "stump" without a sigh, and set up the chalk and silver-point drawings of Leonardo as the models of all that was admirable.

What Legros' qualifications were at the time that he assumed the Slade professorship I am unable to say precisely; but he had an established position as an etcher, and his chalk portraits and sketch portraits in oil were more or less well known to the public. I remember receiving a shock, on the occasion of my first visit to the Luxembourg, when I was confronted by an early picture of the master whom I had been wont to revere. My present recollection of this dismal canvas is rather vague, because on subsequent visits to the museum I always avoided looking at it, but I have a dim recollection of a sort of committee or tribunal of snuffy old monks, and a kneeling and semi-nude snuffy old penitent. Legros has, on several occasions, painted very undesirable people. In this he follows Ribera and other painters of the decadence of Spanish and Italian art. He made a practice of painting before his students once or twice during the year. The students used to congregate in the "Ladies' Life" room. In the centre was posed an imperfectly washed but otherwise venerable old model. Legros confronted him; behind Legros were semi-circles of onlookers, the innermost group being composed of celebrities (Huxley, Joachim, Lecky and other men, and sometimes women, of note); the outermost circle consisted of the male students—generally in a state of suppressed merriment. The artistic result of all this was a cleverish sketch in oils which, in Paris, would not count for much, and done in a manner which, for reasons best known to himself, Legros forbade us to emulate! The duties of the Professor were not very arduous. He criticised the students two mornings in the week, and the rest of his time was spent in his private studio in the school. Here he painted several admirable portraits—portraits of distinction, and generally inclining to the heroic in movement or colour—his etchings and drawings of this period were masterly, and he occasionally did a picture (for the Academy) of one of his favourite Riberesque saints, ruralizing in a bituminous landscape, and quite absorbed in a picturesque volume of the (still earlier) fathers.

It is not without regret that I leave the subject of the Slade's most noteworthy professor. They were good days when one could frankly worship Michael Angelo and Mantegna, and when Legros seemed truly inspired—not a spurious old master.

E. WYLY GRIER.

There seems to have been no change of officers at the Art Students' League when the annual election took place Tuesday, 5th inst., so the officers are as follows: President, Mr. R. J. Holmes; Vice-President, Mr. W. Alexander, Treasurer, Miss H. Hancock; Corresponding Secretary, Miss E. E. Spurr; Recording Secretary, Mr. John Wilson. In their new quarters, only comparatively new though, the League seems to be flourishing like the proverbial "green bay," and the outlook for the coming year is good as to the number of students and the work in prospect.

There is a very important branch of decorative art which we have heard spoken of as "easy to learn," and one would suppose such to be the case to judge by the numbers who attempt it knowing nothing of either drawing or colour—if one did not see the works produced by these amateurs. A visit to the studio of Miss Couen, crayon artist, would convince anyone of the great scope that the decoration of China affords to the true artist, and of the room for the display of originality. We went, very ignorant as to methods and materials and effects, and came away much wiser about many things—the laying on of colour, the various firings and their effects on colour, the qualities of the different wares (Doulton, Limoges, Haviland, Belleeh, French, or American), the density and glaze and fragility of the various kinds, the enlargement of the American potteries since the last World's Fair, and numerous other items of interest that are no doubt A, B, C to the ordinary worker in China. Miss Couen's studio is filled with work in various stages, some ready for the first firing, some for the second, some finished in all the glory of flowers and gilding, much the work of pupils and several very lovely specimens of the artist's own handicraft. Miss Couen aims at gaining the fresh, loose effects of water-colours, at originality of design and treatment, and her pupils naturally catch the spirit, and, especially those who have had experience in drawing and handling of colour (an experience this teacher considers necessary to any serious work in this line), show some very delicate and spirited work. In order to make some interesting experiments in firing, Miss Couen has her own kiln for her own work, and, as so much of the beauty of the art depends on the firing, she hopes to gain certain effects by giving the process her special attention. This artist's frequent visits to many of the principal American cities keep her in touch with the advance of ceramic art, an advance most marked since the World's Fair, and outside her special domain she has shown herself no mean artist in her spirited landscape studies and flower sketches.

