

THE WEEK:

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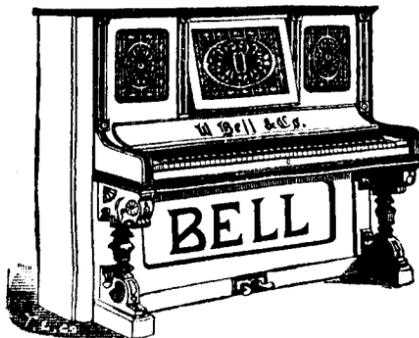
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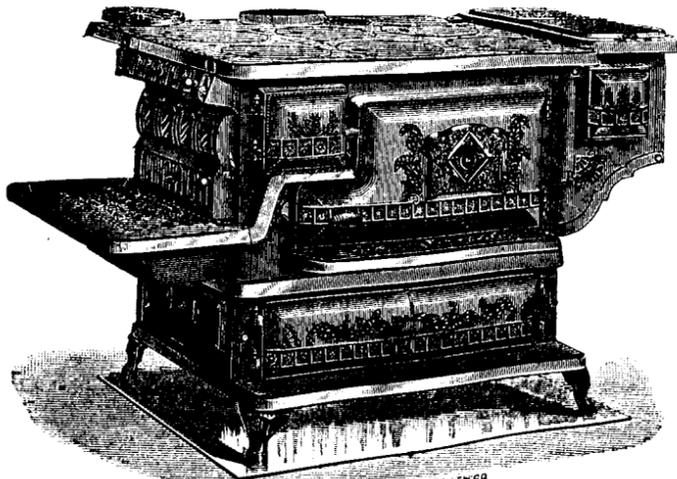
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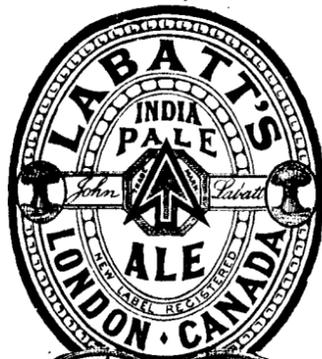
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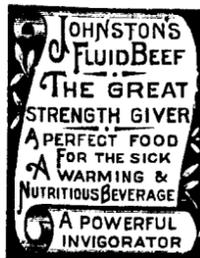
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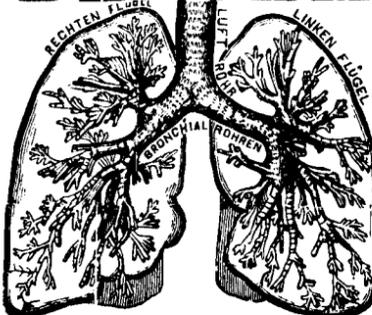
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All articles, contributions, and letters on matters pertaining to the editorial department should be addressed to the Editor, and not to any other person who may be supposed to be connected with the paper.

IN numbers and enthusiasm the great Convention held last week in Toronto must have equalled the expectations of its most sanguine promoters. The immediate outcome of the meeting is the organization to be known as the "Equal Rights Association for the Province of Ontario." The elaborate constitution of this Association seems to provide all the machinery necessary for the working of a powerful society. Through its Annual Conventions, its Provincial and District Councils, and its branches, which may be established in every incorporated village, township, town or city in the Province, or in the wards of towns and cities, it bids fair to ramify to almost every hamlet in the land. As to the Association itself, there are two features of its statutes which may be, it seems to us, open to exception on the part of those who hold that all organizations intended either to modify the constitution or reform the politics of the country should be thoroughly representative and completely open to public scrutiny. One of these is the semi-close formation which must result from empowering an executive committee of thirty, elected by the Provincial Council, to add fifteen to its numbers, and also to fill all vacancies which may occur. If, as appears to be the case, the Provincial Council meets only at the call of the Executive Committee, it is evident that the Executive Committee will be the central and controlling power of the Association, and the arrangement affords possibilities of manipulation which will readily suggest themselves to those who may be disposed to fear that the organization may some day degenerate into a political machine. The other possibly objectionable feature referred to is the secrecy of operation which seems to be contemplated in the provision that no visitors shall be admitted to any meeting of a branch except by permission of the presiding officer. One of the weightiest objections urged against the Jesuit Society is that it works in darkness for the accomplishment of political or semi-political ends. To many it would seem well that Protestantism, in organizing to resist Jesuitic aggression, should set its methods as well as its

aims in the strongest possible contrast by having everything done in the broad daylight of publicity. But while we point out these possible objections, we are far from wishing to lay undue stress upon them. Like all other societies formed to promote public ends, the Equal Rights Association must be known by its fruits.

WE pledge ourselves to continue our exertions to procure the disallowance, voidance, or repeal of the Jesuit Estates Act, and to use all constitutional means for securing the full establishment of perfect religious equality before the law among all classes of people throughout the Dominion." In this third resolution the members of the Convention defined in clear and unmistakable terms the objects for which this Equal Rights Association was formed and is to exist. Confining our attention for the moment to the first of the two objects named, we naturally look for the reasons which have led to this aggressive resolve. They are contained in the two resolutions preceding. No one who shares in the conviction declared in those resolutions can hesitate to approve the aim and endorse the pledge. That conviction is that the incorporation of the Jesuits, the passing of the present Estates Act, and the refusal of the House of Commons, by a very large majority, to recommend the disallowance of the latter Act, are proofs of the "controlling influence which Ultramontanism has obtained amongst us;" and that the Act in question is "a flagrant disregard of the sovereign rights of the Queen, and in clear violation of the Supremacy Act," and is "further a violation of the trust under which the said estates were transferred by the Crown to the Provincial Authorities." Clearly, the premises being granted, the conclusion is irresistible. The flaw, if there is one in the chain, may be illustrated by imagining another great convention, composed of another class of thinkers, and including in its membership such well known citizens as Sir John A. Macdonald, Edward Blake, David Mills, etc., met to record its conviction that the Jesuits' Estates Act, being merely an Act disposing of a portion of the funds of a Province for the final settlement of a vexed local question of long standing, and recognizing the Pope only in his capacity as the legal representative and autocratic head of the religious society which was the party of the second part in the dispute, is a matter of purely local concern, affecting in no wise our civil or religious liberties, and could not therefore have been disallowed without a tyrannical infringement upon the Provincial autonomy secured to Quebec, in common with other Provinces, by the constitution. Are we not bound in common candour and charity to believe that such was, and is, the equally honest conviction of at least many of the one hundred and eighty-eight members of Parliament who voted against disallowance, and of many other thoughtful and patriotic citizens who are carefully holding aloof from this movement? From the point of view of such a conviction, to disallow the Act would be to adopt Bassanio's principle, with a variation, and, to do a little right, do a great wrong. We suppose that the Convention, being a gathering of those favourable to a certain policy, could not have been expected to invite those unfriendly to that policy, else it might have added zest to its discussions, as well as material aid in the search for truth and right, had a few able representatives of the views of the one hundred and eighty-eight been invited to the platform.

THE most determined opponent of the Jesuits' Estates Act would hardly deem it worth while to organize a great Provincial or Dominion Association, equipped with all the machinery necessary for permanent work, for the mere end of securing the destruction of that Act. We turn, therefore, at once to seek the broader platform and purposes of the "Equal Rights Association." These are to be found, we presume, in the second part of the resolution above quoted, as defined and amplified in the fourth resolution. To secure "the full establishment of perfect religious equality before the law among all classes of people throughout the Dominion;" to bring it about that "the line between the civil and ecclesiastical authority shall be clearly defined and shall be respected in all Legislatures and Administrations, both of the Dominion and of the

several provinces thereof"—these are objects worthy of the best energies of all patriotic citizens, working through the most effective organizations that can be devised. Many whose thoughts may now for the first time have been seriously directed to the matter will be astonished to perceive how much remains to be done in Canada before this ideal perfection of a modern free State can be reached. There are the Separate Schools of Ontario and Manitoba to be abolished. There is the State-churchism which lingers in the tithe system and the parochial arrangements of Quebec to be swept away. There is the whole constitution of the Public Schools of Quebec, which are now virtually training schools for the Catholic Church, to be remodelled—the abolition of the Protestant Separate Schools being, of course, involved—on an unsectarian basis. There is the complete secularization of the Public Schools of Ontario to be effected. There is the time-honoured custom of ecclesiastical tax exemptions all over the Dominion to be done away with. The undertaking is a great and good one. Is the work to be boldly and impartially faced, in all its details? It is to be undertaken by "constitutional means." What are constitutional means, and is there the slightest shadow of ground for hoping that they can ever prove sufficient? This Convention has laid down a grand principle. It has adopted a radical if not revolutionary programme. Is the Equal Rights Association prepared to follow out the programme to the end without fear or favour? Can it do so without violation of vested rights and solemn constitutional compacts? And if not, are such rights and compacts valid and morally binding through all generations?

EVERY ratepayer should be deemed a supporter of the Public Schools unless he himself of his own free will, signifies his desire to be marked as a supporter of Separate Schools." This principle laid down by the Convention is, it seems to us, unquestionably sound, as we tried to show last week, and the School Act should certainly be so amended as to be explicit on this point. It is equally clear that every teacher in a Public School should "be able to use the English language efficiently in imparting instruction," and that "no text-books should be used except those authorized by the Department of Education." But we are by no means convinced that the first proposition of the fifth resolution, viz.: that English should be the language, if by this is meant the sole language, of instruction in all the Public Schools of the Province, is equally valid. Such a change is clearly for the present quite impracticable and must be so for years to come. We are strongly inclined to think that a bi-lingual system, at least in the first years of the course, would be more just and fair as well as more feasible. That it, by its conciliatory effect, would in the long run be more effective in promoting the end in view, can scarcely, we think, admit of doubt.

ONE most important result of the Convention may be pretty confidently foretold. It points to a breaking-up, more or less complete, of the existing parties in Dominion and Provincial politics. We wish it were equally certain that it would give the death-blow to the party system itself. Could it bring it to pass that henceforth in Canadian politics men and measures would be judged solely on their merits by electors and legislators, it would indeed bring a great boon to the country. But the mere substitution of a party division on a new line, especially if that meant the substitution of a religious for a political plane of cleavage, would be, to say the least, a doubtful good. It is to be feared that in such a case the last state of the country would be worse than the first. The fact, however, that so large a number of the thoughtful and influential men of the country hold aloof from the present movement, affords some guarantee that no such result can follow. Apart from any such cause for apprehension, any agitation which has the effect of shaking the electors of the country, so to speak, together in the mass, and re-arranging them on the basis of some new and living principle, instead of the old and mostly dead issues on which they have been so long accustomed to divide, can scarcely fail to be productive of good. That the present agitation is having this effect has for some time past been evident, and the formal pledge of the members of the Convention, that in the exercise of the

franchise they will faithfully endeavour to give effect to the views set forth in the resolutions adopted, shows how the political creeds of many, unsettled by the agitation, are crystallizing into new forms under the influence of the new forces which are at work. Whatever may be the final outcome it can hardly fail to be interesting and important.

IF it may be accepted as an axiom or an established canon in ethics and sociology that the bestowment of a given faculty or power is an indication that nature designed it to be used and cultivated, woman's new-born activity in public affairs needs no other warrant. The first Conservative authority in Great Britain has lately paid a high tribute to the capacity of the women of England for politics, in the naive confession that the Government and party of which he is leader hold office by favour of the Primrose League. The leaders of the Opposition are bearing still more unequivocal witness to their belief in the potency of the same influence by their active exertions to secure, if possible, an equally effective organization of female auxiliaries on the Liberal side. Reasoning on similar principles the most inveterate objector to woman's appearance on the public platform would probably have been forced to yield his convictions or prejudices had he attended the meetings held by the Canadian branch of the Women's Christian Temperance Union in this city last week, and come under the spell of female eloquence as there displayed. To select a single instance, exceptional only in degree, not in kind, no competent critic among the thousands of both sexes who listened night after night, for nearly two hours at a time, to the glowing eloquence of Miss Willard, however he might differ from her views and conclusions, could deny her right to a place in the foremost rank of living orators. Her voice has too marked a tendency towards the American nasal twang to be altogether pleasant, but in the qualities of unhesitating fluency, unflinching good taste, powerful, refined and often elegant diction, and clear logical directness, as well as in the power to enliven with apt illustration and pierce with thrusts of quiet but effective sarcasm, she has certainly not many superiors even among the best orators of the other sex. In presence of the evident singleness of purpose of most of the ladies who take part in these meetings, and in the absence of anything suggestive either of the mannishness and loss of the feminine graces, or of the hysterical impulsiveness and gush which some of us were prepared to expect, it may as well be frankly admitted that the new movement is justifying itself, and that woman's enthusiasm in matters of politics and morals is likely to prove as permanent as it is confessedly powerful.

