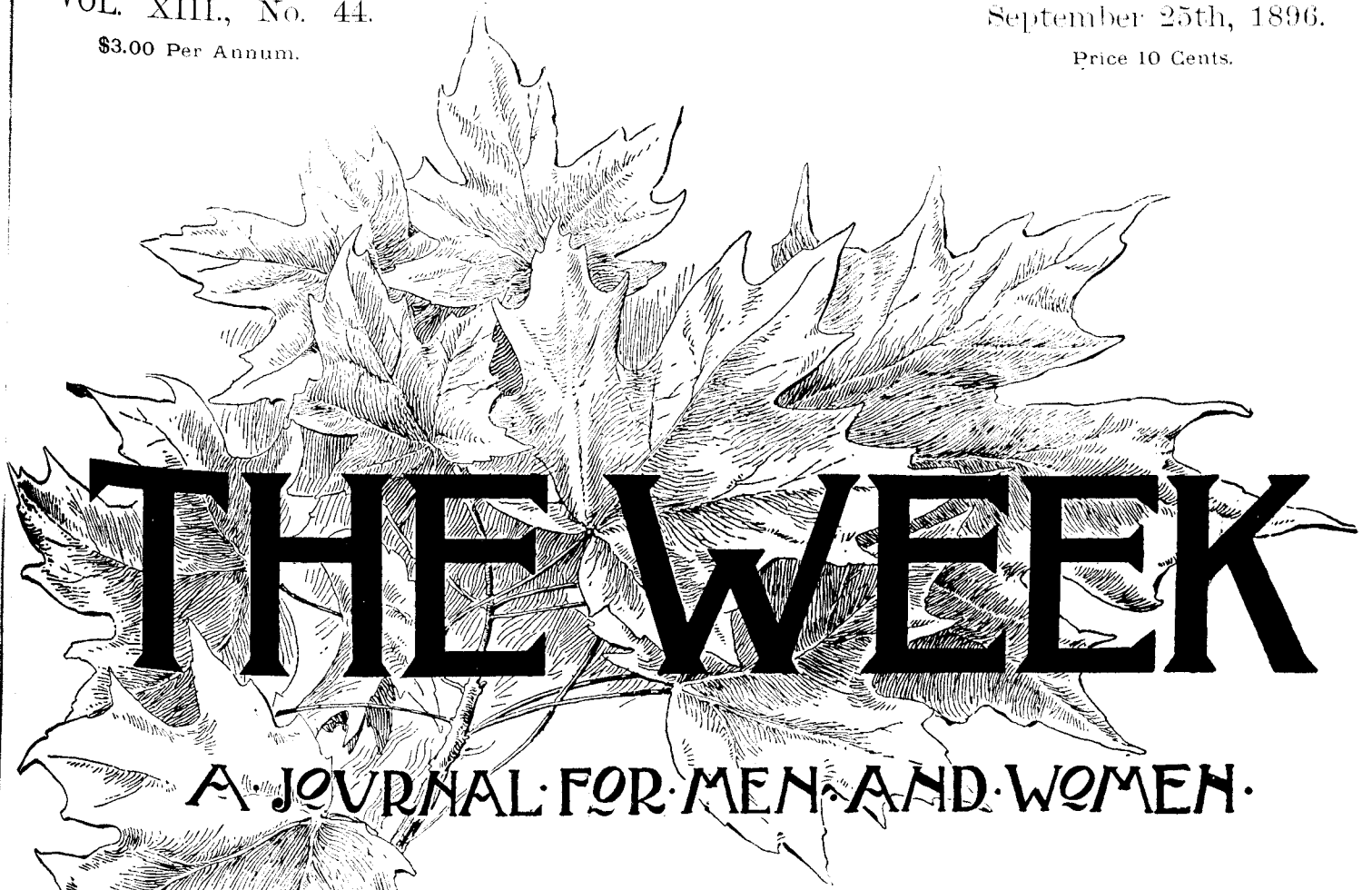


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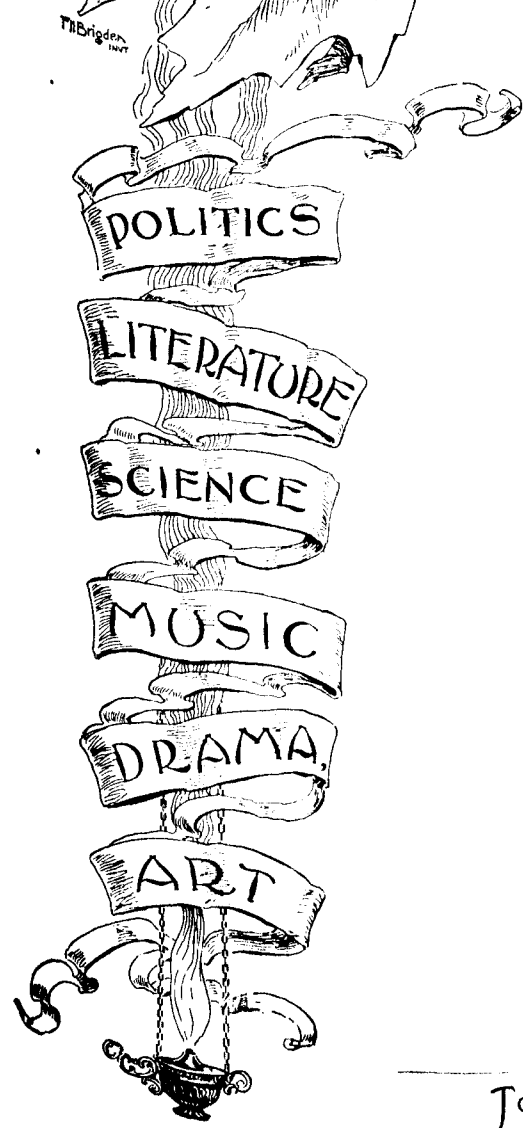
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THE WEEK.

Vol. XIII.

Toronto, Friday, September 25th, 1896.

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THE WEEK: C. BLACKETT ROBINSON, MANAGER.

Current Topics.

Every careful observer of the Canadian Senate during the present session must have noticed its unwonted alacrity and energy in the despatch of business, and its increased disposition to take a statesmanlike view of public questions. As there is very little change in its personnel, the renaissance must be due to some other cause. A probable solution seems to be an intention on the part of Mr. Laurier to magnify rather than minimize the Senate's constitutional functions, and to increase its utility rather than promote its extinction. It is, perhaps, not too much to say that the improvement which has taken place is to a considerable extent due to the admirable leadership of the two venerable knights who are mainly responsible for the way in which the Senate does its work. Sir Oliver Mowat, who leads the Ministerial contingent, occupies a position sufficiently difficult to tax even his ability, ingenuity, and tact. He has the Government measures to pilot through a legislative chamber in which the Opposition has a majority of four to one, and he has so far done this in such a way as to enhance his already high reputation. Equally difficult is the task assigned to Sir Mackenzie Bowell, and he has so far performed it with equal success. It is comparatively easy for an Opposition leader to criticise Government measures and to suggest amendments to them when he is not in a position to dictate even if he desired to do so; it is by no means easy for the leader of an Opposition that is overwhelmingly strong in voting power to avoid even the appearance of dictation while he is simply expressing the critical opinions of his own side of the House. The way in which these veteran politicians meet each other in the legislative arena is a lesson to younger public men, and a source of satisfaction to all who are interested in the efficient working of our constitution.

The Supreme Court.

An excellent specimen of the good work which the Senate might do, and apparently intends to do, is the Government measure to increase the efficiency of the Supreme Court of Canada. During the twenty years of its existence that tribunal has not won its way to public favour, and has not secured public confidence, to the extent that was expected when it was created. The best proof of this is the frequency of the appeals from Canadian Courts, including itself, to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council. There are several obvious causes for the unsatisfactory position of the Supreme Court, and the measure above referred to was framed to remove one of these. No adequate means of retiring aged or infirm members of the Bench having been provided, it is not surprising that the efficiency of the tribunal should be at times impaired through the physical weakness of some of the judges. This is exceptionally the case just now. While there are heavy arrears of judicial work two of the judges are off duty from ill-health. In a short time one of the younger and more energetic of them will be called away to fill for an indefinite time an important diplomatic position. Sir Oliver Mowat, as Minister of Justice, proposed to the Senate the strengthening of the Supreme Court by the temporary addition of judges *ad hoc*, when such a congested condition arises, and a bill to authorize this form of relief has been adopted unanimously, the framer of the measure having in the course of its progress accepted several important amendments suggested by members of the Opposition. As it now stands, the bill provides that the remedy shall apply only to the present crisis, and that the judges *ad hoc* shall be selected from among the most eminent members of the respective Provincial benches.

Needed Reforms.

It is reasonable to hope that under its present auspices the Senate will continue the good work thus begun, and that Sir Oliver Mowat will bring to bear on the permanent improvement of the Supreme Court his long and varied experience as a judge of one of our superior courts and as Attorney-General of this Province. Some means of securing the enforced retirement of judges who, while physically unfit to discharge their duties, persist in retaining their positions, should be provided by Parliament. The law's delay is bad enough at the best; when it is due to chronic physical infirmity on the part of the judiciary it becomes a grave public danger and an intolerable public scandal. But to say this is to suggest, what must be patent to Senators themselves, that their own Chamber is open to a similar criticism. The duties of a legislator are not less important than those of a judge, and their efficient discharge calls for the exercise of quite as high an order of mental and physical power. What more important task can the Senate undertake than such a reform of its own constitution as will tend to make it more efficient and to redeem it from the public contempt into which it has to some extent fallen? It is vain to expect members of the Senate to resign life positions, and therefore membership should not be for life. Appointment by the Crown is apt to

degenerate into a mere system of rewarding active service in the ranks of a political party, and therefore the selection should be made in some other way. Assuming that the life tenures of all the present members are secured, there does not seem to be any good reason why the Senate should not, within the next few months, initiate and carry through a measure which, with the sanction of the Imperial Parliament, would greatly improve the constitution of the Dominion Parliament.

Gold Mining in
Ontario.

What we said two weeks ago on the likelihood of the Lake of the Woods district as an important gold field is being well borne out by late news from that quarter. A despatch in last Saturday's *Globe* gives interesting information on one of the mines recently opened there by an English company, the Mikado. This property was purchased in August for \$25,000, and before deciding to place a mill upon it the company wisely proposed to have a test of the ore made at one of the mills in the locality—the nearest being at Rat Portage, 35 miles away, but easily reached by water communication. The first lot of ore from the Mikado consisted of 114 tons, and it yielded from the plates 417 ounces of gold, valued at \$7,000, while it is stated that about thirty-five per cent. additional of the assay value is in the concentrates. A second run of 25 tons gave still better results, the yield of free gold being over \$2,500, with concentrates equally as rich in proportion as those from the previous lot. It is estimated that the total yield in bullion from the 139 tons will be not less than \$15,000, or three-fifths of the whole cost of the mine; and there does not appear to be any reason to doubt that these runs were made upon ore of average quality. The *Globe* correspondent who sent the despatch stayed off at Rat Portage upon his way back from the British Columbia mines and he says: "Remarkable as have been the results from Le Roi and War Eagle and other properties of Rosslund, they have been nothing to compare with the astounding results of the Mikado ore."

Do We Need a
Minister of Mines?

The Sultana gold mine with its \$1,000,000 of ore in sight, and the Mikado with ore yielding \$100 to \$150 per ton, two-thirds of which is free milling, can hardly fail to produce an effect upon enterprising men in Ontario with capital at their command, and it would be surprising if they allowed all the opportunities for investment to be taken up by Englishmen and Americans. It is results such as these which now reach us that will stir the home capitalist into activity; and while Governments may largely assist by procuring and publishing information of reliable character, there is nothing so helpful in building up a mining industry in our country as a demonstration that we possess minerals in plenty and that good profits are to be made in working them. A member of the Local Legislature, we observe, ventures to depreciate the work done by the Geological Survey and the Bureau of Mines, and to say that the only hope of good service being done lies in the creation of a Department of Mines, both for the Dominion and the Province. When a statement of this sort is made it ought to be accompanied with some substantial reason, especially in a country that is believed by many to be already overloaded with Departments. What could a Minister of Mines do that cannot be done as well by the present organization? And what is the sense of appointing another ornamental head of a Department if the real work had to be done under him, as it is being done now by a deputy and his staff?

Two Classes of
Public Servants.

In a recent speech Lord Salisbury said: "The servants of the public in England are divided into two sections; one section—the most conspicuous and in some cases the most famous—are those who distinguish themselves by the volubility and quality of their speaking. These are the public servants who live by talk and serve by talk. There is another class of public servants who talk little, but act much. Those great public servants are the permanent servants of the Crown, and if you wish to ask what their merits are you have only to see how the English Empire has thriven and advanced and flourished during the course of the splendid reign under which we now live." But for all this it is the public servants who live by talk and serve by talk that in England and Canada receive the applause for good work done and draw the large salaries as well. The permanent servants of the Crown are very rarely heard of in public, although they do the solid work, and any proposal to raise their salaries is pretty sure to raise a public storm.

Permanent Servants
as Political Workers.

It is right and proper that the permanent servants of the Crown should not come conspicuously into notice, saving as they may in the discharge of their duties. Any who do so as political workers outside of their official service must by that act give offence to a large portion of the people whose paid servants they are, and it goes without saying that the work must be neglected for which they are being paid out of the public treasury. We have no sympathy with the view that civil servants may take an active and offensive part in political elections as long as it is understood that they are prepared to stand or fall with their friends; neither do we think it is expedient or in the public interest that an officer of a Provincial Government should take an active public interest in a Federal election, or vice versa. Much has recently been said in the House of Commons upon this subject, and those who do not know the facts might infer that the practice was very general. We do not believe that any large number of the inside service at Ottawa exhibited themselves as offensive partisans in the elections, and we know that not more than three or four of those in the service of the Local Government at Toronto did so, although as servants of a Government not directly interested they might feel more free to take part. We can say, too, that they are far from being the most useful members of that service; their heart is not in their work, and they are probably looking for higher reward in another quarter. Yet their conduct and actions create the suspicion that the whole civil service is employed like themselves during election campaigns, and so the great majority come to suffer in reputation from the behaviour of a meddlesome few. In the interest of the public service it is not desirable that such a character should be given to the men employed in it, and at Toronto, as well as at Ottawa, Government officials should be made to keep their hands off politics.

Target
Fatalities.

The death of the young man who was accidentally killed while acting as a marker during target practice at the Niagara camp is a very sad occurrence. It is some satisfaction to note the alertness and thoroughness with which the military authorities have acted in the endeavour to make a recurrence of such an event practically impossible. Having experimented carefully with the new rifle and found that its power to project a bullet is very much greater than that of the one in use when the targets were erected, they materially increased the strength of the marker's defence against stray

bullets. To absolutely annihilate danger from target practice, however, seems to be impossible. A few years ago in Toronto a young man was instantly killed, while shooting at short range, by a bullet from the carelessly handled rifle of another man, whose position was farther from the target. Still more impressive was the death of a marker in New Brunswick. During practice he was killed by a bullet which had rebounded from the target in such a way that its direction was changed a second time by striking another impenetrable object. The official inquiry into the Niagara accident showed that if the young man had been in his proper place he would have escaped injury.

