

This Number Contains: "Professor Clark Murray on Mr. Carnegie's 'High Politics,'" by Principal Grant; "Democracy and Education," by Ernest Heaton, B.A.; and "A Plea for the Village Green."

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THE WEEK.

Vol. XII.

Toronto, Friday, August 16th, 1895.

No. 38.

Contents.

	PAGE.
CURRENT TOPICS.....	891
LEADERS—	
Canada and Australia.....	893
Peace Arbitration.....	893
The Day of Rest.....	894
CONTRIBUTED ARTICLES—	
Professor Clark Murray on Mr. Carnegie's "High Politics".....	894
<i>Principal G. M. Grant, D.D.</i>	895
A Plea for the Village Green.....	895
Democracy and Education.....	895
Nile Vignettes: V. Luxor.....	898
Jottings from a Library. II.....	899
Parisian Affairs.....	900
Montreal Affairs.....	902
At Street Corners.....	902
POETRY—	
On a Dead Cockatoo.....	900
BOOKS—	
Recent Fiction.....	903
The Friendship of Nature.....	904
Colin Campbell, Lord Clyde.....	904
The Ethics of the Old Testament.....	904
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR—	
Judge Prowse's History of Newfoundland.....	905
The Cabot Landfall Question.....	905

Current Topics.

Unity of the Empire.

It is quite natural that there should be a great deal of rejoicing in Canada over the splendid achievements at Bisley of Private Hayhurst, and in that rejoicing THE WEEK is in thorough sympathy. The welcome accorded to the modest young soldier was virtually national in its extent, and sincere as it was wide. But it is not all jubilation. It is something more than this. The event and the enthusiasm which it has aroused shows plainly that the unity of the Empire is no mere empty phrase but a living reality. As the Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario remarked in his excellent speech at the Armoury on Tuesday, the eyes of the whole British Empire are upon Canada owing to this victory, and it is pleasing to know that in Bisley, where the picked riflemen of the Empire were assembled, the greatest enthusiasm prevailed when they knew that the Queen's prize went to Canada. It makes our hearts go out toward the Mother Country, and shows that we are all kith and kin.

The Re-Election of Mr. Gully.

The re-election of Mr. Gully without opposition to the speakership of the British Commons is not more a tribute to the courtesy and impartiality which have won for him golden opinions during his short term of service under the previous administration, than a proof of the regard for the best traditions of Parliament which is still conspicuous when important occasions specially demand it. Had the leaders of the Government carried out the threats which were made at the time of Mr. Gully's election, and echoes of which have been heard since the battle, they would have gained a small party triumph, and conferred distinction and emolument upon a party adherent, at the cost of having created a precedent which would very likely have been followed by their opponents, on their next return to power, and would have made the highest dignity in the gift of Parliament henceforth one of the spoils of victory at the polls. Second thoughts were this time unquestionably better. Nor could anything more effectually strengthen a Speaker in his determination to strive after the strictest and most absolute impartiality than the fact that he is thus entrusted with the government of debates and the decision of the most delicate questions by

the choice and vote of those who were, until very recently, his political opponents. The soul would be small and base indeed which would not respond to the appeal to its assumed nobility involved in such a tribute.

England and Turkey.

A despatch from Sofia, in the London *Times* of Tuesday last, says that the Sultan of Turkey is firmly resolved not to admit the principal of foreign control in Armenian affairs. Probably there are very few friends of Armenia in England who are not as firmly convinced that nothing short of the principle and application of foreign control can avail to save the wretched Armenian Christians from periodical repetitions of the unspeakable horrors of outrage and massacre of which so many were recently the victims, or from what is perhaps still worse, the perpetual injustice, tyranny, and terror with which the very atmosphere in which they live seems charged. Which, then, shall it be, foreign control or abandonment of Armenians to their fate? This is, probably, the simple question which Lord Salisbury will have to answer in distinct tones before many days. The futility of reliance on Turkish promises has been more than sufficiently demonstrated. Mr. Gladstone's strong words have evidently found such a response in the heart of the nation as may be accepted by the new Government as warrant and pledge of support in any measures, however determined, they may find necessary to reach the end—the peace and security of the people who have been so long and so foully persecuted. As yet Lord Salisbury has made no sign, but however reluctant he may be to enter upon a course of active interference, whose end it is impossible to foresee, he can hardly ignore either the solemn treaty obligations which bind the Kingdom or the aroused and outspoken sentiment of the nation. If the Turk is to retain an ill-merited place among the civilized peoples of the world he must be taught to observe at least the external decencies of civilization. It should surely be proved to be in the best interests of all concerned, the Turk included—for Mr. Gladstone is undoubtedly right in declaring himself and those who agree with him Turkey's best friends—that events have placed Great Britain foremost among those whose duty it is to do the teaching.

Remedial Legislation Impracticable.

If the somewhat bumptious article which appeared in the *Winnipeg Tribune* a week or two ago, touching the new communication which the Dominion Government, in accordance with purpose expressed in Parliament, has had or is about to have with the Manitoba Government, touching the School Question, may be accepted as the voice of the Manitoba Government, it must have already dispelled any hope that Sir Mackenzie Bowell or any of his supporters or opponents may have cherished of an amicable settlement of this vexatious question. In making the unconditional withdrawal of the Remedial order the *sine qua non* of any negotiations looking to a peaceful arrangement, the Greenway Administration will be regarded on all hands as having shut the door in the face of the policy on the strength of which the Dominion Ministry prorogued Parliament, without attempting to carry out its avowed purpose of coercion. Having committed

itself by the issuance of the order, the Federal Government cannot now, save at great loss of dignity and prestige, withdraw that order without at least a distinct promise or accepted condition of some kind. In the absence of such concession nothing then remains save to summon the proposed session at the proper time and go on to enact and enforce the promised Remedial Legislation. But it has now been made abundantly clear that the people of the English-speaking Provinces will not give their consent, much less their approval, to any such legislation. The heartiness and almost complete unanimity with which the determination of the thirty-nine or forty supporters of the Administration in the Commons has been endorsed by the representative assemblies of the various Protestant denominations in Ontario, as well as by the Orange and other semi-political organizations, puts that beyond reasonable question. It is almost equally certain that even could a Parliamentary majority be had for the passing of a coercive act, it could never be put in successful operation, in the face of the determined resistance which the Province would be certain to offer. It now seems pretty clear that in the end the appeal of the minority will have to be to the sense of justice, or to the generosity, of the Manitoba majority. Perhaps it would have been better had the appeal been taken to this court in the first instance.

A Curious Case.

The letter which has been received by the Mayor of Toronto from the legal firm of Fletcher & Beaumont, demanding, on behalf of a client, a proper undertaking that the city will not in the future receive as payment for taxes any further sum of money from Jarvis Street Baptist Church, or any other place of worship exempt by law from taxation, opens up an interesting question. That a city should be prevented by legal injunction from accepting a sum of money offered and pressed upon its acceptance by the voluntary action of a church which conscientiously believes itself to be thereby discharging a just obligation, and performing a simple act of honest citizenship, would, indeed, be something new under the sun. It is to be hoped that the question may come before the courts for decision as a test case. The ground upon which the threatened action is to be based is, as we understand it, not simply the want of legal authorization on the part of the city officials to receive the money, but the lack of fair consideration given to the church in return. The ground of defence would, therefore, naturally be that such consideration is given and that the money is but a fair return therefor. This would, probably, raise the general question whether such consideration is not given to all the churches and religious institutions of the city, in the shape of streets and sidewalks, lighting, water privileges (aside, of course, from the small water-tax ordinarily imposed,) etc., police protection, and, above all, the exclusive use of a valuable property in the heart of the city. The further question might also be raised, whether the exemption of churches from taxation does not, in reality, operate very unfairly and unjustly in favour of those churches which hold large and very valuable properties free from any share of the common burdens of civic property. By all means let the question be argued.

A Modern Indian Massacre.

Considerable excitement and alarm were caused at Washington and other places in the United States, a week or two since, by the rumour that the Bannocks, a small body of uncivilized Indians had invaded Wyoming, and that the people of Jackson's Hole, in particular, in that State, were in imminent danger of being massacred. Troops were hurried forward, but when they reached the scene of the alarm they found

everything peaceable. [The Bannocks were returning to their reservation, which they had left, as they believed they had a perfect right to do, on a hunting expedition in territory which they regard as unoccupied, and so open to their hunting expeditions, but which, as far as we can gather, is claimed by cow-boys or other settlers as occupied. The Indians were hunting, it appears, during a season which is pronounced close by the laws of Wyoming. In this country, and we should hope in the United States, Indians who live by hunting are excepted from the operation of local restrictions, as indeed they must be, if they are not to be shut up to absolute starvation. At any rate, the Indians had been guilty of no massacre, and of no outrage or offence of any kind save the violation of the game laws of the State, an offence for which a fine of a few dollars would have been the penalty in the case of a white man. For this crime, which they, no doubt, regarded as the exercise of a treaty right, they were apprehended, disarmed, and each Indian compelled to ride between two soldiers. The soldiers, according to their own showing, were instructed, in case any of their prisoners attempted to escape, to shoot down their horses. As a matter of fact, some of them did, it appears, attempt to escape, and the troops shot them down, killing some and wounding some, but spared their horses. This is the story of the massacre, as derived from white narrators. There was, indeed, it will be seen, a massacre, but it was a massacre of unarmed Bannocks by armed whites. Such is American civilization, or, more justly let us say, such is one phase of it, in the Great Republic in the closing years of the nineteenth century.]

Civic Electric Lighting.

The question of direct ownership and control of electric lighting, street railways, and similar services which are, in their nature, monopolies, is *sub judice*. Some interesting experiments now being tried in certain American cities are well worth observation and study by intelligent citizens everywhere. Chicago owns an electric-lighting plant and is said to manufacture its light for municipal use at a reasonable cost, although, owing to a Legislative restriction which seems tyrannical and absurd, it is not permitted to supply light for private citizens. The chief of the department says that if this restriction were removed it could reduce the cost of lighting for its citizens to one-half the present figures. An agitation has now, we believe, been begun for the purpose of so changing the law as to permit the corporation to do this. But the most interesting method of operation is that which is being tried in the city of Springfield, Ill. This city was being charged \$138 per year for each lamp. Its debt being already up to the limit permitted by law, it could not find the capital to establish a civic lighting plant. In this emergency some of its patriotic citizens have come to the rescue. Sixty of these have loaned their credit to the city for the erection of a municipal plant. This has been leased to two electricians for five years, on a contract under which the city is to be supplied with light for \$60 a lamp, per annum, considerably less than one-half the former rate. "The city," says the paper from which we take the information, "will make appropriations for lighting at \$113 per lamp, and the difference will be turned into a sinking fund which will extinguish the debt in five years; then the city will run the plant itself. In this way, without spending a dollar, and, on the contrary, saving \$25 a year on each lamp, the city will, in five years, become the owner of its electric lighting plant." Thereafter it will, if the Legislature will permit, supply light for business houses and private citizens.

Canada and Australia.

THE *Scottish Review* for July contains a valuable paper by Dr. Bourinot, on "The Canadian Dominion and Proposed Australian 'Commonwealth.'" His object is to show "some of the sources of the strength of the Canadian federal constitution as well as those elements of weakness which are inherent in every federal union, however carefully devised." The article has undoubted interest not only for Australasians who are "hauling in the way of Federation"—especially as it includes a criticism of some features of the constitution of the proposed "commonwealth"—but also for Englishmen "anxious to study the evidences of colonial development throughout the Empire." Dr. Bourinot remarks with some surprise that in the draft of the Bill of Federation Australian statesmen show decidedly some tendencies toward the institutions of the United States. When we find the term "commonwealth" proposed for the Australian Federation, "States" instead of "Provinces," "House of Representatives" instead of "House of Commons," "Executive Council" instead of "Privy Council," we may well wonder with Dr. Bourinot "why the Australians, nearly all English by birth, origin, and aspiration, should have departed from the precedents established by Canada, only partly English, with the view of carving ancient English historic names on the very front of their political structure." In leaving to the "States" the right of appointing or electing their Governors—not Lieutenant-Governors simply as in the Canadian Provinces—we see also the desire to follow the methods of the American Republic; and there is some reason in Dr. Bourinot's fear that "when once the Commonwealth is in operation it will not be long before the heads of the executive authority will be chosen by popular vote, and we shall see the commencement of an extension of the democratic elective principle to all State, administrative, executive, and even judicial officers, now appointed by the crown, under the advice of a ministry responsible to Parliament for every appointment and other act of administrative and executive authority." It is assuredly an encouraging fact that the Canadian people "despite their neighbourhood to a great and prosperous federal commonwealth, should not, even in the most critical and gloomy periods of their history, have shown any disposition to mould their institutions directly on those of the United States and in that way lay the foundations for future political union." Dr. Bourinot justly thinks, however, that "the projected Australian federation is fortunate in not having intensified differences of race and religion to contend with." Its proposed constitution "leaves all educational and purely local matters to the exclusive jurisdiction of the 'States,' and does not make provision for the exercise of that delicate power of Remedial Legislation which is given to the Canadian Parliament to meet undoubted conditions of injustice to creed or nationality." Dr. Bourinot, as in all his writings, dwells on the necessity in a federal system of obeying the decisions of the courts wherever constitutional issues are involved. "Canadians are satisfied," he says in conclusion, "that the peace and security of the whole Dominion do not depend more on the ability and patriotism of statesmen in the legislative halls than on that principle of the constitution which places the judiciary in an exalted position among all the other authorities of government and makes law, as far as possible, the arbitrator of their constitutional conflicts." All political systems, he says with obvious force, "are very imperfect at the best. Legislatures are constantly subject to currents of popular prejudice and passion, statesmanship is too often weak and fluctuating, incapable of appreciating the true tendency of events, and too ready to yield to the

force of present circumstances and to dictates of expediency; but *law*, as worked out on British principles in all the dependencies of the empire and countries of British origin—as understood by Marshall, Story and Kent, and other great masters of constitutional and legal learning,—gives the best possible guarantee for the security of institutions in a country of popular government."

* * *
Peace Arbitration.

THE International Conference of Peace Arbitration, which is now in session at Belgium, represents one of the greatest moral movements of this age, or indeed of any age. Could the end aimed at by the promoters of this movement, in all its various forms, be gained, the effect upon the future of the world would be farther reaching and effect a greater moral revolution than any other which is within the power of conception. Yet its promoters are not, as a rule, visionaries. Many of them are able, sensible, practical men, influential in the councils of the nations which they respectively represent. The accomplishment of their great object, the universal substitution of arbitration for war, in the settlement of all disputes among civilized, or even among professedly Christian nations, would change the whole future history of the world. It could work to the detriment of no people who seek only what is just and right. Only those which hope to gain at the expense of others by virtue of superior strength, or wealth, or military prowess, could reasonably object to submit questions affecting their rights to the arbitrament of a tribunal chosen from among the wisest and most high-minded men of different nations. The very fact of unwillingness to do so would argue unjust aims and ambitions, unless it could be shewn that the particular nation concerned had some good reasons for suspecting that it would not receive just and impartial dealing at the hands of such a tribunal.

The fact that no less than fourteen different peoples are represented at the present conference affords in itself a ground for hope. It seems to indicate progress. This is not wonderful. There must be, in every nation, a large and increasing number who are heartily tired of the great burdens and hardships under which the nations are groaning in consequence of the tremendous cost of maintaining and continually increasing the enormous and enormously expensive armaments which are the condition of keeping a place in the ranks of the "Powers," under present circumstances. Apart from the overweening and unrighteous ambition to gain advantage or supremacy, at the expense of other nations, or the fear of suffering injustice in consequence of some real or fancied prejudice or ill-will felt by more than one of those nations, it is, as we have intimated, difficult to conceive any reasonable motive which any nation could have for objection to the substitution of arbitration for war, could the substitution be made universal. It is conceivable, of course, that certain rulers, more or less absolute in their ideas and methods, may find in the discipline of the army, and the stimulation of the war-spirit, which a great armament always makes possible, a means of holding their people in subjection, for which it would be hard to devise a substitute. But with all right-minded statesmen, such a consideration would but furnish an additional and strong argument for the abolition of great armies. Still more would it be so regarded by the people themselves. And it is manifestly the people who are in the future to do most of the governing in every enlightened land. Emphasis may be given to this last remark by the fact that the British delegates to the Belgium convention include Mr. William Randal Cremer, M.P., first secretary of the International Workingmen's

Association, and editor of the Association's organ, *The Arbitrator*. This fact is very suggestive.