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Personal.

Mr. Castell Hopkins' "Life and Work of Rt. Hon. Sir John Thompson," published recently by the enterprising firm of Messrs. Bradley, Garratson & Co., Brantford, is having a large sale. The book was reviewed in THE WEEK on March 15th.

Mr. Charles A. Dana, has edited, revised, and added to his lectures on the making of a newspaper, which will be published in book-form by the Messrs. Appleton. Few lectures have attracted more attention than these by the editor of *The Sun* and the book is sure to have a wide reading. However one may disapprove of some of Mr. Dana's methods, no one can deny his professional ability.

The charming poem contributed to the February number of *The Canadian Magazine* by Mrs. Harrison (Seranus) had attracted much attention. The author has received many congratulatory letters from prominent literary people. We notice that one critic pronounced the poem "the strongest effort put forth by a Canadian on a local theme for

many years past, recalling Miss Crawford's imperishable verse dedicated to prairie and field."

The ever popular Max O'Rell delivers his farewell lecture in Toronto to-night (Friday) in the Massey Music Hall. His subject is "American Society up to Date." Of course the hall will be crowded.

The death of Mr. Robert Henry Bethune, General Manager of the Dominion Bank, announced just as we go to press, will be learned with sincere and widespread regret. To his family and relatives we beg to extend our sympathy in their great affliction.

The gold medal of the Royal Astronomical Society has just been awarded to Dr. Isaac Roberts for his photographic work on star clusters and nebulae. In his presidential address Capt. Abney referred to the superiority possessed by reflecting telescopes over refractors in astronomical photography. Dr. Robert's work commenced in 1885, and has continued uninterruptedly till the present time. His instrument is a 20-inch silver-on-glass reflector. In his observatory on Crowborough Hill he has a reflector and a refractor mounted together as a twin instrument, the latter being used for visual work. They are driven by one clock in right ascension but more independently in declination.

Miss Lucy Monroe, who has been spending a holiday of some months in Mexico and thereabouts, has returned to the post of duty of Chicago correspondent of *The Critic*, the place having been kept warm for her by her sister, the poet. In a letter published on March 16, she writes as follows: "After the ease and comfort of life in Mexico, the warm, sunny days, the beautiful, cool nights, it is difficult to adapt one self to the dampness of the Chicago atmosphere and the restless activity of its hurrying life. Infected necessarily by the languorous indolence of the Mexicans and their picturesque indifference to time, I returned to the north with the idea that some of this delightful leisure could be profitably introduced into our Western civilization. Where was the need of this hurry and excitement, exhausting our nervous energy before its time, when all things might be accomplished so much more quietly? From the far south, even siestas in the middle of the day did not seem to be an impossibility in any existence, but I only had to reach Chicago to realize that here they were totally incongruous. Indolence became at once a myth and leisure an abstraction. No one can saunter here without being jostled by the crowd. The current is too strong for any individual to stand against it, and, though one's intentions may be of the best, he is inevitably engulfed. It is interesting, though, the strenuous city of ours, which is always evolving new phases and surprising qualities. There is nothing monotonous about its life or its character, and one never knows where to look for its next development."

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Publications Received.

- Lt. Colonel A. Haggard. *Tempest Torn*. London: Geo. Bell & Sons. Toronto: Copp, Clark Co.
- Julia Anna Wolcott. *Song Blossoms*. Boston: Arena Publishing Co.
- M. Viollet Le Duc. Translation by Geo. Martin Huss. *Rational Building*. New York: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: Rowse & Hutchison.
- Walter Pater. *Greek Studies*. New York: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: Rowsell & Hutchison.
- Wm. Cooper Howells. *Recollections of Life in Ohio*. Cincinnati: The Robert Clarke Co. Toronto: Williamson & Co.
- Walter Raymond. *Love and a Quiet Life*. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.
- Marion D. Shutter. *A Child of Nature*. Boston: James H. West.
- Frank Bolles. *Chocorua Tenants*. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
- Janet Camochan. *Centennial St. Andrews, Niagara*. Toronto: Wm. Briggs.
- Anthony Hope. *Sport Royal*. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

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FINE FRAMING A SPECIALTY.

