

This Number Contains: The Cost and Profit of Liberty—VI.—by Principal Grant; "The Ways and Manners of Americans," by a Resident of the United States; "Oom Paul and His Ox-Waggon"; "The Boers' Good Points." Leaders: "Go To Work" and "Forecasts."

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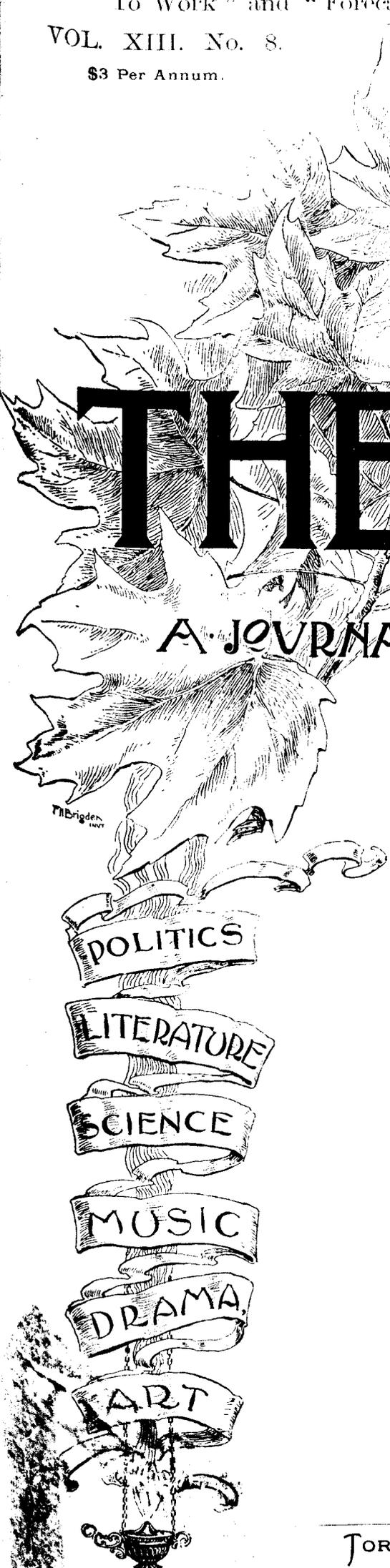
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THE WEEK.

Vol. XIII.

Toronto, Friday, January 17th, 1896.

No. 8.

Contents.

	PAGE.
CURRENT TOPICS.....	175
LEADER—	
Go to Work.....	177
Forecasts.....	178
CONTRIBUTED ARTICLES—	
Cost and Profit of Liberty—VI.....	179
National Sign-Posts.....	180
Parisian Affairs.....	181
A "Rationalist" of the Olden Times.....	182
A Candid Friend.....	183
On Translation.....	184
Music and the Drama.....	185
Art Notes.....	186
POETRY—	
So Mote It Be.....	179
Rondelet.....	185
The Soldiers' Burial Ground, Halifax, N.S.....	185
BOOKS—	
Mars.....	187
Kerchiefs to Hunt Souls.....	188
A New Novelist.....	188
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR—	
The Chief Thing.....	189
By Goldwin Smith.....	189
Mr. Goldwin Smith.....	189
Canadian vs. American.....	190
Mr. Burnham's Article.....	190

Current Topics.

Manitoba Speaks.
 Manitoba has lifted up its voice on high and proclaimed to all Canada that it will not have separate schools for Roman Catholics. It is very fine, no doubt, to talk about constitutional rights and justice to the minority and all that sort of thing, but as Manitoba is practically united in its opposition to the schools, and quite prepared to snap its fingers at remedial legislation, what is to be done about it? We cannot force Manitoba in such a matter. It is absurd to think of it.

The Cabinet Reconstructed.
 It is a matter for general congratulation that the Dominion Cabinet has at last been reconstructed, and that the business of the country may now possibly receive some attention. It has been a very unlovely sight this internecine warfare in the Council of the nation, a very undignified and very humiliating sight, and it will take months of the most zealous devotion to the country's interests on the part of the leaders of the conservatives to reestablish their reputation for possessing the genius of Government. Sir Mackenzie Bowell's long statement in the Senate last week justifying his position, whilst it was interesting and even pathetic, unconsciously revealed why it was that the Ministers have not been altogether happy under his command. Sir Mackenzie is a man of no mean gifts, but he is not a leader of men. Sir Charles Tupper, Bart., has in abundance what Sir Mackenzie lacks; and we have no doubt but that the new Secretary of State will lead not only in the House of Commons but in the Government, the party, and the country. His accession to the Premiership appears to be only a matter of a few weeks, and it is altogether probable that Sir Mackenzie Bowell will be glad to be relieved of his weighty and perhaps uncomfortable office. To three of his Ministers, it is said, he declines to speak, and we must confess that we are not much surprised. Even Bishops have been known to cherish animosity. How much more then may a Premier be expected to do so.

The Charges Against Dr. Montague.

We have received a letter from the solicitors of Dr. Montague complaining of our topic relating to the charge made against him of writing anonymous letters in disparagement of Sir A. Caron. On turning to the paragraph it will be seen that we stated: "It is only fair to Dr. Montague to say that very few, even amongst his political opponents, are disposed to give the charge any credence whatever." Since our paragraph was written Dr. Montague has denied on his honour as a Minister of the Crown that he had either directly or indirectly anything to do with the letters in question. Dr. Montague is entitled to the full benefit of his denial, and the correspondence between him and Sir A. Caron and the letter from the Governor-General shew that Dr. Montague has satisfied both of these eminent persons as to his being innocent of the charge. Mr. Clarke Wallace's speech in the House does not advance the matter one iota. He does not say that Dr. Montague wrote the letters. He only says he was told that Dr. Montague wrote the letters. As the Doctor has commenced legal proceedings the real culprit who did write the letters may yet be discovered. If he is found, it will probably be a bad day for him. Meantime, we congratulate Dr. Montague on his escape from the charge of having committed such a despicable offence.

Anonymous Letters.

It is not very long since the Court of Berlin was grievously troubled by the circulation of slanderous anonymous letters. A man, afterwards proved to be innocent, was declared guilty and cast into prison; and, as far as we know, the real culprit has never been discovered. When this subject was occupying the public mind, we pointed out that others besides the writers of these infamous productions must share the blame. If men did as they ought to do, if they treated such things with contempt and neglect they would not be written, or, if written, they would be innocuous. So long as men are foolish enough to read and quote anonymous letters, so long unprincipled men will adopt this method of annoyance. When such disgraceful compositions are immediately consigned to the flames and forgotten, then they will cease to be written. We have no great hope that these counsels will prevail, or that people will cease from their folly; and so we suppose they must go on allowing themselves to be tormented; but we are quite sure there is no other escape from this species of annoyance. The recent case at Ottawa is a good illustration of our remarks—past and present.

The Boers and the Natives.

When interviewed by a reporter in Boston recently an American missionary, lately returned from a protracted sojourn in South Africa, affirmed what everybody feels, but which everybody does not care to admit, that it would be of immense moral and material benefit to Africa if Great Britain were to take possession of the entire continent. Compared with England, the rule of other peoples in Africa is a miserable failure. For one thing, and a most important thing it is, Great Britain is the only country that has any respect for the rights of aborigines, and any conscience in dealing with them. Even the Americans with their much-

vaunted equality and fraternity are far behind England and her Colonies in this respect. We have only to contrast the way in which the Indians have been treated by the United States with the way the Indians have been treated in Canada. Whilst the Indian policy of the Americans is a big blot on the much-blotted American civilization it is one of the glories of the Dominion that within its wide domain the red man has had even more than fair play. So in Africa. Whilst the Boers regard the aborigines as wild animals to be tracked and exterminated whenever occasion offers, or else as beasts of burden to be forced into the most repulsive and cruel slavery, the English, on the other hand, are ever the true friends of the natives, and have repeatedly come to their rescue when threatened by their enemies. Everything is done for them that can be done to promote their physical and moral well-being. So much for John Bull & Company.

The Boers' Good Points.

It must not be supposed that we regard the Boer as a man having no good points. He has many, though his bad points are so prominent, not to say picturesque, that they have received more attention from the peripetetic literary man than a sense of proportion and justice warrants. "Take all that is dirtiest, bravest, most old-fashioned, and most obstinate in a Breton," says Max O'Rell, "all that is most suspicious, sly and mean in a Norman, all that is shrewdest, most hospitable, and most puritan and bigoted in a Scot, mix well, stir and serve, and you have a Boer, or if you will—a boor." The Boers are very religious in their peculiar, narrow way. Their method of farming is that practised by Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. They do not wish to do or to use anything that is not mentioned in the Bible. The Massey-Harris Company is not mentioned in the Bible nor any of their new fangled agricultural machines. So the Boers will have none of it. In short, they refuse to till the earth with modern implements. It is easy to make merry over these curious folks but it is difficult to understand them. Very few, even of those who live amongst them, have any real or intimate knowledge of their true character. The Boer is a shy, retiring man, and hates making new acquaintances. He detests change, and loves solitude and retirement, and complains that the Uitlanders (foreigners) are crowding him out of his country. "For my part," says a sympathetic and well-informed correspondent of the London Times, "whenever I shake hands with one of these great, slow-moving, heavy-fisted Boers, I forget his uncouth ways, his odities, his lack of the thin veneer of modern culture, and think to myself: This man, despite his unpromising exterior, is one of a band of heroes who have made a great and interesting history, who have endured manifold sufferings, whose bones litter the silent veldt in every distant nook and corner of South Africa, and who are, upon the whole, as fine a race of pioneers as the world has seen." This interesting writer adds that during the last year the old trek spirit has suddenly and wonderfully revived, and that many of the Boers in the Transvaal and Bechuanaland are preparing quietly to betake themselves from the bustle and turmoil of modern civilization, and seek new homes further north, in N'gamiland, the Kalahari, and the country beyond. Some have gone so far as Central Africa seeking for some land free from any government, taxation, or white population, whither thoroughbred Boers might trek and rest in peace. Those who remain behind and decline to take part in further northward treks "will probably, as is the case in Cape Colony, form the settled rural population of the country, commanding a large share in the voting power, steadily progressing, and mingling more and more with the British."

Oom Paul and his Ox-waggon.

The President of the Transvaal Republic, the Honourable Paul Kruger, surnamed by his people "Oom Paul" (Uncle Paul), is "at his wits end to know how to steer his ship of State—one may say, rather, his ox-waggon." He must retain at his back the old-fashioned Boers who have kept him in power, and yet he must try to satisfy the Uitlanders who are demanding equal rights with the Dutch Afrianders. Oom Paul barely knows how to write, and yet so skilful a diplomat is he that he has more than once foiled the British by his diplomacy. He and Mr. Cecil Rhodes are the great men, the great forces in South Africa. The President is nearly eighty years of age. The ex-Premier of Cape Colony says he himself has but begun his political career. Will he one day steer the "ox-waggon" of old Oom Paul? The cautious, slow-going, intensely patriotic President has been a check on the ambitions of the dashing and reckless Premier of the Cape. It is said, and we fear not without some foundation, that Mr. Cecil Rhodes desires to establish a republic in South Africa, a republic that will not only embrace the present African dominions of the Queen but also the Orange Free State, the Transvaal, and all the regions as far as the Zambesi. This stretch of country is larger than all Europe. As long as President Kruger lives Mr. Cecil Rhodes will have in the Transvaal a brake on his chariot wheels. We trust we are doing no injustice to Mr. Rhodes. We hope he does not need a brake to keep him loyal to his Queen and country. Indeed, his latest words on the South African question are not those of one who is meditating a declaration of independence but of one who would strongly oppose any movement tending to lessen British prestige in Africa or any other country. He has just remarked, through the medium of an American newspaper, that England is the only great Power in South Africa at present, and "she is now threatened with German interference, which she is bound to resent and resist. In this she should have America's sympathy." Oom Paul in driving his ox-cart of State will make a mistake if he permits that clever fool, Emperor William, to take a hand in the steering.

Chilled.

It is reported that the other day President Cleveland was visited by a committee consisting of Ex-President Boraza, of Venezuela, General Uslar, representing the Venezuelans in New York, and Dr. D. A. Steldo, of Washington, who presented a bound copy of the resolutions of thanks adopted by the Venezuelan "mass meeting" held in New York on the fourth instant. This was all very high and mighty and great. But President Cleveland was not impressed; at least, not in the way the committee desired him to be. His remarks on the occasion must have cooled the ardour of the Ex-President, the General, and the Doctor. Mr. Cleveland showed his good sense—and also his appreciation of the mess he has got himself into by arousing Venezuelan ambition—by impressing upon the committee the sin and folly of indulging in hostile demonstrations towards England. Mr. Cleveland also warned the Doctor, the General, and the Ex-President against the evil of internal dissension. He then dismissed the chilled committee, and they departed to their own place sad but with their understandings considerably enlarged.

A Terrible Invasion.

An anonymous little volume on British Guiana and its Resources has just been published in London by Messrs Philip & Son. The information it contains about the gold fields and their situation is valuable and interesting, but the treatment of the frontier question is rather behind the times. The book contains, however, an account of a great invasion of British Guiana by the Venezuelan hosts which appears to have escaped the attention of the world, and is now made known for the first time. This daring achievement on the part of Venezuela throws considerable light on the men and measures of

that much-discussed region. It seems that a few years ago, the exact date is now forgotten, British Guiana was startled by a rumour that "an invading army" was on its way from the Venezuelan frontier. This force, which proved to consist of a General, decorated with a sword and cocked hat, in command of a few half-cast soldiers in tattered garments and armed with rusty old blunderbusses, marched down the river Mazzaruni to its junction with the Essequibo. The country traversed was a trackless forest, and when the "army" approached the confines of civilization they were in a miserable state of rags and hunger. Here they were confronted by a patrolling policeman, taken before the resident magistrate, and fined \$5 each for "carrying arms without a license," and, not being able to pay, were, "in default," incarcerated in the boat house of that official (there being no prison in the district), pending the order of the Governor as to their disposal. His Excellency, on being communicated with, at once directed the "army" to be sent to Georgetown forthwith; and accordingly the General, with his imprisoned soldiers, were forwarded there. On arrival, they were well fed and decently clothed, and, with a warning not to repeat the escapade, were sent back to Venezuela by the first available steamer, no one any the worse for the "invasion."

Canadian Cable
Despatches.

If there is one point which has become more clear than another to us in Canada, out of all this European-Venezuela-Transvaal-Kaiser Wilhelm-Inferno, it is that Canadian newspapers should have their own Cable Despatches. The Associated Press Despatches with which our newspaper columns are filled are in most cases, Anti-British. They are distinctly written to satisfy American national sentiment. Every little mention of American interests is magnified. Really, one would think from them that the sun rose and set in the United States. This state of things is quite justifiable as far as the people of the States is concerned. The despatches are concocted by correspondents of American papers. These correspondents, if not themselves Americans, are paid by Americans. They know quite well what is expected of them and they colour their statements to suit. We do not complain of that if the Americans do not. What we do complain of is that they do not suit us. Cannot our newspapers combine to have an honest London cable correspondent who will tell us the truth? We do not want falsehoods. We do not want to be misled by sugar-coated pills. If we have to take any medicine let us receive it like men. But let us have the truth. We do not get the truth as it is or anything like it. Surely we have enough capital invested in Canadian newspapers for a Canadian press correspondent to be employed constantly in London on whose despatches Canadians can depend. Anything more misleading, or more irritating, than the tone of the Associated Press despatches, it is impossible to imagine. We believe that if any single Canadian newspaper introduced as a feature the daily publication of reliable cable despatches it would lead every other newspaper in the country.

Mr. Bunting's
Death.

