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Vol. XI.

Toronto, Friday, November 23rd, 1894.

No. 52.

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Current Topics.

Lord Rosebery as Prime Minister.

The cable gave us some intimations of the importance which was attached in advance to Lord Rosebery's Bradford speech, by reading Radicals and Nonconformists in Great Britain, but it is only with the arrival of the newspapers that we are able to get a clear conception of the spirit in which that speech was awaited by large numbers of his whilom admirers. In the eyes of these it was looked forward to as a test of his fitness to continue in the leadership of the party, or rather parties, on whom the Government depends for its slender majority. The *British Weekly* did not hesitate to declare beforehand that this was his last opportunity, that it would decide his political future. The fact is that Lord Rosebery had up to that time managed to dampen the enthusiasm of his Radical adherents to an alarming degree. Up to his accession to the premiership, his course had been one of almost unbroken appreciation and success. He was looked up to by many of the would-be innovators as the rising star of advanced Liberalism. But almost from the moment of his elevation, the scene changed. He made a succession of blunders for which it is hard to account on any theory consistent with a belief that he is a thorough-going Liberal by conviction. By a sentence or two in the House of Lords he brought his sincerity as a Home-Ruler under suspicion. At Edinburgh he, as the *Weekly* puts it, "commenced the disestablishment campaign by avowing himself an Erastian." Even in the field of foreign diplomacy, in which he was believed to be especially strong, he has aroused serious doubt in regard to both his wisdom and his firmness. The writer from whom we have already quoted probably hits the mark when he suggests that Lord Rosebery has injured himself by attempting to play to some extent the part of a Melbourne or a Palmerston, posing as one who takes his politics lightly and easily, instead of showing that he regards them as the intensely serious business they always are, and unquestion-

ably are at the present moment. His Bradford speech has helped him with the more ardent of his party for the present. In any case it is hard for the man who comes after the king. It is not unlikely that his career may enable students of history to learn by contrast the power of intense convictions in democratic politics.

By a cablegram last week the Canadian High Commissioner in Britain is represented as having said to a deputation of farmers who waited upon him in Scotland, that "no matter how clearly proved, apparently, no contagious pleuro-pneumonia ever existed in Canada," and that "the British Government had come to a foregone conclusion not to admit Canadian cattle into the United Kingdom, and intended to persist in the great wrong which was thus done to Canada." It is hard to believe that Sir Charles Tupper would permit his zeal for the interests of Canadian commerce to so far outrun not only his discretion but his civility and courtesy, as to make such a remark. The words, as reported, would be a distinct imputation upon the good faith and the truthfulness of the British Government, or individual members of it, whom he is further said, in some versions of the report, to have mentioned by name. It may be sincerely hoped that the words ascribed to our national representative will be authoritatively denied. The words "no matter how clearly proved, apparently," if correctly reported, contain in themselves a sufficient vindication, if any were needed, of the honesty of the members of the British Government who are responsible for the action. Indeed, if the existence of the disease was clearly proved, even *apparently*, it would be manifestly impossible, under the circumstances, for the British Government to admit our cattle to their markets, without a serious dereliction of duty. If Canada is the victim of circumstantial evidence in this matter, as is probably the case, her manifest duty is to set patiently and persistently at work to establish the truth, however hard it may be to prove the negative required.

An Electoral Summer-sault.

The bye-election in London has resulted in the choice of Mr. Thomas S. Hobbs by a majority of eight hundred. It is a remarkable event. The change from a Conservative majority of one hundred and thirty-five to a Liberal majority of eight hundred is of no small significance however it may be interpreted. No doubt more causes than one contributed to Mr. Essery's overthrow, and local conditions are imperfectly understood save by those immediately concerned. Amongst minor matters it shows pretty conclusively that Mr. Meredith's personal popularity was stronger even than party feeling, that the people are not very much in earnest about prohibition, and that the P.P.A. is not a great factor in Ontario politics. The most important result of this interesting contest is that the Government has now a majority of two over the combined forces of Conservatives and Patrons, and Sir Oliver Mowat must breathe with considerably greater freedom and ease. But his majority is a very narrow one, and will be still further reduced by the appointment of a follower to the Speaker's chair. Some of our contemporaries seem to think that Sir Oliver can now afford to snap his finger at the Patrons, but this would hardly be wise—just yet.

The Loan Question
in Quebec.

The difficulty with respect to the Quebec loan has taken a turn which would be amusing were it not for its mischievous tendency. Mr. Hall, a leading representative of one of the English constituencies of the Province, resigned the position of Provincial Treasurer a few weeks since, because, in contracting for a new Provincial loan, Premier Taillon had taken the matter entirely into his own hands, and, as Mr. Hall alleges, instead of raising the loan in a business way, through tenders in open market, had accepted a secret offer by which the Province is sure to be a heavy loser. Whether Mr. Hall was competent or incompetent, right or wrong, and, absurd though it sounds to say it, whether he was French or English, Protestant or Catholic, he could hardly have done otherwise than resign when so marked a slight was put upon him in his ministerial capacity. Premier Taillon says that he will justify his course in the Legislature, and as the session will open in a few days, he will presently have the opportunity to do so. Meanwhile, ridiculously enough, the question is being made a race and religious quarrel. It was natural that Mr. Hall should appeal to the members of his own constituency, English-speaking, of course, to support him in the stand he has taken. Having confidence in him, they seem disposed to do so, on what they and he regard as sound financial principles. And now the issue is being confused all over the Province by the cry that Mr. Hall and his supporters are actuated by racial and religious prejudices. The very absurdity of the cry but illustrates its danger. The tension must be rather severe between the two sections of the population when even the Premier resorts to such an insinuation as he distinctly does, in a late speech, if correctly reported.

University Matricula-
tion.

Little by little the rational outcry against the irrational pressure of multiplied written examinations in the schools and colleges is having its effect. We are glad to notice that the Senate of Toronto University has adopted some important modifications of its system, which will tend to relieve the stress very materially at the points indicated. Some of these are as follows: The Matriculation examination is to be divided into two parts, which may be taken in successive years, thus relieving candidates of the great multiplicity of subjects heretofore necessary to be taken at one time, and so reducing by one-half the temptation to cramming, so injurious to body and mind. Again, Junior Leaving certificates are henceforth to be accepted *pro tanto*, at both Part I and Part II of the matriculation examination, save in the case of candidates for scholarships and relative standings. Still further, candidates for honors and scholarships will, in 1896 and thereafter, be examined in the honor papers only, these including the Pass course. These are important modifications, in what most educators will, we believe, regard as the right direction.

More Work for the
Schools.

Elsewhere in this number we have sought to emphasize Dr. Bourinot's suggestion that our system of government should be made a subject of special study in all our schools and colleges. Assuming, as we safely may, that there can hardly be two opinions about the soundness of this opinion, the practical question at once arises: Can this be done? How is room to be found for this large and new subject or class of subjects? Let the enthusiastic advocate of the innovation put the question of its feasibility under present conditions to the first teacher, whether of a public or a high school, he may happen to meet. The teacher of either grade will at once

point him to a curriculum already so over-crowded with compulsory subjects that the work of the schools is a perpetual drive of both teacher and pupil at high pressure, in order to keep abreast of the multiform requirements of the code. Let him ask the parent who has children at school. He will be told very likely in tones of deep resentment, that the children are already so over-loaded with "home-work" that the father or mother is compelled, or at least constrained by pity and sympathy, to give up hours every evening in the week to aid the children in their preparation for the next day's ordeal; that, as a matter of fact, the teaching has to be done largely by the parent, while the one whose professional work is supposed to be teaching is obliged to devote most or all of the school hours to mere hearing of lessons, in order to ascertain that the pupils have done the prescribed amount of work at home. Even a novice knows that hearing of lessons and true teaching are two very different things. All this does not, of course, prove that those who are agitating for the introduction of new subjects into the schools are not right in their contentions. It only proves that subjects of the highest importance in their bearing upon the future well-being both of the pupil and of the nation cannot be introduced into the schools until a radical reconstruction of present educational ideas and methods shall have been by some means brought about.

To those who may set about serious inquiry with a view to finding the answer to this question one suggestion may be offered. The great difficulty will, we venture to say, be found to be that the school-life is altogether too short to admit of the full and symmetrical elementary education which should be the birth-right of every citizen. Of course this period may be indefinitely extended for those who can take a college, or even a full high school course. In the case of such there is, or ought to be, no real difficulty. Room should be found or made in these institutions for such a subject as that under discussion, and others of prime importance which readily suggest themselves such as elementary ethics, and the educational authorities are to blame if they are passed over. But what of the many? The great majority of Canadian children never enter even a high school. It is for these we should be chiefly concerned. Then, again, as a matter of fact, the average child leaves school at too early an age to be able to profit by such studies as those relating to methods of government, ethical and sociological problems, etc. The practical, and we do not see why not practicable, method to supply the great deficiencies in the education of such for good citizenship is to follow them beyond the precincts of the public school, and make provision for their after training by means of evening classes, extension lectures, and so forth, as hinted elsewhere. This is being done with encouraging success in many parts of England. The plan is being developed under most encouraging prospects in New York and other parts of the United States. Something, we may perhaps say not a little, too, is being accomplished in some parts of Canada. But why should not this work of educating young men and women for citizenship be systematized and extended until almost every young person in the land shall have had opportunity and inducement to continue his and her studies in the directions indicated? With the maturity of mind which comes with years, the youth of eighteen or twenty, or more, should accomplish as much in one month as the child of ten or twelve in six. The great desideratum is the right kind of conductor—we do not like to say either teacher or lecturer, for neither suggests the right idea for such classes. There is, no doubt, plenty of material for such conductors. How shall those who are fitted for the work by nature and education, be interested in it, trained for it, and paid for it? If the solution of the hard questions raised by

Dr. Bourinot and many others be found at all, it will, we venture to think, be found along some such lines as the foregoing. We must cease making a fetich of the public school, and remember that there are other means for training mind and forming character equally necessary and perhaps even more effective.

The Merry Dean
Hole.

"When Macaulay talks," once remarked Lady Ashburton, tartly, "I am not only overflowed with learning, but I stand in the slops." We are apt to have much the same uncomfortable sensation at a lecture, when the tide of information of dry, formidable, relentless facts, rises higher and higher, and our spirits sink lower and lower with every fresh development. But one has no such feelings when attending the lectures of Dean Hole, at least such a lecture as that delivered at the Massey Music Hall on Monday evening last. The "Church of England" was the subject announced, and over two thousand of Toronto's most cultivated and serious-minded citizens gathered together to hear him. The audience evidently expected a great and ambitious historical or controversial discourse on the Church, an expectation which was further strengthened by the lecture being prefaced with a number of soul-stirring, triumphant Church hymns, sung with fine effect by the combined Anglican choirs of the city. But the audience did not get what it expected. The lecture, though a very entertaining discourse, was wholly misnamed an unfortunate mistake. "Reminiscenses of English Church Life" would have been a much more appropriate title. Thus named the lecture may be considered an unqualified success. The Dean's fine and impressive presence, his easy-flowing, cheery chat, his buoyant, youthful spirits, his great fund of anecdote, and his remarkably winning manner all tend to make him a most attractive public speaker. It is to be regretted that a little want of judgment in choosing a title should have been the means of partly spoiling what would otherwise have been a thoroughly delightful evening. The merry Dean does not take life quite so seriously as we Canadians do. He loves to dwell on its joyous aspects and its humorous side—a disposition which unhappily is not a marked characteristic of the Canadian people.

Massacre of Armenians.

If the half of what is told by the Varna Correspondent of the *London Standard*, concerning the shameful atrocities committed by Turkish soldiers, under command of their officers, upon thousands of defenceless Armenians, is true, it is time that the civilized powers of Europe adopted some stringent measures for suppressing the misrule of the "unspeakable Turk." As the alleged offences were this time committed in Asia, something more sweeping than even "bag and baggage" expulsion from Europe would be required. For some time past stories have been rife of cruel persecution of the Armenians on account of their faith, or rather of their refusal to accept the faith of the False Prophet. But, in this instance, if the story of outrage and massacre be even founded in truth, the case equals or surpasses in diabolical cruelty the Bulgarian atrocities, the mention of which still sends a shudder through the heart of Christendom. Unless Lord Rosebery deserves the character for weakness and vacillation which is said to have been ascribed to him by a British minister at a foreign court, he will see to it that some means are taken to get the facts of the case, and that, if the reports are substantiated, the influence of Great Britain is exerted in favour of some decisive measure for putting an end, once for all, to all possibility of the repetition of such scenes. Possibly the view of Mr. Hagopian, Chairman of the Armenian Patriotic

Association in London, that an end should be put to the Turkish regime, would hardly be going too far. The combined nations of Europe should surely have power to put a stop to a misrule so demoralizing as a world-spectacle, as well as detestable in itself. Why should not a community of nations have the same right as any smaller community to protect its peoples from demoralizing spectacles? But, then, what of the Great Northern Bear?

The United States as
Mediator.

Should it fall to the lot of the President of the United States to interpose successfully as mediator between the two great Eastern combatants, the event would confer a new lustre upon American diplomacy. Of course the position would differ widely from an unsolicited intervention. The President's good offices would consist merely in bringing the representatives of the two warring nations together, at the urgent request of at least one of them, to consider terms of peace. He would, in other words, act merely as a trusted go-between to ascertain what is, on the one hand, the least which the exultant Japanese would be willing to accept, and, on the other, the utmost which the humiliated Chinese would be willing to bestow, by way of damages for the trouble and expense to which her victorious antagonist has put herself in the matter. The United States as a nation, as well as the individuals who have been taught in its school, is generally good at a bargain, for itself. Whether it can do equally well for another, the event would show. At first thought one would suppose that the republic which has treated Chinese immigrants so badly for many years, and has at length compelled the Chinese Government to consent to their ignominious exclusion from its shores, would be the last to which the Government of China would turn, even in its despair, for friendly offices. But then the United States is, probably, the only great power whose past and present policy free it from all suspicion of having selfish ends to serve in connection with the settlement of the future of South-Eastern Asia.

* * *

The Study of Government in Canada.

DR. BOURINOT, in that practical spirit which distinguishes all his writings, took occasion, in the course of his speech at Trinity University, a few days ago, to dwell on the importance to Canadians of the study of political science so that everyone may thoroughly understand the origin, character and operation of our political and other institutions. His remarks were so suggestive that we feel we cannot do a more useful service than summarize the most important points he made in a speech necessarily short on such an occasion. Anyone who has studied the subject, will agree with him that it is amazing to think that a study which above all others is so intimately connected with the whole fabric of our society, on whose clear understanding depend the property, security and very life of the whole people, should have so long been neglected for studies of far inferior importance. Our whole system of Government from the Imperial to the Dominion, from the Provincial to the Municipal system, demands so complicated a machinery, that it takes a man even of mature years a long while to understand it thoroughly. It is becoming absolutely essential that the principles of our Government, Dominion, Provincial and Municipal, should be taught in every university, collegiate institute and public school in the country. No wiser resolution was passed at the first meeting of the National Council of women under the presidency of her Excellency the Countess of Aberdeen than that which emphasizes the necessity for the

introduction into the public schools of Canada of a clear and intelligible text book "having for its object to fix in the minds of the boys and girls of the Dominion a just conception of their rights and duties as citizens." "Probably never before," says the National Council, "was there such urgent need for a clear understanding of the principles of our Government." It is not necessary to add anything to this emphatic expression of the opinion of the women of Canada, which has as much application to the young men and women of our higher institutions as it has to the boys and girls of our public schools. At no time in our history was it more necessary for the men and women of Canada to have a clear understanding of the principles of our Government." We are entering on the most critical stage in the development of our institutions, with the lowering of the franchise and the growth of democracy. We have to look forward to a new population from foreign countries, not educated as our own, or understanding the principles of our Government. No one who looks at the condition of things in our cities—in Toronto for instance—but must see that there is evidence of mismanagement, and even worse, and that the great commercial metropolis of Canada too clearly requires a Parkhurst. When we consider that a commission, having among its members the Chancellor and Ex-Lieut-Governor of Ontario, has actually found it necessary to obtain the opinions of men whether we should or should not adopt the ruinous elective system of our American neighbours, by which State and Municipal officers of all grades are elected by the people at large—a system which notoriously lies at the foundation of the mismanagement and corruption that prevail in American cities and States—a system which is the parent of rings like Tammany Hall—a system which is at direct variance with the English principles of Government—when we consider such facts, it is clear that we should begin to inculcate sound principles of Government on our children as well as on those of more mature years. Let it be the duty of our schools and colleges to teach the youth the rights and responsibilities of Canadians as citizens. What we require is the development of a deeper interest in the practical working of our institutions, especially in the large cities and towns. These are wise words which Canadians should ponder deeply. We hope with Dr Bourinot that the study of our institutions will be imperative, not optional, in all our colleges and schools not excluding female seminaries. The probability is that the franchise will be eventually extended to women in all the Provinces, but it is essential that they should under any circumstances understand thoroughly the principles of our Government. We look forward to the time, which Professor Seeley has foreshadowed, when universities everywhere—and in the United States a great deal is being done—will extend their action over the whole community by creating an order of first class popular teachers, who shall lend their aid everywhere in the important study of great questions, political and other, and thus play a part in the education and elevation of the national mind that universities never did before in the history of the world.

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Evolution of the Newspaper.

SOMEONE recently took the trouble to analyze and classify the contents of one of the great New York dailies, and to publish the results. We have not now those results before us and shall not attempt to reproduce them from memory. The table was, however, an astonishing one, even for those who have learned by experience to put a low estimate upon the admixture of instructive and edifying matter to be found in the columns of a modern popular newspaper. Suffice it to say that, out of the enormous number of words

which had been put into type for that number of the paper, after eliminating the columns devoted to records of races and games, and pugilistic encounters; to mere personal and society gossip, much of it of the most trivial kind; to the records of the police and divorce courts; to stale or feeble witticisms and atrocious puns; and to various other kinds of matter very illy adapted to take the attention or reward the labour of any one of moderately thoughtful and earnest tendency,—after thus marking out everything which a man or woman of fair intelligence, with a purpose in life, would deem it a waste of time to read, the residue was so woefully small that one could but wonder to what extent such a paper faithfully reflects the taste and intelligence of the masses for whom it is prepared.