The proceedings of the Convention will be watched with much interest by many of the best friends of humanity in every nation. A concerted movement of this kind seems to us much more hopeful than any effort to bring about a treaty of arbitration between two single nations, such as the proposal for such a treaty between France and the United States, which is just now attracting some attention. Such an arrangement, made and carried out in mutual good faith, might be a grand thing in itself, and would be a distinct advance in the direction of a universal agreement. But then the motives of the two nations would always be open to suspicion, and it is undeniable that the tendency of such a treaty to lapse into an alliance would always be strong, and, under certain circumstances easily imagined, might become irresistible. Witness the fact that influential American newspapers, among them some of a religious character, which express themselves in favour of such a treaty with France, are decidedly opposed to a similar one with Great Britain.

To be able to believe that the world is yearly drawing nearer to the age of universal disarmament and international tribunals for the settlement of the international difficulties would be to be able to answer affirmatively and confidently the question, "Is the world growing better?"

* * *

The Day of Rest.

THE Seventh-Day Adventists are a small sect whose members hold themselves bound to keep holy the Seventh Day, our Saturday, according to the divine law which they claim is still in force. These people have, of course, in a free country, a perfect right to their own conscientious opinions touching a question of Scripture interpretation. They have also a perfect right to carry out those opinions by observing the Seventh Day of the week, instead of the First, as their Sabbath. We have not heard that in any State or Province of English-speaking America has any one attempted or desired to interfere with the free promulgation and practice of these beliefs. But it appears that the Adventists, or some of them, go a good deal further and claim that the same command, "Six days shalt thou labour," etc., which forbids them to work on Saturday, commands them to do so on every other day, and so, of course, on Sunday. In several cases in some of the States, and now in one case at least in Ontario, these people have been prosecuted and punished for persisting in working in the fields in open violation of the Sunday laws of the State or Province. Hence an outcry against what is called "Religious Persecution" has been raised, and not only members of their own body but representatives of other religious denominations are denouncing the enforcement of the Sunday laws against them, and sympathizing with them as suffering persecution for conscience' sake. The case is somewhat perplexing. It may be easy to demonstrate the folly of their assumption that in observing Saturday as a day of rest they are keeping sacred the exact twenty-four hours set apart by the law of Moses. But that has really nothing to do with the case. It is a matter for their own judgments and consciences. The principle involved seems to us to be just this. If and so far as work on Sunday is forbidden and punished on religious grounds, the State is interfering with men's relations to God, which are matters for their own consciences and quite outside of and above the sphere of human governments. But it will generally be conceded, and is, we hold, scientifically demonstrable, that the enforcement of a weekly day of rest is absolutely necessary to the physical and moral well-being of the citizens of every State. In order to the enjoyment of such rest by the whole

people it is indispensable that the same day be observed by all. No one can doubt that Sunday is the day which suits best the interests and convenience of an immense majority and is therefore indicated as the proper day to be set apart by the State as the Day of Rest. It is, no doubt, a serious inconvenience and loss to those who feel conscientiously bound to keep holy the Seventh Day, to be compelled to abstain from work on the First Day also, but is it not a duty they owe as good citizens to the community, to submit to the sacrifice? The sole practical question, to our thinking, is whether it is practicable to make an exception in the enforcement of reasonable Rest-Day laws in favour of those who may solemnly declare that they have conscientious objections to abstaining from work on Sunday. If this can be done—we do not say that it can—without serious interference with the general enforcement of the Sunday laws in the case of other citizens, it might be well to make the exception—absurd though the conscientious scruple may seem to others.

But if, in order to meet these scruples on the part of a few, the health and welfare of the whole people, or of a large number of them, are to be made to suffer by the want of a periodical day of rest, one can hardly avoid the query whether it is not a questionable kind of religion which would thus sacrifice the good of the many to the peculiar notions of the few.

* * *

Professor Clark Murray on Mr. Carnegie's "High Politics."

THE *Open Court* of July 11th is almost entirely given up to a Canadian view of that U.S. attitude towards Canada, which Mr. Carnegie and Senator Lodge authoritatively announced in *The Forum* of last March. Those gentlemen are shining lights of the Republican party; and as that party will sway the next Congress and probably seat its candidate on the Presidential throne at the next election, it is well for us to know the true mind of its leaders, and it is well for the people of the United States to consider the real meaning and the probable outcome of its policy, as far as a friendly neighbour is concerned. No one in Canada is better fitted to discuss such a subject, in wise and temperate fashion, than Professor Murray, because he has consistently maintained his Free Trade position in a city like Montreal—largely given over to Protection, because of his life-long friendship for the United States, and because of his philosophic spirit and sympathy for modern as distinguished from military civilization. His rejoinder gives "the other side," in a tone, too, in marked contrast to that of the articles discussed. The only wonder is that his side was not presented to the world in *The Forum*. A forum is supposed to be a place where both sides are heard; and when two strident voices declare it to be the solemn duty of the United States to aim at separating Canada from Britain and annexing her to the States, and that the best means of effecting the end is by a hostile tariff directed against Canada, surely one philosopher might be allowed to ask the pertinent question, "Can Canada be coerced into the Union?" If Professor Murray's article was sent to *The Forum*, but not accepted, we have another indication of the extraordinary bias, entertained in some influential quarters, against Canada, simply because she desires to live her own life—a bias which twists the journalistic as well as the commercial and the political mind. If, however, the article was sent originally to *The Open Court*, it can only be regretted that many of those who read Messrs. Carnegie and Lodge are not likely to read the rejoinder, and it may be hoped that *The Forum* will see the propriety of asking some qualified person to give the Canadian view of the subject, in justice to its readers as well as to the grave practical issues involved.

"Come now and let us reason together," Professor Murray calmly says to the two exponents of the Republican policy. He asks them two questions: (1) whether the present position of Canada justifies their fears that Canada may be called on, at the dictation of Britain, to make war upon the United States; (2) whether the policy of coercion by a hostile tariff which they advocate, on political grounds, presents any reasonable probability of being successful? His answers to both questions ought to convince reasonable people, and—though we know what happens to those "convinced against their will"—there are enough reasonable men

in America to make any party pause before entering on a causeless and wicked policy—one, too, which would certainly be resultless, as regards the ends aimed at, though productive of evil results in rich abundance.

(1) With regard to the first question, we can only be astonished that there should be any occasion for putting it, even in a hypothetical way. It is not simply that there are five millions of people on one side of the line and sixty-five millions on the other side, a relative strength that ensures our peacefulness, but that even the veriest tyro should know by this time the real attitude of the British Empire towards the United States. That attitude is now as fixed as the pillars of Hercules, and it has all the repose and conscious strength of the navy, who said of the railings and the broomstickings of his wife, "It pleases her and it don't hurt I." The tone may have in it a tinge of contempt, but that is unavoidable, as long as the poor woman takes her pleasure in so crude a fashion. There is not a British statesman on either side, of the first, second, or third rank, whose mind is not made up on the point that a war with the United States would be such an outrage on the facts of past and present, and on the hopes of the future, that it would be his duty to risk misconception all round and retire into private life, rather than consent to it; that the Mother Country ought to be patient, to the point of humiliation, and to suffer loss indefinitely, rather than break with her own children; and that nothing but actual invasion of her territory on land or sea, or something equally outrageous, would warrant a declaration of war from Great Britain. It is therefore manifest that our connection with the Empire is in the interest of peace. If we stood alone, there are half a dozen subjects, anyone of which would likely lead to friction, irritation, and possible attempts at conquest, attempts which would be ruinous to the American political party which tried them, and which would sow seeds of hatred in the Canadian mind, sure to prevent that moral unification to which we all look forward. For instance, the memories of the war of 1812-15 do more than anything else, to this day, to separate Canada from the United States. Professor Murray is therefore undoubtedly right when he says that the connection of Canada with Great Britain, instead of being a menace to the peace of the United States, is a far stronger safeguard against any hostile collision between the two countries, than could possibly be secured by independence."

But it is the fact that Britain is "monarchical" which makes her so terrible as well as odious in Mr. Carnegie's eyes. Canada owes "allegiance to a foreign power founded on monarchical institutions"! The word monarchical is as accursed in itself, as the word Mesopotamia is blessed. It is certainly true that the empire has in its monarch a fixed symbol of the unity and continuity of the national life; and Mr. Carnegie has evidently much the same idea as Mr. Pogram had of the powers of Queen Victoria and of the barbarous way in which she exercises them. He trembles as he thinks of the torture chambers beneath the drawing room of Windsor Castle, and he thanks God that he is in a free country where—surrounded by hundreds of hired Pinkerton men—he can bid defiance to her Beef-eaters. Were his emotions sincere it would be right to point out to him that Britain—under monarchical forms—is more truly Republican than the United States; that Britain has been the home and bulwark of freedom for as many centuries as the Republic has seen decades; that the House of Commons is based on a suffrage as wide as that on which Congress rests; that the House of Lords cannot dictate the tariff to be adopted as the Senate can and does; and that the mind of the British people finds expression almost weekly, not only indirectly through the press, but directly—whenever any one of the 670 members of the House of Commons dies or resigns, and that this expression has to be noted by the Government of the day. It is unnecessary, however, to point out these and other facts. They are as well known to Mr. Carnegie as to the readers of THE WEEK. But he imagines that they are not known to millions of his countrymen, and in that imagination he is perfectly correct. He, therefore, shakes the red rag "monarchical," hoping thereby to turn away the rage of the monster which is beginning to eye him doubtfully, to the more congenial object of an aggressive and monarchical Canada. He is a shrewd politician, but he is playing a game in which it is well for him that he cannot succeed, for success would be infamy.

(2) The answer to the second question can be given by history or common sense, as positively as concerning anything in the future. Even granting that the industrial life of Canada could be paralyzed by the United States raising its tariff wall against us to a greater height than ever Major McKinley dreamed, could or would Canada be thereby coerced to separate from Britain? Anyone who knows human nature will answer that the result would be the very opposite. Of course we do not really grant that our commercial and industrial life is at the mercy of the United States. Our frontier marches with hers for thousands of miles. She has a greater wealth of natural resources than any other other country, China alone excepted. Her people are born traders. In a commercial war, as in every war, both parties to the folly suffer. We have suffered in the past, we are suffering now, because of her belated Protectionism, whether that is the result of what she considers commercial wisdom or what Mr. Carnegie considers "high politics." We have suffered even more, because in our selfishness we have paid her the foolish compliment of a sickly imitation. But, if a new glacial epoch covered the whole Republic from the Lakes to the Gulf of Mexico with an ice-cap hundreds of feet thick, Canada left by nature in her present state could live and live well. But Professor Murray properly looks at the case from the worst possible point of view, and he shows what would be the immediate and the ultimate results of the hostile action proposed.

"It is," he says, "a matter of serious concern with many Canadians that the Provinces of their Dominion are so divided, not only by geographical situation, but by racial, linguistic, and religious differences, that it is difficult to evoke or sustain among them a sentiment of national union. Is it not just possible that the storm of indignation, stirred by a deliberate attempt at foreign coercion, might fan the national sentiment, smouldering in the heart of Young Canada, into a fierce white heat, such as would fuse all differences into one resolute will: 'We may differ in opinion as to what the future of our country should be, but there is one point on which we are all agreed: our future, whatever it is to be, shall be decided by our own free election; it shall not be forced upon us by the dictation of a foreign power.' And there is no genuine American who would not generously acknowledge, that the Canadians resisting coercion, not the politicians adopting it, were the true representatives of the spirit that animated the heroes of the Revolution. Of course Mr. Carnegie may question whether there is a sufficient number of heroic natures in Canada to accept the poverty inflicted by his policy in preference to national humiliation. On that I hazard no rash assertion. But men have often, before this, preferred poverty with honour to riches with disgrace; and they can do it again. The advocates of coercion must therefore calculate on the possibility of being confronted with a competent number of ardent leaders in Canada, who would refuse to sell their birthright as free men for any mess of the richest pottage which the markets of the United States could supply."

Two thoughts rose in my mind as I read Professor Murray's article. First, how are the Canadians in the United States likely to regard a party which declares that its policy is to crush Canada? The weapons to be used are not bows and arrows of the olden times, nor the more terrible equipment of modern armies; but the object is the same. Our factories are to be silenced and our people starved till they surrender. Of course, we are told that the rod is to be used "not in anger but in love." That was what Torquemada told his victims. No inquisitor ever handed over a poor racked wretch to the civil authorities, without beseeching them to have mercy on him and without giving him "benefit of clergy." All that goes for nothing. What I wish to point out, however, is that Mr. Carnegie's threats ought to prove a boomerang to his party, and that they will, just to the extent that the Canadians in the United States have preserved their self-respect. There are a million of them, and they can have neither part nor lot with any party which professes itself determined to war with Canada. They have a duty to do, and it is for them to decide how to do it most effectually. But, in the next place, is it not time that Canadians at home should set their house in order, before the threatened war actually comes upon them? Some may cry, Peace, peace. They may tell us that "threatened men live long." They may say that Senator Lodge and Mr. Carnegie speak only for themselves and not for the Republican party. So they said till the day

that the McKinley Bill passed, and possibly our wisest course is to do nothing but simply wait events. I am not so sure of that, however; and at some other time I may take the liberty of showing a more excellent way.

G. M. GRANT.

A Plea for the Village Green.

WHEN spring was rapidly approaching and our young people were looking forward to outdoor sports; when they were getting weary of skates and snowshoes, toboggans and curling-stones; when they were longing for the ripple of open waters, and for the springing of the young grass beneath their feet, I bethought me that the cities and large towns have their parks and squares that would soon be pleasant spots for the eye to rest upon, that they have their high-boarded lacrosse grounds, and, in some cases, their suburban golf links. But even in these favoured haunts of men, sport-loving youths of humble means have to go far to find a fitting play-ground. What boon a few old-fashioned commons properly distributed within the city limits, would be to growing lads and young men seeking healthful outdoor exercise near at hand. Still an hour or two of daylight gradually fading remain after labour is ended and the evening meal is taken, when limbs, cramped with monotonous work in shop and factory, might find pleasant relaxation, were the ground available for the purpose. The common fields would take hundreds off the crowded evening streets, where they wander aimlessly, or fall a prey to the seductions of saloons and similar places, inviting to dangerous rest or new forms of excitement.

A good big field in the very heart of the town is what is wanted, a field containing acres enough to accommodate a cricket club, and a base-ball team, a girls' tag party and a company of the Boys' Brigade. There should be pretty trees planted all round about it, and if an old-fashioned horsepond at one corner is a possibility, it would be a blessing to young ship carpenters eager to sail their tiny craft on smooth waters. On the benches, under the trees, old men would sit smoking their evening pipes, and old women would ply their knitting; there, like would draw to like, and desirable acquaintances, now almost impossible, would be formed. Very sylvan and Arcadian, I think I hear one object, but what about the rough element? The common would not suit the rough element, so long as the saloon or tavern was not allowed to dominate the scene. The sturdy young mechanic and artisan trained to manly sports, and in the presence of his mother, father, and sisters, would not tolerate the rough, should he presume to force his way into the company of the health-seeking; and the female rough would gladly withdraw from the quiet scrutiny of the decent to the glare and glitter of the crowded streets. The commoners would take care of themselves, and a well-trained police would see to it that their liberties were not infringed upon.