The Patron
Renaissance.

Apparently as the result of the Patron Convention recently held in Toronto there is noticeable an effort to revive and extend the Patron organization. Something of this sort was to be expected as the outcome of its rather discouraging experience in the late general election, compared with the Ontario Provincial election of two years ago. It seems to be the intention of the Order to maintain its affectation of secrecy and its cast-iron pledge system. Of the expediency of this policy a majority of its members must be the judges, but to disinterested, and even to sympathetic, outsiders it is evident that both devices are hindrances to the success of the Patron political propaganda. If the Order were a society organized for social and commercial purposes only, this remark would, perhaps, not apply, but the political side of Patronism has become so prominent that the general public see little else in it, and people generally will never consent to tie themselves up to an organization which admits members by passwords and requires them to give inflexible and embarrassing pledges. Other political parties are made up of persons who may leave them whenever they please, and who are welcomed back whenever they choose to come; until the Patrons learn to trust their members in the same way they will never be strong enough as an organization to accomplish anything worth mentioning. It does not follow at all that Patronism is dead in Canada, or even that it is on the decline. It stands for certain ways of looking at economic and political conditions, and these ways fit in with the general point of view of the Canadian farmer. Patronism is far stronger than the Patron Order.

The Transatlantic
Service.

A notable remark is attributed to Mr. Dobell, who is a member of the Laurier Ministry. Speaking of the transatlantic steamship project, he expressed the opinion that an eighteen-knot service from Quebec would give as short an ocean voyage as a twenty-knot service from New York; that vessels constructed for a speed of eighteen knots might have greater freight capacity than twenty-knot vessels; and that the Imperial subsidy might yet turn out to be available for vessels with the lower rate of speed. His advice, that the whole subject should be most carefully reconsidered before the country is irrecoverably committed to any scheme, will probably be acted on by the Dominion Parliament, which is expected to pay a liberal subsidy to induce some company to go into the project.

Party Splits.

Ex-President Harrison said a good thing the other day, when, in commenting on the split in the Democratic party, he made the statement that "a party which cannot be split is a public menace." The history of party government in Great Britain and the United States shows the truth of this dictum, and also that splits have been frequent as well as salutary. A split in the

Conservative party took place when Peel declared in favour of the repeal of the corn laws. A split in the Liberal party resulted from Gladstone's attempt to carry a Home Rule measure. The Mugwumps split off from the stalwart Republicans when Cleveland was elected by their support twelve years ago. The "gold" Democrats split off the other day from the regular organization, and nominated their own Presidential ticket. There was a split in the Conservative party here at the late general election, a considerable proportion of its members being unwilling to support the policy of their leaders on the Manitoba school question. Government by party has many inconveniences and some serious and apparently incurable evils, but these are mitigated by the actual occurrence of splits, and by the possibility that a split may take place at any time if the party platform becomes too uncomfortable for independent people to stand on.

Archbishop
Langevin.

The Archbishop of St. Boniface has seen fit to submit to a newspaper interview on his return from Rome, and it is worth everybody's while to read his remarks as published in The Mail and Empire. He frankly admits that the Pope is not disposed to interfere in the Manitoba School Question, and adds that he is quite content to leave the settlement of the matter "to the ecclesiastical superiors of the Province"—which is another way of designating himself. It becomes important, therefore, to know what Archbishop Langevin's present attitude is, and this is made known in the interview. He says pointedly that he does not care whether he is consulted about a settlement or not so long as it is satisfactory and "the minority are accorded justice and fair play." When asked whether he would be willing to "accept as the basis of settlement the right to give religious teaching in the public schools," he replied "that if the question is, as reported, on the eve of settlement, he was unwilling to say anything that might retard that result." If His Grace had always been as reticent the school question would have given the politicians less trouble than it gave them during the past twelve months. The Archbishop thinks it "strange, very strange," that the Rev. Abbe Proulx, "a simple *curé*," should have been entrusted with a mission to Rome. He admits that the mission may have reference to ecclesiastical interference in elections, and concludes with this very admirable sentiment: "I only wish there were more frequent opportunities of meetings between Protestants and Catholics, and of calmly talking matters over. I am convinced much of the prejudice that now exists would vanish if such were the case." It is to be hoped that Archbishop Langevin, when he goes to St. Boniface, will meet Mr. Greenway half way and settle the school question within Manitoba. The rest of the Dominion will be glad to get rid of it.

Upper Canada
College.

Mr. Parkin, the Principal of Upper Canada College, has acted wisely in publishing a frank statement of the financial position of the College as the ground of an appeal for funds. The institution has always occupied a very anomalous position in the educational system of this Province. Its endowment has a history which dates from Governor Simcoe's régime, while its own establishment as a secondary school carries us back to the year 1829. It was founded at the instance, if not actually by the order, of Sir John Colborne, when he was Lieutenant-Governor of Upper Canada. For a few years the Legislative Assembly used it as a means of blocking Dr. Strachan's way to the inauguration of a sectarian university under the charter granted to King's

College, of which Upper Canada College ultimately became an appendage. In this relation it remained till 1887, when it was by Act of the Ontario Legislature removed entirely from the control of the Senate of the University of Toronto, and placed under the management of a board of trustees. In 1894 the "Upper Canada Old Boys' Association" was granted representation on this board, and to the "Old Boys" Principal Parkin's appeal is chiefly directed. The main source of the College revenue is the fee payable for board and tuition, but the institution has a fair guarantee of permanence in the fact that it has a small endowment absolutely secured to it by the Province. To provide temporarily for current deficits is one object that Mr. Parkin has in view, and in doing this he has met with gratifying success; what remains to be done in this direction should be done promptly, if time is to be found for the still more important and arduous task of increasing the capital of the endowment to the desired extent. During the sixty-five years of its active operation this historic school has turned out many pupils, some of whom are eminent and influential, while some are sufficiently wealthy to be able to afford handsome contributions. Something has been gained for the College in the closing of the door to all hope of assistance from the Provincial Legislature. Rightly or wrongly, that body has declined absolutely to do any more for the institution, and its *alumni* now understand that if it is allowed to go down on them must rest the responsibility. Principal Parkin has, by securing an increased attendance of pupils and by his courageous appeal to the liberality of friends of the College, freed himself from all blame which might attach to a perfunctory discharge of the duties attached to his difficult position.

The Sessional
Indemnity.

The newspaper organs of the respective political parties are busily engaged in blaming their opponents for prolonging the present session beyond thirty days, and thus rendering necessary the payment of the full sessional indemnity, instead of the minimum ten dollars a day. Such wrangling is not creditable to the good sense of the press. This is the first session of a new Parliament. It has passed the supply bill for the financial year 1896-97. It has done little else, it is true, but there is no reason to regret the thinness of one sessional volume of statutes, when the wilderness of legislation is so immense and so tangled. It is entirely unreasonable to expect members of Parliament to decline pay for attendance during a regular session however brief. To the argument that the supplies might have been voted last session but for obstructive tactics, the reply is obvious, that as the last Parliament had passed five annual supply bills it had no constitutional right to pass a sixth. To the suggestion that the present session might have been adjourned to resume in January or February, the reply is equally obvious, that as a supply bill will have to be passed then for the year 1897-98, and as Parliament has no constitutional right to vote supplies for two years within a single session, the present session must be wound up with a prorogation. The only sensible course for its members to follow was the one they adopted—to take sufficient time for a full discussion of the estimates, and to accept the usual indemnity for a fair session's work.

Women in Johns
Hopkins.

Johns Hopkins University is one of the great American seats of learning that have kept their doors persistently closed to female students, while those of Cornell and Michigan were thrown open to them many years ago. Quite recently it has been announced that women may take the medical course in

Johns Hopkins, but there has been no sign of relaxation in the faculty of arts. The explanation offered is that half a million dollars have been raised for the endowment of the medical faculty on condition that women shall be allowed to enrol themselves as students; the implication appears to be that when something of the same sort is done for the arts faculty its courses will be thrown open in the same way. In any case it will no longer be possible to cite Johns Hopkins as an example of a university for men only.

British Colonial
Trade.

There has been for some years past more or less talk about foreign manufactures, especially those of Germany and the United States, displacing British manufactures in the British Colonial markets. Mr. Chamberlain, Secretary of State for the Colonies, issued a few months ago a circular to colonial governors, asking for reports on the extent to which this has taken place. Some valuable information about the state of affairs in Hong-Kong has in this way been elicited and made public. It goes to show that the amount of displacement is considerable, and that it is due to the following causes: (1) lower cost of production of rival foreign goods; (2) disinclination of British manufacturers to study the tastes of consumers; (3) the steadily falling value of silver since 1873; (4) lower freights outward from foreign as compared with British ports; and (5) cheaper railway transit to foreign ports of shipment. For the continued operation of the second, fourth, and fifth of these causes there is no reason or excuse. They are removable, and their removal will probably follow very speedily on their exposure. The first may be due in part to the fact that wages are higher in Great Britain than in any other country in the world, cost of living being taken into account. So far as this is the case it is to be hoped that the displacement may be checked without any lowering of the wages of labour. The third cause will probably continue to operate for some time, but its effects hereafter will be less injurious as other nations adopt the single gold standard of currency. Recently there was published in the London Times a letter written by Prof. Ostwald, the distinguished German chemist, which throws some light on the success of a certain class of German manufactures in this international competition. Speaking of his own specialty, he says that each large manufacturing establishment has the majority of its scientific staff employed, not in the management of the manufacture, but in making inventions; that one establishment will often have more than a hundred university graduates on its staff; that the research laboratory in such a work differs from a university laboratory only by its being more splendidly and sumptuously fitted up; and that men are often employed for years without having any practical success to show as the result. Revelations like this are likely to give a stimulus to the promotion of technical education in Britain, and perhaps also in Canada and the United States. This will do no harm, if it does not throw the culture idea too much into the background, as it is very apt to do.

Dutch and
English.

The New York Nation advocates the introduction of the Dutch language and literature into American universities as a subject of academic study. It points out with perfect truth that, while the Dutch language, which is very closely related to English, is neglected, ample provision has been made for imparting instruction not merely in German but in more than one of the Scandinavian dialects. The Dutch has a special claim for consideration in New York, which was once a Dutch colony under the name of New Amsterdam, and in

and about which there are many Dutch survivals in the names of both families and places. Many of the considerations urged on behalf of giving Dutch a place in the universities of America apply with equal force to Great Britain. Some of the local dialects of England have preserved so much of their original Low German characteristics that English sailors from eastern ports can make themselves understood in the harbours of Holland. To give such attention to the Dutch language and literature would have an excellent effect in paving the way for a better understanding between the British and Dutch in South Africa, where dangerous conflicts are the outcome of want of sympathy if not of mutual contempt.

"Offensive Partisanship."

THIS phrase has during the past few weeks played a very important part in current political discussions in Parliament and in the party journals. It is too vague to lend itself easily to definition, and yet on the meaning read into it by men in a state of political passion will depend the fate of thousands of civil servants all over the Dominion.

The Canadian theory of the civil service has heretofore resembled that of the British service—a man appointed to a public office expects, and is expected, to retain it in spite of changes of Administration, so long as he does his duty efficiently and keeps out of election contests. He may vote for his party candidate, but he may not enter actively into campaign work on his behalf.

Quite a different theory prevailed in the United States during the half century before the election of President Cleveland twelve years ago. It was embodied in the terse dictum that "to the victors belong the spoils," and it was reduced to practice with a thoroughness that caused an almost complete change of personnel in the civil and diplomatic services whenever there was a change of Executive. Mr. Cleveland, though he was the first Democratic President in a quarter of a century, gave the "spoils" system a decided check in practice, and Congressional legislation and Executive action have since co-operated in an effort to make it as little mischievous as possible.

No intelligent Canadian desires to have the "spoils" system introduced into this country, especially at a time when the long and determined effort to extirpate it bids fair to be successful in its native land. If we will don the cast-off political clothes of our neighbours, let us at least confine our selection to those garments that have not become odious in the estimation of the original wearers. Instead of following a bad and discredited example we should do our utmost to raise the civil service above suspicion of either inefficiency or partisanship.

There are two dangers to which our system in Canada is exposed. One of these is the tendency of civil servants to take an active and offensive part in election contests for the purpose of helping candidates of the party to which they belong or with which they sympathize; the other is the truculence and persistence with which the party in opposition denounces every dismissal from office as a resort to the "spoils" system. If these dangers are to be avoided, civil servants must make up their minds to keep out of party conflicts, and politicians out of power must be prepared to admit that public servants ought to be dismissed when there is no need for their services, or when they prove to be unfit for their positions.

Disturbing declarations of an intention to dismiss civil servants who have been guilty of "offensive partisanship"

have this session been freely made by several Ministers of the Crown on the floor of the House of Commons. To this there can be no objection from the point of view of those who believe in maintaining the British system. The only question that can arise is one of the interpretation of a phrase on the vagueness of which we have already commented. To see that due care is exercised in its application is the plain, obvious duty of the Premier himself. The majority of the people are not vindictively cruel, and they will look to Mr. Laurier personally to see that every man who is accused is allowed a chance to defend himself. This would be in accord with his personal reputation for magnanimity, and would be at the same time good party tactics.

It should be noted, however, that if "offensive partisanship" is objectionable in the Dominion civil service it is no less objectionable in the various Provincial services. It is openly alleged, and not denied, that some prominent members of the inside service of Ontario were very active and very offensive partisans of the Liberal leader in the late contest for the Dominion. These men should be able to see for themselves that conduct of this sort is sure to lead to reprisals, and that they are not merely risking their own positions but furnishing the best possible excuse for the introduction of the "spoils" system.

Behind the Speaker's Chair.

THE fact of a Liberal Administration at Ottawa is just beginning to make itself realized. For so long one political party and under the leadership of one great personality held sway at the national capital, that many came to regard the Tory regime as perpetual. Anyone looking in upon the House of Commons to-day will see full evidence that a change has come. On the Treasury benches sits a strong Government—stronger probably than any which has sat there for twenty years past.

Policy is an important thing in any Administration, but when the dividing issues are not acute, personality is a greater factor. A study of the personality of the present Dominion Government is not uninteresting.

First, and easily chief, sits Hon Wilfrid Laurier—actually the Prime Minister of this great Dominion. Ten years ago such a possibility was undreamed of. A slight and pleasant-looking figure sat beside Mr. Blake, the intellectual giant who led the Liberal party most ably and most successfully—except into power. When, after the elections of 1887, Mr. Blake got disgusted with the electorate and tired of the seemingly hopeless struggle against the clever humbug of Sir John A. Macdonald, the Liberal leadership was for a time in commission. In point of ability and force of character, beyond question Sir Richard Cartwright stood preëminent among those who were available. But in this age of the world's history force of character is a dangerous quality to possess. In politics it is the age of Opportunism. Mediocrity constitutes the centre of gravity in political parties, and nothing alarms mediocrity so much as the presence of a commanding mental force. Mr. Blake suggested Mr. Laurier as his successor. Mr. Laurier was modest, gentle, unassuming. Every mediocrity in the Liberal party believed he could exercise some influence over him, and Mr. Laurier was chosen.

