

# THE WEEK

A Canadian Journal of Politics, Literature, Science and Arts.

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Vol. XI.

TORONTO, FRIDAY, JUNE 29th, 1894.

No. 31.

## THE WEEK:

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

### CURRENT TOPICS.

As we go to press, the Intercolonial Conference will be in session at Ottawa. A delegate from the Antipodes is reported to have said that Canada having called the Conference, Canadians must take the lead and direct its deliberations. There is a certain just force in this remark, yet if it should represent in any measure the spirit in which delegates from other colonies come together, the augury would not be a promising one. Let us hope rather that each delegate has come, not only with open mind to listen to suggestions and proposals, but with a genuine, hopeful enthusiasm which will be fruitful of suggestion and an earnest of a successful Conference. There seems good reason to anticipate that such will prove to be the case.

The end of litigation in regard to the Manitoba School question has, it appears, not yet been reached. The Judicial Committee of the British Privy Council has granted special leave to appeal against the judgment of the Supreme Court of Canada, given in February last. The result is, we suppose, that the question is in just the same position as before the pronouncing of that decision. It will be for the Judicial Committee to decide upon all the six questions submitted to the Supreme Court by the Dominion Government, or at least upon that which was, we take it, the crucial question, viz, whether the case is such as admits of the appeal to the Dominion Government for redress, provided for in certain now familiar subsections of the B. N. A. Act, and of the Manitoba Act. Should the Court of last resort reverse the decision of the Supreme Court in this particular, it will follow, we presume, that the appeal will be taken and the Government will be bound to take it into consideration and either reject the appeal, or take steps to constrain the Manitoba Government to redress whatever wrongs it (the Federal Government) may find to have been inflicted upon the Roman Catholic minority in Manitoba by the Provincial school legislation. No doubt the Dominion Government will devoutly hope that the judgment of the Supreme Court may be upheld by the Judicial Committee. Otherwise troublous times are in store for it.

There is so much that seems harsh and almost vindictive in the struggles of party champions in the House of Commons that one is disposed to welcome any incident which brings out a better side of human nature. Such an incident occurred last week in connection with the discovery that one of the members, Mr. Henry Corby, of West Hastings, had been inadvertently guilty of a violation of the Independence of Parliament Act, through the purchase from his firm without his knowledge, of a quantity of a certain kind of spirit, for the use of the Government. Mr. Corby, who was out of the city on the day the fact was brought to light, hastened to Ottawa, and, from his place on the floor of the House, promptly admitted the fact, declared that it had occurred without his knowledge, and placed his resignation in the hands of the Speaker. Of course it was possible for an ungenerous man to have said that he might well take prompt steps to free himself from the consequences, which could be made to assume the shape of a fine of some thousands of dollars per day. But so evident

was the innocence of Mr. Corby in the matter, and so convinced was every member of the honesty and frankness of his explanations, that the proposal made by Mr. McCarthy and seconded by Mr. Laurier, that an Act be passed to free him from the consequences of the mistake, as regards the penalties to which he had become liable, was accepted without a dissenting voice. One scarcely knows whether to admire most the manly frankness of Mr. Corby's explanation, or the ready generosity with which it was accepted by the leader of the Opposition and his followers, who might, perhaps, have made a petty little party capital out of the matter.

The rise and fall of Erastus Wiman has been the theme of many a homily during the last few weeks. The career has certainly been a remarkable and instructive one, while the fact that the condemned man is a native of this city gives his case a special interest for Canadians. It would probably be unjust to suggest that the almost universal readiness to accept the verdict and condemn the man displays an unamiable side of human nature. Not having ourselves followed closely the evidence published, we cannot refuse to accept the judgment of just and discriminating men who have done so, and who are forced to confess that the proof of his guilt, not simply on a single occasion but time after time, is overwhelming. Yet it seems impossible to doubt that the man was full of good and generous impulses. To many he proved himself a benefactor, not merely by lavish gifts bestowed on the impulse of the moment, but by friendly deeds which required time and trouble, and afforded ample proof of a genuine desire to do good to others. This suggests two reflections: First, Men are not necessarily wholly bad or wholly good. Many a character shows, when thoroughly analyzed, a strange mixture. A second inference, which should not be without its practical usefulness, is that the moral strength of a man is but his strength at his weakest point. Erastus Wiman's weak points were, evidently, his inordinate haste to be rich and the overweening vanity which craved notoriety. Let us not deny that the notoriety sought was often that of doing good. It is said that his trial revealed an almost abnormal lack of moral perception—in certain directions, we should be disposed to think. But what opportunity or training did he ever have to cultivate and develop the moral faculty whose function it is to make nice

moral distinctions? His early history, perhaps his life history, was against him. This suggests a further practical query. What amount of effective moral training is being had by thousands of young lads now growing up in our streets, possibly attending our schools?

The trite saying that corporations have no consciences has seldom been so clearly proven by individual members of such corporations, as in some of the testimony recently given by officers of the American Sugar-Refining Company, before the U. S. Senate Investigating Committee. Mr. Havemeyer, the President, and Mr. Searles, the Secretary of this company, both of whom are said to be in private life esteemed men of spotless reputation, testified, in answer to questions, before the committee, that on the formation of the trust they did advance the price of sugar to the American consumer; that the latter is to-day paying three-eighths of a cent a pound more for such sugar than he would have to pay under a system of separate refineries; that the trust had endeavored to control legislation; that it had contributed to the Democratic State (New York) fund last year; that it always contributed to the Republican State campaign fund, etc. Mr. Havemeyer's frank reply to the question why his company should contribute to either of the political parties in the State was: "We have large interests in this State; police protection and fire protection. They need everything that the city furnishes and gives, and they have to support these things. Every individual and corporation and firm, trust, or whatever you call them, does these things and we do them." He further admitted that the trust is a Democrat in a Democratic state, and a Republican in a Republican state, that the dominant party gets the contribution, because that is the party which controls the local matters. Mr. Searles made practically the same admissions and could see nothing improper in the thing, "as parties are now managed." Of course, the McKinley tariff is the backbone of the trust. The *Outlook* makes the sensible suggestion that the moral sentiment of the nation demands absolute publicity for all campaign contributions. The remedy is simple. Is the moral sentiment of the nation strong enough to apply it? The same publicity is needed in Canada. We as well as our cousins have to pay more for our sugar by reason of monopolies bolstered up by tariff protection. Is Canadian moral sentiment strong enough to insist on the right remedies?

In the death of Archbishop Tache, not only has the Church of Rome in Canada lost one of its most distinguished prelates, but the Dominion one of its ablest and most influential diplomatists. Whatever may be our views as to the character and tendencies of the religious system of the

Church of which he was a member, it is impossible not to admire the self-sacrifice, bravery, and enthusiasm, which stand out on every page of the story of the young priest's missionary labours among the savage tribes of what was, in his earlier years, the Hudson Bay Territory. The hardships and privations he endured, the dangers he faced, during the long journeys he made in the depths of winter, in order to make known his message and perform the rites of his church for the benefit of the poor savages, are worthy to be recorded by the side of those of his ancestors, whose annals form so romantic and inspiring a part of early Canadian history. His missionary and priestly labours during all the years both preceding and following his elevation to the Bishopric in 1851 had secured him such a position of influence among the Indians and half-breeds of the North-West, that his counsels seem to have had almost the force of law throughout the whole Red River country. A remarkable tribute to this influence was paid by the Dominion Government when, in 1869, he was summoned in all haste from Rome, to quell the dissatisfaction caused by the too high-handed methods of the Government in trying to take possession of the territory, after terms had been made with the Hudson Bay Company. The details of that affair and of the part which the Bishop took in it are still fresh in the minds of many of our readers, as are also those of the active opposition he was still waging up to the time of his death, against the school legislation of the Province of Manitoba. We need not now discuss the question whether he exceeded his powers in offering amnesty in Manitoba after the death of Scott, or that of the soundness of his views on the school question. That he was not only a man of great ability, but honest and sincere in contending for the faith in which he had been brought up, fair-minded Canadians will generally admit.

Should the result of the great contest, which result will be known all over the Dominion long before these words see the light, be, as is probable, the return of a majority of supporters of the present Government, it is to be devoutly hoped that the fact will not be regarded as an endorsement of the disingenuous political methods, some of which have been so clearly brought to light during the campaign. We may refer specially, by way of example, to the traffic in patronage, as revealed in the Leys correspondence. Facts subsequently brought out, it is but fair to say, have shown conclusively that Sir Oliver Mowat's interview with Mr. Leys was not the origin of the proposal to appoint the son of the former to the lucrative position then open. These facts, showing that the appointment had been discussed and approved by prominent members of the party for some days before the date of that interview, make it probable

that the suggestion did not emanate from Sir Oliver in the first place. They do not, however, do away with the unpleasant certainty that the aged Premier did consent to act a part, when, on the receipt of the deputations and on subsequent occasions he helped, not only tacitly but by word of mouth, to convey, or to strengthen, the impression that he was yielding, under pressure, a reluctant consent to the appointment of his son, when he had not only consented to that appointment but had personally helped it forward.

Every generous mind must regret to have the venerable Premier revealed in such an attitude. But far worse than this lapse, let us hope in a moment of weakness, is the public aspect of the revelation. We remarked, in our former note, on the absence of any reference in the correspondence to the public interests, which the unsophisticated citizen would suppose to be always the first and chief consideration in a Government appointment. Severe but just comment has since been made by independent contemporaries on this aspect of the case. The whole correspondence, it is pointed out, is based on the assumption that the sole ends kept in view in such an appointment are, first, the reward of party services and, second, the effect upon the future of the "Party." No argument is needed to show that the state of things which places the Premier and the Government under such temptation to forget public duty under the pressure of personal and party considerations, is wrong and demoralizing. The effect would be bad enough were the offices in question demanded only by party friends outside of the House. It is still worse when it becomes quite the custom to use the offices for the reward of the faithful legislators themselves. According to the *Mail's* reckoning, in a recent article, no less than forty-five ex-members of the Ontario Legislature, including four Cabinet Ministers, have accepted Government appointments during the Mowat regime. Most dispassionate citizens will, we think, perceive an objectionable element, not to say a source of positive danger, in the arrangement which renders such a distribution of remunerative positions to party supporters possible. The *Globe* may ask, "Would you then have it made law that the fact that a man may have served for a term as member of the Legislature shall for ever incapacitate him for serving his fellow-citizens in any public office in the gift of the Government?" The *Globe* would be the last, we fancy, to consent to the doing away with acts for preserving the independence of Parliament. No paper more emphatically denounces both the Government and the individual member, when it is sometimes rumoured that a representative in Parliament is voting virtually with a commission in his pocket! Surely there is some better way.

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conceive of any end capable of being consciously sought by a sane mind, which its votaries can set before themselves and their adherents. As the poor wretch Santo must have realized when the sternest efforts of the police and mounted guards hardly sufficed to save him from being torn in pieces by the infuriated crowd, the overthrow of organized society, which is their ostensible goal, could only mean their own more sudden and ruthless destruction. With all its mysterious terrors, however, it is impossible that Anarchism can ever accomplish more than a few desultory outrages. Every fresh atrocity, such as this murder most foul, will but hasten the end. Civilized nations will speedily take concerted action for the outlawry and extermination of a body whose deeds cut them off from all claims upon human sympathy or pity and compel their classification with those wild beasts, whose extermination is found necessary for the safety of society.

#### A MISDIRECTED ALARM.

Even in the comparatively young and undeveloped Province of Manitoba, some of the wise are taking up their parable, and deploring the misdirected ambition which leads so many young men to pursue an arts course in the University, with a view, it is assumed, to some of the learned professions, instead of preparing themselves for agricultural and other manual pursuits. Lieut. Governor Schultz seems even to have implied in a recent address that something should be done by the University authorities to bring about a different result. The *Winnipeg Free Press* very sensibly replies that until farm life can be made more agreeable and its pecuniary returns more satisfactory in comparison with those of other pursuits, young men will continue to forsake the farm. "No institution of learning," says the *Free Press*, "not even an agricultural college, is likely to convert young men to a belief in the advisability of choosing farm life, while every one of its professors is living in a style and earning a salary that is princely in comparison with what he could realize in the pursuit of agriculture."

This is certainly a practical view of the matter. It assumes that the mercenary, or if that word is too harsh, the business motive is the ruling one in drawing young men to college. It takes no account of any possibility that some of the young men may love learning for its own sake. Yet are we not warranted in believing that at least a respectable minority of the members of every university class have entered college mainly for the sake of the education itself, and the enlarged horizon that they believe will be opened up by four or five years of earnest study, while giving scarcely a thought to the bearing of the work upon their future material prospects? Of one thing we are sure. If every university in the Dominion does not contain a considerable percentage

of students who are pursuing its course under such impulses without calculating or even conscious reference to its relations to the bread-and-butter problem, students who would not falter for a moment in their resolve were it clearly revealed to them that they should have in all the future to earn their bread in the sweat of their faces—we have fallen upon degenerate days. The average student of to-day must be of quite a different species from most of the dozen or two of good fellows whom memory recalls as the college intimates of other days. We still have a very vivid recollection of the contempt aroused in the student mind, in those days, by the frank declaration of one young man who, when urged to enter for a degree, declared that if he could be convinced that a college course would enable him to earn, after its completion, an income so much larger than he could otherwise make as to repay principal and interest on the sum necessary to carry him through, he would take the course, not otherwise. "If that is your way of looking at it, do not waste your time in study," was the feeling, if not the expression, of those who felt or fancied themselves actuated by higher ambitions.

We know that one is in danger of exposing himself to ridicule, or of being set down as visionary, if he attempts to put the question on too lofty grounds in these ultra-practical days. The view that found favour a quarter or half-century ago, and which had much to do with the founding of many of the institutions which are now doing a large work for higher education—the view that the largest possible mental development is the birthright of every individual, that culture and learning should be sought for their own sakes, as conditions of the highest manhood (and womanhood), seems to be becoming outgrown in these days. One of the results is the constantly growing tendency to specialization in our college and university courses. Another result is the tendency in some quarters to deprecate the ambition which is, it is feared, leading to the over-education of the young men of the day. Indeed, it would seem that certain practical philanthropists are so impressed with the danger to society likely to arise from this source that they are almost ready to inaugurate a movement for the forcible restriction of the numbers of arts students in the universities.

Even should we admit the existence of the danger, we should still distrust the remedy. Who shall determine, and by what authority, who of our boys shall and who shall not, be permitted to acquire a liberal education? Judging from the outcry which is being heard from so many quarters touching the depravity which is leading so many young men to forsake the farms and other rural pursuits and seek their fortunes in the cities, one might infer that not only the colleges but the professions and other better-paid pursuits should be closed against the country youths and reserved for the sole

The striking down of Sadi Carnot, President of the French Republic, by the dagger of a cowardly assassin, on Sunday last, has sent a shock of horror, mingled with something like dismay, through the civilized world. When we read of the way in which the footsteps of the Czar of Russia are dogged by would-be assassins, so that he dare not stir abroad until the most elaborate precautions have been taken, and he is at every step encircled, so to speak, with concentric cordons of armed men, we find no difficulty in accounting for the fact. Irrespective of any traits, agreeable or the opposite, in his own character, he stands to hundreds of thousands of his subjects as the representative and head of a system of the cruellest despotism. But in the case of the murdered President of France, it seems impossible to assign any motive for the dastardly deed that we can conceive of as having weight with sane men. Personally he was remarkable among the prominent men of the period in France for worth and dignity of character. In character he seems to have been upright and amiable to a degree which had won for him a singularly widespread esteem and confidence among his volatile fellow-countrymen. In a word, it does not appear that there could have existed any sufficient motive, either political or personal, to enable us to account for the murder on ordinary principles. We have to fall back upon the explanation, which explains nothing but merely states a strange and unaccountable fact, that the assassination was the deed of an Anarchist!

The Anarchist may, for want of a better comparison, be regarded as the Thug of Western civilization. Yet in many respects the comparison fails. The Thug murders mostly for the sake of plunder; the Anarchist kills without any such motive. The Thug spares certain classes and seldom lays his hand upon women; the Anarchist, though he may to-day select a prominent victim, will to-morrow throw his bomb with reckless indifference into the mixed crowd in the theatre or on the street. The Thug takes precautions to insure his own safety; the Anarchist glories in self-immolation. By virtue of his dreary philosophy, or social despair, or whatever may be the controlling impulse, he is transformed, for the time being at least, into a savage beast, utterly reckless of consequences, and seeming often to court rather than to fear the death which almost surely dogs his footsteps as he goes forth to commit the crime for which he has probably been set apart by some mysterious tribunal. It is this peculiarity which puts the Anarchists beyond the pale of all the means of repression by which any other comparatively small criminal organization could be speedily crushed out of existence. Perhaps the strangest of all the strange features of Anarchism is its utter hopelessness. It is beyond the power of imagination to

benefit of the residents of town and city. From the purely practical point of view, the answer we have already quoted from a contemporary journal is sufficient. Increase the inducements of the farm and of rural life, make them equal to those offered in the pursuits which are so much sought after, and the same motive which begets the evil will counteract it. But nothing short of a system of serfdom will suffice to keep the farmer's son on the farm, if he believes that he can better his circumstances elsewhere.

We all admit that the overcrowding of the cities is an evil. But does it follow that those who happen to be born in the city, or to have reached it a little before their neighbours, have a prescriptive and exclusive right to remain in it and monopolize its business and professional opportunities for all time to come? How many of the best and strongest men in every department of business, professional, and public life, to-day, were country born and bred? How often does the boy from the farm prove himself more than the equal of the city lad in any pursuit requiring energy of brain and will. We are persuaded that no greater calamity could befall the country than a decree, were it possible to make and enforce such, that the children born in the country should remain in the country, and those born in the city remain in the city. Nature's provision for healthful circulation would be stopped and a process of physical and mental decay would set in.

It is not wholly a man of straw which we are warring against. We hear a great deal about the desirability of having agriculture more effectively taught in the country schools. But why not also in the city schools? If our methods of education are to be formed on practical lines and carried out with practical aims, it cannot be too clearly recognized that every attempt to arrange the occupations of the future men and women of the country can succeed only as it follows the planes of cleavage indicated in the mental formations. Too much regard cannot be had to natural tastes and aptitudes. The farmer's son may be formed by nature for a lawyer, the lawyer's or the merchant's for a farmer. No artificial system which forgets to take account of this and to afford every facility for the discovery and development of natural aptitudes can result otherwise than in failure.

The age of hereditary guilds has gone and will not return. Let the parent, especially, be on the lookout to discover the occupation for which the child is formed by nature, let the education keep this in view without being too much narrowed by it, and more will be done for the proper adjustment of town and country pursuits than can be accomplished by any educational limitations or restrictions.