Perhaps this is a Utopian scheme, an impossibility in our filled up cities, where acres are so valuable. It would not have been so had city fathers only bethought themselves in time, and the ratepayers of early days but looked forward to future wants. God help the young fellows who might have been good young fellows, had they only had a place to play in when our beautiful Canadian weather is at its best, for their fellow-men have done little for them. They want something more active and social than formal walks in parks, or dozings in public libraries and Y.M.C.A. rooms. And all who have Canada's welfare at heart, wish to see our city young men neither rough street brawlers nor intellectual youths with the rickets; but sturdy, manly fellows, fit for all the work of life, for fathers of healthy generations to be, and for the defence of their land if necessity should call them to it. Had I the means, I would pull down a hundred houses in every great quarter, cart their rubbish away, level the ground, sow it deep with grass seed, plant the encircling trees, and call to the young men and young women, to the boys and the girls, "Come along and take your playground, for which nature intended you in your leisure hours."

Let every young municipality, ruling where land is cheap, stake out its village green, and say to all encroachers "hands off!" Or, let the legislature, in its paternal care of the young and anxiety for good citizenship, enact in its wisdom that every village must have its green, to remain the people's common *in perpetuo*, and, according as its area increases

compel it to make new greens, not mere breathing places, but playgrounds for the hardy generations yet to be. Townspeople cry for land, and I don't wonder. They want something to call their own, from which they cannot be ordered off, and whereon they can romp with innocent freedom. Why should they not have it! In the early stage of a village's existence all the land necessary for the purpose could be acquired for a hundred dollars or less, so that it would be no hardship to enact that in future every municipality seeking for incorporation as village, town, or city, must guarantee that it has provided for the wants of the workpeople and other citizens who care to take common advantage thereof, an open, untaxed, and cared-for common, green, or playground, or as many of the same as the size of the municipality demands. Let us see all Canada "sporting on the village green"

Democracy and Education.

IN a former paper we ventured to draw attention to some of the practical results of the Ontario Educational System upon colonization, and our remarks were met with the criticism from several quarters that, as a statement of the taxpayers' point of view, they had left unsaid much that ought to have been said.

We do not pretend to have any accurate knowledge of the working of the details of our system, and to comment upon so important a subject as the education of the people, without sufficient study, seems little short of an impertinence, but the more salient features are apparent to everyone. Experimental democracy is beginning to turn the shafts of criticism upon itself. Experience does count for something, and life is not so easy after all. We may then be allowed to trace some of the effects of democratic government in the methods of teaching and the no less important matter the selection of teachers.

A stranger, educated in England after a short residence in the United States, could not fail to be struck with the tendency in that country to degrade education to a trade, rather than to treat it as a profession. This may be due to the fact that people generally are not willing to pay such large fees for the education of their sons, as is customary in England, and consequently in a country where a man is gauged by his wealth, the teaching profession has not the same social standing and does not attract the class of men who can completely command the confidence of parents. In private schools, the caprices of the parent and pupil very frequently outweigh the professional and trained experience of the teacher, who to gain trade is bound to cater to the wishes of his customers. Corporal punishment is tabooed because mamma does not like it. Compulsory games, which every English school-boy swears by, are out of the question. "Good form," the great restraining influence in English schools and universities, is practically unknown. The mischievous pranks of boyhood are replaced by the vices of men. That *esprit de corps* is not universal is shown by the fact that a member of the football team of St. Austen's, on Staten Island, some time ago, sold his football cap two months after it was presented to him for two dollars to spend in cigars. The prefect system has been tried and proved a complete failure. But a uniform works wonders. At Berkeley School in New York, and a few other good schools in the United States, this last defect is remedied by a semi-military regime.

We are thankful to say that Canada is comparatively free from the more baneful of these conditions, and that this is appreciated by Americans is shown by the fact that many in the past have sent their sons to Canada to be educated.

A few years ago the writer met in New York a gentleman who was one of the staff of masters in a well-known private school at Sing Sing, on the Hudson. In the course of conversation, this gentleman remarked, with some little show of pride, that an important and attractive feature had been added to the curriculum of his school by the introduction of a course of instruction in Modern Greek. When we expressed our surprise, he explained that, although the study was useless commercially, and had no special advantages as a training for the mind, it was novel, advanced, and a capital advertisement for the school. About the same time there was a discussion in the New York press on the danger to the public at large in the turning out of doctors by the numerous universities without sufficient training. And not a little

momentary excitement was caused, by the publication of a letter in one of the leading New York dailies. The writer of this letter gave a copy of the correspondence between his little boy of twelve years old, who wrote at his dictation, and a number of the different universities. The boy wrote saying that he had received very little education; he knew how to read and write, had read a little history and could work simple lessons in arithmetic; he wanted to know if he could pass his matriculation examination, and desired to be informed as to what chances he had of obtaining a degree. All the answers were encouraging, one especially, which, quoting from memory, read as follows: "Come right along. No one has ever come to us and failed to take a degree."

Perhaps things have changed since then, but from an educated American we learn that, roughly speaking, the main characteristics of American education are the attention given to a showy curriculum rather than to the training of the mind, cramming and a lamentable want of thoroughness. This is, perhaps, the natural peculiarity of a new and essentially democratic country where money has been made easily in the past. The general haste to become rich and make a display begets an impatience of early arduous training and a haste to appear learned as a stepping-stone to wealth.

Both in Canada and the United States there are signs that in educational matters we are gradually approaching a crisis. In both countries education is used as a direct means of making a living. Cheap education has overstocked the market. In both countries the people freely express the opinion that the educational system is top-heavy. There are but few positions in either country offering a career and an immediate livelihood, such as are to be obtained in England, in the army and different branches of the civil service, for which the selection depends upon a competitive examination. Cramming in that case is, perhaps, under the circumstances, excusable, but in this country the time has now come when the market value of education depends, like the value of a writing, or a speech, upon what remains—in other words, upon the training and development of the mind in its three great functions, absorption, reflection and retention. Degrees are at a discount.

Turning our attention to our own public educational system, it will be admitted that the keystone of the whole of the higher education of the country is the entrance examination of the University. This sets the tone to the studies of the High School, and upon the thoroughness of the knowledge and the mental habits acquired in the High School, inasmuch as the training obtained there must compose the foundation for the higher structure, must depend, to a great extent, the value, from an educational point of view, of the whole teaching of the University.

Of the searching and thorough character of the examination we cannot speak from experience, but the feeling is prevalent that, with the object of feeding the University, which already turns out more graduates than the country can absorb, the matriculation examination, the great sifting process, which decides the course of young men's lives, is lower in its requirements, less thorough and less searching than it ought to be. If this is true it is a serious matter, for the University is supported by public money, and the people are taxed not for the benefit of the University or the educational system, but for the public good.

Without going further into detail, let us turn to the curriculum of Toronto University. Here a striking feature in the entrance examination strikes the eye, viz., set books. This is thought by many to be a strong incentive to the great evil of cramming. In acquiring a temporary knowledge of the book the pupil remains ignorant of the subject, the knowledge of which the study of the book is supposed to impart. Upon enquiry we find that cramming is very prevalent in our High Schools, and that this evil is further fostered by the fact that not only the salary and standing of the teachers, but also the Government grant to the school is made to depend upon the successful examinations of leaving pupils rather than the average training of the school. Harvard University, some few years ago, was a notorious sinner in respect to its matriculation examination. Not only did they have set books, but the extent of the matter prescribed was greater than was required to obtain a degree at Oxford. The examination was a farce. Now, we are glad to see the evil of set books and a showy appearance is, to a great extent, eliminated from their curriculum. The absence of set books

naturally presupposes time for previous study and good teaching. This characteristic of the University matriculation examination may be due to the fact that the studies of the High Schools, as intimated by the Minister of Education, are conducted chiefly in the interests of embryo Public School teachers, for whom the study of Latin and Greek are not as yet required.

Democracy and pot-house politics appear to be inseparable. That politics should sway municipal elections is a pity, but it is one of those evils which we have to put up with. That the appointment of the teachers of our children should depend upon anything but merit is an outrage which ought to be stopped and upon which the taxpayer should firmly plant his foot. The selection of a teacher, above all things, should be kept inviolate from every consideration save that of character and ability. In this every parent is interested.

Under the Ontario educational system the teachers of our Public Schools and High Schools are appointed by the School Trustees. The School Trustees are elected, in the same manner as the Municipal Councillors, by the taxpayers. A candidate for either office must curry favour not only with local party politicians, but societies and churches, for of late years some churches have developed largely as mutual benefit societies. It is only natural that the trustees, who look for re-election, when called upon to make an appointment, should be faithful to the party, society, or church, to whom they owe their election, and merit sometimes goes to the wall.

To the writer's knowledge improper appointments have been made in this way and good men have been passed over. The parents grumble in private, but, in public, hold their tongues. There is no redress, and what's the good of making enemies? Well! granted that all this is true, where is the remedy? Teachers must be appointed by somebody. To place the duty of selection upon the shoulders of the Minister of Education would be to cover him with embarrassment. For is he not a politician? and besides he has not the same opportunity nor indeed the time to investigate the merits of every applicant for a teacher's position in the Province. It is evident that the selection and nomination of teachers most conveniently lies with the trustees. What is wanted is some restraining influence to prevent an abuse of the trust reposed in them. This, we submit, could effectively be provided by having the final appointment made by the Minister. Such an arrangement would afford an opportunity for the taxpayer and parent to enter a protest in the event of an improper appointment being made. Upon receipt of such protest, it would be the duty of the Minister of Education to investigate the merits of each applicant, taking into special consideration the personnel of the Board of Trustees and the testimonials of other applicants.

Perhaps no better example of the spirit of young democracy can be cited than the astonishing rebellion of the students of Toronto University, when they attempted to dictate in the matter of the selection of professors, and boycotted the class-rooms to enforce their wishes. The Dean of Westminster was sharply criticized by the London papers, when, as Master of University College, Oxford, he sent the whole college down on account of a flagrant breach of discipline. But even this extreme measure in the interests of order and discipline is to be preferred to the spectacle of the presentation of a petition to the Government by the students for an investigation of their claims, which was only refused, because they failed to serve particulars of their ground of complaint, and finally a public examination ordered by the Government, at the request of the President of the University, as the only means of clearing the public mind, with the University authorities and students represented by opposing counsel. Professor Goldwin Smith, who was called in in consultation after the investigation, well pointed out the evil of making the University Council subject to appeal and subservient to the Provincial Government. If a strong hand is necessary occasionally to enforce discipline in a University, where all undergraduates who are not scholars are received upon sufferance, much more is a Faculty or President invested with full authority, required in a University, supported by and answerable to a Government which, again, is supported by the votes and contributions of the parents of students drawn from every class of society.

On the absence of religion, which Mr. S. H. Blake so happily terms the fourth R., much has been said and written

by able men and further remarks from us would be a presumption.

We fear that we may again meet with the same criticism as before. In a matter of such popular interest there are few educated or thinking men who have not something to say. It is true bystanders can sometimes see points for remark which those who are actively engaged in the work of education pass by. But in a democratic country there is a danger in incompetent criticism, and in matters of detail our professional educators are best able to make suggestions.

The spirit of criticism is abroad. It is, surely, useless to speculate further on the future, on the effect of the laws of supply and demand. Can we not read the lesson of results? The English gentleman who fails to find a market for his education turns farmer, butcher, or labourer in the colonies, and still, if he behaves himself, is regarded as a gentleman. In the United States every man is a "gentleman" and there are no colonies to go to. But, because society is not fixed, social considerations and ambitions have greater weight. Manual labour and the occupations which are not "nice" are despised. In Canada the educated Canadian, who cannot find room for his attainments, actuated by the same spirit, emigrates to American cities. Shall we wait to see if necessity will change human nature and give courage to the educated man to plough in his own country?

The conditions of life are changing, and gradually we must adapt the education of our people to meet them. Let us hope that the changes will be wisely made.

ERNEST HEATON.

Nile Vignettes: V. LUXOR.

WHO that has not experienced it can understand the charm of Luxor. We went there for a fortnight and when at the end of six weeks we reluctantly left it, I looked out from my cabin window at the first red sun rays striking the Theban Mountains, with the aching regret that one gives to the last look at home. And yet how explain its fascination? To the invalid it gives the perfection of its changeless climate in which a chilly north wind or a sultry south one are the only things to grumble at; its sheltered palm garden with the comfort of its tents and deep chairs for a perpetual lounge.

To the energetic tourist it offers a long role of excursions and sight-seeing; teas and picnics at the temples and long rides in morning cool or evening beauty.

The mondaine finds there in January nearly as many well-known faces as in Piccadilly in June—titled folk and London beauties, soldiers and savants, German princes and American millionaires. The Egyptologist may always there be sure of finding the latest fact or theory and someone to argue over it with. The ordinary looker on at life sees an endless procession of people coming and going, and in steam-boat and dahabijeh.

In these winter days the long rambling hotel is filled to its utmost capacity, and as no one on the Nile ever sticks to their original plans or arrives at the time for which they engaged rooms the confusion on the arrival of a full boat is apt to be something amazing.

Shore life was something of a change again when we settled down in rooms opening on a terrace that looked over the plain towards distant palm groves and beyond that the sunset. The flat fields of young wheat were intersected by a high dyke road, along which, at sunset, long files of women in their trailing black robes carried their water-jars, held by one arm on their heads, to their inland villages.

It was a pleasant change to ride abroad on our expeditions in calm state instead of the wild hurry-scurry of the steamer parties.

The sturdy, grey donkeys of Luxor are the best in Egypt and we each had our favourite number. It was the same with saddles and boys, and one's comfort was no longer such a lottery. Our dragoman, Mahmond, with his typical Egyptian face, low voice and pleasant smile, hovered around us, his little mouse-coloured donkey nearly hidden by his floating robes of black calico, ready to obey our slightest wish—to check the chatter of the boys, to boil the spirit lamp, to generally take our welfare upon his shoulders.

Many a morning, mornings when mere living and

breathing were joy, did we start thus for an all day excursion across the river.

We were ferried across the stream, found our donkeys waiting on a sandy island, across which it was always a race. Then came a ford where, in January, one had to tuck one's feet high on the donkey's head, but by the end of February there were only a few pools left to catch the sky's reflection. Then lean forward for a scramble up the bank, and from there it was a delightful canter along soft roads across the plain, until one came to the broken ground of rifled mummy pits and tombs. There were different destinations for different days. Sometimes we turned past the great holossi, with the larks singing around them among the vetches and sweet blossomed lupins, to stately Meduict-Habon, with its great pylons and courtyards and endless sculptured tales of the wars and the glories of Rameses III.

If we turn to the right we come to the Ramaseum with its gigantic overthrown statue of the great Rameses, favourite market place of the vociferous and unpleasant Arabs, whose hunting ground is among the graves of old Thebes, and who, amongst countless rubbish, may any day produce a unique treasure from the depths of even the broken ground of rifled mummy pits, they will follow one all the way up that terrible shadeless valley of the tombs of the kings, and no "ma feesh bazaar" has power to get rid of them unless one meets another party of tourists.

That wierd valley of the kings! What a memory it is! Its sun-scorched, desolate rocks and crags meeting the fierce blue sky overhead and shutting out every breath of air. Half way up it there is one jutting crag of rock that gives a bit of shade even in the noontide, and how gratefully one pulls up and draws breath under it.

Unchanged and changeless that valley lies secure in its own desolation ever since the days when the great kings and warrior of Egypt's noblest days—Seti and Rameses the Great were brought here for burial.

But even here they were not to find peace for just before reaching the valley mouth we were pointed to a spot on the hillside, near which, not many years ago, their bodies were found. A wondrous sight for this nineteenth century it must have been, the barges taking those old Pharaohs down their own sacred steam while all the people raised the voice of mourning.

The fascination of those tombs is so great with their wealth of bright-tinted allegorical lore of the under-world and Osiris' dread judgement, that twice I took that long and fatiguing ride and all the shorter distances I did oftener. One of our pleasantest Theban days was a visit to the explorer's camp at Der-el Bahari.

In travelling one often has to choose between two pleasures. That day we had to decide between seeing the great religious festival of the year in Luxor, when the old sacred boat of Thhonsu is carried in honour of an Arab saint, and an off day at the works, when, the men being away, we could see their working grounds without dust or interruption. Egyptology was the fashion with our party, and Egyptology carried the day, and before the sun was too hot we were well across the Theban plain. The country folk, in clean garments, were all hastening towards Luxor. Our followers were all sulky at going against the stream. My donkey-boy, the baddest boy in Luxor, whom I clung to in spite of masculine advice, was just out of prison, where he had apparently had his blue shirt washed. I was riding well ahead of the others when we encountered two dwellers in the Theban hills whom he arrogantly ordered out of my way. They promptly fell upon him, and he howled to me for protection. I screamed for Mahmond, but Mahmond was riding at the rear of the rest of the party and the hubbub continued until he came scuttering up, his black calico garment ballooning behind him, when peace was restored.