This is happily, but one side of the shield. On the other hand every thoughtful mind must be gratified to note a gratifying upward development in newspaper literature. The last few years have brought a marked and most encouraging increase in the number of independent, well-edited, healthful, and in every way admirable papers, which are now gaining wide circulation and exerting powerful influence for good. In the United States, for instance, it would be difficult to overestimate the salutary effects upon the national life of a large and growing class of weeklies, of which the *Outlook* of New York may be taken as a type, and whose aim it is to discuss all the larger questions of the day, civil, sociological, political, and religious, in a calm, intelligent, unprejudiced spirit. The growing appreciation of such papers creates a demand which many of the foremost thinkers of the time do not think it beneath them to aid in supplying. The action and re-action are equal. The demand creates the supply; the supply stimulates the demand. It would be difficult to say which has precedence in the order of time, but there can be no doubt that such papers are among the most powerful agencies of the day in promoting the great movements which are, we are glad to believe, carrying these democratic communities steadily forward and upward in the path of reform.

Closely connected with the development of the genuinely independent periodical may be noted a very marked improvement in the party newspaper, which has long been so powerful a factor in the working-out of our system of responsible government. The intense one-sidedness and bitterness of the old party organ is perceptibly waning. All along the line there is a manifest tendency, in all the better class of political papers, to treat political questions on broader grounds, and to cultivate a spirit of fairness and courtesy towards opponents, such as might have been sought for almost in vain, even a few years ago, on this continent—and it is of this continent we are particularly speaking. Here and there we find a party newspaper even rising to a plane of moderation, fairness, and dignity, such as, though they may yet fall far below an ideal standard, would have been sought for in vain a decade ago.

On the whole, despite the tons of trash and filth which are still being scattered broadcast at every opportunity, there is good reason to hope that the development of the newspaper and other periodical literature is decidedly upward. This is as it should be, for there can be no doubt that this kind of literature is one of the most powerful educational agencies of the age, if it be not absolutely the most powerful. Even the most cultured and independently thoughtful among us will, if they will but take the trouble to reflect upon the subject, be compelled to admit that an astonishingly large part of their stock of ideas and opinions have been derived, directly or indirectly, through the medium of the newspaper. We do not, of course, mean that such readers consciously, or even unconsciously, adopt the views even of their favourite paper

or magazine, but that the raw material of very much of their thinking, and their most fruitful thinking, too, is derived through this source. And what is true to so large a degree of the student and thinker, is true to a vastly greater extent of the many. We may hope that the proportion is perceptibly diminishing, but what multitudes there still are who imbibe, with but very little scrutiny or inward digesting, what they are pleased to regard as their opinions, from their one daily or weekly newspaper,

Even with all its still flagrant faults, there can be little doubt that, from the moral as well as the strictly educational point of view, the influence of a fairly well conducted newspaper in a family is salutary. There is perhaps much in its columns which the father or mother devoutly wish were not there, but, none the less, the little rills of information and thinking material which are day by day introduced into the household, and into minds which might otherwise be left vacant, or employed on much more harmful material, are powerful aids to intellectual growth and to right feeling. Most of us have, probably, known parents who conscientiously excluded the secular newspapers from their homes, or strove to keep them out of the hands of their children, especially their daughters. In most cases, there can be little doubt that the result is a distinct loss to the children so guarded, in point both of developed intelligence and of fitness for usefulness in future active life.

There are some very important questions with regard to the true sphere of the newspaper, which we had in mind when we began to write, but which we have left ourselves no room to touch. Lord Rosebery, for instance, reproached the English newspapers, the other day, for failing to sift their news before giving it to the public. Though one of the papers in question had its revenge, by compelling him to admit that in one important respect, at least, its news was correct, and his reproach uncalled for, there yet can be no doubt that much bad blood is created between nations by the injudicious and often narrow criticisms of newspaper writers, claiming to speak in the name of a nation. There is certainly a large amount of space given to the detail of revolting crimes which must be as demoralizing as it is disgusting. But, on the other hand, the deterrent effect of the fear of newspaper notoriety upon weak persons, when tempted to crime, must be very considerable, while the newspaper is admittedly a most effective agency in the swift detection of criminals, and in preventing the covering up of crime by collusion.

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National Biography.*

IN noticing the previous volume of this great work, while remarking on the interesting character of its contents, we observed that it contained no name of the first importance. It is different with the present volume, which abounds in memoirs of the most illustrious men. In proof of this statement we need mention only the names of Napier, Nelson, Neville, Newman and Newton; and there are a good many others who would shine very brightly were they not placed so near to luminaries like these.

To the name of Napier fifty-five pages are given and they could hardly be reduced although they might easily be extended. Under that head we have, of course, the inventor of logarithms, Lord Napier, of Magdala, and the author of the History of the Peninsular War. To most of us, however, the two most interesting memoirs will certainly be those of the two Sir Charles Napiers, the admiral and the conqueror of Scinde, two very different men, yet both of great interest. These are almost ideal memoirs—careful, full, exact, discriminating. Professor Laughton writes thus of the admiral: "As a man of action, within a perhaps unlimited scope, his conduct was often brilliant, but his in-

solence and ingratitude to Sir Robert Stopford, his selfish insubordination, and his arrogant representation of himself as the hero of the hour, left very bitter memories in the minds of his colleagues." These remarks will be appreciated by those who remember the Crimean War—the admiral's bounce at the beginning of it and his insolence at the end.

No less excellent, although widely different, are Colonel Vetch's remarks on the soldier: "Napier was essentially a hero. With his keen, hawklike eye, aquiline nose, and impressive features, his appearance exercised a powerful fascination: while his disregard of luxury, simplicity of manner, careful attention to the want of the soldiers under his command and enthusiasm for duty and right won him the love and admiration of his men. His journals testify to his religious convictions, while his life was one long protest against oppression, injustice, and wrong-doing. Generous to a fault, a radical in politics, yet an autocrat in government, hot tempered and impetuous, he was a man to inspire strong affection or the reverse, and his enemies were as numerous as his friends." We hope the last phrase is too strong. Otherwise this passage is certainly almost perfect.

We wish we could stop at Beau Nash, who was undoubtedly a fool, yet not all a fool, nor without good qualities. We can only, however, recommend the reader to turn to the article and read his excellent reply to the Duchess of Marlborough about his father. John Mason Neale, in a very different way, deserves credit for much valuable work in Christian archaeology and hymnology; and, if Neale could not always be trusted in matters of fact, his imagination and fancy have laid us under great obligations to him. Lillian Adelaide Neilson receives gentle and respectful treatment, as is due.

But the great name of Nelson warns us away from the lesser figures around us. Eighteen pages are given to him not too much. Professor Laughton seems determined to "nothing extenuate nor set down aught in malice;" and he carries out that purpose. There is no attempt to sum up the character of Nelson, as is done with the two Napiers mentioned; and this is wise. But in these columns the man is adequately set before us in his transcendent greatness and in his undeniable weakness. This is history, and sometimes we wish that it could be somewhat different. Shall we mention here another Nelson, Robert, the zealous churchman? No mean man he, and the great admiral need not be ashamed of such a bearer of his name.

The Nevilles have no fewer than sixty-three pages, and they need it and deserve it. From first to last they are a prodigiously great family; and it must make the Braybrookes and the Abergavennys of modern times sometimes reflect that they have more than their fair share of responsibility in having to bear such a name. Richard the king-maker is, of course, prominent among the Nevilles. Whether he is the greatest we can hardly say.

John Henry Newman is assigned with propriety to Mr. Lilly, a personal friend and a co-religionist, and as liberal as one of his opinions can be. It is a most engrossing story that he tells, and he tells it well from his own point of view. Here and there a different complexion might be cast upon some of Newman's proceedings, and it might be well for readers to acquaint themselves with Mr. Isaac Williams' remarks on Tract 90; but it is only on minor points that doubts can remain. Mr. Lilly's paper seems accurate; but certainly J. H. Newman never called Law's book a "Serious and Devout Call."

Almost the longest article in the whole volume is given to another great name, that of Sir Isaac Newton, and it is given deservedly. Mr. Glazebrook has recognized the importance and the vast extent of the field which he had to traverse, and it seems to us hardly possible that such a work should be better done. We do not attempt to give an outline of this great article, or further to characterise it; but we cannot refrain from giving a little extract, not unknown indeed, but deserving to be universally known and remembered, as an evidence of the deep humility of the great thinker and writer. "I do not know what I may appear to the world," were his words shortly before his death, "but to myself I seem to have been only like a boy playing on the seashore, and diverting myself in now and then finding a smoother pebble or a prettier shell than ordinary, whilst the great ocean of truth lay all undiscovered before me." *O si sic omnes!* Standing under the shadow of the great admiral, we mentioned Robert Nelson. Beside the great man

* Dictionary of National Biography, edited by Sidney Lee. Vol. XL. Myllar—Nicholls. Price \$3.75. New York: Macmillan. Toronto: Copp, Clark & Co. 1894.

of science we may at least mention the joint author of the Olney Hymns, John Newton. He is well dealt with in this volume.

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Montreal Letter.

THE routine of daily life was not broken during the past week by any unusual event. There was the Chrysanthemum Show, to be sure, but this, although good, was not sufficient to quicken the blood of the ordinary everyday citizen, whose mind inclines more to the hard problems of life than to the poetic. Melba promised to come and sing to us, but she did not; giving as an excuse that she was suffering from a bad cold. It was thought that Paderewski had a patent on this method of getting out of engagements.

An inter-collegiate debate was held in the Wesleyan College last Friday, in which four students, representing the Congregational, Diocesan, Presbyterian and Wesleyan Colleges, wrangled over the question whether living in cities is beneficial or detrimental to the welfare of mankind. The vote of the audience showed that city life is beneficial, but whether this was an expression of opinion based upon the arguments adduced or only a matter of mere sentiment—as the audience was composed of city people—it is hard to say.

The half-yearly statement of the Bank of Montreal, issued last week, was not as rosy as usual. The profits of the half-year, ending October 31st, amounted to very little more than the dividend of five per cent recently declared. The figures reached \$604,862, or only \$4,862 in excess of the dividend. For the six months, ending April 30th last, this surplus reached \$78,278, and for the six months ending October 31st, 1893, it was \$35,010, or \$113,289 for the year. This leaves about \$100,000 to be made up in the next half-year, before the bank can submit a statement at its next annual meeting, such as it did last April. Yet this statement of the Bank of Montreal is a fair indication of the state of affairs in the financial world. There are reasons for this falling off in earnings; money has been going begging in many places of the outside centres, and the rates of interest have been materially reduced in consequence, and again it has been difficult even with the low rates prevailing to invest the immense capital of the bank. This is shown in the increased interest bearing deposits which now reach \$23,938,571 as against \$21,266,440 this time last year. The deposits to current account have also increased over a million within the past year. This rather shows a shyness on the part of capitalists to enter into commercial enterprises at the present time.

That civilization, as we learn it, is far from what it should be, is made alarmingly apparent when, in solemn assembly, men interested in the public good discuss the advisability of reviving that relic of feudalism, the ringing of the curfew bell, in order to protect children from the dangers which surround them. It is a grave reflection upon parents of the present day that things have come to such a pass and that it is found necessary to devise some public measure to confer that which the parents should supply from a moral impulse and a desire to have their children as good if not better than they are themselves. The curfew bell rang out its mightily peel in a dim and distant age principally as a signal to put out all lights that there should be less risk of fires; to-day it is heard in thirty towns and villages of this Dominion as a protection against the fires of immorality, ever burning and eager to scorch the innocents. Why was the curfew not considered twenty, thirty or forty years ago? Are the conditions the same? Do the children of the present day run closer to the dangers that we wish them to avoid than the children of half a century ago? What new danger has arisen to cause the clanging of bells at twilight over this fair land, striking terror into the hearts of the little ones as they rush for shelter under the parental roof, looking behind them with frightened eyes for the goblins just let loose from the neighboring church yards? Why should the liberty of the child be curtailed by public measures?

These are matters for reflection. And can it be said that the ringing of the curfew marks an advance in civilization? If parents give their children liberties which they themselves did not enjoy as children, what matters it to the curfewites? But the advocates of the curfew bell, level headed men, see an evil arising out of this laxity on the part of parents, and, on the grounds of public policy, push their demands. It is not so much a matter of choice with parents

that their children should run around on the street after dark as indifference, which is becoming more pronounced each year. The child of the present day is not the child of thirty or forty years ago. The creature has a decidedly marked air of independence and forwardness, which, although admired with pride by the parents, would drive its bewigged forefathers into paroxysms of despair as to its welfare. There is a desire to see children "smart," as our American cousins would say, even should the faculty border on impertinence, and parents like to show that their children are clever enough to look after themselves. There is a tendency to push children forward and grant them privileges far beyond their years, a policy which engenders independence, undoubtedly, but at the same time, an immense amount of audacity. Compared with a generation or two ago there is a marked change. Dr. McKay, who lived for an unbroken period of twenty-five years in Formosa, remarked, on his return to Canada, a few months ago, that he found the greatest change in the manners of the children of this country. He was much surprised and pained to find them forward and impertinent and he could not understand the indifference of parents in respect to the proper training of children. He noticed the change, although perhaps the parents did not. It is the indifference of parents to the rules governing the training of children that fills the street at night with boys and girls of tender years, when they should be at home under the parental wing out of harm's way. There is an evil; the curfew bell is put forward as a remedy. It is being seriously discussed in Montreal, and the Society for the Protection of Women and Children are about to bring the matter before the Provincial authorities. The Curfew Bell may be necessary, but it does not reflect credit upon the parents of the present day, and it makes us wonder if this is a step towards higher civilization.

A. J. F.

* * *

In Northumberland Strait.

No wavy water laughs to-day
About our prow; no sunny view
Of lily sail bent far away—
A blossom on the blue.

An icy fleet moored all around,
Throughs the dark sea; the anxious eye
Looks to the water's wintry bound
And to the wintry sky.

But like a thing of power and will—
A creature resolute and strong—
Our iron-mailed steamer still
Urges her way along.

The icy shelves are crushed aside;
In vain their cluster'd forces close,
While onward through the inky tide
Indomitably she goes.

Best emblem of a steadfast soul,
That, while the hindering legions strive,
Forces a pathway to his goal,
And will at length arrive

In the safe harbour's sheltering arms;
Where, after all the wintry strife,
He anchors, hid from fears and harms,
Safe by the shore of life.

PASTOR FELIX.

* * *

In and About Mayence on the Rhine.

WE began to prepare, at least in thought, for arrival in Mayence before our steamer had fairly passed the smaller town of Bingen, some eighteen miles further down the Rhine. To many a school boy and girl, and, perhaps, whose school days are still in the future, Bingen is not an entirely strange name. It is in a dimly remembered distance that I first heard of the famous Mouse Tower and, also, of that "soldier of the Legion," who, according to Mrs. Norton's pathetic ballad, was born at "Bingen, fair Bingen, on the Rhine." To the Germans themselves the place is better known than its size (its population is only 6,000) would seem to warrant, and the likelihood is that its fame in the fatherland is due to historical associations and to the fact that it is the principal town of the best wine valley in the Rhine district. The choicest vineyards are, in reality, on the opposite bank of the river, and, for the most part, further up

than Bingen. It is said that, from his palace at Ingelheim, higher up the Rhine, Charlemagne observed the snow to melt in the spring earlier on the mountains opposite Bingen than at any other place within the range of vision; and, for this reason, he caused vines to be brought from the summer fields of Gaul and planted on these Rhenish mountains, thus beginning an industry which has since made the region famous.

Lower down the Rhine than Bingen is what was formerly called the Judenzoll. This is a very narrow pass between the mountains and the river; and, it is related that, in earlier and more vigorous times, a toll was collected here from every Jew who wished to pass that way, and that the gentle toll-keepers had dogs in readiness, whose faithful scent could quickly discriminate between the elect Christian and the unfortunate son of Israel.

The story of the Mouse-tower has been heard by many. Old Hatto, Bishop of Mayence, it is said, having cruelly burned a large number of people in a barn during a famine, was pursued by mice. And, in order to escape them, took refuge in this tower; but the mice—whether by walking, swimming, or flying across the river is not known—followed him thither, and, by making a meal of him, avenged the death of the slaughtered innocents. The fact is, in greater likelihood, that the name Mausesturm has nothing to do with the small quadrupeds which sometimes lend animation to female life in our households; but should be understood as either "Musenthurm," which would mean "watch-tower," or "Mauththurm," which would be "tax-tower." The present use of the structure, now some 600 years old, would certainly justify a change of name to the former of the two just indicated; for, from here the vessels ascending and descending the river are observed, and appropriate signals are given to avoid the danger of a collision between crafts coming from different directions.

Near the town of Bingen, too, is the well-known Neiderwald, a wooded hill, on which is placed, so as to be clearly visible from the river, the great National Monument commemorative of the victorious campaign against the French in 1870. The monument with its pedestal is 121 feet in height, and is a most elaborate work setting forth the prestige and prowess of Germany and of the leaders who assisted in her victory. This splendid memorial, costing over \$225,000, came very near to an untimely destruction through explosives shortly after it had been completed. The design of the would-be destroyers was, however, discovered before it could be executed, and completely frustrated.

Mayence itself is one of the strategic positions in the Rhine valley, and within its extensive fortifications is lodged a garrison outnumbering most of those in Eastern Germany. The historical interest of the place to average moderns lies in the fact that here was born the man, who, from a mechanical standpoint, at least, may be called the father of modern enlightenment. For, surely, Johann Gutenberg, the inventor of printing, whose monumental figure in the Gutenberg Platz looks down upon us with kindly, serious countenance, is he who taught the world how to make all its children sharers in the golden currency of thought, and thus helped them out of their mental and moral penury into the affluence of an incorruptible heritage. Gutenberg's statue is a bronze work of the great master Thorwaldsen; and is, from its modern faithfulness, a more fitting memorial than would be some more pretentious figure with pompous carriage, made more offensive still by the accompanying absurdity of an apparelling unsuited to the man and time. The Mainzers are not careful of their great burger's effigy; it looks neglected with the lichens growing about and upon the inscription of the pedestal. They have, too, allowed the house where the printer's birth occurred to be destroyed, though they have been good enough to keep the building which constituted the world's first printing establishment; and to have preserved as well the house where Johann Faust, Gutenberg's partner, had his press. If one wishes to see many other mementoes of these early printers, he will go to the old Electoral Palace, where, formerly, church and state had their practical unity in the person of the resident Prince-Archbishop, who, with his two-edged weapon of church censure and civil correction, could work very potent things among his citizen-subjects in the old submissive days. But the Elector-prelates are gone, and in the palace are found to-day things of much greater interest for our better-conditioned civilization. We have therein a picture gallery with many master works from master hands, a collection of

Roman Antiquities another of coins, and, then, there is the large library which contains, among many other valuable books, impressions from the presses of these earliest Mayence printers, whose names have just been indicated.