He assumed his duties very modestly and told everyone that he not only did not wish the post, but felt himself unequal to it. But under normal conditions the world is charitable towards leaders. The distinction between the leader of the orchestra and the rest of the performers, as viewed from the stalls and the pit, is enormous, and every leader is accorded a fair chance. Mr. Laurier steadily grew. Each year he loomed larger in the public eye until at this moment he is, perhaps, the greatest personality and the most supreme

political leader Canada has ever seen—not even excepting Sir John A. Macdonald himself.

Mr. Laurier's phenomenal success is due to several qualities, partly positive and partly negative. None but abstract political philosophers (and they are usually cynics) know how many leaders have been destroyed by positive qualities. Intellectually Mr. Laurier is not very great. He is an educated man of refined tastes and literary instincts. He has not the strong grasp of current political problems which would make him a masterful man, and—note it well—to mediocrity an alarming man. But he has a heart—a large, kind, generous heart. This involves more than the ordinary politician realizes. The test of greatness, even in this poor materialistic age, is the heart not the brain. Our immortals are men who have been able to warm the imagination of mankind, not merely problem-solvers or mental prodigies. Every word which Mr. Laurier utters to friend or foe is gilded by a kindly touch. Every time he appears before an audience even his opponents admire him and have a little sentiment of love toward him. How many leaders have failed because they lacked this unspeakable power. Admiration, indeed, they may evoke by the display of surpassing power, but instead of drawing toward them they are doomed to arouse against them phalanxes of hostility. Mr. Laurier is enormously strong in his negative qualities. Want of very emphatic opinions on most questions enables him to speak on them with a judicial gravity that quiets apprehension and avoids opposition. When pressed for definite statements on delicate issues he is able to sweetly and pleasantly becloud the question with a vague and lofty generality which is almost worthy of Gladstone himself. This quality of Mr. Laurier's of being able to lift up the tone of discussion on all occasions, to always give the question a higher tinge, and never vulgarize or debase it by commonplace remarks or lowering sentiments is more than a negative quality. It is one of positive importance and always gives his character an elevated association among his fellow-men.

At all events, there he sits on the right of the Speaker, the Prime Minister of a budding nation, greater and richer than that over which Queen Elizabeth reigned. He has no sign of a rival in the ranks of his own party. He enjoys the respect of his political opponents. French in blood, and Catholic in faith, he commands the immeasured confidence of the English and Protestant population of Canada. There he sits with a grave and kindly face, which, entirely beardless and with lofty brow, is made doubly picturesque by the generous bunch of hair which falls upon his neck, dignified always, courteous without fail, placid, genial and kindly. I may be mistaken, but he seems to me designed in the natural course of events to maintain for a long time an unique ascendancy in Canadian affairs.

Beside Mr. Laurier sits another, and a veteran personality—Sir Richard Cartwright. Born an aristocrat and bred a gentleman, he has developed into a Radical sufficiently advanced to satisfy the Extreme Left. Sir Richard is not a person easily described. He is a man of education. He has opinions—well-defined opinions—on most current topics. He has a mind well cultivated and a presence never to be forgotten. It would be unusual for a person to have Sir Richard pointed out to him to-day and not recognize him to-morrow.

In points he is the exact antipodes to Mr. Laurier. Mr. Laurier's weak points are his strength; Sir Richard's strong points are his weakness. He has, as already said, clear and positive opinions on most subjects, and a heaven-born gift of uttering them. No person in Canada can speak with such deadly directness, such inexorable clearness, such killing pertinence. We have heard laudations upon the merit of calling a spade a spade, but Sir Richard not only calls a spade a spade but he is quite likely to hold up the spade with galling malignity, and make his opponent feel that the air is dense with spades which are likely to strike in any direction. Sir Richard has the dangerous gift of humour. No doubt he has the kindly article which makes us laugh, and even when the point is turned against us, we join in the fun and feel our own wits brightened. But this is strictly reserved for home and friends. For his opponents Sir Richard's

humour is barbed. From his bow fly poisoned arrows, and most of them hit the mark.

It is not individuals alone who are wounded by these barbed messengers which are sent in hosts to find their victims, but very often great interests. Hence enmities, hence bitterness. History is made by breaking down abuses, and smashing the ugly head of privilege. It is right and patriotic and manly to do it. But if these words reach the eye of some ambitious youth who thinks that high office is the greatest thing in the world, then let me whisper gently in his ear, "Don't do anything great, my friend. Don't hurl your sturdy javelins at injustice and fraud and usurpation. Drift sweetly along. Let other enthusiasts deal the blows and get the abuse, and do you with amiable smile make your peace with averages and mediocrities. Then, indeed, covered with the serene mantle of Opportunism may you hope to become Premier!"

Sir Richard Cartwright is the ablest financier in Canada and best fitted for the position of Finance Minister, and would be Finance Minister if it had not been deemed wise by the Liberal leaders on the eve of the election to throw a sop to the tariff pets, combinesters and monopolists. Word was passed round that if Laurier wins Sir Richard will be set aside, and therefore you will be safe from his sledge-hammer blows. When the Government was formed, some effect had to be given to this implied compact. Hence Mr. Fielding became Minister of Finance, and Sir Richard was consigned to what, under ordinary circumstances, would be the purely ornamental post of Trade and Commerce. It would be strange, almost ironical, if Sir Richard should still prove to be the commanding force in the tariff policy of the new Government. Let the combinesters have a care. Knowledge is power, and Sir Richard *knows* more about tariff framing than any other member of the Government. He may consent at a later stage to waste the hours of declining life in the comfortable dalliance of the High Commissioner's Chambers, Victoria Street, London, S.W., but it is doubtful if this is done until the new tariff is safely launched.

And the new tariff itself—what is it to be? A compromise? A bone to the masses—a sop to the manufacturers? Here is the great problem now confronting Mr. Laurier's new Cabinet. It will be at least six months before we know.

Perhaps I may continue these little free-hand sketches later. Puck.

* * *

Land Battles on the Canadian Frontier in the War of 1812-15.—II.

IT was the American plan for 1813, that, while Dearborn threatened Lower Canada, Harrison and Wilkinson were to recapture Detroit and reduce Upper Canada, after which the three armies were to unite in a march on Montreal and Quebec, to be followed by a military occupation of the Maritime Provinces. By the carrying out of this plan the British were to be expelled from the continent of America.

The American Commodore Chauncey equipped a fleet of fourteen armed vessels on Lake Ontario, and, after receiving 1,700 troops under Gens. Dearborn and Pike, sailed for York (Toronto) April 25th, 1813. The next day the troops were lauded three miles west of York, after driving away the grenadiers of the 8th Regiment who attempted to oppose them. Gen. Sheaffe, who commanded at York, had 700 troops and 100 Indians with him. He also was compelled to retire into a fort, when the United States troops, commanded by Gen. Pike, landed. Gen. Dearborn pleaded indisposition and remained on board. The invaders carried the first battery of the fort by assault and after capturing an intervening battery they re-formed to attack the citadel. But, at this time, a magazine exploded, killing numbers on both sides, among them Gen. Pike. Gen. Sheaffe was then obliged to retire towards York, from thence, with the greater number of his forces, he fell back on Kingston, leaving Col. Chewett in charge of York. He was instructed to treat for a capitulation, after which York was surrendered. The United States lost over 600, the Canadians over 400 in

this affair. The Americans occupied York until May 8th, 1813, when their fleet and army returned to Sackett's Harbour.

May 23rd, the American fleet and army began an attack on Fort George and Newark (Niagara). On May 27th, 800 riflemen under Col. Scott landed near the Two Mile Creek. After firing at the batteries they were pushed back by the Canadians to the shore. Gen. Lewis with 2,000 men landed and after a heavy fire and assault on the Canadian position compelled Gen. Vincent to retire. After blowing up the magazines and dismantling the fort the Canadians retreated towards Queenston, leaving the place in possession of the Americans. The British loss in this engagement was 352, the United States 150.

The next day Gen. Vincent, reinforced by troops from Chippawa and Fort Erie, after destroying the stores along the frontier, reached Burlington Heights, on Lake Ontario, where he was followed by Gens. Chandler and Winder of the Americans, with 3,800 men. The Americans encamped at Stony Creek June 5th, and prepared to take the British position.

On June 6th, Gen. Vincent surprised the American camp at two o'clock in the morning. He had less than 1,000 men with him. The Americans, surprised and defeated, were thrown back in confusion on Fort George. In this battle of Stony Creek the United States lost several field-pieces and 150 prisoners.

Gen. Vincent pursued the Americans so soon as he had received reinforcements, and proceeded to blockade them in Fort George.

Gen. Lewis, who had succeeded Gen. Dearborn in command, the latter having been retired for incompetency, sent out Col. Boerstles with 512 men from Fort George to destroy a British post. Col. Boerstles, however, was himself surprised by Lieut. FitzGibbon, commanding only 46 men, to whom he surrendered his whole force and two pieces of artillery.

With the American army cooped up in Fort George, the way was open for parties of Canadians to make raids over the border. Fort Schlosser was taken on July 8th by Lieut. Col. Clarke. The blockhouse of Black Rock, with stores, armaments and a vessel, were captured July 11th by Lieut. Col. Bishop.

During this time, also, the Canadian Gen. Proctor made an unsuccessful demonstration against the United States fortifications on the Lower Sandusky.

While the fleet of the American Com. Chauncey was away from Sackett's Harbour, Sir Geo. Prevost and Commodore Sir James L. Yeo combined land and naval forces on May 27th, 1813, for an attack on Sackett's Harbour. The British landed 1,000 troops and Indians in spite of efforts made by the Americans to prevent them. The British were repulsed in this assault with a loss of 259.

On July 31st, Com. Chauncey raided York, where he burned the barracks and public stores. On the same day the British Lieut. Col. Murray did likewise in Plattsburg.

On Aug. 7th, Com. Chauncey and Sir James L. Yeo came in view of each other's fleets on Lake Ontario, and after a partial conflict extending over parts of three days the British succeeded in capturing two small schooners which had become separated from the United States fleet.

On Sept. 28th, the United States fleet drove the British to seek safety under the guns of Burlington Heights.

Oct. 1st the American fleet with troops from Fort George for Sackett's Harbour met and captured vessels containing 250 troops from York for Kingston.

Oct. 10th, 1813, Commodore Perry met the British fleet under Capt. Barclay, and after an obstinate conflict captured the entire British fleet. The British had 135 killed and wounded; the Americans 123.

By the Americans' victory on Lake Erie, the British forces holding Michigan territory were deprived of their supplies and obliged to abandon Detroit and fall back to the head of Lake Ontario.

Gen. Harrison now had about 7,000 troops. Among these were 3,000 volunteers from Kentucky, commanded by General Shelby, an old revolutionary officer. Gen. Harrison, with these, occupied Amherstburgh Sept. 23rd, Proctor retiring behind Sandwich.

Gen. Harrison occupied Sandwich Sept. 27th, and Oct. 4th, Shelby routed the British rear guard and captured all

the stores and ammunition. Gen. Proctor being then forced to fight, drew up his line of battle behind Moravian Town, on the right of the Thames river. His force consisted of near 2,000 troops and Indians, protected on the left by the river, and on the right by a swamp, the intervening ground being covered in front by lofty trees.

Harrison advanced in two lines, and crossed the river twelve miles below the town, Oct. 12th, and reached the British front the afternoon of the same day. Shelby's Kentucky Riflemen were at once pushed forward on a charge against the British lines. The British gave way and retired. Many became prisoners. Proctor and his staff sought safety in flight. The Indian allies of the British, under their great chief Tecumseh fought on, after the rest of the line was broken. It was not until Tecumseh himself was killed that the fight ceased. Over 600 British were prisoners. Gen. Proctor was subjected to a court-martial for the result of this campaign and deprived of pay for six months.

In concluding this campaign, Harrison burned Moravian Town and returned to Detroit. It is needless to say that this victory was due to the Southern troops of Shelby.

The Isle aux Nois, said to be the "Key of Lower Canada," was commanded by Lieut.-Col. Taylor, who fitted out a naval expedition in June, 1813, against the American flotilla on Lake Champlain, which he completely annihilated.

From July 29th to Aug. 4th Col. Murray made raids on Plattsburg, Burlington, Swanton and Champlain on the United States side.

Gen. Hampton was urged to advance to carry the war into Canada. Sept. 20th, he entered Odleton with 5,000 men. Sept. 22nd, he advanced to the head of Chateauguay river. Here Col. de Salaberry, with his French Voltigeurs and Beauharnois militia to the number of 300, awaited Hampton's 5,000, but so well concealed by earthworks and hid by surrounding woods that their fewness could not be seen. Hampton delayed attack until he could bring up his artillery of ten pieces, which was accomplished Oct. 26th. His general advance, however, was so retarded by obstacles that after a strong skirmish with the English advance line he returned in confusion to Plattsburg for winter quarters. This closed the first American attempt to reach Montreal.

The second attempt was made the 1st of Nov., 1813, by Gen. Wilkinson with 10,000 men, who started from Grenadier Island, near Kingston, with a large fleet of boats down the St. Lawrence. Baron de Rottenburgh, commanding at Kingston, sent a detachment of 800, under Lieut.-Col. Morrison, with a few gunboats, after them. The Americans were seen at Point Iroquois. Here both parties disembarked, the respective gunboats exchanging shots the while. Gen. Boyd, commanding 4,000 Americans, was pressed so closely by Col. Morrison that he was compelled to give battle at a place called Chrystler's Farm, Oct. 11th, 1813. The United States cavalry charge made on two companies of the 89th Regiment was repulsed, and the 49th at the same time took by assault some of the American artillery. In spite of the immense numbers under Gen. Boyd, in comparison with those under Col. Morrison, he was driven back in ignominious retreat. The United States loss was 239, the Canadian 181.

Another division of the Americans under Gen. Brown, unaware of this battle, had gone on before to Cornwall, whither the American flotilla with Boyd's defeated troops followed along the shore. Here Wilkinson heard, by letter from Gen. Hampton, that the latter had been repulsed at Chateauguay and was in retreat towards Champlain. Disheartened by this news, the expedition against Montreal was abandoned. The Americans destroyed their batteaux and went into winter quarters by general order Nov. 17, 1813.

In Dec., 1813, Baron de Rottenburgh gave place to Gen. Drummond in command of Upper Canada. As the U. S. troops under Gen. McClure were harassing the peaceable inhabitants of the country surrounding Fort George, their headquarters, according to the orders of their Government, Col. Murray was sent with 500 troops to drive them away. McClure, hearing of this, burned the town of Newark (Niagara) Dec. 10th out of revenge and fled. Murray was immediately despatched to seize Fort Niagara from the United States, which was carried by bayonet charge Dec. 18th. The British loss was 11; the American 65 killed and wounded and 350 prisoners, with 3,000 muskets and 7 heavy guns, stores and munitions.

