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It is reassuring to find, from the fuller report of Sir Charles Tupper's speech before the Associated Chambers of Commerce, that the Canadian High Commissioner did not indulge in the mysterious threats against the United States with which he was credited by the cable correspondent. As Sir Charles did distinctly advocate a tariff for Great Britain discriminating against other nations in favour of the Colonies, it is not difficult to perceive whence the misconception may have arisen. Should Sir Charles' counsels be followed, a blow, more or less "vital," would be indeed struck at the commerce of the United States, but it would be struck by the Mother Country, not by Canada. On the inherent improbability that Great Britain will at any early day adopt a policy so contrary to the economic principles on which she has for so many years based her fiscal policy with unexampled success, we need not dwell. But we are under obligation to Sir Charles for giving us the first direct answer which we have seen to the pointed question put by Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, President of the British Board of Trade, in the House of Commons, at the beginning of the session. As our readers will remember, we have ourselves on several occasions put the same question to the advocates of an Imperial trade-union in this country. The Board of Trade President put it thus: "Supposing a duty is imposed upon those articles (corn, etc.) coming here from foreign countries, what would be the natural effect? The price would be raised by something more than the duty. If the price were not raised, what good would it be to the colonies?" The High Commissioner did not shirk the point. His answer involves two things. In the first place, he does not believe that a duty of five shillings a quarter on corn would necessarily raise the price of bread. "The price is regulated at Mark Lane, and depends not upon the cost of getting it to the market, but upon demand and supply. The seller has to pay the cost of freight and insurance, and would have to pay the duty in the same way if it came from a foreign country, and he would have to compete with the corn from India, Australasia and Canada. When the American had paid this small duty, this would still be the best market

he could find." British economists will be ready enough to admit that the price of corn or of any other commodity depends upon demand and supply, but they will probably have to leave it to Sir Charles Tupper to explain how that statement is to be reconciled with its companion one, that Mark Lane, which has no control of the supply, can still regulate the price, or with the strange assumption that the cost of getting the grain to the market does not affect the supply and so become an important factor in determining the price. The idea that the colonies which furnish but a fractional part of Britain's food could keep the price down by competition with the chief sources of supply, will we fear strike the hard-headed British consumer as little less than absurd. Grant that the amount produced in the colonies and India would rapidly increase under stimulus, what is going to reconcile the English artisan to dear bread while the process of development is going on? Sir Charles' reply to the second half of the question has, it must be admitted, more plausibility, at least at first thought. The colonies, or to be more specific, Canada is to be benefited, not by finding a better market and a higher price for her grain, but by the effect which the discrimination against the United States will have in diverting the currents of immigration, which have hitherto flowed into the Western States, to her fertile and illimitable prairies. There might be something in this were it not that in order to gain the advantage of the slight discrimination in the British market, the immigrant farmer would be obliged to lose the sixty million home-market for the many other products which he could not send across the ocean. However, we agree with Sir Charles that practical demonstrations are best, and we may as well leave this part of the question to the test of experience—when we get the discriminatory tariff.

"IRREGULAR, not illegal," was in effect Premier Mowat's defence against the charge of illegal expenditure in connection with the building and equipment of Upper Canada College, brought against the Government last week. There was no serious dispute about the facts. These, briefly put, are that whereas according to the statute which embodied the result of the compromise agreement reached in 1887, between the friends and enemies of the College in the Legislature, the Government was authorized to expend \$120,000 for building purposes and \$35,000 for site, in establishing the College in its new quarters, there has actually been expended under the direction of the Minister of Education and the Trustees of the College no less than an aggregate of \$319,450 on site, building and equipment. An over-expenditure of more than \$160,000 is surely a pretty serious "irregularity." The money of the College and University, like all other public funds which are in the hands of the Government and under its control, is a trust fund. We are unable to see that it makes the slightest difference in the principle of the thing whether the University of Toronto or some other department of the public service, is to be the loser. Nor can we see that it matters in the least that a part of the amount of the unauthorized expenditure was derived, as Mr. Ross claimed, from the proceeds of good management of the College endowment by the managers of that institution. So long as the College is the property of the Province the income is, equally with the principal, a part of that property. Neither the one nor the other can be disposed of save under the direction of the Government, with the consent and authority of the people's representatives. Mr. Mowat's distinct affirmation that the over-expenditure was not illegal, deservedly carried great weight with the Assembly. But it might have been worth his while to have given some reasons for his opinion, or at least to have made a little clearer the distinction he makes between irregularity and illegality. He might also have intimated whether he thinks such irregularities desirable, and whether they are likely to be of frequent occurrence in the future. The fact upon which he chose to dwell, that there was no suspicion of corrupt use of the public funds, was aside from the question, as was also Mr. Ross' long dissertation upon the history and merits of the College. These side issues were of use simply to beg the real question before the House. It surely is not desirable

that the Assembly should refrain from asserting its right of control over the public funds until it can substantiate a charge or corruption in every unauthorized appropriation. The incident is, it strikes us, worthy of more attention than it has received, as illustrating a tendency on the part of the Executives, both federal and provincial, to rely upon the loyalty of their supporters to sustain them in stretching their prerogatives beyond the limits prescribed by healthful usage and precedent, if not actually beyond those prescribed by the letter of the constitution. It is unnecessary to add that such a tendency is fraught with danger to representative government.

"WE were compelled to adopt a tariff which would give us revenue, and in imposing it we had regard to its incidental effect in stimulating the industries adapted to the country." Such is Sir Charles Tupper's explanation of the origin and character of the "National Policy," given in his speech before the members of the Associated Chambers of Commerce in England. That it is, with the modification noted below, a correct description of the grounds upon which that change in the fiscal policy of Canada was advocated and defended during its original passage through Parliament, will be within the memory of those of our readers who can recall that memorable discussion and the events which preceded it. The reminiscence is suggestive, as indicating to what extent Canadian legislation since that date has followed the inevitable trend of all public policies which are shaped so as to subserve the selfish interests of individuals or classes. If any of our readers have had the curiosity to read the numerous reports which have been given in the papers of interviews which have taken place during the current session and some of the preceding sessions, between Ministers of Customs and Finance and parties seeking changes in the tariff in the interest of certain industries, and will take the trouble to recall the kind of arguments which have been brought forward in support of the changes asked for, and which have had weight with the Government, they will be able to judge how far the present Canadian tariff is a tariff for revenue, with incidental protection in the background. Failing such recollection, a re-perusal of the debate of last session over the Bill for the reduction of the duties on sugar, or, better still, a careful reading of one or two of the articles which from time to time appear in the *Canadian Manufacturer* dealing with the present state of the sugar monopoly, will answer the purpose. The mention of the sugar duties reminds us, by the way, how baseless is the claim of credit which has been put forth again and again by and on behalf of the Dominion Government for the remission of the sugar taxes, seeing that everyone who pays the slightest attention to public affairs must know that the change was not made nor contemplated by the Government until it was in a manner forced upon them by the action of the American Congress. But that is aside from our present object, which is simply to point out that the description which Sir Charles Tupper gave of the Canadian high tariff in its inception is very far from a correct representation of it as it now stands. Was it quite frank on the part of the High Commissioner to fail to give his English hearers any inkling of the change which has come over the spirit of the "N. P." since the time to which he refers? Should he not have told them, moreover, that it was first proposed as a retaliatory measure, which was to force the Washington authorities into giving us reciprocity?

MR. EDGAR has done well to call the attention of Parliament to the astounding movement which is alleged to have been effected for combining into one vast monopoly all the cotton factories in Canada. If the facts be as represented, the users of this indispensable fabric throughout the Dominion, which means of course the whole population, are threatened with a state of things under which they would be at the mercy of a few individuals, who might proceed to levy taxes at their own sweet will, and quickly outrival even the sugar barons. Such a condition would be simply intolerable, and we are glad that Sir John Thompson so promptly intimated, on behalf of the Government, that if action is found to be

necessary in the public interest, the tariff will not be permitted to stand as a base for such operations. But Sir John never reasoned more inconclusively than when he strove to make it appear that the people have a safeguard against monopolistic terms and prices in the possibilities of competition. Anyone must have observed and reflected to little purpose upon such matters who is unable to see how futile is the hope of relief from any such quarter. The whole history of tariff-protected monopolies shows how relentlessly and speedily they can crush out or buy out all would-be competitors when once they have possession of the field. Further developments will, in this case, be watched with great interest. There can be no doubt that in the tariff-making and un-making power, the Government has a lever by which it can move this monopoly at will. But will it use that lever in the interests of the people? Can it do so without subjecting itself to a charge of partiality or opening the way for action against other monopolies, similar in kind though not in degree, which have hitherto been left unmolested?

VIEWED from another stand-point, what a comment upon human short-sightedness and stupidity is the fact that in this age of boasted enlightenment we are forced, for want of a better, to rely upon the clumsy and costly expedient of competition to save us from the jaws of monopoly. That simply means that when one selfish corporation takes us by the throat our only resource is to call in the aid of other corporations equally selfish, and setting the factions at war, make our escape under cover of their struggles. Not only so, but we are actually compelled, or think we are, to summon the system which is least able to serve us to destroy the system which has in its power to produce for us the article we need both more cheaply and of better quality than any of its rivals. Take the case before us. No thoughtful person can doubt that a well-managed combination of all the cotton factories in the Dominion would be in a position, if only it could be trusted to do so, to produce better fabrics and at less expense than it is possible for a number of companies to do, working on the smaller scale and with the inferior resources that are within the reach of their divided and weakened resources. Just think, too, of all the duplicating of machinery, agencies, salesmen, etc., which are necessary in the beneficent competition whose praises we sing. Thus the fact is that just when the various cotton factories of the Dominion have put themselves into a position in which they are able to serve their customers much better than ever before, we feel ourselves obliged to call upon Parliament to devise measures for putting a stop to their improvements and compelling them to return to the former wasteful methods. Surely a better safeguard of the people's interests will some day be found. Why not let the monopolies go on and reap all the advantages of combination, on condition of their submitting all their operations to the oversight of some trustworthy officer representing the people, and empowered to investigate cost and profits and regulate prices accordingly?

PREMIER ABBOTT was somewhat shocked the other day at Senator Boulton's declaration that in his opinion the Newfoundland Government was justified in enforcing the Bait Act of 1890 against the Canadian fishermen. It is impossible to justify the Island Government for enforcing this Act in the face of the assurance given to the British Government by its (the Island's) own premier, Sir R. Thorburn, in 1887, that it would not be enforced against Canadians; nor can the plea—the only one that we have seen put forward on behalf of Newfoundland—that “the greatest of premiers has no power to overrule an act of Parliament, or to limit its application, or to bind the Legislature,” be accepted as a satisfactory defence. That the Newfoundland Government has no better plea may be inferred from the fact that the words just quoted are those of Mr. Harvey, a prominent member of the said Government, in a letter to the *London Times*. There would soon be an end to all confidence between Governments if it were to be once understood that no reliance can be placed upon the formal assurance of the head or official delegate of a Government in a case of this kind. But in regard to the merits of the Bait Act itself, so far as its enforcement against Canadian fishermen is concerned, Mr. Abbott's explanation is hardly free from the common vice of one-sided statements. He says: “It was said recently that the reason for the enforcement of this Act against Canadians was that Canadians and Americans were selling to French fishermen bait which

they obtained in Newfoundland waters.” Mr. Abbott adds that this charge was not made at the time (April, 1890), but only recently. The following extract from Mr. Harvey's letter to the *Times* in December last puts a somewhat different face on the matter:—

But although Sir R. Thorburn had no power to bind successive parliaments, the promise made by him would, in my opinion, have been kept in the letter and the spirit; as it certainly has been in the latter, had Canada not become purveyor in general of bait to the French—and continued so to the present time—thus to a considerable extent, just as far as she is able, frustrating the objectionable Bait Act. When supplying the Canadians with bait became synonymous with supplying the French it became a question of suspending the Act and letting our own poor fishermen get the benefit of the bait traffic, or suspending the Canadians, and I hold that any men in like case would act as we did, suspend the Canadians.

It will scarcely be believed that when your columns last April and May were teeming with telegrams of the utter ruin that was being wrought to the Nova Scotia banking fleet by the denial of Newfoundland bait, Nova Scotians were busy getting bait from their own coasts for the French, and that when the fleet of Newfoundland schooners which ran the blockade about that date got into St. Pierre they found a Canadian schooner giving the French 1,100 barrels of bait from the Magdalen Islands—Canadian territory.

From this it is evident that the original complaint of Newfoundland was that the Canadian fishermen were supplying the French with bait from Canadian, not Newfoundland, territory. Possibly the complaint referred to by the Premier has been put forward since as an after-thought, consequent on the untenableness of the former position. From the Canadian point of view it is little less than absurd that Canada should be asked or expected to do what Mr. Harvey gives as the well-understood condition on which our fishermen can have access to their bait-grounds, viz., pass a bait act similar to theirs against the French. “Why,” we ask with the emphasis of surprise if not of indignation, “should we be expected to embroil ourselves in our fellow colonists' quarrel with the French?” And yet it cannot be denied that there is at least some force in the rejoinder: “Why should the obligations, of whatever kind they may be, imposed by the relationship of neighbours and fellow-colonists, have force in only one direction? If the relationship in question imposes upon Canada no obligation to aid us, or even to refrain from aiding our rivals in this struggle for existence, why should it lay us under obligation to give special consideration to Canadian fishermen because they are our fellow-colonists?”

WHATEVER force, or want of force, there may be in the argument of our Newfoundland fellow-colonists as set forth in the preceding paragraph, it is but fair that their view of the case should be put clearly before the people of Canada. It is because we do not remember to have seen it thus put forward that we give a little more space to the subject. It can hardly be denied that there is a good deal of plausibility, to say the least, in the consideration hinted at in the last sentences above. The Newfoundlander may well complain that when he asks consideration and aid from Canada in his special difficulties, on the ground of the family connection, he is pooh-poohed as making himself ridiculous by expecting such a thing; but when, on the other hand, he tries to fight his own battles as best he can, and Canada gets hurt incidentally in the contest, we immediately begin to cry shame upon him for his want of brotherly regard for our feelings and interests, and run off to complain to the Mother across the water. Were the shoe on the other foot, Canadians would undoubtedly resent the selfish interference of a neighbouring colony to prevent the Mother Country from consenting to legislation which we believed to be to our own advantage. And yet, from the Newfoundland point of view, this is what Canada has done repeatedly; first in regard to the Bait Act of 1887, and again in regard to the Blaine-Bond Convention. Can it be greatly wondered at that the Newfoundlanders have been much exasperated by this repeated interference of Canada to defeat legislation which they believed to have promise of great advantage to them? Let us hear Mr. Harvey on this point. He begins by quoting the following declaration made by the two Houses of the Dominion Parliament in the year 1891, and forwarded by the Governor-General in an address to Her Majesty on the powers of self-governing colonies as to the making of treaties of commerce:—

The Canadian Houses of Parliament consider these provisions of foreign treaties . . . tend to produce

complications and embarrassments in such an Empire as that under the rule of your Majesty in which self-governing colonies are recognized as possessing the right to define their respective fiscal relations to all other countries, the Mother Country and each other.

“Newfoundland,” proceeds Mr. Harvey, “is a self-governing colony. How, then, can Canada, after adopting this address, with any show of justice permit the British Government to refuse to ratify the convention and, *à fortiori*, how is it possible for her to ask Great Britain to do what Canada solemnly avers Great Britain has no right to do? But she does, and, stranger still, Great Britain, who assents to the proposition that the self-governing colonies possess that right, denies it to Newfoundland. What is there peculiar in Newfoundland that she should be treated differently from all other colonies? Have the sufferings she has gone through for the sake of international amity with France put her out of the pale of ordinary justice?” On many questions of fact Mr. Harvey and other members of the Newfoundland Government allege that the representations made by the Canadian Government are incorrect or unfounded, but we have not space to follow up the subject. We are glad to learn that there is some prospect of an amicable settlement of this unpleasant feud. Such a settlement is earnestly to be desired. Whether a settlement such as Premier Abbott hopes for, on the basis of admission of the Island into the Confederation, would be, under present circumstances, advisable, is another question.

WHY should the people of the Dominion be taxed for the payment of more than a quarter of a million of dollars every year for the support of persons who have been retired from the public service, either on account of inability to perform the duties of their respective offices, or, as there is reason to fear is too often the case, to make room for the exercise of Government patronage? It is not the least of the evils of the superannuation system that it affords so great facilities and temptations for the last-named abuse. What more natural than that when a member of the Government finds himself hard pressed by the importunity of some impecunious supporter who has claims upon him for past services he should begin to look around for some opportunity to create a vacancy on the superannuation plan? Looking at the system on its merits it is hard to see any good or sufficient reason why members of the public service should not be placed under the same necessity which rests upon men in every other employment, to make provision for old age while in health and strength. No doubt the fact that they have this provision to look forward to must greatly increase the temptations, always strong enough, to the weak-minded to live up to or above their incomes, though thousands of others on much smaller salaries find it possible to make provision for the future. It is essentially unjust that men of the latter class should, in addition to providing for the present and future wants of themselves and those dependent upon them, be compelled to pay taxes to make up for the lack of self-denial and foresight of those who have better advantages than themselves. It cannot be that the rates of remuneration in the public service are lower than those which prevail in other similar positions, else why so great competition for places? Were it otherwise, the natural and just remedy would be to increase those rates to the proper figures. Mr. Mulock's proposal to withhold a certain proportion from the salary of each official in order to provide a superannuation fund is objectionable in principle as savouring of paternalism, and would be injurious in practice as relieving those affected by it of a certain part of their own proper personal responsibilities and thus depriving them of a natural and healthful incentive to frugality and foresight. The sooner the members of the public service are placed on the same basis in regard to the present and the future as the great majority of those who help to pay their salaries, the better will it be for all concerned, especially for the employees themselves.

WHAT is the origin and meaning of those wonderful tales that are being cabled across the ocean about the alleged operations of German balloons in reconnoitering Russian fortifications? Are they the pure inventions of imaginative correspondents who love to play upon the scientific or unscientific credulity of the times? Or can it be that German science has actually solved the problem of aerial navigation? It is probably safer and more sensible for the present to accept the stories with very large grains of salt. That balloons may be in use by the Germans for purposes of observation is far from unlikely. Nor is it by any means incredible that some of them may have taken

advantage of favouring wind currents to drift across the Russian frontier, though it is perhaps more likely that if any have done so, it has been a matter of compulsion rather than of choice. And yet one does not like in these days to be too incredulous. Should it prove literally true that the Germans have found a means of aerial propulsion, and that their balloonists have been amusing themselves, or preparing for future eventualities, by hovering over Russian fortifications, turning on electric search-lights, sailing against the wind and returning at pleasure to their own territory, the proof of the fact would be hailed simply as the realization of what many now confidently look for as one of the wonders of the near future. The strangest, most incredible thing about it would be the preservation of the secret. No such apparatus could be perfected without a great deal of experimenting, and a balloon experiment is a kind of thing which could hardly be carried on in private. Hence we are disposed at present to regard the startling exploits of German balloonists as existing only in the fertile brains of press correspondents and too credulous readers.

