

# THE WEEK

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

Eleventh Year.  
Vol. XI, No. 25.

TORONTO, FRIDAY, MAY 18th, 1894

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# THE WEEK.

Vol. XI.

TORONTO, FRIDAY, MAY 18th, 1894.

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

### CURRENT TOPICS.

It is hard to say whether Rev. Professor Campbell, or the Presbyterian Church in Canada, is most to be congratulated on the outcome of the recent trial of the former before the Montreal and Ottawa Synod. It is perhaps true—the theologians must be the judges—that there is little or nothing in the two articles or statements which form the basis of the settlement agreed on, of special significance. The language used is far from definite. Such expressions as “true as far as they went,” “in a few cases not the whole truth,” “in the great majority of cases,” etc., seem to an onlooker sadly wanting in that clearness of outline and precision of expression which are generally supposed to be characteristic of Scottish theology. But this fact, if it be such, serves but to bring out the more clearly the other fact that the document is a way of escape from a result which would have left both parties in a false position. It means further that Canadian Presbyterians, not-

withstanding their intense loyalty to what they regard as sound doctrine, are not to be betrayed into denial of individual freedom of thought to those within their church whom they know to be honest, able, high-minded and devout students of Scripture and searchers for truth. There is reason to hope that all the Christian churches are fast learning the wisdom and necessity, and may we not add, scripturalness, of allowing the widest possible liberty to conscientious students and thinkers. Time has been when there was far too much truth in the cutting saying of the author of “*Ecce Homo*,” that the churches were much less tolerant of an imperfect creed than of an imperfect practice. Let us hope that the time is near when the ideals and standards of practice shall have been lifted much higher, with a corresponding freedom of opinion and research, in regard to questions of abstract truth.

A recent speech of Lord Rosebery's upon Home Rule has been interpreted, probably fairly enough, to mean that Home Rule not only for Ireland, but for the other great divisions of the United Kingdom, is a necessary preliminary to the federation of the Empire, of which he is so enthusiastic an advocate. It must be pretty clear to most minds that, if this was his meaning, the conclusion is reasonable. On the one hand, it is difficult to conceive of any form of federation of the Empire which does not imply as one of its essential conditions a previous federalization of the United Kingdom. Even after such a decentralization the preponderance of England alone in the larger federation would be so great as to make it extremely difficult for the colonial members to maintain any satisfactory measure of dignity and influence in the federal council and parliament. On the other hand apart altogether from any consideration of the colonies, it seems well-nigh impossible that the present state of things in the British Parliament, with its utter inability to overtake the vast amount of local legislation which is needed, and much of which has been patiently or impatiently waited for year after year by Scotland, and by England itself, can be much longer delayed. The attempt to have all the local legislation of the United Kingdom done by one large and unwieldy central body seems unworthy of the genius for organization and government which is characteristic of the British race. All this being so, it is unlikely that many of the more intelligent and far-

seeing advocates of Irish Home Rule can have failed to see that what is granted in the way of local control of local affairs to one member of the kingdom cannot long be withheld from others. But it is characteristic of all British progress to do one thing at a time, and to feel the way in great reforms step by step. The genius of the people is intensely practical. It never consciously plans the details or even the end, of a great scheme of re-organization, but is content to take one step at a time. This is the secret of the national stability even in the midst of radical changes.

The May number of the *Forum* contains a well-written and forcible article by Mr. J. Castell Hopkins, on “The Stability of the House of Lords.” It is, indeed, questionable whether Mr. Hopkins, in his enthusiasm, has not suffered his historical memory to become sometimes a little beclouded, as when, for instance, he asks as if expecting an unhesitating affirmative, “Has not the voice of England so far always been upon its (the House of Lords) side when the question at issue has been finally submitted to the electorate?” A Radical would, too, ask with a satirical smile, whether Mr. Hopkins has not considerably over-rated the intellectual breadth and acumen of the average country squire and some other hereditary members of the Upper House. What strikes us, however, as possibly a grave flaw in the argument of the essay is its failure to take sufficiently into the account the greatly changed and constantly changing conditions of the problem, as affected by the extension of the suffrage, the establishment of County and of Parish Councils, etc. Should the Registration Bill now before the Commons become law, the people of England will have a voice in the next election as they have never had before. Nor can there be any doubt that that voice will differ widely in tone and meaning from the so-called voice of the people as heard at any previous period, because the electorate will be composed, to a considerable extent, of new elements. This gradual and wide extension of the suffrage may be for good or for ill. We are not now discussing that question. It is very likely, as Mr. Hopkins evidently anticipates, that the Liberal party, weakened by the loss of its great leader, and doubly weakened by divided counsels among its members, may be defeated in the coming election, and the Tories be restored to power. The question is, whether, in that event, one of two things is not almost sure to happen. Either the Conservatives will do what they have so often done before, carry into effect Home Rule and other legislation very similar to that proposed by the Liberals, the Lords

acquiescing, or a few years of agitation will carry the Radicals back to office, with a majority sufficient to enable them to carry out their programme. Does not modern British history point to one or other of these results.

Friends of pure politics will watch with something more than curiosity the course of the Government with respect to the Weldon Bill. It is well understood, it is indeed obvious to everyone who thinks about the matter, that the Bill, in its present shape, or in any shape in which it is possible for a private member to put it, will be practically a dead letter, if passed. The requirement of a deposit of \$500 by the prosecutor who attempts to secure a conviction under its provisions, without any prospect of having his money returned, even when his charge is established, will suffice, in most cases, to secure immunity for the grossest offenders. Very few, even of the staunchest enemies of bribery, can afford to pay five hundred dollars for the sake of securing the punishment of a single offender. No private citizen, or body of citizens, should be required to pay for the enforcement of any criminal law. A great step would have been taken in the direction of the suppression of the bribery which is, in so many cases, the disgrace and bane of our politics, should the Government, as it surely ought to do, assume responsibility for the repayment of the deposit, as soon as the case shall have been established by evidence. But even this arrangement would fall far short of what the Government, if really anxious to suppress immoral practices in elections, should be ready to do. It ought to provide for and support all the legal and judicial measures necessary to the prosecution and punishment of the guilty in every case in which detection is possible. Prosecution in such cases should not be left to the uncertainties of volunteer action, but should be undertaken, by a public officer whose duty it should be to see the law rigidly enforced. Moreover the offence should, in every case of conviction, be treated as criminal and the punishment made to correspond. A very few years of vigorous action along these lines would both reduce corrupt practices to the minimum, and educate the public conscience to see them in their true light, as ruinous to the national character and degrading to true manhood.

Proverbially hard is the lot of the man who comes after the king. When Lord Rosebery succeeded to the premiership of Great Britain, only the most sanguine of his followers could strongly hope that he would succeed in holding together for any considerable time the varied and not very cohesive individuals and groups of individuals who had constituted the somewhat precarious majority of his predecessor. To the main obstacles arising out of any inferiority suggested by the extraordinary personal

qualities of his great predecessor, was added the serious disadvantage of which he was himself fully conscious, in that he had the misfortune to be a member of the Upper Chamber. This last fact carries with it two special disadvantages. It exposes him to the dislike and distrust of those members of his party—by no means few—who are hostile not only to hereditary legislators as such, by reason of their irresponsibility, but to peers and other members of the aristocracy, as members of a privileged class. Worse still, perhaps, for a man of Lord Rosebery's type, it deprives him of the opportunity which leadership in the Commons would give, of bringing to bear the personal magnetism which is so often one of the chief sources of a leader's strength, and which can be exercised to its full effect only in daily personal contact. But whatever the immediate cause or causes, the fact that the new Premier is gradually losing his hold on his slender majority has now become too obvious to admit of doubt, and the probabilities of an early defeat are acknowledged even by members of the Cabinet.

Those who are accustomed to read the speeches of the great English statesmen must have been struck with a singular contrast between those of the present leader of the Government and Mr. Gladstone's, even when both are advocating the same policy. This seems to spring mainly from the point of view of the respective speakers. To what extent the difference explains Lord Rosebery's loss of control over certain individual members of the party it is yet too soon to determine. But the moral plane on which the present leader seems to stand is distinctly less lofty than that to which his great predecessor always rose, whether addressing the House or a public audience. Mr. Gladstone's tone was always that of intense moral earnestness. Every measure was advocated on the highest ground of justice and right. His most strenuous opponents, while admitting the fact and perceiving the great increase of power it gave to his arguments, often sought to account for it on the ground of some special facility possessed by him of convincing himself of the truth of that which he wished to believe, and the justice of that which he found it expedient to advocate. Without entering into the question of the origin of this habit of mind, one can hardly deny that he feels the lack of a similar strength of conscientious conviction in the speeches of Lord Rosebery. We do not mean that he gives any indication of want of honesty or sincerity. Quite the opposite. One cannot suspect him of mere opportunism. Still less has he shown any indication of a disposition to seek to catch the rabble by specious arguments, or appeals to ignorance and passion. But his convictions seem to be political, rather than moral or religious, if we may make such a distinction. While his arguments rise higher than mere expediency

they seem somehow to lack the fire which comes of deep moral purpose, or the loftiness which is the outcome of a profound conviction that they are broad-based on eternal principles. Our reading of the contrast may be wrong but the point seems worthy of study, in relation to the effect of high moral and religious ideas and influences in political campaigns.

The course which the Dominion Government and its supporters are pursuing in regard to the tariff is remarkable, though perhaps not hard to understand. Before and during the last session of Parliament, and during the long recess, it was plainly admitted by the Premier, and less distinctly, perhaps, by the Finance Minister and other members of the Government, that there was throughout the country a real and earnest demand for tariff-reform; that the time had arrived when a revision with a view to a material reduction, was necessary. To this end a semi-ministerial deputation was appointed to visit various parts of the Dominion, inquire into the state of public opinion, and, presumably, to investigate complaints. When Parliament met the budget contained announcements of reductions in numerous articles covering a wide range of imports. True, the lowering of the tariff wall was on the whole much smaller than very many of the consumers, of both political parties, had hoped for. As the Bill introduced was examined it was perceived too that in many cases what had been supposed to be reductions scarcely deserved the name, the change from specific to *ad valorem* methods—also in response to the popular demand—giving rise to a good deal of misconception with regard to the matter and sometimes meaning really increase rather than reduction. On the whole, however, the Bill seemed to promise a considerable measure of relief from tariff burdens and a thrill of satisfaction ran through the country. We ventured on that occasion to intimate our belief that the Government had rightly diagnosed the popular symptoms and had gone so far in supplying the remedy needed by the country that it would, in all probability, regain a good deal of the waning confidence and be rewarded with a new term of office.

But, whether for better or for worse, a great change has come over the spirit, or at least, the policy of the Government. In some cases changes said to be mere corrections of clerical errors have been discovered, nearly or quite all of them, if our memory is not at fault, tending backwards towards the old figures. During the progress of the Bill through Committee, there has been a marked retrograde movement of the same kind, the indications now being that by the time the end shall have been reached, the larger part of the promised and proposed reform, in the direction both of lowered rates and the *ad valorem* system, will have van-

ished into thin air. The immediate cause of the Government's changes is, it cannot be doubted, to be found in the representations made by the proprietors and agents of the protected industries. These have visited Ottawa at all seasons and had ample opportunity for bringing their influence to bear upon the Ministers immediately concerned. Those farmers and other consumers whose dissatisfaction gave rise to the tariff-reform agitation in the first place, have, in the nature of things, had no such opportunity. How they will accept the result remains to be seen. The similarity of the course of events to that which has taken place to a much more marked degree at Washington, is one of its significant features. There, a Democratic Congress, carried into power on the crest of a wave of popular enthusiasm for tariff-reform, has proved unfaithful to its trust, and under the pressure of selfish interests and questionable motives, has mocked the hopes of the people by whom it was elected. Happily, there seems no reason to fear that sinister influences have been at work to any considerable extent at our own capital. But, in both cases, we are confronted with a phenomenon which to many seems ominous. It is seen that the few have the virtual shaping of the fiscal policy of the country in opposition to the views and wishes of the many. In both cases we shall have, probably, to wait until the next elections in order to discover whether political preferences on other grounds will have sufficient weight with the people to cause a majority to condone the offence against their authority, and submit to the high taxation for another term of years. The result will be instructive.

### TANGLED POLITICAL ECONOMY.

To the Dominion Senate belongs, by common consent, the bad distinction of having emasculated and made inoperative the Anti-Combines Bill, introduced into Parliament a few years since by Mr. Clarke Wallace. Senator Reid has now before the Upper Chamber an amending bill, with the avowed object of undoing the mischief done on that occasion, and restoring the efficiency of the original measure. The real or fancied necessity for such a bill suggests some curious reflections touching the perplexities of modern economic legislation.

We hope it is unnecessary to say at the outset that we have no sympathy with combinations formed or used for the purpose of restricting production, enhancing prices, or crushing out opposition. Given the conditions which make such combinations possible, it is evidently the duty of legislators to devise some means for the protection alike of consumers and of the producers who are in danger of being crushed by the union of the conspirators, for such those who use their superior wealth or facilities to crush weaker competitors really be-

come. Restraining legislation in such cases is necessary also for the freedom of the public, who are in danger of being placed at the mercy of such combinations, so far as the right to procure and use the commodities controlled by them is concerned.

When the objectionable combination is made possible by the tariff legislation of the same Government and Parliament which sets about enacting laws for their repression, one singular phase of the economic wisdom of the law-makers of this enlightened and advanced age forces itself upon our attention. The very tariff which is imposed for the protection of the manufacturers of the given products becomes the most effective agency for the destruction of all of them, except the few who may have obtained in some way the advantage which enables them to unite their forces for the crushing out of all opposition, since, in nine cases out of ten, the removal of the protective duty, and admission of free competition from abroad, would render combination useless or impossible. The present Government has more than once recognized this fact and threatened to counteract the operations of combines by the simple expedient of lowering the tariff. Herein is one of the anomalies of the protective system. The strongest and most plausible argument in favour of such a system rests upon the theory that while the high tariff will keep out foreign products, so far as the protected article is concerned, and thus give increased employment to our own producers, it will at the same time so stimulate home production and competition as in the end to lessen rather than increase the price of the commodity to the general consumer. But it is evident that as this designed and stimulated home-competition becomes keen it tends to injure the persons engaged in it, either by over-production, which gluts the market and compels the factories to shut down for want of orders, thus throwing the workmen out of employment and producing commercial disaster, or by reducing their wage below the rate necessary for the support of their families. It is evident that, when this occurs, legislation has brought about a state of affairs which legislation is powerless to remedy. At least we do not remember to have heard it seriously proposed to enact a law to limit the number of persons who may lawfully engage in certain lines of production, or to compel the citizens generally to purchase larger quantities of such productions than they are disposed to purchase of their own free will. And these are the only ways which suggest themselves as possible, by way of counteracting the ruinous effect of the legislation in question by further legislation. Of course, if adequate foreign markets could be found for the surplus products, a happy solution of the problem might be reached. But unhappily for the accomplishment of this result by legislation, two are required to make a bargain. Apart from legislation, it usually happens that trade is impossible, unless re-

ciprocal, and to make it reciprocal generally involves loss of protection to some other industry.

At this stage what is more natural than that those who feel themselves being driven to the wall by destructive competition in a narrow market should set about seeing what they can do to help themselves. The means which most readily suggests itself is to combine their resources—we refer, of course, to the manufacturing capitalists, not to the workmen—for the purpose of lessening production and, by thus creating an artificial scarcity, raising prices. So far as this can be accomplished their end is gained. The increased price compensates them for the smaller sales. Of course many workmen will thereby be thrown out of employment, but that cannot be helped. Must it not seem hard to these producers to have the Parliament, which has shown itself powerless to help them out of their difficulties, step in with restrictive legislation to prevent them from helping themselves in the only way possible? And who is to draw the mathematical line beyond which they may not go in the process of limiting production and enhancing prices? So much for their side of the argument.

But another consideration of a much less selfish character, and of much greater cogency, presents itself to cause hesitation in enacting legislation in restriction of combinations. We refer to the obvious and immense saving in cost of production which can in this way be effected. What more sensible, what more praiseworthy, use of capital and brains can be imagined than that which, by dint of subdivision of labor, increase of skill, and economy of cost in distribution, lowers the price of the necessities and conveniences and even of the luxuries of life, bringing them within the reach of millions to whom they have hitherto been unattainable? The tendency to combination of capital and skill in immense establishments, with a view to lessening cost of production and improving quality of products, is one which is manifestly in harmony with the teachings of the simplest and wisest political economy. Governments and legislatures have need to be careful how they interfere with the operations of a natural law so well adapted to produce the most beneficent effects.

And yet, when the selfishness and greed of capitalists manage to make this very economic law an instrument of tyranny and oppression, it becomes obviously the duty of statesmen to interfere. The great problem is how to checkmate the selfishness and tyranny without hindering the operation of this most beneficent, natural, and economic law. The problem is certainly a hard one. Extraordinary wisdom will be required to find the right solution. Possibly those who would seek it in state control of either the means of production or the permitted combinations, may aim nearer the mark than most of us are willing to concede.



## OTTAWA LETTER.

The Minister of Militia's Essex French was much admired though it lost some of the grace General Herbert's complimentary remarks were designed to impart in his address to the 65th Battalion in Montreal, the purport of which the Minister was asked to explain when reference was made by the General to the prowess of the Papal Zouaves who went from Quebec in 1860. It is unfortunate that General Herbert should have selected the traditionary examples of heroism he did, when seeking to infuse the military spirit into his force; it is not the fighting spirit of our citizen soldiery we want to evoke it is the patriotic spirit. *Pro patria mori* has through all ages been the noblest sentiment which inspired the manhood of nations. If the General had alluded to the heroism displayed by our French Canadian compatriots in the early part of this century in defending their soil, or more recent exploits in upholding the laws of their country in the North-West in 1885, where the 65th behaved so well, and when several of their regiment were pierced by the bullets of the Indians, he would have been more in the line of military discipline than appealing to their crasading sympathies on behalf of the Pope's temporal sovereignty.

"God for us all, and the devil take the hindmost," is the soldier's idea of religion. I cannot help quoting a verse in an English ballad entitled "Once in a Hundred Years." Speaking of the Spanish Armada, it says:

"Men all of English name and race  
Combined for England's sake,  
Nor Papal Bull nor Spanish gold  
Could that firm union shake;  
A Howard who revered the mass  
Led forth the fleet to fight,  
And with one voice the people prayed  
"May God defend our right!"

Change Canadian for English and the sentiment is apt.