Mention has been made of a collection of Roman antiquities, and this leads us to the thought of the city's ancient foundation. Wisdom is no discovery of moderns; and, so, the old Romans, who tramped the banks of the Rhine before the World's Redeemer was born at Bethlehem, saw, as many have later seen, the advantages of situation for military purposes possessed by Mayence, and, in consequence, planted there, as long ago as 14 B.C., a fortress or fortified camp. That this Roman settlement was of considerable size and importance, one may readily assure himself, if he be inclined to a walk through the Gan Thor or Gate, out for a distance of a little over half a mile, where there stand, even now, a large number of pillars, once part of a Roman aqueduct for the furnishing of water to the camp which occupied the site of the present city. The water supply was conducted to this place from a spring situated at some six miles distance from the existing town. Near the aqueduct was the ground where, far from their native Roman land, members of the imperial legions found their last rest. In this old cemetery many ancient tombstones have been discovered; but, though modern tombstones are hardly worthy objects of plundering by evil disposed individuals, it was thought these pathetic relics of a classic age might be regarded as such, and they have for this reason been removed to a place of security in the city, where they can still be seen by those who wish to see. In the Citadel there is the so-called Eigelstein, which is a monument erected in B.C. 9 to Drusus, step-son of the Emperor Augustus and founder of the city. The erection of this "Tower of Drusus" by the soldiers of the Roman legions is mentioned by the Latin historian, Suetonius. The structure was formerly of greater height than at present but is, even now, some 48 feet high, and affords, as one looks, from its summit, the best general view to be had of the town.

There is not much more to be seen in Mayence outside of the Cathedral. The general impression made by the city is good, for much of it is new and both streets and buildings are roomy and attractive. The Rhine Promenade, the Anlage, and the other spots here and there through the town show a taste for the beautiful, and are pleasant places for a rest or easy, pleasurable stroll.

The Cathedral has had, since it was founded in the tenth century, a vicissitous history. It has been burned, struck by lightning, bombarded by Prussian cannon, and turned into a French powder magazine at different periods in its career; but is now, thanks to a restoration which occurred some twenty years ago, quite as beautiful as it ever has been, and, perhaps, quite as ready for the milder probabilities of its future course. We, who hold with such pride to our historical traditions, count it no little honor conferred upon this German see that its first Archbishop should have been our British Boniface, the so-called Apostle to the Germans, whom Pope Zacharias, in 751 A.D., made to be Archbishop of Mayence and really of all Germany; for Mayence was the only bishopric in the country at the time. Boniface was the son of a wheelwright, and with a view to his origin, and, perhaps, with some idea of spiritual significance, embodied wheels in his arms, which after him were assumed as the heraldic emblems of his successors in the see. There is not much besides the noble proportions to admire in the interior of the edifice. Some very realistic monuments to Prince-Archbishops, and other notable personages are to be found; and the lengthy Latin which measures the memory and sometimes doubtful merits of ecclesiastic or laic stares you to whichever wall you turn. One tablet we will not omit to notice. It is that formerly in the monastery chapel of St. Alban, but brought to the Cathedral after the destruction of the Monastery in 1552, and commemorates Fastrada, who died in 794. She was the third wife of the Western Emperor, Charlemagne, whose castle of Ingelheim, already mentioned, was situated at no great distance from Mayence. The Chapter house or Archiepiscopal Council Chamber of the Cathedral leads us to cloisters, where the clergy of the chapter in olden days used to take exercise according to the much esteemed rule, "post coenam stabis, sen passus mille meabis," or, as we should say, "take exercise after meals." After looking at the bronze doors of the entrance, which were cast in the latter part of the tenth century, we may take a glance at the exterior of the building from the rear,

where alone it can be seen and appreciated. And, as we look, we shall be convinced, I think, that here has been the mistake made so often in these cities of the old world, of hiding to such an extent from view what would have been for the inspecting generations a continuing education and refreshing to the soul. It is all too frequently the case that old disfiguring buildings push themselves up against the eaves of venerable and beautiful churches or cathedrals. Perhaps there was an idea of better protecting the edifices from assault, perhaps the church temporalities were straightened and it became necessary to realize on real estate; but, come as it may, the issue is unfortunate.

Mayence's Stadthalle is the largest hall in Germany, but is not remarkable in comparison with structures like the Madison Square Garden of New York and a few other similar edifices whose capacity of 10,000 persons or more exceeds by 2,000 to 3,000 that of this building.

We had come to Mayence without any strong expectation of seeing wonderful sights. We saw much more than we thought to find, and needless to say left still something to be seen, should Providence again lead us thitherward.

WALTER M. PATTON.

Heidelberg, Germany.

* * *

A Deputy Surveyor General's Report of 1788.

II.

THE Harbour of Toronto (Plan B.) is near two Miles in length from the Entrance on the West to the Isthmus between it and a large Morass on the Eastward: the Breadth of the Entrance is about half a Mile, but the navigable Channel for Vessels is only about 500 yards, having from 3 to 3½ Fathoms Water; the north or main Shore the whole length of the harbour is a clay Bank, from 12 to 20 feet high and rising gradually behind, apparently good Land and fit for settlement. The Water is rather shoal near this shore, having but one fathom Depth at 100 yards Distant, two fathoms at 200 yards, and when I sounded here the Waters of the Lake were very high, there is good and safe anchorage everywhere within the Harbour, being either soft or sandy bottom. The south Shore is composed of great Numbers of sand hills and ridges intersected with swamps and small creeks; it is of unequal Breadths, being from a quarter of a Mile to a Mile wide across from the harbour to the Lake and runs in length to the E. five or six Miles. Through the Middle of the Isthmus before mentioned or rather near the North Shore is a channel with two fathom Water, and in the Morass there are other channels from 1 to 2 fathoms deep. From what has been said, it will appear that the harbour of Toronto is capacious, safe and well sheltered but the Entrance being from the westward is a great Disadvantage to it, as the prevailing wind is from that Quarter and as this is a fair Wind from hence down the Lake, of course it is that with which Vessels in general would take their Departure from hence, but they may frequently find it difficult to get out of the Harbour. The shoalness of the north shore as before remarked is also disadvantageous as to erecting Wharves, Quays, etc. In regard to this Place as a military Post I do not see any very striking features to recommend it in that view, but the best situation to occupy for the Purpose of protecting the settlement and Harbour would I conceive be on the Point A near the Entrance thereof.

Besides the Harbour already mentioned, and the River Niagara of which I shall speak hereafter, there are other situations on this Lake, where Vessels may lie in safety such as the Sodus and Jenesee Rivers: the first is capacious and has from 3 to 5 Fathom Water within; the Bar has generally from 2 to 2½ fathoms. The Jenesee River is from 150 to 180 yards wide, has from 3 to 3½ fathoms Water within, and about 2 fathoms over the Bar.

Vessels may also find shelter within the Islands called *the false Ducks*; and also under the real Ducks, and in some other situations; but as these afford only a partial security against particular Winds, they cannot be called Harbours.

Vessels drawing only from 8 to 10 feet Water can go into the Bay of Quinté.

The Defects of Niagara are so numerous that I find it

difficult to detail them; I shall however endeavour to point them out, together with its real situation as explicitly as I can.

On the land front the sod Work of the interior line of the Parapet has in Part fallen in, remainder will soon follow the cheeks of such Embrasures as are not of log Work are in the same state; but sod Work will never stand to so little a slope as it is necessary to give these Parts of the Works, they should be lined with Masonry or at least with log work or Oak Plank, the exterior slope of the Parapet is in tolerable condition as low as the Berm and fraize, but from thence to the Bottom of the Ditch, the ground is fallen to an easy and practicable slope the right face of the south Bastion and of Haldimand's Battery adjoining is fronted with log Work which is now rotten and giving Way, the Picketing the Ditch and the fraize are sound, The Outworks do not appear to have been ever compleated; the Ravelin has neither Picketing or fraize before it. Lunettes seem to have been designed, but never brought forward to an useful state, or if they were, have been since destroyed.

In the state these Outworks are at present, I think they are of more Prejudice than service to the Defence of the Place, it appears also improper their having been converted into Gardens.

Four new Platforms are wanting seven of the Gun Carriages are unserviceable and seven want repairing; The five Mortar Beds are all unserviceable, some of the Guns are too short to be used in Embrasures, Brunswic Battery and the projecting Points on the front towards the Lake are undermined and in Danger of falling down particularly the north Demi Bastion, a Part of which is already gone I have recommended to the Commanding Officer to shore up what is left to endeavour at least to keep it in his Place till next year, if it falls a part of the Garrison will be laid open the Lake makes such Progressive Encroachments on the whole of the shore on the Front, that any Expedient to prevent the Works falling must be considered as merely temporary, until the whole of that shore as far as the Works extend shall be wharfed so as to prevent as far as may be practicable any further Impression from the surf of the Lake; this however will be a very expensive Business. The picketing from the King's Battery round to the Water Gate on this front is mostly rotten. The Officers Barracks will be in tolerable good condition with the repairs done this fall, except the small range on the north-east side of the Parade which are too much decayed to be ever put in good Repair; the Range of Soldier's Barracks near the Curtain wants new flooring and Drains made to carry off the Water which falls against the back Walls from the Works not in Want of any very considerable Repairs. The Lighthouse is entirely rotten and must be rebuilt. The Bridge wants some Repairs; The Drains are made with Logs and are in general rotten; The two stone Blockhouses and Picketing round them are in pretty good condition the Powder Magazine is in pretty good Repair, but is damp from the Bank of Earth which is placed against it on one side with a view of protecting it from any Batteries on the other side of the River.

The Buildings in the Indian Department without the Fort, are mostly in ruins. The wharf also where the Vessels come to is in exceedingly bad order and partly washed away.

Having stated particularly the condition in which the Fort of Niagara is at present, it still remains to take further Notice of some of the Defects in its Construction as a military [word omitted] of which Haldimand Battery is not the least striking, for although it throws some fire on the approach by the bank of the River, yet it makes with the right face of the south Bastion a dead angle, where, and at the land port gate, there is cover for an Enemy unseen from any Part of the Works. The front towards the River is only a Picketing if I except a small log Work Battery, called King's Battery of four Guns of which two are in the face and one in each flank: An Enemy therefore possessing the other side of the River in force, would very much annoy the Garrison on this, as the Shot from their Batteries which they could bring to bear with 800 yards would meet with no interruption from passing entirely thro' the Fort. The Front towards the Lake is equally weak it is not well flanked, and does by no means sufficiently command the approach by the Shore. If these two Fronts were to be reconstructed on good Principles of Defence it would among other things be absolutely necessary to give them some substance particularly towards the

River, so as to be Cannon Proof, but this would take up so much of the interior space of the fort, already too confined, as not to have Sufficient room for the necessary Buildings or for the Troops to act with the freedom requisite for its Defence and on this Idea it would be necessary to acquire space by throwing forward the field front about 80 yards -- But these alterations would in fact amount to rebuilding the whole Fort, and indeed as it appears to scarce anything short of that can make it respectable. I have not therefore attempted to offer any specific sum for that Purpose as any estimate that is not grounded on the particular Plans and Sections of the work to be executed, as well as the sort of Materials to be used in the Construction proportioned to the degree of Permanence intended to be given must be vague and erroneous. If the Fort was in proper state of Defence I should imagine it would require a Garrison of about 400 men.

The Buildings of Navy hall are for the most part in exceedingly bad Repair, and the Wharf is in Ruins. Of the Rangor's Barracks one Pile has been so far dismantled as to be past reestablishing; one End indeed might perhaps with some fitting up be made to serve for some time as a Blacksmith's shop to the Indian Department, which they say is much wanted: The other Pile is capable of being repaired and might also answer the temporary Purpose of accommodating (at least in Part) the said Department. Their storehouses, &c., on the Niagara side, as already observed, being in absolute Ruins and not repairable the fitting up of this Pile of Buildings would cost about £35.

In Regard to the situation at Navy hall boats or vessels may be well sheltered there from rough Weather, it is convenient for embarking and disembarking and equally safe and applicable to the Purposes of the Transport as at Niagara: vessels can also more readily and safely get under Way from hence, when the Wind is from the Westward (which is fair to carry them down the Lake) than they can immediately from Niagara and this seems the most material advantage that Navy hall possesses over Niagara: but the latter has rather a better command of the Entrance of the River than can be had from any situation on this side: a good Post might be constructed on the Height above Navy hall, and such as would afford protection to Boats or Vessels from any attempts of an Enemy on this side of the River, but they could not be secure here from Bombardment or covered from Batteries of Cannon on the other side.

The Storehouse at the landing Place which is of round log Work is mostly rotten and is altogether in exceeding bad Condition and should be rebuilt, the dwelling house is much out of Repair. The Ways, Wharf, Cradle and Capstan want some Repairs which may be done for about £20.

All the Picketing and the small Platforms in the Angles of Fort Schlosser are rotten and in a tottering State, Part of the Wharf has been washed away the Remainder cannot last long, the Barracks and Storehouses are not in much better Condition. They have been kept standing by the temporary Repairs which have been annually performed merely to keep the Weather out. Repairs of a similar Nature were included in the Estimate transmitted from Niagara the 19th of July last.

This place never could have had any Pretensions to Defence and the Picketing could only have served as an Inclosure to prevent an Intrusion upon the Buildings within and to keep the Troops in their Quarters—the loop Holes are so low, they may be used from without as well as within —The Storehouse within the Pickets is I apprehend too small and very inadequate to the Purposes of Government. The whole of this place is now so far gone to decay as to be past any effectual Repairs, therefore any Attempt in that Way (further than what has already been mentioned with Respect to the Buildings) would I apprehend be an useless Expence: and as to rebuilding it—the mode of doing that will depend upon the conveniences requisite for forwarding the Transport, The Quantity of Provisions or Stores which may be expected to be at any time lodged here, and the Degree of Protection it may be intended to afford.

(To be continued.)

* * *

A fat kitchen makes a lean will.

A young man idle, an old man needy.

Bacchus has drowned more men than Neptune.

John Granger's Pomes.

THE BOOK MR. STEAD WROTE.

If Christ came to Chicago, Friend,
You think He'd make some good folks stare,
And give the bad uns fits no end:
I tell you Christ is there!

There ain't no "if" about the thing,
God's in all earth and sea and air,
And Christ is God. Where'er you sling
Chicago, Christ is there.

I s'pose it's quite a leprous town,
Full of disease enough to scare
A young M.D. Don't be cast down;
The Healer Christ is there.

It's full of sin and nastiness,
From youthful larks to grey despair;
They curse, but there's a voice to bless:
The Saviour Christ is there.

Gaunt poverty, that spectre grim,
Bows backs beneath a load of care.
Go trust your daily bread to Him:
The rich-poor Christ is there.

The mourners go about the streets,
They weep and rave and tear their hair.
Hark! dripping sky to earth repeats,
"Jerusalem's Christ is there."

And many and many a prodigal,
From manhood strong, from maidhood fair
Downfallen, listen to the call,
"The Father Christ is there."

If Christ came to Chicago, Stead,
To see plain as what you've laid bare,
"Twould mean our eyes their scales had shed:
The unseen Christ is there.

O great exceeding bitter cry,
Wherein so many thousands share,
"My God, hast Thou forsaken, why?"
'Tis Christ's voice: He is there.

There, seeing, hearing, bearing all
The piled-up guilt that devils dare,
And mortals suffer in their fall,
The Suffering Christ is there.

Yet Christ, victorious o'er the grave,
Gath'ring His White Robes everywhere,
To trample sin, the weak to save,
The strong-armed Christ is there.

And some day when Chicago town
Is all good works and praise and prayer,
Stead, you and me will whisper down,
"Immanuel Christ is there!"

J. CAWDORE BELL.

Paris Letter.

IT requires something like an effort of memory to recall the Turpin invention, and all the intrigues and theatrical interludes to induce the French War Minister to buy that "pig in a poke." Then came the patriotic howl that that Minister was about allowing Germany, the hereditary enemy, to possess a weapon of destruction that would sweep the Teutons, after a few rounds, out of Alsace, and the Britishers out of Egypt. Turpin, to secure protection for his invention, had to deposit his description and plans at the Patent Office, and the time has just expired when he who runs can read all about the mystery. But no one can, without permission, copy the invention, in France, for fifteen years. Really, the weapon is a toy, and the noise created by the preliminary puffs amount to "much ado about nothing." The two extraordinary facts about the weapon are that no company has been formed to "run it," and that no patriots subscribed cash to enable even one of the machines to be manufactured, and so practically tested. Up to the present, all Turpin's proofs rest on "algebra." In short, the machine is alleged to be one-half the weight of an ordinary field cannon, and can be made in aluminum and wood, not unlike the old "Quaker gun," and, by a series of tubes, filled with graduated charges of gunpowder, and thousands of bullet-size projectiles can effect a sort of gyratory and rocket flight, to allow the contents of the tubes to explode, at a distance of one and one-fifth mile, fan-like, and scatter 35,000, neither more nor less, of the bullet missiles over an area of seven and a-half square acres. If a *corps d'armée*—some 33,000 soldiers—were there

enjoying their *otium cum dignitate*, they would at once be all dead men, for each missile has a predestined aim to mortally hit a warrior in a vital part, no escape being possible. Only the balls of repeating rifles may deviate from a fatal spot. Those who have ever witnessed a battle, and are familiar with modern military tactics will smile at the *enfantillage* of the inventor. It is not over seven and a-half acres of field that a *corps d'armée* of 33,000 men, cavalry, artillery, etc., all told, are concentrated, but rather over so many square miles. Now-a-days the attacking party disperses its men, who often throw up ephemeral trenches to cover their approach, and who fire also while lying flat on the ground. The psychological moment when men fall in, is limited to about two minutes when they charge and cross bayonets with the enemy. M. Turpin does not mean to ply his parachute rockets at that meeting of Greek with Greek. It was only during the Balaklava charge, when British cavalry and Russian artillery men became engaged in hand to hand fight that the Muscovite gunners fired into the mingled masses of friends and foes. Also, there is nothing to warrant Turpin's conclusion that his gun, which can only carry one and a-fifth mile, would be allowed to indulge in its mortuary vomitings. It would be rapidly silenced, for the rocket would reveal its position, by the enemy's artillery throwing shells within a range of three miles. It is that power to kill from so great a distance, which, according to the Germans, renders cavalry now almost useless in war, save for scout duty, and destined to be rendered wholly obsolete, by despatch-carrying dogs and bicyclists. Siege guns, that have a range double that of field artillery, enabled the Germans to bombard Parisians from batteries five miles distant from the fortifications. People ask, where is M. Turpin's whereabouts now. A few days ago he was last seen, walking rapidly, with a black knock-about bag in his hand, with his back turned on his home.