THOSE who are disposed to deny the Scripture doctrine of total depravity will be hard put to it to find any other theory on which to account for the conduct of the anarchists in Paris during these last few weeks. That desperate men will sometimes resort to desperate measures for the accomplishment of their ends, we can well understand. But in all cases it is a postulate of simple reason and common sense that the ends in view shall be somewhat clearly defined and that the means used shall stand in some intelligible relation to those ends. But so far as appears those who have been exploding their dynamite and other compounds, or trying to explode them, in different parts of Paris, seem to have acted without concert and without any discoverable plan or purpose save that of indiscriminate murder. There is not even the cunning method of the dangerous lunatic in their madness. Some sort of explanation has indeed been suggested, on the authority, it is said, of one or two of their leaders, to the effect that their aim is simply to strike terror into the communities in which they operate, and, by the very uncertainty of their movements, throw organized society into the confusion and helplessness caused by the dread of unknown and ever-present danger. This view takes from the perpetrators the last semblance of human motives or feelings and transforms them into veritable fiends. It is the part of revengeful cowards to plot in darkness the destruction of the objects of their fear or hate. But to involve the innocent with the guilty, or to seek to destroy life at random, irrespective of personal hate or fancied wrong, displays an instinct more savage than that of the wild beast. Whatever the explanation of deeds so wantonly ruthless, it is evident that the perpetrators have overshot the mark. They have quite underrated the strength of the self-preserving instincts of the nation. Hence, frightened by the vigour of the authorities they have aroused against them, they seem to be putting beyond their reach the implements of destruction they had prepared with so much care, and seeking to hide their devoted heads from the fierceness of the storm they have aroused. Such seems to be the most probable explanation of the unused bombs which the police are discovering in various places all over the city. Another effect which may not have been foreseen by the miscreants is the uniting of the forces of law and order in all civilized countries against the perpetrators, or would-be perpetrators, of such horrible barbarities. Hence it is not unlikely that these senseless atrocities in Paris have done more than anything else that could have occurred to make the avowed anarchist an outlaw on the face of the earth, to be driven forth from the organized society which is the object of his unreasoning hate. If his hand is against every man without distinction, it will not be strange should he find every man's hand against him, to banish him from the face of the earth.

TWO LOST LEADERS.

WITHIN a period of ten days England and America lost, the one an eminent historian, the other an eminent poet: Professor Freeman died on the 16th, and Walt Whitman on the 26th, of last month. In mental habits, in lines of thought, in education, culture, and occupation, they differed widely as the poles; but one thing they had in common, each was master in his own sphere. And in that sphere each had something new to

say to mankind and said it fearlessly. The one was nursed in the lap of refinement and scholarship, a Fellow of Oriel, Regius Professor of History, a D.C.L. and LL.D.; the other's university was in the fields and the streets, with no education but that of his own reading and observation, and no honours but the praise of men themselves praised.

Of both men, it may be said, no half views are possible. To "damn" either of them "with faint praise" is simply out of the question. They were both extremists, and of both extreme estimates are held. Their force and originality were obtrusive, consequently they were both either lauded or detested, they could not be passed by. Especially is this the case with Whitman. To some Whitman's defects—and his defects are many and obvious—were nauseous. Scholars in whom were inbred the austerity, the severity, the restraint, the silence on certain topics, of recognized literary ideals, from long and close intimacy with ancient poetical traditions, could not away with Whitman's vagaries. His deliberate bursting of the fetters of classic literature seemed to such to be mere puerile bravado. And it would be easy, by cataloguing such defects, to make out a very strong case against him. However, detraction, enough and to spare, there has been and will be. To our thinking Whitman will yet wield a powerful influence. Let us here dwell rather on his excellences than on his defects.

Whitman's was the more fascinating personality. It is the poet that puts mankind under the greatest obligations, and Whitman was a poet if ever there was one. He enormously extended the meaning of the word poet. Pope undoubtedly would have denied him the title. But since Pope we have had Cowper, since Cowper, Keats, since Keats, Browning—and since Browning, Whitman; and in this chain can be traced the breaking away from "sayers of words" in metrical language. And, apart from the language, in the thoughts, too, there has been change. Nor Pope nor Cowper nor Keats nor Browning told such things as Whitman told. Indeed one English paper has declared that any man in England who "might issue such trash . . . would be a proper inmate for an asylum." Whereas the simple fact is sanity, wholesome, vigorous sanity, is the especial and contradistinguishing attribute of Whitman. He sang Man; his predecessors sang man. He sang the whole man, body, soul, and spirit, and saw poetry in him and his surroundings. They sang but parts of man, and in a very great deal of man's surroundings they thought they saw things unfit for or incapable of poetic treatment. Herein lay the greatness of Whitman, and what a greatness it was! what an optimism! How paltry seem beside his great "cosmic emotions" the small planetary sentiments of those who timidly shut their eyes to a large part of God's universe and speak and write only of such things as to them seem good. They forget that "God saw everything that He had made, and behold it was very good." Whitman remembered it, and what is more believed it, and what is more, taught it. Nothing to him was common or unclean. And why? What constituted this tremendous difference between Whitman and his predecessors? and indeed his contemporaries? Simply the greater comprehensiveness of his *ποίησις*. Poetry transforms all things, or to use a word hallowed by sacred allusion, poetry transfigures all things. Those to whom such expression may appear strong it may be permitted to remind that in all ages the divine character of poetry has been simply and tacitly accepted. Did not the Hindu and the Greek drama each spring from religious ceremonial? Was not the Sophoclean and the Pheidian art closely linked with worship—was not in fact Greek art and Greek religion one and the same thing? Who was it described the poet as a man *εὐθεὸς καὶ ἔκφρων*? Strabo, too, let it be remembered, defined all poetry as the hymning of the gods. What has divorced poetry and worship? Ah! that is a question with a very long ecclesiastico-historical answer. Perhaps Walt Whitman will be a forerunner of a reconciliation of art and religion. To many, no doubt, this will be a hard saying. But we venture to think it will be this only because the superficial faults and deficiencies of Whitman's poems have blinded their eyes to the truth and depth of his utterances. It is true there is an inchoateness in Whitman, an incongruity, a want of harmony, a lack of that indefinable thing called "taste"; there is a crudity, a chaos. But then these things are inseparable from Democracy. Wherever Democracy is in the ascendant, inchoateness, and incongruity, and crudity are rampant. And Whitman was the poet of Democracy.

But none of these faults need nullify the lesson taught us by his grand poetical optimism. The great problems that his poetic protestantism have raised—for example, the place of sin in the universe, and the limitations of personal conduct, on the philosophical side; and the relinquishment of metrical form and the acceptance of a catholicity of treatment both in matters of form and subject, on the literary side—need not concern us here; suffice it here to point out that the very fact that he raises such vital problems is proof at once of the originality and the greatness of his genius.

Turn we now to Professor Freeman. To say that Freeman was the first historian in England would not provoke denial. His stores of knowledge were immense, and as accurate as immense. His mental activity and his physical energy must have been enormous. What with lectures, published or unpublished, magazine articles, contributions to the *Saturday*, prefaces and introductions to the works of others, and his own *magna opera*—they deserve the title—a bibliography of E. A. Freeman would be a gigantic task indeed. Up to the very last too he was writing or correcting. His "History of Sicily" has only reached the third volume, his "Sicily" in the "Story of the Nations Series" is just out, and three weeks before his death a fourth series of "Historical Essays" was issued from the press. His contributions to history are great. Above all he taught the unity of history, the impossibility of a solution of continuity in history, the organic nature of history. To-day this may seem a common-places. Yes, because Freeman made it such; it is a proof of his influence. But with all his scholarship his books lack something. The splendid "History of the Norman Conquest in England" is splendid with knowledge rather than with life. No doubt it is invaluable to the future scholarly historian, but to the present unschooled reader who does not happen to be an historian its value is quite appreciable. That torso, the "History of Sicily," too, what innumerable facts are presented to us in it, but with how little perspective? However, one must not expect too much. Freeman undoubtedly gave us of his best, and he has enriched our knowledge to such an extent that probably only the future will be able properly to estimate it. Let us not here carp at minor inherent defects of intellect. In him, as in Walt Whitman, the world has lost a leader.

OTTAWA LETTER.

IF an uncouth barbarian not used to the niceties of Parliamentary language were to sit through one of the sessions of this House of ours, and hear the gross insinuations cast across the floor, he would judge that for an unalloyed sample of rascality and iniquity the gentlemen on the Treasury benches were only equalled by the leading lights of the Opposition. Most of us think that Sir John Thompson, Mr. Foster, Mr. Dewdney, Mr. Tupper, Mr. Bowell, Mr. Laurier, Sir Richard Cartwright, Mr. Mills and Mr. Davies are respectable citizens and gentlemen of as good morals and honour as the rest of us, strangers and pilgrims, in this vale of tears. Yet these men have little hesitation, even when the heat of debate does not form an excuse, in implying that those to whom they are politically opposed are not only robbers and thieves in their individual capacity, but collectively are a gang of desperadoes of the very worst type. In the highest court in the land one gentleman, by *inuendo* if not by direct accusation, says such things of another which, if spoken between men in the everyday walk and business of life, would a few years ago have led to a duel, and now would result in an action at law for slander.

It was a good piece of advice Lord Stanley gave, not long since, when he suggested the wrongfulness of breaking the seventh commandment in order that one might find one's neighbour convicted of violating the eighth.

The past week was occupied principally in a discussion over supply, and a very acrimonious debate ensued on an item for a certain sum of money to be granted to Mr. Burgess, the late Deputy Minister of the Interior, who was found guilty last session of having allowed irregularities in his department. The item provides for payment of part salary as chief clerk in the department. Sir Richard asked if it was the intention of the Government to reinstate Mr. Burgess as Deputy Minister? Mr. Dewdney acknowledged that he would recommend such a course, while Sir John Thompson and Mr. Foster said the Government had no intention of the kind at present. Mr. Laurier asserted that no other inference could be drawn from the conduct of the Government in this matter than that Mr. Burgess would be reinstated on the 1st of July next. Mr. McCarthy and Mr. Dickey, Government supporters, expressed the hope that the Government would not take this step. There were three other items which stuck in the crop of the Opposition. They provided for payment of salaries to certain clerks who were suspended for grave offences. Mr. McMullen made everyone feel very uneasy

WENTWORTH AND PYM.

THE GREAT EARL OF STRAFFORD AND THE GREAT COMMONER.

NOTE. — In the first half of the 17th century lived two men of gentle birth and great ability, but representatives of very opposite principles — John Pym, the great philosophic orator and statesman; and Sir Thomas Wentworth, subsequently the able and powerful Earl of Strafford. These two, in the ever-memorable Parliament of 1628,* had stood shoulder to shoulder, the champions of government by law in opposition to the despotic acts of the Ministry of Charles; but Wentworth — by constitutional tendency and training always at heart, I think, an aristocrat and courtier — having been won over to the King's side by promises of royal favour, and being about to be created Baron and Viscount (I here quote Welwood), "sent to Pym to meet him alone at Greenwich, where he began in a set speech to sound him about the dangers they were like to run by the course they were in, and what advantages they might have if they would entertain the offers to be made them from the Court. Pym, understanding his drift, stopped him short with this expression: 'you need not use all this art to tell me that you have a mind to leave us; but remember what I tell you, you are going to be undone; and remember, also, that, though you leave us now, I will never leave you while your head is upon your shoulders.'" Such is the origin of the scene below: —

Wentworth (alone). On the first rung of high ambition's ladder I've set my foot, at length, with solid tread, And now, my soul, mount high and ever higher, Till thou hast gained the summit of thy wish. How bounds my heart to play the game of life. Coke, Phillips, Eliot, you I leave to prose With country knights and esquires, whilst I climb The starry pinnacle of glorious power. Sir John, thou art unhorsed: go on and spin With welcome, hence, thine everlasting yarns, For soon thy shire shall see thee wholly worsted. From Pym I shrink most: weighty, subtle, cool, Clear, bold, ambitious, active, eloquent, He seemed to trust and treat me as a friend: But more than him the interview I dread. If it were over I should breathe the freer. What! should I win him! Who is proof against The syren eloquence of godlike power, Which weaves its thousand threads around the soul, And in the web of passions nets the will. It were a good first step in policy To make a subtle enemy a friend.

Wentworth. I sent for you, as an old friend, to talk, Secluded here, without reserve, of things Of deepest moment to the general weal. Whatever others think, we know we play A dangerous game. To me — and I have mused Long on this subject with deep, anxious thought — Is seems against vast odds. Had we not, then, Better, ere fortune with strong obvious tide, Bounds swift to whelm us, seek to shun the fate Which else awaits the madly obstinate.

Pym. But have we not for liberty of late Won against power a noble victory? +

Wentworth. An 'gainst the vault of darkness some poor lamp Flashes an instant its expiring flame, And then goes out in universal night; Such is our victory — a hand-breadth cloud Against the blazing body of the sun. We hold the shadow, words: the power is his. First to dissolve, then wreak his fury on The disobedient! Who will stand between Us and his vengeance? Scattered, powerless, Fall we an easy prey.

Pym. The law is plain: 'Twill vindicate our rights.

Wentworth. We live beneath A rule prerogative in which hook law Yields to *lex loquens*. What! should he resolve Without a Parliament to rule the realm.

Pym. Wentworth, he cannot. Hold we not the purse, That mighty curb against the neck of will To bend it to our purpose?

Wentworth. Think you, then, No means could be devised to fill that purse, Should the right men, clear-headed and fierce-willed, Look round for the appliances by which To work their ends. Wealth is the child of power, If oft its parent. Is necessity — The safety of the State — no plea to urge For strong high-handed measures, when the soul, Rigid with will, sees through ambition's lens The means at hand to grasp the tempting prize? Hath royalty no dignities, nor place, Nor courtly blandishments to win men by? Are we not strong but by the royal breath, Which, if withdrawn, dissolved, we drop forthwith Into the nothinghood from which we sprang. In this low life, where, thousand-fold disguised Or frankly selfish, all their own ends seek, Can we afford for doubtful good, of more Than doubtful issue, to adventure all, Vain, thankless martyrs of a worthless world? Men must be ruled. What matter how, if well: Nor could I lend myself to any scheme That had not for its end the general weal.

Pym. Wentworth, what means all this? Oh, how unlike Your former self; you, who were wont to stand A pillar 'gainst the subtlety and shock Of every foe of liberty, resolved, By word and work, to leave no gap of doubt, Through which the craft of tyranny might leap To riot in the garden of our rights. Where is that courage now, those throbbing hopes, That flush of victory, when broad and deep We laid those strong foundations, and drew round Our freedom and our sons' a wall of law. Then be not downcast — who dare think it worse — It is not Wentworth-like: some sudden chill Hath struck upon your spirits. For at times A feeling of misanthropy will creep Into the bosoms of the best, as crawls Into an infant's cot a slimy snake. Yet is there fearful peril, when assailed By the great Tempter's cunning in these moods. But should the worst befall us which you dread, Is it not better in a noble cause To suffer, fighting bravely to the last, Than basely yield our own and others' rights For bare immunity; or worse, to ride

* In this great parliament sat, for the first time, Oliver Cromwell, notable then, as always afterwards, and the great Sir Edward Coke, Coke upon Littleton, and John Hampden, of ship-money fame; and Edward Hyde, the historian, afterwards Earl of Clarendon and a king's father-in-law; and Attorney-General Noye, "a tough man," says Carlyle, "as of the toughness of leather"; and there was Selden, the student of history and the antiquarian; and Glanville, learned in constitutional law; and Sir Benjamin Rudiard, the pacificator; and there was the stern and fiery Eliot, and Mason with his remorseless logic, and Phillips, and Seymour, and Hackwell, and Littleton, and Cresswell, and Rich, and Rouse, and Martin and Digges, who, with Pym and Wentworth, fought inch by inch the great battle of the Petition of Right.

† After many a hard fought fight on the part of the Commons, and some not very kingly-attempted subterfuges and evasions on the part of His Majesty, the great "Petition of Right" had just become the law of the land.

Upon the shoulders of their wrongs to power? But, shaking off this nightmare of the brain, Oh, ask your manhood, if we were not born To something different far! "Life is not meat, "We live not by bread only." Self alone Is not our goal. Oh, Wentworth, Wentworth, think, Is there no godlike principle in man Trampling all calculation in the mire? No thought that rays its radiance on the brow, As sunset burns its signet on the west? No mighty lever that can lift the soul Above the littleness of interest? The fresh, heroic impulse of the heart That spurs to action when the generous blood With genial, noble sympathy is warm Weighs not with nice-adjusted balances The pros and cons of cold utility. The soul bounds like an arrow to its end Direct and quick, urged by its sympathies, Nor deigns to listen to those maxims nice Which prudence needs to warm her into virtue. Should goodness stand unhonoured till 'tis seen, By the cold process of the intellect, If she augment the sum of happiness; But long since hath the heart forestalled its end, And, loving goodness for herself alone, Hath crowned her queen of beauty in the world:

(Here a slight curl shows itself on Wentworth's lip)

And poor as such philosophy may seem, It is the truest — in the end the best. What we demand is government by law, To us and our posterity secured, Not the caprice of any mood or man. But to speak freely, Wentworth, nor to put The worst face on your words, they seem to point To something which to me yields little joy.

Wentworth. In an old friend I let it pass; but, Pym, Leaving romance to sentimental girls And spouting schoolboys, we should talk like men — Men, whom the ruffling of the real world Hath hardened into manhood, as the oak Is rocked by winter into rugged strength. Let us, then, with the ruthless common sense Of men whose young Utopias have been spoiled By rude collision with the facts of life, Consider on how thin a crust we stand, (Through which, at any moment, we may drop) And the materials we have got to work with. Face the thing squarely. Really who cares For you or me, save as we serve his ends. Each to himself the centre of the world Upon his neighbour's shoulders strives to climb To reach the golden apple of desire. Is it for these that you and I should work Uphill, in vain, along the rugged paths, Without the sunshine of reward to cheer, To be forsaken by the heartless throng, Who shift, each for himself, when comes the pinch, And leave us gaping with bewilderment At what, if wise, we should have known at first.

It is to save you from the sure regrets Of such a course, that now I plead with you. We were not made for such a fate as this, To be the hodmen of the vulgar herd, But to consort with peers and serve a king. Then, let us follow where our natures lead, And, whilst not wronging any, serve ourselves; For interest is the polestar of the world. And why should we not recognize the law, 'Gainst which 'twere vain to struggle? He who's wise Masters the laws of being and conforms His conduct to their teaching. Is not this The dictate of a sound philosophy?