If General Herbert goes beyond the confines of our country for examples of heroism, he will have to compliment a number of other battalions from the 50,000 Canadians who fought during the great civil war in the ranks of the American armies to uphold their union. However, "if it pleases them it don't hurt we," and with that we may rest satisfied.

The tariff is virtually complete; it only requires the finishing touches to be put to it by the Commons and Senate. The Senate can reject it as a whole, or pass it as a whole Act, on the principle involved, but it cannot amend it. The Finance Minister has not displayed that strength a majority of fifty is supposed to give to the mature deliberations of Government during recess; the clerical errors have been numerous, and they have all indicated a return to bad habits.

Mr. Foster has evidently repented of the good resolutions he commenced the session with. Two years ago he confessed to moments of weakness, and it is with sorrow we observe the increasing return of them. If the brains of Nova Scotia should also fail us, what shall we do? We have nothing but wee Prince Edward's Island to fall back upon to give that spice to Canadian intelligence that the consumption of codfish is supposed to impart.

There is one thing it is desirable to draw the attention of the Government to, that is the new crop of patent medicines. Protection has driven out our old familiar friends, and now we have to learn all the new names

and read the new stories to find out what ills we are suffering from, and how to increase them. The liberty of the press and the liberty of speech are certainly birth-rights we should cling to with bull-dog tenacity, but while we protect the home article, we should charge an excise tax of ten cents a column on faith cures, miracles, and patent medicines, it would pay the subsidy on the fast Atlantic steamship line, and protect the intelligence of our people. Failing that it would be well to make each advertisement commence with the head lines of the tablet on the grave of a Spanish Solon: "I was well, I would be better, I am here," as a warning that internal rumblings can be best removed by self-denial and judicious living.

The question of our inland fisheries is engaging the attention of the Minister of Marine. The legislation of the U. S. gives a premium to fish caught by Americans in Canadian waters. The peculiar anomaly exists that in Lake Winnipeg an American company fishing with nets brought from the U. S. get free entry for their fish into the United States market, while fish caught by Canadians are charged  $\frac{3}{4}$  of a cent per lb. This virtually gives a monopoly of our inland fisheries to American companies, which is one of those kind of things "no fellow can understand." It seems only just if the legislation of the United States institutes such lopsided commerce in our fish, Canadian legislation should restore the equilibrium.

Sir John Thompson's announcement that the revising barristers would get their instructions on the 1st of June shows that preparations will not be wanting should a general election force itself upon the attention of the Government. The lists, however, could not be got ready in less time than eight or nine months, which will bring us on to the heels of another session. So that public opinion will have ample time to crystallize itself.

A boom has been given to the discussion of the advantages of the Huron and Ottawa canal in city papers. Ottawa is also soon to become a cathedral town by the subdivision of the present diocese of the Church of England.

King Frost paid a hurried visit to the neighborhood during the past week without, however, inflicting any damage.

Ottawa, May 14th, 1894.

VIVANDIER.

Ostentation is the signal flag of hypocrisy.—*Chapin*.

The pewterer, or maker of pewter cups and dishes, is first noticed at Nuremberg about 1100.

The *Colonies and India* has the following item:—There is a feeling in some of the Colonies that colonial barristers do not receive fair treatment in the Mother Country. Under present arrangements, no matter how long a barrister may have practised in the Colonies, or how eminent he may be in his profession, if he wants to be called to the English bar he must go through the same formalities as a student who enters immediately after leaving college. On the other hand, in the Colonies, generally speaking, facilities are extended to lawyers from Great Britain by which they can practise within a short time after their arrival. Surely, a little reciprocity in matters of this kind would do much to strengthen the bonds of union between the different parts of the Empire?

## CANADIAN LITERATURE.\*

## INTRODUCTORY.

Literature has been defined as anything between the covers of a book, but surely that is a little too comprehensive a definition unless we return to De Quincey's two divisions, viz: *literature of knowledge* and *literature of power*. Technically speaking, the Hansard reports of House of Commons debates, Dana's Geology or Siever's Old English Grammar are literature, but are such only because calculated to lead up to a thorough knowledge of the subject treated. In these little or no imagination is required. Other works in prose, such as History and Biography, call for a greater use of the imagination, but are still based in a great degree on facts and are therefore more or less scientific, i.e., literature of knowledge. Essays are of all kinds, some aesthetic, some historical and others imaginative—the latter alone come under the head of literature proper. A canvass of the different kinds of prose will reveal the fact that fiction in all its forms is the only prose that is based upon imaginative foundations and along with poetry is what we purpose treating under the term literature. We may therefore define literature as *the resultant product of the efforts of imaginative, creative genius*. To this definition, embracing as it does, poetry and imaginative prose, we propose to hold in these articles and by way of appendix shall treat the subjects of Canadian history, science and other prose.

In asking ourselves the question, oft repeated of late, whether Canada has a literature, it may be well to briefly state the relation of any literature to the people for whom it is written. Arnold calls poetry a criticism of life. If we say literature instead of poetry and if we understand criticism as *judgment* then we may say, literature is a passing of judgment on the life of the times in which the author lived. There are three things to be kept in view in judging an author, viz: his *inheritance*, or the literature which preceded him, his *times*, and lastly, the *author* himself. Thus history and biography are found to be the two great aids to the study of literature. No author writes without reflecting the life around him and without showing how this life comes short of the ideal, thus passing judgment.

Moreover, the life and ideals of France and Frenchmen are not those of Germany and the Germans, nor yet of England and the English. These differences we find reflected in literature and it is therefore all but useless to compare Shakespeare with Homer, or Dante with Goethe. We can perhaps by thorough study, say to what degree Goethe is a perfect representative of German genius or how perfectly he represents German character and ideals. The comparison will then not be between the authors themselves but between their correspondences to the ideal standard of their respective countries.

Now then we may ask ourselves if our writers show any marked *national* characteristics. To this question the reply can truly be made in the negative, for we are of

\* This article and those which are to follow are undertaken on the advice of friends interested in Canadian literature, who were kind enough to say that the address given by me in Victoria University, Feb. 9, 1894, deserved expansion. My aim then was to furnish students with an outline which they might afterwards develop at their convenience. That purpose is still in view in the writing of these articles.—L. E. H.

either French or English blood and have not entered into national existence for ourselves. But there are traits and colorings found in Canadian works which are not found in works by either French or English authors and which do give some local character to these works. We think, too, that abundant evidence will be found that such distinguishing marks are increasing and that very rapidly.

Again we may ask what are the conditions under which literature flourishes. The general opinion is that wealth, leisure and quiet are necessary before attention can be turned to imaginative literature. But is that really correct? What were the dominant characteristics of the great Elizabethan age of English literature or of the classic age of German literature? Were not men in both instances filled with mighty hopes for the future welfare of the country and mighty faith in the Fatherland? The two great factors which inspire to grand and lasting work in any department of national life are *faith in the Fatherland* and *faith in the future perfecting of the conditions of life*. Of wealth and leisure and quiet there was none in the golden age of German literature and the great literary dearth which followed the peace of 1815 was due to the despotic crushing out of hope in the breasts of all true, liberal-minded patriots.

Applying this to Canada may we not reasonably draw the conclusion that what we need is, not so much wealth and leisure, but hope, full, enthusiastic, and such as inspires to great deeds? This last great financial crisis is having a wonderful effect in developing such a feeling. Every Canadian can well afford to lay aside the apologetic tone, said to be the national characteristic, and hold up his head, for our financial system is unequalled; we have a great country, comparative purity of public life, our social institutions are pure, our laws well administered, justice is not trampled, in short, we have all the elements of greatness within our borders.

There seems to be some difference of opinion whether it is fair to reckon as Canadian authors who have lived or are living among us, though not Canadian born. We purpose counting all such Canadian who have thrown in their lot with us and whose works have Canadian background.

We shall divide Canadian literature into periods for the sake of convenience, and because very natural divisions suggest themselves. Our *first period* will close with the union of Upper and Lower Canada in 1840 and for brevity will be called the *Provincial period*. The *second period* covers the years 1840-1867 and may be called the *Union period* and the period since 1867 will be the *third* and bear the name the *Dominion period*. The first period is marked by a spirit of provincialism, which becomes less marked during the second period. The union of the two Canadas and the building of the Grand Trunk Railway had caused a widening of the views of statesmen and patriots. This, in its turn, paved the way for the greater union of 1867, which gave still more breadth of view and raised larger hopes in the breasts of all true Canadians. The building of the Intercolonial, and, in a far greater degree, the construction of the Canadian Pacific still further strengthened these feelings, and these have naturally again been stimulated by the addition of the newer Northwest Provinces.

These periods into which we propose to

divide our subject will hold good for the French Canadian as well as for the English Canadian literature. We propose treating the former as Canadian and part of our literary inheritance, in spite of the fact that many do not so regard it. First of all, however, we shall consider the English Canadian and in the next article, as Chapter I, shall deal with the literature of the Provincial period.

L. E. HORNING.

### THE CATHEDRAL.

Well, my protesting friend, now you have done,

Now you have eased your spirit of its load,  
And told me how all thinking men regard  
The temple I have builded to my God:  
It may be as you say, that I, a man  
Whose body falters on the tomb's dark verge,  
Have, in my eagerness to honor heaven,  
Sinned grievously against my fellow-man;  
That I, when all my thoughts should be of rest,

Have striven with restless will and selfish pride

To wring the coppers from my starving flock.  
Tyrannous? Yes! It was my one-man-will  
Against a crowd whose only thought was self.  
'Tis true they had no power, my will was law:  
But a great work was laid upon my spirit,  
And weakness meant delay, and that meant death;

For, ere another year goes by, my bones  
Will sleep beneath the tower you see complete.

And had I died, what man could I have chosen  
To see fulfilled the dream my life had dreamt—

A building worthy of the living God?  
Ambitious, too? Perhaps! 'Tis a sweet thing  
To leave behind a something in this world  
That makes men pause and long to do the like.

Ambition Shakespeare bade us fling away,  
While his own greatness took its eagle flights  
When he was soaring at ambition's summit.  
Man gropes and hoards that he perchance may live

By token of the wealth, in thought or gold,  
He may have garnered in the fields of life.  
And if ambition caused the angel's fall  
It is ambition raises man to heaven;  
And if ambition levelled Wolsey low,  
Ambition raised him high above the heads  
Of petty men; and placed a soul in him  
That sent his name triumphant down the ages,  
While round him men of stainless life arose,  
Grew like the grass, and withered like it too,  
Free from a blot, but venturing nothing great.  
And yet ambition played no part in me  
As strong and grand my church's walls arose;  
And not till yesterday, when the last stroke  
Of hammer sounded on the echoing walls,  
Did it dawn on me that my name should be  
A blessed thing among the sons of men,  
While those stones stood to beckon souls to God

That last stroke was a sweet one to my ears;  
And when its echo died, my heart cried out,  
"Now, Lord, take back my life, my work is finished!"

Pardon an old man! Death is very near,  
And my mind wanders.

But your other point!

That in my love of beauty I have dragged  
The sweaty earnings from my people's hands  
To build a temple in this Northern realm  
Far fitter for the gods of Greece and Rome  
Than for Jehovah, God of Israel.  
I worship not Jehovah! I serve Christ.  
And in the spirit that made Christians build  
Florence, Cologne, Milan, to do him honor.  
I grant you beauty held my soul in thrall  
While I was dreaming this, my lifetime's work;

I grant you I was half a Greek in heart,  
As it grew beautiful before my eyes.  
But I can see no harm in loving beauty;  
The Hebrews saw but one half of their God,  
The Greeks but one. 'Tis sometimes hard for me

To puzzle out which side the world needs most.

The cold austerity of Israel's God  
Is not the church's. Pardon my mode of speech!

Nor yet is beauty all that I would worship,  
For I would have my people know a God  
Worthy of their best thought and their best art;

And fear a God whose angriest frown, will fall  
On that benighted land where, through the week,

The world receives the best gifts man can offer,  
And on the seventh day a feeble few  
Raise voices cracked and tuneless in a knell  
That staggers to the rafters of the barn  
They call a church. 'Tis true! I'm not unjust!  
I have been Bishop here these twenty years,  
And in that time three buildings have been reared,  
Where men might have their spirits clad and fed.

The first was that brick pile!—It can't be seen  
The houses there o'ertop it. Land was low  
In that spot, as the soil was all a marsh;  
Men shunned the place, and so the holy thought,

"A good chance this! Let us select a site!"  
God could protect his flock from the miasma  
That feverous rose from the dank, rotting soil.  
They bought it, and in building kept in view  
How many souls could worship to the dollar.  
And so their church rose, broad, and low, and mean,

And sits there, squatting like an ugly toad  
Growing more hideous with each year of life.  
True, yours is visible!—or I should say  
That reed-like structure there, you call a spire.

I've always thought your people, when the built,  
Had in their minds one, and but one, fixed purpose,—

To raise a spire beyond all other spires.  
And so they raised one on their dwarfish church,

And so they sheeted it with glist'ning tin,  
And now it stands, a rusty road to heaven.  
Speaking of steeples, turn your head around  
And view that monstrous hand athwart the sky.

'Tis meant, I understand, to point men's thoughts

To the celestial world beyond the blue.  
Could man conceive a more ungainly sight?  
One slender finger points to God's high throne  
The other three point—Well! I'll not say where

For fear you'd think my Pagan heart was bitter.

But these three buildings are your views of art.  
That rude, red pile, that tall, ambitious spire,  
That monstrous hand where God's own cross should be,

Are the best art you have to offer Christ.  
This new world needs uplifting; gross and mean

Are the ideals that sway this people's thoughts.  
I've felt this since a lad, and when abroad  
Amid the grand old buildings where God loves

To rest and listen to his children's prayers,  
I vowed that I would strive in my own land  
To raise for Him a fitting sanctuary.

And all these years this building grew in me;  
And I have waited till the time was ripe  
For turning God's rough stone to God's delight.

'Tis true my people are in need of food,—  
Or rather some weak few who feast and sterve,  
Whose minds can never see beyond the day.  
I wrung the gold to build my church from them,

And they, in giving it, have done one deed  
To make them think of things other than self,  
And in the very giving their souls were roused.  
Don't smile! I know! For I have seen them come

With curses on their lips to pay their mite,  
And leave exulting in the thing they wrought.  
No one of them who looks to yonder pile  
But feels a sacred interest in each stone;  
And even I, who watched the walls creep up,  
And counted every stone the builders laid,  
Who saw the clustered spires grow beautiful,

'Crown'd by the cross, now bathed in sunset fire,—

Even I, who willed and it was done, ne'er see  
One of my flock without the wish to say:  
"You builded God a fitting dwelling place;  
The coppers you have given are glorified,  
And in high Heaven are turned to golden  
crowns."—

But we waste words. You have your view,  
I mine;  
We are too old to change, even if we wished  
it.

You may be right; it may be wise to think  
Less of the house, and more about the life.  
And yet I feebly try to guide my flock  
To lead lives not unworthy of the church  
Where their weak feet come searching to find  
God.

No common edifice can ever grow  
Into the heart! A building to be holy  
Must be a miracle among its kind;  
And mine is that. Forgive an old man's  
pride!

'Tis his life's crown. My work was scarce be-  
gun

Ere I saw fellow-mortals pause and stare  
Wondering how common stone could take such  
grace.

And I have marked them, as they stood with  
awe,

And held their breath as in a holy presence.  
No, no! The ages have not wrought in vain;  
The art that fronts you there is God's own  
voice

Speaking in stone to every passer by.  
Behold that wretch that skulks along the  
street;

Some sin is on his spirit! See him pause!  
He sees my Virgin, shrined in yonder niche;  
A prayer is on his lip, a heart-felt prayer.  
I know his life; 'tis black, and soiled, and  
grim;

But he has helped to build this house to God.  
He feels it his. His eyes have reached the  
cross;

He cannot but go in, and he will pour  
His sins out at the bless'd Jesus' feet.  
Think of these words of mine, and when men  
say,—

"That heartless tyrant, swelling with vain  
pride,  
Has robbed his flock to make himself immor-  
tal,"—

You may have courage to reply "Judge not,  
He may have done it for a mighty end;  
He may have builded this magnificence  
That men beholding it, might turn their eyes  
From viewing earth, with all its dross and  
greed,

And catch at least a passing glimpse of God."  
Stratford. T. G. MARQUIS.

### NOT DESIGNEDLY DISASTROUS.

A few months ago, when the doctor ad-  
vised me to leave Toronto for complete  
change and rest, I was provoked at the  
thought, but when once I had reached the  
peaceful surroundings of my brother's  
country place near Lake Simcoe my ideas  
gradually underwent a change. At the  
belief that I had a whole summer to spend  
there in rest and recuperation I began to  
rejoice.

I had taken with me one thing which I  
imagined would prove a source of nothing  
but pleasure and lots of that to me; it  
was my photographic camera. Amateur  
photography had for some time fascinat-  
ed me, as it does all its earnest followers,  
and never before had leisure and scenery so  
happily combined to tempt me to its pur-  
suit.

My brother, a bachelor, who generally  
spent his summers there, had been expect-  
ing to live a life of loneliness for a few  
weeks and was delighted to find that at last  
I had come to Solfair for rest. At his de-  
light I was the less surprised when I found  
how solitary the neighbourhood of his house  
was. There was one large building within

a mile, and this, the only one, was a hotel,  
at which, during the summer, there were a  
good many city people staying, fancying  
the mineral water did them good. My  
brother took me to call there, but it was  
then too early in the season to hope to meet  
many people. He introduced me to two,  
a Mrs. Thomas and her niece, but they, I  
decided at first, would hardly cause me to  
forget the slow flight of time, or make the  
solitude less solitary.

Mrs. Thomas was an old, thin lady who  
was always more or less unwell. She was  
pleased to meet me, for her delight was in  
talking, but as she only cared for one sub-  
ject, herself in general, the latest changes  
in her condition with the neglect or incon-  
veniences to which she attributed them in  
particular, the delight in converse was not  
felt by me, nor, I imagine, by anyone who  
met her. The old lady kept her niece,  
Miss Annie Thomas, in attendance upon  
her, in order, I suppose, that she might  
never be without some listener to her com-  
plaints.

This poor girl's brother was also at the  
hotel, but he perhaps did not suffer much  
at his aunt's hands, for it seemed that he  
spent every day on the river fishing, gener-  
ally with two or three friends who came  
up now and then from the city. I often  
met Mrs. Thomas, and once, when she was  
perhaps in a more querulous mood than  
usual, she told me that her nephew went to  
that river just because he wanted to keep  
out of her way; she declared this desertion  
of her on his part was very unnatural,  
though I had a private and quite different  
opinion.

