

THE WEEK

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THE WEEK.

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

CURRENT TOPICS.

As we go to press, it is probable, almost certain, that the Americans are to be once more victorious in the international yacht race. The Vigilant has fairly beaten the Valkyrie in a light breeze, and in a stiff breeze, thus pretty well demonstrating her superior speed under any circumstances, in the chosen waters. It seems, therefore, as if nothing but an accident can prevent her winning the third time and thus ending the contest. To many this will seem to be a matter of the slightest importance. But this race is one of a kind which has a deeper meaning than a mere trial of skill between British and American builders and yachtsmen. In these days, when the maritime nations are straining every nerve to increase the speed of ocean travel, and are drawing to the utmost upon all the resources of science to aid them in the effort, the question of models, in their relation to

speed, becomes one of no small importance. In one respect, however, the trial between the yachts will be defective and indecisive, whichever wins. The real question is not one of speed, pure and simple, in comparatively smooth waters and under special circumstances, but of speed, combined with safety, under any and all conditions of wind and sea. For practical, as distinct from mere sporting, purposes the trial would be much more to the purpose if it involved two or three trips across the Atlantic or to the Antipodes. Lord Dunraven's craft has demonstrated her ability to compete under such conditions. The popular impression is that the Vigilant is unfit to do so. To settle the whole question of superiority, British yachtsmen should offer a challenge cup to be competed for in British waters.

It is said, we know not how correctly, that the opening up of the Cherokee Strip disposes of the last large tract of valuable, unoccupied territory in the possession of the American Government. It is to be hoped, in the interests of civilization and morality, that it is the last that the Government will use as a stimulus to the gambling instinct which is so powerful in the breasts of a large section of its citizens. The disgraceful and cruel events connected with the scramble for locations in this region, which took place on the 16th of September, are no doubt fresh in the memories of our readers. We shall not stay to describe them. It makes one blush for his kind to read of the savage struggles in which men and women were trampled and crushed and even killed outright in the mad rush for places on trains, first entries on locations, etc. How many of those who displayed such insane eagerness to get possession of claims had any intention of really cultivating or otherwise improving them, further than might be necessary in order to meet the conditions of the grant and acquire such title as would enable them to sell to some one else? Such an incident must be a godsend to the advocates of the single tax on land values. The land while at the disposal of the Government was of course the property of the nation. Why should property so valuable as the rush for possession would indicate be given gratis to the individuals who might be lucky or smart or selfish enough to outrun or overrun all competitors and reach it first? The Government which adopts such methods is surely blameworthy for failing to make an equitable distribution of the

people's property, and doubly blameworthy for pandering in such fashion to the gambling mania—the dishonest desire to get something belonging to others for nothing—which is one of the worst banes of modern society.

We read the other day in an American paper that those who had been winners in the Oklahoma races and had won free grants of farms in that coveted strip of territory, owed their good future to the "liberality of Uncle Sam," or words to that effect. We have just now noticed in a Toronto paper the statement, that the meeting of the British Association in Montreal a few years since was "generously aided by the Dominion Government." These are but typical instances of a mode of speech which is strangely common, even in the most democratic communities. They are suggestive of the tendency of which we have before spoken, to separate the state and the Government, in thought, from the people who constitute the one and whose agent the other is, as if they had an independent existence, and an inherent right to the use of the authority and the property they hold in trust for the people. Such expressions, we confess, always grate on our ears. It is, of course, too obvious to need argument that "Uncle Sam" has no right to be "liberal" with the people's land, and that the Dominion Government has no right to be "generous" with the people's money. If the one disposes of the land or the other of the money in any way which favours individuals at the expense of the nation, it commits a breach of trust. Liberality and generosity are terms which are properly applicable, only to the acts of those who are dealing with their own property. It is the business of agents and stewards to be honest and just. They have no right to be liberal or generous with their master's property. When a Government has, under consideration the distribution of public land, or the bestowal of public money, the only question rightly before it is how to use these trust properties for the benefit of their real owners, without distinction of persons. These may seem like truisms, too well known to require formal statement, but we are persuaded that it would prevent many mistakes and much political wrongdoing, if both Governments and peoples would keep such truisms clearly in mind and govern themselves accordingly.

There is some reason to fear that the cow-killing riots reported a few weeks ago

from Bombay may have a very serious meaning. Lord Harris, the Governor of Bombay, stated in a recent speech that an extensive machinery is at work throughout India to excite disorder under pretext of preventing the killing of cows. This opinion is re-echoed from the other side of India, by the Editor of "Reis and Ryot," who, the Spectator says, is a very able man, and one not likely to be taken in. The fear is, that there may be a plot on foot intended to rouse the Hindoos all through Northern and Eastern India. Should this be done, the immense area over which the insurrection would be distributed would be very embarrassing to the Government. They might have to meet serious riots over the greater part of India, in which case it would be practically impossible to prevent innumerable massacres on a larger or smaller scale. The Hindoos, to whom the cow is a sacred animal, are almost everywhere in the majority. They comprise also the fighting tribes of India, such as the Maharrattas, the Rajpoots, the Sikhs, and the Goorkhas, so that in case of a Hindoo uprising of the kind indicated, the British would be left with no fighting Asiatics behind them, except the Mussulmans. To these it would be highly inexpedient to appeal, for that would give the contest the appearance of a religious war, and would leave the British at the end of the struggle with the majority of the population against them and with very undesirable and exacting allies in the Mohammedans. The cause of the trouble is not, like that of the Great Mutiny, one which can be obviated. The greased cartridges might have been displaced by a substitute, but the killing of cows cannot be prohibited without doing grave injustice and injury to Christians as well as Mussulmans. It is to be hoped, however, that the note of alarm which has been raised may prove to be more or less sensational and that there is no real danger of more than local riots such as that in Bombay. It is scarcely probable that the lessons learned in the former revolt have been so soon forgotten by the natives of India.

It is difficult to determine from the party press whether the addresses of Mr. Laurier or those of Sir John Thompson have been received with the greater favour in Ontario. Each has presented the views and policy of his party with great ability and, on the whole, with more than usual definiteness. If Mr. Laurier's cause was more popular with the masses, the Premier's was more effective with the classes who are directly interested in the policy of protection and who are in many respects the more influential. Without entering afresh into the trade question, we must confess our disappointment with Sir John's silence in regard to two other matters of scarcely less importance to the national well-being. Mr. Laurier and his supporters referred in al-

most every speech to the twin iniquities of the Franchise Act and the Gerrymander. So far as we have observed, Sir John has maintained a policy of silence in regard to these two enactments, carried through by the Government of which he was a member and of which he is the legitimate successor and heir. If there was any attempt at rejoinder by any of his colleagues, it was in the shape of a *tu quoque*, addressed to the Ontario Government, and referring only to the Gerrymander. But this is no argument for a high-minded statesman. The Dominion Government cannot surely be bound to follow the evil example of a Provincial Legislature, in any case, especially when that example is itself but a copying, in a mild and modified form, of its own previous procedure. Sir John took special pains to reply specifically to nearly every argument advanced by Mr. Laurier against the National Policy. Can his studied silence in regard to the other great questions be fairly construed as a confession of inability to defend the Acts in question? If so, would it not have been both more manly and more statesmanlike to have frankly confessed that one or both of those measures, of which Liberals complain so bitterly, and which they stigmatize so strongly was wrong and that early steps would be taken to make them right? Can we doubt that such a course would, as a matter of policy even, have won the applause of the whole people, and have stamped the Premier in their estimation as an honest and magnanimous statesman?

The miners' strikes in Great Britain have been, as usual, marred by acts of violence committed or attempted against the non-unionist labourers who were willing to take the places of the strikers. Such acts are indefensible and foolish. They are indefensible, being in violation of the rights of free citizens to dispose of their labour as they may deem best. The modification that they must not in so doing interfere with the rights of others, is inapplicable here, for the striking workmen have no more right from the legal point of view to the work in question than have the non-unionist workmen against whom they are so incensed. But the violence is as unwise in the interests of the strikers as it is illegal and unjust. It alienates that public sympathy which is one of the strongest influences which they can invoke in their struggle against reduction of wages. But while we can have nothing but condemnation for their lawlessness, we can well understand, as must everyone who puts himself for a moment in their place, their resentment. It is undeniable that to the efforts and sacrifices of organized labour the labourer in every sphere of manual employment owes very much. The miners who, while refusing to join the unions, or to share their struggles and sacrifices, take the places of those who have gone out, enter

immediately into situations which have been made better in many respects besides that of wages, by the pressure which has been from time to time brought to bear through the labour organizations. To what ever extent their present struggle proves successful in keeping up the rate of wages every miner in that vicinity, if not in the whole kingdom, will be the gainer. This fact, with all that it implies, must be borne in mind before we can fully understand the full grounds of the striker's indignation and wrath against those who are doing their utmost to defeat their efforts while among the first to profit by their successes. (One) against this, it is true, must be set the terrible anguish of the able-bodied man who sees, it may be, his wife and children suffering from want of food and clothing, which his labour alone can supply, and which can see nothing but selfish tyranny in the attempt of his fellow-workmen to prevent him from doing the work offered.

The strength of the Prohibition Convention which met last week in Toronto and the unanimity with which the delegates determined to make the best of the situation and devote all their energies to the task of obtaining the largest possible majority at the approaching Provincial plebiscite, have placed the movement for Prohibition at a point of vantage it never before occupied. The Prohibitionists are wise in their generation. When influential delegates began to set aside their own personal and party predilections in order to unite their forces with others who are seeking the same end by different methods, they give one of the strongest possible pledges of moral earnestness and treble the possibilities of ultimate success. The opinion, which has been expressed with some force, that the plebiscite is unconstitutional and un-British, seems to have been effectively met with the sufficient answer that Canada and the Empire are self-governing, and that the constitutional both are sufficiently elastic to admit of the plebiscite being made a part of the constitution by usage, if the people so will. The mode is no doubt objectionable to many. These have a right to oppose its introduction. But it verges on the absurd to argue that the hands of a people who pride themselves on their democratic system of government are so tied by that system that they may not vote at the polls directly for or against a radical innovation in legislation, but can express themselves only indirectly through their representatives, in their choice of whom they are influenced and ought to be influenced by a hundred other considerations. A constitution which would so hamper the free expression of the popular will, would need to be promptly amended or ended. The fact is, as every one who reflects carefully upon the question must see, that the proposed legislation is such a kind as can be justified by no less than the direct mandate of a very large

majority of the whole people whose personal liberties will be circumscribed by it. It may still be objected that even an overwhelming majority have no right, political or moral, to inflict anything so nearly akin to sumptuary regulations upon the minority. Clearly, if anything can warrant such interference with individual liberty, in order to the real or fancied well-being of the whole social unit, the direct and unmistakable demand of an overwhelming majority would afford such justification. The probability, amounting almost to certainty, that the Provincial Government and Legislature which have authorized the plebiscite have no power to enact or enforce prohibitory legislation, affords a stronger argument against the proposed popular vote. But the fact that the citizens who will vote on the question are most of them members of the Dominion as well as of the Ontario electorate, guarantees that the moral pressure of the vote will be about as effective at Ottawa as in Queen's Park. On the other hand, the advocates of Prohibition are shrewd enough to see that, now that the vote is to be taken anyway, to let the case go by default would be to make Prohibition in Canada impossible for many years to come. Hence this union and mobilization of the forces.

The question before the Supreme Court touching the Manitoba School case is, as we understand it, simply whether under the Constitution it is in the power of the Federal Government, notwithstanding the decision of the Judicial Committee of the Imperial Privy Council affirming the constitutionality of the Manitoba School Act, to determine whether the Roman Catholic minority of that province have a grievance under the Act in question, and, if so, to grant such redress as may be deemed just, under the circumstances. This being the question before them, it is not very surprising that the Court desire to have the meaning of the clause of the B. N. A. Act, under which, if at all, the Government derives such power, fully argued before them, on the negative as well as the affirmative side. This is, no doubt, the cause of the somewhat unusual action of the Court in requesting Mr. Christopher Robinson to argue the case on behalf of the Manitoba Government although that Government is represented before the Court by a legal adviser of its own appointment. It is not for us to offer an opinion upon the right of the Court to take this course, although that right is disputed by one of the Justices composing the court. But the peculiarity of the case gives rise to some curious speculations. In the event, a not improbable one, of the Manitoba Government refusing to accept the appointee as their advocate, or to give him any instructions in the matter, what will be the positions of the respective parties before the Court? It would scarcely be fair to Manitoba to have

her case, as she might think, prejudiced by the pleading of an advocate who was not instructed by her Government and whose course that Government might not approve. In fact, if the Province is to be regarded as a party in the case it seems scarcely fair that it should not be at liberty to follow its own judgment in regard to the course of procedure. The perplexity of on-lookers is increased by the statement of the advocate who represents the Federal Government that he also did not intend to argue.

After the foregoing paragraph was sent to the printers, Sir John Thompson's alleged statement in his address at Dunnville, as given in the Montreal Star, came to hand. He is reported as having said: "My own impression is that we will never have to deal with that question. The people of Manitoba may have to settle it among themselves, instead of its being thrust into national politics." We find it difficult to believe that Sir John's words were correctly understood, not because the course they foreshadow on the part of the Government differs materially from that which we have always supposed it would follow, but because it seems unlikely that the astute Premier would so far commit himself in a matter which is now before the Supreme Court by his own reference. Those words, if actually spoken by him, would seemingly imply that he has some means of knowing beforehand the decisions to be rendered by the court, not only before that decision is formally announced, but even before it can have been reached by the court itself, seeing that the case has not yet been argued. This would make the whole proceeding a farce, and reduce the court to the position of a mere puppet, moved by wires in the hands of the Premier. The only other explanation possible, so far as we can see, would be that the Government had already determined that it will not attempt any interference with the action of Manitoba in the matter, even should the court decide that it has the right and power to do so, under the constitution. This, in its turn, would render nugatory the deliberations of the court, and convict the Government of bad faith, both to the judges composing it and to the Roman Catholic prelates, in making the reference. It is idle to suppose that any decision the court may make would be binding upon Manitoba directly, or could be carried into effect save by the power of the Dominion Government. Any attempted exercise of that power would quickly thrust the matter into national politics. The people of Manitoba have already settled the affair themselves. The only question remaining is that of unsettling their settlement of it. One thing is clear, neither Sir John Thompson's nor any other Federal Administration will ever attempt to interfere with the operation of a Provincial Act which has been declared by the highest judicial authority in the realm to be *intra vires* of the Legislature which enacted it.

SUICIDE AND ITS CAUSES.

Is suicide on the increase? Most readers of the daily newspapers would probably answer this question with an unhesitating "Yes", and there is certainly too much reason to fear that the answer would correspond with the fact. But this is one of the cases in which it is difficult to determine whether the greater frequency with which an occurrence is brought to our notice is due to an actual proportional increase in the number of such occurrences, or merely to the fact that, as a consequence of the development of newspaper enterprise, they are more uniformly reported.

Be the fact as it may with reference to the alleged increase in the crime of suicide, it is undeniable that instances of the commission of this cowardly and revolting crime occur with alarming frequency. A few weeks since the London Chronicle opened its columns to a correspondence on the subject, in which great prominence was given to letters not only affirming the right of men and women to take their own lives when, for any reason, they become tired of them, but even advocating the establishment or permission of "lethal" chambers in which painless modes of exit might be provided for those who wish them. The correspondence was commenced by the letter of a suicide, who wrote to the Chronicle before his death, announcing his intention and arguing in support of the right he claimed to put an end to his own existence.

By ninety-nine out of every hundred readers it would doubtless be deemed unnecessary and almost absurd to enter into any argument to show that suicide is a crime against the individual who commits it, against his friends and those dependent upon him, against society, and the State, and above all against the Author of his being. From one of the lower points of view, the very cowardliness of the deed by which the perpetrator seeks to escape from bearing his share of the burdens and responsibilities of life, very often leaving them to press the more heavily upon those whom he is bound by every consideration of honour and manliness to protect and aid, is its all-sufficient condemnation. Its utter selfishness is no less apparent and glaring.

A question affording, possibly, a little more scope for argument, is that of the right of the State to treat the act, or rather the attempt or intention to commit it, as a crime to be prevented, if possible, by the use of the agencies and penalties at its command. The Spectator deals with this phase of the subject in a trenchant article. If asked on what ground we can resist the proposed provision for the wishes of those who ask State sanction for an easy mode of death when they no longer feel able to fight the battle of life, it replies, "On precisely the same kind of ground on which we punish the holding out of temptations to

sins which nevertheless we do not and cannot compel the English people to treat as sins, though we discourage them with all the energy of democratic displeasure." Drunkenness and other forms of vice are instanced as cases of the kind. "Every wholesome society does what it can to popularize a standard of manly citizenship which is directly opposed to selfishness, indolence, and dissipation." This means, in a word, we take it, that every State is bound to do all in its power to develop its own strength and the well-being of its citizens, and that the tendency of the free practice of suicide would obviously be in the opposite direction. Laws for the prevention of suicide are based, like all other civil laws, upon expediency. It is not easy to see how anyone could doubt the expediency of preventing by every means the prevalence of the practice of suicide, for, though it might be argued with some plausibility that the taking off of the man who has not nerve enough to bear the brunt of life's duties and trials can hardly be considered a loss to the State, there can be no doubt that the result and tendency of free and frequent suicide would be demoralizing in the extreme.

What is more needed and likely to be more useful is, it seems to us, a careful and thorough enquiry into the causes of suicide and of that tendency to its increase which most persons would probably agree is somewhat strongly marked at the present day. Here is a field of investigation which has never, so far as we are aware, been carefully explored, and from which might be obtained facts that would be highly serviceable to society, the State and the Church. A careful enquiry, as exhaustive as it might be possible to make it, into the antecedent history of a hundred or a thousand cases of suicide, especially those in which the act was premeditated and deliberate, would do much more than gratify a morbid curiosity. It might be found to be highly useful and instructive. We are not sure that such an enquiry might not properly be instituted by Government, or at least aided from the public funds.

Meanwhile it is not difficult to discover and set down in a general sort of way, some of the more manifest causes which tend in the direction of suicide. Among these we should be disposed to enumerate the undue stress which is being laid on wealth as a means either of social standing and display, or of material comfort. We should acknowledge ourselves much mistaken should not an investigation such as we have suggested reveal that a very large percentage of cases of suicide in these days take place among the class who prize such things unduly. So many place the chief or the whole value of life in such things as social distinction, or material comforts and luxuries, that when the means of procuring these things are lost, or in jeopardy, they can see nothing further worth living for.