Oh, let us row, as we have ever done, In the same boat, nor always 'gainst the tides.

Pym. Oh, Wentworth, Wentworth, do you leave us thus? And hath the Syren with seductive voice Immeshed you in her toils? Oh, frail; oh, false! Is it for this that by the midnight lamp I toiled with wearied brain — that I might see The friend familiar of my manhood false, False, false to God and Liberty and me! And the reward of friendship seek'st thou, too, To undermine my virtue — to corrupt My heart by fixing my sole gaze on self, With *saure qui peut*, it is a thankless world. How change our reasons as our interests change. But, oh, remember, Wentworth, that the heart Hath its own system of philosophy. Serve we for pay alone? Is interest The only lever that can lift the soul? Is there no echo in the heart to truth? No indignation beautiful as night? No self-forgetting impulse? No sweet tears For innocence oppressed? No poetry Of rich and holy feeling? No deep sense, Or joyous love, of right? Is selfishness The only spring of action? Do no streams From the deep fountain of humanity Flow to enrich and beautify the world? Above the weeds of self-love flowers there not A higher, purer, first philosophy, Which spurns your calculations, and asserts The nobler birth and destiny of man?

(He here pauses a minute, then adds)

But did it need such peroration long To let us know that you abandon us? Yet hear one word prophetic ere we part: You may leave us, but we will not leave you, So long as on its fleshy pedestal Sits that proud head. Wentworth, no more. Adieu.

(Pym passes out quickly. The door closes after him. Suddenly pausing, with head bent low, he thus soliloquizes)

Pym. Man is a kind of moral centaur — part, God, and part, Devil. In his lowest thoughts, Motives and feelings he comes near the fiend: But rouse his highest nature, and, a god, He battles 'gainst a universe of wrong. But, even here, weakness and strength we find So intimately blended, that the clay Of some poor motive mingles with the gold And renders an alloy the purest life. So oft fierce passion melts, like wax, the will, If the temptation's suffered to unfold Its blandishments to sense. 'Tis to unwrap An unctuous pine-ridge in a robe of flame And bid it not to burn. Who would escape Must parley not, nor pause to contemplate, Nor look behind him, like Lot's wife, but flee Till he hath reached the purer moral heights. Wentworth, such are we. What are you; what, I On the broad battlefield of life henceforth We meet to measure strength in mortal strife, But with what issue curtained night wraps up In the dumb future! Whence the difference Which parts our paths, like two divergent streams? Is nature like in both, but circumstance, That cunning painter of camelion life, The limner to whose colouring we owe The lights and shadows of our characters? Or is it nature, and the use we make Of that we are and that which passes through

when he advised the Government if they were going in for a general jubilee of forgiveness to restore the member for Three Rivers (Sir Hector Langevin) to his former glory, paying him the salary he would have been entitled to had he not fallen from grace. Sir Hector was in the House at the time and tried to look unconcerned and deeply interested over an article in an Ottawa newspaper. The various items were adopted, the Opposition insisting on a division in two instances. Altogether the general impression is that the Opposition got the better of the argument on this particular occasion. One of the Opposition overhit the mark nevertheless when he accused the Government of retaining certain clerks in the service fearing they would reveal discreditable deeds of darkness if they were dismissed, and received a telling reprimand from Sir John Thompson, who then and there publicly announced that any servant in the employ of the Government was at liberty to state anything that he knew, and that he would receive the utmost immunity in so doing.

It is said that Sir Hector Langevin is about to appear before the country in the new rôle of defender of the rights of the poor oppressed French Canadians. Mr. McCarthy is loaded up for his assault on special privileges in the North-West, and it is expected will move the second reading of his Bill about the middle of the week. Then, will Sir Hector seize the golden opportunity and appeal, like Sir George Cartier of old, for *nos langage, nos religion et nos lois*. Poor Sir Hector! he is still infatuated with

The triumph and the vanity,
The rapture of the strife.

As the House was about to go into supply the other day, Mr. Laurier asked Sir John Thompson when the Redistribution Bill was to be brought down. The reply was, that a definite answer could not be given, but that the measure would be presented as soon as possible. This explanation was not satisfactory to the leading Liberals, and drew forth from Mr. Mills a little speech in which he compared the procedure in this Parliament, with the procedure in the Imperial Parliament, much to the discredit of the former. Here five weeks were gone and the House had yet no indication of the provisions of the most important bit of legislation with which it would be called to deal.

It is generally expected that if there is any serious fight at all before the House adjourns, it will take place over the Redistribution Bill. No one with the slightest experience of political warfare expects for a moment that whatever the provisions of the Bill, it will meet with anything but opposition from the Opposition. We will all be satisfied if it is not so obnoxious to them as to lead to the continuation of the session one month beyond the birthday of Her Most Gracious Majesty, which it is hoped her faithful Commons of Canada will celebrate by entering upon a lengthened period of rest and recreation.

Mr. Abbott, in the early days of the session, promised that the Redistribution Bill would be a very simple measure. It may seem simple in the eyes of the Government, but inexplicable to their opponents. There is no accounting for tastes among politicians, and our ears may once more be charmed with the old refrain so dear to the heart of the true Ontario Reformer: —

To tie thy hands behind thy back, Ontario, Ontario,
They passed the Gerrymander Act, Ontario, Ontario.

There is the smell of scandal in the air, and the end of the session has receded from sight. Mr. Edgar has given notice of motion that he can prove that Sir Adolph Caron, lately Minister of Militia, now Postmaster-General, has been guilty of malfeasance of office. The gravamen is that Sir Adolph appropriated to his own use, and for his personal and political profit, certain sums of money, voted by the Dominion Government, as subsidies for the Quebec and Lake St. John, and the Temiscouata Railways. It is hard to say what the result of all this will be. It may be a scandal or it may be a slander. Sir Adolph treats the matter lightly at present.

There is no particular excitement over the coming revelation, the impression being that it will not amount to much. Sir Adolph is said to be preparing a defence which will be entirely satisfactory to Parliament, or to those members of Parliament who would always wish to see a Minister of the Crown honourably acquitted of the charge of degrading his position.

The Supreme Court gave judgment on Tuesday in the appeal from the inferior court, of William Manly German, who was unseated from the representation of Welland and personally disqualified. The Court dismissed the appeal by a unanimous decision. Mr. German is therefore disqualified from representing any borough in Parliament, or from voting in any election during the space of seven years. The punishment is severe, but if our elections are to be ever conducted honestly, examples for the warning of intending offenders must be made.

T. C. L. K.

A DEVICE to prevent engineers from passing curves and other difficult points at too great speed has been invented by a French engineer. It consists of a tuning fork provided with a point which inscribes a curve on the smoked surface of a cylinder revolved by a suitable mechanism. The instrument is fixed at any desired part of the line, and as the train passes the mechanism is set in motion, the wheels of the engine stopping the revolution of the device as they leave the curve. The speed of the train can readily be determined by counting the vibrations of the fork, as shown on the cylinder.

The mind's alembic? Yet is not the use
We make of circumstance dependent on
The nature of the mind on which it acts,
As the same light is broken into hues
As various as the quality of that
On which it falls? Are we what we are made?
Yet, Wentworth, should the destinies decide
The battle 'gainst thee, that proud head shall fall
To scare the foes of freedom, and dispose
Of one chief pillar of despotic power:
For I foresee thou wilt work ceaselessly,
Brain, heart, and hand against thy former friends.

(Exit Pym. The door opens, and Wentworth is seen walking up and down his library thinking aloud. Returning to Pym's "lecture on virtue," as he calls it, he bursts forth in scornful apostrophe.)

Wentworth. 'Tis ever so! We are so wise and good
Till the wild devil is stirred within the blood.
But, oh, 'tis a relief that it is over.
Poor Pym, thy words were thrown away on me.
My soul full-joyed of its new-wedded love
Hath for thy solemn homily no room.
For stage effect 'twould have no doubt been grand
To those who like that kind of rhapsody:
But in my brain, to such fine sentiments
Cold, and preoccupied with sweeter thoughts,
They stir no feelings in the tragic vein.
Who'd work for clowns, if he might for a king?
The King's a better master than the plebs,
Whose smile is stale and worthless: his is life,
And breaks in offices and rank upon us,
That Saville stand below me in the shire,
Concerns me more than what the Commons think.
But what is all this hubbub about rights,
This dust, the stock in trade of the whole tribe
Of demagogues of all times, which they raise
To blind us to their true aims—place and praise?
I know the tactics of the busy brain
And hear the beating of those subtle hearts.
Through all the fair disguises of pretence
I see the man. They don't impose on me.
Would not Sir Eliot, fierce declaimer though,
Clutch with hot haste this joy; at least, if shame
Should not prevent him; and, e'en thus, I doubt
He never could forego the tempting prize.
The child yields to the sugar-plum that tempts,
The man to his; and when we do not yield,
The trap is baited not enough, or not
With the right kind of bait, or not with skill:
We are not tempted temptingly enough.
Virtue's not absolute, but less or more,
And to the seeming, though so strong, is strong
But by comparison—more strong than his
Who hath with fiercer passions weaker will
And lower conscience to control their force:
Or, with a potent will, whose passions grip
The bit between their teeth and hold it there,
Whirling the rider, spite his better sense,
Into the flowery meadows of delight,
Where horse and horseman share the sweets alike—
Will even helping to more daring deeds.
Some men are born to such ambitious dreams
They force them to their ends. Alas, good friend,
Thy argument hath fallen on dull ears,
For I must somehow climb to power. 'Tis vain
To try to curb the passion that impels
Man to his object, when the spur of sense
Is planted deep into the reeking side
Of this high-mettled and aspiring nature.
Locked in the teeth of will, as in a vice,
The passions hold the reason; and the soul,
Stung with fierce pain, bounds madly to the goal
Towards which the craving passion from the first
Had bent the vulture eye of appetite.
But, oh, those speeches *! Like a hideous dream
With nightmare and all horrors, how, like ghosts
Of murdered men, they rise to torture me!
Yet was't for me a dire necessity,
To know their man they had to feel his power,
And they have felt it. Why did they insult
And sting me into vengeance? In my shire
Prick me for sheriff, and, so, like a snail
Tie me to home? Set Saville above me?
Poor figurehead! Great Heavens, who could stand
Such wanton insult! Let them chew the cud on't,
And suck out all its sweetness. They must learn
That they have found their master. But THE KING,
What must he think of me? But I'm resolved,
By zeal and energy outrunning all
To make his Majesty as absolute
As ever King of England was before him—
From all conditions and restraints absolved,
Free to imprison, tax, make peace or war,
And do his will on all unruly subjects.
And so rub out all memory of the past.
I'm now my olden self: 'tis in the blood
To rule the herd, not court their suffrages,
To beat down all opponents, peer or people,
And make the King a true Lord Paramount,
Brushing aside with careless hand the flies
That buzz and bite and vex his royal soul—
Your Prynnes, Pym's, Bens, and such odd names and natures:
And I'll be Wentworth, the great Duke and Dux,
The trusted minister, the King's right hand,
And peers and gentles shall bow down before me.

J. A. ALLEN.

THE MEANS OF LIVING OF LITTERATEURS
IN CANADA.

LOW thinking produces mean living. That we have too much mean living among us—especially in our politics—and, conversely, that high thinking is necessary to our national welfare, and that we should do all we can to increase it, are propositions not hard to agree with just now. We Canadians are glad to turn at times from the sickening revelations at Ottawa to the minds who are winning us honour in literature and pioneering the higher interests of the country in science, art and patriotic thought. The uniform popularity of "Canadian Evenings" and the warm interest our writers receive are evidences of this. Long live all those who make us think what is nobler or more beautiful! God bless every soul among us imbued with any sincere desire for the improvement of himself or others! We possess some who are capable of large achievements in the finer walks of thought, and to whose powers any country might turn with pride. I need only name such as Lampman, Reade, McLennan, Roberts, Kirby, Kingsford, "Fidelis" and W. W. Camp-

* Levelled, as they had been by him with all the tremendous energy of the man against the despotic acts of the King's Government. And he had seemed so wholly earnest.

bell. When one looks into the state of intellectual matters among us closely, however, it becomes evident that we permit a difficulty to lie in the way of nearly all efforts of the kind which is of the gravest character, and dwarfs the results so much that they are insignificant in value compared with what is lost. I mean the difficulty of obtaining a living here such as can be got by the same people in other countries. Looking upon the matter therefore as a vital one for the country, indeed the one problem at present before our litterateurs, let me raise the question: How can the money resources open to litterateurs in Canada be made adequate?

When an author begins to take to writing it is fair that he should be put pretty severely to proof of what is in him, and at the beginning therefore difficulties of authorship are not to be regretted. It is otherwise when he has shown by his regular entry into the great magazines or by passing other recognized standards, that he possesses genius. Then the country should want him. Whether it does so or not, it needs him and will be more ignorant and more open to by-word if it does not secure his talents toward its own bettering. The actual state of things, nevertheless, is that while we admire, we stand still and stare at him. We do ourselves the honour of asking him to read his works at a "Canadian Evening" or two, but we do not provide the promoters of the entertainment enough to pay even his full expenses. We do not buy his books; we borrow them. We do not find places for him in the civil service; we leave that field for party hacks to scramble for. We ignore him in the universities, because when we want professors we want the inferior representatives of infinitesimal movements in other countries rather than those who are alive to what we ourselves intellectually need here and to-day. What is the consequence? The infallible logic of the situation is, that we lose him. The noblest thoroughbred must eat; he cannot live on being stared at all day in the stable. If we cannot stir ourselves and find a corner for him in our pastures of Canada, he will shake off our dust from his feet and, driven by hunger, depart—for places less stupid.

This monetary question can be solved in part in several ways:—

1. By improvements in the Canadian market for home books. It would be easy to take up the experience of volume after volume of undoubted merit and show that they are nearly always a loss to the author, for the book market, which is everywhere somewhat precarious, is here without organization for either advertising or distribution.

The best remedy I can recommend to numbers who ask me about the way to bring out their books is to accept the fact that in Canada we must rely much on the subscription list. "More especially," I am constrained to add, "one must, as a business man, place insistence on your covering at least the costs of publication by a subscription list obtained before you issue." If the last three words are neglected, there is dire regret later. Good books are subject to this necessity as well as weak ones. The improvement I would propose as most feasible is for some active agent with a love for the work to take up the specialty of Canadian books as an occupation, and develop it. He could undertake publishing for authors, make up estimates of cost, give advice, take hold of subscription lists, put together uniformly bound sets of the best works so as to push them by sub-agents, act for collectors of Canadian and American stock libraries, and so forth; and by these means, and extending the business, I think a level head could work out a good living. Can such a man be got?

2. Some people think the solution lies in the *litterati* making their living in other vocations. This is not true beyond a very limited extent. The author who enters ordinary business is lost to work of the finest class. He must choose between the one career or the other; for the world will, assuredly, demand all his best energies in business, or refuse to deal with him. Even high class journalism will leave him too little proper leisure.

3. The Civil Service is the proper place for him. The French-Canadians understand this, and have provided for nearly all of their literary men in that way. So in France, and so in all European countries. Why we English-Canadians should be so slow and thick I do not understand. One must express particular surprise that none of our leading politicians have taken up the matter, if merely for their own personal credit. How much more would have been thought of Sir John A. Macdonald abroad if, in recounting his life, it could have been said of him that he had been the patron of native literary men and artists! Our Cabinets do not seem to contain a single English-speaking man of independent intellectual taste. Why cannot a few members of the dominant party take some well-selected names to the Premier and press the matter as one which would reflect credit on the Government? If the thing were well done they would be agreeably surprised at the wide-spread satisfaction evoked. I know the field and I know there would be that satisfaction.

4. The universities are the quarter in which the greatest and most blamable neglect of Canadian abilities has taken place. These institutions are so absorbed in themselves that they are more or less blind to all the new movements going on around them. They originate almost nothing. They stand aloof from the actual political and social needs of their own communities. They are filled with foreigners, worthy enough men, but who, with few exceptions, are unable to throw off the atmosphere of their early training and apply themselves to exactly what

is wanted to raise this political organism higher and improve it. The student feels no call, in these centres, to go out and be a citizen, to attend to living problems, to study the actual beautiful around him, to think the best thoughts for himself. He is at best made a poor mirror, and not a spring of truth, beauty and patriotism. It would be different if men like Lampman, Kingsford, Reade, Campbell, Withrow, Scott, Carman, or the late Goodrich Roberts were more abundant in the chairs. Principal Grant, of Queen's, is a notable example of the strength a university man of the right kind can give to all that is pure and desirable in a country. Professors Ashley, of Toronto, and Clark Murray, of McGill, are similar exceptions. We cannot do without patriotism and fresh fountains and currents of home-borne thought and feeling. To all this it is answered that what is wanted by the universities in each case is the man of the most thorough general proficiency in his subject. "Well, gentlemen, if that is your final determination," I reply, "take the clothes in place of the soul, and be short with it. But I say to you once more, that you owe these positions to our struggling, intellectual men, and you owe its own life-bread to the nation. Have you ever considered the trials you leave upon the bitter hearts of so many brave-souled strugglers for our national uplifting?"

I hope some others will take up this question and see if some practical movement which will remove the reproach upon us of letting our best men starve can be organized. I have known some good being done by merely seeing a member of Parliament about it. It is such a practical matter that the Royal Society should take it up.

Montreal.

ALCHEMIST.

NEW YORK LETTER.

ADA REHAN has now a play that must cause her a great amount of satisfaction. Not only is it one that displays her beauty and dramatic talent exceedingly well, but the playing of it announces to the public the honour paid her by the great poet who is responsible for the lines. When Lord Tennyson first composed his comedy he expected the part of *Maid Marian* to be taken by Mary Anderson, or one of the well-known English actresses, but after seeing Miss Rehan he determined that the play should be hers, and altered it to suit her. "The Foresters" is a charming comedy, charmingly rendered, and is sure to draw crowded houses during the brief season that is set apart for it at Daly's, till April 23. One could wish that Sir Arthur Sullivan's contributions, in the shape of ballad, music, choruses and solos, had been even more generous; those that are given are so delightful. Miss Cheatham's song, "The Bee Buzz'd," is undoubtedly the most attractive of the solos, the dainty and bewitching way in which she "hums" round her doting lover, on each occasion bringing down the house. "The Foresters" is written in the quaint, fanciful diction of the days of Robin Hood, and the Laureate's poetic similes and imagery run happily through the piece. I saw Mr. William Dean Howells and Mr. Charles Dudley Warner among the audience at the opening performance, as well as many other persons of note, literary and otherwise, who were present, doubtless out of compliment to the gifted author, or through interest in this production of his old age.