TURNING from the form to the substance of the addresses of Miss Willard and her associates, it may be said that their arguments are neither less nor more cogent than those of the best of the prohibition advocates of the other sex. That the evils and miseries wrought by intemperance are incalculable, and that some remedy more potent than any which has as yet been found is greatly needed, all must admit. It is with regard to the nature of this remedy and the mode of its application that differences of opinion arise. The orthodox prohibitionist takes the short cut. Alcoholic drinks of all kinds are poisons, more or less slow, but always sure in their operation. They are destructive physically as well as intellectually and morally. Their effects are evil, only evil, and that continually. The duty of society, of the people, the State, the Government is therefore clear. Let the axe be laid at the root of the tree. Stop the use, the sale, the production of the cause, and the cure is assured. What Miss Willard and other enthusiasts of her class fail or refuse to see is that there is another side to the question. They forget that to a very large, intelligent, and respectable class of the community the commodities in question are an article of daily diet, regarded by them as not only harmless, but beneficial, and almost indispensable to comfort and health. These notions may be all wrong. Those who hold them may be under a mischievous delusion. But none the less will they regard sudden prohibition as an arbitrary and monstrous trespass upon their personal rights. Where such citizens are in the majority prohibition is of course impossible. Where they are in the minority they constitute, in most cases, too powerful a minority to be dealt with in so summary a fashion. Those who choose, as multitudes of high-minded abstainers do undoubtedly choose, to adopt Paul's principle and deny themselves of that which they regard as harmless or useful to themselves, for the sake of multitudes of weak ones to

whom it becomes a snare and a curse, are worthy of the highest honour. But have they any right, moral or political, to try to compel others, who do not see their duty in the same light, to take this lofty ground? This is, it seems to us, at present the crucial question for advocates of prohibition, and it is a question which unfortunately they, for the most part, seem disposed to evade or ignore.

REVERTING for a moment to the consideration of the place of women in public movements of a social or political character, the question arises as to whether nature has set any definite boundary to the sphere within which the sex may properly operate in these directions. This question is brought just now to public attention in a very significant manner. A number of English ladies of high social position, intelligence and influence, have issued an "Appeal against Female Suffrage," in the current number of the *Nineteenth Century*. The appeal is ladylike in tone and does not lack cogency in argument. The first and probably most effective plea is based upon the physical unfitness of women to take part directly in the more arduous duties of the State. These ladies argue that the State administration in its commercial and military aspects rests, in the last analysis, upon force, and that as men, not women, must be relied upon to supply this force, so the former, not the latter, ought to have the power of deciding directly upon all questions involving its possible application. This argument certainly has some weight, though it seems open to the retort, which the advocates of female suffrage will, we dare say, not be slow to make, that, as a matter of fact, the legislators and members of the Executive who in modern times decide questions of peace and war, do not often supply in themselves any portion of the physical force employed to carry out their decisions. The "Appeal" thus falls back from the high grounds of *right* upon the more familiar arguments deduced from the effects the use of the political franchise would have on family life and woman's relations thereto. Practical difficulties, both numerous and formidable, are also forcibly presented. The conclusion which these representative and thoughtful British women seemed to have reached is that in the moral and social spheres, and in such semi-public positions as those of members of School Boards, Boards of Guardians, etc., woman has abundant opportunities of usefulness, but that in these the limit of her proper aspirations in such directions is reached. There is undoubted force in these contentions, though they suggest the obvious criticism that objections no less strenuous would, not many years ago, have been urged against woman's claim to the municipal franchise and election to municipal offices. The reply of the female suffragists will now be in order and we may be pretty sure will not be long in forthcoming.

DURING the past week or two there have been multiplying signs that the inevitable European struggle may be near at hand. If it be true that Russia has officially proposed to form a military convention with Servia, and that the latter is likely to enter into it with alacrity, the *casus belli* would seem to have presented itself. Austria has on many occasions made it pretty clear that she will not remain a passive spectator of any alliance which would have the effect of strengthening Russian influence at Belgrade, or in any of the Balkan principalities. On the other hand, Germany's unwonted sternness with Switzerland in the matter of the police spy, and the reported demand that the little Republic shall cease to furnish an asylum to political refugees, looks very much as if Bismarck were preparing for eventualities in another direction, in a manner which bodes no good for the independency of the little States which intervene between the great Empire and its inveterate foe on the West. After so many false alarms it would be worse than idle to indulge in any predictions, but, on the other hand, it requires no special prescience to foresee that it is impossible for the present state of affairs to continue much longer. The mere financial strain of keeping so many myriads of armed men in unproductive idleness, while the fabulously expensive implements of modern warfare are being constantly multiplied, is greater than the resources of either of the Powers can bear. Russia, in particular, must be coming near the limit of her borrowing capacity, especially if the German money market is to be closed against her, and Russia holds the key of the situation and will, there is little doubt, make the first move. If it be true, as reported, that she is making peremptory demands upon Turkey for the accomplishment of certain reforms

promised but hitherto neglected in Turkish fashion, the fact affords another indication that the Muscovite autocrat is now arranging preliminaries.

THERE is, perhaps, no historical myth more constantly repeated by Anglophobists in the United States, or more credulously accepted by many of their hearers, than the statement that at one period during the great Civil War the British Cabinet, led by Lord Palmerston, seriously entertained the idea of recognizing the Southern States. This myth is, it appears, embodied in a recent work entitled "Twenty-eight Years in Wall Street," by Mr. Henry Clews, of New York. A copy of the work which was sent to Mr. Gladstone has called forth from him some favourable comments on other portions of the book; but an emphatic assurance, in reference to the statement in question, that the Cabinet never, at any time, dealt with the subject of recognizing the Southern States "excepting when it learned the proposition of Emperor Napoleon III. and declined to entertain that proposition without qualification, hesitation, delay or dissent." As almost the sole surviving member of the Cabinet in question, and the one who acted as its spokesman on the occasion, Mr. Gladstone's denial is explicit, emphatic and conclusive. It will be accepted by all fair-minded Americans as the end of controversy in the matter, and will act, it may be hoped, as a healing balm for the old sore.

THE American International Conference, which is to meet in Washington in October, is likely to be very successful, so far, at least, as numbers are concerned. Mexico, Guatemala, Salvador, Honduras, Nicaragua, Costa Rica, Columbia, Ecuador, Peru, Bolivia, Chili, the Argentine Republic, Uruguay, and Venezuela have already signified to the State Department of the United States their acceptance of the invitation. It is expected that the Conference will be composed of about forty delegates, ten of whom will represent the United States, and that the meetings will be continued for several weeks. The great object of the Conference, as described by an American exchange "is to compare views in respect to questions and measures of common interest to these American nations, and make such recommendations as in the judgment of the Conference are adapted to promote this interest. No treaty powers, or powers of any description beyond those of consultation and advice, are vested in the delegates to this Conference. One of the important questions which the Conference will consider is that of arbitration for the settlement of international difficulties without a resort to war; and it is earnestly to be hoped that a uniform system to this effect will be proposed, and that thereafter the respective nations represented will give to it a binding character by treaty stipulations. Commercial questions affecting the interests of trade will also be considered, and recommendations made accordingly." The progress of the Conference will be watched with great interest from this direction, and if it shall succeed in accomplishing any one of the great objects contemplated, or even in making progress in that direction, Canadians may well regret that they have no part in deliberations which may have a most potent bearing upon the future of their continent. The Conference being merely for consultation and without enacting power, it is not easy to see any good reason why the Dominion might not have been authorized to take a part in it.

MEXICO has not generally been supposed to be in advance of other modern States, either in the quality of political sagacity or in the higher endowment of a sense of justice. In her recently formed treaty with Japan she has, however, earned the honour of being foremost in both these respects. She has been the first to forego the oppressive and humiliating restrictions to which Japan is subjected by foreign nations. Under this Treaty the annoying consular jurisdiction is definitely renounced, and the Japanese tariff regulations are freed from the intolerable interference to which they are subjected by other treaty Powers. From this act of enlightened justice Mexican commerce is likely to reap a large reward. Mexicans alone, of all Western peoples, are henceforth to be permitted to travel without restriction in all parts of the country; to reside and establish themselves as traders anywhere in the interior, instead of being confined as they have heretofore been, and as other foreigners still are, to the coasts; to possess land; to form business partnerships with native capitalists, and to engage in enterprises from which people of other nations are still debarred. The American and, no doubt, the English, will watch develop-

ments, and, it may be hoped, soon imitate so good an example.

TWO opinions recently given by officers of the United States Government interpret the alien-labour Act in a sense which makes it, to say the least, an exceedingly narrow bit of legislation. In the one case it is decided that the proposed importation of foreign professors to teach in the new Catholic University would be clearly a violation of the law. In the other, the same law is held to prohibit Canadian workmen, living on the borders, from daily crossing the line to engage in regular work on the other side. It is hard to say which of the two prohibitions is most puerile. In the case of the professors the law is so easily evaded that the pretence of its enforcement appears almost ridiculous. All that seems necessary is for the engagements to be formally cancelled. The professors in question may then surely enter the States as emigrants, and, after a short residence, be reappointed by the University authorities. In the other instance, which comes nearer home to Canadians, the difficulty is not so easily obviated. We venture to hope, however, that the good sense and friendly feeling of the American Government, to whom the British Minister will, we presume, appeal, will find some means of preventing the law from operating in a manner which was probably never intended, or thought of, by its promoters. If, as we understand is the case, there are also numbers of Americans, resident on their own side of the line, who are similarly employed in Canada, persistence in the enforcement of the law on the one side is sure to lead to retaliatory legislation on the other. But these petty grievances and retaliations are the very things which statesmen on both sides of the boundary should most carefully avoid, in the interests of peace and neighbourliness.

THE Samoan Treaty has been signed and now awaits only ratification by the American Senate. This will, there is little doubt, be readily given, both because that body is now in harmony with the Administration, and because the claims of the United States have been so fully conceded that it would seem difficult for even American Senators to find a pretext for refusal. Of course the reports which come to us through American sources must be taken with the grain of salt which is always needed to correct the national tendency to boastfulness, but there is ample evidence on the face of the compact, if its terms are at all as reported, that the influence of the United States Commissioners was predominant in the framing of it. The fact is not hard to understand. England seems to have contented herself with taking a very moderate hand in the diplomatic game. There was no sufficient reason why she should do otherwise, as her interests at stake were not large, and are, no doubt, amply safeguarded in the Treaty. Germany has, on the other hand, undoubtedly conceded much with the best grace possible. The reason is obvious. She is under too heavy bonds to keep all her resources well in hand at home to permit her to indulge in the luxury of a quarrel with a transatlantic foe. So far as appears the Treaty rests on a basis of justice and fair play to all concerned. But the manner in which it has been obtained shows strikingly the tremendous advantage which the United States have, in virtue of their location, and which they know so well how to use, in any difficulty with a European Power.

PROFESSOR HUXLEY ONCE MORE.

IN the *Nineteenth Century* for June, Professor Huxley returns to the subject of "Agnosticism and Christianity"; and it would appear that this article will form his concluding and final contribution to the controversy. It is pleasant to be able to say that, whether as Christians or Controversialists, we shall now part more pleasantly with Dr. Huxley than we could have done after his former utterances. The article now before us begins with some very just remarks on the subject of controversy, its good side and its bad. "On the bad side," he says, "controversy is rarely found to sweeten the temper, and generally tends to degenerate into an exchange of more or less effective sarcasm. . . . So far as I may have illustrated the second (the bad side), I express repentance and desire absolution; and I shall endeavour to make amends for any foregone lapses by an endeavour to exhibit only the better phase in these concluding remarks."

Upon the whole, this pledge is fairly redeemed in the present article. Here and there we meet with occasional outbursts of petulance; but there is nothing like the pervading tone of irritation which distinguished the previous essay. It appears that, whilst the present paper was be-

ing written, Dr. Wace's somewhat severe reply came into his hands. As we have spoken our mind of Dr. Huxley, we shall also venture to say of Dr. Wace that, whilst we regarded his response as a very able one, and a very sincere one, we regretted, not at all the general tone of his article which was excellent, but the use of expressions which Dr. Huxley has been able to quote and to comment upon in the following manner: "All which things I notice merely to illustrate the great truth, forced on me by long experience, that it is only from those who enjoy the blessing of a firm hold of the Christian faith that such manifestations of meekness, patience and charity are to be expected." Dr. Huxley will know perfectly well, in his calmer moments, that this language is unjustifiable. But it is a pity that any one, and especially an antagonist generally so fair and so courteous as Dr. Wace, should give occasion for any such reproach. When will controversialists learn that intemperance or exaggeration of language injures none but those who use it?

On some minor points Professor Huxley has the better of his antagonist in the present paper. But we are bound to add that they are points of subordinate importance. For example, it would have been much better if Dr. Wace, in quoting Renan's judgment of the third Gospel, had referred not merely to the *Vie de Jesus*, but also, and chiefly, to *Les Evangiles*, as being not merely a later production, but also a work devoted formally and directly to the subject of the origin of the writings of the New Testament. But this is not a question which greatly affects the general position of the controversy. And Dr. Huxley takes no further notice of the fundamental subject of the Resurrection of Christ, although he had before offered some very dubious criticisms intended to bring it into doubt, and Dr. Wace had replied to them. Perhaps he thought that enough had been written on this subject.

In a certain sense we may say that the subject of the Resurrection has been sufficiently dealt with. Almost every conceivable theory has been invented with a view of setting aside the evidences in support of the rising of Jesus Christ from the dead. It cannot be denied that these theories have been faced by the apologists of Christianity; and it is a certain fact that they have, successively, become discredited. At this present moment there is no such theory generally accepted by agnostics or unbelievers of the Gospel. But we must remind ourselves that this is the very hinge of the whole controversy. If Christ has risen from the dead, then Christianity is a supernatural fact, a revelation from God; and no attacks upon the minor details of the Gospel narrative will be of any avail to destroy our faith in the miraculous character of Christianity, so long as that central doctrine is not overthrown. Whatever may be the truth about what Professor Huxley, with certainly very bad taste, calls "the bedevilment of the Galilean pigs," we shall still call ourselves believers in Christ, because His resurrection is proved by sufficient evidence, and we have abundant testimony to the nature of His teaching.

