

THE WEEK:

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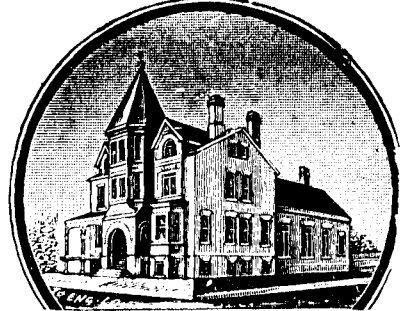
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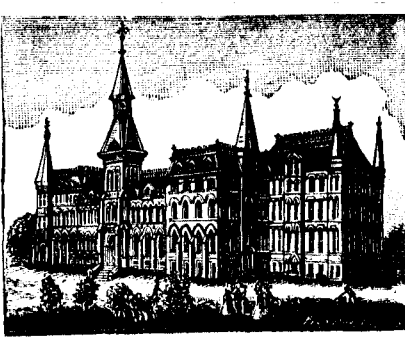
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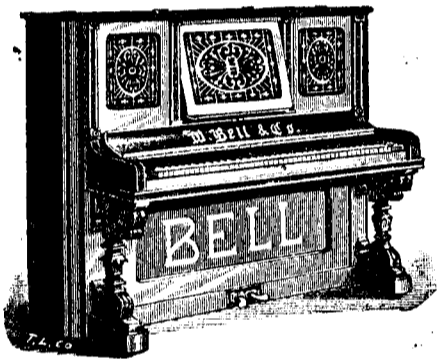
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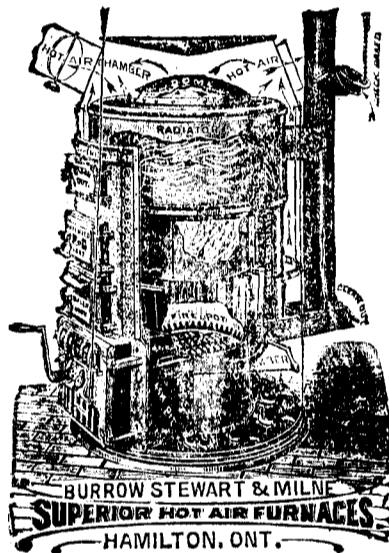


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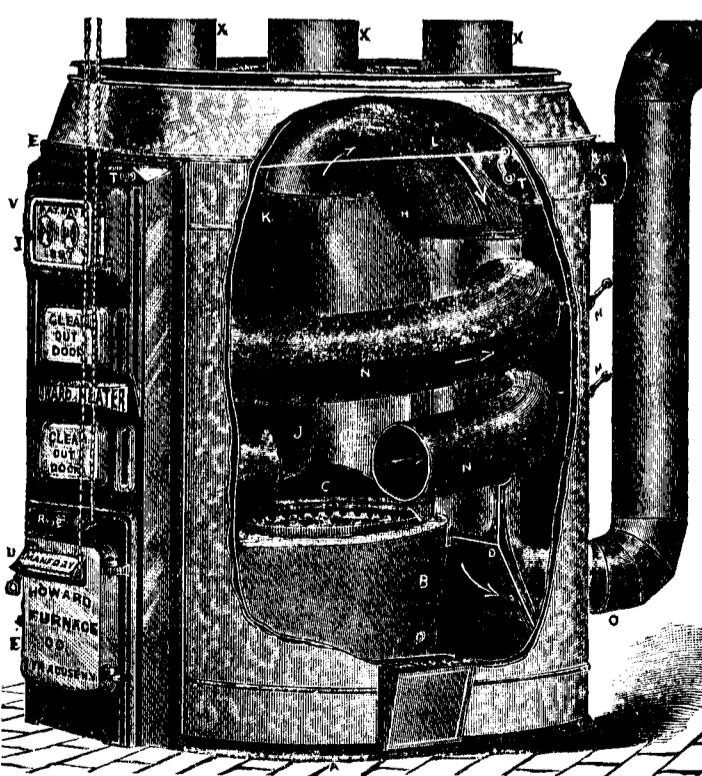
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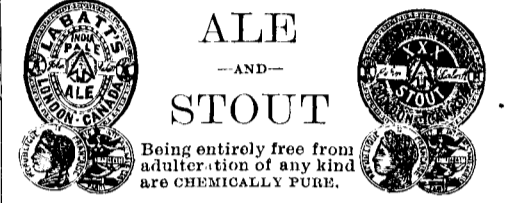
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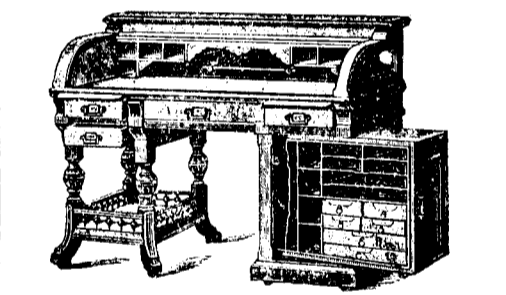
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Vol. VII, No. 35.

TORONTO, FRIDAY, AUGUST 1st, 1890.

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THE WEEK :

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 - 5.—THE WEEK will award the prizes and will be judge of the fulfilment of the conditions.

WE must confess our belief—perhaps not at this moment a popular one—that Colonel George Denison has had hard measure meted out to him by his opponents in the Council. We are quite willing to admit that the Colonel brings a little of it upon himself. He is a trifle high and mighty and perhaps a little too ready to resent attack. But no one can doubt his great ability and his eminent fitness for the post which he holds, or indeed, for a good many other posts. It has been said that a man who does one thing well is likely to do a great many things well; and the writing of the Police Magistrate on Cavalry Tactics may be noted in illustration of the remark. But it is to his admirable discharge of his duties as a magistrate that we specially make allusion; and it is necessary that some of his assailants should remind themselves of this. We may lose, through such annoyances as those to which he has recently been subjected, an official whom it would be difficult to replace. These remarks are not suggested merely by recent occurrences, but by a careful study of the Police Magistrate's methods and work during the last few years. It is not only the promptness and energy with which the business of the Court is conducted, nor the strong common sense and clear insight which characterise the Colonel's work. To a thoughtful observer the most characteristic feature is the judicious tempering of justice with mercy. We confess that we have seldom seen anything more reasonable or more skilful than the

manner in which he contrives to give an accused person what is called a chance, and this often by sending the case to a jury. To know exactly when to deal summarily with a case, and when to relegate it to another court, requires no ordinary discretion; and many persons who have thought themselves hardly dealt with in being sent to a jury have had reason to admire the clemency which was kinder to them than they would have been to themselves. It may become a question whether Colonel Denison should not be elevated to some higher judicial position. That he would adorn any such post few will doubt; although his translation would be a serious loss to the Court in which he now presides.

WE have frequently drawn attention to the subject of University Examinations and their attendant advantages and disadvantages; and the subject is again forced upon us by the sight of some papers set at the recent examinations for matriculation at the various universities of Ontario. Upon the whole, we are bound to confess that the examinations are well adapted for their purpose. We think that the subjects are too numerous. We believe that the requirement of good work upon fewer subjects would not only be better in a general way, but that it would be a better test of a man's fitness to profit by a University course of teaching. On this point there may possibly be differences of opinion. At any rate, the papers set at the recent examination are generally reasonable and adequate. If a fair percentage of answers is required, the candidate who passes may be admitted to the University with a fair prospect of profiting by the same. But we must also add that some of the papers are absurdly difficult. There is, perhaps, nothing quite so bad among them as the famous English Grammar paper set a few years ago, which was intelligible neither to examiners nor to examined, nor to any one else, unless, perhaps, to the gentleman who displayed his erudition by setting it. We have not, this year, noted anything quite so bad as that; but there is an Algebra paper in one University and an Arithmetic paper in another which come very near it. Such papers strike quite needless terror into the hearts of candidates. They may reassure themselves. Examiners who set such papers never expect them to be answered. They do not set them for the sake of being answered. They set them to shew that the University which they represent puts harder questions than some other University, or perhaps that this particular examiner is superior to others. And this is our way of carrying on the higher education of the country! If a little more attention were paid to the spelling of the English language and the writing of a decent sentence in it, and the Latin and Greek Grammar, and to other elementary matters, and a little less to grandiose theories of philology, we might have less pretence, but we should have more education.

THE publication of the correspondence between Lord Salisbury and Mr. Blaine does not seemingly affect the judgment which we have already pronounced on the subject of the Behring Sea dispute. The points of difference are very simple. Lord Salisbury points out that no nation has ever thought of treating a vast expanse of water like the Behring Sea as private property, as a *mare clausum*. Mr. Blaine urges, on the other hand, that these claims of the English and Canadian sealers have never been advanced before, and further and chiefly, that it has become absolutely necessary to put some restraint on the catching of seals, or they will very soon be utterly destroyed. No one seems quite pleased with the result. Lord Salisbury's opponents in England declare that he has been rude to the American minister. Mr. Blaine's critics in the States say that he has barked and prepared to slink off without remaining to fight. A despatch from Washington to the New York *Herald* says, it is "arbitrate or fight." It is impossible that the latter alternative should be adopted; and yet we cannot see how the British Government can allow the seizure of English and Canadian sealing vessels in the open sea. It must therefore be arbitration. And Englishmen and Canadians can have no difficulty about this method of settlement. They want no more than justice and they are quite as likely to get it in this manner as by war. We certainly do not want to fight;

and we do not believe that sensible Americans want it, for they know that they have nothing to gain by it, but much to lose. The horrors of war to all concerned would be greater than we can imagine; but the slightest reflection will shew that they must be terrible. Such a notion is, however, to be entertained only that it may be rejected; and we feel sure that pacific counsels will prevail.

WHILST Americans and English seem on the point of quarrelling about the Behring Sea sealing, there comes to us from Vancouver the account of a pleasing incident, which is one of the kind which will always foster kindly and friendly feelings between ourselves and our cousins on the other side. An American steamship plying between Victoria, Puget Sound, and Alaska, had been so disabled that it was necessary to bring her into the dry dock at Esquimaux for repairs. The dry dock was occupied by an English war ship. When the American captain represented to Admiral Hotham that any delay in the repairing of his ship would cause great inconvenience to the two hundred passengers whom he was conveying to Alaska, the Admiral immediately gave orders that the war ship should make way for the American vessel, which was done within an hour or two. The greatest service was thus rendered to the proprietors of the American vessel and to the passengers in the same. Well may the telegram which conveys this pleasant episode declare that "it will also show that a British officer is always ready to assist the distressed of any nation, even when it results in great inconvenience to himself and his ships."

THE division in the English House of Commons on the cession of Heligoland shows the practically universal concurrence of the people of Great Britain in the measure. Seldom has Lord Salisbury or any other foreign minister conducted negotiations more successfully or in a manner more agreeable to both sides. The English lose nothing by giving up the island, and the Germans have a national sentiment very agreeably gratified. The Germans, again, suffer very little by their concessions in Africa, consisting, for the most part, of abandonment of dubious claims, while the concessions are of great advantage to the English. We are aware that this is denied, and that the whole thing is pronounced to be a bubble and nothing more. But this is not the judgment of men who are competent to form an opinion. It was not the judgment of Livingstone, nor is it that of Stanley. Now that the difficulty with Germany is removed, it appears that fresh complications are arising with France. It is quite natural that France, which has regarded English action in Africa with the greatest suspicion and jealousy, should be on the alert to prevent the extension of her rival's influence on that continent. Some previous agreement between the two countries seems to have guaranteed the independence of the Sultan; but, if such an agreement did not prevent a German protectorate, it is not easy to see how it should hinder a British. It is said that a similar agreement between France and Great Britain with respect to the independence of Madagascar has not prevented a French protectorate over a portion of that island, so that the agreement respecting Zanzibar will probably become, in the same manner, a dead letter. Egyptian affairs will probably remain in *statu quo*, as England can there quietly hold her own; but the case may be more grave in regard to the Newfoundland dispute. It may be hoped that French irritation may be subdued by the thought of the danger of quarrelling with all Europe at a time when she has a powerful and well-armed adversary at her side.

IT is quite possible that the Millennium may be coming, and that all evils in Church and State will presently disappear; but there are still some ugly phenomena which may at least convince us that the good time is not really come. Hardly anything more grave has occurred for very many years in the history of England than the discontent and insubordination of the London Police and the Grenadier Guards. What have we as a bulwark against disorder and the dissolution of society but, first, our police force, and then, if these should fail us, our soldiery? And both of these are threatening to join the ranks of disorder! In

asking after the origin of the existing disaffection, it is easy to give judgments off-hand; and it is quite certain that most of these judgments will be erroneous or defective. On the one hand the severity or laxness or want of judgment of those in command will be held to account for what has happened. On the other hand, the discontent of the men will be regarded as an instance of that general rising of the masses against authority, capital, influence which is being fostered by socialists and the promoters of strikes among the labouring classes. It is quite necessary to take account of both sides in the matter. No one can doubt, for example, that it is much easier to get up a mutiny in these days than in former times. Subordinates will not bear for an hour what they would formerly have endured for years, and without serious complaint. The bonds of authority are everywhere relaxed. Whether for good or for evil, and it is not wholly the one or the other, it has come to pass that men can no longer issue the imperious mandates of the past time, or that, if they issue them they will not be obeyed. It must be further remarked that the Labour movements are aiding this tendency, we may say, even to a dangerous extent; and many sober persons have serious fears that we must go to pieces before we can be properly organized again, that the story of the French Revolution will have to be repeated—Liberty, License, Chaos, Autocracy—which may heaven avert. On the other hand it has been said that there was harshness of discipline among the officers; and even if this accusation is not well founded, there may have been faults among them. It is the business of rulers to understand the age in which they live and the men whom they have to govern; and it is quite clear that the officers of the Grenadier Guards did not possess this knowledge or did not know how to profit by it. One serious disadvantage under which the Guards are labouring is that there are no quarters in their barracks for the officers. In the Life Guards it is different; and those who are well acquainted with military matters say that the residence of the officers in the barracks enables them to be in contact and "in touch" with the men, so that misunderstandings are less likely to arise. It is obvious that the opposite method has corresponding disadvantages. It is to be hoped that their sojourn in Bermuda may bring these *enfants gâtés* of the army to their senses again. Perhaps we should not, after all, be surprised that spoiled children sometimes behave badly.

THE proposal, on the part of some American Universities, to reduce the ordinary course from four years to three, has caused a great deal of discussion. It is a question which has to be decided in connection with other considerations. For example, the terms or sessions may be lengthened; or it may be better for a young man to have one year longer at the grammar school or high school and one year less at the University. In England the Universities have a three years' course and in Scotland they have four years; but the academic year is longer in England, and men entering the Universities are generally older than in Scotland. In this country the Church of England Universities have generally taken Oxford and Cambridge as their models, whilst McGill and the University of Toronto bear marks of the influence of the Scottish Universities. But the University of Toronto allows of a three years' course on condition of the student taking a higher matriculation examination. On the whole, we are disposed to think a three years' course adequate, providing that the students are properly prepared for admission to the University. But here is the great difficulty. The preparation at the great Public Schools of England, Eton, Harrow, Rugby, Winchester, and the rest of them, is, in regard to elementary Greek and Latin, superb; so that most youths who come up to the Universities could take a pass degree with hardly any amount of work. Such a state of things cannot, at present, be hoped for in this country. But we must, at least, remember that the shortening of our college course involves the raising of our standard of scholarship for those whom we matriculate.

IT is generally agreed that practical kindness is a better way of bridging over the gulf by which classes are separated than the propagation of new theories about socialism or the extinction of poverty. As the admirable Vicar of Wakefield said, he "was ever of opinion that the honest man who married and brought up a large family did more service than he who remained single and only talked of population"; so we think that those who actually go among the poor and the weak and guide and strengthen them, are much better and kinder friends than those who

teach them to be discontented with their position, but do nothing to lighten their burdens. Happily, there are some everywhere who are choosing the better part. From England, for example, we hear of a daughter of the late Archbishop Tait, who has taken up her abode in a poor part of the great city of which her father was for a good many years bishop, and is living plainly among the poor, that she may help them as one of themselves. It is a long way from the capital of England to the great western city of Chicago; but humanity and Christian love are the same everywhere, and a beautiful illustration of this principle comes to us also from Chicago. It appears that a poor family in this city, deserted by the father, had been greatly helped by the daughter of a judge. She provided them with food and raiment, and found a situation for two of the older girls in a tailor's shop. Keeping her eye upon her *protégées*, she found that work and confinement were beginning to tell upon one of the girls. A change of air was thought quite essential for her recovery; but her master would let her go only on the condition that she got a substitute, or lost her place. The judge's daughter told her to go and she would find a substitute, which she did in her own person. For two weeks she laboured in the tailor's shop, leaving her home at six o'clock in the morning and returning at seven in the evening. Such examples must be contagious. And yet it is not necessarily these special acts that are required, but the spirit that produces them. Many a pope has washed the feet of beggars without thereby manifesting the meekness and gentleness of Him who washed the feet of His disciples. It is the spirit of humanity—it is the pure, human brotherly love that we want; and when that abounds, agitators will find that their occupation is gone.

THERE are few subjects of higher intellectual interest or of deeper practical importance than the protracted controversy which goes on, from generation to generation, with varying fortunes, between spiritualists and materialists. Each age seems to imagine that it has arrived at some kind of settlement of the problem, that, if it has not been solved, or perhaps cannot be solved, yet its conditions are understood and the weight of argument on either side has been fairly estimated. But the next generation thinks differently, and reopens the controversy by demonstrating the inconsistencies of the attack and the defence alike. Kant thought he had answered Hume; and the strange commentary which has to be made upon this opinion is the simple fact that modern Agnostics trace their parentage to Kant. Yet it can hardly be said that Agnosticism has held or is holding its own. During the last few years a more distinctly spiritual influence has manifested itself in philosophical thought on both sides of the Atlantic. A very interesting paper on "Recent Discussion in Materialism," from the pen of Professor J. Mark Baldwin, appears in the July number of the *Presbyterian and Reformed Review*, to which we have pleasure in directing attention, not only because of the general value of its contents, but because it may satisfy the most critical of the followers of Professor Young that he has a successor fully worthy to occupy his chair. The article indeed shows wide reading, a firm grasp of the topics discussed, remarkable acuteness in seizing the weak as well as the strong points of recent theories, and admirable lucidity of exposition and criticism. Professor Baldwin, who may be said to have won his spurs in the field of psychology, shows that he is quite at home with metaphysics. It is impossible in this place to give an outline of the article which would, in any case, be unsatisfactory alike to the expert and the novice. It may suffice, by way of drawing attention to the matter discussed and in order to indicate the writer's conclusions, to refer briefly to his starting point and his conclusion. "Now," says the writer, "that philosophy is learning to value a single fact more than a detailed system, and is sacrificing its systems to the vindication of facts, it is spiritualism and not materialism which is profiting by the advance of science. Materialism has appealed to the metaphysics of force, spiritualism has appealed to consciousness as fact. Which is more in harmony with the scientific spirit of the day? The successive positions which modern materialism has taken in its necessary retreat into metaphysics, are interesting from an historical point of view. First it was matter and no mind; then matter with a function mind; then matter, a force manifested in extension and mind; then force, which is doubtless matter, but may be mind. First, mind was brain; then mind was a function of brain; then mind and brain were manifestations of a material principle; then the material principle became force, which may be mind." Several of the recent

materialistic theories are then passed in review; and the writer concludes that the hypothesis, that thought is a mode of motion, a function of matter, fails to explain the facts. . . . To show that the unity of the mind cannot be explained by the unity of the nervous system is to show that conscious unity is an irreducible characteristic of the mental principle itself. The following summary is excellent: "Contemporary thought is tending, I think, to the recognition of the fact—as wholesome to the idealist as to the materialist—that the personality is one, that it includes mind and body, that we know these only in an apparently inseparable union, that mind is not mind without an object, and that an object is not an object without mind, that a within is as necessary to a without as a without is to a within, and that rational unity lies deeper in the nature of things than either the empirical unity of the atomistic psychology or the organic unity of the nervous system."

THE MODERN NOVEL.

IT is not very likely that the character of the modern novel will be much affected by the curious discussions of the subject which have recently proceeded from English and American pens. Literature is not much governed by theories even when promulgated by the most influential writers. Doubtless there are fashions, and stronger writers have their imitators, their school; but, in general, the literature of an age must have its qualities determined by the character of the age to which it belongs.