Combined with these causes and often in consequence of them, is that nervous tension which is so characteristic of many, on this continent, especially in the United States. A nervous system unstrung and shattered leads directly to the lack of courage to face coming ills, real or fancied, and causes hundreds to seek refuge in death from the depressing consciousness of their own weakness and incapacity. There is in this a valuable hint for parents and teachers. It is of the greatest importance to the coming generation that the children of this day be taught to seek higher ends than those which are so little worth striving for and so easily missed.

This leads us to a conclusion, which we can merely state in the briefest terms. Mr. Ernest James Clark, the suicide above alluded to, who wrote to the Chronicle before committing the fatal act, was no doubt right in ascribing his deed and that of many others to the breakdown of that faith in Providence which is the strongest of all barriers in the way of self-destruction, as well as the most effective of all antidotes to the moral poison which creates the impulse towards it. Take away the belief in a Divine Ruler who will one day explain all the mysteries and right all the wrongs of humanity and in a great future in which will be found escape from all the trials and miseries of this life, and it is difficult to see what remains in which can be found sufficient motive to deter from self-destruction in those moments of despondency, which come to most lives, or sufficient hope to enable one to bear with cheerfulness the ills which flesh, in its best estate, is heir to. Is this faith in God and the future life declining? If so, what is the cause and how can it be removed?

PROMINENT CANADIANS.—NO. XLIV.

HON. J. WILBERFORCE LONGLEY, M. A.,
ATTORNEY-GENERAL OF NOVA
SCOTIA.

It has been a subject of frequent comment in Canadian journals that Nova Scotians appear to have a special taste and aptitude for political life, and it is unquestionably true that this little Province by the sea has been the birthplace of a large proportion of the men who have occupied public attention in Canada during the last quarter of a century.

The subject of the present sketch was born at Paradise, in the county of Annapolis, in the year 1849. His paternal great-grandfather was a United Empire Loyalist who settled in Annapolis County. His maternal grandfather, Rev. James Manning, was born in Ireland and was one of the pioneer Baptist ministers of Nova Scotia. The present Attorney-General of Nova Scotia was educated at Acadia College, where he graduated in June, 1871, and four years afterwards he was called to the bar of Nova Scotia. While articled as a law student in the city of Halifax he became a frequent contributor to the press of Halifax, and took an active interest in current political questions.

His vigorous style attracted attention and in 1873 he became chief editorial writer for the Acadian Recorder, which position he continued to hold for fourteen years. Subsequently he joined the editorial staff of the Halifax Morning Chronicle, and for some time was managing editor of that newspaper. He did not confine his political labours to working with his pen, but was prominent among the young Liberals of Halifax County as a platform speaker and a sagacious counsellor in committee. In the year 1882 the Conservative local Government, led by Hon. S. H. Holmes and Hon. J. S. D. Thompson, now the Premier of Canada, appealed to the people, and Mr. Longley was nominated by the Liberals of Annapolis County as one of their candidates in opposition to the Conservative ticket. Annapolis County has been the scene of many keen political battles, and a political campaign in that county necessarily involved a prolonged and stubborn fight. In the elections held in 1878 the Liberal federal candidate had been defeated by three votes and the Liberal local candidate had also been defeated after an exciting struggle. The Conservatives in 1882, however, were confident of an easy victory in the local election in this county, and regarded it as nothing but a piece of presumptuous folly for a comparatively unknown person like Mr. Longley, who was living outside the county, to attempt to wrest the seat from them. But to their surprise and chagrin Mr. Longley and his Liberal colleague, after a tremendously bitter and exciting campaign, defeated the Government candidates, Mr. Longley being at the head of the poll with a majority of 79. From the day he first took his seat in the House of Assembly he became a prominent and influential member of that body, and two years after his election he became a member of the Executive Council. At the general elections of 1886 he again contested the County of Annapolis. His activity and aggressiveness in the House and on the platform had strengthened the desire of the Conservatives to defeat him, and a large portion of the Conservative press of the Province singled him out as a special target for vigorous and unceasing attack. The result of the campaign was very uncertain up to the last moment. On the night of the election telegrams were received in Halifax stating that "Longley was beaten," and the news was received with great rejoicing at Conservative headquarters. But later and more reliable news conceded his election, the majority, however, being only 16. He immediately entered upon his duties as Attorney-General in the Government, a position which he has since retained. Since he has occupied that position he has been the author of a large number of valuable measures dealing with criminal procedure, town incorporation, the abolition of imprisonment for debt, the assessment law and other important subjects.

As a speaker he has a graceful and forcible style, and in debate is the most eloquent and attractive speaker in the Nova Scotian House, his style being characterized by remarkable fluency, vigour and dash, and many of his utterances being rendered specially effective and brilliant by the use of a peculiarly stinging satire, the effect of which his political opponents have often feared and felt.

He formerly enjoyed the reputation of being the best hated man in Nova Scotia, and was at one time more persistently assailed

the press and more vigorously abused on the platform than any other politician in Nova Scotia, but he has been always serenely indifferent to such attacks and latterly the rancorous character of the attacks has been considerably modified.

When he first entered the political arena as a candidate his political enemies laughed contemptuously at what they considered a quixotic and presumptuous act on his part. But he succeeded. After his enemies had recovered from their astonishment, they contended that he would certainly be retired to private life at the next election. But he succeeded. They pooh-poohed the idea of his ever attaining prominence in the Legislature. But he succeeded there as well and is to-day the ablest debater in the House and one of the foremost platform orators in Canada, his reputation and popularity as a speaker extending also to the neighboring Republic. At the last local general elections in 1890 he was re-elected by a majority of 262, and his enemies have now abandoned all hope of defeating him in his county. He is a staunch friend and a generous foe, without an atom of vindictiveness, and this fact has in no small degree tended to remove the bitterness which until lately was a conspicuous feature of Annapolis campaigns.

He is a man of ideas and not afraid on all occasions to express his views, even when there is danger of his being accused of political heterodoxy. Possessed of information on almost every subject, a sparkling wit and an omnivorous reader, he is a fascinating conversationalist. As an after-dinner speaker he enjoys a continental reputation. His speeches are not only full of witty sayings, but his inimitable manner of saying a good thing adds mightily to the fun of it. In listening to his post-prandial oratory one might suppose that it would be impossible for him to be serious.

It is said that the most rapid rivers are never deep and that great talent is rarely accompanied with great solidity, but the Attorney-General of Nova Scotia has, in addition to great talent, many solid qualities. He is amazingly energetic and industrious, and manages to find time, in spite of the multiplicity of his departmental and political duties, to contribute to the leading journals of the day ably written articles on a great variety of subjects. Indeed, he is the antithesis of a mere Gradgrind in politics. He writes with equal fluency and force, whether discussing the future of Canada, woman suffrage, bass fishing on Rideau Lake, the drama of life, the necessity of free trade with the United States, or any other of the one hundred and one subjects which have been touched upon by his prolific pen. He is one of the remarkably few Canadians whose literary contributions have appeared in the great English reviews. An article written by him a couple of years ago for the Fortnightly Review was copied from that great journal by the Eclectic and also subsequently appeared in a number of American journals. Other articles from his pen have appeared in Harper's Weekly, the New England Magazine, the Lake, the Canadian Magazine, and this journal.

Of late years in Nova Scotia the woman suffrage movement has been gaining ground. A bill introduced in the House of Assembly at its last session, proposing to confer the franchise in elections to the House of Assembly on women, was only defeated by a very small majority, and, it is generally believed, would

have been carried but for the powerful opposition of the Attorney-General, who is an uncompromising opponent of the movement.

Referring to the opposition to woman suffrage he epitomizes the opposition thus :

"It is not that any one fears the influence that women would exert upon politics—it would undoubtedly be in the main pure and elevated : but we fear the influence which politics would have upon women."

He deals with one alleged cause for the woman suffrage movement as follows :

"But the advocates of woman suffrage will revert to social laws and claim inequality. It is so common to hear it proclaimed in tones of lofty and majestic indignation that there is one law for men and another for women in relation to sexual offences. A lapse from virtue scarcely affects the social position of a man, who goes on through life as comfortably, and perhaps as much respected, as ever after having been discovered in an offence against the laws of social purity, while the woman, perhaps his victim, is ostracized forever and made an outcast for life. This is true, and a just indictment against modern social ethics. But where does the injustice originate? Not in the statute books, nor in any laws which men make. The awful sentence which is pronounced upon the erring woman is by virtue of social laws which women make and women enforce. The laws which govern society and which fix the status of individuals therein are made almost entirely by women. This is their almost exclusive legislature. No man or woman can secure a social position in any city of Great Britain or America unless with the sanction and approval of the women who rule in the social sphere. It is their approbation and invitations which give status, and it is their united frowns that banish. If then the social laws work unequally in regard to their own sex, it is unquestionably they who make them. Note how this works in practical life. A woman is caught in an offence against virtue. Her conviction involves the exposure of her partner in guilt. She is condemned and banished. By whom? Not by the courts. Not by laws made by men, but by women, her peers in the social world. If the man is tolerated and perhaps petted by society after his fault is known, it is by the toleration and sanction of women that it is done. They have the power to banish as effectually in his case as in the case of his victim. They do not choose to do it. It will be seen thus that it is not statutes that are needed to dispel the unequal punishment inflicted upon lapses from virtue. It is a revolution in social edicts and customs which women can work out at their own pleasure at any time and by their own unfettered will."

After discussing some of the minor objections to woman suffrage, Mr. Longley thus deals with one important phase of the question :

"If women are to be allowed to throw off the grace of effeminacy which has charmed the world, and to take their stand at the ballot box on terms of exact equality, then there must be no limit to their exercise of this right. If they are to make legislators they have an exactly equal right to be legislators. And, if legislators, then governors, cabinet ministers, judges, rulers. Intellectually there may be no objection to this. They may be just as well fitted to the task of government as men, but it happens that the race can only be perpetuated by the birth of children, and that nature has made this the inexorable function of women. As soon as she has reached womanhood she must in most cases become a wife. For several years covering the flower of her life, she must, in general, be bearing children and caring for them during their helpless infancy, and if we are to have such a place as home any more on this poor earth, she must make it, be its guardian angel, and form the tie which binds all the children together in an all-beautiful and all-potent home circle. At what period of life then is woman to discharge the functions of state-craft? Not when in happy girlhood she is led a blushing bride to the altar. Not when

for the next fifteen or twenty years she is giving birth to children and attending to their nourishment and care. Is it then after forty that she is to go into legislative halls, ascend the bench, or preside over a department of state? But these are high functions which require enormous preliminary training and experience. When are these to be acquired? And really, is it desirable that the mother who has young girls growing up about her and requiring her tenderest care, who is the proud possessor of lads whose future character is to be shaped by her constant influence, should leave them to the mercy of the world while she prates on the public platform or struggles for a seat in the legislature? Why should she do this when the same work can be equally well done by men who have not such encumbrances placed upon them by the edicts of nature? The mother's functions are the highest. Viewed in the aggregate, higher than any discharged by men, higher than kingship or legislation. Men cannot discharge them. They belong by nature and providence to women. Who will say that the world has anything to gain by impairing their efficient discharge in order to obtain the services of women at polling booths and in legislative halls?"

Mr. Longley's utterances on any public question never lack clearness of expression. Indeed, there is a dash and audacity about his style which is very refreshing in these days when leaders of public opinion are prone to take refuge in guarded or colourless phrases when dealing with important issues. It was doubtless this clear-cut and epigrammatic boldness of style which induced a writer in the London Times to refer to the Attorney-General of Nova Scotia as the "Labouchere of Canadian politics." He has been the steady and persistent advocate of freer trade relations between Canada and her great Republican neighbour, and has pushed his advocacy of this great question to such a bold degree as to draw down upon him all the malignity of that happily small class of Canadian politicians who scent disloyalty in any straightforward and bold attempt to widen the trade intercourse between the two countries. In the eyes of this small but virulent band of statesmen (?) he is a "traitor." Their views are almost as ludicrous as were those once said to have been exhibited by the excessively loyal Englishman who affected to despise all things American and therefore refused at dinner to be helped to "Washington" pie. Mr. Longley has been called an "annexationist" by his enemies, but there has never been any foundation for the charge. He, however, has always insisted on the right of any Canadian to advocate annexation if it appeared to him in the best interests of Canada. The Attorney General, in an article which appeared in a Canadian magazine some years ago, stated his position on this question as follows :

"John Bright, one of the bravest and most patriotic Britons of modern times, while a member of the Parliament of Great Britain and under the obligations of an 'oath,' if that could make any difference, repeatedly advocated the union of Canada and the United States in the clearest and most emphatic terms. Is there any Canadian so spiritless as to deny to himself the same right to speak of the destiny of his own country which is enjoyed without question by a member of the English Commons? I am an adviser of the Queen's representative in the Province of Nova Scotia. I am bound to discover all plots and intrigues against the constituted authority and government of the country. If any persons were discovered banding themselves together by secret conspiracy to hand over this country to a foreign power, or clandestinely drilling or making preparations for armed effort, it would be my duty, as it would be my solicitude and pride, to bring them instantly to justice. But that

is quite another matter from openly exercising the privileges of free speech, and by fair argument and honest reason seeking to convince the judgment of their fellow-countrymen. The advocate of political union with the United States has as good a right to present his case to the Canadian people as the imperialist, and the people who desire to reach a right conclusion are bound to hear and weigh everything that can be offered upon the question—the momentous question of Canada's destiny. The supreme point, as I conceive it, is which alternative stands for the best interests of Canada? How can I decide without hearing all sides? Is imperialism the true solution? Then let the advocates of imperialism take the platform and demonstrate their case. Is continentalism wrong and unsound? Then what is the difficulty of so demonstrating to the intelligent thinking people of Canada? If there is anything that will throw doubt and discredit upon a cause, it is the fear to challenge the crucial test of fair, open and manly discussion.

"Because I have put in a plea for fair discussion, I have no doubt I shall be charged, as has often been done before, with being an advocate of political union with the States. This will be entirely without foundation. I never advocated political union, and if I were compelled to make a choice of the alternatives to-day, I would not vote for political union. But I do wish the question intelligently threshed out. Let the discussion go on and let it be fair. Let there be no gag law. Let there be no attempt to dragoon a free people into a detestable hypocrisy and a mean concealment. If there be any men in Canada who believe in political union with the United States, let them speak their minds freely. If they are wrong the imperialist will have the grateful task of exposing their fallacies. One end and one only should be kept in view on this subject—a full and honest discussion and a sober and wise decision by the Canadian people upon the question of the destiny of the Canadian people."

Your space will not permit more than one other extract from the numerous contributions of Mr. Longley to Canadian literature. The following extract from an article entitled "The Drama of Life," which recently appeared in the Canadian Magazine will serve to show that he can write philosophically and gracefully:

"The process of life is so strange, so moulded by necessity and so much the result of development that it is fortunate the reality does not appear until the play is about over. Tell the dreaming child that his visions are all moonshine, that he shall presently find himself confronted by a cold world from which nothing is got except by force and by eternal conflict; that in the race are men swifter, and in the battle are men stouter, and that when the record comes to be made up it is simply the story of a man who has jogged along with the others for a short time and then lain down to rest—and who would face the struggle? But it all follows as naturally. The dreaming boy is soon at school, and there he begins to learn that something has to be done sometime or other to keep him in existence, and that youth is the time to prepare for the emergency. By contact and competition with his fellows he finds that there is always a better than he can do. And yet he has only reached the initial stage. Hope still shines like a fadeless star. Soon the tiresome and fruitless days of apprenticeship will be over. Education completed, profession gained—then will come the realization. Manfully he buckles down to the struggle. While yet on the brink of his career love creeps in and takes masterful possession of his heart. A woman's lot is linked with his. With the beginning of real life commenced so earnestly, so hopefully, so ardently, comes marriage, and the chivalrous sense that others are dependent upon his care. The struggle means while is going on bravely. Then comes the first-born and all this suggests of love, pride and protecting care. In this way fly the years. Forty is reached and then with wisdom comes reflection. Only thirty years at most remain. What is there after all in this thing we call

human life? The best of it is past. Where is the realization of the fair dreams? Has there been success as the world goes? What will it all amount to in the end? Has there been failure and the humdrum of the struggle for actual existence? Gone are the dreams. And yet withal the romance remains. Hope still sheds its mild ray. It is not possible to stop in the race. The duties of the hour press. There is no escape from the round of duty. We jog along hoping that brighter days will come. We have not the time, the courage, nor the philosophy to look the whole situation squarely in the face. Forty passes to fifty. Quickly enough sixty is reached, then seventy. Then comes the close. Success is pleasant, but the greatest triumphs of ambition seem small when preparing to leave the scene for the unknown, and though the reckoning gives failure as the result, the hand of destiny is upon you and there is nothing to do but to turn back to the dreams of youth and mockingly compare the results. What can be done? The tale is told. What remains? The awful drama of life."

Referring to the idea of a future life, he says:

"Those great impulses of the soul—faith, hope, love—triumphant over the baser and less worthy passions, take hold of the conscious self with such overwhelming force and power that it would give the lie to every instinct, every mental conception upon which judgment is formed, to say that these were for a day and after 'life's fitful fever' is ended they should die with the mere framework which formed their tabernacle. All that constitutes the majesty of a soul, all that prompts to heroic action, all that inspires to lofty aims, all that sheds beauty and sweetness upon human exertion, is found in a sense of relationship to another unseen and profoundly mysterious life, in which the higher impulses can have a sphere commensurate with the intense yearnings which could find no adequate fruition within the compass of this life. The subtle judgments of the brain and the changeless promptings of the soul alike establish the conviction that the supreme condition of that other life is virtue, because in this it is the only condition of permanent happiness or indeed of permanence itself. Whatever is not right, just and true passes away. All triumphs except those of virtue are but mockery. Shallow, indeed, is the philosopher that does not perceive that nothing but virtue survives the test of even the span of this life."

A man of Mr. Longley's talent and progressive spirit is dwarfed by the narrow limitations of provincial politics, and it is natural to suppose that within a few years the Attorney-General of Nova Scotia will enter the federal arena, where his ability and ceaseless energy would certainly soon win for him a commanding position.

ACADIA.

Halifax, Sept. 20th, 1893.

PARIS LETTER.