The Mail and Empire will no more be guided by the strong hand of Mr. Bunting. He is dead. The great journal to which he has devoted his fine energy and ability for so many years has suffered a loss which is well nigh irreparable. We extend to our contemporary our sincere sympathy in its bereavement which we know to be keenly and personally felt by every one connected with the journal. A man's true worth is best measured by the way in which he is regarded by those with whom he comes in daily and intimate con-

tact. Who could have known Mr. Bunting better than the staff of The Mail and Empire? The devotion to him of each member has frequently been a matter of comment. Now when his name is mentioned it is with that respect, affection, and sorrow with which we associate only the names of those attached to us by the most tender and enduring ties. All this is a beautiful tribute to the man and to his character. The faithfulness and affection of his staff have been deserved. Mr. Bunting was ever true to the interests of those connected with his paper, a notable instance of which was seen in the firm stand he took on the amalgamation of The Empire with The Mail. He would not allow one of his own staff to be dismissed. Such chiefs are rare.

Go to Work.

THE "Happy Family" at Ottawa are now become reconciled and are in a position to face the House. But that is not all. They have to face the country. That their credit has received a severe shock cannot be denied. They have to redeem themselves in very short order or their doom is sealed. If they will listen to a few words of suggestion it may be of some advantage. If they do not, their successors will probably make use of what these gentlemen apparently fail to perceive. The Government is strongly entrenched behind two lines of fortification—their Torres Vedras. The first is a vigorous Canadian policy, that is, a policy of Canada for Canadians, not a policy including commercial union or any other kind of union with our neighbours across the border. Next. The national policy of encouragement of Canadian industries. These two cards are their main trumps. But they are not enough. If the country could be satisfied that the Liberals would not surrender the interests of Canada in compliance with theoretical views of free trade or the brotherhood of nations or some other visionary dream, they could probably go into power to-morrow. The great bulk of the people are quite decided that there must be no surrender on these points at all events, and there the Conservatives have got in ahead of their Liberal brethren. But where the country is discontented and disappointed is on this subject, namely—Canadians know perfectly well that they have millions and millions of acres only waiting for settlement to be able to support an immense population. They know they have tons upon tons of precious metals, of useful ore, awaiting development. All through Canada the story is the same. What they want to see introduced is a definite policy intended to bring under cultivation these untilled lands, and also to bring into market these unused minerals. The Government which leaves these points untouched fails in its duty. Again, in the cities, there is an overplus of population. On the farms in the settled parts of the country there is a constant demand for help. In the Province of Ontario this inequality is specially noticeable. Can none of our statesmen devise a plan whereby this surplus of the city population can be taken from the streets where they too soon, in many cases, become criminals, and be placed on farms where they cease to be a burden on the municipality, and become portion of a proud peasantry their country's pride. The forests of the Dominion are each year being cleared away by the lumberman. The agriculturalist should follow close on his heels. On the prairies, where clearing the bush is not required, settlement should be invited so as to place on land which is now vacant homesteads, hamlets, villages, towns, cities. The people of Canada are sick and tired of the squabbles of politicians. They are waiting for some man who has brains enough and courage enough to squelch the Manitoba School Question, and all other similar ques-

tions which do not concern the material development of the Dominion. One whole year—one whole Parliament—has been allowed to go by while one man is putting his nose into the expenditures of Government House, another man groans because steamers run on Sunday, another man does nothing but wrangle about the cost of putting in a canal basin. The Government devotes its whole strength to defence. No policy is initiated. Binder twine has coiled itself around the mental fibres of the members of the Opposition and the Cabinet. All of this political twaddle is nauseating. It is time for the members of Parliament to realize that while Nero is fiddling, Rome is burning; while they are wrangling about binder twine the country is not progressing. What a Cabinet is selected for is to propose and carry out a definite and vigorous policy. It is not enough to be on the defence of what was done during the last decade. The people demand and are entitled to a Government up-to-date. The strong feeling of Canadians is that development of our resources should be our national policy now. What is the use of encouraging manufactures if we have not people to use them? What is the use of owning the North-West if we have not inhabitants to live there? Any statesman who can initiate a policy to cover these wants can be sure of such a following that everything else will be forgotten. It almost seems as if there ought to be a clearing of the course at Ottawa, and that the people should send down as representatives there men who will do something more in Opposition than haggle about the number of napkins used at Rideau Hall, and who will, as members of the Government, *initiate* something for the good of the country. Canadians have much to be grieved at in the occurrences of the last fortnight on the Government benches, and it will take a long pull and a strong pull, and what is more a pull altogether on the part of the Ministry to get themselves out of the hole they have got into. In short, they must go to work.

* * *

Forecasts.

IT is devoutly to be wished and hoped that there may never be war between Germany and Great Britain. It is very unlikely, even at this moment, that war is imminent between those two great powers. But no one can doubt that such a calamity is possible, and even more probable than it has been for many years past. John Bull is a pacific animal. The fire-eaters are never weary of telling us that we put up with any number of insults rather than have our commerce interrupted. But there is a point beyond which the foreigner must not go. Cowper told us long ago that the Englishman bears with great equanimity every form of "constitutional control." "But if authority grow wanton," it is quite another thing: "Woe to him that treads upon his free-born toe." So in regard to his relations to foreign powers. He bears a good deal; but, if he is sure that he is being insulted, then the insulter had better get ready!

And the outlook? It is never quite safe, as a great authority has told us, to prophesy before the event; but a good many people have been venturing on prophecy, and telling us of combinations which are likely to take place—some of them, in our judgment, most improbable. According to some, we are to come to the beginning of the end of Britain's greatness. That, of course, like most other things, is quite possible; but not absolutely certain or even highly probable. A great many other things are a good deal more likely. When Napoleon III. proclaimed war on Prussia, it was the forecast of many that it was the end of his dynasty, and so it has proved. If Germany goes to war with Eng-

land it is quite likely to be the end of the Prussian monarchy. The way to that destination would not be difficult to trace.

We see in the newspapers idle talk of a combination between Germany, Russia and France; and this, too, is of course possible; but ridiculously improbable. It is said that France is encouraging Germany in her demands. This is quite likely. Nothing could please France better than to see Germany at war with one of the greatest powers in the world; for then she would believe that her hour and her opportunity had come. The declaration of war on the part of Germany against England would hardly have been issued when France would demand back her Eastern Provinces, and, if refused, would go to war for them. The draped statue of Strassburg, in Paris, speaks silently of the resolve, deep in the heart of every Frenchman of every class, to get back Alsace and Lorraine. And here would be her opportunity.

It is difficult to imagine such a state of things without a general European war ensuing. It is said that France hates England as bitterly as she detests Germany. That may be so, although it would be difficult to prove it. But at least England holds none of her territory, nor could a war with England bring her any material advantage, whilst it would certainly involve enormous sacrifices. Nor would an attack on Germany necessitate a formal alliance with Great Britain. France would simply be seizing her opportunity.

As for other combinations, it is impossible to predict them. There is, at the present moment, an alliance between Germany, Austria, and Italy. And Italy might take advantage of France being at war with Germany, to make an attempt to regain Nice and Savoy. But would Italy willingly go to war with England, or go into a practical alliance against her old friend and sympathizer? And how would Russia act? Would the understanding which seems to exist between the great Empire and the French Republic lead to Russia joining against Germany? Or would India be assailed? Or the sick man of Turkey despatched? The mere asking of questions like these shows the number and complexity of the problems which await solution.

One thing, at least, is quite certain that Germany could not go to war with Great Britain without suffering terribly; and the result of the war, whatever it was, would be to imperil the great military system of the country, and, along with that, the form of government. It would be a great mistake to imagine that the Germans bear patiently the burden of their enormous army. They put up with it simply because they know that, otherwise, they could not protect themselves against France. But, if the war were to end by the cession of whatever portions of territory the French might demand, the reason for so great an army would be gone. Nor are Germans quite easy under the personal government of their Emperor. They are a people slow to revolt, but they have revolted before, and they are capable of doing so again; and there are forces at work in the Fatherland which might easily break forth and shatter the monarchy for ever. We are not prophesying: we are only forecasting possibilities. When France went to war with Germany in 1870, the Prime Minister of the period, M. Emile Ollivier, declared that they did so "with a light heart," but the heart of France was heavy enough before two years or one year had passed. If the Emperor William repeats the crime of the Emperor Napoleon, can he be quite sure that the result will be for the benefit of himself and his people?

So Mote It Be.

The rose of "Merrie England,"
 Who doth not love it well?
 Where Scotland's sturdy thistle grows,
 We know that true hearts dwell:
 Old Ireland hath the shamrock,
 With its laughter and its tears;—
 Oh! closer may they be entwined
 Through all the coming years.

With us—the far-off children
 Each emblem hath its place:
 Deep in our hearts we cherish
 The kinship of our race;
 We pray that in the future—
 Be it joy or be it grief—
 With Thistle, Rose, and Shamrock
 Still may twine the Maple Leaf.

Toronto.

M. ALGON KIRBY.

Cost and Profit of Liberty VI.

NO matter what the cost, the profit is greater. That is the case as regards self-defence. The nation which abdicates this primary duty is unsound at heart. Destitute of self-respect, others will not respect it; and taking the attitude of a pauper it will get in the end a pauper's fare and a pauper's grave. Every dollar wisely spent on our militia force is not only so much insurance but new vitality added to our nerve centres. Thirty or forty years ago the arrangement proposed between the Mother Country and Canada was, so far as concerned our part, a militia force of 50,000 to be drilled annually for twenty-eight days. Our population and wealth has increased, but our militia has come down to 35,000, and the drill to something representing sham. Britain, meanwhile, has done her part. Never were her naval and military forces, her reserves, volunteers and militia in such a condition of efficiency. Therefore, she can "talk with her enemies in the gate."

It is also the case, as concerns life and the means of living. War may be an occasional necessity, but trade concerns every man's everyday life. We are all consumers and all—paupers and politicians "on the make" excepted—producers. It must, therefore, be to our interest to get our products into the markets of the world, and to get what we consume as cheaply as possible. Every degree of cheapening means a higher standard of living for the average man. What an object lesson Britain is in this respect! There are no artificial obstacles in British ports, and consequently all the varied products of earth flow there, to be distributed from its centres to whatever points call most loudly for them; meanwhile the British people purchase the best products of every clime for less than the home cost. "These are surely from Canada," said a friend of mine to a fruit merchant in Scotland, pointing to some barrels of Gravensteins. "Yes, they grow some fine apples over there," was the answer. "What do you charge for them here?" was the next question. To my friend's astonishment the price was less than he usually paid in Montreal. Mentioning that fact he got for rejoinder, "Oh, yes, I sometimes supply your market with Canadian apples." Actually, the two freights did not amount to as much as the rise and fall in prices. Consequently, the great distributing centre did the business, its ships got the freights, and we—like the rest of the world—paid tribute to the men who took their stand on the side of the laws which govern exchange.

Think of Montreal and Toronto under free trade! They would be the emporia and distributing centres of the continent, and the people of the United States would do their own smuggling! Congress would rage, but every weapon it used would kick, except reciprocal free trade, and that instead of a weapon would be a cornucopia big enough for the continent.

What an experiment to try! But Montreal is afraid of risking its cotton factories and sugar refineries. That is, it would rather levy tribute on five millions of people than on seventy-five millions. So much the worse for it, and so much the worse also for the five millions! I do not wonder at Montreal, however. It has something, and counting its 20 or 30 per cent. contentedly murmurs, "A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush." But what have the five millions got? Why, they have "the home market," a market which no policy gave to them and no policy could take away

from them! What wise men our farmers, dairymen, stock-raisers, and lumberers must be! As wise as the masses in the States, in France, in Germany, but not wiser; scarcely as wise, for if there is one country on earth more unsuited for protection than another, that country is Canada.

But, we must have a revenue! What are you going to do for revenue, is the question that is considered final? Why, how does Britain get a revenue fifteen times as great as ours, though her population is only eight times as great; not a single article of general consumption taxed save tea, and that as cheap as it is in Canada! How does New South Wales propose to raise a revenue without taxing even tea? Of course we must have a revenue of thirty-five millions, seeing that we are steadily adding to our debt and need fifteen or sixteen men in the Cabinet, while our big neighbour gets along with seven. Of that thirty-five about eighteen millions come from customs, and no one proposes to sweep all those millions away. Every Finance Minister knows the elementary principles of his craft, and that the way to get more revenue is—within certain limits—not by increasing but by lowering duties. A small duty on tea or sugar will bring in more revenue than a high duty. In the same way, if we lowered the duties on British goods, say to one half of what they are, we would get more revenue, in a year or two, than we get now from that source. Our ships, too, would have return cargoes, freights would be lower, our merchants would thrive, consumers would smile, and no legitimate manufacture would suffer.

Would you keep the present duties against other countries? Yes, against all that impose duties on our great natural products. Why? if lowering the tariff tends to give increased revenue? For three reasons: beginning with our chief customer would be a big enough experiment, to start with; because it is reasonable to trade as freely as possible with those who trade freely with you; and the goal in view is inter-Imperial free trade.

Would not other countries be annoyed! They would have no right to be annoyed. There would be no retaliation, and nothing that could be called discrimination. The present "comparatively low" duties would remain, with a clause stating that they would be reduced one-half, in favour of all countries admitting freely the main products of Canada. I am aware that it is not possible to draw a clear line between natural and manufactured products, but the distinction is ordinarily well understood, and our main products could be specified. Moreover, I quite agree with Mr. O. A. Howland's contention that the aim of a protective policy, pursued in moderation, may be a good one; whereas protection, directed against natural productions, "becomes a war with the beneficence of nature; a rejection of her treasures of soil, forest and mine; a denial of conditions of geography and climate; a quarrel with the rain that falls on the just and the unjust, and with the sun that shines upon the evil and the good." (The New Empire, p. 253). It is surely not unreasonable to maintain the present tariff on the manufactured articles of any country that makes such commercial war. Besides, what is proposed is only what is always done when the United States reduces its tariff. No country gets the benefit of the reduction which does not admit its products on equal terms with those of other countries. It is proposed now as a half-way house to free trade, or at any rate to free trade within the Empire. Should the United States desire to be included, so much the better. That would be such a boon to all concerned that a common tax and excise on spirits and tobacco, with stamps and other duties not interfering with commerce, would give us nearly all the revenue we needed. Trade then would flow in its natural channels. We would be really free. Now, we allow a few gentlemen in Ottawa, who would not be trusted with the management of any one of our great industrial establishments, to arrange and disarrange the whole business of five millions of intelligent, enterprising people. This would be incredible, were it not a fact. These gentlemen are intrusted with the power of "binding and loosing on earth," to an extent which Hildebrand never dreamed of. They can make favoured individuals, companies or rings wealthy by inserting a clause, and impoverish them by striking it out, and this is actually boasted of as a patent for making every body rich. Of course, the work is not actually done by those gentlemen. They consult with the favoured parties, and the machine is hammered into shape at their dictation. For the

effects on our public life of this way of doing things, see Mr. Edward Blake's letter to his Durham constituents after the general election of 1891, a letter one-half of which was much quoted by the Conservative press, and the other half of which was highly commended by the Liberal press. The whole letter seemed to me true as the gospel, though the style was more stilted and verbose than that of any of the Evangelists. So far as I remember, the only paper which disliked the whole letter was the Toronto Mail.

The profit of commercial freedom would be great. What would be the cost? So little that it may be put down as infinitesimal.

G. M. GRANT.

* * *

National Sign-Posts.

THE great distinguishing characteristic of a statesman is foresight. It is the genius of the statesman that points out to his people the sign-posts not only of the road upon which they want to travel, but also of the byways which lead from the straight path. The key to the character and the life-work of Canada's greatest statesman is to be found in those words which have been graven upon the statues that the people whom he led have erected to his memory: "A British subject I was born, a British subject I will die." It would seem to be a natural conclusion to draw that the antithesis to these words is the key to the work of those who opposed him.

The history of Canada during the past few years has been the history of a struggle against annexation with the United States. It was annexation with the United States which was the great question at issue when the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway was being discussed in the House at Ottawa. It was not generally so understood at the time, but there are few thinking men now who would venture to deny that without that railway the few isolated provinces would have been swallowed up in the maw of the neighbouring Republic, and there were some even among those who opposed the construction of the railway that understood its true significance at the time.