On the same day Lewiston, 8 miles above Fort Niagara,

was taken from the Americans by Gen. Riall. In the close of 1813, Gen. Riall landed with 600 men on the American frontier, and burned all the settlements from Buffalo to Niagara to retaliate for the atrocities committed by the U. S. troops under McClure.

In February, 1814, New Brunswick sent a regiment to assist on the St. Lawrence and 220 seamen for the lakes.

Gen. Macomb, with a division of Americans, crossed Lake Champlain on the ice in March, 1814, and occupied St. Armand. On the 13th March he retired and joined Gen. Wilkinson, who had 5,000 men before the Lacolle Mill frontier. This he attacked repeatedly, but was repulsed by three regiments of local militia. Wilkinson, after this failure, withdrew his army to Plattsburg and retired from active military service.

The first of 1814 opened by the capture of Prairie du Chien, on the Mississippi, by the British, and their successful defence of Michilimacinae.

July 10th, Gen. Sir J. C. Sherbrook sent the "Ramilies," commanded by Sir Thomas Hardie, to take possession of Fort Sullivan, on Mosé Island, in Passamaquoddy Bay, the garrison of 86 men surrendering without a fight. Sept. 1st, 1814, Sherbrook himself seized the town of Castine, in Maine, while Capt. Barnie ascended the river and captured the United States frigate "Adams."

A British brigade under Col. Pilkington extended the British advance beyond Machias. He was about to proceed to the reduction of the east of Maine when the United States Gen. Brewer wrote him a greeting, if he would not advance that all the militia of that district should not serve against His Majesty during the war. The agreement was accepted.

VISCOUNT DE FRONSAE.

* * *

The Misty Isle of Skye.

WHETHER it was interest in the crofters or the well-remembered morning bark of a neighbour's Skye terrier that determined us to visit the Isle of Skye, while touring in the Highlands, I don't quite know, but we wanted to see it and went.

We did not regret going, either, because if we cannot rejoice greatly over what we saw we can at least echo the jubilant exclamation of a fellow-passenger when she said, "Well, that's done—we'll never have to go to Skye again!"

The guide books and "those who knew" agreed that it was a delightful trip from Glasgow in fine weather, but they added no parenthesis stating that only at odd times, and those either before or after the tourist season, was it ever known to be other than damp.

It was damp weather when we went. And damp there does not mean a desultory, purposeless drizzle, but a dripping, soaking, driving, cold-to-the-marrow-rain, with a clammy, murky fog. It rained hard all the way down the Clyde, and the beauties of Bute, Arran, Islay and Jura were veiled in a cloud of mist as impenetrable as a brick wall. The officers of the ship whom we assailed said doubtfully that the weather "might" clear, but a complacent Londoner, who said he had taken the trip every summer for thirteen years, told us it always rained, and there was nothing to be seen in Skye anyway!

But having an abiding faith in our good luck and good judgment we did not abandon the trip, but put in our time studying our Gaelic crew, and fellow-passengers of every degree of Scotchness, with a sprinkling of "foreign" element in the way of a few very English people. It was amusing to watch the national characteristics in sharp contrast. We had all the fun to ourselves, being the only American voyagers, as neither Scotch nor English had the faintest idea there was anything funny in themselves or each other, or in their mutual attitude.

Oban, pretty, breezy, bright Oban, seen later under happier skies, looked grey and forbidding with a slanting rain beating down upon it, a cloud of fog hiding the villastudded hills and closing in upon the long range of hotels fronting the sea.

Out of the grey waters as we sailed northward would rise shadowy forms of a darker grey which on close approach would resolve themselves into headlands of barren rock, with here and there a cluster of huts, cowering between the hills and the sea, clinging to the narrow strip of rugged ground

as a frightened child to its mother's skirts. Lochaline, Salen, Tobermory, Eigg, loomed each in turn out of the mist and we stayed among their vague shadows for a little, while freight was being unloaded, seeing the queer, uncouth fisher-folk, hearing their rough northern speech as in a dream—then, phantom-like, they glided from us to be lost in vapory folds of fog.

But we were well repaid for all the dampness and discomfort, for the weather cleared on the second day before sundown, and a glorious evening, such as is seldom seen in those latitudes, rewarded us. The boat's course was in the narrow channels between islands and mainland, winding in and out, and laying to frequently opposite some cove where a few thatched roofs announced a hamlet. The inhabitants, in their roughly picturesque dress, would come out and watch the wide, heavy boats that were being rowed out to our ship to receive the sacks of meal, bags of potatoes and other merchandise that would be thrown to them from our deck. Many of these isolated hamlets, cut off by the bleak, bare hills from communication inland, are dependent upon the weekly visit of the boat for supplies, and the glimpses they get of the people on her deck is all they see of the world outside their little community for months at a time.

It was as we approached our first stopping-place in the Isle of Skye that the clouds broke and the sun shone out bravely. On our right, to the east, the rocky hill towered high, with above and behind them a bank of dead black cloud, which stretched away to the south and west. In this dense black mass a funnel-shaped hole had been rent, and up through it—away up—we could see the deep blue summer sky. This cave in the cloud gradually widened and at last Old Sol shone down through, with spreading rays of light against the dark cloud like a halo of glory, and then a flood of golden sunlight transfigured land and sea. The cloud effects and the lights and shades on the passing landscape were exquisite.

We were sailing on in a narrow channel, the hills to the left rising almost as high as those on the right, as we penetrated into the island, and looking ahead it seemed as if there were nowhere to go but straight into a mountain wall that rose up to bar our progress. A sharp turn, however, brought us around the obtrusive foot of the crag, and we anchored in a basin shut in on all sides by lofty hills—a beautiful sheet of water, dark, but clear, which rippled all alive where the sunlight played upon it.

This was Loch Scavaig, and here we lost our most picturesque and interesting passenger, whom we had named Malcolm McTavish. He was sandy and big and rawboned, dressed in kilts of rough tweed, with dark tartan stockings, bare knees and a feather in his bonnet. He was modest and reserved, and had in charge a party of knicker-bockered Britishers, who were neither, whom he was taking north to hunt in his rock domain. We were sorry to lose Ta McTavish when boats rowed by his strong-armed retainers came out from shore, and he and his friends, with gamebags, guns, dogs, fishing-tackle, and boat-loads of portman-teaux and despatch-boxes, left us, and, with red sails set, glided over the dimpling water into the shadow of the great rocks at the end of the loch.

The ride from Loch Scavaig to Armadale, one of the most pastoral and picturesque spots in Skye, was a glorious dream of colour and loveliness. We glided through an enchanted world—a world of giants rather than of fairies. There was a breadth, a depth, a bigness about everything from the sea beneath us to the colossal ranges of snowy cloud mountains above our heads, or the great craggy cliffs of the rugged Isle. Up in those northern solitudes in the month of June it is not dark at midnight and there was light enough to read by on deck at eleven o'clock and between two and three in the morning dawn comes again. The sun, like other honest folks, has to work long hours up there to make a living.

The men of Skye are argumentative and analytical. One snappy little Skye terrier of a man would make us give a reason for the faith that was in us with an insistent, "And why?" to every opinion we ventured. He was quite as enthusiastic a single-taxer as any we in Toronto are blessed with, and was quite ready to answer any of our "and whys?" exhaustively. The people, even in the most barren and secluded districts, seemed unusually intelligent and thoughtful, and, as a rule, deeply and aggressively religious.

In Portree, the capital, there was a great gathering of people from points in Skye and neighbouring islands going off to the fish-packing on the east coast—women for the most part, many of them robust, resolute-featured girls in short skirts and turned-up aprons, with a shawl drawn tightly over the shoulders and head and arms bare. They all bore their belongings in a bundle on back or arm, and most of them spoke Gaelic.

We had left everything fair and beautiful—starlight, clear sky, soft breeze—when we went to our berths and when we rose early in the morning to land at Portree it was raining again and it kept it right up, as its custom is, till we said farewell to the Western Highlands and landed in Inverness.

KATE WESTLAKE YEIGH.

* * *

The Presidential Campaign.

THE fight is on, and an intensely earnest and exciting struggle it is. All the formal preliminaries are out of the way and the opposing forces are using all kinds of weapons in the conflict. The Republican party and sound money Democrats are agonizing to win, while the silver wing of the Democracy and the Populists are just as determined to achieve victory. In the Eastern and Middle States the feeling is general that McKinley will be elected. In the South and West people are predicting that Bryan will be President. It is, however, a hazardous thing to foretell events, especially those of a political character, but the probabilities are that the Republican candidate will be elected. On his side there are many elements of strength which are having their effect. The business depression which began in 1893 has been steadily utilized by the Republican party to bring the working population back to a belief in the power of protection to compel prosperity. It was the prevalence of this popular belief in the efficacy of high tariff that secured the nomination of William McKinley at the St. Louis convention in opposition to the wishes and plans of the bosses. The gold standard plank in the platform adopted at that convention was satisfactory not only to the manufacturers and capitalists belonging to the Republican party, but to the business community generally. Thus all the monetary institutions, the commercial and industrial interests are in the Republican campaign. That means that the sinews of war in aid of McKinley's cause are abundant and will be freely used to secure his triumph. Then the press is overwhelmingly on the side of the gold standard. Scarcely a journal of extended circulation and influence is to be found advocating the free and unlimited coinage of silver. There can be no question that the energetic advocacy of sound money day after day must have a profound effect on the numerous readers of the leading newspapers. The Republican propaganda is most thoroughly organized. No means by which the public mind can be reached is neglected. Political leaders of great ability address great mass meetings in the principal cities and the remotest country village and cross roads school-house is frequently visited by the humble but vociferous stump orator. McKinley clubs are everywhere, uniformed bodies march with flaming torches and bands of music and bicycle corps parade in honour of the good cause. The vast flood of campaign literature to counteract the heresies of the Free Silverites is spread over the land. All kinds of appeals are made to secure the assent of dubious voters. In lofty strains the national honour is held up as an inspiration, while personal interests are pressed home to the attention of the various classes. The awful consequences of electing Bryan are depicted in the darkest colours, compared with which the blue-ruin vaticinations of Canadian politicians were mild and harmless. From the opening of the campaign the prophecies of the utter annihilation of democracy and populism have been numerous and explicit, but in an undertone there regularly comes the monition that nothing must be taken for granted. They are sure to win, but in order to do so every effort must be made. What is colloquially spoken of as bluff is very conspicuous in the conflict. One regrettable feature is the general lack of fairness towards political opponents. Free silver writers and speakers are savagely eloquent in their denunciations of trusts, monopolies, and millionaires. The other side superciliously assumes that all who favour free silver are knaves and fools.

It may turn out that not a few votes have been lost to the Republican party by the persistent representation that only demagogues and unprincipled agitators have taken the stump for the white metal. Law-abiding and honest citizens, such as the majority of farmers and working people are, resent being called Socialists and Anarchists, and yet these offensive epithets are constantly bandied about in the columns of otherwise reputable newspapers.

The currency question has been made the main issue in the fight. A mass of people mistakenly believe that the sixteen-to-one heresy will be for the benefit of the great producing classes of the country. How such a result will be effected by the change they propose they do not make apparent. The movement has acquired strength from the conviction that the interests of the masses are being sacrificed for the benefit of the classes. The vast power of trusts and combines, fostered by a protective tariff, is making thousands reckless and discontented, who vaguely and dimly imagine that any change might possibly bring relief. We read urgent appeals to the people to make the Republican majority so overwhelming that populism may be wiped out. Discontent with existing conditions cannot thus be repressed. Though the movement that has for its banner to-day Free Silver may be defeated, it will form new combinations and inscribe some other legend on its standard and renew the struggle. Unlike McKinley, Bryan has taken to the stump in person. The Ohio candidate is staying at home and men of various positions and callings are making pilgrimages to Canton, where the high priest of protection gives them a little oratory and his benediction. From now till election day Bryan will keep on speaking. No sooner had he returned from his eastern journey than he began a southern tour, where he is meeting with an enthusiastic reception. The only money power on his side is that of the silver mine owners, who would profit by free silver, whoever else might lose. The big majorities in Vermont and Maine for the Republican ticket are taken as indications of how the country will go. That, however, is uncertain. The strength of the free silver vote is an unknown quantity and can only be ascertained when polling has closed. This much, however, may be regarded as certain, that McKinley's election will be followed by a great commercial and industrial revival that will, for a time at least, bring heart and hope to the people. Confidence will be restored and the great captains of industry will be ready to push trade with all the energy and capital they can command. Until the election is over stagnation will continue.

BEN ARNHEIM.

Chicago.

* * *

Parisian Affairs.

OPINION commences to have had a little too much of the horn-blowing about the Czar being the head pacificator of Europe. It is his interest to uphold peace as it is of the other powers, and perhaps more so, as the Russians are not at all in a position to command the direction of affairs in a European conflagration. The Czar backs the Sultan's throne, that is, props up the rotten Porte and the cruelties of its creatures. But the moment is not distant when a more decisive action of the six powers will be required than joining Russia in writing diplomatic love-letters to the Sultan, and whispering into his ear fee-faw-fum! while some of the powers at the same time wink at his Majesty not to be afraid; the roaring is only that of "Bottom the Weaver." It is not the less a fact that Russia aims to win for herself all that can be gained by working with the six powers. The other five ought to be just as wide awake to grind axes for themselves. The Emperor of Germany makes no mistake about the situation. He joins in the Litany for the Peace of the Continent, fully aware that it cannot be of much longer duration. To avoid the possibility of being accused of breaking the fragile peace, is what makes all the allies form the Peace programme.

To dethrone the present Sultan, as if he were a Viceroy of Egypt, or to partition his empire among greedy heirs; apparent, these are considered to be the only two solutions; both are full of danger, but better to radically finish with the open and running gangrene. It is now seen from his triumph in regulating the Cretan question, that Lord Salisbury will not be caught with such chaff as doing the Euro-

pean policeman alone. Britain will be only one in the squad of six told off by civilization. Only here the police do not do their duty. They decline to arrest the common disturber of the peace. In the end Russia will see her waiting game will not pay.

The Government is making all preparations for the reception of the sovereigns on a quiet but luxurious scale. French taste is on its trial, and the crowds flocking to Paris already from all parts testify to the magnitude of the popular manifestation. It was well the State took the reception under its own wing as the people, frantic with delight, might have run into very eccentric extremes of hearty welcome. There will be no special railway station prepared for the arrival of their Majesties in the Bois de Boulogne, but that existing at La Muette, close to Lamartine's once residence, will be in part demolished at one side and made as beautiful as staging can do. Indeed it will be the same route as was prepared for the late Shah. All the gala coaches of the Executive will be placed at the disposal of the august guests; they will have no coat of arms, save the cipher "R. F.;" that is, all will figure on the panels of the vehicles. An "*Ich dien!*" motif would well typify the situation. It is not unlikely the routes intended to be taken by the Czar will be only made known day by day. It is a matter of regret for many that President Faure has no official costume; but he would not listen to any proposal to be decked out in feathers and fuss. He will be severely plain as a M. Cleveland: evening dress and the codfish-tail waiter's coat that all gentlemen at their best must patronize. It is regrettable that Madame Faure cannot accompany the Empress in her drives; she occupies no official rank, is only the wife of the first citizen of France. The French nobility take no part in the political rejoicings of the Republicans. Apart from that they are not believers in the Franco-Russian alliance.