Dr. Bertillon has given us an Asmodean peep into the whitened sepulchre parts of Paris. Now the Paris that M. Haussmann found brick and left marble has a fringe of misery equal to the worst slums of the worst of capitals. There are 72,705 families that live in veritable holes—Troglodytes in a word—and 331,976 individuals whom misery throws together and daily suffocates. There are 272,430 families, of one or more persons, who live, move and have their being in one room of varying size: 10,000 of these rooms are each inhabited by four persons, ranging to 490 rooms occupied each by 7 or 9 people; 14 rooms have each 10 inhabitants! In the suburbs the inhabitants declined to state in the census paper the number of rooms composing their respective apartments: they concluded it was a scheme on the part of the authorities to impose new taxes. All annual rents from 500frs. and under pay no taxes. There are 192,821 persons in Paris who rent but one room each—they want no more accommodation—but who are not poor and not deprived of light and air. There is no city in the world where so many people live alone—like the sparrow on the house-top. But your Parisian is an "individualist." Some of the most celebrated men in Paris live on the fourth and sixth flats to secure greater tranquility and save expense. Also; it is well-known that the higher up the flat, the smaller the death rate. In Paris the parents having the most numerous families, are the most deplorably lodged, and it is in their districts, close to the fortifications, that the death rate is highest. Economical as are the French, they are behind the Berliners, where an individual can hire in an ordinary and common sleeping room space for his bed and then let half of it to a lodger. There are lodging houses in Berlin, where a half, third or fourth of a bed can be hired, the "Schlafente" arrangement. That principle of association is also very general in Moscow, St. Petersburg and Vienna. In this respect Paris is not up-to-date.

A government clerk was nearly the cause of a ministerial crisis, not that the Cabinet is viewed by public opinion as destined to see length of days. When M. Roche was Minister of Commerce—time, about exhibition of 1889—he had for private secretary a chief clerk, M. Favette. This gentleman's "extras" daily for cabs was put down at 200frs.; to meet this outlay clippings under some other heads of the estimates for the Ministry of Commerce were resorted to. When the audit office came to check the accounts of the state, for exhibition year, it disallowed these items amounting, in all, to over 7,000frs. M. Favette would not refund or explain how he could expend 200frs. in a day

on cabs; at the tariff rate of 2frs. per hour a cab for the whole 24 hours could not amount to such a sum. The Finance Committee of the Chamber reported dead against M. Favette and concluded he ought to be indicted for embezzling the public money; but the Premier and the Minister of Justice did not take that view; in a word, shielded him, which lost them the confidence of the deputies. As no one desires to defeat the ministry at this moment the case was again referred to the Minister of Justice to deal with.

Evidence is now coming in that the Japs are making great havoc among the Celestials. That the surrender of Port Arthur is certain no one doubts; as to the Japs reaching Moudken at this season is not accepted as so sure. If the Chinese continue to bolt they will assure an easier victory for their adversaries; if they decapitate their beaten generals none will be left to command. The crisis of China is not expected to occur till the Japs achieve their two goals—the capture of Port Arthur and Moudken. It will then be a question of the smash up of the Chinese empire. But what a war—or wars—there will be over the slices of the cake! No map has yet appeared, allotting to the interested powers their share of the Flowery Land. The Germans generally are first in such cartography.

Deputy Camille Pelletan is one of the most clear and level-headed members of the legislature. He is ever denouncing the circumlocution and shortcomings of the admiralty. Boilers burst, the hulls of torpedo boats become rotten, and no one to blame; no one's head can be struck off. France expends, M. Pelletan says, 250 million frs. annually on her navy, and intends going as high as 900 million frs.—Britannia will please note—and yet he has not confidence in the ships, as to construction and fitting up. Savants have been able to decipher the potsherd writings of Babylon, and to ascertain the social life of the Assyrians; they have been able to re-constitute the mode of life of pre-historic man, but to discover who is responsible for passing the defective materials for the French navy, that remains above all intellectual ascertainment.

The Passy cemetery, closed for general interments for several years, has been puzzling the natives. Some nights ago a fresh grave was made, and neither the guardians nor the grave diggers can find out the mysterious workman. The first grave, fully made and deeply dug, was in the form of a "cross"; the second was "circular"; time will show what may be the next model of grave. The cemetery is the resting place of numerous foreigners, English and Americans especially. Of late, the Russians and Brazilians purchased sites for family vaults.

The law respecting the suppression of bull fights at Nimes, has been vindicated. The director of the fights has been fined in the sum of 3 frs. for his recent disobedience; the pepper corn penalty was only levied because the assurance was given, that for the future no bulls would ever be "killed." Cow encounters are to be tried; they enjoy being chased around the arena, and hook no one. When tired, they bolt to be milked.

One of the river boats that carries passengers from the Tuileries to Saint Cloud came into collision with a fishing yawl containing two men, cut it in two, when the men sank like stones. Not any person on board the river steamer attempted to plunge after them; but two women, a mother, aged forty-two, and her daughter, aged twenty, belonging to the fishing population, jumped from the bank of the river, swam to the spot where the men sank, plunged, brought them up and softly deposited them on shore. That has not been their first act of salvation. They merit not silver, but gold medals.

At last the question, "how the cat jumps," has been definitely settled by M. Levy—a Frenchified Austrian, and President of the Academy of Sciences. The question why the cat always falls on its feet, no matter how and from what height it be thrown, was to be explained by mathematics, not by mechanics, and he did so clearly—to those who live in the realm of pure science. The cat, like an acrobat, can turn on itself, by some parts of the body being at liberty that execute *déformations*, at the expense of other parts. (Q.E.D.)

President Casimir-Perier is the idol of the cabmen since he annested all who were undergoing punishment for violation of discipline. Once a week a Cabby's Court is held at the Prefecture of Police, when the complaints against "civil drivers" etc., on the part of the injured public are examined

in the presence of the accused. Sentence is at once pronounced, and implies a reprimand, a short suspension from plying, a sentence of 60 days prohibition to drive, or the withdrawing of his license—the latter the severest of all, as he can no longer obtain a horse or cab. Only two charges are deemed as grave: extortion in point of fares, and loaning his horse and vehicle, his coat and hat to a friend, who is not authorized to ply for hire, still less to run over quiet citizens. The average earnings of a cab man is 8 to 11 frs. a day. As a body, they are known to have fair balances at the savings banks.

Z.

* * *

Correspondence.

GEORGE HERBERT.

The Editor of The Week:

Sir,—Your correspondents are becoming very critical, and, generally, very cleverly so. But about the mills of God, are they quite right in supposing that grinding is always used as meaning punishment. The grinding done by mills is a kindly act, the first step to the conversion of the grain God gives us into the staff of life, and grinding extremely small is making the finest flour, slowly, as God always works through nature: evolving the oak from the little germ of life contained in the acorn; and from the bare grain sown by the farmer, the stalk and leaves and ear. Your critics *may* be right in supposing His work to be vengeful, but why not rather suppose it to be as we believe it beneficent?

I think your correspondent has shown skill and reading and puts his side of the case well; but that both he and George Herbert must prefer the milder and more merciful interpretation of the quotation in question.

The critic on Shakespeare is certainly wrong; the "secrets of his prison-house," which the ghost is forbidden to tell, are the frightful pains of Purgatory, suffered in the place where he is in the day time, "confined to fast in fire?" and not the story of the murder which he tells Hamlet immediately, and came to tell him. Pastor Felix, in the same number, tells his story in the elegy on the death of Tirill—poetically and feelingly, as he always does; but I am surprised that he, who is a very Frenchman in his love of rhyme, should in his last brief make "is rhyme with *bliss*," and

If I were inclined to quiz,
I'd tell him we pronounce it "iz."

W.

To the Editor of The Week:

Sir,—In your last number Mr. Wicksteed has an interesting letter on the authorship of the saying, "The mills of God grind slowly, but they grind exceeding small." It would be a mistake, of course, to attribute it to Longfellow, who translates it from the *Singgedichte* of Friedrich von Logan, a Silesian poet of the 17th century, and a contemporary of George Herbert. But George Herbert does not, I think, lay any claim to its authorship, as it occurs in what he calls a selection of outlandish (i.e. foreign) proverbs, sentences, etc. The oldest form in which it occurs, to my knowledge, is the Greek proverb:

ὄψέ θεῶν ἀλέουσι μύλοι, ἀλέουσι δὲ λεπτά.

"Late are the mills of the god's in grinding, but they grind fine." To this proverb, as given in Gaisford's collection, is appended the explanation "On (i.e. regarding) those who pay the penalty of their transgressions slowly and very late." Plutarch knows this proverb, for in his dialogue *On the Late Vengeance of the Deity*, he speaks of "those who are said to grind late in the mills of the gods." I have no doubt that it is this saying that Sophocles and Euripides are rendering into tragic phrase in the citations given by Mr. Wicksteed. Juvenal, too, who puts the matter thus, from the stand-point of a rascal meditating a crime, *ut sit magna, tamen certe lenta ira Deorum est.*

"While the wrath of the gods is terrible, yet surely it is slow," seems to me to have this proverb in mind. I see, by the way, that Wood, in his dictionary of quotations, gives "God's mills grind slow, but they grind woe," as an eastern saying.

A. J. BELL.

Victoria University, Toronto.

A Reminiscence of Strauss.

THE little fiddler really played surprisingly well, considering that he had no inspiration save the angular movements of the beginners in the dancing class, and was often interrupted by old Molyneux's reprimand to some awkward youth or maiden in the middle of the Lancers. "Stop, that won't do at all!" piped the dancing-master in his thin, rasping voice; and then the figure was begun all over again, while Molyneux, who had a well-preserved grace in spite of some sixty years, pushed the blundering boy aside and gave us an exhibition of professional technique. He was a handsome old man, with a stately wife, and a tall, willowy daughter, who also sought to impart ease and poetry to the refractory limbs of uncouth fifteen. I remember that we were deeply impressed by this condescension. Miss Molyneux, it was freely conjectured, might marry any "nob" she pleased—"nob" was, then, the scholastic vernacular for the aristocrat and the capitalist—and dance all night in baronial halls; and yet she was not too proud to come to the dancing-class, and give a blushing lad a lesson in the waltz, in which he had an inexplicable sensation as of a mortal who is whirled in the arms of a muscular goddess. For Miss Molyneux's manners were not languid; and her words of encouragement to the bewildered partner who felt that there was nothing definite below his knees, and that his shins had somehow made themselves air, were such as Minerva might have addressed to some bucolic straggler with whom she had a mind to tread a measure. To dance with Miss Molyneux was an honour; but it was also an ordeal through which few came unscathed by the contumely of the onlookers. Her mother paid exclusive attention to the small girls in the class; and it was pretty to see the old lady lift her skirt and execute a dignified *pas* for the edification of those be-ribboned pupils. After that, she went round with a bag of biscuits, distributing these favours with a sort of august affability, as if they were rewards of the highest imaginable distinction.

It was a very large class, and the oldest girl must have been about sixteen, a ripe womanhood which was contemplated with fearsome joy by her callow admirers. She was the haughtiest maiden I had ever beheld, tall and dark, with strongly marked eyebrows and a chin of consummate disdain. The boys were ranged on one side of the room, and the girls on the other, and, when a polka was announced, and the little fiddler made his preliminary flourish, and old Molyneux, with the smile of an ancient gallant, waved his hand towards the girls, as though he would say (my head was full of Macaulay's verse at the time):

"Now by the lips of those you love, brave gentleman of France,
Charge for the golden lilies, and engage them in the dance."

I had a wild desire to slide swiftly over the polished floor, and make my bow (the bow was a very important feature of our deportment) to the scornful beauty. But my courage always failed me, and I had a pang of envy and jealousy when I saw her partner carry her off as if by some prescriptive right. He was a heavy-looking youth, stolid and inarticulate, glib only in his heels. In a word, he danced very well; she and he, in this respect, were admirably matched; and old Molyneux followed them with an approving eye, especially on the afternoons when partners and guardians were invited to witness our accomplishments. To me these were occasions of bitter mortification. All eyes were fixed upon the pair as they performed every step with maddening accuracy. It was no balm to me that she gazed straight over his head, and never uttered a word, and that he was equally inanimate. The parents and guardians, fond mothers and sympathetic aunts, were lost in admiration of the automatic regularity with which these two danced the *Varsoviana*. Has that dance joined the shadows of forgotten poses, or is it still reserved for marionettes? You held your partners waist with the tips of your fingers, and stretched out your left hand clasped in hers. At the end of the first bar down went the hands, accompanied by the two heads, and out went the feet which corresponded to this movement; and at the end of the second bar back went the heads, with the other feet, in the reverse direction. The original effect, I imagine, was intended to suggest a slight *abandon*, checked by coyness; in the dancing-class it had all the seductive grace of toy figures on wires. But the sympathetic aunts murmured, "How charming!" as the disdainful chin and the stoled youth revolved slowly by distracting my attention till my own

partner gave my hand a vicious squeeze, and sat down abruptly in her place. How that one dreary tune of the Varsoviana drones still in my ear, and I see the little fiddler drawing it slowly from his instrument, with a set smile, as if he were a dentist.

But the waltz was the worst trial of all. I am writing of the days when the *trois temps* was just invented, and when anybody who danced the despised and discarded *deux temps* was regarded as even beyond the classification of fossils. Nowadays, I am told by experts that nobody waltzes any step in particular, and that a slide and a twirl and an average ear for time are all the requisites. Whenever I hear this, I take the representative of a degenerate age aside, and say to him: "Sir, in my boyhood, the rigorous canons of the waltz demanded the heroism of a stoic. Night after night have I circled slowly round my bedroom, overturning the water-jug, barking my legs against the washstand, upsetting chairs with a crash, and bringing up the elders of the household to be informed in breathless accents that I was practising the *trois temps!*" I recall the fascinated gaze with which I watched the toes of the stolid youth executing this step with absolute precision, while the little fiddler played "Il Bacio," another of the airs which have haunted me with fiendish iteration since those days. I suspect that old Molyneux enjoyed this distemper. When he gave me my first lesson in the waltz, he put me in the middle of the room with three or four equally luckless wights, and made us shuffle on one foot and then on the other in preliminary idiocy. He attached tremendous importance to this movement; and so we were kept for days like helpless colts, forlornly pawing the floor, while a grim amusement flickered across the face of the girl for whose encouraging smile I would have sacrificed a worldful of pocketknives and marbles.

But patience conquers much, and there came a time when I thought myself entitled to stand before her, and make the bow which was the invitation to dance, unaccompanied by any form of speech. Talk was sternly discouraged by old Molyneux as incompatible with the sound principles of his art; and, indeed, there was usually little disposition amongst the pupils to converse, the preference of soul for soul being indicated by a deflection in the small of the back. The occasion when any courage mounted high was the night of the annual ball. This drew a great muster to the town-hall, where old Molyneux was resplendent as master of the ceremonies, and Miss Molyneux, released for once from the duties of the class, struck us dumb by floating round the spacious ball-room in the arms of grown-up cavaliers with real moustashes, who seemed to dance by instinct, and who smiled superciliously at the negus. The stolid youth was there, but I felt that my opportunity must come. I had let several waltzes pass without putting it to the hazard; but there was plenty of time. I was gaining confidence every moment, and, at any rate, before half-past nine by my new silver watch.

What was that? There was a lull, and in the midst of it I thought I heard my name. Yes, old Molyneux was calling me. Before the assembled hundreds, he announced a hornpipe, and, with horrible distinctness, recited the names of the performers, mine amongst them. A hornpipe! And I, in a tail-coat for the first time, was summoned to lead the wretched band in this humiliating exhibition! Expostulation was useless; and, amidst the titters of the spectators, I folded my arms in grotesque imitation of the traditional sailor, and was followed by a train of gradually diminishing proportions, the rear being brought up by a mere infant who had barely reached the stage of knickerbockers! How the speechless misery of that episode comes back to me, with old Molyneux's painfully audible rebuke when I shamed him in the presence of the town by deranging the figures of this nautical abomination! Who invented the hornpipe? Let his memory be accursed!

Was it that exposure which steeled your heart against me, O maid with the brows of night? I cannot tell. In those days, as I have said, we never told nor love nor hate; and the language of our emotions was primitive enough to interest a Darwinian. All I know is that when the first bars of a melody, strange, intoxicating, utterly unlike the tiresome jingle of the familiar "Il Bacio," rose from the orchestra I stood suddenly in front of her, and humbly made my beseeching obeisance. She did not move, and when I looked up, the black brows were frowning, and, with a quick shake of the head, she turned away. I was rejected and yet the liquid notes of the violins, and the mellow rapture of the great

bass fiddles, and the thrilling murmur of the harps pursued their way through Johann Strauss's incomparable waltz, the "Beautiful Blue Danube"! All its drowsy sweetness flows over me now with endless memories wedded to its music. To many a middle-aged man, I fancy, those strains must bring back a joyous company of associations, all the romance of the spring-time of life, when youth and pleasure met to chase the happy hours with flying feet. They bring back to me the instant when the whole world seemed surging with disappointment in the ears of a sentimental boy, while an enchanting melody stole through his brain in cunning fantasies of sound.

In Vienna they are celebrating Johann Strauss's jubilee. I offer this little tribute to his magic. — *The Speaker.*

* * *

Noted Borrowers.

THERE is a certain class of men who seem to spend the greater part of their lives in trying to belittle others, says the *Boston Home Journal*, and particularly is this true in literature where there are hundreds of disappointed men of wide reading, but with little constructive or creative ability, who search their more successful compeers' work for evidences of lack of originality, and, when found, call out "Stop thief" to all the world.