The glare was terrific by the time we had crossed the broken ground and reached the desolate little house of mud bricks that stands in the desolate sand banks at the foot of the Der el Bahari hill.

Glare from the sky overhead, and glare from the overhanging white mountainside. Dust, stirred up by countless workers and swarms of blackflies. These surround these workers always.

M. Naville, that most modest and kindly of all servants, is the head of the party and is helped by three or four young

men. Mr. Hogarth, already known as an explorer, and who is this season working in Asia Minor, Mr. Newberry, the architect, and Mr. Carter, the artist. These were all working under the auspices of the Egyptian Exploration Fund, that has already done such good work, that is such a monument to Miss Edward's energy and perseverance.

It was Mr. Newberry whose guest we were and who received us at the door of the house, and let us up the slope to the temple that the great Hatasu cut out in the white mountain side. What an original and beautiful thing it must have been—those great white terraces and colonades curving up the mountain with the avenues of sphinxes reaching out towards the river to face the one that across the stream lead to mighty Karnak.

We had seen before, the park open to the public—the daintily tinted frescoes that tell the tale of the great queen's expedition to the land of Punt. Frescoes that are here figured not by Christian or Persian zeal, but by that objectionable habit of this emphasizing family quarrels. We had seen these, but it was a different matter to have the whole plan of the building and of future excavation work explained to one. To see the scattered stones of the unique altar and upper terrace which his work was then to rebuild, and to be shewn their unique find of Christian mummies—mummies with all the "points" which should mark a connoisseur's mummy of an inferior description, but still singular and interesting from the mixture of Christian and Egyptian symbolism. Anbis, the Egyptian god, painted above the knees, while painted hands grasped the Christian chalice and wafer. But the true Egyptologist holds the early Christian in abhorrence. Lunch was merry over camp fare in the bare little room that served the party as pantry, study, dining-room, etc. On shelves round the wall were plans and drawings, pots of jam, and crockery, and novels. But when lunch was over and our friend produced two large tin biscuit boxes, and revealed their contents as shining, glorious blue and green scarabs and beads, what envy shone in feminine eyes. Here was a chessman, here a child's ball, a bit of a broken necklace or network. Here were scarabs, royal, priestly, of all dynasties and periods. Oh, to plunge one's hands into that shinning heap and smuggle the contents into one's pocket.

Most of these treasures were destined for the museums that subscribe to the fund. It was amusing to hear some tales of the difficulty in keeping the workers from appropriating these finds, and there is no doubt that a certain proportion always find their way to the Luxor "anteekah" shops.

To-day, instead of the humming life of a hundred or more workers, there was the most Sabbath of calm over everything. Workers and all were away at the Luxor fantasia.

What a day that was! What a ride back in the cool just before sunset! But I am speaking of Luxor without coming to the crown of all Luxor memories—the hours spent at Karnak. What memories those Karnak ones are! Memories of afternoons when, after a long ride over the Luxor plain to Medamot, or the Coptic convent on the desert edge, we all met at the foot of Hatasu's obelisk, and its granite platform we spread the tea-things, and boiled the spirit lamp. Memories of rides around its outlying pylons and gates—memories of sunset watched from the height of the great pylon—of, best of all, one such watch that I kept solitary from the roof of the great hall, and then when the others joined me, we abjured the prospect of dinner, and waited to see the full moon shew through the pillars of the hall of columns—grandest work of man's creation since time began.

How attempt to describe Karnak. The pen and the thought of Ruskin might do so. Who else could? It takes weeks to understand its plan and history, to let its great forlorn beauty impregnate one's heart, to print the impression of its different effects in morning joy and evening calm and moonlight solemnity on one's memory.

For odds and ends of time in Luxor there was no want of occupation. A half an hour spent in Luxor temple, at our very door, always supplied some fresh idea or fact—poor Luxor, shut in by sordid houses, and with that troublesome old saint in his mosque on top of half of it, and forever preventing its excavation. Its noble statues lie half in and half out of the rubbish heap of ages, its pylon peers up disconsolate at the door of the mosque.

Then there is the endless interest of the "anteekah" shops. Old Mohammed Mahassin in his green turban and with his reputation for honesty rather questioned by his wily, watchful eye. A capitalist is he, and thinks nothing of selling a hundred pounds or so of goods in one day during the season.

Great was the excitement last winter when he sold the famous Hathor necklace, for which the British museum had been in treaty, to the wife of a London business magnate.

Against the advice of her friends she decided not to declare it at the Cairo museum and obtain permission to take it out of the country, but to try and smuggle it.

The secret was whispered here and there with the result that a young man to whom the parcel was entrusted was stopped at Suez and gave it up. A French anonymous letter had been written from Luxor, where the "anteekah" business has many wheels within wheels.

After many negotiations the necklace was restored to the lady, who, let us trust, was ashamed of the poor part she had played.

And so with our own local interests and gossip the days went on until at last the one came for leaving Luxor.

* * *

Jottings from a Library.—II.

HERE is quaintly sweet George Herbert, and the page opens at one of his conceits, an anagram on "Mary:"

How well her name an "Army" doth present,
In whom the "Lord of Hosts" did pitch His tent.

He can be philosophic, too; witness the following:—

My God, I heard this day,
That none doth build a stately habitation,
But he that means to dwell therein,
What house more stately hath there been,
Or can be, than is man? to whose creation
All things are in decay.

We would fain tarry, but the shelves are awaiting their charge. Ah! but erratic William Blake must be peeped into:—

Love seeketh not itself to please,
Nor for itself hath any care,
But for another gives its ease,
And builds a heaven in hell's despair.

Why did the strange genius spoil that love song by finishing with the paradox:

Love seeketh only *self* to please,
To bind another to its delight,
Joy in another's loss of ease,
And builds a hell in heaven's despite.

And burly, cynical, stately Samuel Johnson, strange mixture of childish simplicity, boorishness, and stern independence, standing in the market place of his native town during a drenching shower doing penance for a word hastily spoken, sending a guinea to the impecunious Goldsmith in distress (who, with his landlady pressing for rent, broke the guinea on a bottle of madeira), and hurrying after to continue the service; penning to the Courtly Chesterfield those lines of classic beauty and insulted dignity. "I hope it is no very cynical asperity not to confess obligations where no benefit has been received, or to be unwilling that the public should consider me as owing that to a patron which Providence has enabled me to do for myself." Intensely honest and genuine in heart we can afford to smile at his strong Tory and High Church prejudices which even appear in his dictionary definitions, *e.g.* (remembering that Walpole and a Whig Ministry were in power), "Excise—a hateful tax levied upon commodities, and adjudged, not by the common judges of property but wretches hired by those to whom the excise is paid." By the way, is there an original Johnson's Dictionary in the library of the Opposition at Ottawa? Campaign literature might be enriched thereby.

Oliver Goldsmith, too, with his charming "Vicar of Wakefield," have our modern novels supplanted such? If so, we are the losers thereby. In the "Man in Black," who comes before us in the "Citizen of the World," may we not trace the personal experience of the author and the character of the father? The country clergyman, "passing rich on forty pounds a year," ever exceeding his possibilities, readily imposed upon, "his pity gave ere charity began," so much so that "when justice called to present a claim for payment,

generosity had been beforehand and had carried away the the money." Who would readily forget the charm of such a pen? And he died owing two thousand pounds. Was ever poet so trusted before? asked his gruff, firm friend, Johnson; nevertheless, added the critic, "he was a very great man." And the generations succeeding as they read his "Deserted Village" have responded, Yea.

"Hope, like the glimmering taper's light,
Adorns and cheers the way:
And still, as darker grows the night,
Emits a brighter ray."

Lord Beaconsfield's correspondence with his sister, 1832-52. The frankness of this correspondence lays open some of the hidden characteristics of the man who, beginning life from the home of a litterateur, rose to be the dictator of England's proud aristocracy. You can see the self-complacency of one who took for his motto, *Forti, nihil difficile* in such sentences as these: "I rose and made a most successful speech. In the lobby all the squires came up to thank me for the good service. They were so grateful, and well they might be, for certainly they had nothing to say for themselves." "I spoke the other night after O'Connell with great spirit and success." Is this humanity or the vanity of the boudoir? "Your geranium gave me a flower to-day, and will give me a couple more. I have bought also a promising plant myself and so do very well." There is a touch of pawkiness in this. "I think I shall write to Soapy Sam (the late Bishop Wilberforce), and ask him to come to Hughenden. It is but decent, particularly as we are a sort of allies." Was it a true appreciation of the late Prince Consort's character, or the sycophant which appears in the estimate: "On Sunday I was two hours with the Prince—a very gracious and interesting audience. He has great abilities and wonderful knowledge, I think the best educated man I ever met; most completely trained, and not over-educated for his intellect which is energetic and lively." A more sympathetic nature would have felt the warmth of Prince Albert's goodness. This gives a glimpse of what was but happily past: "Brougham was terribly tipsy. He shook his fist at Lord W. and quoted Ciceronian braggadocios." A note January 20th, 1845, opens an easy exit from this gossip volume, and an entry into other subjects. "Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation," one small volume, is convulsing the world, anonymous, and from an unknown publisher. 3,000 copies have already been sold, and it will soon form an epoch."

This work is now pretty generally attributed to Robert Chambers, of the well-known publishing firm, W. & R. Chambers, though we are not aware that Mr. Chambers ever owned the authorship, or that any one positively on his behalf confessed thereto. Our copy is a reprint by the Harper Bros., of New York, but the original publication, which ran through ten editions in ten years, like to the authorship, was anonymous. It was a bold maintaining of the development theory in a popular form. That theory for establishment awaited the wider opportunities and patient investigation of Charles Darwin; but the impetus to its general acceptance in the popular mind was given by the Vestiges. Mr. Hugh Miller in his "Footprints of the Creator" exposed some errors as to the details in geological date, but the "epoch" of which Lord Beaconsfield wrote has come; the vestiges did its work though in the advancing light of discovery it is largely now a literary curiosity.

Hugh Miller's works are largely in the line of those efforts, not yet abandoned, to harmonize the Genesis record of Creation with the results of scientific research which are as unsatisfactory as they are well intentioned and numerous. A truer conception of inspiration than the mechanical theory which then prevailed, and of the intent of revelation bids science go on its way in its search unhampered by any theory save honest following after the truth, leaves at the same time those old and justly revered chapters of Genesis to hymn forth the great Creator's praise, and bring God very near in all His works. Scientific exactness is too cold for praise; nor can the heart draw near to the living God in the formula of the Principia. Of the results to be reached by true science in their relation to worship, we may let Hugh Miller speak: "The great globe ever revolving on itself, and journeying in space round the sun, in obedience to laws which it immortalized, a Newton to discover and demonstrate is an infinitely more sublime and noble object than the earth of

Cosmas the Monk, with its conical mountain and its crypt-like formament; nor can I doubt that its history throughout the long geologic ages will be found in an equal degree more worthy of its Divine Author than that which would huddle the whole into a few liberal days, and convert the incalculably ancient universe which we inhabit in a hastily run-up erection of yesterday."

JOHN BURTON.

On A Dead Cockatoo.

A PARROT ON SHELLEY'S SKYLARK.

Hail to thee, dead parrot!
Bird last week thou wert,
And from thy perch, or near it,
Pouredst thy full heart,
In many words: result of cunning art!

All the earth and air
With thy voice was loud:
I wonder if thou swear
Est in thy lonely shroud
Till earth has had enough, and heaven is overflowed.

Higher still and higher,
Thy dear voice did ring,
As maidens that aspire
In drawing-rooms to sing,
Forgetting there may be too much of a good thing!

What thou wert we know not,
What was most like thee?
From thunder clouds there fall not
Drops so black to see:
As that dread noise thou meantst for melody!

Like a poet, hidden
In the night of thought,
Making noise unbidden,
Till the world is wrought
To hate the themes, before it heeded not!

Shrill as flocks of sparrows,
Screaming in their flight,
Keener than the arrows—
Shot in broad day light,
Were thy shouts of joy; was thy shrill delight!

Waking or asleep,
Ever thou didst say
Things more true, more deep
Than we mortals may,
And that thou hadst to speak, thou shoutedst it all day!

With thy awful joyance,
Sleep there could not be,
All our keen annoyance
Mattered not to thee,
Oh, hadst thou only known our sad satiety!

We look before and after,
Nor pine for what is not,
And our hearty laughter,
Without pain is fraught,
Nor could we screw a tear even though we ought!

J. H. R.

Parisian Affairs.

THE FRANCO-RUSSIAN TREATY LAID ON THE SHELF—VIEWS AS TO THE PROBABLE ACTION OF THE NEW SALISBURY CABINET—THE WHOLE SOME TRUTH HAS TAKEN ROOT ON THE CONTINENT THAT ENGLAND IS QUITE PREPARED FOR WAR—JAPAN STIPULATES THAT £16,000,000 STG. PART OF THE INDEMNITY TO BE PAID TO HER, SHALL BE LODGED IN A LONDON BANK, AND ONE-HALF THE SUM SHALL BE USED FOR IRON-CLADS TO BE BUILT IN BRITISH DOCKYARDS—THE FRENCH SURPRISE AT THE TRIUMPH OF THE UNIONIST PARTY AT THE GENERAL ELECTIONS—THE TERRIBLE RAILWAY ACCIDENT NEAR NANTES—GLOOMY OPINION RESPECTING THE MADAGASCAR EXPEDITION; THE COMMANDER OF THE TROOPS IN GUIANA RECOMMENDS A FRENCH SQUADRON BE SENT TO THREATEN RIO DE JANEIRO—ACCOUNTS RELATING TO TONKIN ARE NOT RE-ASSURING—M. MONNIER'S EXPERIENCES IN ANNAM.

IT will be about as easy to discover the whereabouts of the Lost Tribes as anything exact about the Franco-Russian treaty of alliance. The constitutional right of the President of the Republic to sign any treaty of an offensive or defensive character over the head of the Parliament, is now being called in question. To negotiate the treaty is one thing, a moral obligation only; to make it effective or working, that

is to vote the money for the war, is another. Whether moral or effective, outside the official journals, that, of course—chorus there is nothing like leather, there appears to be less enthusiasm for the alliance than ever. The apprehension is real, that some quarrel between Russia and Austria or Russia and England may drag France instantly into the pending war, whose nearness few persons now doubt. In what way Russia can practically aid France, no one can see; but every one can clearly perceive what will be the consequences if England joins the full triple alliance.

For the moment, opinion awaits the Salisbury Cabinet at work, and concludes that his Lordship will execute no *coup* of the "Britons strike home" character, till he has negotiated with Austria and Turkey for the defence of the Balkans against the Russian aggression; with an alliance of the quasi-neutral class with Norway, Sweden and Spain. Germany will be negotiated with, it is said, the moment England signs the acceptance of her conditions. In the meantime the Russian press endeavors to crack the French up by holding out the annihilation of England, and securing the evacuation of Egypt. The French do not dance to this music. It is well known that Lord Salisbury will put an end to the little humiliations of England, and nagging her policy. The wholesome truth has taken root on the continent, that England is quite prepared for war, should the calamity be inevitable, and that her foes will not be allowed to choose their hour or their ways and means.

Japan stipulates that the sixteen million sterling, the part indemnity to be paid her upon quitting Manchouria, to allow her to be replaced by Russia, are to be deposited in a London bank, the one-half of the sum to be expended in building iron clads for her new navy, in British dockyards. England and Japan are compelled to join fleets in the Chinese seas, to prevent the latter being made a Russian lake, as England and Italy have united to keep the gangway clear in the Mediterranean. People who become fussy respecting commercial treaties executed between China and Russia and France, forget that their privileges become enjoyable by every favoured nation—England, of course. As for railway, telegraph, etc., concessions, these can be obtained now from China for the asking. The danger lies in squeezing territory out of China, and there is where Russia will be confronted by England and Japan. It is to be hoped that Lord Salisbury will keep the Cromwell-Hotspur policy of the Germans before his eyes. Then he will have peace. It is said that Lord Cromer, when he returns to Egypt, will put his foot down on the cliques banded and worse tolerated to oppose and belittle the efforts of England in Egypt. The joke has been allowed to continue too long.