"Still harping on my daughter." For the moment the French have only eyes and ears for the Russians. No one doubts but the alliance between the two nations is an accomplished fact, and to proclaim it officially is all that is desired. The flirtation between the two Governments seems to have then ended in matrimony, but the Muscovite expects to touch a portion of the bride's fortune, of her *dot*, in the shape of a loan to set up the new housekeeping. As to the national rejoicings, the French ought not to be grudging their catch. For a quarter of a century almost they have been on the lookout for an eligible partner. The triple has now its *vis-a-vis* in the dual alliance. People may descant on that situation till Doomsday; but it is England that now holds the key of the position.

She has not a few questions to settle with Russia. For those in the far East, she will rely upon China and Australia—the latter's fleet is commencing to "advance." In Europe she has only to select her allies and to tell Russia where she must not go. With France England has to clear up her strained and foggy relations respecting Newfoundland, Siam, Madagascar and Egypt. Not many count upon these Gordian knots being untied. The counter-blast to the Franco-Russian high-jinks at Toulon is the Anglo-Italian squadron parade, simultaneous events. The latter is a kind of damper on the first; why it should be, dependent knoweth not. France, as well as England, have both the right to make for themselves friends of the Mammon of unrighteousness. In any continental collision, the side that the English take will be as the sword of Brennus in the scales, and with her will be Sweden, who desires to re-possess her Finland. It is not at all likely that the five allies, ready to fight like devils to uphold European peace, etc., etc., etc., will permit the British to remain an impartial looker on at their Homeric struggles, and allow her to enjoy the chestnuts. In the meantime opinion concludes she has only one thing to do—put her trust in God like all the combatants, keep her powder dry and double her Mediterranean squadrons, if necessary.

France too has her big coal strike, and considering the relative inferiority of her collieries it is just as grave in point of ultimate results as that in England. The aim is the same—higher wages, tempered with shorter hours. Public opinion is not blindly against the miners; some years ago the very idea of a strike called forth indignant protests. But the gospel of the new political economy, called Socialism, has introduced humanity—Christianity, some would add—into the determination of the wage-sliding scale. The miner has a right to a fair remuneration, as have the companies to fair dividends. We are assisting, then, at the working out of the solution of the vexed question by evolution; despite misery, suffering and death, the labor classes are rehearsing their strength and demonstrating that, when organized and united, they can command attention. Unhappily these recurring breakings off of diplomatic relations between employers and employed only widen the gulf which separates them.

Benoit Malon, the philosopher socialist, was, as he directed, duly cremated on Sunday last. As he had been in his earlier days a burning and shining light among the Communists, there was a fair gathering of the friends. The only novelty was the employment of a "red case" for their red flag. In France the display of the red, black or white flag is prohibited in public as seditious. The red flag can be carried in a funeral procession, provided it be not unfurled; but the mourners can display it once inside the cemetery—the dead alone never return. Many dodges have been resorted to in order to trick the authorities, such as rolling it up, so that it might resemble the red part of the tricolor; however, the police insisted the flag should be covered with a case, and this has been followed; but as the law does not lay down the color of the case, the Reds have adopted a red one. The President-Secretary of the Cabmen's Syndicate, one Carrière, a Communist, was also interred the same day as Malon. He succumbed

ON SOME TITLES OF SONNETS.

There is no more pleasurable or profitable way of spending an idle hour or a rainy day than by roaming over the backs of books in a second-hand dealer's collection. It is the best and cheapest form of globe-trotting. A vast amount of literary reminiscence may be conjured up on the trip with the least trouble and expense. It will be an *alla-podridale* excursion and there will be no proper classification or historical sequence, it is true; but what charm lies in the encyclopaedic information without the alphabetical exactness. Order may be very necessary in a public library; but it destroys a book-shop's peculiar attractiveness. There everything should be left to the caprice of chance, so far as the volumes are concerned, and to the principle of natural selection, so far as the buyers are interested. It is one of the highest pleasures of a bibliophile to alight accidentally, like a bee, on an unusually rich-honeyed flower of literature, after a long search among lesser sweets and sugarless weeds. By a classified arrangement of shelves or an alphabetical catalogue the adventures of a book-hunter are destroyed. To find a book by abecedarian means in a certain spot is as disappointing and flat as turning up the grave of an old friend in a cemetery by its number instead of coming upon it by chance in the medley of a country churchyard. Order and method are highly necessary for the conduct of all the business of life; but as soon as the rules of the counting house are made binding upon the pleasures of existence—away fly the scent and the bloom and we are soon left with the stalk and the stone.

Turning to the matter of sonnets, an endless source of information and pleasure, there is a great deal of curious satisfaction to be derived from the mere perusal of their titles, as in the case of old books, leaving their contents to be digested later or to flit through the aisles of memory like ghosts. Let us recall some sonnet-titles we have met, in order to show the marvellous area and wonderful minutiae of that species of dwarf poetry. As proof of its expansive possibilities these titular abbreviations of the poems are far more valuable than all the learned essays of the critics we have read, and as a mirror for mind-reading they are far better than any "Characteristics of English Poets" we have ever come across.

The early sonneteers wrote largely of Love, partly because their Italian models did so, but mainly because they themselves left the *terra firma* of the head and fell into the river of the heart, wherein they had to swim through songs and flounder among sonnets before they could reach the shore of common-sense again.

Taking Sir Thomas Wyatt, the first English sonnet writer, as an example, we find these titles:—"The Lover for Shamefastness hideth his desire within his faithful heart"—which of course is the exact reversal of truth or he would not have penned the sonnet:—"The Lover waxeth wiser, and will not die for affection," from which we gather that he returned to his roast beef with an increased appetite, after a surfeit of sighs and sonnets;—"The Lover having dreamed enjoying of his Love, complaineth that the dream is not either longer or truer"—no doubt with a reservation of curses at the varlet who called him early, like the famous complainant of Dr. Watts;—"The Deserted Lover wisheth that his rival might experience the same fortune he himself had taste!":—this is as wicked as the

Professor Abauz, of Algiers, a lettered Mahatma, claims to have discovered that man is not a simple being but a composite creature, two beings rolled into one; where the material man is lined, as it were, with a spiritual man, as the sleeves of a coat are with silk or a school-boy's pantaloons with calico. St. Thomas in his day paid deep attention to this duplicate *homo*, and to think the Academy of Sciences has gravely discussed the question. The matter ought to be referred to the sages of Borderland.

Germany seems determined to provoke France. The archaeologist Kruch denies that Sainte Geneviève existed—she, the patron saint of Paris, and that several times, by the exhibition of her relics, beat off invaders when they besieged Paris, or dissipated plagues. Pity the shrine was not brought out in 1870-71. To protest against the Kruch calamity, 500 Parisians left for the suburb of Nanterre to join in the pilgrimage to her burial place in that village. The Revolutionists in 1793 knocked the Saint's coffin to pieces, as they did those of the several kings. A small bone only of Sainte Geneviève was preserved, which is kept in the shrine. The well is close by, where the Saint drew up water, to drop on her mother's blind eyes, and so restored her sight. It is sad to see people, and especially erudite persons, laboring to knock the bottom out of legends.

Deputy Naquet is a hunchback, and author of the new divorce law. His friend and physician was the late Dr. Charcot. One day Naquet called on Charcot to obtain relief for his rheumatism. "When I'm ill I always consult my cook," said Charcot: "shall I call her?" "Do so," replied Naquet. A push at the button, and Hubertine, the burly peasant cook, appeared. "Tell her your complaint," observed Charcot. Naquet did so. "In my country," replied the cook, "when the humpy backed are sick, we roast a sack of oats in the oven, and apply it to their back; that makes them hop, and the rheumatism jumps away." That was the last time Naquet called on Charcot. %

THE WISER WAY.

How well it were, when life is young and strong, To see upon some mountain peak afar One dear desire, like a beacon star Shining athwart the gloom; and ever long,

Through all our days, to hold it as our own; And ever strive, with eager, outstretched hands, Up rugged paths, over wide lonely lands, To the dim height on which it shines alone;—

Until, with bleeding footsteps, failing breath, We near the goal! we grasp the tempting prize! To feel the shadows thick about our eyes, And touch it with a palm grown chill in death.

VIVIEN.

Those who quit their proper character to assume what does not belong to them are for the greater part ignorant of both the character they leave and of the character they assume.—Burke.

One of the old philosophers says that it is the part of wisdom to sometimes seem a fool; but in our day there are too many ready-made ones to render this a desirable policy.—Haliburton.

The truth, the hope, of any time must be sought in the minorities. Michael Angelo was the conscience of Italy. We grow free with his name, and find it ornamental now, but in his own day his friends were few.—Emerson.

to the effects of several squeezings the Anarchists gave him between tables and chairs, while presiding at several professional indignation meetings. The latter are victorious, because they can gain admission, by hook or by crook, into meetings and upset the proceedings, so that a public reunion is henceforth impossible. Well, at Carrière's funeral, the unusual spectacle was presented of nearly 2,000 cabs following the bier empty, and in Indian file. The men wore in their coats, and displayed sometimes in the forehead straps of the horses, bouquets of red or yellow immortelles, others had bows of black crape on the whip handle and in the hat as a cockade. The faith that acts not, is it a faith sincere? The moral of the event is, that the 2,000 men sacrificed at least one-fourth of their day's earnings, which at the lowest figure may be put down at 4 fr. each. A cabman is hired the outfit on condition that he will pay every evening to the company a lump sum of 16 or 20 fr., following the season. All he makes above that is his own.

Among all the drolleries of canvassing during the late elections, those that occurred in the Clemenceau contest were the most eccentric. Clemenceau had for adversary M. Jourdan, a Marseilles barrister of local celebrity; he is a radical socialist, a known free-thinker, and an anti-clericalist. Yet, when he spoke to the electors, he was treated as if a priestly devotee; the partizans of Clemenceau displayed beads and crucifixes, scapulars, holy water basins, and altar utensils: some raised big crucifixes in the air, others indulged in incense burning, others again parodied bestowing benedictions, but all joined in the De Pro-fundis. Jourdan took it all humorously and addressed his opponents as pilgrims from Lourdes, who had the right to be tolerated for their display of "the tools for working out salvation."

In France, woman is determined, *volens volens*, to have the right to vote; and this will make the hearts of New Zealand sisters jump with joy. The institution of *rosières* is common in France, and briefly consists in selecting the youngest and the most meritorious girl in her town to receive a prize, generally 500 fr., left by some pious individual, on condition that on being chosen for the triumph, she will be at once prepared for matrimony. Up to the present, the selection of the *rosière* was left to the town councils, because they added a watch or some trinkets to the "prize of virtue" in connection with Montyon. Now at the village of St. Marcellin, near Dijon, a M. Bresse founded an annual prize, and two if necessary, for the endowment of *rosières*; he wanted to show that his commune was as rich in virgins as Nanterre, Puteaux, and other suburbs round Paris.

But his plan of election was novel; the *rosière* was to be elected by all the village virgins between 18 and 30 years of age. On producing their certificate of baptism, they received a voting card. Then came the tug of war for the candidate. At last a laundry maid and a seamstress were taken as candidates. The voting was by ballot on last Sunday, and the electrices in their most attractive toilettes went to the urns. Virgins electing a model *rosière*! The first ballot, the votes were equal for the candidates; on the second ballot, the result was just the same, so M. Bresse gave two prizes, and public opinion ratified the choice.

man who decided to commit suicide and invited a friend to pass the evening with him over a bottle of poisoned port. There is neither rhyme nor reason in such uncharitable conduct; it is simply devilish.

The Earl of Surrey was as dejected as Wyatt in the course of his shooting the rapids of love; but he turned rather to Nature, as we may gather from his "Description of Spring, wherein each thing renews, save only the lover"; he invoked no evil wishes on his rivals, but merely registered his poetic "Vow to love faithfully, howsoever he be rewarded."

From these few titles the characters of the poets may be read. Wyatt appears rugged, morose, unforgiving and revengeful. It is fairly supposed that he was in love with Anne Boleyn and the only possible rival he could or rather would have to put up tamely with, was the King. Had Bluff Hal been a courtier, we can well believe Wyatt would soon have caused a quarrel. Very likely he would have shouldered and jostled him, or bidden his serving men attack the other's followers, or arranged to meet him at full tilt in a tourney, with the intention of doing him some mischief during the horse-play. We cannot conceive otherwise of Wyatt; but against the King he dared not tilt or jostle, nor could he set his men against the body-guard; but he did not hesitate to pillory his royal master with his faithless mistress in a sonnet or two and so bring himself into disfavour. On the other hand, Surrey, though quite as valorous and bold, was not such a *vengeur*. Disappointed of his Geraldine, he walked out into the parks and green fields, scattered his sighs among the clover and consoled himself with Nature. It is said that he starred as a Don Quixote through Europe and fought all-comers for the sake of his lady; but the story is doubtful, and it is more likely that he lived on in erotic discomfort until he placed his head on the block at Tower Hill in 1547, partly, perhaps, to pay for his insult to the King contained in his sonnet "Of Sardanapalus' Dishonourable Life and Miserable Death."

The custom of writing series of sonnets (or sonnet-sequences, as Rossetti called it) came in soon after and the individual sonnets were seldom named; titles being given to the whole book, as Spenser's "Amoretti," Griffin's "Fidessa," Brooke's "Cellica," Constable's "Diana," Watson's "Tears of Fancie," Drayton's "Idea," and Daniel's "Delia." Sonnets were sometimes individually entitled, as "Francesco's Sonnet, called his parting blow," by Robert Green.

Shakespeare's sonnets were not originally named; but in the 1640 edition they were entitled either individually or in groups of several. Some of these are curious, viz:—"Magazine of Beauty," indicating an explosion; "Beauty's Valuation," suggesting an auction sale;—"In praise of her beauty, though black," recalling the critic who maintained that Shakespeare's dark lady was a quadroon. Other titles are Love's Labor Lost; Familiarity Breeds Contempt; Go and Come Quickly; Ancient Antipathy, *Sat Fuisse*; *Patientis Armatus* and *Nil magnis Invidia*. But these are all apocryphal, beyond a doubt, and must also be regarded as an impertinent addition to the poems.

Sonneteers, old and modern, have wasted hours in writing "To Time," and been wide awake enough to address "Sleep;" they have been all alive to the cheerful subject of "Death," and sung in a superior air of rivalry

"To the Nightingale." These may be called stock subjects, without which no sonnet writer's collection is complete; but there are other titles of sonnets that are entirely typical of the nature of the particular occasion, event, or individual which inspired them. Some will fix in a vivid manner personal trivialities that otherwise would have been swept into the oblivion they deserved; and there are also sonnets of supposition, wherein the writer has assumed the air and attitude, if not the feelings, of a totally different being, human or otherwise, thereby leaving a false impression for posterity; and there are yet further sonnets written on particular matters with general application, like Mark Twain's famous speech that could be adapted to a wedding, funeral, dinner, temperance meeting, or any other speech-requiring occasion. Let us now cull a few titles from genuine sonnets.

"On the advanced guard of 4000 Spaniards nearly destroyed at the Battle of Albuera, 16 May, 1811." There is a synopsis of martial facts which may be useful to the coming New Zealander searching for historical data long after the British Museum has been auctioned off by Time. "On the Command offered to General Blake and as honourably declined at the same battle between Marshals Beresford and Soult." If we care not for such martial matters, here are a few titles suggesting the piping times of peace:—"On a Fawn, kept at the White Horse, Ipswich;" "On Romney's Sensibility with the Mimosa;" "To the Village Children of Kent, who present travellers passing with nosebags."

A gentle person with hermaphroditic name, Thomas Clio Rickman, presents some curious matter in his sonnet titles. He has one "Written with a pencil in the wood at Firlé Place. Respectfully inscribed to the Lady Viscountess Gage, 19 Oct. 1804." Now, whatever else happened on that day that has been forgotten, we have it on record that Mr. Clio Rickman left "His Wife and Seven Children" (to whom he afterwards wrote another sonnet, perhaps as a means of reconciliation) left them on the 19th Oct., 1804, and walked in the woods at Firlé Place, where he arranged himself no doubt on a decayed stump and wrote with a stubby piece of broken pointed pencil a sonnet—probably on the back of an unpaid bill resting on a fungus, (Nature being prolific of old stumps and fungi in the fall)—which sonnet he inscribed respectfully to the Lady Viscountess Gage. Mr. Rickman was a husband and the father of seven children, consequently no remarks can be made upon his conduct on that memorable day. After the lapse of nearly a century, we have made his little pilgrimage known and it is left for each reader to form his own judgment thereon.

Miss Seward composed a sonnet on a "December morning, written in an apartment of the West Front of the Bishop's Palace, Lichfield, 19 Dec., 1782." Miss Seward was "one of those chilly women of the North, who live only through the head," as Prosper Mérimé wrote of another lady to the Incognita; but she has very judiciously supplied posterity with particulars of the occasion of this sonnet's composition which could not have been guessed at otherwise. Firstly, it was "written"—simply written—not "sung to music" or "dictated" or "extemporized" as other sonnets have been. Then it was composed "in an apartment." Without this piece of information, one might have supposed, from the time of year mentioned, that the lady had composed

it on the roof or in a summer-house; but it was done within doors and "in an apartment" of the West Front. This tells us Miss Seward chose the warmest side of the house, from which we may infer that she suffered from asthma or rheumatics; or else that she was not partial to being awakened by the rising of the sun.

Miss Seward and all the little Sewardingas, or whatever her many followers were called, were eminently respectable and churchy. They patronized curates and bowed to Bishops, wherefore Miss S. has left it on record that it was in no curate's cottage, but in the Bishop's palace at Lichfield, that the sonnet was composed. We regret to state that all research has proved futile to discover the date when Mr Carr, while at Brighton, wrote that melancholy sonnet "On seeing a dying *hectic* upon the last cliff." When this title was first seen it was thought that the italicized word was a misprint for "heretic" and that the poem would present a vision of some old Marian martyrdom; but during its perusal we gradually settled down to the conviction that it was a veritable *hectic* after all—some wretched consumptive on his last logs on the last cliff. Had we often seen that dying *hectic* in that perilous but suggestive position we should have been tempted to anticipate Silas Wegg and asked "Will you 'decline and fall off' this evening?"

This pleasant subject leads us to a sonnet by Miss Maria Logan, written in 1798, "On the Spring of a seventh year of uninterrupted sickness." We have not been able to discover the nature of this procrastinating complaint; but after six years' uninterruptedness we cannot believe there was enough spring left to start a seventh with, unless perchance the fair patient suffered from St. Vitus' Dance, which is, we have heard, one perpetual spring.

Here is a title which contains a valuable fact for meteorological antiquarians, and was recorded by the Rev. J. Black in a sonnet "written on the evening of the 11th Nov. 1784 when the wind was high."