The Health and Food Exposition at the Lenox Lyceum has been one of March's attractions. Upon the payment of twenty-five cents one was admitted to view the tastefully arranged bottles, and partake of the dainty refreshments offered. The Exposition was held by the Retail Grocers' Association, and was used by the owners of different brands of household goods as an advertisement. Each possessor of a booth paid \$50 for the privilege of erecting it, and another \$50 if, as was usually the case, there was buying and selling over the counter. The "Quaker Oats" booth was a pretty feature, William Penn, in his broad-brimmed hat, gazing down upon us from a pedestal formed of "Quaker Oats" boxes. Pretty girls in Quaker costume stood below descanting on the merits of their particular preparation. Miss Lillian Russell's face suddenly confronted one modelled in "Gilt Edge" butter, and three lovely girls in snow-white wigs and white satin tights, represented the attractions of "Hire's Root Beer."

The Cushing process of refining liquors was shown forth by means of a working model of the invention, a most interesting machine, which appears to do its work perfectly. A very pretty scene, in glass and tinsel, of the "Sunset" Vineyard, illustrated the California brand of that name; while samples of any liquor the visitor chose to call for were presented by the "Sunset" representative to emphasize the superiority of the vintage.

There were three things which particularly took my fancy, and which would, I am sure, interest any house-keeper. One was a fruit and vegetable knife, parer, slicer and corer combined, with which one could accurately regulate the thickness of the slice, see that naught but the peel came off in the paring, and which could be safely used by a child; it was such a cheap and satisfactory little instrument that it took my eye at once. The manufacturer is Clarke, of Wakefield, Mass. Then there was an all but impossible anomaly: a perfectly pure preparation for the teeth, which is pleasant, inexpensive and will renovate the most disreputable of molars. The preparer of this dentifrice, who rejoices in the euphonious patro-

nymic of Tyler Mudge, will make his fortune if he only has enough patience. I, for one, will never use any other preparation than his. The third article, which has proved a boon to me, and which will be hailed with delight by every unlucky wight who dwells in this grimy world, is a "lightning eradicator" for the removing of grease spots of all descriptions, prepared by Parret and Company, of Brooklyn, N.Y. I invested twenty-five cents in a box of this marvellous concoction, and bore it home in triumph to find that it did all that was expected of it; I have been unable to find any spot that defies its cleansing powers. As yet I have not tried it upon a soiled *government*. I fear no remedy but the scapel would be of any avail in that case.

In the hour and a-half that I spent at the Lenox Lyceum last week, I think I sampled about five different kinds of flour and oats made up into biscuits, or to be eaten with cream and sugar, as many varieties of pickles and sauces, and half a dozen brands of wines, lagers, teas and cocoas. I shall always have a vivid recollection of the indigestion that followed; but the scene was so charming and the fair maidens so alluring that one could not but behave with perfect impartiality.

Everyone who knows anything about it is now on the *qui vive* till Mr. Bland's pet scheme, the Free Coinage Bill, or, as it is generally called, the "Silver Bill," is either made law or relegated into oblivion. Should the Bill pass this session, American securities will lose their value in the London market, and consequently a (at all events temporary) dulness of the stock market would ensue; in fact, in apprehension of it, London has been in a hurry to get rid of its "Americans." However, the passing of the Bill is such a doubtful blessing that it is hardly likely to be consummated.

The Behring Sea trouble is agitating us as good Canadians. We laugh in our sleeves at Uncle Sam and his absurd bravado. A *mare clausam* indeed! We have just as much right to fish in the big bit of water as he has, as he will soon find out. President Harrison thinks too much of the high and mightiness of the great Republic. He will learn that he cannot have everything his own way.

I am thinking of writing an article on the two great pictures of New York life: the one viewed by the miserable inmates of tenement houses, and that seen by the petted denizens of the large hotels and handsome houses of the city. There is no luxury that cannot be obtained in New York, only *money* is needed to purchase it; no depth of misery and wretchedness into which it is not possible to fall, only the lack of *money* is needed to bring it about. *Money* is the one great cry that makes itself heard above the roar of the stock exchange, and the piteous cries of women and little children. Did they but understand and appreciate the significance of it, Bellamy's world would be a paradise of joy and bliss, after which rich and poor alike would long with a yearning unspeakable.

SOPHIE M. ALMON HENSLEY.

THE RAMBLER.

THE disappearance of landmarks—more or less important and interesting—is, I suppose, one of the inevitable consequences of the rapid growth of modern cities. In a few years there will not be inside the limits a single specimen of the old colonial mansion once admired and reverently gazed upon. These old-fashioned domains were not, perhaps, either very comfortable or very æsthetic; but they had, in their sweeping lawns, in their wide front steps and verandahs, and in their occasional Corinthian pillars and French windows, a mixture of nobility and picturesqueness which I cannot find even in the graceful Eastlake houses of to-day. People complain of taxes; the ground is a nuisance to keep in order, so first of all the lawns and gardens go. Neat, red brick rows spring up where old orchards and terraces once sloped to meet the urn-decked steps and spreading porch. Then the house goes and the trees are pulled down, and at last not a vestige of the old place remains. This gradual but general transformation seems a pity. I have in my mind several delightful old homes of the kind referred to, backed by colossal elms and oaks, rich in velvety lawn and well-trimmed hedges, with large and noble rooms, wide passages and broad windows; but I know that they are doomed. Sometimes they are turned into schools. Sometimes, if near the heart of the town, they are converted into Chambers, Offices and Apartments; but oftener they are pulled down altogether.

This apathetic treatment of the Old Canadian Manor-House, or Colonial Mansion, is, like most of our actions here in Ontario, the result of a non-national spirit. The French-Canadian reverences the Château of the great patriot at Montebello. The New Yorker pauses ere he passes the knickerbocker mansions, many of them now clubs and boarding-houses, once so full of life and incident; and the New Englander or the New Brunswickian takes pride in the broad farm-houses and swelling barns of his long-settled plains or valleys. Ours is the spirit of the West, and the West has no business with anything old. All the same, I repeat that it is a pity that our old landmarks must all go.

One of the surprises of London is the number of curi-

ous old places you stumble upon in the neat and uninteresting suburban districts, almost American to the eye from their total want of picturesqueness and variety. For there are regular, ordinary red-brick streets in London as well as in other cities—streets which reflect the genteel, dingy, mediocre middle-class life of their inhabitants, unrelieved by even the welcome growth of ivy, or presence of front gardens. Yet it is often just in the heart of such a district that you encounter, standing back among its oaks and laburnums, some old and pillared house that holds within its thick grey walls stories that only Thackeray could adequately decipher—or perhaps a Wilkie Collins.

It is decidedly snobbish of course to affect a knowledge of a foreign tongue when you possess it not—especially French, which requires so much gesture and animation to carry it off—but still it is not an affectation to prefix Madame, or Signor, or Herr to the names of artists. Some American journalists, however, think otherwise, and pursue their honest course so far as to speak of Mrs. Patti and Mrs. Bernhardt, Mr. Lassalle and Miss Scalchi. For my part, I see just as much affectation in this mode as in any other, warranted at least by age and custom. We need not call Paris "Parse," nor speak of *genre* pictures (when we haven't an idea of what we mean by the term), nor confuse *cocher* and *cochon* just because we cling to the time-honoured Madame and Mademoiselle. The worst difficulties are in pronunciation of native names. Many is the time I have struggled with Valenciennes. How should one pronounce it in an English store?—shop—I beg pardon! And then there is Leipsic. Now, to be correct, you must spell it Leipzig and finish, in uttering it aloud, with a guttural gasp most properly German. Then what, pray, is a *thé dousante*? Why not use the English here?

Here is a pretty little lyric from an old magazine. I imagine it to be from the pen of the late Dr. Holland:—

Sweet April, when you try, with your sunshine and your sky,
Your wind breathing low and your birds that sing together,
Your misty blue that fills the hollows of the hills,
You can make a day of most enchanting weather!

But on this lovely morning you have for your adorning
The presence of my only love, my darling, my dear—
So you have no need to try, with your sunshine and your sky,
To make this day the day of all the year!

Yet, April, do your best, with a soft wind from the west,
With sunlight on the springing grass, and tender blue above—
Let your singing birds sing loudly, and your flowers look up proudly—
So may you serve the lady of my love!

O month of changeful mien, your days may be serene—
Or your sobbing east wind may be bringing rainy weather—
Each is a welcome day, for each it takes me nearer May,
When my only love and I shall be together!

PARIS LETTER.

THE dynamite scare is passing into a screaming farce, so the timid may pluck up heart of grace. The three explosions by the "Sardinitards" have revealed that the anarchists in France are not very dangerous after all. They have in a sense given society the measure of their mischief power, and have been shown in return that, against their nefarious attempts, society bands itself into common unity. The repercussion of the sardine-box bombs has been greater among the mosaic class of extremists in the other parts of Europe than in France. Dynamite, while working evil, develops good, by compelling society in self-defence to be first of all conservative, while not remaining indifferent to the unremedied causes which help to swell the Ishmael army with recruits from poverty and crime.

The coming new law, making it a capital offence to employ dynamite or other explosive for criminal ends, will doubtless have a deterrent effect. Not a few level-headed judges view the recent explosion outrages in Paris as the work of pure maniacs, because devoid of comprehensible aim and of correlative action. There is no truth in the rumour that the Government contemplates taking over to itself the monopoly of the fabrication of all nitro-glycerine compounds. That would necessitate the buying up of the French Dynamite Manufacturing Company, one of the most going concerns in the country. Its 500 frs. shares now sell at 800 frs., and the dividend per share is 70 frs. The idea to prohibit the use of dynamite in the mining industries would be sheer folly: it would have for a consequence the shutting down of mines and the stoppage of public works. Since dynamite has superseded gunpowder, it has effected a saving in the execution of public works amounting to 45 per cent. Further, no dynamite can be abstracted from the manufactory, and none is delivered except on an order signed by a prefect, who stands guarantee for the acquirer; the latter is never furnished with more than a stock for a fortnight; the miners receive only the number of cartridges sufficient for one day's work, and, as they have to pay for them, they have an interest in guarding preciously the costly explosive.

The victims of the Panama Canal bubble have now under their eyes an object lesson illustrative of the work their milliards were subscribed to accomplish. Paris is to have an additional supply of pure, potable water in the course of two years. The works are being actively pushed forward. It is on the heights of St. Cloud that the vast

reservoirs, covering 300 acres, are being constructed. From there the water will be piped across the Seine by a special viaduct, and so traversing the Bois de Boulogne, the water will reach its high level centre of distribution near the Arc de Triomphe. It is a favourite promenade for Parisians to visit the gigantic works: 1,000 hands are permanently engaged in day and night shifts, who live in a mushroom town of wooden huts, and baptized "Chicago." The excavators delve and scoop up the soil to the depth of 40 feet over the 300 acres; the stuff is transported a mile away to form a sustaining buttress for the massive boundary walls, in cement and jagged stone, as solid as any mason work of ancient Rome. Instead of acres it is miles of kindred excavation that the Panama big ditch exacts, plus the dyke against that unknown quantity—the Chagres River. Imagine these vast excavations suspended for three years, and all the prodigious machines being gnawed by rust during that period, while bearing in mind the miles upon miles of land to be scooped into a ship way for deep draught vessels; such is the spectacle Parisian holders of Panama bonds can conjure up by a trip to their "Chicago."

Zola has immortalized the angels of the public wash-houses: there are 400 of the latter in Paris, chiefly moored barges on the Seine, well known as *lavoirs*, and a first-class *lavoir* represents a "floating" capital of 100,000 frs. It is not by any means a money-making business. Families or laundries bring their dirty linen to the *lavoir*; the bundle, when numbered, is put into a vast caldron to steep, boil and bubble during the night: in the morning "suds" receives her bundle and rents a scrubbing board, with soaped and chemical hot or cold waters at one or two sous per hour; then the linen is sent to the centrifugal wringing machine, and next to the drying room for 24 hours, when the owner takes it home to mangle and make up. For a family bundle, all these cleansing operations would cost about one franc. Each *lavoir* consumes 150 tons of coal yearly, and a ton of coal pays a city tax of 7½ frs. The municipality purpose supplying its *lavoirs* with untaxed coal: this bounty would ruin the private *lavoirs*. The proprietors of the latter offer to give special scouring terms to workmen's households, and to supply hot baths to the great unwashed up to a certain number for three sous per person; they demand, in exchange, the abolition of the coal tax for their industry.

It is not only in Paris, but in the provinces, that the clergy respond to the challenge-discussions of the itinerant professors of socialism. Occasionally, the church is the place of meeting. The plan has everything to commend its extension; the lay members of the upper and middle classes shrink from the struggle with the wild theorists, which is abdication in face of danger. The clergy, being chiefly the sons of peasants and artisans, claim on the platform to belong to and be in sympathy with the labour classes. In their replies there is neither dogmatism nor theology, but sound sense and broad Christianity; demolishing society will not ameliorate the lot of the breadwinner.

The Sanitary Committee of Paris is busy in seeing that all its hygienic recommendations are executed, for they are armed with very sumptuary powers. The latter are not so drastic as those possessed by the Provost of Paris in 1596, when he ordered vehicles to be kept ready in the streets to convey doctors, surgeons and "barbers" to visit their patients. Every house that contained a sick inmate was bound to display a mark in chalk on the door; whoever obliterated that mark had a hand cut off. Houses without water-closets had such made by the authorities, the cost being defrayed out of the rent. The sanitary inspectors wore black velvet caps, with a silver cross; those who disobeyed their instructions were immediately imprisoned. Bleeding was a universal cure, and the surgeons were bound to empty their basins in a special part of the Seine. A citizen who surreptitiously transported the clothing or bedding of a sick person across the city, could be imprisoned for life, and have all his goods forfeited. Every convalescent had to keep a fire in the sick room and the court-yard, during a certain number of days, in order to purify the air. Never to go abroad on an empty stomach, but to indulge in a nip beforehand was recommended, as also to pray constantly; keep the konnel of the street flushed—then there was only one in the centre of the rue into which all filth was thrown. Pigs, rabbits and pigeons were to be sent out of the city, and all wandering dogs were to be killed. Crowds were to be avoided; schools to be closed, and the indigent sent away from the hospices. People were urged not to remain idle, or give way to passion or to worry, and to "abstain from milk in every form," while observing extreme personal cleanliness.

Signs of the times: Parisians are drifting into a leaning for passion plays; is it a change in convictions or the latest fashion? During last Lent, when the "Passion" was dramatized for a minor theatre, the audience sat it out with mixed feelings of surprise and pleasure, but, above all, with reverence. The manager made a good deal of money, though he believed the piece would be scooped off the stage. That diva of the people, Yvette Guibert, now adds to her repertoire, for private entertainments, *nativité* carols. The "Théâtre Moderne" has just represented with great success "Christ," a sacred drama, by M. Grandmougin. The rôles of the Saviour, of the Virgin and of Peter are truthfully filled, the author being a religious man. The trial before Pontius Pilate lacks a crowd to express the swaying emotions of the multitude,

The scene on the Mount of Olives is intensely sublime; perhaps, from the artistic point of view, the author makes the Divine Revolutionist too sublime. The part *Judas* is full of fierce and sullen greatness, while that of *Mary Magdalene* touches all the cords of pity. Père Dédon, who in addition to being a great preacher and the author of an antidote "Life of Jesus," to that written by M. Renan, is director of the school for student-priests at Arceuil, and brings his pupils to witness the great drama of the Gospel. Z.

THE CENTURY DICTIONARY.*

IT would be ungrateful in noticing the completion of this great work not to recognize the astonishing punctuality with which its successive volumes have been given to the public. It is seldom indeed that editors fulfil their engagements, especially when the area to be traversed is so enormous and the difficulty of getting all their assistants to "come up to time" is so great; but in the present case the original undertaking has been made good. The preface issued in the first part of the Dictionary is dated May 1, 1889, the supplementary note to the preface issued with the last part, October 1, 1891. Between these dates, as the publishers declare with justifiable self-congratulation, has been published, in twenty-four parts (six volumes) which have followed one another with almost mechanical regularity, a dictionary of 7,046 large quarto pages containing, from the printer's point of view, two-thirds as much matter as the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, and including about 500,000 definitions of over 215,000 words, 50,000 defined phrases, 300,000 illustrative quotations, and 8,000 cuts.

We can quite understand and appreciate the explanation of the publishers when they tell us that this remarkable rapidity and regularity of publication was possible only by reason of the long, elaborate, and thorough preparatory work done on the whole book before a page of it was sent to the press. And this work seems to have been done in the most sensible manner by such a division of labour as discriminated between the kind of work which could be done rapidly and the kind which required deliberation and consultation.

In regard to the principal points of a Dictionary—etymology, definition, and literary authority—we think that the Century Dictionary has come up to as high a standard as could be reached under the circumstances. We ought to add—what it would have been inexcusable to forget—the encyclopædic character of the work. It is not merely what the Germans call a *Word Book* (*Wörterbuch*); but a Dictionary of Things, giving real descriptions (*Real-Wörterbuch*). Of course, it is impossible that the philological part of the Dictionary should come up to this department of the great Oxford Dictionary, now appearing under the editorship of Dr. Murray and Mr. Bradley. For the ordinary needs of those who consult dictionaries perhaps it may do enough even in this way. But we must remember that here it is, complete; whereas the other Dictionary, although begun before the Century, has now only its first volume complete and fragments of Vols. II. and III.—less than the amount of one volume additional, with no definite prospect of completion for years to come. Some one has said that the Best is the enemy of the Good. At any rate, we are glad to have the good, even if the next generation is to have something better.

It has been said that the Century Dictionary is the first by which Shakespeare can be read. We are under the impression that a good many of us have read and understood and enjoyed Shakespeare before the Century Dictionary was heard of; but it is an undoubted advantage to have within reach a book that will solve all the linguistic difficulties of our great dramatist. We believe that we may more readily concede its claim to be the first dictionary by means of which modern physical, biological, and technological literature can be understood. We are told that Dr. C. P. G. Scott is generally responsible for the etymologies, and for biological definitions and the like Dr. Elliott Cones, Dr. Lester F. Ward, and their assistants.

We quite believe that it would be possible for a carping critic to point out weak spots in this great Dictionary; but it is with no such intention that we take these last volumes in hand. And therefore we will simply further, take up some pages more or less at random and compare them with one of the best dictionaries which we have at hand, the Imperial, remembering, however, that the Imperial, although also giving woodcuts, is not mainly intended to be encyclopædic, but is chiefly a Word-book.