Latest Designs. — — — Good Workmanship.

Much Like a Miracle.

A STATEMENT FROM A WELL-KNOWN BERLIN MERCHANT.

How His Daughter was Restored From the Terrors of St. Vitus Dance—Her Case One of the Worst Ever Known—Has Fully Recovered Her Health.

From the Berlin News.

The readers of the News have been made familiar with the virtue of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People through the articles appearing from time to time in these columns, and while the druggists say that many in this vicinity have received undoubted benefit from their timely use, it is only recently that we have heard of a cure in Berlin of such importance as to take rank among the most remarkable yet published. There is hardly a man or woman in the town of Berlin, or the county of Waterloo, who does not know Mr. Martin Simpson, issuer of marriage licenses and general merchant, King Street. Anything said by Mr. Simpson will be implicitly relied upon. A day or two ago we had a talk with him in reference to his fourteen year old daughter Helen, who had for two years been a great sufferer from St. Vitus dance. He tells us that it was the worst case he ever saw. She did not sleep for whole nights and was an intense sufferer. She was totally helpless and could neither eat nor drink unless administered to her by her parents. The best medical attendance was had, but all to no avail. She kept getting worse and worse, and finally, when in the paroxysms, commenced to froth at the mouth, and her parents believed she was going out of her mind. Though unable to walk for about eight months she would in her spells have fits, making her jump high above her couch. While in this condition, the worst case ever seen in this place, Mr. Simpson, as a last resort, purchased some Pink Pills and gave them to his suffering and afflicted daughter. He assures us that in thirty hours she found some relief. In a week the "dance was entirely stopped and she was able to sleep, and was rapidly regaining her former strength. Some months after the use of the Pink Pills was discontinued she again had touches of disease, but a few doses of the pills stopped it, and for the last eight months has been entirely free from the terrible malady from which no one who knew the circumstances expected she would recover, and her parents, as may be expected, are warm in their praises of the wonderful remedy which worked such great results. These facts are known to all who are acquainted with the family and further comments are wholly unnecessary.

When such strong tributes as these can be had to the wonderful merits of Pink Pills, it is little wonder that they are the favourite remedy with all classes. They are an unfailing specific for locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis St. Vitus dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effects of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, nervous prostration, and all diseases depending upon vitiated humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic, erysipelas, etc. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, suppressions, irregularities, and all forms of weakness. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork, or excesses of any nature.

These Pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, of Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N.Y., and sold in boxes (never in loose form by the dozen or hundred, and the public are cautioned against numerous imitations in this shape), at 50c. a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., at either address.

* * *

The world's chief supply of alabaster comes from the quarries of Volterra, some thirty miles southeast of Pisa, in Italy, where this industry has been handed down for generations.

Mail bags can now be taken on and delivered from trains running 60 miles an hour.

Public Opinion.

London Advertiser: Closer than an oyster is Mr. Clarke Wallace these days. He would like to make a show of kicking, but he values his job too much for that. What a howl he would make if a Liberal administration were in power at Ottawa.

Hamilton Herald: It would have been better had the Government decided to take no action, leaving the people of Manitoba to work out their own problems, educational and otherwise, in their own way. This is certainly the sentiment of Protestant Ontario.

Montreal Herald: A session of Parliament out of season, with the Parliamentary papers unread, with the public mind made up for an election, with a popular chamber moribund because of its expected dissolution and the progress made towards its replacement, cannot be a very profitable one.

Montreal Herald: It would appear that unless with the consent of Manitoba nothing can be done. Remedial legislation may be passed; but effect cannot be given to it. It is nonsense to hold that under our system of autonomous Provinces the Province can be coerced when it stands behind its constitutional rights.

London Advertiser: Whatever is done, no snap verdict should be accepted, for if Newfoundland joins Canada, it should be with the entire good-will of Canadians, and with the desire of the large majority of the islanders. A forced union would be decidedly injurious to the people of the Dominion, as past experience has proved.