Neither are many of the Republicans who demand that the nature of the treaty of the alliance between the two countries be made as fully known as is the case with the triple; that would be the best way to comprehend the amity of the Czar. The French, as is their nature, imagine the alliance is like to *open sesame* in the Arabian Nights till pulled up with the reality, that as yet no concrete advantage has been scored by France. The restoration of Alsace and Lorraine is not on the cards; that will involve the peace of Europe, and the dual alliance, as in the case of the triple, is pledged to maintain the peace of Europe. To make war against England, to reward the French by trying to admit them to Egypt, as a recompense for their backing out of their signed treaty to help Britain to suppress all rebellion—Arabi Pacha's included—might lead to the disruption of the peace of Europe also, and here, too, the watching-each-other-allies are bound to maintain order. But all this time Russia stealthily advances her interests, and she would be a fool not to do so while the sun shines. She is in a great measure handicapped by the *non possumus* diplomatic attitude of Britain to plunge into no isolated action to redress the grievances of the universe. However, the madness of the Sultan who, anticipating dethronement or the other form of "removal," might let loose all the fanaticism of Islam, so that the prophet's inheritance would end as it rose, in a social deluge. Who would be allies, then, in that scramble for the debris of an empire? There are some free-lance journals very severe at the expense of France, allowing herself to play second fiddle to Russia, and to be trotted out by her great partner as important ladies introduce others in society. France will make any sacrifice rather than to be isolated again. Even that aversion for solitude is felt by the Socialists, who are reconciled to remain passive spectators of the Czar's visit.

Li Hung Chang's visit is not altogether forgotten; no one in France views it otherwise but with cynical pleasantry and as those laugh best who laugh last. Li, belonging to the latter, can shake his sides. Opinion would wish him success in modernizing China, but feels that if he had no mission to negotiate anything pending his voyage he may not have much more power to gain to his side his colleagues and opponents in the Chinese Privy Council. He has really only the Empress-mother that backs him through thick and thin. But her life, like his own, is measured. Li is too wideawake to imagine even he can infuse the spirit of the Westerns into his country's old bones in a few years. The prestige of the empire has vanished; it has gone down before the Japs, and while China will be cumbrously labour-

ing at resuscitation the Japanese will be simultaneously moving ahead, and entrance into the Flowery Land demanded more and more incessantly and peremptorily by Russia and England.

The anniversary of the fourth of September, 1870—the fall of the Second Empire and the victory of Sedan for the Germans—passed off very quietly. This is due to the fact that home politics have no grip on the people, who have had many scales removed from their eyes since the advent of the Republic. This form of government has not given all the blessings expected by the masses, while it has developed not a few drawbacks and some shames. But, on the whole, the nation instinctively feels it is the form of government, as Thiers observed, which divides them least. As for the Pretenders, no one—their few followers included—believes their great expectations come within the sphere of any realization. Prince Victor Napoleon is perhaps the wisest; he lives in a well secured Dutch cheese awaiting the moment when Providence will call him to the throne of France. The Duc d'Orleans is also awaiting the invitation of Providence to the same post; he makes a little more fuss than his rival, keeps better before the footlights, but is equally an impossibility.

There is a bronze war raging. It appears that the copper of foreign countries inundate France so much so as to affect the circulating medium at home. Copper coin is really not a money; its intrinsic being insignificant as compared with its nominative value. The gods be praised there is no bi-metallism question; the 15½ of silver to one of gold cannot be expanded to ninety of copper and tin to one of silver. In France the State fixes an artificial value for silver on the coins in that metal; it coins copper *ad libitum*, but no one is bound to take more than five francs in bronze in payment of account, while at some times the law ignores altogether bronze money. But there are money changers who do a brisk trade by buying up foreign coppers at the price of old iron, smuggling them into France, and passing them off—being of the same size—as the equivalent of the home "browns." This traffic yields 75 per cent. profits. The French authorities issue decrees not to accept such coins, but the exchange goes on all the same. The persons who smuggle in the tabooed currency arrange to accept, at a reduction, all the foreign bronze coins; they export them to the country where they are a legal tender, and so obtain full value. To manipulate "sound money" in France is becoming difficult owing to the quantity of silver and gold coins legally accepted from some countries and declined from others, in addition to the worn-out coins of French rulers from Napoleon I. downwards. The street boys sell for two sous a sheet with illustrations, and as large as the page of any penny paper sold for a half-penny, of coins to be refused.

The Colonial Minister is commencing to adopt a plan of propagandism, to induce the French to emigrate to their own colonies, by making the latter better known. Hence, in all the post offices a big notice is posted up respecting New Caledonia, the conditions to enable emigrants to obtain land concessions, etc. That is excellent; the French make as good emigrants as any other people, only they prefer not to rough it, to go to an equivocal climate to be annoyed by local circumlocution officers, and last, not least, to the law of obligatory military service. But the Government must climb down a little more in the way of assisting emigrants; unless possessed of 5,000 frs. capital, it is useless starting for New Caledonia; to venture as to Madagascar 70,000 frs. will be necessary. The farm hands with 5,000 frs. capital are few, and if they possess it they prefer remaining at home, buying a plot of land, and hiring themselves out as labourers. The other class is not that inclined to leave their country at all; with the interest on that capital at 3 per cent., and a clerkship at 1,000 or 2,000 frs. a year, with a wife expert at her needle or able to run a small shop, the couple can, by resolving to have no children, live very happily at home. By a system of free emigration for years, with facilities for creating the homestead and repaying the advances by small and long term instalments. France can people her best possessions. But she has a quantity of territory only good to figure on maps and bamboozle the *gobemouches*.

The humble house in which Ernest Renan was born at Trégnier, in Bretagne—part of the fisherman's dwelling—the illustrious man's father and uncles were followers of St. Peter's profession—has received a slab to commemorate the birthplace of the celebrated villager. Many stories are cir-

culated about the awe the villagers associated with Renan ; he was the Man of Sin, the antichrist in their eyes. He himself relates that when a peasant encountered him, he, giving Renan a wide berth, then blessed himself. The Church has not yet disarmed against Renan, as it is said, since the marble slab was placed on the house, the cabins in the vicinity have painted a yellow cross on their outer walls. Precautions against dangers are numerous ; an insurance office can do nothing against heresy.

Z.

Paris, September 8th, 1896.

Where the Leaves Drift.

I laid me down upon a sedge-fringed bank ;
 A near a sliding rivulet that longed
 To win the dimpling river, where, all dank,
 The water-oats in sougling comp'nies thronged.

I stretched me out and watched the teal-ducks rise.
 Explore the south and flap their level flight ;
 The world was lonelier ; the cooling skies
 Grew heavy with the cloud of darkling night.

The swimming musquash left its fretted line
 Across the glassy pool beneath the oak ;
 From distant barn I heard the tearful whine
 That unhoued puppies raise, when winter's yoke,

Unclasped and icy-pearled and jewell'd with frost,
 Hangs threat'ningly above the bare, brown land ;
 I saw th' untimely sunset's glory crossed
 With shadows of a purple vested band.

A ruby-coloured fleet of maple leaves
 Adrift across the shimm'ring shallow blew ;
 A crackling twig the silence breaks ; and grieves
 A vesper-sparrow all the forest through.

Here headed eglantines and prickly burrs
 Of burdened chestnut trees, make autumn rich ;
 Above the maple-wood a pigeon whirs
 In dizzy soaring and in steepy pitch.

A lone bat darts in serrate, sable path,
 Like swift-charred trail of lightning down the east ;
 The cold, black night comes on and in deep wrath
 Howls ominously, prophesying feast

For all the storm fiends veiled in low, gray rack
 That licks the hemlocks' tops ; the north, star-crowned,
 Unleashes all the gaunt and baying pack
 Of wind-wolves fell, by three green seasons bound

The pale and sickly moon, with sheaf of stars,
 Begins her foray in the heav'nly fields
 Of constellated, spinning orbs ; and bars
 Of stellar wealth show how the harvest yields.—(Milky Way).

O ! Nature-mother ! rock us in thy lap ;
 And let us wake in some true world beyond !
 For ev'rything of beauty meets mishap
 In this poor earth ; the lilies of the pond.

Have perished Junes ago ; the violets
 Were buried when the veeries came in May ;
 And now the piping wood-thrush half forgets
 That old love-song he sang one April day.

JOHN STUART THOMSON.

Letters to the Editor.

THE FLAG FOR CANADA.

SIR,—A discussion as to the proper and most suitable flag for Canada, was carried on, but lately, with liberal latitude, in the columns of THE WEEK, and is still fresh in the minds of its readers. Let me re-open the case and bring forward fresh proposals, supported by new arguments, in favour of a novel flag.

My proposition is to remove with contempt the shapeless and indistinguishable menagerie, called the arms of Canada, from the fly of the British Ensign, and replace it with some easily detected symbol or emblem of Old France—France as it was in 1759—France when it possessed and governed Canada.

Canada, yes America, owes much to the French and the French-Canadians. The colonization of North America, and

its settlement by Europeans, the subjugation and civilization of the Indians, the defeat and repulse of the United Statesmen and the driving back of the Fenians, are all due to a great degree to the valour of the French, and the loyalty of Her Majesty's French-Canadian subjects.

In the "Union Jack" are the combined symbols of England, Scotland, and Ireland ; their sons want nothing more. Let us now place on our British Ensign the insignia of France of the eighteenth century, out of gratitude and respect for her sons and their descendants, who did so much and so well for La Nouvelle France, and have so recently shown that they are ready to do as much and as well for our grand common country—Canada.

I would in fine urge the placing of one large white fleur-de-lys on the fly of the red or blue British Ensign.

That I may not shock the sons of Britain and Ireland too greatly by proposing such a juxtaposition of the French and English flag insignia, I may plead, as a precedent, that Edward the Third, in 1340, quartered the arms of France (viz., golden fleur-de-lys on a blue field) on the armorial shield of England ; and that it was not until the Union in 1801 that the arms of France were excluded.

Then hurrah for the Blue Ensign of Great Britain and Ireland bearing the fleur-de-lys of France ! Hurrah for our Canadian flag ! Edward the Third of England conquered France, and George the Second of England conquered French-Canada. Let us of British descent, in 1896, place the arms of Old France on the flag of Old Canada, in token of conquest, if you will ; but rather place them there as a recognition of the value of that nationality to us and our respect for the same.

National feuds and hatreds are dying out. The English and French were considered to be hereditary enemies, but—speaking for myself—I found on coming to years of discretion, experience and judgment, so much to admire in the French character, words and works, that I want my English fellow-citizens to think as I do, and do our French-Canadians justice.

By the noble stand they took in the Province of Quebec against clerical domination or dictation, during the last general elections, the inhabitants have shown that they now know who are their real enemies and oppressors and who are their true friends and well-wishers and helpers. In memory of this new discovery of theirs, let us hoist our new flag.

RICHARD J. WICKSTEED.

Ottawa, September, 1896.

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Recent Fiction.*

NORDAU is now becoming the fashion, as Ibsen was a few years ago. His works are translated into English and published extensively, both in Britain and in the United States. The collection of short stories entitled "Soap Bubbles" comes in a dress distinctly British, although from a New York publishing house. It is a dainty little volume of eight short stories or sketches printed on good paper in clear, bold type, and excellently bound. The title of the first in the series, "Cant and Humbug: A Story of English Selfishness and American Thriftiness," is a misnomer evidently adopted to catch the eye and capture the dollars of United States readers ; for the story plainly indicates the selfish unmannerliness of a certain class of United States travellers and the too often questionable thriftiness of the United States citizen in his business transactions ; while the Englishman, whose only offence was that he objected to a railway compartment being turned into a smoking compartment, without permission or apology, by a party of rude citizens of the Republic, appears to distinct advantage. Another story satirizes with considerable cleverness the Englishman's devotion to fox-hunting and tells the tribulations and humiliations of an

* "Soap Bubbles," by Max Nordau, Author of "Degeneration," etc. Translated by Mary J. Safford. New York : F. Tennyson Neely. Toronto : The Toronto News Company.

"The Old Infant, and Similar Stories." By Will Carleton, Author of "Farm Ballads," "City Legends," etc. New York : Harper & Brothers.

"Flotsam: The Study of a Life." By Henry Seton Merriman, author of "With Edged Tools," "The Sowers," etc. London and Bombay : Longmans, Green & Co. 1896.

Hungarian nobleman who foolishly remarked that he had, in his own country, shot no less than five foxes in one day. He was cut by his friends, scorned by the woman he loved, summarily excluded from the privileges of a club, and haled before a police magistrate and condemned to pay a fine of fifty pounds before he learned that in England to shoot a fox or to kill it in any other way, except with a pack of hounds, etc., is, in the eyes of Englishmen, a far baser crime than to steal a purse.

Another collection of short stories is by Will Carleton, so well known by his "Farm Ballads," "City Ballads," and other similar volumes in verse. The first of the stories and the one from which the volume takes, in part, its name is one full of humour and practical good sense. It is not so long ago that grown-up men and women could be found in the winter months in many of our Canadian schools, not, indeed, learning the alphabet, but earnestly striving to overtake some of the ground circumstances had compelled them to lose in earlier years; but we venture to say that no Canadian school-master or school-mistress ever had the experience of the "young lady with classical face and large brown eyes, who conducted the elementary university" in "School District No. 5, Town of Dover, County of Livingston:" a winter apparition of "a strange, rough-looking old man of sixty, whose hair and beard were drifts in themselves," who missed his chance in early life, "never even went arter the alferbet and didn't hev it brought" to him, "workin' along torge the end o' life an' liable to go into the nex' world at any time without any book larnin' to recommend" him, and who wanted the sensation of "settin' in the school-house hour arter hour, an' day arter day, and lookin' at the other boys an' gals, and seein' on 'em read an' write an' spell, an' wishin' Saturday would come, an' cuttin' up with 'em, and bein' told to 'tend to my lessons, an' goin' out to recess, and playin' with the rest of the scholars, an' then 'Come, come away, the school-bell now is ringin',' an' a doin' generally jest what I wish I could ha' done when I was a boy. I don't expect, school-mom, that I'll larn so awful very much, but I'd like to know how to string letters together enough to hold a newspaper right side up an' git a-hold of what lies it's a-tellin' of. An' I'd be glad to find out, school-mom, how to write my name. But the biggest thing is, I want to be a school boy—jest once in my life." The story is full of humour and is told with an art of narrative altogether commendable. The other stories in the volume are almost equally entertaining; but we should like to ask Mr. Carleton, if, while the "school-mom" with "classical face" speaks unimpeachable English the small boys and girls of School District No. 5, Town of Dover, and elsewhere, habitually speak the dialect of the white-haired seeker after knowledge who wanted to learn the "alferbet" and be a school-boy "jest once" in his life.