In saying this, however, we are by no means forgetting the individuality of the writer or the form which he gives to his own work. Scott, Dickens, Thackeray—it could not be said of these, or of many others belonging to their fraternity, that they were the mere product of their age, or that their works simply represented the thoughts of the society to which they belonged. They had, each of them, creative power; yet in fashioning the creatures of their hand, they each worked upon the material which lay ready for their use.

One of the most remarkable distinctions of greater novelists of former times was that they seemed to work without any conscious theory. In this remark we might include the great dramatists, and even the greatest of all. They put their characters upon the stage, as living men and women, and leave them to play their part. Sometimes they have a distinct plot, prescribed by history or devised by their own ingenuity. Sometimes they seem to let even the plot work itself out of the situations in which their characters find themselves. But in regard to all the details of their story, there is a naturalness, a spontaneity, which shows how the writer has as much abandoned himself to his work as he has controlled it.

According to a good many modern novelists and essayists this is all wrong. Yet these reformers, all holding that there is to be some special theory of the novel, are widely at variance as to the theory which has the best claim upon our homage. Thus, to borrow from Mr. Barrie's amusing symposium in the *Contemporary* for June, we have the Realist, the Romanticist, the Elmslerian and the Stylist, and we might add one or two other classes to the list.

There seems to be one thing in which these new fangled writers are agreed—namely, that Walter Scott could not write a novel; in fact, the art of novel-writing was not discovered in the days of Walter Scott! Perhaps we might add, the art of dramatic composition was totally unknown in the days of Shakespeare. We also believe it is a fact that there are so-called educated people who cannot have the "patience" to read either Shakespeare or Scott; but whether this is a condemnation of the writer or the reader, we must leave posterity to judge. Let us try for a moment to forecast the fate of those writers whom they can read and the fame of the writers whom they cannot read.

It would seem that the schools which are at the present moment most prominent and most self-assertive are the realist and the stylist, with perhaps also a mixture of the two. M. Zola, in spite of English police courts, and other repressive agencies, moral and physical, has a very large following. Doubtless, we are Philistines, or whatever worse name the latest literary fashion may bestow upon our supposed squeamishness; but we no more enjoy the kind of beastliness which M. Zola places before his readers than we should enjoy living on the edge of a sewer. It may be quite true that man has a large infusion of the brute in his composition, and that this element is prominent in his life; and we admit that the novelist, like every

other artist, should be true to nature. But what artist could we tolerate, if he were always setting before us the most repulsive scenes in history?

We had thought that it was the function of the artist to show the ideal in the real; so that whilst nature was placed before us, we should, as it were, see something higher and nobler shining through the reality. And we maintain that this is the truth of nature and experience. You cannot photograph the whole of any scene. Every event has its interior as well as its exterior. Every act represents much more than it expresses. Even failures may suggest the possibility of success.

But our Zolaists revel in the disgrace of humanity. They rejoice to show our coarseness, our baseness, our selfishness, our animality. Has humanity nothing but these qualities? Is it not striving towards something better? Has it not in some measure attained?

We are not pleading so much for what has been called moral purpose. Such a purpose may be too conspicuous and defeat its own end. Most persons are agreed that the admirable literary work of the late Mr. Charles Reade was distinctly marred by the pamphleteering spirit by which it was pervaded. A writer who is true to humanity will teach abundant moral lessons by simply showing us how men really live and act. But we believe that the true artist, as Cicero said of the true orator, must be a good man, a man with high and noble aspirations and philanthropic purposes, and such a man's writing will raise the reader and not depress or degrade him.

Writers like Mr. Howells, who fancy that they have discovered the secret of writing novels without a plot, or without a plot which is of the least importance, may be fashionable with a certain class of persons for a certain period of time. But, after all, people who read stories want stories. They want not merely descriptions, more or less vivid, of scenery, and dialogue, sometimes clever, sometimes insipid, and often very wearisome, they want incident; and ultimately they will go to those who provide it; and we believe they will be right. Even morbid analysis of the contents of the human consciousness will only go a little way to satisfy ordinary human beings. Here and there it may add a flavour to the report; but it must not make the whole of it.

While we write there lies before us a contribution by Mr. Oscar Wilde to the July number of *Lippincott*. We suppose that Mr. Wilde would be described as an aesthete, and perhaps a stylist, and perhaps a romanticist. No doubt, Mr. Wilde is a very clever man, and we believe he is much admired. Doubtless, too, there are persons who will rave over such writing as this and go to sleep over the pages of Walter Scott. By a chance there lies near the magazine a novel of Walter Scott's. It has not been reckoned one of his greatest: it is "Peveril of the Peak." And yet as we pass over a paragraph or two in the magazine, and then turn to the pages of the great wizard, we seem to be turning from a display of second-rate fire-works to gaze upon the calm, starry heavens.

We want no one to imitate Scott or Thackeray or Dickens; but we want our writers to be simple and natural in the true sense, we will say, in the accepted sense. We had more to say on French novels, and a good deal on Russian novels; but, for the present, we must hold our hands.

LONDON LETTER.

At the Artists' Benevolent Fund Dinner the other day (writes Mr. Frith to me this morning) where Millais was in the chair, he told us of something that had happened to him when he was a boy, which I don't think has ever been in print. So it may be of use to you.

"When Millais was painting the 'Ferdinand and Ariel,' a dealer who saw it said if, when it was finished, he liked it as much as he did then, he would buy it for a hundred pounds. Millais was jubilant. He was living with his father and mother, and as they were badly off, the money which they made up their minds was quite secure they anticipated and the greater part was spent.

"At last 'Ferdinand' was finished—do you recollect it? It was painted when Millais was twenty, in '49, in his Præ-Raphaelite days, and was exhibited with a lot of his others some years ago in Bond Street—and the dealer was asked to come. But it was no good. 'I promised when I was here before to have the picture if I liked it,' he said. 'But I don't like it, and I won't buy it,' and off he went.

"When the anxious old people were told in the other room you can imagine their distress. There was nothing to be done but to retrench. So "Furnished Apartments" was written out on a card and wafered to the front parlour window, and the family sat down to wait for a lodger who was to mend their broken fortunes by helping with the rent.

"A week or two after this, another dealer dropped into the painting-room just to look round, bringing with him an old gentleman in a blue coat and brass buttons. Millais showed them what he was doing, and the strange old gentleman listened with sympathy to the story of the disappointment, looked attentively at the 'Ferdinand' on the easel, and seemed to know a good deal about pictures and to care for them. To Millais he gave some kindly advice, and finished by pulling a book out of his pocket, a book he particularly recommended to young artists. 'I'll give you this copy,' he said, 'if you will promise to read it. And if you will fetch me pen and ink I'll write your name in it.'

"So the old gentleman in the blue coat and brass buttons took the volume to a side-table in the painting-room, wrote in it, and brought it back to Millais. 'Mind you read it now: mind you read it; it will do you good,' he kept on repeating.

"As Millais was letting them out of the front door the dealer contrived to whisper that his companion was Mr. Ellison—the Mr. Ellison by the way who afterwards left pictures to the Fitzwilliam Museum in Cambridge. So Millais on returning to his work opened the book which had been so highly recommended by this judge of art, whose name of course he knew, and as he opened the covers there fell out a cheque for a hundred and fifty guineas, signed by Ellison, for the 'Ferdinand.' There's a delightful surprising way of selling a picture. Do you know what Millais declares was the first thing he did after telling his people? From the window he unwafered that 'Furnished Apartments' card and tore it up; and since that day he says he has never had occasion to call in the help of lodgers.

"At the Academy last night I heard that one of the miniatures had been stolen from the case at three o'clock one afternoon last week. At five o'clock, it was found at a pawnbroker's. At half-past five it was hanging again in its place in the Academy. Quick work, that!

"I am delighted with Miss Duncan's 'Social Departure.' It's the cleverest book of the kind I've read. Did you hear Justin McCarthy wrote a leader on it in the *Daily News*, an honour which in my humble opinion it fully deserves?"

Appropos of the last paragraph in Mr. Frith's letter, I recollect the pleasure with which one used to cut the *Lady's Pictorial* every week, all agog for that new chapter on "Orthodocia and Orthodocia's adventures," hidden away among the fashion-plates and among the bits of intelligence about the nobility and gentry. (*Que diable allait-il faire dans cette galère?*) I recollect, too, saying something in THE WEEK, while the story was running, expressive of my admiration for the work of this charming Canadian writer, from whom her sister-journalists in England have everything to learn. It is good to find one did not praise too soon, neither heedlessly or foolishly. To the last word of the last chapter the "Social Departure" kept up its character of uncommon excellence. And now that the "Adventures" are republished and everyone is reading them—it is only your lazy-minded *dilettante* who has inclination for a serial—on all sides you hear but one opinion. That clear little clarion of *The World*, to which all wise men listen, first I think drew attention to the quality of the book. Then, with many an elegant flourish of trumpets, other papers followed suit.

What strikes one most in the generality of woman's work is the absence of humour. (When they are witty they are cruel, says Mr. Lang. Is he thinking of the stories of Miss Rhoda Broughton, I wonder?) They are seldom quite natural when they have a pen in their hands, and if one is not at one's ease, one cannot be amusing. Now Miss Duncan is emphatically at her ease at all times. Never forced, never insisted upon, her delicious and rare feeling for the humorous side of things—fun which, *pace* Mr. Lang, I find tainted not at all with cruelty—is half suspected, like the onion in Sydney Smith's salad, and animates the whole.

But perhaps it is not the humour of the "Social Departure" that one cares for best. "In the name of the Bodleian," says a famous critic, "what have the general public to do with literature?" And the general public, skimming the pages and making out most of the story from the clever little pictures with which they are ornamented, would not stop to consider whether the book is worthy of the name of literature or not. (Indeed, it is a commodity of which they can't judge, as the absurd mistakes that are continually made, testify. I am thinking for instance of "Little Lord Fauntleroy," that success of maukish sentiment; or "Three Men in a Boat," that success of fifth-rate Yankee jokes.) The general public, attracted solely by Miss Duncan's fun, will judge her by her fun. But to a small section, and it is a shamefully small section, who don't skip and really care for reading, there is "something beyond, beyond."

I remember "Mrs. Growthem's" crowded little drawing-room in Assiniboia, where the gilt top of the looking-glass is cut to fit the wall, and the kitchen window, from which she could see the baby's grave under the trees in the ten-acre wheat-field. I remember a pale, weird woman, whose draperies the girl-travellers came near, up amongst the hills by the tomb of Iyeasu, and "who made strange passes with a bell and a fan-rattle, strange posturings, strange measured steps in a semi-circle, within the cell-like little temple where she sat all day to do her religion this service." In the Cinnamon Gardens at Colombo, was not Arabi Pasha wandering that day we drove up the white road bordered by low glossy bushes, and "the spicy breezes blew soft o'er Ceylon's isle?" I have been

in Warren Hastings' old home outside Calcutta, in Alipore, where, to keep secure certain papers hidden in the wall, comes in the dusk of the evening the poor ghost in his plum-coloured coat and lace cravat, the ghost of him who lived through the long, long seven years of misery in Westminster Hall. And the Towers of Silence I remember, and the burning of Chuttersingh, who lay with a loop of yellow marigolds across his feet as the priest set fire to the funeral pile. Then, best of all, I have heard in the Tay Gardens the Bulbul singing to the Rose, "a low, sweet, dropping melody that fell and ceased, and throbbingly fell again," as the shadows of Orthodocia and the Presence sauntered across the doorway of the Indian tomb, and the Chronicler, in the cool starlight, sat looking on at the old, old Romance.

And recollecting how these things and many more are told, it is hard to keep myself from quotation. But if I speak of the gentle womanly touches, the genial friendliness of the writer, who is sure her readers will like and understand her gay desultory talk, the many delightful pages through which, with something of a phonographic effect, one hears the laughter and jokes of these young chaperonless creatures, it is because I cannot help recording here the pleasure this book has given to us in England. I do not want to criticise. One can be content with the charming form and colour of a flower without caring to pull to pieces and classify the delicate fragile thing.

WALTER POWELL.

ECHO HARPS.

In youth the soul is full of golden dreams,
Enchanting visions chain her wond'ring eyes;
Serene are all her days, her life but seems
Made for sweet musings in love's paradise.
She lies beneath the laughing leaves of June,
Joy in her heart and song within her soul:
October comes and all these leaves are strewn,
No beauty left on barren branch and bole.
Her fancies fade beneath life's summer sun,
As flowers whose graves are in the long June grass;
Her dear dreams wane in darkness, one by one,
Her hopes all burn to ashes as they pass.
Tread lightly on the leaves of yester years
Heaped in the hollows of the human heart;
For they are echo-harps on which the tears,
Re-shed by us for many a memoried smart,
Recall the threne of our dead hopes and fears.

Brantford, Ont.

RUYTER S. SHERMAN.

PARIS LETTER.

At last the Chamber of Deputies has approached the Labour question. The subject could no longer be postponed. The proposed Bill, whose clauses have been in operation in England for many years, undertakes to deal with the employment of children, girls and women, in factories, mines, and workshops. M. Dumay, a leading Socialist, proposed to apply this check on overwork to shops and offices, which would be an addition of half a million more establishments for the Government to control. The Australian law, fixing eight hours daily as the normal work time, might anticipate a crowd of difficulties. Deputy Aynard enquired how the Government intended to apply the law if voted in those cases, now so common in Paris and Lyons, where a father is himself a little manufacturer, subscribes to a condensed air, steam, hydraulic, or electric factory, for the motive power to drive his machines at his own residence, and where all the members of the family work in common without counting the hours. The Chamber has decided to rank such a home as an ordinary factory, and the inspectors will have to make domiciliary visits. Except in very exceptional cases, women will not be allowed to work at night. The Chamber declined to sanction Sunday as the weekly day for rest. Shortening the hours of work means curtailing the family earnings. The family counts upon the employer or the State to recoup their loss. Breakers ahead!

M. Drumont, the leader of the anti-Israelite Crusade in France, declines to attend the anti-Semitic Congress at Berlin; not that he detests the Jews less, but that he dislikes the Prussians more. He wishes all the same the work of persecution good luck. M. Drumont wants two impossible things—in France at least; that the wealthy Israelites be bled pecuniarily, as white as the meat they eat, or reduced to the level of old clo' men; and that all Jews be compelled to wear a kind of badge to enable "shent per shent" gentiles, atheists, and materialists from rubbing against them in thoroughfares. Sufferance is still to be the badge of all the tribes—save the lost ones. It is singular that such *fin de siècle* views should be even current. Respecting the badge, it was France or rather Paris that first decreed that outward and visible sign for the Jews in the thirteenth century.

The Jewesses, the prettiest Jessicas not excepted, had to wear an oval veil, on which was stitched a piece of circular yellow stuff, a few inches in diameter, with a whole in the centre. Shylocks had to display a similar badge, either on the breast of their blouse, waistband, or in the hat. And this mark of infamy was to be worn as early as seven years for boys, and thirteen for girls. The penalty for appearing in public without the yellow sign was five sous per day; St. Louis increased it to ten, and Charles V. to twenty. If the law could be applied now, a handsome windfall could be secured for the Treasury. Philippe le

THE SONNET—XII.

Bel made the penalties a source of revenue. The manufacture of the "badges" was famed in Paris and the provinces. To leave his badge in pledge to pay a tavern bill was the best of securities from a Jew; only the innkeeper, when the Israelite left, connived to have him arrested; the delinquent's clothes were then sold, one-third of the proceeds went to the informer, the balance to the State. But the Jews were never whipped for violating the law, nor had their teeth pulled out, nor their property confiscated, nor were they sold as slaves. Often the violation of the statutes could be compromised for "twenty sous and a pair of shoes." At Carcassonne, matters were made quite serene by a "present of three geese."

The impression prevails, and indeed the hope is not disguised, that the Newfoundland complication will be arranged by the English and French Governments themselves on the give-and-take basis. The situation is admitted to be so complex, as to be unsuitable for arbitration. Respecting Zanzibar there is a relative calmness about the affair. It is remembered that the Bey of Tunis did not "invite" France to protect him, and that in May, 1881, Gen. Bréart only gave him two hours to make a Hobson's choice. This is not "like case like rule," as the Sultan of Zanzibar "solicited" the English protectorate.

Perhaps there are not more than a dozen Frenchmen who are aware that France has no protectorate at all over Madagascar. The treaty of 1885, the result of a war, merely gave the French the right "to protect the Malagasy abroad," and to represent Madagascar in its foreign relations. The Hova queen, though conquered, expressly stipulated that there was to be no interference with the internal administration of her realm; she declined to concede to foreigners the right to possess land in freehold—save the occupation of the Bay of Diego Suarez, which was granted to France. In the case of Madagascar, as in Tunisia, all the treaty rights possessed by foreigners were fully continued to them under the French occupation. It is rumoured that England has only to confirm the treaty rights possessed by any power with Zanzibar, to be more than equal in her "solicited" protectorate there, with France in her "imposed" protectorate at Madagascar, etc. By according France a free "Hinterland" hand in Western Soudan, England ought to be able to make things pleasant. But who is to fix the frontier between the Western Hinterland of France and the Eastern Hinterland of Germany? Binger and Weissmann, Peters and Trivier to the rescue.

M. Paul Giffard, the brother of Captive balloon and Locomotive Injector-Tube Giffard, has taken away our breath. He has been awarded, at Lyons, a prize of 10,000 frs. and a gold medal for his discovery of a new explosive. All the smokeless powders, the melinites, hellites, pantaclisites, with improved rifles and artillery to match, are superseded. M. Giffard fills a steel cartridge with a liquified gas, which he places in the lock of the rifle. A "drop" of this liquid turned on expels, by expansion of the liquid into its gaseous state, a bullet with more deadly surety and over as great a distance as the best powder and the latest rifle. There is no noise save that resembling the pop of a cork out of a champagne bottle. There is no smoke, no heat, no recoil, and no dirtiness of barrel. The cartridge contains 3½ ounces of the liquified gas, equivalent to three hundred "drops," to force or shoot, by the expansion of the liquid to its original gaseous state, a corresponding number of balls. The shooting can be kept up by simply renewing the cartridges and balls. It is perpetual motion applied to killing machines. At last the happy time is in view when wars will be rendered impossible, thanks not to peace societies, but perfected slaughtering appliances.

The father of the late Emile Augier came to Paris to study law. He fell in love with a young lady he had several times met at the house of a friend. It was Mdlle. Pigault Lebrun. He proposed and was accepted. Her father told him plainly, "My daughter has no dot." At the contract-of-marriage dinner was the actor Michot, who was married to one of the bride's aunts. He made a speech, and in the name of his wife announced to his niece that as they had no heirs they placed 100,000 frs. in her *corbeille de nocce*. "And I," said an old maiden aunt, "I have splendid old family jewellery that I never wear, and a service of plate that I never use. I give both to my niece." "And I," followed the father laughingly, "I am not quite so poor as I imagined; I add 200,000 frs. to the wedding presents." Augier received for his disinterestedness a pretty wife and a solid fortune.

A leading writer asserts that each German lent as a functionary to Turkey becomes, when a pacha, the patron of some enterprise or contract, and that the major part of these plums are obtained from the *vizir*, or the ministers, when guests at the sultan's dinner table. There are 3,000 Germans resident in Constantinople, and 28 very prosperous and solid Teutonic colonies between Jaffa and Jerusalem. The current of German emigration to the East—the *Drangnach Osten* (march to the East) is towards Asia Minor. As soon as a colony is founded a school is established, where Lutheranism, the German language, and the importance and greatness of Fatherland are inculcated. Then there is at Constantinople a German Normal school, receiving a subsidy of 23,000 frs. annually from the home Government—the total revenue 45,000 frs., made up by fees—to prepare not only Germans for life-work in the Levant, but also pupils of other nationalities. If a German pacha be not paid his salary he rushes to the War Office, indulges in thunder and lightning, and threatens to resign. He is calmed and paid—by a concession.