The French have not yet quite recovered from their surprise at the triumph of the Unionist party at the general elections; it is a blow of a Nasmyth hammer to all the foreign adventures of Britain, open or concealed. The que of the French press now is to allege—it is useless attempting to sow jealousy between the Mr. Chamberlain and Lord Salisbury. A child ought to know that card is valueless. The new Cabinet will make England respected and feared abroad; they will advance the work of imperial federation—ends naturally that her rivals deplore. But it's "got to be done," and foreigners know it will be done—by acts not windbagism.

The terrible railway accident at Saint Brienc, near Nantes, resulting in 11 deaths and 30 wounded, the latter all severely, presents this astonishing circumstance that after the fullest professional and juridical inquiry it was unanimously agreed that there was nothing to explain the cause of the catastrophe even after investigating all possible conjectures. The two engines collided in a limestone cutting and then burrowed into the rock; the carriages did not telescope, but rather each stood up on end in the air. The steam and fire made short havoc of the sufferers. One man lay on the top of a turned up carriage, hands spread out and head peering over; the breakdown gang shouted to him not to stir, that ladders were coming and he could get down easier. He made no reply. On applying the ladder the man was but the moiety of a corpse, the other half could not be found. The scalding steam and hot iron bars quickly terminated the agony of the sufferers wedged between the debris of the carriages.

Opinion is very gloomy respecting the Madagascar expedition; that the troops suffer from the climate is accepted. The poor fellows that have been sent back to France show the deadliness of the real foe, a kind of "rheumatic dysen-

tery" and irritable low fever. News comes in but slowly and the army does not appear to be advancing on Tananarive. In October the floods set in and if the French are caught where they are now and compelled to winter very few can fight the season. In spring the campaign would have to be recommenced with double the cost in men and money, while the military prestige of France would suffer under the head of bad organization. The expedition must go forward *conte-qui-contre*. But indignant opinion will demand some functionaries heads. Bad as the event may turn out it will point a moral: the necessity of that *ignis fatuus*—grabbing territory under high pressure with the certainty of never being utilized—being frankly abandoned. But the old Adam still lingers, as "the looking big on the map of the world" party calls upon the Government to at once occupy the contested territory between French Guiana and Brazil till the boundaries be fixed. The commander of the troops in Guiana recommends that if necessary a French squadron be sent to threaten Rio-de-Janeiro to hasten matters. It would be millions well expended. As to the prudence of threatening Rio that is an opinion, but the commander's vigor is to be recommended. It is worthy of note that the tendency of the big powers is rapidly leaning to action and it would be well for England to study well the lesson—her motto henceforth ought to—*Semper paratus*—she constitutes a splendid empire, always to sack—by rivals.

Perhaps Tonkin is the test colony of France, because it is within the last nine years it has been conquered by the French and they have had a free hand to introduce all modern notions about colonization. M. Le Houx in his book just published depicts Algeria as a lamentable failure for his country. An officious correspondent of the *Temps* writes from Tonkin: that the prosperity of the colony must depend on its agriculture; that there is no use coming to the country to set up as cultivator unless possessed of a capital of 25,000 frs. That sum cannot be raised as no insurance company will accept a life in Tonkin, and a lender has thus no guarantee for his loan in case the borrower dies. Between 1887 and 1894 the European population has risen from 961 to 1910; the natality—always Europeans—has been 324 and the deaths 661. Colonists for Tonkin, remarks the writer, would require to possess not only capital but energy, activity, uprightness and intelligence. In the 1,910 Europeans the writer does not state how many are civil servants and how many emigrant farmers—now all the question is there—till supplied, it is Hamlet without Hamlet.

M. Monnier is an experienced Asiatic traveller, and is globe-trotting through Annam. He was surprised to find the word tram in use with the Annamites. It does not mean a tramway, but a posting-house, not for horses, but for changing carriers, or coolies. A coolie is paid half a franc for trotting with palanquin, or baggage, during twelve miles. When crossing rivers or penetrating into glens at nightfall, the tram boys obtain light by setting fire to the brushwood. The coolies climb like cats. At the wayside inn, sweet potatoes, salt-fish and rice wetted with tea constitute the uniform *menu*. While trotting the coolies discuss family affairs, and if they meet a pretty girl they embrace her and press her to their hearts. At every pagoda, the coolies stop, burn propitiatory paper on the altar containing vows, to be preserved from wayside tigers and other disagreeable *rencontres*. Every village is crowded with children and pigs; the latter having a hollow back and triple chins, while the abdomens train on the ground. Herds of buffaloes are to be met with in charge of a mere child. The animals look wild, but are not, as the drover, when fatigued, jumps on the back of one of them and stretches himself at full length. When the buffalo enters a marsh-pond to become cool, the herd keeps on the back all the same, his own and the animal's head alone being above the water. The natives drink tea only and smoke cigarettes, where a lotus leaf does duty for paper. Arrived at Huc, the capital, the traveller accepted the assurance that was the "city," though he could see no houses save a collection of bee-hive structures in rushes and citizens in rags.

* * *

We understand that Mrs. Humphry Ward's famous "Story of Bessie Costrell," a very powerful and intensely dramatic story of a woman's temptation and her degradation, is about to be dramatized, and will be put upon the stage of one of our prominent theatres this fall.

Montreal Affairs.

THE PROPOSED IMPROVEMENTS OF MONTREAL HARBOUR—HISTORY OF PLAN NO. 6—THE GOVERNMENT ENGINEERS ADVISE ITS MODIFICATION—THE FAMOUS GUARD PIER TO BE SHORTENED AND THE MAISONNEUVE BASIN SCHEME POSTPONED—TWO MILLION DOLLARS REQUIRED BUT THE HARBOUR DUES WILL NOT BE RAISED—A FREE PORT HOPED FOR—THE CHATEAU DE RAMZAY; IT IS BEING TRANSFORMED INTO A UNIQUE MUSEUM; SOME OF ITS CONTENTS—THE NEW PRESIDENTS OF MCGILL UNIVERSITY AND THE GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY EN ROUTE FOR MONTREAL.

DURING the past week there has been made public the reports of Messrs. Munro, Anderson, and Coste, Government Engineers, on the proposed improvements of Montreal harbour. For some years past the Harbour Commissioners have been working towards the completion of improvements known under the technical title of Plan No. 6. The distinguishing feature of this was the construction of a guard pier 7,000 feet in length from the Victoria Bridge, down the St. Lawrence, to a point opposite the central portion of the city. This pier was to have wharfage accommodation on its inward side: the landlocked basin to be created by its construction was to contain four high level wharves, while its depth was to be increased by dredging to a uniform depth of 27 feet 6 inches at low water: and four low level wharves at the extreme east end of the city were also to be constructed.

Work on the guard pier has been going on, in a more or less hap-hazard manner, for years; and now there rises from the bosom of the St. Lawrence, at a distance of perhaps three-quarters of a mile from the wharves, a long low mud-colored ridge; this is the guard pier in process of construction. All day long during the summer time derricks dip their long arms down to the floor of the river and, bringing up huge masses of mud, deposit them on the bank which thus is ever extending itself upwards towards the Victoria Bridge. There has been a good deal of criticism of the Commissioners for the slowness which has always marked the progress of the work; and two years ago Alderman Hurleau, one of the city representatives on the Board, brought forward a scheme involving a large extra expenditure and the possible abandonment of Plan No. 6 altogether. He proposed that at the east end of the city, below the St. Mary's current, which forms the only difficulty in the approach to the city by the river, there should be excavated in the low-lying lands of Maisonneuve an immense inland basin with extensive wharfage accommodation. Alderman Hurleau is one of the little group of men who initiated in the City Council and carried through the extensive scheme of street-widening and expropriations which have modernized this city at an appalling cost; and he enlisted in support of this new venture all the personal and sectional influence that had borne down all opposition to his civic programme; and the Board, after much demurring, accepted the proposition, as secondary, however, to the general plan which had years before been decided upon.

The Harbour Board, which had already been authorized by the Government to raise one million dollars, and had been given a million dollars by the city, went to the Government a year ago and asked for its assistance in raising an additional three million dollars for the completion of these improvements. The assistance, it was suggested, should take the form of a guarantee of interest. The Government referred the matter to the engineers of its Public Works Department; and they have now made their report.

In this they advise, to briefly summarize their suggestions, that Plan No. 6 be modified and the Maisonneuve Basin Scheme be postponed. By shortening the guard pier, leaving an open space through which the river's current will run; building but two wharves in place of four, limiting the dredging to certain parts of the harbour, and abandoning the building of the Hochelaga wharves, they estimate, that two million dollars will complete the works; and for the interest charges on this sum they regard the revenue of the harbour as sufficient security. They accordingly advise that aid to that degree, either as a loan or through a guarantee of interest, be given.

The report goes on to say: "With the future increase of trade expected, improvements on a larger scale must be ultimately provided at a point where traffic is less congested, where it will be possible at a reasonable cost to connect the

wharves with all the railway systems as well as provide room for storage of heavy freight, lumber, cattle, grain, etc. There can be no question that the locality best fulfilling these conditions is the river front below St. Mary's current between Longue Pointe and Maisonneuve. If the ratio of increase in trade of Montreal, and of the Dominion, be anything like what is expected from these important branches of traffic, it should not be more than seven or eight years before the suggested extension of this harbour eastward and the construction of a dry dock will be a necessity, and in order to have the works completed in time to meet the requirements, a beginning should be made without delay." And they recommend that, as this basin will be utilized almost entirely for the transference of western products to ocean transports or the reverse, it be regarded as a national undertaking, and built out of the public funds.

The Harbour Board, at the meeting last week, accepted the proposed modifications; and will proceed to raise the money when the Finance Minister decides what form the assistance shall take. It is not intended, as a result of all this expenditure, to raise the harbour dues; indeed the opinion is strongly growing that, some way or another, means should be taken to make this a free port.

The work of transforming the Chateau de Ramezay into a museum is going steadily on under the direction of the Numismatic and Antiquarian Society. On the walls will be spread the varied collection of portraits, historical maps, and engravings which the Society has gathered together by many years of zealous work. This includes a large lot of tools, weapons, etc., from the ruins of the celebrated fortress at Louisbourg, Indian curiosities from Alaska, and such things as the epaulettes of an officer in 1812, the key to General Murray's office in Quebec, a scale used in 1686; the weather vanes on such old buildings as the Recollet Church and the old market; a copper flint box of the last century, handsomely embossed, and many other things of historical value. The portrait gallery already embraces over one hundred portraits, varying in form from the costly painting to the old-fashioned daguerrotype of by-gone worthies. The Chateau itself is not the least interesting feature of the exhibition with its spacious halls and corridors above and its massive bomb-proof vaults below. The nucleus of a library has been formed by the donation of five thousand carefully chosen volumes by H. T. Tiffin. It is expected that the museum and library will, by the contributions of generous citizens, grow, until they become great national repositories. Gifts are being constantly received by them.

Principal Peterson, the new head of McGill University, is now on the ocean and will arrive here at the end of the present week. Sir Charles Rivers Wilson, the new President of the Grand Trunk Railway, is also on his way to this city, via New York, and is expected here in a day or so. There is, of course a good deal of anxiety among Grand Trunk officials over his advent, as it is thought it will be followed by a general "shake-up."

At Street Corners.

I SHOULD be sincerely sorry to see a movement so hopeful and useful as that which started the Toronto Technical School, come to grief on the rocks of incompetency on the part of the Board of Management. But there is no doubt that some of the members are not adequate to their position. They are not educationists. They are simply delegates representing certain prejudices and cliques. Under these circumstances the problem appears to be whether the efforts of the sound part of the board will be enough to counterbalance those of its unsound section. The idea of appointing teachers or officers out of mere friendly considerations or for any reason but that of fitness is absurd. This may seem to be a truism, but it is one that needs emphasizing with regard to the Technical School.

Mr. A. Dickson Patterson, R.C.A., has just completed a fine portrait of Judge Burton. I had the pleasure of seeing it in his studio the other day, and was much struck with it, not only because of its excellent likeness to the original, but for the strength and artistic excellence of its vigorous brush work. Mr. Patterson has started on a line of

effort that his friends cannot but regard with much pleasure and hopefulness, and the result of long years of thoughtful study is to be seen in his recent examples.

I see no reason to change my opinion with regard to the three or four Canadian poets who have been airing their tempers and their twaddle in the daily papers. I don't think much of poets *per se*. They often have their treasure in very very earthen vessels. I worship not at their shrine. Let them write and die, but let them not protrude their petty personality upon us. A man ought to be very humble if he feels that the higher powers have chosen him out of the millions to speak through. He should not want to vaunt his little name. Go out and look at the stars and think my little poets. It is not you that speak to us. You have proved to us that you are but telephones, and very warped telephones at that. Your letters and actions are very different from your inspired utterances.

At whose shrine, then, should we worship? Can it be doubted that the shrines of the men of duty are far nobler and more inspiring shrines than those of the men of genius? Of course we visit Stratford and Weimar. But we cannot be Shakespeares or Goethes or Schillers. On the contrary we may do our duty in that station to which it has pleased God to call us. I am of opinion that homage to genius is a good deal overdone. Let us have monuments to the men who did their duty unto death.

I am of opinion that the wish to "get one's name up" is rather caddish. A man wants to use his inspirations as advertisements. If he write a poem—if he muse kindly whisper one to him—he wants to put his little name to it and say, "I wrote that"; "See those verses?—they're mine; see that magazine article? It's mine, I am the writer of that." Why, he didn't write it all. Some spirit from the vasty deep controlled him—guided his hand. But the men who dumped the bags of powder at the Cashmere gate of Delhi, "When shall their glory fade?"

Some of the best writing in the world appears anonymously. On the whole I am inclined to think that the articles in the London *Times* and the London *Spectator* lead the world for fine English, for directness, for force, and for general literary ability. I occasionally see articles in Canadian newspapers without anyone's name attached to them, that are far in advance of the signed contributions by which men try to acquire a little local fame. But nobody knows who writes these valuable contributions to our literature, that do so much towards moulding the opinion of the day.

Principal Grant has received from the Honourable Judge Gowan another check for \$400 to be placed at the credit of the fund for "The Sir John A. Macdonald Chair of Political Science" in Queen's University, Kingston, a fund which is accumulating all too slowly. It was natural, from local and other considerations, that the regard felt for the great statesman's should take forms of stone and bronze, but now that this feeling has found expression, thoughtful men may see with Senator Gowan, that the best way of honouring the dead is by linking his name with an ever-flowing fountain of service to the living, especially along those lines of highest thinking which a country most regards. There certainly should be a Sir John A. Macdonald Chair of Political Science, and no where could it be more fitly than in Kingston and in connection with a University which he took a prominent part in founding.

I went the other day into the midst of the army of workmen and the mass of building materials that now encumber the theatre of the Academy of Music on King St. West. A great deal of work has already been done there. The roof has been raised, and a fine capacious gallery has been added, while the area and height of the stage have been greatly enlarged. The alterations are to be completed by September 1st, when it will be seen that a very handsome addition has been made to Toronto's places of amusement. Whether the management will succeed in getting people enough to visit the new theatre to validate the expenditure now being made, remains to be seen, but there is no doubt that the Academy will re-open under better auspices than have been its lot before.

DIAGENES.