"Flotsam" tells the story of Harry Wylam, a young fellow of good parts, but with some weaknesses, who was born and orphaned in India, brought up and educated in England; who fought bravely only to win disgrace in the Indian Mutiny, and who died miserably in South Africa, alone and unfriended, except by an impossible colonial bishop who is introduced at the eleventh hour. We are not going to tell the story; it is enough to say that it is a sad, disappointing, depressing, hopeless one. If it is "a study of a life," we cannot say that it is well done. The "consequences" seem to us inconsequential. Nearly everyone seems to go to the devil without any particular reason for it; and even Captain Marqueray, the silent slave of Duty, does not get the rewards and distinction he had fairly earned. Mr. Merriman writes like a journalist, but with a carelessness that we trust is not characteristic of the conscientious journalist Marqueray, or "Old Marks," as Harry Wylam irreverently called him, is one of the principal characters in the book, but contradictory portraits are drawn of him when we know that neither time nor service has altered his appearance, and that he is not masquerading in disguise. At page 99, he is "a man of twenty-eight, who looked older;" at page 130, he is "the quiet, grey-haired man" who spoils a friendly family party by an untimely visit, and a few days later his "smooth, black hair" catches the eye of a native prince in the smoking-room of the Calcutta Field Club. It seems to us that Mr. Merriman did not exactly know what sort of a looking man "Old Marks" was; or, perhaps, an "edition intended for circulation only in India and in the British Colonies" was

not subjected to very scrupulous revision. Altogether the book is likely to prove but "poor flotsam" on the tide of current fiction.

BRIEFER NOTICES.

The Chouans, by H. de Balzac, translated by Ellen Marriage; *La Grande Bretèche* and other stories, by H. de Balzac, translated by Clara Bell; *Eugenie Grandet*, by H. de Balzac, translated by Ellen Marriage; *Tartarin on the Alps*, by Alphonse Daudet, translated by Henry Frith. Macmillan's Colonial Library. London: Macmillan & Co., Ltd. New York: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co., Ltd.—These specimens of Macmillan's Colonial Library are particularly interesting. Everybody knows of "Eugenie Grandet," but everybody does not know "Les Chouans," while to most readers "La Grande Bretèche" is an unknown chapter of Balzac. Nowadays, when analysis is at least as conspicuous for effrontery as for penetration; nowadays when the desire to wash one's hands (commended by Saint Beuve) after the perusal of the real is unknown, it is, perhaps, well to turn to the pages of the great realist upon whose works a stigma, even of Saint Beuve, can leave no stain. The translations are in clear, forcible English, and to each volume Mr. George Saintsbury has added a suggestive preface. The inimitable "Tartarin" of M. Daudet is also included in this series, which contains many other volumes of this distinguished French author, including "Tarescon sur les Alpes."

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Some Canadian Women Writers.

Thomas O'Hagan, M.A., Ph.D., in the Catholic World.

A REMARKABLE feature of the Canadian literature of to-day is the strength of its women writers. Especially is this notable within the domain of poetry. Some of the sweetest and truest notes heard in the academic groves of Canadian song come from our full-throated sopranos. Nor does the general literature of our country lack enrichment from the female pen. History, biography, fiction, science, and art—all these testify to the gift and grace of Canadian women writers, and the widening possibilities of literary culture in the hearts and homes of the Canadian people.

England has grown, perhaps, but one first-rate female novelist, and it need, therefore, be no great disappointment or wonder that none of her colonies have as yet furnished the name of any woman eminent in fiction. The truth is the literary expression of Canada to-day is poetic, and the literary genius of her sons and daughters for the present is growing verseward. Canada has produced more genuine poetry during the past decade of years than any other country of the same population in the world. What other eight young writers whose work in poetry will rank in quality and technique with that of Roberts, Lampman, Scott, Campbell, Miss Machar, Miss Wetherald, Miss Johnson, and Mrs. Harrison? It is enough to say that these gifted singers have won an audience on both sides of the Atlantic.

The Bourbon lilies had scarcely been snatched from the brow of New France when the hand and heart of woman were at work in Canadian literature. Twenty years before Maria Edgeworth and Jane Austen had written "Castle Rackrent" and "Pride and Prejudice," Mrs. Frances Brooke, wife of the chaplain of the garrison at Quebec during the vice-regal régime of Sir Guy Carleton, published in London, England, the first Canadian novel. This book, which was dedicated to the governor of Canada, was first issued from the press in 1784.

The beginnings of Canadian literature were, indeed, modest but sincere. While the country was in a formative condition, and the horizon of a comfortable civilization yet afar off, neither the men nor women of Canada had much time to build sonnets, plan novels, or chronicle the stirring deeds of each patriot pioneer. The epic man found, in laying the forest giants low, the drama in the passionate welfare of his family, and the lyric in the smiles and tears of her who rocked and watched far into the night the tender and fragile flower that blossomed from their union and love.

But even the twilight days of civilization and settlement in our great Northland were not without the cheering promise of a literature indigenous and strong, in which can

be distinctly traced the courage and heroism of man borne up by the boundless hope and love of woman. Together these twain fronted the primeval forest and tamed it to their purpose and wants. Girdled with the mighty wilderness in all its multiplying grandeur, the soul, though bowed by the hardships of the day, was stirred by the simple but sublime music of the forest, and drank in something of the glory and beauty of nature around. Poetic spirits set in the very heart of the forest sang of the varying and shifting aspects of nature—now of the silver brooklet whispering at the door, now of the crimson-clad maple of autumn-tide, now of the mystical and magical charms of that sweet season "the Summer of all Saints."

Two names there are of women writers who deserve special and honourable mention in connection with the early literature of Canada. These are Susanna Moodie, one of the gifted Strickland Sisters, and Rosanna Eleanor Leprohon. Mrs. Moodie's four sisters—Elizabeth, Agnes, Jane, and Mrs. Traill—the latter yet living at the age of ninety, and Mrs. Traill—the *doyenne* of Canadian literature—have all made worthy contributions to the literature of the day; the "Lives of the Queens of England," by Agnes Strickland, being regarded as one of the ablest and most exhaustive works of the kind ever published. Mrs. Moodie lived chiefly near the town of Peterboro', Ontario, and may be justly regarded as the poet and chronicler of pioneer days in Ontario. Her best-known works are her volume of poems and "Roughing it in the Bush." In her verse beats the strong pulse of nature aglow with the wild and fragrant gifts of glen and glade. Mrs. Moodie published also a number of novels, chief among them being "Flora Lindsay," "Mark Hurdlestone," "The Gold Worshipper," "Geoffrey Moncton," and "Dorothy Chance."

Mrs. Leprohon was, like Mrs. Moodie, poet and novelist. She did perhaps more than any other Canadian writer to foster and promote the growth of a national literature. In her novels she aimed at depicting society in Canada prior to and immediately after the conquest. One of her novels, "Antoinette de Mirecourt," is regarded by many as one of the best Canadian novels yet written. Simplicity and grace mark her productions in verse. Mrs. Leprohon lived in Montreal, and did her best work in the "fifties."

A woman writer of great merit was Isabella Valancey Crawford. Her death, which occurred some ten years ago, was a distinct loss to Canadian literature. Miss Crawford's poetic gift was eminently lyrical, full of music, colour, and originality. She published but one volume, "Old Spook's Pass," "Malcolm's Katie," and other poems, which is royal throughout with the purple touch of genius. No Canadian woman has yet appeared quite equal to Miss Crawford in poetic endowment.

Down by the sea, where the versatile and gifted pen of Joseph Howe and the quaint humour of "Sam Slick" stirred and charmed as with a wizard's wand the people's hearts, the voice of woman was also heard in the very dawn of Canadian life and letters. Miss Clotilda Jennings and the two sisters, Mary E. and Sarah Herbert, glorified their country in poems worthy of the literary promise which their young and ardent hearts were struggling to fulfil.

Another whose name will be long cherished in the literary annals of Nova Scotia is Mary Jane Katzmann Lawson, who died in Halifax, March, 1890. On her mother's side Mrs. Lawson was a kinswoman of Prescott, the historian. She was a voluminous contributor to the periodicals of the day and was herself editor for two years of the Halifax Monthly Magazine. Her poems, written too hurriedly, are uneven and in some instances lack wholly the fashioning power of true inspiration. When her lips were touched, however, with the genuine honey of Hymettus she sang well, as in such poems as "Some Day," "Song of the Morning," and "Song of the Night." In the opinion of many the work of Mrs. Lawson as an historian is superior to her work as a poet. Considering, however, the industry of her pen and the general quality of its output, Mrs. Lawson deserves a place among the foremost women writers of her native province.

There passed away last year near Niagara Falls, Ontario, a gifted woman who did not a little in the days of her strength for the fostering of Canadian letters. Miss Louisa Murray, author of a poem of genuine merit, "Merlin's Cave," and two novels, "The Cited Curate," and "The Settlers of Long Arrow," will not soon be forgotten as one of the pioneer women writers of Canada.

The venerable and kindly form of Catharine Parr Traill happily remains with us yet as a link between the past and present in Canadian literature. Nor has her intellect become dimmed or childish. Although ninety years nestle in the benediction of her silvery hair her gifts of head and heart remain still vigorous, as is evidenced in the two works, "Pearls and Pebbles," and "Cot and Cradle Stories," which have come from her pen within the past two years. For more than sixty years this clever and scholarly woman, worthy indeed of the genius of the Strickland family, has been making contributions to Canadian literature from the wealth of her richly stored and cultivated mind. Now a tale, now a study of the wild flowers and shrubs in the Canadian forest, occupies her busy pen. Mrs. Traill is indeed great in the versatility of her gifts, the measure of her achievements, the crowning length of her years, and the sweetness of her life and character.

Like Desdemona in the play of "Othello," Mrs. J. Sadlier, the veteran novelist, now a resident of Canada, owes a double allegiance—to the city of Montreal and to the city of New York. The author of "The Blakes and Flanagans," and many other charming Irish stories has been, however, living for some years past in this country, and while a resident of the Canadian metropolis, has helped to enrich the literature of Canada with the product of her richly dowered pen. Last year Notre Dame University, Indiana, conferred on Mrs. Sadlier the Laetare Medal, as a recognition of her gifts and services as a Catholic writer.

Two of the strongest women writers in Ontario are Agnes Maule Machar and Sarah Anne Curzon. Miss Machar possesses a strong subjective faculty, joined to a keen sense of the artistic. The gift of her pen is both critical and creative, and her womanly and sympathetic mind is found in the van of every movement among Canadian women that has for its purpose a deeper and broader enlightenment based upon principles of wisdom, charity, and love. Miss Machar is both a versatile and productive writer, novel, poem, and critique flowing from her pen in bright succession, and with a grace and ease that betokens the lifelong student and artist. An undertone of intense Canadian patriotism is found running through all her work. Under the *nom de plume* of "Fidelis" she has contributed to nearly all the leading Canadian and American magazines. Her two best novels are entitled "For King and Country," and "Lost and Won."

Mrs. Curzon has a virility of style and a security of touch that indicate at the same time a clear and robust mind. Her best and longest poem, "Laura Secord"—dramatic in spirit and form—has about it a masculinity and energy found in the work of no other Canadian woman. Mrs. Curzon is a woman of strong character and principles, and her writings share in the strength of her judgments. Perhaps she may be best described as one who has the intellect of a man wedded to the heart of a woman.

Quite a unique writer among Canadian women is Frances Harrison, better known in literary circles by her pen-name of "Seranus." Mrs. Harrison has a dainty and distinct style all her own, and her gift of song is both original and true. She has made a close study of themes which have their root in the French life of Canada, and her "half French heart" eminently qualifies her for the delicacy of her task. Indeed, it is doubtful if any other woman writer of today can handle so successfully that form of poetry known as the villanelle. Her book of poems, "Pine, Rose and Fleur de Lis," has met with much favour at the hands of critics, while her prose sketches and magazine critiques prove her to be a woman of exquisite taste and judgment in all things literary.

There are two women writers in Nova Scotia who deserve more than a mere conventional notice. By the gift and grace of their pens Marshall Saunders and Grace Dean MacLeod Rogers have won a large audience far beyond their native land. Miss Saunders is best known as the author of "Beautiful Joe," a story which won the five-hundred-dollar prize offered by the American Humane Society. So popular has been this humane tale that when published by a Philadelphia firm it reached the enormous sale of fifty thousand in eighteen months. "Beautiful Joe" has already been translated into Swedish, German, and Japanese. The work is full of genius, heart, and insight. Other works by Miss Saunders are a novelette entitled "My Spanish Sailor" and a novel "Come to Halifax."

Mrs. Rogers, while widely different from Miss Saunders in her gifts as a writer, has been equally as successful in her

chosen field. She has made the legends and folk-lore of the old Acadian *regime* her special study. With a patience and gift of earnest research worthy of a true historian, Mrs. Rogers has visited every nook and corner of old Acadia where could be found stories linked to the life and labours of these interesting but ill-fated people. Side by side with Longfellow's sweet, sad story of Evangeline will now be read "Stories of the Land of Evangeline," by this clever Nova Scotia woman. Mrs. Rogers has an easy, graceful style which lends to the product of her pen an additional charm. She is unquestionably one of the most gifted among the women writers of Canada.

Connected with the Toronto press are two women writers who have achieved a distinct success. Katharine Blake Watkins, better known by her pen-name of "Kit," is indeed a woman of rare adornments and a writer of remarkable power and individuality. It may be truly said of her *Nihil quod tetigit non ornavit*. As a critic she has sympathy, insight, judgment, and taste. It is doubtful if any other woman in America wields so secure and versatile a pen as "Kit" of the Toronto Mail-Empire.

"Faith Fenton," now editing very brilliantly a woman's journal in Toronto, and for a number of years connected with the Toronto Empire, is also a writer of much strength and promise. Her work is marked by a sympathy and depth of sincerity that bespeak a noble, womanly mind and nature. She is equally felicitous as a writer of prose and verse. Every movement that has for its purpose the wise advancement of woman finds a ready espousal in "Faith Fenton."

As a writer of strong and vigorous articles in support of the demands of women for a wider enfranchisement Mary Russell Chesley, of Lunenburg, Nova Scotia, stands at the head of the Canadian women of to-day. Mrs. Chesley is of Quaker descent, and possesses all a true Quaker's unbending resolve and high sense of freedom and equality. This clever controversialist in defence of her views has broken a lance with some of the leading minds of the United States and Canada, and in every instance has done credit to her sex and the cause she has espoused.