Besides drinking the mineral water  
regularly, Mrs. Thomas made a point of  
going out every afternoon to take the air,  
and often during the first fortnight of my  
stay I met her in the quiet country roads,  
sometimes driving, when her niece would  
be shading her with a parasol, sometimes  
slowly walking, leaning on the poor girl.  
Miss Thomas was very quiet, seeming  
always intent on the commands she expect-  
ed from her aunt, but in spite of this I be-  
lieved she was obeying them from a sense  
of duty rather than love. She was as at-  
tentive as could be to the irritable old lady,  
always quick to put her cushions a little  
higher, arrange her shawl, bring her medi-  
cines at the proper intervals and the like,  
but in doing these things I thought I saw  
that her smile was an effort. It is needless  
to say I did not blame her for that. It  
was very seldom that she noticed me; her  
aunt monopolized the talk, and was evi-  
dently displeased if I ventured to address  
her silent young companion.

I had not been long at my brother's when  
he was summoned to Ottawa on business  
which he expected would keep him there ten  
or twelve days. I felt very lonely when he  
had gone, so I unpacked my camera and  
all my photographic chemicals and spent a  
good deal of time wandering about the  
neighbourhood getting pictures of the val-  
ley and the river and lake shores.

There were some beautiful and extensive  
views about the place, but none surpassed  
that from a point on a hillside not far from  
the hotel, where my brother had put up a  
little summer-house. This became quite a  
resort of mine after he had gone; I took  
some pieces of plank there and arranged  
them on the seat at the exact angle to suit  
my back, making a shelf of another piece  
on which I could set up before me anything  
I wanted to read. When I had tired my-  
self out walking, and that did not take long

in my weak state of health, I would lounge  
there for two or three hours every day with  
a book or the newspapers. Though I knew  
that when there were boarders at the hotel  
they sat here often, I did not think that  
Mrs. Thomas would ever make her way  
up the hill, or imagine her niece ever leav-  
ing her, to come alone. So it was with  
astonishment, that, one morning as I  
reached the doorway, I beheld Miss Thomas  
seated within. She saw my start of sur-  
prise at coming upon her there, and know-  
ing, I suppose, by my look that I had come  
to rest, and that the place was my brother's,  
she rose, and with an apology for intruding,  
was about to hurry away. But I assured  
her that the summer-house had always been  
freely used by the hotel inmates, and not-  
icing with relief that she had not disar-  
ranged the pieces of plank on my favourite  
seat, begged her to stay. So she sat down  
again and talked for a few minutes so ap-  
preciatively about the view before us that  
I forgot my fatigue. Then, thinking, I  
suppose, that she had remained long enough  
to dispel any fear I might have had of hav-  
ing driven her away, and declaring that  
her aunt must be wondering what had be-  
come of her, she left me in solitude.

A day or two later I found Miss  
Thomas at the same old place again, and  
learned that she often slipped away from  
her aunt who slept before and after her  
mid-day meal. She had been to the sum-  
mer-house several times before I had seen  
her there, but her visits were earlier in the  
day than mine. I was tired of being alone  
and after I learned this I generally reached  
the place a little earlier than of old, in the  
hope of meeting her. To be able to talk  
without the chill of Mrs. Thomas' presence  
and without being called upon to answer  
her complaints with affected sympathy was  
a relief to me, and I know it was a far  
greater one to Miss Thomas. It rather  
surprised me, however, to hear her say—she  
said it so quietly and as if it were the most  
natural expression in the world—that she  
enjoyed sitting in this summer-house most  
because there she was free for a little while  
from her aunt. This speech, perhaps, was  
not flattering to me, but I am sure she did  
not think of that. She was singularly  
open and innocent in nature; the idea of  
what other people might think of our meet-  
ings there if they knew of them, never oc-  
curred to her. She enjoyed her rest, prob-  
ably none the less that someone was there  
to talk to, though I must say, from anything  
she showed to the contrary, anyone else  
might have done as well as myself. As for  
me, it was different. I can see when I  
look back, that my thoughts were more oc-  
cupied with her after every meeting. Her  
only words that could be looked upon as  
even confidential were those about Mrs.  
Thomas (of whose ways I gathered many  
unprepossessing particulars) and also about  
her brother. Though she might be cold to  
her aunt she showed by the enthusiastic  
way she spoke of him that she was capable  
of warm affection. She would have felt all  
alone, and Solfair would have been unen-  
durable, she said, if he had not been so good  
about staying; she always had his com-  
panionship in the evening when her aunt  
had retired and his day's fishing was over.

Once, when after a photographic ramble  
I took my camera into the summer-house, I  
got Miss Thomas to stand in the doorway  
and let me take a photograph of her. We  
thought the experiment proved quite a suc-  
cess, but, as will be seen, this picture was  
the beginning of my misfortunes. I finish-



ed and sent her a copy of it, and, on the day after, she came up to our usual resting place where I was waiting, thanked me for it and complimented my skill. "And what did Mrs. Thomas think of it?" I asked. She shook her head. "Was it something very uncomplimentary?" I asked. "I was hoping she might have shown more forbearance to that than she does to the original."

"Why, I would not show it to aunt," she cried; "she would want to know where it was taken and all about it. You don't know what she would say if she knew I had been spending my time, her time, I ought to say, up here. Aunt expects me always to be at my post."

Instead of laughing, I suppose I looked as I felt, indignant at the idea of this tyranny.

"Oh, don't waste pity on me, Mr. Freeman," she said hastily. "Of course I am free to leave her for ever, but—well, I suppose it sounds very mercenary, but I can't afford to. Perhaps it's only natural for her to make sure I fairly earn her money before I get it." The color came to her face as she said this and saw the wonder I could not, for a moment, conceal, but she held up her head and looked at me, almost defiantly. I did not want her to go on, it was painful to her, but she continued in a determined sort of way. "When I came to live with my aunt first it was quite understood that if she liked me, if I suited her well enough for her to keep me till her death, she would leave me her money; and we need it, we need it at home, my mother and I, very much. At first to make myself stay I used to have to think about that a good deal—how badly we needed it, well, but lately—after enduring so much for it I seem to value it more. I could not give it up after all the—but there's aunt, too. She really wants me to stay with her; she says I don't neglect her so much as Julia did. Julia is the cousin she tried before me."

"And do you really think Mrs. Thomas would dismiss you if she knew of your occasionally sitting here?" I asked.

"It's quite likely; yes," she said, "most likely she would."

I stared at her sad face for a moment, and then surprised myself and her by starting to my feet. "Miss Thomas," I cried, "listen to me for a moment. No, don't go," I implored, for after a startled glance at my eager face she had risen hurriedly. But she shook off the hand which I had put out to stop her, and outside the door turned to say, rapidly, but positively, "I ought to have known better than to talk about that to a comparative stranger." Before I could say anything she was gone.

It was late in the afternoon of the same day, when I was returning from a solitary walk during which remembrances of Annie's words had haunted me, that I saw a buggy coming towards me. It contained Mrs. Thomas and a man from the hotel who was driving her. This was the first time I had ever seen her driving without her niece, and, to add to my surprise, she stopped and told me she had started to my brother's house. I asked her if she would not drive on there.

"No, thank you," she replied. "Jim," turning to the driver, "get out and walk on to the post-office for the mail. I shall wait here till you come back. I can speak to Mr. Freeman here."

"It is, Mr. Freeman," she continued, when the man had started off, "in relation to my niece."

I am sure I flushed crimson, but she had turned away and was searching the columns of a paper which she had drawn from the seat beside her.

"I want to ask you if you will exercise your photographic skill for me," she went on. "First of all, though, read this," and she handed me the paper, indicating a photograph with her black gloved finger. Greatly wandering, I took it, and read a piece headed, "Novel Adaptation of Photography." It was an account of the expedient by which a jealous photographer had proved the faithfulness of his lady-love. He had left a camera so arranged that during his absence it photographed her with someone else's arm around her waist. The tale could not be declared impossible, but the experiment required so opportune and unlikely a combination of circumstances to render it successful that the writer was quite warranted in conveying the impression that his artifice was so very and universally practicable.

I merely remarked to Mrs. Thomas that it was interesting, and quite a new idea to me.

"Well," she said, "I know you take photographs, so you are the only person here that I could ask to carry out a plan I have. I want you to leave your camera, it must be well out of sight, as the one described here was, and pointed on a certain place—I will tell you where. You must leave it open, you know, so that you will get the impression of whatever goes on in front of it."

"I am sorry," I said, "but it is impossible to—"

"Impossible! Isn't that the idea of this piece? It has been done. You can't tell me that I have misunderstood it. But perhaps it will give you some trouble: oh, yes; and that is why you hesitate."

"Indeed," I said, "I would be glad to photograph anything you want if it can be done in the usual way. Perhaps I can get the picture, whatever it is, by the ordinary process."

"I don't suppose," she replied, pettishly, "that you can do it by any process without a little trouble, but you can judge for yourself best if I tell you. What I am going to say is in strict confidence, Mr. Freeman. There is a little summer-house by the hotel, it is just this side, on a steep hill. Don't you know it? There are lots of briars about there that catch in one's dress."

I said I believed I knew where she meant.

"That," she said, "is where I want the picture taken. Miss Thomas, my niece, has been there several times lately, when I am taking my nap—of course you will not repeat this—to go off to that summer-house and sit there, not alone, but, quite shamelessly, with—with some man."

I was afraid of my confusion betraying me, but she plainly had no idea that that man was myself.

"Do you think—do you think it is any harm?" I said.

"Harm! Why—but I haven't told you the worst. Maria, Mrs. Vine's nurse, was my informant; she couldn't get near enough to identify the fellow, she said, but she declares she could see that he had his arm around her waist this morning when they were sitting there. You look shocked and indignant, Mr. Freeman; I don't wonder. Of course when she is there I am left quite alone, and uncared for." She

talked on, and I stood tightly clenching an iron rod at the side of her buggy, speechless.

"Here comes my driver," she exclaimed. "What can you do about getting a picture of them sitting there together? I want a proof of how she deserts me, and I want the man identified. Can I rely upon you to try it? Can you do it by what you said, the usual process?"

"No," I cried. "Let me think. No, I don't think I can." Here I moved back to make room for Jim who took his seat beside my tormentor.

"If you won't trouble to help me," she continued, in a tone of displeasure and disappointment, "I must give up my plan. To find out what I want to know I shall be driven to questioning Mrs. Vine's—you know who I mean," with a glance at the listening driver. "I wanted to avoid doing that; if I pay attention to her talk it will make her repeat it to everybody, I know. Well, good afternoon, Mr. Freeman: perhaps it was too much to expect from you. If you change your mind, though, let me know soon."

She drove off, and left me standing in the road, looking after her, half dazed. I had been taken so unawares, and had felt so confused that I had not declared the truth. Still, if I had been capable of telling her that I was the man who had been seen with Miss Thomas, ought I to have done so. Mrs. Thomas would never believe how innocently her niece had behaved. The nurse had said my arm was around her waist. Abominable liar! Then Mrs. Thomas, if she knew, would certainly prevent our next meeting, a meeting on which I had been building great hopes. Whatever course I should take later, I saw that now one thing was imperative and demanded my immediate action; Mrs. Thomas must be stopped from pursuing her enquiries. The only way in which I could do this was to tell her that I would try to help her in her detective plan; if I did not, she would be going to others and discovering the truth. I remembered her parting injunction, to let her know at once if I would undertake what she asked, and I hurried home and wrote her a note. I told her I had thought her plan over, and had changed my mind as to the possibility of getting the picture; I would try it; and asked her to let the matter rest till she found how I succeeded. In reply I received the following:

"You might experiment on the picture to-morrow morning, and let me know the result in the afternoon. I will leave the matter in your hands till then, but I cannot delay my enquiries in other quarters later than that."

After all, I had gained only one day's delay. On the afternoon of to-morrow I should have to tell her that the photographic plan had not been successful, and then would it not be useless to ask for more time to experiment?

"If only," I said to myself, "I could believe that Annie cared for me! Why, then I could send the aunt a picture of myself and her niece together and defy her. But in such a case all I was certain of was that Mrs. Thomas would pack the poor girl home to her poverty-stricken mother, and for that would she not regard me as her worst enemy? Could I depend upon being able to see Miss Annie alone to-morrow? It seemed improbable.

That night I was tossing, hot and sleepless, on my bed, wearied with anxious speculations, when an idea occurred to me which

made me suddenly start up in joy. Yes, I could quiet Mrs. Thomas; I could take her a photograph after all, one that would satisfy her too. I would take a picture of young Thomas, then I could print his face by the side of his sister's, which I had photographed already. It is not difficult to print from two negatives on one paper; I had often tried it. The combination should be sent to their aunt as the result of my experiment at the summer-house. How ashamed she would be of her suspicions then; it would quite silence her, and she would see how undignified she had been in paying any attention to that nurse's gossip. I was so relieved and so full of my scheme that I slept but little; I rose early in the morning, and between seven and eight o'clock, going out, camera in hand, walked through the fresh fields and round to the other side of the hotel. Arrived in the road that young Thomas would take to get to the river and his fishing. I stopped and put my apparatus together. As I passed the hotel I had heard the ringing of the breakfast-bell and, after the interval reckoned upon, saw the young man I had been waiting for come out and march down the road towards me. He had his fishing-rod, but no companions, which made it all the better for me. And as his steps became more and more distinct that still morning, I hurriedly fixed the camera in readiness to take a picture, my hand trembling. What if I had any difficulty in getting him to stand for me?

Thomas stared as he approached, wondering to see me out and setting my camera in the road so early. We had seen one another at a distance when he had been with his fishing companions though we had never been introduced.

"Good morning," I began, as he reached me.

"Morning," he nodded, without stopping.

"Do you mind standing still," I said; I am very anxious to have a human figure in the picture; it won't take a moment, indeed. I want to photograph—that view, you know."

He stood and looked wonderingly at what I indicated as "that view,"—a stretch of stony road bordered by bare clay banks.

"Certainly," he said. "Yes, I can wait a minute," and while I was showing him how near (he was surprised to find how very near) I wanted him to stand, he proffered me information, to which I did not listen, concerning views in the neighborhood which he thought I should find far better worth than this.

A little later I was hastening homewards where I soon found that the negative was everything I desired. During the morning I picked out one I had taken of Miss Thomas, and from the two I roughly printed her face and Mr. Thomas' side by side on the same paper. Of course the back ground was misty and blurred, but it was only the features of the brother and sister that I cared to have distinct. After what I had told Mrs. Thomas of the difficulty of getting the pictures taken in the summer-house I knew she did not expect to see one perfect in detail. My plan having progressed so far to my entire satisfaction, I wrote a few words to the old lady, took the print from the fixing bath, dried it, and enclosed it in the envelope with them. Then I went out and called the house-boy from among the garden weeds which he was supposed to be slaying.

"Chris," I said, "I want you to put on your coat, run up to the hotel and leave this note."

"Yes, sir."

It occurred to me to take the picture from the envelope and hold it before Chris to satisfy myself that the faces were easily recognizable.

"Don't you know who it is?" I asked, while he bent his head to examine it closely.

"There's Miss Annie Thomas," he said, after gazing at it with a grin on his face, "And there's, yes sir, that's Mr. Thomas, just as natural!"

I laughed and put it in the letter. "Take it, and be back as soon as you can; I expect you will have to wait for an answer." After the boy had departed I pictured to myself Mrs. Thomas receiving the picture. Surely she would feel some self-reproach, I hoped so, when she saw her niece "quite shamelessly," as she had said, sitting with no one but her brother. I waited on the porch for Chris and at last saw him coming. I wanted to know whether he had seen Mrs. Thomas, and what answer she had sent, if any. He brought me a letter from her which I opened and read as follows:—

"DEAR MR. FREEMAN,—Thank you so much for your pains in taking the picture; you can now believe that I have never in my life accused or suspected anyone without cause. I assure you I suspected all the time that it was Mr. Thomas Blackwood, but I would not say so until I could do so without being contradicted. I think that neither he nor my niece can dispute the proof of your picture. He is out fishing, but I have requested that he be sent to me as soon as he gets back. I shall make him understand that he is to leave the place at once. I am very angry with my nephew for having invited such a companion here. He and my niece shall have no more opportunities for their meetings.

"Yours very truly,

"S. C. THOMAS."

She had written "Mr. Thomas Blackwood." What did it mean? Chris had recognized the picture.

"Chris," I cried, "who was in the photograph I showed you? With Miss Thomas. Didn't you say it was Mr. Thomas?"

"Yes, sir, that's who it was."

"Well, that's what I thought: Miss Thomas' brother."

"Brother?" exclaimed Chris. "That one ain't Miss Annie Thomas' brother. They go fishing together, but this one is brother to Mr. George—Mr. George Blackwood."

"Blackwood!" I exclaimed with mingled anger and dismay; "why couldn't you have told me that before?"

I had made a mistake, a terrible blunder. What would Miss Thomas say? What would she think of me? Yes, and Thomas Blackwood, when he came in from fishing, and Mrs. Thomas, what would they do? I turned to the letter; the first sentence I saw was, "I shall make him understand that he is to leave the place at once." Obeying a strong impulse, "Chris," I cried, "go and get the horse and buggy ready. Don't make a mistake this time, mind. I mean to 'leave the place at once.'"

Half an hour later my brother's house was left to the care of Chris and his parents, and I was on my way back to Toronto. When anyone there told me how much better I looked for my holidays in the country, I felt angry. The anxiety I am suffering is telling upon me now, though. I cannot make up my mind what it is best to do.

What steps ought I to take to remedy my blunder—to explain it if it cannot be remedied?

I have begun several letters to Mrs. Thomas, but so far I have not sent one. If I write the whole truth it will make it worse for Annie. If Mrs. Thomas hears that it was actually with me that her niece used to sit, she will certainly be more angry with her than ever. If I write a part of the truth and say that the photograph I sent was a fabrication of mine, she may possibly believe that her niece never met anyone in the summer house after all, but if I write so what will Annie think of me? She will conclude that it was out of malice that I made up that lying picture. Fancy her believing that I tried to ruin her prospects from spite, because she had not listened to me the time we last met!

I am troubled to think how I have slandered, unintentionally, Mr. Blackwood; he is a stranger, and it is impossible for me to explain to him. One comfort is the hope that I really did not injure him, for he must have proved to Mrs. Thomas that he had not really been near the summer-house; but then to think that he has proved that I am a deceiver! No, there is no comfort there either.