IN the first article on the sonnet mention was made of a sonnet written by Lope de Vega, which dealt in a serio-comic fashion with the construction of this kind of verse. It may be interesting to those who take a pleasure in this form to have the original before them, as well as one or two translations of this celebrated piece of verse. The poem of the most prolific author of Spain reads thus:

Un soneto me manda hacer Violante:
Y en mi vida me he visto en tal aprieto,
Catorce versos dicen que es soneto,
Burla burlando van los tres delante.
Yo pensé que no hallara consonante,
Y estoy a la mitad de otro cuarteto,
Mas si me veo en el primer terceto
No hay cosa en los cuartetos que me espante.
Por el primer terceto voy entrando
Y aun parece que entré con pié derecho,
Pues fin con este verso le voy dando.
Ya estoy en el segundo, y aun sospecho,
Que estoy los trece versos acabando:
Contad si son catorce, y esta hecho.

It will be observed that the above is written in the best Italian form.

The Abbé Regnier Desmarais, a French Academician, translated this sonnet into his native tongue and adopted the peculiar form of the sestet, which commences with a rhymed couplet. "Violante" of Lope de Vega becomes "Doris"; but the translation is very close:

Doris qui sait qu'aux vers quelquefois je me plais,
Me demande un sonnet, et je m'en désespère.
Quatorze vers, grand Dieu! le moyen de les faire?
En voilà cependant déjà quatre de faits.
Je ne pouvais d'abord trouver de rime, mais
En faisant on apprend à se tirer d'affaire.
Poursuivons, les quatrains ne m'étonneront guère
Si du premier tercet je puis faire les frais.
Je commence au hasard, et si je ne m'abuse,
Je n'ai pas commencé sans l'aveu de la muse.
Puisqu'en si peu de temps je m'en tire si net,
J'entame le second, et ma joie est extrême.
Car des vers commandés j'achève le treizième.
Comptez s'ils sont quatorze: et voilà le sonnet.

In the previous article we quoted J. Y. Gibson's translation, in which Violante became Juana. J. P. Collier, "of the Middle Temple," the Shakespearian critic, has the following translation:

My haughty Fair a sonnet bids me make,
I never was in such a fright before!
Why, fourteen lines, they say, these sonnets take:
However, one by one, I've eked out four.
These rhymes, said I, I never shall complete,
And found the second quatrain half-way done!
If now the triplets had but half their feet,
These two first quatrains pretty well might run.
On the first triplet thus I enter bold:
And, as it seems, my speed I still may hold:
Since the foundation is so fairly laid,
Now for the second. And so well disposed,
My muse appears, that thirteen lines are closed.
Now count the whole fourteen! The sonnet's made.

An imitation of this sonnet also appeared in a Dublin periodical, called *Kottabos*, long since defunct, and attached to it were the initials W. F., which belonged to William Fitzgerald, the Bishop of Killaloe:

Well, if it must be so, it must; and I,
Albeit unskillful in the tuneful art,
Will make a sonnet; or at least I'll try
To make a sonnet, and perform my part.
But in a sonnet everybody knows
There must be fourteen lines; my heart
Sinks at the thought; but courage, here it goes.
There are seven lines already; could I get
Seven more the task will be performed; and yet
It will be like a horse behind a cart,
For somehow rhyme has got a wondrous start
Of reason, and while puzzling on I've let
The subject slip. What shall it be? But, stay,
Here comes the fourteenth line. 'Tis done! Huzza.

It is rather a pity it was done at all and certainly there is nothing to huzza about. W. F. was an excellent Bishop; but, so far as the above specimen is concerned, an execrable sonneteer.

We also gave a translation by Mr. Roderick, which completes, so far as our reading goes, the English versions of this sonnet.

Lope de Vega has received great credit for having written the first sonnet on "The Sonnet;" but he is certainly not entitled to that small fame, for an older Spanish poet, Diego Hurtado de Mendoza, wrote a "Soneto del Soneto," which is quoted in the *Parnaso Espanol* and reads thus:

Pelís, Reyna, un Soneto, y ya le hago;
Ya el primer verso y el segundo es hecho;
Si el tercero me sale de provecho,
Con otro verso el un cuarteto os pago.
Ya llevo al quinto: España, Santiago!
Fuera, que entro en el sexto, sus, buen pecho:
Si del sétimo salgo, gran derecho
Tengo a salir con vida de este trago.
Ya tenemos a un cabo los cuartetos:
Que me decís, Señora? no ando bravo?
Mas sabe Dios si temo los tercetos.
Y si con bien este Soneto acabo,
Nunca en toda mi vida mas Sonetos,
Que de este, gloria a Dios, ya he visto el cabo.

A translation of this old sonnet was given by "W. L." in *The Irish Monthly* for December, 1889, which reads thus:

You ask a sonnet, lady, and behold
The first line and the second are complete.
If equal luck I in the third should meet,
With one verse more the first quatrain is told.
St. James for Spain! the fifth verse is outrolled—
Now for the sixth. 'Twill be a gallant feat
If after all I manage to retreat
Safe with my life from this encounter bold.
Already, rounded well, each quatrain stands.
What say you, lady? Do I bravely speed?
Yet ah! heaven knows the tercets me affright;
And, if this sonnet were but off my hands,
Another I should ne'er attempt indeed.
But now, thank God, my sonnet's finished quite.

This is a very close and clever translation and nearer to its original than are any of the Lope de Vega trans-

lations, unless that of Marini is better than those quoted; but we have not yet found this old Italian specimen, and should be glad to receive it from anyone who may have made a note of it.

SAREPTA.

THE POLITICAL SITUATION.

TWO subjects seem especially to agitate the minds of those who profess to be anxious about the success of the Liberal party at the next General Election. One is in relation to the leadership, and the other is in reference to the policy. Perhaps it may be well for some one to dissect these matters a little, and I, for one, feel confident that neither of these considerations are of special importance in determining the judgment of the people.

This is essentially the age of practical politics, and Sir John A. Macdonald has done much to make it so in Canada. If I apprehend aright his principles and methods, they all look toward gaining a majority of constituencies by the coldest and most practical methods. If the granting of a railway subsidy will make one or more counties Conservative when an election takes place, then the subsidies are voted. And this system is simply carried out all along the line, with the result that a majority of constituencies have been induced to send members to support him in keeping office.

I find no grand ideas—no broad sentimentalism in Sir John A. Macdonald's methods or his policy. It is simply a fairly shrewd averaging up of public opinion, and a very shrewd conception of the means whereby a majority of the constituencies can be kept solid for the Government. If there is any particular merit in his system, it is that it is free from any mere "ideas," devoid of any "theories," guiltless of anything positive or startling. It is always negative, even, average and practical. The National Policy, which is the central idea in his political programme, when studied carefully, will be found to be but an effective instrument in maintaining power. What so convenient as a means of gaining the favour of one powerful interest after another as the power to increase and adjust the tariff to meet the wishes of varied powerful interests?

This policy and these methods have been criticised and condemned by good men and political writers for years, and yet the complaint is generally rounded off with a jeremiad in regard to the Opposition. They have a leader without magnetism, and no policy to substitute for that of Sir John. Hence we get the moral that it is, perhaps, better to endure the ills we have than fly to others that we know not of. Such a condition in the public mind is not healthy. If we have a bad system of government, it is better to sweep it out at once and grapple with any future ills when they occur.

In regard to the leadership, I make bold to say that this is hardly a practical question in every day politics. Of course, if a party placed a disreputable, disloyal or incompetent man at its head, then it would have to suffer from the public estimate of its leader. But granting that the leader be a fairly decent man, and avoids saying foolish things, his personal magnetism, his genius and his eloquence are all secondary considerations. Nay, more, in the less practical game of politics, as it is now played, it strikes me it would make very little difference if there were no formal leader at all. There are difficulties as well as advantages in having a central figure of great force of character and positive ideas at the head of a party. He can be useful in carrying forward an aggressive policy, and guiding and directing all subordinate efforts in the various constituencies; but, on the other hand, he is constantly liable to handicap his friends by affirmations and denials, by enunciating a principle which some one objects to, or by offending an interest which it is important to conciliate. This very cold and grovelling conception of the political situation suggests the other ground of complaint often uttered against the Liberal party, namely, absence of a policy. During all the years that Mr. Blake so ably and powerfully led the Liberal party of Canada, he was perpetually assailed with the taunt that he had no "policy." Writers in independent journals like *THE WEEK* would refer to Mr. Blake in complimentary terms, but with the reservation that he was deficient in the way of a clear and well-defined policy. It was the constant delight of *Grip* to picture Mr. Blake as searching about for a "policy." If we were dealing with an ideal condition of affairs in which every man who went to the polls to record his vote marked his ballot in accordance with matured convictions, then this question of leadership and policy would be of grave importance. But this is not the condition which actually exists, and, therefore, of no practical importance. We are dealing with a condition—not a theory. The problem is to get Sir John Macdonald out of power, and a better man or a better system substituted in his place. In this view I make bold to say that the question of leadership and policy is of secondary importance, perhaps could best be dispensed with altogether.

I have such a sincere admiration for Mr. Blake's talents, and such a high regard for the masterly qualities he displayed in a long and unsuccessful fight against the present government, that I scarcely feel like saying one word in the way of criticism, but if any mistakes were made which he could have avoided, they were not in the direction of the lack of policy, but entirely the other way—too much policy. As a strong central figure actively directing the movements of his party, Mr. Blake was beyond criticism, and no one could have filled more effectively the role of merciless critic of the policy of the Government than he. If he made a mistake it was in attempt-

ing to lay down certain principles, and in being too active or positive in enforcing his views on certain great public questions, when masterly silence would have been far more judicious and infinitely more effective for the accomplishment of his ends. For instance, why make a speech on the Orange Incorporation Bill; or if necessary to say something, why not say a few meaningless words, and so pass the subject over as lightly as possible? A man who wants to get into power is under no necessity to antagonize any class, but—and this is the essence of the whole matter—he is bound to offend *none*, and aim to conciliate *all*. This is not a high-minded standard, but it is practical, and adopted by all the most successful parliamentary leaders of the world. Why make the brilliant oration on the Irish question? It would please some, but it would be sure to *displease* others. The aim should be to *displease nobody*. Why make a great speech on the Riel question? Why not slide over the question as lightly as possible? Somebody is bound to be hurt by such a speech, and the true policy in opposition is to hurt nobody, if you can help it, but the Government.

It was not necessary for Mr. Blake as leader of the Opposition to lay down a definite and substantive policy. It is not wisdom for Mr. Laurier to do anything so foolish at present. It is the height of madness for a trained politician to cry out for a policy in opposition. It is the acme of folly for a political leader in opposition to set up a bantling policy to be criticized. The philosophy of this is as plain as the rule of three. The Government has the advantage, in a contest, of patronage and power. The country is full of subservient persons who want to hang about the skirts of the Government, and get something. The party in power in its ordinary transactions has numerous opportunities of making friends, of doing favours, of showing courtesies, of exhibiting magnanimity. These are the incidents that work for an administration. But there are drawbacks. The Government has to have a policy, and to do things. No policy can be propounded which has not its opponents fierce and bitter. Hence, in carrying forward a Government, powerful interests are bound to be antagonized. If you do something to please the wool men, you are bound to offend the woollen men. For every vacant office there are ten or twenty applicants. You can please one, and leave a rankling sore in the breast of nineteen. If you enforce the customs law vessels must be seized and merchandize confiscated, and *enemies made*. If a traitor has to be executed in furtherance of sound policy he may have a clan or a race at his back who will resent his treatment.

These are the difficulties with which a government has to contend, and these are the opportunities of a judiciously managed opposition. Why, then, should the Opposition needlessly and purposely set up a policy which can scarcely be propounded before it is assailed by various interests? The very instant an opposition propounds a policy—a definite policy—it is placed in a position as bad as a government without any of its advantages of patronage and power. When an attack is made upon the policy of the Government, instead of being put upon the defensive, the apologists of the Government simply say, "This is very well; but what do you say of the policy propounded by the Opposition?" No policy can be propounded which will not antagonize many individuals and many powerful interests. The Government must have a policy, because they have to do things and govern the country. But the Opposition have no such responsibility, and it is their business to antagonize nobody, except of course, the political machine which is against them. To show that this policy has been adopted by the shrewdest and most experienced of political tacticians, it is only necessary to cite the case of Mr. Gladstone. He was in power in 1886, and brought forward a measure of Home Rule, which was defeated in the Commons and disapproved by the country. It was indeed a measure open to grave criticism, not only in principle, but in detail. The very moment he was delegated to opposition he took occasion to declare and reiterate in the most emphatic manner that the measure of 1886 was dead—no longer a matter for consideration; and now what Mr. Gladstone's policy is has become a profound mystery. Again and again have both Tory and Unionist appealed to Mr. Gladstone to declare what he proposes to do with the Irish question in case he is returned to power. But not a word. He knows very well that he could propound no scheme that would not be amenable to criticism on every side. Hence he has no policy. He simply aims to make the British people dissatisfied with the present government, and when this is accomplished they will vote it out. Mr. Gladstone will then take office, and that is the time to propound policies.

Let no one interested in the welfare of the Liberal party of Canada worry the Liberal leader about declaring a policy. It would be the very worst thing we could do. Let no man, in like manner, be worried over the leadership. The Liberal party can win under Mr. Laurier or under any one of twenty of the gentlemen who compose the Opposition, nay, they can win without a leader at all. Their first and supreme object is to get a majority of the people of Canada dissatisfied with the Government of Sir John A. Macdonald. Everyone should be got under the umbrella that has any ground of complaint against the party that has been so long in power. No person should be driven from it. Nothing should be said or done or propounded, that would make any man or any body anxious to get out from under it.

One other practical suggestion. Let no man who is playing the practical game of politics ever waste any time

over the abstract. It is the concrete that tells in politics. For instance, never stop to enquire "what Ontario will do" at the next election. There is no Ontario in general elections. There are a number of individual constituencies. These are what should be considered and looked after. The attention should be directed to the eminently practical question: What will York do? Middlesex, Bruce, Grey, Durham, Northumberland, Lanark? Get a majority of these to elect men who will vote Sir John A. Macdonald's Government out, and the aggregate will indicate what Ontario will do or has done. But in practical politics begin at the primaries. Start with details. The result will be the generality. But if you begin with generalities, nothing effective will ever be accomplished. To get a majority of constituencies to send men who will vote Sir John Macdonald out of office is the supreme aim and contract of the Liberal party. It is not a question of leadership, except in so far as the leader is capable of his personal influence in inspiring the local workers in individual constituencies to make the most vigorous and intelligent efforts to secure the best results in the constituency. Any man who can bring about this result in a wide-reaching manner is useful, whether leader or not. But as a propagandist of ideas, principles and policies, the less that is heard from the leader, or any leader, of the party, the better.

Let no sublimated *doctrinaire* arise and say, "What degrading *Maechiavellianism!*" I do not hesitate to say that it is not a high ideal which has been held up. But we must determine what we want and then act accordingly. If it is the aim to elevate the standard of political morality—to win moral victories—then let us set up an ideal, and follow it reverently and heroically, with the guerdon of perpetual opposition. But if it is believed that the interests of the country require a change of administration, then let us proceed by sensible and effective methods to get the Government removed. One thing is certain, Sir John A. Macdonald will smile at "moral victories." His creed is to win, and he can only be defeated by men whose creed is to win. That he can be defeated, and defeated thoroughly at next general election is beyond a doubt. The question is where are the men ready to begin the work of preparation to-day in all the constituencies throughout Canada. Perhaps it is being done. If not, it is time work was commenced.

Many mortals there are, doubtless, who think that Sir John A. Macdonald is the right man to govern the country, and that he should not be disturbed in his protracted reign. For such this little essay has not been written. It aims simply to clear away some delusions from the minds of those who think otherwise, and who sincerely desire to see a better government in Canada. The essence of the matter is, "give over any idle talk as to who shall be leader, and have as little policy as possible, and proceed by intelligent and practical methods to elect one hundred and ten or more men who will vote out Sir John A. Macdonald's Government."

Halifax, July 22, 1890.

A CANADIAN LIBERAL.

A MODERN MYSTIC—IV.

WHEN we met the next day, instead of strolling round Parliament Hill, or sitting in the Pagoda, McKnom having said, "Let us walk into the Park—*niden agan*—too much of anything is not good." We went into those pleasant little grounds—one of the best parts of Ottawa, if you except the Chaudière Bridge, whence to admire those noble buildings rising from their unequalled site. We sat down; a nursery maid had seated herself not far off and the baby in his carriage gazed at all the wonders by which God and man had surrounded him. Here was a spot where Horace might have loved to walk and moralize, nor sighed for Lucretia and his Sabine farm, and where Mæcenas, on some quiet summer day, had found in the sound of those waters a countercharm to his insomnia.

"Our Lord Jesus," said McKnom, "spoke not as the Jewish teachers of the day, but as one that had authority. He was not only a divine philosopher but a man of action. There was 'a noise, and a shaking,' as he went through Palestine. Flesh and sinews came to the bones and where there had been gaunt skeletons—nay, scattered bones—all was beauty and life. Plato could do nothing like this. But look what he arrives at by reasoning—he was necessarily a rationalist, yet no apostle of Christianity dwelt more strongly on the necessity of faith, and in the Laws."

"Is it not doubtful whether he wrote the Laws?"

"Doubtful!" he cried with indignation, "every line bears the impress of Plato—and if they were not written by him—you remember what I said about the egg—then by some disciple into whom all the honey of the Athenian Bee had passed. In the passage I had in my mind we have not merely Plato's faith in a Supreme God infinitely good, but a picture of the home of the pious among the old Greeks. He almost apologizes for the argument of natural theology on which he is about to enter."

"How," says he, "without passion can we reason to prove the existence of God? It must be with bitterness of heart, with hatred and indignation against those men who force us to enter on such an argument. They who once trusted to the tales which, lying on the breast, they used to hear from their nurses and their mothers; who heard them blended at the altar with prayers and all the imposing pomp of a splendid ritual, so fair to the eyes of a child whose parents are meanwhile offering up the solemn sacrifices, praying for themselves and their children, hold-

ing by means of vows and supplications communion with God, as in truth a living God; who, when the sun and moon rose up and passed again to their settings, witnessed all around them the prostrate forms of Greeks and Barbarians alike; all men in their joys and sorrows clinging as it were to God, not as an empty name, but as their all in all; to those who despise all this—and compel us to reason as we do—how can we expect to teach, and that with calm gentle words, the existence of God?"

"The Rationalist Plato recognizes there is something within us which speaks with even more authority than reason respecting the greatest truths. That passage will show what is abundantly shown elsewhere, that Plato saw the importance of the heart in the perception of truth—saw that youth with highly developed intellect, violent passions and no principles is not only a dangerous but an unnatural monster. You saw that in the prayer of Socrates, which I read to you yesterday, he prayed for a 'beautiful soul.' That meant everything for the good and refined Greek. All beauty—the beauty of man and woman, of sun and sky, of star and stream and flower came from God—was showered profusely on the earth, not only for man's delight but to lead him, as Plato taught, up to God. The virtues stood out before his mind as beautiful, and the affections of the heart as surpassing all material splendour in their loveliness. No man could be holy or heroic without love—love to parents, brothers, friends, for whom he would even die. In the 'Phædrus' he speaks of our affections as 'wings of the soul,' which raise us up to a living God. God's image is in man, and our brother man has therefore a twofold claim on our love. Is there a longing for a life beyond our little span? Then live in the lives of those whom you have helped to model after the image of God, and let the lamp of virtue be passed from soul to soul by an eternal inheritance. And then there was the spiritual world behind the material veil. Here too was an object for the affections. There is a God; God is goodness itself; I am safe in His hands. What can shake such a man? God must first be shaken. Moral truths, like the God who has implanted them in our nature, are immutable. Experience can overturn theories respecting the material world, but goodness will be always beautiful, vice be always ugly and hateful—now such is the teaching of Plato—and what wanted he that a true Christian has? I answer, Nothing, so far as his own moral growth was concerned. He had attained to most of the great truths of Christianity by reasoning, by faithfulness to his higher instincts, by watching the effect on the young men of the teaching of the Sophists. If we see that a young man holding fast to God, believing in his Providence, seeking to have a beautiful soul like Him, can conquer passion; that the same young man, from sceptical, becomes a scooped nut, crushed by the first temptation—what are we to conclude but that belief in and love to God are natural to man; that belief in and aspiration after a future life are natural to him, and therefore true, as true as that food taken into the stomach upholds animal life—and that without food life passes away? We can describe certain changes which food undergoes, but we cannot go deeper."