It was well put by the Liberal member for Queen's, Prince Edward Island, who, speaking in Charlottetown in 1880, with reference to the construction of this railway, said, "This was a contract from which there was no escape politically and commercially, save one, and that is annexation with the United States."

Our leaders have not forgotten the independent effort that was made some few years ago to bring the question of annexation within the range of practical politics, the magazine articles that were written, the clubs that were formed, the pamphlets that were distributed to further this object. The advocates of annexation now no longer hold up their heads; at any rate, if they do, they hold their tongues, but the effort made at that time was a great one; the best talent was called forth, and it is well that it was so, for the lessons we have thereby learned have been more indelibly impressed upon our memory. We have learnt to read sign-posts, we have learnt to distinguish those forces which lead towards the United States. The first man to point to the sign-post that marks the road of face-to-face opposition to the National Policy, the necessary and natural sequence of the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway, was Mr. Edward Blake, when his loyalty to his country proved stronger than his fidelity to party ties. Our readers will remember his farewell letter to the Liberal party in 1891. In that letter he says: "The tendency in Canada of unrestricted Free Trade with the United States, high duties being maintained against the United Kingdom, would be towards political union, and the more successful the plan, the stronger the tendency both by reason of community of interest and the intermingling of populations, the more intimate social connections, and the trade and fiscal relations amounting to dependency, which it would create with the States, and the greater isolation and divergency from Great Britain which it would produce, and also, especially through inconveniences experienced in the maintenance and apprehensions entertained as to the termination of the treaty." We might also add that unrestricted Free Trade with the United States would necessitate our tariff being settled by the Government at Washington.

"To Washington," then, is written upon the sign-post that marks the road of Commercial Union. Still more clear-

ly is it marked upon the sign-post that stands upon the road of Free Trade. Let us take what the advocates of annexation call the geographical argument. Here we are a narrow strip of country lying upon the border line of a great Republic, subject to the natural force of attraction that the greater body has to the less. Under Free Trade the manufacturer of Canada will be shut out from the market of the United States, but the manufacturer established to the south of the line will have the markets of both countries for the sale of his goods. Distance in the last few years, by the increase of travelling facilities, has been eliminated, and freight has been reduced to a minimum. So, the Canadian manufacturer, if he is not swamped by the surplus products of the Americans, under the stress of competition will be forced to move his factory across the line, in order that he may have access to the markets in both countries.

This, as a matter of fact, has been the experience of the world as a result of Free Trade. When the McKinley Bill became law the woollen manufacturers of Bradford and the tin manufacturers of South Wales came over to the United States to make arrangements to move their factories and their men to that country in order that they might have access to the markets from which they had been shut out. In the same way we have seen the woollen manufacturers of England starting branch factories in Germany.

Think for a moment what the result of this would be! Two of the most striking social phenomena of the present age both in Great Britain and the North American continent are the spread of higher education and the increase of urban population. During the ten years preceding the last census the increase of urban population in the United States was seven millions. In Canada the proportion has been about the same. The educated young man will not remain upon the land. At all cost he must find occupation in the city. It is the manufacturers that build up the cities and if they move over to the United States the young men must follow those who supply them with bread and butter. And what will the farmer do? He will have lost his sons, his home market, a large source of national revenue, everything except his mortgage, which, as Sol Smith says, "would hang on still." The average Canadian farmer is a man of sense. He would give his farm to his worst enemy and follow his sons and his daughters across the line.

Leaving the question of tariff to be used by politicians as a plaything with which they may humbug the voters, or a weapon in party warfare, all thinking men will endorse me when I say that the situation of the country at the present time may be summed up in one word, "population." If we accept as an axiom that our existence in years to come, as a nationality, separate from the United States, depends upon our growth as a people, then we may say, without contradiction, that "To Washington" is written in legible characters upon the sign-post that marks the road of higher education unaccompanied by an active immigration policy. There are more educated young men in the country than can find occupation for which they are suited. A large immigration of farmers affords a constantly increasing supply of occupation for educated men as merchants, clerks, mechanics, lawyers or doctors. But, as Sir Wm. Van Horn complains, the Government at Ottawa has dropped out of the immigration business. The grants for immigration purposes have largely diminished. Why is this? The necessity for immigration was never greater than it is now. We have millions of acres lying idle. We, the small handful of people who live in Canada, have to pay the whole burden of development and the annual expenditure necessary for management which would not be appreciably larger if the population was ten times as great. While every educated young man who lives in the country without occupation is so much of a loss, and, if he leave the country in search of something to do and prove successful, he affords a strong force of social attraction to induce others to follow in his footsteps.

The demagogues who lead the Labour party, hold the key of the situation. They cry out against immigration, because the immigrant is brought into competition with the Canadian labourer. The Government are afraid of him. The demagogue takes upon himself a mighty responsibility. There are two sides of every question. Is he right? Right or wrong, it seems to be clear that no Government could stand at the present time that came before the people with a policy of assisted immigration, whether it be that it is difficult to retain settlers after they come here, or that it is difficult to

make a wise selection of settlers in Great Britain, the Canadian people are not disposed to vote money for the assistance of immigrants to this country. The problem must be solved, then, by assistance from Great Britain. What is wanted is some scheme whereby Great Britain in conjunction with the Canadian Government can, either under the auspices of the Imperial Government or by popular organization at home, provide a fund for the many thousands of good men in Great Britain who cannot find occupation and cannot emigrate to the Colonies from lack of some machinery to provide them with the necessary money which they lack.

Party government appears to be a necessity. It is one of the unfortunate incidents of government by party in a country which, like Canada, can furnish few policies involving wide issues, that every possible question is greedily seized upon for use as party capital. But the National Policy has now been attacked from almost every standpoint in the court of the people, and it remains more firmly established than ever before. The people have begun to read signs and they have come to realize that any wide divergence from the principles of the National Policy must cut at the root of our growth as a nation and blight our development as an integral part of the British Empire. It is possible that before many years the question of tariff may be eliminated from the domain of party politics and the people may settle down to solve the vastly more important problem of how to increase and how to retain our population—a problem which has hitherto been woefully neglected.

ERNEST HEATON.

Parisian Affairs.

THE "Anglo-American conflict" is rapidly becoming no conflict at all, and is only remembered by the confidences it has killed, the friendships it has compromised, and the seeds of distrust it has so extensively sown. Whatever advantages the President of the United States has achieved, either for his country or his party, few can perceive them outside ear-wiggers and wire-pullers, while he has evoked quite a flow of sympathy towards England for her reserved dignity, her coolness, and perfect self-confidence. Respecting the edition of the Monroe doctrine, as expounded by Mr. Cleveland, it is more than ever repudiated by the whole of Europe. The belief is that if England and Venezuela were allowed to settle their differences themselves, the dispute would soon be ended. One good result of the imbroglio: it has demonstrated the utter inanity of the policy of pulling the British Lion's tail, and that Anglophobia—till lately most fashionable, and the stock in trade with so many cosmopolitans—vanishes when placed face to face with responsibilities. Mr. Cleveland, by his rashness, has, to other sad consequences, brought about the revival of McKinleyism—a protectionism that Europe had so much difficulty to have modified. Further; the political fillibustering raid on Great Britain by the President is imparting a rapid impetus to the scheme and to the idea of Imperial Federation of England and her possessions. The most luke-warm advocates of the plan ever admitted that only war or its immediate prospect could rouse lethargic Britons to confederate and accept solidarity. *Eh bien; voila.*

At the present, France is singularly worth studying. There is not a single European question in which she displays a passion, and in which she shows no more than ordinary interest. Two changes are slowly setting in, though they be still in the incipient stage—a *rapprochement* to England, and the exhaustion of the Anglophobia craze. The French have been sorely disappointed with the Russo-Franco alliance; it has yielded no tangible results, save to make France banker to the Muscovite. M. Bertrand continues to make an excellent Foreign Minister, works quietly, relies on common sense, and does not aim to play to the gallery—that great drawback of his predecessor, M. Hanotaux. The Armenian question, save to mark time, is never alluded to; it is left to the six powers, and as everyone is aware, the Sultan best of all, they will never employ coercion; each new massacre will be followed by a collective visit of the "Great Six" till the massacres end, fault of no persons to massacre. A twilight glance is bestowed on the Transvaal and the claims of the immigrants there; beyond hoping that England will not be allowed to annex the gold mines for Mr.

Rhodes, that is apparently all the French public know of the Rand.

The Panama rot, like the leaven of corruption, infects where it finds a *milieu*. La France is one of those journals—the number, happily, is few—that cannot exist without a daily sensation article, or news of a similar kind. To give a fillip to its circulation, which is far from being the greatest in the world, the editors and administrators concocted a list of the famous "104" Senators and Deputies alleged to have been bribed by Arton and other Panama agents. They knowingly accepted the forgery and were well aware it had been declined, without thanks, since three years, by all the fast and extreme journals of Paris as being simple imagination work. There were names published of persons who were not Deputies at all, and of millionaire legislators that could not be bribed by a cheque for any sum. Much pain and cruelty were thus inflicted on honourable men and their families. The Public Prosecutor has taken the matter up and has vigorously "run in" the conspirators, who have confessed, alleging it was the usual "other boy" did the mischief and committed the crime. It is to be hoped they will be punished without mercy—it is a deep-seated vice in the body politic.

The first is the most painful of the 366 days of the year. It ought to be one of joy and pleasure. It is the contrary: one of dread and suffering. It accumulates within its 24 hours next to twelve months of miseries. The house porters, the bon-bon makers, and the florists—an infinite minority—revel in emptying your purse and laughing at you when the feat is accomplished. You submit to blackmailing known as "tips" given to persons who regard you with profound indifference. You present sacs of bon-bons or bouquets, or toys, with your accompanying card, to relatives and friends, who forget the uncheerful giver and pack the gift among a pile of others. Generally your gratitude is more abused than praised. Then has to follow that obligation to visit relatives who care nothing about you, and acquaintances veneered with friendship that generally dislike, aye detest you. It is hard labour and anything but a pleasure; it is when you are gone, and have reeled off the usual historical cants, hypocritical well-wishes, that you leave with joy, and your departure is hailed with pleasure. That and death punishment—its forty-first cousin—are the only two institutions the Revolution did not abolish. To do so, a second Revolution would be voted as justifiable, if a referendum vote were taken.

Splendid sinecures are being given away in Madagascar: happy functionaries, whose salaries will be paid with clock-work punctuality, if the colonies never bring a single farthing of profit to the mother country. The general budget of the French colonies just voted—less Algeria, which has a regime apart, but that does not pay its way—is, in round figures, 78 million frs. Against this total expenditure, the receipts are but 5½ million frs., of which 4½ million frs. come from Cochin China. The French colonies are expensive toys, even as thus shown.

Mdlle. Valtresse is well-known in the world where *on s'amuse*. She has also a certain notoriety for her difficulties with tradesmen, or rather their bills. She had ordered a travelling *nécessaire*, as she must follow the world of fashion in its migration. For 11,000 frs. the objects were to be tipped with gold. Virtue is not so ambitious. When the case arrived it was found to be deficient in a thimble, an extinguisher, and a curling tongs. These the tradesman supplied, and for the sum of 430 frs. additional. But when the scissors were tried they would not cut, and the curling tongs produced no curls. The gold vanished off the other articles like ghosts at cockcrow. The *elegante* declined the whole lot. But what luxuries modern demi-mondians still exist.

The government is being congratulated upon its decision to adopt the recommendation of the Penitentiary Congress, and declare prisoners up to 18, instead of as at present, 16 years of age, minors—that is, irresponsible for their crimes in the sense of being qualified for the ordinary prison and the guillotine. Not that a guilty child, when convicted, is set free; he is simply sent to the Reformatory Prison till aged 16, then to the gaol for adults, where he remains till 20. By the intended law the juvenile will be declared a minor up to 18 years, and so entitled to two years longer in the reformatory. The best prison authori-

ties and criminal judges attest that once a juvenile passes into the adult prison, were it only for a week, he is morally irrevocably lost.

Z.

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A "Rationalist" of the Olden Time.

"THE doors of Thorney Abbey closed on him." These simple words, taken from Prof. Henry Morley's "First Sketch of English Literature," linger in the mind of the student whose interest is not merely literary but who sees in the literature of England the gradual unfolding of a great purpose, and the story of the continual battle for freedom and a larger life. The words that I have quoted tell, to those who read the brief record, the tragedy of a noble life, a life which in our modern jargon may be described as "out of harmony with its environment," a life borne down by the petty jealousies, religious prejudices, and sectarian passions of a rude age. The hero of this sad tale is Reginald Pecock, a man of influence in his own day, who is still thought worthy of a page or two in any good text-book of literature, and whose writings are of great service to the literary specialist. Pecock, who was in all probability a Welshman, was born in the closing years of the 14th century. He studied at Oriel College, Oxford, and was ordained a priest of the English Church in 1421. Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, was a lover of books. Hallam mentions the fact that he bequeathed a number of books to the University of Oxford, which was at that time noted for its bad Latin (*Oxomensis loquendi mos*): he seems from the first to have been kind to Pecock as he made him in 1431 Master of Whittington College, etc., and in 1444 Bishop of St. Asaph. In 1450 Pecock was translated to the See of Chichester and in 1459 "the doors of Thorney Abbey (Cambridgeshire) closed upon him." These are the important dates in the life of a man who met his terrible fate because he could not be content to enjoy his position in a slothful manner, and exercise a harsh tyranny, but sought to "commend himself to every man's conscience in the sight of God." In our day we have room in society for men of independent mind and critical skill, apostles of "sweetness and light," but in that turbulent time a man was in a sad plight who separated himself from powerful parties in his fearless pursuit of truth. The name of this man is not enrolled in the long list of heroes, saints, and martyrs, but surely his memory is worthy of being cherished. The aim of this short article is not to attempt a biographical sketch but merely to point out the spirit and aim of the man's life. Pecock wrote an introduction to the chief truths of the Christian religion, and also a "Treatise on Faith," but his great work was "The Repressor of over much Blaming of the Clergy" (The Repressing of over miche wijting the Clergie), directed against the criticisms of the Lollards. The method of argument employed by the Church at that time to compel men to come in may be learned from the picture of the "Lollard's prison" at Lambeth Palace, and from the fact that on Christmas Day, 1417, Sir John Oldcastle, who had been a successful general in the French wars, was roasted alive as a Lollard. Bishop Pecock, however, was neither a Lollard nor a persecutor; he sought to meet in fair controversy those who criticised the clergy, and denounced abuses in the Church, and at the same gave wholesome advice to his brother ministers. It seems a strange thing that a man should be severely punished for writing in defence of the Church, and that man a bishop. When we are told that "the fifteenth century, which added to our literature not one masterpiece, fed with its very mists the great streams of the future," we feel that Pecock's career is an appropriate comment on the statement. He was illogical, inconsistent, groping about for a great system of thought, but finding only a mixture of incongruous elements. If it is anything in their favour we are ready to confess that his persecutors were more logical than he. They knew that a man so restless and energetic was not a "safe man for the Church that wanted to stem the rising tide and dam it back, they might well have said, "He thinks too such men are dangerous." The head and front of his offending was this, first that he wrote in English and, second that he applied to reason. He acknowledged the supremacy of the Pope, at the same time he accepted the Bible as the rule of faith and practice, and behind that the usage of the Church in its worship and discipline could be shewn to be agreeable to right reason. He was not able to reconcile these positions and work them out into a consistent system, and we cannot say whether or not he would have re-