I need hardly say that the greatest of all my troubles is the fear that Miss Annie Thomas will always think badly of me. Even if she be desirous to think well of me how can she comprehend that my unfortunate act was an attempt to benefit and not to injure her? My only thought of relief comes in the desire that this narrative may reach her eye. She has to look through the papers and magazines regularly for her aunt's information, I know. I do not believe that Mrs. Thomas would have anything in the shape of a story read to her, but no doubt she still takes her daily naps, thus affording some leisure moments to her niece. Surely it is not too much to expect that, despite its disguise of fictitious names, this plain statement of facts may attract Miss Annie Thomas' attention and charitable consideration.

Toronto.

H PAINE.

### IN THE HURON TRACT.—III.

#### HURON NOTE BOOK.

Fresh hickory logs were thrown in the big fireplace, and the darting flames threw ghostly shadows on the chiffoinier which stood behind my old host. The bevelled side of the tea-pot which held the place of honor in the shelves caught a spot of light that sent a return gleam across the room, striking on its way the empty wine glass by my side. That tea-pot, with its squat body and long spout, plaited handle and curling legs, was an uncanny object in the half gloom, and my fascinated gaze withdrew itself to objects nearer at hand. A rap on the floor from a blackthorn stick, and an uneasy shifting of the gouty foot near me, made me gather up my straggling attention.

"Now, young sir, will you take a problem for solution. How is it that nearly all the pioneers of Western Canada, no doubt those of other parts were much the same, nearly all of them were absolutely unfit for their ventures. As a rule they were men of fair or good birth, good education and broad reading; but they didn't know an axe from a cattle-trough, and had absolutely no knowledge of any of the things necessary to their salvation in the new home they were attempting to make."

"But lots of you were men of capital, weren't you—not to any great extent perhaps, but some of you were spared the more sordid accompaniments of pioneer life?"

"Not we, indeed; you don't find *me* one of the drivellers who are always prating of the good old days. To be sure, hardships were off-set by a cheery light-heartedness that does one good to think of now; and the sporting proclivities of the men had plenty of scope. But the true makers of the homes of those days were the women. For backbone you'll never see their like; and you young Canadians may thank your grandmothers, almost more than your grandfathers, for the making of Canada."

The old man wandered, and I could not fasten his attention to any of the names which dropped in his mutterings—Talbot, Dunlop, Prior, and many times again Dunlop, but my chances for personal reminiscences that day seemed gone.

Handing me the blackthorn stick, he ordered me to turn, with its already charred end, the top log of the fire. Pokers in that room were forbidden.

"I see you're thinking of that dagger," as my eyes rested enviously on a broad-handled instrument of death, the heavy leather sheath of which was fantastically patterned in brass.

"That dagger was worn and used by Prince Charlie, and it fell to a Colquhoun and a Campbell as a keepsake. When that attractive young vagabond was in hiding near Dumbarton, a Colquhoun and a Campbell used to daily take him food to the hills. He hadn't much to give them, and they looked for no reward; but the gift of this dagger was not to be refused. The enterprising young people were of course brimful of the loyalty and devotion which the prince had so much power to call out, and they cared for no risks if they could serve him. One day they were both, boy and girl, clapped into Dumbarton gaol; there they lightened their troubles by getting married. Ever since then the dagger has been handed carefully down, often by will."

I turned over with my foot the bearskin that lay beside me. "When you were talking of sport, sir, I was wondering who killed this beast. It's a beautiful skin and well cured."

The old man took up and filled a fresh "churchwarden" before replying.

"I cured it myself, man; I cured it myself. But 'twas Miss Mocaunse that killed it. And ye never heard of Miss Mocaunse? Well, well. She appears in history even if she's not taught of in the schools. You've heard of her owner often enough, no doubt? Mocaunse is Indian for young bear, and this fellow had a cub that he set great store by. Her manners were most ladylike, and she was always brought into the house to say how-do-you-do to visitors. Some visitors, to be sure, didn't much like it; but her master was always proud to show her. She was as devoted to him as a collie is to his shepherd; and he always took her about with him on his long trips, by way of protection. She always shared his meals, and when he was camping he left her to watch his food while he took his morning wash. She stole the whole breakfast once, and got well thrashed for her pains. I can't say she really killed that chap on the floor; we were afraid she might get the worst of it, so a bullet was sent to finish him."

The old man's change in humor lasted

while he chatted of deer stalking,—and the brutal, unsportsmanlike deer-killing, which strongly excited his wrath,—but there was little glamour to be thrown over the long days of toil. He might almost have been reading of

"Me and my axe and Mrs. Brown,  
And stony land a-plenty,"

so poetical were his descriptions of cleaning up land; but our Canadian poets were not of his day.

"Do you know, sir, this country was a wilderness in '29, nothing more or less; and there were only about four families in the whole county. Further north there was always trouble,—a trip to Penetanguishene meant hardships. I am wondering what has become of the Soldiers' Tree—did you ever read of the two fellows who died there? One was ill and weak; and the other, a fine healthy chap, stayed by him while their companions went for help. Help came, and soon, too; but, strange enough, the two brothers, sick man and strong man, were both dead. I have not been in Penetanguishene for forty years, and it is sure that I'll take another route when I do go."

Since the date of these entries in the notebook my friend has gone on his journey to that undiscovered country from whose bourne he may not return.

"In '27, wasn't it, that the first white man was seen in the Huron Tract; and an immense district it was, with its eleven hundred thousand acres. Dunlop and Galt, and Prior and those others, had no small task, I can tell you. That fellow Ferguson who travelled through the greater part of Canada, gave, on the whole, a good account of what had been done. He seemed to be especially pleased with Waterloo. I wish he could have been with Dunlop when the Doctor was on some of his tours—a greenhorn went through many a trial. A wonderful man that was—too wonderful, for he was sometimes nearly the death of his friends. Did you ever hear of the trick he played on the Cockney, over in Blenheim? That was only a sample of his pranks; but perhaps the Cockney came nearer dying of fright than any of the other victims. The Doctor was a mighty hunter and got his nickname of "tiger" from the number of those beasts he had killed in India. He was a red-headed giant, with a forefinger able to dig a hole in the ribs of weaker brethren; and a laugh that shook the roof. But a sick woman or a hurt child were sure of gentle enough treatment. His brother's marriage did not show so very much respect for the woman, though; but I suspect the possession of that double-headed penny was too much for the Doctor—the use of it was a chance for too good a joke. Rough or gentle, he was a fine friend to the west of Ontario; and there's many a grey-beard who loves his memory even yet."

The "churchwarden" here went into the fire with a little crash, and a new one took its place. The tobacco lay in a box on the table-corner nearest its owner, who patted the box with loving hand. When the "churchwarden" was fairly going the old man pushed the somewhat clumsily-made black-cak box nearer to me.

"See that? That was given to me by my uncle, who, in turn, got it from his uncle, who was one of those sent to man the walls at Edinburgh at the time of Prince Charlie's appearance there. The officer in charge was at heart a supporter of the Prince, and he executed his order to the letter. He was told to man the walls,—so

he did. But no ammunition was served out. Those days of stir don't seem so very far behind us, when tales about them come to us through the mouths of a few relatives."

My interest lay more with the Family Compact and the Canada Company; but I could not get much beyond a description of Bishop Strachan's grandeur, and his dislike to offer prayers for rain when the wind was in the wrong quarter.

"Thomas Mercer Jones! Yes, I knew him. A very good opinion of himself had Mercer Jones. A charming woman was his wife,—she could have coaxed the birds from the bushes . . . from the bushes . . . bushes . . ." and the clean-shaven chin settled itself more heavily into the folds of the old-fashioned stock below it. I put the half-smoked pipe, which lay on the table, out of danger of a fall; the fire was noiselessly adjusted, and stepping from rug to rug until the door was closed behind me, I left my old friend to his dreams in the silent fire-light.

\* \* \* \* \*  
K. M. LIZARS.

#### PARIS LETTER.

The Dukes and Princesses of the Périgord family are just as liable to that disease described by Rubelais as "an empty purse," as the commonest mortals. The Duc Périgord-Montmorency raised the wind on a promissory note for 10,000 fr. with a small banker in 1875. Attempts were made to escape the liability, but finally, the debt was recognized and the Duc de Montmorency and his wife promised to pay the interest, 6 per cent., till an expected heritage fell in, when the principal would be wiped out. The interest not having been paid, nor the heritage acquired, the banker foreclosed, and obtained judgment. But he had nothing to seize, and where there is nothing, even the King loses his rights. The banker complained that the Duke and the Duchess instead of paying him, lived extravagantly. The Duchess expended 28,000 frs. on robes, 3,000 frs. on bonnets and as much on fancy leather articles—nothing like leather. The cook was paid a salary of 8,000 frs., nearly double the income of a French Bishop. Jeremy Diddling is common to man is it not?

The Comte Elie de Tallyrand Périgord belongs to the oldest nobility of France by his father's side, and his family tree was planted in the twelfth century and cultivated by the crusaders. He is the eldest of the two sons of the Prince de Sagan, whose father was the Tallyrand of diplomatic fame. The Prince de Sagan is a kind of Beau Brummel and Comte d'Orsay, the glass of fashion and the mould of form in aristocratic circles. The Prince never was rich; he is very popular, and perhaps his worst enemy was himself. Though getting up to 70, his wife, from whom he is separated, had him declared a "ward" according to the Code, this made him legally a minor, and suspended his civic rights. One morning the Prince took his black bag, placed therein a few collars and cuffs, quit the palatial residence of his wife, shook off the dust of his feet at it and said, "When I wed I brought nothing to the house, when I quit I take nothing away." The world was now all before the Prince to go where he chose: he wended his way to the grand stand of the Auteuil race course, of which he is the ranger, ordered a military bed into his office, and that is his dwelling.

place up to date. His wife in vain tried to call him back, but he has just stated that rather than live with his Princess he would prefer throwing himself into the Seine with a stone tied to his neck. Conjugal love evidently is not based on rank.

And who is the Princess? She is the only daughter of the army clothier Seillière, who made millions under Louis Philippe; then he became a banker and was created a Baron. He bought the gorgeous mansion built by the Anglo-Dutch banker, Hope, the first of private palaces in Paris, whose very stables are drawing-rooms. The Princess inherited that sumptuous abode, and gives there every May, a State dinner and a ball, that few sovereigns could surpass. She has quite a regiment of livery servants, and her service of gold and silver plate, china, etc., would pay off the national debt of many a small realm. Her personal fortune is valued at 50 million frs., besides estates and shares in mines. She only associates with royalists and she is the burning and shining light of Orleanism. She is a great friend of the Prince of Wales and of his set. Of her two sons—and only children—the eldest, Elic, has sided with his father, and shares his hard lot; his mother thus naturally hates him, the second son is her pet. She gives the latter all the money he wishes, but allows his brother only 600 frs. a month.

M. Max Lebandy is the son of the great Republican sugar refiner and financier, who could checkmate Rothschild even on the Paris Exchange. He died a few years ago a *millionnaire*. His widow is a "voteen," as the Irish would say, but giving large donations to the Church from time to time for charities. She retired to St. Cloud, where she lives, under another name, a very simple life, and giving her time to piety. She desired to bring up her only son and the heir to immense wealth according to her own ideas; the young man kicked, objected to the pittance of pocket money allowed him. His mother had him at once made a "ward." But when he came of age a few months ago, he applied to be set legally free. This his mother objected to, as he was spending money, raised by bills, as if water. He won his suit, the judges declaring that the money he raised was not extravagant, considering the wealth he was entitled to inherit. He now commands his millions.

The Royalists gain a point in the fete just celebrated by the Church in Notre Dame Cathedral to honor the elevation of the Maid of Orleans to the rank of "Venerable," which means beatification, or the stepping-stone to canonization. Her memory has been waiting for that well-merited reward since 1431. Thus there is room to hope that in a few centuries Marie Antoinette may be also made a "venerable." Three exhibitions of her domestic *reliques* have taken place already. Every one venerates Jeanne d'Arc for her pure life, her courageous patriotism, and her sad end. But the Republicans held aloof from the cathedral ceremony, and left the matter in the hands of the clergy and the *militaires*; hence why there was no popular demonstration, no flags displayed, no illuminations; and her memory merited these outward and visible signs of national gratitude for inaugurating the unification of France, as much as a fourteenth of July or a visit of the Russian naval officers to Paris. No foreign power, save England, could be offended at such a demonstration, and the English have long since forgotten their defeat, as well as their victories at Crecy and

Agincourt. Though the body of the cathedral contains only space for seven to eight thousand people, the cloisters, galleries and "coves" contained as many more people. What the outside of the cathedral lacked in point of decoration was made up for by the inside gala, and where the uniforms of the military had a telling effect, next to their drums and trumpets. After the representatives of the army, the religious orders mustered strongest and of both sexes. The Orleanist princes assembled in full force, but it will not bring them in much political capital. England was not present diplomatically. Happily, not a descendant of the Bedford family was visible. No Americans were there, of course, as the epoch was sixty-one years before Columbus discovered a country for them; no Russians, as neither Czars nor Emperors then existed. Next month, when Orleans will be celebrating the anniversary of the raising of the siege, the Republicans threaten to counter-manifest against the clergy if the Bishop Couille, the *de facto* bishop, takes part, as he is indicted for breaking the laws of the Republic. At that siege Lord Salisbury's ancestor was killed; to-day his lordship has a country house in France. Falstaff, too, was at the fighting; to day the French applaud him as the hero of Verdi's opera.

The Salon in the Champs de Mars has opened its doors. The display of pictures is rather poor, excepting the gigantic, the panoramic fresco by Pavis de Chavannes for the stair case of the Hotel de Ville, where Hugo is presenting his lyre to the City of Light, etc.—which city buys now none of his poetry and refuses to erect a statue to him—there are but few excellent exhibits. The foreign artists have clearly eclipsed those of France, and that is the characteristic of the picture show.

The French somehow do not like the proposed bill making it compulsory on their ambassadors, etc., to publish the banns of their marriage, as it were, first in the Foreign Office; in a word, obtain permission to wed. This is another attempt to decrease the population of France. Germany will not allow her diplomats to marry any but a "Fraulein" to the manner born. Happy the country that allows its representatives to marry whom they please. An American Minister wed the other day a Chinese lady; consequence, he obtained a fortune of countless taels and a treaty signed allowing John Chinaman to remain still in the United States as a laundry maid, *cordons bleu* and dry nurses. If Sir Philip Currie, English ambassador at Constantinople, were to marry a Hottentot Venus, Lord Rosebery would never recall him. Who knows but the match might settle the eastern question and facilitate the Saxon occupation of the Sudan?

The French are a little out of sorts just now. The commercial treaty between Russia and Germany, and the betrothal of the Czarewitch to Queen Victoria's granddaughter, have knocked the bottom out of the legend of the Franco-Russian Alliance. Then the sad revelations of the condition of the French navy, and the intention of England to annex Zanzibar, to checkmate the Gibraltar station of France in Northern Madagascar, are unpleasant reflections. But the French can point triumphantly to their municipal loan. A flea bite of two hundred million francs was asked for, and one milliard was offered. How Russia must lick her lips—the excess alone would complete the Panama Canal twice over. Hurrah for old stockings!

## ON SAXON SOIL.—I.

DRESDEN.

*Little Tim*, as she used to say when she had done something more than usually naughty, and wanted to be pathetic about it. Tim: that was what she called herself; it was the nearest she could get to Timothy, which was not, of course, the name she had received in baptism; her god-fathers and god-mothers had known better and given her a melodious one of her own, suggestive of Scotch lakes and Burns' lyrics, but she preferred Tim. Naughty? Inexpressibly so, but all charming people are I believe. She ought to have been a boy—always said so herself—and when I come to know her well, I found there had been a brilliant member of the detective force lost in her, such was her genius for deduction. She told me she had cultivated the faculty when quite a child—had begun with something simple, as one does with sums in arithmetic, as, for instance, if the porridge at breakfast were burnt, she deduced the fact that the cook had got up in a bad temper, or if the nursemaid let the soap into her eyes, that the rendezvous with the big policeman round the corner had not taken place the previous evening. From this lowest rung she had climbed the ladder step by step until she had attained her present height, and assured me there was nothing more in it than recognizing the fact that two and two make four, also five, or occasionally even six.

Tim was the Celt and I the Teuton, and as for my name, I am called Mephisto by those who know me best, in consequence of a certain sardonic humour which at times dominates my more amiable qualities.

How had we become acquainted? Well, events had drifted me to Dresden and chance had brought me under the same roof as Tim, who initiated me into the ways of the place and introduced me to the restaurant of the Bohemian Station, where, in spite of its name, cooking and attendance were good and the company the ordinary transitory guests of a railway station as well as habitués of the place; among the former were quaint specimens of humanity, and not infrequently there were little dramatic incidents such as occur only at places of this description, and which amply repaid us for the walk from our lodgings.

"But what I like best," said Tim, "is having plenty of time to let one's cutlet get cold, while the other poor things swallow theirs hot to run up and down after the guard's coat-tails which flutter a couple of inches out of reach; that is the best sauce-piquante I know."

There was nothing malicious in this. Tim accompanied it with the most sympathetic of smiles, as much as to say: I know I present just as ridiculous a figure myself on the rampage, but I always travel at night, and then people are too sleepy to notice one's antics. On the evening in question we have seated ourselves facing the commissariat department leading to the third and fourth class. Suddenly the electric light flashes up and imparts a shimmer and aerial perspective to the whole, which lend it the charm of a scene on the stage; the indistinctness and mystery stimulate the imagination and stir Tim's poetic temperament into genial activity. Situated at the farthest end of the room we have seats, as it were, in the floor of the house and the glamour of unreality lent by distance and the electric light being beyond the threshold of the commissariat department, where, surrounded by a pale mist, the figures move



about in an enchanted world in which all things are possible; the waiters advance from and retire into this golden atmosphere there goes the cadaverous swaying figure of the one Tim has christened Ernest Maltravers, and becomes a hero of romance capable of feats of adventure, which, in his actual existence of carrying crockery the prosaic traveller would never him credit for. Tim is not a prosaic traveller, however, but an imaginative Celt, and as soon as she perceives that Maltravers has gone into the magic mist, she weaves a web of fiction and invests him with a romantic halo which will make it difficult to put him to the uses to which a matter-of-fact destiny has consigned him. But besides being imaginative and poetic, Tim has also a way of being profound and philosophical, and announced while taking dinner, her intention of reading Kant. This she did in a manner that signifies she is wavering in her intentions and states her purpose to have it confirmed or weakened by an impulse from what Herbert Spencer would call her environment, therefore I knew she was only putting out a feeler to find out what I thought and that she would then go the other way. Now I had wrestled with Kant myself, and having a lively recollection of the mental agonies endured with my head tied up in a wet towel, I determined Tim should have a touch of the same thing and learn a lesson of humility by testing the limits of the feminine brain, of which at present she has by no means a just idea, for she has aspirations of her own towards a masculine energy and strength of intellect which has its outward and visible sign in shirt-fronts and coat-pockets. Having listened in silence, I answered in a tone nicely calculated to stimulate her self-love, "Kant! Oh! no, I would leave him alone; you haven't been offered the chair of philosophy in any university of note, and are not likely to gain it by striving after the unattainable."