But, above all, let us dismiss all fear that too many Canadian men and women will become educated, or that any of them may become too well educated. Education,

if it be genuine, will never be a foe to industry. No greater wrong can be done to any human being than to put an obstacle in the way of his obtaining the fullest culture and development of every faculty with which he is endowed. The cure for the alleged evils of over-education is more and better education. Educate all, then, all will be on a level and the readjustment of occupations will take care of itself. There is reason to hope that Canadians now living will see the day when farming will be recognized as one of the most desirable and genteel of occupations for a thoroughly educated and intelligent man. Let the day be hastened by parental wisdom in the home, and by scientific and liberal culture in the school.

#### OTTAWA LETTER.

The arrival of delegates to the Colonial Conference is being daily announced. They are coming from the east and the west, from the north and the south; Europe, Africa, Australasia and America are coming together to confer upon matters of mutual interest, and by the discussion of those broad questions that embrace the world in their grasp to help to lay the foundation of a greater Britain, which means, under the wise influence of the British constitution, a greater and grander civilization.

Mr. Parkin has arrived as the correspondent of the *London Times*, one to whom Canada is under a debt of gratitude for his striking and capable letters on the resources and prospects of Canada, which appeared in the columns of the *Times* during the past winter.

It was a wise provision to postpone the date of opening the Conference to the 28th, for the elections in Ontario seem to absorb the interest at the moment of writing. On Tuesday evening public curiosity will be satisfied as to who is to guide the destinies of the premier Province of Canada during the next four years, and public attention will then be free.

A considerable amount of work has been got through in Parliament, notwithstanding the absence of many members. The Senate has this year been utilized more than usual by having several important bills introduced there first, thus lightening the Commons somewhat of its arduous work.

The Insolvency Bill is likely to lie over till next session for further public consideration. The French treaty is another of those questions that seems to demand a postponement of its consideration. Anomalies exist in it which should be removed before it finds a place in our statute book.

One of the questions that is likely to come before the Conference is devising the means by which the British Colonies can trade with one another as they see fit. For that ostensible purpose, our Government, two years ago, memorialized the Imperial Government to withdraw from the Treaties of Belgium and Germany which gave to those countries and through them to all the countries with whom treaties had been negotiated most favored nation treatment, not only in the dealings of foreign nations with the British Empire, but in the dealings between Great Britain and her colonies. While the abrogation of those two treaties has been the policy of the Government, and if we can judge by the public utterances of some of the delegates they also anticipate

that the removal of restrictions upon the freedom of intercolonial trade will form one of the subjects of the Intercolonial Conference were presenting to Parliament a treaty which gives to France most favored nation treatment not only as regards our dealings with foreign nations, but if we make any trade relations with Australia or New Zealand or Africa, we cannot do so without France, under this treaty, getting the full benefit of such arrangement without any corresponding return. The treaty also provides that France, Algeria and the French Colonies shall have the benefit of most favored nation treatment in everything, while Canada shall only receive the benefit of most favored nation treatment in the twenty articles enumerated in the treaty upon which a reduction of duty is made by France. In the treaty also France, Algeria and the Colonies are dealt with as one power, while the same consideration is not shown to Great Britain and the Colonies.

Under this treaty, if Canada should give to Australia or New Zealand or Africa the freedom of her markets in any particular, without extending it to Great Britain, France will enjoy the same freedom, while Great Britain will be excluded.

These are all points that will tend to make the treaty unpopular owing to their one-sided nature, and they appear to have the effect of undoing a great deal for which this Intercolonial Conference has been brought together.

As a treaty that is under criticism it appears to be too narrow in its scope to possess any national advantages, and it may have the effect of tying our hands in any intercolonial dealings we might wish to initiate. The ratification of the treaty will be likely to accord to all the nations with whom we have most favoured nation treaties the same advantages that are accorded to France, so that it is far-reaching in its results if it becomes law.

Ottawa was visited by a heavy loss on Monday night by the burning of Mr. Booth's large sawmill at the Chaudiere. The sight from Parliament Hill was a grand one. This was one of the largest and most complete sawmills in the world, and the loss to its owner and the city of Ottawa is a serious one. By working his other mill night and day Mr. Booth may get through his summer's cut, so that his business may not be brought to a standstill.

The defeat of the Hon. Mr. Harty in Kingston may be taken as an evidence that the clerical interference of Archbishop Cleary and Principal Grant in the political relations of the people has been resented in their own city. It is a misfortune that he should have to suffer from misplaced zeal, if that was its cause.

We have just had a lacrosse match which has created some notoriety. Lacrosse is an exceedingly pretty game and brings the finest athletic powers into play, but in the keen effort for victory honorable methods alone ought to prevail, and when six or eight thousand citizens are looking on who have supported the players with their gate-money, they should not be forced to witness the disgraceful scene which the unfairness and bad temper of some of the players brought about.

The coming week is apparently to be a week of gaiety. At home, garden parties, cricket matches, banquets, etc., in honor of our visitors and guests, are the order of the day. If the heat and the rain will only give us a rest, everything will go along smoothly.

Ottawa, June 26th, 1894.

VIVANDIER.

## REMARKS ON HERALDRY.—III.

As the adoption of defensive armor effected important developments of heraldic forms, so when the use of firearms rendered defensive armor valueless, further developments arose, and these not at all of a desirable sort. When forms comparatively simple and readily distinguishable became unnecessary, more complex forms naturally came into use, until many absurdities have been introduced, especially during the Georgian era, such as pictures ("representations" as they are apologetically termed) of places of historical occurrences, of imaginary landscapes, of trophies of arms or flags, and the like, all utterly inconsistent with true heraldic spirit, which admits only of symbols or insignia of simple form, so describable in words that they may be constructed or portrayed by anyone. How can any heraldic artist who has never seen the "Fortress of Dustypoor"—probably razed to the ground long before now—or the "Capture of the Crapaud by H. M. Taurus," which even an eye-witness could hardly draw correctly, make a drawing of the arms of one whose ancestor gained a victory so important as to have been recorded by being charged (?) upon a shield, as if the pages of history were unequal to the task. Numerous instances quite as ridiculous as these may be quoted. American heraldry displays many monstrosities of this description in the "arms" (so called) of the various States and cities, and we are not quite free from such debased forms in Canada. For example, the Diocese of Niagara uses, Per fess az, and vert, on a fess arg. between a representation of the Falls of Niagara ppr. in chief and a sprig of three maple leaves or, in base, a cross gu.,\* appropriate enough and *ben trovato*, but bad heraldry. The same may be said of the seal of the Municipality of Sunnidale, viz.: az, in chief the sun in splendour or, and in base the representation of a valley ppr.

While there has thus been a development into absurdities, there has been concurrently a lapse into archaic forms in the selection of symbols, and yet these are often arranged in compositions of, on the whole, bewildering complexity.

This kind of thing, which it is perhaps needless to say is the work of unskilful designers, who would have done better if they had known how, appears in the seals of city and county corporations and the like in this country; such as the adoption, for example, of a plough, an axe, a saw, and a bale of merchandise, and dropping them anyhow upon a field; or perhaps carefully arranging four such objects in as many quarters; a composition very likely to be entrusted to the care of Britannia and an Indian, or a Bushwhacker, as supporters, with "Industry, Intelligence and Prosperity," or something as ungrammatical and meaningless, for a motto, topped off with a beaver for crest.

The seal of the City of Toronto is designed after this manner, but shows an effort to reach something better in the adoption in the first quarter of the three lions of England, which, however, is really a piece of impertinence, "more creditable to the loyalty" of the designer than to his heraldic skill. These three lions, accompanied in the remaining three quarters by a steamboat, a garb (wheat-sheaf) and the inevitable

\* Woodward's Ecclesiastical Heraldry gives a different blazon for these arms, but the writer submits that the above is more accurately in accordance with the arms of the province of Ontario, from which these are derived.

ble beaver, with supporters, motto, etc., as might be expected, make a composition sufficiently incongruous to scare a King-of-Arms of the ordinary kind into a condition of hopeless lunacy.

It is such heraldry as this that brought the whole science into disrepute, from which it has however emerged, so that the heraldic forms of the Victorian era show the highest development reached in any age.

Although it has been the custom from time immemorial for municipal corporations to use arms, it is the writer's opinion that such use by any aggregate corporation is of doubtful propriety. It would be better for all municipal and commercial corporations to charge their insignia directly upon the seal which indicates their corporate existence and corporate acts, instead of placing a shield upon the seal, except in cases where the shield itself constitutes a specific charge. And as a crest is a bearing of a military character (and consequently not borne by clergymen, who are not liable to military service, or by women), it is improper for any corporation to use one, except in the case of corporations especially invested with military power, or liable to render military service, either actually, as some great British trading companies, or theoretically, as the county corporations of Canada.

Crests, as the name implies, were originally carried on the top of the helmet. For use in this way they were necessarily simple in form, but since helmets have ceased to be used, the crest has become practically little more than a badge, and has consequently taken many complex forms. It is still in theory borne upon the helmet, and as the helm is the necessary part of a complete achievement it so appears in such a composition; consequently it is improper for crests to be such as could not be worn upon a helmet to advantage; that is, they should not be loaded with minute parts and charges which could not be readily visible if so worn, and much more should they not be such as to appear incongruous or ridiculous. One may well smile at the idea of a knight armed cap-a-pie and carrying on his head, for example, a full-rigged three-masted ship of the seventeenth century (Rankin of Perth, 1672); and this is moderate in the extreme as compared with many monstrosities which exist. It would almost seem as if heralds permitted to be adopted for crests the absurdities which persons ignorant of heraldry are always prone to introduce into armorial bearings. Other crests, though not so outre in appearance, are quite as absurd in other respects. For instance, the sun emerging from waves of the sea (Webster); one may wonder how the waves of the sea are to be placed in position and how retained when there.

When the debased period of heraldry began, the decadence of the science appeared first in the adoption of many vanities, such as requiring arms of kings and nobles to be blazoned with appellations for the tinctures and metals, taken from the sun, moon and stars, and from precious stones, and assigning to every metal, tincture and charge some meaning, for the most part arbitrary and fanciful, and founded upon no intelligible reason; all of which modern heralds very properly reject.

The methods by which a right to bear arms is acquired are but little explained in works on heraldry. Originally anyone assumed such as he thought proper, but when great importance became attached to armorial bearings as a feature of the feudal sys-

tem, laws were made to control and regulate their acquisition and use. It is generally assumed that such laws are still in force, a view which Heralds' Colleges naturally encourage. In the opinion of the writer there is now no such law, for when such enactments were passed they were in the nature of sumptuary laws, which always fail to secure respect, and sooner or later became effete; and were at all events made for the times and circumstances then prevailing, and as the times changed the reason of the laws ceased to exist and the laws lost their force. When heralds had power and authority to enforce such laws they were effectual, but as soon as such power and authority were withdrawn the laws became ineffectual. Therefore (in the opinion of the writer, at least) the original law revived, leaving it now open for a person to assume armorial bearings at his pleasure, provided he does so in good faith, and not for the purpose of giving color to claims to property, or to relationship, and not being those already borne by some other person, and also being devised in accordance with the duly recognized canons of heraldry. To show that this opinion is not a merely gratuitous one on the part of the writer, it may be pointed out that armorial bearings have now for many years been the subjects of taxation in England, with the effect that the statute law practically recognizes and allows the use of armorial bearings so long as the person using them submits to taxation. The law makes no enquiry as to the right or title, but only as to the actual fact of user. It will be said, however, that as the Queen is the fountain of honor, arms should therefore only be acquired by grant from her, or from persons acting by her authority; but that arms are "honors" is one of the erroneous and fanciful notions which have been imposed upon heraldry. No person will venture to assert that a figure which anyone may put on his seal is in any sense an "honor;" why therefore should such an assertion be made with regard to placing the same figure upon a shield? There is absolutely no difference whatever when heraldry is regarded in its true sense, for one is as heraldic as the other. The assertion that arms are to be regarded as honors is much the same thing as the dictum similarly laid down that no person can assume or change a surname without royal permission; a dictum which the courts in England have definitely pronounced to be unfounded and contrary to law. The right to use arms and the right to a surname are closely analogous; they are both evidences of descent and relationship, and marks to distinguish persons and families from other persons and families. They are both inherited at the moment of birth and neither can be taken away from anyone, nor is his title extinguishable by any means other than non-use for such a length of time that the arms or surname pass out of memory. A man born with the name of Smith may cease to call himself Smith, but he is nevertheless a Smith—that is, one of the family so named—and cannot by any possible process known to human nature make himself not so. Similarly he cannot by any process divest himself of the armorial rights to which he was born. The utmost he can do is to abandon their use, but doing so does not extinguish the title. The foregoing remarks, however, do not apply to all armorial bearings, for certain things are especially devised and used as honors, such as supporters, which one can no more assume at

will than he can the title of nobility, of which such accessories are the evidence.

It is no doubt desirable that there should be a recognized authority by whom the propriety of arms borne may be determined; that is, whether they are properly borne by descent, or if not, then that they do not trespass upon the rights of others, or offend against the proper forms, methods, and canons of heraldry; otherwise it is pretty sure that armorial bearings, absurd, outre, or otherwise objectionable, will be devised and used. This may be offered as an argument against the views advanced in this paper, but it is not a valid argument to disprove the writer's opinion of what the law actually is, but would be a reason for making some change in the law, if that were practicable. In the absence of such change it may simply be observed, First, That professional heralds themselves have before now devised armorial bearings repugnant to heraldic propriety, and utterly inconsistent with what may be termed plain heraldic common sense; and second, That it is not against the law for a man to make a fool of himself, heraldically or otherwise, so long as he does not infringe the rights of others.

The views advanced by the writer in the preceding paragraphs are new in any treatise on heraldic subjects, and may be the subject of much argument before being conceded by others; but there is another question which has already been the subject of discussion; namely, whether a right to arms can be acquired by user, or in other words, whether a prescriptive title is a valid one, some writers having declared that no such title can exist. Such writers, however, forget that arms were used before Herald's Colleges were established, and the right to such arms could not be questioned, even if they were never recorded. Therefore arms long used but not recorded, and the origin of which is not within memory, must be admitted for the simple reason that it cannot be determined whether they are of such ancient use or not. Besides, the same reason which allows a prescriptive right to land is logically applicable to any other right, and in fact cannot be denied without leading to a position logically absurd. The question, however, is practically not open to discussion, for a prescriptive right to arms is, to the writer's knowledge, allowed in the offices of Lyon and Ulster Kings-of-Arms, and no doubt in that of Garter also.

A prejudice commonly exists as regards grants of arms; it being supposed that obtaining a grant is evidence of recent advancement from a low social status, and many people use no arms rather than obtain a grant. This, however, is quite an erroneous view; it might as well be held that a tradesman and his sons must always remain tradesmen, although he may have succeeded in securing a competency on which he can retire and become a "gentleman," in legal parlance at least, and bring his sons up to professions. A grant of arms evidences the fact that the grantee is a person of good character and social position, so as to be fit to receive such a grant, while inherited arms only show that some such person existed at some by-gone time; consequently a direct grant is really the most honorable title by which the right to armorial bearings can be acquired. If the writer's opinion that the laws of heraldry are now such that anyone can assume arms, it is proper to observe that manifestly arms so acquired will not be held by as honorable a title as a grant, for the assumption of

them is the assertion by the bearer of his own fitness, while a grant is an acknowledgment of it from an outside and authoritative source.

E. M. CHADWICK.

### KINSHIP AND FRIENDSHIP.

The crowd that pass thee by,  
With their myriad heads and faces,  
With their smile, frown, or sigh,  
Garb of rags, cloth, silk or laces—  
Thy thy kinsmen—brothers  
Are; there are no others.

Black, or white, or yellow;  
Talking smoothly or blaspheming;  
Each of them thy fellow  
Is, although diverse their seeming,  
Not shape nor hue, but soul  
Shows thee their farthest goal.

Yea if in battle grim,  
Ye should meet in combat deadly,  
Fight, till the sun's last rim  
Sank through lurid war-smoke redly;  
Thou should'st know them thy kin,  
In struggle and in sin.

Or if in heavenly dream,  
Ye did meet in fields immortal,  
Guided by some faint gleam  
From the angels' opened portal;  
Thou would'st know them thy kin,  
Who safe had entered in.

And yet; despite all this,  
It is but seldom—here and there—  
That the soul's sweetest kiss  
Is given; for Friendship's blossom rare,  
Now here, now there is seen,  
But deserts lie between!

BERNARD McEVROY.

### THE LIEUTENANT'S WATCH.

#### CHAPTER III.

"Love must suffer in this stern world."

At the Hartley's, a very simple way out of the mystery had occurred to Mr. Hartley during the two days following. At the very time of poor Jack's departure the watch was returned to its owner and lay on the paper-rack in the smoking room. For in spite of the row he had raised on its disappearance Mr. Hartley could not bring himself to take proper care of it or anything else.

"My dear," Mrs. Hartley had said, "I believe, after all, Mark Hilyard has that watch." Her husband looked over his morning paper and stared. "Nothing could have been easier for him to put it in his pocket, in his absent-minded way, thinking it was his own. They were very much alike."

"Nonsense, Meg!" and Mr. Hartley drained his coffee cup with a decided air. "It's no good thinking about it. I can't think of any one else to prosecute, so if it does not turn up there's no more to be said."

Mrs. Hartley went to the rose-covered window of the little breakfast room, and picked a rose-bud. "I am glad you have given up poor Duff."

"Well I do not suppose it would be any good trying there," Mr. Hartley said, in a tone that would have been angry had it not been for those deft white fingers that were fastening the pink token of good will in his coat. As it was, he gave his wife a kiss in return for it and left the room.

Mrs. Hartley went to a secretaire and wrote a little note to Mark Hilyard. The result was not immediately forthcoming and to Mrs. Hartley's intense surprise two days passed without any word. The evening of the second day, when Mr. Hartley sat down alone to dinner with his wife, it was

with difficulty that she waited till the servant left the room. Then she rose and laid in front of him the large silver watch. Her husband took it up with an exclamation of astonishment.

"Here is a note from Mark Hilyard, Henry," Mrs. Hartley said with a merry triumph in her eyes and voice; "he is so sorry that he was away when I wrote, but directly he saw my note he felt in the pockets of the clothes he had worn when he was here and which he had not worn since, and here is the result." Mrs. Hartley used her triumph mercifully, and though she went into the smoking room with her husband made but few references to the occurrences of the fateful night, but kept the conversation in safer channels, even though one of the topics she was obliged to choose was the hiring of a new coachman in place of James, who, in his despair of hurrying Maria in her final determination to marry him, had expressed his wish to leave his place as he had so often threatened to do to Maria.

The next day the watch was again gone.

In the Hartley's drawing-room again a small party. This time composed of just the same people with one exception, Jack Duff was not there, but in his place—Essie Reed. She did not look so very different in spite of the two years that had fled. She was evidently just ready to leave and had a warm cloak drawn round her black dress and a black beaver hat on her curly brown hair. There was a look in the eyes that had not once been there, but otherwise the face was bright as it looked lovingly up to old Mark Hilyard, who was standing with one hand stretched out to the cheerful blaze that was welcome on this winter's night.