Recent Fiction*

A NEW book by Mrs. Humphrey Ward is sure to attract attention, for Mrs. Ward has obtained a real hold of the reading public. There is not, however, a great deal in "The Story of Bessie Costrell," though it is a piece of work well done. It is much shorter than her previous books, and has at any rate one great advantage over them, it is not written to preach any new doctrine. It is a simple story of village life, very sad and very natural. John Bolderfield has saved what is for an agricultural labourer a great sum of money. On leaving for some time his home he entrusts it to the care of his niece Bessie, not without some misgivings. Bessie is described as one "who has been a wasteful woman all her life, with never a bit of money put by, and never a good dress to her back. But, 'Lor bless yer, there was a many worse folk nor Bessie.' She wasn't one of your sour people; she could make you laugh, she had a merry heart." She is of course well pleased with the mark of confidence, and resolves to prove herself worthy of it, but at last little by little she succumbs to the temptation which the presence of the money in the cottage brings with it. The love of drink, popularity and finery leads her astray, and the story closes with discovery and suicide. Depiction of character is one of Mrs. Ward's strong points, and the characters of the different villagers are very clearly and naturally drawn.

A good healthy book is "Peter Steele, the Cricketer," by Mr. H. C. Hutcheson, and in these days when, owing to the prowess of Mr. W. G. Grace, the king of games is attracting so much attention, it ought to command a ready sale. Cricket is the chief interest of the book, and what lover of the game can have too much of it. We skip the love part of the book to get to the account of the cricket matches, and we grudge every moment spent by the hero in the conservatory, which we feel might have been spent on the field. The hero is a fine honest fellow, and so is the heroine. Everybody is interested in cricket, even the villain is known as a safe field, though he does miss the most critical catch in the book. There are plenty of amusing things in the volume, and the story is well told. We heartily recommend it to all lovers of the game, the number of whom we are glad to see is largely increasing in Canada.

To those who like a good old-fashioned tale of adventure we cordially commend "A Man of His Word," by Arthur Paterson. Here we are brought into the company of the friends of our youth, Indians and desperados. To the latter class belongs the hero, who is a specimen of the best type of desperado, well born and highly educated, noble hearted and generous. The scene is laid on a ranch out west, and we have excitement enough and to spare. The book closes with a magnificent fight with Indians, and the death of the hero covered with glory.

A book out of which the reader will get many a hearty laugh is "The Ladies' Juggernaut" by A. C. Gunter. It tells of the love affairs of a fashionable New York belle, Miss Evelyn Vallé Bulger, daughter of Bulger of Bulger's Bile Exterminator fame. Very pathetic and amusing these love adventures are. The book could be turned into an excellent farce comedy, and we shall be surprised if it is not shortly produced on the stage.

"Two in the Bush" is the title of a collection of stories told with graceful ease and cheerfulness. The stories themselves are all bright and interesting, though in no case striking. It is a book we can safely recommend to the young of both sexes, as its morals if somewhat obvious are never evil. In it vice is not always attractive, neither is virtue weak, and we can pretty generally predict that the good live happy ever after and the wicked perish everlastingly. The story which gives its name to the book is a spirited

* "The Story of Bessie Costrell." By Mrs. Humphrey Ward. Macmillan & Co. Toronto: The Toronto News Co.

"Peter Steele, the Cricketer." By H. C. Hutcheson. Macmillan's Colonial Library. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

"A Man of His Word." By Arthur Paterson. Bell's Indian and Colonial Library. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

"The Ladies' Juggernaut," A Novel. By Archibald Cavenos Gunter. Toronto: The Toronto News Company.

"Two in the Bush and Others Elsewhere." By F. Frankfort Moore. London: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: Copp, Clark Co.

"Thirteen Doctors." By Mrs. J. K. Spender. London: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: Copp, Clark Co.

account of an Australian adventure in which the reader travels in company with two young Englishmen in search of "local colour." They find it in the preparation of their first evening meal in the bush.

"When we returned from watering the horses to the space which Eric had cleared for the fort, we found him in excellent spirits. His hands and arms, and, indeed, his person generally, were dabbled with flour. He was clearly making the threatened damper."

"Now," said he, as he placed the most unpromising dough among the ashes—observing some safe-guards—"now, you'll soon know all about a damper."

I fancy that we did.

It was the fault of the fire, Eric said, and we could not contradict him with any chance of success.

After this follows the adventure itself which we shall leave to the imagination, and then we pass on to other stories where we become as ubiquitous as in dreams. In them we converse with German princes, Italian musicians, officers in H.M. Navy, and villains, modern and mediæval. The best story in the book is the last which we spend with Mistress Kitty Clive at an old-fashioned Devon inn. This once famous actress is represented as a person of extraordinary brilliancy and high spirits, and we who are behind the scenes enjoy the lively dialogue between her and a country gentleman of much ignorance and conceit. He discusses many things with the charming stranger, among them the modern stage, where we learn he disapproves both of David Garrick and his well-known colleague.

"You have never seen Kitty Clive then?" she asks him.

"Never; but I hear she is a romp. Are you an admirer of her, madam?"

"Sir, she has no more devoted admirer than myself," said Kitty, looking at the man straight in the face.

"Is she not a romp?"

"Oh, surely, a sad, sad romp. She has by her romping saved many a play from being damned."

"I doubt her ability," said Mr. Bates. "I doubt if she could move me. What is the nature of her merriment?"

"Extravagance, sir, extravagance! She bounces on as a hoyden, and pulls a long face like this, behind the back of the very proper gentleman who has come to woo her. She catches the point of his sword-sheath, so that when he tries to turn he almost falls. She pretends that he has struck her with his sword, and she howls with pain. He hastens to comfort her—down goes a chair, and he topples over it. 'Murder, murder!' she cries, and snatches up the shovel as if to defend herself. My gentleman recovers, and hastens to assure her of his honourable intentions. She keeps him off with her shovel. He drops his hat, and she shovels it up and runs round the room to throw it on the fire. He follows her over tables, chairs, and a sofa or two. 'Tally-ho!' she cries, and gives a view-halloo. Round the room they go, and just as she is at the point of catching her she uses the shovel as a racket, and sends the hat flying, and at the same stroke sends her lover sprawling.

"Madam, she is a vulgar jade, I swear!" cried Mr. Bates. He was more out of breath than Kitty, for she had acted the part so vividly that she had forced him involuntarily to take the part of the hoyden's lover, and both he and his hat had suffered. "The scene that you have described bears out my argument. Women do not make fools of men in real life."

Of course this is Kitty's opportunity, and in the scene which follows she completely entraps poor Mr. Bates, and proves to him that "even the most ridiculous story, if plausibly told, will carry conviction to the most astute of men."

In this collection of thirteen stories Mrs. Spender relates some of the uncanny and gruesome experiences awaiting practitioners in hypnotism. The other stories are mostly concerned with charming young ladies who make marvellous marriages and afterwards develop into something not far removed from cranks. Then the family doctor appears on the scene, is thoroughly perplexed by the beautiful anomaly and the situation is suddenly cleared by some simple explanation. The stories are not devoid of interest and in some of their medical details will appeal to the morbid curiosity of the present day. As a whole, the book appears to us worthless and we cannot help regretting that the author had not taken her "Abernethian" doctor's advice and refrained from the sort of "literature that goes by the name of doctor's stories."

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The Friendship of Nature. By Mabel Osgood Wright. Price 25 cents; in cloth, 75 cents. (London: Macmillan. Toronto: Copp, Clark Co. 1895.)—This New England chronicle of Birds and Flowers is a very charming little book, and it will be deeply prized by the ardent lovers of

nature. To those whose eyes are not trained to see the beauties which lie around them it may be a kind of school master. The subjects are: "A New England May-day," "When Orchards Bloom," "The Romaunt of the Rose," "The Gardens of the Sea," "A Song of Summer," etc. Here is a pretty bit from the Romaunt of the Rose: "In the still garden, from a bed of conical leaves, slowly unfolding, perfume-clad, a queen comes forth, the first June rose. The brown moth, flitting, bears the news through the garden, fields, and lane. The fireflies signal it across the swamp, and perching in a tree, remotely sociable, his own breast flushed with joy, the grosbeak murmurs it all through the night. . . . Over all the land the roseblood, pulsing in flower and fruit, claims relationship. The well-fed strawberry, with his ruddy pitted face, calls himself cousin; the ripening cherry speaks for the plum, the pear, and the quince. The tall blackberry canes wave their snowy wands in homage, and in the springy fields, where the fleur-de-lis betray the sluggish stream, the avens shake their golden petals, crying: 'We too, we too, are kin.'" We can all see that this is pretty, picturesque writing; but those who have their senses exercised to discern the times and the seasons and the order of nature, will remark the truth and exactness of this writing as well as its beauty.

Colin Campbell, Lord Clyde. By Archibald Forbes. Price 75 cents, (London and New York: Macmillan. Toronto: Copp, Clark Co. 1895.)—This is certainly not one of the least interesting or important of the series of "Men of Action." The names of Colin Campbell and Archibald Forbes are full of promise, and the promise is kept. We have seldom read a brighter story or one of greater interest, personal and historical. Colin Campbell was a great soldier although it was late in the day before his greatness obtained full recognition. Lord Raglan, who, like himself, had served under the Great Duke in Portugal and in Spain, became a lieutenant-colonel at the age of twenty-four, a colonel at twenty-seven, a major-general at thirty-seven. But he was a son of the Duke of Beauford. Colin Campbell, at the end of forty-six years of service had only the rank of Colonel. Lord Raglan had never heard the sound of battle since Waterloo; "but during the long peace" he and another comrade, Sir John Burgoyne, "had been attaining step after step of promotion, and holding lucrative and not very arduous offices." With Colin Campbell it was very different. He had kept "at the point of the bayonet the most dangerous frontier of British India against onslaught after onslaught of the turbulent hill tribes beyond the border." He certainly had been made a Knight of the Bath and A. D. C. to Her Majesty; but without much in the way of promotion. It came at last. In 1854, at the age of sixty-two, he was a half-pay colonel. In 1858 he was a full general, and in the same year a peer of the realm. In 1862 he was gazetted a field-marshal. If his promotion was late it was rapid. When we remind our readers that the story of this great soldier's life embraces incidents in the Peninsular War, the story of the Alma and other scenes in the Crimean War, the Indian Mutiny, the storming of Lucknow, and onward to the end of the mutiny, and that the story is told by a soldier who has seen some of the greatest battles of modern times and can describe what he has seen, we have bespoken a warm welcome for this charming book.

The Ethics of the Old Testament. By Rev. W. S. Bruce, M.A. Price 4s. (Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. Toronto: Revell Co. 1895.)—This excellent little volume is a symptom of the deeper and more intelligent study of the Scriptures which has begun to prevail among us. We no longer think of lumping together texts from all parts of the Bible, and calling the result Biblical Theology. We have learnt that one period of revelation has its own character and can be brought into connection with another only by the way of development. Hence we have an Old Testament Theology, and here, as a department of the subject, Old Testament Ethics. The subject is eminently worthy of separate treatment, and it is here done extremely well. The writer shows that the Religion of the Old Testament is essentially ethical, and in this respect, greatly superior to that of other nations; that the idea of morality is found in the character of Jehovah, Israel being especially His people. This leads to a consideration of the law under which the chosen people were governed, and especially of the Ten Words

which are examined in great detail—the meaning of each word or commandment being carefully explained in its significance, and in all the fullness of its developed meaning. We do not quite understand the classification of the words at p. 93. The author says that the Roman Catholic Church refers three commandments to the first table and seven to the second, whilst the Reformed Church has four and six. He professes to prefer the former, and gives an arrangement which he imagines to be based upon it, but is not. There is, in fact, no difference between these two arrangements. The Romans and Lutherans throw the first two commandments into one, so that their three are our four; and then they divide our tenth into two, so that their last seven are our six. Passing from the ten commandments, the author proceeds to give a further account of Old Testament Legislation—in regard to nature (land and cattle), in regard to man, to sanitation, to the poor, to women and children, to worship and sacrifice. In Chapter XI. he has some excellent remarks on the Old Testament view of a future life. In Chapter XIII. he discusses the Ethics of Later Judaism; and in the last two chapters the moral difficulties of the Old Testament. The book is thoughtful and dispassionate in tone, and makes a real contribution to its subject.

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Letters to the Editor.

JUDGE PROWSE'S HISTORY OF NEWFOUNDLAND.

SIR,—In the column of your very able paper of the 19th July there appeared a long and favourable review of my history from the pen of Dr. J. G. Bourinot, C.M.G., etc., etc. A notice from so distinguished a writer is of course very flattering to an obscure historian. The learned Doctor Bourinot is the leading authority in America on parliamentary law and municipal government. General history is only the lighter study of his leisure hours. I feel almost positive that he had not my history before him when he wrote his article in your columns, otherwise he would not have misquoted me or stated "that in none of the earlier maps of the 16th century is there a Cape Bonavista."

"You cannot make an omelette without breaking eggs," says the French proverb, and history cannot be written without provoking controversy. The Doctor declares that I am quite astray in stating that the English were engaged in the Newfoundland fishery from the very discovery. Space would not permit me to go into the full argument on this question; even in my history I could only give a few of the leading points; but the facts I adduced quite convinced my friend, Mrs. John Richard Green, the greatest living authority on the history of the Tudor period, Clement Markham, C.B., president of the Royal Geographical Society, and other literary men in London, not one of the forty eminent writers who have so favourably reviewed my book in England and America differ from my conclusion. I think the arguments I bring forward are simply unanswerable. Of course they are different from the views put forth by Dr. Bourinot in his "Cape Breton and its Memorials," published in 1892, and all other writers on the subject, but no unprejudiced person can doubt that I am right. I would advise Dr. Bourinot to read over the facts again and to study them; his eminently judicial mind will then probably arrive at a different conclusion. About my advocacy of Cape Bonavista as the landfall of John Cabot, the learned Doctor is scarcely polite. "No author," he says, "of high reputation nowadays supports the theory of Cape Bonavista as Cabot's landfall,"—ergo I am not an author of high reputation. Well, I did not require Dr. Bourinot to inform me of that fact. I might retort by saying that no author who knew anything of history, who has read Soncino's letter giving Cabot's course, who had studied the maps and knew anything of North America and navigation would advocate such an absurd idea as that Cabot on this voyage passed all the east coast of Labrador and Newfoundland and finally sighted Cape Breton. "To-day," he says, "the weight of authority is in favour of Cape Breton." Well, if this is so, all I can say is that I regret that the historians of America are so blind to obvious facts. Professor Packard, one of the most eminent of American historians on this subject, says the landfall must have been either on Labrador or the east coast of Newfoundland. Dr. Bourinot considers that Mason's map is doubtful evidence, and an unbroken tradition in favour of

Cape Bonavista is of no value. But why so? He makes no reference to the facts that I mention in my notes at page 30 of the *Royal Port or Keel*, just inside Cape Bonavista, read by the light of Soncino's letter about taking possession of the land and planting the Royal banner. These two names of King's Cove and Keels give an air of very strong probability to the Bonavista theory. I think it quite possible that, though Cabot sighted Cape Bonavista, he did not so name the point. There were men from Western Islands in the Anglo-Portuguese expedition of 1501-2-3 and 1505. Probably they named it after their own Bonavista. All the same Newfoundlanders will cherish the idea that it was at this well-known Cape, the landfall of Cartier in 1534, that the great Genoese sailor first sighted North America. It must either have been at Labrador or some point on the east coast of our Island, the probabilities, tradition and the evidence of Mason's map are all in favour of Cape Bonavista. The so-called Cabot map of 1544 is a palpable fraud. Justin Winsor and Bishop Howley have dissected it and shewn its inconsistencies and defects as a guide on this question.

D. W. PROWSE.

St. John's, Newfoundland, Aug. 6, 1895.

THE CABOT LANDFALL QUESTION.

SIR,—The Montreal *Gazette* recently contained a reference to the Cabot Landfall Question which is of great interest and importance because I am informed by a correspondent in Ottawa that the author is the Rev. Mr. Harvey, of Newfoundland, one of the best-known students of the question in that country. I shall be greatly obliged if you can find room in your valuable journal for the following extract from Mr. Harvey's article, as it shows that a very different view is taken of the subject by a learned Newfoundland scholar from the antiquated one entertained by Mr. Winton and Mr. Tocque, whose letters appeared in a late number of THE WEEK. These gentlemen do not seem even to know the difference between John and Sebastian Cabot.