We must say that, on one point, we are agreed with Dr. Huxley, but here we do not think his opponents of the present day will differ from him. Dr. Huxley refuses to believe any alleged fact unless it is supported by sufficient evidence; and we quite agree with him. We are ready to acknowledge that some Christian writers have expressed themselves incautiously and unwisely on this subject; although we do not think that Mr. Huxley has strengthened his case against us by his quotation of the absurdity of an anonymous Sunday school teacher. No wise Christian apologist has ever asked that men should believe the Christian religion or any portion of its teaching, except on grounds that would be sufficient to produce belief in any similar subject.

But this distinction is important. We are bound to ask for evidence when our belief is challenged. We are bound to furnish evidence when we ask others to believe us. But the nature and kind of the evidence which we have a right to demand, and which we are bound to supply, will depend upon the nature of the subject which has to be proved. Even Aristotle has reminded us that we must require such treatment as the particular subject allows; and Bishop Butler is believed to have shown that it is quite reasonable for men to act upon "probable evidence," so that an agnostic is not absolutely released from the obligation to recognize in action theories and principles which are not proved to demonstration. Dr. Huxley cannot deny that these principles are at least recognized by men in their practical life. We maintain that abundant evidence, of the moral kind, is forthcoming in defence of the Christian position.

Again, Dr. Huxley declares that "the Cleric" considers it "morally wrong not to believe certain propositions, whatever the results of a strict scientific investigation of the evidence of these propositions. He tells us that 'religious error is, in itself, of an immoral nature.'" How far is this true? It is quite possible that there may have been, that there may still be, "clerics" who condemn all kinds of unbelief without any regard to the circumstances or conditions in which it originates. But it is equally certain that there is no Christian communion of the present age which pronounces condemnation merely and simply because of unbelief. Even the Church of Rome does not hold the unbelief of "invincible ignorance" to be culpable. And will not Dr. Huxley regard a man as morally blameworthy who rejects any law or principle of virtue because of his degraded condition and character? Does Dr. Huxley regard all beliefs as innocent? If not, on what ground does he blame them? He does so simply because a man has brought himself into the moral condition in which he is incapable of discerning between right and wrong. This is precisely the theory of all reasonable Christian theologians. "If a man rejects Christ because he hates truth and goodness, then he is regarded as guilty. If through mere intellectual prejudice or "invincible ignorance," he rejects truth, he is not held guilty.

There is another point on which we must differ with Dr. Huxley. He says that modern civilization, "all that is best in the ethics of the modern world, insofar as it has not grown out of Greek thought, or Barbarian manhood, is the direct development of the ethics of old Israel." These are undoubtedly very astonishing statements. When we remember the short but brilliant life of Greek civilization, as well as the character and outcome of that of Rome, we may feel the necessity of supplementing these influences by "the ethics of old Israel;" but more will have to be said before we can allow that the religious history of Israel is to be accounted for in no other manner than that of Greece and Rome. Moreover, we entirely disagree with the statement of Dr. Huxley, that Jesus taught nothing that was new. There is, of course, a sense in which the most elementary morality may be said to be the germ of the most developed; but the teaching of Jesus Christ is as much distinguished by its originality as by its elevation and universality. It is impossible to go further into this question. We would merely add, therefore, that Dr. Huxley has no right to say that "Jesus of Nazareth himself declared that he taught nothing but that which lay implicitly, or explicitly, in the religious and ethical system of the people." Where did He declare this? He asserted that He came not to destroy the Law or the Prophets; but to fulfil them; but this is a very different thing.

One of the principal matters with which Dr. Huxley deals, and not always with good taste, is the subject of spiritual existences, and more especially of demons and the devil. He says quite truly that latitudinarian Christians can hardly be allowed to give up the plain testimonies of the New Testament on this subject, and then maintain that they are consistent in holding to the other supernatural facts therein recorded. We quite admit, too, that the principle of allegory or metaphor has been sometimes had recourse to by Christian writers in a manner which was arbitrary and illogical. But there is no occasion for such devices. Why should there not be a spirit-world? It is a simple question of evidence. If St. Paul tells us that he was informed of such a world by the risen Christ, we submit that this is sufficient evidence. St. Paul was not a fool or a madman; and no one doubts his veracity. And what *a priori* difficulty is there in believing that spirits, good and evil, exist? To an ordinary mind there is no difficulty at all; and science really knows nothing about it.

When Dr. Huxley says that modern Christians quietly shelve the less credible portions of the Christian Creed, he is committing the same mistake that he makes when he speaks of all theories of theological evolution being equally true or equally false. Let it be clearly understood that no theologian of the present day who lays claim to any knowledge of the history of doctrine, will think of denying the reality of doctrinal development. But the question in any particular case must be, whether the opinion formulated by any church or teacher is developed out of the primitive germ, or whether it is an accretion from without which has attached itself to the original deposit. Surely Dr. Huxley cannot deny such a distinction. Thus the Nicene doctrine of the Person of Christ may not be accepted as true; but it stands upon an entirely different footing from, say, the invocation of saints. There is no

trace of the practice in the first three centuries of the Church, whereas the Divinity of our Lord, although less clearly expressed, was held in some form from the very beginning. There is hardly any point in Professor Huxley's article against which it is more necessary to caution the unwary.

Many other points we should like to notice if we had space. For example, we protest against the statement that the mere power of working miracles verifies the teaching of the worker. With much of Dr. Huxley's contention against Dr. Newman we are in agreement. And we owe him thanks for the distinction he makes between popular teaching and scientific theology. If his attack upon supernatural religion have the effect of making Christian teachers and writers more accurate and more scientific, he will have rendered a great service to the Church.

MONTREAL LETTER.

THE picturesque little town of St. Eustache, on the line of the Canadian Pacific Railway to Ottawa, was the scene of an interesting event on Saturday last, when the peace and seclusion of its suburban life were broken by a visit of a large party of scientific explorers. The National History Society of Montreal has an annual field day, and for historic interest and romantic natural beauty few places could be more attractive than the spot chosen this year for the excursion. In spite of a morning in which nothing was so certain as uncertainty in the weather, a large number of members started in special cars, accompanied by select representatives of other societies of kindred sympathy which had been invited to send delegates, and a good sprinkling of enthusiastic ladies. The Mayor, Monsieur le Curé and other dignitaries, welcomed the excursionists at the station, and the exploration began. The old parish church is connected with the early history of our country, and shows to this day the cannon marks and bullet holes of a brave defence which took place within its sacred precincts, when the leader of a handful of men, having held the fort against a couple of thousand regulars, met with a tragic death. The old manor house of the seignory, built in 1776, with its three feet of solid stone walls, presents an object of much interest to an intelligent and patriotic investigation, and claimed quite its share of attention from the explorers, whilst the richness in botanical treasures made others scatter over the neighbourhood, digging deep down into the soft, leafy luxuriance. Prizes are a feature of these outings, and ladies and gentlemen wander off in pairs and quartets, in friendly competition for the largest unnamed, or the largest named, collection. A photographic group, which is intended for *The Dominion Illustrated*, concluded the events of the day.

An ex-chief of the Six Nations confederacy has made an indignant protest against the use of the word "squaw" by their white compatriots. To be a *squaw* appears to constitute a punishable offence, and therefore the use of the word is an impeachment of Indian women generally. No tribe of Indians would dare to use it to another without being prepared for war-paint. The misapplication of the name seems to have originated with the Caughnawagas, a tribe now finally settled opposite Lachine, and descended from the fierce and cruel Iroquois.

The Gilmore Band has just given two concerts in the Skating Rink, introducing their own peculiar novelties of effect and combination. Beethoven, Liszt, Rubenstein, and Mendelssohn, with accessories of cheers, clanging of chains, stamping of horses' feet, bells tinkling, thunder rolling, rain beating, wind whistling, and general artillery accompaniment, are all that are necessary to congregated the half of Montreal. If the Rink had been three times as large it would have been filled. The living sea of human faces was a spectacle which, in the dramatic, rivalled the music. A perfect perspective of bonnets, flowers, fans, and opera glasses, fading into the vanishing point, clamouring for encores, enduring a suffocation of heat and an exhaustion of atmosphere, is not an every-day event in our musical catering. But it must be based on human nature, if not on art. The proceeds were tremendous.

A very excellent exhibition, and one which encourages us to believe that we are not all wholly of the *artillery* school, is at present on view in the studio of Mr. Raphael, the work of pupils in all stages of advancement, in black and white and in oils, from cast, from nature, and from life. It reveals the fact that Mr. Raphael is devoting his heart and soul to the artistic development of Montreal, and that he has inspired his pupils with his own reverence for real work. It may be safely said that the days are gone when we contented ourselves with painting cups and saucers with a prompter at our elbow, and Mr. Raphael is one of a very small band of men who have brought about the change in a short space of time.

Our civic authorities are also on the highway to improvement. The extraordinary autumn and winter we have had have influenced the health statistics to such an extent that the Health Committee have looked about for an explanation. It turns out that the repeated rains demanded from the Road Committee that the drains should be kept open through the entire winter, and the Health Committee were led to the vital discovery that the sewer gas consequently escaped instead of entering the dwellings of the people, and that repression by closed drains, being calculated to produce disease and death, is as well to be avoided in future. A petition to provide a public square for the suburb of Hochelaga is under consideration, as well as a motion that the city shall accept only such streets

as are macadamized, and have had all drains laid and foot-paths made. A special committee has been appointed to confer with the Provincial Government regarding a World's Exhibition in 1892, the 250th anniversary of the founding of Montreal.

The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has had a session of more than the average sparkle. The chief matter for discussion was the numbers of young children who are kept selling newspapers on the streets after dark, and the philanthropic gentlemen were deeply agitated over the cause,—the shoulders on which to lay the responsibility. Opinion ranged itself on two distinct sides: the blame rested with the parents, who are often dependent upon the earnings of their young children, or it rested with the newspaper proprietors, who are naturally anxious to dispose of their wares. After some time spent in holy indignation, the high priests of morality broke up with the intention of investigating the laws on the subject. Perhaps it may some day dawn upon them that a third class in society might be asked to assume no small portion of the blame, namely, the readers of newspapers who make the demand after dark.

Some time ago the idea was mooted to open a branch of the Mechanics' Institute in the east end, an idea which merely required to be suggested to find universal support. A subscription list was inaugurated, and has met with such success that it is hoped that the scheme will take immediate practical shape.

The closing meeting for the season of the Canadian Woman's Board of Missions was held on Tuesday. The Board has now under its special supervision no fewer than three Canadian young ladies engaged in Foreign Mission Fields, and the meeting, as a parting pledge, silently vowed that each of these young missionaries should be the subject of individual, daily prayer till the Board reorganizes for the winter campaign.

The Art Association has a proposal to start a Water Colour Society under its auspices, and has appointed an influential committee to elaborate the scheme.

The Windsor Hotel is building a very large addition, completing, on the north elevation, the entire square.

The great St. Peter's is also busily engaged over the completion of the front of its enormous structure.

The Canadian Pacific Railway has thoroughly started its competition with the Grand Trunk in the suburban summer traffic. Short and rapid trains are run as far as Ste. Anne's on the Lake, St. Louis route, leaving the new Windsor Station and passing through the beautiful orchard gardens on the Island. The event of the evening is the departure of the trains on the competing lines at the same hour, and for the same destination. An additional excitement is lent to the race by the fact that after leaving the city, the lines run parallel to each other for some miles, and within speaking distance. Evidently both lines have orders against racing, but at the same time to be first. The Grand Trunk Railway has yielded on the "small parcel" question, and Paterfamilias is relieved of the express charges upon his pine apples and roast beef.

The Mount Royal Cemetery Trustees have passed a vote of condolence upon the death of one of our merchants!!!

VILLE MARIE.

RAOUL OF THE LEGION.

RECITED BEFORE THE GUILD OF ST. SIMON.

In the Côte d'Or, 'neath the shadows of Mont Affrique, fertile meadows

Kiss Dijon where the Onche and Suzon waters meet ;
And old memories anew come, where, of yore, at Dibis-dunum,*
Imperial Cæsar lav'd his battle-weary feet.

In this century's prime, at Dijon, dream'd old Raoul of The Legion,
—Old Raoul, who had served his country many a day,—
On his breast were honest scars of Napoleonic wars,
And thus, and ever, would the vet'ran sternly say :

"Peste! the island leopards lie! No! the Emperor did *not* die—
Once more unto his legions the Old Guard yet shall flock,
When, amidst a nation's thunder he shall burst the toils asunder,
That bind him unto St. Helena's hateful rock."

How his voice with triumph quiver'd, o'er the sword of Austria, shiver'd
When sunset faded on Marengo's stricken day,
And the coming morrow's dawning saw the House of Hapsburg mourning
Its legions shatter'd by the blast of young Désaix.

With what exultation glow'd he anent the Bridge of Lodi.
When He—his master—led France up the narrow way,
And the Lombard's iron head-gear, I won where beaten Austria's
dead were,
Was of old Gallia's spoils that glorious Tenth of May.

Household words, Soult, Ney, Massena—Wagram, Austerlitz
and Jena,—
The other marshals—Raoul knew them to a man;
He'd a shrug for slimy Fouché, and a curse for laggard Grouchy,
Whose absence marr'd the victory of Mont St. Jean.