"Well, lassie!" he said, turning to her as he finished listening to Mr. Hartley's account of some village accident, "it is getting late and cold." Esther rose obediently and turned with her sweet half-roguish smile to Mrs. Hartley, "as if either of us minded the cold."

"But the horses, the horses!" Hilyard said pretending to fume. "Bless the girl! does she think they were made to stand outside a night like this. Come, how long does it take to say good-bye. Mrs. Hartley I do not wonder Harry is late in town every day. Let the girl go. She would stay as revoiring all night if I would let her."

"It was kind of you to bring her out to us to-night Mr. Hilyard," Mrs. Hartley said affectionately fastening her cloak. "We do not see half enough of her."

"She is a busy lass. What with her house-keeping and her old women and young men—No! I mean old men and young women and getting herself home in time to bring that bright face of hers to the door to greet an old fellow like me. Eh! it makes the place wear a different look, it does indeed."

Esther here slipped her hand through his arm with a face that had lost its merry look, though it still wore a smile. "Come, come, my Daddy, I cannot have this. You will be writing poetry next if you allow yourself so much poetical license. His verses are getting upset, he must come home Mrs. Hartley." Another good-bye was said and then the two passed out into the crisp night.

"We shall have frost before the morning," Mark said as he tucked the rug round her; "the young people will have skating if it continues."



"Yes," Esther said gently. Something in her tone made her old friend turn and glance anxiously at her.

"My lassie," he said, for so he loved to call her, "I should like to see you take a little more pleasure than you get. He spoke almost wistfully, but Esther answered hastily "Not yet; oh! not yet, Mr. Hilyard."

"Call me—don't call me that child," Mark said, as if she had hurt him. "Call me that other name I never thought to hear."

"My Daddy!" Esther said, slipping her hand through his arm in her child-like way and with her own sweet smile.

"But, my child, it is not natural or right that you should mourn so long. Your grandmother would not have wished it." Esther did not answer, the words made her heart ache again, and then, too, she felt that there was something else that threw this sadness over her young life, something she could not speak of. So she sat silent and in silence they reached the cottage that was their home.

"Is your mistress up?" Mark inquired of the servant as they entered the library.

"Miss Hilyard went up stairs with a bad headache, sir," was the answer.

Esther went to the table and handed her guardian, as he liked to call himself, the evening papers, then stood by to watch him search his pockets for the eyeglasses that had probably been left at the Hartley's. A letter fell from one and she stooped to pick it up. Mark looked up in dismay for, with a cry, she caught it to her bosom.

"Jack! Jack! oh! where did it come from? Whose is it? No, let me keep it. Oh! my dear, my dear!" She covered it with kisses, all her delicate face aglow with tenderness. "I may read it?" her face was beaming with happiness.

It was a message from her beloved. She thought of nothing else. For a moment it seemed like a sight of him—her fair, boyish lover who had gone away, whom she had driven from her.

"Oh say I may read it."

"My dear!" old Mark said in silent distress, "it will only pain you. It gives no clue."

"It must. It was written by him by his own hand." Again she kissed the letter with a feeling that thus she might begin to make amends for that cruel parting. Then she began to come back to earth again, yet with a hand trembling with nervous eagerness she opened it. It was brief and business-like, and every word cut her like a knife. It seemed addressed to her and the formal sentences hurt as if her name had been at the beginning.

To Henry Hartley, Esq., Althorpe.

Sir,—Herewith I return you an article of some value that I have reason to believe belongs to you. It was in the possession of a man James Caton, once a coachman in your service. Before his death he requested me to return it to you. The man died of small-pox and when I was called in recognized me and made this request which I have fulfilled. It is probable you may not believe this story. Few I suppose would. I, at least, have little reason to think it will be accepted as the truth. In that case, however, I shall be no worse off than before,

Yours truly,

J. V. DUFF.

P. S.—The watch has been well disinfected.

Mark Hilyard watched the blood slowly leave Essie's face as she read and re-read this curt epistle. It was dated Winnipeg, Manitoba, and was some three weeks old. Only three weeks ago and his dear hand had held this paper and written these words. Then it dropped from her hand and on her knees with her face hidden against that kind, rough coat Essie burst into an agony of tears. She knew, none better, the meaning of those bitter words. He had little reason, ay! little enough, to think that any one would believe in him now.

"My dear!" old Mark said, as half-calmed she stood ready to go up to her room. "We have tried everything and failed. We'll try again, and if Mark Hilyard can do it, it shall be done. The boy shan't go round with that weight of suspicion a moment longer than we can help. You know it was for his sake I first looked you up. But you need not be jealous, lassie." He pinched her cheek, white enough now, then took one of her hands in his and gently caressed it, but Essie pulled it away and put her two arms round his neck.

"My father!" that was all she said, but nothing could have pleased Mark Hilyard like it.

At the Hartley's they were looking with something very like dislike and suspicion at the Lieutenant's watch. "It has done a good deal of harm in its time," Hartley said.

"Harry, I don't like it," Mrs. Hartley said timidly; "I wish we could get rid of it."

"Why it is just when we do get rid of it that it gives so much trouble. But certainly I do think it ought to help to repair the trouble it has wrought."

"I can never get over the feeling that we have perhaps ruined that boy's life and Esther's happiness."

"The boy ought to be able to weather a breath of suspicion," Hartley said testily. "As for the girl, she seems happy."

"She is not Harry," his wife said quietly. "I fancy she had a hand in his departure, though she has never said so. But she gets quieter and more enduring every day. I don't wonder Mr. Hilyard is as fond of her as he is." "But it was very odd his turning up at the old lady's last moment and promising to look after the girl."

"Yes, but he had known them for a long time and he always felt a liking for Jack Duff and a feeling that he must make amends as far as in him lay for that unluckiest of accidents."

"It was indeed, unlucky," Mr. Hartley said, with a tone of something more than regret in his bluff voice.

ELLEN M. BOULTON.

Shellmouth, Manitoba.

(To be continued.)

Whistling in the streets of Berlin is an offence punishable by a fine.

The truths a man carries about with him are his tools.—O. W. Holmes.

Great regret is felt in Sweden at the death of Marie Sophie Schwarz, one of the most popular writers in a country in which popularity is not easily gained. She was 75 years old. Mme. Schwarz was an enemy of all class distinctions, and one of her most successful novels bears the title, "The Man of Birth and the Woman of the People."

## CANADA FROM AN ARTIST'S POINT OF VIEW—IV.

Our last paper finished with a short description of some of the suburbs of Toronto and an attempt to draw attention to the great charm of their picturesqueness and the odd contrast of their rurality so close to the busy life of the city and the thickly populated streets where the workers of the busy hive are crowded together.

Thanks, however, to the much-abused trolley cars, the workers are availing themselves of the cheap transit system to make their abodes in the outskirts, and now that the absurd artificial land boom has burst and values have descended into the realm of the possible, as soon as business re-establishes itself on as secure a footing as our erratic system of civilization permits, no doubt many little cottages will be erected in these pleasant places and the longer evenings now at the disposal of mechanics and factory hands will lend themselves to the planting of cabbages and the hoeing up of potato hills in an atmosphere unpolluted by smoke and noisome effluvia.

It seems strange, by the way, that the artist of our day has not appreciated the good subject matter provided by these same cottages and gardens. Very picturesque are some of these little homes with the latticed porch covered by wild clematis, flanked by lilac bushes, and brightly painted pots of flowers, while the favorite petunia bed makes a constant show of blossom, and here and there a drooping elm or a dark shady pine crowns the whole composition. Nor is the human figure wanting to give life to the scene when, as sometimes happens, the whole family are engaged in planting, watering, weeding and tidying up under the supervision of a hard working man in shirt sleeves and straw hat.

But before we leave Toronto and its picturesque surroundings it seems to come within the scope of these papers to take some notice of the possibilities of the Canadian artist's career in respect not only to subject matter for pictures, but also regarding the status and prospects of art in this metropolis of progressive Ontario, where, in spite of occasional set backs and dull seasons caused by over eagerness to get rich by land speculation, there is substantial evidence of progress in the fine residences and handsome grounds, which in one part or another are perpetually being erected and which provide, or should provide, if the inner life is to be in keeping with the outer show, resting places for very many works of art.

On the whole, perhaps, it may be said, that as much substantial encouragement on the part of those who make their homes and fortunes here is to be found as could well be expected.

True, the prices given for works of art as compared with those paid by wealthier communities are low, but taking all things into account and considering the amount of the products of the numerous artists, art students and amateurs, thrown annually upon the market, chiefly too by means of that worst of all methods of picture selling, the public auction, in view, moreover, of the quality of much of this art product, it cannot be fairly said that the public are unappreciative or backward in purchasing art of one kind and another, although it is, of course, true that very many of the finer houses depend for interior decoration, if any, upon other means than that of original oil and water-color paintings.

But possibly the weakest points of the subject and the most exasperating to any one who has the true interest of art in view, is the art criticism of the public press, with its indiscriminating praise and blame, and its flippant, not to say jocular way of disposing of some struggling artist's principal work of the year in half a dozen lines of excellent nonsense.

It is difficult to say which of the two styles of criticisms most in vogue is the worst, that of the utterly ignorant reporter taking in the exhibition as part of his day's work, along with the police court, or an accident on the street, who dashes in, often where angels fear to tread, and getting what he calls pointers from any artist that he knows, lets his facile pen run away with him and while praising to the skies the man who supplies him with "pointers," comes down with heavy hand on all of whom he or the said *man* disapproves; or that more lofty and pretentious style of affected knowledge built on the slight foundation of the art articles in the current magazines, which looks down with lofty scorn on all things Canadian, but especially Canadian art, and quoting from said articles the names of well-known European artists, Jaque, Corot, Monet, etc., wants to know, "you know," why our artists here do not produce works of similar merit, value and importance.

More, however, to be dreaded than both is the case, happily rare, though not unheard of here, where an artist writes the criticism himself and takes the opportunity to vent his personal spite in the assumed shape of fair criticism.

But, after all, as to the former and more ordinary critics, and the fantastic tricks they play, when dressed in a little brief authority, it cannot be helped and must be expected and accepted as part of the Canadian artist's fate and a condition of his surroundings. Great artists like great poets may arise anywhere and at any time, but great or competent art critics cannot possibly arise or exist apart from the great art centres of the world. They are the product of education, and of education alone, and if the public who look to be enlightened by them could only be impressed with this fact they would not expect the same amount of intelligence when art is under discussion in the daily papers as they get when political meetings or prize pigs and cabbages form the subject of discourse.

At the same time, it is a sad state of things when, as during the present season, the hardness of the times curtails the demand for pictures and artists generally have as much as they can do to keep afloat, the difficulties should be aggravated by the unfriendly attitude of the self-constituted critics, and it is no wonder if artists such as Lawson, Bruce, Fraser, and the lamented Peel are lost to their country, and that the two first mentioned send no pictures to undergo the damning with faint praise which passes for criticism in Toronto.

However, we can console ourselves that we are not the only ones who suffer, as the following remarks, taken from the *Graphic's* Royal Academy number, show: In a previous paragraph modern art criticism is described as "the new system of contemptuous and insulting dismissal of whole classes of work upon which able and sincere men spend their lives," the article proceeds: "Such writing could not endure for a week if the public once realized its cruelty, its dishonesty and the bitter wrong it inflicted thereby. There is no reason in the nature of things why half a dozen men of

whose bona fides and disinterestedness nothing favorable is known, who have no public record of efficiency or knowledge, who acknowledge no responsibility and who invariably shield themselves behind the journals in which their writings appear, should be allowed to exhaust the vocabulary of insult under the guise of criticism."

But enough of this unpleasant topic, there is a brighter prospect ahead; the surplus art of Canada will shortly have a wider field to fill, for although at present the artists of Canada have to compete with all who choose to send pictures here for sale while their product cannot enter the United States under a twenty per cent. duty, it is expected that this duty will be shortly removed and the multitude of towns larger than Toronto to the south of us will be opened to receive Canadian exhibits of paintings and the arduous task of the critics will be proportionately lightened.

In the meantime our motto must be Westward, Ho! if we would cover this broad land between the two oceans in any reasonable space of time, and whether we follow the water courses round the lakes or take the broad and fertile plains of mid Ontario, or further north strike through the old Laurentians, again we have in any case abundance of picturesque material to draw from.

First, then, upon our road toward the setting sun, taking the most southern course, let us wander by the smooth lake shore, and passing High Park and the lily-dotted Humber river, follow the lake shore road to the mouth of the Credit river, where the stone hookers, the old weather-worn schooners and cutters that steal along the shore and gather stone from the bottom of the lake congregate in their little harbour, when "the stormy winds do blow," for in rough weather the men cannot even see the stones from the churning of the mud and sand near the shore.

They have worked so assiduously for so many years that between Toronto and Hamilton, more than forty miles of coast, all the movable stone has been collected out to a depth of nearly eighteen feet, and it must require good sight and clear water to find it there.

But, all the same, the old boats make a fine group, with the little bridge in the foreground, the cottages and church on the west, and the small but useful lighthouse behind.

And on again, passed Bronté, where a noted Toronto preacher lived, past Oakville and past Burlington with its fruit grounds, and, what a splendid stretch of country we have traversed by the time we come in sight of Hamilton, lying in its gently curving bay, and presenting its worst and most begrimed buildings to the entering stranger, after the manner of Canadian towns and cities. All along the forty miles of shore are numbers of delightful sites for residences—the fair lake lying in front, good rolling land behind to be had at moderate price, capable of producing all kinds of fruit. A mild, healthful climate with easy railroad and steamboat accommodation. Surely there must be thousands of people who would come and live here if they only knew of it—people of moderate incomes who cannot afford to own their own places in expensive countries, and who live cramped up in all sorts of suburban spots, with meagre outlook and no possibility of growing grapes, melons and peaches without hothouses and glass frames. Here they could be inde-

pendent and happy, living in their own homes, yachting and canoeing on the lake, and sending their children to school at Toronto or Hamilton by the railroad at reduced fare.

At one time, years back, I walked, sketchbook in hand, from Toronto to Hamilton and many pretty bits I discovered—an old Indian burying ground under the pines, along by the Credit, the old Indian church and market house that belonged to the Chippewas before they migrated to Ramah on Lake Couchiching—a fine wooded hill and winding stream meandering through the valley near Oakville, a rapid streamlet coming out from the dark, shady woods and crossing the sunlit road, with cattle drinking in the foreground, an old stone mill with a background of fine old willows near Burlington, the old mill at Bronté—these are a few I remember, but there were many more besides.

Hamilton lies snugly on the slope at the foot of what is proudly denominated the mountain, but what is really the edge of the tableland, which lies between Lakes Ontario and Erie, through which, at some ancient date, the Dundas valley has been eroded, as mentioned in my last paper. It (the mountain) makes a fine background for the city, as seen from the lake, and seems to reach its highest elevation, about three hundred feet, just across the Dundas valley at Picnic point, whence a fine view can be obtained of the beautiful valley with its little river and with Hamilton lying off by the lake in the distance.

Indeed, few spots in Ontario can give a better idea of the rich agricultural and fruit-growing lands of Ontario than this fertile valley. Seen when the wheat fields are ready for the sickle, or rather for the self-binder, and when the orchards are loaded with fruit, it is a picture of peace and plenty. And as peaches and grapes thrive and ripen finely in its mellow autumn, it is a wonder that land of good quality for grape growing can be bought for one hundred dollars an acre, in ten or twenty acre lots. In parts the soil is somewhat stony, as may be seen by the collected heaps and occasional stonewalls, but the soil itself yields excellent crops of all the ordinary farm products of Ontario. Taking what is known as the mountain road from Hamilton to Ancaster, one commands a view across the valley nearly the whole way, and at one point, where a stream comes tumbling down through the rocks and disembogues into the valley, an old stone bridge forms one of the most picturesque subjects possible. Elms, maples and pines hang over it and cast their shadows across the road, and under it the stream foams among the rocks as it emerges from the dense shady woods into the sunlit meadows dotted with wild flowers. It has been drawn, etched and painted a number of times. Farther on is the old lime-kiln, near Ancaster, looking against the evening sky like an old castle keep of the dark ages. It is built, for convenience, close to the rocky escarpment that supplies it with material, and a quiet, thoughtful life the solitary being who I found attending to the fires through the still summer nights must have of it, watching the lights in the distant farm houses through the valley go out, as the tired farmers go to rest and he is left alone with the chirping crickets and the fireflies. Ancaster itself seems almost to have been imported whole from some quiet English county; it has been so long settled (before Hamilton), it lies so prettily on the

hill overlooking the broad valley, it culminates, so to speak, so prettily in its English-steeped church, and, above all, on a hot summer's day it seems to have so little in the world to do that it hardly appears to belong to ever-active Canada.

Moreover, the first settlers laid out the winding roads and planted them with English oaks so long ago, that one feels as if Mr. Weller and the Brighton coach might come bowling along at any minute and pull up before the square brick tavern, where the geese are reposing in the road as if nothing on wheels ever came that way. One can hardly believe that even election time, and the fateful questions of separate schools or the wrongful sale of timber limits could stir the placid population to a state of excitement; they seem rather to belong to some planet, where it may be, both parties unite in conserving all that is worth conserving and reforming whatever needs reform.

T. M. MARTIN.

RUTH.

'Twas June, and strangely wild and sweet  
Sea-winds blew down the village street.

Along the maiden Ruth lay there,  
The sea-wind stirred her golden hair.

They came and veiled her little head  
And left the maid, for she was dead.

He tender lips, so like a rose,  
They could not find the heart to close;

For secrets more than seas could bear  
Seemed hidden in their curved despair.

A bird beyond the orchard wall  
Soft fluted out its lilted call,

And loud along the summer fields  
The echo of the bird-note steals.

But he who loved the woman dead  
Unbearing bent his fevered head:

And standing by the sea alone  
He heard the waves' eternal moan.

His thoughts were mild and far away,  
As twilight fell upon the bay.

The burden seemed too great; and worse  
To live, than die with heaven's curse;

For when the morning dawned once more  
And breezes rippled up the shore,

The children found him on the sands,  
With sea-weed clutched within his hands.

His soul had crossed the unknown bourne  
To reach—eternal night? or morn!

Did voices in the night arise  
From waters where the last light dies?

Did something whisper to the youth  
That sounded like his lost, dead Ruth,

And did the old familiar tone  
Float up to him who watched alone?

"Come down, O love," the soft voice said,  
"Come down among the happy dead;

Below the green, translucent wave  
We cannot call this calm our grave:

In pure, unbroken endless peace,  
Of oceans cool, dark waves' release.

My arms are white and wide apart  
To draw thee down beside my heart;

Through all this endless solitude  
My heart upon your heart to brood.

And from the stillness, fathoms down,  
We'll ever watch the old, white town.

Come down, O love, come down to me  
And dream beneath the dreaming sea.

Did waith from out the waves appear  
And speak these words into his ear?

And was it wafted o'er the wave,  
The voice close-shut in its still grave?

And out upon the waves once green  
Saw he her hair's dull golden sheen?