Miss Seward was a prolific writer and wrote sonnets on all subjects—some peculiar. As an old maid she was of course peculiarly qualified to address one "To a young lady, purposing to marry a man of immoral character in the hope of his reformation." We cannot find any record of the young lady's acknowledgment of this monitory blast; but it was probably given in a form shorter than the sonnet and not as poetical, and may have been the usual clinching rejoinder of good advice given in such cases of interference—"Mind your own business."

Miss Seward wrote a sonnet "To Honora Sneyd, whose health was always best in winter." Now, judging from her name and nature, Honora Sneyd could not have been all a poetical subject, except for the Canadian winter versifier who loves to write with frozen fingers and who is apparently dying off. We do not see why Miss H. S. should have been selected as the honorary recipient of a Per rarchan verse, even if she was in poor health for the best part of the year. The selection was rather slighting to the healthy females of Miss Seward's acquaintance. Another sonnet, we are assured by the title, was "Written on the volcanic disturbance, which is represented in the style but not commemorated by the contents of the poem."

Such titles as "On the Funeral of an Amiable Young Person;" "On a Lock of Miss

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—'s Hair, who died in her 20th year;" "On the Recollection of a Spot near Ely;" "On the Commencement of the 19th Century;" "To Miss P— Q—; with a Bunch of Violets;" etc., are typical of the Meslames Smith and Seward school for poetical young persons and reveal, without reading more of the sonnets, the super-sentimental, milk-and-watery style of sonnet composition then in vogue and which corresponded to much of the fashionable airs of the period.

Another interesting piece of personal history is preserved in the title of a sonnet by Capel Loft, "To My Original Bar-gown, written in Sisi Prins Court, at the Spring Assizes, Bury, 24th May, 1809." Capel Loft was a prolific writer of execrable sonnets and his subjects were often amusing. "To a Line under which the author sat, 30th June, 1794," makes as wish he had been under quicklime rather.

Another reads: "On the Anniversary of a Favorite Terrier, who strayed to Troston 10th March, 1796." It is on record that his wife also wrote sonnets, following in her lord's poetic footsteps, and one was composed "On seeing a Young Female Maniac." For most women the spectacle would have elicited screams, sympathy, hysterics or—anything but a sonnet. Maniac suggests lunatic and moon-

shine poetry. Here we meet Capel Loft again with a sonnet "To the Moon, then beautifully shining on a mild evening, 27th July, 1801," where the very clock in the evening, 1801," where the very witching time of night is given. Though Capel Loft was no poet of any kind, Robert Bloomfield was a poet of his kind; but he also was possessed of a particular itch when he wrote the sonnet "To 15 gnats seen dancing in the sunbeams on the 3rd January, 1803." Now we have always had a doubt about the genuineness of the inspiration of this composition, for it has been our luck, in common with Robert Bloomfield and every other country lad, to see gnats dance in the sunbeams and we have tried to count the number in order to arrive at the exact state of mind that Bloomfield attained to when he enumerated 15 gnats; but owing to the peculiarly quick and tricky kind of dance performed by these aerial performers, we have never yet been able to keep separate the individual identity of any one of the insect *corps-de-ballet*, and we are reluctantly forced to the conclusion that Robert Bloomfield's "15 gnats" danced only in his mind's eye or else that he caught them one by one to ascertain the exact number.

"On the Illness of an Accomplished and interesting Young Lady," would be read by every sentimental girl who had a back-ache and applied to herself, as would also that touching but forgotten sonnet "On a Blighted Warbead," which was written, we need scarcely say, by Miss Caroline Symmons.

Comets had a peculiar attraction for Mr. Capel Loft's sonnet incapacity. "To the Comet now so beautifully conspicuous, 23rd Oct., 1807;" called public attention to the heavenly wanderer in a startling manner, otherwise the unusual nocturnal visitor might have passed unnoticed; lest the villagers, however, should lose sight of the brilliant stranger, the poet addressed a second sonnet "To the Comet, passing through Lyra and Cygnus, 4th Dec., 1807;" and again "To the Comet, 16th Jan., 1808;" by which date we presume there was nothing left but the tail, and no more adulatory sonnets appear above Capel Loft's poetical horizon; but a few

years later he wrote "The Musical Analogies of the Universe—on Occasion of the Comet of 1811" This is reviewing Nature with a vengeance, but fourteen lines of bad verse were patched together by a Mr. Cudworth "On the Pre-existent and Post-existent Systems." Personally, we prefer a sonnet from the Portuguese; but we commend the absorbing problem to all schools of philosophy who love Kant. Mr. Samuel Waddington has condensed into sonnet shape "The Plurality of Worlds;" "Conservation of Energy;" "A Metaphysical Cul-de-sac;" etc., whilst in a humbler spirit, a Mr. Pratt once wrote a sonnet "Sacred to the Memory of a First Impression," which makes us think mournfully of Collier's "Metaphysical Elements." Mr. Loft sent a sonnet "To Miss Sarah Watson Finch, with a sketch of the Solar System according to the latest discoveries." The sketch seems to have been thrown in, as it were; perhaps because sending a sonnet to a Finch might appear an unnecessary impertinence. Dunster has a sonnet "To the South Downs," which suggests sheep, but is really local; Holcroft addressed one "To Mrs. Merry, in a comic character," which seems at once rude and redundant, though it recalls a "Sonnet to Mrs. Robinson, by Richard Tickell, Esq.," which is said to have made her laugh. "The Heart without a Home" is not a pleasant thought to any but a medical student or a butcher, yet it was penned by the same author who was inspired "On seeing a solitary pink and white, sweet-scented Pea blossoming in the angle of an Inner Court of a Prison." This introduces us to Flora, although in an incarcerated condition and the flower-garden and tree-filled park have been responsible for many sonnets:—"To the Hedera Quinquifolia, Virginian or five-leaved Ivy, growing against a wall within the garden, Troston;" "For the Root-House at Wrest. A Seat of the Earl of Hardwicke" (his lordship appears to have had peculiar taste in the matter of residence); "To the Anagella Arvensis;" "To the (Esculus Hippocastanum, or Horse Chestnut, now understood to be a native of Arcadia);" "On seeing a wild rose blooming from an old stock, half way up the Hill of Framlingham Castle, 15th July, 1801;" "To a Hyacinth, given to me by a lady who brought it in a heavy fall of snow;" "To a Friend, with a flower of russet-brown of my own making;" "To a Wild Rose growing on the grave of a favourite, which budded early in December."

The vagaries of clergymen when they take to sonnets is illustrated by the Rev. Solomon Eagles addressing "The Hornet." We will not quote it in extenso, as two lines will reveal the reverend gentleman's tale:—2nd line: "A hornet stung her in her gentle breast." 12th line: "Phoebe eloped next morning with a cornet." On the other hand the Rev. H. K. C., a protégé of the venerable author of "The Christian Year," writes on "The Balloon," necessarily in an inflated manner. We will quote two lines from this sonnet:—1st line: "How free to Heaven it springs, its silken plaits." 9th line: "ONE is gone up, whose life-blood expiates." Comment is needed—the simile is too complete. One parson wrote sonnets entitled "Plea for the Drunkard," "The Smitten Bubble" and "The last Soliloquy of Judas."

Miss Hanson, a forgotten warbler, must have been versatile and sympathetic. Among

her many sonnets are the following:—"To my Niece with a Patchwork Counterpane;" "To the Full Moon, when rising;" "To G.T.H., with the model of a green-house filled with painted flowers." The exercise of walking has produced many exhilarating sonnets; the great Charlotte Smith wrote one, "On being cautioned against walking on a headland overlooking the sea, because it was frequented by a lunatic;" whilst Mrs. West composed another "On taking a walk formerly frequented with a deceased friend," which to say the least is enigmatical in its grammatical construction, however pathetic the contents may be. The Rev. Robert Fellowes records a "Walk at Midnight in the Aisle of a Cathedral," and the Rev. J. Black eulogized his friend, "George Dempster, Esq., 1784. On his avoiding to be drawn by men instead of horses." Miss Hanson has recorded her tender feelings and recollections in a sonnet "Written as I was returning from a village in Sussex I often visited in infancy, by a road I had not lately passed." One cannot help thinking Miss Hanson has here made an ingenious attempt to conceal her own age. Miss Stockdale wrote "To a Love Apple," a sonnet commencing "Hence, far away! I own thee not, fair fruit;" from which we gather that she was disappointed in love, though why, if she did not own the fair fruit, she should wish it far away, is not clear. "From a dove to two parroquets" suggests bird-bigamy and all sorts of wild theories for which the author is not wholly responsible, perhaps. The author of this, Mr. T. C. Rickman, also has a sonnet on the put-yourself-in-his-place principle, "Written as a young man forbidden to attend the funeral of a most beloved person." We have mentioned before that Mr. Rickman possessed a wife and seven children. Miss Charlotte Smith has a sonnet "Supposed to have been written in a churchyard over the grave of a young woman of nineteen." Miss Smith is responsible for cutting off this ideal young person in her prime. Henry Kirke White has a fine sonnet "Supposed to be written by the unhappy poet Dermody." How much more unhappy Dermody's ghost must have been made to have another poet continuing his own style of verse. Miss Hanson has one "Supposed to be written by a lady on receiving a bouquet from a friend from whom she was about to be separated." But the last sonnet of supposition we shall select, is one by the irrepressible Mr. Rickman. It reaches to the giddiest height of the wildest imagination, and is "Supposed to be addressed by a mother to her infant at the breast." We have announced before that Mr. Rickman had a wife and seven children. The subject was therefore not unfamiliar to him from observation, and as he was a faithful husband, who believed in the marital command, "Help ye one another," who knows but—enough!

SAREPTA.

The seventh report of the Massachusetts bureau of labour statistics affords striking evidence of the trend of modern industry to abandon a great number of small local concerns in favour of large and well-equipped establishments. It is stated that the total value of the goods made and work done in Massachusetts in 1885 by 19,072 establishments was \$629,444,927; on the other hand, the value of goods made and work done in the same State in 1892 by 4,935 establishments was \$675,621,503.—Boston Globe.

THE CRITIC.

There are still people, it seems, who propagate the theories of Henry George. It is wonderful to think that perhaps his name it is that has to-day been bruited abroad in this continent further than that of any other American. Perhaps it is more wonderful to think that it is rivalled by that of Mr. Edward Bellamy. It is wonderful, for example, that such a sentence as the following—and it is a typical one—should win admirers:—

"What I, therefore, propose, as the simple yet sovereign remedy, which will raise wages, increase the earnings of capital, extirpate pauperism, abolish poverty, give remunerative employment to whoever wishes it, afford free scope to human powers, lessen crime, elevate morals and taste and intelligence, purify government, and carry civilization to yet nobler heights, is—to appropriate rent by taxation."*

Who really believes in the possibility of the extirpation of pauperism—to take only one and that perhaps the most probable of Mr. George's prophecies—leaving out of view for the present the nostrum proposed?

Poverty surely is a relative term; it signifies merely a degree of wealth, just as the term cold signifies a degree of heat. What is pauperism to an American labourer in California, is affluence to a Chinese labourer in California. When, therefore, Mr. George talks of "extirpating pauperism," where will he draw the line? It is as if one were to say he would abolish cold and not determine at what degree of temperature cold ended and heat began. Mr. George's answer to this will probably be that his system will bring about an equable distribution of affluence—a uniform degree of heat as it were: that when the State is the common land-owner everybody will be able to procure the necessaries of a life of comfort. To this I answer in return: What assurance can you give us that this equable distribution of affluence will be permanent? What will prevent the thrifless from squandering their gains and lapsing again into pauperism, and the parsimonious from hoarding their gains and lapsing again into monopolists? Acts of Parliament will not rid us of spend-thrifts and misers. Again, the one plane upon which this equable distribution of wealth will momentarily place all men cannot be maintained; the shiftless and the weak and the ignorant will sink below it. When all are struggling for wealth, and all are differently endowed with powers of obtaining wealth, what possible power is there that will retain all the strugglers upon the same level? We can therefore logically argue that pauperism can not be eliminated, because pauperism merely means the condition of life of those in the lower strata of society, and as in any system of political economy the differences in the physical, mental, and moral powers of men vary, and therefore also their productive and acquisitive powers, there will always exist these higher and lower strata, and, therefore, pauperism.

The problem of the existence of poverty, to me it seems, is part and parcel of that tremendous problem of the "origin of evil," as it is called—the existence of pain, suffering, sorrow. It is a species of the genus. How and why pain came into this world I suppose every single thinking man has at one time or

*HENRY GEORGE, *Progress and Poverty*, Bk. VIII., ch. ii. The italics are Mr. George's.

another in his life-time asked himself; but they are questions which no single man has as yet succeeded in answering. To imagine that we can eradicate poverty by the alteration of some one subordinate economic law is as ridiculous as to imagine that we can eradicate suffering by the alteration of some one subordinate sociological law. Poverty and pain exist wherever men exist. Wealth is unequally distributed wherever physical, intellectual, and moral capabilities are unequally distributed, and they are so distributed the wide world over. Under any and every system of land tenure it will always exist so long as men remain ignorant, feeble, and vicious. A particular land-law or a particular tax cannot conquer ignorance: cannot teach men how to find employment, or to make the most profitable use of that employment when found—men will not produce more because of that law or tax. Neither can such law or tax help the feeble; it will not ventilate factories, or drain cities, or improve kitchens, or heal the sick, or strengthen the ailing. Nor will such law or tax prevent vice: it cannot insure us against pick-pockets, or embezzlers, or burglars. And even if we could discover a law or tax that could work all these three classes of miracles, still it could not put an end to droughts, and frosts, and fires, and tornadoes, and earthquakes, and shipwrecks. And do not everyone of these things conduce to the creation, maintenance, or perpetuation of poverty? It is because man has passions, appetites, desires—call them what we will—which he cannot or will not control; and it is because nature is not always beneficent; and it is because man is ignorant of the laws of this nature that poverty exists. Were man perfect he would produce to the utmost of his powers and use his products for the relief of his less gifted fellows. But this would not insure him against poverty, for the cataclysms of nature might sweep away his wealth. And even if he could guard against these, his ignorance of the laws of nature prevent him from warding off the germs of disease. Only when all the elements of this tripartite truth are reversed, shall we be able to begin to talk about "extirpating pauperism" and "abolishing poverty."

THE HEROINE OF VERCHERES.

Two centuries of history would hardly reckon for much in the annals of a respectable middle aged European community, not to speak of the green old age of our good mother Britannia, whose stalwart sons crossed swords with the Norman William, and flew their cloth-yard shafts at Cressy and Poitiers. But in the life of a young nation (expectant), such as this Canada of ours, the retrospection of two hundred years is quite a formidable affair, and events in that period have marched so rapidly on this continent, that we may look for many and strange phases of life within comparatively brief spaces of time.

Just about that period so dear to the hearts and memories of thousands of our loyal fellow-subjects there were some notable events transpiring in the mother country, that left their mark on the pages of English history. A revolution was in progress, which was happily accomplished without much blood letting.

The second sovereign of his name was prudently running away, having regard to the distich that

"He who fights and runs away,
Lives to fight another day."

while his naughty son-in-law, the phlegmatic Dutchman, was knocking at the gates of Whitehall, and cutting out entertainment for the Young Britons of Canada, in this year of grace, 1893, and possibly for all time to come.

The Grande Monarque, who claimed the head lordship of the "few acres of snow" yclept "Canada" was too well occupied between his attentions to Madame de Maintenon, Madame de Montespan, etc., etc., together with an occasional "bout" with the enemies of la Belle France, to have much leisure to devote to trans-Atlantic concerns, or allow the curls of his wig to be disturbed by the doings of "Messieurs les Sauvages" on this side of the ocean, and was inclined to leave them very much to their own devices, which were not always of the most harmless kind. Nevertheless, things were pretty lively on both sides of the border line that divided the domain of His Most Christian Majesty from the colonies of the British Crown.

Few seasons elapsed that the chroniclers were not able to report a goodly array of atrocities. The nimble tomahawk was indeed seldom buried or permitted to remain inactive long enough to give the hapless settler breathing time ere it was again flashing around his head, and making "clearings" in the scattered homesteads of the two nations who divided the land between them, somewhat different from the part played by its modern congener, when the sturdy forester lets the sunlight in to the recesses of the woods.

It may be concluded that while the little hatchet of the Iroquois and other gentlemen of that ilk, was busy, scalps were plenty and in good demand; indeed they shared with the peltries the staple commerce of the country. Five and ten crowns each was not considered exorbitant for a decent Frenchman's scalp, and to do him justice, the subject of the great king, in his turn, put about as fair a value on the red man's of his Puritan foe; but as the red man's skin was not so highly thought of, the warriors earned an honest penny by pawning off on the merchants in this interesting traffic, the goods of their own countrymen for the more profitable wares.

It is with these stirring times, and with some of the actors in this border warfare that this "lower true tale" has to do.

Well, we have said that the year was a remarkable one in both hemispheres for while the little man on the white horse was riding across the classic Boreas to add a new chapter to the history of England, and hasten the departure of his foolish father-in-law for foreign parts, events of a stirring character were progressing in this Dominion. Mr. Phips, (I beg his pardon, "sir William" to better the condition of his five-and-twenty brothers and sisters, and more especially his own, assembled a number

ous flotilla, and sailed away from Boston to have a shot at the bastions of Quebec. The celebrated fortress, the "Gib." of the New World was a thorn in the side of the straight-laced, psalm-singing colonists of the "Modern Athens," and to see it polluted by a swarm of cowed and shaven monks, holy fathers and pious virgins, who offered up their orisons for its safety to St. Joseph, St. Anne and all the angels, was more than the stomachs of Bostonian Presbyterianism could possibly digest. Hence the expedition of Mr. Phips, which, fortunately for the fame of Wolfe, ended in a fiasco. However, although his cannon rattled against its walls in vain, in spite of his failure the ex-captain seems to have made a good thing in the way of looting, and we find that he and Mrs. Phips divided between them the belongings of one Monsieur Meneval, which, as they had newly set up house-keeping, proved tolerably useful, and included six silver spoons, six silver forks, one silver cup, the shape of a Pandora, a pair of pistols, three new wigs, a grey vest, four pairs of silk gaiters, two dozen shirts (the Governor must have been poorly off in this way, or perhaps Mrs. P. was an indifferent hand at the needle, otherwise they would hardly have left the French gentleman shirtless); six vests of dimity, four night caps with lace edgings, all the table service of fine tin, the kitchen linen, and many other items, all of which came in more especially for the Governor's menage. Phips, so that although his pop guns left no impression on the grim old walls, Sir William's raids bore fruit in another direction.