Naught to him the grey-beard's chiding, nor the stripling's
rude deriding
That, long ago, the Emperor had pass'd away,
And the Chateau of Chantilly now beheld the Bourbon lily
Bloom where the violet § had faded to decay ;

* "Dibis-dunum."—The fort on the two waters.

† "The island leopards."—The English.

‡ "The Lombard's iron head-gear."—The iron crown of Lombardy.

§ The violet is the favourite flower and emblem of the Buonapartes.

That the oft repeated story of his master's ancient glory
Was but a tale that's told ; he only rais'd his head,
And—the while they smiling listen'd—the while his dark eyes
glisten'd,
With proud, erectful port, the veteran sternly said :

"Peste! the island leopards lie! No! the Emperor did *not* die—
Once more unto his eagles the Old Guard yet shall flock,
When amidst a nation's thunder he shall burst the toils asunder
That bind him unto St. Helena's hateful rock."

Thus it chanced when day was dying, and the south wind softly
sighing,

Three lads were met within the rampart's pleasant shade,
And the bells of St. Bénigne lent their sweetness to the scene,
And blent with music that the plashing fountains made.

Ah! small thought was there of sorrow, or the duties of
the morrow,

So merrily their laughter smote the summer air,
As thus spake the tallest one—Enguerrand, the Prefect's son—
Unto the audience lent him by the listening pair :

"The Prefecture was notified to-day
That Prince Napoleon will pass this way*
To Paris—but *incog.*—to-morrow night."
(And then the scape-grace said, midst wild delight)
"You know his likeness to the Emperor's wonderful,
And wouldn't it be glorious to gull
Old Raoul that the Emperor's back once more,
That Paris cries, 'The Empire and la Gloire,'"

Much favour found that schemer Enguerrand,
And, pledg'd to secrecy, the little band
Sought brave old Raoul at the cabaret,
And told him how full soon would dawn the day
When He—*le Petit Caporal*—would lead once more
The Old Guard vet'rans to the fields of war.
And brave old Raoul bent his snow-white head,
And, as the fount of tears gush'd forth, he said :

"Ha! the island leopards lie! No! the Emperor did *not* die—
Once more unto his eagles the Old Guard soon shall flock,
For amidst a nation's thunder he has burst the toils asunder
That bound him unto St. Helena's hateful rock."

Loud the bell from Michael's tower tells of midnight's solemn
hour,

And, from the East, there comes the tramp of horses' feet,
Comes it nearer, ever nearer ; sounds it clearer, ever clearer ;
Till, at the eastern gateway, sound and vision meet.

And the torch of pine and cedar throws its glare on him, their
leader,

Whose face is as the face of one men counted dead,
Yes! the same impassive brow, that redeem'd the stature low,
And there the selfsame trick, that drooping of the head.

Of a surety this is He, who had seen the Austrian fleo
When sunset faded on Marengo's stricken day,
And the coming morrow's dawning saw the House of Hapsburg
mourning
Its legions shatter'd by the blast of young Désaix.

Lo! beside the gate of Dijon stands a soldier of The Legion,
A veteran of the Empire, he—a *nicille moustache*,
"Vive l'Empereur," his thrilling cry, as the horsemen pass
him by,
As falls he like one stricken by the lightning's flash.

Swift, to where that form is lying, speed three youthful
watchers, crying,
"Wake! Raoul! wake! alas! we did but jest, awake!"
Of their sorrow they assure him ; by things sacred they conjure
him
To speak *one* word, if only for old Friendship's sake.

By yon crimson stream's upwelling—by yon glaz'd orbs' sight-
less dwelling,

Twice—thrice—those watchers said, "His soul has pass'd
away."

But he clutch'd his musket firmer, and they heard him faintly
murmur,
As fled the spirit from its tenement of clay :

"Ha! the island leopards lie! No! the Emperor did *not* die,
Once more unto his eagles the Old Guard soon shall flock,
For, amidst a nation's thunder, he has burst the toils asunder
That bound him unto St. Helena's hateful rock."

Died he thinking his petition—his one hope—had found
fruition

(To see once more on earth his master's face, and die) ;
And on the placid features of that bravest of God's creatures
The peaceful smile of sweet Content was seen to lie.

HEREWARD K. COCKIN.

BY LANTERN LIGHT: A JAPANESE SKETCH.

YOU will smile when I tell you what we prize most
amongst the quaint Japanese jimcracks we have
collected about us at Kudau. It is not the bit of old china
for which Garth gave a fancy price as genuine, and which
she now professes to thin^k worth thrice the sum as an
imitation, nor is it the small pipe a Japanese damsel
presented to me at the fair, an immediate return after the
Japanese fashion for the ornamental hair-pin I had
jokingly stuck in her chignon. It is not even the *Kakimono*,
the beautiful mellow picture where Buddha sits smiling
quizzically at life. It is only a photograph, the photograph
of a *geisha*, with her tiny dainty card, and the faded
yellow chrysanthemum she wore the night we saw her.
Yet we keep these relics with lover-like jealousy, and show
them as if they were curious. They will be curious some
day when the type which the portrait represents shall have

* Prince Napoleon was permitted by the Government to visit Paris,
in 1846, as the Count de Montfort. In his earlier years his likeness to his
uncle, the first Napoleon, was remarkable. Since the Crimean war he
has been better known as Pion-pion.

changed, as it inevitably must, into something more European, when amusement, thanks to our civilization, shall have become more complicated, and romance as dead in Japan as it is at home.

Even you, I think, who have had no education in Japanese standards of feminine beauty, would find a strange new charm in the face before me. It has the dignity of an old-fashioned duchess and the unconsciousness of a child. Despite the classic regularity of its small features there is a world of sweetness about its funny little painted mouth, and all in trying only to please it captivates. O Mitsu San, Miss Honey, is written on the tiny card; this is O Mitsu San, the Japanese ideal of yesterday.

One mild evening when a full moon was rising lazily over Tokyo, and the sky had emptied half its burden of stars into the moat, when the dark palace grounds before our house seemed full of a fantastic mystery, and the city at our feet a lantern studded mist, we suddenly longed for a little romance, Garth and I. It mattered not what the romance might be so long as it took us out into the witchery of the moonlight of Tokyo streets. We wondered how we could carry out Taro San's suggestion of passing a genuine Japanese evening in a quaint out-of-the-way tea-house, and were contemplating the advisability of taking our servant, Buddha, as guide, interpreter, and chaperon, when Taro San himself made his appearance with the announcement that he had prepared an entertainment for us in a certain *chaya* off the Mukojima Cherry-Blossom road, at which Miss Honey would sing and play her *samisen*.

So we went forth, Garth, Taro San, and I, down the steep hill that leads from Kudau to the city, through the deserted streets with their dimly lit houses, looking little better than huge paper lanterns set down by the wayside, past the moats and out into the eccentric shadows of the avenue of leafless cherry trees. It was very still. We could only hear the clap-clap, clap-clap, of the watchman making their rounds, the soft laughter and the twanging of the *samisen* from the tea-houses, and the even patter of the coolies' feet as our *jinrikishas* flitted along with quite a delicious air of mystery. Tokyo has no night, at least nothing that we call night. Those of her citizens who would be particularly amused find their pleasures at a *chaya*, and others retire quietly under their *futons* at nightfall. Theatres are open only in the day-time, and, besides the garden parties, I know of no other forms of Japanese diversion. But somehow one never thinks of the Japanese as saying "Upon such a day, at such an hour, doing such a thing I shall be amused." Pleasure with him is not a final reward, but a subtle something leavening the whole. The artist needs no greater delight than he finds in his work. The existence of the little servant is one subdued laugh. And the labourer, straining and panting while he drags his heavy load, still smiles as if it were play, and takes every step to the sound of a lustily shouted refrain. I thought about these things hurrying along in the moonlight, and thought of something else which saddened me. All this beautiful, strange, free life was going to end. There was no help for it. If Japan wished to be one of us—and I knew she did wish it—she must do as we do. We would teach her how art was a labour, and labour a drudgery, how the artist should find recreation elsewhere than in his art, and the working man should look upon life as an irremediable evil mixed with whiskey, how much more civilized people were who read Zola and were bored by Wagner, than those who wondered over the story of the Forty-Seven Ronin and found their delight in O Mitsu San's playing, how difficult a thing it was to get pleasure and how when she thought she had it she should not rest content until she had analysed it. We would fill her mind with unattainable ideals and her soul with the sublime discontent of civilization. Poor precocious child of the East, whom I saw so blindly ambitious, so fatally anxious to learn our ways and follow them. Would we save nothing of her beautiful childhood for her? Would we not tell her to preserve as her independence those instincts for which we try in vain to find a substitute by education.

But our *jinrikishas* had stopped. The tea-house was a quarter of a mile distant across the rice fields which stretched, inundated with water, on either side of the pathway. Close by the tea-house we could see the low, carved roof of a temple, and in the tea-house garden, a tiny Shinto shrine. There was a lake too in the garden where the wonderful wisteria blossoms would be able to contemplate their loveliness a few months hence. But now everything was quite bare; the country seemed only a delicate sketch waiting for the paintbrush of spring.

The mistress of the tea-house and two of her maidens received us. We pattered in our stocking feet through a maze of narrow passages running between white paper walls on which every here and there was reflected the fantastic form of a little dancer. We entered the room set aside for our entertainment, and sat us down on velvet cushions on the floor, and the little maidens brought tall white paper lanterns and tea and mandarines, a great *habichi*, and three little smoking-boxes, then we waited. The Japanese are far too artistic a people to hurry, far too artistic to spoil an effect by overcrowding or rush. They make of the commonest duty a ceremony, and of the offering of a cup of tea an entertainment. They are content to look upon one flower at a time, and while the elaborateness of our pleasures bores us, they are delighted with the simplicity of theirs.

The paper door slid back and O Mitsu San entered on her knees followed by three little dancers. They were the

veriest butterflies, those dancers, with their dresses of dark blue and bright patterns, their gold embroidered obis, their great flying sleeves, and their coiffures sparkling with tinsel ornaments. Though they appeared mere children, their grace and pretty assurance were of women three times their age. But to O Mitsu San we lost our hearts. Everything she said was spoken in a gentle interrogative tone, pleasing to us and peculiarly flattering to masculine ears. It is true that when we tried to return her compliments she laughed, but she laughed apologetically, and hid as much of it as she could in her sleeve. When she played on the *samisen* to accompany the little dancers, and when she sang it was a new fascination. When the dancing was over, and the *saki* cup was being passed round, she handed me her little pipe after having taken a puff and refilled it, and I accepted her courtesy as an honour; Taro San was amused, but highly pleased. He told us to confirm our taste that no less than six Japanese ministers had married *geishas*!

But still O Mitsu San is a Japanese maiden of yesterday. She could never compete with the emancipated ladies of the ball-room nor the contingent from America. In his heart I think Taro San prefers the dainty creature in *kimono* and pattens, with her single accomplishment of pleasing, to all the wise dames of the West, but his duty to himself and country appears to leave no choice between O Mitsu San and her bowing and laughing, her soft ways and her *samisen*, and the lady in tournure and tall bonnet, with manners as stiff as the one, and attitudes as despairing as the other.

"Good-night, *Sayonara*, O Mitsu San," and from the little figure kneeling on the threshold of the tea-house, out to us as we walked across the rice fields, came an echo *Sayonara—Sayonara*, from old Nippon to Japan.

LOUIS LLOYD.

A SUMMER SONG.

PERCHED on a blossoming twig that gently swayed,
In rhythm to his thrilling lay, a bird
Poured out his heart, in throbs of joyous song;
And this the measure that my heart-strings stirred:
"Oh, summer! may the spring's soft breezes kiss
Thy slumbering eyelids, and new life infuse!
Wake, and shower beauty o'er the green, green earth!
Paint all thy lovely flowers in rainbow hues,
To deck the meadows and the whispering woods!
And from afar, lure all the wandering birds
To chant the praises of thy glowing days,
And sing, sing, sing of beauty beyond words!"

Then made my heart reply: "Oh, bird of joy!
The summer's smiles may glow in beauty bright,
Yet will her flowing tears chill thy heart;
And sudden lightnings of her wrath may smite,
Thy fluttering life; and autumn's breezes keen
Will pale her cheek and wither all her flowers;
And o'er her drooping head the leaves will fall,
Until she fades and dies in leafless bowers."

But undismayed the fearless warbler sang:
"The tears of summer fall, but to revive
Her drooping plants and garlands fair, and should
Her arrows pierce my heart, I still will strive
While life and health remain, to sing in praise
Of all the glory that enriches summer's days!"
Halifax, May, 1889. S. P. M.

HANDEL.

MUSIC and literature are among the great moral forces of the present, and it is of some consequence that we cultivate and encourage the best in both. We have heard it said that the standard of taste—which never was excessively high—is becoming deteriorated; the best books, it is averred, do not pay, and the best music is supposed to be in the like condition, and money being made the measure of all things, managers and publishers naturally cater for the paying multitude. Our daily newspapers generally tend in the same direction, giving us some times columns of minute criminal biography, and the most meagre reports of important moral and Christian councils. We are not supposing that our journals dote on the inmates of penitentiaries and see nothing admirable in our clergy and moral reformers, but simply that the reading newspaper public find an article on criminal wit and audacity much more spicy and interesting than reports of clerical utterances on Christian union, or the moral regeneration of the children of Adam generally, and as it is with the newspaper press largely a matter of dollars and cents, the article which represents the shady side of human nature is served up with appropriate head-lines in the largest type, whilst the more wholesome items receive very modest and moderate mention. Perhaps all this is less significant than we suppose. Some twenty years ago the *London Journal* attempted to bring out "Kenilworth" as a serial, with the result that the circulation of the paper went down so alarmingly, that the story was discontinued to save the publishers from serious loss. Yet we presume it meant nothing more than that a certain class of readers preferred their usual "penny-dreadful" to Scott's most exciting novel—which by the way our grandmothers thought dreadful enough for anything. Nevertheless, the mental food of the million should not be a matter of indifference; a violet does not more surely breathe sweetness than a cesspool emits pestilence, and if our thoughts and words go forth not to die, but to be

inbreathed again by others, certainly grave responsibility rests upon those who speak to this age, whether in the realm of literature or music.