tained them all if he had been allowed to work out his life problem. On the one hand he tries to support by reason the Papal authority, the ecclesiastical order, the use of images, pilgrimages, etc., and says: "This I shall do by writing of this present book in the common people's language." On the other hand, he informs the clergy that they will "be condemned at the last day if, by clear wit, they draw not men into consent of the true faith otherwise than by fire, sword, and lingment." Unfortunately, this last statement is very much weakened by the admission: "I will not deny these sacred means to be lawful provided the former be first used." His great offences were, as I have said, the use of English, the appeals to Scripture, and the recognition of reason, as having a place in the sphere of religious thought; but one strong point against him was that he undervalued and contravened the teachings of "the Fathers." He did not pay sufficient respect to the four great pillars of the Church, Ambrose, Augustine, Jerome and Gregory, and, indeed, it was reported then when some used a quotation from "the Fathers" to meet his arguments he said "Pooh, pooh!" When in 1457 he took his place in a council at Westminster, many temporal lords refused to take part in the business unless he were ejected, so his books were handed over to the tender mercies of twenty-four "doctors," who, hunting for heresy, found it. We do not know what private jealousies, or public prejudices, or political intrigues were mixed up with this case of heresy, but we know that a man who was probably the most living bishop and most learned doctor of that time was condemned and sentenced. As he had always upheld the authority of the Church he was bound to submit to it. When he had publicly paid that submission to the Church which his creed demanded and his persecutors exalted, his books, three folios and eleven quartos, were burnt by the public executioner. The address of the Archbishop of Canterbury in pronouncing sentence begins in the following gentle terms: "Dear brother, Master Reginald, since all heretics are blinded by the light of their own understanding and will not own the obstinacy of their own conclusions we shall not dispute with you in many words (for we see that you abound more in talk than in reasoning) but briefly show you that you have manifestly contravened the sayings of the more authentic doctors." When this brief showing had been accomplished, to the satisfaction of the judge, the heretic was offered an immediate choice between making a public adjuration of his errors and being, after degradation, delivered to the secular arm "as food of fire and fuel for the burning." The end was that "he shall have a secret closed chamber (with a chimney) and convenience within the abbey, where he may have sight to some altar to hear mass; and that he pass not the said chamber. To have but one person that is sad (grave) and well-disposed to make his bed, and to make him fire as it shall need. That he have no books to look on, but only a portuous (breviary), a mass-book, a psalter, a legend, and a Bible. That he have nothing to write with, no stuff to write upon, etc." So the bishop who preached, himself but defended non-preaching bishops passed into silence. When we remember that this was four centuries ago, just about the time of the appearance of the first printed book we must admit that with all his imperfections this able man deserves honourable mention as a soldier of light who fell in an unequal battle. Wickliff's Bible had begun to leaven the nation and the time of the Renaissance and the Reformation was not yet, but it is good to know that in the darkest days there were some within the Church who struggled for a larger freedom and made their appeal to the reason and conscience of their fellow-men. If that spirit had been more general reformations might have been more gentle and many schisms would have been avoided. When Bacon, 150 years later, thought so lightly of the English tongue we may well be surprised that this champion of the Church put his pleading in "the language of the common people." We cannot now examine the charge that he was out of agreement with "the Fathers," that is to us of a matter of little interest and importance, but for his influence in English literature and his efforts after a more reasonable treatment of religious questions and controversies we pay him this humble tribute and are sorry that the lost chapter of his life should be written in these words: "The doors of Thorney Abbey closed on him," but we trust that even then, through the Bible that was left to him, he found a door open towards the realm of light and love.

A Candid Friend.

A NEW YORK LITERARY MAN WRITES TO AN IMPERIAL CABINET MINISTER TOUCHING THE MANNERS AND WAYS OF AMERICANS.

A CITIZEN of New York who has made a wide study for literary purposes of the United States and its people has addressed the following letter to one of the British Cabinet Ministers to whom he is personally known. Through the courtesy of the author the exclusive publication of the letter in THE WEEK has been secured. The first part of the document being of a personal nature it is here omitted. After pointing out that Englishmen are unable to grasp the fact of American animosity towards Great Britain, although he declares it has been as fierce for years as it is to-day, he goes on to show why the "tail-twisting" politician is so popular:

In New England, no doubt, the excesses of the British troops during the revolutionary period are still resented. Such things are not easily forgotten. In all parts of the country that least desirable of British exports, the snob, is to be found. Like the Royal Bourbons, he never learns and never forgets anything, therefore does much to keep green the dislike and hatred against Englishmen throughout the United States. Again, this country has experienced on its own flesh how steadily England proceeds against all rivals in shipping and trade. The overwhelming influence of British capital, too, is felt unpleasantly, just as the Mexicans complain of Spain's capitalistic influence in their country. But all these causes of Anglophobia only add auxiliaries to the main body of your enemies in the United States—the Irish Americans. If you would be cautious do not underate the Irish Americans. They rule supreme here. O no! I do not refer to New York alone. Their influence is equally strong throughout the country, though nowhere as much on the surface as in the "Empire State."

If you wish me to do so I shall endeavour to explain this important fact. At present I have only time to state it, and I wish to do so most urgently and impressively. Broadly speaking—you will make the necessary allowance for exceptions—this country is absolutely ruled over by the Irish element, for this element alone takes a genuine interest in public and national affairs! The American people, as a whole, have reached a moral state in which an election not determined by corruption and underhand dealing is regarded impossible. The Irish supply the necessary go-betweens and political scavengers, and are rewarded with influential positions. They are prudent enough to understand that they must not grasp at all the highest places, but they pull the string and take the most profitable "jobs." The typical Yankee deals in corruption as the buyer, the Irishman is the vendor of "principles." The Englishman, the German, and other importations are the fools whose sense of honour can be depended upon to make them willing prey. But the Irishman is the real ruler, for the real American bribes him to "work" or "fix" the legislation, and becomes the slave of his tool. The German element is influenced almost completely by the Irish. For no country is there as much room at the top as in Germany at the present day, owing to its marvellous revival of national energy. Hence the overflow, the men whose chances at home were small, are not exactly composed of the pick of the nation. They are as dull as they are said to be. The brightest among them are generally the most rascally, but even these, as far as they enter into politics, are too honest to discover that there is absolutely nothing in the shape of "principle" that an Americanized Irishman will not sell. Hence the "Dutchman" has to be satisfied with the leavings of the Hibernian when the plunder is shared. The Germans, in their inscrutable dullness, also fancy that they owe allegiance to the country of their adoption (wherever they may go) and will fight for it bravely. The English are thoroughly convinced that they owe obedience to the laws of their new country, they render this obedience, and it must be acknowledged that they are, on the whole, far too honest to make successful politicians. But they won't fight against you—there they draw the line, every man Jack of 'em!

Behind the Irish also stands the whole power of Rome, and, as the Roman Catholic Church is the only religious organization which exercises any influence in national

politics, you may imagine its importance. Rome may not think the times ripe for action, but Rome cannot afford to leave her Irish priests in the lurch.

You cannot escape the war for long. At present, indeed, it would seem as if calmer counsels prevail, but the aspect is misleading. The Irishman rules, and when the Irish speculator is ready the war must come.

Land grabbing has ceased, for there is no longer any Indian territory worth mentioning. The pension swindle has been stretched to its utmost limits. But the yankee-Irish speculators and contractors are convinced that they can grasp at Canada. *If Canada resists, all the better; they will play the part of the Norman conquerors in the Dominion.* But even an unlucky war has no terrors for them. They are convinced that America has boundless wealth to waste, all that is needed is an opportunity, and they will transfer this waste to their pockets. No enemy, they think, can penetrate to the interior.

This brings us to the last but not least class of enemies you have here—the know-nothings. Progress, my Lord, is comparatively limited in the United States. It is nothing to what it should be. The development of the country dates back from the beginning of that enormous immigration which raised the country to its present standing. It is the foreigner, well taught, and patient and plodding, who has applied the education paid for by the land of his birth to the development of American resources. In the third generation the American generally becomes a mere braggart not much superior to the Mexican and Cuban. You will discover upon close study of the question that the really meritorious Americans belong to the families settled here only a short time—chiefly English and German.* Now, the school education in America is extremely faulty. The descendents of the early settlers have developed all the baser habits of your nation. There is, first of all, unjustifiable national pride. Every body knows that the modern Englishman has (doubtless by reason of the strong admixture of Gallic blood in him) a large lump of self-esteem. The ordinary Briton (I am not speaking of gentlemen) believes that he excels all other nations in every good quality you could mention, simply because he is a Briton. In the American this quality is developed to a ten-fold degree.† The American, too, like his British cousin, is too lazy to learn a foreign language.‡ Why should he? Foreigners cannot teach him anything! He has the authority of the ordinary British writer for it that England marches at the head of civilization. He has his own innate conviction for it that he is ten times superior to the Englishman. To conquer the whole world, nothing remains for him to do but to subjugate the tight little Island to his will. "Uncle Sam and John Bull—voilà! the only rivals for the mastery of this globe, we will lick John Bull and then no one can oppose us! We may need an ally or two, but then every body knows that foreigners can be fooled into doing our will. France and Russia will help us, and we will afterwards swallow them up with the help of John Bull's resources. As for the Germans they are really not worth mentioning. They sigh beneath the yoke of autocracy (!)§ and will receive us with open arms. Austria, Italy, Spain, etc., are only about as important as Venezuela.

* The fact that most Germans Anglicize their names is very misleading.

† I know a German who learned English at the age of sixty, to be able to read his daughter-in-law's letters! Yet this man has no great liking for the English.

‡ Here followed cuttings from typical American papers, notably the N.Y. Herald (Dec. 22, 1895) in which it is asserted that the Briton can hardly compare with the American in point of intellect, and that this alone will enable the Americans to produce inventions at a moments notice, with whose help England could be crushed. Misleading statements about the British army follow. I may add that I have stood in the field both against and with Englishmen and do not think their army is equal to the best. But the American statement is ridiculous, from whatever point of view you take it.

§ Americans, and, I may add, Canadians, are not aware that the liberty of speech is unlimited in Germany, only its license is curbed. They do not know that Germans of all ranks can procure the imprisonment of any person who insults them. Nowhere is the man who utters plain truth better protected. Nowhere is the man who gives vent to honest conviction in sober language respected as highly. Compare the case of Professor Emis with the cases of Ranke and Wagner. Nowhere is justice dealt out more equally and swiftly. To the men whose greatest pleasure is to throw mud at men of sterling worth, who continually criticise and never do anything meritorious themselves, to such, indeed, Germany is a good country to get away from—and they do!

On Translation.

You are amused, my Lord? I hope to earn some reputation for discernment. Is it likely that I would lightly risk it by writing nonsense to a man in your position?

The Knownothings mean to drive you off this continent and to act as your protectors when they have weakened you. That you could possibly be victorious, they do not believe. They have one great coup, one big surprise ready for you

And here, again, the Irish influence comes in. Not only will they repudiate all public debts owing to England, but they will also cancel, by one stroke of the pen, all debts by American private individuals to Englishmen. That the railroad built by foreign money could serve to transport foreign troops into the interior, as well as American grain out of it, is not thought likely.

You cannot escape the war.

If you satisfy the American in the Venezuelan question for the sake of peace, they will attack you upon the fisheries, or Alaska boundary, or any other question, as soon as they have increased their navy. Remember, if one Englishman is as good as four Frenchmen, one American is at least as good as a dozen Englishmen! My Lord, Canada must be put into a state of defence. Even if it is thought expedient for Americans to "climb down" in the present case, the great mass of Americans will never know it. The politicians of Irish extraction have it in their power to keep the American people at large as ignorant of fact as the Chinese are kept ignorant of their literati.

The American gentlemen you have met do not represent the nation.

But I do not aspire to the dignity of a newspaper man. Consequently I do not know more about the business of conducting a large empire than its cabinet.

My admiration for the people is not unqualified. I believe that they have a pretty heavy account to settle with the Great Judge. I know their cant, their conceit, and their strict adherence to "business principle"—which mean that John Bull's sense of honour can never become finer than that of a worthy trader. (Remember, I am not speaking of exceptions.) But I do not regard the people of England degenerate. I know that they are to be trusted outside of business hours; I acknowledge that they have done much, very much, for civilization.

My Lord, the present British Cabinet has a chance akin to that which occurred during the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and never since then—the chance of waging a just war. The Americans are your most relentless enemies, and all attempts to propitiate them must fail. England has done them more good than harm during past ages, regards them, in fact, as a blood relation. The struggle is, therefore, forced upon you. They are inferior to you in character, they are *an enemy whose subjugation or humiliation will atone for injustices committed upon many a smaller and better nation*; that is, if there is such a thing as divine justice. I wish you could have been here to-day, when a rumour got about that Lord Salisbury had agreed to recognize the American Boundary Commission, the fierce hatred that then showed itself in the fresh demands to be made upon you, the joy at having humiliated you, would have convinced you of the truth of my assertions. Remember, no gentleman has aught to say here; the country is ruled by a mob of Irish politicians.

In closing, I wish to remind your Lordship once more that it is for you to make the necessary allowances for exaggerations impossible to avoid within such narrow limits as this paper. On the whole I am, I'm afraid, right. In warning you, I perform a simple duty. There are qualities in the Briton that will insure his place among the noblest races, whatever his future political standing may be. Honest men cannot say the same of the American, whose race was tainted even at the start.

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A book that possesses a special timeliness in connection with present international issues is "The History of the Foreign Policy of Great Britain," by Montague Burrows, Chichele Professor of Modern History in Oxford, just published by the Putnams. The work presents in outline the main features of the relations of Great Britain with foreign states from the time of Henry II., down to the beginning of 1895.

THE gift of translation is two fold and comes in two ways. It is either an inspiration or an acquired faculty. In either case a certain amount of good work may be done; but in the really excellent translator both qualities should, and must be, united to a large extent. There are some who possess an insight which enables them, even with an imperfect knowledge of the language before them, to lay hold of the true meaning of a poem, and to reproduce it in their mother tongue in such a way that it impresses its readers as does the original poem, and this many think is of more importance than a literal reproduction can be. And others think, among whom is George Macdonald, that nothing can excuse a liberty which alters the original characteristics of the poem, and sacrifices literalness, and as they think, fidelity, to increased beauty of form and expression. In the preface to his "Exotics," George Macdonald distinctly lays down this principle, and explains how he preferred even with the result of some measure of roughness and uncouthness, to preserve the double rhyme of the German so unmanageable in the English language.

As usual the truth lies half way between the two opinions, perhaps in this instance a little nearer the first. It is, of course, only in cases where the imagination comes into play that there can be any difference of opinion. Where the translator is dealing with scientific or, roughly speaking, with prosaic subjects, there is no doubt that accuracy and clearness are par excellence, the qualities to be aimed at, and that without them all else is worth nothing. This includes all translations that are made in the course of study, either with a view to acquiring the niceties of a language or any other learning. But where the object of translation is a literary and artistic one, and our own language is to be enriched from the treasures of other nationalities, the question assumes a different aspect. In this case how far is the translator justified in departing from the strict accuracy demanded by those whose object is instruction? That a faithful translation is always essential is certain, but in what does this consist? Is the form or the spirit most important, and if the latter how best can it be preserved? If both can be reproduced together so much the better, but unquestionably, as it seems to us, if either must yield it should not be the spirit. If this is in any danger of being lost by too rigid adherence to form and rhythm, then these must give way to some extent.

But this does not imply the sacrifice of fidelity, it rather ensures it on the most important point. On the other hand, where the alteration of form, rhythm or accent destroys in any way the individuality of the poem; they must be strictly adhered to, and if the translator finds himself unable to follow them, he must leave it for one who can. The original flavour must at any cost be preserved. Accuracy and care are as essential to the translator of poetry as in any department, and one who begins his work without realizing this fact will find himself quickly stranded. But one, who in addition to this fine intuitive faculty of comprehension is prepared by careful and thorough study can allow himself far more freedom than he whose knowledge is more superficial for the former starts at once with a clearer perception of his author's thought, and can better judge in what way it can best be brought out in translation. It is impossible to overrate the importance of literal accuracy to the translator as long as it is felt to be only the handmaid of that higher faculty which seizes hold of the true idea of a poem, and can reproduce it in spite of the variations in form and rhythm incident to its transition to another language. Accuracy and fidelity lie within the reach of all faithful students, but this intuitive power of comprehension and interpretation is an inspiration, "the special grace and gift of God" as Martin Luther calls it.