The fortress of Quebec against which Phips wasted his powder and sacrificed his men, enjoys the proud pre-eminence of being the grandest sea-born spot upon the continent of America. When the walls of Quebec opened before Frontenac, as he sailed up the St. Lawrence, his imagination kindled with the beauty of the scene. "I never," he says, "saw anything more superb than the situation of this town. It cannot be better situated as the future capital of a great empire." One of the grandest scenes of the continent here opens upon the sight; the wide expanse of waters; the lofty promontories; the opposing heights of Lewis; the cataract of Montmorency; the distant ranges of the Laurentian Mountains; the "Gibraltar of the West" itself with its diadem of walls and towers, the roofs of the lower town clustering on the strand beneath, and the bastion of St. Louis perched on the brink of the cliff, and over it the white flag deflance in the clear autumnal air, the dense wilderness in the background must have inspired the beholder even as they now do with the sentiments of admiration.

It was a charming autumn day when the dreamy loveliness of the Indian summer hung over the land, making all the objects of nature beautiful to behold, that an emissary of Phips presented himself before the Governor of Canada and his suite, armed with a modest request for the surrender of the

fortress, the evacuation of the country, and the surrender of their persons and estates to his "dispose"—(Sir William was evidently hungering for more shirts for himself and bonnets de nuit for his fair spouse). The ambassador was ushered blindfolded into the presence of the Governor, whom he found surrounded by French and Canadian officers, Maricourt, Bienville and others, bedecked with gold and silver lace, perukes and powder, plumes and ribbons and all the frippery of the day. This gentleman was no doubt astonished at the elegance that was displayed in the Canadian court, so different from the Puritanical stiffness of his own peculiar sect; and was more than astonished when his request for the surrender of the fortress was politely refused, his eyes bandaged and himself bowed over the bastions again.

Louis de Buade, Comte de Palluan et Frontenac, Seigneur de L'Isle Savary, Mestre de Camp de regiment de Normandie, Marechal de Camp dans les armees du Roy, et Gouverneur et Lieutenant General en Canada, Acadie Isle de Terre-neuve et autres, pays de la France Septentrionale, was the gentleman of many titles who reigned over the vice-court of Quebec. There was no Countess, however, to share in doing the honours of the capital. Madame de Frontenac, whose picture, painted as Minerva, hangs in Versailles, was of a somewhat wilful and imperious nature, and led her husband such a sorry life, that he was well pleased to put the ocean between them, as she declined to follow his fortunes to Canada, preferring the splendour of St. Germain and the dawning glories of Versailles to life among savage hordes and half reclaimed forests, on a stern grey rock, haunted by sombre priests, rugged merchants and traders, blanket-ed Indians and wild bushrangers. She was beautiful and gay, and with her friend Mademoiselle d'Outrelaise, gave tone to the society of Paris where she died at an advanced age.

Hardly had the Viceroy dismissed the envoy of Sir William with a wave of his jewelled hand, than a runner arrived in hot haste to announce that the dreaded Iroquois were on a scalping expedition, and threatened to attack the little fort of Vercheres, which was many miles away and but feebly defended. This celebrated little post might be called a "Castle Dangerous" from its position on the frontiers, and the harassing life to which its inmates were exposed from the constant incursions of the restless Indians, who filled the surrounding woods with their ferocious war-whoops, and the scout having laid his critical condition before the Governor, His Excellency ordered a party of forty men under Lieutenant de la Monnerie to set out for its rescue. Leaving them to plod their way through miles of pathless forest, let us turn for a little to the fort and its heroic defender.

The inmates of the little fort of Vercheres, the ruins and broken palisades of which may yet be seen by the observant traveller, were prosecuting their usual avocations on a morning late in October, when they were suddenly alarmed by the war cries of the Iroquois which

rang through the surrounding woods. The inhabitants were mostly away in the fields, engaged in whatever agricultural labours were suitable for the advanced season, every man working like the builders on the walls of Jerusalem, with his weapons by his side, and the fort was almost entirely defenceless. Fortunately for its eventual safety, and the lives of its garrison, there was one heroic spirit there, encased in the delicate form of a girl of fourteen, a worthy countrywoman of Joan of Arc, and with the intrepidity of the Maid of Saragossa, whose courage and daring upon this memorable occasion were perhaps never surpassed by the heroines of any age. Madeleine de Vercheres, daughter of the Seigneur, was not the only heroine of her family. Her mother, with three or four armed men, had thrown herself into a blockhouse beset by the Iroquois, and held them at bay for two days, until relieved by the Marquis de Crisail. At this momentous period of her life, her father was on duty at Quebec, her mother was at Montreal, and the young Castellan was left to defend this dangerous post: her garrison, at the critical moment, consisting of two soldiers, two boys and an old man of eighty, and a number of women and children. The fort was tolerably strong, and was connected with a blockhouse by a covered way, but was many miles from any hoped-for assistance.

On this memorable morning of the 2nd of October, the young heroine was at the landing place, not far from the gate of the fort, with a hired man named Laviolette, when he suddenly exclaimed, "Run Mademoiselle, run; here come the Iroquois." The warning did not come too late, for on lifting her eyes she saw the dusky forms of the savages emerging from the woods that surrounded the clearing.

Mademoiselle, though young in years, and fragile in body, was animated with the soul of a hero. Accustomed, as she was to the constant harassing alarms and dangers to which her isolated position gave rise, her presence of mind enabled her to grasp the intricacy of the situation at a glance; and realizing that the chief safety and strength of her little garrison lay in her promptness to command and execute, she turned towards the fort, commending herself to the protection of the Virgin, with her faithful attendant, a couple of dozen whooping Indians bringing up the rear in dangerous proximity, who fired after the courageous maiden, the bullets whizzing about her ears. But fortune favours the brave! She ran the gauntlet of their fire unhurt, and on approaching the gate of the fortress, called upon the scanty garrison to look to their arms, as the dreaded foe was approaching. But her appeal for aid was unheeded. The terror of the Iroquois was such that the two musketeers on whom she chiefly relied for help, instead of rushing out in defence of their young mistress, valiantly hid away in the blockhouse, and left her to the tender mercies of the pursuing Indians. At the gate she found two women crying for the loss of their husbands who

had been slain. Endeavouring to inspire them with something of her own courage, she forced them to go in, and placed a barrier between herself and the dusky savages, who were swarming around.

Once inside, the little commander breathed more freely, although here, while in momentary safety, her real anxiety commenced. How to guard the fort with the slender resources at her command, against a troop of yelling Indians, might well have taxed the courage and energy of a soldier skilled in such warfare; but she proved herself equal to the emergencies of the hour. Her first care was to inspect the fort, which she found so unguarded that the enemy could easily have entered through the broken palisades, which she had forthwith restored to their places, carrying some of them with her own delicate hands. Then, when she had stopped all the breaches, she visited the blockhouse where the ammunition was kept, and where she found the two recreant soldiers, who had so gallantly scampered away on the first alarm of the advancing foe. One of the "braves" was hiding in a corner, and the other had a lighted match in his hand. To the enquiry of the energetic Castellan, as to what he intended to do with the match, he replied that he was going to light the powder and blow up the fortress and all that it contained. To this Mademoiselle answered that he was a miserable coward, and ordered him out of the place, and she spoke in such a resolute tone that he immediately obeyed. She then threw off her bonnet, put on a hat, and taking a gun in her hand, told her brothers that they were to fight to the death; that they were fighting for their country, and she reminded them that their fathers had taught them that gentlemen were born to shed their blood for the service of God and the king.

The brave brothers of their noble sister, ten and twelve years of age, respectively, assisted by the soldiers, who, seeing the determined attitude of their mistress, had plucked up some courage, commenced to fire from the loop-holes upon the savages, who, perhaps ignorant of the weakness of the garrison, showed some hesitation in attacking a fortified place, and occupied themselves in chasing and butchering the people in the adjacent fields. Madeleine then ordered a cannon to be fired, partly to deter the Iroquois from an assault and partly to warn some soldiers who were hunting in the surrounding woods.

While thus endeavouring with strained energies to keep the enemy at bay, her perplexity was considerably increased by seeing a canoe approaching the landing place. It arrived at a very inopportune moment, and was occupied by a settler named Fontaine and his family, who were on their way to seek the shelter of the fort. How to save them was a difficult question, as the enemy were all around, and Madeleine knew that unless some effort was made, they would assuredly be all massacred. But to decide and act with promptitude was with her the work of a moment. She appealed in vain to the two sol-

diers, but their valour was not equal to the attempt, so leaving the faithful Lavolette to keep watch at the gate, she boldly seized her gun and marched off to the landing place alone. She apprehended wisely enough that the savages would suspect that it was only a ruse to entice them towards the fort, in order to make a sortie on them, and her plan succeeded so well that she was enabled to save the family and make them all march to the fort before her in full sight of the enemy, and put such a bold face on that they thought they had more to fear than she had herself.

Strengthened by her little reinforcement, she redoubled her vigilance, ordered her guns to be fired whenever the enemy showed themselves, and was incessant in her watchfulness of the place so strangely committed to her care. The elements themselves fought against her. A terrible night came on, accompanied by snow and hail, and judging by the movements of the Iroquois, she feared that they would climb into the fort under cover of darkness. Accordingly she assembled her formidable garrison, consisting of six men, and told them that God had saved them so far from their enemies and that they should take care not to fall into their hands that night. As for herself, she would show them she was not afraid. She would take charge of the fort with an old man of eighty, and another who had never fired a gun. "And you," she said to Pierre Fontaine, "with La Bonte and Garchet, (the two heroic soldiers), will go to the blockhouse with the women and children, because that is the strongest place; but if I am taken, don't surrender even if I am cut to pieces and burned before your eyes. The enemy cannot hurt you in the blockhouse, if you make the least show of fight."

Having made these precautionary arrangements in anticipation of the horrors of the dark and stormy night and the onslaught of the foe, she placed her little brothers on two of the bastions, the old man on the third, while she took up her position on the fourth, and during all the excessive anxiety of that terrible night, in the teeth of the wind, the snow and the hail, the cries of "All's well" were kept up between the blockhouse and the fort, so that the place seemed guarded by a competent force. Thus amidst the alternations of hope and fear, slowly dragged along the hours and days of unceasing vigilance, while she awaited the longed-for relief.

Upon receiving their instructions to proceed as fast as possible to the relief of the beleaguered fortress, M. de la Monnerie and his forty men set out upon their perilous expedition. Travelling in Canada in 1690, through unbroken forests and along snow-covered trails, was somewhat different from the present mode of progression. The C.P.R. and its luxurious coaches were not in requisition, nor did the majestic steamer breast the waters of the broad St. Lawrence, so that as the lieutenant and his men trudged on hour after hour, they seemed to make but little progress and much fear was manifested amongst them that their expedition would be

rendered useless, and that the fort would have fallen and its few inmates been massacred before they could arrive. However, they marched on bravely, waveringly, hoping even against hope.

Arriving at nightfall at a place they thought suitable for pitching their camp they were horrified to find that a dismal tragedy had recently been enacted there, as the marks of the merciless tomahawk were too visible around. Stretched about the blackened remains of a camp fire were the scalpless forms of ten human beings, who had evidently been killed where they lay, and apparently by some practised hand. At their first approach their minds were filled with apprehension, lest their friends had been massacred, but a nearer view betrayed the fact that the dead bodies were those of Indians, and that some white scalpers had been at work, which indeed was the case. Some hours before the advent of the relieving party, this lonely spot was the scene of one of those butcheries too common in the annals of the times. Stretching in deep slumber around the smouldering camp fire were twelve Indians, and close by consulting together in whispers, were two white women and an English lad, who had been captured at Worcester. The women were Mrs. Dunstan and her nurse, Mary Neff. Some weeks before Mrs. Dunstan's house had been raided and burned by the Indians. Her husband succeeded in saving some of his children, but her newly-born babe was dashed against a tree, and she and her companions carried away, and were now in the hands of their captors to be reserved for a miserable fate. The two women and the boy were eagerly consulting together on the probabilities of escape that presented themselves in the recumbent forms of the sleeping savages, and the remorseless tomahawks which lay ready at hand. Revenge was sweet, and they determined to exercise it on their unconscious foes. Seizing each a hatchet, they crouched silently by the bare heads of the savages. Then they all struck at once, with blows so rapid and sure that ten of the twelve were killed ere they could awaken. One white squaw ran into the forest, followed by a little boy whom they left unharmed; the rest slept the tranquil sleep of death. A weird watch they kept of the corpses till the break of day, when this Canadian amazon scalped them all and made her way back to the settlements with her ghastly trophies, which she received a bounty of the Government.

It was this gruesome spectacle that caught the eyes of M. de la Monnerie and his companions as they prepared camp for the night, but as such sights were only too common in those hunting days, finding they were all but little commiseration for the fate of the Indians. They slept as tranquilly as the surroundings would permit, with daylight pushed on in their some march.

Meanwhile the gallant young defender of the fortress was keeping watch and ward on her bastions, surrounded by a persevering foe, and ignorant of the succour that was providentially near.

AD LUNAM.

O calm-browed Queen of Night, that, mild and free,
Down the still heavens glidest toward the west;
Thou knowest not that here on earth's dark breast

So many human hearts are turned to thee,—
Some filled with joy, and some all tearfully;
Some that the wealth and light of earth have blest,
And some that sigh for silence and for rest:—

All in this little world thou dost not see.

Ah, we are like to thee! Around our way
How many lives are throbbing in the night,
Within the compass of our thoughtless sight!
And anxious all and watching, sometimes they
May sigh that we are blinded, and may say
As we of thee, O priestess calm and bright!

JAMES T. SHOTWELL.

Strathroy.

FOSSIL PHILOSOPHY.

The Professor was out early this morning hunting fossils in a slaty hollow. High above the dark half-circle rose a steep, well-wooded hill with thick patches of ferns and creeping plants growing among the underbrush; sunward across a field red with buckwheat stubble, wet and glistening with melted frost, the blue lake lay dim under pale sheets of mist which curled and floated and died out in the sun like soft white flames. In the heart of the hollow the rime was yet thick on the stones like bleached moss, but at one side where the Professor was at work everything was dry, for the overhanging branches of trees shadowed and protected the spot. The quiet of a calm October morning in the woods reigned here, scarcely a sound was heard. Perhaps the mere chirp of a bird, the chatter of a squirrel, a nut falling, or only the sigh of a dead leaf drifting down against the stony wall. Grace-notes, these, in the eternal song of Nature's wild, throbbing heart. The Professor heard none of them; he was thinking:—"What does it all amount to, this collecting of petrified things, taking them from one place to put them away in another? They are still on the earth, and even though they do help us in the study of periods of change in the earth's prehistoric development, of what value is this compared with all that is yet to be learned of countless 'earths' in other universes: the heavenful of white stars we dream under by night. Supposing we have learned the secret of this earth's heart, what have we gained? Can we ever hope to know aught of probably stranger things in other innumerable worlds? I do not mean at all to discourage the study of fossils, yet one cannot help thinking sometimes. Then, too, there is the cost of it. What an immense amount of energy is expended, very often even by those striving to find the true life, simply in killing time—that's all a vast deal of our work amounts to. In our ignorance we cheat ourselves with fine beliefs which we blindly follow, imagining meanwhile that we have accomplished something. Why—" but the Professor suddenly stopped thinking. He had just discovered in a split layer of slate a curled-up Trilobite, a perfect one, the first he had chanced to find, and he was well pleased, buttoning the grey, dead thing away in a pocket of his fossil-bag.

The mists had disappeared and a cool wind was blowing off the water across the red fields. After awhile a drift of golden leaves swept

down and covered over the empty grave in which the Trilobite had rested a million years. The Professor was nowhere to be seen.

HELEN M. MERRILL.

DR. ALPHEUS TODD AND CANADIAN CONSTITUTIONAL HISTORY.

One of the best tests of an author's merit as well as popularity undoubtedly lies in the demands made from time to time by the public for his published writings. Viewed in this light, and apart from his other and more legitimate claims to distinction, the late Dr. Alpheus Todd may be said to occupy a position among native authors almost entirely his own; for, save Haliburton, Wilson and Dawson we know of no other Canadian author whose works have been in such constant requisition by the special class of persons to whose attention or interest they appeal. Outside of Canada no other Canadian author is as widely known and consulted, nor is there one whose opinion carries greater weight and authority. The late Dr. Todd entered the public service in Canada at a tender age, and his first work, a treatise on the practice and privileges of the two Houses of Parliament, was produced when he was still a very young man. He was the first writer to take up the subject, the late Sir Erskine May (Lord Farnborough's) work on the usage of Parliament not having yet appeared; and, although, as the youthful author confessed, his book was somewhat crude and imperfect, it was nevertheless received with no little favor by the Canadian Parliament. At the first meeting of the Legislature of United Canada in 1841, the book was formally adopted for the use of the members, and the cost of its production defrayed out of the public funds. It was in the same year, it will be remembered, that Responsible Government was first applied to our Colonial constitution. In carrying out this new and hitherto untried scheme of colonial government many difficult and complex questions arose, especially in regard to the relations which should subsist between the popular chamber and the ministers of the crown. Upon these questions young Todd's known addiction to Parliamentary studies together with his official position as one of the assistants in the Library of the Legislature, caused him to be frequently consulted. He became aware that no work previously written on the British Constitution undertook to supply the particular information required to elucidate the working of Responsible or Parliamentary Government. All preceding writers on the subject had confined themselves to the presentation of an outside view or general outline, of the political system of England; and there was nowhere to be found a practical treatment of the questions involved in the mutual relations between the Crown and Parliament, or any adequate account of the growth, development and functions of the Cabinet Council. In the words of Lord Macaulay, no writer had yet attempted to trace the progress of the institution, an institution indispensable to the harmonious working of our other institutions. The task was left to be undertaken by one far removed from the great seats of learning and government by a colonist—a young Canadian whose only study and experience in the premises, had, strange to say, been derived simply from books and from his local political surroundings. Yet, notwithstanding

One morning about one o'clock the party on the bastion by the gate called out, "Mademoiselle, I hear something." She went to him to find out what it was, and by the help of the snow she could see through the darkness a number of cattle—the miserable remnant of what the Iroquois had left them, and after taking every precaution she consented to let them in, making her brothers stand with their guns cocked in case of surprise. At last the wished-for daylight came, and with it some of her anxieties seemed to disappear. Never permitting herself to despair, she was ever on the alert; denying herself food or sleep, she went to and fro from fort to block-house, kept up a cheerful and smiling way, and encouraged her little company with the hope of speedy success. A painful week of constant alarm passed away, the enemy constantly hovering about, but at last M. de la Monnerie and his forty men were at hand. He was aware as to the fate of the fortress, and he approached as silently as possible. One of the sentries hearing a slight sound called out "Qui vive!" Mademoiselle was dosing at this fortunate moment, her head upon a table and her feet lying across her arms, and on being awakened by the soldier, he told her he heard a voice from the river, upon which she went up to the bastion to see if it was from Frenchmen or Indians. Calling out, "Who are you?" one of them replied, "We are Frenchmen. It is La Monnerie who has come to bring you help." Never were more timid in sorer straits, and never were rendered the gates to be opened, and a party placed and she went down to meet them. As soon as she saw M. de la Monnerie she saluted him, and told him she came to surrender her arms. "Ah, Mademoiselle," he answered gallantly, "they are in good hands." "Better than you think," she replied; "but it is time to relieve us, we have not been off our bastions for a week." "Brave little soul! She had done her duty nobly, had saved the lives of her brothers and the garrison, and with the noble means at her disposal, had kept a ferocious enemy at bay for days, unaided when well-nigh worn out with exhaustion and vigilance, the long-looked-for assistance had arrived. Scarcely had she exhibited a finer picture of devotion to duty carried out under circumstances that would have tried the power of manhood, and it is gratifying to note that a pension for life somewhat rewarded the courage of the young heroine of Vercheres. T. K. HENDERSON.