We live by Admiration, Hope and Love,
And, even as these are well and wisely fixed,
In dignity of being we ascend.

What a noble lesson for us there is in the life of Handel, who suffered and sacrificed and laboured under difficulties of the most galling kind, because he would at all cost realize his own grand ideal. His life is a striking exemplification of the old motto—"Growth under pressure." His music and his life are one, and equally noble and inspiring. In the early years of his career his work was considered novel and absurd, the musical world of England was against him. Many of the best singers made it their business to ruin him to the extent of their powers, and with the help of the nobility they succeeded in so directing the course of "fashion" that his concerts were deserted. In vain the King and Queen Caroline threw all the weight of their influence into his cause. The Prince of Wales was in violent opposition to the Court, and powerful enough in such a matter to carry the majority with him. The King and Queen sat freezing in almost empty houses drinking in the matchless music of the great composer, Lord Chesterfield excusing his attendance in courtly mockery, as "he did not desire to intrude upon the privacy of his Sovereign." It became a sign of good taste to ridicule Handel's music, famous mimics, comic singers, puppet shows, and card parties were resorted to to draw away those who should have heard him, and strange to say they were successful.

For a time he bore up against the stream, but when all his savings were spent bankruptcy barred his way, and for a time closed his career.

"Chill penury," however, did not freeze the genial current of his soul.

Most wretched men are cradled into poetry by wrong
They learn in suffering what they teach in song—

And Handel, bankrupt and deserted, sat down to compose the greatest of his works—The Messiah. Think of this man of pure soul and noble genius rising above all sordid cares at such a moment, into that mighty measure of inspired music. We cannot help turning to Browning's subtle and exquisite lines:

Of the million or two, more or less,
I rule and possess.
One man, for some cause undefined,
Was least to my mind.

When sudden—how think ye, the end?
Did I say "without friend?"
Say rather, from marge to blue marge
The whole sky grew his target
With the sun's self for visible boss,
While an arm ran across
Which the earth heaved beneath like a breast
Where the wretch was safe prost!
Do you see? Just my vengeance complete,
The man sprang to his feet,
Stood erect, caught at God's skirts, and prayed!
So I was afraid!

The really great are not envious of the greatness of others. Haydn exclaimed with enthusiasm, "Handel is the father of us all." Mozart was not less hearty in his love and admiration. "When he chooses," said he, "Handel strikes like the thunder-bolt." Beethoven received him as "the monarch of the musical world," and when he was dying, pointing to Handel's works in forty volumes, he exclaimed, "There—there is the truth."

So strong was the feeling against him in England that he dare not risk the production of this great work in London, but crossing to Ireland he gave it first in Dublin, carrying the Irish capital by storm. He had long battled with adverse fortune and his sensitive nature had felt to the full the bitterness of hostility and the coldness of neglect, but the sunshine of appreciation and prosperity came to him like a breath from heaven, and he knew that he had indeed found his mission and his reward. When twelve months afterwards he gave "The Messiah" in England it was received coldly, the old hostility had not died out, and two more years of labour and battle reduced him again to bankruptcy, then the clouds began to lift and sunshine to visit him, and in a few years Handel's triumph was complete.

The best years of his life had been spent in a hand-to-hand struggle with poverty because he would not descend to the level of his times, but rather set himself to raise the standard of taste to the level of his own noble conceptions.

When eight years before his death he sat at the organ, blind and aged, whilst the choir sang to the pathetic strains of his own music those noble lines in which Milton represents the Jewish hero lamenting the darkness that encompassed him, a thrill of sympathetic emotion passed through the vast audience as they gazed with remorse and wonder and love on that old man eloquent, who had suffered so much for his own grand ideals, and triumphed so grandly.

O loss of sight, of thee I most complain!
Blind among enemies, O worse than chains,
Dungeon, or beggary, or decrepit age!
O dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon.

D. K. R.

ELSEWHERE will be found the report of the Seventy-first Annual Meeting of the Bank of Montreal held last Monday. It is a clear statement of the position of this, the leading banking institution not only of the Dominion, but of the American continent. We are certain our readers will peruse the address of the President and the remarks of the General Manager with much interest. It is gratifying to know that Mr. Buchanan takes a hopeful view of the outlook for the future.

THE LOST ISLAND.

(ATLANTIS.)

SILENT and lonely, in the summer-night,
Lay the great city. Through the marble streets
No footstep moved: the palaces, the seats
Of wealth and power, the domes of malachite,
Where sculptured dragons, monsters carved in stone,
Alternated with statues clear and white,
Of ancient warrior-kings, that stood in rows
Along the Cyclopean porticoes,
Were hushed: and over all the moonlight shone.

Along the beach, beneath the massy wall,
The great sea rippled drowsily: afar
The headland glimmered, like a misty star,
Wearing a cloud wreath for a coronal;
And all the air was filled with tremulous sighs
Borne from the waste of waters, musical
Yet dreamy soft, as some old Orphic hymn,
That floated up, what time the day grew dim,
From Dorian groves, and forest privacies.

Yet, in the voiceless silence of the hour,
An awful presence moved. Unseen, unheard,
It glided onward on its way, and stirred
The sleepers' hearts with dreams of gloomy power,
Visions of fear, and throbbings of despair.
The plague was here. There was no house or bower,
Safe from his darts: from every door had gone
Some friend or father, some beloved one,
Borne to his grave by the red torches' glare.

And, as a lovely flower, that seems to fade
In summer's heat, and bows its golden head,
Turning from those fierce heavens overspread,
To muse, in sadness, on some dewy glade,
So, many a maiden perished, white and still,
And many a soft angelic face that made
The sunshine of its home, grown cold and gray
Beneath the coming shadow, passed away;
So warm of late, now passionless and chill.

Alas! the little children:—where was now
Their laughter, many voiced?—their sportive wiles,
Their bounding feet, and witchery of smiles,
With floating hair, and faces all aglow?
Silence and fear into their play had come,
Dulling each pulse and shadowing each brow;
And so they wept and wondered. Side by side,
Lay young and old, the bridegroom and his bride,
The child and sage, all summoned to one tomb.

So rose, at time, through all the moonlit air,
Faint and scarce heard, like voices in a dream,
Low wailing sounds, that told of grief supreme,
The utterance of mourners gathered there.
Almost it seemed that every star which set
Was as a winged messenger, to bear
Some human life to those unloved abodes,
Where dwell, implacable, the lower gods,
Silent as stone, stern eyed, with locks of jet.

Fast waned the night, yet, ere the morning came,
The portals of the palace opened wide,
The sculptured valves fell back on either side,
The lamps within flashed forth a sudden flame:
And swift, into the dim, uncertain light,
Which neither night nor day might wholly claim,
There stepped a figure of heroic mien,
Fair as a goddess, stately and serene,
A star-like apparition, pure and white.

This was the island queen, Evanoë;
All unattended, save by one stout thrall,
Who followed humbly, at some interval,
With noiseless foot she trod the marble way.
So passed she on, towards the open lea
That girt the town. In shadowy array,
The palm-trees, on her right hand, lifted high
Their crests, clear cut against the opal sky,
And, on her left, she heard the murmuring sea.

Then, as the first faint breeze of morning fanned,
With odorous breath, her cheek incarnadine,
And thrilled each leaf and flower, and crisped the brine,
That crept, like molten silver, to the strand,
She halted at a wayside cottage-door,
A lowly hut, that lay 'twixt sea and land,
Refined and peaceful as a hermitage,
Whose porch with orchids, blossoms of wild sage,
And bright convolvuli, was covered o'er.

There dwelt her aged nurse, now breathing slow
Her life away. With hand upon the latch,
The youthful queen a moment paused to watch
The splendour of the morning, and the glow
That deepened in the East. Across the bay,
She saw the hill-tops kindling, while, below,
The valleys lay in darkness. One by one,
The small clouds caught the flame: and lo! the sun
Leaped as a giant forth, and it was day.

With throbbing heart she stood, and thoughtful brow:
Then sighed "Alas! why, in a world so fair,
Must death have place? Oh balmy summer air,
Sunshine and clouds, mountains and sea, and thou,
Illimitable dome of heaven above,
Phantoms of beauty, ever fresh as now,
Receive my greeting! Changeless as of old,
Ye still remain, when life and love are cold,
And the web rent, which youth so fondly wove."

She entered there: and in a moment stepped
From life to death, from sunshine into gloom,
From song of birds to stillness of the tomb,
Where all was silent, saving those who wept.
Through the half-opened casement floated in
The perfume of rare flowers: a lily crept
Along the sill, in drooping sympathy;
The while a honey-bee went humming by,
And faintly came from far the city's din.

Yet, as a lake's calm surface, dull and chill,
Is roused to wavelets by a falling stone,
The sinking soul, that seemed for ever gone,
Woke at the sudden footstep, and a thrill
Of recognition o'er the features passed.
Then, with a mighty effort of strong will,
She laid her hand, most gently, on the head
Of two fair children, kneeling by her bed,
With mute, appealing gaze; it was her last.

So all was done. Still shone the sun abroad:
And bird and insect, butterfly and flower,
Basked in the glorious splendour of the hour;
Still, through the air, like footsteps of a god,
Murmured the low, soft wind, and all was bright:
No shadow fell on these, nor were they awed,
When, through their midst, a naked human soul
Passed, like an exhalation, to its goal:
A bubble rising to the Infinite.

After few days, the pale form laid at rest
In grassy sward, beside the ocean-foam,
The queen set forth towards her palace-home:
And, not unmindful of that last bequest,
Took with her those two children as her own.
Weeping they left the comfortable nest,
Where their young life had passed its callow years,
But loving hands soon wiped away their tears,
And hope, new born, upon their pathway shone.

It was the even-tide. At home once more,
Within her chamber sat Evanoë,
Watching the shadows of the closing day
Gather and darken over sea and shore.
Her soul drank deeply of the soft repose
That lay on all things: so she pondered o'er
The past and present, and, on angel's wings,
Her spirit rose in wrapt imaginings,
Beyond the sphere of earth, and earthly woes.

She sat alone. It was an antique room,
Lofty, not large; the cornice pearl-inlaid:
The floor mosaic; and the wall arrayed
With tapestry whose softly shaded gloom
Was lit with life-like figures, passing fair,
The product of some long forgotten loom.
White marble forms, hunters and kings of old,
Stood in quaint nooks, and vases of wrought gold
Held richest flowers, whose perfume filled the air.

She thought of many a legendary rhyme
Told by her nurse, in the long vanished days
When she, a child, sat listening, with fixed gaze,
To those delightful stories of old time.
Here sat she, patient on her lowly stool,
And heard how, first, when struck the fated chime,
Out of the deep, like a fair lotus-flower,
ATLANTIS rose, and, warmed by sun and shower,
Expanded, bearing all things beautiful.

Thereon the gods came down, and dwelt with men:
Through the dim avenues of giant trees
They walked conversing; or on peaceful seas
Sublimely trod, nor shrank from human ken.
The air was musical with song and mirth
Of vigorous, lusty life; from glade and glen
Soft clouds of incense rose: the passing hours
Seemed garlanded with amaranthine flowers;
Nor yet was pain or sorrow known on earth.

How was it now? Alas, on all the land
Despair lay darkling, and a mournful cry
Went up, as when a crowded argosy
Sinks, perishing, upon a rocky strand.
"Oh," thought she, "if some god, some mighty one,
Should come to sweep, as with a conqueror's brand,
This pestilence from out the heavy air,
And bring back health, and joy, and all things fair,
Him would I honour: he should share my throne."

Scarce had the wish been framed, when came a sound
Of sudden thunder, muttering afar,
Nearer it swelled, until, beneath the jar,
The strong walls shook and wavered all around:
A shiver ran along the marble floor,
Up-heaving like a wave: from out the ground
Mysterious murmurs came: then over all,
Darkness descended, deep, funereal,
Still as the grave, a sea without a shore.

A spheroid radiance, serene and clear,
Broke in upon the gloom:—so softly bright
It seemed some kindly star had lent its light,
Whence came these accents to her startled ear:
"Evanoë! Thy vow hath brought me down,
To woo and win thee as a suitor here.
Fear not. Within few days, I come again,
The plague removed; and thou shalt know me then,
Lord of the winds, a Marut, Sanadon!"

She heard: she trembled: and her heart beat hith,
Amazed with thoughts conflicting: yet she stood
Calm and unfeared in her lion mood,
Fronting all chances with unquailing eye.
Round her the shadows deepened: then, at last,
She woke from stupor, and beheld the sky
All wild above and threatening, and the stars
Fast blotted out by gathering cloudy bars,
And heard the hollow moaning of the blast.