Or was it just the midnight breeze  
That murmur'd o'er the moonlit seas?

Was it the sea's despairing moan,  
In low, eternal monotone?

ARTHUR J. STRINGER.

PARIS LETTER.

The French public, up to a certain stratum, appears to be off its head again respecting Turpin's alleged discovery of a terrible explosive. As no one knows anything about it, that may explain the reason of its terrors. Except what Turpin himself states, no one can supply hints. Now he is not a man whose past or recent conduct entitles to off-hand belief in him. The present Minister of War attaches no importance to the alleged discovery; he says Turpin tried to sell the secret of melinite formerly to Germany and England, who both declined it as useless, well knowing that he was only offering picric acid. The secret of melinite is the discovery of and only known to the French Government. Then he has been imprisoned for unpatriotic disclosure of official documents belonging to the State. While in prison, Turpin claims to have discovered his newest explosive. As the War Office would have nothing to do with him, and all the independent scientific authorities, chemists and mechanics, pooh-pooed his balloons with poisonous vapours, and aluminium artillery fired by liquid gases' expanding, he set off to Brussels, and there with some persons interested in running his discovery, announced that he had sold his army annihilator to Germany, and in addition founded a financial company in Belgium to execute contracts for the killing apparatus and balloon chcke damp—a kind of sky gasometer. The idea of the Germans securing such benefits set the public at large in a blaze; Turpin was a traitor, etc., etc., but why force him to go over to the Volscians? He could destroy 20, or 20,000 men at once with his balloon and aerial artillery—not thunder, but a Maxim gun arrangement, while ravaging sea boards and sinking navies was merely child's play. Imagine a balloon wound up, to drop on Metz, and clear out the hereditary enemy from Alsace? There are 3,000 red coats in Egypt; picture a 3,000 man-killing balloon wound up to alight at Cairo, or Madagascar, or Siam, or the Ouganda, Portsmouth, Spezzia or Kiel? But Turpin had been drawing the long bow, and also upon his imagination. The Germans were willing to examine his offer, but had the shrewdness, especially after his melinite proposal, not to buy a pig in a poke. The founding of the Belgian financial company, to work his discovery, was the baseless fabric of a vision. Not an Englishman, but above all not an American, would bite at the wonder till they saw a few thousand sheep asphyxiated in the open air, and the shower of balls "killing the remainder," as Paddy would say.

Baffled with the foreigner, Turpin now played the repentant patriot; he would quit the Volscians, return to France and give his discovery "free gratis for nothing" to his countrymen; only, he would keep an eye to the main chance by taking out a patent,

so has pursued the usual commercial course of depositing, in sealed envelope, his plans and specifications. They are at present in the Hotel de Ville Patent Office. He authorizes the French War Office to open the packets and control the aerial flying Dutchman. With the masses, Turpin is to-day a hero; he can be elected a deputy when he pleases; five days ago they would have strangled him and cut his body up into eight parts, to be distributed over the country like the Corean Kim's remains, because, forsooth, he sold to foreigners a presumed process to effectively confound the politics and frustrate the knavish tricks of Frenchmen, instead of the latter having the prior right to so deal with opponents. Rochefort was the first to comprehend the Turpin business—nothing but to puff a discredited inventor, top heady with vanity, and a-hungering and a-thirsting to pose. The balloon, etc., has a "boomerang" peculiarity, to hark back instead of going ahead. Let patriotic aeronauts then beware.

The French have wonderfully toned down on the Anglo-Belgian Congo treaty. It is ever a good plan to allow Monsieur to call and let him see that his thunder and lightning do no harm. Besides it will enable him to recall the advice of Thiers, "take all things seriously but nothing *au tragique*." The French people know very little about the Upper, aye, or Lower Congo of Belgian rights and British advance. They want the English out of Egypt and to take their place; that's the African question for them. The speech of Lords Salisbury, accepted and endorsed by Lord Rosebery, has acted like a douche on the colonial Expansionists; the great leaders will allow no government to poke its nose into British African affairs that do not concern them; and they will resolutely continue to prevent by all lawful means any Power securing African territory merely to hold it, not to open it up but merely to close it against British trade. France feels her difficulty with the Anglo-Belgian treaty; Lords Salisbury and Rosebery have unmistakably warned her off; she can show no right of occupation; England acts as leasing agent for the Sultan and the Khedive, and no one can deny the right of King Leopold to lease a morsel of his Congo either to England or Germany. Besides, the Belgian Congo has been handed over to the kingdom of Belgium by King Leopold, and France has never protested against that transfer. Her right, then, to the succession of the Belgian Congo only comes into play when the kingdom wishes to sell it, or when Belgium itself disappears—a very unlikely event.

M. Dupuy, the re-installed Premier, differs in nothing from his predecessor M. Casimir Perier, nor from his former self. He has brought new men to the front, which is an advantage. In a word, they have merely re-exchanged places; M. Dupuy returns to the premiership, and M. Perier, to the speakership. But the juggling reveals some fun. M. Perier was happy in being defeated on the motion that the railway employees on the lines worked by the state should be allowed to syndicate, like the hands on the other railways. The present Ministers all voted with M. Perier's minority; they have just now voted the contrary, and in favour of the unionism. The absurd man is he who never changes. Only, do not hold two opposite opinions simultaneously, and before adopting the contrary, allow at least a few days to elapse. The night always brings wisdom. The

Radicals in the Chamber display a very big split; M. Carnot offered to their two chiefs, Messrs. Brisson and Bourgeois, a free hand, and *sans* conditions, to form a Cabinet, to replace that of M. Perier's; they declined to take office and that has injured them among even their own rank and file. However, when the Radicals decide to close up ranks and join hands with the Monarchists and Socialists they can turn out any Ministry.

If there be any man in this world who ought to be content, in this vale of tears, that man should be Lord Dufferin. He has a splendid public career to his credit, has been laden with honors, and is certain to wear the strawberry leaves in time. As ambassador here, he is the marked object of respect with his colleagues and is in the odour of sanctity with French functionaries. He is popularity itself with his countrymen resident here, and even the Americans claim to share him; indeed they have annexed the British embassy. Lord Dufferin has just had a daughter married—only one remains to be wedded—and the occasion was seized, by the diplomatic world, by all that is distinguished in French society, and by the English colony. The civil ceremony took place in the embassy itself, then the bridal party crossed over to the English church when the religious union was celebrated by the bridegroom's father, Lord Plunket, Archbishop of Dublin, and the embassy's chaplain, Dr. Washington. All the toilettes were very rich, but simple. Not the least notable feature of the wedding was the little pages, the son and daughter of Dr. Washington—a pair of lovely chickens—the sister wore a Kate Greenaway costume, of the same materials as the eight bridesmaids; her little brother, about six years old, with large blue eyes, dressed like a Louis XV marquis, with three corned hat, silk *culotte*, embroidered body coat. He attracted the most notice after the happy couple; indeed, he felt that he was the best man—and not the other fellow.

Although three cases of authentic cholera have been registered, no one feels alarmed. Indeed, the precautions are so well taken that the patients are at once conveyed to the special hospital, and generally successfully treated. If the weather does not become permanently oppressive, so as to reduce strength, there is no danger of any endemic in Paris this season. The new water supply is now working well.

The newest "Olympian" game the Parisians now enjoy, is a troupe of "stilts" of both sexes, from the Landes of Gascony, where the shepherds and shepherdesses, in following their occupation, always walk on "stilts," the better to survey the sheep runs. Australia will please take note. They wear a sheep-skin for top coat, over a scarlet vest, with breeches, like Bryan O'Lynn's, of the same material. They have promenaded along the Boulevard on their native perches, visited the office of a newspaper, when they quit their sticks, nodded to the printers also occupied with their sticks, then enjoyed champagne and indulged in rustic dances in native costume to their shrill fife. They give exhibitions at the "Stiltodrome," which is a velocodrome when the bicycles are on the roll.

Z.

Too much sensibility creates unhappiness, too much insensibility leads to crime.—*Talleyrand.*

### SERIES OF HISTORICAL REVIEWS.—III.

SOURCES OF THE CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES—EXECUTIVE, LEGISLATIVE AND JUDICIAL AUTHORITIES EVOLVED FROM ENGLISH PRINCIPLES OF GOVERNMENT—ORIGIN AND MEANING OF CABINET—CONGRESSIONAL GOVERNMENT AND ITS INHERENT WEAKNESS.

Some years ago, one of the most thoughtful students of American institutions, Mr. James Russell Lowell, gave utterance to a truth now generally admitted by publicists, that the men who framed the constitution of 1787 "had a profound disbelief in theory and knew better than to commit the folly of breaking with the past." They were "not seduced by the French fallacy, that a new system of government could be ordered like a new suit of clothes." They would "as soon have thought of ordering a suit of flesh and skin." It is only "on the roaring loom of time that the stuff is woven for such a vesture of thought and expression, as they were meditating."

The thought embodied in these words has found emphatic expression in a book\* recently written by Dr. Stevens on the origin and development of the constitution of the United States. It is true that he has only amplified the thoughts of Mr. Bryce in "the American Commonwealth," of Mr. Hannis Taylor in the introduction to his excellent work on the English constitution, and of various other writers, notably in the Political Studies of Johns Hopkins University, and in the Annals of the American Academy of Political Science. In Dr. Stevens's work, however, we have a well conceived digest of the evolution of the main principles of American institutions from the fundamental sources of English law and government. One author has attempted in two elaborate volumes—the late Mr. Douglas Campbell in "The Puritan in Holland, England and America"—to trace a number of American institutions to Dutch antecedents; but, as Dr. Stevens says, the constitution of the United States, as a legal document, is traceable to the influence of English conditions as worked out in the form of English laws, and "the presence in America, during colonial days, of the representatives of other races than the English has left scarcely a trace in the national constitution." The free school, the use of a written ballot, certain features of the land laws and of the township system, have been confessedly derived more or less from Dutch sources, and "though not included in the constitution, have exercised an influence in moulding the American nation." But otherwise the evidence is unquestionable that the Federal and State constitutions are only the logical sequence of the experience of American statesmen of the operation of English institutions from the establishment of colonial governments in the first half of the seventeenth century down to the formation of the state constitutions and the meeting of the Philadelphia Convention of 1787. That my readers may appreciate this fact to the fullest extent, I give the following summary of the evidence adduced by Dr. Stevens and other authors, as nearly as possible in their own language whenever it is necessary.

The idea of a sharply defined three-fold division of government—executive, legis-

\*Sources of the Constitution of the United States considered in relation to Colonial and English History. By C. Ellis Stevens, LL.D., D.C.L. New York: Macmillan & Co. 1894. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co. 12mo., p.p. xii—277.

lative and judicial—had its origin in the colonial system; for in all the colonies the separation of such authorities was practically more extended than even in the parent state. When the state constitutions were formed, the same division was continued and the delegates to the Philadelphia convention naturally followed the example of their own states in framing a national system of government. In fact the constitution was not a new creation but naturally an adaptation of old principles of English and Colonial government to existing social and political conditions. The Senate can trace its evolution from the House of Lords, the permanent and grand councils, and the Witenagemot of early English days. In the colonies there had been an upper house—as there was in the provinces of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick as late as 1837—combining executive and legislative powers. The constitutions of the majority of the newly formed states also provided for a legislature of two houses, and in seven of them the upper chamber was designated a "Senate." In its early days it was considered primarily a body with executive functions. Its assumption of legislative responsibilities, as important as those of the House of Representatives, has been the result of a long process of development. It now constitutionally possesses executive, legislative and judicial attributes, since it ratifies treaties, confirms appointments, considers, initiates and passes acts of legislation, and tries high crimes and misdemeanors against the nation. The president of the Senate, like the lord-chancellor, who is the official head of the House of Lords, is not chosen by the body itself, but is the vice-president of the United States, and elected by the people. No doubt he derives his office from that of the deputy or lieutenant governor of old colonial usage. Many of the state constitutions made provision for the same functionary to preside over the upper house of the legislature and also to succeed to the governorship in case of a vacancy. In four of the states he was actually named "vice-president."

The House of Representatives was naturally formed after the model of the House of Commons of England, which had always been the prototype, as far as colonial limitations permitted, of the colonial assemblies or lower houses. In several of the state constitutions, the same name was given to the lower house. The Speaker has been always the presiding officer of the House of Representatives, and the basis of its procedure is the parliamentary law of England. But the Speaker of the American house has been gradually forced into the anomalous position of a chief of a party, through the absence in the house of a responsible leader as in England and Canada under the modern system of parliamentary government, and he cannot now be regarded as an impartial officer in whose decisions all political bodies can have complete confidence. The rules of the house also show important divergencies from old usages of parliament, imposing among other things limitations upon debate that do not exist either in England or Canada. The initiation of impeachment rests with the lower house as with the Commons. The initiation of money votes is also the constitutional privilege of the same body.

In considering the origin of the supreme and national courts, which are essentially the guardians of the constitution, since they can decide the constitutionality of any act

of a legislative body, we must bear in mind that the colonial judiciary had been called upon at times to declare the invalidity of a colonial statute not within the legislative powers of the colonial charter of government, and that the colonial authorities generally recognized the Privy Council of England as the supreme court of the colonies in conflicts between laws. As Dr. Stevens very clearly shows, when the States were constituted, the courts continued the same process of judicially interpreting the new constitutions when they were believed to be at variance with statutes. The national government "created an element of superior law, in conflict with which not only state but national enactments of lesser authority are nullified." It has been generally believed that the supreme court was unique as respects its powers to interpret the constitution; but it is forcibly said that "all the judiciary does in England, in the several states, and in the courts of the United States, is to uphold the authority of what it decides to be the higher law, as against all lesser laws or judicial decisions." Consequently what has been so often assumed to be a novel feature of the American national court "is really only another adaptation from the past and rests upon colonial and English antecedents."

Although the convention of 1787 felt that the people would not consent to be governed by a king, yet so thoroughly impregnated were the delegates with the spirit and ideas of English institutions, that they actually reproduced a semblance of an English sovereign, and gave to a president many of the attributes of his executive authority. The president was in many respects the colonial governor adapted to new political conditions. The president of today "governs, in the main, with powers exercised before him by the colonial governors as the king's deputies, precisely because they were the very powers exercised at home by the king himself." Mr. Bryce comes to the same conclusion and praises the statesmen of the convention because "like the solid, practical men they were they did not try to construct the president out of their own brains, or to put the enlarged copy of the state governor, or to put the same thing differently, a reduced and improved copy of the English king."

Although the president has the benefit of the advice and assistance of eight heads of departments, there is no cabinet in the English or Canadian sense, and while the term is used in the United States with reference to the chief officers of state at Washington, it has no place in the fundamental law or in the statutes of the country. Congress, with the aid of its numerous committees, exercises the sovereign power of legislation within the limits of the constitution, and is the real governing body of the Union; and the president himself, to whom the constitution gives the right of vetoing its enactments, is powerless in the face of a two-thirds majority in the Senate and House of Representatives. In each state of the union the governor is an active officer, having considerable responsibilities which afford him constant occupation. In none of the states is there an executive council bearing an exact analogy to the ministers of the provinces, but there are simply so many departmental officers, who have not in any state even those responsibilities which have in the course of time devolved on the so-called Cabinet at Washington in consequence of having be-

come an advisory or consultative board, summoned at the mere will or motion of the president, but without the power of controlling legislation in Congress. "Under our system of state law," says a careful critic of institutions, Mr. Woodrow Wilson, "the executive officers of state government are neither the servants of the legislature, as in Switzerland, nor the responsible guides of the legislature, as in England, nor the real controlling authority in the execution of the laws, as under our federal system. The executive of a state has an important representative place, as a type of the state's legal unity, but it cannot be said to have any place or function of guiding power." On the other hand the privy council and executive councils govern a Dominion of seven provinces and immense territories, stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and covering an area of territory hardly inferior to that of the Federal Republic. They exercise functions of large responsibility, political as well as administrative, as the chosen committees of the different legislatures of the Union, in whose hands rests the fate of ministries, and, practically, of the government of the whole country. These committees perform all the duties which devolve, in the United States, on the president, the governors, and the respective departmental officers; and, in addition, initiate and direct all important legislation, or in other words practically perform the functions of the chairmen of congressional committees.

The great source of the strength of the institutions of the United States lies in the fact that they have worked out their government in accordance with certain principles, which are essentially English in their origin, and have been naturally developed since their foundation as colonial settlements, and what weaknesses their system shows have chiefly arisen from new methods, and from the rigidity of their constitutional rules of law, which separate too closely the executive and the legislative branches of government. Like their neighbours, the Canadian people have based their system on English principles, but they have at the same time been able to keep pace with the unwritten constitution of England, to adapt it to their own political conditions, and bring the executive and legislative authorities so as to assist and harmonize with one another. Each country has its "cabinet council," but the one is essentially different from the other in its character and functions. The word "cabinet," the historical student will remember, was first used in the days of the Stuarts as one of derision and obloquy. It was frequently called "junto" or "cabal" and during the days of conflict between the Commons and the King it was regarded with great disfavour by the Parliament of England. Its unpopularity arose from the fact that it did not consist of men in whom Parliament had confidence, and its proceedings were conducted with such secrecy that it was impossible to decide upon whom to fix responsibility for any obnoxious measure. When the constitution of England was brought back to its original principles, and harmony was restored between the Crown and Parliament, the cabinet became no longer a term of reproach, but a position therein was regarded as the highest honour in the country, and was associated with the efficient administration of public affairs, since it meant a body of men responsible to parliament for every act of government. The old executive councils of Canada were

obnoxious to the people for the same reason that the councils of the Stuarts and even of George III., with the exception of the régime of the two Pitts, became unpopular. Not only do we in Canada, in accordance with our desire to perpetuate the names of English institutions, use the name "Cabinet," which was applied to an institution that gradually grew out of the old privy council of England, but we have even incorporated in our fundamental law the older name of "privy council," which itself sprung from the original "permanent" or "continual" council of the Norman kings. Following English precedent, the Canadian cabinet or ministry is formed out of the privy councillors, chosen under the law by the Governor-General, and when they retire from office, they still retain the purely honorary distinction. In the United States the use of the term "Cabinet" has none of the significance it has with us, and if it can be compared at all to any English institutions it might be to the old cabinets who acknowledged responsibility to the king, and were only so many heads of department in the king's government. As a matter of fact, the comparison would be closer if we said that the administration resembles the cabinets of the old French kings, or to quote Mr. Bryce, "the group of ministers who surround the Czar or the Sultan, or who executed the bidding of a Roman Emperor like Constantine or Justinian." Such ministers, like the old executive councils of Canada, "are severally responsible to their master, and are severally called in to counsel him, but they have not necessarily any relations with one another, nor any duty or collective action." Not only is the administration constructed on the principle of responsibility to the president alone, in this respect the English king in old, irresponsible days, but the legislative department is itself "constructed after the English model as it existed a century ago," and a general system of government is established, lacking in that unity and that elasticity which are essential to its effective working. On the other hand, the Canadian Cabinet is the cabinet of the English system of this century, and is formed so as to work in harmony with the legislative department, which is a copy, so far as possible, of the English legislature of these modern times.