We will start from the word *Monarch*. Both dictionaries are excellent, each giving what we should reasonably expect. But the Imperial gives *monarch* as an adjective, as well as a substantive, quoting Dryden and Pope in justification. We believe that in both passages the word may be a noun, and therefore the Century is right in taking no notice of this supposed adjectival character of the word. The next word in the Century, however, finds no place in the Imperial. It is *Monarchie*, "an extensive genus of true fly catchers." Again, the ecclesiastical term, *Monarchianism*, is given by the Century and not by the Imperial. And so with *Monardea*, a tribe of plants of the natural order *Labiata*, *Monardine*, a chrySTALLINE solid which separates from the oil of horsemint, *Monarsenous*, and

Monarticular. We might add largely to this list; nor is this an unfair comparison, as the Imperial professes to be "a complete encyclopædic Lexicon, literary, scientific, and technological." And we do by no means intend to deny that the Imperial fairly fulfils its profession; but it is, on the other hand, only doing justice to the Century to point out how much more it accomplishes.

We might illustrate the advantages of the larger dictionary by pointing out the greater fulness of the definitions and explanations; but, as this would merely refer to bulk, it is sufficient to remark that a dictionary of six quarto volumes must necessarily have a larger content than one of four imperial octavo volumes. One example, however, may be given of the dictionary being brought up to date. In the Imperial *Monera* had been described as a name proposed to be given to certain minute marine organisms which may be provisionally regarded as the lowest group of the Rhizopoda. The Century, with more caution, and as the result of further investigation, remarks: "The group is provisional and perhaps hypothetical. The name is that of a legitimate biological conception; but since it is by no means certain that every moner is not a stage or state of a somewhat more definitely organized rhizopod, the group so named has no assured zoological standing."

Passing on to the fifth volume, we find the same kind of results, additional words, fuller information, more copious illustration. Leaving out many minor words, we come, for example to the word *Scholasticism*, which is not even given in the Imperial. It was quite to be expected that the Century should give more special attention to such a word; but, as a matter of fact, we have an excellent condensed essay, in which we get a large amount of information respecting the scholastic movement, such as will leave in the reader's mind a quite adequate conception of its nature. It is quite natural that the word *Revolver* should have a carefully lettered wood-cut representing all its parts which are elaborately explained. The Imperial, however, has a good article on the word, although it has no diagram.

The word *Screw* is a good example of the way in which lexicography has had to keep pace with invention and science. In the times of our forefathers a very few lines would have told all that needed to be known of a screw; but here we have, in the Imperial, eight different meanings, and in the Century twelve; and one interesting point is, that they do not coincide, so that the word has some meanings in each country not known in the other. Thus, in the Imperial, we find the familiar English use, "one who makes a sharp bargain; an extortioner; a miser"—a meaning which seems to be unknown to the Century, which, on the other hand, has this explanation, unknown to the Imperial and to Great Britain: "A Professor or tutor who requires students to work hard, or who subjects them to strict examination." Again, we have in the Imperial "an unsound or broken down horse," rather a common usage in England; but perhaps they do not keep horses of that kind in the United States. As regards illustrations, the Imperial has one, the De Bay Screw Propeller, whilst the Century has four of different kinds of screws.

The word *Simple* has always seemed to us a very interesting one in various respects, and more especially as illustrating the deterioration in the meaning of words. There is a very nice and compendious article in the Imperial; but the Century has quite a voluminous and most interesting contribution on the subject. As regards the etymology they both agree in dismissing the old *sine plica*, and while retaining the *plica* derive the first syllable from the same root as that of *Single*, etc. In regard to the definitions, we get first, those which are neutral, and then those inclining to the favourable aspect, and finally "proceeding from ignorance or folly." Here and there we should have put the matter somewhat differently, and it is clear that this book is American and not English; but there is not much that an Englishman would wish to alter, and he will seldom fail to obtain the information which he seeks.

The work in the Dictionary closes with a list of over 3,000 authors and authorities cited, and with a reprint of the list of amended spellings recommended by the English Philological Society and the American Philological Association, headed by an introduction which leaves no doubt where the editors of the Dictionary stand as regards spelling-reform. While this list, which has as yet almost no actual usage to support it, and was indeed intended only as a step towards something more complete, could not properly be incorporated in the body of the Dictionary, Professor Whitney believes that no lexicographer should ignore it. He expresses his opinion in the following vigorous language: "The reformed orthography of the present, made with scientific intent and with a regard for historic and phonetic truth, is more worthy of notice, if a dictionary could discriminate as to worthiness between two sets of facts, than the oftentimes capricious and ignorant orthography of the past. It need not be said in this Dictionary that the objections brought on etymological and literary and other grounds against the correction of English spelling are the unthinking expressions of ignorance and prejudice. All English etymologists are in favour of the correction of English spelling, both on etymological grounds and on the higher ground of the great service it will render to national education and international intercourse. It may safely be said that no competent scholar who has really examined the question has come, or could come, to a different conclusion; and it

may confidently be predicted that future English dictionaries will be able to recognize to the full, as this Dictionary has been able in its own usage to recognize in part, the right of the English vocabulary to be rightly spelled."

When we say that it is proposed to spell *abandoned* without the *e*, and *abashed*, *abash*, our readers will perhaps remember that a number of the members of the English Philological Society took up this fad a good many years ago, and some of them have stuck to it, like Mr. Furnivall, while others have abandoned it. Here are a few specimens: *Abuv*, *abuze*, *ake*, *ad*, *adjurn*, *becum*; but there are columns and columns of them. Well, we don't like it; and if any such sweeping changes are to be made, we should prefer to advocate one still more radical, and go on to the phonetic system altogether. We sincerely hope, however, that nothing of the kind may take place, but that any changes which shall be made in our spelling may result from the historical evolution which has modified our language in the past.

The full value of this work can be determined only after lengthened use; but we can speak strongly of the immense advance made over all existing dictionaries; and, even when the great Oxford dictionary is completed, this one will have its place and its use beside it.

ART NOTES.

IN its turn triennially the Capital claims the Academy, and the modest gallery of our national collection is nicely filled with about 160 paintings, a few architectural designs, and some busts by Mr. Hamilton MacCarthy. This is a much less numerous gathering than usually appears, either in Toronto or Montreal, which is not surprising when the locality is considered, as we can hardly expect the artists to send so many works to a city of so little purchasing capacity as Ottawa. Indeed, it would hardly be possible to hold a successful exhibition in Ottawa but for the help the individual contributors derive from the Academy as an organization. This seems to be a good and sufficient *raison d'être* for this association. Our lengthy Dominion already feels the Academy's influence in the fostering and improvement of annual art displays; while the increase of excellence in the Academy exhibition itself is patent to all who have taken sufficient interest to follow its career through its thirteen annual meetings. Initiated as it was by Royal and Vice-Regal care, and receiving a certain impetus therefrom, in its first two or three years the withdrawal of that aid in the inevitable course of events was something parallel with the allowing the bothouse fires to die, thus leaving the plants to nature and their own resources. This has resulted in establishing an artistic strength, which has grown and promises well for the future. This year Mr. P. G. Wickson is represented by No. 2, "A Professional Opinion," a picture already familiar in Toronto, as it appeared at the last Industrial Exhibition; his other work, "The Bridesmaid," we hope to see again later. The charming little maiden, not at all abashed by the novelty of her surroundings, courts our admiration both for herself and the brilliant bunch of daffodils she holds. Perhaps a little more effort to harmonize some part of the white drapery with the back-ground and floor would have improved the composition, but as it is it cannot fail to attract much favourable notice. Mr. C. J. Pinhey sends, this year, only small pictures; they all show his careful training in figure drawing, but "Christ in the Wilderness" has elements of greatness in it, which the minute scale in which it is here presented does not in any way destroy. If reproduced on the scale of life it would be a remarkable work anywhere. This is certainly so far the best promise Mr. Pinhey has made us. Mr. John Hammond, of St. John, New Brunswick, has three cleverly-executed works, "St. John Harbour" (49), "Evening" (24), "Mist and Sunshine" (5). The many who love the water and its life must feel a pulsation of sympathy with this artist, whose manner somewhat resembles that of Wylie, the popular English painter. Mr. T. Mower Martin, of Toronto, is a large contributor to the walls, the wild sports of Ontario being his favourite theme as usual, and it will interest those who have used the paddle and the rifle. "In Charge" is very successful; the slain quarry lies upon the beach, with a well-posed hound keeping watch and ward, and waiting for the approach of a canoe on the distant water, which may contain friend or foe. The tone of this picture will compare well with anything in the exhibition, and it may be fairly classed as one of Mr. Martin's most successful works. Miss E. May Martin has obtained for No. 156, "Late Twilight," a very good position on the line which it well deserves; the quiet evening light pervades the scene, and the restfulness is enhanced by a few sheep very nicely introduced. Mr. Mower Martin's "Disturbed" shows us a large black bear snarling at the spectator, and making him glad that it is only a painted bear after all. This exhibition contains works of the votaries of several different schools of painting, notably many of the younger painters, who give much of their thoughts to the modern French manner. Mr. Martin is not one of these, but paints his own subjects in his own original way. Mr. Jacobi, the veteran president, can be readily seen by the visitor in works which retain his old characteristics, so long popular in Canada. Mr. Cruickshank's little picture, giving us the peaceful present-day aspect of the field of Quatre Bras, has been honoured by the Academy Committee and is seen at its best. It is much to be wished that he would be encouraged to give us more of his subject

* "The Century Dictionary." Edited by W. D. Whitney, Ph.D. Vols. IV. to VI. New York: Century Company; London: Fisher Unwin.

themes. W. A. Sherwood's portraits justify his election to associateship last year, and his "Alpine Warder" is a fine rendering in pastel of a large St. Bernard dog. Mr. E. Wyly Grier, who is comparatively new to the Canadian public, adds variety and strength to the exhibition; it is to be hoped that another year will see Mr. Grier on the list of associate members. He goes to nature with a singleness of purpose so much to be desired, and yet so rare, among artists; conventionality is, unhappily, such a power for crushing and blinding the student. Mr. C. Macdonald Manly has been steadily gaining favour and recognition, and seems to have felt encouraged this year to bid strongly for more. He might, we think, have appeared to greater advantage if all his strength had been exerted in water colours. Although his two large oils are not bad pictures, they do not charm with that fresh and delightful force which characterize him in the lighter medium. Mr. W. Brymer, of Montreal, one of the strong men of the rising generation, evidences the courage of his convictions, and at the same time confirms the value of thorough training in the first schools of Europe. His "Champ de Mars in Winter" could not be truer to local fact, and is broadly, powerfully, yet lightly, treated. His "County Cork, Ireland," contests the honours with Mr. Watson's largest and latest on the south wall; it is singularly true, while simple in treatment and low in tone. "Summer Clouds" is a pleasant little landscape. "The Carpenter's Shop," though good, we think we have seen more satisfactorily rendered by this artist some years ago. Mr. Carl Ahrens seems to have surprised the committee with his "Cradled in the Net," so much so that they have given him a place probably the most conspicuous in the whole exhibition. Mr. Woodcock again devotes himself to landscape; his "Cabbage Garden" is a most exquisitely-finished and harmoniously-toned *morceau* of Canadian rustic life, being strong and yet soft and pleasing, qualities seldom combined in our rather raw, bucolic aspects of life. "November" gives us the solemn premonition of approaching winter, and you look soon for snowflakes which have not yet come. "The Mail Carrier" is a figure picture in much the same vein, and several other smaller canvasses all bear out the painter's claim to a mastery of tone. Mrs. Mary Huster Reid continues to paint roses and antique pottery with delightful softness and power; these pictures cannot be classed with ordinary still-life rendering, as they go far beyond it and raise the subject by the treatment. Mr. Geo. Reid's large work, "The Foreclosure of the Mortgage," cannot fail to attract the notice of all visitors; it is one of those stories which "those who run may read." The scene of misery here so vividly depicted speaks for itself, and it is unnecessary to say more than that it is strongly, broadly and luminously treated. One recognizes the family which served Mr. Reid as subject matter two years ago, then suffering forebodings of the evil now crushing them. Mr. Seavey's still life is thorough and real, but lacks the poetic feeling of Mr. Reid's works. Mrs. Dignam's "Mid-day Meal," a pleasing subject, would perhaps be more so still were the posing of figure and animal not quite so similar. There is much, however, in the picture that will interest and attract. Miss M. A. Bell's "Twilight Reverie," though very low in tone, so much so as to approach gloom, is a really artistic work of poetic quality. Mr. W. Raphael sustains his usual place with credit, but his smaller picture is the more pleasing. Mr. F. A. Verner's two oil paintings, "Our Cows" and "Cattle in the Marsh," would be welcome to cheer the walls of some of the palatial mansions, so many of which have been erected here of late. Alexander Watson, of St. John, New Brunswick, has one very good little genre picture, "Kitchen Corner in a Humble Home," which makes us hope that another efficient recruit has joined the ranks of our figure painters. Arthur Cox's small "Vale of Gilead" is one of his best works so far exhibited. Miss Sydney S. Tully, among the oil painters, holds a high place. "Sketching" is a good but difficult effect well realized. These pictures have all been seen in Toronto. Mr. Brownell is another welcome addition, and if "The Spoilt Child" be an earnest of good things to come as it should be, our "plentiful lack" of genre painters will be measurably reduced by his work in future. There is painting in this which would do credit to any school. Robert Harris seems to have been occupied so fully with portrait commissions as to have perceptibly reduced his subject work. Let us hope that what is our loss is his gain. "Going Wrong" was fully noticed here last year. Mr. J. W. L. Forster takes time from his literary pursuits to produce some good portraits. His "Portrait of My Mother" is too well known to require notice here. It is his best Academy picture. Miss Edwards' "Lemons" look juicy and real. Mr. Bell-Smith's only oil painting is "Indian Summer in the Rockies." Mr. A. D. Patterson's two portraits, "Mr. Justice Patterson" and "Mrs. Patterson," are both telling likenesses, naturally and easily posed, the head of Mrs. Patterson being wonderfully given. Homer Watson, the young Canadian candidate for public recognition of a few years ago, now takes his place among the maturely-developed workers in landscape, and does his share manfully to sustain the higher development of that art. He may be classed among our few painters of the romantic school, or, more properly, romantic pastoral. His subjects, though similar in trend of thought, present those ever old, yet ever new, claims to interest which make rustic landscapes the most lastingly soothing of all pictures; they bring the tired and harassed drudge of city life back to the playgrounds of his youthful truant days, and woo the memory away from present care, far more powerfully

than can be done by any other means, avoiding the waste of time and mental energy which light reading so often involves. It is safe to predict that Mr. Watson's pictures this year will bring him back to that place he used to hold in the hearts of his compatriot art lovers, some of whom may have begun to think they would see no more important works from his easel. It is always pleasing to find the last the best.

In water colours Mr. Gagen's two drawings, "Somme's Sound" and "Dirty Weather" are clean and clever, and will be remembered in Toronto. Mr. J. T. Rolph's four small landscapes are cool and refreshing, though rather overshadowed by the imposing size of the majority of this year's pictures. Mr. James Griffith's roses and fruit pictures are as realistic and careful as usual. Mr. Watts has sent some clever sketches, and Mr. T. Mower Martin two small Rocky Mountain scenes. Mr. L. R. O'Brien's "Mill Pond at Blair, Ontario," "Canterbury," "Windsor" and "Falls on the Saint John River" will all be familiar to the numerous admirers of this gentleman's work whenever exhibited. Of the four, perhaps the last named is the best, though "Canterbury" is a fine subject skilfully and carefully treated. A Canadian watercolour exhibition without anything from Daniel Fowler would seem lacking in one of its essentials, and the presence of his drawings is a link with the past which it would be indeed sad to lose. Those here are all in his well-known and much appreciated style. Mr. Revell's "Crossed by Shades and Sunny Gleams" looks well in its place upon the line. Mr. M. Matthews is the largest exhibitor in water-colours, having five new drawings of large size upon the wall, besides four which have been previously exhibited in Toronto. Five of them are Rocky Mountain subjects. To the many admirers of the delightful work of this clever artist we may say that, as usual, Mr. Matthews' pictures are admirable, both in conception and workmanship, and well sustain his excellent reputation. Mr. Bell-Smith's small pictures of Parisian streets and parks, with their frequenters happily introduced, are very pleasing; especially so are "A Kiosk" and "Near Notre Dame," but Mr. Bell-Smith has not sent any large or ambitious work this year. Mr. Colin Scott's sea-shore sketches are bright and fresh in colour and treatment. Mr. C. J. Way, faithful though far away in Switzerland, is pleasingly represented by "A Fisherman's Home at Capri." It bears the usual character of these Mediterranean subjects, and is in fine harmony both as regards colour and tone. Mr. James Smith, the secretary, contributes two of his annual marine subjects, "The Coming Squall" and "Sails versus Steam," the former being a decided advance upon previous years, especially in breadth of treatment. Mr. C. Macdonald Manly's two water-colours are as fresh as they are beautiful. Mr. Robert Harris contributes a water-colour portrait of Mr. Charles Moss, Q.C., and some very dashing sketches, of which "High and Dry" is remarkably good. Mr. F. McGillivray Knowles' "Wolfe's Cove" occupies a prominent place in the centre of the wall. Mr. Forshaw Day has one Rocky Mountain study, "Mount Deville." Mr. James Wilson's "Wild Woodland Stream" possesses both breadth and unity. Mr. Verner's "Prairie Sunset" and "Ice Flow on the Detroit River" are both attractive. The general appearance of the exhibition, both in oil and water-colour, has not been equalled by any previous year's display. Mr. Hamilton MacCarthy is the only sculptor represented. He sends busts of Hon. Edward Blake, Mr. L. R. O'Brien and Mr. Todd, of Toronto. Seven architectural drawings, six of which are by Mr. S. H. Townsend, of Toronto, complete the collection of 1892. Next year it will be the turn of Montreal to be visited by the Academy.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

THE GRAND.

"MR. WILKINSON'S WIDOWS," a title savouring of the Great Salt Lake, and yet the plot as it develops brings everything and everybody to a most laughable, ludicrous ending. Mr. Gillette, in translating from the French, has adapted the play to English tastes, and humorously defines the various situations of the perplexed and, at first appearances, too-frequently-married *Major Molloy*, capably acted by Mr. Neil O'Brien; all ends well, however, but the drollery of the various situations in the play have to be witnessed to be enjoyed.

THE New York Garden successful play, "Dr. Bill," that drew large audiences here early last fall, will be presented at the Grand on Monday, April 11th.

THE ACADEMY.

MARIE TEMPEST, with the New York Casino Company, including Fred. Solomon and others, will appear at the Academy on Thursday, April 14th, for three nights and matinées on Friday and Saturday. "The Tyrolean," a Vianese opera by Zeller, said to be piquantly musical, will be presented on the Thursday and Friday nights, and "Nanon," an old favourite, on Saturday night.

THE PAVILION.