Hamilton Spectator: Inasmuch as the general elections will closely follow the session, there will be much talk indulged in by the orators of the Opposition, for the purpose of making political capital. Prominent among the objects of attack will be the deficit. The Opposition orators will rage about the deficit, and denounce it, and go into hysterics about it, just as if such a thing had never been known when Sir Richard Cartwright had charge of the finances of the country.

Montreal Gazette: The declaration of Mr. Hugh John Macdonald that the Government has taken a right attitude on the school issue should have its influence in Manitoba where Mr. Macdonald is highly respected. It is the more to the point because in former utterances he has taken ground against federal interference with the Province's laws. A study of the Privy Council judgment appears to have been the main cause of his changed attitude, as it has been in the case of others who have read that document through.

It is pleasing evidence of the recognition being given to Canadian writers in England that, during the past year, English publishers have taken up three of the new Canadian books issued in Canada by William Briggs. Messrs. Richard, Bentley and Son has taken Miss Fitzgibbon's "A Veteran of 1812;" Sampson, Low, Marston & Co. are issuing Mrs. Traill's "Pearls and Pebbles, or Notes of an Old Naturalist;" and T. Fisher Unwin has taken up Mellwraith's "Birds of Ontario." These are books that, in every respect, would do credit to the literature of any land.

The "Life of Adam Smith," by Mr. John Rae, which Messrs. Macmillan will shortly publish, aims at presenting as complete a view of Smith's career and work as it is still in our power to recover. It includes all the information contained in the memoir read by Dugald Stewart to the Royal Society of Edinburgh in 1793, and published, with many additional illustrative notes, in 1810. Mr. Rae has also collected the letters by Smith, and many particulars about him which have since by various channels found their way into print, and these he has supplemented by such unpublished letters and facts as it remained possible for him to procure. In his search for fresh materials he has been under much obligation to the Senatus of the Universities of Glasgow and Edinburgh, to the Council of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, to the Duke of Buccleuch, the Marquis of Lansdowne, and other authorities.

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Harmony and counterpoint taught by correspondence.
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My new violins are scientifically constructed of choice old wood and coated with a beautiful oil varnish (my own make). They are equal in tone, workmanship and varnish to the best modern violins. Artistic repairing, bows repaired; the very finest Italian and German strings for sale.
KNAGGS'S ORCHESTRA.—The Latest and Most Popular Music supplied for Concerts, Balls, Private Parties, At Homes, etc. For terms, etc., apply to 70 Wood street, or Room 4, 41-2 Adelaide street East.

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445 YONGE STREET
Opposite College
VIOLIN MAKER AND
REPAIRER
Over 40 years' Experience. Thirty Hand-made Violins and Celos on hand. Violins bought, sold or taken in exchange by paying difference. Repairing old violins a speciality.

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BREATH.
TEABERRY.
PRICE 25c
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 Will receive pupils and concert engagements. Instructor of Varsity Banjo, Mandolin and Guitar Clubs. Teacher Toronto College of Music, Bishop Strachan School, Victoria University, St. Joseph's Convent, Miss Dupont's Ladies' School, Presbyterian Ladies' College.
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 LADY PRINCIPAL,
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UPPER CANADA COLLEGE
 (FOUNDED 1829.)
 For circulars giving full information regarding Scholarships, course of study, etc., apply to
 The PRINCIPAL U. C. COLLEGE,
 DEER PARK, TORONTO.

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 CAPITAL STOCK, - \$100,000.
 A Society established with a view to disseminate the taste for Arts, to encourage and help artists.
 Incorporated by letters patent of the Government of Canada the 27th February, 1893.
 Gallery of Paintings,
 Nos. 1,666 and 1,668 Notre Dame Street, MONTREAL.

The Richest Gallery of Paintings in
 Canada
 ADMISSION FREE.
 All the paintings are originals, mostly from the French school, the leading modern school.
 Eminent artists, such as Francais, Rochegrosse, Aublet, Barau, Pesant, Petitjean, Marius Roy, Scherrer, Sauczy, and a great many others, are members of this Society. Sixty-eight members of this Society are exhibitors in the Salon in Paris.
 SALE OF PAINTINGS at easy terms, and distribution by lots every week.
 Price of Tickets 25 cents.
 Ask for Catalogue and Circular.