President Cleveland has lately been accused of plagiarism from Tom Moore, and the truth is that no public man has ever spoken or written much who did not freely borrow and adapt, in some way, from the storehouses of general literature. Robert Louis Stevenson has recently come forward with a frank acknowledgment that his fascinating story of "Treasure Island" was written on motives borrowed from "Robinson Crusoe" and from "Tales of a Traveller." He feels he is also indebted to Edgar Allan Poe for the skeleton episode and for the stockade to "Masterman Ready." But for that he cares nothing. "It is," he says, "my debt to Washington Irving that exercises my conscience, and justly so, for I believe plagiarism was rarely carried farther." Mr. Stevenson may well confess his sins as a plagiarist with a show of penitence that is manifestly humorous, for he is in so numerous a company of fellow sinners that if he had not appropriated anything from other authors his right to be classified as an author at all might well be doubted. For they have all done it. Ralph Waldo Emerson says in his brilliant essay on "Quotation and Originality"—itself one of the finest pieces of plagiarism in the language, it being a mosaic made up of facts and ideas appropriated from all creation:—"Originals are not original. There is imitation, model and suggestion, to the very archangels, if we knew their history."

One of the most complete cases of circumstantial evidence of this kind, and one which is thought the most conclusive, is a line frequently ascribed to Pope. Addison in "The Campaign" wrote:

"And, pleased the Almighty's orders to perform,
Rides in the whirlwind and directs the storm."

In Pope's "Dunciad," written several years later, occurred these lines:

"And, proud his mistress' orders to perform,
Rides in the whirlwind and directs the storm."

And, may not Cowper have been influenced by one of these when, in his "Light Shining Out of darkness," he wrote:

"God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea
And rides upon the storm."

Ninety-five out of every hundred readers believe, no doubt, that Abraham Lincoln's famous Gettysburg remark that "government of the people, by the people, for the people shall not perish from the earth" was original with him. It was not. Daniel Webster used it in a speech in the Senate thirty-three years before. "Public office is a public trust," was an old phrase to which Mr. Cleveland gave a new vogue. Charles Sumner, in 1872, said:—"The phrase 'public office is a public trust' has of late become common property." And Thomas Jefferson used it sixty-five years before that.

Shakespeare's was an original mind, the most original that has ever clothed its conceptions in English forms of speech, according to the majority opinion. Yet the scholars

who have explored Shakespeare will tell you from whence he plagiarized his plots, his dialogues and his songs. "Conscience doth make cowards of us all." Grand line, is it not? But here is Pilpay, the Brahmin, who lived 2000 B.S. (before Shakespeare) saying: "Guilty consciences always make people cowards." And Pilpay, we may be sure, was not the originator of that saying. Cain, after he had killed Abel, probably first coined that Shakespearean remark. "As good luck would have it" is Shakespeare. "As ill luck would have it" is Cervantes. They were contemporaries. Who was the originator? Neither, probably. "What the dickens" is another of Shakespeare's originalities—perhaps. Thomas Heywood also uses the expression in his play of "Edward IV.," written, it may be, before "The Merry Wives of Windsor." Nick Bottom, describing his dream, says that "the eye of man hath not seen, the ear of man hath not heard," etc. But we find that from the pen of St. Paul, from whom it is undoubtedly plagiarized. (See 1 Corinthians ii., 9.) Again we read in "Hamlet" that "diseases desperate grown by desperate appliance are relieved, or not at all," and feel the force of Shakespeare's great creative mind. Yet he has merely plagiarized an aphorism of Hippocrates, who said: "Extreme remedies are very appropriate for extreme diseases."

Goethe was frank to confess himself a plagiarist. He says: "What would remain of me if this art of appropriation were derogatory to genius? Every one of my writings has been furnished to me by a thousand different persons. A thousand things, wise and foolish, have brought me, without suspecting it, the offering of their thoughts, faculties and experience. My work is an aggregation of beings taken from the whole of nature; it bears the name of Goethe." Voltaire, commonly credited with being a highly original writer, is a self-acknowledged plagiarist, and he defends it boldly. "Of all the forms of theft," says he, "plagiarism is the least dangerous to society." Moliere took his plots and dialogues bodily from old Italian comedies. He candidly repudiated any respect for the prigs who cry "plagiarist" at every man who digs a good thing out of the mines of literature and gives it in new dress to mankind as his own. "I conquer my own wherever I find it," he cries.

Disraeli was regarded as a unique and entirely original character in the English public life of his time. No more persistent plagiarist ever lived. His famous funeral oration over the Duke of Wellington was taken almost word for word from a panegyric written by the great Frenchman, Thiers, on Marshall Saint-Cyr. The London *Examiner* turned out this neat quatrain to commemorate the plagiarism:

In sounding great Wellington's praise,
Dizzy's grief and his truth both appear;
For a flood of Thiers he lets fall,
Which were certainly meant for Saint-Cyr.

Plagiarism was a pet pastime of Disraeli, who, nevertheless, added new brightness to all that he stole, and enriched literature with not a few coinages that, so far as yet discovered, were brand new. His oftenest-quoted epigram, "The critics are the men who have failed in literature and art," is, however, a most flagrant plagiarism. We find it in Landar, Balzac, Dumas, Pope, Shenstone and Dryden. Who of all these was the author and which were the plagiarists have never been determined. Dryden was very likely the father of it when he wrote: "Ill writers are usually the sharpest censors." Shelley puts it in the most acid form: "As a bankrupt thief turns thief taker in despair, so an unsuccessful author turns critic."

A few years ago a lord mayor of London was caught interpolating half of a sermon by Spurgeon into one of his addresses. He said he knew it, and did it as a compliment to Spurgeon's superior eloquence. His apology was accepted.

The truth is, and there is no need of blushing about it, that all men whose literary output is large draw upon works of reference continually. The literary animalcule, who are always on the alert to detect a plagiarist, are of the same species of mental insect life that finds its supreme delight in shouting "chestnuts" whenever one ventures to tell a droll story or repeat a current witticism. They want it understood that they know it all. There is no news for them. They were there on the spot when it occurred. They heard it all when they were children. Their silly parrot calls of "plagiarism" and "chestnuts" are only symptoms of the

chronic state of intellectual indigestion from which they suffer. The accumulated riches of all ages certainly include better, brighter, nobler thoughts than any one man now living, be he preacher, poet, author, playwright, editor or any other variety of brain and pen worker, can think out for himself.

* * *

In November.

Give me the suns of November days,
The speeding hours and the hast'ning shades;
Find me a wood, where the slanting rays
Engold the leaves in the maple glades.

Summer has gone, with its bud and bloom;
The apple boughs in the dusk swing bare;
Autumn leaves, drifting to earth, entomb
The eglantine and the maiden hair.

Purple and yellow and gray and dun,
The evening skies in the West recede;
Night and the stars have their reign begun;
The northern winds from their caves are freed.

Skies may be azure in other lands;
The undergrowths richer perfumes hold;
Climes may be mellow where other sands,
By warmer seas, to the shores are rolled.

Woods may be vocal with sweeter notes,
Or threnodies of the Nightingales;
Meadows may harbor y—many throats,
That never sing in our northern dales.

Give me, albeit, our northern skies;
The rustling leaves in the forest ways;
Storms, that the snow-bunting's warning cries
Presage with grief in November days.

JOHN STUART THOMSON.

* * *

Some men go a-hunting, some a-fishing, some a-gaming, some to war; but none have so pleasant a time as they do, who, in earnest, seek to earn their bread. It is true, actually as it is true really, it is true materially as it is true spiritually, that they who seek, honestly and sincerely with all their hearts and lives and strength, to earn their bread, do earn it, and it is sure to be very sweet to them.—*Thorau.*

A Quaker, who had made a large fortune as a merchant in Liverpool, was once asked how he had managed it. "By a single article," he answered, "in which every one may deal who pleases—civility." Lord Burleigh was also aware of the financial value of the same commodity, for he used to say to Queen Elizabeth, "Win hearts and you have people's purses at command. Now, the surest way of winning hearts is to form the habit of being civil in word and deed to everybody."

It is high time that attention be fixed on the fact that the league between atheism and anarchy is not accidental, but, on the contrary, natural, and therefore necessary. We need to learn that in this land, no more than in any other, are grapes to be gathered of thorns or figs of thistles. Anarchy is the legitimate child of atheism. Not until a man is ready to deny the being of God and his own personal immortality, is he ready to play the horrible role which the anarchist undertakes to play.—*Lutheran World.*

One which has survived the rise and fall of many an ancient and many a modern empire, is an Egyptian romance entitled "The tale of the two Bothers." We have the original manuscript in the British Museum. It is written on nineteen sheets of papyrus, in a fine hieratic hand, and it was penned some three thousand two hundred years ago by a Theban scribe, named Ennana. This Ennana was librarian of the palace to King Merenptah, the supposed Pharaoh of the Exodus; and he appears to have written the tale by order of the treasurer, for the entertainment of the crown prince, Seti-Merenptah, who subsequently reigned as Seti II. This prince has signed his name in two places on the back of the manuscript, these being probably the only autograph signatures of any Egyptian king which have come down to our time. This most venerable and precious document was purchased in Italy by Madame d'Orbiney, who sold it in 1857 to the authorities of the British Museum; and is now known as the D'Orbiney Papyrus.—*Amelia C. Edwards.*

Art Notes.

Mr. Walter S. Allward is now at work on his clay model for the statue that is to be erected in Queen's Park to our soldiers that were killed in the North-West rebellion.

"There is no special mystery" says Mr. Alfred Trumble, in the *Quarterly Illustrated*, "about the force which Dutch art exercised upon that part of the world of which Holland, geographically, is so small a part. It is the power of masterful simplicity. The Dutchmen turn to Nature for their inspiration, and they translate her without affectation or sensational technique. They do not paint exactly what they see, but they paint what they see in the spirit which it arouses in them, investing it with humanity, life, and the sentiment which existence communicates to those who study it with the double sight of eye and mind. They make no attempt to create sentimental subjects, but they find the sentiment in actuality, and, according to their powers, repeat it to us with whatever eloquence their brushes may have at command."

Mr. Eugene Anber tells of the following valuable discovery in the *London Art Journal*: "The artistic world of Rome has, of late, been greatly impressed by the discovery of an important work of the Roman artist, Bartholomeo Pinelli, which had remained entirely unknown. It is composed of two hundred and fifty-three pen-and-ink drawings, shaded with sepia, retracing as many scenes from the Greek mythology. It is a whole pantheon of gods and demigods, where one assists, by turns, at their heroic exploits and at their adventures of a more tender kind. The gallantries and the not very exemplary amours of the god of Olympus, of his sons and his court, are rendered with great delicacy. The athletic wrestlings of Hercules, Achilles, Ajax and Theseus furnish many noble attitudes. Certain dramatic subjects—for instance, Andromache weeping over Hector's tomb, and the death of Alectone—are pages of true beauty where feeling rises to the height of the sublime."

The Palette Club has again spread before the public in this, its fourth exhibition, a feast of good things that cannot fail to please the most epicurean taste in the line of art. Then, too, they have been kind and considerate of the less fortunate of this same public in fixing the price of admission at ten cents, for which arrangement both artist and visitor will be the better in the long run we are sure. What a boon this will be to many on Thanksgiving Day—a whole afternoon with some of the best work Canadian art has produced! The walls of the two rooms of the Roberts' gallery, at 79 King Street West, are well covered, the arrangements tasteful and comfortable, the lighting highly satisfactory. Possibly no artificial light is equal to good daylight, but in the busy part of the city this wanes so early, that, on the whole, the present arrangement is much to be preferred. After glancing slowly and carefully about our first general impression is that we have more really fresh, new work than usual—fresh in treatment, new in subject; a dark Whistleresque canvas, an echo of Purvis de Chavannes, a suggestion of Troyon, a Japanese-like effect. The masterpiece of the collection is certainly Mr. Wyley Grier's portrait of the Hon. Edward Blake, which is given with great breadth and solidity. The slightly parted lips, the splendid flesh tones, the almost eager look of the face, and the easy posture all contribute to make a speaking likeness, a fine piece of characterisation. Perhaps the artist, in whose work we notice the greatest change, and the most advance on former work, is Mr. O'Brien. For one thing, this artist shows us that he has heretofore worked in water colors, because he wanted to, not because he could not do as well, or even better, in oils. For a charming marine, "Morning Mists, Bay of Fundy" is a misty harmony in green-greys—a yacht driven before the wind, a white break in the grey clouds, repeated in white reflections in the water, and a white gull fluttering low; but words do not begin to convey the soft charm of the whole. Something similar is "The Lifting of the Fog," which shows the tops of the sails of vessels as yet hidden. "Fishing Station, Grand Manan" is a clear sunshiny day, a sunlit sea, with a cluster of fishing houses in the foreground—all given with great tenderness of colour.

Miss Houghton has a marine sketch with wiry wiggle-waggles for reflections that scarcely gives a fair impression of what we know this artist can do. Mr. Jacobi has one of his landscapes that has the glow and richness of color along with the peculiar handling always to be found in his work. Miss Strickland Tully is represented by four—a pleasing, but in no way remarkable, portrait; a weird fanciful illustration of the words, "A wind came up out of the sea and said, O, mist, make room for me; it is a low toned bit of night, a face with tossing hair in profile against the dark sky; and "An Acolyte" pleases more through its colour scheme, a scarlet-clad figure with dull browns beyond, than for any idea expressed. Mr. Owen Staples has two bright farm scenes, "The Log Barns," and "Harvest," both in a very light key. The latter has some fine suggestiveness in the gleaned ground and the stacks of sheaves, and yet were this same suggestiveness carried further it might mean a carelessness of detail that would be a defect. The effect of hazy, noon-tide sunshine on the barns is well given. For the rest we shall have to await for another week.

* * *
Music and the Drama.

At St. George's Hall, on the evening of November 14, Miss Millie Evison, a pupil of Mr. W. O. Forsyth, gave an invitation piano recital assisted by Miss Lina D. Adamson, violinist. Considering that Miss Evison is a very young girl, and that she has studied such a comparatively short time, her mature performance of a difficult programme was indeed remarkable. Her playing of the Beethoven Sonata, op. 10, No. 3, was characterized by the very keen insight into the æsthetic side presented in the work, a gift of perception not usual in so young a player, and albeit a lapse of memory, due to nervousness in the first movement, the reading accorded was all that could have been desired. Miss Evison also played the following Chopin numbers: Preludes, Nos. 23, 4 and 3; Nocturne, op. 32, No. 1; Valses, op. 64, No. 3, and op. 42; also the Berceuse, *Imromptu*, one of the Mazurkas and the difficult black key, *Etude*. The young pianist had full scope for the display of her poetic fancy in this rather daring addenda to the programme, but she was particularly successful and reflected the greatest credit upon her excellent and pains-taking teacher. Certainly there would seem to be no reason why Miss Evison should not attain to the appellation *Artist*, if she but continue in the path she has followed up to the present. Miss Adamson was rather over-weighted in Wieniawski's "Capriccio Valse" but was entirely successful in the "Cavatina" by Raff, which sugary composition seems to continue in popularity.

J. L. B.

In his clever and popular novel "Trilby" George Du Maurier has this to say of the divine art of fiddling: "One man loves his fiddle (or, alas! his neighbor's sometimes) for all the melodies he can wake from it—it is but a selfish love! Another, who is no fiddler, may love a fiddle, too, for its symmetry, its neatness, its color, its delicate grainings, the lovely lines and curves of its back and front—for its own sake, so to speak. He may have a whole gallery full of fiddles, to love in his innocent way—a harem!—and yet not know a single note of music, or even care to hear one. He will dust them and stroke them and take them down and try to put them in tune—*pizzicato*—and put them back again and call them ever such sweet little pet names: Viol, viola, viola d'amore, viol di gamba, violino mio! and breathe his little troubles into them, and they will give him back inaudible little murmurs in sympathetic response, like a damp Æolian harp, but he will never draw a bow across the strings or wake a single chord—or discord."

An amusing anecdote illustrative of Paderewski's genius is told in *Demorest's Magazine*. "A curious story is told of Paderewski's famous 'Minuet' perhaps the most popular of all his compositions. Paderewski, while still a professor at the Conservatoire of Warsaw, was one night at the house of Swietochowski, the Polish *littérateur*. The poet declared that no living composer could ever compare with Mozart in simplicity and beauty. Paderewski at the moment simply shrugged

his shoulders, but on the following evening he returned to the same house and sat down at the piano. 'May I play you a little thing of Mozart's which perhaps you do not know?' he said. He played the Minuet. Swietochowski was enchanted, and exclaimed: 'Now you will acknowledge that a piece like that could never be written in our time!' 'Well,' said Paderewski, 'that happens to be a minuet written by myself.'

"Gismonda" is the title of M. Sardou's new four act drama which has found recent public representation. The *London Public Opinion* speaks of it as an historical play. The subject was found in a fifteenth-century Greek chronicle and in the history by Buchon, M. Drumont's uncle, of the successive occupations by French knights and Italian *condottieri* of the Morea and Athens. Gismonda was Duchess of Athens, a title most people think existed only in the fancy of Shakespeare. Gismonda was wondrously personated by Madame Sarah Bernhardt. The part exactly suits her. M. Guity was often and deservedly applauded as Almerio. M. Delval was a good Zaccaria. The other feminine parts are not of great interest, though necessary. M. Sardou would have been glad had the stage of the Renaissance been larger, but his stage decorators, by skilful effects of perspective, made the most of the space meted to them. The decorations and dresses were carefully looked after by the author and manageress, and as a revival of fifteenth-century modes are most interesting. Dressmakers, I expect (says a correspondent), will desert Mlle. Sans-Gene to borrow fashions from "Gismonda."

A new play by Mr. Grundy has been brought out at the Haymarket, London. It is called "A Bunch of Violets." An exchange says: The play is well constructed, moves—in "stageland" a little, of course—smoothly and swiftly, and holds the attention of the audience to the end. We do not quite believe that the swindling financier would make so much fuss about his daughter's daily offering, but we are willing to concede the point without cavilling. This and other flaws can be pardoned, thanks to the extreme cleverness of the dialogue and the admirable acting of Mr. and Mrs. Tree. Mr. Tree's Sir Philip is a masterpiece. The character is realized to the very finger-nails. In one sense, and a new one, he is a *factus homo ad unquam*. Mr. Tree's rendering of the adventurous and fair bigamist Mrs. Murgatroyd, is an admirable piece of dramatic art, and perfectly convincing. For the rest, Miss Hanbury is a little overweighted with her part, but is on the whole fairly satisfactory; whilst Mr. Baring Gould makes an eminently agreeable member of the aristocracy as the Viscount Mount-Sorrell.