All night the tempest raged. Adown the street,
With thunder-call the mad winds raved amain:
Day dawned in gloom, and went, and came again,
And still the storm-winds, furious and fleet,
Coursed on, above: and sun and stars were dead.
Then came a change. Again with silver feet,
The moonlight came, and kissed each bruised flower:
And morning came, and all the healing power
Of freshened airs, and sunshine overhead.

So, like a nightmare vision, passed away
The pestilence, and all its gloomy shows.
The fourth day came to end: in hushed repose,
The golden gloaming faded into gray,
Gleaming with stars: and shadows vespertine
Filled all the room where sat Evanoë.
Then came again the god. As some strong spell,
She felt his presence, murmuring "It is well:
My people live,—are saved;—and I—am thine!"

Oh joy! oh happiness! In life's wide waste,
Are there not days whose memory remains
As of an oasis in desert plains;
A reminiscence not to be effaced
Throughout all griefs and all the after-time?
Still, through the gloom, it shines; a Pharos, placed
On that far line of youth's enchanted shore
Where lived we, in the golden days of yore,
When life was new, and all things in their prime.

And they were happy through long sunny years,
The island-queen and Sanadon. They moved
In a rich atmosphere of light, and roved
Throughout their realm, like those united spheres,
That walk in pairs along the starry sky.
What time the vault of heaven unveiled appears,
And those two children, once their grandmo's care,
Eiridion and Thyra, grew up fair,
And strong, and graced with gentle courtesy.

Joyous as summer-birds, they wandered oft
Through regions wild and full of loveliness,
Through lonely places, where the hum and stress
Of cities came not, and the air was soft
With balmy odours of sweet-scented pines;
Where, in clear blue, the white clouds sailed aloft,
And streams flowed on through plains, or leaped in falls
From rock to rock, in broken intervals,
Bordered with lotus-blossoms, and leafy vines.

Sometimes they went inland, and visited
The mountain-solitudes and privacies,
Wherein the island waters had their rise:

And taking, thus, some river at its head,
They drifted downwards on its placid stream,
Passing by caverns dark, and full of dread,
By headlands frowning vast, and flowery sward,
And golden sands, and beds of odorous nard,
And banyan groves, all wondrous as a dream.

Then, borne aloft in his aerial car,
The Marut brought them over sea and land,
Towards the rising sun, beyond the strand
Of far Iberia. Shining like a star,
Old Ætna raised aloft his crown of snow;
But they passed onward, o'er the sandy bar
Of rocky Salmydessus, white with foam,
And traversed so the Euxine, near the home
Of Scythians, and the broad Araxes' flow.

Far to the north they saw the boundless plain,
Where roved the mammoths; where, in dusky bands,
Innumerable as the ocean sands,
They wandered, with white tusks and shaggy mane,
Hugest of living beasts that looked on man.
So came they to a rugged mountain chain,
Gloomy and dark, a wilderness forlorn,
So wild, it seemed the world's extremest bourne,
Withered and grey with some unending ban.

Then, with a sudden, lamentable cry,
Thyra exclaimed, "Oh father, oh my lord,
What awful shape hangs there, with brow all scored,
As if with flame of lightning from on high,
Yet unsubdued, and wearing as a king
The garment of his silent agony?
To whom the Marut: "This is Themis' son,
The Titan, who, for love to mortals shown,
Is doomed, by Zeus, to penal suffering."

"Go, aid him, if thou wilt. These are, to me,
An alien race, and alien deities;
But thou, sweet Thyra,—there can be, than this,
No task or office more befitting thee."
So went she, at the word, with hasty feet,
To some ravine hard by, where sparkled free
A tiny fount of water, icy cold,
And took a hollow shell, therein to hold
The precious draught, than Amrita more sweet.

With fearless heart, though hesitating gait,
Low bending in her earnest sympathy,
She stood before the Shape, and raised on high
The proffered cup, with eyes compassionate,
And touched his lips, with words of loving cheer:
And the great sufferer felt his pangs abate,
And looked on her with wondering, as one
To whom all kindness hath been long unknown,
And dropped, amazed, a solitary tear.

Then o'er the wilderness a shadow passed,
With sounds of spirit-walling, soft and low,
From rock and valley, from the ground below,
From dark abyssal rifts, and spaces vast,
From mossy stone, and shrub, and lonely tree,
Came hollow murmurings: "Oh thou, who hast
So much loved man and all created things,
Thou who hast given us heaven-aspiring wings,
Prometheus! Soul of love! We weep with thee!"

Silent in thought, the four held on their way
Through sandy wastes, past Sindhu's rapid stream:
Till rose, among the hills, the distant gleam
Of Manassa: and here they made their stay.
It was a lake secluded, in deep calm,
From worldly tumult, and the troublous day,
Where peace unbroken reigned: so still and cool,
Here might repose the heart with anguish full,
And every sorrow here might find its balm.

At length, refreshed with welcome rest, they rose,
Crossing the Hima mountains, home of snow,
The stony girdle of the world, and so
Entered on Aryavarta's sacred close.
Land of the marvellous! Here, being's tide
Swept on exultant, through the long repose
Of silent centuries: and glowing life
Came forth, with thousand forms of beauty rife,
On flowery plain and shady mountain-side.

So came they to a dwelling in the wild,
Where weeping filled the house: "Because, to-day,"
They said, "a Daitya comes to bear away
A victim from us. Shall it be our child,
That we must give? The mother, or the sire?
One must we offer, else, unreconciled,
He will not leave us. Oh, unhappy fate!"
So mourned the simple folk, disconsolate,
Lamenting loud, in mingled grief and ire.

The father spoke out then: "Me let him take:
Lo, I am old: the earth no more to me
Brings fresh delights, as once: the flowery lea,
Sunshine, and music, and sweet singing, wake
No answering echo in my spirit now;
The great gods smile on those who, for the sake
Of others, dare to die. My life is done.
But you, beloved ones, live on, live on,
Through lengthened years, and with unclouded brow!"

To whom the mother quickly made reply,
"And who will then protect our child, where all
Is strange and perilous, and help is small?
Some strong defender should be ever by,
And therefore is it better that I go."
This heard the boy, and raised, with laughing eye,
A blade of spear-grass in his hand, and said
"With this will I strike off the giant's head."
The parents heard, and smiled amid their woe.

Then, at the Marut's word, Eiridion
Took up his father's mighty sword, a blade
Forged by celestial hands, and lightly swayed
The heavy falchion, flashing in the sun,
And laughed to hear it whistle through the air.
So, terrible as Indra, strode he on,
Adown the forest path, all hushed and dim,
A temple, sculptured fair with leaf and limb,
And met, and slew the cruel Daitya there.

Such were the lessons which the Marut taught,
Lessons of pity and of hardihood.
Then rose the four from that green solitude,
And floated westward, over Hadramaut,
Region of death; and passed Canopus hoar,
Fresh as a vision of the morning then, and sought
The silence of the lonely western sea,
Unknown and vast, with wild waves rolling free,
Beyond Pyrene, and the sun-set shore.

Through the dim shadows of the moonlit night,
What phantom comes? The winds have sunk to sleep
There is no sound or motion on the deep,
Wrapt, as a bride, in veil of gauzy light.
What galley, slow and ghostlike, parts the foam,
With labouring oars, and shredded sails of white,
Battered with storms? "Behold," said Sanadon,

"Girt with his friends, Ulysses wanders on,
Adventurous, forgetful of his home!"

The large-browed chieftains from Scamander's plain:
Sages and warriors, kings of eldest time,
Sitting as gods,—Ulysses, with the rime
Of years upon his beard,—the sails,—the vane,—
Were seen a moment through the gloom; then passed
Beyond their ken, and all was night again.
Slow waned the hours: and when the morning came,
And all the pearly orient grew aflame
With crimson light, they reached their isle at last.

But now, strange notes of warning filled the air:
The sun grew dark at noon without a cloud;
And solemn voices nightly called aloud,
"The hour is well-nigh come! prepare, prepare;
Atlantis sinks in ruin, and the wave
Rolls over her who was erewhile so fair!"
Men heard and trembled. Throughout all the land,
Life, with its toils and pleasures, seemed at stand;
Death came apace, and none were there to save.

Then came a voice, by night, to Sanadon,
"Arise, and leave the island to its doom!"
Sadly replied he, "Let it be my tomb,
If Indra's sons can die!—I have put on
This human nature, with its warmth of love;
Shall I renounce the blessings I have won?
Shall I forsake these trusting hearts, and rise,
False, and a fugitive, to yonder skies?
I stay with them. Let the kind gods approve."

The Voice made answer, "Thou hast spoken well:
All things grow old and change; but Love remains."
Again the Marut, "Ere our respite wanes,
Ere comes the end, and sounds the fatal knell,
Tell me, oh pitying spirit, may there be
Some rescue, some escape, for those who dwell
Beneath my sceptre?"—"Go thou forth alone,
Walk as a mortal through the dark Unknown,"
Replied the Voice,—"So shall the rest be free!"

Thoughtful the Marut rose from fevered sleep,
And went abroad. The moon yet shone on high;
The dew fell softly through the summer sky;
He walked along the margin of the deep,
And drank the healing quiet of the time.
What saw he then, that made his pulses leap
With quick surprise? A stranded bark lay there;
A wreck, with naked ribs and timbers bare,
Drifted, perchance, from some far Scythian clime.

Then came the light again into his eyes.
Homeward he went, and straightway summoned all,
By sound of trumpet, to the council-hall:
And told them, thus assembled, in what guise
Deliverance might come. As yet, the isle
Had launched no sea-boat: let the great emprise
Be ventured now: let strong and willing hands
Follow, as type, the wreck upon the sands:
So might the gods upon their labour smile.

They answered with a shout that shook the dome,
As if with thunder. Then the work began.
From sunny slopes, and meads Elysian,
From lonely bays, besprent with ocean-foam,
And dales, where summer's choicest blossoms shone,
Trooping they came, forsaking house and home.
So laboured they untiring, night and day,
And, ere two waning moons had passed away,
A fleet was ready, and the work was done.

Alas, ye lovely scenes, whose incense rose
Day after day, in silent orison,
Ye vales, and groves of palms, all overgrown
With trailing lilies, where the air was close
With scent of odorous gums, and passion flowers,
Your hour has come. Your ages of repose
Are now at end, and sudden ruin falls
On all the glory of your festivals,
And all the festal splendour of your bowers.

With quivering earthquake pangs, as if it feared
To meet its doom, the island slowly sank.
The ships were crowded. Last upon the bank,
Stood Sanadon, who waved his hand, and cheered
His parting friends, and bade them all farewell:
"The sentence of the gods must be revered,
And I remain, a willing sacrifice,
That ye may live. And now, no more than this:
Think of me sometimes, whereso'er ye dwell!"

Then rose a sound of many-voiced lament:
"Come with us, come! Thou art all our own,
Still lead us on! We may not go alone."
But he, as one that changeth not his bent,
Remained unmoving, and with mournful eye
Looked round on all that sad environment.
His cherished ones were near: swift to his side
Evanoë came with words of love and pride,
"Bravest and best! 'Tis sweet with thee to die."

The heavens darkened: yet the setting sun
Shed momentary splendour on the scene,
Where, with bowed heads, the Marut and the queen
Stood, with fair Thyra and Eiridion
A pace or so behind. The maiden knelt
In silent prayer. The hero leaned upon
The mighty sword of proof, whose beamy ray
Now flashed a last farewell to light and day,
Ere in the depths below for aye it dwelt.

So with the sound of thunder, and the war
Of elements, and horror of deep night,
The ocean waves, with floods of foamy white,
And sinuous arms, wide-curving from afar,
Whelmed in the deep the long, indented shore.
The darkness passed; the light of moon and star
Came forth again; and gentle breezes swept
The plain of waters; but Atlantis slept
Far down, in silence, to awake no more.

And they, the wanderers, who ventured forth
To seek a home beyond the unknown sea,
How fared they on their way? They lived to be
Forefathers of the mighty ones of earth,
Founders of world-wide realms, now vanished long.
But still, to them, the island of their birth
Was always sacred; and its memory
Still lived, unfading, as the years rolled by,
A germ of legend, and a theme for song.

Age followed age: great empires rose and fell;
But still Evanoë and Sanadon
Lived in men's thoughts, and ever urged them on
To deeds heroic: and there was a spell
To youthful warriors, in Eiridion's name:
And maidens wept to hear their mothers tell
The story of sweet Thyra, young and fair,
Who passed from out the golden summer air
To icy death. Such was their meed of fame.

PROMINENT CANADIANS.—XXVI.

SKETCHES of the following prominent Canadians have already appeared in THE WEEK: Hon. Oliver Mowat, Dr. Daniel Wilson, Principal Grant, Sir John A. Macdonald, K.C.B., Louis Honoré Fréchet, LL.D., Sir J. William Dawson, Sir Alexander Campbell, K.C.M.G., Hon. William Stevens Fielding, Hon. Alexander Macenzie, Sir Samuel Leonard Tilley, C.B., K.C.M.G., Alexander McLachlan, Hon. J. A. Chapleau, Sir Richard Cartwright, K.C.M.G., Sanford Fleming, C.E., LL.D., C.M.G., Hon. H. G. Joly, Hon. P. J. O. Chauveau, Sir William Buell Richards, Hon. Wilfrid Laurier, M.P., Hon. Honoré Mercier, Q.C., Hon. William Macdougall, C.B., Rev. Principal MacVicar, D.D., LL.D., Prof. Charles G. D. Roberts, M.A., George Paxton Young, M.A., Hon. Auguste Reul Angers and William Ralph Meredith, LL.D., Q.C., M.P.F.