In Moncton, New Brunswick, lives Grace Campbell, another maritime woman writer of note and merit. Miss Campbell holds views quite opposed to those of Mrs. Chesley on the woman question. They are best set forth by the author herself where she says: "The best way for woman to win her rights is to be as true and charming a woman as possible, rather than an imitation man." As a writer Miss Campbell's gifts are versatile, and she has touched with equal success, poem, story, and review. She possesses a gift rare among women—the gift of humour.

There is an advantage in being descended from literary greatness provided the shadow of this greatness come not too near. Anna T. Sadlier is the daughter of a gifted mother whose literary work has already been referred to. Miss Sadlier has done particularly good work in her translations from French and Italian, as well as in her biographical sketches and short stories. As a writer she is both strong and artistic.

A writer who possesses singular richness of style is Kate Seymour McLean, of Kingston, Ontario. Mrs. McLean has not done much literary work during the past few years, but whenever the product of her pen graces our periodicals it bears the stamp of a richly cultivated mind.

Our larger Canadian cities have been not only the centres of trade, but also the centres of literary thought and culture. Halifax, Montreal, Ottawa, and Toronto hold much that is best in the literary life of Canada.

Kate Madeleine Barry, the novelist and essayist, resides in Ottawa, the capital of the Dominion. This clever young writer has essayed two novels, "Honor Edgeworth," and "The Doctor's Daughter," both intended to depict certain phases of social life and character at the Canadian capital. Miss Barry has a bright and cultivated mind, philosophical in its grasp and insight, and exceedingly discriminating in its critical bearings.

Margaret Polson Murray, Maud Ogilvy, and Blanche Macdonell are three Montreal women who have done good work with their pens.

Mrs. Murray is the wife of Professor Clarke Murray, of McGill University, and is one of the leading musical and literary factors in the metropolis of Canada. She was for

some time editor of the Young Canadian, a magazine which during its short-lived days was true to Canadian aspiration and thought. Mrs. Murray busies herself in such manifold ways that it is difficult to record her activities. Her best literary work has been done as Montreal, Ottawa, and Washington correspondent of the Toronto WEEK. She has a versatile mind, great industry, and the very worthiest of ideals.

Miss Ogilvy is a very promising young writer whose work during the past five or six years has attracted much attention among Canadian readers. She is best known as a novelist, being particularly successful in depicting life among the French habitants of Quebec. Two well written biographies—one of Honourable J. J. C. Abbott, late premier of Canada, and the other of Sir Donald Smith—are also the work of her pen. Miss Ogilvy is a thorough Canadian in every letter and line of her life-work.

Miss Macdonell is of English and French extraction. On her mother's side she holds kinship with Abbé Ferland, late professor in Laval University, Quebec, and author of the well-known historical work "Cours d'Histoire du Canada." Like Miss Ogilvy, Miss Macdonell has essayed novel-writing and with success, making the old French *regime* in Canada the chief field of her exploration and study. Two of her most successful novels are "The World's Great Altar Stairs," and "For Faith and King." Miss Macdonell has written for many of the leading American periodicals and has gained an entrance into several journals in England. Her work is full-blooded and instinct with Canadian life and thought.

A patriotic and busy pen in Canadian letters is that of Janet Carnochan, of Niagara, Ontario. Miss Carnochan has made a thorough study of the Niagara frontier, and many of her themes in prose and verse have their root in its historic soil. She has been for years a valued contributor to Canadian magazines, and has become so associated in the public mind with the life and history of the old town of Niagara that the Canadian people have grown to recognize her as the poet and historian of this quaint and eventful spot.

Among the younger Canadian women writers few have done better and stronger work than Mary Agnes FitzGibbon. Miss FitzGibbon is a granddaughter of Mrs. Moodie, and so is a writer to the manner born. Her best work is "A Veteran of 1812." This book contains the stirring story of the life of Lieutenant-Colonel FitzGibbon—grandfather of the author—a gallant British officer who so nobly upheld the military honour of Canada and England in the Niagara peninsula during the war of 1812. Every incident is charmingly told, and Miss FitzGibbon has in a marked degree the gift of a clear and graphic narrator.

A writer who has accomplished a good deal in Canadian letters is Amy M. Berlinguet, of Three Rivers, Quebec. Mrs. Berlinguet is a sister to Joseph Pope, secretary of the late Sir John A. Macdonald and author of the life of that eminent Canadian statesman. Mrs. Berlinguet's strength lies in her descriptive powers and the clearness and readiness with which she can sketch a pen-picture. She has written for some of the best magazines of the day.

In Truro, Nova Scotia, has lately risen a novelist whose work has met with much favour. Emma Wells Dickson, whose pen-name is "Stanford Eveleth," has many of the gifts of a true novelist. Her work "Miss Dixie," which is a romance of the provinces, is a bright tale told in a pleasant and captivating manner.

In the city of Vancouver, British Columbia, lives Lily Alice Lefevre, whose beautiful poem, "The Spirit of the Carnival," won the hundred-dollar prize offered by the Montreal Witness. Few of our Canadian women poets have a truer note of inspiration than Mrs. Lefevre. She writes little, but all her work bears the mark of real merit. Her volume of poems, "The Lion's Gate," recently published, is full of good things from cover to cover. Under the pen-name of "Fleurange" Mrs. Lefevre has contributed to many of the Canadian and American magazines.

Another writer on the Pacific coast is Mrs. Alfred J. Watt, best known in literary circles by her maiden name of Madge Robertson. Mrs. Watt has a facile pen in story-writing and has done some good work for several society and comic papers. She was for some time connected with the press of New York and Toronto. Her best work is done in a light and racy vein.

Far out on the prairie from the town of Regina, the capital of the Canadian North-west Territories, has recently

come a voice fresh and strong. Kate Hayes knows well how to embody in a poem something of the rough life and atmosphere found in the prairie settlements of the West. Her poem "Rough Ben" is certainly unique of its kind. Miss Hayes has also in collaboration composed a number of excellent songs.

It is not often that the poetic gift is duplicated in its bestowal in a family. This, however, has been the case with the Robertses of Fredericton, New Brunswick. The English world is well acquainted with the work of Charles G. D. Roberts, the foremost of Canadian singers; but it is not generally known that all his brothers and his sister, Elizabeth Gostwycke Roberts, share with him in the divine endowment of song. The work of Miss Roberts is both strong and artistic. True to that special attribute of feminine genius, she writes best in the subjective mood. Under the guidance and kindly criticism of her elder brother Miss Roberts has had set before her high literary ideals, and has acquired a style which has gained for her an entrance into some of the leading magazines of the day.

Perhaps the best-known woman writer to-day in Canada is E. Pauline Johnson. Miss Johnson possesses a dual gift—that of poet and reciter. She has a true genius for verse and, apart from the novelty attached to her origin in being the daughter of a Mohawk chief, possesses the most original voice heard to-day in the groves of Canadian song. She has great insight, an artistic touch and truth of impression. Her voice is far more than aboriginal—it is a voice which interprets not alone the hopes, joys, and sorrows of her race, but also the beauty and glory of nature around. Miss Johnson is on her mother's side a kinswoman of W. D. Howells, the American novelist. Her volume of poems, "The White Wampum," is indeed a valuable contribution to Canadian poetry.

A young writer whose work has attracted much attention lately is M. Amelia Fitché, of Halifax, Nova Scotia. Her novel, "Kerchiefs to Hunt Souls," has been very favourably noticed in many of the magazine reviews of the day.

Constance Fairbanks is another Halifax woman who has done some creditable literary work. Miss Fairbanks has for some years assistant editor of the Halifax Critic. Her verse is strongly imaginative. In prose Miss Fairbanks has a well-balanced style, simple and smooth.

Helen M. Merrill, of Picton, Ontario, is an impressionist. She can transcribe to paper, in prose or verse, a mood of mind or nature with a fidelity truly remarkable. Her work in poetry is singularly vital and wholesome, and has in it in abundance the promise and element of growth. She is equally happy in prose or verse, and is so conscientious in her work that little coming from her pen has about it anything weak or inartistic. Miss Merrill is a descendant of Jonathan Edwards, well-known in the colonial literature of America.

A name which bears merit in Canadian literature is that of Helen Fairbairn, of Montreal. Miss Fairbairn has not a large literary output, but the quality of her work is in every instance good. She is happiest and best in her prose sketches.

For some years past Canadian journals and magazines have contained sonnets from the pen of Ethelwyn Wetherald. These poems had a strength and finish about them which at once attracted the attention of critics and scholars. Miss Wetherald has lately collected her verse in book form, the volume bearing the title of "The House of the Trees," and it is safe to say that a collection of poems of such merit has never before been published by any Canadian woman. In subject matter and technique Miss Wetherald is equally felicitous. She is always poetic, always artistic.

Jean Blewett resides in the little town of Blenheim, Ontario, but her genius ranges abroad. Mrs. Blewett has the truest and most sympathetic touch of any Canadian woman writer of to-day. I never read the product of her pen but I feel that she has all the endowments requisite for a first-rate novelist. Her verse, which has not yet appeared in book form, is exquisite—possessing a subtle glow and depth of tenderness all its own. Mrs. Blewett's first book, "Out of the Depths," was published at the age of nineteen, and its merit was such as to gain for her a place among the brightest of our Canadian writers.

Emily McManus, of Kingston, Ontario, is a name not

unknown to Canadian readers. Her work in prose and verse is marked by naturalness and strength. Though busily engaged in her profession as a teacher, Miss McManus finds time to write some charming bits of verse for Canadian journals and magazines.

There are three Canadian women now residing out of Canada who properly belong to the land of the Maple Leaf by reason of their birth, education, and literary beginnings. These are: Mrs. Everard Cotes, of Calcutta, India, better known by her maiden name of Sara Jeannette Duncan; Helen Gregory-Flesher, of San Francisco, and Sophie Almon Hensley, of New York.

Mrs. Cotes is one of the cleverest women Canada has yet produced. She flashed across the literary sky of her native land with a splendour almost dazzling in its brightness and strength. Her first work, entitled "A Social Departure," gained for her immediate fame, and this was soon followed by a second book, "An American Girl in London." Mrs. Cotes has a happy element of humour which counts for much in writing. Since her residence in the Orient the author of "A Social Departure" has devoted herself chiefly to the writing of stories descriptive of Anglo-Indian life. One of these, "The Story of Sonny Sahib," is a charming little tale. It will be a long time indeed before the bright name of Sara Jeannette Duncan is forgotten in the literary circles of Canada.

Mrs. Flesher is perhaps one of the brightest all-round women writers that Canada has yet produced. She has had a most scholarly career. Her university courses in music and arts have placed her upon a vantage ground which she has strengthened by her own unceasing labour and industry. Mrs. Flesher is a clever critic, a clever story-writer, a clever sketcher, and a clever musician. At present she is doing work for a number of leading American magazines and editing the Search Light, a San Francisco monthly publication devoted to the advancement of woman.

Mrs. Hensley, who resides in New York, is both poet and novelist, and is regarded by competent critics as one of Canada's best sonneteers. Sincerity and truth mark all her work. When quite young Mrs. Hensley, who was then residing in the collegiate town of Windsor, Nova Scotia, submitted her productions to the criticism and approbation of her friend, Charles G. D. Roberts, and this in some measure explains the high ideal of her work. Mrs. Hensley holds kinship with Cotton Mather, the colonial writer and author. At present she is giving her time chiefly to story-writing, and is meeting with much success.

In Chicago there lives and toils a bright little woman who, though living under an alien sky, is proud to consider Canada her home. Eve Brodlique is justly regarded as one of the cleverest women writers in the West. Since her connection with the Chicago press, some five or six years ago, she has achieved a reputation which adds lustre to the work accomplished by woman in journalism. Her latest literary production is a one-act play entitled "A Training School for Lovers," which has met with much success on the stage.

The heart and brain of Canadian women have indeed been fruitful in literary achievement, but no brief article such as this can hope to do justice to its quality or its worth. The feminine gift is a distinct gift in letters—it is the gift of grace, insight, and a noble subjectivity. Take the feminine element out of literature—remove the sopranos from our groves, and how dull and flat would be the grand, sweet song of life!

There are many Canadian women writers worthy of a place in this paper whom space excludes. Yet their good work will not remain unchronicled—unheeded. Their sonnets and their songs, and their highest creations, nursed out by the gift of heart and brain, will have an abiding place in Canadian life and letters, consecrating it with all the strength and sweetness of a woman's devotion and love. The twentieth century has well-nigh opened its portals, and the wisdom of prophetic minds has enthroned it as the century of woman. Already is it recognized on all sides that the consummation—the ultimate perfection—of the race must be wrought out through the moral excellence of woman. Seeing, then, that the gift of song has its root in spiritual endowment, what poetic possibilities may we not expect from the future? May we not with confidence look to woman to embody this divinity of excellence, and crown with her voice the choral service of every land?

Public Opinion.

Halifax Chronical (Lib.): Important constitutional questions are liable to arise constantly in Canada, owing to our very peculiar constitution and it is, therefore, of the highest importance that our country should have at its service in Parliament the best trained jurists it can produce.

St. John, N.B. Gazette (Con.): The people of St. John unite in demanding that the Government of Canada immediately withdraw subsidies from all steamship lines which propose to make their termini at a foreign port. This demand is made irrespective of politics and cannot be allowed to pass by unnoted.

Montreal Gazette (Con): According to Mr. Laurier's answers to Sir Adolphe Caron, Rev. Abbe Proulx takes no official message from the Government to the Pope. It would be interesting to learn if he carries an unofficial message. There is a Gladstonian vagueness about the Premier's utterances that suggests the possibility of this.

Montreal Gazette (Con.): It is remarkable that the United States papers are showing little of their old-time sympathy with Tynan and his co-conspirators against the lives and property of Englishmen. The Chicago Haymarket bomb-throwers cast a new light throughout the United States on the crimes of dynamiters and their kind.

Victoria, B.C. Colonist (Con.): The proper way to test the sincerity of the Government on the question of prohibition is the way in which it is tested on every other question. Let Ministers make prohibition a Government question, and submit to Parliament a bill prohibiting the manufacture, importation and sale of intoxicating drinks within the territory of the Dominion.

Ottawa Citizen (Con.): In opposing the introduction of the spoils system Conservatives are actuated by no selfish motives, for from a party standpoint the dismissal of the civil servants would add to the ranks of active and energetic workers. It is in the interest of the country alone that we join with such sober-minded journals as the Montreal Witness in protesting against that system.

Toronto World (Con.): The plain facts of the case are that none of the Quebec Ministers are well-informed on tariff policy, though they come from a great manufacturing centre. Mr. Laurier is an orator by profession, Sir H. Joly is essentially a man of leisure, Mr. Fisher is a farmer, Mr. Dobell is a steamship owner, and Mr. Tarte a race specialist. Not one of them is personally qualified to proclaim a tariff policy.

Toronto Globe (Lib.): The desire to make this country free to all sorts and conditions of men springs from an excellent motive. But, looking at the matter even from the point of view of a cosmopolitan benevolence, it is doubtful whether we benefit the masses of China by allowing them to come here and gather a portion of the fruits of our civilization without assuming any of the responsibilities of citizenship.