There is the danger that this liberty should become license, and the poem should, in translation, lose something of its own special individual character, but to the conscientious translator, who has really laid hold of the true spirit of the poem, this is not a valid objection. Rhythm, metre and accent have immense importance in giving character to the thought of a poem and should never be altered, unless the change will better preserve the spirit and thought, but where this is the case it should certainly be done. If a German poem possesses in its original form a swing and movement

which is lost in translation, when a strict adherence to accent and rhythm is attempted, then it is right to alter, and as a matter of fact the result of such variation is more accurate than a more literal reproduction would be. As a rule it is usually in cases where the beauty and value of the poem depend more on form and movement than the most alteration is advisable. A very literal rendering often best reproduces a poem whose chief beauty lies in the thought. Two short lyrics given below may serve as extreme examples of this view. In the first poem by Gleim a very free translation seemed best to preserve the condensed style and rapid movement of the original:

Rosen plücke, Rosen blühn,
Morgen ist nicht heut!
Keine Stunde lass entfliehn,
Flüchtig ist die Zeit!

Pluck the roses in their bloom,
Autumn is not Spring!
Snatch each hour as it flies,
Time is on the wing!

Trinke, küsse! Sieh es ist
Heut Gelegenheit!
Weisst du wo du morgen bist?
Flüchtig ist die Zeit!

This day's thine, but who can tell
What the next may bring?
Drain the cup of love and mirth
Time is on the wing!

Aufschub einer guten That
Hat schon oft gereut!
Hurtig leben ist mein Rath,
Flüchtig ist die Zeit!

Love deferred is love undone
'Tis a foolish thing!
Swiftly live thy span of life,
Time is on the wing!

In "Das Herz," by Hermann Neumann, on the other hand, as will be seen by a careful comparison of the two poems, an almost literal translation seemed best to produce the same effect:

Zwei Kammern hat das Herz.
Drin wohnen
Die Freude und der Schmerz.

Two chambers has the heart
Wherein do dwell
Sorrow and joy apart.

Wacht Freude in der einen.
So schlummert
Der schmerz still in der seinen.

When joy wakes in her nest
Sorrow is still
And lies in quiet rest.

O Freude, habe Acht
Sprich leise
Dass nicht der Schmerz erwacht.

Oh joy, beware! nor break
The calm—speak low
Lest sorrow should awake.

Edward Fitzgerald's translation of the Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam is perhaps one of the most perfect illustrations of the use of this license in the hands of one who was qualified, had he chosen, to give a most literal rendering of the great Persian poet's work. The probable tameness of such a rendering may be gathered from the few fragments left of the same poem by Emerson. Fitzgerald grasped the conception of the whole, and following after the spirit, did not allow himself to be shackled by too close an adherence to the letter. It is the same powerful comprehension of the spirit of Dante's work which gives its value to Cary's translation of the Divina Commedia, and makes it, in spite of some shortcomings, the most valuable translation we have of Dante. Cary allows the great poet to speak through him, and himself scarcely appears; perhaps it is the reverse of this which makes Longfellow's translation, notwithstanding so much that is beautiful and valuable, unsatisfactory to those who know Dante in the original. But a poet in his own right is somewhat handicapped in reproducing another poet's work, his own individuality will not always take a subordinate place.

It should be remembered, whatever the method employed, that the one aim of the translator must be faithfulness in its highest sense, that the beauty and grace must be reproduced as well as the thought which pervades them, and, as Dante Gabriel Rossetti reminded us, it is the first law of translation that a good poem shall not be made into a bad one.

LOIS SAUNDERS.

Dr. John Cleland and Dr. John Yule Mackay, Professors of Anatomy in the University of Glasgow and in University College, Dundee, respectively, have in press a textbook on "The Anatomy of the Human Body," for the use of students of medicine and science. The object of the authors has been to produce a work that should be accurate, comprehensive, up to date, and yet sufficiently brief for the use of students. The book, which will be published by Macmillan & Co., has been copiously illustrated, many of the figures being from original drawings, and a liberal use of photography has been made in the preparation of the engravings of the bones and joints.

Rondel.

Sweet-heart, rest thy golden head
Upon this breast that loves thee well,
Deeper thoughts than tongue can tell,
Gentler dreams than ere were fed,
Full on plains of Asphodel,
Sleep beneath thy bosom's swell.
Sweet-heart, rest thy golden head
Upon this breast that loves thee well.
When the rede of life is read,
And the watchers hear the knell
Of the slow sweet passing bell,
Once on this breast, though cold and dead,
Sweet-heart rest thy golden head.

COLIN A. SCOTT.

The Soldiers' Burial Ground,
Halifax, N.S.

The soldiers' burial ground! veiled round with years,
(No funeral train for decades ten or more
Hath marched with steady step these pathways o'er)
And consecrated with lorn widows' tears.
We muse, ye warriors! of the sobs, and fears
Expressed, which begged you in the motherland
To stay. Revered and duty-martyred band,
At sea, in early waking-hours, the years
Ye heard creak harshly, when the sails were raised;
Though military prowess high be praised,
Methinks ye deemed it a vain-glorious thing,
For one brief moment, as ye thought of home,
And here to-day a verse of song we bring;
Your valour still shall thrill us where we roam.

New York.

JOHN STUART THOMSON.

Music and the Drama.

THE concerts given under the direction of Theodore Thomas, by the Chicago Orchestra last week, were not, I regret to say, attended by very large audiences. Indeed, when the very reasonable prices are taken into consideration, the slim attendance almost completely blots out any reputation we may have made for being a musical people. The prices surely could not have kept lovers of good music and beautiful orchestral playing from going, because as I said before, they were most reasonable, in fact very little higher than the most ordinary of popular concerts. Moreover, the weather was not to blame, as the nights were perfect, and the walking and street car service all that could be desired. So what is the reason? The Orchestra plays superbly, the eminent conductor one of the greatest in the world, and the programmes were of great excellence. There is only one reason, think it out for yourselves. I was only able to attend the first concert, much to my disappointment and sorrow, but I was delighted with the splendid playing, the rich living music which welled up and surrounded one with its elevating, noble harmonies, and eloquent expression. Why is it good music saddens? It seems to come from a far distant land, which we may never see, and although of our own creation seems foreign to us. Whilst it fascinates and cheers, yet it is always imploring, beckoning, enticing. Minor music is suggestive of deep sadness and plaintive passionate melancholy. One felt this in an irresistible manner, whilst the throbbing music of Tschaikowsky's 6th symphony or symphonic suite was being played. This music is wonderfully intense. It plays with our emotions as a child plays with a loved toy, and although there are moments when gaiety or witchery seems rampant, and the melodies are more sprightly and less sincere, it is only temporary, before we again plunge into the tidal surf of elemental human passion. It is plaintive enough, and the title "Pathetic" does not lead astray. The chief theme of the second movement is exquisite, and the orchestral effects charming in variety and riotous imagination. What can be more effective than a mass of violins playing a melody in unison? The swaying tone weaves mellow, golden hues, as rich and variegated as the bloom on exotic flowers. Such an effect greeted one in the

theme spoken of above, and died out with the appealing tones of a solitary wood wind instrument. The last movement, *Adagio Lamentoso*, was mournfully lugubrious, almost funereal. And it did prove to be the funeral music of its inspired creator, for Tschaiakowsky's death came rapidly after its composition. The world lost a great master, and a noble man when this great artist died.

Other numbers were the lamented Bohemian master's (Smetana) symphonic poem, "Sarka;" Schumann's overture to his one opera, "Genoveva," a couple of extracts from Wagner's Tannhaeuser, Beethoven's Minuetto, and finale from his string quartette No. 9 for string orchestra, and a Fantasia for violoncello by Davidoff played by Bruno Steindel. All the other orchestral numbers were performed in a most beautiful and finished style, and hearty applause proclaimed the appreciation of the audience. The cellist was lustily cheered, and he deserved it, for he proved to be one of the very best performers heard here in many years.

The Toronto Vocal Club (Mr. McNally, conductor,) will give its annual concert in Association Hall, on the evening of the 25th of February. The numbers to be performed by the Club I have not learned, but understand that the chorus is better than any preceding year. The prices are to be twenty-five cents (reserved seats any part of the hall), and surely with such a programme as will be presented, an overflowing house will assuredly assemble. The assisting artists will be local, but chosen from among the best of our talent.

Sousa's Band will be along early next week and give two or three concerts in Massey Hall. It is not necessary to comment on the brilliant playing of this popular band, for Toronto people know full well from past pleasant experiences how fascinating and exciting the performances are.

I have received from the Publishing House of G. Schirmer (New York) a new work on Arpeggios by Henri Falcke, and have no hesitation in saying that it is the most complete and useful of any work with which I am acquainted. Of technical finger exercises, and octave schools we have abundance, but the systematized work on Arpeggios in the forms to be met with in modern piano music, and for the development of really brilliant Arpeggio playing, and the cultivation of great technical skill in this branch of piano music, for some reason or other did not appear. The splendid French artist, Falcke, has supplied this need, and superlatively well has he done it. All forms and combinations of Arpeggios with passing notes, harmonic suspensions, etc., are supplied, and in a manner at once so thorough and exhaustive, as to prepare the hand for almost any form of passage growing out of dissonant chords. I have pleasure in bringing this excellent work before the notice of Canadian musicians and students as in the highest degree useful, and when once used will be found indispensable. It may be ordered through any dealer.

Schirmer also sends me a new Dictionary of Musical Terms, by Dr. Theo. Baker. It contains, as stated on the title page, "upwards of 9,000 English, French, German, Italian, Latin and Greek words and phrases used in the art and science of music, carefully defined, and with the accent of the foreign words marked; preceded by the rules for the pronunciation of Italian, German and French." It furnishes a concise and accurate definition, or explanation of any technical word or phrase, which is likely to be met with by the student. The work is very complete and one of the best as it is the latest of the kind. Handsomely printed and bound, it should be in the library of every student not already possessing such a work.

Mr. J. Lewis Brown sends me a new song of his composition very beautifully got out by the enterprising house of Whaley, Royce & Co., entitled, "A Fount of Music." James Russell Lowell is the author of the words, which are very beautiful, and the music is scarcely less so. Accompaniment and melody are sympathetically connected, and intensify to a passionate degree the character and meaning of the poem. Published in two keys, F and D. W. O. FORSYTH.

A neat little volume entitled "Memoirs of an Artist" has been received from the press of Rand, McNally & Co.

The work is an autobiography by Charles Gounod, translated into English by Annette E. Crocker. An autobiography of a great man is always of interest, especially to those who admire the productions of his genius and wish to become more familiar with the personality of the individual. Gounod in this work traces the course of his education from early childhood, showing how his artistic tastes were gradually developed, how for some time there was doubt as to what particular career he was best fitted for, and how the decision at last fell upon music in spite of the strenuous, though loving opposition of his mother. The father had died when the son was still a child, so that he was dependent on his mother for support during the whole time of his education; and to her he pays a tribute of profound love and admiration. The pages dealing with his residence in Italy contain many observations on the peculiarities, from an artistic standpoint, of the various cities he visited, and some space is also devoted to comments on the great paintings and other works of art found there. After relating his first visit to Germany, where he met Mendelssohn and other noted musicians of the day, he gives an account of his life on returning to Paris. There he began the production of his operas and other great works, but unfortunately the narrative breaks off just after speaking of the first performance of Faust, leaving very much of the history of Gounod's life untold. The style in which the book is written reveals an honest and lovable character, while the writer's occasional comments on his own works indicate the possession of considerable power of dispassionate judgment on his part—not a common accompaniment of genius. The translation of the volume is for the most part very well done, and so far as type and paper are concerned the book leaves nothing to be desired.

F. H. Cowen's church cantata, "The Transfiguration," which attracted considerable attention on the occasion of its first production (at the Gloucester festival last autumn), appears, from a study of the vocal score which recently came to hand, to be much less simple and direct in style than one would have anticipated, judging the composer from his best known works. A restlessness of tonality, a straining after effect, and an evident desire to avoid the commonplace at all hazards—peculiarities not usually found in Cowen's works—are observable in this. How far the effects striven for are actually obtained one cannot tell from the vocal score. It is evident that the work should be heard with orchestra, and that an organ accompaniment, no matter how well played, would be altogether unsatisfactory. In spite, however, of the prevailing peculiarities just mentioned, the chorus "O Jesus, none but Thee" is smooth and simple in construction, and beautiful as well. An organ accompaniment for this number would be quite satisfactory, and being well adapted for use in church services, as an anthem, it is worthy of the attention of choir-masters. It may be obtained separately.

At St. Simon's Church last Sunday, a short programme of music was rendered after the evening service. Mr. J. W. F. Harrison played some organ solos, Master Michael Young sang a contralto solo from "Elijah" and a soprano solo from "St. Paul," and Mr. Oscar Wenborne, whose voice has a decidedly tenor-like quality, contributed a baritone solo from "St. Paul." The music was much enjoyed by the very large congregation present. C. E. SAUNDERS.

Art Notes.

I AM sorry that my notes on the pictures at the Toronto Club had either to be prophetic or (practically) retrospective, so that I was unable to make a running fire of comment which my readers might have compared with their own views on the exhibition. But a review of the most important collection of pictures that Toronto has ever contained may not be amiss. Beginning with the room on the left of the top of the stairs we note, first, that it is devoted to French pictures, if we except the works of Van Marcke and Monticelli; and there is no finer group of pictures in the Club. Taking them in their order we first confront a picture by Duprè, which, to my mind, is not impressive though pretty. The Corot, which follows, is a very fine example of the master, having qualities of imagination which entitle it to consideration as being more than a study or fragmentary transcript of nature; and it may be classed with

MARS.*

his major works by virtue of its somewhat elaborate composition, and unusual diagonal disposition of lines. On its right is a Daubigny of the second rank, more conspicuously true than beautiful, faithful than imaginative. The little Diaz which follows leaves nothing to be desired, and is an exquisite glimpse of sylvan Arcadia, rhythmically composed and sombrely harmonious in colour. In all humility I estimate the large Rousseau which follows a good deal lower than do the *cognoscenti* who shared with me the responsibility of hanging it. I am sufficiently familiar with the works of Rousseau to feel some confidence in hazarding the opinion that this is an unfinished work; and although his technical method was undoubtedly to establish his picture on a somewhat flimsy basis of charcoal drawing and colour thinly rubbed in with turpentine (or other useful medium) this method of procedure is very much more discernible in the present case than it is ordinarily. Unquestionably the trees are nobly grouped and drawn, and the whole inspiration—the *motif*—is very fine, but I think that in justice to Rousseau it may be contended that the arbitrary outline of the against the sky and the flat and lifeless blue of the sky itself are to be accounted for on the ground that they are incomplete. The "Forest Pool," by Diaz, has a good deal of the charm with which the painter invests his woodland scenes, but, unlike his figure picture, it is lacking in the quality of repose. The fine colour of the Monticelli I have already spoken of. The Troyon, while unpretending in size, is a little masterpiece in its way; and the cattle, roaming at large in a wild pasture, have an air of Nature which is absent from the portrait-like group of Van Marcke in the same room. The Maris is one of the pictures to the production of which the highest painterly gifts have conduced; and both it and the Mauve are unique as colour schemes in pearly grey. But the *piece de resistance* in this gallery—perhaps in the exhibition—is the big sky, receding into infinite space, which inspired the genius of Michel. But I must resist the inclination to dilate again on the merits of this priceless work.

Turning to the hall we meet the portrait of the Duke of Wellington, already referred to last week, which is a very able painting of a very great personality; and, inasmuch as that it gives a slightly different reading of the face from the average portrait, it is probably the more sincere and reliable.

There is no better piece of painting, in its way, than the Ribera in the hall. "Aaron and the Budding Rod" is the somewhat misleading title for what is a frankly realistic study of the picturesque head of an old man. If Ribera had been gifted with some of Watt's idealism—that high order of imagination which is fired by an exalted theme—he would have given us nobler types for his Aarons and St. Jeromes and would have painted more than the mere outward aspect of the snuffily picturesque old parties who "sat for the heads of 'is 'oly men." E. WYLY GRIER.