"I am glad to observe by an article in the *Gazette* of June 24th, that the proposal I ventured to make some time ago for a Cabot commemoration in 1897 is likely to take practical shape. I believe I was the first to broach the subject in a paper on the Cabots, which was read before the Historical Society of Nova Scotia in November, 1893. More than once, if I am not mistaken, I referred to the matter in my letters to the *Gazette*. Early last year I addressed a letter to Dr. Bourinot, who kindly undertook to lay it before the council of the Royal Society of Canada. It is gratifying to find that the idea thus propounded, and of which I may fairly claim the paternity, is now attracting so much attention, and that so many leaders of opinion are giving it their support. It seems to me that the Royal Society is the organization that could most hopefully take the initiative in this commemoration. There can hardly be a doubt that if fairly and fully laid before the public, the project is one that will commend itself to popular sympathy and support. It is most fitting that Canada should lead the way in organizing some worthy celebration in grateful recollection of the Cabots, who first opened Northern America to European civilization. If Columbus pioneered the way in the south the Cabots opened the pathway for a far nobler civilization in the north. The foundations of the Dominion of Canada, it might be truly affirmed were laid by their discoveries. Cabot's landfall was almost certainly a portion of Canada's shores. It would redound immensely to the honour of Canada and tend to promote her best interests, if her people should unite in paying a becoming tribute to the memory of one of the noblest names on the roll of England's greatest explorers. It would, moreover, be an act of tardy justice; for one of the bravest of England's sailors, who gave her a continent, has hitherto never had the smallest honour conferred on his name or the most insignificant recognition of the vast services he rendered to his adopted country. The fourth centenary of his discovery presents a fitting opportunity to redeem the neglect of the past. Dr. S. E. Dawson's admirable monograph on "The Voyages of the Cabots" is peculiarly timely and will help to awaken attention to the projected commemoration. It is incomparably the best thing ever written on the subject. It discovers great industry in research and rare skill in the treatment of his materials. I have read and written a good deal on this subject, but we must all doff our caps to Dr. Dawson's exhaustive monograph. It appears to me he has settled the long-disputed question of Cabot's landfall. The weight of evidence he has accumulated in favour of the Cape Breton theory will set aside all other claims. That in favour of Bonavista, Newfoundland, rests on vague tradition, and is sustained by no substantial evidence whatever; while the records of the voyage and Cabot's map are directly opposed to it. One or two writers, for sentimental reasons, still try to argue in favour of it. However this may be, it is quite time that action were taken, if a commemoration worthy of the occasion and of the great Dominion is to be inaugurated."

X. Y. Z.

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Dr. E. Cornell Esten, Philadelphia, Pa., says: "I have met with the greatest and most satisfactory results in dyspepsia and general derangement of the cerebral and nervous systems, causing debility and exhaustion."

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For sale by all Druggists.

Art Notes.

It is a thousand pities that we have no collection of good pictures in Canada which is available to the public; and to the writer on art matters the task of description is very much more difficult where no examples can be pointed to than it would be in a country which possessed a gallery of the works of the masters. There is a permanent collection in embryo in Ottawa, and another in Montreal; but neither is so representative as to be of much educational value at present. The private collections in Montreal are very fine; and if their owners were to combine and present them to the city the result would be a gallery that would rival any collection in the States.

The absence of examples when one wishes to discuss the technical qualities of a painter like Sargent is particularly regrettable. To those who have not seen his work it would be impossible to give an idea of their qualities—impossible to bring to the mind of the reader an adequate conception of what constitutes "a Sargent." Nothing more spontaneous, more racy, could be imagined; and perhaps only Franz Hall's and Velasquez, amongst the old masters, had, in an equal degree with Sargent, the power to present the subject with that happy directness and speed which gives to the portrait the look of being the result of a single effort. In New York I saw two pictures which can be seen by visitors to the city without the trouble of applying to a private owner for permission, which so commonly has to be done in the case of portraits; and these two are good examples of Sargent's style so far as it applies to masculine portraiture; but as the majority of his successes have been in the delineation of feminine charms no one should suppose he knows much about the painter's genius until he has seen some of his pictures of ladies.

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In the Players Club are to be seen the two portraits to which I have referred. In his presentment of Edwin Booth—at one time President of the club—the tragedian stands in an easy attitude, having for a background the somewhat heroic outlines of the fire-place of the club, which is indicated with a masterly knowledge of the way to subordinate what would be, in weaker hands, a somewhat strident accessory. The key of colour is quiet, and the canvas altogether is of the kind which would not, perhaps, impress the casual observer as being especially noteworthy as its strength is of the passive order, a good deal being held in reserve.

The Players Club is to be congratulated on possessing portraits of the greatest tragedian and the greatest comedian that America has produced, both by the hand of her greatest painter. The Jefferson picture differs from the Booth in a degree which might be expected when the inspiration comes from so different a source. The staid and sombre figure of the American Garrick hardly prepares one for the much more vivid and intense impression of the creator of the comically lovable character of Rip Van Winkle. Here the picturesque accessories of shaggy wig, lace cuffs and knee breeches are seized upon and rendered with an easy sketchiness which delights the spectator in just the same degree in which they evidently delighted the artist. And for charmingly suggested hands—touched in rapidly, and left before they ceased to be amusing—I recommend those in this picture. I am bound to state, though, that I have seen other hands (not innocent of the brush) raised in pious horror at the contemplation of them. The eyes, too, have extraordinary meaning and depth. The whole colouration is rich and glowing, and, in short, it is a good "Sargent." E. WYLY GRIER.

* * *

Literary Notes.

It is rumored that Miss Amelia Barr is to write a novel about Cambridge.

The first chapters of Mrs. Humphrey Ward's new novel will appear in *The Century* for January.

Richard Le Gallienne, the young "decadent" poet of London, is to visit the United States next winter.

Coventry Patmore's first volume of poems was published about 50 years ago. He is now seventy-two years of age and issues a new book entitled, "The Rod, the Root and the Flower."

The title of Paul Bourget's forthcoming novel, announced as "En Avant," has changed and nobody knows what it is to be called. The book deals with anarchists and their theories.

The author of "An Experiment in Altruism," hitherto known as "Elizabeth Hastings," is now introduced to her readers as Miss Margaret Pollock Sherwood, an instructor in English at Wellesley College.

The long promised volume of Matthew Arnold's letters, written between 1848 and 1888, will soon be brought out. Mr. George W. E. Russell, who has carefully collected and arranged these epistles, says in his preface note that "For those who know Matthew Arnold the peculiar charm of his letters lies in this—that they are, in a word, himself."

So large has been the demand for Principal Grant's able and scholarly work "Religions of the World in Relation to Christianity" that an enlarged edition is to be issued on the 1st of October, both in Britain and the United States, under the simpler title of "The Religions of the World." In this new edition Christianity will be treated in two chapters entitled "Israel" and "Jesus," from the same point of view and in accordance with same canons which were applied, in the first edition, to all other religions. There will also be a fuller Preface and substantial additions to the chapters treating of Mohammedanism and other faiths. The publishers are the Blacks of Edinburgh, and Anson, Randolph & Co., New York, and the price is to be 1s. 5d. stg. instead of the 6d. at which the Guild text-books are issued.

Father and Son Cured.

THE VILLAGE OF WHITECHURCH DEVELOPS A SENSATION.

The Father Attacked With Rheumatism and the Son With St. Vitus Dance—A Story That can be Vouched For by All the Neighbors

From the Wingham Advance.

Mr. Joseph Nixon is the proprietor of the only hotel in the village of Whitechurch, and is known to the whole countryside as a man who thoroughly understands his business, and a jovial companion as well. It is well known in this part of Ontario, that Mr. Nixon's hotel was destroyed by fire, but with that energy which is characteristic of him he quickly set to work to re-build. His story, as told a reporter of the *Wingham Advance*, who recently had occasion to visit his hostelry, will prove of interest. "I was helping to dig out the cellar," he said, "and in the dampness and cold I contracted rheumatism which settled in my right hip. It got so bad that I couldn't sit in a chair without doubling my right leg back at the side of the chair, and I couldn't ride in a buggy without letting the affected leg hang out. I suffered a great deal more from the trouble than anyone who has not been similarly affected can imagine. How



"I was helping dig out the cellar."

I was cured is even more interesting. One day I saw a neighbor whom I knew had rheumatism very bad, running down the road. I called him and asked what had cured his rheumatism. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills he promptly replied, and that determined me to try the same remedy. Well, the result is Pink Pills cured me, and that is something other medicines failed to do. I don't know what is in them, but I do know that Pink Pills is a wonderful medicine. And it is not only in my own case," continued Mr. Nixon, "that I have reason to be grateful for what the medicine has done. My son, Fred, about twelve years of age, was taken with an attack of cold. Inflammation of the lungs set in and as he was recovering from this, other complications followed which developed into St. Vitus dance, which got so bad that he could not possibly stand still. We gave him Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, with the result that he is now thoroughly cured, and looks as though he had never had a day's sickness in his life, and if these facts, which are known to all the neighbors, will be of benefit to anyone else, you are at liberty to publish them."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a specific for all diseases arising from an impoverished condition of the blood or a shattered condition of the nervous forces, such as St. Vitus dance, locomotor ataxia, rheumatism, paralysis, sciatica, the after effects of la grippe, loss of appetite, headache, dizziness, chronic dyspepsia, scrofula, etc. They are also a specific for the troubles peculiar to the female system, correcting irregularities, suppressions and all forms of female weakness, building anew the blood, and restoring the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork, or excess of any nature. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold only in boxes bearing the firm's trade mark and wrapper (printed in red ink), and may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N.Y., at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50.

Chess Corner.

BATTLING AT HASTINGS.

Tschgorin leads just now. H. R. H. The Duke of York is patron. Vergam has practically won last place!!! The Illustrated London News claims that every first-class player is engaged. Does Darwin think so?? The Herald says "It has brought together a more sparkling galaxy of talent than any previous chess congress.

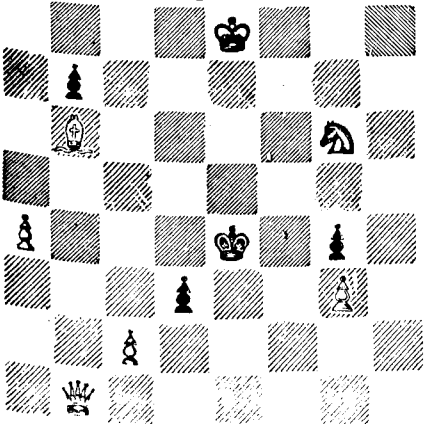
SHAKE OVER THE KEY-BOARD.

Kt K7 P advances 701
Kt Q3 P xKt Q KB8 any move
P B4 Mates Mates
-Drawer 584, Port Hope.

Resuming this department, our Chess Editor hopes to prevent all mistakes by repeating problems, a la Forsyth, and adding checkograph style to games.

Kindly send critical notes, to the games, for future publication, and acknowledgement.

Mate in 3, by H. Hosey Davis, viz.:
4 Black - 13 pts. (4K4p7B4N9.



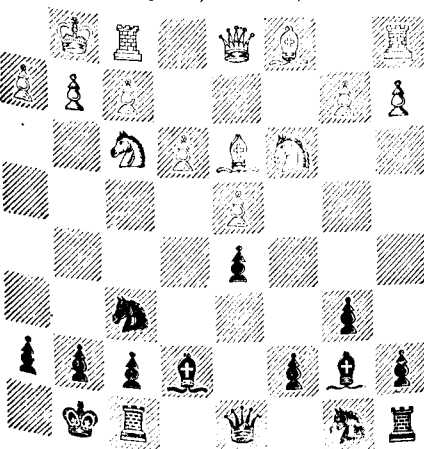
P3k1p4p2P3P6(Q6) 7 White + 13, 702, White to play and mate in 3 moves

AUSTRALIAN CHESS CHAMPIONSHIP.

In the fourteenth game, just received, Mr. Esling again declines the Queen's Gambit and wins; partly owing to Mr. Wallace playing rashly. -Our game, No. 702.

Table with columns: WALLACE, ESLING, White, Black. Lists chess moves and piece values.

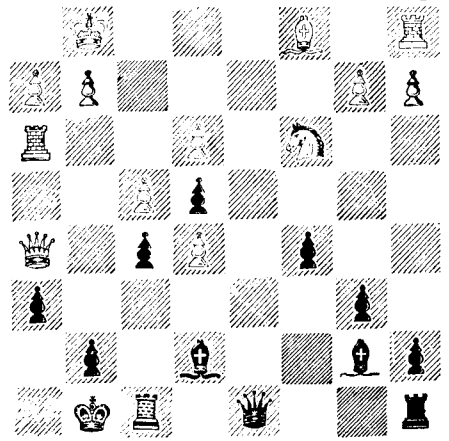
WHITE (IKR1QB1R, PPP3PP, 2NPBN 6P3.



4P5n3p1, pppb1pbb, 1kr1q1ur) BLACK, =

9 Kt K5 P QB4 Pw cu,
10 P KB4 Kt B3 XF 2m,
11 R B3 Kt xKt 66P mw,
12 QP xKt Kt K5 Dw pE,
13 R R3 P B4 PR fx,
14 Q KR5 P R3 44z hr,
15 B xKt QP xB NE vE,

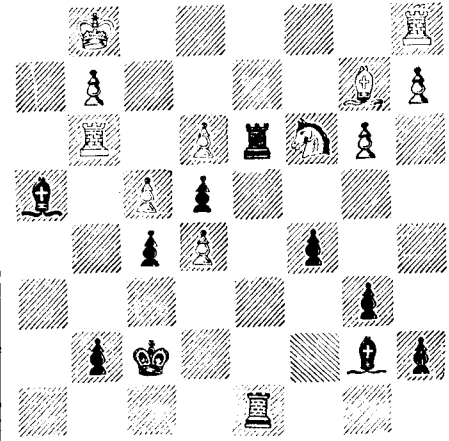
WHITE - P (IK3B1R, PP4PP, R2P1N4Pp4.



Q1pP1p2, p5p2p1b2bp, 1kr 1q 2r) BLACK + P.

16 Q Kt6 Q Ksq zq 45,
17 R xRP Q xQ Rr 5q,
18 R xQ K B2 rq 7f,
19 R Kt3 QR Qsq qQ 14,
20 P QKt3 R Q6 TK 4N,
21 B Kt2 KR Qsq 33T 64,
22 P KR4 B xP ZH eH,

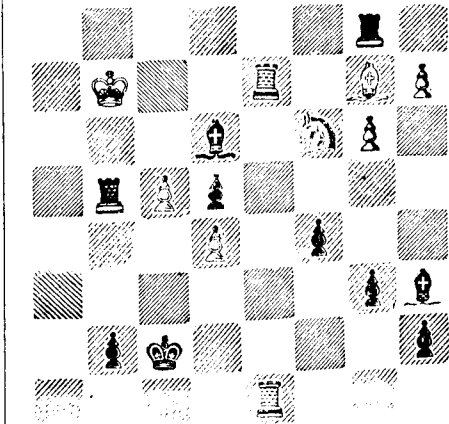
WHITE (1K5R, 1P4BP, 1R1PnNP1, b1Pp4.



2pP1p8p2pk3bp, 4r3) BLACK, =

23 R R3 B K2 QR He,
24 P KKt4 P xP YG xG,
25 R Kt3 R Q7 RQ NV,
26 R QKt5 B R5 1122 eH,
27 R xP B B7 ch QG HX1,
28 K Bsq B R3 ch 7766 bjt,
29 K Kt2 B xP ch 66Y X01,

WHITE - P (6R2K2r1BP, 3b1NP2RPp4.



3P1p8pb, 1pk4p, 4r3) BLACK + P

30 K Kt3 B B7 ch VQ ON1,
31 K Kt2 B Q5 ch QY XD+,
32 K Kt3 B xKt YQ DM,
33 B xB R(Qsq) Q6 ch TM 4N+,
34 K T4 R xB QH NM,
35 K Kt5 R Q4 Hy Vv,
Resigns. ill.

(6R8P, 5rP2RPp5K1Prp8pb, 1pk4p, 8)

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POET-LORE
THE MONTHLY MAGAZINE OF
LETTERS

DOUBLE SUMMER NUMBER.
June-July, 1895.