"Vers la Joie" is the pretty name of M. Jean Richepin's latest play "a tale in five acts" which has been placed before the public at the Théâtre Français. A Paris correspondent of an English paper writes of it: "M. Richepin is pre-eminently a poet, although his drama, *Par le Glaire*, last year's success at the Comédie Française, was not lacking in constructive ability. For command of words and music of expression, M. Richepin will stand comparison with Victor Hugo himself, and, like this master, can go on turning out verses of sonorous ring and fine workmanship day after day without ever being exhausted. His style, too, is very personal, and the very first verses of *Vers la Joie* bear his hall-mark. He has endeavoured to bring out something very novel, but, I am afraid, with indifferent success. *Vers la Joie* is a sort of *Midsummer Night's Dream*, unreal, without the transcendent fancy of Titania's realm. The personages are a King's son, languid to death, dressed in a costume of the time of Hamlet; a buffoon Prime Minister, devoid, though, of a spark of real wit, in a George IV. Court costume; doctors of Molière's time, and shepherds and shepherdesses who might be of any time. All this would be tolerable if set to music by Mr. Gilbert and Sir Arthur Sullivan. The over-cerebral and sickly young Prince (Le Bargy) is taken out of the hands of the knavish Prime Minister (Coquelin Cadet) by an old shepherd (Bibus), who braces him up by a country life, and the Prince regenerates the whole of his posterity by carrying out the author's recommendation to royal princes at large—marrying a peasant girl, *Jouvenette* (Madame Laretta).

This is spun out to five acts. The cast is strong and the scenery is very pretty, but the play is hardly suited for the Français.

Library Table.

CHRONOLOGICAL OUTLINES OF AMERICAN LITERATURE. By Selden L. Whitecomb, A.M., with an introduction by Brander Matthews. New York and London: MacMillan & Co. Toronto: Williamson & Co. 1894. \$1.25.

What Mr. Frederick Ryland has so well done for English Literature, Mr. Whitecomb has accomplished for that of the United States. Mr. Whitecomb has divided his book into two parts—the first contains the "General Outline" and the second "Authors and their Works." The plan of the "General Outline" divides each double page into six parallel columns. In these are respectively recorded:—"Year," "Works Published," "Biographical Dates," "British Literature," "Foreign Literature," "History." Such notes as suggested themselves to the compiler have been placed at the foot of the respective pages. The second part gives an alphabetical list of authors and their works, with date of birth and death respectively, as well as date of publication of each work mentioned. The compilation seems quite satisfactory and complete. The task has been one of great labour and wearisome discrimination. That such a task has been undertaken and completed, every student of the literature of the United States should be indeed grateful. Not only is it valuable as a chronological catalogue of the works of United States writers but the comparative information recorded is most serviceable and adds greatly to the importance of the volume for purpose of reference. It is interesting to note that the first pregnant date given is "1608," the name mentioned being "John Smith," and the work: "A True Relation of such Occurrences and Accidents of Note as hath happened in Virginia." This "Relation" was published in London where we are assured, by a note, "that all American works prior to 1640 were published, unless otherwise specified." In the same year, under "British Literature," it is noted that Sackville died, Milton was born, Beaumont's (? and Fletcher) *Philaster* (acted), Shakespeare's *King Lear*, *Coriolanus*, and Timons of Athens were probably written by this time. In the Historical column it is noted that Quebec was founded. The first publication of the press of the United States here mentioned is the "Freeman's Oath" by William Pierce in 1639, and the first English book printed in the country was "The Bay Psalm Book," being the whole book of Psalms, faithfully translated into English metre by Richard Mather, John Eliot and others. 1640. For the same year is recorded, under Biographical dates, the birth of Samuel Willard; under British Literature, the deaths of Burton, Ford and Massinger and the birth of Wycheley; under Foreign Literature, mention is made of the death of Rubens, and Corneille's *Polyeucte*, while history refers us to the establishment of the long parliament and its continuance to 1660.

We have no hesitation in saying this book is invaluable and should have a place in the library of everyone to whom literature is not only a name but a reality.

COSTUME OF COLONIAL TIMES. By Alice Morse Earl. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Toronto: William Briggs. 1894. \$1.25.

Mrs. Earl's careful and diligent research into the habits, customs of our colonial forefathers has resulted in giving her views and opinions on such subjects the weight of authority. The favorable impression expressed in our review of her former work on "The Customs and Fashions of New England" seemed to be generally expressed in the notices which appeared of that volume. Mrs. Earl has followed a similar vein with like success and we are now favored with the above named companion volume. We can well understand the pleasure with which our authoress has prosecuted her search into the records of the past among the hundreds of old letters, wills, inventories of estates, court records and newspapers. As

she says in her "Foreword"—"The advertisements contained in old newspapers have had for me a special charm, the same indescribable and inexplicable fascination that held Hawthorne an eager reader and made him spend hours pouring over the dusty files." 42 of the 264 pages of the book are occupied by a "History of Colonial Dress"—which contains much quaint, curious and interesting information. We find that "A little girl four years of age in kid mitts, a stiffened coat, with packthread stays, a tucker, ruffles, bib, apron, necklace, and a fan, was indeed a typical example of the fashionable follies of the day," and we are told that "Washington throughout his life never let affairs of state or war crowd out his love for fitting and rich attire; and in every order to England, the instructions to secure the latest modes, the reigning fashion, were strenuously dwelt upon. Other Revolutionary heroes were equally vain, and vied with judges, doctors, and merchants, in rich and carefully studied attire." The remainder of the volume is taken up with an alphabetical and descriptive glossary from "Alamode. A plain soft glossy silk much like lustring or our modern surah silk, but more loosely woven" to "Wig." We are told that "Wigs were termed by one author 'artificial deformed Maypawles fit to furnish her that in a stage play should represent some Hagge of Hell'; by another 'Horrid Bushes of Vanity.'" It is indeed curious to read the long list of names of the different varieties of wigs of those early days. "Wigs," says our authoress, "were of varied shapes. They swelled at the sides, and turned under in great rolls, and rose in many puffs, and hung in braids or curls or clubbed tails, and then shrank to a small close tie-wig that vanished at Revolutionary times in powdered natural hair and a queue of ribbon, a bag, or an eel-skin." We are again informed that "All classes wore wigs. Many a runaway slave is described as wearing off a 'white horsehair wig' or a 'flaxen natural wig' or a 'full goat-skin wig.' A soldier deserter in 1707 wore off a 'yellowish periwig,' and as a specially absurd instance of servile imitation, I read in the *Massachusetts Gazette*, of July 11, 1774, of a negro 'who wore off a curl of hair tied on a string around his head to imitate a scratch wig.' Just picture that woolly pate with its dangling curl!"

This book cannot fail to be of signal service to artists, actors, writers of fiction and all who seek for any present purpose to revive the quaint and vanished costume of colonial times.

A HISTORY OF ROME TO THE BATTLE ACTIUM. By Evelyn Shirley Shuckburgh, M.A. New York and London: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: Williamson and Co. 1894. \$2.00.

There has been no paucity of Roman Histories in English Literature. Whether we regard the rise and growth of the renowned city from a martial standpoint, and the far reaching bounds of its empire; or consider the beginning and ultimate spread of its polity and the gradual development of its laws and institutions. Numerous historians from time to time have contributed to our knowledge of this most interesting subject. Mr. Shuckburgh well says in the preface to the above volume: "Human nature is the same now as it was two thousand years ago; but human knowledge is not the same." The old historical method of writing mainly the praises of ambitious kings and victorious generals has wisely been displaced by a consideration of the records of the people, the development of institutions, the progress of literature, art, science and the spread of civilization, enlightenment and industry. As no history of so warlike a people as the Romans could, however, ignore their dominant trait this volume does not disregard it but in it a just discrimination is exercised. The best traditions of the modern method are here exemplified and within his allotted limits Mr. Shuckburgh has given us a volume of which he has just reason to be proud. His former excellent translation of Polybius no doubt influenced him, and may have led him to fare further afield on his own account. Though it would be quite evident to the historical student that the author had read widely and well, both ancient and modern authorities, despite his acknowledgments in the preface, it is also as much in evidence that he has

carefully considered debatable points and arrived at his own conclusions. There is to be found in this work clearness of statement, charm, yet simplicity of style, and due proportion of the various subjects which demand historical treatment. It would be difficult indeed to find a Roman history that, within the same limits, would afford to the student or general reader 800 pages of fine print so well and satisfactorily filled. The contents, maps, plans, notes, index and mechanical features leave nothing to be desired, but much to be thankful for. Mr. Shuckburgh has fairly won his spurs in the field of historical literature.

THE MAKING OF THE OHIO VALLEY STATE, 1660-1837. By Samuel Adams Drake. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Toronto: William Briggs. 1894. \$1.50.

In this bright and readable volume, Mr. Drake applies the historical method, with which the readers of his previous books are familiar, to the States of the Ohio Valley. Dividing his subjects into three epochs: The Conquest of the West; The advance into the West; and Progress—he seeks informally yet graphically to excite interest and fix attention on its salient features. By anecdote, quotation and abundant illustration his short pithy chapters, with their taking titles and useful footnotes, lead the reader lightly on from period to period till the tale is told. The effect produced is rather that of a book of anecdote and adventure than of sober and serious history. But there is a large store of fact conveyed in his pleasant pages and though fancy may at times have play, the volume will be found in its way an interesting contribution to United States history.

"P'TIT MATINIC" AND OTHER MONOTONES. By George Wharton Edwards. New York: The Century Company. 1894. \$1.25.

What we some time ago said of Mr. Edward's "Thumb Nail Sketches" will equally apply to this beautiful specimen of the engraver and printer's art. Our artist author has been visiting the coast of the "Bluenose" peninsula and what a woman would call this "sweet little book" is the result. There are nine literary and many more artistic sketches comprised in its 140 dainty little pages. We should say that two of the stories "Old Crimes' Masterpiece" and "A Disturber of the Faith" have not a Nova Scotian bearing. "P'tit Matinic" further evidences Mr. Edward's lightness and deftness of touch, whether with pen or pencil; his keenness of observation and faithfulness of portraiture; and the pathetic as well as humorous interest with which he invests his characters. This tiny 3½x5 inch volume is one of the prettiest specimens of the bookmakers art which it has been our good fortune to see and handle.

* * * Periodicals.

Dr. Conan Doyle's "Stark Munro Letters" reach the 4th chapter in the current number of *The Idler*. Gilbert Parker, Anthony Hope, W. L. Alden and other bright writers join in making this a capital number of the jovial *Idler*.

A pleasing portrait of the poetess, Louise Imogen Guiney, accompanies the *Chap Book* for November 15th. Bliss Carman contributes a graceful appreciation of Miss Guiney's verse. Hamlin Garland begins a serial story entitled "The Land of the Straddlebug." Nathan Haskell Dole has a serio-comic poem called "Larks and Nightingales."

Kenna Oishi, A.M., Ph.D. gives us his view as to the causes which led to the war in the East in the November *Arvna*. The Rev. W. H. Savage discusses the religion of Emerson. Miss Catherine H. Spence, the indefatigable advocate of effective voting, has a strong plea in support of her favourite topic. Many other papers on a variety of subjects will be found in this number of *The Arvna*.

"Reasonable Railway Rates" is the title of a paper in the November number of the *Annals of the American Academy of Political and*

Social Science which is of general interest. Mr. Newcomb argues forcibly and temperately for a reduction in current railway rates. That important factor in domestic and economic civilization—Woman—is discussed as to her economic function by Mr. Edward T. Devine. Other important topics are discussed in this number.

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Literary and Personal.

Edward Bulwer Lytton Dickens, the youngest son of Charles Dickens, is a member of Parliament in New South Wales.

McNeil Whistler, the London artist, was born at Lowell, Massachusetts, and was educated for a soldier at West Point.

It is said that there are 2,000 magazines published in Great Britain. The religious publications comprise about one-fourth of this number.

The Illustrated London News for the 17th November has capital illustrations of "The Peary Expedition to North Greenland and of the War in the East."

Miss Beatrice Harraden, who wrote "Ships that Pass in the Night," is at work upon a new novel, the name of which the versatile writer has not yet disclosed.

Dr. Heinrich Hoffman, a distinguished German author, who was one of the most popular writers of children's stories, died recently at Frankfurt, aged 85 years.

Mr. W. L. Courtney, a brilliant writer, a ripe scholar, and a Fellow of New College, Oxford, has recently been appointed to the editorship of *The Fortnightly Review*.

A "Collection of Greek Studies," a posthumous volume by Walter Pater, is announced by Macmillan & Co., who have in press, also, "The Meaning of History," by Frederic Harrison.

A fund has been started to buy Carlyle's old house, No. 25, Cheyne-row, Chelsea, for about £4,000. Any who wish to contribute should communicate with Mr. A. C. Miller, 61 Cecil street, Greenhays Manchester.

The work of Dr. C. Ellis Stevens on the sources of the Constitution of the United States has won him distinction abroad. Portugal and Spain have conferred upon him knightly orders in recognition of the merit of his constitutional writings.

Dr. A. Conan Doyle says that Robert Barr, the editor of *The Idler*, is one of the six writers of short stories in the world. Mr. Barr was formerly one of the editors of the *Detroit Free Press*. He went to London to take charge of the English edition of the *Free Press*, and has remained there ever since. He has made a great success in England, and has published three or four novels there, which are very popular.

The paper, which has been published for many years in Upper Canada College, will shortly appear under the patronage of the "Old Boys' Association" and the management of the present Staff. It will appear in magazine form three times a year—at Christmas, Easter, and Midsummer. It will be the organ of all Upper Canada College boys, past and present, and will continue to be called *The College Times*.

Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. announce publication of the following books: "The Oliver Wendell Holmes Year-Book;" "A Story of Courage: Annals of the Georgetown Convent of the Visitation," by G. P. and Rose H. Lathrop; "Religious Progress," by A. V. G. Allen, D.D.; "Talk at a Country House," by Sir Edward Strachey; "Hymns and Verses" by Samuel Longfellow; and "The Great Refusal, Letters of a Dreamer in Gotham," by Paul E. More.

The London *Literary World* informs us that, in consequence of fresh arrangements made by Messrs. Chapman and Hall as to the future conduct of *The Fortnightly Review*, Mr. Frank Harris will retire from the editorship at the end of the year. *The Fortnightly Review* was founded in 1865, and has been edited in succession by Mr. George Henry Lewes, Mr. John Morley, and Mr. T. H. S. Escott. Mr. Frank Harris has held the editorship since 1886.

The opening chapters in Professor Sloane's new *Life of Napoleon in The Country* are full of surprises to those who know of the youth of Napoleon only by a few well-known stories—like that, for instance, of the battle of the snow forts at Brienne. It is a new Napoleon that is here pictured, a devourer of books, an unsuccessful literary aspirant, an ineffectual Corsican political agitator—but the new Napoleon certainly makes the old Napoleon much more easily comprehended.

The death of Mr. John Walter, chief proprietor of the London *Times*, removes a notable figure in English journalism. Educated at Eton, a graduate of Oxford, Mr. Walter was called to the bar at Lincoln's Inn in 1847. For many years he represented Nottingham in the House of Commons. It was, however, his association with the *Times* which has made his name most widely known. It is interesting here to recall the fact that the first number of the *Times* was issued on the first of January, 1788.

Among the last, if not actually the last, literary work done by Mr. Philip Gilbert Hamerton, was his article on the new French painter, Emile Friant, whose portrait and picture appear in the December *Scribner*. Americans generally, and those interested in American wood engraving particularly, will be glad to know that Mr. Hamerton had completed his monograph on the subject which will accompany the specimens of engraving issued in a folio volume by Charles Scribner's Sons. Mr. Hamerton had also signed, just before his death, every copy of this work, of which only one hundred copies are printed.

Hall Caine recently said of "The Manxman": "Hardly one passage of it was written with pen in hand. I used to wake early in the morning, usually about five o'clock, prop myself up in bed, and, with closed eyes, think out my work for the day, until not only the thing took shape, but every passage found expression. About eight o'clock, I would get up and hurriedly write down the words. This would occupy about an hour, and then I would do nothing but read until evening, when I spent another hour in revising or rewriting what I had written in the morning, and the rest of the night in planning the work for the following day."

William Briggs announces publication in December of two important Canadian Works: "The Life and Times of Major General Sir Isaac Brock," by D. B. Read, Q.C., and "Pearls and Pebbles or Notes of an Old Naturalist," by Mrs. Catharine Parr Traill. These authors are so well known to our readers that their respective work scarcely call for commendation. Sir Isaac Brock is a name to conjure with in Canadian history and we doubt not Mr. Read's facile and loyal pen will add a just tribute to his cherished memory. Mr. Traill's charming notes of old and new world observation of nature will revive the interest in a charming Canadian authoress who has written far too little.

The literary world is at present enjoying with great gusto the two volumes of "Memories of Dean Hole," the notable English divine who is now lecturing in this country. No one can read these chatty and delightful reminiscences without loving the man and feeling the deepest interest in the ecclesiastical, literary, artistic, and social celebrities he has known and writes of so entertainingly. Among these are Gladstone, Tennyson, Newman, Keble, Pusey, Bishop Lyte, author of the well-known hymn, "Abide with Me," the Duke of Argyll, Thackeray, Dickens, the author of "Rab and his Friends," and John Leech, the old time artist of *Punch*. His reminiscences of these interesting people show the cultivated as well as the social side of the Dean's genial character and are enlivened by his own racy observations, inexhaustible humor, and wide knowledge of the world.

* * *

The Government of China has taken very decisive action in the case of the murderers of the Rev. James Wylie, the Scotch Presbyterian missionary, and has ordered that they be beheaded. It also has been ordered that all property belonging to missionaries or other foreigners, which have been destroyed, shall be made good.

Publications Received.

Frank Harris: *Elder Conklin*. New York: MacMillan & Co.; Toronto: Copp, Clark & Co. 70c.