Large beds of oysters have been discovered in the Pacific waters off Alaska. It had been thought that the water was too cold; but there are places where it is warmed by the Japan current which modifies the temperature of the Pacific coast more than the Gulf Stream does that of the Atlantic Coast. The Alaskan oysters are pronounced a very superior variety, much better than the small oysters grown near the coast of California.—American Cultivator.

every drawback, the ardent student had kept himself so accurately informed of all that had been said and done in the mother country, he had so diligently read everything that had been written there at all likely to throw light on his subject, that even the Saturday Review, in its criticism of the book was free to confess that nobody could detect the least colonial or provincial flavor about Todd's "Parliamentary Government in England." The appearance of the work, the first volume in 1867 (the year in which the B. N. A. provinces were confederated), and the second in 1869, created a sensation in literary and political circles, the Edinburgh Review leading in expressing the astonishment everywhere felt—that England, with all the knowledge, learning and scholarship at its command, should be indebted to an hitherto unknown individual beyond the seas, with limited opportunities for the prosecution of historical investigation and research for one of the most complete books which had ever appeared on the practical operation of the British Constitution. It must be admitted, however, that although the author's opportunities in some respects were few and small, he possessed compensating advantages, one of which was the opportunity afforded him of conferring freely and frequently with the leading public men of the day, and especially with those two illustrious colonial statesmen, Sir John Macdonald and Thomas D'Arcy McGee, whose able advocacy of British constitutional principles had pre-eminently distinguished them in a brilliant galaxy of politicians—the Robinsons, Baldwins, Lafontaines, Drapers, Sherwoods, Morins, Sullivans, Cartiers, Tupper, McDougalls, Holtons, Galts, Dorions, Vankoughnets, Campbells, Archibalds, Rosses, Blakes, Mowats, and Sandfield Macdonalds, every one of whom possessed a more or less intimate acquaintance with the laws, usages and traditions of Parliamentary Government.

Space will not permit of our reproducing here, though we should like to have been able to do so, the whole of Dr. Todd's eloquent tribute to the dead McGee, written shortly after his assassination. He concludes in terms which are as just as they are beautiful. "After," he says, "a large experience in political life, at the beginning of which he evinced a decided preference for a republican form of government, Mr. McGee acquired, in maturer years, a profound admiration for the British Constitution. With the enthusiasm of his poetical temperament, as well as with the sagacity of a practical statesman, he loved to speak of its great and varied excellences, and especially to dwell upon the benefits resulting from the monarchical principle as the true foundation of all stable government. Had he lived, it was his purpose to have delivered a course of lectures thereon in the chief towns of Canada. I should have gladly assisted him in his good work, to the best of my ability; and now that he is gone, I feel that I cannot better contribute to the fulfilment of his patriotic intention than by inviting the consideration of political students in the Dominion to the governmental institutions of the mother country, as described in these volumes, which claim to present fuller information upon that subject than is obtainable elsewhere." Continuing his investigations in the same field of knowledge, the able and accomplished Librarian of the House of Commons, added to his literary fame by giving to the world in 1880, a work no less useful, in-

teresting and important:—"Parliamentary Government in the British Colonies." Here he again occupied untrodden ground. The volume, as its title indicated, was designed to explain the operation of Parliamentary Government in furtherance of its application to colonial institutions, and was undertaken in response to a demand which had arisen and was frequently expressed after the appearance of the previous work. It was and is, in fact, a necessary addition or supplement to that work. The author devoted considerable attention to questions which had arisen in the working of the new constitution conferred upon these provinces, a labour which, though primarily intended for Canadian use, it was hoped would not be without interest or value in other parts of the Empire, in anticipation especially of the contemplated introduction of similar institutions in South Africa and in Australia. He also directed particular attention to the political functions of the Crown, which he considered were too frequently assumed to have been wholly obliterated wherever a Parliamentary Government had been established. In combatting this erroneous idea, the author claimed for a constitutional governor nothing in excess of the recognized authority and vocation of the sovereign whom he represents; while, on the other hand he pointed out the beneficial effects resulting to the whole community from the exercise of this superintending office, within the legitimate lines of his appropriate position in the body politic. It is almost needless to say that this work, like its predecessor, was everywhere eagerly received; and like it also was at once accepted as a standard authority not only in all portions of the British Empire, but by political students everywhere. Dying, suddenly, at the National Capital, in 1884, to the intense grief of the entire community, Dr. Todd unfortunately was not spared to witness the full fruition of his unselfish and protracted labours. He had been honoured by his Sovereign by enrolment in one of the knightly orders, and had received from various institutions of learning, other tokens of recognition and acknowledgment, but he was denied the gratification of seeing the masterpieces of his ready and prolific brain take the place among political textbooks which has since been so freely accorded them—second to none. Canadians have more than held their own in many fields of enterprise and meritorious endeavor, but to only a few have been afforded the strength and opportunity of reaching the topmost rung in the ladder. Todd was one of the few. He stands to-day in goodly company—with Macaulay, Hallam, May, Mackintosh, Lewis, Freeman and other great historians and commentators numbered among Britain's ablest and best. Since the author's demise no less than two editions of "Parliamentary Government in England" have been called for, the first appearing in 1887, under the editorship of the author's capable son and natural literary successor, Mr. A. Hamlyn Todd, of the Library of Parliament and the second, quite recently, under the auspices of the distinguished publicist and historian, Mr. Spencer Walpole. There has also appeared within the past month, like the others from the London Press, a new edition of "Parliamentary Government in the Colonies"—revised to date by Mr. Todd. These works will receive further attention in these columns at a later stage.

Meanwhile, for the gratification of Dr. Todd's many surviving friends and admirers in this his former home and sphere of duty, we have much pleasure in placing on record in Canada the two following tributes to that excellent man's magnum opus: In his work on the "Laws and Customs of the Constitution," (Oxford, 1892) Sir William Anson declares it to be the fullest and most serviceable of all the books he has ever consulted on the subject, while that equally distinguished writer, Mr. G. Barnett Smith, in his "History of the English Parliament," (London, 1892) goes so far as to say that "for its excellent statement of the theory, methods and machinery of government, Dr. Todd's work stands alone." Coming from such a source no higher praise could be bestowed.—"Old 48," (Henry J. Morgan), in Ottawa Citizen.

ART'S ENDEAVOR.

Light sea-foam, white and soft, upon the sands
Was shoreward thrown with the silent night;
And few took thought of wild resurgent hands
That fought and formed the foam's unspotted
white.

Both bright and pure the lines the poet penned,
And those who ran and read descried their
light;
But knew not half the power it took to blend
Wild passions that ferment beyond their sight.

ARTHUR J. STRINGER.

ART NOTES.

A syndicate has been formed in London for utilizing an invention for the preservation in airtight frames of drawings, miniatures, photographs and pictures. In effect, the works to be preserved are framed in vacuo.—New York Evening Post.

An ancient beaker of Damascus glass ten and a half inches high was sold in London the other day for \$8,662.50. It has six allegorical figures enameled on the lower part, and an Arabic inscription in colours near the lip. The words are read: "If you fill me with good wine it will go to the right place."

This is the way in which Mr. William Coffin, in The Nation, disposes of the Canadian Art Gallery at the World's Fair (and surely of criticisms on this subject, there is no end): "Some good portraits by Canadian artists are shown in a small gallery adjoining the British Section, those by E. W. Grier, Robert Harris, and Sarah B. Holden being notably good."

Mr. George Bruenech, so favourably known in Canadian art circles, has just returned to Toronto from a prolonged sketching tour, during which the Gulf ports, Prince Edward Island, and Muskoka were visited. Mr. Bruenech has imprinted many beautiful and striking scenes from the picturesque localities mentioned, on his canvas, and is preparing for an extended tour through the States of Ohio and New York during the coming winter. Mr. Bruenech says that the autumnal tints of Muskoka this year were surpassingly beautiful.

Without the ideal, says a writer, there would be no more art than poetry, for every artist selects, combines and disposes; that is to say, departs from reality. There are degrees in the ideal, but the most elementary art commences with it; the painter who copies a tree, a flower, an animal, a human head, does an idealistic thing, for that which he represents is only a conception of his mind, a result of his observation and his faculty of selecting, if he only

lects the season, the time of day and the distance. The ideal is individuality, therefore originality, without which there is no artist.

Canada has another young artist who is doing the wise thing in giving some years to thorough and honest study abroad. Mr. F. MacGillivray Knowles apparently does not intend to return to Canada after only a few months' scampers through the Old Country. The latest news from him is that he has successfully passed another examination at the well-known Herkomer School at Bushy, England, with commendation from his master, and intends continuing his studies for some time to come. In the meantime the British people are making the acquaintance of his work through such exhibitions as are held by the Institute of Painters in Oil Colours, the Royal Society of British Artists, &c. We expect Mr. Knowles to be heard from in the near future.

"It is an ill wind that blows nobody good," is a proverb, the truth of which must have come forcibly home to more than one delighted purchaser at the last week of pictures by Mr. M. Matthews and Mr. W. E. Atkinson. The attendance was good, but the bids out of all proportion to the value of the pictures, many of which have seldom had a superior at any of our sales. Of course this state of things can easily be accounted for by the present depression in business, and also by the fact, that during the past year a number of picture sales have been held, but this makes it none the less satisfactory to those concerned, or none the less to be regretted by all—except the purchasers. Mr. Matthews is one of our oldest and most widely-known artists, and Mr. Atkinson, one of our youngest and most promising.

This is what the London Spectator thinks of one of Whistler's portraits: "Very grand and dignified, with all the air of a portrait destined to live through centuries of admiration, stands Mr. Whistler's portrait of Lady Meux; and yet it is not a good Whistler, and many disparaging remarks may be made about it. Again Mr. Whistler has forgotten the individuality of his sitter—he has left out the head; the head is the head of a human being, that is the most we can say. The arm is not very well drawn; neither the character nor the movement of an arm is there. How a man can fail so completely in portrait-drawing and yet be a great portrait-painter, is the question that confronts us, and we cannot answer it. It is wonderful that a man can interest us so passionately in the painting of white fur, and the end of a dress swung into the foreground of a picture."

An exchange says that the special exhibition of paintings, porcelains, bronzes, cloisonne, Greek art, objects and tapestries, now open at the National Academy of Design, at Twenty-third street and Fourth avenue, New York, for the benefit of its schools, will be kept open evenings. The schools of the Academy opened on October 2nd, and will continue open till May 12. A new collection of casts have been brought from Europe during the summer. Applicants for admission must fill the regular blank form and send it with drawings submitted to the school committee for approval. Former pupils who have received awards need not submit drawings. If admitted, an entrance fee of \$10 is required. For the painting class an additional fee of \$30 for the season or \$10 per month, payable in advance. For admission to the antique class, a drawing from cast of head has to be submitted. For the life class a drawing of full-length nude figure from cast or life.

The Art Exchange gives the following criticism on the Dutch school of painting: "It is the charm of an or-

iginal style that wins us to the Dutch school, for style they have always had. It is as much their style as the sentiment of their work we admire in Israels and Artz, in Mauve and Maris. While they love to render their domestic scenes, their cabin interiors, and bits of familiar landscape, to portray their peaceful cattle grazing or standing in pools, and their old men and quaint white-coated women and children, their fishing boats at sea under full sail and at rest on the sands, their flocks and their herds, their dykes and their dunes, they always render them wholly in their own way. To the Dutch there is nothing so permanently interesting as themselves, and rendered so truthfully, so fascinatingly, they become of interest to the whole world. They are never decorative, nor artificial, nor sensational. They have little sympathy with Paris ways. Neither their land nor their life possesses any such aspects. There is too much feeling and sobriety in their work for that. They possess charm of colour, but their colour schemes are always in the minor key, and while a vague, indefinable obscurity, filled with an evanescent sadness, haunts their art, it never overtakes them or makes for their undoing. They possess imagination by which they generalize and transfuse the commonplaces of their daily life into things of beauty. They are sensitive to the pathos and poetry of life in its simpler aspects. These are the qualities that play all through their work and by virtue of which they have achieved a great art."

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

Mr. F. H. Torrington is arranging to give a series of orchestral concerts during the season.

Mr. J. Humphrey Anger, Mus. Bach.—the new theory teacher at the Conservatory—has arrived from England and already begun teaching.

Two recent additions to the ranks of professional musicians, are Sig. Vegara, vocal teacher, and Herr Klengenfeldt, violinist and teacher, both being engaged at the College of Music.

As will have been noticed by the daily papers, the Conservatory is offering free scholarships to talented young piano pupils. The conditions under which these scholarships are offered, can easily be obtained by applying at the Institution, corner Yonge and Wilton avenue.

Mr. Guiseppi Dinelli has resigned his position as organist of St. Matthias, and is now ready to accept some other lucrative position. Mr. Dinelli is a splendid player, and an excellent musician, and doubtless some enterprising church officials will soon secure his valuable services.

Miss Emma Juch, the charming and popular American soprano, is in Europe, and has had some accompaniments played for her by Rubenstein. We doubt not that she will meet with the same success abroad as she has always enjoyed in this country, which will certainly be gratifying to her many admirers here.

Agnes Thomson and James F. Thomson, formerly of Toronto, have been giving a series of eight song recitals at the World's Columbian Exposition, and have been meeting with singular success. They performed from memory some 121 compositions, exclusive of encores, from the works of famous European and American song writers, and are to be highly praised for their success and work.

Mr. W. H. Robinson, the vocal teacher and choir master of the Church of the Redeemer, is preparing the cantata, Christmas Eve, by Gade, and it will be performed in the near future. We might add that Mr. Robinson has recently been appointed conductor of the

University of Toronto Glee Club, so that we expect to hear the Club singing better than ever this year, as Mr. Robinson is both painstaking and energetic, and is moreover a gifted conductor.

Walter Damrosch, the conductor of the New York Symphony Orchestra, is putting the finishing touches to his first opera, the libretto being founded on Hawthorne's novel, "The Scarlet Letter." Considerable interest has been awakened in musical circles regarding the work, for as yet Damrosch is little known as a composer. He has however, immense talent, and is well trained in the mysteries of orchestration and composition, and will no doubt produce a work of some importance.

Mr. W. E. Fairclough—as we mentioned a few weeks back—has again resumed his monthly organ recitals, the first one having taken place on Saturday afternoon last in All Saints' church, of which church he is the organist and choir master. The following programme was performed in truly excellent style: "Prelude and Fugue," in G minor, Bach; "Reverie," Wm. Reed; "Symphony," No. 6, in G minor, Widor; "Funeral March and Hymn of Seraphs," Guilmant; "Air and Variations in A," W. Rea; "At Evening," Dudley Buck; "March for a Church Festival," W. T. Best.

That Miss Jessie Alexander is a favourite with Toronto concert goers, no one who was present at her first recital of the season in Association Hall, could doubt. The large hall was thronged and the audience was appreciative, and even enthusiastic. The programme was calculated to show the versatility and power of the reader—and whether in the typical juvenile number, "Friday afternoon in a public school"; the musical rendering of "The story of some bells," or the dramatic effect of a "Set of Turquoise." Miss Alexander's histrionic and elocutionary accomplishments were thoroughly in evidence. This talented lady deserves the marked success she has so well attained.

Mme. Annette Essipoff, the famous pianiste, and wife of Leschetizky, the celebrated piano teacher, of Vienna, has left her home on account of some domestic trouble, and gone to St. Petersburg, her former residence, having accepted the position of piano teacher in the Imperial conservatory. This seems to us most unfortunate, for her home in Währing—a beautiful suburb of Vienna—was a delightful one, luxuriantly furnished, and most artistically arranged, with almost every conceivable art treasure scattered carelessly throughout the elegant rooms which opened out on the most lovely garden, where fountains played amidst flowers and shrubs. We remember with pleasure meeting the beautiful artist in her—what we supposed—happy ideal home, during the summer of 1892, and she was delightfully charming and pleasant in her simple morning costume, and wore a flower in her hair. And would you know what she was doing at that moment! dusting—dusting lightly the pianos, and some photographs lying on the music-room table. She spoke of America, and her tour here years ago, of pianists and music, and her love for Vienna and home life. We sincerely regret the circumstances which have caused her to leave it and return to Russia.

LIBRARY TABLE.

DR. BRUNO'S WIFE: a Toronto Society Story. By Mrs. J. Kerr Lawson. London: Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent & Co. Anstruther: Charles S. Russell. Toronto: The Toronto News Co.

We hope that as the authoress of this book gains skill and experience in her art she may attain the success which industry and perseverance deserve.

SPARKS FOR YOUR TINDER. By Rev. G. R. White, B.A. Montreal: Wm. Drysdale & Co. 1893.