In the United States when the constitution was formed, parliamentary government, as it is now understood in England, and her self-governing dependencies, was not understood in its complete significance; and this is not strange when we consider that in those days the king appeared all-powerful. He did not merely reign, but governed, and his councillors were so many advisers, too ready to obey his wishes. Ministerial responsibility to parliament was still, relatively speaking, an experiment in constitutional government, its leading principles having been first outlined in the days of William the Third. The framers of the American constitution saw only two prominent powers, the king and parliament, and their object was to impose a system of checks and balances which would restrain the authority of each and prevent any one dominating in the nation. It is true in the course of time this system has become in a measure theoretical, since congress has practically established a supremacy, though the powerful influence exercised by a president at times can be seen from the great number of vetoes successfully given by Mr. Cleveland. In Canada, responsible and parlia-

mentary government dates back to less than half a century ago, and was won only after years of contest with the present state. Since the British system has been introduced into the provinces of the dominion there has been practically no friction between the different branches of government, but the wheels of the political machinery have run with ease and safety.

Under the American Constitution the executive and legislative authorities may be constantly at variance and there is little possibility on all occasions of that harmonious legislative action which is necessary to effective legislation. Dr. Stevens while regarding the presidency "as one of the most valuable creations of the constitution" admits there are undoubted evils in the American system, not the least being the "detriment to the public interests" through this very conflict. The president may strongly recommend certain changes in the tariff, or in other matters of large public import, but unless there is in the houses a decided majority of the same political opinions as his own there is little prospect of his recommendations being carried out. Indeed, even if there is such a majority it is quite possible that his views are not in entire accord with all sections of his party, and the leading men of that party in congress may be themselves looking to the presidential succession, and may not be prepared to strengthen the position of the present incumbent of the executive chair. The nominal cabinet can and does give information to congress and its committees on matters relating to its respective departments, but it is powerless to initiate or promote important legislation directly, and if it succeeds in having bills passed it is only through the agency of, and after many interviews with the chairmen of the committees having control of such matters. If congress wishes information from day to day on public matters, it can only obtain it by the inconvenient method of communicating by messages with the departments. No minister is present to answer some interesting question on which the public wishes to receive immediate information, or to state the views of the administration on some matter of public policy. There is no leader present to whom the whole party looks for guidance in the conduct of public affairs. The president, it is true, is elected by the Republican or Democratic party, as the case may be, but the moment he becomes the executive he is practically powerless to promote effectively, through the instrumentality of ministers who speak his opinions authoritatively on the floor of congress, the views of the people who elected him. His messages are generally so many words, forgotten too often, as soon as they have been read. His influence constitutionally is negative—the veto—not the all-important one of initiating and directing legislation like a premier in Canada. The committees of congress which are the governing bodies may stifle the most useful legislation, while the house itself is able, through its too rigid rules, only to give a modicum of time to the consideration of public measures, except they happen to be money or revenue bills. The speaker himself is the leader of his party so far as he has influence on the composition of the committees, but he cannot directly initiate or control legislation. Under these circumstances it is easy to understand that when the executive is not immediately responsible for legislation, and there is no section or committee of the house bound to

initiate or direct it, it must be too often ill digested, defective in essential respects and ill-adapted to the public necessities. On this point a judicious writer\* says: "This absence of responsibility to public legislation, and the promotion of such legislation exclusively by individual action, have created a degree of mischief quite beyond computation." And again: "There is not a state in the Union in which the complaint is not well grounded that the laws passed by the legislative bodies are slipshod in expression, are inharmonious in their nature, are not subjected to proper revision before their passage, are hurriedly passed, and impose upon the governors of states a duty not intended originally to be exercised by them, that of using the veto power in lieu of a board of revision for the legislative body; and so bad is the gubernatorial office organized for any such purpose that the best-intended governor is compelled to permit annually a vast body of legislation to be put upon the statute book which is either unnecessary, in conflict with laws not intended to be interfered with, or passed for some sinister and personal ends."

I have dwelt at some length on this question of the Cabinet and the irresponsibility of the Executive, as it is especially important to Canadians to study the development of the institutions of the United States, with the view of taking advantage of their useful experiences, and avoiding the defects that have grown up under their system. All institutions are more or less on trial in a country like Canada, which is working out great problems of political science under decided advantages, since the ground is relatively new, and the people have before them all the experiences of the world, especially of England and the United States, in whose systems Canadians have naturally the deepest interest. The history of responsible government in Canada affords another illustration of a truth which stands out clear in the history of nations, that those constitutions which are of a flexible character, and the natural growth of the experiences of centuries, and which have been created by the necessities and the conditions of the times, possess the elements of real stability, and best insure the prosperity of a people. In the meantime, while the United States are working out many difficult problems for themselves, Canadians find satisfaction in knowing that responsible government provides all the machinery necessary to give expansion to their national energies, mature efficient legislation, and keep the administration of public affairs in unison with public opinion.

J. G. BOURINOT.

### WAR.

I stood within the temple-arch of Time;  
Beneath its airy dome and walls sublime,  
Where stretched in gloom the fretted vaults,  
With laurel crowned and royal emblems hung,  
The long, long line of Earth's unfading great,  
Her kings, her warriors, in martial state,  
And every conqueror upon his throne,  
With grisly hands and ghostly eyes of stone;  
And, like a curtain downward from the height,  
Were dropped in sombre folds the shades of night.

I heard a hundred organs deep'ning blow  
In a vast solemn harmony and slow,  
Until the awful heart of Death awoke  
And thundered back a music wild, that broke  
In frightened echoes down the pillared wall,

\* Simon Sterne in the American Cyclopædia of Political Science under head of "Legislation," p. 754.

With hollow voice and strains antiphonal.  
And then the shadowed temple floors along  
Out swept beneath the dome a 'wilderer  
through;  
And all the silent monuments were given  
A touch of life from out the wind of heaven.  
And the full tread of armies clanging fell  
In mighty rhythm with the music's swell,  
Till light sank streaming from the mist above,—  
And over Death was flung the veil of love.  
Then in my heart a mystic whisper stole,  
From out the glory and the martial roll,  
"So, even now before thine eyes appears  
The phantom vista of Earth's ended years!"

Above the heroes in their sculptured stone,  
I saw, in op'ning light, a blood-red throne,  
At whose rich steps their faces all were bent,  
With humble looks and aspect suppliant.  
Upon it sat a figure from whose eyes  
There burst such flames of fury, as uprise  
When burns a city 'neath the midnight skies:  
And on his brow flashed bright a diadem,  
And o'er his breast spread many a scarlet gem.  
Within his mighty hand all reeking stood  
A spear yet warm and bright with human  
blood,

And a wild awful light swept o'er his face  
To watch the dripping currents fill the place,—  
The ghastly grin that murdering demons wear,  
When quivering crouched within their horrid  
lair.

Against his gleaming throne in piles were laid  
The meep-mouthed gun, and sabre's glittering  
blade,

While, caught upon the panoply before,  
Shone out, more bright than all, the symbol  
"War."

"Behold!" a voice beside me whispered, "See  
How War is king of all our history;  
And all the great of every age and land  
Are only minions 'neath his sov'reign hand;—  
For at a nod the trembling nations fall,  
Or tramp to death at his imperious call;  
And ever since this darkling world began  
Has placed his spell upon the heart of man."

Again I turned, but on the throne of War  
There sat a maiden, lovelier by far  
Than e'er a mortal heart had dreamed upon,—  
And War with his wild horrors all were gone.  
The light of heaven's morning, sweet and fair,  
Gleamed on her brow and thro' her golden hair;  
And from her face there shone that starry  
sweet,

When wandering angel-dreams in rapture meet;  
While round her throne the tinkling breezes  
played,

And caught the wand'ring echoes, as they  
strayed

With breath of freedom down the glad retreat,  
Till Joy sat captive at her snowy feet.

And, scarce in silence did the soft winds cease,  
When down the deep I heard the whisper,  
"Peace,—

Angel enchantress, strifeless thou hast won?  
On earth forever, War's wild ruse is done!"

JAMES T. SHOTWELL.

Strathroy, Ont.

### ART NOTES.

Three paintings by Whistler, owned by Alexander Reid, of Glasgow, are at the Fine Arts Museum at Boston. One is the "Lady in a Fur Jacket," valued by its owner at \$15,000.

Relic hunters have at last taken into consideration the wreck of the World's Fair, and are now paying roundly for objects modeled in stuff taken from the principal buildings. The angels on the woman's building are said to be in so much demand that they will fetch high prices when taken down.

The Artist-Artisan Institute of New York closed its schools for the season on Friday, June 14th. The re-opening in October is to be marked by certain radical improvements, for which Mr. John Ward Stinson has been working these many years. The trustees have promised him looms and

kilns for the use of advanced students, in which various forms of industrial art can be pursued under the superintendence of master-workmen. In this way Mr. Stimson hopes to carry out the principle "that there should not be to-day, any more than in Greece or Italy during the great eras, a fictitious distinction between 'high' or 'low' arts; the highness or lowness consisting in the quality of taste and refined feeling put into the materials, not the materials themselves."

We are again indebted to the *Argonaut* for the following criticisms on some of the work in the old salon, which opened some time after that on the Champs de Mars: The fleshly school of art certainly flourishes at the Champs-Elysées, and of this school Roybet is the chief apostle. Opinions differ about the taste displayed in it, but no one questions the fact of "Main-Chaude" being an extremely clever picture—a marvellous bit of technique. There is no doubt about the grossness; but Jordaens, Hals, and other great masters, whose works adorn the great galleries in Europe, were also gross, and to be clean and pretty is not a necessity of art. "Hot Cockles" is not a parlor game. A huge, coarse, and tousled wench is the central figure of the scene; two rollicking fellows, much the worse for liquor, and five or six others, actors or spectators of the game, complete the merry party. They are habited in the Dutch garb of the seventeenth century, and it certainly adds to the amusement of the public that Roybet should have chosen to depict personal friends in such merry trim. The fellow in the buff jerkin, balancing himself on the top of a beer-barrel, is M. Vigneron, the popular secretary of the Société des Artistes Français, and his boon companion, in the Rubens hat, whose arm encircles the comely form of one of the females, is M. Préset, who arranges the pictures on the walls of the salon. It is not the first time these two gentlemen have lent their countenances to be pictured by Roybet and have assumed the garb of burly Flemish burghers or gallant swashbucklers at his bidding.

Bougureau contributes a charming study of a nymph in a kneeling posture—the pearl crouching in an open shell, her smooth limbs washed by the waves. Collin, in those delicate thin tones of which he has the secret, also shows us a nymph, robed in her own beauty, stretching her arms as she rises from her flowery bed. The Arcadian shepherd, painted by Royer, has the companion a beautiful woman, parting the boughs as she advances towards him. Wencker's nymph holds a spear; someone else has painted a tipsy bacchante, rolling on a lion's skin. Echo is personified by Perron leaning against the trunk of a tree; the English artist, Joy, has illustrated the fable of the Child and Truth, the goddess a lovely figure rising out of the well. These are only a few among many, for this is a life in which the modern school excels exceedingly.

It is disappointing to find so many artists of talent contenting themselves with the *envoi* of portraits. Benjamin Constant, for instance, who has done so many greater things; still we shall not quarrel with him this time; his lady in pale green is very pleasant to look upon. Lefebvre, too, has made a charming picture of a piquant *brune* in a white dress against a background of white cloud and blue sky. The female contributors to the show seldom soar into compositions, but content themselves with painting their own faces, or those of their

friends—often with rare talent, be it said, Bonnat shows us the swarthy features of the Prince of Monaco in his somewhat tawdry Monagastic uniform, and for his fame's sake we wish he had done nothing more. Art scaling the skies on a winged Pegasus of cart-horse proportions is a horrible eyesore. President Carnot owes Chartran something, for he is the first to have divested the chief of the state of that extreme woodenness which has hitherto distinguished all the portraits that have been painted of him. Carnot is in his study before a table laden with books and papers. But Chartran does not content himself with having painted the best portrait of Carnot; he shows us a lean, attenuated St. Francois driving his plow while he lifts his voice in praise, the whole in ascetic half-tints beloved of a certain school. It would seem more rational if this St. Francis had betaken himself to the Champ de Mars instead of the Champs-Elysées; but the quaint, the symbolic, the ascetic, is cultivated by some of the Elyséanites as well: by Richemont, who has painted a row of white-robed monks, whom two heavenly visitants are supplying with loaves of bread on clean white napkins and fresh water in cool earthen jars; by Henri Martin, who contributes another of his favorite pine plantations, placing therein a block-robed Dolorosa holding a burning heart in her hand; by Fritel, in whose old cloister sits a saint who seems to have stepped out of an illuminated missal.

The American artist, Walter McEwen, is vague and dreamy in a curious picture which he entitles "A Madeleine": the repentant sinner, enveloped in a long, green opera-cloak, is praying in a country chapel among poor folk, who eye her curiously, the hazy twilight lit up by glittering tapers. Charles Sprague Pearce has borrowed for once the brush and palette of the Intransigents, and daubed in with orange and black a sort of Cassandra holding a flaming torch. If he is wise he will go back to his muttons; I, for one, prefer his shepherdess and his sheep. Had Millet not given an "Angelus" to the world, Daniel Ridgeway Knight's rustic flirtation would be one of the most original bits of *genre* painting on the walls of this exhibition, but the attitude of the two figures in Millet's *chef-d'œuvre*. Picknell is the author of one of the best views of the Littorale, of which there are many. Walter Gay's "Las Cigarreras"—Spanish women rolling cigarettes in a whitewashed room—is a curious and peculiarly attractive composition; the two figures on the right who have laid aside their work to read a letter one of them has received from her lover, give additional interest to the scene. Many artists are attracted by the chill green of the cabbage, but no one ever rendered it more faithfully than Henry Mosler. The cottage in the background and the peasant woman are introduced merely to give effect to the cabbage-patch.

I have left some of the most important compositions for the last. Those who admire realistic painting will stand transfixed with admiration before Detaille's "Victims du Devoir," in which the whole scene of a tremendous fire is pictured so vividly before us—the firemen directing the hose over the burning houses, the huge engines, the swish of water on the pavement, the officers bearing forth two men grievously wounded, the little knot of officials with Prefect Poubelle in their midst. All the figures are life-sized and executed with

that perfection of detail for which this artist is renowned. This is one of the many works ordered by the municipality for the decoration of the Hôtel de Ville. Another official canvas of huge proportions has been painted by Fournier for the prefecture at Lyons, and on it he has gathered together all the famous Lyonnese, from Marcus Aurelius to Citizen Roland and from the lovely Récamier to Meissonier and Claude Bernard—a motley throng of worthies.

The reception of the Russian fleet at Toulon has tempted the brush of at least a dozen artists with varied success, but Chigot has outdone them all in point of size. There is Admiral Avellan, as big as life in his gig with eight stalwart rowers, passing between two crowded barges filled with an excited crowd pelting him with flowers—a regular Franco-Russian demonstration. Jean Paul Laurens is certainly not at his best in "Le Pope et l'Empereur."

### MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

The flight to Europe this year is, we understand, unprecedented. During this week many Toronto musicians have gone, viz.: Messrs. Field, Anger, Robinson, Shaw and Miss Williams. Miss Veals (of Miss Veals' well-known boarding school for young ladies) and Mrs. Neville (of Mrs. Neville's school) being among the number. We take this opportunity of wishing all an enjoyable, restful holiday.

On Wednesday evening, the 20th inst., Mr. W. H. Sherwood, the American pianist of Chicago, gave a recital in the hall of the Conservatory of Music, when he gave brilliant and highly artistic renditions of Chopin's Sonata in B flat minor; Schumann's "Carneval," a group of pieces by Szambati, Schubert, Liszt and Dupont, closing with a remarkably exciting performance of Liszt's "Gnomes" and the "Mephisto Waltzes." Vocal selections by Mrs. A. B. Jury, Mrs. H. W. Parker, and Miss Ethel Shepherd added variety and increased interest to the occasion.

Fair-sized audiences greeted Sousa and his celebrated concert band on Friday evening, Saturday afternoon and evening in the Massey Music Hall. This band is composed of exceptionally good players, and their performances are always attractive, finished, and thoroughly enjoyable. Mr. Sousa's interpretation of the Liszt 2nd Rhapsody, and the selections from Bizet's "Carmen" was, however, open to serious criticism. Both were taken at a break-neck pace, entirely too fast, and in spite of the large technic possessed by the individual players, many of the passages were anything but clear. One can only characterize such interpretations as "caricature performances." Other numbers received, however, most commendable treatment and were a delight to hear. One thing about the playing of Sousa's band, which is absolutely thrilling and in the highest degree effective, is the immense volume of sound developed in crescendo passages. It is wonderful, elemental. Herr Anton Schott, the tenor, sang "Walthais Prize Song," from the "Meistersinger," in a beautiful manner. The once great tenor still sings with noble expression and with abundant enthusiasm. He was heartily encored and good-naturedly responded. Mme. Moyer, the soprano, sang a couple of numbers with brilliancy and good tone. Her method is apparently good, and her voice of good musical quality. She was likewise lustily cheered and recalled.

If one were to attend all the pupils' concerts which are being given at the present time, and many of them are so good as to be positively enjoyable—why, one would have little time for anything else, and would often require to attend two or three the same evening. Is this not a change from seven or eight years ago when only three or four of the leading teachers gave each one solitary pupils' concert, at the close of the year? This in itself shows the great strides we have made in musical advancement the last six or eight years, or since the founding of the two music schools, the Conservatory and College. Last week several of these concerts have been given and to mention all in detail would be quite unnecessary if not impossible. However, we wish to draw attention to some two or three which have been successful and highly interesting. On Friday evening last the piano pupils of Mr. J. D. A. Tripp gave a recital in the Conservatory of Music Hall to a large, well-pleased audience. A programme of considerable artistic value was performed by several most promising pupils in a manner reflecting credit on themselves and their conscientious instructor. Pieces by Liszt, Chopin, Rubinstein, Grieg, Mozart, Schubert and Saint-Saen, with several vocal selections, comprised the scheme, which, as before stated, was admirably presented. On the same evening in the hall of the College of Music some pupils of Mr. H. M. Field, varied by songs, 'cello and violin solos, gave a delightful and genuinely artistic concert. The programme opened with a splendid performance of Beethoven's concerto in C minor, by Miss Gunther. Later on the one in G major by the same composer was brilliantly played by Miss Topping; Mozart's concerto in D minor most vigorously and neatly performed by Miss Mary Mara, followed shortly after by a most musicianly performance of the last two movements of Reinecke's Concerto in F sharp minor by Mrs. Lee. Besides these numbers Miss Massie played on the 'cello Davidoff's "Am Spring Brunnen" and a Nocturne by Chopin; Miss Yokome played Ernst's Elegie "For Violin Solo and a couple of songs very expressively sung by Miss Hilliard and Miss Paul completed the interesting programme. On Monday evening, the 25th inst., a delightful "Soiree Musicale" was given by the students of the Conservatory of Music in Association Hall, and notwithstanding the intense heat, a crowded house heard the performance which, as usual, with the Conservatory concerts, was most enjoyable. Miss Franciska Henrich, a very talented pupil of Mr. Edward Fisher, and a young Miss of perhaps 16 or 17 years, played with much brilliancy and dash Liszt's Rhapsody No. 12. All the remaining items on the programme were likewise cleverly performed.