"Well, tell me what Plato lacked."

"I have said," answered McKnom, "that he anticipated Christianity in many of its greatest truths. But, great as he was, can you fancy him preaching the Sermon on the Mount? But that is not what I mean. He was always looking for a young man of great talent, goodness, genius, spirit to embody and propagate his teaching—he saw clearly the necessity of a personal object of love for the young—and he thought he would find that in his teachers, the masters in his ideal Republic. He never found this. Now don't you see that the Preacher of that Sermon on the Mount was exactly what Plato longed for in vain—good, persuasive, pure, eloquent, righteous, without blemish, heroic, capable of inspiring boundless love, and dying for mankind?"

"Tis very strange."

"Strange!" he said, "is there not a certain cogency of proof in these anticipations of a pure soul like Plato, and his wistful looking for a person who should be an object of affection to instil his teaching into the young?"

He paused, and Helpsam said: "There is the sore place in our educational system. We manufacture teachers by examinations in certain branches of knowledge, whereas no man or woman is fit to be a teacher who is not educated. This, of course, embraces high moral qualities—is not mere instruction."

McKnom: "You are quite right. But your remark goes wider than our educational system; it touches everything. I will tell you a story."

"We were yesterday talking of Orpheus. When the Thracian women tore Orpheus to pieces, the Greeks deified him, and we learn from Philostratus that his head and lyre floated down the Hebrus to the sea, and were borne by the waves to the island of Lesbos; his lyre, as Lucian relates, touched by the winds, giving forth a responsive harmony. His head was buried, but gave oracles from the grave, while his lyre, which, by the sweetness of its spell, had drawn to him wild beasts, and the trees of the forest, was suspended in the temple of Apollo, where it long remained, until Neanthus, the son of Pittacus the tyrant, learning that it had drawn trees and savage beasts by its harmony, earnestly desired to own it. He therefore corrupted the priest, took the lyre of Orpheus, and fixed another like it in the temple. But considering he was not safe in the city, he fled by night, and when he had got into the country he began to play on it. He confounded the chords, yet fancied he was producing a Divine

concord, and plumed himself as a second Orpheus. But in the midst of his exaltation, the neighbouring dogs, startled by the sounds, fell upon him and tore him to pieces.

"From this we learn that the lyre had no magic without the fingers of an Orpheus. Good maps, nice desks, good school books—these are of little use without a real teacher."

"Why," said Helpsam, "did not Plato do himself what he was looking for an ideal young man to do? I suspect that Plato, with all his splendid gifts of mind and his surpassingly pure and beautiful character, was wanting in the heroic; he was in no sense a man of action. He wanted passion—which is one of the supreme forces in swaying mankind. St. Paul had it and for that reason was a chosen vessel; so had Luther, Loyola, John Knox, Whitfield, Wesley, Napoleon, Wilberforce, John Bright, Bismarck; without it the highest greatness is unattainable."

"I am sorry," said McKnom, "you mentioned men of blood, but as you did this, why did you not mention David? He too arrived at some of the truths of Christianity—but as to Plato I agree with you. He did not dare to do what Socrates did, because he feared Socrates' fate—but had he died for the faith that was in him would he not have effected more by his death than by his books? When men throw away life, or ambition which may be dearer than life, for principle—that one act does more for mankind than volumes of the deepest philosophy seasoned with the sweetest rhetoric. You have put your finger on the one weak spot in Plato. Let us depart, and may He who knew Plato and Socrates as His servants as truly as Peter and Paul, give us each a 'beautiful soul.' Shall we three meet here to-morrow and have a talk about Plato and Canadian politics?"

This was agreed. As we walked over the bridge the driver of a waggon lashed his horse most cruelly, but before the purpose was formed in any of our minds to get his name or give him in charge to a policeman who was walking leisurely towards us, he had galloped away.

NICHOLAS FLOOD DAVIN.

OLD AND NEW.

'Tis new, says one, and that to-day
Is much: how few have aught to say!

That was not said so oft before,
The charm is lost it erstwhile wore!

Thou fool, since it is new to thee,
Beyond the range where thou canst see—

Outside of thy experience,
Thy narrow world's circumference—

Must it be new to everyone?
Hast thou drunk up the sea and sun?

Within the compass of thy breast
Carriest thou all from East to West?

All know'st thou sage and seer have said?
Hides all Parnassus in thy head?

A hundred times that every word
May have been voiced, by thee unheard;

Not even a tittle of what has been
Writ by Thought's masters hast thou seen;

Yet thou wouldst mete to each his due,
And say, *That thought is old, this new!*

MATTHEW RICHEY KNIGHT.

THE ROMANCE OF LA TOUR.

WHEN Sir David Kirk returned to England, after his failure to capture Quebec, and his success in taking eighteen French ships-of-war, he carried with him a prisoner of no small notoriety. The career of Claude de St. Etienne, Sieur de la Tour, prior to his capture, was remarkable for its checkered fortune. About the year 1609 he discovered that to prolong his residence in France would be decidedly unwise. His patrimonial estates had been expended in the civil wars of his country. His pride rankled over the prospect of becoming the "poor relation" of the noble house of Bouillon. He had lost his wife, and his son, Charles Amador, a lad of fourteen, was his only surviving offspring. Being a Protestant he was in disfavour with his King. The persecution of the Huguenots became intolerable. His whole nature pined for liberty; he yearned for the wilds of the New World. Finally, he bade adieu to his native land, and, accompanied by his son, set sail for America. In due time he reached the spruce-covered shores of Acadia, and, disembarking at Port Royal, took up his residence among Poutincourt's colonists, remaining until the pirate Argal pounced upon the settlement and destroyed it. Then followed an experience of hardship with the Indians, after which he sought to establish himself at the mouth of the Penobscot River in Maine, only to be prevented by the people of Plymouth. Nothing daunted, however, he immediately repaired to

Cape Sable, where he built a fort, and for a time lived unmolested the life of a feudal lord.

Trade between the New World and the Old was lucrative, and Claude de la Tour prospered. He ventured to send great ship-loads of furs and fish to France. He thought less of his religious views as his business increased. With a hope of bettering his prospects, he ventured to seek the royal patronage, and, as he was an affable man, succeeded. Then it became necessary for him to return to France. His son Charles had grown to manhood, so he left him in command at Fort Louis and hastened to the feet of his King. He told wonderful tales of Acadia and introduced bold schemes of colonization, working upon the young King's credulousness to such personal advantage that in a very short time he was again sailing for America, not the self-imposed exile of a few years previous, but the favoured agent of His Majesty, with eighteen ships-of-war at his disposal, and a commission in his pocket which should elevate his aspiring son to the prominence of Lieutenant-General of Acadia.

Meanwhile Sir David Kirk had made his first daring assault upon the New World, and, having failed in his mission, was returning to England a discomfited though a wiser man, chagrined at his ignominious defeat, and dreading the censure perhaps awaiting him, when lo! a fleet of eighteen French sail hove into view, and gave him the opportunity to redeem himself. He immediately gave battle, overthrew the French commander, and, to the mortification of his captive, sailed into England a triumphant man.

Humiliating as was the predicament in which Claude de la Tour now found himself, he did not despair, but immediately brought into play his "happy faculty" and proceeded to extricate himself with as much good grace as the occasion permitted, yet not without the hope of gaining some personal benefit from the adventure.

The royal grant which James I. had bestowed upon the Earl of Stirling, Sir William Alexander, having been renewed by Charles I., was now being made use of, and the enterprising Scotchman, while entertaining delightful visions of a Nova Scotia in the New World, was diligently prosecuting arrangements for the introduction of a Scotch population into the wilds of the prospective province. Claude de la Tour, seeing his prospects fading, determined to avert the crisis at any hazard. Deep down in his independent heart he recognized neither French sovereign nor British, save as he might use the one or the other to his advantage. The king he paid homage to was Claude de St. Etienne, Sieur de la Tour, and, having resolved that Acadia should be presided over by none other than a La Tour, he launched himself in a venture which was as daring as it was unsuccessful.

Being an affable man, not easily resisted when it became his desire to insinuate himself into the good graces of others, his blandishments were now so well exercised that before he reached England, in fact, he had secured the good will of his captor, "who subsequently introduced him to Sir William Alexander, as just the man suited to his service." A conference was held over the prospect of settling Nova Scotia, and it was proposed that if La Tour and his son would hand over the whole of Acadia to His Britannic Majesty, and enter his service, each would receive an extensive land grant under the newly fabricated title of Baronet of Nova Scotia. Claude de la Tour readily agreed to these terms, and even went so far as to promise his son's immediate acquiescence also. But he had yet to learn that Charles de St. Etienne, although in many respects "a chip of the old block," was not quite the man he had deemed him, and could not be so easily induced to betray into the hands even of his father the trust which Louis XIII. had lately reposed in him.

However, during the time necessary for the fitting out of Sir William's expedition, Claude de la Tour was in a most amiable frame of mind, and improved his advantages to such a degree that he not only made himself popular at court, but so dazzled one of the maids of honour to Henrietta Maria, that she finally married him, and, when the expedition was ready, sailed with him to the wilds of Acadia. Meanwhile the son awaited the father's return without the slightest suspicion of what had come to pass.

Charles Amador de St. Etienne de la Tour fully expected to be made Lieutenant-General of Acadia upon the arrival of his father. He had been the friend of Biencourt in his troubles with Argal, and had assisted so much in affairs at Port Royal that when his patron died in 1623, he found himself not only his heir, but his successor in the government of the little colony. Naturally he wished to be invested with the King's commission. War was imminent between France and England, over the suppression of the Huguenots, and as such a strife would certainly affect the American colonies, Charles de la Tour, realizing his position, believed that if appointed commandant of Acadia, and granted munitions of war, he could with the assistance of his band of faithful Frenchmen and Micmac Indians hold the country for his King without much difficulty. He wrote to Louis to this effect, and his father being the bearer of the memorial he naturally looked forward to his return with no little anxiety. He did not write, however, that "his king" was Charles de St. Etienne, but with the unscrupulous sagacity characteristic of a La Tour he sought to secure his position while the opportunity was at hand, thus placing himself in an attitude to defy even the King of France if need be. He had dreamed of the event for months. He was even more ambitious than his father. If Claude de la Tour contemplated the accumulation of vast riches, Charles, coming

honestly by his grasping, subtle, dissembling nature, went further, and as he turned his codfish on the flakes, or visited his beaver traps, or traded insignificant trinkets for valuable furs with the Indians, or loaded his commodities into vessels bound for France, and speculated upon what they would bring in the La Rochelle market, there was ever before him his own apparition lording it over the land in the midst of plenty. Perhaps it was this delightful vision that prompted him to make occasional forays against the neighbouring people of Plymouth, steal all their furs and stores, and then repair to his staunch fortress—to hide his feelings.

This happy dream may have also induced him to take unto himself a wife, or perhaps his matrimonial desires arose out of the fact that he had finally met a woman whom he believed would prove a valuable assistant in all his enterprises. Few men are so fortunate. This very intelligence may have been the incentive which prompted him to prosecute his courtship with such assiduity as to have the wedding ceremonies over and the honeymoon on the wane before his father should return, realizing that the old gentleman was a widower of the most winning disposition. However this may have been, it is certain that when he reflected upon what he had done, and gradually became acquainted with his wife, he discovered that she possessed more true womanhood than he had given her credit for. In fact he perceived that Constance Bernon was not of the common stock, although he did find her among the Indians. He did not ask himself if he loved her. He was not a sentimental fool, but a man of ambition; he had no capacity for thoughts of love. His marriage, so far as he was concerned, was simply an alliance upon business principles; yet she, poor girl, was one who could have loved passionately had he given her any encouragement. She proved dutiful, trustworthy and helpful, and he was satisfied to smile benignly upon her at times when she did not seek to discourage some of his daring and unscrupulous exploits.

One morning, while engaged in turning codfish to dry in the sun, he was surprised at the appearance in the harbour of two stately men-of-war with the meteor flag of Great Britain fluttering at their mast heads. He was not long in ascertaining what it meant. Claude de la Tour had returned with his commission. But the French war vessels were wanting, and the scarlet and gold vestment of the Baronet, the orange tawny silk ribbon about his neck, from which depended a flaring medallion in the shape of an escutcheon *argent*, a saltire *azure*, thereon an escutcheon of the arms of Scotland, with the Imperial Crown above the escutcheon, and encircled with the motto, "*Fax meritis honeste gloria*," the whole a distinction of his new rank of Baronet; the London wife, the British men-of-war, were not to the liking of Charles de St. Etienne, and he did not know whether to smile or frown when his father related his recent adventure. One thing is certain, he regretted very much the loss of the war vessels which King Louis had been good enough to send him; now that war was pending, he could have put them to good service. His position would have been far more secure. He had a personal interest in the desire that Acadia should remain a French possession. He had learned of Kirk's summons for Champlain to surrender, and though the gallant Captain had respectfully declined, he knew the weakness of the colonial forces, and he feared that sooner or later Quebec must fall. Then what should become of Acadia. He must hold it at any cost. It belonged to the La Tours, and Charles de St. Etienne was determined it should remain in their possession so long as he lived to govern it. He could not for an instant coincide with the Baronet's proposal to hand it over to a foreigner. In fact he refused point blank to have anything to do with Sir William and his Scotch colony. His father had no business to compromise him in any such manner, without his knowledge. He was surprised and mortified that his father should deem him capable of betraying the confidence of his King. It was not at all in accordance with his calculations. He saw no way in which he could oblige his father without interfering considerably with his own personal interests. He loved his father, of course, and he regretted very much the position in which he was placed. Nevertheless, he decided there and then that the Baronet might hasten back to Sir William Alexander as soon as he pleased with the information that Charles de St. Etienne was a Frenchman and preferred the honour of Lieutenant-General of Acadia to that of Baronet of a meagre strip of Nova Scotia territory.

Here was a pretty mess indeed. The father had compromised himself to England, and absolved himself from France. The son had proven himself so unreliable that the father was well nigh disgusted; the father had developed into something so much like a traitor, that the son was disposed to regard him with contempt. The result of it all was the Baronet returned to his ship, the Lieutenant-General of Acadia stepped into his fort, and soon the woods were reverberating with the thunder of artillery. The fight lasted three days before the aggressors, who had the worst of it, withdrew. A compromise was then arranged, whereby, to save his luckless neck from the block, the Baronet was granted permission to remain in Acadia with his wife and two servants. The men-of-war immediately set sail for Port Royal, and the Lieutenant-General of Acadia came out of his fort to breathe the wholesome resinous atmosphere and congratulate himself over his triumph. Later in the day his wife Constance saw him leisurely turning codfish on the flakes by the sea shore. He had baffled the English; he was still master of the situation, and for the present there was nothing to

trouble him. His peace of mind, however, was not to be of long duration. In France a movement was on foot which would cause him more annoyance even than his father's recent escapade, and to meet the emergency his parent's co-operation would be required.

Richelieu had succeeded in his strife against the Huguenots. Rochelle had fallen. But the conquered, declining to remain in their native land subjected to the bigotry of their victors, left its shores by hundreds. The Master Mind of France at once perceived what might possibly happen in Canada. He was averse to a colony of Huguenots even in that vast wilderness. He was determined that Canada should grow up Catholic to the core. The decision was the corner stone of the foundation upon which the prospective colony of New France was to be erected—a foundation so shaky that before it appeared above ground, as it were, it crumbled to atoms for want of better material. Had the Huguenots been allowed to settle in Canada, doubtless they would have formed a colony so strong that the English conquest would never have been recorded. But no. With that bigoted tenacity which characterized the Cardinal's actions, he determined upon an exclusion policy, and there was no alternative.

The Company of the Hundred Associates was formed, and men were detailed to take up the reins of Government in Canada and enforce the new policy. How well the enterprise succeeded we all know. But at that period it struck consternation to the hearts of the La Tours, who were determined to hold Acadia at any cost.

Since this necessitated immediate action, father and son became reconciled to each other, and began preparations for meeting the imperious exigency to advantage. There was a time of hustle and bustle, of clearing and building, of equipping and training, in the midst of which arose Fort La Tour, at the mouth of the St. John's River, and Fort Jemsek, on the beautiful shores of Grand Lake. Charles de la Tour and his brilliant wife, surrounded by a band of faithful Huguenots and Micmac Indians, occupied Fort La Tour; Claude de la Tour and his London bride remained at Cape Sable, while the Jemsek fort was commanded by a Huguenot under the surveillance of the Lieutenant-General of Acadia. All was now in readiness for the coming event.

Meanwhile M. de Razilli had arrived with the information that he should assume the head of government in Acadia; that Charles de la Tour was to be subordinated as Lieutenant number one; and that D'Aulnay Charnacé, whom the Church and Richelieu had seen fit to send out to further the cause of Romanism in the New World, was to act in the capacity of Lieutenant number two. The Province was to be divided into districts, with M. de Razilli, at Port La Have; Charles de la Tour, at the mouth of the St. John's, and D'Aulnay Charnacé at Port Royal. The news was rather humiliating to the ambitious Charles de la Tour, but with his usual suavity he left the impression that it was just what he desired, and then hurried home to mount an extra score of cannon upon his ramparts, and inform his wife that Charnacé was in Acadia.

But it was some time before Charles de la Tour had occasion to resort to the force of arms, much as he rankled over his subordinate position. M. de Razilli held the reins of Government with a careful hand, and affairs throughout Acadia progressed favourably, although many a sinister glance had been exchanged between his two subordinates. M. de Razilli's policy was one in which the prosperity of Acadia was decidedly augmented, and, had he lived to complete his work, doubtless much of Acadia's history would now present a more placid aspect. But he died—died in the midst of his bold schemes, at a time when his projects were beginning to tell favourably upon the country; and having left the reins of Government fluttering in the breeze it was a question as to who should grasp them and endeavour to control the already prancing steeds. Charles de la Tour had the better right, D'Aulnay Charnacé the greater influence. Having purchased rights from M. de Razilli's relative, which really gave him a claim to the seat, and, being a relative of the indomitable Cardinal, the cause of the Second Lieutenant of Acadia was likely to prove successful. In Acadia, however, Charles de la Tour was paramount. But if there was a man in the Province who could and would oust him from his position, if there was a man audacious enough to seek to accomplish his object with lies and contumely, or, in the failure of these, to take up arms in time of peace, and, in the character of usurper, seek to strip his enemy of his rights and wealth, that man was D'Aulnay Charnacé. What could he not do! What would he not attempt! His advantages at Court were formidable. As we have said, he was a relative of the great Cardinal. He was also an influential priest of the Jesuit Order; he had come to Acadia with credentials from the King and his Superior. He could gain the ears of Richelieu and the King for anything he chose to report. With these advantages he had determined upon Charles de la Tour's downfall, and he blew upon the coals of envy and jealousy until they burst into crackling flames of malfeasance which threatened his rival with destruction. Charles de la Tour commanded the rich fur trade of the St. John's River. He was the most popular man in Acadia. He had strongly fortified himself and bid defiance to France. Worst of all, he had married Constance Bernon whom he had once loved. He had never forgotten Constance. He was chagrined at having lost her through his stupid credulence. He railed at himself that while his life had been as irksome as a caged-up bird he loved her more than ever. He would not give her up. True she was another's wife, but what of that. Charles de la Tour once out of the way, his suit was clear. He

would renounce Loyola's creed; he would win Constance yet, even if he should have to kill La Tour with his own sword, and then turn Protestant into the bargain. The hope of winning Constance was all that made life interesting. If he failed—well, if he failed (he tried the edge of his dagger while the thought predominated) he could at least shuffle off this mortal coil without assistance. His plans were formed.

Affairs rapidly grew turbulent. Finally Charles de la Tour was charged with treason and a ship arrived to transport him to France. But declining to be arrested he turned his guns upon his enemy with such effect that Charnacé was compelled to withdraw to a place of safety.