Three well known American artists, Walter McEwen, Frederick Macmonnies, and Carl Melchers, have lately had conferred on them the decoration of the Legion of Honor. This order is presented by the French government twice a year, on New Year's Day and on the 14th July (the anniversary of the storming of the Bastille), to those who have especially distinguished themselves in various ways in science, literature, art or commerce, as diplomats or on the field of battle, in fact for any conspicuous service to France.

Walter McEwen, of Chicago, was the pupil, abroad, of Cormon and Fleury, and after winning various honors was declared in 1889 "hors concours," and could win no more medals in Paris. His decoration in part of the Liberal Arts Building at the World's Fair, has made him famous, and he has lately sold a picture, "Une Famille Hollandaise," to the Belgian Government.

Carl Melchers, born in Detroit, studied under Boulanger and Lefebvre, and has devoted himself entirely to the study of Dutch peasant life. He also decorated part of the Manufacturers Building, and has been presented with medals wherever he has exhibited.

Frederick Macmonnies, the sculptor, was a pupil of St. Gandens Widman, in Munich, and Falguiere, in Paris, and in 1891 was also declared "hors concours" in Paris. The Columbian fountain, at the World's Fair, was his work, and it was thought at the time that he would have been decorated for it.

MARTIUS *quid caelebs agam?* asked old Horace. *Martius quid caelebs agat?* What is the Martian inhabitant doing? asks Mr. Percival Lowell. The answer is as peculiar as the question. He is digging canals. If the aqueductors in Toronto wish for a precedent, let them look to Mars for support. According to Mr. Lowell, canals in Mars can be and are dug every year, possibly twice a year, to which the Georgian Bay canal is a trifle. It may interest our readers to furnish the steps of the argument.

1. Mars has an atmosphere. This is proved by observation of the disappearance of polar snows on the planet. It is also proved by the fact that measurements of the equatorial diameter of Mars in a given period were affected by influences which did not affect the polar diameter. This atmosphere is supposed to be cloudless, and thereby the climate of Mars is made astonishingly mild. Thus the planet would be destitute of weather. There could be no storms, no palpable wind, little rain or hail. Further, this thin air is not incapable of supporting life and its constitution does not differ greatly from ours.

2. "After air, water. If Mars be capable of supporting life, there must be water upon his surface; for to all forms of life, water is as vital as air." Mr. Lowell concludes that there is water and plenty of it. The ice caps at the pole of Mars were observed to melt. As the ice field decreased the border of darkish colour around it diminished also conforming in size and shape to the decreasing cap. In the places where the ice cap and circumfluent polar sea were, there came one ochre stretch of desert. Therefore there is water on the surface of Mars. It is ephemeral. It exists while the ice-cap is melting, and then it vanishes.

What becomes of this water? Are there other bodies of water on the planet? To answer these questions requires a knowledge of areography, a word coined on the same basis as ge-o-graphy—it means a knowledge of the surface of Mars. "Martian Geography" is the simplest, though an incorrect, explanation. This areography has been studied since 1659, and no main feature on the planet's surface has been known to change since then. Mr. Powell takes us on a journey round Mars so that we are able to learn all his prominent features exactly as if we sailed round him in a balloon. The survey shows that there is, on the whole, a level surface. This surface is covered by patches of different tints. The white caps are snow. Amid this snow are ice peaks, and from these peaks flash across space to us on earth a glint of sunshine as the sun sets. These glimmering points are the "signals" we all heard so much a year or two ago. They were not signals to us in particular. They were Nature's own light shining across the abyss of space to our petty planet in common with others. But they are signals to us in another sense. They teach us of the existence of physical features in Mars similar to those on our earth. Then, besides this snow and ice are blue green areas supposed to be seas, with reddish ochre patches of desert. Mr. Powell is positive that the ochre represents desert. He doubts that the blue green areas are seas. He thinks they are oases where vegetation is growing, and that the changes in tint are the changes as the vegetation progresses. Lastly, the examination of the surface shows the canals of which we have all heard so much. Mr. Powell's book is illustrated by plans which shew these canals. They are not only single but double, and what is more parallel. They are also like the Czar's railway which followed the line of a ruler—the Czar himself is not meant by the last word;—they are perfectly straight and stretch for hundreds of miles. This fact brings us to point number 3.

We have atmosphere. We have water. Now we have a system of canals. The broad stripes are not supposed to be the canals themselves, but wide strips of vegetation caused by irrigation. The point insisted upon that this irrigation shows evidence of *design*. Hence, the sequence of argument. The planet is capable of being inhabited and the existence of these canals on a definite plan shows that it is inhabited. This is briefly the conclusion arrived at by Mr. Powell. That a grave and learned man, in a responsible position, should

* "Mars." By Percival Lowell. Fellow American Academy; Member Royal Asiatic Society, Great Britain and Ireland, etc. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. The Riverside Press, Cambridge. 1895.

put forth a work seriously advocating these conclusions is a remarkable fact. Once let the mind grasp the idea Mr. Powell thus argues for and where does it end? What room for imagination?

But there is a graver lesson for old mother earth conveyed by the information now acquired. As the moon is Mars will be, and the earth will follow. The mass of the moon is greatly less than either planet and it dried up soonest. Mars is smaller than the earth and it is drying up more quickly than the Earth. But the Earth also is slowly drying up. The account in Genesis of the creation is a dim recollection of the first stages of all matter, transmitted, nobody knows how, by primeval man to his descendants. The legend of the Deluge is simply a vague recollection of the drying up of the waters from the face of the earth. Geology teaches us that much more of the earth's surface was covered by seas and oceans than now. The process of drying up has gone on steadily from the beginning of the world to the date of these presents. How long more it will last is hard to say. This generation will not have to trouble about it except that the lowering of the levels of the Great Lakes may be considered to be permanent. But for our remote descendants there is not a pleasant prospect in view. The task of each year cleaning out canals thousands of miles long is evidently before them. The Toronto aqueductors will be furnished with a fresh argument just about as convincing as those they have already used for the necessity of their proposed work.

Mr. Powell's book is sumptuously illustrated. His style is simple and intelligible and the statements he makes can be followed by even the most uninitiated. It requires perhaps more imagination than exact knowledge to follow his conclusions, but we have endeavoured to present fairly an outline of his argument. The main conviction that has arisen in our mind from the perusal of his pages that all he says of Mars will one day be said of earth: [*Tella*] *nomine mutato narratur fabula de Te.*

Kerchiefs to Hunt Souls.*

THE writer resorts to an extravagance of title which is apt to call to mind the quaint books of devotion of the seventeenth century; and throughout its pages evidences of crudeness of thought and wildness of expression may be found, as in the opening and second chapters, where descriptive matter is overdrawn and conversation is dull, frivolous and weak. But notwithstanding this, Canada will be the better for having this book. Its place was waiting, and it is worthy of its place. Not always do we find so clear an illustration of the truth of the old, old scripture-phrase, "the wages of sin is death." From beginning to end of the novel the author's purpose is clear and her method successful. The story is simple, healthy, and perfectly true, and throughout its pages a wider experience and broader life is depicted than we usually find in novels of its class.

A Canadian girl, who has lived through the first flush of girlhood without knowing the passion love, starts out in a headstrong fashion for the Old Country. Her quest is the indefinite, vague longing of a soul not at rest, unsatisfied, half-resentful at her lot. Her education begins in the steamer, where she is thrown into the company of a family group, a brother and two sisters, travelling for education and venture. Here the Canadian type of character is pitted against that of the American and portrayed ably.

Arrived in Paris, the heroine finds the world harder than she anticipated in her well-appointed Canadian home. After vain search for employment she is led, through unfair measures, into the home of a woman of doubtful name. Here she spends a year of her life, the victim of inexperience and ignorance. When suddenly she becomes aware of the true state of affairs, she breaks the connection and plunges deeper into the quagmire in her effort to do right. Count de Falterand, one of the incidents of the tale, is her bane, but through him, and the suffering she endured by him, she emerges finer, nobler, and stronger in the end. It is the story of a character fighting through its environment of weakness to a higher plane. The tale is well told, elevating

and interesting. Sketches of Parisian artist life brighten the scenes, and the charm of Old Country habit and surroundings is felt throughout.

A New* * * * * Novelist.*

E. N. LEIGH FRY is a writer who is very easy to understand and follow, but who is never flat. Of course, in real life, much conversation must of necessity be extremely commonplace, but it is the artistic duty of one who tells a story to keep this out of the way; if he thrusts it forward continually, of malice prepense like Ibsen, or from lack of skill, so much the worse for those who read. The opposite fault, that of always trying your hand at "purple patches" and straining after humour and originality, is even more irritating. E. N. Leigh Fry makes her dialogue interesting because the small remarks as well as big ones are full of character, so that one gets a live conversation coming into one's ears, not the voice of the showman speaking through alternate dummies. This may seem a very ordinary good quality to notice, but we have often read novels with a very tolerable plot in them where one constantly had to consider who the speaker was. Here the characters are very distinctly and strongly drawn, the female perhaps more so than the male. Another point which strikes one very forcibly in reading these volumes is the refinement with which they are written. The atmosphere is essentially clean and good: there are no villains in the caste, and plenty of downright good people in various styles; and this does not make any the less true picture of life, especially when it is seen from the point of view of a young girl, as in "A Scots Thistle." Janet's husband certainly must have been a monster of all iniquity, but that is all outside the action of the piece.

In "A Scots Thistle," Miss Isobel Graham is a young lady who much resembles the ugly duckling. The story is written so much from her point of view that we do not realize until the second volume that she is beautiful; but she is perfectly open and unaffected, with a strong will of her own, and gets upon her dignity quite readily and aggressively enough to be called a Scots thistle. She is brought up in a Scotch village by two maiden aunts who educate her well, and when she comes out she is taken up by her father's people, and after a London season, in which she refuses all the eligible *parties*, comes back and marries the special correspondent who appears and is snubbed early in Vol. I. That this will happen is so obvious that we do not mind mentioning it, but there is much that is unexpected, and the surprises which occur—one in each volume—are excellently well concealed from the reader. Bell writes stories for her own amusement; it is in connection with them that she makes friends with Royston, and gets some very good advice from him as to the composition of them, advice which the authoress has taken herself in this book. The perspective is good: persons and things who are not important are kept duly in the background, and there is no padding. There is some clean, strong drawing of character shown more in what the people say themselves than what is said about them, and plenty of individuality even in the minor characters. The story is very clearly told and increases in interest; it contains much more commonsense than sentiment, no absolutely perfect beings, no vice, and, finally, not too much dialect for Southrons to read easily.

This is a very clever scene, where Bell, not at all in love, finds a sketch of herself among Royston's papers, Royston having very adequate reasons why he should *not* fall in love with her, but doing it.

He flushed when he saw what she held in her hand, and for once seemed almost to have lost his presence of mind as he answered—"It is for myself."

"Oh!" said Bell, "do you often employ your leisure moments turning out copy for yourself?"

"Let me have it back, Miss Graham," he said, "and I will tell you the exact truth. When I began it I did mean to publish it—it was unjustifiable, I know—but later I changed my mind."

"On consideration, it scarcely seemed sufficiently interesting for the general public, I suppose," said Bell, still in bitterest wrath.

"That was not it," he said.

"What then?" she said. "What recalled you to some shreds of gentlemanly feeling?"

He answered nothing.

"Or were you not recalled at all? You certainly do not seem to know the reason."

* "Kerchiefs to Hunt Souls." By Amelia Fytche. Boston: Arena Publishing Co.

* "A Scots Thistle." Bentley & Son.
"Janet Delille." Hurst & Blackett.

He turned and looked at her oddly : and even through her anger she noticed an almost helpless expression as of one suddenly swept away he knew not where.

"Yes," he said, "I know—now."
 "You seem unable to tell me, anyhow!" she lashed at him.
 "Yes," he repeated in a wooden way, "I am unable to tell you."
 (Vol. I, p. 207.)

There are some people who are born to be happy, some to make others happy without getting anything for themselves. "Janet Delille" is the story of one of the latter class, a noble and good woman who has passed through the terrible ordeal of living with an utterly wicked husband, and thereby gained strength to survive the bitterer pain of missing the love of the man who was evidently meant for her, but failed to see in her more than the friend of his childhood.

As in "A Scots Thistle," the female characters are the best and most clearly drawn—Katie, the little Bohemian whom Janet has adopted, who marries a Philistine country squire and gets her life nearly spoiled by his mother and sister, who are rather excessively commonplace, and whom she delights to shock; Mrs. Sutton, the commonsense aunt with a wild taste in bonnets; and Lady Haddesly, the patron of art, of which she knows nothing. The background of the story is painting, in which Janet takes a high place, and, while it reveals a large knowledge of the art of the day, is likely to be not understood of those who prefer Frith to Watts. "Janet Delille," though it is equally brilliant and incisive, touches a higher level than the first book. It does, indeed, tell of the pleasant waters of society with its humours and foibles, but it also goes further below the surface, with touches of genuine pathos devoid of sentimentality, to some of the most bitter struggles which can be the lot of man or woman.

"I like this picture—it's good—but I want to cry. What is it to be called?"

Janet looked up. "A Victor," she answered.
 "A Victor?" But why? He looks terribly knocked about for a victor."

"The victor may be more knocked about than the vanquished," Janet said; "he may have fought the hardest fight."

"And his face does not look triumphant," still objected Katie.
 "No," Janet said, slowly looking at the picture, "some victories leave no room for triumph—not even for thankfulness; but perhaps that comes later." (p. 288, Vol. II.)

E. N. Leigh Fry is without doubt a novelist of fine taste and decided power, and we look forward to the next story from her workshop with great pleasure.

Letters to the Editor.

THE CHIEF THING.

SIR.—I have just read through my WEEK, as I generally do, from cover to cover, and I say to myself, "Is that all?" Here is South Africa, Cuba, Germany, the United States, the Mother Country, Paris, Montreal, Toronto: the muddle at Ottawa, the Poet Laureateship, the Armenian Question, Geology, Natural History, and a great deal else of the highest interest to the intelligent reader. But what of the Country—what of Canada as Canada? Absolutely nothing, yet THE WEEK has voiced all the news of the day, foreign and domestic. So I say to myself further, What is missing? and to my mind the answer comes quickly: Canada is missing. What are we doing for our country? What is our aim in regard to her? For the last five years we have certainly had much to contend with the successive losses of our leaders, and national sorrow, like individual sorrow, will ever be somewhat of a set back. But I submit that the Manitoba school question, the exploitation of our foreign affairs, the war scare, and several other great questions that have received and ought to receive our best attention, are not the main business of Parliament. We have a great territory both in area and value, but what are we doing for it? Emigration, our main hope for two or three centuries to come, has apparently become a dead issue. We hear next to nothing about it except at wide intervals, and then in such terms as might characterize a village debating club. Cheap passages, and so on; as if getting here and getting anybody here, were the only thing to consider.

Sir, we have long had the honour and advantage of a High Commissioner to England, but I ask: What is the use of our taking a lofty stand if we have nothing to back it with? An old Canadian statesman, and a well-informed

onlooker of English men and methods, Sir Charles Tupper, is the best adviser Canada could have in what I take to be the burning question of our day. I merely submit my ideas to wiser heads, asking that they may be considered. But I beg to be allowed a few words more. The old idea of dropping an immigrant here and there will no longer do. We want men in communities, set within reach of one another, who will cultivate our fertile acres, for there the strength of our existence lies, because bread is, and ever will be, the staff of life to man and nation. Yet farming is not what it used to be, chiefly hand labour, and this country, while it will reward the industrious, is by no means an Eden. A man cannot bring his wife and children and support them on nothing while the warm house is building, the fuel being laid in, and the bread and meat grown. He must have help, and even guidance. Yet, I do not regard individual help as the best help. Immigrants should be placed so that, as in the old days, man can help man. The isolation and long distances of Canadian North-West settlement are its destruction. But, I need say no more, only instead of putting subordinate, if important, questions to the front, let our Dominion Government place the settlement of our country in the first place and keep it there.