The five concerts which comprised the scheme of our Musical Festival, and which served to open the Massey Music Hall, were presented to large audiences, on Thursday, Friday and Saturday evenings, with matinee performances on Friday and Saturday afternoons. On Thursday evening the "Messiah" was given with a chorus consisting of about 400 voices and an orchestra of some 70 players, and on the whole had an exceptionally fine interpretation. The chorus sang with spirit and with fine body of tone, the attack, phrasing and general expression being carefully and creditably done. Handel's choruses are always grateful. They are written in such a way that

when properly sung the swaying mass of tone in ascending and descending passages cannot help proving effective, for being contrapuntally conceived and developed, each part has an individuality of its own apart from the fact that all are woven together into a sort of musical fabric of astounding design, and workmanship, with grand climaxes, and thrilling tonal sensations which afford unlimited pleasure to the hearer. The soloists were Miss Emma Juch, soprano; Mrs. Carl Alves, contralto; Mr. W. H. Rieger, tenor; and Dr. Carl E. Dufft, basso; and they sang their parts in the most beautiful and painstaking manner. The third concert was devoted to the performance of Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise," and Mr. Arthur E. Fisher's cantata, "The Wreck of the Hesperus." The soloists were the same as on the previous evening, with the exception of Miss Lillian Blauvelt, who sang the soprano solos. These works were likewise received with manifestations of approval by the large audience. The chorus sang happily and with considerable swing. Mr. Fisher's composition proves him to be a composer of merit, imagination, and originality. The music is descriptive, rich in harmonic colour and texture, and the instrumentation effective without being monotonous. We can recommend it to all vocal societies in search of novelties as worthy of being studied, for it is sure to please. The concert on Friday afternoon, although very long, was highly enjoyable. The orchestra performed, under Mr. Torrington's direction, Overture to Rienzi, Wagner; Goldmark's overture, "Sakuntala"; and Berlioz's "Rakoczy March." We confess to having been disappointed with the playing of the orchestra. We had been promised much, and naturally expected to hear something which would be positively enjoyable—but we did not. The performance of both overtures was remarkable for roughness, lack of finish, ensemble and general qualities which musicians cannot consider artistic. The horns and wood wind were frequently at fault, bad intonation and ragged work generally being distinguishing features. The fact is, and this must be apparent to everyone at all familiar with the playing of good orchestras—that there must have been many playing in the Festival orchestra who ought not to have been there. It is all very well to have a large orchestra, and to invite players of mediocre ability and technical equipment to become members; in one way they derive benefit from the fact of familiarizing themselves with important works, but unless they have the technical requirements necessary, this playing at pieces which are beyond them is entirely inconsistent with what is generally considered to be the correct way to develop good technical players and musicians. And then—what about the public? is it not to be considered at all? People expect something extra at a festival; they pay their money anticipating pleasure, and then hear performances not above mediocrity. Perhaps the orchestra achieved its greatest success on Saturday evening in Rossini's overture to "William Tell," which was within their scope, and which really sounded well, but we scarcely think its success justified its being repeated when there was such a long programme, and the hour already late. The Beethoven Symphony which was also performed on Saturday evening, was wretchedly given. The movements were not interpreted correctly as regards tempo, and they suffered

from the same ragged, inartistic effects spoken of above. The soloists were all admirable, and gave unlimited pleasure. Miss Emma Juch, who has always been a favourite here, sang on Friday afternoon an aria from Gounod's "Queen of Sheba" and on Saturday evening, "The Jewel Song" from "Faust," and "Thou Halls of Song," Tannhäuser, in each instance being obliged to respond with encore numbers. Miss Juch is always the artist, but we imagine her voice is not so pure as it formerly was, although this may be accounted for by her indisposition. Miss Lillian Blauvelt is a superb vocalist. Her method is excellent, her voice a high soprano of delicious quality, and her interpretations musicianly, finished and artistic. She sang at the miscellaneous concerts, the aria, "Nymphes et Sylvain," Verdi's "Sicilian Vespers," and Gounod's grand valse "Mireille," to all of which she sang encores. In these selections her voice was as fresh as early morning dew, and her singing imbued with tenderness and fervor. She proved an instant favorite, and left a most lasting and favourable impression. We hope to hear her in our city again next season. Mr. Rieger, the tenor, made his first appearance here, as did also Mr. Dufft, and both made many friends with their delightful singing. Mr. Rieger's voice is warm and flexible, and produces a lovely quality of tone. He sang on Friday afternoon an aria of Donizetti's, and made a most favorable impression. Mr. Dufft is a most pleasing singer. His voice is a good one, large, of rich timbre, and he sang in a manner which elicited nothing but praise from the audience. Mrs. Carl Alves is a contralto of most graceful manner, and is a true, soulful and conscientious artist. Her voice is of good compass, beautiful and warm in quality, and she uses it with artistic freedom and with noble sincerity. She sang an aria from Saint-Saen's "Samson et Delila," on Friday afternoon, and on Saturday afternoon appeared with Miss Blauvelt in a vocal duo by Gounod. She is a most delightful and finished singer. But probably the greatest interest of the whole festival centred on the appearance of the famous and great pianist, Arthur Friedheim. He played on Friday afternoon, Saturday afternoon and evening the following numbers: Prelude, Mazurka, Polonaise, Etude, Valse and Barcarolle, by Chopin; Harmonies du Soir, Erl King; Rhapsodies Nos. 2 and 12, by Liszt. His encore numbers were Liszt's 6th Rhapsody, a beautiful poetic song by Chopin, transcribed by Liszt, and Chopin's lovely prelude in G. Friedheim is known to the entire musical world as an artist of stupendous powers, having a vivid imagination, a most beautiful tone and touch, and a technic absolutely limitless in its scope, flexibility and grandeur. His playing of the Mazurka, Prelude and Valse was poetic in the extreme, and ah! so tender and expressive. His fingers drew from the superb Steinway Grand the most sensuous, velvety tones, at times so faint as to be scarcely heard, but filled with the dreamy melancholy, the half-stifed sighs, the pathetic sadness which lingers around one as does the perfume of violets, but which came from the very soul of Chopin. And then we were treated to the most impassioned, symmetrical and thrilling playing of Liszt, as we can hear from no other artist in the world. Friedheim performed these numbers with blazing brilliance, and with astounding ease and virtuosity. What can be more beautiful than Liszt's Harmonies



## LIBRARY TABLE.

THE DISEASES OF THE WILL. By Th. Ribot. Price 75 cents. Chicago: Open Court Publishing Co. 1894.

The eminence of of Th. Ribot as an experimental psychologist and the importance of the work before us are universally recognized. The subject is not only scientifically interesting, but practically of considerable moment. The present translation, which is very well done, is from the eighth edition, no small tribute to the merit of the original. It is only fair to add, for the benefit of those possessing earlier editions, that, after comparing this with one of the earliest, we have noted no considerable changes.

THE NEW SPIRIT OF THE NATION. Edited by Martin MacDermott. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1894. Price \$1.

It is about fifty years since the *Nation* newspaper began to appear in Dublin; and soon afterwards a number of poems appearing in its pages were put forth under the title of "The Spirit of the Nation." This volume attained to great success. Now, after many years, a new volume is issued, largely consisting of poems by the same writers. Among the chief are Thomas D'Arcy Magee, assassinated in Ottawa, Thomas Davis, the editor, and other well-known writers. The collection is doubly interesting—as a poetical miscellany and as representing certain aspects of Irish thought and life.

HIRAM GOLF'S RELIGION. By G. H. Hepworth.

THEY MET IN HEAVEN. Same author. New York: Dutton. Toronto: Copp, Clark Co. 1894.

These are two books which are sure of a wide popularity. The earlier has already entered its fifth thousand, and it deserves it. Hiram Golf is a "Shoemaker by the grace of God," and his religion is of a very genuine and earnest sort. Only once have we noticed the commercial element creeping in—the "other world livers," as George Eliot called it. For the most part the tone is high and pure—showing that God's worship and fellowship are their own just reward. There are large classes in the community who will be helped by these books. The prices are not given, but they are not expensive.

BON-MOTS OF SAMUEL FOOTE AND THEODORE HOOK. Edited by Walter Jerrold with grotesques by Aubrey Beardsley. London: J. M. Dent & Company. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co., Ltd.

Nearly 200 pages of selections from the witty and humorous sayings of these famous English humorists are comprised in this companion volume to that of Lamb and Jerrold, recently noticed by us. The morals of Foote and Hooke were none of the best, and their sayings were sometimes broad, but Mr. Jerrold has on the whole done his work well. The mechanical features of the little volume are all that could be desired. Of Mr. Beardsley's work there can be no doubt of its cleverness, but we take no pleasure in seeing "the human form divine" disgustingly distorted, and sketched in hideous shapes. Had Mr. Beardsley lived in mediæval times, as a draughtsman of gnomes and gargoyles his genius would no doubt have been fully appreciated.

THE FRIENDSHIP OF NATURE. By Mabel Osgood Wright. New York and London: Macmillan & Company. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co., Ltd. 1894.

This delightful little volume tells the reader most truly on its title page its aim. It there professes to be "A New England Chronicle of Birds and Flowers," rather would we call it a picture gallery, but that would hardly do justice to our gentle nature-loving authoress,

for do we not hear robin-red-breast pipe his lay, and does not the "haunting flute like song" of the hermit thrush dwell in our ear as we turn the dainty pages. Here, too, under the broad blue sky we are led to woodland dells, and linger in the haunts of the wildflowers, and seem almost to breathe their delicate perfume. This is a book of delight to the lover of nature, and a healthy, bracing, tonic book for every one else. This world is the better for it and Miss Wright has found a joyous mission in singing her bright and breathing song of bonny birds and bonnier flowers, with such freshness, freedom and purity of tone as has been to us a delight, and will be, or our judgment fails us, to thousands of others.

POEMS. By Langdon Elwyn Mitchell. ("John Philip Varley"). Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1894. Price \$1.25.

These remarkable and excellent poems can hardly be the work of a novice; and the conviction that we have not here the work of a "prentice hand" is strengthened by noticing what we suppose to be a *wom de guerre* on the title page. However this may be, we have here real poetic work, the work of one who sympathizes with nature in many different moods and also with man in joy and sorrow; of one also who has great power of poetical expression. It is not quite easy to select a passage for quotation; but we will give a few lines which may afford some notion of Mr. Mitchell's style of work. They are a poem entitled, "Near-ling Land."

Thus as we sped, the bright sun, o'er the sea  
Drawing his host of clouds, passed down the  
west,  
And sank with all his splendour silently;  
But, ere he fell from heaven, he seemed to  
rest

His weakened majesty upon the flood  
Of the sustaining water, and, all fair,  
Looked back in light across the evening air,  
Changing dark ocean to his golden mood.  
He sank; and his warm smile died fast away.  
Eve, lightless, fell; the rapid waters seethed;  
Ceaselessly by. Our good ship onward rushed;  
Soft blew the breeze; stars rose; on high there  
flushed

Faint, roseate light, and airs from heaven  
breathed;  
And all night long we waited for the day.

BEAUTIFUL JO. By Marshall Saunders. Baptist Publication Society, Philadelphia.

All lovers of dogs among whom all "nice" people have been said to be included, will welcome a volume which is meant to do for the dog what "Black Beauty" did for the horse, in calling attention to his nature and needs, as well as to the numerous petty cruelties which, mainly from selfish thoughtlessness, are often practised towards both these interesting animals. In the autobiography of a dog which, after early mal-treatments and mutilation, spends the rest of his life in a humane family, under the care of a model mistress, we have a very fair attempt at looking at things from a dog's point of view, combined with many instructive points as to the care of our domestic animals. An unsympathetic critic might, perhaps, say that "Beautiful Jo" is occasionally a little too reflective and philosophical to be real; but then, as we really do not know all the possibilities of the canine mind, we may well allow the author some license necessary to carrying out the purpose of the book. There are many good people who, walking through the world with half closed eyes, are pleased optimistically to conclude that there is very little cruelty practised towards dumb animals, and consequently very little need for Humane Societies. Such people have only to read such books to have their eyes opened to the numberless kinds of cruelty which, through thoughtlessness or ignorance, are constantly being inflicted on the helpless creatures which are so much at our mercy. It were well if such books as these were placed in the hands of all our children, to draw forth their intelligent sympathy towards the "creatures of quick feelings and simple language," as Mr. Butterworth happily puts it in his interesting preface. The book

du Soir, glowing with color, melody, and harmonic richness, and still it was written, if we mistake not, away back in 1835 or '38, long before even "Rienzi" was written. To understand Liszt one must hear Freidheim, and then much of all other piano music, as well as piano playing, sounds came indeed. It is unfortunate that Friedheim could not have played the Liszt E flat Concerto, for to our own knowledge many went to Saturday night's concert especially to hear it; some coming from Hamilton, Guelph, and other places. If the orchestra could not have played the accompaniments, it should never have been allowed to appear on the programme. And now a word about the school children's concert. The children sang wonderfully well, and Mr. Cringan can be congratulated on his fine ability as a trainer. Their voices are fresh and musical, and the light and shade and general artistic effects were well brought out. Besides their singing, they were pleasant to see with their snowy white costumes and eager, intelligent young faces beaming with pride and the happiness of childhood. We almost forgot to speak of the popular favorite, Mr. Herbert L. Clarke, the distinguished cornet player. He played, with a really beautiful tone and expression, "The Lost Chord," and achieved, as he always does, instant applause. Also the excellent services of the Detroit Philharmonic Club, whose really fine playing created much enthusiasm. Herr Yunck, the first violinist, played some two or three solos with admirable technic and finish, winning encores after each number. The 'cello playing of Herr Hofmann was also a feature of importance. His tone is not large but he plays musically and with clean technic. We are pleased to learn that after all expenses have been met, there still remains a surplus. This is gratifying. The committee, which was so efficient, comprised the following gentlemen: Geo. Musson, H. Bourlier, Andrew Darling, J. W. Stockwell, J. H. McKinnon; S. T. Church, Treasurer; D. E. Cameron, Secretary; I. E. Suckling, assistant secretary and general manager. These gentlemen did their duties nobly and have earned the sincere thanks of the community. We must also speak of Mr. Torrington's remarkable energy and perseverance shown in the preparation of these concerts, and for the splendid chorus which responded to his baton. For large choruses the magnificent Massey Music Hall is simply superb, but for chamber music we believe it is not so well adapted. Lack of space at our command prevents us from enlarging on many points which we have been only able to touch upon, but this cannot be helped. Thanks to Mr. Massey, we have now a concert hall which in many respects is as good as any to be found in America, in a city the size of Toronto, and it will for long years to come be a monument to the munificent generosity of the giver.

A dingy shop in New York displays in its show window a terrestrial globe that turns on its axis and so indicates the time of day the world over. Within the shop sits the inventor of this globe clock, repairing other people's clocks and watches. The invention has been patented nearly twenty years.

Do not rejoice at my grief, for when mine is old yours will be new.

True prosperity depends upon true labor  
—Guisot.

might do much to promote the formation of Bands of Mercy in our schools: a thing much to be desired, since children are often cruel, simply through the lack of training to be kind. The author is a Canadian lady, living in Halifax, and the book won the prize offered by the America Humane Association for the best books of the kind. This is a fact to be noted by critics of Canadian literature.

**THE BOOK OF THE FAIR.** By H. H. Bancroft. Chicago and San Francisco: The Bancroft Company.

The third and fourth parts of this excellent work are in keeping with the opening parts already reviewed in *THE WEEK*, both in the style and themes of the letterpress and the subjects and character of the illustrations. The fifth chapter dealing with the management and finances of the Exposition is continued from Part II, and in the sixth begins with an account of the dedication ceremonies of the 20th, 21st and 22nd of October, 1892, and views of the decorations and processions. The story of the great naval review follows, with abundant illustrations. The two succeeding chapters are devoted to the "Government and Administration Departments," and the "Manufactures of the United States." It would be impossible without entering into details to give a fair impression of the richness and artistic worth of the illustrations. In portraiture alone, these four numbers show a country that is sure to be appreciated. The successive series setting forth the growth of the White City, from the turning of the first sod to the completion of the last edifice are full of interest. The pictures of groups, crowds and scattered knots of sightseers of every nation, the bewildering variety of costumes and uniforms, the medley of architecture, the wonderful diversity of art-work, of all materials and classes—these words but inadequately describe the fulness and quality of the illustrations. Deserving of special mention is the full-page reproduction of the "Silver Statue of Columbus," of the "Rape of Europa" silver tray, the ceiling of the Art Furniture Pavilion, the Nautilus Prize Cup and other masterpieces of the building or the exhibits. The samples of the symbolic art of the fair are well chosen, and the descriptions are well calculated to give an impression at once vivid and accurate of the grounds and the events of which they were the memorable stage. Not the least noteworthy feature of the letterpress is that the descriptions of manufactures or works of art are accompanied by historic sketches of the arts or industries of which they are the products. Indeed, we are never allowed to forget, notwithstanding the characteristic unobtrusiveness and freedom from mannerisms of his style, that the author is a trained historian, accustomed to gauge the material that he gathers, and to whom accuracy of statement is of supreme importance. This note of trustworthiness is the chief merit of all Mr. Bancroft's writings, and it gives a peculiar value to "The Book of the Fair." The work is to be completed in twenty-five parts, which are sold at \$1 each.

### PERIODICALS.

Professor Clark continues his instructive series of papers in the *Canada Educational Monthly*. The present number contains the III of the series.

*University Extension* for June has a number of interesting contributions on its legitimate topic. It has also a charming paper on Oxford, under the caption "An Old World Seat of Learning," from the pen of John Russell Hayes.

R. D. Blackmore's "Perlycross" still holds the reader in *Macmillan's* for June. This is a most pleasing and well varied number and will afford enjoyable reading; besides the two chapters of "Perlycross" there are eight other papers.

A splendid and interesting article on Frederic Smetana, the Bohemian composer, the usual number of music reviews, correspond-

ence, etc., fill the pages of *The Music Review* for June, which has just come to hand. Piano and vocal teachers who are in search of novelties, and who wish to become acquainted with excellent new music, would find in *The Music Review* a kind friend. Published in Chicago by F. Summy.

L. C. Merriam contributes the leading article in the *Political Science Quarterly* for June; it is entitled "The Pacific Railroad Telegraphs." The remaining papers in this number deal with such questions as Bimetallism, the tax on railways' gross receipts, origin of standing committees and British local finance. The Reviews and Professor Dunning's Record of Political Events are not the least important parts of the number.