It seemed preposterous to Charnacé that any one should dare ignore the mandate of his great relative, and it furnished the excuse he desired for resorting to the force of arms. But La Tour was ever alert, and for a time Charnacé's attacks were unsuccessful. To hold his enemy at bay, however, was all La Tour could do, and as he felt himself slowly but surely weakening under the exertion, he perceived that unless assistance could be secured very soon, he must go down in the struggle. His father had long since died, and Fort Louis was no longer in his possession. Fort Jemsek and Fort Latour were the only strongholds he could depend upon, and as Fort Latour would have to be reduced before access to Fort Jemsek could be gained, the brunt of the conflict was concentrated upon the former. Time passed in which siege succeeded siege, and Fort La Tour gradually and irreparably weakened. As a last resort Charles de la Tour left his fort in charge of his noble wife and hastened to Boston in quest of assistance. Through the medium of two spies, who had been figuring conspicuously at Fort La Tour in the disguise of Roman priests, Charnacé learned of his rival's absence. Instantly his impetuosity was at its zenith. His commanding officer, General Brogi, was summoned to a council of war, and a new attack was planned. Brogi, who was growing tired of so much dillydallying, and who led his forces against Charnacé's enemy with a vindictive spirit, declared he could capture the fort almost without fighting. He was encouraged to attempt it, upon condition that he would spare the garrison, and secure Constance with as little asperity as possible. He advanced to the attack with a resolve that he would soon settle matters and bring these animosities to an end. Charnacé waited. Soon the sound of battle reached his ears and filled him with a strange foreboding. He feared Brogi. He trembled that in his enthusiasm the General might overdo the work. He felt ashamed of himself for having sent such odds against a woman, and she the idol of his heart. He feared for her safety. What if—? He drew his sword, and with an awful oath declared that if anything happened to her he would have the life of his commanding officer, if it was the last thing he should ever do on earth.

It was early in the morning of Easter Sunday. Constance was at worship in the chapel with her Huguenots, when suddenly the news of treachery burst upon them. A soldier of Swiss extraction, who had been a prisoner for some time in Brogi's camp, but who was granted liberty upon condition that he would return to the fort and betray it into the hands of the enemy, had thrown open the gates at the appointed hour, and like a pack of ravenous wolves the foe rushed in. Beyond a doubt they would have very soon overpowered the garrison had it not been for the timely action of Constance. With her quick perception she understood the situation at once, and, seizing her husband's sword, rallied her little band of Micmacs and Huguenots about her and fought with them in the thickest of the fray, until she was disabled by a buckshot which severed an important artery. Thrice the enemy were beaten back, and finally the gates were closed. Yet notwithstanding the fact that Brogi was baffled, he succeeded in securing the surrender of the fort upon a promise of leniency to the garrison. But when he beheld the meagre handful of Huguenots who had held him so long at bay, he was both mortified and enraged, and declaring he had been deceived ordered them all to be hung like traitors at the chapel door. One man was spared to act the part of executioner, and Constance was led to the scene with a rope about her own neck, while she pressed her hand upon the severed artery to stop the hemorrhage.

Presently, however, the awful spectacle was changed. There was a commotion among Brogi's soldiers, and like an infuriated tiger Charnacé burst through their ranks. One glance confirmed his suspicions. He sickened at the awful sight before him. His eyes fell upon Constance. He staggered back aghast. Her pitiable condition touched him to the quick. Her look of reproach stung him deeply. One short moment he hesitated, then giving vent to his pent up feelings, he flashed his sword from its scabbard and struck Brogi to the earth. The hanging ceased. Tenderly Charnacé bore Constance into the chapel, but upon seeing her preserver kneeling before her with all his love expressed in his woe begone countenance, as if to defy him even to the last she removed her hand from her wound and let her life slip quietly away.

In the death of Constance the cause of the La Tours was lost. Charnacé plundered the fort and secured the St. John's fur trade for himself. Charles de la Tour was forced to lead a roving life until, some years after the death of his rival, Cromwell appointed him Governor-General of Acadia.

MALCOLM W. SPARROW.

NOTE.—In compiling the above sketch the following authorities have been consulted: Hannay's "History of Acadia," Murdock's "History of Nova Scotia," Haliburton's "History of Nova Scotia," Kirk's "First Conquest of Canada," and Tenny's "Constance of Acadia." That the romance assumes a new phase is due to the liberty taken with the latter work, which is of recent appearance.

THE RAMBLER.

I HAVE before me a copy of the *Illustrated Australian News*, which is in appearance and contents a worthy rival of its great original and not surpassed—perhaps hardly equalled—by many publications on this continent. A portrait of Sir Henry Parkes, moving the first resolution of the Federation Committee in Melbourne last March, adorns the opening page. We have never had anything in Canada so good as this Australian paper, although our attempts—short-lived, if enthusiastic—have been many, and our dreams more than numerous. The *News* is published on the first of every month, the present number being about 422. The best artists and engravers in Australia are engaged on its columns, and the subscription price is only 8s. per annum. I am not drawing attention to all this in any pessimistic frame of mind—not at all; I hate pessimists and defy pessimism. But the figure of Sir Henry Parkes is such a notable one in colonial annals, that I may be, perhaps, allowed space for a few remarks about him. Sir Henry has certainly broken his birth's invidious bar and grasped the skirts of happy chance and with such celerity and pertinacity, that he is now Premier of New South Wales and perhaps the foremost man in the whole Australian colony. Born in 1815, of farming parents in Warwickshire, he emigrated in 1839 to New South Wales and kept a small shop in Hunter St., Sydney, until 1848, when he essayed politics. Like other famous men and orators, notably Disraeli, he was at first unsuccessful in his parliamentary flights, but it was only a matter of time. Again, like many other eminent men, he entered the ranks of working journalists and started an evening paper called the *Empire*, which merged subsequently into the *Evening News* and is, under the latter name, still in existence. Sir Henry is thus, what we sometimes term, a self-made man, for which we shall all be glad to forgive him many shortcomings. What we are not so likely to forgive him for is—that he is a writer of doggerel, and goes the length of publishing it in book form. He is a typical Australian in directness and vigour, having a power of "slangwhanging," rare even in the antipodes. His appearance is chiefly remarkable for a large and leonine head covered with shaggy white hair.

I suspect Henry Kingsley is an author little read in these days. Of course, he has been overshadowed by his more brilliant brother, but his novels are still worth picking up, and I confess to being very fond of "The Hillyars and the Burtons." Mention of Australia always brings the excellent art of this book before me, followed closely by the apparition of Provis, the "gentleman from New South Wales."

A *Colonial Magazine*, headquarters London, should soon be a matter of reality and no longer a dream. With picturesque and stirring colonial matter from India, Canada, Australia and Africa, the older periodicals might well hide their heads. The colonial writer is, above all, strong in romance, and romance is very dear at the present juncture to the surfeited readers of realism. Plenty of romance, good, hot and strong, would create such a magazine, eked out with some heavier papers upon colonial matters, which now find their way to the reviews and daily journals, and a discriminating supply of poetry in which, I am confident, the Canadians would not be third or second best. English syndicates are launching such far-fetched schemes—hotels on Isle Royale and Percé Rock among others—that they may quite possibly heed these wandering remarks of an almost exhausted column spinner. Should it thus befall, I shall be most happy to contribute towards the assistance of the English Syndicate by giving the names of our Canadian writers. Of funds, alas, the "Rambler" is not too flush. But then these English syndicates are always well supplied and they never, no *never*, make mistakes.

Mr. G. W. Wicksteed, ex-Law Clerk of the House of Commons, sends me a delightful little volume entitled "Waifs in Prose," a companion, possibly, to "Waifs in Verse," a book published by him some few years back. The present volume is a commentary upon the political and literary events of the last year or two and contains translations, letters upon current topics and good-humoured criticisms upon men and things. It is, I hope, no breach of confidence to state that Mr. Wicksteed is, at the very advanced age of 90, a writer capable of interesting and instructing his audience, and it will be a matter of regret if, when he has passed away (may it be long distant), there will not be found notes, taken during so long and useful a life, capable of being worked up into a memoir of Canadian Parliamentary life for the past fifty years.

That peculiar insolence of lady clerks of which we have been hearing is an actual fact. Women are not half as polite, cool, yet at the same time interested, and generally agreeable when in office, as men. Perhaps they are too nervous, "highly strung." Some day I will tell a little story about the phrase "highly strung," which has always impressed me as comical. But the fact remains. A little learning and a little authority are both dangerous things.

THE man of tact and courtesy will not talk above the head of his less gifted friend. It is easier for the one to come down than for the other to climb.

CORRESPONDENCE.

CANADIAN EXODUS.

To the Editor of THE WEEK :

SIR,—In your issue of April 11th, I notice a paper from the pen of Mr. K. L. Jones, stating what he believes to be the causes of the very large annual exodus from Canada to the United States.

He tells us that "the fair proportion are young men seeking employment in the great cities of the American Northwest; farmers going to Dakota and Minnesota, and mechanics to the 'boom' cities of Puget Sound." Now, if he would go on and add to these classes the young men of our villages, towns and cities, who have and have not trades, and also the older men, he would not be saying too much, for we are giving annually large numbers of our skilled and unskilled labourers to the sister Republic, both young and old, and not only to the States mentioned by Mr. Jones, but to the whole tier of the Northern States.

He asks the very pertinent question: How can we account for it? One reason—his first—is that "they have every climate from temperate to tropical, while we have a summer which begins in June and ends in August; and a long winter, of only three degrees—cold, colder, coldest. We may point with pride to the fact that our possessions cover a wider area, but let us not forget that much of it lies to the North, and is a fit home only for the Laplander and reindeer."

Now I question either Mr. Jones' veracity or knowledge concerning this statement; which is at fault I can not tell, but as to the facts, in the first place taking up the climate question, the greatest number of Canadians who cross the line go into the Northern States, East or West, not more than ten per cent. going South. Compare the climate of these States with Ontario and the Maritime Provinces—I believe that the products of the field and orchard will tell us about it—and what have we? Why, every grain and every fruit which matures in those States, matures in Canada. Summer is only three months in duration, so I cannot see what his implied meaning is when he speaks so sarcastically concerning it. Then take the winter of "only three degrees;" does Mr. Jones know that severer weather is found in Dakota, Minnesota, Wisconsin and Michigan, than our bitterest winters? I am not speaking from hearsay but from actual experience, having spent several winters "over there."

He comes nearer the truth when he tells us of the fabulous wealth acquired by Americans, and that the Canadian, fired with the ambition to acquire like wealth, turns his steps America-ward. But why does he not stay here and acquire it? I think that I shall come very near the truth when I say that a young man is treated better, paid better, works better, in our neighbouring Republic.

Let me give as an illustration the case of a young man who left Toronto, eight years ago this summer. He was employed in an office, finishing his third year in the same establishment, and was expecting a raise in salary from \$350 per annum to \$400, a pittance of \$6.75 per week, out of which he paid \$5.25 for board, laundry and clothing, leaving him a dollar and a half each week for pleasure and the savings which were to make him a Gould or Vanderbilt. Not getting an advance, he went to St. Paul, Minn., having a good character, a light purse, and the same determination to be a Gould or a Vanderbilt. He secured a position as book-keeper in the same line of trade as before. Salary \$18 per week, living expenses \$8 per week; and my friend felt that he had secured a start in life. To-day, through steady work and judicious investment, he is worth \$10,000. The general public say this is an exception, but it is not; I can take the reader to scores of Canadians of my acquaintance through the Northern States who will give the same experience.

I do not want to give the impression that they are all worth that amount, but I do want to say that the majority have savings in five or six years, which they would not be able to acquire in a life-time in Canada. And why is this?

Mr. Jones says, "There is no mystery about the Canadian exodus," and after studying this question for several years I think the same, but will he agree with me in the remedy? I say that, knowing all these facts, a man must be devoid of reasoning faculty who cannot see the remedy, though its application may be difficult. Pay higher wages and we will have our young men at home.

In closing my friend says, "The national spirit must be cultivated. We want a national art, a national literature, national industries and a national agriculture. The United States have all in all, a better soil, a better climate, and have also a long start in the race; but we have a better Government (?), life and property are more secure in our borders." Now for my part I cannot see in what manner a national art or literature is going to put higher wages in my pocket, and as to the Government, I would like him to point out in what respect we are better; I fail to see it.

I believe that if, instead of paying so much money in the shape of duty, to enable our manufacturers to produce their wares, we abolish said duties and force them to apply the most improved machinery to the manufacture of their goods, the labourer will get a higher wage for his work, as he produces greater value in the same time; and when we raise the wages of our mechanics, we shall raise the standard of remuneration for every class of bread winners. Bring this to pass and I believe that the brains and blood of our fair Dominion will be able to acquire their fortunes

at home, and so strengthen the bulwarks of our country instead of undermining it, as is slowly being done at the present time.

REDFERN.

Weston, Ont., July 23, 1890.

MADRIGAL.

If my love shall prove unkind,
How may I reprove her?
Shall I tell her all my mind?
Will its pleading move her?
Or would silence golden be
In my heart's mute anguish?
Might she not still careless be
Though my love did languish?

If I, kneeling at her feet,
Tell my heart's desire,
Will her heart in union beat,
Moved by love's true fire?
Might she not mistake my sense
Bid me cease my wooing?
So would all my eloquence
Be mine own undoing.

Better now than later know
If my wooing please her;
She may love me never, though
I might longer tease her.
Then no more will I delay;
Brave hearts do not tarry;
I will ask my love to-day
If she will not marry.

E. G. G.

ENGLISH LITERATURE IN ENGLISH POLITICS.

THE influence of literature was never so potent in English politics as it is to-day. If we include the newspaper and the periodical press, there is no political agent in the kingdom with equal results or power. Oratory, the genius for leadership, the authority of the crown and the aristocracy—all are eclipsed by the written word.

Yet the phenomenon is of recent development. Until the present century the political influence of literature was confined to a few pamphleteers, like Swift, Addison, or Junius, who in time were supplanted by the quarterly reviews. These last exercised a decided sway, although with a limited audience; they spoke to the thinkers and the leaders of opinion, but not, as a rule, to the followers. They, too, have had their day.

Then came the great London newspapers, of which the *Times* was the pioneer, and for a while the only example, as a power in politics. It still is the most conspicuous—witness Parnell. After a while the *Times* was followed by the *Standard* and the *Morning Post*, and these by the *Daily News* and the *Telegraph*, all of which have acquired their present importance within the last thirty years, though some were established earlier. The weeklies, like the *Spectator* and the *Saturday Review*, next attained a position in the political world; and last of all came the semi-monthlies and monthlies of the present type—the *Fortnightly*, the *Contemporary*, and the *Nineteenth Century*—all publishing articles under their authors' names. These speedily became the pulpit from which the most eminent men in the kingdom preached political doctrines face to face, as it were, with their audiences. The older magazines—*Blackwood* and the quarterlies—spoke like the veiled prophet of Khorassan; the utterances were distinct, but the orator was not recognized; while the daily press of England has always affected the anonymous style—in deference, doubtless, to the aristocratic idea; for it was not to be supposed that an ordinary journalist could get much of a hearing under his own name in a country governed by great nobles and their families. The sentiment still lingers, and newspaper writers, as such, are not even now on a level with aristocratic politicians in the estimation of parliamentary leaders and the public generally.

But when the *Fortnightly* began to publish signed articles, aristocrats who were clever at once perceived how pleasant it would be to have their talent recognized, and prime ministers, peers, and prelates all condescended to speak to the multitude, unmasked. Then, of course, the fashion spread—the fashion in reading as well as in writing; and the English, finding it good form to read the lucubrations of lords, turned on the next page to the effusions of commoners, and discovered that, as a rule, the latter were by far the more interesting. To-day, not only the greatest minds in England are glad to find utterance through the periodical press in some of its forms, but the great reading class stands ready to receive and to ponder their utterances. The importance of the individual in political literature—the individual apart from position or caste—is established. Doubtless all this is not the result of the practice of three magazines; their practice is perhaps only an indication of the current of public feeling; but certainly the increased influence of literature in English politics is coincident with the introduction of signed articles.

Naturally the personal position of literary men is improved by the elevation of their pedestal, and a decided social advance is of late perceptible. The change may be slow, but the world does move. As long as authors only

attempted to amuse or edify their "betters," they were looked upon simply as paid pedagogues, or performers, on a level with schoolmasters, doctors, and barber-surgeons, or with actors and artists generally—all people whose object and business in life was to do something for the aristocracy, and who were amply rewarded if the upper classes condescended to employ or applaud them. The feeling has not entirely died out, even in the nineteenth century, as those who penetrate into really aristocratic circles are aware.

But when the aristocracy discovered that the literary people possessed power, they immediately regarded them with different eyes. The lords have before now been shrewd enough to admit into their order those of the lower sort who were strong enough to force their way upward. In old days it was brute force that told; great soldiers were always ennobled, and the most ancient nobility itself is descended from the robber barons; then came the bankers, as soon as wealth found that it could buy places in the peerage; and skilful politicians have generally been able to secure social promotion. But all this while, literature and literary people were despised by practical Englishmen of whatever degree. Shakespeare and Milton needed patrons; Johnson waited in Chesterfield's ante-room; Swift was the secretary, which, in those days, meant the servant, of Temple. Within the present reign Dickens could not be presented at court, and literary men are still often asked to great houses without their wives, and consent to go.

But the change has begun in English sentiment, a part of the great social and political revolution that never goes backward. Literature has shown itself able to affect politics, to assist in overturning or maintaining ministries; and literature, therefore, is respectable. Not only does the *parvenu* Gladstone write for the press, but Salisbury, the heir of the Cecils and the Conservative premier, follows the Liberal example. Disraeli was a literary man before he was a lord, and, more wonderful still, wrote novels after he had been prime minister—the first and only Englishman of whom this can be declared. The late Lord Derby, it is true, translated Horace and Homer, but that was for pastime, in the intervals of labour; while Beaconsfield deliberately wrote to increase his prestige, to reward his friends by flattering portraits, or satirize his enemies by cutting diatribes. To-day the influence of literature and literary men is greater in monarchical and aristocratic England than in democratic America; for our literature is certainly not political, nor are our politicians often literary.

But besides Salisbury and Beaconsfield and Gladstone, there are Dilke, Sir George Trevelyan, and Morley, who have all been Cabinet ministers, yet all might have made figures in literature had they never entered politics. Then, too, Layard and Lord Lytton, and perhaps Lord Dufferin, ambassadors and viceroys, are as well-known in letters as in diplomacy; while Froude, Arnold, Carlyle, Lecky, literary men in their lives and ambitions, have, nevertheless, laboured in politics, and seemed often to prefer it to their earlier fields.* Even the Duke of Argyll and his son, Lord Lorne, dabblers in letters at the top of the political tree, prove that aristocratic politicians are no longer contaminated by ink-spots in the eyes of the lofty circles where their opinions are formed. They, however, belong to the "Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors," and not to the literary class of this workaday world.

On the other hand, Walter, the proprietor of the *London Times*, and if not the forger of the thunderbolts, yet the man who dictates at whom they shall be hurled, who orders the articles and determines what the oracle shall say, owes all his consideration to literature, to the press that he controls. It may be a mongrel sort of importance; but the peasant who yokes Pegasus to his plough reaps the harvest, if Pegasus will work; and Walter is an illustration of the power of literature, although he is not literary. For in England, as in America, the newspaper has become the foremost representative of literature, that which is nearest abreast of the time, the widest in scope and audience, the most potent in affecting the minds and actions of men. The phase through which literature is passing is peculiar and perhaps temporary; to many it seems deplorable; but the fact remains. It is the result of modern influences and modern civilization, a piece and part of the great overturning which the spread of letters and of practical science and new ideas has occasioned; and literature feels the reflex influence of which it is itself in part the cause. Journalism, indeed, is the democratic phase of literature, and the newspaper holds the position in letters that America holds in the politics of the world—the example in some eyes, the warning in others, the type of the time in all.

But it is not only the greatest minds of England that now turn to the periodical press because they can thus address the largest audiences; the clever men who may not be geniuses also make haste to profit by the opportunity; and they also in their spheres are able to reap their reward. Delane, of the *Times*, Hill, so long of the *Daily News*, Greenwood, first of the *Pall Mall* and then of the *St. James' Gazette*, all attained a position through their newspapers which they could not have reached by ordinary literary effort, and which would not have been accessible to them at all fifty years ago. Hayward, though he controlled no single periodical, was yet a brilliant example of the influence of the press. The men connected with the

*Macaulay, it is well known, was the first Englishman to win a peerage with his pen; but it was politics, not history, that secured the coronet.

aristocracy, like Borthwick, Beresford-Hope, and Labouchere, are perhaps not fair illustrations, because in the English race they started with the odds in their favour.