"Why," answered Tim, with a touch of that charming naivete which is one of her most distinguishing characteristics, "does his style present so much difficulty to the foreigner?"

"My dear child," with a glance at tie and shirt-front, as much as to say—you are nothing more in spite of aspirations—make practical use of a grain of pure reason, and don't study an abstruse work in the most crabbed of modern languages."

That settled the matter. Tim replied, in a voice whose even tones only gave greater expression to the suppressed indignation she was suffering from:

"I shall study Kant in the original, and consider it better to fail in striving towards the unattainable than to remain in the swamp of one's own inertia, wrapped in the cloak of egoistic conceit."

When Tim's equanimity is upset she indulges in metaphor more than is absolutely necessary.

On arriving at our lodgings Tim asked me to come into her room for a cup of tea, and knowing her to be skillful in the preparation of that deleterious beverage, I acceded, not fully aware, however, that the draining of the teapot was only a prelude to that exhaustive discussion of things in general which Tim delights in towards the approach of midnight, for, as above hinted, she is a young woman who has her ideas with regard to the solving of problems, and has chosen a style of dress having reference to the subtle relation between one's gar-

ments and one's intellect—*fin-de-siecle* philosophy of clothes based upon the belief that an approximation to a masculine severity of outline strengthens the mind and clears the judgment.

So after arguments on various subjects conducted on strictly feminine principles—*i. e.*—logic left out—Tim became reflective and began to balance the paper-cutter on the top of her head. This, I knew betokened that a weighty question was undergoing the same process within. Tim makes use of various objects in this way—a pen-wiper, pair of scissors or bunch of flowers all serve the purpose, and I once asked her if there were any occult relation between the material object without and the airy nothing within, but she cast upon me such a look of withering scorn, and bade me in so sepulchral a voice beware the fate of those who penetrate behind the veil, that I felt myself turning to stone and that a paralytic stroke would be frivolous to what I was then enduring. On one occasion she took the water-jug for the purpose above alluded to, which ended disastrously—for the jug—Tim herself went about for the rest of that day with a beatified expression of countenance, as if, in the deluge of cold water down her back, she had discovered the solution to every problem that vexes the human mind. On the occasion to which I refer, after the balancing trick had gone on eight or ten minutes Tim poured out her seventh cup of tea—it was two in the morning and the tea-pot quite cold—and reopened the conversation.

"Do you know, Mephisto, talking of things in general, I've come to the conclusion that there's something fundamentally wrong—not merely a screw loose or a note out of tune, but the base of things askew, when little girl-babies—this was a pet-name she had for herself and others when in her most sympathetic moods—when she had thrown aside her male attire, and the much prized lapels and pockets lay a dark huddled mass on the corner of the sofa—when she had let down her hair and appeared in a becoming morning or tea gown, with proper feminine adjuncts of lace and ribbons—when little girl-babies who are born with a taste for chocolate creams and a craving for all that is sweet and lovely in atmosphere and surroundings, have to go out into the world and find for themselves, have to submit to the inconsiderate ways of coarse individuals when they ought to be playing about gathering the roses of existence—there is something wrong at the base of things, I say, and society ought to be tossed up with a pitch-fork and the ground cleared to find out where the trouble is."

"It's only a matter of statistics," I replied; "in one of the Western States they put the matter straight by taxing the bachelors for the support of the unmarried women; I don't know how long the arrangement lasted; if I remember rightly it was not popular with the bachelors—but while it *did* last, the girl-babies had what is vulgarly termed a high old time; they fairly revelled in chocolate creams, lavender-water and Brussels lace."

"I should think the tide of emigration set towards that State from north, south and east."

"I believe it did, and so the experiment was swamped. You see, Tim," I continued, "as I said before, it's only a matter of statistics; if for every girl-baby there were a sweet fairy prince ready to make things pleasant and let her play about twining

roses to her heart's content, feeding her regularly three times a day with chocolate and nougat, the conditions would be more favourable."

"Yes," responded Tim pensively, "that's the sort of prince I should like—a chocolate-man coming three times a day with a basket of confectionery; I would put a wreath of roses on his head from which all the thorns had carefully been removed, and would let him sit down beside me for a little while; then I would send him away with my blessing and go on twining roses."

And now the small hours hastening towards the greater ones, I rose and advised Tim to go to bed if she meant to get up at six o'clock to study Kant.

"I shall take the easiest way—sit up till six and *then* go to bed; I've made my preparations—another pot of tea, and a basin of water to dip my head in."

So I left Tim to tea, Kant and cold water, and betook myself to the pleasures of slumber, but alas! not undisturbed, for I dreamed I was a modern Sisyphus, rolling the fatal stone uphill, only to find when I had got it nearly to the top that it was the head of the philosopher Kant who reproached me bitterly for making a frivolous use of his doctrines. I woke to hear Tim groaning in the next room; "poor little girl," I thought, "wrestling with the unseen; never mind, she will get tired, go to bed, and wake up a wiser if not a better woman." But the groans continuing, I hastened to her side. The sheets of paper upon which she had been making notes were scattered on the floor, and the sacred volume itself lay beside them. Tim had laid her pretty head upon the table and was crying as if her heart would break.

"Hush, little Tim," I said, as soothingly as I knew how, though I couldn't resist the temptation to be didactic, "this comes of trying to be too clever, girl-babies were never meant to be philosophical!"

"Oh! Mephisto," with a sob between each word, "I'll not try to be a man any more—never, no more," she said piteously, if ungrammatically, "I'll tear up my coat and never put on shirt-fronts again." Here the tears broke out afresh and she wished she was dead.

I got her to bed, and, kneeling on the floor, there followed an interchange of all those absurd and foolish things which women confide to each other on such occasions, and which have not the remotest connection with philosophy of any kind; at last Tim got very sleepy, and murmured just as she was dropping off that she would give Kant to the rag-and-bone man, that he might cook his dinner with it or put it in the soup if he liked.

The following day I expected to be taken about the city, Tim having promised to show me Dresden; but business interfering, the sight-seeing had to be postponed, and at the close of a tropical day, we met at our usual rendezvous, the Bohemian Station. We seated ourselves at one of the unopened windows and as soon as Maltravers had taken out orders, begged him to open it; he suggested that it would make a draught; we replied that was the object we had in view; he looked dubious, finally, however, complied with our request. But we were not allowed to enjoy the delightful freshness long, as one of the other waiters came bustling up and said a gentleman requested to have the window shut. The waiters request was not Maltravers or I might have remonstrated to some purpose; as it was I bade him suggest to the gentle-



man who deprived ladies of their right to breathe a little fresh air in the dog-days that he should not go about unprotected from the biting blasts of an August evening; Tim wanted to add "and does his mother know he's out without his muffler?" But I checked her levity and dismissed the waiter whose sympathies were all with the chilly individual, whom, upon inspection, I found to be a jolly red-faced native, in the prime of strength and manhood, as round as the Heidelberg tun, what Tim calls a barrel made locomotive by means of a couple of matches.

"Tim," I said, trying vainly to find my way about in the mutton chop set before me, "I believe what I lately read in a book by an Englishman very partial to Germany and the Germans, but who acknowledged their weak points nevertheless; he said Bismarck's boast was not true, for the ordinary German fears a current of fresh air, which he calls a draught, more than anything in heaven or earth."

Things did not go well with me that evening; I had been foolish enough to order a mutton chop, forgetting that the anatomy of the German sheep was something I was quite unaccustomed to.

"I don't understand the geography of this chop," I grumbled; "there's no plain sailing in it, I strike upon rock everywhere; with the exception of an oasis or two of fat the whole thing is bone fried in butter."

"I warned you to keep to the food of the country," replied Tim unsympathetically; "calf and pig are always to be relied upon, and yet you will long for the flesh-pots of Egypt."

"They give one a very good substitute for 'rosbif' and 'roomstek'; I don't see that mutton-chops are more difficult to imitate."

"The German cow bears some faint family resemblance to the same animal elsewhere, but the baa-baa black sheep of the Fatherland are a stiff-necked and unregenerate race."

After returning home we had not been seated long in Tim's carnation-scented parlor when she announced the fact that she had an idea.

"I'm tired of Dresden; it's hot and it's small and its dusty, and the police regulations won't allow you to open the windows. Why shouldn't we take a trip up the Elbe into Saxon Switzerland?"

"Only one reason—want of funds."

"I think we can get over that; the steamers are cheap, we can make all the excursions on foot, we needn't give any trinkgeld, and we can live as the natives do—on sausage, black bread and beer."

"Well, we must consider the matter, and if our finances allow of it, make our plans so that each has her share of work and responsibility."

"That's so very Anglo-Saxon," said Tim, with some bitterness; "no sooner propose a pleasure trip than you prose about work and responsibility. I intend leaving both those gentlemen behind; they won't run away during our absence."

"They would follow even if we double-locked the door, so we must make them as little irksome as possible; I will chaperone the party and keep the accounts; you will do the Ollendorf business, scatter smiles instead of trinkgeld, read up the legends and give me a free translation. Agreed?"

"Agreed," replied Tim, and held out her hand. How badly she fulfilled her part of the contract will be disclosed to a sympathetic public in the subsequent portion of this narrative. ANTHONY PEVERIL.

TO THESTYLIS IN MAY.

When the April, bringing the birds of passage  
Follows far, and May, with the pearly sandals,  
Folds her hair with violets, and the trilliums  
Bashfully open;

Neither can philosophy calm with maxims,  
Nor with lyric witchery, poet-masters,  
For the mind is moping upon the shamefaced  
Eyes of a woman.

And the heart, bewitched with the springtide  
music,  
Dreams in golden languor of early flowers,  
Sunny banks, or smell of the apple blossoms,  
Blomn from the orchard.

Wherefore waken, Thestylis, on the morrow  
When you hear the robin beneath your window,  
And the Dawn of Day with a breath of odour,  
Steals through the garden:

Wake my love, and down to the flowering lilac  
Trip with slippered feet through the dewy pasture,  
Laughing as I touch you a moment lightly,  
Kissing your eyelids.

And when on the clover the dew is clinging  
Haste with me and hide in the grove of maple,  
Whence the shallow rivulet, gliding slowly,  
Shines through the meadow.

EZRA HURLBURT STAFFORD.

CORRESPONDENCE.

CRITICISMS CRITICIZED.

To the Editor of The Week:

Sir,—It is doubtful if by the recent criticisms on Canadian literature we have been enlightened to any great degree regarding our possessions in the world of letters. In the beginning an error occurred in the selection of critics. In deferring to our poets it was tantamount to enquiring of them in very plain English: What do you think of yourselves? They were thus handicapped at the outset. With perhaps one exception, or two, those who were elected to make known their views on the subject treated the matter warily. There was considerable beating about the bush, apparently through fear of giving offence to one another by plain speaking, or, as if blinded some way to our true position, the chosen few were incapable of speaking advisedly.

American poets were criticized, and Longfellow had oblivion prophesied for him. Yet Longfellow will have lovers as long as man reads poetry, as long as Acadia looks out upon the sea, for, judged from the standpoint of true merit, one might rightly consider Longfellow America's Tennyson.

Another American poet pronounced alone in "real touch" with the "great reading public" of the United States and "a true poet," was actually quoted by a patriotic Canadian as a standard, while our own English poets on apparently secondary consideration were picked up in a bunch, "from Shakespeare to Tennyson," and instantly dropped like live coals. Would it have been evincing too ambitious a spirit to quote some one of these foremost and alone as an example? Tennyson, for instance. Is this American to be compared with him? And yet Tennyson is not remarkably popular with the people "as a whole," though nevertheless a true poet, while if his poetry is not as wholesome for the "public" as the "Song of the Shirt," or even some American poems, they have no business whatever with poetry. "Love ye one another" and the Ten Commandments are sufficient unto their moral well-being to-day and forever.

Why should the poet's standard be the pleasing of the people "as a whole"? Not that poetry should not be a common blessing, only we desire for our poets a standard a little higher than the one offered them.

You were right who said: "Poetry is that mysterious something which differentiates him (the true poet) from the literary herd," but it is, of a certainty, not to be found apparelled in the "garb of a highway tramp." Effort to reach the multitude more or less lowers the standard. Glance aside at music. Take any promiscuous audience, let a master musician perform his choicest composition; a few will doubtless applaud warmly. But let a jig be played, then mark how enthusiastic the multitude becomes. And yet you would not care to take this jig-playing as your standard. The native savage of the dark continent values your beads and red cotton above ivory. Little praise to your beads and cotton! nor does it follow that they are the more precious commodity.

That we have in Canada a literature goes without saying, but is introspection at all material. Had England to introspect to know that she possessed great men of letters? Had we not better look steadfastly into the light where our noblest desires beckon us, and where if we live earnestly we may at least "rise on stepping-stones of our dead selves to higher things."

Picton.

HELEN M. MERRILL.

EIGHT HOURS A DAY.

To the Editor of The Week:

Sir,—I have read with much interest the editorial note in your issue of the 20th ult., in reference to the success of the eight-hours movement at the works of Messrs. Mather & Platt, of England. It seems to me, however, that the value of the experiment is, after all, that it is corroboratory of what political economists have always asserted and experience has proved, viz: that short hours and high wages (within certain natural limits) are quite consistent with cheap production. The fact that this is not generally recognized shows how long it takes certain truths to percolate the public mind. The halcyon days of the British workman were in the 14th century, when he worked eight hours a day, was well paid, and yet production was as cheap as at any time until the invention of machinery. Ever since More in his "Utopia" advocated a working day of eight hours, political economists have never wearied of pointing out that slave labour with its long hours and no pay was even the dearest sort of labour; and the opposite, short hours and high wages, ever the cheapest sort of labour. To get the maximum amount of work out of horses they should be worked few hours, have abundant rest and plenty of food. Surely a man should treat his fellowmen as sensibly as he treats his horses. As I dealt with this subject in my book on "Trade Unions" (first ed. 1874, second ed. 1884), perhaps I may be excused if I quote the following sentences therefrom:—"A few years ago the average day's work in England was ten hours. On the continent it was twelve, in Russia sixteen or seventeen; and yet it is calculated that two English mowers would do in a day the work of six Russian ones. Russian factory operatives worked seventy-five hours in the week, when those in England worked only sixty, yet the work of the former was one-fifth that of the latter. When the average working time of a miner in South Wales was twelve

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hours a day those in the north of England worked only seven, yet the cost of getting coals in Aberdare was twenty-five per cent. more than in Northumberland. As has been well said, 'The workman who cannot tire himself in eight hours is not worth his salt.'

"When the North Devon Railway was being made, men were working at 2s. a day at first, then 2s. 6d., then 3s. 6d. Nevertheless it was found that the work was executed more cheaply at the highest rate than at the lowest rate. So also in carrying out the large sewage works in Oxford street, London, bricklayers were gradually raised from 6s. to 10s. a day, and at the higher rate of wages bricks were laid at a cheaper rate; while at the building of Basingstock station one London workman at 5s. 6d. a day did more work than three country ones at 3s. 6d. each. . . . In the construction of the Paris and Rouen Railway, the English navvies earned 5s. a day, while the Frenchmen employed received only 2s. 6d. a day, yet it was found on comparing the cost of two adjacent cuttings in precisely similar circumstances, that the excavation was made at a lower cost per cubic yard by the English navvies than by the French labourers and the former, too, worked one and a half hours a day less than the latter."

Many other instances could be quoted, all tending to show the economy of concentrating labour into as few hours as possible.

Yours truly,

WM. TRANT.

Cotham, Assa., 1st May, 1894.

## ART NOTES.

In Berlin there is a Union of Women artists, presided over by the wife of Delbrück, Minister of State. The Union has opened an exhibition of 330 paintings, water-colors, and sculptures.

The first prize of \$100 given by the Montreal Art Association for the best figure painting in oil, was won by Mr. G. A. Reid. Mr. William Brymner, of Montreal, won a special prize of \$200, he standing a few points ahead of Mr. Reid.

The Council of Finance has at last made a grant of \$500,000 for a fireproof building for the Museum of Egyptian Antiquities at Gizeh, which has so long been a scandal to archeologists, owing to its inflammable materials and the risk of losing all the finds by a conflagration.

Mr. E. Wyley Grier's portrait of Mr. J. Ross Robertson, just finished, has been hung with those of other Grand Masters in the Masonic Temple. It is considered an excellent likeness as well as an example of the best manner of this artist who is in the front rank of our portrait painters.

Mr. Paul Wickson has presented his picture "At Duty's Call" to the medical faculty of the University of Toronto, and the gift has been heartily acknowledged by that body. This picture was, if we mistake not, at the annual exhibition this time last year, and has since been to the World's Fair.

The Ontario Society of Artists, last week held its annual meeting, at which the officers for the year were elected. The president in his address reviewed the various art successes of the year, principally in connection with the Chicago Fair, and spoke of the present exhibition, its merits and the attention it is receiving from the public.

We are only able, before going to press, to draw attention to the superb collection of paintings exhibited by the Society of Arts of Canada at their gallery, 108 King street west, Toronto. We question whether a more notable art exhibit has been brought together in Canada. The devotion to art and the abounding energy and enterprize of Mr. F. E. Galbraith, the local manager, have laid the foundation of a great art enterprize in our midst. Mr. F. M. Bell-Smith directs the Art School of the Society. The public opening has surpassed the most eager anticipations of success.

The Woman's Art Association closed their season last week with a very pleasant and well attended "At Home" at their rooms in the Canada Life Building. This Society exists as much perhaps for the education of the many among its members to the appreciation of art, as of the few to its execution. Its membership is steadily increasing in numbers and widening in its interests. Sketch classes have been organized for summer work, and already new plans are being formed for next winter which promise well. Great credit is due to the indefatigable president for her untiring zeal in its cause, and also to her enthusiastic helpers.