ALLADINE AND PALOMIDES. A Prose Play. (Com-
plete). *Maurice Maeterlinck.*
THE DEVIL INSPIRES THE MONK: An Anglo-Saxon
War Story. *Lindsay Todd Damon.*
VIRGIL'S ART. *John Albee.*
THEOCRITUS: Father of Pastoral Poetry. *Joshua
Kendall.*
GREEK TRAITS IN WALT WHITMAN. *Emily Chris-
tina Monk.*
URIEL ACOSTA. (Translated). *Karl Gutzkow.* Trans-
lated by *Richard Hovey* and *Francis Stewart Jones.*
RUSKIN'S LETTERS TO GHESNEAU: A Record of
Literary Friendship. III. *William G. Kingsland.*
CHOICE OF SUBJECT-MATTER in the Poets: Chan-
cer, Spenser, Tennyson, Browning. Part II. of
Annals of a Quiet Browning Club. *L. N. Cog.*
RECENT BRITISH VERSE. *P.*
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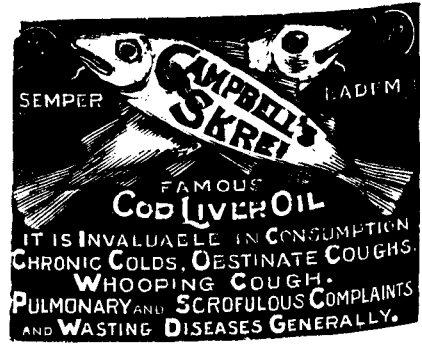
The *Quarterly Review* for July contains eleven articles several of which are really A 1, others possess great merit, but the one on the "Life and Teachings of Mohammed" is below mediocrity, and is calculated to mislead public opinion at a time of perturbation on the Eastern Question. Unfortunately the reviewer lacks the gift of a judicial mind, and evidently is unable to weigh conflicting evidence. The following is a simple way of testing the matter: Suppose that an educated Mohammedan, wishing to depreciate Christianity, imitated the reviewer's method, and (1) picked out isolated passages from the Old and New Testaments; (2) selected from the multitude of creeds and dogmas of antagonistic Christian churches whatever in his opinion would tell against Christianity; (3) made selections from Jesuit and narrow-minded Protestant writers; (4) quoted from the histories of the crusades against the Albigensis; (5) the massacre of Saint Bartholomew; (6) the horrors of the Inquisition; (7) showed the decadence of Spain after the expulsion of the Moslems; and, then, (8) adopt- ing the widely spread but erroneous belief that J. S. Mill was one of the leading thinkers of his age, quoted from p. 90 of his overrated "Essay on Liberty" (See page 28 of review of J. S. Mill's "Essay on Liberty" in the Toronto Reference Library) where he invidiously contrasts the Koran with the New Testament; and, referring to the Christian standard of ethics, falsely states (p. 90) that "the only worth professedly recognized is that of obedience." Should we call that a correct and fair way of describing the religion taught by Christ and its natural results? Yet this illustrates the reviewer's method of dealing with his subject. All thinking men must admit that Christianity is vastly superior to the religion taught by Mahomet; but facts should be stated fairly and from a judicial standpoint. Among other factors the reviewer ignores (1) the results caused by racial differences; (2) different eras of time; (3) and the consequences of polygamy. When the ruling classes practice polygamy with the natural result that on an average their wives and concubines are greatly inferior to themselves, there is sure—from this cause alone—to be a steady mental deterioration in the ruling race. This simple fact of itself would explain the decadence of once-flourishing Oriental dynasties, and, as a necessary consequence of that, of their subjects. A single quotation will show the unfitness of the reviewer to pose as a judge of facts. He actually accepts and repeats as true (p. 223) a childish statement that the annual revenue of the Byzantine Empire in the beginning of the thirteenth century was £130,000,000 (say \$650,000,000 of dollars) and this although at that time it only comprised about one-half of the present Turkish Empire, the revenue of which highly-taxed state is only £18,000,000. Even this lesser area "was greatly impoverished by the ravages of the crusaders"; yet, according to him, its revenue was almost one-half greater than that of the United Kingdom in 1894. His statement is simply absurd; and some of his others are on a par with it. This is historical-buckram, an introduction of Falstaff's arithmetic into history. In the *Fortnightly* for July there is a valuable paper by Mr. Davey—who is well-informed upon Turkish questions—on "The Present Condition of Mohammedan Women in Turkey." Many of his facts refute the loose statements of the *Quarterly Reviewer*. He states (p. 53): "Perhaps the greatest benefit which Mahomet conferred upon woman was the very strict laws he framed to render her absolutemistress of her fortune. These laws remain in vigor to this day." P. 66: "The virtues of the real Turks are as conspicuous as ever, hospitality, an utter freedom from vulgarity, and great kindness to the poor and animals." The following is from an American review: Years ago a party of Americans were travelling in Asiatic Turkey, and, through their interpreter, a Greek Christian, they asked a question of a humble wayside Turk; but they doubted the truth of his answer; whereupon the Greek observed: "You can believe what he says for his religion don't allow him to tell lies." What an unconscious satire upon nominal Oriental Christians! No one contends that the Mo-



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Accept no substitute that may be recommended to be "just as good." It may be better for the dealer, because of paying him a better profit, but he is not the one who needs help.
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ammedan system of government is a good one, but writers—more especially those who contribute to our high-class Quarterlies—should always take pains anent their facts, and bear in mind that they are not addressing a youthful debating society. There is also in the *Quarterly* a very able and statesmanlike paper on the "Royal Commission on the Aged Poor." The proposal to pay pensions to the aged poor will be brought before the newly elected Parliament, and as the subject practically embraces the whole question of what is the best way to lessen and deal with poverty we will refer further to it in a subsequent issue of THE WEEK. There is, in addition a capital account of the Spanish Armada, showing how the undertaking failed, mainly through the splendid seamanship and active courage of the English commanders. Sound naval strategic views are added which apply at the present time. There is also a valuable paper on "The Reports of the Chief Registrar of Friendly Societies." All who take an interest in that subject should read and study it.

Personal.

Lieut.-Governor Chapeau returned to Montreal on Tuesday evening from Toronto, and expressed himself much delighted with his trip.

Mr. Newcombe, the Deputy Minister of Justice, who went to England to confer with the Colonial Office in reference to the copyright question, will leave for Canada on the 27th inst.

Private Hayhurst, winner of the Queen's prize, and several other members of the Canadian Bisley team, were given a public reception in Toronto, on Tuesday, and subsequently honoured in Hamilton.

Mr. Wesley Bick returned to Ottawa on Tuesday from a seven years' residence as a missionary in Japan. He says that Villiers and Creelman, who wrote so much of the war reports, knew nothing about what was really going on except from hearsay. To strangers and foreigners the people were very kind, even during the war, when, naturally, relations were somewhat strained.

The fiftieth anniversary of the Rev. Dr. Wardrope's ordination to the Presbyterian ministry was celebrated on Tuesday in Chalmers' Church, Guelph, when he was presented with addresses from the Presbytery of Guelph, St. Paul's Church, Ottawa, and the session of Knox Church, Ottawa. An oil portrait was unveiled at the evening meeting, and presented to Chalmers' Church, to be kept suspended in the session-room. Dr. Wardrope has had only two charges in half a century, Ottawa and Guelph.

* * *

"If all the gold in mint or bank,
All earthly things that men call wealth
Were mine, with every titled rank,
I'd give them all for precious health."

Thus in anguish wrote a lady teacher to a near friend, telling of pitiless headache, of smarting pain, of pain in back and loins, of dejection, weakness and nervous, feverish unrest. The friend knew both causes and cure and flashed back the answer, "Take Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription." The distressed teacher obeyed, was restored to perfect health, and her daily duties once more became a daily pleasure. For lady teachers, sales-ladies and others kept long standing, or broken down by exhausting work, the "Prescription" is a most potent restorative tonic, and a certain cure for all female weakness. Send for free pamphlet. Address World's Dispensary Medical Association, 663 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.

Fibroid, ovarian and other Tumors cured without resort to surgery. Book, with numerous references, sent on receipt of 10 cents in stamps. World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

* * *

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The accumulation of the profits in life insurance for a definite term of ten, fifteen or twenty years, known as the Investment Period, was not some years ago as popular with the insuring public as it is at the present time. The introduction of this system into Canadian Life Insurance is to be credited to the North American Life Assurance Company of Toronto, and its highly satisfactory results in the case of this particular company's policies which have actually matured have again and again been exemplified in the letters received from the holders of these policies.

Mr. T. J. Barrett, of Tilsonburg, says: "Your inspector, Mr. R. B. Hungerford, has just called on me with a settlement of my ten-year Endowment Investment Policy in your company, amounting to \$1,173.62.

"I am delighted with the result, as it is about \$78 more than I expected. I can truthfully say I have never regretted taking a policy in your company, and shall lose no opportunity of recommending it to my friends."

Full particulars respecting rates and the company's investment policies can be secured on application to the head office of the company, Toronto.

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**PURE, HIGH GRADE
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Pain Cured in an Instant.

For headache (whether sick or nervous), toothache, neuralgia, rheumatism, lumbago, pains and weakness in the back, spine or kidneys, pains around the liver, pleurisy, swelling of the joints and pains of all kinds, the application of RADWAY'S READY RELIEF will afford immediate ease, and its continued use for a few days effect a permanent cure.

A CURE FOR ALL

SUMMER COMPLAINTS.

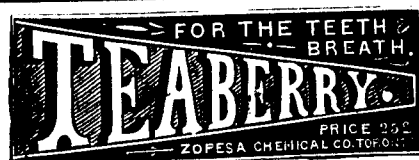
A half to a teaspoonful of Ready Relief in a half tumbler of water, repeated as often as the discharges continue, and a flannel saturated with Ready Relief placed over the stomach and bowels will afford immediate relief and soon effect a cure.

Internally - A half to a teaspoonful in half a tumbler of water will in a few minutes cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Nausea, Vomiting, Heartburn, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Sick Headache, Flatulency, and all internal pains.

Malaria in its Various Forms Cured and Prevented.

Price 25c. per Bottle. Sold by Druggists.

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



Applicant: I ask for the hand of your daughter. Parent: Have you any prospects for the future? Applicant: None whatever. Parent: She hasn't any, either. Take her, myboy, and be happy. Bless you both.

THE GREAT WEST.

If you desire to learn what is going on in British Columbia; what openings for business and investment; what opportunities to make a new home in that delightful Province, subscribe for the Vancouver "NEWS ADVERTISER."—Daily, \$8.00; Weekly, \$2.00 per annum, free by mail.

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THE WEEKLY FREE PRESS has the largest circulation amongst the farmers of the Northwest of any paper.

ADVERTISERS can reach the people of Manitoba and the Territories most effectually by means of the FREE PRESS.

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STOMACH, LIVER AND BOWELS
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And sold by all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

N.B.—Advice gratis at the above address, daily between the hours of 11 and 4, or by letter.

The Week's Toronto Business Directory.

- Accountants** { Clarkson & Cross, Ontario Bank Chambers, Scott Street, Toronto.
D. Blackley, 80 Bay Street, Toronto and 17 King Street West, Hamilton.
- Architects** { Curry, Baker & Co., 70 Victoria Street.
Darling, Sproat, & Pearson, *The Mail Building*.
Beaumont Jarvis, Traders Bank Building, 63 Yonge Street.
- Booksellers
and
Publishers** { Copp, Clark Company Limited, 9 Front Street West and 67 Colborne Street.
The Fleming H. Revell Company, Limited, 140-142 Yonge Street.
Methodist Book and Publishing House, 29 Richmond Street West.
Rowell & Hutchison, 74 King Street East.
Hunter Rose Printing Company Limited.
- Bookbinders
and
Stationers** { The Brown Brothers, Limited, 64-68 King Street East.
- Brewers** { Cosgrave Brewing Company, 293 Niagara Street.
Dominion Brewery Company Limited, 496 King Street East.
- Chemists** { Hooper & Co., 43 King Street West and 444 Spadina Avenue. Dispensing under direct supervision of Principals.
- Clothing** { Oak Hall. Fine Ready-to-wear Clothing. 115 to 121 King Street East.
"Flags Of All Nations." Cheapest Clothing Store on Earth. Corner King and Market Sts.
- Coal & Wood** { Elias Rogers & Co. Head Office, 20 King Street West.
Standard Fuel Co. Ltd. Wholesale and Retail. Head Office, 58 King East.
- Dry Goods** { John Catto & Son, King Street, opposite the Post Office.
R. Simpson, Nos. 170, 72, 74, 76, 78 Yonge Street and 103 Queen Street.
- Furniture** { The Chas. Rogers & Sons Co., Ltd. Manufacturers and Retailers. 97 Yonge Street.
The Campbell Furniture Co. Jolliffe's old stand, 585 to 591 Queen West. Lines as complete as usual.
- Financial** { The Toronto General Trusts Co. See advt. 2nd page of THE WEEK.
The Home Savings and Loan Company, Limited, 78 Church Street.
London and Canadian Loan and Agency Company, Limited. J. F. Kirk, Manager. 99 and 103 Bay Street.
- Grocers** { Caldwell & Hodgins, Corner John and Queen Streets.
- Hardware** { Rice Lewis & Son, Limited, 30-34 King Street East.
- Hotels** { The Queen's. McGaw & Winnett, Proprietors. 78-92 Front Street West.
The Arlington, Cor. King and John Streets. \$2 to \$3 per day. W. G. Havill, Manager.
- Insurance** { North American Life Assurance Company. Wm. McCabe, F.I.A., Managing Director.
For Good Agency Appointments apply to Equitable Life, Toronto.
- Laundries** { Parisian Steam. E. M. Moffatt, Manager. 67 Adelaide Street West.
Toronto Steam. G. P. Sharpe, 106 York Street. Open front and collar attached shirts done by hand.
- Money to
Loan** { H. H. Williams, 24 King East. Private funds on productive Toronto property at 5 per cent.
- Music
Publishers** { Anglo-Canadian Music Publisher Association, Limited (Ashdown's), 122-124 Yonge Street.
Whaley, Royce & Co., Music Publishers, etc., 158 Yonge Street.
- Patents** { Ridout & Maybee. Mechanical and Electrical Experts. Pamphlets on Patents sent free.
- Piano
Manufact'r's** { A. & S. Nordheimer. Pianos, Organs and Music. 15 King Street East.
Standard Piano Co. Warerooms, 158 Yonge Street.
Gourlay, Winter & Leeming, 188 Yonge Street. Pianos and Organs hired and sold.
- Real Estate
Stock & Bond
Brokers** { Parker & Co. Properties to suit all classes. Private funds to loan.
Æmilus Jarvis & Co., 23 King Street West.
- Teas** { Hereward Spencer & Co., Retail India and Ceylon Tea Merchants, 63½ King Street West.
- Type
Writing** { George Bengough, 45 Adelaide Street East.

THE WEEK

NORTH AMERICAN LIFE

Assurance Company.

Head Office, - - - Toronto, Ont.

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JOHN L. BLAIRIE, Esq.

VICE-PRESIDENTS
HON. G. W. ALLAN, J. K. KERR, Esq., Q.C.

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Write for further particulars and the last Annual Report, showing the unexcelled position attained by the Company, to

WM. MCCABE, F.I.A.,
Managing Director.

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(Successors to Hart & Riddell's Retail Dept.)

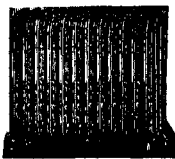
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We have just received a large importation of this Queen of wall coverings from England, at prices lower than ever before sold in Canada. There is no paper to equal Anaglypta for Hall, Library and Billiard Room Walls, Dining Room or Hall Dados.

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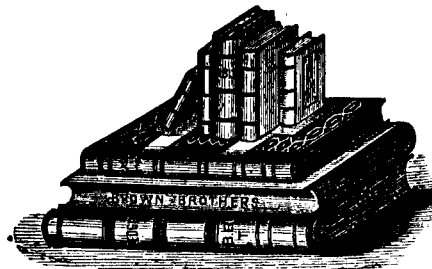
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