The converse also holds. Literary men who keep aloof from politics are far behind their political brethren in political importance. Trollope, Charles Reade, Wilkie Collins, and the novelists generally make small figures in most English eyes by the side of political writers far from their equals in ability; and even the greatest geniuses of all are never received in the circles of rank and power on a footing with their rivals in the world of affairs. Compare the position of Dickens or Thackeray with that of Disraeli or Gladstone—all men with a talent for literature, all born in the middle class.

On the other hand the man who a century ago might have received fifty pounds for a pamphlet, or been rewarded with a vicarage, now aspires to enter ministries or control majorities, not only from his printing-office, but from the front seat of the House of Commons, or the still more coveted benches of the peers. The press assists to upset cabinets and make or unmake premiers, and men of letters have begun to know their power. Instead of kneeling before the aristocracy or following in its train, not a few have entered the armies that attack it, and Liberal and Tory nobles have recognized the situation. Within the last two years Lord Rosebery and Lord Salisbury have each admitted that the House of Peers must open its doors to mere talent. From the time when the Jewish novelist forced his way to the place of an English earl, and became the chief of a Tory cabinet, commanding his party and writing satires on the nobility by turns, the position of literature in English politics was certain to be changed. The fact was not immediately recognized, for the phenomenon was attributed to the force of individual genius; but the success of the individual pointed the way for the elevation of a class. Tennyson, too, was turned into a patrician; and the present premier, the rankest Conservative in England, has proposed to create life-peers in reward for services to the state, services which it is expressly declared may be literary as well as political. So poets may legislate, and authors aspire to that title which the English give also to God—the Lord.—*Adam Badeau, in Belford's Magazine.*

EXTRACTS FROM MISS DUNCAN'S NEW BOOK.

CHATTERSINGH.

"CHATTERSINGH-BAIRAGEE," it ran in the register of the Kali-ghat. Ram Chan sat outside on the box of the *tecca-gharri*, visibly unhappy. Ram Chan, in life or death, objected to the Kali-ghat. He had perverted our instructions to the driver for three-quarters of an hour, hoping that we would finally believe it unattainable and go home. Only once before, when Orthodocia, in her eternal search for information, accidentally and amiably asked Ram Chan how old his wife was, had we seen our servitor in so protesting a state of mind. On that occasion he was stricken with violent toothache, and departed, nursing a hypothetical molar and very genuine wrath for two days.

We saw the end of him, of this *bairagee*, this beggar of Calcutta, Orthodocia and I, one afternoon last March.

The beginning was seventy years ago, according to the register, on the sixth evening after he was born, while yet he and his Hindoo mother lay apart for purification, and the barber's wife kept watch over them both among the shadows of that separate place. Then through the music and the dancing outside, where all the people of the village had gathered to feast and drink on the sixth night of his life, great Brahma came, silent, invisible, and found the way to the dusky corner under the coconut thatch, and wrote upon the forehead of Chattersingh in a fringe of Sanskrit characters, all that life would mean for him. Nobody knew just when Brahma did this. The feasting crowd was oblivious, the mother slept in her tangle of black hair, and did not see; even the barber's wife, watching, was unaware. But next morning early, when the palmyra palms stood shadowed limpidly in the white light of the river, she, the mother, looked curiously at Chattersingh's forehead as they went down to bathe, for she knew the writing was there.

At the end of a long day in the rice fields, Chattersingh felt a call from heaven to become a religious beggar, a *bairagee*. It was hot in the Indian jungle, and he had not the patience of the meek-eyed bullock whose tail he twisted for discipline as he walked beside his cart under the banyans to the village market. And so, before another red sun went down behind the feathered palms and the pipal trees, Chattersingh had gone out from his hut of baked mud and sticks, and had travelled far toward the city, leaving for those who had aught to say against it, *Kopal me likkha!*—"It is written upon my forehead!"

You might have met him soon after in the city streets, his black hair falling in matted ropes about his face, streaks of clay and lime across his forehead and down his nose, a single cotton garment wound about him. No glittering vanity of ear-rings or finger-rings; no dignity of turban or jauntiness of *pagri*; not a pleasant picture—a picture of ostentatious squalor. And he would have *salaamed* to you, touching his forehead with his lean brown hand. Then, if you looked at him an instant, he would twang the single string of his *sitar*, and begin a song to Vishnu, not musical, and a tipsy dance in a semi-circle, smiling all the time, and showing through his long

black beard, teeth reddened, as with blood, by the juice of the betel. And for the coin you might give him he would *salaam* again to you, with deeper reverence and added gentleness. Then, perhaps before you turned away, you might see some trifling service, some little politeness, done with many *salaams* unto this *bairagee*, this beggar of Calcutta, by a rich man of lower caste than he.

Brahma and Vishnu, and Siva and Dirga, and Roma and Krishna, and all the nameless million gods, that three thousand Hindoo years had accumulated, for Chattersingh knew that he had vowed to make a pilgrimage to Benares, the sacred city, where gods have lived for ages, and to draw no inch nearer, striding erect in presumptuous dignity, as other men do, but falling flat on his face and measuring his length with his brass water bottle, the whole hundred miles. Chattersingh had confided it to Kali, the fire-goddess, before whom he meditated always the longest, and Kali had told the rest. So they were looking for him there at Benares, on the *ghats*, the day that he should come, all dust and humility, prostrating himself to the end of his twelve months' journey.

Along the white highway he went in the blazing Indian noonday, meeting bearded Mahomedans who sneered at him, threading the jungle, as the sun went down and the cool of the evening crept through the waving fronds of the date palms. He heard the sunbirds in the morning, and the doves at night, high in the rustling bamboo branches that thrust pale green shadows between him and the sky. He crossed glistening streams that slid away through the rice fields to the sacred river: he crushed the dropped crimson blossoms of the silk cottons in his fall; he dreamed again, as he caught the fragrance of the creamy *frangi-panni*, of the ten thousand years of happiness which should reward him. He did not lack food or drink or shelter; *pan* and *sutloo*, and rice straw mats to lie upon, Hindoo huts always had for him much or little—he was a *bairagee*: he helped to keep the world straight with the gods. At last one happy day, eyes bloodshot, feet blistered, he bowed before Kali again, having laved in the Ganges to all purification, and the priests—the *gurus*—looked upon him with recognition of his new holiness, and said one to another in their own tongue, "It was written upon his forehead."

There was a comely Hindoo widow in the house of Ramdaal, a merchant, who served her father and sisters-in-law with due wretchedness and humility until she gave alms to Chattersingh. He, receiving them and looking upon her, suddenly heard a voice from heaven saying that she also must become a *bairagee* and follow him in the ways of righteousness. There was no gainsaying a call from heaven for a superfluous widow, and she went with Chattersingh, who was still a holy man.

I am afraid I do not know and cannot imagine anything further that happened to Chattersingh, having heard his life only in a casual Calcutta half-hour, except the very last thing, which, as I told you, we saw ourselves that afternoon in March. We stood in an enclosure on the river bank in the city suburbs which was strange to us, an enclosure with a high stone wall and steps leading down to the water. Shallow holes were scooped out of the beaten earth here and there, and at the other end a long heap of coals glowed and flickered. A few yards away from us something lay upon the ground between two poles, something long and narrow and flat, outlined under a piece of white cotton. The wind blew over a corner of the white cotton, and we saw a brown face with great sunken eye-hollows, tense lips, and a wisp of grey hair behind—the face of Chattersingh, dead that morning.

The bare-chested, bare-limbed Hindoos around us put their hands on their hips, chewed betel paste, talked and laughed and waited. Presently two more came in, carrying a bundle of wood. They made a pile of it over one of the holes. A tall Hindoo in a brown loincloth, threw some water upon the heap. He was a priest, they told us, and it was sacred water. Then two or three others picked up the poles with their burden and laid it upon the pile. As they did this Chattersingh's lean brown arm fell down from his side upon the wood and his bony fingers seemed to clasp it. The priest took rice and plantains, and put them to the beggar's lips, then upon his breast, saying something quickly in Sanskrit.

The Hindoos near us looked on and still laughed. Chattersingh was the eighteenth that day. If it had been a rich man, for whom sandal-wood had been brought, and flowers, and many mourners, they might have been more curious.

Yet Chattersingh was not quite without such things as he lay there before us in the midst of the faggots. Some one had put a wreath of yellow marigolds upon his feet, and this rag of affection clung there wilting in the sun. And an old man, another beggar, hovered about, rubbing quick tears away from his wrinkled cheeks, his lips trembling as he watched the work go on. Only another beggar! Yet I think that beggar's tears had more to do with Chattersingh's eternal happiness than all the waters of the sacred river.

They piled the faggots closer round him and they laid a few upon his breast. The priest lighted a bundle of dry fibrous grasses and handed it to the other beggar, who was Chattersingh's friend, and had come to do for him the service of brother or son. He, bending over the dead man, touched first the lips with the fire, according to the ritual, and then lighted the pile from below. Then standing back a little space, he folded his arms in his cotton *chudder* and looked on sadly.

The flames crept in and out, and little blue curls of

smoke went up to the Indian sun. The cotton covering caught in a circle; we saw the loop of marigolds shrivel and blacken and drop. Chattersingh was Kali's, her baptism upon his lips, the essence of her divinity wrapping him close. We turned away and left him there, with his strange indifference, in her embrace.

The other beggar turned away also, and as he brushed against us in the gate, we heard him murmur with a sob, *Kopal me likkha!*—"It was written upon his forehead!"

ART NOTES.

ROSA BONHEUR is nearing the allotted three-score-and-ten of human existence, but she still works vigorously with her brush. Her last picture, it is said, added \$10,000 to her purse.

SIR JOHN MILLAIS, the great English artist, has curly hair that is hardly touched with gray, and bright eyes that do not show any trace of their affliction—that of long-sightedness. Millais' terms for a portrait are \$15,000.

MADELEINE LEMAIRE, who is one of the most successful and distinguished of modern French artists, has beauty as well as talent. She is a tall brunette, with charming manners, soft, dark eyes and a sweet and intellectual face.

MISS DOROTHY TENNANT's last act as an unmarried artist was the sale of her picture of "Street Arabs at Play" to a great soap-selling firm for a pictorial advertisement. She expressed her willingness that the picture should be used for that purpose if it were not changed in any manner.

SEVERAL known pictures have changed hands during the past week or two. The famous Farnley Turners have been sold for nearly £25,000; a Romney—the usual "Portrait of Lady Hamilton"—was sold for £4,000; Paul Potter's "Dairy Farm" was purchased for the surprising sum of £6,090.

ENGLAND is rich in art patrons. Not only has Mr. Henry Tate offered to present to the nation fifty of the best paintings that English art has produced in the last twenty years, but two nameless gentlemen have just guaranteed \$150,000 if the Government will add \$125,000 for the purchase for the National Gallery of three famous pictures from Lord Radnor's collection at Longford Castle. The paintings are Holbein's "Ambassador," the largest of his works in existence; the portrait of Admiral Pareja, by Velasquez, "one of the two most important of his works outside of Spain," and a portrait by Moroni, whose "Tailor" is one of the prizes of the National Gallery. This is an average of over \$90,000 each for the three canvases. There would have been difficulty in getting Parliament to ratify the bargain, Mr. Harold Frederic thinks, if over half of the money had not come out of private pockets.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

THE title of professor has been conferred upon Oscar Raif.

"PIANISM" is set down by a London paper as the newest disease.

OTTO HEGNER is soon to make his first appearance in concert at Berlin.

VERDI's "Otello" has been sung at Stockholm with success in the Swedish language.

THE first two prizes of the Prix de Rome competed for this year at the Paris Conservatory, were awarded to the pupils Carrand and Bachelet.

TITO MATTEI, the Italian song writer, residing in London, has failed and gone into insolvency. He had of late been speculating in shares and stocks, hence the collapse.

HEINRICH BÖTEL, the one note tenor who sang here at the Thalia several years ago, is singing at Kroll's in Berlin, the latest rôle having been "Raoul," in "The Huguenots."

LILLI LEHMANN will begin her engagement at the Berlin Opera House during the coming fall. This dispenses of the rumour which has been heard here to the effect that her husband had succeeded in preventing her from singing in public in the future.

FRANK MILLETT, the artist, is designing the costumes for Julia Marlowe's Imogene and Beatrice. He designed the dresses for Modjeska for the same characters. He promises something new and novel, and at the same time artistic and historically correct, for Marlowe.

DION BOUCICAULT is quite feeble, but he is still energetic and is at work on two comedies, one for Sol Smith Russell and one for Roland Reed. Mr. Boucicault should write a book of memoirs and theatrical anecdotes. No one could make a more entertaining volume of this character.

ARTHUR SULLIVAN's first serious opera is under way, and the subject is Scott's "Ivanhoe," and it will be among next season's novelties. The American baritone, Eugene Oudin, is to sing the leading part, and his wife, Louise Parker, an American girl, is to have another prominent character.

WE are glad to hear that Messrs. Skinner, of Hamilton, have arranged with the famous Strauss band for a Canadian tour, touching at Toronto about September 17. In such an undertaking, where a great deal of money is involved, it is to be hoped Toronto's musical public will not be backward in showing their appreciation of the Messrs. Skinner's enterprise, and—we may well say from past experiences—courage.

THERE have been over a dozen operatic settings of the story of "Hamlet." Only that by Ambroise Thomas is sung at the present day. Mercadante composed a "Hamlet" to the libretto of Felice Romani (a most graceful and spirited poet), and Faccio, in 1865, produced at Genoa a "Hamlet" to a libretto by Boito.

EDWIN BOOTH is a very rich man. He lives simply, but is lavish in other directions, his gifts to the Players' Club having been princely. His wealth is largely invested in real estate, and he owns property all over the country. His tours with Mr. Barrett have been very profitable, and he is now a sure card as long as he chooses to act.

GIBSON'S famous "Tinted Venus," which was the subject of so much discussion twenty or thirty years ago, or rather was the occasion of so much discussion as to the propriety of painting statues, was sold in London the other day for 1,750 guineas, and will have a place in the extraordinary art gallery of the Messrs. Pears, the soap men.

THE aged Baroness Burdett Coutts seems to be much interested in theatrical people, and it is stated by English papers that she is to be the "backer" of three dramatic organizations next year, among them an opera company headed by the young American contralto, Agnes Huntington. Perhaps the Baroness is aspiring to be a latter-day Mrs. Piozzi.

SARAH BERNHARDT'S "Jeanne d'Arc" did not drive London mad with delight. In the first place they did not like Barbier's play. They think he sets up the Maid of Orleans as an apostle of hypnotism on a wholesale scale. They don't think the fair Sarah looked well in such attire. She was too insignificant, and failed to suggest in any way the least inspiration.

A BENEVOLENT Englishwoman, who died recently, left a bequest of £5,000 for the purpose of buying real wine for stage scenes requiring that beverage. This will be a boon to histrions who have had to put up with cold tea and ginger ale heretofore; and it will enable managers to engage actors for very low wages when plays with banquet scenes are presented.

MARQUIS QUEUX DE SAINT-HILAIRE, recently presented to the Paris Conservatory a valuable Stradivarius violin, one of the best preserved instruments of its kind, of the year 1699. In addition, he also gave the Conservatory a valuable viola, two Villanuevas and several other valuable bows. In order to make it a complete collection of the great Italian masters the conservatory now needs only a good specimen of Amati violins.

WE clip the two following items from a Chicago paper. One is refreshing for its ignorance, and the other for its—well, let us say, *naïveté*:—"Madame Albani is summering in the Highlands. She is, by the way, a Scotch woman by birth. Queen Victoria has lately had the honour of being presented to Miss Hattie Harvey, of Chicago, who is the guest of Madame Patti-Nicolini." When was Patti reinstated on the Lord Chamberlain's reception list?

WRITING to the *Daily News*, the Paris correspondent of that journal described on Wednesday week the marriage of the Comte d'Aguesvives and Miss Yvonne de Dampierre, and related how M. Gounod, as a relative of the bride "obliged" with some organ solos, among which was given a "meditation on a prelude to one of Bach's oratorios." What a pity that the imaginative lady did not specify the work! It would have been very interesting to lovers of the great master.

MR. GEORGE BELFORD'S dramatic and humorous recital at Prince's Hall, Piccadilly, in aid of the fund for the restoration of the Toronto University Library, was an entire success. The audience was a good one, including Sir John Thompson, Dominion Minister of Justice, and Lady Thompson, and Miss Carling; Sir William White-way, Premier of Newfoundland; Mr. O'Halloran, Secretary to the Royal Colonial Institute, and Mrs. O'Halloran; Mr. J. G. Colmer, Secretary to the Offices of the High Commissioner, etc. The programme was carried through with Mr. Belford's usual artistic skill, and met with hearty appreciation.

SOME manuscripts sold by Messrs. Puttick and Simpson, a week or two ago, seem to have realized very fair prices. The largest sums were secured for five letters of Schiller, which fetched over forty guineas. An interesting item was described in the catalogue as "an autograph MS. duet for piano, four hands," dated "Leipzig, March 26, 1841," and signed on the title page "Paul Mendelssohn Bartholdy." This date hardly agrees with that of the piano duet in A, composed by Felix Mendelssohn especially for a concert given by Mrs. Schumann, played by that lady and the composer, and numbered op. 92 in the posthumous publications. At the sale, however, it fetched £10. Six scraps by Beethoven fetched rather less than £1 each; a quartet, "Dona Nobis," by Haydn, sold for little over £3 3s.; but eight letters of Mendelssohn fetched £17, the manuscript of three songs by Schubert, £3 3s., and Schumann's march, op. 76, No. 2, £4, while various scraps of Wagner's manuscript also secured fair prices.

DEMILL'S RESIDENTIAL ACADEMY.—We are glad to note the opening of a school for little girls of six to fourteen years of age, in the late Judge Duggan's residence, where all the comforts surrounding a home are to be given. There is no doubt that a school where the young girls of Protestant parents can be placed for a reasonable price and receive good attention is much needed. The fees are low, and the enterprise should command success.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

ALDEN'S MANIFOLD CYCLOPEDIA, Vol. XXI. Jordan—Legacy. New York: Garretson and Company.

Between the titles Jordan and Legacy which begin and end volume XXI. of this important little cyclopedia is compressed an immense mass of information on various subjects, such as Jurisprudence, Jury, Jute, and biographical sketches of such well-known people as Kellogg, Kemble, Kossuth, Kennan, Lee, Lafayette, to say nothing of such ancient characters as Josephus. The same unequal apportionment of space that we noticed in volume XX. obtains in volume XXI., and, with this exception, in view of the price of the work, one can have little to say about the cyclopedia but in praise.

THE UNIVERSITY OF KING'S COLLEGE, Windsor, N.S., 1790-1890. By Henry Youle Hind, M.A. New York: Church Review Company; Halifax: T. C. Allen and Company.

With more than a century of history demanding record, it was time that King's College, the offspring of courage in adversity, should find some worthy son to chronicle her achievements and progress. Accordingly, a scientist of no mean attainments laid aside his experiments for the pen of the historian and in a comparatively short time has produced the well written and interesting volume now before us. The book is not a mere register of past events, a dry and uninteresting catalogue; it is far more, it comprises in its pages interesting historical events, such as the American Revolution, the Loyalist Refugees and many others. And beside the interest attaching to the oldest English University in Canada, and its close affiliation to the Mother Land in that he of Canterbury is its head and controller supreme under Providence, the traditions and stories which cluster round its site, sacred to Haliburton, hallowed by the memories of Grand Pre, by the land of Evangeline, hymned of Longfellow, lend additional attraction to the history of King's.

ROMANCE OF SIR RICHARD, and other poems. By Arthur Weir. Montreal: W. Drysdale and Company; Toronto: Hart and Company.

A new book of poems by a Canadian writer is always welcome and encouraging, from the evidence it gives to us of a perseverance that to some extent defies the coolness and apathy shown by the Canadian reading public towards the productions of native authors. The poet has apparently supplemented some poems which have already been given to the public through the columns of THE WEEK and other journals, with a few hitherto unpublished, or at least new to us. Mr. Weir's verse does not confine herself to contemplation alone; she busies herself with life, and the "Snowshoe Song" is an incitement to a healthy and invigorating pastime. Here are a couple of stanzas:

Hiloo, hiloo, hiloo, hiloo,
Like winding sheet about the dead,
O'er hill and dale the snow is spread,
And silences our hurried tread;
The pines bend low, and to and fro
The maples toss their boughs o'erhead.