The following from a New York exchange gives a sly hit at a certain class of paintings of which we have so far seen very little here: "It may prove an eye-opener of high potency and value to the 'pea green' artists—as a morning journal facetiously dubs them—of the Society of American Artists that, while the pictures at the Academy of Design are finding a market at a satisfactorily rapid rate, only seven works were sold at the recent exhibition of the S. A. A. This goes to show that, however interested the public may be in the efforts of the new art as shown on the walls of the League, they are not going to invest money in work that would be intolerable in a private room of ordinary dimensions."

In a very pleasant studio in the top story of the Janes Building may be found the latest addition to the number of one of our artists, Miss Ford, (some of whose work at the present exhibition is calling forth much criticism), and a very pleasant and interesting room it is to linger in, and a very entertaining hostess with whom to spend an only too short hour. Miss Ford was at one time a student in this city, but for some years past her time has been spent abroad, with only occasional visits to her native land, perhaps to see if we were advanced enough to make this an endurable place for an artist's residence. The first two years of this time were spent in London at the Royal Academy, then a year or so in the studio of that well-known artist, Luc Olivier Merson (whose well-known "Flight into Egypt" stands out from all others bearing that title, partly perhaps for the immense idea of vastness the artist has managed to convey in it) supplemented by work at Colorossis, where among other critics were Collin, Blanc, and occasionally Dagnan-Bouveret. The time spent in the life class under Merson was of incalculable benefit, but throughout all her studies Miss Ford has maintained her own strong individuality and is working out her own theories on art. Such of Miss Ford's work as has been exhibited here has been done since her return, or was the result of several years' wanderings about the north of Italy.

Choosing the ancient walled town, or rather city, of San Gimignano in Tuscany as headquarters, she with her girl friend and companion artist, made excursions to Capri, Sienna, and other places of interest in the neighborhood. A study of two little Italian girls seated on the grass, which was done at this time, is a good piece of work; and another study of firelight effect on the nude figure of one of these children is interesting although unfinished. We had always supposed Italians, one and all, were born models, but it seems from Miss Ford's account they are far from it. After giving no end of trouble with restlessness—weeping, wriggling and refusing utterly to lend themselves to any *artful* pose, they were at last dismissed, whereupon they immediately became the most desirable of models, knowing well the penalty should they be sent home without their hour's earnings. But, perhaps, more fascinating than any other work in the studio are some decorative panels, so called usually, although Miss Ford considers all work as decorative in reality, and it behooves us to consider the subject carefully before venturing to differ. A stretch of meadow over which the sun casts the long shadows of the orchard trees, some turkeys feeding, and the figure of a young girl in the foreground, form a picture whose warm coloring is in a very light key, given with little detail. Another very odd composition has in the middle distance a tree in blossom whose character is charmingly and broadly given with much out-of-door effect, and in the foreground what hardly explains itself in our land, but what proves to be the wooden posts rising from the stone wall of the loggia, and which are the supports for the vines not yet in leaf. Two most striking designs for stained glass conventionalized from the lemon and orange tree respectively, show another direction Miss Ford's ability in decorative art has taken, and very effective are the contrasts between the varying greens of the foliage and the golden fruit. An almost life size figure in oils we leave undescribed as it may speak for itself at some future time. An article in the May number of the *Canadian Magazine* from the artist's pen will be of double interest to most of us, as giving a clearer idea of her theories than we could otherwise have as well as for the information contained.

## MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

A beautiful memorial tablet has recently been placed in Westminster Abbey in memory of Mme. Jenny Lind, which was unveiled in the presence of many distinguished persons ten days ago.

Mr. I. E. Suckling, the wide-awake and enthusiastic young impresario, has about perfected all arrangements for the forthcoming musical festival and anticipates crowded houses at every performance. A splendid and attractive programme has just been issued which can be had at any of the music shops.

The Toronto Vocal Club, W. J. McNally, conductor, has closed quit a successful season, having a handsome balance in the treasury. The officers elected for next season are enthusiastic and ambitious to have the club still attain to greater efficiency. At the last meeting, Mr. W. E. Orr was elected President; Mr. J. S. McCullough, Secretary; Mr. J. Mathews, Treas.; and Mr. W. J. McNally, Conductor.

An organ recital was given in Association Hall on Saturday afternoon last, by pupils of Miss S. C. Dallas, Mus. Bac., when an interesting programme was presented in a manner gratifying and pleasing. Vocal pupils of Miss d'Auria, Miss Denzil, Mrs. Bradley, and Mr. H. N. Shaw supplied vocal assistance, which added increased interest and variety to the programme.

The choir of Beverley Street Baptist church—W. J. McNally, organist and choir master—will give John Farmer's *Cantata*, "Christ and His Soldiers," in the church on Tuesday evening, May 22nd. The soloists will be Mrs. F. W. Clements, and Miss Maggie Huston, sopranos; Miss Flint, contralto; Messrs. Robt. Gorrie and W. A. Putland, tenors, and Mr. F. T. Verral, bass.

We sincerely regret that through a misfortune our review of Miss Hillary's "Ladies' Choral Club" concert, which was given with such success in Association Hall a fortnight ago, failed to appear. At this late date it is scarcely wisdom to say more than merely to express our regret for its non-appearance, for every one knows ere this that the Ladies' Choral Club never sang so well as on this occasion, and all those taking part acquitted themselves, as they always do, in a highly artistic and praiseworthy manner. Miss Hillary can be congratulated on her excellent work this winter as shown by the singing of the club, of which she is the worthy conductress.

A very talented young pupil of Mr. H. M. Field, Miss Florence Marshall, gave a piano recital in St. George's Hall, on Monday evening last, to an overflowing house. Her programme consisted of several exacting numbers, among which were the last movement of Bach's "Italian Concerto," Beethoven's Sonata in E flat, op. 31 No. 3, "Chopin's Variations," op. 12, and two Preludes from op. 28, and the Wagner-Liszt "Spinning Song," from the Flying Dutchman. These pieces were all performed in a vigorous, neat, scintillant manner, and with much maturity of interpretation; in fact, for a young lady of fifteen years, as was stated on the programme, her genuine musical performance on this occasion speaks well for future years and future appearances. She doubtless will develop into a valued artist. Miss Marshall had the assistance of Miss Gertie Black, soprano, and Miss Lina Adamson, violinist, both of whom added not a little to the interest of the evening. The former, Miss Black, is a pupil of Miss Norma Reynolds, and sang with warmth and expression an aria from Meyerbeer's "Les Huguenots;" her voice is of excellent quality, and she already uses it well. Miss Adamson gave a very spirited and effective performance of one of Vieuxtemps's brilliant and thoroughly grateful pieces, which the large audience seemed to enjoy. There is much excellent talent in our midst which is developing and maturing, and we could name several students who will one day be heard from, as they have unusual talent.

In the London *Musical News* of April 28th appears a review of the twentieth and last of the Crystal Palace concerts for this season, and also a senseless attack on Franz Liszt as a composer. On this occasion Sophie Menter, the great pianiste, performed what the *Musical News* calls "an ugly, chaotic, formless free fantasia"—evidently having in mind the development portion of a sonata, as music to the average English-

man must always conform to text book rules—but which in reality was Liszt's intensely brilliant, spontaneous and effective E flat Major Concerto. The criticism in question goes on to say "that the concerto is subjectless, having no inspiration, and consists mainly of execution," and that "Mme. Menter played some of Liszt's *derangements* of Schubert's songs, that he (Liszt) had very few original ideas worthy of attention, and that he generally occupied himself with dressing up in inappropriate (?) guise the themes of others," and kindly advises Mme. Menter "to leave the Lisztein babbings on Schubert alone." We confess to having never read more ridiculous or thoroughly prejudiced statements, especially about the writings of such an original and musical genius as Liszt, and although well knowing the conservative ideas of the *Musical News* regarding the works of both Wagner and Liszt, hardly believed it capable of expressing such views as those above quoted. Liszt had no original musical ideas when he created such monumental works of art as the Faust and Dante Symphonies, and his great Symphonic Poems? No original ideas when he created the great B minor Sonata, with its rugged themes and grand harmonies, so wierd, intense and irresistible; his beautiful, tender Love Dreams, and Consolations; his great masses and oratorios; his wonderful piano arrangements of Beethoven's symphonies and Schubert's songs; his magnificent etudes and his exquisite vocal lyrics, so full of poetic beauty and noble thought! The chief theme in his B minor ballade, fragmentary though it is, is one of the most beautiful and flowing—imbued as it is with lofty musical sentiment and feeling—to be found in the whole realm of music. If Liszt had never composed an original work, his effective transcriptions and stupendous piano arrangements would place him in the very front rank of musical thinkers, for through his efforts in this direction, he gave an impetus to piano playing and piano building which cannot be overestimated, and opened up new paths for piano composition and effects which had never been dreamed of. The Love Dreams, Consolations, etudes, and Love Lyrics are worthy to be placed beside anything Chopin or Schumann ever wrote, and infinitely superior to anything of the kind by Mendelssohn, or which has been written by any English composer. It is indeed melancholy to think of such matter which passes for criticism, and which will doubtless be read and believed by many persons who are influenced by the opinions expressed by the *Musical News* being circulated—for we had hoped that at this end of the nineteenth century, our English musical friends would have learned that music is none the less music because it does not fit into the prescribed form laid down by the ultra classicists, for sometimes beautiful flowers grow in the fields as well as in the hothouse, and are infinitely fresher and more fragrant. If we wish to appreciate Liszt's music, we must study it, hear it, understand it, for it palpitates at times with passion, dazzling splendour, vitality, and freshness, and again throbs with feeling, depth, earnestness, and the intensity of an overflowing heart.

Conceit may puff a man up, but can never prop him up.—*Ruskin*.

Words are an amazing barrier to the reception of truth.—*Sydney Smith*.

## LIBRARY TABLE.

RANDOM THOUGHTS. By Caroline Dartnall; Toronto. J. E. Bryant Co. 1894.

This is a very interesting little book. The writer is evidently a lady of large acquirements, well educated, and refined; and these pages which she has written for the guidance of her own children, may be safely recommended to others. It would have been a great improvement, if the brief essays could have been brought under general heads; and, this may be done, and some more might be added in a new edition.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF ATTENTION. By Th. Ribot. Chicago: Open Court Publishing Company. 1894.

Some time ago we gave a favourable notice of this work. Here we have a second edition in cheaper form, 25 cents in paper, instead of 75 cents in cloth. We repeat that any work of M. Ribot, deserves and demands the attention of psychologists, and this among the number. It is said to be revised. We have compared it with the first edition, and have noted no changes; but both are satisfactory.

THE RESURRECTION OF THE DEAD. By the late Professor W. Milligan. Price 4s. 6d. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark; Toronto: Willard Tract Repository. 1894.

The late Dr. Milligan of Aberdeen, among other theological works, produced what may be called the standard treatise of modern times on the "Resurrection of Jesus Christ." He was, therefore, in no ordinary degree prepared for the handling of the subject of the volume before us, which may be described as a series of lectures on the great fifteenth chapter of St. Paul's 1st Epistle to the Corinthians. The papers were originally published in serial form and are here collected according to the intention of the lamented author. They are in all respects admirable. There is not a point neglected; and even if the reader does not always accept the writer's conclusions, he will have ample opportunity of knowing other views. A good example of this may be seen in the discussion of those who are "baptized for the dead."

OXFORD AND HER COLLEGES. By Goldwin Smith, D.C.L. Price 75 cents. New York: Macmillan; Toronto: Copp, Clark, Co. 1894.

A more charming volume than this has not come into our hands for many a day. Few men are more competent to write on any subject than Mr. Goldwin Smith. Perhaps no one is better qualified to write on Oxford. He imagines himself on the top of the Radcliffe Library, the dome of which rises in the very centre of the University, and from that point of vantage he describes to an American visitor the colleges and other institutions of the University in their chronological order. Some persons writing of late, notably Mr. Thomas Arnold, have attempted to show that Oxford has of late deteriorated. This is not the opinion of Mr. Goldwin Smith, and he gives facts which sustain his own conclusions. We are sure, however, that the few Oxford men, of the age of Newman who are still alive, will demur to Dr. Smith's view of the influence of the Tractarians. Only one slip have we noticed. The author says that Manchester College belongs to the Independents; surely it is the Unitarians. We can hardly tell to which of two classes this book will be most delightful, to old Oxford men, or to those who take it in hand as a guide to the University.

KENSHIN'S VISION. By Rev. A. Lloyd. Tokyo and Yokohama. 1894.

Quite recently we noticed a very interesting brochure of Professor Lloyd's on Buddhism; and now we have to welcome a poem of much depth of religious feeling set forth in poetic garb, which would do no discredit to writers of a very high order. The story tells how Ken-

PERIODICALS.

The leading article in the *May Writer* is of more than ordinary interest. "Writer's Cramp: Its nature and its cure" will not lack readers. This number has the usual supply of useful papers, hints, notes, etc., for literary workers.

*Electric Engineering* should prove invaluable to all interested in the advanced study of this important branch of practical science. The last two numbers are brimful of information on a variety of useful and instructive subjects. This journal is wide and comprehensive in scope, and yet marvellously clear and concise in form.

To the weary man with a sense of humour we commend the *Idler*. Its light, bright, clever and amusing numbers are always heartily welcomed by us amid the stress of graver matter. The *May* number shows no falling off, and if the *Idler* fails to have a long life, it will be when the world has ceased to smile and its face has grown as cold as that of the man in the moon.

*Music* for *May* is at hand with many excellent articles, notably "The Harmonic Nature of Musical Scales," by Jean Moss, "Cause and Effect in Piano Touch," by several well-known American piano teachers, among whom are Constantin Stornberg, Arthur Foote, Carlton Faeltou, and Sherwood. A review of the Boston Symphony Concerts, a couple of musical stories and editorial bric-a-brac make up a very interesting number.

Mr. Ronsveille Wildman, the new editor of the *Overland*, is bringing new and vigorous life to this standard Western periodical. We are at once struck by the cosmopolitan character of its contents, and the attractive and agreeable manner in which they are presented. Articles on Egypt, Palmistry in China and Japan, the Nicaragua Canal, Chinese Six Companies. Papers artistic, descriptive and narrative, the serial short story and poem all have the right ring and make the *May* number good reading.

A strong, determined face is that of Joseph Cook, whose portrait forms the frontispiece of the *May* number of the *Magazine of Poetry*. Perhaps the best known personality from the literary standpoint represented in this number is Rose Terry Cook, and why not in portrait? Among a number of twinkling mediocrities appears a gorgeous full page portrait of an important looking young man, profusely adorned with fur. It represents not the Czar of all the Russias but simply Will J. Benners, jr. (Eric Braddon), and a notable picture it is!

*Onward and Upward* for *May* has some acceptable editorial notes. "Their Eldest Lassie" sustains its interest; the Review article by Hulda Friederichs: "In Whitest Norway," is excellent reading. "Great as Charles Kingsley was in the world at large, he was greatest in his own home," says Aunt Lizzie in her fine appreciation of the great English writer, reformer and divine. "One Another's Burdens" and "Fireside Chats" should not be overlooked. Nor should Mrs. Traill's charming paper for the wee ones, "Little Jamie and the Humming Birds" receive other than hearty welcome.

Mr. John M. Coulter treats of a subject of widespread interest in his paper on "The Cost of Undergraduate Instruction" in the *Educational Review* for *May*. Another important subject, "Truants and Incurables," a knotty point for most masters, is considered by Mr. E. P. Seaver. "The great and crying evil throughout the country to-day," says Mr. Seaver, "is that for want of proper means for dealing with truancy in its earlier stages, it is neglected and allowed to ripen into juvenile criminality, and later into adult criminality. Mr. Wilhelm Rein has an able paper in this number on "Contemporary Educational Thought in Germany."

Any one interested in art matters will, perhaps, on opening the *Art Amateur* for *May*, turn first to the Note Book, with its interesting

is a dash of quiet humour in it—though perhaps this might not be detected by the philosopher, who is forcibly put in the same class not only with the minor poet but also with the enamoured. The comprehensiveness of the sorts of readers, too, to which it pretends to appeal forewarns us that much ground will be covered, and not covered in any dry or abstruse manner. Even the sly choice of the word *Lexicon* is indicative of the method by which Mr. Greenwood has worked. He has chosen from the English language some one hundred and odd words whose meanings have some connection with the tender passion—for example, Bashfulness, Beauty, Blandishment, Bliss, Blushing Bridal, Bride, Bridegroom, Bridesmaid, are some among the *B's*. Each of these he puts in its proper alphabetical order and proceeds to descant, in the pleasantest manner at his command, upon the thing which it signifies. He does not pretend to be deep, nor does he on the other hand pretend to be frivolous: but if a mean between the two is conceivable—a mean of interesting fact, theory, and imagination, expressed in light, sometimes half-bantering language—then Mr. Greenwood's style will be understood. Thus, upon the subject of first love (lexiconically printed "Love, First," in the caption) he says:—

"Could all the men and women who ever were kept awake o' nights be brought into the witness-box, they would agree that there is no love like first love. There are a few dissentients from the opinion, but incomplete knowledge explains them away. Some natures are so unfortunate that first love will not thrive with them. It is a poor, a lank, a weedy growth of little bloom. Its joys are feeble to disappointment; and, indeed, the only use of it seems to be to enrich the ground it withers on and prepare it for a second love more homely and robust. This is nothing but a tale of native poverty, born incompetence; and yet those whose history it is are not without an inkling of what first love can be. That is what makes them so uneasy when they learn that they are not their sweetheart's first love, but the second. No doubt it is true that jealousy starts up at the thought that he (or she) ever had a willing mind for any other soul; but that is not the whole of the distress. There are qualms as to whether a second love can be as sincere as the first; or if no disturbance arises on that point (and it is not in sincerity that the one excels the other as a matter of course), there is a feeling, even in minds that have been balked of the experience, that first love comes in a freshness and glory that is repeated never. Nor is it. We read of love transferred, but that a crest love cannot be; which should be some comfort to the deserted maids who study these pages. . . . First love is more than the awakening of a passion; it is transition to another state of being. When it is born the man is new made."