THE benefit concert to Mr. Herbert L. Clarke, who is leaving Toronto to join Gilmore's band, was financially a huge success, so much so that it was decided to entertain the overflow from Monday's concert with the same talent on Wednesday evening, when another large audience assembled to do honour to Toronto's clever cornettist.

MADAME ALBANI.

THE coming of the famous Canadian songstress, Albani, who is to appear in concert with De Pachmann, the exponent of Chopin, and Vianesi as the accompanist, on Monday, April 11th, is very naturally creating quite a furore in musical circles, as indeed is but a natural sequence to Albani's European and American triumphs, for verily a prophet has no honour in his own country until he has gained honours abroad. The plan is at Suckling and Sons.

TORONTO VOCAL SOCIETY.

FOR the coming concert of the Toronto Vocal Society, at which Miss Attalie Claere, the charming soprano, as already announced, is to appear, the musical patrons of this popular Society will be glad to learn that the services of the talented pianist, Mr. Fred. Boscovitz, have been retained. Other artists will be announced next week. The plan will be open for subscribers Monday, April 18th, at Nordheimer's.

THE Piano Manufacturers' Association of New York unanimously resolved a few months ago to adopt as the uniform pitch of tuning forks A = 435 and C = 517.3 vibrations. A supply of forks of this pitch has been received from Europe, and Messrs. Alfred Dolge and Richard Ranft have been appointed distributing agents.

WHY, ask unmusical people, do so many jealousies exist among singers,—why are they always quarrelling? There is, I think, underlying this fact a theory seldom thought of. If you will notice, in other walks of life it is always the person who doubts himself that complains of being slighted in society, cut in the street, or treated coldly by friends. It is always the person who doubts the stability of his standing in society who tremblingly asks at each turn—not the question, "Am I doing right?" but the weaker query, "What shall people say?" The very study of music, and especially the lyric stage, constantly develops the sensibilities and emotions. This will readily be understood by Americans and English people, whose earliest education is that of self-control of the most rigid kind. It is bad taste to yield to impulses of surprise, sudden laughter, and the many minor emotions of life which they have been taught to avoid. And later, turning to the study of music and its dramatic expression, they find themselves actually undoing what they previously took pride in forcing upon themselves. The study of music involves the facility of abandoning self to the expression of every grade of emotion; and, if successful, it requires a strong will-power not to permit it to enter private life—not to be surprised into sudden expressions of emotions. Singers, therefore, may be excusable if they possess many weak points,—that is, if they have not philosophical forethought to guard against an exhibition of them. The average singer is a little like the Irish-woman who abuses her husband to her heart's content because he beats her; but if you denounce him she will turn on you furiously with, "If he bates me, it's for me good; and whose wife should he bate if not his own!" "My child," said the manager of the Royal Theatre at Malta to a nearly heart-broken young artist, "if you expect to follow the golden rule behind the scenes, and then cry your eyes out because you find it is neither appreciated nor understood, let me warn you that you will certainly die of grief. You must consider that sensitiveness must be saved for the higher interpretation of your art, but replace it by a mask of stern indifference in meeting the petty jealousies of singers whose education of heart has been neglected, or who are ignorant of the common courtesies of life."—*Werner's Voice Magazine.*

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

A HANDBOOK TO FLORIDA. By C. L. Norton. New York: Longmans. 1892.

It cannot be many months since we noticed a previous edition of this excellent guide to Florida; and the present differs but little from its predecessor. It is as well written and printed and as prettily bound. It contains the same varied information, only that it is brought up to date by the addition of about twelve pages to its bulk. As we said before, the intending traveller or resident in Florida will find information on every conceivable subject in this comprehensive volume; and abundance of maps and plans make the information more intelligible.

THE PEER AND THE WOMAN. By E. Phillips Oppenheim. Price, 30 cents. New York: John A. Taylor and Company; Toronto: P. C. Allen.

Here is a capital specimen of a thorough-going sensational novel. The old lady who was grieved to find that she did not enjoy her murders in the newspapers as much as she once did might find her interest stimulated by this well-written story. It begins with the murder of a well-known peer and an unknown woman; and one guesses that there is some connection between them. The reader will probably surmise very early in the day who was the murderer, but he will not be sure, and he will be unable to guess the motive. As the plot develops, he will make a guess who the murdered woman is, and at first he will be wrong, but not far off the scent. Now, every intelligent reader can see that this must be a carefully constructed plot, and we do not think it would be kind to reveal more of it.

THE CHOICE OF BOOKS. By Charles F. Richardson. New York and Toronto: John B. Alden.

Here is an excellent and most useful little volume. It does not give us a list of the hundred best books, like Sir John Lubbock and Mr. Harrison, but it contains a number of the same extracts from the best writers on the subject. Here we have Petrarch and Milton and Bacon and Sir John Herschel and many more. Of course, much of this is very familiar, but it is none the worse for that. The only very precious passage on the subject which we miss is the passage in Lord Bacon's *Essay on Studies*, which sets forth the comparative advantages of reading, conference, and writing. Among the subjects handled are "The Reading Habit," "The Best Books to Read," "How Much to Read," "Remembering What One Reads," "Poetry," "The Art of Skipping," and so forth. We can cordially recommend this inexpensive little book to young students as a safe and useful guide.

CONSCIENCE. By Hector Malot. Price, 75 cents. New York: Worthington; Toronto: P. C. Allen.

This book obtained a rather wide celebrity on its first appearance, and it is now done into good English by Miss or Mrs. Lita Rice. We are introduced into some queer society in Paris, in which all kinds of political and ethical theories are broached, and even theories innocent of ethics. The hero is a medical man in want of money, who tries to borrow the sum which he needs. He tells his mistress that there would be no harm in murdering the money-lender, a theory which she does not accept, and on which she does not expect him to act. However, he does murder him, and suspicion falls upon the brother of his mistress who is condemned to penal servitude for the offence. The curious part of the business is the working of the murderer's conscience, which, quite silent in prospect of the murder, becomes clamorous afterwards, but principally, as it appears, from fear of discovery. At any rate, it does not prevent him from perpetrating a second murder to conceal the first. We do not think this a wholesome book, whatever the author's design may be. It ends with such abruptness that we thought a sheet must be missing.

HALF-HOURS WITH THE MILLIONAIRES: Arranged and Edited by B. B. West. London: Longmans. 1892.

We do not remember the name of Mr. West, and there is no preface to give us any information as to the origin of the essays which the volume contains. We do not know whether they have ever appeared in any other form or not, nor whether Mr. West has written all or any of them. It is more to the purpose to note that they are cleverly and ingeniously put together. To some readers it may appear that the joke is carried rather too far, and we confess that we are among those, but others may think differently. The chief person in the book is a gentleman who conceives a great desire to make the acquaintance of millionaires, and finds a friend who has a large acquaintance of this kind. They are, in fact, as plentiful as blackberries, and every one whom he meets has a fad which he indulges at great expense and to his own abundant entertainment. One reforms the backs of houses, another forms a London Syndicate for the removal of abuses and nuisances, another takes up miscarriages of justice and rights them. There is a good deal of power of description shown in these sketches. Perhaps they are meant to suggest to millionaires a use for their money. If so, we have no objection.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF ISAAC WILLIAMS. Edited by Sir George Prevost. London: Longmans. 1892.

There is not a great deal that is new in this volume; yet we think that Sir George Prevost has done well in giving it to the public. Isaac Williams, through bad health, lived a very retired life for many years before his death in 1865; and it can hardly be said that he was a prominent figure in the Tractarian movement. Yet he was a man of no slight consideration; and perhaps he was of more importance than would be readily gathered from his own narrative. He is the author of the celebrated tract (80) on Reserve which caused a good deal of stir and was denounced by many who had never read it, like Bishop Monk of Gloucester, and by some who had. He was a religious poet, and, but for Keble, might have been the poet of the movement.

As we have said, this book does not add much to our knowledge of the Oxford movement, and we get no very distinct picture of Mr. Williams himself; but here and there we get side lights on parts of the story which we already knew in part. For example, John Keble is here presented to us in lovelier portraiture than we ever remember to have seen before; and it is interesting to know that several of his friends had great misgivings as to the success of the *Christian Year* before its publication. An interesting reference is here made to Newman's celebrated tract 90. About the time of its publication, Williams, who was Newman's Assistant at St. Mary's, had a better acquaintance with Newman's real state of mind than perhaps any other of his friends, and saw that he was drifting away from the English Church, and hence it happened that, whilst others saw little to disapprove in the Tract, which brought the series to a sudden termination, Williams saw mischief in it from his knowledge of the author's state of mind.

It is interesting to be reminded that Pusey's first contribution to the Tracts was his *Essay on Baptism* to which

he appended his initials, in order to show that he was responsible only for his own work. And so it came to pass that the name of Puseyite was given to the movement at a time when Pusey himself was not a declared Tractarian.

Some curious words of Newman's about Rome, written on the occasion of his first visit, are quoted. He said, he could never have believed that some of the prophecies could have referred to Rome, if he had not seen the abominations in it. On his next visit to Rome he was a Roman Catholic. Some references of interest are made to the late Bishop Samuel Wilberforce. Mr. Williams and his brother-in-law, Sir George Prevost, do not seem to have been quite of one mind with respect to that enigmatical personage. We may say, generally, that any persons who may be making a serious study of the great Oxford movement, will do well to add this volume to their collection—always remembering that they had better begin with Newman's *Apologia*, and follow up with Palmer, Church, Burgon and Mozley.

HORÆ SABBATICÆ. By Sir James Fitzjames Stephen, Baronet, K. C. S. I. 2 Vols. \$1.50 each. London and New York: Macmillan; Toronto: Williamson, 1892.

It is a long time since we have come across any collection of essays so thoroughly excellent and charming as the contents of these two volumes. But first we must warn the reader that we have not here a set of Sunday meditations. The Sabbath of Sir James Stephen is Saturday, and these essays are a "Reprint of Articles contributed to the *Saturday Review*." No dates are given in forming us at what time these papers appeared in the brilliant London weekly, but we imagine that they must have extended over a good many years. Unless memory is at fault, the *Essay on Jeremy Taylor's "Liberty of Prophecy"* was published quite a quarter of a century ago.

The *Essays* are arranged very nearly in chronological order, and are partly historical, partly biographical, partly literary, and to some extent philosophical and theological. The first series, consisting of fourteen essays, begins with "Joinville and St. Louis" and ends with Lord "Clarendon's 'Life'." The second begins with three *Essays on Hobbes* and ends with "Gibbon's *Memoirs*." We venture to say that there is not one essay in the book which will not well reward the reader.

If we would see how clear is the historical insight and how firm the grasp of this accomplished writer, we have only to take the first and third essays in the first series, the one headed "Joinville and St. Louis," the other "Philippe de Comines." In passing we remark that we thought the spelling *Comines* had been finally fixed upon; but this matters little. In the first of these essays, the author deals with the saintly Louis IX., one of the best men that ever lived, who yet did a good deal of harm to France; and in the second with the worldly and cunning Louis XI., possibly one of the worst of men, who yet was a decided benefactor to the country which he governed.

Both essays are charming. In the first, the piety, childlikeness (perhaps childishness) and superstition of the king are brought out in contrast with the robust common sense of his biographer. "Faith, in his (Louis') view, was the act of believing without evidence, or even against evidence. Nay, the greater the objections from a rational point of view, the more merit was there in believing. Whatever made, or seemed to make, against the 'Christian law' was a temptation of the devil, and whoever doubted or denied it was a personal enemy, to be combated, by laymen like himself, with the sword; by 'great clerks,' like Thomas Aquinas, with syllogisms; and by the ecclesiastical authorities with the Inquisition backed by the secular arm." This is excellent, and so is the whole essay. We wish we could give more of it.

Admirable also are the author's remarks on the religion of Louis XI. and Comines. "It is perfectly clear from Comines that both Louis XI. and Comines himself believed, with an absolute conviction of its truth, in the current creed of the day. They had, in the fullest measure, that certainty which in these days so many people long for with a passionate longing, and are willing to buy at any price whatever. No one can deny that it had a great effect upon them. It is hardly too much to say that Comines' whole mind was haunted at all times and at every point by a belief in an invisible and immensely powerful and artful man whom he called God, and whom he believed to be continually engaged in devising all sorts of plans by which the visible rulers of the earth might be outwitted and controlled, in order that effect might be given to a set of general rules, constituting, according to Comines' view, a code of supernatural criminal law. It was hopeless, no doubt, to try to outwit God, but it was by no means impossible to effect bargains and compromises with Him, and by different ways and means known to, and at the disposal of, the priesthood to escape from the penalties which He would otherwise have inflicted. The moral effect of this belief is fully displayed by every step in the history of Louis XI. It did not make him a good man. It had not, so far as we can judge, the very smallest tendency in that direction. It did, however, beyond all doubt, impose a very strong check on his conduct. It drove him into odd roundabout ways of doing outrageous things, and seems to have made him feel, when he was winning, much as a boy feels when he does something which he particularly wishes to do, taking his chance of being punished if he is found out."

Several excellent passages on the English, their character and government, from Joinville and Froissant, we had marked for quotation, but we must abstain. We might note that there is, in the first series, a remarkably good article on Archbishop Laud, surprisingly fair from a writer with Sir James Stephen's point of view, and one which deserves consideration from those who take extreme views as to the character of the Archbishop. In the same volume comes the essay on the "Liberty of Prophecy," and three very acute discussions of "Jeremy Taylor as a Moralist." In the second series there are no less than four essays on Locke, two on Bishop Butler and one on "Hume's *Essays*." With regard to these last we should have some difference of opinion with the writer; but we have no room here for controversy.

Wide Awake for April is a veritable Easter number. In its pictures, in its stories, in its poems, the Easter spirit predominates, and while there is the usual variety in its material, as suits the wide range of desire that makes up the taste of young people, this Easter flavour is at once pronounced and timely, and makes this April number quite as acceptable a remembrance at the Easter season as the conventional card or booklet.

THE March number of *Greater Britain* opens with "Impressions of an Australian in London"; this writer has hardly the delicate touch of Max O'Rell, and he approaches this somewhat serious subject in a manner that is hardly philosophic. A. T. Wergman contributes an interesting paper entitled "The Afrikander Bond and the Cape Franchise." W. Basil Worsfold gives some valuable information in his paper on "The Culture System in Java." The March number is a very good one and well up to its usual standard.

"BUT MEN MUST WORK" is the title of Rosa Noucette Carey's readable story which appears in *Lippincott's Magazine* for April. "The Literary Editor," in the same number, is an article enlivened by humorous anecdotes from the pen of Melville Philips. The Countess Norraikow contributes an illustrated article on "Nihilism and the Famine." Julian Hawthorne's chatty article in the *Athletic Series* on "Walking" will make its readers better walkers. "The Days of April" is a sweet and seasonable poem by Isabel Gordon. Other stories, articles and poems end a good number.

"THE San Francisco Water Front" is an illustrated, descriptive article which opens the *Overland Monthly* for April. A second instalment of the series of sketches on "The Indians of North America" is given, with some ghastly illustrations of the field of the fight at "Wounded Knee." Edward S. Holden has an article on "The Nebula of Orion," illustrated from a negative made at Lick University on 9th November, 1890; and Caspar T. Hopkins discusses the question of "The University and Practical Life." Other interesting contributions, as well as poems, complete the number.

SOME of the contents of the April number of *Outing* are as follows: "From the German Ocean to the Black Sea," by Thomas Stevens, illustrated by Hy. S. Watson; "A Cigarette From Carcinto," by Edward French; "Goose Shooting on the Platte," by Oscar K. Davis, illustrated; "Saddle and Sentiment" (continued), by Wenona Gilman, illustrated by Hy. S. Watson; "Horseback Sketches," by Jessie F. O'Donnell; "Canoeing on the Upper Delaware," by H. W. Wray; "The Status of the American Turf," by Francis Trevelyan, illustrated by Hy. Stull; "Pole Vaulting," by Malcolm W. Ford, illustrated from instantaneous photos. Other articles and the usual editorials, records, poems, etc., complete the number.

THE April number of the *Dominion Illustrated* monthly opens with the continuation of "The Raid from Beauséjour," by Charles G. D. Roberts. Margaret Eadie Henderson contributes a very pretty sonnet entitled "Resurgam." Miss Pauline Johnson whose lyrics are so well known to Canadian readers is the author of a most interesting paper in this number entitled "Indian Medicine Men and their Magic." "The Church of the Kaisers," by A. M. McLeod, will be read by those who are interested in the Lutheran Church of Germany. "Canadian Nurses in New York," by Sophie M. Almon Hensley, is a most readable paper on the *modus vivendi* in New York hospitals. The April number is a very fair one in every respect.

IN *Cassell's Family Magazine* for April L. T. Mead's delightful serial, "Out of the Fashion," is continued. "How to Look Nice" is the first of two papers by Phyllis Browne. "My Conjuring Tricks" is an amusing account of the experiences of an amateur conjurer. "More about Uncle John's Cucumber Frames" is a garden story. "The Rev. J. Sturgis' Finds" is an illustrated story, while "About Trams" is an illustrated sketch. The serial, "You'll Love Me Yet," is finished and justifies its title in the closing chapter. The serial "Had He Known" is also finished in this number. The month's fashions are instructive, the letters from London and Paris being unusually full, and the "Gatherer" is a storehouse of useful information.

St. Nicholas for April has plenty of attractions. The frontispiece, after a painting by Couture, and the artistic pictures of Mary Hallock Foote, illustrating her vivid sketch of life in the Great West, are of unusual excellence. "The Lark's Secret" contains a bit of truth worth remem-

bering. "The Famous Tortugas Bull-Fight," by C. F. Holder, and the triumph of "Jack," who personated the bull, appeals strongly to one's sympathy for the apparently weaker party. "It Really Rained" is by Julian Ralph; "A Story of the Swiss Glacier" is a sad Swiss story. Those of a studious turn of mind may devote a little careful reading to Rev. George McArthur's clever paper, "Seven Years Without a Birthday," an explanation of the whys and wherefores of leap year, with side remarks upon Pope Gregory, Julius Caesar, Augustus and such calendar tinkers. Other features that call for at least a "reading by title" are Katharine Pyle's "Cobbler Magician," "The Curious Case of Ah-top," "A Shocking Affair."

Scribner's for April opens with the first instalment of a new series of articles on "The Poor in Great Cities," of which the introduction says, "It is indeed the central subject of all social questions." This article is on "The Social Awakening of London," and is adequately treated by Robert A. Woods. E. S. Nadal enforces the truth that large cities must have large parks in his attractive description of "The New Parks of the City of New York." "In Golden Mashonaland" Frank Mandy shows how British daring, enterprise and commerce have added another important link to the growing chain of imperial possessions of the Anglo-Saxon race. The "Wrecker Serial" and the "Paris Theatre and Concert" series are well sustained. A thoroughly vivacious and appreciative article is that by George Somes Lyard on "Charles Keene of *Punch*," whom the writer styles "the greatest of all English artists in black and white." The illustrations of this article are exceptionally forceful and suggestive.