Hiloo, hiloo, hiloo, hiloo,
We laugh to scorn the angry blast,
The mountain top is gained and past,
Descent begun, tis ever fast,
A short quick run and toil is done,
We reach the welcome inn at last.

The sonnets, of which there are thirty or more, are unequal, the construction in some being obscure, though "At the Recital" and "Dante to Beatrice" contain some fine writing. The volume is well printed, save for an error or two in the proof-reading, and is neatly bound. We wish Mr. Weir a large audience and do not doubt that his poems will obtain it.

NORTHERN STUDIES. By Edmund Gosse. "Camelot Series." London: Walter Scott; Toronto: W. J. Gage and Company.

We are harking back, so to speak, in the intense interest that has of late sprung up amongst the English reading public in the history, poetry, and general literature of the north, to the northern pit from whence we were digged. Whether we owe it to a similarity between the present gradual evolution of Norse and Danish sentiment under the pressure of modern conditions and the change that has come over our own literature, which is in a still somewhat uncertain attitude, or to those innate likenesses which we can trace in late northern writers to poets of our own time, we do not pretend to say. Perhaps it is to a mixture of both. Our own great living writers, especially one, a poet, have found in the Norse field of saga and marched an inspiring and attractive theme, and one which has caused, in the case of Mr. Morris, the poetical spirit of the North "to bloom out into song," to use his own phrase. Mr. Gosse's essays are not new to us, having been printed some ten years ago in book form, and the series contains the paper which may be said to have introduced Ibsen, the chief, perhaps, of modern Northern dramatists, to his English brethren. There is much keen insight and appreciation displayed in a popular and enthusiastic style, and no one can rise from reading them without feeling somewhat of a disciple's zeal for the exploration of the "immense past" from which the poets whom Mr. Gosse has chronicled are descended. In reading the account of the Danish National Theatre, one is compelled to stop and ask if much of the prejudice existing

in certain quarters against the stage might not be removed were it possible for us to have a national theatre, where education might be an end and over whose portals might be inscribed the same legend: "Not merely for enjoyment."

LIFE OF LORD BYRON. By Hon. Roden Noel. London: Walter Scott; Toronto: W. J. Gage and Company.

Had Byron lived in another age would his work and life have differed materially from that which they were? If it be true, as some one has said, that he was the mouthpiece of his age, which was one of unbelief and unrest and hardly purged of seventeenth century profligacy, in an era of severer morals and of ennobling faiths, the sweetness and genius which, turned to gall, embittered his verse and corroded his life, might have enshrined him far above any poet of our own time in affection and fame. True genius, however, is always self-consuming; it is a tyrant in its way. Mr. Noel has written a very concise and, though appreciative, never extravagant memoir of the poet. We might expect, as a matter of course, that Carlyle and Goethe would differ in their estimates of Byron's work. The Chelsea sage declared that no genuine good thought was ever revealed to mankind by Byron. And yet surely, with all due deference to this sledge hammer deliverance, even in "Don Juan" there are passages of satire which are as scathing and just as any written by Carlyle's fiery pen, and others again which are broad and elevating. A just satire is the equivalent of a good thought. Goethe, on the other hand, thought Byron was the greatest genius of the century, "the representative of the modern poetic era," and yet, strangely enough, says farther on that when "he begins to reflect he is a child." Byron in fact consumed himself; his aspirations were Titanic, and his proper rôle was that of a Greek god, beloved of women, invincible in battle, supreme in arts. Like Burns,

He bared our nature with incisive rhyme,
Perversely dwelling on its lower brink,

while in lofty thought, sonorous rhythm of expression, and withal a sublime contempt for lingual restraint, he is often unapproachable. Had Byron been of a less sensitive temperament he might have helped to mould the world's destinies; as it was an abnormal personal vanity nullified his greater qualities. The history of his life is too well known to touch upon it here, but we must refer to the hitherto unpublished stanzas selected by Mr. Noel from a poem which is ascribed to the poet, and which is in the possession of Mr. McCalmont Hill. It is called "The Monk of Athos," and is, according to Mr. Noel, of but ordinary merit.

Beside the confines of the Aegean main,
Where northward Macedonia bounds the flood,
And views opposed the Asiatic plain,
Where once the pride of lofty Ilium stood,
Like the great father of the giant brood,
With lowering port majestic Athos stands,
Crowned with the verdure of eternal wood,
As yet unspoiled by sacrilegious hands,
And throws his mighty shade o'er seas and distant lands

And deep embosomed in his shady groves
Full many a convent rears its glittering spire,
'Mid scenes where heavenly contemplation loves
To kindle in the soul her hallowed fire,
Where air and sea with rocks and woods conspire
To breathe a sweet religious calm around,
Wearing the thoughts from every low desire,
And the wild waves that break with murm'ring sound
Along the rocky shore proclaim it holy ground.

Sequestered shades where Piety has given
A quiet refuge from each earthly care,
Whence the rapt spirit may ascend to Heaven!
Oh ye, condemned the ills of life to bear!
As with advancing age your woes increase,
What bliss amidst these solitudes to share
The happy foretaste of eternal Peace,
Till Heav'n in mercy bids your pains and sorrows cease.

BISMARCK INTIME. By a fellow student. Translated by Henry Hayward. London: Dean and Son, 1890.

Anecdotes and facts about great men, and especially men who have swayed the fortunes of empires, are always interesting, and if the author of these recollections of Bismarck has mixed up a great deal of what is old with what we read for the first time, his almost unavoidable error will detract but little from the wide interest the book will in the main inspire. The volume does not bear out its title, for but few of the incidents and anecdotes are of such nature but that they might have been gathered second-hand. The translation by Mr. Hayward is vigorous and readable, and as to the point of time, even Bismarck's much talked of interview with the French journalist M. Des Houx is given. Bismarck's unpopularity before the war of '66 and his own appreciation of it, as also of the fact that he was about to realize the truth of the saying that "nothing succeeds like success," are well described and confirm one's impression of the cool, calculating boldness of this modern German giant, in whom the physical capacity of the Viking and the mental astuteness of the modern diplomat met and mingled and foamed to success. Bismarck was fond of jokes even in his middle and earlier life, but he sometimes met his match. It is related that a German soldier had performed some deed of bravery which entitled him to the Iron Cross of the First Class, and the Emperor commissioned Bismarck to present it. Bismarck determined to test the man, and, when the soldier appeared before him, thus addressed him: "My friend, I have been commissioned to hand you the Iron Cross of the First Class, but if it should prove that you are of poor family, you can have an hundred thalers instead;

which, therefore, will you have?" The soldier began by asking how much the cross was worth. "About three thalers," said Bismarck. "Very well, then, Highness," said the soldier, "I will take the Cross and ninety-seven thalers," thus taking Bismarck on his own ground—the biter being bit. We would like to select a few more anecdotes but refrain.

WE have received from William Bryce "The Home-Made Cook Book," a very useful manual in every house.

Poet-Love for July is full and interesting, especially in the opening paper, a comparison of the "Alkestis" of Browning and that of Euripides. The usual departments, with three other papers, make up the balance.

In the *Overland Monthly* for July Mr. W. Shinn leads off with an interesting account of "Cherokee Bob," who appears to have been the original of Bret Harte's characters Oakhurst and Jack Hamlin, and James O'Meara sends an earnest and needed protest against carrying concealed weapons. "Priscilla" is a short story by Henry Brooks, and "The White Mountain" is an exciting tale of the range of hills overlooking the valley of El Paso. A paper on "Hypnotism," a short sad story entitled "Sealskin Annie," with various other papers and poetry, make up a very good number.

CASSELL'S *Family Magazine* for August is full of varied and interesting matter. "To be given up," by Kate Eyre, comes to a close; "Womanlike" reaches chapter four and the first instalment of "The Merchant Prince," a serial in three parts, is printed. Archæologists will find "The Mysteries of the Pacific" interesting, and there are two complete and vividly told short stories. "Summer Savories" is timely as well as suggestive, and plenty of poetry, music and stories, with the "Family Doctor" and the always useful "Gatherer," complete the menu.

In the August *Century* there is abundance of reading of the most varied and interesting character. That amusing serial "The Anglomaniacs" reaches a somewhat important crisis, but the solution is withheld till the next instalment. "Friend Olivia" is continued, but the interest does not increase and a paper of high literary quality is Mrs. Mason's fourth paper on "Women of the French Salons." John La Farge sends a fifth "Letter from Japan" with those artistic illustrations familiar to *Century* readers, and Joseph J. Flanagan's tenth contribution talks entertainingly about lately retired favourites, such as Fechter, Brougham, etc. A very pathetic and vivid narrative is Mr. Mann's second paper on a "Yankee in Andersonville," and many other papers too numerous to mention, with poetry by Thomas Bailey Aldrich and others and the usual departments, close a first class number.

THE subject of "The Actor-Manager" is re-threshed in the July *Fortnightly* by H. A. Jones and H. Beerbohm Tree, and in "Russian Prisons: the Simple Truth," E. B. Lanin professes to drag the British public and the reading world at large from the bewilderment into which they have been plunged by contradictory statements. "Meissonier and the Salon Julian," by George Moore, gives the inwardness of the artistic disagreement in France, and the establishment of the two Salons. Julian's history is a curious one. Edmund Gosse writes practically and sensibly on "The Protection of American Literature," and J. Scott Keltie reviews Mr. Stanley's expedition. No one could be better qualified to do it. Other papers, notably a symposium on "England and Germany in Africa," with a map, bring up the rear of a very good number.

EDWARD BELLAMY opens up the *Contemporary Review* for July with a definition of what "Nationalism" means, and "French Affairs" find a chronicler in Gabriel Monod. Rev. Benjamin Waugh continues his righteous crusade against the evils that haunt child-life. This time it is "Child life Insurance" that falls under his lash. Graham Sandberg writes graphically of a journey to the Capital of Thibet and gives a diagram of the city of Lhasa. Dr. Thomas Dolan criticizes unfavourably Pasteur's method for treating or preventing hydrophobia, and adduces some startling statistics relating to the London Police, which it would be well to make publicly known. Sidney Webb contributes a lengthy article on the "Reform of the Poor Law," and other papers are by Joseph Pennell, the clever illustrator and "Betterment," a fresh contribution to what is becoming an old subject, by John Rae; "Compensation for Licenses" is also discussed by Messrs. Buxton and Johnston.

A FRENCH aural surgeon, M. Lannois, has been devoting some attention to the effect the constant use of the telephone has upon the human ear. In the "*Annales des maladies de l'oreille*" he reports that, having been called upon to attend three cases of ear disease occurring in persons who had been employed in telephone work, he was led to examine the ears of fourteen girls who were in the service of the central telephone office at Lyons, and from this examination he concludes: (1) That the constant use of the telephone seems to exert no bad effect upon sound ears, but that it is harmful for those which are already the subject of disease. (2) That these affections consist especially of an impairment of hearing from fatigue of the auditory attention (buzzing, headache, vertigo, nervous excitability, and certain transient psychological disturbances). (3) That these effects are often of brief duration and disappear as the auditory apparatus becomes accustomed to its work, and that in all cases they cease when telephone work is abandoned.—*New York Medical Record.*

LITERARY AND PERSONAL GOSSIP.

MUDIE, it is reported, took 3,000 copies of Mr. Stanley's "In Darkest Africa."

MR. T. FISHER UNWIN announces "Personal Creeds," by the Rev. Dr. Newman Smyth.

THE forthcoming "Browning Primer," to which we referred last week, is to be written by Miss Florence Mary Wilson.

SCRIBNER AND WELFORD will shortly publish "Sanity and Insanity," by Charles Mercier, and "Hypnotism," by Dr. Albert Moll.

A NEW edition of the "Chester Plays or Mysteries," prepared by Dr. Deimling, will be the next volume of the Early English Text Society.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS have in press "The Trees of Northeastern America," by Charles S. Newhall, with illustrations made from tracings of the leaves of the various trees.

"FOLLOWING THE GUIDON" is the title of a new volume of army and frontier reminiscences, by Mrs. Elizabeth Custer, soon to be published by Messrs. Harper and Brothers.

THE BAKER AND TAYLOR COMPANY announce for publication on July 19th, a new Emerson book by Charles J. Woodbury, entitled, "Talks with Ralph Waldo Emerson," with a hitherto unpublished portrait.

D. APPLETON AND COMPANY, call attention to the fact that the price of Sara Jeanette Duncan's book, "A Social Departure," is \$1.75, not \$1.50, as it appeared in their advertisement in the *Publishers' Weekly*, July 5.

"LANGUAGE AND LINGUISTIC METHODS IN SCHOOLS," by Dr. S. S. Laurie; Robert Drury's "Journal in Madagascar;" and "Glimpses of Old English Homes," illustrated by the late Miss Elizabeth Balch, are on the list of Macmillan and Company's latest publications.

A FRIEND of Mr. Charles Dudley Warner recently asked the author to write his autograph in a copy of "My Summer in a Garden." Mr. Warner complied, adding this "sentiment": "If you follow the precepts of this treatise on morals, you may never be a gardener, but you may get to heaven."

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER, in the "Editor's Drawer" of *Harper's Magazine* for August, will enter into some interesting speculations upon the influence of what we call refinement upon individuality, and incidentally makes some practical suggestions regarding the management of "conversation lunches."

THE library of the late Mr. Wilkie Collins was sold lately. The books were modern, and for the most part in bad condition; but they sold well. The library edition of Dickens's works, with autograph letter in one from the author, fetched \$70, the first edition of "Great Expectations," \$46.25; the first edition of "Pickwick," \$18.75.

THE August number of the *Forum* will contain an essay on "The *Décolleté* in Modern Life," by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, which is a text from which the writer argues an alarming decay of delicacy in American Society; and she traces the effects of this decay in our art, in our literature, in politics, and throughout the whole range of American activity.

MRS. ELIZABETH W. CHAMPNEY, who is now abroad, will contribute to the next number of *Harper's Bazar* an article describing her experience of "Country Life in England." The same issue of the *Bazar* will contain the second instalment of papers on "Exercise for Women," by Emma Moffett Tyng, the subjects discussed being "Bicycles and Tricycles."

R. H. STODDARD says: "We never take up a volume of verse by a new hand without trying to remember that it was a standing rule in the editorial rooms of the *Evening Post* when it was under the management of Mr. Bryant that young poets were not to be harshly dealt with, for the reason that when he was young himself he was hurt by some ruthless critic."

MR. WARD MACALISTER'S "Four Hundred" are well represented in the brilliant new novel "Expatriation, a Study of Anglomania," by the author of "Aristocracy," which is also published by D. Appleton and Company. The author is evidently familiar with society in New York as well as in London, and the witty sketches of life in an out of the "Four Hundred" will be read with the liveliest interest.

WILKIE COLLINS, who was Charles Dickens' dear and close friend, made some interesting memoranda in his copy of Foster's "Life of Dickens." Concerning "Oliver Twist," Collins writes that "the one defect in that wonderful book is the helplessly bad construction of the story. The character of Nancy is the finest thing he ever did." As for "Barnaby Rudge," Collins calls it the weakest book Dickens ever wrote.

BOOK-BUYERS whose purchases have reference to the author's welfare may promote this and their own pleasure by buying "A Japanese Boy, by Himself," newly re-issued by Henry Holt and Company. Mr. Shiukichi Shigemi is a student at New Haven, and his little book is a means to the prosecution of his studies. We have already spoken of it in praise, but we again commend it as an interesting example of the mastery of English by an Asiatic.

"VENGEANCE IS MINE," by Daniel Dane, promises to be the most talked of novel of the year. It is by an unknown author, and one of whom the Cassell Publishing Company, New York, had never heard until they received his manuscript. The story is sensational, but is something more, for it has great originality and power. A striking cover bearing a design symbolic of the contents of the book will at once attract the eye.

AT the time of General Fremont's death he was engaged upon the manuscript of a paper for *The Century's* forthcoming series on the "California Gold Hunters." It was to be entitled "Finding Paths to California," and was not only to deal with the several exploring expeditions, but to narrate the writer's intimate connection with the events which led to the conquest and occupation of the territory. The work will be promptly continued by Mrs. Fremont.

MR. EDWARD W. BOK, the editor of *The Ladies' Home Journal*, sailed on Thursday, July 24th, on the *Augusta Victoria* for an extended tour through Europe. As one of the youngest and brightest representatives of American journalism, it is not unlikely that Mr. Bok will receive considerable attention from the famous literary people he is to meet. He goes freighted with letters of introduction from prominent Americans to many of the most distinguished people abroad, and will return home early in October, after visiting London, Paris, Berlin, Edinburgh, Amsterdam and other European capitals.

MUCH surprise has been expressed at the recent resurrection of an extinct title, the Duke of Clarence, for Prince Albert Victor, the oldest son of the Prince of Wales. But, as is shown by the clever author of "Aristocracy" in a new novel, "Expatriation," also to be published by D. Appleton and Company, many of the present members of the English nobility can claim no connection with the original possessors of their ancient titles. The author's intimate knowledge of the subject imparts a peculiar value to some notes upon the peerage which will astonish many readers.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN will issue early next month, in very pleasing form, a reprint from the "Collected Works of Edward Fitzgerald (1889)" of his famous version of the "Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam," which is practically unobtainable except in those three volumes. The author, as is well known, never put his own name on the title-page of any of the four editions which appeared during his lifetime, and the show of anonymity is still preserved. In accordance with their admirable custom, which other publishers would do well to follow, Messrs. Macmillan have given on the title-page a brief bibliography.

THE *New York Commercial Advertiser* is authority for the statement that J. W. Buel is the most popular author in America. He has written fourteen books, the aggregate circulation of which exceeds two and a-half million copies. His works are all of a religious or philosophical nature, and are sold on the subscription plan. The most popular is his "Beautiful Story," which has reached a sale within only 3,000 of 600,000 copies in less than two years. His two latest works, "The Living World" and "The Story of Man," have both gone beyond 250,000 copies each, and are indorsed by Mr. Gladstone and Bismarck. During 1888 Mr. Buel's royalties amounted to \$33,000, and in 1889 they exceeded \$50,000.

MR. TRACY TURNERELLI is still in trouble with that terrible nightmare of his, "The Beaconsfield Wreath." He has suffered for years under misrepresentations, and was looking forward to publicly righting himself by the publication of "The True Story of the Wreath." On the very eve of the book's appearance he had been asked—or, as he says, entreated—to withhold it for fear of injuring Conservative interests. That the work will eventually be put in circulation is highly probable, but for the present Mr. Turnerelli has sacrificed his "complete and perfect triumph over falsehood and wrong," and has foregone "a very considerable sum for the copyright." He trusts that "after this fresh sacrifice the Press will be more just and generous to me than it has hitherto been."

SOME months ago a London newspaper warned collectors against the extensive fabrication of autograph letters of Burns, Scott, Carlyle, and others that was going on "at or near Edinburgh." Mr. James Stillie, of Edinburgh, says: "As an old bookseller and dealer in manuscripts, I beg most sincerely and also in the name of my brethren, to assure you that there is not a word of truth in that paragraph." Lord Rosebery, in his recent address at the opening of the Edinburgh Public Library, given by Mr. Carnegie, referred to Mr. Stillie as having "acted as printer's devil to Sir Walter Scott, and waited on the stairs, reading the proof sheets of the novels, while the Great Unknown, as he still was then, was correcting other proof sheets for him to take away."

MR. GEORGE BAINTON'S book, called "The Art of Authorship," has raised a tiny storm in authordom, and some very hard things have been said (by request) about the book and its compiler by those who gratuitously contributed to its production. It seems that the editor of *The Author* has been doing very much what Mr. Bainton is charged with having done—namely, has written sympathetically to the writers whose names he found in the book, to ask them whether they felt hurt at the publication of their opinions. The editor of *The Author* has by this means obtained a new set of opinions, which he prints in his columns, presumably without payment to the writers who sent them.

READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

BECAUSE HE DARED.