Robert Browning: *Asolando*, etc. New York: MacMillan & Co.; Toronto: Copp, Clark & Co.

Anthony Hope: *The Dolly Dialogues*. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 75c.

Anthony Hope: *The Indiscretions of the Duchess*. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 75c.

Paul Leicester Ford: *The Honorable Peter Stirling*. New York: Henry Holt & Co. \$1.50.

Paul Carus: *The Gospel of Buddha*. Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Company. \$1.50.

F. Marion Crawford: *Love in Idleness*. New York: MacMillan & Co.; Toronto: Copp, Clark & Co. \$2.00.

Margaret L. Woods: *The Vagabonds*. New York: MacMillan & Co.; Toronto: Copp, Clark & Co. \$1.50.

Annie Macdonnell: *Thos. Hardy*. London: Hodder & Stoughton, 27 Paternoster Row. 75c.

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Readings from Current Literature.

ASTRONOMICAL WONDERS.

Galileo in his "Sidereal Messenger" made a map of eighty new stars which he had discovered in the constellations of Orion's Belt and the "Sword;" and since then astronomer after astronomer, as is well known, has added various groups and galaxies to the two or three thousand conspicuous stars of the first six magnitudes which can be always seen with the naked eye. It is curious and not complimentary to the good sense of mankind that those stars should have been looked upon as merely intended to spangle the sky and give light at night. As lamps they were always a failure. Sixty times the total starlight on the clearest night would not equal the illumination given by the moon; and thirty-three million times their radiance would be required to equal sunlight. Yet the stars which are seen even by a powerful telescope are now known to be only an insignificant proportion of those actually existing inside "visible space." Telescopic photography, as practiced to-day in all the observatories, reveals, in almost every apparently blank region of the celestial sphere, countless new and distant worlds, lying far beyond all methods of mortal computation and measurement. The only foot-rule with which we can at all estimate the scale of distances in the "visible universe" is light. This travels along the ether at the rate of 186,000 miles in a second, so that the ray which we receive from the sun left his surface eight minutes before it has reached our eyes. By ingenious processes, based on complex arithmetic, astronomers have determined the distance of about eight stars, and the nearest of all of them to our system is *Alpha Centauri*. The radiance of this star takes, however, about four years to reach human vision, while that which we perceive from *Alpha Tauri* or *Aldebaran* was projected from its glittering source twenty-seven years ago; and most of those seen deeper in the night sky are so far off that their present light left them three or four hundred years back. Many are to-day visible whose beams have travelled to our gaze only after a lapse of thousands of years, and there must be radiant streams now on their way from heavenly bodies in the empyrean which will only reach the eyes of our very far off posterity. To what comparative insignificance do these well-known and well assured facts reduce the little corner of space in which our own trivial family of planets has its being and its motion! It seems much to say that the earth is distant from the sun ninety-three millions of miles, so that to travel thither at the average rate of a tourist by steam and rail would ask an interval of 600 years. And the outside planet of our family, *Neptune*, is two thousand eight hundred and twenty-five millions of miles from the sun, so that we may roughly call the diameter of our

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flying system in space five thousand six hundred and fifty millions of miles. But, vast as this sounds, our solar system sinks into a speck when one reflects that if we should represent the interval between the sun and the earth by one inch, then to put *Aldebaran* into his proper place and proportion our chart would have to be nine leagues wide.—Sir Edwin Arnold, in *North American Review*.

RIVULI MONTARI.

Of the many pleasures of life which fall to the lot of the leisurely in summer time, none is more grateful than to lounge with a rod among green pastures, and by quiet waters. When the sky is blue and haze fringes the meadow, and the lark keeps time, with its song, to the ripple of the stream, earthly cares take to themselves wings, and content comes over the mind. Yet ever and anon—mayhap a breath of cool air from the hills is the cause a man awakens to the fact that he is merely dreaming away his time in a lotos-eater's paradise: that he is getting as lazy as an ox, and as weak and enervated as a tailor; that, in truth, his only rewards have been a brown skin, and a certain irrational peace of mind. So he girdeth up his loins and hasteneth homeward, vowing to spend his days henceforward in climbing mountains, and tramping over moors, and fishing in rocky burns in the far recesses of the hills.

A day on the hills is full of varied pleasures. A feeling of exhilaration seizes a man as he tramps over the dew-covered grass and the green shoots of the young heather, with the "culler" mountain air blowing about him. He heartily despises lie-abed loungers, albeit he was one himself the day before. Every little incident or sound gives him delight—the finding of a curlew's nest, or a group of parsley ferns, the cry of the black grouse, the confused murmur of awakening life from the valley. He stops now and then to bury his head in a bank of wild thyme, or watch an adder gliding among the bracken. His heart leaps with joy, when he reaches the stream, to see the clear brown water eddying round gray whinstone rocks, and falling in cascades into pools where the black moorland trout lie. The fish are very easily caught if you once understand their habits. It is no use to stand on a bank with your shadow falling on the stream. In such a position you might whip the water till Domesday, and get nothing. But if you can cast from behind some rock toward the foot of one of the dark linn pools, you will often have the pleasure of getting a dozen or two in one place. It is no uncommon thing here for a man with three flies, at one cast, to get a trout on each.

Sometimes the sights which one sees by these streams are unique. I know one burn where the colour of the water is quite the purest sapphire. The ruddy brown of some of the mosses and lichens, the warm green of the oak ferns, and the emerald grass contrast strangely with the gray rocks and white shingle. But

to see such places you must tramp many miles. They are only to be found in the heart of the great upland region of Tweedside. Wordsworth never peined a truer line than when he wrote:

True beauty dwells in deep retreats.

At one time nature must have been more attractive than she is now-a-days. When a kelpie dwelt in every stream, and fairies danced on the green sward, and an honest herd was in hope (or fear) of meeting a brownie when he went out to the hill, with what strange feelings a man must have fished these waters. But science and matter-of-fact philosophy have driven away these idle dreams and left us only the rocks and the heather. It is easy to see how simple people believed in such beings. A curl of foam is often like some living thing, and the sound of angry waters might be mistaken for the cry of a malignant demon. Here we are on classic ground. Yon blue, broken-backed hill in the distance is Bodsbeck Law, the scene of Hogg's famous tale. You can see from the tops of some of these fells the green Eildons, cleft in three by the Devil at the command of Michael Scott, where Arthur and his knights, as the story goes, lie sleeping until the chosen warrior comes to blow the magic horn and set them free to right the wrongs of the earth.

Sometimes I have gone for long walks over the moorland, and slept at night in herd's cottages. It seemed like a journey into fairyland. Each day brought new pleasures and new scenes. Freedom and clear air work a wonderful change in a man's disposition; and, when I came down to the valleys again, I looked with a kind of compassionate condescension on all lowlanders. But if you are young and strong, what is there to hinder you from sleeping *sub celo* with a plaid round your shoulders? In a mild night of June, in some sheltered corrie, a bed of bracken is a couch for a king.

A man's whole nature is freshened. He may be a porter, or underpaid clerk in town; but here he feels himself on a level with the kings and great ones of the earth. In the valleys he may have little substance and much sorrow; on the moors he is rich with the riches of nature which are not bought with money, but fall to the lot of the man, be he peer or peasant, of good and honest heart. He wins freedom and lightheartedness—a freedom, not of turbid revolutionaries, and a gaiety possessed by no feather-brained reveller. He may be ambitious of vain things, but the cool breath of Athena in the heavens blows away all idle fancies from his brain. It the old days men of ruined fortunes—broken men—look to the hills and lived a free and easy life. So we, who have not done all we wished in the world, can find much comfort and not a little pleasure in the mere borderland of such an existence.—*Gentleman's Magazine*

PERILS OF MOUNTAIN TRAVEL.

Under the title of "A Journey to the Sacred Mountain, Siao-Outai-Shan," Henry Savage Landor, in *The Fortnightly*, gives a pleasant, chatty description of travel in the interior of China, which he, presumably undesignedly, rendered doubly interesting by subjecting himself to a perilous incident of mountain travel which he thus describes:

"Not far from the temple, a curious natural bridge of ice over a stream was quaint and pretty, and the huge Siao towering over my head, with large patches of snow and ice on its slopes, made me long for the next morning, to ascend its highest peak. The next morning came, and at 5 a.m. I set out on the steep track, accompanied by a Mongol guide. As I was walking too quickly for him, he was soon left far behind, and I proceeded by myself, sure that I could find my way without him. Things went well until I had reached an altitude of over 9,000 feet, when the track I had followed seemed to branch off, and one branch went to the southwest, the other to the northwest, round one of the smaller peaks. I took the southwest one; it took me to a point where no human being could go any farther. Where I was, the slope of the mountain was such that it required a steady foot not to be sliding down into a precipice: a little farther, a long glacier extended from top to bottom of the mountain, so I left the track and attempted to climb the lower peak, just above me, to see if from that point of vantage I could discover the right trail. It was easier said than done, especially as I was carrying a water-color paint-box and a block slung to a strap

on my shoulders: still, after a good deal of hard work, and going upon my hands and knees I managed to crawl up to the top. I was so hot, and the view was so lovely from up there, that I sat on a stone on the edge of the slope and opened my paint-box to take a sketch. As I was sorting out the brushes, unluckily the stone on which I was sitting gave way, and I started sliding down the almost perpendicular slope, and no effort on my part to stop my involuntary tobogganing was of any avail. I tried to clutch the ground with my nails, I seized every projecting stone in hopes of stopping my precipitous descent; but, *alas!* at the speed I was going it was no easy matter to hold on to anything that I even managed to clutch.

"There I had death staring me in the face, for another hundred yards would have brought me on the edge of the precipice, and over I would have gone, taking a fatal leap of several hundred feet. My hair stood on end, as every second I was approaching the dreaded spot; and how well I remember the ghastly sound of my heavy paint-box which had preceded me in my disastrous descent. How well I remembered the hollow sound of it, banging from boulder to boulder, echoed and magnified a thousand times from one mountain to another. Then there was a final bang from down far, far below; the echo weakly repeated it, and all was silence once more. Another half minute and the echo would have repeated a hollower sound still! I shut my eyes.

"A violent shock, which nearly tore my body in two, made me think that I had gone over; but no . . . as luck would have it, I had suddenly stopped. I opened my eyes, but I did not dare move, for my position, though much improved, was far from being safe yet. I was now only about ten or fifteen yards from the edge, and in the most violent state of excitement, partly due to the bright look-out of the delayed leap and at the pleasant hope of saving my life altogether. I was half unconscious when this happened, and it took me some minutes to realize how and where I was. I knew that I was hanging somewhere, but to what I was hanging, and from what, and how, I did not know, as I was hanging from my back. It was a state of suspense, but that was all!

"As I slowly got my wits about me again, to my great horror, I discovered that as yet my life was hanging to a hair like *Damocles'* sword. My coat and a strong leather strap which I had slung under my arm had just caught over a projecting stone, and that was what had stopped me from proceeding any farther towards certain death; but the slightest false movement on my part, as a jerk, might still place me in great danger. Slowly, as my back was slightly resting on the almost perpendicular slope, I tried to get a footing, and when this was done the great difficulty was to turn round. After several minutes of anxiety, which seemed ages, this feat was also successfully accomplished, and there I stood, half-lying, with my body on the ground, and clutching the rock that had saved my life, until my commotion had entirely passed away, and I began to crawl up as I had done before, as best I could, cat-like fashion.

"I reached the treacherous trail again, and followed it back to where it parted, and there I found the guide, squatting on his heels, and quietly smoking his pipe. He showed me the right track, and away I walked by myself again, as he was such a slow walker. I made him give me my oil-paint box, which he was carrying for me, and with it, following a comparatively easy but steep track, I first reached a sort of a small, solidly built shed, and then climbing up the steeper and fairly dangerous part of the track, finally reached the summit of the highest peak. I said 'fairly dangerous,' for the last few yards before one reaches the top of the pinnacle are not more than one foot wide, and on both sides is a precipice, the end of which one can hardly see. In fact the performance for those few yards was not unlike tight-rope walking, only at an altitude of about 12,000 feet.

"The summit of the highest peak is nothing but a huge barren rock, and on the top, only about ten feet in diameter, the credulous pilgrims have erected a small wooden shrine, some three or four feet square and six feet high. The poor bronze images of Buddha inside it were stuffed with bits of paper, for which purpose a special hole is provided at the base of the image, and on which prayers were written, or else 'wishes' that pilgrims were anxious to obtain."—*Literary Digest*.

A PERILOUS ADVENTURE OF FRANCIS PARKMAN.

In *The Knickerbocker*, for 1845, there was a forcible realistic sketch by Francis Parkman, entitled "The Scalp Hunter," the leading incident of which is a piece of mountain-climbing, in which the vengeful settler, pursuing his one remaining Indian foe, reached a position from which advance or retreat was alike impossible. For Parkman's vivid description of the terrible climb he was indebted to a personal experience when a young man, which he communicated to Daniel Denison Slade, who now records it in *The New England Magazine*, September. The story is as follows:

"It was during our sojourn of several days at Crawford's Inn, then situated in the very Notch of the White Mountains, that one day, suddenly and unknown to me, Parkman left early in the morning, and did not return until evening. The condition which he presented betokened the perilous adventure of the day. His clothing was badly torn, his fingers were lacerated, and his legs showed injuries which had been caused in almost superhuman exertions in the preservation of his life. After walking down the Saco Valley as far as the Willey House, he entered upon an exploration of the chasm which had been produced by the slide which had come down from the Willey Mountain, directly behind the cottage, at this time in good preservation. Climbing over the vast amount of *debris*, consisting of rocky fragments and enormous boulders, brought down at the time when the Willey family was swept away, he arrived at the entrance of the defile with its precipitous sides. Glancing upward, he determined without much forethought to gratify his strong desire to overcome such natural obstacles and so to test his physical powers, as well as his moral courage. In his diary he says:

"I began to climb, and with considerable difficulty and danger I surmounted both precipices. I climbed on, but finding that I was becoming drenched by the scanty stream, and seeing moreover a huge cloud not far up settling slowly toward me, I bethought me of retracing my steps. So I began to descend the ravine, nothing doubting that I should find some means of getting out before reaching the critical point. But it was impossible, and I found myself at the top of the precipice, with no alternative but to slide down or to clamber the perpendicular and decaying walls to the surface of the mountain. The former was certain destruction, and the other method was scarcely less dangerous, but it was my only chance, so I braced my nerves and began to climb. . . . I had got half-way up, and was clinging to the face of the precipice, when the two stones which supported my feet loosened and leaped down the ravine. My finger-ends among the disintegrated rock were all which sustained me, and they of course would have failed, had I not thought on the instant of lowering my body gradually, and so diminishing its weight until my feet found new supports. I sank the length of my arms, and then hung for the time in tolerable safety, with one foot resting on a projecting stone. Loosening the hold of one hand, I took my large jack-knife from my pocket, opened it with the assistance of my teeth, and dug with it a hollow among the decayed rock, large enough to receive and support one foot. Then thrusting the knife as far as possible into the wall to assist my hold, I grasped it and the stones with the unoccupied hand, and raised my foot to the hollow prepared for it. Thus foot by foot I made my ascent, and in ten minutes, as time seemed to me, I seized a projecting root at the top and drew myself up. During the entire time of climbing I felt perfectly cool, but when fairly up I confessed I shuddered as I looked down at the gulf I had escaped."

"Although little reference was afterward made to the perils which he had undergone, the remembrance of the event was always carefully cherished by him, until it had found expression, a few years after in the story ["The Scalp Hunter"] above mentioned."—*Literary Digest*.

Bishop Hurst, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, has come back from Europe with the opinion that "the so-called liberal theology of Germany is on the wane, the tide of education being toward the evangelical standards."

Public Opinion.

Hamilton Herald: What a load of good advice the Patrons are getting nowadays. There is not a newspaper in the country that is not telling them how to do things. And, of course, the newspapers are almost as disinterested as the Patrons themselves.

Manitoba Free Press: Our Ottawa correspondent draws attention to the fact that the revised voters' lists cannot be printed before June next and therefore a general federal election is not possible until that time. Another session of parliament may be regarded as a certainty, but the date of the election will be set to suit the government.

Ottawa Citizen: We desire to extend our trade with the populous and wealthy nation to the south, and as it is extended it will become increasingly beneficial to both parties. For this reason we naturally sympathize with the Democratic party. At the same time, when the Republicans have made up their minds that they wish to improve the commercial relations of the two countries, they will find themselves heartily welcome at Ottawa.

Halifax Chronicle: We simply ask that the Liberal party and the Liberal leaders should be judged by their record of political cleanliness and economical management while in office, by what we know of them individually as men of ability and untarnished personal and political character, and by the declaration of principles which they have adopted as their platform, and for which they have contended with unshaken fidelity during the past sixteen years.

Canadian Manufacturer: Free traders are fond of quoting Ricardo where he points out that we cannot control other tariffs, but we can control our own, and the first duty of a citizen is to aid in reducing the one over which he has power. The whole statement is a mistake. Reciprocity is based upon the influence which a country has over others by means of its own tariff. But English and other free-traders would give to foreign countries equal privileges in their own markets, with their own citizens, who are meantime denied admission to the markets of the countries they are willing to treat so kindly.

Quebec Chronicle: The new leader of the Local Opposition in Ontario, Mr. G. F. Marter, stands a chance of alienating from his party, the Roman Catholic vote altogether. This looks like a serious mistake in tactics, and it may lead to a new choice of Chieftain. Mr. Marter is an uncompromising opponent of Separate Schools, and has pledged himself to abolish them, if it can be done by constitutional means. He violently assailed the political attitude of the Roman Catholic Church, at London, the other night, while making a speech in behalf of his candidate for the Legislature, in succession to Mr. Meredith, who represented that constituency. Mr. Marter's course is criticised, and mischief is expected to grow out of it.

St. John Gazette: We do not wonder that good men desire christian unity throughout the world but we do wonder that intelligent men should ever expect its consummation. The Roman Catholics will never abandon the distinctive features of their faith, and these features will never be accepted by any considerable number of Protestants. The Ritualist will not give up his ritualism; Methodists, Baptists, Congregationalists, Plymouth Brethren, Unitarians and Protestants of other creeds will rarely become ritualists. In a spiritual sense church unity is something like a federation of all of the English speaking people of the world in a temporal sense; both are grand dreams, but the world will have to be better, far better, than it is, before sects will abandon sectarianism and take Christ's simple utterance for their guide, and before the nations will give up their plots for self-aggrandizement and unite for the furtherance of a common destiny.