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CALENDAR 132 pages, giving full information, mailed free to applicants.
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Scientific and Sanitary.

The most powerful telescope now in use magnifies two thousand diameters. As the moon is 240,000 miles from the earth, it is to thus, all intents and purposes, brought to within 120 miles of our world.

Sulphuretted hydrogen can now be obtained in a liquid state, compressed in steel cylinders. The firm which supplies it will presently place liquid chlorine and ethylene on the market in the same way. It is expected that there will be an enormous demand for these commodities as soon as the fear of risk has worn off.

Two comets return to perihelion during the present year. The first, the well-known Encke's comet, which has been seen at 26 consecutive returns since 1818, was nearest the sun on February 4th; the other, discovered in 1884 at Lick Observatory, will be at its nearest point on June 3rd, when it will be about as far from the earth as the planet Mars.

The record for speed in the sending of telegrams is said to be held by the Commercial Cable Company. In September, 1894, a message was sent from Manchester, England, to Victoria, British Columbia, and the answer returned, all in 90 seconds. In October, a message was despatched from New York to London, and the answer received in five seconds.

Roots draw enormous quantities of moisture from the soil, and by this means it is discharged into the atmosphere. For example, the common sunflower was found to exhale twelve ounces of water in twelve hours, and an oak tree with an estimated number of 700,000 leaves would in the same way give off some thing like seven hundred tons of water during the five months it carries its foliage.

A diphtheria chart has been published in England. It is intended more especially for recording the events of the disease in relation to its treatment by antitoxin, and is practically a scheme for case taking arranged in a tabular form, appended to an ordinary temperature chart, and no doubt it will tend to encourage the methodical observation of the various details suggested by it—a service of no little importance.

Scientists affirm that red hair means an abundance of iron in the blood. And the analyst says it is the matter that enters the red hair that imparts vigor, the elasticity, the great vitality, the overflowing, thoroughly healthy animal life which runs through the veins of the ruddy haired, and this strong, sentient animal life is what renders them more intense in their emotions than their more languid fellow creatures.

NORTH AMERICAN LIFE.

"This leading Canadian company not only held its own during 1894, but made very considerable advances in those most important departments which concern the policy-holder. The new business received was over \$3,000,000, being the largest in the history of the company. Notwithstanding the procurement of this large volume of new business, and the payment to policy holders of death claims, matured endowments, profits, etc., of the large sum of \$133,426, it increased its reserve and surplus funds for policy holders by about \$284,000. The report shows evidence of progress and financial solidity, despite the financial depression that has prevailed throughout all the countries of the world. From the comparison made of the financial position five years ago and that of to-day, it appears the assets now amount to almost \$2,000,000, being an increase during the period referred to of over 143 per cent. A matter of great interest to the holders of policies in the company is the large amount of net surplus accumulated for their benefit, which now figures up over \$338,000, being an increase of 374 per cent. over the surplus five years ago. The report and the speeches of those present, especially that of President Blaikie, are well worthy of careful perusal."
London Advertiser.

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If you want to secure new customers or to sell your goods in the West, advertise in the Vancouver "NEWS-ADVERTISER."

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THE FREE PRESS, Winnipeg, is the oldest newspaper in the Canadian Northwest and has a larger daily circulation than all the other Winnipeg daily papers combined.
 THE DAILY FREE PRESS circulates in every town reached by rail between Lake Superior and the Mountains.
 THE WEEKLY FREE PRESS has the largest circulation amongst the farmers of the Northwest of any paper.
 ADVERTISERS can reach the people of Manitoba and the Territories most effectually by means of the FREE PRESS.
 FOR RATES APPLY TO
THE MANITOBA FREE PRESS CO.
 Winnipeg, Manitoba.
 Minard's Liniment is used by Physicians.

Miscellaneous.

The yearly loss in wages in Great Britain through ill-health is \$55,000,000.

It is claimed that 3,000,000 song birds were killed last year for the purpose of adorning women's hats with their plumage.

The smallest watch in the world has just been completed by some Bombay jewelers. It is not larger than a two anna bit (about the size of a dime), and has the most perfect jeweled lever movement and a fully-compensated chronometer balance.