The *Century* for this month opens with "Our Common Roads," from the pen of Isaac B. Potter. "What is Poetry?" is by Edmund Clarence Stedman. "Poetry," says this able critic, "is rythmical, imaginative language, expressing the invention, taste, thought, passion and insight of the human soul." This paper will be read with interest by all who take the slightest interest in imaginative literature, either of poetry or prose. "Come Love or Death," by Will H. Thompson, is a very pretty poem. William Elliot Griffiths contributes a most readable paper entitled "The Wyoming in the Straits of Shimonoseki." A very interesting scientific article is that contributed from the Lick Observatory by Edward S. Holden on "The Total Solar Eclipses of 1889." "Did the Greeks Paint their Sculptures?" is a well-illustrated article by Edward Robinson. In "Fishing for Pearls in Australia," Hubert Phelps Whitmarsh contributes a graphic paper founded on personal experience. Edmund Gosse has a sketch of the late Wolcott Balestier. Poems from the pens of John Vance Cheney, Louise Chandler Moulton, Florence Earle Coates, Clinton Scollard and others are included in this number.

The leading article in the *Forum* for April is "A Review of My Opinions," and it will be read with melancholy interest as one of the last articles written by the late Edward A. Freeman. The simple and straightforward statement by that great English historian of the manner in which his mind was influenced by great thinkers and writers is very engaging. The ethics of Aristotle; the "Sermons on Human Nature," by Butler; the histories of Arnold and of Macaulay all played their part in the process. Poulteney Bigelow pays a high tribute to the German Emperor in his article on "The Free-Trade Tendency of William II." Mr. P. G. Hamerton's contribution on "The Learning of Languages" is one of the best articles of its kind that we remember reading, and will well repay perusal; the writer is clear and independent in his views, and is thoroughly well up in his subject. R. L. Garner's account of his efforts to acquire the language of monkeydom, or, scientifically, the "simian tongue," are very amusing to the average reader.

The *Popular Science Monthly* for April opens with an article by Prof. David Starr Jordan, "Agassiz at Penikese." Dr. Andrew D. White, in his article on "Astronomy," gives an account of the treatment which Galileo and his writings received. "Involuntary Movements" which guide the "mind-reader" is contributed by Prof. Joseph Jastrow. The relations of "Science and Fine Art" are pointed out by Emil Du Bois-Reymond. A subject of concern to nearly everybody—"Bacteria in Our Dairy Products"—is treated by Prof. H. W. Conn. "The Great Earthquake of Port Royal," Jamaica, is described by Col. A. B. Ellis, with plans of the town. Hon. Carroll D. Wright gives some facts and figures in relation to "Rapid Transit," "Orchestral Musical Instruments," as made in America, are described in a fully illustrated article by Daniel Spillane. Mr. W. H. Larrabee writes on "Variations in Climate." The "Bad Air and Bad Health" is by Harold Wager and Auberon Herbert. There is a biographical sketch of John and William Bartram. The frontispiece of the number is a portrait of Rafinesque, of whom a sketch was given some time ago.

MR. WILLIAM HENRY BISHOP begins his series of papers on "An American at Home in Europe" in the April number of the *Atlantic Monthly*. His first chapter is on "House-Hunting and House-Keeping in Brittany, Paris and the Suburbs of Paris." The paper is very pleasant reading indeed, and helpful as well. Antoinette Ogden's paper, "A Drive Through the Black Hills," is agreeable, descriptive writing. "The Federal Taxation of Lotteries," by Hon. T. M. Cooley, late Chief Justice of Michigan, is germane to the Louisiana instance. "Admiral Farragut," by Edward Kirk Rawson; "Amer-

ican Sea Songs," by Alfred M. Williams, and "The Limit in Battle Ships," by John M. Ellicott, will specially interest naval readers. The fiction of the number is a continuation of Crawford's "Don Orsino," and a clever story by Henry James, called "The Private Life." An able article on the impressionist school of painters is furnished by Cecilia Waern, under the title of "Some Notes on French Impressionism." "Legal Disfranchisement" is another of the unsigned papers to which the *Atlantic* is directing its readers. Other papers and the reviews of new books close the number.

The *North American Review* for April has for its opening article "Patriotism and Politics," by Cardinal Gibbons. It is an article well designed to promote love of country and to purify party strife. Thomas Nelson Page, in "A Southerner on the Negro Question," treats of the present status of the Negro in the South. The Hon. Hilary Herbert, in his article on "Reciprocity and the Farmer," makes a very clear exposition of what he charges to be the fallacies of Reciprocity as formulated by Mr. Blaine. Under the title of "Our National Dumping-Ground," the present enormous immigration problems of the States are dealt with by the Hon. John B. Weber, Commissioner of Immigration, and Charles Stewart Smith, Esq., President of the Chamber of Commerce. Madame Adam writes pleasantly of "French Girls," and their life and training. M. Romero, the Mexican Minister at Washington, tells the history of "The Free Zone in Mexico." "The Modern Cart of Thespis" is by W. H. Crane, the actor. "Money and Usury" is by Mr. Henry Clews. Mr. Gladstone continues his study of "The Olympian Religion" in an interesting paper. Among the shorter papers, Charles Townsend Copeland draws a parallel between George Eliot and Mrs. Humphry Ward as novelists; Dr. Felix L. Oswald explains "The Frost Cure"; Dr. Cyrus Edson writes on "Typhus Fever," and Mr. M. A. de Wolfe Howe, on "A Phase of Modern Philanthropy."

LITERARY AND PERSONAL GOSSIP.

LORD LYTON'S last volume of poems will also be published at an early date.

The University of Edinburgh has recently conferred the degree of LL.D. upon Sir Charles Tupper, Bart., G.C.M.G., C.B., in recognition of his services to the Empire.

REV. CHARLES BULLOCK, B.D., has just ready a memorial volume on the late Duke of Clarence, entitled "Ich Dien—I Serve." It will be published from the Home Words Publishing Office.

The Arena Publishing Company have just issued a new work by Rev. Minot J. Savage, entitled "The Irrepressible Conflict Between Two World Theories," suggested by Dr. Lyman Abbott's recent lectures on "Evolution."

A WORK by Mr. George G. Napier, "Homes and Haunts of Lord Tennyson," will be ready in May. It will contain nineteen full-page plates and seventy-eight engravings in the text. The publishers will be Messrs. Macmillan.

The Humboldt Publishing Company announces as No. 5 of the Social Science Library "William Morris, Poet, Artist, Socialist," a selection from his writings, together with a sketch of the man, edited by Francis Watts Lee. Paper 25 cents.

MESSRS. SAMPSON, LOW AND COMPANY have in the press a "Life of Lieutenant-General Sir Evelyn Wood," by Mr. Charles Williams, the war correspondent of the *Daily Chronicle*. The book will be illustrated with photographic portraits.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN AND COMPANY have in the press two more volumes of essays by the late Bishop Lightfoot; one consisting of dissertations on the Apostolic Age, reprinted from his editions of St. Paul's Epistles; and the other of miscellanies.

WORTHINGTON COMPANY, 747 Broadway, New York, announce for immediate publication as No. 25 in their International Library "The Household Idol," by Marie Bernhard, author of "The Rector of St. Luke's." Translated by Elise L. Lathrop.

THE HOLTS are about to publish a novel by a writer in whom they think they discern promise. It is called "Fifty Pounds for a Wife," and is by A. L. Glyn. The publishers call the book "respectably sensational," and say that despite some evidences of inexperience, it has superior literary qualities.

"CONCERNING All of Us" is the title of a choice collection of Colonel Higginson's short essays on social, literary, and ethical topics, soon to be published by Harper and Brothers. The book will be uniform in style with the very handsome volumes of essays by George William Curtis, W. D. Howells, and Charles Dudley Warner, recently published by the same house. It contains a recent portrait of the author.

"In a Steamer Chair, and Other Shipboard Stories," by Robert Barr (Luke Sharp), will soon be issued in Cassell's Sunshine Series. Mr. Robert Barr is a Canadian, and is the latest, but not the least, of humorists. He won his spurs on the *Detroit Free Press*, to which he contributed as "Luke Sharp," and now he is in England associated with the youngest of English humorists, Jerome K. Jerome, in the editorship of the *Idler*.

MR. RIDER HAGGARD has returned to the scene of his first successes in his new story "Nada The Lily," which Longmans, Green and Company will issue in April. It is a tale of love and fighting in Africa, and all the characters are natives, no white man taking any part in the plot.—*Marah*.

DR. F. G. SLOTHOUWER, a Hollander of remarkable learning and well known as an historical writer, died at Leeuwarden, Friesland, on February 26. He was the author of the History of the University of Franeker (an institution suppressed by Napoleon for its ultra-republican notions, though under the plea of economy, during the French régime at the end of the last century) and of other works, and was a great friend of American scholars.

MESSRS. LEE AND SHEPARD announce a new novel by Beulah, the author of "Zaraila"; "Matter, Ether and Motion," Prof. Dolbear's new book, and "Bird Music," by Simeon Pease Cheney, published in book form, under the title "Wood Notes Wild," notations of bird music. As Mr. Cheney has passed away since the announcement of the work, it has been prepared for the press by his son, John Vance Cheney, the librarian of the San Francisco Public Library.

MR. CONAN DOYLE writes to a friend in Albany: "It may interest you to know that my new book, 'The Refugees,' which I have just finished, drifts from the court of Louis XIV., through Canada, and down through your own old city of Albany. Somehow my heart ever turns westward. The larger body of our own race lies there now, and perhaps there is a law of peoples, as there is of physics, by which the smaller is drawn to the larger."—*New York Critic*.

IN the death of Dr. J. Bernard Gilpin, science in Canada has sustained a serious loss. The *Halifax Critic* says of the deceased: "Dr. Gilpin was formerly one of the most voluminous and valued contributors to the venerable N. S. Institute of Natural Science, of which he was a founder and for seven years president. He was a zoologist *par excellence*, and a series of his sketches of indigenous animals are preserved in the Provincial museum. Some years ago he retired from active life and has since been residing in Annapolis County, where his death occurred on March 12."

IN the *Critic* of April 2, Walt Whitman is the subject of a thorough and appreciative study from the pen of John Burroughs—one of his oldest friends and admirers, and perhaps the chief of those who find in the poet's writings something new and epoch-making in literary history. In another article the story of Whitman's life is accurately rehearsed; and the famous letter is reprinted in which Emerson welcomed the author of "Leaves of Grass" "at the beginning of a great career." A portrait of the "good gray poet" is also given, with a facsimile of his signature beneath it. Whitman in his old age often spoke gratefully of the *Critic* as the one paper that never rejected his contributions.

Natural Science is the title of a new monthly review of scientific progress just published by Messrs. Macmillan and Company, at the net price of one shilling. No. 1 of the newcomer is excellently got up, and fully illustrated with wood-cuts. It is intended to popularize a knowledge of the general principles of Natural Science, and to expound and deal in a critical manner with the principal results of current research in geology and biology. It will give periodical summaries of the latest results in the various departments; descriptive and critical reviews of the more important new books, and the latest news concerning the work of the principal societies and institutions throughout the world devoted to scientific and educational matters.—*The Literary World*.

THE Canadian Institute offer the following attractive programme of papers for April: On Saturday, 9th, "Canadian Wild Flowers," by D. W. Beadle; on Saturday, 16th, "The Development of the Public School System in the City of Toronto," by W. D. McPherson, barrister, Chairman of the Toronto Public School Board; on Saturday, 23rd, "Lake Currents," by Levi J. Clark; and "The Indian as an Artist," by Alan Macdougall, C.E.; on Saturday, 30th, "Colour Comparisons in the Low German Poets," by A. F. Chamberlain, Ph.D.; "The Structure of Cell Protoplasm," by Prof. A. B. Macallum, Ph.D. In the Biological Section, on Monday, April 4th, "Taxidermy as an Art"—(part II.), by John Maughan, jr.; Monday, 18th, "Taxidermy as an Art"—(part III.), by John Maughan, jr. In the Historical Section, on Thursday, 21st, "Afro-Canadian—Retrospect and Prospect," by J. C. Hamilton, LL.B.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

Bernhard, Marie. *The Household Idol*. 75c. New York: Worthington & Co.
Berkeley & Rowland. *Card Tricks and Puzzles*. London: Geo. Bell & Sons.
Bottone, S. R. *A Guide to Electric Lighting*. 75c. New York: Macmillan & Co.; Toronto: Williamson & Co.
Sinnott, A. P. *The Rationale of Mesmerism*. \$1.25. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.; Toronto: Williamson & Co.
Tinker, May Agnes. *San Salvador*. \$1.25. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.; Toronto: Williamson & Co.
Tennyson. *The Foresters*. \$1.25. New York: Macmillan & Co.; Toronto: Williamson & Co.
Warren, Cornelia. *Miss Wilton*. \$1.25. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.; Toronto: Williamson & Co.
Warner, Chas. Dudley. *American Men of Letters*. \$1.25. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.; Toronto: Williamson & Co.
Woolley, Clia Parker. *Roger Hunt*. \$1.25. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.; Toronto: Williamson & Co.

READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

"THE DAYS OF APRIL."

"The days of April" they are sweet, so sweet,
Flushing with tender green the meadow ways,
Where June will dance with her gay, gladsome feet,
To music of a thousand warblers' praise.

"The days of April" they are fair, so fair,
With precious promise in the budding flowers,
Promise of days all radiant, fresh and rare,
Mellowed by gentle dews and fleeting showers.

"The days of April" they are green, so green!
And maple buds grow brilliant in the sun,
Golden the brookside with the cowslips' sheen,
And fragile wind-flowers steal out one by one.

"The days of April" they are dear, so dear,
To hearts grown weary of the winter cold,
Longing for sunny skies all blue and clear,
For birds to pipe, and blossoms to unfold.

"The days of April" they are bright and coy;
But one glad April, years and years ago,
Held more of charmed hope and love and joy
Than all my life again can ever know.

Isabel Gordon, in *April Lippincott's*.

LITERATURE AND THE MINISTRY.

By examining the published sermons of successful preachers we should doubtless be able to determine with more or less confidence whether literature had been a chief nourisher of their genius. Take Jeremy Taylor, sometimes called the Shakespeare of the pulpit. The sources of his inspiration are not doubtful. In spite of the vicissitudes of his troubled career, he managed to read all the important publications of the day. If he did not neglect the soberer writers, neither was he indifferent to Robert Greene or Mademoiselle de Scudéri. Like Petrarch, he might have fitly died with his head on a book. Scarcely less were the obligations to literature of another great preacher, Robertson of Brighton. So conscious was he of its beneficent power in his own experience that he urged the reading of poetry upon the workmen of his parish, as at once a powerful reprieve:—

Which can commute a sentence of sore pain
For one of softer sadness,

and an inspiration which could lift them into the higher moods of living. No one who is familiar with the remarkable sermons of the late Canon Liddon will have failed to observe that only a man of letters could have written them. If there should be appeal from the discourses of clergymen to the testimony of laymen, I should be inclined to quote the opinion of Thomas Nash, which deserves whatever attention the conclusions of a keen, observant Elizabethan may happen to be worth: "How admirably shine those divines above the common mediocrity," he exclaims, "that have tasted the sweet springs of Parnassus!"—*Professor Leverett W. Spring, in the April Atlantic*.

A FORETASTE OF PARADISE.

At every epoch there lies, beyond the domain of what man knows, the domain of the unknown, in which faith has its dwelling. Faith has no proofs, but only itself to offer. It is born spontaneously in certain commanding souls; it spreads its empire among the rest by imitation and contagion. A great faith is but a great hope which becomes certitude as we move farther and farther from the founder of it; time and distance strengthen it, until at last the passion for knowledge seizes upon it, questions and examines it. Then all which had once made its strength becomes its weakness; the impossibility of verification, exaltation of feeling, distance. At what age is our view clearest, our eyes truest? Surely in old age, before the infirmities come which weaken or embitter. The ancients were right. The old man who is at once sympathetic and disinterested, necessarily develops the spirit of contemplation, and it is given to the spirit of contemplation to see things most truly, because it alone perceives them in their relative and proportional value. A sense of rest, of deep quiet even. Silence within and without. A quietly burning fire. A sense of comfort. The portrait of my mother seems to smile upon me. I am not dazed or stupid, but only happy in this peaceful morning. Whatever may be the charm of emotion, I do not know whether it equals the sweetness of those hours of silent meditation, in which we have a glimpse and foretaste of the contemplative joys of Paradise. Desire and fear, sadness and care, are done away. Existence is reduced to the simplest form, the most ethereal mode of being; that is, to pure self-consciousness. It is a state of harmony, without tension and without disturbance, the dominical state of the soul, perhaps the state which awaits it beyond the grave. It is happiness as the Orientals understand it, the happiness of the anchorite, who neither struggles nor wishes any more, but simply adores and enjoys. It is difficult to find words in which to express this mortal situation, for our languages can only render the particular and localized vibrations of life; they are incapable of expressing this motionless concentration, this divine quietude, this state of the resting ocean which

reflects the sky and is master of its own profundities. Things are then reabsorbed into their principles; memories are swallowed up in memory; the soul is only soul, and is no longer conscious of itself in its individuality and separateness. It is something which feels the universal life, a sensible atom of the divine, of God. It no longer appropriates anything to itself; it is conscious of no void. Only the Yoghis and the Soufis perhaps have known in its profundity this humble and yet voluptuous state, which combines the joy of being and of non-being, which is neither reflection nor will, which is above both the moral existence and the intellectual existence, which is the return to unity, to the pleroma, the vision of Plotinus and of Proclus—Nirvana in its most attractive form. It is clear that the western nations in general, and especially the Americans, know very little of this state of feeling. For their life is devouring and incessant activity. They are eager for gold, for power, for dominion; their aim is to crush men and to enslave nature. They show an obstinate interest in means, and have not a thought for the end. They confound being with individual being, and the expression of the self with happiness; that is to say, they do not live by the soul; they ignore the unchangeable; they live at the periphery of their being, because they are unable to penetrate to its axis. They are ardent, positive, because they are superficial. Why so much effort, noise, struggle and greed? It is all a mere stunning and deafening of the self. When death comes they recognize that it is so—why not, then, admit it sooner?—*Aniel's Journal*.

CHARLES KEENE, CARICATURIST—"PUNCH" AND ITS ORIGINATORS.