Of "Advances" Mr. Greenwood tells us:—  
"Although the word exactly describes the peepings and effusions of the spirit of love, drawn from its hiding place and willing to bring near to it what attracts itself, many a maid would perish rather than hear of her 'allurements'; unless, indeed, 'sweat' went before the word, or 'unconscious,' or 'innocent,' or some other shame-dispelling adjective. And it will be said that good girls have nothing to do with advances, allurements, or anything of the kind. Such arts being permitted to widows, widows avail themselves of the privilege, no doubt; and seeing that they seek no entanglements of the heart, but rather an honourable contract than anything else, they may do so without blame or self-reproach. But (it will be urged) they are arts which are never practised by guileless young women. And all this is perfectly true, with a difference which the word 'practised' defines."

It will be seen that Mr. Greenwood discourses pleasantly on a theme of universal and eternal interest. It is not a book to be read at a sitting; nor is it one that requires much chewing and digesting. But there are few who will not frequently take it down from their shelves when once they have put it there. It deserves to be added that the tone of the work is excellent—no small thing, seeing it trenches upon ground dear to all but much profaned by some.

shin, the priest, found his way from Buddha to Christ. At first he thought, like S. Paul, the he "ought to do many things contrary to the name of Jesus of Nazareth."

"And even as he strove against the Christ His narrow zeal, like that famed mountain stream That charges against its narrow bounds of rock,

Boiled into prejudice against the sect Whose coming seemed an insult to the land. Yet, like to him of Tarsus, ere the light Shone on him on the Syrian road, he strove, Blinded against the Truth, to reach the Truth By holy deeds and strict ascetic life, And golden rule of humble poverty."

In a vision, Jesus, the true Buddha, is revealed to him.

"Lord, I believe," said Kenshin, and his head Sank on his breast, and in his heart was peace."

THE STICKIT MINISTER AND SOME COMMON MEN. THE RAIDERS. By S. R. Crockett. Toronto: William Briggs. 1894.

The author of these two books, brought out for Canada by the Methodist Publishing House, is bound to become a very popular author and deservedly so. He calls himself a disciple of Stevenson, and Scott; the great master of all the younger successful novelists, as Crockett himself says.

"The Stickit Minister," by which he sprang into fame, is a reprint of some of the short tales written for *The Christian Leader*, of Edinburgh. Their composition dates back several years, the one first being "A Day in the Life of the Rev. James Pithye, Minister of Nether Dullarg." It would be hard to pick out the best stories in the book because where all are so excellent there remains little room for choice. Those that especially impressed the writer were "The Stickit Minister," "Accepted of the Beasts," "The Heather Lantie," the two stories of "Cleg Kelly," "Ensamples to the Flock" and "The Minister of Scour." "The Split in the Marrow Kirk" shows the author's strength in sketching child-character which comes out even more strongly in the second work.

All the stories are of Galloway and smack of the soil. The writer cannot help wishing he were Scotch so as to enjoy the sketches to the full, but even to him they all appear as exquisite little cameos, so lifelike and true that he would expect to meet anyone of them were he to take a walk among the Galloway hills. The naturalness of the characters and the quaint humor displayed by the author must compel us to ask for some, indeed all, of the others he says he has written. The humor in the first book is perhaps its strongest connecting link with the second.

As to "The Raiders" one is forced to think of "Lorna Doone," to find a just comparison. The title of course calls to mind "Rob Roy," "The Pirate" or "David Balfour," but, all told, we feel that "Lorna Doone" is its companion. Which is the better of the two, the reader must decide for himself. Crockett's female characters are very fine and to our mind better than Stevenson's. The heart is laid bare in a few delicate but masterly strokes, the motives are seen clearly and we feel a keen interest in the progress and development of the characters which does not flag for an instant. "Mild-eyed Melancholy" is the patron saint of the author. May the writer of these simple, natural stories soon enrich us with others in the same vein, must be the wish of every reader.

Would it not be a good idea for the Canadian publishers to add a short glossary of the most unfamiliar Scotch words or phrases?

THE LOVER'S LEXICON: A Handbook for Novelists, Playwrights, Philosophers, and Minor Poets; but specially for the Enamoured. By Frederick Greenwood. New York and London: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co., Ltd.

The taking title of this book is a very good index to the character of its contents. There



items and bits of gossip. The critique on exhibitions at the National Academy of Design, and a number of minor ones at the various galleries, is full of information and description of what is best worth seeing. For the practical amateur, eager for hints to facilitate work, some of the many articles on work in oil, pastel, pen and ink, modelling clay in relief (this especially good) and drawing generally, will be most useful, given as they are with great attention to detail. China painting has its full share of space, and the illustrated description of the home of Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith, is delightful. The colored plates are a group of kittens by Helena McGuire, a page of ungrouped pansies by Patty Thum, while designs for painting, carving and other decorative work are supplied in abundance.

### LITERARY AND PERSONAL.

Mrs. Burton Harrison's new novel, "A Bachelor Maid," is to begin soon in *The Century*.

Harper's announce publication of Blackmore's latest novel, "Perlycross." Anything from the author of "Lorna Doone" will be welcome to the lovers of good romance.

Mr. Richard Harding Davis has written for the "Editor's Drawer" of the June *Harper's* an amusing study of the young married couple who go to live in the country near New York. He calls it "Our Suburban Friends."

The well-known physiologist, Dr. Austin Flint, will contribute to the June *Popular Science Monthly* an account of "The Eye as an Optical Instrument," in which some recent discoveries as to the functions of this organ are given.

The complete works of Geoffrey Chaucer in their final edition, on which Professor Skeat has been for so long engaged, are now being issued from the Macmillan press in six volumes, all of which, it is hoped, will be published during the present year.

Marion Crawford's new short novel is to appear this summer in *The Century*. It is said to be partly the story of the three Miss Miners who are alluded to in "Katharine Lauderdale." It is an idyl of Bar Harbor, and will be called "Love in Idleness."

Kidd's "Social Evolution," which has been received everywhere with the most favorable comments, will soon be issued in a second and cheaper, crown octavo edition, in which a certain number of minor changes have been made by the author with reference to criticisms which have appeared in regard to the book.

Mr. Edward Porritt, the author of "The Englishman at Home: his Responsibilities and Privileges," recently published by Messrs. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., has, it is announced, delivered an address before the American Academy of Political and Social Science on "The Break-up of the old system of two parties in the House of Commons."

We had been expecting a visit to Toronto this summer from Mr. Gilbert Parker: however, in a letter just received he says; "No Canada till late this year. I came too late from Mexico and Cuba." We are sure this bright and indefatigable Canadian novelist will render a good account of the literary *spolia opima* gathered in that land of the Aztecs. Mr. Parker's hard work, enterprize and unusual ability cannot fail of continued success.

Professor and Mrs. Goldwin Smith have returned to "The Grange" much benefited by their visit to Oxford and the Isle of Wight. The learned Professor contributed some important articles to English reviews when abroad, and we are glad to know that his pen will speedily attack new literary work. *THE WEEK* heartily congratulates its distinguished founder and friend on the safe return of his family to their beautiful Toronto home.

J. Selwin, Tait & Sons announce the following publications: "Sandow's System of Physical Training," already referred to by us; the "Gist of Whist," by C. E. Coffin; "A Bundle of Life," by John Oliver Hobbes; "Cheap Jack Zita," by S. Baring-Gould; "The Bedouin Girl," by Mrs. S. J. Higginson; "The Green Bay Tree," by Vivian and H. Wilkes; "Cavalry Life in Tent and Field," by Mrs. O. B. Boyd; "Two of a Trade," by Mrs. McCullough Williams and "Athletics for Physical Culture," by T. C. Knauff.

Mr. and Mrs. Humphrey Ward's London house is in Russell Square, a locality of abiding historic interest, says the *Boston Home Journal*. A couple of years ago they bought a cottage in Surrey, within easy distance of Tennyson's Haslemere, where they now pass the summer months. The home of Rhoda Broughton, strange to say, is in Oxford, she having moved from North Wales to the dull and sleepy university town some years ago. Miss Broughton's house on Halgrade Street, is very old, with gable roofs and windows, and antique architectural conceits defying description. Edna Lyall lives with her sister, the wife of a clergyman, in one of the most attractive houses of pleasant Eastbourne, but she is a great traveller, and spends a part of every year on the Continent.

The Department of Philosophy and Education of Columbia College has instituted a series of contributions to Philosophy, Psychology and Education, to appear at irregular intervals, but to be consecutively numbered and paged for binding in volumes of about 500 pages each. The contributions will consist mainly of the more important dissertations submitted by candidates for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy, but occasional numbers will be contributed by the instructors themselves and by other scholars. The following are now ready: 1. Frederick Henrich Jacobi: a study in the origin of German Realism, by Norman Wilde, Ph.D. 2. Kant's Inaugural Dissertation of 1770, translated into English, together with an Introduction and Discussion, by William J. Echhoff, Ph.D., Professor of Philosophy and Pedagogy in the University of Colorado.

Miss Pauline Johnston was given a purse of thirty sovereigns by Brantford people before leaving for England. Miss Johnston is a poetess of undoubted ability and her rich strain of aboriginal blood gives zest and fire to her literary work which is racy of the soil. A unique figure in Canadian letters she has added the polish of later learning to the strength and vigor of tribal tradition. Miss Johnston could scarcely find a more graphic and effective interpreter of her own poetry than herself. Those who have heard Dr. Oronhyatekha speak and Miss Johnston recite, are free to admit that the aborigine of Canada has, in them, two intellectual representatives of whom any civilized country might be proud. Our brothers and sisters across sea will,

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we are sure, cordially welcome our old and valued contributor, for her own as well as for her ancestors' sake, whose fealty to the British crown was testified in many a doughty deed.

### PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

- Th. Ribot. The Diseases of the Will. Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Company. 75 cts.
- Bertha Von Suttner. Martha Von Tilling\* Autobiography of. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 75 cts.
- Mark Samuel. The Amateur Aquarist. New York: The Baker & Taylor Co.
- A. Conan Doyle. Sherlock Holmes, The Adventures of. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.
- Mrs. Oliphant. Lady William. New York: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: Copp Clark & Co.
- Marshall Saunders. "Beautiful Joe." Toronto: The Baptist Book Room.
- Alfred Binet. Micro-Organisms The Psychology of. Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Company. Cloth, 75 cts.; paper, 25 cts.
- S. R. Crockett. Some Common Men and The Stickit Minister. London: T. Fisher Unwin. Toronto: Wm. Briggs.

### READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

#### THE OLD BOOKS.

Deep in the past I peer and see  
A child upon the nursery floor,  
Holding a book upon his knee,  
Who asks, like Oliver, for more,  
The number of his years is IV.,  
And yet in letters hath he skill,  
How deep he dives in fairy lore!  
The books I loved, I love them still.

One gift the fairies gave me; three  
They commonly bestowed of yore;  
The love of books, the golden key  
That opens the enchanted door;  
Behind it Bluebeard lurks, and o'er  
And o'er doth Jack his giants kill,  
And there is all Aladdin's store;  
The books I loved, I love them still.

Take all, but leave my books to me!  
Those heavy creels of old we loved  
We fill not now, nor wander free,  
Nor wear the heart that once we wore,  
Not now each river seems to pour



May 18th, 1894.]

His waters from the Muse's hill ;  
Though sometimes gone from stream to  
shore ;  
The books I loved, I love them still.  
—Andrew Lang, in the *Argonaut*.

THE STUBBORN CAMEL.

Camels are not like horses. If a horse does not want to do anything we make him. If a camel does not want to do anything he leaves it undone. No amount of coaxing, no amount of cruelty, will make him budge. He has the determination of a mule combined with the strength of an elephant. A camel is one of those aggravating brutes which will drive a hot-tempered man to distraction. Nothing will persuade him to listen to reason. He will oppose your will with a passive resistance that is absolutely unconquerable.

The only way to treat a camel is to humor if you cannot humbug him. They will often lie down if you load them with the proverbial last straw, and you might beat them to death or offer up all the pleasures of Paradise before they would get up. They are pig-headed beasts. Sometimes when they have quite a light load they turn nasty and throw themselves to the ground. But, although they are obstinate, they are not cute, and an Arab, by pretending to submit, can generally get the better of the stubborn beasts. The drivers will ostentatiously remove three or four packages, from the load, and the animal, with an inward chuckle of satisfaction, rises at once without perceiving that the parcels have meanwhile been returned to their former place. As he flatters himself he has shirked some of his duty he swings away with a light heart, gratified beyond measure, like a spoilt child, at having his own way.

The camel is an unsociable beast. He is also habitually dull, except when he is sniffing the salt air of the desert. When he is treading the sands, with the burning sun on his back, and the boundless waste before him, he feels himself at home. The immense heat makes him bubble over with pleasure, and fills his frame with a sublime intoxication. It has been stated on the best authority that he can go nine days without water. And if you had ever seen a camel drink when he does get a chance of quenching his thirst, you would not be surprised at this. They have been known to put away seven gallons and a half at a time.—*London News*.

BURNS AS A GAUGER.

In his capacity of of exciseman Burns was always humane and considerate, especially when offenders against the fiscal law were poor and needy.

One clear moonlight morning on being awakened by a clang of horses at a gallop, he started up, looked out at the window, and to his wife, who asked eagerly what it was, he whispered :—

"It's smugglers, Jean."

"Robert, then I fear ye'll be to follow them?"

"And so I would," he answered, "were it Will Gunnion or Edgar Wright; but it's poor Brandyburn, who has a wife and three weans; and is no doing owre weel on his farm. What can I do?" She pulled him in from the window.

On another occasion a poor woman, Kate Watson by name, an unlicensed vendor of excisable liquors, was officially visited by the poet "gauger." He motioned her to the doorway and earnestly whispered to her, in the hearing of Prof. Gillespie, of St. Andrews—

"Kate, are you mad? Don't you know that the supervisor and I will be upon you in the course of forty minutes? Good-bye at present."

Needless to say, the poor woman was not slow to take the friendly hint. She was saved a fine of several pounds and the revenue lost, perhaps, five shillings. Occasionally the poet's kindly consideration took a facetious turn. He and a brother officer once entered the shop of a widow woman and made a seizure of smuggled tobacco.

"Jenny," said the bard, "I expected this would be the upshot."

"Here, Lewars, take note of the number of rolls as I count them."

"Now, Jock, did you ever hear an auld wife numbering her threads before the check reels were invented? Thou's aye, and thou's no aye, and thou's aye and out. Listen."

The poet then proceeded to reckon on this principle, dropping every second roll into poor Janet's lap, and Jock listened, and gravely made the memorandum as desired.

A DETECTIVE'S SMART CAPTURE.

A Sydney detective, who passes under the name of Edmunds, has just achieved, single-handed, one of the most successful coups ever recorded in Australia. It was no less than the detection and capture of a gang of miners who for a long time had been robbing the Mount Morgan Gold Mining Company of large quantities of gold. The story of the robbery and the detection of the culprits, as told by the *Australian*, is as follows:—For years past an astute and daring gang had carried on extensive depredations with perfect immunity. Gold was stolen in every form from both the smelting and battery departments. The charcoal was stolen from the filters, the ash remaining in the furnaces after burning off the charcoal was stolen, amalgam, the retorted gold, and even the smelted gold was systematically taken. A number of men were known to spend as much as a week's wages in a night's revelry, yet always have plenty to spare, and repeated efforts by the Mount Morgan directors to solve the mystery failed. Detectives were introduced into the mine as workmen, but without result. One was by ill-luck recognized and accosted by a member of a theatrical company travelling through the place, and the presence of the spies seems at all events to have been known to too many persons about the mine for the requisite secrecy to be preserved. At last the directors resolved to move without even their own chief officials having an inkling of what was afoot, and so they enlisted the services of the Sydney detective Edmunds, who was a total stranger in Queensland. Edmunds landed at Rockhampton, unshaven, dressed in moleskin trousers, woollen shirt, etc., and set about getting work upon the mine, a difficult task, seeing he was known to not one of those in charge. He failed actually in getting into the service of the company, but obtained a job from a contractor at boring work, which told heavily upon his physical strength. He was fortunate enough, however, to put up at an hotel which proved to be the headquarters of the gang. Edmunds drank and fraternised with these men, boasted of the quantities of gold and diamonds he had stolen on the Cape fields, and was soon an active working member of the gang, hand and glove with the unsuspecting thieves. The detective stole freely with them, assisted to disguise the gold, and in company with one man, Mangin, with whom he became especially friendly, carried it down to Rockhampton and disposed of it to one of their principal "fences," a jeweller named Percy. So "close" did the detective work that it required all his ingenuity to obtain speech secretly with the directors when he paid Rockhampton one of these business visits. To get rid of Mangin, however, he feigned sickness, doubling himself up suddenly in excruciating pain, so that his companion in crime ran in alarm to the chemist's for a plaster, which he affixed with great solicitude to the officer's back, and packed him off to bed. Then Mangin, left to his own resources, sallied out upon a drinking bout, leaving the detective free to slip from his bedroom to the rendezvous with his employers. When all was ready ten constables, in ignorance of the work before them, were brought up secretly from Brisbane, and scattered over the ground, so as to make the arrest of thieves and receivers simultaneously. Edmunds himself journeyed down to Rockhampton with Mangin by special coach, provided with cigars and brandy, and visited the "fence," where, by preconcerted arrangement, they were interrupted by the police. All the other arrests were effected with equal success and expedition, but it is stated that many more persons implicated yet remain to be captured by another spreading of the net.—*Exchange*.

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The only failing a man ought to fear is failing in cleaving to the purpose he sees to be best.—*George Eliot*.

It is not true that the people of our time are tired of hearing the Gospel. Much ado now and then is made about the indifference of the masses of religion, and that they have no interest in Christianity, but the fact remains that wherever there is faithful preaching of the word there audiences gather. It always holds: The common people hear Him gladly.—*Lutheran World*.

Were I a member of Congress I would do everything in my power to suppress addresses over the mouldering remains of my brethren. Not only are these addresses for the most part stupid and heartless, as well as disgustingly fulsome, but insult is added to injury by an inexcusable procrastination in their delivery. Instead of at once paying tribute to the deceased, the living wait until he is forgotten, and then pump up an anguish they do not feel to extend it on a beggarly array of empty benches. Sarcasm can no further go.—*Kate Field's Washington*.

A rare and curious paper which came into possession of the Presbyterian Board of Missions has been placed in the Lenox Library of New York. It is supposed to be the only copy extant of the Act of Parliament of 1649, in Cromwell's reign, incorporating and chartering the Society for instituting the Propagation of the Gospel among the Indians of New England. The ancient document is printed in Old English lettering. It names sixteen persons who shall organize the society, and it was evidently intended that the organization should be permanent, for rules are laid down for filling vacancies and for self-perpetuation.—*The Outlook*.