UP to her chamber window
A slight wire trellis goes,
And up this Romeo's ladder
Clambers a bold white rose.

I lounge in the ilex shadows,
I see the lady lean,
Unclasping her silken girdle,
The curtain folds between.

She smiles on her white rose lover,
She reaches out her hand,
And helps him at the window—
I see it where I stand.

To her scarlet lips she holds him,
And kisses him many a time,
Ah me! It was he who won her,
Because he dared to climb.

—Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

LORD ROSEBERY ON IMPERIAL FEDERATION.

AT the late dinner of the Canada Club in London, Eng., Lord Rosebery referred to Imperial Federation as follows: Imperial Federation is a subject on which anyone can speak by the hour according to the view from which he looks at it. My view is a very simple view. It is that there are two paths open to this Empire. One is to proceed steadily outward from each other towards the parting of the ways with the utmost rapidity. The other is to proceed inward and take advantage of every opportunity that may occur to strengthen the bonds that now unite us, and that to my mind is Imperial Federation. The idea of Imperial Federation in my sense has been promoted by the gallantry of men like our really distinguished guest this evening, Lieutenant Stairs, who has shown that Canadians are emulous of the people of this land in showing their devotion to Queen and country. So also the action of men like Mr. Dalley in sending the New South Wales contingent in aid of the Imperial forces in the Soudan—though the aid was not appreciable as an Imperial force—was a token of good will and real anxiety to share the common burdens of the Empire. We know that Canada shares that view. It was only the other day that the Dominion Houses of Parliament passed unanimously an address to the Queen to assure her of their continued devotion. That, I believe, is in itself an assurance of the progress of what is called Imperial Federation, but what is more truly National Unity. And when I mention the Dominion Houses of Parliament, it would not be fitting on this occasion to pass over in absolute silence the death of one of its fathers—I allude to Lord Carnarvon. He was an earnest and sincere—perhaps not always judicious, but that was because of his extreme earnestness and sincerity—friend of the Colonies, and the distinguishing feature of his life will be that he was the father of that Act which gave the Dominion of Canada its existence, and I should be wanting in my duty if on this occasion I passed over a death which we all deplore. If Imperial Federation means the taking of every opportunity of drawing closer together the bonds which unite Great Britain and her Colonies, what prospect have we of that enterprise being successful? In my belief there are the highest hopes, and they rest not on imaginary constitutions, not on the placing of Colonists and others in the House of Commons or the House of Lords, not on the unlimited extension of the Order of St. Michael and St. George, but more truly and more deeply in the aspirations now existing among the great populations which comprise the Empire. The British Empire is like that sheet held up at the four corners, of which we read in the New Testament, which contained every manner of fowl, animal, and insect, for it can accommodate every race and every description of man, and it extends to the greatest distances that can separate any parts of this world. There is nothing in the present constitution of the British Empire to prevent all its inhabitants remaining a part of the Empire, and that of itself is an overwhelming proof of the capacity and comprehension of its constitution. It is under this constitution we have flourished. It is under its aegis we shall flourish in the future, and it is upon the attachment of the people of the Empire to that constitution that we base our hopes of what is called Imperial Federation. But there is another hope, and it is the singular indisposition of the British nation to part with any part of British territory. I am not speaking in a party sense when I allude to the recent Anglo-German agreement of which I do not know except that it comprises the cession of Heligoland. The cession of Heligoland of course no great matter to the British Empire in so far as it relates to the territory represented, but why I allude to it is to emphasize my belief that in the minds of a great many who have not, it may be, weighed the advantages or disadvantages of that agreement, as to which I now say nothing, there is an unreasoning dislike to part with anything that has once been British territory. I am not speaking now of the political part of the agreement, but I think in many minds there is an unreasoning dislike to parting with anything that has once been British territory. That is a feature of British character which we may not be able to explain, but it is one which my perhaps longer experience than that of the hon. gentleman who contradicts convinces me does exist. That it is an unreasoning dislike I have said, and points, it may be, to the fact that we wish to hold the

whole globe, and believe we are quite entitled to do so; but if there is any such feeling in regard to Heligoland, what must it be when applied to territories like those of the Dominion of Canada? I cannot conceive the frame of mind in which a Minister would approach the British nation with a proposal that under certain circumstances Canada should be separated from the Empire or Australia be separated from us. He might be right or he might be wrong, but he would be damned by the nation. We never could part with Canada or Australia except under a strain of anguish and agony which would break up the Empire. We never could part with them except with a feeling of regret and with a feeling almost of degradation which would shake the Empire to its very foundations. That is our feeling with regard to the Colonial Empire which has been built up with so much blood and treasure.

LOVE'S THRENODY.

"LOVE! Love! Love!"
Said the soul one day to the heart;
"Do not ever break—be content to love
Until you and I shall part."

"Ache! Ache! Ache!"
Said the soul next day to the heart;
"Do not ever break—be content to ache
Until you and I shall part."

"Faint! Faint! Faint!"
Said the soul at last to the heart;
"For life is a lie—be content to die,
It is time for us to part."

Ella Higginson in *West Shore*.

A TURKISH "DAUGHTER OF THE REGIMENT."

The St. Petersburg correspondent of the *Daily News* tells the following pretty story of a "daughter of the regiment." During the Russo-Turkish war a private in the Kexholm Regiment when in Bulgaria found a little Turkish girl about four years old, who had been abandoned by her father and mother. The soldier took the little one to his officers, who resolved to adopt it. The child, who was suffering from want of food, soon recovered, and told her protectors that her name was Aish. As soon as peace had been signed and the Russians were allowed to enter Constantinople the colonel bought a quantity of dresses for "the young lady," and "a hat with a real garden of flowers upon it." When the regiment returned to Warsaw the officers resolved to do their best for the girl. They imposed upon themselves an income-tax of one per cent. and resolved to pay to "the Aish fund" ten copecks of each game of cards used at the regimental club, etc. Aish, who meanwhile had been christened under the name of Maria Kexholmskaia, was then placed at the Maria College for young girls at Warsaw. Twelve years have passed and Maria Kexholmskaia has become a pretty girl, and has just finished her college studies. The regiment gave a *fête* in her honour a few days ago; then a state dinner, during which the oldest non-commissioned officer of the regiment, in the name of all the privates, presented a holy image, and in the evening there was a ball. As a sign of her gratitude, Maria Kexholmskaia presented the regiment with a large velvet cushion, on which she had embroidered in gold the monogram of the regiment and exact copies of all the decorations and medals the regiment has received for its gallantry. In one of the corners she had embroidered "Masha (or Maria) Kexholmskaia, 24th January, 1878—19th June, 1890." The Emperor of Austria is the chief of the regiment, and it is supposed that he will do something to show his interest in the daughter of his regiment, who is now staying with General Panjoutin, commander of the 11th Division, the officer who commanded the Kexholm Regiment when little Aish was found.

TALLEYRAND'S MEMOIRS.

THE Paris correspondent of the *London Times*, who calls himself de Blowitz, some weeks ago by a neat stratagem, accompanied with the publication of a few extracts from the long withheld Memoirs of Talleyrand, drew from the Duc de Broglie a promise to print the whole work very soon. Consequently we may expect to see, early in 1891, both in French and English, the commentaries of this extraordinary French minister, diplomatist and revolutionary, on the men and events of his time—which was a very long one, and full of remarkable and world-changing occurrences. It included the whole American and French Revolutions, the creation of the United States, Greece and Belgium as new nations, and the arrangement of the European "balance of power" in a new form, after the collapse of Napoleon,—a balance that was to endure until Louis Napoleon, Cavour and Bismarck put it on its present footing within the last 30 years. Talleyrand had seen Washington, Napoleon and Wellington, and most of the great generals of their time; had measured himself with nearly all the statesmen of his own time, and found himself a match for any; had encountered, too, in one capacity or another, nearly all the memorable men and women who filled the world with their fame from 1780 to 1838. He was the depository of many secrets, most of which time has already disclosed; but the reader may perhaps find in his Memoirs who planned and carried out, with Napoleon, the murder of the unfortunate Bourbon, D'Enghien; whether the husband of Mme. Récamier was also her father, and how much of the Bonaparte blood descended to Louis Napoleon, of whom Talleyrand, even in his last years, could hardly have foreseen the greatness.

THE SEASON'S BOON.

WHEN all the swooning air is stilled at noon,
And quiet shadows gather in the glade,
Then drowsy locusts sing within the shade—
Sing praise of summer and the days of June;
And spiders, thankful for the season's boon,
Throw their light webs across the sky, all stayed
With strongest ties, of shining silver made—
To bind the wings that wander 'neath the moon.

—G. Melville Upton, in *August Scribner*.

THE LOST LYONESSE.

LYONESSE was the westernmost part of Cornwall, when the peninsula reached thirty miles beyond Land's End, and broke off, not in that unimpressive cliff, a low jetty compared to Tintagel and

The thundering shores of Bos and Bude,

but in the terrible outposts of the Scilly Isles. It must have been a soft summerland, like the whole south coast; the high ridges having run themselves out into mere craggy partitions between the dells and combs, heavily wooded, as the submerged forest off Mount's Bay still testifies. The low-lying, open country must have been golden with buttercups in the meadows, gorse blazing like bonfires on the banks, with yellow flag-flowers waving in the marshes, and laburnums shaking their golden tresses to the wind under the lee of every gentle slope. A hundred and forty Christian churches are said to have been founded in that blessed region, and no doubt the missionaries, who were from more civilized countries, taught their converts some of the simple arts of peace, and sheep grazed, orchards bloomed, and wheat ripened in the warm folds of the landscape. It was from this pleasant land that Tristram came, with his harp and the lays and ways of minstrels from across the narrow seas. It was here, most likely, that Percivale and others of the Round Table found the hermitages and monasteries to which they resorted for seasons of prayer and penance, or to close their warlike days in religious meditation. Here, and not in the clefts of Roughter and Bron Wella, Arthur and the remnant of his knights met Mordred and his heathen allies, and the sound of battle rolled above the rolling of the surf on either coast. During the silent period of English history Lyonesse was engulfed by the sea, either by a tremendous physical convulsion, such as formed the Zuyder Zee, or by gradual inroads, like those which have got possession of the neighbouring coast of Wales. The flowery domain, with its churches and castles, its humbler homes and the bleaching bones of the great battlefield, lies fathoms below the waves that roll their long, undulating swell in and out of the caverns at Land's End, and dash in a fury of foam against the fangs of the Scilly Isles, standing up like a shark's teeth, edgewise, against the Atlantic sky-line.—*June Atlantic*.

STOWING AND FEEDING A CARGO OF SLAVES.

DURING the embarkation I was engaged separating those negroes who did not appear robust, or who had received some trifling injury in getting on deck, and sending them to an improvised hospital made by bulkheading a space in the rear of the fore-castle. The others, as they arrived, were stowed away by the Spanish mate; so that when all were aboard there was just room for each to lie upon one side. As no one knew what proportion the men were, all were herded together. The next morning the separation took place; the women and girls were all sent on deck, and numbered about four hundred. Then a close bulkhead was built across the ship and other bunks constructed. The women were then sent below, and enough men sent up to enable the carpenter to have room to construct additional bunks. A more docile and easily managed lot of creatures cannot be imagined. No violence of any kind was necessary; it was sometimes difficult to make them understand what was wanted; but as soon as they comprehended, immediate compliance followed. The negroes were now sent on deck in groups of eight and squatted around a large wooden platter, heaping-full of cooked rice, beans, and pork cut into small cubes. The platters were made by cutting off the head of flour barrels, leaving about four inches of the staves. Each negro was given a wooden spoon, which all on board had amused themselves in making during our forty-day trip. Barrel staves were sawed into lengths of 8 inches, split into other pieces 1½ inch wide, and then shaped into a spoon with our pocket-knives. It was surprising what good spoons could be made in that manner. A piece of rope yarn tied to a spoon and hung around the neck was the way in which every individual retained his property. There not being room on deck for the entire cargo to feed at one time, platters were sent between decks, so that all ate at one hour, three times daily. Casks of water were placed in convenient places, and an abundant supply furnished day and night.—*The Last Slave Ship*, by George Howe, M.D., in *Scribner's Magazine*.

THE ground of all great thoughts is sadness.—Bailey.

NOTHING endures but personal qualities.—Walt Whitman.

HE that may hinder mischief, and yet permits it, is an accessory.—Freeman.

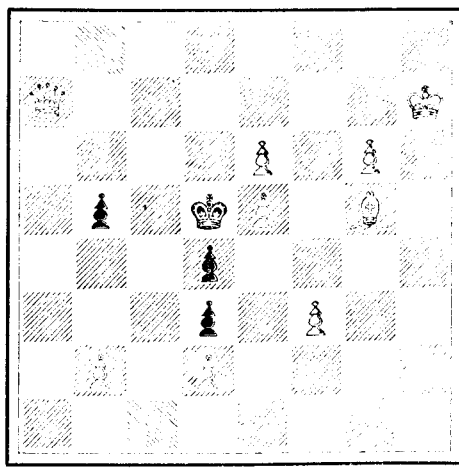
LEARNED women are ridiculed because they put to shame unlearned men.—George Sand.

NOTHING is thoroughly approved but mediocrity. The majority have established this.—Pascal.

CHESS.

PROBLEM No. 483.

By P. G. L. F., from *The Field*.



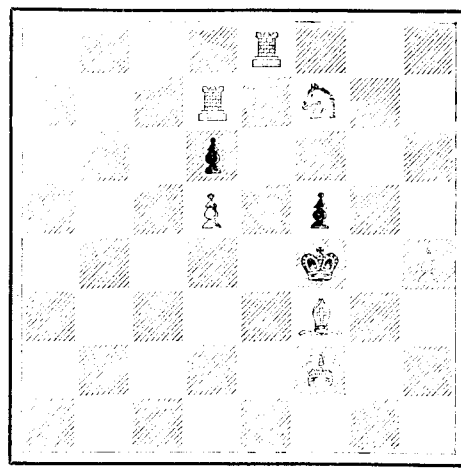
BLACK.

WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

PROBLEM No. 484.

By E. H. E. EDDIS, Crillia.



BLACK.

WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

SOLUTIONS TO PROBLEMS.

No. 477.
K-B 7

White.
1. B-Q Kt 3
2. Q x B
3. Q-B 7 mate

Black.
1. K-K 4
2. K x Kt
if 1. K-B 6
2. K-B 4

With other variations.

GAME PLAYED BETWEEN MR. E. BINNS AND MR. H. E. BIRD.

ALLGAIER GAMBIT.

Table of chess moves between White (Mr. E. Binns) and Black (Mr. H. E. Bird) for the Allgaier Gambit.

- (a) Well intended no doubt. (b) One of Mr. Bird's characteristic moves... (c) "Do you catch my meaning?" said Mr. Bird. (d) So that White may not take the knight's Pawn with a check... (e) Intended as an attack. (f) Same—one size larger. (g) Bird wings his airy way to victory.

—Birmingham Mercury.

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Are always in sympathy with the body, and are quickly affected by its varying conditions of health or disease. When the eyes become weak, and the lids thick, red, inflamed, and sore, a scrofulous condition of the blood is indicated, for which Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the best remedy.

After having been constantly troubled with weak eyes from childhood, I have at last found, in Ayer's Sarsaparilla, a remedy which has relieved and cured me. My general health is much improved by the use of this valuable medicine.—Mary Ann Sears, 7 Hollis st., Boston, Mass.

My little boy has always been afflicted, until recently, with Sore Eyes and Scrofulous Humors. We gave him Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and, in a short time, his eyes ceased to trouble him; the humor disappeared, and his health was restored.—P. Germain, Dwight st., Holyoke, Mass.

Nearly Blind.

I have used Ayer's Sarsaparilla, in my family, for over nine years. My oldest daughter was greatly troubled with Scrofula, and, at one time, it was feared she would lose her eyesight. Ayer's Sarsaparilla has completely restored her health, and her eyes are as well and strong as ever.—G. King, Killingly, Conn.

Perfect Cure.

I suffered greatly, a long time, from weakness of the eyes and impure blood. I tried many remedies, but received no benefit until I began taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This medicine cured me. My eyes are now strong, and I am in good health.—Andrew J. Simpson, 147 East Merrimack st., Lowell, Mass.

I have, from a child, and until within a few months, been afflicted with Sore Eyes. I have used Ayer's Sarsaparilla, for this complaint, with beneficial results, and consider it a valuable blood purifier.—Mrs. C. Phillips, Glover, Vt.

My son was weak and debilitated; troubled with Sore Eyes and Scrofulous Humors. By taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla his eyes have been cured, and he is now in perfect health.—Alarie Mercier, 3 Harrison ave., Lowell, Mass.

My little girl was badly afflicted with Scrofula, and suffered very much from Weak and Sore Eyes. I was unable to obtain relief for her until I commenced administering

My daughter was afflicted with Sore Eyes, and, for over two years, was treated by eminent oculists and physicians, without receiving any benefit. She finally commenced taking Ayer's Sar-

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

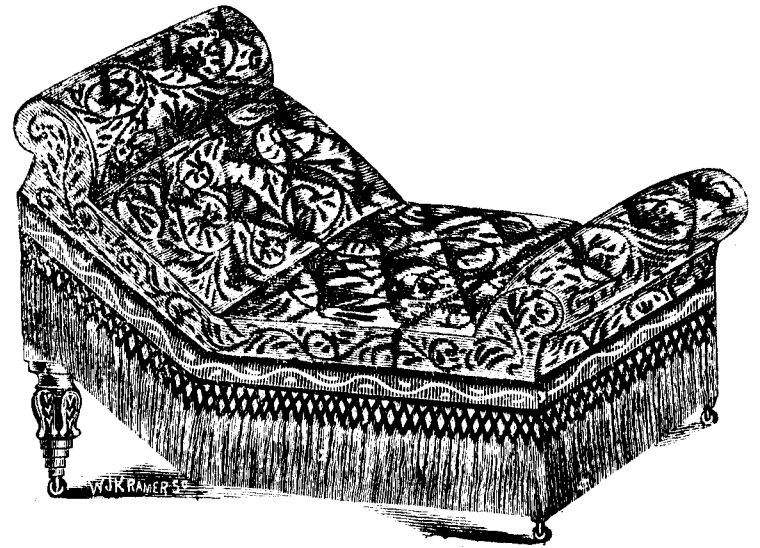
saparilla. This medicine has cured her of Scrofula, and her eyes are now well and strong.—H. P. Bort, Hastings, N. Y. Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

and, in a short time, her eyes were completely cured, and her bodily health restored.—C. R. Simmons, Greenbush, Ill. Sold by all Druggists. Price \$1; six bottles, \$5.

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A BRIDE'S CONFESSION

"Yes, dear, I am married now, and George and I are keeping house in the loveliest flat on 4th St. Well, yes, we did get married somewhat suddenly. My health, you know, had for some time been very delicate, and Dr. Hevey, for I had mamma that he feared I would follow poor, dear sister Belle, who died three years ago from a wasting disease. Dear George was almost crazy when mamma told him what the doctor said, and I nearly cried my eyes out, but one day I overheard that "haughty Nelly Parker" say to her mother, "I think that George Blauvelt is just too lovely for anything, and when the girl he's engaged to dies, and they say she is dying of a wasting consumption, I'm going to step into her shoes and become Mrs. George Blauvelt, now just you wait and see." This spring, I told of George to the almost resigned to the idea that we should never be married, and the thought that that deceitful hussy might get him after all nearly drove me crazy. One day I read the testimony of lawyers Howe and Hinman as to the wonderful fully investigating effect of DR. CAMPBELL'S ARSENIC WAFERS, and I resolved to try what they would do for me. I commenced their use on the 4th of July. George had just sailed for Europe on business for his firm. On Sept. 18 he returned. I was, from the use of the Wafers, by that time again a well woman, and so enraptured was he with my healthy and robust appearance that he insisted we get married the very next day. I could not say him nay, and, as you will see by my card, I am now Mrs. George Blauvelt. Do call soon and let me introduce George to you; I am sure you will like him, he is so handsome, and as good as he is handsome. Good-by; I am sure not to forget."

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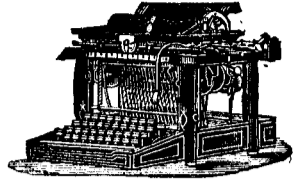
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