"Do you think," said the intellectual young woman, "that there is any truth in the theory that big creatures are better natured than small ones?" "Yes," answered the young man, "I do. Look at the difference between the Jersey mosquito and the Jersey cow."

The gold-beating industry is threatened with extinction by the Swan process of preparing gold leaf. This consists of depositing a thin coating of gold upon a copper space and then dissolving the base by submission to perchloride of iron. It is stated that the leaf may by this means be made of the thickness of 1-4,000,000th part of an inch.

The tastes of great men differ. Prince Bismarck recently said to a visitor that he had only one serious complaint to make against old age, and that was that he had been obliged of late to abstain almost entirely from tobacco. On the other hand, Gladstone has become very sensitive to the odor of tobacco in his old age. He dislikes it intensely, and the surest way to obtain his antagonism is to go into his presence with the odor of a cigar or pipe on your person.

THE MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE

COMPANY OF NEW YORK

RICHARD A. MCCURDY PRESIDENT.

STATEMENT

For the year ending December 31 1894.

Income	
Received for Premiums	\$36,123,163 82
From all other sources	11,897,706 12
	\$48,020,869 94
Disbursements	
To Policy-holders:	
For Claims by Death	\$11,929,794 94
Endowments, Dividends &c.	9,159,462 14
For all other accounts	9,789,634 18
	\$30,878,891 26
Assets	
United States Bonds and other Securities	\$83,970,690 67
First lien Loans on Bond and Mortgage	71,330,415 92
Loans on Stocks and Bonds	11,306,100 00
Real Estate	21,691,733 30
Cash in Banks and Trust Companies	9,655,193 91
Accrued Interest, Deferred Premiums &c.	6,615,645 07
	\$204,638,783 96
Reserve for Policies and other Liabilities, Company's Standard, American 4 per cent.	182,109,456 14
Surplus	\$22,529,327 82
Insurance and Annuities assumed and renewed	\$750,290,677 97
Insurance and Annuities in force December 31 1894	855,207,778 42
Increase in Total Income	\$6,067,724 26
Increase in Premium Income	2,528,825 84
Increase in Assets	17,931,103 82
Increase in Surplus	4,576,718 91
Increase of Insurance and Annuities in Force	51,923,039 06

I have carefully examined the foregoing Statement and find the same to be correct
CHARLES A. PRELLER Auditor

From the Surplus a dividend will be apportioned as usual.

ROBERT A. GRANNISS VICE-PRESIDENT

WALTER R. GILLETTE General Manager
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FREDERIC CROMWELL Treasurer
EMORY MCCLINTOCK LL.D. F.I.A. Actuary

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PURE, HIGH GRADE
COCOAS AND CHOCOLATESOn this Continent, have received
HIGHEST AWARDS

from the great

Industrial and Food
EXPOSITIONS
In Europe and America.

Unlike the Dutch Process, no Alkalies or other Chemicals or Dyes are used in any of their preparations. Their delicious BREAKFAST COCOA is absolutely pure and soluble, and costs less than one cent a cup.

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RADWAY'S PILLS,

ALWAYS RELIABLE,

PURELY VEGETABLE.

Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse and strengthen. Radway's Pills for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Bowles, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Dizziness, Vertigo, Costiveness, Piles,

SICK HEADACHE, FEMALE COMPLAINTS, BILIOUSNESS, INDIGESTION, DYSPEPSIA, CONSTIPATION,

—AND—

All Disorders of The Liver.

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

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

Price 25c. per Box. Sold by Druggists.

Send to DR. RADWAY & CO., 410 St. James St., Montreal, for Book of Advice.

Minard's Liniment Lumberman's Friend

The possibilities of modern aseptic surgery seem well-nigh boundless. It stops at nothing, even daring to remove the greater part of important organs whose preservation intact has generally been regarded as necessary to life. Thus, large portions of organs like the brain, liver, and lungs, and the entire kidney and spleen have been removed. A recent case, in which nearly the whole stomach was removed, to get rid of a malignant growth, is reported in *The Medical News*, Philadelphia, February 16th. Says *The News*: "The newly formed stomach had a capacity corresponding to the volume of a hen's egg. . . . After the third day the patient was able to take meat, and when dismissed after the lapse of several weeks she had gained twenty-two pounds in weight, although in the interim she had been attacked with pneumonia."