This neat and compact little volume of two hundred pages is made up of some eighteen papers which apparently were in the main delivered as addresses to the congregation of the Temple Baptist Church, Yarmouth, Nova Scotia. They are prefaced by an appreciative introduction by the Rev. D. A. Steele and deal with a variety of topics, such as temperance, missionary work, kindness to animals, etc., with becoming earnestness and vigor, and not without grace of expression. The tone of the papers is what is known as evangelical. In the paper entitled "Erring in Vision," speaking of strong drink, the writer says: "Charles Lamb, Hartley, Coleridge, Edgar Allen Poe, Lord Byron and Robert Burns are only examples of the great army marching on to death and hell—while men smile and drink and vote and die." The book ends with these well-known and sometimes ill-practised words, "But now abideth faith, hope, love, these three; and the greatest of these is love." I. Cor. xiii., R. V.

THE GOSPEL OF ST. PETER: Synoptical Tables with Translation and Critical Apparatus. Edited by Dr. H. V. Schubert. Price, 1/6. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. 1893.

The present brochure is intended to accompany a treatise on the Composition of the Pseudo-Petrine Gospel Fragment, by the same author. This treatise has not been translated, but the materials here supplied are of independent value, and will enable the reader to form a judgment of the character of this interesting discovery. First of all, we have six parallel columns, the second giving the so-called Petrine text, the last four the parallel passages in the New Testament Gospels, and the first column the texts of the Septuagint referred to in the Petrine Gospel. At the end is placed an English translation of the "Gospel of St. Peter." Some of the additions are very curious, but it is hardly necessary to say that, whilst this discovery is of interest as illustrating certain modes of thought in the early Church, it adds nothing to our real knowledge of the Gospel history. It adds another to the proofs already existing of the transcendent superiority of the canonical Gospels to the apocryphal ones.

DAVID BALFOUR, being Memoirs of his Adventures at Home and Abroad. Written by himself and now set forth by Robert Louis Stevenson. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. \$1.50.

We have already made mention of this same story under the title "Catriona." It appears that one set of publishers have issued it under the first name, taking it no doubt from the fascinating heroine of the tale, Catriona Drummond, whose character is so beautifully portrayed by the author, and who lends such a vivid interest to David's adventures in France and Holland. We might remark that in the present volume a clear and concise summary of the story "Kidnapped" is given so that the reader has a fair start. The heroine, Catriona, is sketched with delicate insight and graphic power and proves how well our author, who has dealt rather sparingly with woman-kind in his romantic stories, can at will depict her. The weird warlock, Tod Lapraik, is a striking feature and gives play to that mysterious faculty which is so often in evidence in Mr. Stevenson's writings and in the exercise of which he is such a master. Altogether "David Balfour" is a book which every one with a taste for literature will read, as it still further illustrates the inventive genius, the artistic skill and the glorious style of this princely romancer.

The golden moments in the stream of life rush past us, and we see nothing but sand; the angels come to visit us, and we only know them when they are gone.—George Eliot.

PERIODICALS.

Graphic sketches are those in the September Macmillan—the one by Arthur Tilley describing Henry of Navarre as a letter writer, a consummate one at that, and the other picturing vividly the sturdy Quaker, George Fox. Particularly interesting is the portion in the latter which refers to Fox's interview, with Cromwell. Mrs. Ritchie also has a good paper entitled, "Dwellers in Arcady" in this number. The Hon. J. W. Fortescue's short article on Red Coats is also good.

The Expository Times for October begins a new volume and gives great promise of fulfilling the promise of the first four. It is a publication intended chiefly for the clergy and Bible class and Sunday school teachers, but it would be difficult to imagine any one interested in Christianity who would not get help from this publication. With writers like Bishop Westcott, Dr. Wendt, Dr. Orr and others, we can hardly go wrong. But we should mention also the first of what promises to be a most helpful set of papers on Tennyson's "In Memoriam," by Miss M. A. Woods.

A very pretty scene is that which appears as frontispiece of the Canadian Magazine for October, entitled "On Rouge River near Toronto." We think the majority of readers will turn at once to the stirring and graphic paper "Down the Yukon and up the Mackenzie," in which the intrepid explorer, William Ogilvie, further details his Alaskan adventures. The portrait of Mr. Ogilvie is but one of many interesting accompanying illustrations. Professor Russell has delved in a mine that might well be worked to historic and literary advantage in his able paper entitled "An old Provincial Statute Book." The versatile Attorney-General Longley writes of an important Canadian industry, "Fruit Growing in Annapolis Valley." Another industrial paper is that by Mr. Henry J. Woodside, "With a Fishing Tug on Lake Superior." John Ferguson, M. D., has a hopeful and instructive paper on Consumption. There is much more excellent matter in this good number, including poems, stories, etc. Miss Evelyn Durand's poem is graceful and pleasing.

Thoroughly well informed and hopeful are the papers on the business outlook by prominent financial men with which the North American Review for October begins. Sir Charles Dilke, as to the financial strain of the European armament, says that with the doubtful exception of Italy it is not as yet unbearable. In discussing the battle ship of the future, Admiral P. H. Colomb says: "I believe, therefore, that the battle ship, as a battle ship, will hold her own to the end of time." Women will find four excellent papers devoted to them in this number. Clement Scott, the well-known English art critic, from an experience of 33 years, tells how "in 1860 the intellectual public cold-shouldered the stage because it was so brainless," and "in 1890 the self-respecting portion of the intellectual public began to suspect the stage because it was lending itself to the propagation of dangerous heresies and becoming a platform for the discussion of subjects that are generally in good society debated with closed doors." The Marquis of Lorne has a short paper in this number on "The latest aspect of Imperial Federation."

Mr. Henry Wood discusses in the October Arena, in academic fashion, "The Psychology of Crime." He says that "The scientific way to destroy evil is not to hold it up and analyze it in order to make it hateful, but rather to put it out of the consciousness." W. H. VanOrnum and A. J. Warner contribute papers respectively on the silver question. Mr. VanOrnum's solution of the difficulty is that business men should form mutual associations for their own convenience and credit, to facilitate their own business and should issue certificates of credit in manner indicated by him. Mr. Warner says "if bimetallicism is destroyed, the automatic regulation of money will go with it, and the entire volume of silver money now in the world must be withdrawn, for it will soon cease to be worth more than a small percentage of its normal

value." W. E. Manley, D. D., under the caption, "Aionian Punishment not Eternal," writes on the vexed question of the meaning of the Greek word, Aionios, in the Scriptures. W. J. Armstrong, in a satiric paper, deservedly castigates "ex Senator Ingalls," whose numbers among political quacks. We should not omit mention of the very interesting paper of the Editor on the coming religion.

LITERARY AND PERSONAL.

Professor Hoppin's excellent book on "Old England; Its Scenery, Art, and People," has reached its twelfth edition.

A new edition from new plates, is promised of Mrs. Harris's "Rutledge," one of the most popular of American novels.

Professor Thatcher, of the University of Chicago, publishes, through Houghton, Mifflin, and Co., "A Sketch of the History of the Apostolic Church."

Readers of the "Japanese Girls and Women," will welcome Miss Bacon's new book "A Japanese Interior," in which she describes from observation the home and school life of the Japanese.

Rev. George A. Jackson has written an historical story which will be issued shortly from the Riverside Press. It is entitled "The Son of a Prophet," and relates to the time and events of the reign of Solomon.

Harper Brothers announce The Two Salomes, by Maria L. Pool; On the Road Home, a volume of poems by Margaret E. Sangster; The Wheel of Time, by Henry James; and My Year in a Log Cabin, by W. D. Howells.

Mr. Charles Dexter Allen, of Hartford, the Hon. Corresponding Secretary for the United States, of the Ex Libris Society of London, is preparing a work upon the subject of American book-plates, to be published by Messrs. Macmillan & Co.

Frank R. Stockton has written the history of "How I Wrote 'The Lady of the Tiger?'" for the next issue of the Ladies' Home Journal, and tells what came of the writing of the famous story, and the condition of his own mind at the present time, and the correct solution of the problem, whether the lady of the tiger came out of the opened door.

The Century has arranged with Professor Charles Elliot Norton, literary executor of the late James Russell Lowell, for the publication of the last remaining unpublished literary work of the able critic. The first paper, which will appear in an early number, has to do with "Wit, Humour, Fun, and Satire." A recently discovered, unpublished poem by Ralph Waldo Emerson, written on the occasion of the fortieth birthday of Mr. Lowell, will soon appear in The Century.

A LEAMINGTON MIRACLE.

THE TERRIBLE EFFECTS OF TYPHOID FEVER.

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his head then dropped on his chest, whereas now it is held quite firm and erect; then he could not walk across a room without holding to a chair or table, while now he can walk without difficulty.

We called upon Mr. W. J. Smith, druggist, and interrogated him in reference to the case. Mr. Smith said that he knew of Mr. Robson's ailment and that he had suffered for years, as stated, and he had no doubt that it was Dr. Williams' Pink Pills that cured him. "Pink Pills," said Mr. Smith, "have a remarkable sale, which seems due to their remarkable efficacy in curing diseases arising from an impoverished condition of the blood, or an impairment of the nervous system, such as rheumatism, neuralgia, partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, St. Vitus's dance, nervous headache, nervous prostration, and the tired feeling arising therefrom, the after-effects of the grippe, influenza and severe colds, diseases depending on humours in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. Pink Pills give a healthy

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town sitting quite erect on a cross board
a lumber wagon, and controlling a
lively team of horses. Hailing him we
asked what miracle had brought about
this changed condition, and asked if he
had any objection to the publication of
the facts connected with his case. Re-
sponding, he said he would indeed be a
mean man, if he refused to let the pub-
lic know how his wonderful recovery had
been brought about. Mr. Robson then
told the story of his illness and recovery
about as follows:—
"About ten years ago, while living
in the State of Ohio, I was taken down
with an attack of typhoid fever and for
three months hung between life and
death in a perfectly unconscious
condition. Recovering from this I
ventured out to work too soon, the re-
sult being that I was taken down with
a severe cold. During the first stages of
my trouble I was able to move about
with some difficulty; but the disease
gradually fastened its hold on me and I
found one sense after another becoming
paralyzed. At this time my prospects
in life were by no means discouraging.
I owned a magnificent farm not far from
Toledo, on which we had a comfortable
home, and I owed not a dollar to any
one. I continued to doctor with
specialists and experts from all
parts of the States each of whom pro-
mised to cure me of the disease, which
they said was paralysis; but in every
case they left me as bad and sometimes
worse than they found me, physically,
and certainly worse, financially. After
suffering in this manner for two years
my family concluded that a change of
climate might do me good, and so we re-
moved to Canada, settling where we now
reside. This hope, however, proved a
delusion, and each year found me worse
and if possible added to my misery. Life
itself became a burden to me, and I
knew that I was worse than useless to
my friends. I was unable to feed myself,
my head and hands shook so that I
have frequently left stabs in my chin
when trying to put my fork to my
mouth. It was only occasionally that I
could move around at all, and then only
with the aid of crutches. I lost almost
entire control of my power of speech and
got so bad that members of my own fam-
ily could not understand what I was
saying. My whole nervous system seem-
ed undermined, and I abandoned all hope
of ever again being of any use to my
family. Last fall I was induced to try
Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and from that
date my condition has steadily improved
until, to-day, I am able to take my place
with other men on the farm, and while
my hand shakes a trifle, I am able to
do a good day's work every day in
the week. I am now able to walk a
considerable distance, and my nervous
system seems fully restored. There is
not the slightest doubt that these re-
sults are entirely due to the use of
Dr. Williams' Pink Pills; and I am con-
fident that had I been able to procure
this wonderful remedy when I was first
stricken with the disease I would nev-
er have been where I was. The absol-
ute truthfulness of the facts, as I have
related to you, can be verified by
hundreds of my friends and neighbours,
and by any member of my own family."
As to much of the evidence contained
in Mr. Robson's statement the writer
can himself bear evidence. His speech,
one year ago could scarcely be
understood, is now perfectly distinct;

READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

JAPANESE CAMPHOR.

An interesting account of the production and trade in camphor in Japan is contained in the last British consular report from Hiogo. The camphor tree of Japan is a huge evergreen of singularly symmetrical proportions and not unlike a Linden. Its blossom is a white flower, and it bears a red berry. Some of the trees are fully 15 feet in diameter, and are upwards of 300 years old. The annual export of Japan camphor averages about 5,000,000 pounds, of which about a quarter reaches the United States either direct or via Europe, the remainder being shipped to Europe, excepting a small quantity shipped to India. The districts in Japan famed for camphor trees are Kishiu, Shikoku, Iga, Suruga, Ise, and Kishiu. The forests owned by the people are now almost denuded of timber, and very little will be left a few years hence. But the Government forests are still very rich in camphor trees, and it has been estimated that these alone will maintain annually, during the next 25 years, the full average supply of crude camphor. Formerly very little care was bestowed upon the cultivation and preservation of this valuable timber. More recently, however, not only the Government, but also the people, have been giving to it the attention it long ago deserved. Numerous young trees have now been planted, and their growth is being carefully tended. Consequently, although hitherto the youngest wood from which camphor was extracted was about 70 or 80 years old, it is expected that, under present scientific management, the trees will give equally good results after 25 or 30 years. The roots contain a much larger proportion of camphor than the trees, 101 pounds of crude camphor out of 200 pounds of wood-chips being thought satisfactory. The Suruga timber yields a much smaller percentage. In a village in Tosa there is a group of 13 trees about 100 years old. It has been estimated that they will produce 40,000 pounds of crude camphor, and are worth, as they now stand, £1,000 silver dollars. It appears that the process of extracting camphor from the wood among the mountains and the materials used are of the roughest and most unscientific description. The wood-chips are boiled, the vapour being conducted into a receptacle containing several partitions surrounded by cold water. In the sides of these partitions are apertures alternating in contrary directions, which when open cause the vapour to fill the divisions by a circuitous route, thus improving the grain of the camphor. The crude article is brought to market in very rude wooden tubs. To make it fit for shipment, requires much work and experience. Each tub is carefully sampled vertically and diagonally, and the samples are tested by fire and sometimes by alcohol. If no solid adulterant is discovered, the condition of the drug is next ascertained, for crude camphor contains a quantity of water, or oil and water varying between 5 and 20 per cent. The rest of the work is comparatively easy, and consists in weighing, cutting, mixing, and packing for shipment, the packing being in tubs prepared on the premises partly out of the original packages.—Times.

In British India the ancient Brahmanic religious belief still counts 211,000,000 in its different sects. The Buddhist form of belief is held by 7,000,000 in Farther India (Burmah), not in India proper. The ancient faith of Zoroaster, dating back to the time of Cyrus and Darius, is professed by 90,000, who bear the name of Parsee or Persian. The followers of Mohammed number 57,000,000; the Empress of India has a far greater number of Mohammedan subjects than the Sultan or the Shah. The ancient pagan or nature worshippers number 9,000,000.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

PUBLIC OPINION.

Montreal Gazette: The Glengarry Patrons of Industry have put a candidate in the field for the Ontario Legislature. In opposition to Mr. Rayside, despite the strenuous efforts of the Ontario government supporters in the press and elsewhere to show that the platform of the Patrons and that of the Liberals are practically the same. It looks as if the farmers were doing their own thinking this year.

Manitoba Free Press: In some quarters it is to be feared our new Governor-General will be accused of trenching on controversial ground, when he ventures to deal with the question of dual languages. But in this respect he has the support of precedent, as Lord Stanley, on more than one occasion, referred to it in his speeches and advised toleration much in the same spirit as Lord Aberdeen does now.

Victoria Colonist: It appears that our Victoria contemporary has not yet heard that in the East joint political meetings have gone out of fashion. The Times, it seems, requires to be told that in these days each party has its own meetings; and no politician of standing or character thinks of obtruding himself on the meetings of his opponents. Joint meetings are now and then held under special circumstances, but when they are, it is by agreement of the parties concerned.

Halifax Critic: There is something which is wholly satisfying to a business man in the recreation of country life, and of late many business men have been attracted to the country for business reasons. The possibilities opening before our Provincial fruit growers have induced many to engage in the work, yet there is room for more. The figures which are compiled by our fruit growers would indicate enormous returns. Orchards which were set out in 1889 are already making money for their owners. In some sections in the Cornwallis Valley the crops of plums, crab-apples, etc., are estimated at \$600 per acre, leaving, when the cost of fertilizing, cultivating, spraying, gathering and marketing is deducted, a profit of \$435 per acre. We hear much of the fruitful vineyards of France and of Southern Italy; but, if these figures are correct, the plum and apple orchards of our Province must be much more productive and profitable.

St. John Gazette: Canadian dairy products and live stock, by carrying off the most and the best of the honours at the World's Fair, will help to make the world understand the richness of our soil; and the products of petroleum, in equal measure will also advertise the vast wealth of our country in both these great resources. Only in the oil country around Petrolia has there been any development yet of Canada's oil fields. The Northwest is believed to contain a supply equal to the demands of many centuries to come. It will be noted with satisfaction that the specimens of coal from Canada which received medals at Chicago came from the Northwest and British Columbia. This fact may attract capital to the examination of the numerous western coal fields, which have heretofore been considered too distant from large consuming centres to be capable of profitable operation. It is, however, altogether likely that a proper appreciation of the quality of the western coal would explode the objections of the past. The Chicago awards are doubly valuable to this end. Coal first and petroleum afterwards must provide the fuel of the succeeding ages. Canada's turn must soon come.

Console yourself, dear man and brother; whatever you may be sure of, be sure at least of this that you are dreadfully like other people. Human nature has a much greater genius for sameness than for originality.—Lowell.

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Montreal, Sept. 22, 1893.
To the Directors of the North American Life Assurance Company, Toronto:
Gentlemen: In 1883 I insured in your company for \$1,000, life plan, with an investment period of ten years, annual premium being \$24.30. Having overlooked that the investment period expired this year, it was an agreeable surprise to be advised I was entitled to profits, but a greater surprise when I learned how satisfactory they are. My contract provides four options. If I surrender policy for its cash value, \$193.78, my insurance would have cost only \$49.72, being at the rate of \$4.97 per year. I mention this option as illustrating how cheaply protection can be secured for a term of years by your investment policies. I have decided, however, to continue my policy and take my profits, amounting to \$73.98, in cash, a sum more than sufficient to pay the next three years' premiums. If applied in that way, I am more than satisfied with the results, and would like to increase my insurance, but regret my inability to do so.

With best wishes for the future prosperity of your company, I am, yours truly,
HENRY HILL.

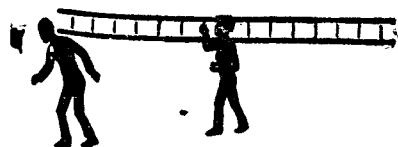
Man may content himself with the applause of the world, and the homage paid to his intellect; but woman's heart has holier idols.—George Eliot.