S. A. CURZON.

RE GOLDWIN SMITH.

SIR,—As you have been challenged by two of your correspondents to point out what offence Professor Smith has been guilty of, I beg to direct your attention to the Criminal Code.

Title II.—Section 65.

Treason is (*inter alia*)

"instigating any foreigner with force to invade the United Kingdom or Canada or any other of the Dominions of Her Majesty.

The punishment is death.

Section 69.

"Every one is guilty of an indictable offence and liable to imprisonment for life who forms any of the intentions hereinafter mentioned and manifests any such intention by conspiring with any person to carry it into effect, or by any other overt act, or by publishing any printing or writing."

An intention to move or stir any foreigner or stranger with force to invade the United Kingdom, or Canada, or any other of Her Majesty's dominions or countries under the authority of Her Majesty.

You properly say that Professor Smith is an elderly gentleman and afflicted with a *cacoethes scribendi*. But how close he has sailed to the wind your subscribers can judge. That this literary weathercock is to be made a martyr of or beheaded or sent to a Bastille would not be worth the risk of offending good loyal subjects who are nervously anxious for freedom of speech. But that the law provides for these cases had better at once be demonstrated for the information of all concerned.

Some of your correspondents seem to think that there is no law to cover these points; so taking a deep interest in what you are doing, it occurred to me that you and they would like to hear what the Code—that modern complete legal arsenal—lays down.

BARRISTER.

MR. GOLDWIN SMITH.

SIR,—I think—with others—that in your issue of the 3rd instant you have placed a forced meaning upon Mr. Goldwin Smith's words; in plain English, you have not displayed your usual sense of justice. His words, as quoted by you, read: "Any attempt on the part of Great Britain to use the American continent as a base or highway of war against a nation with which the United States should be at peace, would be apt to call the Monroe sentiment into active play."

This was merely an opinion, not a suggestion. If he had added "on the part of American Jingoism," all would have agreed with him. But the American Jingoism and the sober-minded native Americans are widely different people. The latter often keep in the background and suffer the Jefferson Bricks and wire-pullers to speak for them; and outsiders are apt to believe that such make-believes represent the Americans as a mass, but this is not so.

I contend that there is a vast difference between (1) stating what you think a third party will do under certain circumstances; and (2) justifying his future possible misconduct. The first is what Mr. Goldwin Smith did—and surely he has a right to express his opinion; the second is the gloss you put upon his words—for which there is no real foundation.

I have in Part I. of "Criticisms of Some Magazine Articles"—see THE WEEK for July 5—stated that I agree with 99 out of every 100 Canadians in being opposed to Mr. Goldwin Smith's views, which incline to annexation; but I deprecate unfair attacks upon him; unfairness being so antagonistic to the general habitude of THE WEEK. We must also remember that Mr. Goldwin Smith is widely and deservedly esteemed. It is unfortunate that he should uphold such ill-founded opinions anent annexation, but indirectly they serve as a foil to show to all the world how utterly opposed are the Canadians to his views. In Canada it is not possible for a statesman—even if we had one so dishonest—to threaten war against a friendly neighbour as an electioneering trick, thereby ruining or half-ruining tens of thousands.

Proof that the native Americans are peaceable.

A letter of mine appeared in the Toronto Mail of Dec. 26, stating my experience in the States in 1870-1, proving that the Jefferson Bricks and blatant orators do not represent the Americans. In 1870 the possibility of war between the two countries was fifty-fold greater than now. The substance of the letter was as follows: That at no time during the last 57 years was there such a probability of war as there was in 1870. That, as a mass, the U. S. papers teemed with unfriendly effusions relative to the Alabama sore and the civil war. That the British journals, and through them the public, were thoroughly imposed upon and believed that there was a real danger of war. That I, like other Englishmen, believed such to be the case, and that when in March, 1870, I sailed from London to New York I fully expected to meet with overwhelming proof of the fact. That my avocation brought me into daily contact with the people in New York and the New England towns and cities, from April, 1870, till January, 1871. That I interviewed thousands, and commonly stated that I was English, and often conversed thereon; but that during the whole nine months I did not meet with more than three *native* Americans who expressed unfriendly sentiments towards England. I mean native Americans—not Irish or Irish Americans—occasionally the latter spoke differently. That I was greatly impressed by the friendliness, straightforwardness, and peaceableness of the *native* Americans, so different to what I had looked for. That being afraid that the imposed-upon British government might concede too much on the Alabama question, I wrote to the Foreign Office, informing them of the real facts, which communication Lord Granville courteously acknowledged.

As at that time, when the Jefferson Bricks had far more power than now, the States did not go to war about a plausible grievance of their own; it is simply ridiculous to suppose that they will go to war for an *unplausible* grievance of a third party. Practically, war is an impossibility.

I also explained the successful uprising of the native Americans of New York in July, 1871, against the dictation of the Irish Catholics; although the latter then ruled the city. Several were fatally shot by the soldiers. The Archbishop behaved very well in the matter, strongly urging his flock to abstain from violence.

Such facts prove that Jonathan—when roused from his apathy—is master in his own house, and not the Jefferson Bricks.

FAIRPLAY RADICAL.

Toronto, Jan. 4, 1896.

CANADIAN VS. AMERICAN.

SIR,—Mr. Frank E. Johnson asks in your issue of Jan. 3rd, "Why do Canadians persist in calling residents of the United States 'Americans'? Are you not as much Americans as we?" There are many reasons why.

In the first place residents of the United States call themselves Americans. We have a distinctive name. The mongrel blends of Spanish and Indian bloods in South America are also Americans. Various people have long been

seeking a distinctive name for the people of the United States and have not found it. Our country is Canada and we are Canadians. We are proud of both names.

In the second place, we object to being called American on account of the disagreeable associations of the word. It was an "American" army which invaded us in 1812. It was from the protection of an "American government" that the Fenians invaded us in '66. It was an "American" senator that cheated us out of a large part of our territory, the north of Maine, and an "American" senate which he forced to agree to that spoliation. "American" cruisers seized illegally our sealing schooners in Behring Sea. "American" statesmen even now, against the decision of their own tribunal, object to paying us our dues. At this hour "American" senators, editors, and generals are discussing, without a hint of regret for the fate of our people, whose crime would be loyalty to their mother land, the invasion of Canada. Hatred of England is called "Americanism." Does Mr. Johnson still wonder that we prefer a name we love to one which connotes all this.

Another reason is a social one. In Canada we rarely see the best class of Americans. We see chiefly those whom New Englanders and New Yorkers call "Westerners" with an indescribable accent of amusement and contempt. "Westerners" generally are people who eat with their knives, talk through their noses, and have pie for breakfast. In Canada the adjective "American," applied to the conduct or appearance of any man or woman, means rampantly vulgar. We sincerely hope on all these grounds that we do not deserve to be called "Americans."

REM ACU.

MR. BURNHAM'S ARTICLE.

SIR,—Those of your readers who take an interest in the labour problem, must be delighted with Mr. Burnham's article and those whose opportunities for reading are not as great as his ought to thank him particularly. The latter part of his paper is of special value, as it mentions all the subjects which are the primary points in debate. With your kind permission, I wish to refer to two of them. "Professor Rogers says: 'Given a free market competition tends to raise wages.'" This is surely not true. Wages ever and always depends upon the fecundity of labour from land, and the fecundity can only be increased by our gain in intelligence, and what is of much more importance, the increase and gain in strength of the moral motions by which savings are made and then used as capital to further production. These are the causes of any and every increase in wages, and I do not see that competition has anything to do with it. I may mention, he only quoted the Professor, and gave but some restrictions to it, he did not sustain it all through. But the point of greatest importance is that made by Professor Schaffle: to put it shortly, "Ought labour to receive all it produces?" "Nothing appears simpler than to make enjoyment of income proportional to labour and to apportion to each full value for his labour or return for his labour as his private income." But the Professor asks, "Is the social cost in labour the standard value of commodities," and then he goes on to show that decrease of supply coupled with a constant demand brings a use-value into play which would render impracticable any such correct payment to labour. Now all this is very true, but I object to this super-analysis as quite unnecessary. In the first place we all recognize that labour *should* be fully rewarded for its expenditure; the law of growth and development imperatively demand it. In the second place we also know supply of and demand for commodities is more ruled by our intense commercial system than anything else. Mill has shown this over and over again, and that system plays such tricks with us as "make the angels weep." So other corrections being made, and that in particular supply and demand might be made more regular than the tides of the sea. Socialism is far too much of a jump for me. Principal Grant said the other day "that the social organism advances slowly," and this in all its three main particulars. In its health, its intelligence, and in its morals; and as our industrial system is mainly regulated by our moral status, this last can only increase in the good old way, "here a little and there a little," doing all we possibly can in the meantime to dethrone class privileges so that the mass of us may enjoy more equal opportunities.

Pinkerton, January 6th, 1896.

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Literary Notes.

President Monroe's famous message of 1823, containing the statement of the "Monroe Doctrine," has been published in full among the Old South Leaflets, being No. 56 of this invaluable series of historical documents. The directors of the Old South work, in placing this leaflet in the hands of the people at the merely nominal cost of five cents a copy, have rendered a public service. The leaflet, like all the Old South Leaflets, contains careful historical notes and references to the best literature of the subject; and it will be much consulted in the next few weeks by editors and students of history, and also, it is to be hoped, by great masses of the people.

The Directors of the Old South work of Boston have done what will meet the convenience of many libraries, teachers, and students of history in arranging to furnish their valuable series of Old South Leaflets in bound volumes, each volume containing 25 leaflets. There are now 64 leaflets in the series, which contains so many of the most important documents illustrating our American history, all accompanied by careful historical and bibliographical notes, and sold for five cents each. Two bound volumes have just been prepared, the first containing Leaflets 1-25, the second, 25-50; and when No. 75 is reached in the rapidly growing series, we shall have a third volume. The price of the bound volumes is \$1.50. Title-pages for the different volumes, with table of contents, are furnished without charge to any persons having the whole series of the leaflets and wishing to bind them for themselves.

Mr. Walker Whiteside, who is playing his first engagement in Toronto at the Grand this week, has created quite a favourable impression among local theatre-goers. As yet a very young man in his art, he has shown many indications which make for future distinction. This evening, and at to-morrow's matinee, he will be seen in the title role of "Hamlet," an impersonation which, during his recent engagement at the Herald Square Theatre, New York, was accorded a very flattering reception by the metropolitan press. His stay here will be fittingly terminated to-morrow (Saturday) evening by his appearance as "Richard III." Next week Mr. Thomas Q. Seabrooke, whose efforts in connection with comic opera are well-known, will hold the boards for the first three nights.

Personal.

As a result of his quarrel with the German Emperor, Prince Frederick Leopold, of Prussia, has resigned his position in the army and taken his wife away to Southern Europe.

It is stated that Mayor Tuckett, of Hamilton, will present the Young Women's Christian Association with a \$10,000 building, and it is also rumoured that he will present a music hall to the city.

The many friends of the Rev. Dr. Hunter, pastor of the Dominion Square Methodist Church, Montreal, will learn with regret that he has been compelled through ill health to resign his pastorate.

Dr. E. D. Ferris, of Fairville, New Brunswick, has been appointed assistant surgeon in the Norwegian hospital, Brooklyn. His appointment was by the board of managers on the recommendation of Chief Surgeon Delatour.

Captain Urquhart, A.D.C., to His Excellency, starts for England this week, accompanied by His Excellency's two sons, Lord Haddo and Hon. Dudley Gordon, who are going back to school after their Christmas holidays.

Captain Andrew Maxwell Irving, the gallant soldier, the popular business man, the pleasant writer has, after a very brief illness, been called away. Few men were better liked in Toronto, none have ever been more genuinely mourned. He was a true friend and an ardent and conscientious worker in all he undertook. THE WEEK extends its heartfelt sympathy to his relatives.

The annual meeting of the Parliamentary Press Gallery was held last Saturday afternoon, when the following officers were elected:—President, Wm. Mackenzie, Montreal Herald; Vice-President, John A. Phillips, Montreal Gazette; Secretary, George Simpson, Toronto Globe; Executive Committee, Messrs. J. E. Atkinson, Toronto Globe; Horace Wallis, Toronto Mail and Empire; A. J. Magurn, Toronto Globe, and A. Olivier, La Minerve, Montreal.

Mr. Charles Wesley Weldon, ex-M.P. for St. John County, died at three o'clock last Saturday afternoon, aged sixty-six. He was a staunch Liberal in politics, and took a strong stand against New Brunswick entering the Canadian confederation. He was a prominent member of the Church of England, and was for many years a warden of Trinity Church. He was one of the best authorities on ecclesiastical law in the Maritime Provinces. As a lawyer he held a foremost place at the Provincial bar, and his practice was a most lucrative one. He was born at Richibucto, N.B., and was the eldest son of the late John W. Weldon, one of the judges of the Supreme Court of New Brunswick.

* * *

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Literary Notes.

A second series of Mr. Charles G. Leland's
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 course of preparation.

The first volume in the new series of
 "Foreign Statesmen," published by Macmil-
 lan & Co., will be Richelieu, by Prof. Lodge,
 of Glasgow.

Messrs. Macmillan & Co. announce the
 publication of "The King's Peace," by Mr.
 Inderwick, Q. C. This is the second volume
 of the Social England series.

"The Fly Leaf" is the latest of the
 "Chap Book" style of periodicals, and comes
 from Poston. It is conducted by Mr. W.
 Blackburn Harte, late of the Toronto Mail.

It is rumored that M. Zola's chances of
 election to the *fanteuil* of the late Alexander
 Dumas are excellent, because there is no
 other writer of the first class available for the
 honour.

"The Man Who Became a Savage" is the
 title of a novel by the well-known traveller
 and writer, Mr. W. T. Harnaday, to be issued
 this month by the Peter Paul Book Co., of
 Buffalo.

Professor Sayce's book on "The Egypt
 of the Hebrews and Herodotus," has just been
 published by Macmillan & Co. The travels
 of Herodotus in Egypt are followed for the
 first time in the light of recent discoveries.

Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. announce
 that the third large edition of Browning's
 Complete Works in a single volume will be
 ready on January 20th. The great demand
 for this remarkable work exhausted two
 editions very quickly.

Mr. Gladstone is preparing a series of
 papers for The North American Review. The
 papers will deal with "The Future State and
 the Condition of Man in It" Mr. Gladstone
 no doubt believes he has had a special revela-
 tion for his own special benefit.

The New York Critic was born on 15
 Jan., 1881. Its fifteenth birthday is celebrated
 this week (Jan. 18), by the publication of an
 anniversary number, containing a bird's-eye
 review of the literary movement as it has
 manifested itself in America during the past
 fifteen years, and other interesting features.