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KEEPS THE THROAT CLEAN AND HEALTHY.

DELIGHTFULLY REFRESHING.

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IT IS INVALUABLE IN CONSUMPTION
CHRONIC COLDS, OBSTINATE COUGHS,
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PULMONARY AND SCROFULOUS COMPLAINTS
AND WASTING DISEASES GENERALLY.

HEALTH FOR ALL!!

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS

Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the

LIVER, STOMACH, KIDNEYS & BOWELS.

They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For children and the aged they are priceless.

Manufactured only at THOMAS HOLLOWAY'S Establishment, 78 New Oxford Street, London,
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N.B.—Advice gratis at the above address, daily between the hours of 11 and 4, or by letter.

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Capital Subscribed.....\$3,000,000
Capital Paid-up.....1,337,000
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Money advanced on the security of Real Estate on favorable terms.
Debentures issued in Currency or Sterling.
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Manager, - A. E. PLUMMER.

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Of London, Eng.

CANADA BRANCH: MONTREAL

CANADIAN INVESTMENTS OVER \$1,600,000
ACCUMULATED FUNDS, \$8,548,625
INCOME, \$1,415,000
ASSURANCE IN FORCE, \$31,500,000
TOTAL CLAIMS PAID, \$12,000,000
Results of 15th Triennial Valuation, 31st December, 1893.

Larger Cash Surplus. Increased Bonds. Valuation Reserves Strengthened.
Special advantages to total abstainers.

F. STANCLIFFE,
General Manager.

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16-Page Weekly—96 Columns

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Keep Minard's Liniment in the House.

Quips and Cranks.

Hoax: I don't like that cough of yours.
Joax: Sorry, but it's the only one I've got.

She: What can a woman do for amusement when she has no money? He: Go shopping.

Teacher: When water becomes ice, what is the great change that takes place? Pupil: The change in price.

"You were embarrassed when you proposed to me, George, were you not?" "Yes, I owed over \$20,000."

Witticuss: What do you think of these "Lines to a Gas Company?" Pitticuss: The metre is false. Witticuss: That is done intentionally to make it realistic.

Mrs. Hicks: Your teacher says she saw you fighting with Tommy Higgins, a boy much younger than yourself. Dick Hicks: Well, if she expects to see me plugging any old professional swatters, she's going to get left.

Mr. Jonathan Tramp: You are charming to-night. Miss Penelope Peachblow: Indeed? What nice things you men say! Mr. Brown just told me the same thing. Mr. Jonathan Tramp (anxious to depreciate his rival): Of course you don't believe he meant it.

"Yes," the literary boarder was saying as the Cheerful Idiot entered the dining room, "it had a remarkably dramatic flavour." "What had?" asked the Cheerful Idiot. "A novel I was reading last night." "Oh! I thought you were perhaps speaking of the omelet."

"You say you are never sick?" inquired the impressario. "I never had a sick day in my life," replied the lady who was ambitious to go on the operatic stage. "Then, madam," replied the impressario, "I must discourage your hopes. You can never become a great prima donna."

"Won't you be glad," she murmured, "when spring comes, when the trees begin to bud, and when the violets dot the whole ground everywhere you step?" "No, no," the young man replied, "I can't say that I will. You see, I'm just starting out in business as a florist."

"This enables you to form some faint idea of the kind of weather we have had this winter," said the old resident as the two floundered along the street, knee-deep in snow, a fierce wind driving the flakes into their faces like needles. "Yes, I think I get the drift of it," responded the other, as a snowslide from a sloping roof went down his back.

"Mr. Scrimple," says the magnate to the rising young lawyer, "I want to make use of your valuable services." "Very well, sir," said Scrimple, as he grasped at the joyous prospect of a first brief; "what can I do for you?" "A firm which competes with my house," replied the magnate, firmly, "is about to bring a damage suit against me, and I want you to get them to engage you as their attorney."

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