God hides some ideal in every human soul. At some time in our life we feel a trembling, fearful longing to do some good thing. Life finds its noblest spring of excellence in this hidden impulse to do our best.—Robert Collyer.

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Gents,—My daughter was suffering terribly with neuralgia. I purchased a bottle of MINARD'S LINIMENT and rubbed her face thoroughly. The pain left her and she slept well till morning. Next night another attack. Another application resulted as previously, with no return since. Grateful feelings determined me to express myself publicly. I would not be without MINARD'S LINIMENT in the house at any cost.

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They're the cheapest, for they're guaranteed to give satisfaction or money is returned. Nothing can be "just as good."

The Anti-im authorities have issued a rescript in which they call attention to the law that physicians' prescriptions shall be written in a legible hand.

Four members of the Imperial College of Physicians at Peking who failed to give a proper diagnosis of His Majesty's indisposition recently, were punished by having a year's salary taken away from them.

Germany has now completed her vast network of buried telegraph wires connecting frontier fortresses, like Metz and Strasburg, and all prominent seaports big commercial centres with Berlin. In cases of war, overland wires would be a poor reliance. The new cables have been deeply imbedded.

A novel kind of car has lately been tried in Berlin. In appearance it is not unlike a large bath chair with two seats, and is propelled by a petroleum-naphtha motor. It has three wheels, and carries only two persons, including the driver. The motor is of nearly two horse power, and produces, on good roads a speed of about eleven miles an hour.

It is stated that ordinary bricks boiled in tar for about twelve hours or until they are saturated with it, are increased about thirty per cent. in weight, are much harder than common ones, and unaffected by frost and acids as well as perfectly water-proof. They form an excellent flooring for workshops or storerooms, particularly in chemical establishments.

Dr. Charles Fere, a well-known authority on nervous and mental diseases, says that these disorders are increasing at a terrible rate in France, and attributes the fact to the increase of beer drinking, abstinence drinking and bars. There was scarcely such a thing as a bar twenty-three years ago, he says, but now they are all over the town and always crowded.—New York Examiner.

Professor Jordan, of the Minneapolis public schools, with the aid of a number of physicians, has made a discovery that ought to have been made long ago. The professor states that physicians who have investigated the causes of sickness in the lower grades of the public schools say that nine-tenths of it comes from stomach troubles, and that it is the direct result of having children in school from 7.30 in the morning until 1.30 in the afternoon without giving them a chance to get anything to eat. The confinement also tells upon the scholars. As a result of these investigations, the superintendent will abolish the one-session plan in these two grades, and will institute the old two sessions.—St. Paul Globe.

Mr. Charles McHivaine says he has never found the deadly toadstool growing in a field nor the edible mushrooms in a woods. The mushroom grows directly from manure. The deadly toadstool grows from a sheath, which may either be pulled up with the specimen or which may remain in the ground when the stem comes loose from it. The gills of the deadly toadstool always remain white, or in age are slightly tinged with yellow. The mushroom gills under the cap are pinkish, changing to a purplish black with age. The poison of the deadly toadstool does not take effect under eight hours. The antidote is a hypodermic injection of one-sixtieth of a grain of atropin at each dose until one-twentieth of a grain is administered, or the action of the poison arrested. The circulation of Mr. McHivaine's explicit directions will keep people from hunting for mushrooms in the woods, will enable them to avoid the deadly toadstool and perhaps save many lives.—Philadelphia Record.

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Most men remember obligations, but not often to be grateful for them.—W. G. Simms.

The ancient philosophy disdained to be useful, and was content to be stationary. It dealt largely in theories of moral perfection which were so sublime that they could never be more than theories.—Macaulay.

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During three years' suffering with dyspepsia, I tried almost every known remedy, but kept getting worse, until I tried B. B. B. I had only used it three days when I felt better; three bottles completely cured me.
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Observe the following symptoms resulting from diseases of the digestive organs: Constipation, inward piles, fulness of blood in the head, acidity of the stomach, nausea, heartburn, disgust of food, sickness or weight of the stomach, sour eructations, sinking or fluttering of the heart, choking or suffocating sensations when in a lying posture, dimness of vision, dots or webs before the sight, fever and dull pain in the head, deficiency of perspiration, yellowness of the skin and eyes, pain in the side, chest, limbs, and sudden flushes of heat, burning in the flesh.

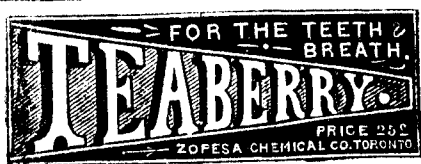
A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system of all the above named disorders.

Price 25 cents per box. Sold by all Druggists, or, on receipt of price will be sent by mail. 5 boxes for One Dollar.

DR. RADWAY & CO., - MONTREAL.

Information worth thousands will be sent to you.

Be sure to get "RADWAY'S"



FRY'S

Pure Concentrated Cocoa

Half a teaspoonful makes a delicious cup of Cocoa.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Michigan Central and Pennsylvania roads have decided to arm heavily all their men who are employed on mail or express trains.

To gain strength—Hood's Sarsaparilla.
For steady nerves—Hood's Sarsaparilla.
For pure blood—Hood's Sarsaparilla.

A correspondent of the New York Tribune suggests the holding of a great World's Fair at New York in 1900 to celebrate the closing of the nineteenth century.

Build Up.

When the system is run down, a person becomes an easy prey to Consumption or Scrofula. Many valuable lives are saved by using Scott's Emulsion as soon as a decline in health is observed.

Sixty Positivists celebrated the 36th anniversary of the death of August Comte on September 6th, over his grave in Paris. The society has bought Comte's house for 190,000 francs.

HIGHLY PRAISED.

Gentlemen,—I have used Hagar's, Yellow Oil, and have found it unequalled for burns, sprains, scalds, rheumatism, croup and colds. I have recommended it to many friends, and they also speak highly of it.

MRS. HIGHT, Montreal, Que.

The only religion which commands us to love our neighbours as ourselves is the Christian religion, and the command is foolishness to everybody but a Christian.—Lutheran World.

Mr. St. George Mivart, the eminent English scientist, whose recent writings on "The Happiness in Hell" have been condemned and placed on the Index at Rome, has announced his complete submission to the verdict of the Church.—Sacred Heart Review.

B. B. B. STOOD THE TEST.

I tried every known remedy I could think of for rheumatism, without giving me any relief, until I tried Burdock Blood Bitters, which remedy I can highly recommend to all afflicted as I was.

HENRY SMITH, Milverton, Ont.

The latest discovery of medical science is said to be a tear pump. This ingenious instrument is used for the purpose of irritating the lachrymal glands and producing tears. In this respect it has for its rival the onion, but the tear pump has no smell.

A BATTLE FOR BLOOD

Is what Hood's Sarsaparilla vigorously fights, and it is always victorious in expelling all the foul taints and giving the vital fluid the quality and quantity of perfect health. It cures scrofula, salt rheum, boils and all other troubles caused by impure blood.

Hood's Pills cure all liver ills. 25c. Sent by mail on receipt of price by C. I. Hood & Co., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

A volcano in Ecuador that has slept quietly for a century and a half woke up the other day and poured forth a great stream of lava, smoke and ashes. It makes no difference what sort of a convulsion it may be, whether social, political or natural, it's at home in South America.

The whole system of our menus, whether rightly or wrongly so called, is pretentious, and therefore vulgar; that their French is bad is only to be expected—one does not look to one's gardener for good Latin—but there is no earthly reason why they should not be written in English. In the majority of cases the dishes are English, and when they are not so the French names usually describe them about as accurately as the Spanish brand on a cigar box indicates its contents.—Illustrated News of the World.

Minard's Liniment is the best.

Educational.

BISHOP STRACHAN SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES

Full English Course Languages, Music Drawing, Painting etc., apply to

MISS GRIER, LADY PRINCIPAL, WYKEHAM HALL, TORONTO

Re-opens on Wednesday, Sept. 6th.

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A thorough course of instruction will be given in English, Mathematics and Modern Languages. Pupils prepared for University examinations. Classes in Swedish Carving will also be held twice a week.

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English, Mathematics, Classics, Modern Languages, Art and Music. Pupils prepared for entrance to the Universities, and for the Government examinations in Art. Home care combined with discipline, and high mental training.

Resident, Native, German and French Governesses. A large staff of experienced Professors and Teachers.

W. Burgess and F. Cole, wheelmen, have broken the tandem safety record for 100 miles. They rode from Hot Ch'n, county of Hertford, Eng., to Peterboro, county of Nottingham, a distance of 50 miles, and return in 5 hours and 30 minutes. The best previous record of the kind, made by Holbein and Brown, was 5 hours and 36 minutes.

Dun & Co.'s weekly review of trade says: "There is no longer only a microscopic sentimental improvement that cannot be measured. Some increase is seen both in production and in distribution of products. It is small, as yet, but after the worst financial blizzard for twenty years, it is not to be expected that all roads can be cleared in a day."

VERY VALUABLE.

Having used B. B. B. for biliousness and torpid liver, with the very best results, I would recommend it to all thus troubled. The medicine is worth its weight in gold.

TILLIE WHITE, Manitowaning, Ont.

The last newspaper letter written by Mrs. Lucy H. Hooper, the correspondent who recently died in Paris, ended with a paragraph bidding good-bye to her readers, and saying that before they would have seen it she would have passed away. She foresaw the end clearly for her death occurred two days after this was dated. For eighteen years Mrs. Hooper had never missed her weekly letter to the Philadelphia Telegraph.

VALUABLE TO KNOW.

Consumption may be more easily prevented than cured. The irritating and harassing cough will be greatly relieved by the use of Hagar's Pectoral Balsam, that cures coughs, colds, bronchitis and all pulmonary troubles.

The general report of the Board of Trade upon the accidents that occurred on the railways of the United Kingdom during the year 1892 has just been presented to Parliament. The totals were as follows: Passengers killed, 129; injured, 1,348; employes killed, 534; injured, 2,915; other persons killed, 167; injured, 222; making a grand total of killed, 1,130, and of injured, 4,485.

QUIPS AND CRANKS.

The greatest good a woman can do is to do evil.

A man is never the friend of a woman if he can be her lover.

A hypocrite is a man who, in trying to fool everybody else, only fools himself.

Watts: How did you come out in your side wrestle with the Chicago meat market?
Pats: I went after wool and got worsted.

Mamma: Tommy, what makes your breath so bad?
Tommy: Cause you won't let me have enough sugar-candy to keep it sweet.

"I am going to give a dinner to my best friend to-night," said Mawson. "Who is that?" inquired Witherub. "Myself," said Mawson.

"You have kyphosis bicyclistarum," said the young doctor to the athlete. "Great sport! How do you know, doctor?" "Because I am on to your curves."

Jack: Cheer up, old man, don't look so blue!
Harry: Can't help it. Jack: Oh, come. Think of your best girl.
Harry: No need. I married her three months ago.

"Don't you know, sir, that it is impolite to swear before a lady?" The Irishman looked amazed for a moment and then replied: "Sure, sir, I beg yer pardon. But Oi didn't know Oi wanted to swear first."

"How about Miss Trueheart's wedding?" asked an old-fashioned and simple and "Mrs. Pugh: Simple! Well, I should say so! She married a man for love, when she could have had one worth half a million."

"We have a great deal of admiration for the woman who can repel inquisitiveness or pertinent questions by a single look. Occasionally we see a woman like that and we wonder she never got employed tanning lions."

She: I feel very flattered by your offer; but I must tell you that I have very little education. He: That makes no difference. I have got a friend who married a girl twice as stupid as you are, and they get along first class.

"Will you please shut that door behind you?" requested a busy city man. "Yes, I always do," said the new comer. "Ah, that's my luck!" replied the city man. "I always ask those who always do, and every one who's ask leaves it wide open."

"This is your little sister, Tommy," said Tommy's father, showing him the baby. "You will love her dearly, will you not?" "Y-e-s," replied Tommy, inspecting the baby; "but it'll cost a good deal to keep her, won't it?" "I presume so." "Yes," said Tommy, with a long-drawn breath; "and when I asked you the other day to buy me a white rabbit, you said you couldn't afford it?"

They poulticed her feet and poulticed her head, and blistered her back till 'twas smarting and red, and tried tonics, elixirs, pain-killers and salves, though grandma declared it was nothing but "nerves."

The poor woman thought she must certainly die. "Favorite Prescription" she happened to try, — and wonder its praises so loudly they speak; she grew better at once, and was well in a week.

The torturing pains and distressing nervousness which accompany, at times, certain forms of female weakness, yield like magic to Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It is purely vegetable, perfectly harmless, and adapted to the delicate organization of woman. It allays the pain accompanying functional and organic troubles. Guarantee printed on bottle-wrapped and faithfully carried out for many years.

Ward's Liniment is the Hair Restorer

PERFUMES

THE PERFUME OF SOCIETY.

CRAB-APPLE BLOSSOMS,



AND THE CELEBRATED

CROWN LAVENDER SALTS.

The following are names and titles of a few of the distinguished lovers and users of these famous Perfumes, in England and on the Continent:

- THE PRINCESS OF WALES, THE DUCHESS OF ALBANY, THE PRINCESS OF BATTENBERG, PRINCESS DORIA, PRINCESS HAZFELDT, THE DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND, THE DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE, THE DUCHESS OF PORTLAND, BARONESS BURDETT COURTIS, BARONESS REUTER, COUNTESS OF DUNRAVEN, COUNTESS OF SETTON, COUNTESS OF ROSSLYN, COUNTESS STEINBOCK, VISCOUNTESS CROSS, LADY GRACE BARING, LADY BROOKE, LADY CASTLEDOWN, LADY RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, LADY HARCOURT, LADY PLAYFAIR, LADY DE GREY, LADY MEYSEY THOMPSON, LADY SOMERSET, LADY BROUGHAM AND VAUX, COUNTESS DE PORTALES, MILE. REICHEMBOURG, EARL OF WESTMORELAND, THE DUKE OF SUTHERLAND, THE TURKISH EMBASSADOR.

No Perfumes have ever been produced which have been received with the favor which has been universally accorded to the Crab-Apple Blossom Perfume and The Crown Lavender Salts throughout the polite world. They are at this moment the especial favorite of La Haute Societe of Paris and the Continent.

"The Superiority of the CROWN PERFUMERY is too well known to need comment."—LONDON COURT JOURNAL.

They are sold by all leading druggists as follows:

- Crab-Apple Blossom Perfume, 1 oz., 2 oz., 3 oz., 4 oz. Crab-Apple Blossom Toilet Water, Crab-Apple Blossom Poudre de Reiz, Crab-Apple Blossom Toilet Soap, Crab-Apple Blossom Sachets.

ANNUAL SALES OVER 500,000 BOTTLES.

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THE CROWN PERFUMERY CO.,

177 New Bond Street, London.

SEE EXHIBIT AT CHICAGO IN BRITISH SECTION.

At wholesale by Lyman, Knox & Co., Montreal, and all leading druggists.



HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT

An infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For Disorders of the Chest it has no equal.

FOR SORE THROATS, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS, —

Glandular Swellings and all Skin Diseases it has no rival; and for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm. Manufactured only at

THOS. HOLLOWAY'S Establishment, 78 New Oxford St, London

And sold by all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

N.B.—Advice gratis, at the above address, daily, between the hours of 11 and 4, or by letter.

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MILK GRANULES.

THE PERFECT EQUIVALENT OF MOTHER'S MILK.

It is the solids of pure cow's milk of the very best quality so treated that, when dissolved in the proper amount of water, it yields a product which is practically identical in composition, re-action, taste and appearance with mother's milk. It is absolutely free from starchy matter, which is present in barley, flour and other infant foods, and contains no glucose and no cane sugar.

Put up in 50c. Tins.

—BY THE—
JOHNSTON FLUID BEEF CO.
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IMPERIAL



BAKING POWDER

PUREST, STRONGEST, BEST.

Contains no Alum, Ammonia, Lime, Phosphates, or any Injurious.

E. W. GILLETT, Toronto, Ont.

Consumption

is oftentimes absolutely cured in its earliest stages by the use of that wonderful

Food Medicine, Scott's Emulsion

which is now in high repute the world over.

"CAUTION."—Beware of substitutes. Genuine prepared by Scott & Bowne, Belleville. Sold by all druggists. 50c. and \$1.00.

GILLETT'S PURE POWDERED LYE

PUREST, STRONGEST, BEST.
Ready for use in any quantity. For making Soap, Softening Water, Disinfecting, and a hundred other uses. A can equals 20 pounds Sal Soda.
Sold by All Grocers and Druggists.
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FAMOUS COD LIVER OIL
IT IS INVALUABLE IN CONSUMPTION, CHRONIC COLDS, OBSTINATE COUGHS, WHOOPING COUGH, PULMONARY AND SCROFULOUS COMPLAINTS AND WASTING DISEASES GENERALLY.

HOW BABIES SUFFER

When their tender Skins are literally Ox Bred with Itching and Burning Eczemas and other Itching, Scaly, and Blotchy Skin and Scalp Diseases, with Loss of Hair, none but mothers realize. To know that a single application of the



CUTICURA

Remedies will afford immediate relief, permit rest and sleep, and point to a speedy and economical cure, and not to use them, is to fail in your duty. Parents, save your children years of needless suffering from torturing and disfiguring eruptions. CUTICURA REMEDIES are the greatest cures, blood purifiers, and humor remedies of modern times. Sold everywhere. POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CORPORATION, Boston.

BABY'S Skin and Scalp purified and beautified by CUTICURA SOAP. Absolutely pure.



PAINS AND WEAKNESSES Relieved in one minute by that new, elegant, and infallible Antidote to Pain, Inflammation, and Weakness, the Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster. 30 cents.

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Minard's Liniment cures Burns, &c.

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BBB CURES BAD BLOOD

This complaint often arises from Dry Pepsia as well as from Constipation, Hereditary Taint, etc. Good blood cannot be made by the Dyspeptic, and Bad Blood is the most prolific source of suffering, causing

BOILS, PIMPLES, BLOTCHES,

Eruptions, Sores, Skin Diseases, Scrofulous, Burdock Blood Bitters really cures blood and drives out every vestige of impure matter from a common pimple to the worst scrofulous sore. H. M. Lockwood, Lindsay, Ont., had 53 Boils in 8 months, was entirely cured by 3 bottles of B.B.B. and is now strong and well. Write to him.