William III is the title of a spirited review article on that monarch in the June *Westminster*. John Downie writes on the Nationality movement of this century. "The Story of an African Farm," Olive Schreiner's well known book, receives appreciative notice at the hand of T. F. Husband. Mr. F. V. Fisher writes of the important bearing social democracy has on liberty. "Science in Song," a not untimelessly topic, is discussed by Mr. T. E. Mayne. The (perennial) Revolt of the Daughters bobs up in this number with other interesting matter.

A portrait of Victor Hugo, taken probably in warm weather, forms the frontispiece of the *Arena* for June. This number has a symposium on the subject: Child Slavery in America. Among the contributors we notice the names of Hamlin Garland, Professor L. W. Batten, Hon. Walter Clark, Rabbi Solomon Schindler, Ella Wheeler Wilcox and the editor B. O. Flower. The subjects discussed are such as come within the purview of the *Arena* and are treated in its customary, vigorous and outspoken manner. We note that Mr. Blackburne Harte has taken a theological bent and is pouring some of his spare satire on the devoted roofs of wealthy Boston Back Bay churches.

The *Expository Times* for June begins, as usual, with some good Notes of Recent Exposition, containing among other things some excellent remarks on Pfeiderer's now famous (?) Gifford Lectures. There are also some very striking comments upon Isaiah xl. 31, which require consideration. Dr. Davidson, of Edinburgh, continues his "Theology of Isaiah," and Mrs. Woods her studies "In Memoriam," which seem to give all that is necessary for the understanding of this great, but not very easy poem. Dr. Stalker continues his "Parables of Zechariah," here dealing with the "Parable of the Wall of Fire" (chap. ii). A good addition to recent numbers, there carried on, is an index to modern sermons. When completed, it will be most useful.

### LITERARY AND PERSONAL.

Lieut.-Col. G. T. Denison has gone to England for a short visit. Colonel Denison will no doubt demonstrate to our English brethren that the Canadian branch of the Imperial Federation League is as vivacious and hopeful as ever.

E. C. Stedman's "Victorian Anthology," which will be compiled from the whole field of English poetry from 1837 to the present time, will be issued in the fall by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. The work is intended as a companion to the author's review of poetry in the Victorian period.

It is said of Ruskin that he rises quite late. After breakfast he goes to his study and reads for a while the newspapers or a book, and then he will walk out in the gardens or along the shores of the lake. He enjoys seeing old friends and young people. In the evening he nearly always has a game of chess. Music is also his delight.

## STERLING MOUNTED CUT GLASS

Claret Jugs and Tumblers,  
Sugar Shakers, Cologne  
Bottles, Salts Bottles, Ink  
Stands, Mustard Pots, Salt  
and Pepper Shakers, Flasks,  
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## RYRIE BROS.,

Cor. Yonge & Adelaide Sts.

The selections from the poems of Arthur Hugh Clough, which form the latest volume in Macmillan's Golden Treasury Series, have been made with nice discrimination, and they show the poetic feeling and philosophy of this rare poet. The little book has as frontispiece an excellent engraving from a photograph of the author.

A large collection of Egyptian papyrus documents discovered several years ago at El Fayoum has lately, it is said, been placed on exhibition at Vienna by the Archbishop Ranier, whose property they are. These papyri are said to cover a period of 2,500 years, and to contain evidence that the Egyptians in the tenth century knew the use of type in printing. The documents are written in eleven different languages.

The circumstances under which Lord Wolseley wrote his work on Marlborough are set forth in the *United Service Magazine*. He was long a collector of material about Marlborough, as about Nelson, Napoleon, Lee, Stonewall Jackson, Sir John Moore and Gordon; and the more he read the existing biographies of Marlborough the more he became dissatisfied with them. He had, therefore, become quite in the humor to undertake a biography of Marlborough when Mr. Bentley, the London publisher, induced him to proceed with it.

G. P. Putnam's Sons announce for early publication: "Tales of a Traveller," by Washington Irving. The Students' Edition, for the use of reading classes and of instructors and students of English literature. Edited, with an introduction and notes, by William Lyon Phelps, A.M. (Harvard), Ph.D. (Yale), Instructor in English Literature in Yale College. In preparation, the Students' Editions of Irving's "Sketch-Book" and Irving's "Alhambra," edited by William Lyon Phelps. To be issued uniform with the above.

A U. S. exchange says that Captain Mahan is an ornament to the United States Navy. He was born in New York and was appointed to the Naval Academy in 1856. In 1861 he was commissioned lieutenant, and in 1865 lieutenant commander. During 1870-71 he was attached to the New York Navy Yard, and in 1872 he was commissioned commander. He was promoted to captain in 1885 and was made president of the War College in 1886, which

position he retained until given his present command. His works are published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

The Methodist Book and Publishing House announce the following publications: "A Foolish Marriage," by Annie S. Swan; "A Veteran of 1812: The Life of Lieut. Col. James Fitzgibbon," by — Fitzgibbon. (We have already referred to this volume); "Hill Crest," by Jewell Emory. The same firm state that the first edition of McIlwraith's "Birds of Ontario" will soon be exhausted; that they are pressing the sale of Mrs. Curzon's drama—"Laura Secord"—a drama that should commend itself to all patriotic Canadians as a native work of undoubted literary merit and historic worth; and that a new edition of Dr. Tracy's "Psychology of Childhood," will probably soon appear.

Mr. Theodore Watts says in the current number of *The Idler*: "In a true and deep sense all pure literature is fiction—to use an extremely inadequate and misleading word as a substitute for the right phrase, 'imaginative representation.' 'The Iliad,' 'The Odyssey,' 'The Aeneid,' 'The Divina Commedia,' are fundamentally novels, though in verse, as certainly novels as is the latest story by Mr. Besant, Mr. Barrie, Mr. Hall Caine, or Mr. Zangwill. The greatest of all writers of the novelette is neither Mr. Conan Doyle, Mr. Bret Harte, Miss Wilkins, Mr. Cable, nor even Mr. Kipling, nor Mr. Stockton (great as these are in this line), but the old Burmese parable writer who gave us the story of the girl-mother and the mustard-seed."

The *Springfield Republican* has an appreciative sketch of that eminent American scholar, the late Professor William Dwight Whitney, of Yale College of which the following is taken: Thoroughness was the basis of his work and success, and exactitude marked all that he did, while that haste which is the great pitfall in American living never entrapped him. He took the time which sound growth always demands, and so his achievements will abide.

His fame meantime grow steadily and permanently. Prof. Whitney takes rank as one of the foremost Sanskrit scholars of his time, and his text-books have been awarded a high place for their exact statement of general grammatical doctrine. In the science of language, of which his positions and classifications are accepted as authoritative, he claims that the development of speech is by the acceptance of conventional signs, and that its beginnings were imitative, in lieu of the view advanced by others who contend that language was spontaneously generated in the mind and co-existent with thought.

His treatises on philology were translated into many languages. Finally, and by no means least of the achievements of his life, Prof. Whitney was superintending editor of the *Century Dictionary*, and therein has given to us all the rich fruits of his life work.

He received the degree of Ph.D. from the university of Breslau in 1861, his alma mater, Williams College conferred on him the degree of LL.D. in 1868, William and Mary gave him the same degree in 1869, and Harvard in 1876, while that of J.U.D. was given him by St. Andrews, Scotland,

in 1874, and Litt. D. by Columbia in 1886. He was the first president of the American philological association in 1869, and in 1865 was elected to the National Academy of Sciences. Besides his membership in many other scientific bodies, both at home and abroad, he was a correspondent of the Berlin, Turin, Rome and St. Petersburg academies, the Institute of France, and a foreign knight of the Prussian order "Pour le merite." Prof. Whitney contributed to the *North American Review* when that once dignified publication was in its best estate, to the *New Englander* and similar periodicals, wrote many articles for cyclopedias, and contributed papers almost without number to the transactions of the many societies of which he was a member. He was also a large contributor of material to the great Sanskrit dictionary published by the Russian Government.

Personally he was one of the most lovely and attractive of men, fond of music and all the fine things in nature and art—a neighborly, genuine and simple man, as all well developed and great natures are apt to be.

### A NORTHWEST MIRACLE.

THE UNIQUE EXPERIENCE OF MRS. GEO. COLLISON OF PRINCE ALBERT.

Physicians Declared She Was in Consumption—A Victim of Deadly Night Sweats and Her Case Pronounced Hopeless—Her Pastor Encouraged Her to Begin the Use of a Medicine that Saved Her Life—The Days of Miracles in Healing Have Not Passed.

Mr. George Collison is a well known and esteemed resident of Prince Albert, N. W. T. This lady has had a remarkable experience, having almost entered the valley of death when the timely use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills restored her to health and strength, and she now relates her marvellous story for the benefit of suffering humanity. We cannot do better than give Mrs. Collison's story in her own words. She says,—“We formerly lived in Carberry, Man., where I lay ill for a year and a half. My case was pronounced hopeless by all the doctors there, and they agreed that I had not long to live, and in fact I had but little hope of recovery myself. The doctors stated that my trouble was consumption, and when they said they could do nothing for me I determined to go to my old home at Tara, Ont., and see if the doctors there could help me. I remained there for three months, and returned home not any improved. I was so weak I could scarcely walk across a room, and when I reached Carberry I was forced to take my bed and at times was so weak I could not turn myself in bed. For some months I was troubled with chronic diarrhoea and after returning home I called in another doctor who had just located there. He checked the diarrhoea, but held out no hopes of my recovery. This doctor stated that not only were my lungs in a very bad condition, but that abscesses had formed. I suffered from the weakening effects of night sweats, and had alternate chills and fevers. Then my trouble became aggravated by the cords in my legs drawing up to the extent that it was impossible for me to straighten them. I was bandaged from my chest to my ankles, and my feet and hands would swell terribly. I had severe pains about the heart and coughed and spit so much that I thought the end was coming fast. When my minister called one day I told him I would like to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, but as other medicines had failed me I feared they might too. He told me to remember that we must do all we could to preserve life, and perhaps God would

bless the Pink Pills to the benefit of my health. I then began to take them, very lightly at first for my stomach was very weak. When I had taken the Pink Pills for a time I began to revive somewhat and there was an improvement in my appetite. After using Pink Pills for about a month I could sit up, and in four months from the time I began using them I could do my own work, and I am as strong, and I firmly believe healthier, than I ever was before. After I began the use of the Pink Pills I took no other medicine, but took with them occasionally juice of lemon and crushed sugar. It is a pleasure for me to speak strongly of the medicine which, with God's blessing, saved my life, and you are at liberty to give my experience the widest circulation, as it may be the means of benefitting some other despairing sufferer. My husband joins his grateful thanks with mine, and we both feel justified in saying that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a marvel among medicines.”

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills furnish in a condensed form the constituents necessary to give new life and richness to the blood, assisting it to absorb oxygen, the great sustainer of organic life. By this means this great remedy strikes at the root of disease, speedily driving it from the system, restoring the patient to full health and strength. Most diseases afflicting mankind have their origin in an impoverished condition of the blood, or a shattered nervous system, and acting directly upon these, Pink Pills are a specific for all such troubles. Thousands of grateful people testify to the benefits they have derived from the use of Pink Pills, and no other medicine has ever published such strong and carefully authenticated evidence of merit. If in need of a medicine do not be persuaded to try something else, but insist upon getting Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Sold by all dealers or sent by mail post paid at 50 cents a box or 6 boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N.Y.

Cheerfulness is health: its opposite, melancholy, is disease.—*Haliburton*.

The secret of success is constancy of purpose.—*Disraeli*.

### READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

DR. BOURINOT'S LIBRARY.

In the western wing of the Commons, overlooking the walks that concentrate in the great clock tower and the lawn that widens out to Wellington street, is a beautiful room whose purpose may be guessed at from the shaded windows and the glimpses of harmonious draperies that may be had while passing without. This is Dr. Bourinot's library and adjoining it is a well-appointed withdrawing room. After taking leave of my courteous cicerone of the Printing Bureau I went to call upon that gentleman, who is too little known to Canadians as the scholar and the enthusiastic historian, and more generally as the Clerk of the Commons. Dr. Bourinot is a man who, past the prime of life in years, gives no evidence of it physically or intellectually. In person he is over medium height, rather robust, fair, clean-shaven, and he wears that indispensable, unsatisfactory British adjunct, an eyeglass. Intellectually he is the peer of the best of his contemporaries, an historian whose patient, thorough researches have satisfied the demands of the most exacting—a scholar whose wide knowledge and experience place

his judgment beyond that of the professional critic. He is a cultivated man and a gracious one, and possesses what too many are lacking in, human sympathies. His library is just such a room as one could desire for him. There is a wide, hospitable fire-place, and a great brass coal scuttle stands reflectively at one side of it. The generous bookshelves have carved mountings about them and soft draperies dependent from glittering rods. There are several revolving cases, each holding treasures in hundreds of volumes, and a busy, learned-looking desk with piled manuscripts that give evidence of large interests. The chairs have depths that correspond to the thoughts one should think in them, and delightful bric-a-brac here and there engages the wandering eye.

Dr. Bourinot's greeting was so kindly and unaffected and his interest so evidently sincere that I cannot but express my sense of gratitude for it. There is a mistaken idea prevalent that he is a French-Canadian. True, he is of Huguenot descent and a native of Cape Breton, but his father was an Englishman and came from one of the Channel Islands to that other in Acadia, where his old home still stands facing the rocks and the sea. I was surprised to learn, when I questioned him concerning his leisure for original work, that much of it is prepared in his seat at the table in the Commons. "They all have opportunity to leave but myself," he said laughingly, "even the Premier can be spared; but I, I go on forever."

"And is it possible that you can work in the midst of such—such mental perturbations?"

"Oh, yes, I know all about them, I assure you, but it is a relief to keep my attention divided." I agreed with him, for I acknowledge that of late I have taken a book to the gallery for reference during weary "between whiles." And indeed it is no secret that the alert Sir Richard himself always has a new novel on his desk, and that his papers sometimes lie under it. Many people came in to consult Dr. Bourinot while I sat luxuriously in his big chair, and I saw how varied were his duties; and even in the stroll home to the hotel through the still softly-falling rain, and the animated crowds on Sparks street who did not heed it, an old man came to whose solicitations the Doctor gave kindly attention.—"Pharos" in the *Globe*.

#### NECKAR ISLAND.

The fable of the race between the hare and the tortoise has recently been exemplified by the race for Neckar Island, 400 miles from Hawaii. It appears orders were sent to the British cruiser to establish a station on Neckar Island upon which to land the Pacific cable. The Hawaiian Government getting wind of the instructions sent a swift launch to forestall it, and when the cruiser arrived they found a young Hawaiian in charge. This is likely to prove a fit subject for the Conference to tackle. What has Sanford Fleming been thinking of all this time? He should have realized there is a boom on islands in the Pacific, and to be bluffed by the successor to Liliokilanni is *infra dig*. If a title a day old is worth anything, a title a century old should be worth more. Was it not Captain Cook who planted the British flag in Honolulu? Honolulu is undoubtedly the proper place for the cable to land if satisfactory arrangements can be effected.—*Vivandier*.

#### PUBLIC OPINION.

London Advertiser: General Manager Walker, of the Canadian Bank of Commerce, in his recent annual address to the shareholders, pointed out that the great dairy interests of the Province had practically saved the country from serious financial stringency. That is a fact. Times have been hard. Trade has been dull. Work has been hard to get. But the troubles of employers and employed, of farmers and of citizens, would have been vastly augmented if we were without our great cheese industry.

Regina Leader: Demand from England for Canadian flour is unusually active, indicating that John Bull is beginning to look out for his future bread supply. During the past year the expression "As good as the wheat" almost lost its original meaning, owing to the extremely low price of the cereal. North-west farmers will be pleased to hear of the advance in price, and the present prospects are that, while it may not go as high as in 1888, it will reach a mark which will leave a fair profit after deducting the cost of production. At any rate, North-west wheat will command the highest price in the market.

Halifax Chronicle: There is a silver edging to the cloud of commercial depression which hangs over the country—the reports of crop prospects, notwithstanding the cold and backward spring, are of a highly satisfactory character, so far as the crop situation can be gauged at the present time. The hay crop, especially on good and well cultivated farms, promises to be very heavy. And if blossom signs are not deceptive there will be a large fruit crop in Nova Scotia this year. Already we note that bankers and business men in the west, in referring to the generally excellent crop prospects, do not fail to point out how much Canada's prosperity depends upon the prosperity of our farmers and the successful prosecution of the various branches of our agricultural industry.

Manitoba Free Press: The death of Archbishop Tache removes the most prominent survivor of a fast dwindling group of men whose names are inseparably associated with the history of the North-west in the latter half of the century. To his clergy and those of his religion more intimately associated with him his loss will be mourned as a personal bereavement, and in a hundred homes of poor unlettered half-breeds from York to the Mackenzie river as well as in those of more cultured friends far out of hearing of the bells of St. Boniface the death of "Monseigneur" will be felt as that of an old and valued friend. The Archbishop was, if we may so express it, the father of the "old timers." The men whom he found here, from Fort Garry to Peace River, when as a young priest he selected the North-west as the field of his labours, have all passed away and many who were his later contemporaries had also preceded him on the last journey. That his popularity with all classes was due to his personal amiability will not be difficult to understand.

He who loves an enemy makes him a means of good.—*Carleton*.

Dost thou love life? Then do not squander time, for that is the stuff life is made of.—*Franklin*.

#### HEALTHY CHILDREN



come from healthy mothers, and mothers will certainly be healthy if they'll take Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. Nothing can equal it in building up a woman's strength, in regulating and assisting all her natural functions, and in putting every part of the female system.

"Favorite Prescription" is indeed the "Mothers' Friend" for it assists nature, thereby shortening "labor."

Texas, Cottle County, Texas.  
DR. R. V. PIERCE: Dear Sir—I took your "Favorite Prescription" previous to confinement and never did so well in my life. It is only two weeks since my confinement and I am able to do my work. I feel stronger than I ever did in six weeks before.

*Corda C. Culpepper*

Buffalo has 40,000 Poles, living chiefly in a quarter of their own where English is little spoken, and many business signs are in Polish or Russian. The colonists retain many of their native characteristics and slowly conform to American ways. The colony is one of the largest foreign elements to be found in any American city of the third class.—*New York Sun*.

The "Great American Desert," which occupied a vast area on the maps of the time when school children were taught that perhaps sooner or latter lines of stage coaches would convey travellers from the Atlantic to the Pacific, has gradually dwindled. It was still formidable on the maps of thirty years ago, but now it is confined to an area of a few hundred square miles in Utah, west and southwest of Great Salt Lake.

To the *Financial Chronicle* the fact that the gold in the Bank of England is larger in amount now than ever before seems a circumstance very favorable to the coming business revival. The net increase of Great Britain's gold holdings in the last three years and four months was \$112,500,000. The Bank of England holds \$180,210,000 of gold and other English banks have also increased holdings. India is beginning to export its gold, and much comes from Australia and South Africa. The comparatively small demand for money for business in the United States causes the exportation of some of our gold. With a revival of business this gold will come back to us, and it is pleasant to know that there is plenty more where it comes from.—*Baltimore Sun*.