Numerous petitions have been received by the Pope from Switzerland, Austria and Germany praying him to call a conference to consider the best means of abolishing the Monte Carlo gambling establishment.

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illi in three hours and typhus bacilli in
twenty-four hours. The anti-bacterial sub-
stance seems to be developed in the coffee-bean
by the roasting process.

A unique trolley-car fender is proposed by
a Boston inventor. He has taken the large
revolving brushes from a street-sweeper and
placed them in such a position under the car
that a person who happens to fall in front of
the car will be swept from the track—a much
better arrangement than sweeping up the re-
mains from the track after an accident.

In a recent report to the New York City
Rapid Transit Commission on systems of rapid
transit abroad, Mr. William B. Parsons said
that he had not concluded that any one system
of transit should be recommended for adoption
in that city. The only statement in the report
approaching a deduction was that electricity
should undoubtedly be the motive power of
any road in the future. The experiences of
some of the larger capitals of Europe proved
this to his satisfaction.

An English paper tells of a Manchester
man who carries on his person a complete
museum of electric appliances, including a
burglar-alarm or, rather, a pickpocket-alarm
—system. An attempt to steal his scarf-pin
or watch rings a tiny bell; a fine platinum coil
furnishes the means of lighting a cigar regard-
less of the weather; and an incandescent lamp
at the end of a cane furnishes very good light
when needed. The needful electric plant
weighs only about twenty-two ounces.

Pictet, the French chemist, whose recent
researches on the properties and behavior of
various substances at extremely low temper-
atures have attracted so much attention, now
finds that phosphorescent bodies cease to
glow under such circumstances. Where pow-
dered sulfid of lime—the material used in the
so-called "luminous plant"—was placed in a
tube, it glowed as usual in the dark after ex-
posure to the sun's rays, but when the tube
was lowered into liquid nitrous oxid at -140°
F., the glow was quenched. The phosphores-
cence did not appear at once when the tube
was removed from the cold liquid, but it re-
turned when the sulfid had become heated
again.

An idol's head of baked clay has been found
in the sand dunes near Tangier, where it was
laid bare by the wind. The mouth is large
and wide open, the eyes small, the cranium
very small, the brow retreating, and the back
of the head flat. It is said to have in extra-
ordinary degree a likeness to idols found in Mex-
ico, particularly to the good called Xipe.
Eyes and ears are very little modeled, and on
the top of the head is a pointed object. Xipe
was a god worshipped on the coast of Mexico
with rites of uncommon cruelty; he was also
the god of smiths and goldworkers. His human
sacrifices were flayed alive. The Tangier idol
has been decorated with gold mica. This dis-
covery may revive old theories of a primitive
connection between the Phœnicians and the
Indians of Central America.

The sand-blast is used extensively in Eng-
land for the removal of molding sand, scale,
etc., from steel, iron, and brass castings, for-
gings, plates, and for cleaning the stone-work
of public buildings. The air-pressure employ-
ed is from eight to ten pounds per square inch.
Chilled iron globules instead of quartz or flint
sand are used with good results, and the sur-
face thus prepared is ready for tining, galvan-
izing, plating, bronzing, painting, etc., the
innumerable little indentations causing the
projecting materials to adhere with greater
force. This method of cleaning castings acts
with equal rapidity and thoroughness upon
flat, curved, angular, and indented surfaces.
Small castings are placed in a slowly rotating
barrel, through which the blast is directed,
so that no portion of the surface escapes the
action of the sand. One hundred weight of
castings can be cleaned in from ten to fifteen
minutes with a blast created by two horse-
power, and the same weight of small forgings
and stampings in from twenty to thirty min-
utes.

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Miscellaneous.

Great Britain will launch seven new battle-ships within the present fiscal year. They are to be built after the Majestic type.

The total hop crop of the State of Oregon, it is believed, will not exceed 30,000 bales, which is 10,000 bales short of the estimated yield.

Thieves manifest queer tastes sometimes. A Brooklyn thief recently helped himself to \$140 worth of false teeth, the property of a prosperous dentist of that city.

The terra-cotta bust of Shakespeare which was erected over the entrance to the Old Duke's Theatre, London, by Sir William Davenport, the godson of the great poet, has been secured by the Shakespeare Memorial Association for Stratford-on-Avon.

Premier Crispi has lately tried everything in his power to patch up a peace between the Pope and the Italian Government. His efforts have not been received unkindly by the Vatican, but it is said that the Pope regards all such attempts as futile as long as the worldly power of the Papacy is not restored.

A monster rat, scaling five pounds and almost as large as a cat, has just been captured at Batchworth. It appears that Mr. Michael Rowan was out with his well-known pedigree puppy, Hector, when it encountered the rat referred to. Both the puppy and the rat fought viciously, and eventually the latter was overpowered and killed. Unfortunately the puppy has since died from blood-poisoning. The rat is supposed to have escaped from a sewer.

Chicago, Sept. 20th, 1894.

Gentleman,—I wish to certify for the benefit of rheumatic sufferers of the great relief and cure I have experienced through your wonderful remedy. Three weeks after exhausting every known remedy, and feeling completely discouraged, I commenced using your Acetocura and now I am another man and I have no pain whatever. Very Truly,

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169 State Street, Chicago.

To Coutts & Sons, 72 Victoria Street, Toronto.

Gladstone being asked what he regarded as the brightest hope for the future, replied: "I should say the maintenance of faith in the Invisible. This is the great hope of the future; the mainstay of civilization. And by that I mean a living faith in a personal God. I do not hold with a 'stream of tendency.' After 60 years of public life I hold more strongly than ever this conviction, deepened and strengthened by long experience, of the reality and the nearness and personality of God."

The Pope is getting ready his narrow house betimes; the Sculptor, Marasai is at work upon his sepulchre, which is of white Carrara Marble. On its lid there is a lion, with a paw resting upon the pontifical tiara; on the right is a statue of Faith bearing a candle and the holy scriptures; on the left a statue of Truth, with the pope's arms in one hand; on the side beneath the lion the inscription: "Hic, Leo XIII. P.M. Pulvis est." Here lies Leo XIII., sovereign pontiff (pontifex maximus). He is dust.

May 2nd, 1894.

My Dear Sirs,—I may say that I have used your Acetocura with great results in my family. It has given great relief, especially in Nervous Affections and Rheumatism, and I can confidently recommend it to any troubled with these complaints.

I am yours truly,

J. A. HENDERSON, M.A.,
Principal of Collegiate Institute,
St. Catharines.

Coutts & Sons, 72 Victoria St., Toronto.

Commenting on the fact that the peanut, so popular in America, has found many uses in France, among others being the use of peanut oil in the manufacture of soap and for illuminating purposes, the *Baltimore Sun* says: "About 300,000,000 pounds of peanuts were imported into France last year from Spain, India, Argentina and South Africa. They sold in the Marseilles market for from \$2.90

to \$6.37 per quintal of 226½ pounds. The peanut does not hold up its head as high as wheat or put on so many airs, but its versatility seems to be far greater, and some of our Southern grain growers might find it profitable to give the lowly 'goober' a little more prominence in their agricultural operations."

What is possibly the oldest steam-engine in the world has just been discovered in Fair-bottom Valley, near Oldham, England, rusting away in the open air, where it had been erected early in the last century for pumping purposes. It was built by Newcomen in 1705, and is of the single-acting type known by his name, the steam being admitted only on one side of the piston and condensed directly in the cylinder by the injection of water. It is to be hoped that the interesting old relic will be preserved in some way.

Mr. Maxim has been having an interesting controversy with the United States Patent Office. He wishes to patent his flying-machine, but the officials refuse to allow him to do so on the sole ground, as he claims, that it is a flying-machine, though they are willing to issue separate patents on the aeroplanes, machinery, boilers, condensers, etc. "Should I take out twenty patents on these different devices," says the inventor, in a letter to *Engineering*, "I should get my patents, but then they would not give me much protection, and, moreover, they would cost me at least \$2,000."

Herr Boeter, an ex-lieutenant in the German army, now tells us that vegetarianism is altogether too wide; we must be "fruitarians" if we wish to find sanitary salvation. His disciples live altogether on fruit, which they take *an natural* or cooked, and some of the more ardent spirits are eager to simplify their mode of life still further by going naked and living in huts. As, however, the exigencies of the climate and a too artificial civilization stand somewhat in the way of the realization of this Arcadian ideal, Herr Boeter has, it is stated, gone to Hawaii in the hope of finding an island where he can establish a colony of "fruitarians" who will be able to enjoy the sweet simplicity of their system without fear of bronchitis or the police.

A Tale from Winnipeg.

HOW TWO PROMINENT CITIZENS OF
THE PRAIRIE CAPITAL RE-
GAINED HEALTH.

One Suffered from the Effects of Malaria and Indigestion, the Other from Nervous Prostration—Their Story as Told at Tribune Reporter.

From the *Winnipeg Tribune*.

The modern world is decidedly skeptical, and in the case of cures by advertised medicines, it is sometimes remarked that they occur at long distances. Recently, however, the *Tribune* was told that a Winnipeg gentleman had passed through an experience as remarkable as any of those published, and inquiry into the matter revealed the fact that several prominent citizens of Winnipeg had been greatly benefitted by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. One of these citizens is Mr. W. A. Charlesworth, the well-known contractor, who during his residence in Winnipeg has added to the beauty and wealth of the Prairie Capital by erecting some of its finest and most substantial buildings. Naturally what Mr. Charlesworth would say as to the merits of a medical preparation would be read with interest by the many citizens who have met him in business and socially, and a Tribune reporter was detailed

to get from him some particulars in the matter. Mr. Charlesworth was seen at his beautiful and cosy home on William Street, a few days since, and while unwilling to attract publicity, yet, for the benefit of those suffering as he once was, he consented to give a simple statement of his case. About thirteen years ago, while living in the southern part of Illinois, near Cario, he had several attacks of malarial fever and ague, which left his blood poor and thin, and so deranged his system that for about ten years after he was a sufferer from chronic indigestion. He came north after residing there for some years in order to try to shake off the effects of the malaria, but without much success. He has not had, while in the north, another real attack of ague, but every season he has had incipient attacks, which were only warded off by the prompt use of quinine. Bilious fever also threatened in the same way. He also suffered severely from indigestion. Determining to make a decided effort to get rid of his complication of disorders, he began in the fall of 1891 to use Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, the advertisements of which he had read in the newspapers. Mr. Charlesworth began to use the pills in October, and for the first month scarcely felt any improvement. However, from that time on improvement was rapid and the effect marvellous. The cold of the winter of 1891-2, as will be remembered, was intense, and yet so great was the toning up of the system and the enrichment of the blood, that he scarcely felt the cold at all that winter. His indigestion was removed, and since that time he has not had another attack of malarial fever. He continued taking the pills up to about the middle of January. In closing his interview Mr. Charlesworth said:—"However, do not rely upon my authority alone, but see Mr. Fairchild, who has used the pills."

The Mr. Fairchild, it is needless to say, is Mr. Frank Fairchild, the largest dealer in vehicles and farm machinery in western Canada. Mr. Fairchild's name is too well known to readers of the *Tribune* to need any further introduction. He was also seen and fully confirmed what Mr. Charlesworth said. Some time ago Mr. Fairchild suffered from nervous prostration brought on by overwork, and suffered also from a dull pain in the back of the head. After spending some time at a famous Chicago sanitarium he was advised to take something to build up his blood, the doctors mentioning Pink Pills in their list of things advised. At first he took a fluid preparation, but as he found this unhandy to take with him as he travelled, he decided to try Pink Pills, as Mr. Charlesworth had very strongly recommended them as a great builder up and purifier of the blood.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y., 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50. The price at which these pills are sold makes a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive, as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.

I was cured of painful Goitre by MIN-
ARD'S LINIMENT.
Chatham, Ont. BYARD McMULLIN.

I was cured of inflammation by MIN-
ARD'S LINIMENT.
Walsh, Ont. MRS. W. W. JOHNSON.

I was cured of facial neuralgia by MIN-
ARD'S LINIMENT.
Parkdale, Ont. J. H. BAILEY.

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Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the

LIVER, STOMACH, KIDNEYS & BOWELS.

They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For children and the aged they are priceless.

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And sold by all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.
N.B. Advice gratis at the above address, daily between the hours of 11 and 4, or by letter.

RADWAY'S PILLS,

ALWAYS RELIABLE,
PURLY VEGETABLE.

Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse and strengthen. Radway's Pills for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Bowles, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Dizziness, Vertigo, Costiveness, Piles,

SICK HEADACHE, FEMALE COMPLAINTS, BILIOUSNESS, INDIGESTION, DYSPEPSIA, CONSTIPATION,

—AND—

All Disorders of The Liver.

Observe the following symptoms resulting from diseases of the digestive organs: Constipation, inward piles, fulness of blood in the head, acidity of the stomach, nausea, heartburn, disgust of food, fulness of weight of the stomach, sour eructations, sinking or fluttering of the heart, choking or suffocating sensations when in a lying posture, dimness of vision, dots or webs before the sight, fever and dull pain in the head, deficiency of perspiration, yellowness of the skin and eyes, pain in the side, chest, limbs, and sudden flushes of heat, burning in the flesh.

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AND WASTING DISEASES GENERALLY.

Quips and Cranks.

Dearie (to Jack): I am willing to be married, Jack, just as soon as you can make a good living for both of us. Jack: Then I am to consider our engagement broken?

Conductor: Madam, how old is that boy. Elderly Matron (with freezing dignity): This young lady, sir, has no wish to ride free. Here is her ticket. Her bicycle is in the baggage car.

Maud: I understand that Jack proposed to you last night and you refused him? Marie: Yes: although, poor fellow, I am afraid that if he had not left me so hurriedly I might have relented and accepted him. Maude: So he told me.

"Well, sir," said the vivacious lady to the artist who was painting her portrait, "you haven't finished already, have you? Or has the hour expired?" "Neither, madam," replied the artist, "I am waiting for an opportunity of seeing how your chin looks when in repose."

The lady of the house: Why don't you go to work? Don't you know that a rolling stone gathers no moss? Browning, the tramp: Madam, not to evade your question at all, but merely to obtain information, may I ask of what practical utility moss is to a man in my condition?

Mrs. Ahmen Corner (in a whisper, as the collection is being taken): Who is the man in the next aisle with the basket? Isn't it wonderful how he seems to be able to make everybody contribute? Ahmen Corner: Not so very wonderful. He used to be a ward man on the New York police force.

"What's Dick doing now?" "Well, Dick he's a doctorin'." "And John?" "He's a horse tradin'." "And William?" "He's a savin' of souls." "And Tom?" "Well, Tom he's sorter politicianin' aroun'." "And you?" "Well, I'm sorter farmin' an' a-feedin' of Dick, an' John, an' William, an' Tom."

An old gentleman reproved his nephew for fighting with another boy. "But," said the lad, "he called my sister names!" "Why, you haven't any sister, and never had one!" exclaimed the uncle, in astonishment. "I know it," replied the boy, doggedly, "but he thought I had, and said she was sqinteyed, and I sailed in on the principle of the thing."

Little Girl: Mrs. Brown, ma wants to know if she could borrow a dozen eggs. She wants to put 'em under a hen. Neighbour: So you've got a hen setting, have you? I didn't know you kept hens. Little Girl: No, ma'm, we don't but Mrs. Smith's going to lend us a hen that's going to set, an' ma thought if you'd lend us some eggs, we'd find a nest ourselves.

Book canvassers should take courage from a story told by an English lecturer on "The Art of Bookbinding." A man of their profession had called at a house whose occupant met him with a growl. "It's no use to me, I never read." "But there's your family," said the canvasser. "Haven't any family—nothing but a cat." "Well, you may want something to throw at the cat." The book was purchased.

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or other Chemicals or Dyes, is abso-
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"GREAT IS ACETOCURA."

185 Madison street,

Chicago, Aug. 17, 1894.

Gentlemen—One day last month I called into the office of your agent, Mr. S. W. Hall, on other business, and received the gentleman's condolence upon my wretched appearance. As a matter of fact, I was a sick man—had been receiving treatment from two different physicians without the slightest benefit. I certainly was discouraged, but afraid to let go. I had not had a decent night's rest for most ten days, no appetite, no ambition, "achey" all over, but bowels were in good order—the fact is, neither the physicians nor I knew just what the trouble was. Mr. Hall spoke of Acetocura. I confess I would have paid little attention to it but for my precarious condition. He insisted on giving me half a bottle to try, and refused to accept any payment for it. I read the pamphlet and had my mother rub me that evening. Failing to produce the flush within 15 minutes, I became thoroughly frightened—the flesh along the spine seemed to be dead but persisting in it produced the required result in just 45 minutes. That night was the first peaceful one in ten, and on the morrow my spine was covered with millions of small pustules. By night I felt a considerable improvement. Owing to soreness the application was omitted, but again made the third night. The following day showed a wonderful change in me. I felt like a new man. Since then I have chased rheumatic pains several times, with the greatest ease. From being sceptic, I cannot help but say, "Great is Acetocura." It is truly wonderful, and I am most grateful to Mr. Hall for his action.

Respectfully yours,

P. O. BAUER.

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NOVEMBER, 1894.

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- HOW MAY LITERATURE BEST BE TAUGHT? The Aims of Literary Study. Prof. Hiram Corson. The Study of Poetry from the Standpoint of Aesthetics. Estelle M. Hurll.
- DRAMATIC PASSION IN SHAKESPEARE'S "MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING." C. A. Furtzberg.
- FORSTER'S LIFE OF STRAFFORD. Is it Forster's or Browning's? William G. Kingsland.
- SOME LITERARY TENDENCIES: "Philip and His Wife" and "The Yellow Book."
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Two sufficient sureties will be required for the due fulfilment of each contract. Specifications and forms of tender can only be had on making application to the Bursars of the respective institutions.

N.B.—Tenders are not required for the supply of meat to the Asylums in Toronto, London, Kingston, Hamilton and Mimico, nor to the Central Prison and Reformatory for Females, Toronto.

The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

R. CHRISTIE,
T. F. CHAMBERLAIN,
JAMES NOXON,

Inspectors of Prisons and Public Charities, Parliament Buildings.

Toronto, November 19th, 1894.

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