Toronto World (Con.): It is evident the time has arrived when the Government should adopt some means for protecting the rate-payers of municipalities from dishonest and careless officials. The appointment of Government inspectors would appear to be a step in the right direction. It would be almost impossible for such defalcations as have been unearthed in Guelph and Dufferin to have occurred under a system of Government inspection.

Vancouver, B.C., World (Lib.): China is an agricultural country, with vast mineral resources and capable of an industrial development to dazzle the imagination. If the Viceroy kept his eyes open as he sped across the continent he might obtain a hint touching ways and means of performing this miracle.

To imbue the Chinese with industry and morality, open mines and build factories and railroads would be an achievement hardly less than miraculous.

Montreal Witness (Ind.): With temperance teaching in the schools and with the development of the movement against the use of alcohol in medicine, the growth of temperance opinion and practice is likely to be far more rapid in the future than it has been in the past. It is of the highest importance that our Legislature should not only be free from the influences of liquor and liquor-drinking, but should itself be a centre of prohibition influence.

Toronto Globe (Lib.): Mining investments must always be of a speculative or gambling nature, and if the impression gets abroad that those who venture their money will not get a fair chance of winning there will be

an immediate falling off in investments. There is a danger also in companies organized under the laws of some States in the American Union. Investors are not likely to inquire into the provisions of the laws under which they are organized, and may be ignorant of the risks they incur or the powers they entrust with boards of directors.

Toronto Mail and Empire (Con): It is distinctly unfortunate that the new Government cannot settle the questions the Liberals raised, and then undertook to allay, without making the Pope a party to its arrangement, whatever it may happen to be. The leaders have treated Ottawa interference in Manitoba affairs as a crime. They evidently now assume that interference by Rome is to be commended. They have condemned in strong terms the expression by bishops and priests of opinions which they have solicited. They now say that the Pope has the right to decide.

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From the Brantford Courier.

A recent addition to the Grand Trunk staff in this city is Mr. Thos. Clift, who is living at 75 Chatham street. Mr. Clift, who was formerly a policeman in the great city of London, is a fine-looking specimen of an Englishman of the type so often seen in the Grand Trunk employ and who makes so desirable a class of citizens. Since his advent here he has been a warm advocate of that well-known medicine, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and through his endorsement, dozens of boxes have been sold to his friends and acquaintances.

A Courier representative, anxious, although not surprised, to know the reason for Mr. Clift's warm eulogy of the pills, called on that gentleman recently. Mr. Clift willingly consented to an interview, and in the following story told his reason for being so sincere an advocate of a world renowned medicine. "Some five years ago," said Mr. Clift, "my daughter Lilly began to droop and fade, and became disinclined either for work or pleasure. A doctor in London was called in and he prescribed exercise and a general 'rousing up' as the best medicine to effect a cure. My daughter did her best to follow his instructions, but the forced exercise exhausted her completely, and she gradually grew worse. One night I and my wife were terribly alarmed by a cry from Lilly, and hastening to her room found her gulping up large quantities of blood. I rushed for a doctor and he did his best to stop her hemorrhage, but admitted to me that her case was very critical. She dropped away to a veritable shadow, and for weeks when I went to bid her good-bye in the morning as I went to my work I feared I might not see her alive again. This went on for a long time until one day a friend recommended my daughter to try the effect of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. She consented to do so and in a comparatively brief period a decided benefit was perceptible. She persisted with the use of the pills and gradually rose from a bed of suffering and sickness until she once again attained robust young womanhood. For the last three years she has been in excellent health. It was Pink Pills that virtually brought her from the mouth of the grave and preserved for me my only daughter. Now do you wonder why I sound their praises and recommend them at every opportunity?"

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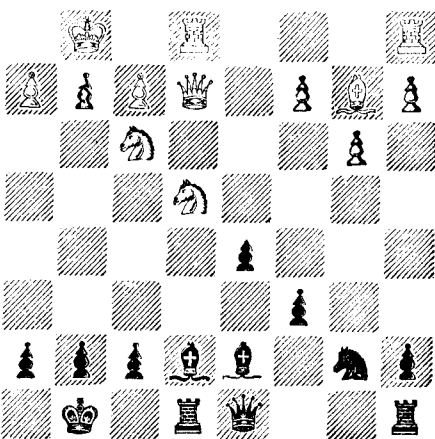
* * *

"There is practically no limit to the speed that can be attained on a railroad," said Edison, in a recent interview. "It is wrong to assume that there is. The only limit there could be would be the point at which the engine and cars break up or fly to pieces. I think that great speed will finally be attained, and it will be when we are able to obtain electricity direct from coal. The discovery of a way of converting coal directly into electricity will be the turning point of all our methods of propulsion."

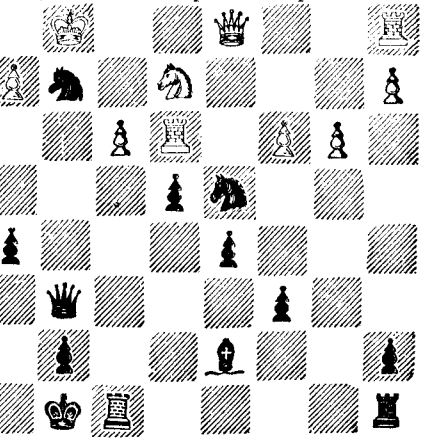
Chess.

The champion gives Ray Lopez a bad mark in the first round at Nuremberg:—

Forges	Lasker	Game 753	
1 P K4	P K4	BD	GE
2 Kt KB3	Kt QB3	SM	rx
3 B Kt5	Kt f3	Jo	ZP
3... P QR3, 4BR4, Rf B3, etc.			
4 P Q3, Kt K2, 5 Kt xP, P B3, 6 Kt B4, P Q4			
4 Castle	Kt xP	AS	P1)
5 P Q4	B K2	24	RG
6 Q K2	Kt Q3	1B	D6
7 B xKt	Kt1 xB	ox	qx
8 P xP	Kt Kt2	4E	6q
9 better than Kt move			
9 P QKt3	Castle	km	HZ
10 considered strong			
10 B Kt2	P Q4	sk	75
11 P xP, ep	P xP	E6	y6
12 Kt B3 prevents Q Q2			
12 Q Kt Q2	R K1	j2	RH
13 KR K1	B Q2	JA	z7
14 Kt Q4 seems preferable			
14 Kt K4	P Q4	2D	65



15 (Kt B3, B QR6) Kt Kt3, B QKt5			
15 QKt Q2	B QR6	D2	Gc
15... forms formidable pawn position			
16 B K5	P B3	kE	QP
17 saves the piece			
17 Q R6	P xB	Bf	PE
17... splendid game for black			
18 Q xB	P K5	fc	ED
19 Kt Q4	Q B3	M4	8P
19... everything in place			
20 Kt K2 not so bad			
20 P QB3	R KR1	tu	HR
21 R KB1, Q Kt4, 22 Q Kt2, B R6			
21 P B3	Q Kt4	KM	PW
22 R KB1, P B4, 23 Q R6, Kt Q1, 24 Q Q6, P xKt			
22 Q B1	Kt B4	cs	qw
23 Kt B1	Q Kt3	2J	WX
24 R K3	Kt Q6	AC	w3
25 Q Q2, P QB4, 26 Kt K2, R xP			
25 Q Q1	Kt B5	s1	3N
25... preparing for 27th move			
26 Kt Kt3	P KR4	JU	7755
26... leaving no loop-hole			
27 overlooking intended reply			
27 QKt K2	Kt xP	4B	NT
27... a gem to the finish			



4p3, 2p2, pppbb1np, 1k1rq2r)			
28 K xKt	P xP ch	ST	DM†
29 R xP	B R6 ch	CM	733†
30 K B2, P R5 wins the game			
30 K xB	Q Kt5 ch	T33	XV†
31 K Kt2, Q xR ch, 32 K K1, P R5, 33 Kt R1, Q K6 ch			
34 K Kt2, P mates			

Continuation Game 752, held over, 33 QxR, R B1, 34 Q K1, PR6, 35 PxP, RKtch, 36 Kt2, P K5, 37 Q K4, B Kt3, 38 K B3, P R6, 39 Q xP, R x1, 40 Q B5, R K3, 41 Q B7, K K2, 42 K B4, P Kt3, 43 P R4, R Q3, 44 Q K6, etc.

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Literary and Personal.

Mr. Frank Yeigh had a paper on "Bismarck" in the last number of the Interior.

Bill Nye's last book, "The Comic History of England," is about to come from the Lip-pincott press.

Since his retirement from politics the Hon. David Mills has taken to wooing the muse. In a recent issue of the Globe he had some verses entitled "Evening Twilight on the Hills"

Sir Charles Hibbert Tupper has a paper in the current National Review entitled, "Crocodile Tears and Fur Seals," in which he tells some wholesome truths in unmistakably plain language.

Mr. S. E. Bruce, who was a candidate for the Presidency of the Toronto Young Liberal Association, has withdrawn from the contest, and Mr. George Ross, B.A., is now the only candidate in the field.

Mrs. Ruth McEnery Stuart has gathered into book form her stories of the life of "Sonny," familiar to the readers of The Century. Several of the stories in the book which The Century Co will publish in October have not been printed in the magazines.

Among books to be published at an early day by The Macmillan Company is "The Education of the Central Nervous System: A Study of Foundations," by Reuben Post Halleck, M.A. of the Male High School, Louisville, Ky., author of "Psychology and Physic Culture," etc.

The Century Company will publish in October a book entitled "Quotations for Occasions," a collection of about fifteen hundred clever and appropriate quotations from Shakespeare and many other writers, intended for use on dinner menus, invitations, concert programmes, etc.

Dr. P. H. Bryce, Secretary of the Ontario Provincial Board of Health, was elected First Vice-President of the American Public Health Association at its recent meeting. Toronto was selected as the next place of meeting of the Association and Dr. Bryce will very likely be its next president.

The life and works of Jean Paul Frederick Richter are the best refutation of the French Jesuit's famous *mot*: "Can a German have wit (*esprit*)?" "No man, except the unapproachable Shakespeare, ever lived who combined more intense pathos and earnestness with the richest wit and humour. Nothing, not even semi starvation, could dry up the ever gushing fountain of fun in Richter's large and loving heart."

The Boston Literary World says: And now Dr. Cunningham Geikie, undismayed by the failures which strew the path, has essayed another piece of Biblical fiction, and in a new book entitled "Ben Ami," has sought to work the story of Lazarus of Bethany into a romance. If anybody can do that sort of thing with less offence than anybody else it ought to be such a student and master of the pen as Dr. Geikie, but we shall see what we shall see when we get the book, and in the meantime we do cry, Beware!

The Baker & Taylor Company announce for immediate publication "The Regicides, A Tale of Early Colonial Times," by Frederick Hull Cogswell, a story of Puritan New England, dealing largely with actual historical characters and events, the action centring in the flight and pursuit of Generals Whalley and Goffe, signers of the death-warrant of Charles the First; "The Colonial Parson of New England," by Frank S. Child, an interesting, humorous and sympathetic study of one of the most entertaining figures in the life and history of New England; and "A Daily Thought for a Daily Endeavour," compiled by Eleanor Amerman Sutphen and Eliza Polhemus Sutphen. A book suggesting the richness of our literature in inspiring thought, and the compilers' taste in its selection and assignment to appropriate days.

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A special laboratory for the study of diphtheria under the direction of Prof. Flugge has been opened in connection with the laboratory of hygiene in the University of Breslau.

A French experimenter, Camille Dareste, has found that the germ in the hen's egg is not destroyed by an electric current that would kill an adult fowl, but that the germ is so modified in most cases that a monstrosity will be hatched.

A well-known medical authority says, in a recent work, that cheese should be eaten at least once a day. "It is the most valuable animal food obtainable," he says, "from two to three times as nutritious as the same money value of ordinary meat."

The belief that the shallower parts of the bottom of the Eastern Atlantic are parts of a submerged continent once joined to the American mainland seems to be growing. A writer in The Westminster Review says that the scientific evidence in support of Plato's story of a lost Atlantis has recently multiplied a hundredfold.

Sir Henry Thompson says that "few children like that part of the meal which consists of meat, but prefer the pudding, the fruit, the vegetables, if well dressed, which, unhappily, is not often the case. Many children manifest great repugnance to meat at first, and are coaxed and even scolded by anxious mothers until the habit of eating it is acquired. I am satisfied that if the children followed their own instinct in this matter, the result would be a gain in more ways than one. Certainly if meat did not appear in the nursery until the children sent for it, it would be rarely seen there, and the young ones would, as a rule, thrive better on milk and eggs, with the varied produce of the vegetable kingdom."

Ice from electricity was one of several promises recently extended by one of the electric companies in the United States to a number of specially invited guests. Electric heating and cooking, electric forging and piano playing were all down on the list of attractions offered, but the making of ice in an electrical way seemed likely to be of pre-eminent interest. True, it was, after all, the regular matter-of-fact process, carried out with one of the well-known makes of ammonia compressing machines, but the latter, instead of being driven by a steam engine in the usual way, was connected with an electric motor which furnished the necessary power. It simply afforded another illustration of the rapidly extending field of electric motor applications, and certainly demonstrated the making of ice by electricity, though somewhat differently than may have been expected by those who attended the exhibition.

"From the Tagliche Rundschau," says The Medical News, "we learn of a practical use of photography in the detection of crime that is novel and ingenious. The murder of a woman was traced to one of two men—her husband and a neighbour. Each had hairs upon his clothes. Dr. Jeserich, 'the inventor of criminal photography,' photographed the clothes of the suspected men, and the cameras disclosed the fact that the hairs on the husband's clothes were from his wife's head, while the other prisoner had hairs from his own head on his clothing. The same scientist has shown that the differences in inks used in writing and in altering a document can be shown clearly in a photograph of the document. Even on surfaces from which, to the eye, all trace of writing has been erased, the camera reveals legible characters; and the forger or thief fails of his purpose of irrevocably destroying the original purport of the document with which he tampers. Were all possible agencies known to science used by scientists in the detection of crime, these would be 'troubled times' for malefactors."

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J. A. Siddall. Room 42 The Janes Building, 75 Yonge Street
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The Home Savings and Loan Company, Limited, 78 Church Street.
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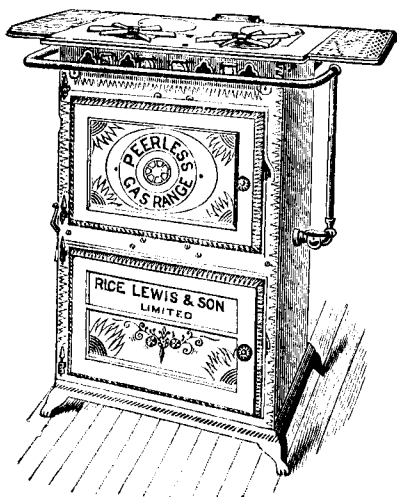
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