SIR WILLIAM PEARCE HOWLAND, C.B., K.C.M.G.

THE man who serves his country, rather with an aim to its welfare, than his own advancement, and adds to that moral incentive excellent abilities and a sound judgment, is a singular and invaluable acquisition to his time. He is not often met with in public life to-day. And when we find that this aim turned to proper account has borne its peculiar fruit, the country which owes him so much would be guilty of gross negligence were it to forget him, because perforce, he has been unknown in public life for some years. We must all obey the mandates of time. The best and the worst must bow to them and retire. The object of this article will be attained, if it demonstrates the motive that actuated Sir William Pearce Howland throughout his public career. To publish a complete history of it would require much more space than is available here; for during his time he was not only prominently identified with several events of national importance, but while he was a Minister of the Crown, he introduced and carried through a number of salutary measures in connection with various departments of Government.

At the outset, it will not be without interest to enquire: Who were the Howlands? The family is of English descent and has some relation to the Duke of Bedford. Their American progenitor was one John Howland, a Quaker, who emigrated to this continent in the celebrated "Mayflower," in 1620. The descendants are numerous, and their natural force of character has made them prominent in both the United States and Canada. Sir William was born in the town of Paulings, Dutchess County, New York State, on May 29, 1811. His father, Jonathan Howland, was in early life a farmer, though later he embarked in commercial pursuits in Greenbush, New York. He died at Cape Vincent, New York, in 1842. The subject of the sketch was educated at Kinderhook Academy, and in 1830 he came to Canada and took up his abode in the township of Toronto. He at once commenced business with his brother and began to exhibit that industry which has characterized him ever since. A branch was soon opened at Stanley's Mills. In 1840 he purchased the Lambton Mills property, and subsequently engaged in the wholesale grocery trade in Toronto. At present he carries on a large milling business in several parts of the Province. As a merchant, he has always commanded the esteem of the mercantile community, his judgment and commercial experience have proved of great value to it, and for several years he was president of the Board of Trade.

But his business, large and urgent as it was, did not wholly occupy his time. He early turned his attention to public affairs and evinced a keen interest in the progress of this province. Prior to 1854, the opening of the North-West Territory had been thought of as a desirable thing, but it was in that year Mr. Howland, with the late Hon. J. McMurrich, Gordon Brown, and others, made the first practical movement in that direction, which ultimately led to the final acquisition of that great extent of valuable country. They provided funds to send Captain Kennedy there, who was instructed to invest a sum in the products of the country, to return by the interior to Fort William and report upon the practicability of the route, the character of the country, and the prospects for trade. A company was afterwards organized, a steamboat purchased, and the construction of a road commenced. When in England, sometime after this on public business, these gentlemen organized a committee, upon which the Barings and other great bankers were represented, to co-operate, so that the objects of the company in this country might be brought to a successful issue. They approached the British Government and different administrations in Canada upon whom they pressed their suit. They argued that if the Intercolonial Railway was built it would impose a burden upon Ontario out of all proportion to any benefits that could be derived from it, and, in that case urged, that as a compensation to the people of this Province the Government should take steps to acquire and open up the North-West.

In the year 1857 Mr. Howland was elected to represent the constituency of West York, first in the Canada Assembly until the Union, and afterwards in the House of Commons up to 1868, when he was appointed Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario. On the 24th of May, 1862, he became a member of the Executive Council of Canada, and until the birth of the Dominion, held these positions in the Government: 1862-3, Minister of Finance; 1863-4, Receiver-General; 1864-6, Postmaster-General; 1866, Minister of Finance. On July 1st, 1867, he entered the Privy Council, and became Minister of Inland Revenue, and resigned it in July of the following year to accept the position of Lieutenant-Governor.

In 1857 the Separate School question was one of the burning issues of the day. The Roman Catholics had been endeavouring and were endeavouring to obtain an extension of their privileges with regard to the control of Separate

Schools, and aimed at the diversion of school moneys to the propagation of their religious views. Mr. Howland had carefully considered the whole question in its various aspects, and was prepared to give his opinion with no uncertain sound. He said that there were but two courses open to any one who would desire to do justice to the whole community, viz., that the schools must be either secular or supported by voluntary contribution. The money devoted to the support of schools of any kind was obtained by taxing the whole community; it was, therefore, quite clear it could not be used to propagate any special religious views without doing an injustice to all those who were not in sympathy with them. The school question had periodically agitated the public mind some years before this. A spirit of unrest was abroad as to the most expedient system of training; public men were not wanting to encourage it; and this seemed to offer an opportunity to those who wished to profit by a lull in morals, to place their creed in the ascendant. In 1849 an attempt was made to hurry a revolutionary school Bill through Parliament at the close of the session—a Bill, the effects of which would have been the exclusion of the Bible and religious teaching and influence from the Public Schools. Fortunately, through the strenuous efforts of Hon. Robert Baldwin, the Bill was upset, and so the evils it would have wrought were averted. Mr. Howland was fully alive to the moral value of the Bible in the schools; but the retention of it, and the support of a religious programme, which in its nature was and is thoroughly repugnant to the Protestant community, are two very different things. He was therefore on the side that made for moral elevation; he was opposed to sectarian narrowness and priestly domination. If the Bible and religious teaching had been excluded in 1849 something else would have been substituted,—something no doubt, of a religious nature, but objectionable to a large portion of the community, while the whole body would have been required to render their contributions in support of it. The member for West York, who, no doubt, had this in mind, took a determined stand on the question, in 1857, and subsequently on the principle that justice should be done to all, or to the greater number, and in 1859 an Act entitled "An Act respecting Common Schools of Upper Canada" was passed, which contained the following provisions (sec. 128): "No person shall use any foreign books in the English branches of education in any middle or common school without the express permission of the Council of Public Instruction, and no portion of the Legislative School Grant shall be applied in aid of any Common School in which any book is used that has been disapproved of by the Council of Public Instruction, and public notice given of such disapproval." (Sec. 129): "No person shall require any pupil in any such school to read or study in or from any religious book, or to join in any exercise or devotion or religion objected to by his or her parents or guardians; but within this limitation pupils shall be allowed to receive such religious instruction as their parents or guardians desire, according to any general regulations provided for the government of Common Schools." During the same session another Act was passed respecting Separate Schools, in which it was provided that no Protestant Separate School should be allowed in any school section, except when the teacher of the Common School in such section was a Roman Catholic. These schools were not given a share in any school money raised by local municipal assessment, but they shared in the Legislative Common School grant according to the yearly average number of pupils. Owing to Mr. Howland having declared himself in opposition to the Roman Catholics, or as his action was construed by them to mean, he at once lost the sympathy of those in West York. When he again appeared before his constituents to ask a renewal of their support on his appointment to a position in the Cabinet, their opposition was manifested. The polling-day arrived, and about its close, Mr. Howland, who was standing not far from the booth, was approached by a typical Irishman. "Mr. Howland," said he, shaking the candidate firmly by the hand, "our priests are against you, they have set our people against you, but, be jabers, I'll vote for you, if I go to Purgatory to-morrow." And with that the sturdy Irishman, stalked into the booth, and it is presumed acted accordingly.

Upon taking office in 1862 as Finance Minister, and before the election, a measure prepared by the late Dr. Ryerson was presented, which contained some amendments to the Separate School law, claimed to be defective. Mr. Howland and those who shared his views had a difficult task before them. The former had already definitely announced himself. While he did not desire that the Roman Catholics should suffer in any way, he had no intention of committing any political recantation. He, however, was prepared to accede to any equitable claims. It was urged upon him and others, by the head of the Government, Mr. Sandfield Macdonald—who, although himself a Roman Catholic, had always pursued a very independent course with regard to Separate School matters—and Dr. Ryerson, that as the law existed in the statute book, and no majority could be found to repeal it, it would be better to remedy the defects in the law, which made it difficult to operate. They were assured that those in favour of Separate Schools would be satisfied if the proposed amendments were given effect to. It would, said Macdonald and Dr. Ryerson, prevent any further agitation on the subject, and no further demand would be made for increased powers and privileges in relation to Separate Schools. The amendments were finally agreed to, and the compact entered into before their passage was in the

nature of a treaty. The Roman Catholics did not regard it as such some years later. At the time the resolutions favouring Confederation were being adopted, it was agreed that they should contain a provision and guarantee that the right possessed with regard to Separate Schools by the minority in Lower Canada, and by the Roman Catholics in Upper Canada would be secured; and that an act providing some changes in the school law in Lower Canada should be agreed upon between the representatives of the Protestants in Lower Canada and the Roman Catholics. Late one evening, and shortly before the close of the session, a Bill was introduced. Mr. Howland, upon examining it, found it contained provisions making very important changes with regard to schools in Upper Canada, and extending the powers and privileges in a way that would give the control of superior education as well as of common schools to the Roman Catholics. He was convinced that the Bill must have been prepared and brought in with the sanction of some member of the Government. After consulting with his friends, Mr. Howland stated that the provisions relating to Separate Schools in Upper Canada were in violation of the agreement entered into in 1862, and insisted upon their being eliminated from the Bill. This was done and the Bill went through. As the Separate School law was framed then, so it exists to-day.

Although a member of the Reform party, and one of the most prominent, he invariably acted with that commendable independence that is consistent with principle and sound judgment. An instance of this may be given. In 1865, towards the close of the year, Mr. George Brown withdrew from the Cabinet. His reason for so doing was that he could not support the course his colleagues had decided to adopt with regard to the renewal of the Reciprocity Treaty with the United States, which was then about terminated, and created much anxiety among the mercantile community in Canada. It was determined to send a deputation to Washington to make another attempt to renew the treaty, and the terms upon which the deputation was empowered to act caused the disaffection and led to the withdrawal. Mr. Brown also considered it a mistake to manifest eagerness by sending delegates to the American capital. Mr. Howland disapproved of the course of his leader and resolved to remain in the Cabinet. He was then offered and accepted the leadership of the Reform element therein. Mr. W. McDougall strongly approved of Mr. Howland's course, and followed it by also remaining in the Government.

Mr. Howland was one of the deputation who went to London in November, 1866, to complete negotiations respecting confederation. After its consummation, Lord Monck, who was then Governor, committed to Mr. John A. Macdonald the formation of the first administration of the Dominion. The then and present Premier formed a coalition Government, choosing for his colleagues those who represented majorities in the respective Provinces to which they belonged. Mr. Howland was selected as Minister of Inland Revenue; and the title of Knight Commander of the Bath was conferred upon him for distinguished services in bringing about confederation. His acceptance of a portfolio in the coalition brought down upon him the thunder of the *Globe*. He was charged with political treason, and many Reformers shared the opinion of this paper, more because they simply followed it, and allowed it to think for them, than because they had arrived at a judgment of their own. The member for West York had also to pass under fire at a general convention of the Reform party in Toronto. Among the resolutions passed was one which denounced in very strong language the proposed combination. Mr. Howland who happened to be in the city at the time, attended the meeting and stated that a new era was about to be inaugurated; that new and great interests had arisen which were entitled to consideration and that the old party lines of the past were on the point of being swept away. A statement of this kind would be applauded by any intelligent audience of the present day, free from political trammels, but the inveterate Reformers—if the latter word can be properly used—would listen to nothing, and so Mr. Howland was practically read out of the party; his expulsion however being but temporary. Nothing more serious could be brought against him than that he was supposed to be guilty of "political treason." During the term he held office he fully justified the appointment, as the widespread recognition he commanded and the sterling abilities he possessed had caused it to be made.

His appointment as Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario, in July, 1868, won the approval of the public generally. It formed a fitting close to a useful career, during a period when some of the most important events in our history transpired, and with which he had been prominently identified. In addition to occupying several posts in the Government, he more than once fulfilled responsible missions upon which he was sent by the Government. In 1865, and again in 1866, he was one of the commissioners appointed to visit Washington in the interests of reciprocal trade between the United States and Canada; and in 1875 he was made a commissioner to report on the route of the proposed Baie Verte Canal. In 1879 Her Majesty conferred upon him the order of knighthood.

Sir William has been charged with being a strong advocate of representation by population. There can be no doubt that he is in favour of such representation. But his sympathy is of a mild nature, notwithstanding what the *Globe* stated to the contrary in 1864. He has, moreover, been taunted with holding definite views on other given subjects, and with practically ignoring

them by subsequent acts. This has simply to be mentioned to be set aside. His public career, in office and out of it, was scrupulously honourable and straightforward. His one aim was the material advancement and general welfare of Canada. To the various offices he filled he brought a clear, level head and an impartial mind. He retired from public life without one blot to mar it, and with an excellent reputation for administrative ability. To-day he is a private citizen, pursuing the even tenor of his way, honoured by all who enjoy the privilege of his friendship.

G. S. A.

A SYNAGOGUE SERVICE.

THE Synagogue is a very large and handsome edifice, the galleries occupied by the women, the ground floor by men and boys. At the head of the building on a raised dais stands a wardrobe-like structure of dark wood, the recess in the centre which contains the rolls of the law, being veiled by a portière of white brocade. Two tall brass lamps lighted stand situated on either side. Below this there is an enclosure that looks like a square, cushioned pew, with eight wax candles in slender brass candlesticks burning around it. In the front, at a desk covered with white brocade, stands the Rabbi, who wears a white lawn overgarment, a white cap, a white silk scarf thrown across his shoulders. Behind him is stationed the choir, composed of lads and young men. One individual, who took a prominent part in the service, presented a most impressively Eastern appearance. His whole person was enveloped in a burnous-like drapery, white with blue stripes, the only features appearing being long, glittering black eyes and a hook nose of a very pronounced type. He shouted Hebrew with sibilant emphasis and ebullient energy, and having regarded him respectfully as one of the dignities of the Synagogue, the Gentile spectators were disappointed to find that he was merely the sexton.