The "zone system" of passenger rates has been abandoned as a failure on the only railway in Great Britain on which it has been tried—the Cork and Blackrock. Passengers travelling over the whole route liked the plan because the fare was considered lower than it had been under the station to station system, but the short distance passengers objected loudly to paying the same as was charged those who travelled much farther and the company found that the increase in the number of passengers carried did not make up for the loss from the reductions in fare. The "zone" theory means charging as much for a short haul as for a long haul and involves a discrimination between passengers which in this country, at least, is not looked upon favorably.—*Railway Age*.

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**SCIENTIFIC AND SANITARY.**

Consul-General Edwards reports "that  
peanut flour or grits cannot be regarded as  
healthy or nourishing as a regular diet, and  
has been discontinued in the German  
army."

During the epidemic of cholera at Ham-  
burg, Dr. N. Simmonds examined flies cap-  
tured in the post-mortem room at the time  
the bodies were open. In these flies numer-  
ous comma bacilli could be demonstrated.

The French Government is said to con-  
template an extensive use of electrically  
lighted buoys to mark harbour channels,  
in preference to lighthouses, as the former  
expedient is cheaper and quite as effective.

Although the Great Eastern Railway  
of England has burned coal oil in some  
of its locomotives, the fuel which it some-  
times uses in a mixture of gas tar, creosote  
oils and combustible solids, like coal-dust,  
wood, peat, cinders or sawdust.

Aluminum has recently been used, with  
satisfactory results, as a substitute for  
lithographic stone. The metal has this ad-  
ditional merit, moreover: A plate of it  
can be bent up to fit the cylinder of a press,  
when such adaptation is desired.

The thinnest sheet of iron ever rolled  
has recently been turned out at the Hallam  
Tin-Works, near Swansea, Wales. It has  
a surface of 55 square inches and weighs  
but 20 grains. It would take 1,800 such  
sheets to make a layer an inch thick.

Among the varieties of work now done  
largely by pneumatic power are calking and  
stone-cutting. For ship and boiler work a  
very ingenious tool is used, having a vibra-  
tory back-and-forth motion of 15,000 strokes  
to the minute. The length of stroke is only  
about an eighth of an inch.

Extreme cases of habitual drunkenness,  
according to the Manchester correspondent  
of the London *Lancet*, seem to be more  
common in women than in men. An old  
woman was brought before the city magis-  
trates of Manchester recently, charged with  
drunkenness for the 191st time.

Even Russia is making progress in elec-  
tric lighting, the Government of that coun-  
try having recently placed a new lightship  
off the Port of Libau, about six miles from  
the shore. The vessel is provided with a  
powerful electric light, which can be seen  
better than the lighthouse light.

Technical journals from time to time  
discuss gravely various projects for making  
crude petroleum into bricks, to be burned  
like coal. One of the latest of these is  
ridiculed by an English journal, which points  
out that it calls for about one-third of its  
weight of caustic soda—an expensive chemi-  
cal. The inventor suggests that the addi-  
tion of 20 per cent. of clay or sand would  
make the bricks both cheaper and more  
solid, to which the journal in question re-  
joins with a sarcastic suggestion that or-  
dinary coal be cheapened by a similar ad-  
dition.

Carl Winslow, in a Copenhagen publica-  
tion, advances the theory that the so-called  
"canals" on Mars are scratches made by  
bodies coming into collision with that planet.  
When meteoric masses closely approach the  
earth, their friction with the atmosphere  
generates heat enough to burn most of them  
up; and the largest masses that ever sur-  
vive this ordeal and come down to our level,  
rarely weigh over 100 pounds. Out ju-

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beyond Mars, though, lie the orbits of  
several hundred celestial bodies, called as-  
teroids; and Herr Winslow, fancies that  
these, and not meteors, have done the  
work in question. Some astronomers have  
thought that possibly the moons of Mars are  
captured asteroids.

German and other continental locomo-  
tives are modelled after both English and  
American designs, with the result that a  
mixture of the features of both is found  
in them, the practice of later years, how-  
ever, following more closely the lines of  
English builders. But the inside cylinders  
and crank axles of the English engine have  
not found favor in Germany, where sharper  
curves are permitted than in England, and  
where, therefore, numerous crank-axle  
failures have led to the adoption of out-  
side cylinders. In engines of Belgian make,  
inside cylinders largely prevail, but crank-  
axle fractures occur in large numbers with  
these, notwithstanding the fact that their  
design provides for an extra bearing of  
these axles.

I CURED A HORSE of the mange with  
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I CURED A HORSE, badly torn by a pitch  
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I CURED A HORSE of a bad swelling with  
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## MISCELLANEOUS.

Lord Rosebery can be more kinds of a winner than any other man now before the public.—*New York World*.

A call has been issued in Germany for funds to erect a monument to the memory of Hans von Bulow, the pianist, in Hamburg.

There are more than 2,000 girl students at present in the London Guildhall School of Music, and of these about 300 are studying the violin.

The Rev. Sir John Warren Hayes, of Bearwood, Berkshire, England, is said to be the oldest Free Mason in England. He has been a member of the order for 75 years.

The amount of foreign stock held in Great Britain is estimated at the enormous total of \$3,819,035,000, and the interest receivable upon them is \$145,000,000 per annum.

The most popular comedian in Vienna, Alexander Girardi, has just celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of his debut on the stage. The city honored him by conferring on him the big Salvator medal.

A famous student has been added to the lists at the University of Berlin. He is Hermann Sudermann, the well-known German dramatist, who has decided to take several courses in history and philosophy.

Prof. William Dwight Whitney was passionately fond of music, and as director of the New Haven Concert Association did much to educate the musical taste of the citizens by bringing the best artists and companies to the city.

MR. JOHN HENDERSON, 335 Bathurst street, Toronto, was cured many years ago of a complication of diseases at the Saltcoats Sanitarium, Ayrshire, Scotland, where our remedy is largely used. At home his people were never without it.

In a recent interview with a reporter of a Naples newspaper, Pietro Mascagni, the composer, said that he had received from his opera, "Cavalleria Rusticana," alone, up to the present time \$90,000. The publisher, it is said, has made over \$500,000.

They do not Despair.

An utter loss of hope is not characteristic of Consumptives, though no other form of disease is so fatal, unless its progress is arrested by use of Scott's Emulsion, which is Cod Liver Oil made as palatable as cream.

The Massachusetts House of Representatives has passed a bill incorporating the Massachusetts Ship Canal Company with a capital stock of \$7,500,000. The company is authorized to construct a canal across Cope Cod from Nantucket Sound to Cape Cod Bay.

Of the 103 members of the British Society of Authors who were advertised as stewards of the society's annual dinner on May 31, 13 were women, to wit: Mrs. W. K. Clifford, Sarah Grand, Lady Violet Grenville, John Oliver Hobbes, Dr. Sophia Jex-Blake, Mrs. Kennard, Mrs. E. Lynn Linton, Mrs. Campbell Praed, Miss Adeline Sargeant, Mrs. Steel, Sarah Tytler, Mrs. Humphry Ward and John Strange Winter. The very large preponderance of married women among these ladies indicates that even in England matrimony is not found to be a serious hindrance to authorship.—*Harper's Weekly*.

The memorial of Phillips Brooks has been placed in the wall along the south aisle of St. Margaret's church, Westminster, London. It is sectile work and symbolizes the command, "Feed my sheep." The Archbishop of Canterbury composed the quatrain of Latin elegiacs inscribed underneath.

## THE ONTARIO LIFE.

## Annual Meeting of the Company at Waterloo.

## A VERY PROSPEROUS YEAR.

The 24th annual meeting of the Ontario Mutual Life Assurance Company was held in the Town Hall, Waterloo, on Thursday, May 24th, when, notwithstanding the unpleasant weather, quite a number of representative policyholders and agents throughout the Dominion attended.

The President, Mr. I. E. Bowman, M.P. for North Waterloo, occupied the chair, supported by the manager, Mr. William Hendry.

On motion of Mr. Alfred Hoskin, Q.C., Toronto, Mr. W. H. Riddell, the secretary of the company, acted as secretary of the meeting. The minutes of the last annual meeting were formally taken as read and adopted.

The president then read the report of the directors, which was as follows:—

The directors, in submitting the following as their twenty-fourth annual report, desire to congratulate the policyholders upon the very satisfactory progress which the company made during the year 1893, notwithstanding the general depression which has prevailed in almost every branch of business.

During the past year 2,092 new policies were issued for assurance, amounting to \$3,004,700, this being the largest amount of new assurance issued in any one year since the organization of the company. The Manager also received 69 applications for \$107,500, from persons whose health was not up to our standard, which were therefore declined.

The net premium income for the year is \$512,517.80, and we received for interest on our investments the sum of \$113,690.87, which makes our total income \$626,208.67.

The total assets of the company as at the close of the year are \$2,593,424.67, and the surplus on hand, after providing for the full reserve required to be held under the regulations of the Dominion Insurance Department, is \$226,120.21, out of which a liberal sum will be divided among the policyholders during the year 1894.

The total number of policies in force at the close of the year is 13,496, covering assurance amounting to \$17,751,107 on 12,137 lives.

The amount paid for claims on deaths which occurred during the year is \$101,992 on 82 lives, which is only \$5,992 in excess of the very low death rates of the previous year, and we paid on account of matured endowments the sum of \$23,890.

The Executive Committee has again carefully examined the securities held by the company and found them correct as reported by your auditors.

Owing to the increasing difficulty in getting first-class investments on real estate, we have found it necessary to invest more largely in municipal debentures at a lower rate of interest than that which is current on mortgage.

You will be called on to elect four directors in the place of Robert Melvin, C. M. Taylor, Robert Baird and Stuart Henderson, all of whom are eligible for re-election.

The detailed statements prepared and certified to by your auditors are herewith submitted for your consideration.

## THE PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS.

In commenting upon the report, Mr. Bowman said that it would doubtless commend itself to the meeting for its brevity, inasmuch as it contained all the material facts, and in such form as business men could readily understand, without first finding their

way through a labyrinth of words, which might be mystifying and unsatisfactory. He pointed out that the increase in new business over 1892 was \$328,000 and that notwithstanding the depression which prevailed in the business world throughout the past year, new assurances were written amounting to \$3,004,700, showing the popularity of the company among the insuring public. The death rate was only about two thirds of the table rate and cost of securing business and management expenses being low, the surplus at the close of the financial year over all liabilities was accordingly very considerably increased. In conclusion, the President congratulated the agents upon the fact that the business they had secured up to the present this year was about the same as for the same period last year, although the difficulty of obtaining it was probably somewhat increased. The President then moved the adoption of the report.

Mr. Robert Melvin, of Guelph, the Second Vice-President, seconded the adoption of the report. In doing so he remarked that the report showed the affairs of the company to be in a very satisfactory condition. It was true the company had been unable during the year to secure as high a rate of interest on new investments taken as it had done in some former years, but it had thus secured a far better class of investments than would have been the case if it had obtained a higher rate of interest on an inferior quality of security. He held it was the duty of every insurance company to so select its securities that there could be no possible doubt of their absolute and entire ability to meet their obligations as guaranteed under their policies when the same became a claim, whether by maturity, as in the case of endowments, or at death, as in the case of life policies. Proper care had been exercised in the selection of investments, and it was to the credit of the company that no losses of any importance whatever had accrued under mortgage or any other securities held by it. The management of the company had been conducted on the usual lines of economy as well as enterprise, and he closed by congratulating the policyholders on the satisfactory nature of the report presented.

## THANKS TO THE DIRECTORS.

In moving a vote of thanks to the board the Rev. G. F. Salton, Ph.B., of Stratford, referred in eloquent terms to the gratifying progress made by the company since it first pioneered its way into existence in 1870. It had been founded on correct principles, and its success was certain from the first. Its growth, though slow, was solid and sure, as might be seen from the following figures:

	Assets.	Assurance.
1875 .....	\$ 53,681	\$ 1,177,085
1880 .....	227,424	3,064,884
1885 .....	753,661	8,259,611
1890 .....	1,711,686	13,667,721
1893 .....	2,593,424	17,751,107

Mr. Salton concluded with a graceful compliment to the president on the careful and courteous attention which he had devoted to the affairs of the company, the effect of which was evident in the successful record of the company, and in the admirable report now before the meeting.

## THE MANAGER, STAFF, &amp;c.

Resolutions warmly eulogizing the manager, secretary, officers and agents of the company were tendered on motion of Mr. B. M. Britton, Q.C., of Kingston, seconded by Mr. F. C. Bruce, wholesale seed merchant, of Hamilton, to which suitable responses were made by the manager, Mr. Wm. Hendry, on behalf of himself and the office staff; Mr. E. M. Sipprell, manager of the company's agencies in the Maritime Provinces, and by Mr. W. S. Hodgins, the company's superintendent.

J. A. Halstead, banker of Mt. Forest, moved, seconded by Alex. Millar, Q.C., of Berlin, a hearty vote of thanks to Dr. J. H. Webb, medical referee and the company's examiners throughout the Dominion for the great care and skill exercised in safeguarding the interests of the company, in their respective capacities, to which Dr. Webb made a brief and appropriate reply.

Ballotting for the election of four directors, in place of those retiring, resulting in the re-election of Messrs. C. M. Taylor, Robert Melvin and Robert Baird, and in the election of Mr. W. J. Kidd, B.A., barrister, of Ottawa.

Messrs. Henry F. J. Jackson, of Brockville and J. M. Scully, of Waterloo were re-appointed auditors of the company for the year 1894.

This brought to a close the twenty-fourth annual meeting of the company. The directors met subsequently and re-elected Mr. I. E. Bowman, M.P., president; Mr. C. M. Taylor, first vice-president, and Mr. Robert Melvin, second vice-president for the ensuing year.

**QUIPS AND CRANKS.**

Hope is the dream of those who are awake.  
 They never pardon who commit the wrong.  
 —Dryden.

The stock exchange is where hope is exchanged for experience.

Women are temperate as a general rule, but are fond of their glass.

Wit may raise admiration; but good nature has a more powerful effect.

At a touch sweet pleasure melteth, like to bubbles when rain pelteth.

Waiter: Do you wish to dine table d'hôte?  
 Hayseed, Jr.: Naw; just bring us the regular dinner.

Carrie: I don't care; Emily looks worse than I do. Maude: Come, dear, don't be unmerciful.

The woman who can pass a mirror without looking into it has the heroism of which martyrs are made.

"At last I have reached the turning point of my life," remarked the convict when they put him on the treadmill.

The charge at Balaklava would never have been a failure if there had been a few plumbers in the ranks of the gallant six hundred.

"Sold for a Song" is the headline over a despatch announcing the sale of an Alabama "boom town." What song? "Boom de-aye?"

The man who advised people to think twice before speaking once was engaged in a vain attempt to stop conversation in the opera boxes.

"What did Rangle and his wife quarrel about?" "The point in dispute was from which of them had the baby inherited his bad temper."

Bridegroom (at the end of the wedding): Well, I am glad it is all over. Married Friend: All over? Great Scott, man! You have only just begun.

"This is a somewhat free translation," said the literary young woman in the book store. "No, miss," replied the new clerk. It costs a dollar and a half."

Young Minister: I've been praying for you a long time, Miss Dora. Dora (astonished): Why didn't you let pa know it. I'd have been yours after the first prayer.

Whenever you hear an intolerant fellow declare that there is only one side to a question you may set it down that he is about right, and that he is on the other side of it.

Judge: Well, doctor, what is the condition of the burglar's victim? Doctor: One of his wounds is absolutely fatal; but the other two are not dangerous and can be healed.

Smythe; What are you in such a hurry for? Tompkins: My wife is lost! I'm going to the police station! Smythe: You won't find her there. Go to the bargain counter.

Celia: Why should you weep and be so angry, Bella, since you refused Harry flatly, of your own accord? Bella: To think the idiot should go and take me at my word! Oh, it's terrible!

Sympathetic Stranger (to tramp: Amid the vast population of this great city have you never found a voice that took you back to the scenes of your childhood? Tramp (with disgust: Naw; allus had to walk.

Hotel Clerk: Did you tell that old gentleman from the country that he mustn't blow out the gas, as I told you? New Bellboy: Yes, sorr; but it's so afeared to trust him I was sorr, I blowed it out meself, sorr.

"I don't understand your politics," said one New York policeman to another; "now, suppose you give me a straightforward answer to one question." "I will." "Are you in favor of protection?" "In favor of protection? Certainly—if we get paid for it."

To Anxious Inquirer—While not professing to be familiar with the law, we think the placing of a bent pin in one's chair good cause for action. The quicker the action the better.

The City Girl (summering in the country): Oh, dear; what a cunning little animal. The Farmer: Yessum, it's a yearling. The City Girl (with interest): Indeed! And—er—how old is it!

Guest (looking over his bill): I see you charge me for a beefsteak; but I really don't remember eating one. Waiter: That's quite possible, sir; our beefsteaks are so small that they easily escape the memory.

She: You profess to think a great deal of me. That is all right as long as everything is going pleasantly. But would you make any great sacrifice for my sake? He: You know I would. Haven't I offered to marry you!

The dude was making the girl dead tired by his long and rapid talk on the advancement of women. "Don't you ever wish you were a man?" he asked, as a kind of clincher. "No," she responded in the sweetest, most womanly way: "do you?"

A child was asked lately if the following sentence was correct: "Is it him or her?" The child promptly replied: "The sentence 'Is it him or her?' is not correct. It should be 'Is it her or him?' because a gentleman should never go before a lady."

Was Aware of It.—"Remember, witness," sharply exclaimed the attorney for the defence, "you are on oath!" "There ain't no danger of my forgettin' it," replied the witness sullenly; "I'm tellin' the truth for nothin', when I could have made \$4 by lyin' fur your side of the case, an' you know it."

Miss Daisy Uppercrust (to maid): "Molly I heard somebody kiss you in the dark hall last night." Maid: "Well, you get kissed, too, don't you?" "Yes, but I am kissed by the young man to whom I am engaged to be married. There is no harm in that." "I'm glad to know it. He is the same young man you heard kissing me in the hall last night."

After instructing his men in the points of the compass, Lieut. X— says to one of them: You have in front of you the north; on your right, the east; on your left, the west. What have you behind you? Private B— (after a few moments' reflection): My knapsack, lieutenant.

First Artist: I received a magnificent tribute to my skill the other day at the exhibition. Second Artist: What was it? First Artist: You know my picture, "A Storm at Sea"? Well, a man and his wife were looking at it and I heard the man say, "Come on, my dear, that picture makes me sick."

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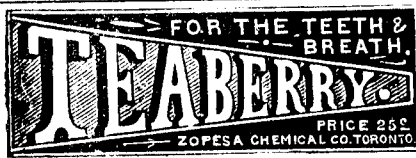
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