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**PUBLIC OPINION.**

**Regina Leader:** The bill introduced by the Government for the preservation of game in certain parts of the North-West is in the right direction and it is hoped will prevent the complete extinction of the small remnant of what were once the monarchs of the plains. There are still a few buffalo and bison in the far north and these are not to be hunted, molested or killed until January 1st, 1900.

**Ottawa Citizen:** Senator Gallinger's proposal to continue the McKinley tariff in force against Canada while lowering duties against the rest of the world shows clearly how American politicians fail to understand the spirit of the Canadian people. Our Government has always been ready to consider and discuss improved trade relations between the two countries, but the attempt to coerce this country is childish.

**Vancouver World:** The other day a Roman Catholic priest preached the first sermon ever given by one of that faith before the Harvard students. Queen's College, Kingston, Ont., a distinctively Presbyterian institution, has followed suit; Principal Grant invited the venerable Father Dawson, of Ottawa, to deliver the baccalaureate sermon to his class of graduates. Both proved equal to the occasion, being men of letters. These incidents rebuke the stirrers-up of strife between religious bodies, and reflect credit upon the broad-minded clergymen who recognize the truth that only the good will be found in Heaven.

**Montreal Star:** Canadian statesmanship will find a task worthy of its attention in so guiding the development of Canada that there will never arise between our East and our West that feeling of jealousy and bitter distrust which now divides the American nation. Antagonism of interest, real or fancied, always gives birth to antagonism of policy; and the fate of a house divided against itself has been foretold long prior to our time. The things which the East has been saying about the western income tax scheme portrays to some extent the feeling that is entertained for the home of the Populist in the home of the "plutocrat."

**St. John Telegraph:** Canada is only to be placed upon the same footing as the rest of the world, as regards the United States, after making tariff concessions such as are demanded of no other country. Such proposed amendments, however, are not to be taken too seriously. That of Senator Lodge is evidently the work of a man who has presidential aspirations, and thinks he sees in it a chance of making himself solid with the silver men of the west, while at the same time securing Republican support in the east by obstructing the tariff bill. The same motive of obstruction, no doubt, influences the New Hampshire senator. Both resolutions are simply samples of party tactics which are thought to be clever, but which do not look so well when viewed from a distance.

True dignity is never gained by place, and never lost when honors are withdrawn. —*Massinger.*

Poplicola's doors were opened on the outside to save the people even the common civility of asking entrance; where misfortune was a powerful recommendation, and where want itself was a powerful mediator. —*Dryden.*

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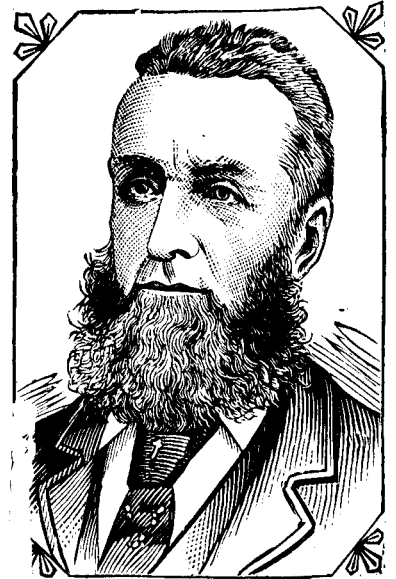
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Everything that happens to us leaves some trace behind; everything contributes imperceptibly to make us what we are.—*Aethe.*

In the destroyer's steps there spring up bright creations that defy his power, and his dark path becomes a way of light to heaven.—*Dickens.*

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**SCIENTIFIC AND SANITARY.**

A discussion in English papers has brought out the fact that explosions take place from the stoppage of the pipes by frost or sediment, never, as has been thought, by the heating of the boiler red-hot and the subsequent admission of cold water, this last, contrary to common opinion, being accompanied by a reduction instead of an increase of pressure. The remedy is the provision of a proper safety-valve for every kitchen boiler.

It has been inferred from the behavior of iron that it exists in two allotropic modifications, somewhat as carbon exists as charcoal and diamond. These forms are respectively hard and soft, and the whole phenomenon of tempering consists in the change of one into the other in varying proportions. This hypothesis now finds additional confirmation in the behavior of iron and steel when deformed by cooling, tests by extension developing abnormal peculiarities which are doubtless due to the formation of an allotropic modification.

M. Bouchet, a French authority, gives the following infallible tests of death: "The infallible evidence of death is the progressive chilling of the body which is put in equilibrium with the surrounding temperature. When this temperature descends below 20 degrees centigrade (68 degrees Fahrenheit) in the armpit, and below 22 degrees centigrade internally, that becomes a certain sign of the cessation of life. The proof of this temperature is then a simple and easily-applied means of recognizing indubitably the signs of death, and it is evident that this means can be put in practice by poor villagers without instruction."

Elaborate researches, which have recently been carried out in the laboratory attached to the office of the Sanitary Commissioner with the Government of India, are all against the supposition that there is any one specific for the cholera bacillus. A special assistant in the laboratory has been cultivating colonies of these germs for some years back, and the conclusion to which his investigations lead is that, although they may complicate a cholera case, they cannot be blamed for causing it. "Any definite relation between the occurrence of cholera and the presence of a particular species of cholera bacillus cannot be shown to exist, and with this any theory ascribing a choleraic condition to the action of any distinct species of intestinal organism which has yet been discovered comes to the ground."

The Royal Geographical Society of England is endeavouring to arouse interest in the investigation of the South Pole, and the English Government has been appealed to to insert an item in the navy estimates to assist in meeting the costs of a three years' expedition of exploration to the Antarctic Circle. It is estimated that the Antarctic Polar region includes something like four million square miles of land, which, so far as anybody now knows, has never been trodden by the foot of man. It is proposed to penetrate as far as possible into the interior of that continent, ascertain the depth and extent of the ice-cap, investigate the underlying rock, and take extensive meteorological and magnetic observations on both sea and land. It is intended that the expedition shall be entrusted to Dr. Nansen after his return from his present Arctic one.

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To be content with whatever lot befalls you is not a virtue, so long as there is a chance for improving it.

Help from without is often enfeebling in its effects, but help from within invariably invigorates.—*Samuel Smiles.*

Mr. Gladstone's library at Hawarden is said to contain over 20,000 volumes. This is a large number for a private collection. If the ordinary individual has a tenth of that number in his possession and is master of that tenth he may lay claim to knowing most of what will be required of him in an average life time. No doubt the ex-premier's marvellous command of language was acquired no less by practice in speaking than by reading. As an instance of his extraordinary powers of persuasion and subtlety of expression Lord Palmerston once wittily suggested when it was objected that Garibaldi could not marry an English lady, as he already had a wife that "Mr. Gladstone might get up and explain her away."—*Victoria Province.*

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## MISCELLANEOUS.

The light of the fire-fly, or "lightning-bug," is produced by a genuine animal phosphorescence.

Was it not Anthony Trollope who observed that even a bishop's commercial morals vary according as he is buying or selling a horse?

In India four leper asylums are now practically Christian, and during the past year 150 lepers became professed Christians and were baptized.

Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, the dramatist, says that when he first taught himself how to write plays, it was his custom to witness the same piece six nights a week in order to learn the technique. He keeps a stock of characters, plots, scenes, incidents and themes, all lying ready for use, and simmering in a dramatic stock-pot.

JAMES E. LESLIE, Richmond street, Toronto, writes:—"It affords me great pleasure to attest to the benefit I derived from your Guaranteed Acetic Acid in a case of Pleurisy. It was decidedly effectual; nothing more need be said. I have also recommended the Acid Cure system of treatment to many of my friends, and in no case has it failed. You are at liberty to give this certificate publication."

Man, it has been well said, begins a new series. He stands alone, erect, godlike, not so much in the pyramid of life, as on its summit. And, as every lofty summit of life is overhung by shining clouds, as if the souls of the hills had risen high above, so, to the vision of reasonable faith, there is another series of life—the spiritual, the glorified, of which man is the beginning.

The *Vancouver News-Advertiser* says that Mr. Edward Holmes who recently tramped across this Continent along the C. P. R. route will start on another long walk for San Francisco. After this Mr. Holmes will most likely visit the Hawaiian Islands. This gentleman has earned great fame as a walker. In 1885 he walked across Central Asia and in 1889 round Japan. He has been passing the winter at Warnock with a friend and during that time has done a good deal of climbing among the peaks of the coast range.

A writer in *Harper's Weekly* says: "Had Kossuth succeeded in making Hungary an independent nation as he conceived it, it would, in spite of the brightness, generosity and heroism of the Magyar race, have been a weak little State, torn by internal race conflicts, insignificant in the councils of nations, and constantly threatened by its neighbors. The independent Hungary he rejected is a substantially self-governing and most influential part of one of the great Powers of the world. But his stubborn consistency fitted the romance of his life."

"Imperialist" says, in *Colonies and India*, that "there is again some talk in certain colonial centres here of a proposal to blend the Royal Colonial with the Imperial Institute. This is a subject whereon I have already expressed very decided opinions. What the Royal Colonial Institute would gain by absorption into its younger rival I do not perceive, but the loss which it would sustain is very clear, and the Colonies would suffer severely. I have written "rival" above, but, in truth, the two Institutes are distinct, and the elder stands alone beyond competition and altogether unique in its character and its influence.

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## LIFE ON A RAILWAY.

THE EXPERIENCE OF A GRAND TRUNK EMPLOYEE.

Fell Ill From Exposure—Pronounced Incurable and Paid the Total Disability Insurance Allowed by the Company—Once More on the Road to Health—He Tells How it Came About.

From the Deseronto Tribune.

During the past few weeks a fruitful subject of conversation among the people at Deseronto Junction has been the wonderful recovery of Mr. William Henry Wager, who has been looked upon as a hopeless invalid. A representative of this paper was sent to interview Mr. Wager and gain all information possible in order to satisfy the public concerning the truth of the wonderful cure. Making his way to Deseronto Junction the reporter informed Mr. Ravin, the station master, of the object of his mission. That courteous official having assured the reporter that he would find the case one of more than ordinary interest, kindly pointed out the nearest route to Mr. Wager's residence. The Wager family is one of the oldest in the Bay district, and Mr. Wager and his people are well known throughout a wide radius of country. Arrived at the house the reporter knocked at the door and was quickly admitted by Mr. Wager himself, who it may be remarked, is in his thirty-fifth year, and was formerly employed as a section man on the Grand Trunk Railway, his section extending east and west of Deseronto Junction. He was a good workman and faithful servant of the company. On the 28th of April, 1893, he was compelled, on account of ill-health, to give up work completely. The doctor pronounced his trouble to be nervous palpitation of the heart. The district surgeon of the Grand Trunk Railway attended him and did all that medical skill could suggest in order to give him relief, but at the same time frankly told him that he could prescribe nothing that would effect a permanent cure. Mr. Wager was a member of the Grand Trunk Insurance and Provident Society, and during his illness received the usual pecuniary allowance given for a certain number of weeks to sick members. The society also paid his way to Montreal that he might consult an eminent medical man who acts as referee in such cases. This specialist at once pronounced his case hopeless; cure was impossible. He returned home greatly dejected, and the Insurance Society paid him the whole amount granted to its members in cases of total disability. Mr. Wager has since that time resided at his home on the Gravel Road, unable to work, seldom going from home except to make an occasional trip to Deseronto and Napanee. About three months ago Mr. John Kitchen, the well known section master on the Grand Trunk, who resides at Deseronto Junction, told Mr. Wager of the virtues of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and recommended him to give them a trial. He accordingly procured a quantity of the famous pills in order to give them a trial. Now mark the result. He soon felt the good effects of this great medicine. His appetite improved. The fluttering sensations about his heart appeared to be less pronounced. He continued taking the pills and his health steadily improved. The change became apparent to friends and neighbors and a matter of public interest. He gained in weight. As he remarked, last summer he was little more than a walking ghost; now, as the reporter could easily see, he was a substantial specimen of humanity. Mr. Wager informed the reporter that before he commenced taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills his heart used to beat rapidly and continue palpitating violently for some time if he attempted to cut even one stick of wood; now he can cut the daily supply of wood for the house without any such disagreeable sensations. He feels himself a different man and his neighbors are all congratulating him upon the great change so plainly manifest. He expects as soon as navigation opens to commence work again. Mrs. Wager was present during the interview and corroborated her husband's narrative. They con-

sider it a duty to publish abroad the virtues of this famous medicine which has brought such hope and comfort to their household. Mr. Wager also told of a leading farmer in the neighborhood who had been troubled with a chronic headache, who, at his suggestion, had also tried Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and had experienced relief in a very short time. Other cases in Deseronto and vicinity are known to the Tribune in which Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have been productive of much good. These pills are a perfect blood builder and nerve restorer, curing such diseases as rheumatism, neuralgia, partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, St. Vitus' dance, nervous headache, all nervous troubles, palpitation of the heart, the after effects of la grippe, diseases depending on humors of the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. Pink Pills give a healthy glow to pale and sallow complexions and are a specific for troubles peculiar to the female system, and in the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork, or excess. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N.Y., at 50c a box, or six for \$2.50. See that the company's registered trade mark is on the wrapper of every box offered you, and positively refuse all imitations or substitutes alleged to be "just as good." Remember no other remedy has been discovered that can successfully do the work of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

There is always a best way of doing everything, if it be to boil an egg.—*Emerson*.

Honor to those whose words or deeds thus help us in our daily needs.—*Longfellow*.

The art of dressmaking, as distinct from tailoring, originated with the present century.

The first factory for the manufacture of white glass for houses was established in 1330.

The very lazy man is the ideal of the contented soul so long as he does not have to work.

The Chinese claim to have possessed the art of enamelling metals from at least 2000 B.C.

Joys are the flowers dropped into our path by the hands of Providence.—*Wit and Wisdom*.

Worsted stuffs were first made at the village of Worstead, in Norfolk, England, about 1313.

The essence of knowledge is, having it, to apply it; not having it, to confess your ignorance.—*Confucius*.

The special sanitary inspector sent to Lisbon by the Spanish Government in order to inquire into the epidemic which has prevailed there for some time past, after a long investigation declares that the outbreak is one of true Asiatic cholera, imported to Lisbon from the Cape de Verde Islands.

Great regret is felt in scientific and university circles of Germany at the death of Prof. Heinrich Hertz, which took place at Bonn a few days ago. Next to Helmholtz he was considered by many the greatest physicist in Germany. Professor Hertz was only thirty-seven years old. He was graduated from the University of Berlin in 1880, and at once became an assistant of Helmholtz. His speciality was electricity and its laws.—*New York Tribune*.



**QUIPS AND CRANKS.**

The storm scenter is usually located in the Weather Bureau.

The man who would have done so and so if he had been there, never gets there.

Last winter's coat, with the lining torn out, is fashionable for office wear. It should be decorated with red ink and mucilage.

Father: Well, young man, I understand, then, that you love my daughter? Nervous Youth: N-n-n-no, sir, I wish to marry her.

Whenever a man fails his wife tells the public that he is "too conscientious" to succeed. What she tells him in private is sometimes different.

Willie: Papa, I think I like history twice as much as I do arithmetic. Papa: Why do you think so? Willie: Because I don't have to figure out the answers.

Widow Casey: Ah, Mr. Dolan, when my old man died it left a big hole in me heart. Mr. Dolan: Mrs. Casey, would ye moind patchin it wid a bit out of mine.

Architect: Have you any directions for the study, Mr. Silversides? Mr. S.: Only that it must be brown. Great thinkers, I understand, are generally found in a brown study.

Ostler: Sure, sor, yer brown horse hasn't eat any oats for three days. Mr. Upper crust: Is he sick? Ostler: I think not, sor; but the man at the feed store refuses to sell any more oats on credit.

"Is that enough, sir?" "Yes, that'll do very well; and now shave me, please." "I ought to mention that shaving is three-pence extra, sir. Do you really think it's worth while?"

Mollie (patronizingly): I had such a splendid time at the dance last night. Mr. Hyfly took me, you know. Etta (sweetly): You enjoyed it? How glad I am, dearie, that I refused to go with him.

Junior Partner: Our traveller ought to be discharged. He told one of our customers that I am an ignorant fool. Senior Partner: I shall speak to him and insist that no more office secrets be divulged.

Flora: I have just found a dollar and am hesitating whether to give it to the missionary society or buy some ribbon for dear little Fido. Frank: Ah, I see! Undecided whether to point a more or adorn a tail.

Mother: Oh, doctor, I'm so glad you have come. We have just had such a scare. We thought at first that Johnny had swallowed a five pound piece. Doctor: And you found out that he hadn't? Mother: Yes; it was only a penny.

Little Girl: If I was a teacher I'd make everybody behave. Aunt: How would you accomplish that? Little Girl: Real easy. When girls was bad I'd tell them they didn't look pretty; and when little boys was bad I'd make them sit with the girls, and when big boys was bad I wouldn't let them sit with the girls.

While a painter was busy painting the outside of a milk shop the milkman came outside to see how he was getting on, and observed him pouring a lot of oil into the paint. "Why do you put oil into the paint?" asked the milkman. "Man," said the painter, "if paint could do without oil as weel as milk can do without water I would never put any in it."

Barry Sullivan, the Irish tragedian, was playing in "Richard III." some years ago at Shrewsbury in England. When the actor came to the lines:—

"A horse! a horse!"  
My kingdom for a horse!"  
some one in the pit called out: "Wouldn't an ass do you, Mr. Sullivan?" "Yes," responded the tragedian, turning quickly on the interrupter; "please come around to the stage door."

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The animals to whom Nature has given the faculty we call cunning know always when to use it, and use it wisely; but when man descends to cunning he blunders and betrays.—*Thomas Paine.*

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The silence often of pure innocence persuades, when speaking fails.—*Shakespeare.*

The first map ever seen in England was brought there by Bartholomew Columbus, the brother of Christopher.

Common sense in one view is the most uncommon sense. While it is extremely rare in possession, the recognition of it is universal. All men feel it, though few men have it.—*H. N. Hudson.*

Silence is the element in which great things fashion themselves together, that at length they may emerge, full formed and majestic, into the delight of life, which they are thenceforth to rule.—*Carlyle.*

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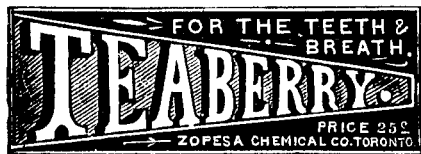
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