A new biography of George Washington, by
 Professor Woodrow Wilson, of Princeton,
 will be a feature of Harper's Magazine during
 1896. The first paper, which appears in the
 January number, treats of the conditions of
 the colonies, with special reference to Virginia
 at the time of Washington's birth. The paper
 is fully illustrated with the earliest known
 portrait of Washington, five drawings by
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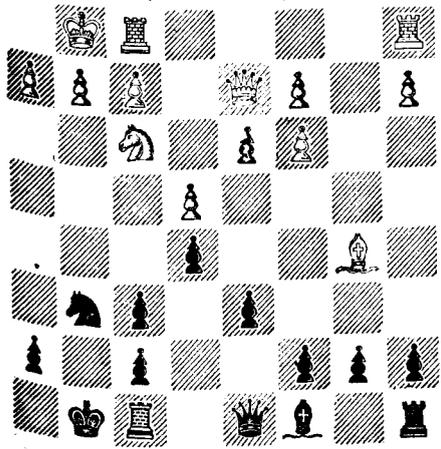
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8 (h) r (z) 88 (H) R (Z)
(7) g (q) y (77) G (Q) Y
6 (f) p (x) 66 (F) P (X)
(5) e (o) w (55) E (O) W
4 (d) n (v) 44 (D) N (V)
(3) c (m) u (33) C (M) U
2 (b) k (t) 22 (B) K (T)
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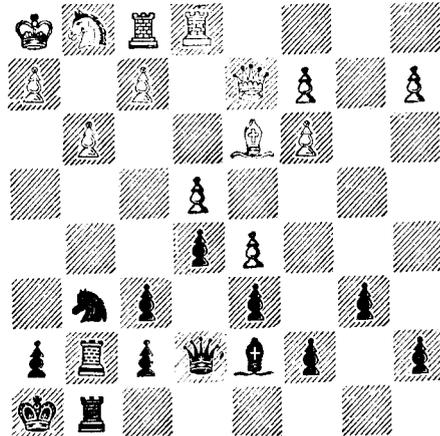
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1 P K4 P K4 2244 7755
2 K Kt B3 KKt B3 JC RF
3 Petroff is preferable.
3 Kt f3 Kt B3 am hp
4 B Kt5 B Kt5 Ae Hd
5 Castle Castle 11J 88R
6 P Q3 P Q3 tu vx
7 B Kt5? B xKt jO dm
8 P xK Kt K2 bm p77
8... interesting and energetic.
9 B xKt P xB OF QF
10 Q Q2 Kt Kt3 st 77P
10... P KB4 11 Q R6, P KB3, 12 B B4 ch, P Q4, 13 P xP, Kt xP!!
(1KR4R, PPP1QPIP, 2N1PP2, 3P4.



3p2B1, lnp1p3, plp2ppp, lkr1qblr)
11 Q R6!!! more promising.
11 KR1? KR1 JS RZ
12 P Q4 R Kkt1! uv HR
13 B Q3 Q K2 eu z77
14 QR Kt1? P Kt3 la gf

15 Kt Kt1 B K3 CJ r66
16 P Q5? B Q2 vw 66y
17 P Kt3 Rkt2 KM RQ
18 QR K1 QR Kkt1 a11 SR
(KNRR4, P1P1QPIP, 1P2BP2, 3P4.



19 P B3: P KR4! BC YW
20 R B2 Kt B1! AB PH
21 P KB4! P xP CD 55D
22 Q xP Kt R2 tD HY
23 Kt f3 B Kt5 JC yN
24 Kt Q4 P R5 Cv WV
25 R K3 Q K4!! 1133 7755
21 Q xQ, BP xQ, 27 R xQ, B 1b6 ch, 28 Kt xB!!
26... B B6 ch wins queen
(K7, P1R2P1P, 3RBP2, P1QP3, 3qP3, 2plp1p1, npp2plp, kr3b2) black winning.

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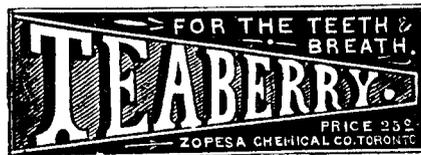
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Dorchester, Mass., U. S. A.

The Oldest and Largest Manufacturers of

PURE, HIGH GRADE Cocoas and Chocolates



on this Continent. No Chemicals are used in their manufactures. Their Breakfast Cocoa is absolutely pure, delicious, nutritious, and costs less than one cent a cup. Their Premium No. 1 Chocolate is the best plain chocolate in the market for family use. Their German Sweet Chocolate is good to eat and good to drink. It is palatable, nutritious and healthful; a great favorite with children. Consumers should ask for and be sure that they get the genuine Walter Baker & Co.'s goods, made at Dorchester, Mass., U. S. A. CANADIAN HOUSE, 6 Hospital St., Montreal.

The **HARRY WEBB CO.** Ltd.
 By Special Appointment
 Caterers to
**HIS EXCELLENCY,
 THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL.**
 Christmas Cakes shipped to all parts of the Dominion.
 Catalogues and Estimates on application.
 66, 68, & 447 Yonge St., Toronto.

SUN Founded A.D. 1710.
FIRE
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 THREADNEEDLE ST., LONDON, ENG.

Transacts Fire business only, and is the oldest purely fire office in the world. Surplus over capital and all liabilities exceeds \$7,000,000.

CANADIAN BRANCH,
 15 Wellington Street East,
 TORONTO, ONT.

H. M. BLACKBURN, - Manager.

Residence Telephone, 3376.

HIGINBOTHAM & LYON, - AGENTS.

Telephone, 488.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

Instantly stops the most excruciating pains, allays inflammation and cures congestions, whether of the Lungs, Stomach, Bowels, or other glands or mucous membranes.

Radway's Ready Relief

CURES AND PREVENTS

Colds, Coughs, Sore Throat, Influenza, Bronchitis, Pneumonia, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Headache, Toothache, Asthma, Difficult Breathing.

CURES THE WORST PAINS in from one to twenty minutes. Not one hour after reading this advertisement need any one SUFFER WITH PAIN.

Aches and Pains

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

TAKEN INWARDLY - A half to a teaspoonful in half a tumbler of water for stomach troubles. Colic. Wind in the bowels, Colds, Chills, Fever and Ague, Diarrhea, Sick Headache, and all internal pains.

Price 25c. per bottle. Sold by all druggists.

RADWAY & CO.,

No. 7 St. Helen St.,
 Montreal, Canada.



Parisian Steam Laundry

67 Adelaide St. West

PHONE 1127.

Good work and prompt delivery.

Mending done free.

E. M. MOFFATT, Manager

Established 1873.

J. YOUNG,

(ALEX. MILLARD),

The Leading Undertaker

Telephone 679. 359 YONGE ST.

Publications Received.

I. C. Swaith. Mistress Dorothy Marvin (Colonial Library). New York: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: Copp, Clark Co

Francis Francis. Wild Rose. (Colonial Library). New York: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: Copp, Clark Co.

George Gissing. The Unclassed. London: Geo. Bell & Sons. Toronto: Copp, Clark Co.

William Sharp. The Gipsy Christ. Chicago: Stone & Kimball.

Hamlin Garland. Rose of Dutcher's Coolly. Chicago: Stone & Kimball.

Percival Lowell. Mars. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Arthur Patchett Martin. The Withered Jester. London: J. M. Dent & Co.

W. M. Payne. Little Leaders. Chicago: Way & Williams.

Orison Swett Marden. Architects of Fate. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

* * *

Ill Nigh Unto Death.

THE EXPERIENCE OF A LADY WELL KNOWN IN COATICOOK.

Stricken With LaGrippe, Followed by Pneumonia, She Languished for More Than a Year - Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Saved Her When Other Medicines Failed.

From L'Etoile de l'Est, Coaticook, Que.

The town of Averill, Vt., is situated about eight miles from Coaticook, Que., and is the home of Mrs. Ada Hartwell, who has many relatives and numerous friends in the latter place. Mrs. Hartwell has passed through an experience which L'Etoile de l'Est thinks worthy of giving the widest publicity as many others may derive much benefit therefrom. Mrs. Hartwell has ever been considered a woman enjoying a healthy constitution until about two years ago, when she saw, like hundreds of others in this vicinity, stricken with influenza or as it is more generally termed la grippe, a disease which carried off many people in this town and vicinity, and in the case of numerous others left behind wrecked constitutions. As often happens, pneumonia followed the first symptoms of la grippe and Mrs. Hartwell was sick, nigh unto death.



ABLE TO RIDE WITHOUT FATIGUE.

The best of medical aid was summoned, and Mrs. Hartwell was saved from what seemed to her friends imminent death, but when convalescence came, she remained deprived of her appetite, extremely weak, and in constant danger of a relapse, and all her physicians could do could not bring about her former condition of health. Numerous medicines were tried but to no avail; she was weak, dispirited and despaired of again enjoying her former vigour and health. For a whole year after her attack of pneumonia she continued

unfortunate

Cod-liver oil suggests consumption, which is almost unfortunate.

Its best use is before you fear consumption; when you begin to get thin, weak, run down; then is the prudent time to begin to take care, and the best way to take care is to supply the system with needed fat and strength. **Scott's Emulsion** of cod-liver oil, with hypophosphites, will bring back plumpness to those who have lost it, and make strength where raw cod-liver oil would be a burden.

A substitute only imitates the original.
 Scott & BOWNE, Belleville, Ont. 50c. and \$1.00

LIGHTHALL & MACDONALD

Barristers,

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\$3,000,000 to invest on proper Securities.

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180 St. James St., Montreal.

TELEPHONE No. 2382.

W. D. Lighthall, M.A., B.C.L. De Lery Macdonald, LL.B

DIAMONDS are valuable, but they are not "in it" with **Dr. Key's Kidney Pills** where you are troubled with ill-health. One box will convince you of their worth.

For sale by JOHN McKAY, 395 Yonge St., Cor Gerrard St.

BREAKFAST - SUPPER.

EPPS'S

GRATEFUL-COMFORTING.

COCOA

BOILING WATER OR MILK.

to languish in this state. At last one day her husband purchased a few boxes of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. He had read of the many cures wrought by this wonderful medicine, but procured them, he says, for his wife in order to be able to say "We have tried all," rather than from strong faith in them. To please her husband Mrs. Hartwell willingly consent to take the Pink Pills, and great was her surprise and that of her husband, when, after taking three boxes, she was able to take a short ride without feeling any fatigue. She wisely resolved to continue the treatment, and before long found that she had regained her old-time strength, and she declared that she owes her recovery entirely to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Last winter Mrs. Hartwell felt a slight recurrence of her former weakness and again resorted to Pink Pills, since which time she has not had a day's illness.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have a more potent influence on the blood and nerves than any other known medicine, and speedily restore the bloom of health to pallid cheeks. Pink Pills cure when all other medicines fail. Sold by all dealers or sent by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N.Y. Refuse all substitutes alleged to be "just as good."

The Week's Toronto Business Directory.

- Accountants** { Clarkson & Cross, Ontario Bank Chambers, Scott Street, Toronto.
D. Blackley, 80 Bay Street, Toronto, and 17 King Street West, Hamilton.
Henry Barber & Co., Accountants and Assignees, 18 Wellington Street East.
- Architects** { W. A. Langton, Rooms 87-88 Canada Life Building, 46 King Street West.
Curry, Baker & Co., 70 Victoria Street.
Darling, Sproat, & Pearson, The Mail Building.
Beaumont Jarvis, Traders Bank Building, 63 Yonge Street.
J. A. Siddall. Room 42 The Janes Building, 75 Yonge Street
- Booksellers and Publishers** { Copp, Clark Company Limited, 9 Front Street West and 67 Colborne Street.
Selby & Co. Kindergarten and School supplies. 23 Richmond Street West.
The Fleming H. Revell Company, Limited, 140-142 Yonge Street.
Rowell & Hutchison, 74 King Street East.
- Bookbinders and Printers** { The Brown Brothers, Limited, Bookbinders and Stationers, 64-68 King Street East.
Hunter Rose Printing Company Limited.
- Boots and Shoes** { H. & C. Blachford. "Best general selection Boots and Shoes in City." 83-89 King St. E.
The J. D. King Co., Ltd. 122 and 124 Wellington St. W. Forteau, and Levis, Quebec.
- Brewers** { Dominion Brewery Company Limited, 496 King Street East.
- Chemists** { Hooper & Co., 43 King Street West and 444 Spadina Ave. Principals supervise dispensing.
J. R. Lee, Dispensing Chemist, Corner Queen and Seaton Streets, and 407 King Street East.
W. Murchison, Dispensing Chemist, 1415 Queen Street West.
Slocum's EMULSION is for sale by all reliable Chemists.
- Clothing** { Oak Hall. Fine Ready-to-wear Clothing. 115 to 121 King Street East.
"Flags Of All Nations." Cheapest Clothing Store on Earth. Corner King and Market Sts.
- Coal and Wood** { Elias Rogers & Co. Head Office, 20 King Street West.
Standard Fuel Co. Ltd. Wholesale and Retail. Head Office, 58 King East.
- Dry Goods** { John Catto & Son, King Street, opposite the Post Office.
R. Simpson, Nos. 170, 72, 74, 76, 78 Yonge Street and 103 Queen Street.
- Furniture** { The Chas. Rogers & Sons Co., Ltd. Manufacturers and Retailers. 97 Yonge Street.
The Campbell Furniture Co. Jolliffe's old stand, 585 to 591 Queen West. All lines complete.
- Financial** { Canada Permanent Loan & Savings Company, Toronto Street. J. Herbert Mason, President.
The Toronto General Trusts Co. See advt. 2nd page of THE WEEK.
The Home Savings and Loan Company, Limited, 78 Church Street.
London & Canadian Loan & Agency Company, Ltd. J. F. Kirk, Manager. 99 and 103 Bay St.
J. C. McGee, 5 Toronto St. Debentures bought and sold. Loans on mortgages at current rates.
- Grocers** { Caldwell & Hodgins, Corner John and Queen Streets.
- Hardware** { Rice Lewis & Son, Limited, 30-34 King Street East.
- Hotels** { The Queen's. McGaw & Winnett, Proprietors. 78-92 Front Street West.
The Arlington, Cor. King and John Streets. \$2 to \$3 per day. W. G. Havill, Manager.
- Insurance** { For Good Agency Appointments apply to Equitable Life, Toronto.
- Laundries** { Toronto Steam. G. P. Sharpe, 106 York St. Open front & collar-attached shirts done by hand.
- Money to Loan** { H. H. Williams, 24 King East. Private funds on productive Toronto property at 5 per cent.
- Music Publishers** { Anglo-Canadian Music Publisher Association, Limited (Ashdown's), 122-124 Yonge Street.
Whaley, Royce & Co., Music Publishers, etc., 158 Yonge Street.
- Patents** { Ridout & Maybee. Mechanical and Electrical Experts. Pamphlets on Patents sent-free.
- Piano Manufacturers** { The Gerhard Heintzman. Warerooms 69 to 75 Sherbourne Street, and 188 Yonge Street.
A. & S. Nordheimer Pianos, Organs and Music. 15 King Street East.
Standard Piano Co. Warerooms, 158 Yonge Street.
Gourlay, Winter & Leeming, 188 Yonge Street. Pianos and Organs hired and sold.
Octavius Newcombe & Co. Wareroom, 107-9 Church St. Factory, 121 to 129 Bellwoods Ave.
- Real Estate** { Parker & Co. Properties to suit all classes. Private funds to loan.
Pearson Bros. Trustees, Investors, Valuators, Arbitrators, etc. 17 Adelaide Street East.
- Stocks & Bonds** { Æmilius Jarvis & Co., 23 King Street West.
H. O'Hara & Co. Member Toronto Stock Exchange. Stock & Debenture Brokers, 24 Toronto St.
- Teas** { Hereward Spencer & Co., Retail India and Ceylon Tea Merchants, 63½ King Street West.
- Type Writing** { George Bengough, 45 Adelaide Street East.
- Undertakers** { T. W. Kay & A. M. Craig. Embalming a specialty. 1265 and 529 Queen Street West.

THE WEEK

Obtain an Annuity
in the
NORTH AMERICAN LIFE
ASSURANCE COMPANY

Head Office, 22-28 King Street West, Toronto

And thus secure

An Annual Income

According to your Age, of from 6
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The North American Life has a larger ratio
Assets to Liabilities than any other Canadian
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For full particulars as to Annuities and other excellent
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WM. McCABE, Managing Director.

BRASS AND IRON

**BEDSTEADS,
GRATES,
TILES,
MANTELS**

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HANDIRONS.

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Cor. King and Victoria Sts.,
TORONTO.

JOHN MACDONALD & CO.

TO THE TRADE.

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Energy.

The amount of energy we
have put forth in procur-
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and best value has been
great. We have succeed-
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proof see our

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Silks.

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Would you like to have
some idea of the extent of
our stocks and the amount
of business we transact?
Have a walk through our
ware-houses. It will do
you good. Ask to see our

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AND

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Stylish Shoulder Capes



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FURS. FURS. FURS.

We are clearing out our
immense stock at much
reduced prices. Special
lines in Greenland Seal
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Furs repaired or altered
into the Latest Fashion.

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