KEENE was intensely original, and, as one writing of *Punch* on the death of Mark Lemon truly remarked: "Originality is a dangerous game to play, with the public as an opponent. It takes a long time to turn the public mind to a new direction, however much 'to the point' that direction may be." Keene's work was *caviare* to a public which had been brought up to feast upon the strong, exaggerated humour of Rowlandson, Gillray, and the Cruikshanks. This was the public that Mark Lemon, Leech and Mayhew determined to cater for in 1811—a public which they foresaw was ready to pay for a regular weekly supply of laughter stimulants, in place of the erratic provision such as was made by Mrs. Humphrey and her "silent, shy, and inexplicable" designer during their twenty years of association. It was a public which wanted to laugh heartily, while they were about it; a public which, while recovering from a roaring dissoluteness, which had been caught from examples in high places, had not yet come to the more modern conclusion that a "guffaw" is incorrect, and that laughter should swoon away into a yawn. It was a public which looked for low rather than high comedy, and that was what the great trio determined they should have. Fortunately they came early across John Leech, who led the inextinguishable laughter of England for over twenty years. *Punch* was indeed, during those years, what "Uncle Mark" had just christened it, the "guffawgraph" *par excellence*, and the public got their laughter stimulant and cachinnated unrestrainedly. In those days people there were who, like Nic, "grinned, cackled, and laughed, till they were like to kill themselves, and fell a-frisking and dancing about the room." But now, what do we find? The rising generations only smile. What hearty laughter we do hear is from the "old boys" whose cracked voices have still a remnant of the true, unrestrained ring about them. This is the reign of reason, we know, and we have the high Miltonic authority for saying that—

Smiles from reason flow
To brute denied.

—From "Charles Keene, of 'Punch,'" by George Smes Layard, in *April Scribner*.

LONDON AND LITERATURE.

"LONDON," said Mr. Andrew Lang in his recent address to the Edinburgh Burns Club, "would inevitably have sucked the poet into its dingy and disastrous Corrie-vrechan." And then, what change would the poet have suffered, what would he have become? He would have battered at the theatre doors, Mr. Lang thinks; he might have drunk strong liquors in Fleet Street, and scribbled articles for the daily press, or, worse still, he might have contributed verses to the magazines. "His magnificent genius would have been frittered away in the struggle for life." It might have been so, of course; one who succumbed to the temptations of Ayrshire would hardly be likely to resist those of London. But the speculation, as far as Burns is concerned, is an unprofitable one. It is as absolutely impossible to picture the genius of Burns bound by the conditions of our modern life, and feeding on the excitements of the crowded metropolis, as it would be to translate his Scotch songs into smooth English verse. Still, when Mr. Lang speaks of the frittering away of his genius as being the necessary outcome of the influence of London, we are tempted to demur. The whirlpool of London life is dingy and disastrous enough, and many a strong swimmer has been sucked down and engulfed in it before now; but many, too, have been the victims of the still waters, the deep stagnation of country life. Looking at the influence that London has exercised upon the imaginations and lives of her children of genius, it can hardly be fairly contended that she has stunted their growth, or wasted their energies by tempting them into barren ways and

sterile by-paths. Could Shakespeare have written "Hamlet" in Stratford-on-Avon? Could one imagine Dr. Johnson in any other surroundings? Would Goldsmith have ever made his voice heard from his native village!—and to him the streets of London were full of temptations that were not resisted. Think of Dickens or of Thackeray, and what they owed to the seething restlessness of the life that surrounded them. London has no Cockney poet to match her Cockney novelist; but is it so impossible that she should have one?—a poet, that is to say, born to poverty and labour, for of other poets she cherishes a hundred or so, and very charming poets too. Not the least of them is Mr. Lang himself—surely he might have a better word for the great city that has become the land of his adoption, for to him she has never been unkind. Born, bred, and nurtured in the very heart of London, she not only gave us our Dickens, but she made him what he was. Though not born to poverty and labour in the strictest sense of the word, he was born to the grinding penury of middle-class thriftlessness, and the task of illustrating, helping, and enlightening his people was one that he fulfilled nobly. What would have become of the genius of Dickens had he been born and bred in some out-of-the-way country spot? Surely there is no reason for thinking that his magnificent genius would have starved for want of opportunity, and been utterly wasted for the world's use and enjoyment? Why should one suppose, then, that the genius of Burns, born under those conditions, would have been frittered away in the ceaseless struggle for existence that is entailed by London life upon those that live it? Genius is a fire which burns as brightly whatever the fuel it feeds upon, whether it consumes the logs of Scotch pine, or the coal of the London grates; there may be a difference in the smoke, but the flame is much the same. What has London done, that this reproach should be cast upon her? The latest and the youngest of those who have changed the clearer air of other skies for a shelter under her sooty canopy, Rudyard Kipling, who has deserted the teeming millions of India for the even more crowded press of the London pavements, does not yet seem to have suffered any change in consequence of the change of climate. Is that result still one that may be expected, and are we to view the gradual frittering-away of his powers in the pages of magazines and the feuilletons of newspapers? Why should it be so? The bribe to exceed one's powers and write for easy hire, is a very great one; but is it more detrimental than the pressure of want in forcing out work unnaturally? The pressure of civilization that one seems to feel the actual weight off in London, and the struggle for life around one, are quite as likely to condense as to fray out in shreds the gift that is within the Londoner.—*Spectator*.

THE DATE OF THE EXODUS.

WHAT was the precise date of the Exodus from Egypt? A German astronomer, according to one of our contemporaries, has solved this knotty problem. Jewish tradition gives the date as the 1st Nisan, 1312 B.C. In order to test this, our astronomer has assumed that the Egyptian Darkness which immediately preceded the Exodus was an eclipse. He has consequently calculated all the eclipses of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries B.C., and having selected those which took place in the spring, has then chosen from them those which come nearest to the date given by the Jewish tradition. The eclipse he finally selected was one which took place on March 13, 1335 B.C. It is curious to note that this date agrees with Jewish tradition, so far as the month and the day are concerned. The year is, however, twenty-three years out. The astronomer declares that this is a mistake of the Jewish historians, since no eclipse occurred in the year 1312 B.C. He seems to forget that the alleged darkness is described in the Scriptures as having been a miracle. However, the result of his calculation is to show that the Exodus took place on March 27, 1335—a discovery which will be appreciated when our iconoclastic Reformers lay violent hands on the Jewish calendar.—*Jewish Chronicle*.

THE Princess Marie, wife of the Danish Prince Valdemar, came through Elsinore incognito on a recent excursion to Sweden. The station master heard of her coming, and promptly decorating the waiting-room with calla-lilies from his parlour, set a watch at the door to prevent the public from intruding upon the royal privacy. Shortly the princess and her sister appeared, each with a small chip basket they had brought home from their trip. The brusque watchman blocked the door. These surely were not princesses. "You cannot enter," he said. "Why not?" asked the astounded princess. "Because we expect the Princess Marie." "Then keep a good lookout for her," laughed the amused lady, and went through the common gate to the platform. The station-master concluded, after waiting all day, that the princess had taken another route.

POSSESSION, why more tasteless than pursuit? Why is a wish far dearer than a crown? that wish accomplished, why the grave of bliss? Because in the great future, buried deep, beyond our plans of empire and renown, lies all that man with ardour should pursue; and He who made him bent him to the right.—*Young*.

TEARS may be dried up, but the heart never.—*Marquise de Valois*.

ANOTHER STRIDE IN RAILWAY ENTERPRISE.

It is almost unnecessary to mention that we refer to the Canadian Pacific Railway in connection with above heading; in fact it is now generally acknowledged that wherever advancement in railway equipment is reported the C.P.R. is found to the fore.

This time we call our readers' attention to the new home of the Toronto Passenger Department of the Canadian Pacific Railway opened last week at the corner of King and Yonge Streets, so long known as Ellis's corner. We have no hesitation in saying that it is the most complete and elegant office of the kind in America.

The interior throughout is finished in quartered oak, and comprises three compartments; the one to the front is occupied by the ticket offices, while at the rear is a large office for the various clerks and Mr. Callaway's private office. At night it is seen at its best, for the lighting arrangements are simply perfection, the antique fittings giving the offices quite a distinct appearance. Behind the counter is a monster ticket case capable of holding 2,500 points in all parts of the world.

As may be expected there is a fine display of pictures portraying the beautiful scenery which abounds on this particular line and these have been universally admired.

Large numbers are daily viewing the new premises, and their universal opinion is that Toronto can now boast of the finest ticket office, the most courteous clerks and genial and experienced manager of any city in America.

In his Shattuck lecture Dr. Cowles sums up the symptoms and the treatment of neurasthenia as follows: the central fundamental fact is nervous weakness, manifested primarily in two ways: (1) by an exactly parallel weakness of mental inhibitory control through voluntary attention, and (2) by the central motive element of a lowered emotional tone, from a sense of ill-being. The first of these indications may be concealed, even from the patient himself, by intensified interest and increase of effort; the second he feels and soon betrays. The complex auxiliary conditions of changes in the sensations, irritability and hyperaesthesia, languor and anaesthesia, and their causes are manifested a little later than the primary mental effects. The point of attack in the treatment is the central emotional tone. There are two ways of approach to it: (1) through the body, restoring its strength and well-being, mental comfort and control follow; (2) through attracted attention and suggested ideas we reach the emotional tone—healthful feeling and interest attend upon wholesome ideas.—*Science.*

"German Syrup"

Martinsville, N.J., Methodist Parsonage. "My acquaintance with your remedy, Boschee's German Syrup, was made about fourteen years ago, when I contracted a Cold which resulted in a Hoarseness and a Cough which disabled me from filling my pulpit for a number of Sabbaths. After trying a Physician, without obtaining relief—I cannot say now what remedy he prescribed—I saw the advertisement of your remedy and obtained a bottle. I received such quick and permanent help from it that whenever we have had Throat or Bronchial troubles since in our family, Boschee's German Syrup has been our favorite remedy and always with favorable results. I have never hesitated to report my experience of its use to others when I have found them troubled in like manner." REV. W. H. HAGGARTY, of the Newark, New Jersey, M.E. Conference, April 25, '90. **A Safe Remedy.**

G. G. GREEN, Sole Man'fr, Woodbury, N.J.

SCIENTIFIC AND SANITARY.

A NEW minor planet, No. 325, was discovered by Professor Palisa at Vienna on February 14, at 10h. 5m. Vienna time. Its right ascension was 10h. 26m. 17s, and North Polar distance 82° 19' 25" with a daily motion of -56sec. in R.A., and -3' in N.P.D. It was of the 11th magnitude. The announcement was received at Greenwich on Friday by telegram from the Central Bureau at Kiel.

A NEW explosive called nitrojute is the discovery of a German scientist. The explosive can be prepared in the usual way by treating one part by weight of the jute with fifteen times its weight of a mixture of nitric and sulphuric acids. The product weighs about thirty per cent. more than the original fibre and takes fire at a temperature of 300 degrees. It is light brown in appearance and is insoluble in water, ether, benzine or alcohol, while it explodes by percussion, like gun cotton.

DR. MERSHINSKI, by boiling milk and lard together for a considerable time, prepares a liquid which contains a large percentage of fat, one litre (one pint and three-quarters) containing from 130 grammes to 170 grammes. He gives half a litre before rising and another at eleven o'clock. "Breakfast," at one o'clock, consists of carbohydrates; dinner, at five, of nitrogenous matter. Experiments prove that the diet is generally well digested, and that the patient increases in weight.

So many deaths are caused by the bite of the cobra di capello—especially in British India—that a communication just made to the Academy of Medicine by M. Rochard (says the Paris correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*) is invested with particular interest for English people. Dr. Calmettes, who is residing at Saigon, in Cochinchina, has devoted much attention of late to this subject, and as the result of his investigation and research, he has informed M. Rochard that the subcutaneous injection of chloride of gold before apoplectic symptoms supervene is a sure and infallible remedy against the venom of the bite of this deadly serpent. Dr. Calmettes has made a number of experiments for the purpose of testing his discovery, and all the results have been of the most satisfactory character.

ONE novelty in the way of electric traction on the St. Louis and Suburban Railway, now in successful operation in St. Louis, Mo., is the application of electric motors to a United States mail car, which makes regular trips over the entire line, distributing and collecting the mail at the different railway stations, as is done on steam railways. This car is of the same length as an ordinary steam railway mail car, and is equipped with double trucks with thirty-six-inch wheels, a Thompson-Houston motor of fifteen horse power capacity being connected to each truck. A very high speed is attained and the delivery and collection of mail is made without stopping the car, as in steam service. The Thomson-Houston Company claims that this is the first mail car that has been electrically equipped in this or any other country.—*Western Electrician.*

To the average individual the ordinary prepared mustard plaster of the shops contains as much fire to the square inch as is desired to bring in close contact with the delicate skin of certain portions of the body. In order, however, that each person may supply from his own body the necessary materials for operating an electric central station for heating purposes, the United States Patent Office has granted patents to two different inventors for galvanic electric plasters. It is made of a plaster compound spread upon linen, with the elements of a battery incorporated in the material. When brought in contact with the skin it is stated that a current of electricity is generated, but whether it is of sufficient strength to be useful for general household purposes is not disclosed. A battery of these plasters could be arranged on different parts of the body and connected by conductors, so that each individual might become an electric generating plant for his own purposes.

MR. W. Y. H. HALL, who returned recently from one of his periodical excursions in the Lake Te Anau district of New Zealand, made a notable "find," says a

Southland correspondent, in the shape of a new lake. He was accompanied by the well-known Colac Bay native, Thomas Te Au, and when they were travelling westward from the South Arm of Te Anau they discovered a sheet of water about five miles long and two broad at its widest part. The lake, which lies about eight miles from the head of the South Arm, was mapped off for Mr. Adams, chief surveyor of Otago, and will no doubt find a place in the records of the Survey Department. Mr. Quinton McKinnon, who has done a great deal of exploring in that district, had never heard of the lake, which is surrounded by high and precipitous mountains, covered with frost to an elevation of 3,000 feet. It is proposed to call it Lake Glasgow, in honour of the new Governor of the Colony.—*The Colonies and India.*

A MOST peculiar case of prolonged sleep is at present occupying the attention of medical circles in Germany. A miner named Johann Latus is at present an inmate of the hospital at Myslowitz, in Silesia, where he was admitted four and a-half months ago, and since then all efforts to wake him have been fruitless. Dr. Albers, the doctor attending him, is of opinion that the apparent sleep is really a state of catalepsy, though medical science has on record no previous case of such a prolonged nature. He has arrived at this conclusion on account of all the limbs being absolutely rigid. The appearance of the man, however, betrays no signs of this. The body lies quite still, the breathing is regular, and there is a healthy colour in the cheeks. In the last few days the body has become much less rigid, and the patient has even made some slight movement without, however, the eyes opening or the condition of apparent sleep being in any way disturbed. In the four and a-half months that the sleep has lasted the hair has increased in length, but the beard has remained stationary. Nourishment, to the extent of two to three litres of milk, is administered daily by a tube inserted into the throat.

CONSIDERABLE attention has been given in recent years to the methods of carrying on communication between points in time of siege. In a recent issue of *La Nature* a French investigator strongly recommends the use of carrier pigeons for transmitting messages, and gives a map of Europe with the projected stations for pigeon service marked. During the siege of Paris this method of communication was carried on, and a distinct pigeon post was organized, the letters, at a cost of ten cents a word, being sent into the city with a great degree of rapidity. The letters, which were limited to twenty words, were set in type, and, after a reduced photograph was made, the film was removed from the glass and inclosed in small quills, which were then attached to one of the tail feathers of the bird. So complete was the organization that many thousand letters were sent in this way. There is no special skill required for this work, and any amateur photographer conversant with the wet collodion process could, with an ordinary camera and lens, reduce a whole page of a newspaper to such dimensions as would enable it to be despatched in the manner described.—*Philadelphia Record.*

THE Journal of the Scottish Meteorological Society (third series, No. 8) contains a very interesting paper on silver thaw at Ben Nevis Observatory, by R. C. Mossman. The phenomenon is somewhat common at

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Gents.—I was cured of a very severe attack of rheumatism by using MINARD'S LINIMENT, after trying all other remedies for 2 years. Albert Co., N.B. GEORGE TINGLEY.

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that observatory, and occurs during an inversion of the ordinary temperature conditions, the temperature being considerably lower at the surface than at higher altitudes, causing the rain to congeal as it falls. In the six years 1885-90, 198 cases of silver thaw were observed, with a mean duration of 4½ hours in each case, and they nearly all occurred between November and March during times of perfectly developed cyclones and anticyclones. An examination of the weather charts of the Meteorological Office showed that for the 198 days on which the phenomenon was observed the distribution of pressure was cyclonic on 137 days, and anticyclonic on 61 days. In anticyclonic conditions there was a cyclonic area central off the north-west coast of Norway, while the centre of the anticyclone was over the south of the British Isles. In cyclonic cases, an anticyclone lay to the south, over the Iberian Peninsula. The lowest temperature at which the phenomenon took place was 18°, and was rarely below 27°. Fully 90% of the cases occurred when the thermometer was between 28° and 31.9°, so that the greater number of cases occurred just before a thaw. The most common type of cloud which preceded both cyclonic and anticyclonic cases of silver thaw was cirro-cumulus, frequently accompanied by cirrus and cirro-stratus; and the changes showed that the higher strata of the atmosphere came first under the influence of the moist current, which took from three to eight hours to descend to the height at which cumulo-stratus forms. An examination of a series of storm charts prepared by Dr. Buchan disclosed the somewhat remarkable fact that 73 per cent. of the cyclonic and 63 per cent. of the anticyclonic cases of silver thaw on Ben Nevis were followed or preceded by gales on our northern and north-western coasts; and it would appear from the wind conditions that the barometric gradient at the height of Ben Nevis (4,407 feet) must be totally different from what obtained at sea-level during the occurrence of silver thaw on the hill-top, says *Nature.—Science.*

MARCH APRIL MAY

Are the best months in which to purify your blood, and Hood's Sarsaparilla is the best medicine for the purpose.



Mrs. M. E. Merrick,
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We commend this letter to all suffering women: "For a good many years I have been suffering from catarrh, neuralgia and

General Debility

I failed to obtain permanent relief from medical advice, and my friends feared I would never find anything to cure me. A short time ago I was induced to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. I was unable to walk even a short distance without feeling a

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overtake me. And I had intense pains from neuralgia in my head, back and limbs, which were very exhausting. But I am glad to say that soon after I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla I saw that it was doing me good. When I took 3 bottles I was

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I gained in strength rapidly, and can take a two-mile walk without feeling tired. I do not suffer nearly so much from catarrh, and find that as my strength increases the catarrh decreases. I am indeed a changed woman, and am very grateful to

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for what it has done for me. It is my wish that this my testimonial shall be published in order that others suffering as I was may learn how to be benefited." MRS. M. E. MERRICK, 57 Elm Street, Toronto, Ont.

Hood's Pills cure all Liver Ills, Biliousness, Jaundice, Indigestion, Sick Headache.