There is a strange Oriental flavour about our surroundings that impresses the imagination; we surrender ourselves to the influence of one impression after another, and become conscious that we are under the spell of an interesting and powerful personality. Many of the faces are dignified and impressive, nearly all are intelligent. The men wear their hats, and thrown across the shoulders is the long white silk scarf, bordered with wide, blue stripes, called a *talith*. The women carry prayer books, the order of service printed on one side in Hebrew, the other in English. There is a display of gorgeous raiment, a glow of colour more gaudy than harmonious, gems sparkling on fingers not too punctiliously clean; we look in vain for traces of that Jewish beauty of which George Eliot has written so enthusiastically.

The service, with the exception of the sermon was entirely in Hebrew. There was a suave and delicate charm of sentiment about the chanting of the choir, which was weird, mournful and occasionally exceedingly beautiful. It is the celebration of the Jewish New Year. The ceremony commenced with blasts of the *shofar* or ram's horn, which sounded exactly like the skirl of the bagpipes gone very mad, indeed; shrieking squeals calculated to make the stoutest heart quail, the firmest nerves quiver; then followed the *sasumph* or additional chants, and finally the sermon. The Rolls of the Law, covered with fringed curtains of white brocade and ornamented with tinkling silver bells, were brought out, unrolled with much ceremony and spread upon the reading desk, different individuals of the congregation read aloud portions of the Scriptures. The *Kadish* or prayer for the dead were recited by many persons for lost relatives. As we listened to one little lad repeat it for his mother who had died within the year, in his shrill, boyish treble voice, without a sign of self-consciousness, we could not but acknowledge that the gleam of extraordinary sweetness on the pale, childish face, the tender, passionate feeling of the tones, the dramatic force with which the melancholy cadence of the words was delivered, was impressively touching.

The service was a strange mingling of gorgeous ceremonial and irreverence. There was a spittoon beside the Rabbi's desk, which no one appeared to have any hesitation about using, and at times, when custom seemed to demand a most woe-begone expression of countenance, one could detect signs of latent levity not too sternly repressed. Many of the men wore easy travelling caps, but when called upon to present themselves before the priest, assumed high, silk hats. The women look on in a calmly spectacular sort of way as though they had no concern on the subject. Occasionally the whole congregation would rock themselves violently to and fro, as though stricken by a swift paroxysm of colic, gesticulating, shouting, lamenting with strenuous energy, bewailing themselves in a weird, complicated and highly original style, to the awe if not the admiration of all observers. The mobile Eastern faces would break from preternatural solemnity into a jocund outburst of hilarious humour. Yet there were times, one could plainly perceive, when the grand, old Hebrew words set some inner, sensitive fibre vibrating. There is swift dawn of something indescribable, the wild, poetic strain of race asserting itself, a certain spiritual consciousness transforms the crafty, sensual Semitic features into a larger dignity, a deeper meaning. There is a strange glow and intensity of the Oriental eyes, like the kindling anew of something repressed, across brow and lip, there flashes radiant, triumphant exultation. That sharp, illuminating beam lends pathos and meaning to the situation. In the Gentile breast there arises a tremor of responsive

passion. We recall the ancient faith clung to so tenaciously through centuries of shame and reproach, the long martyrdom of pain, all the spiritual education which proceeds from the familiar incidents of the human story, lived amidst circumstances of misery, and danger, passion and patience.

Montreal.

BLANCHE L. MACDONELL.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR AND THE O. S. A.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—In a late number of THE WEEK an article appeared from Mr. G. Mercer Adam commenting on the speech made by the Lieutenant-Governor at the opening of the O. S. A. Exhibition, in which he well expressed the regret which the literary community felt at the manner and substance of that speech, as well as the discouraging effect it might have on the aspirants for artistic fame. Will you allow me in a few words to set forth the manner in which it appears to artists, or at least to one who has followed that profession in Toronto for more than a quarter of a century.

Of the many lights in which the subject may be viewed perhaps the most interesting to an artist are the manner in which the request to speak a good word for the oldest Art Society in Canada was fulfilled, the proffered but unasked-for advice to artists, and the effect of the same on the Canadian public.

Respecting the manner in which the speaker responded to the Society's request, the writer, who is not now a member, can only repeat the common opinion that a refusal to speak at all would have been kinder, but with regard to the advice given and the reasons for it, it seems to have been founded on an entire misapprehension both with respect to the aims and expectations of the artists, to the growing love of art, and desire to cultivate their minds and manners, as well as to adorn their homes by means of the *ingenuas artes* possessed by the Ontario public as well as to their power of gratifying the same by purchasing works of art.

Now, as to the first head, it has happened to the writer in the course of the last twenty-five years to have had many applicants for advice on the subject of adopting art as a career, and he has always replied that if money, especially if affluence, were the object aimed at, some more lucrative business should be chosen; as art especially in a new country like Canada is, like virtue, its own reward, and this advice has in many cases acted as a deterrent; but to tell artists who have adopted the profession so long ago as the members of the O. S. A. who are as it were in mid career, and who know far better than their adviser the trials and disappointments of an artist's life, to tell these men to stop and turn their attention to some branch of the mechanical arts because there is more money in it is to throw away words.

To warn off those who are drifting into art or taking it up for any other reason than because their intense love of art itself compels them to do so, is to do a good deed; but to tell a body of men who are growing grey in their chosen profession to turn to some better paying business, as if all men were practical politicians and money was the chief end of human life, seems to me not to be in the best taste. Take the converse, if an artist had replied at that same public meeting and advised Sir Alexander Campbell that Lieutenant-Governors were really not required in this new country, as some artists conscientiously believe, and that he should try some other business even if there were less money in it—how would that be taken?

It is not perhaps for the present writer to discuss the measure of success which has attended the establishment of art as a profession in Canada and its present status; it will be sufficient to say that to-day, and for some ten years or more past, works by Canadian artists are and have been exhibited in the Salon of France, the Royal Academy, Grosvenor Gallery, the Institute, and in fact most of the English galleries, and in the National Academy and American Water Colour Society in New York, and that the painters of them are at least as well to do as the average members of the musical and literary professions; and however true Sir Alexander's estimate of the means at the disposal of the public for gratifying their artistic taste may be of the backwoods of Canada or of the French Canadian habitants, it is utterly fallacious and misleading applied to Toronto or Montreal. In the latter city, as is well known, numerous paintings have been purchased by such art lovers as Messrs. Drummond, Angus, McKay, and Sir Donald Smith for sums from five thousand to forty thousand dollars. And in Toronto while the amount expended in this direction is less, still the money expended in luxurious furniture, Japanese curios and bric-a-brac, would purchase the whole collection of exhibition pictures of any year twice over.

It is evident, therefore, that money is not so scarce as a desire to possess works of art, although in view of the great numbers of houses built and building in which no architectural expense is spared and which are so expensively, even luxuriously, furnished, it is reasonable to suppose that the owners and dwellers therein will not always be content with bare walls, but will learn at last that while expensive houses and furniture are evidences of wealth, well chosen pictures are evidences of artistic taste and culture.

T. MOWER MARTIN.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

THE PLEASURES OF LIFE. Part II. By Sir John Lubbock, F.R.S. London and New York: Macmillan & Co.; Toronto: Williamson & Co.

The learned and genial writer to whom we owe this book continues his pearl-stringing thoughts through some three-hundred additional pages, on such pleasant topics as Wealth, Health, Love, Art, Poetry, Music, The Beauties of Nature, Labour and Rest, The Hope of Progress, etc., etc. His mood is eminently cheerful and optimistic, though his optimism—as we see from his chapters on "Religion" and on "The Destiny of Man"—is the optimism of a cultured and healthy Pagan rather than that of the Christian Gospels, with their adaptation, not only to the needs of those whose lines have fallen in pleasant places, but to their less fortunate brethren whose lot is cheerless and unrelieved toil. Nevertheless, the book will be found pleasant and instructive reading, for its author has read largely and with a keen appreciation of the bright and wholesome side of life. There are many no doubt who like such compilations as this, with its sips of the ambrosia of literary observation and thought; but to us, we confess, that it looks too much as if Sir John Lubbock had turned out the contents of his commonplace book for the delectation of readers who had a tooth for sweets only and cared little for the strong meats and the honest malt which is the satisfying fare of commoner stomachs. This may be a churlish view of the author's work, but we may be permitted to say that it is an honest and unbiassed one.

A WHITE UMBRELLA IN MEXICO. By F. Hopkinson Smith; with illustrations by the author. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.; Toronto: Williamson & Co. 1889.

This delightful volume is made up of rambling sketches with pen and pencil of an artist-author in a land of "white sunshine redolent with flowers; a land of gay costumes, crumbling churches and old convents; a land of kindly greetings, of extreme courtesy, of open, broad hospitality." "I have delighted my soul," writes the author, "with the swaying of the lilies in the sunlight, the rush of roses crowding over mouldy walls, the broad-leaved palms cooling the shadows, and have wasted none of my precious time searching for the lizard and the mole crawling at their roots. . . . It was more than enough to revel in an Italian sun lighting up a semi-tropical land; to look up to white-capped peaks towering into the blue; to look down upon wind-swept plains encircled by ragged chains of mountains; to catch the sparkle of miniature cities jewelled here and there in oases of white and orange; and to realize that to-day, in its varied scenery, costumes, architecture, street life, canals crowded with flower-laden boats, market places thronged with gaily dressed natives, faded church exteriors and abandoned convents, Mexico is the most marvellously picturesque country under the sun." It is the pleasant and picturesque side of Mexico—the civilization and not the barbarism of it—that the author has given us an insight into; and it must be said that few hours could be more enjoyably passed than in the company of the artist as he saunters with his sketch tent—the "White Umbrella"—through the cities and among the convents, churches and sacristies, the public squares and market places, of this ancient and sunny land. As an artist, words are colours to him, and the work may be said to be no less a literary than a pictorial treat. The drawings with which the book is illuminated are gems in their way, while the prose passages in the author's narrative are as full of pictorial beauty as are the pictures. The book abounds in quotable descriptions of scenery, architecture and art treasures which would charm the soul of Ruskin. Nor is the pleasure of companionship wanting to the book. The artist himself is the most delightful of travellers, while his friend Moon, whom he comes across and is most useful in opening churches and sacristies to his pencil and brush, has the material in him for an enchainning romance. Rarely have we come across a book which has occasioned us more regret that it was not twice as long as it is.

LIVES OF THE FATHERS. By Archdeacon Farrar. New York: Macmillan & Co.; Toronto: Williamson & Co.

Archdeacon Farrar wishes these volumes to be regarded as a continuation of those which he has already published on the "Life of Christ," the "Life and Works of Paul," and the "Early Days of Christianity." Having in previous works presented to the world his brilliant pictures of the Founder of Christianity and his immediate followers, he now follows these up with sketches of the history of the Christian Church in connection with the lives of the chief Doctors and Fathers down to the 5th century.

It is almost superfluous to say that this latest work of Dr. Farrar is distinguished by the eloquence, the learning, the candour and charity which were so conspicuous in those that preceded it. His acquaintance with the literature bearing on his subject is extensive and varied. He usually writes like one who has made himself familiar with the original sources of information; and we cannot but wonder how one leading a life so busy could find time to overtake the study of as many works as Dr. Farrar mentions in his preface, and refers constantly to his foot-notes.

His style, because simpler, is to us more pleasing than that of his previous works. The reader became wearied

of the brilliancy of the "Life of Christ;" and could scarcely help regarding its author as a "rhetorical phenomenon." To many there would occur, in spite of their admiration, the description which, on a famous occasion, Lord Beaconsfield gave of his great antagonist. Dr. Farrar seemed to be exactly hit off in the "rhetorician inebriated with the exuberance of his own verbosity." We are glad to see that, in his later work, Dr. Farrar keeps his imagination under better restraint; and his style is no longer overburdened with excess of ornament and stiff as cloth of gold. It is however, with surprise that we notice a few expressions to be found in these volumes. John Bright boasted that he had ever striven to be a guardian of the purity of the English tongue. A writer who has such command of its resources as Dr. Farrar, if animated by the same spirit, would scarcely have spoken of persons who were "guilty of semblable apostasy," and of the language of others being "semblably orthodox." We do not like the expression "criminous bishops" and "criminous priests." Nor do we care to hear of persons who are "purpureal" or of an imperial family being "pageanted about like idols." These, however, are but infrequent and trifling blemishes in a style which is still sufficiently rich and glowing, though more sober and chaste than that of his earlier works. The volumes in truth are charmingly written, and furnish the most delightful as well as interesting reading.

The biographies, contained in these volumes are eighteen in number; and the most eminent of Greek and Latin Fathers, from Ignatius Polycarp to Augustine and Chrysostom, with the times in which they lived, pass in turn under review. Dr. Farrar's plan in general is to give all the known facts in the history of each of these Fathers,—then an account of his writings and their contents, and finally, where it is needed, an estimate of his theology. We do not know any other English work on the subject will compare with the one now before us. We are persuaded that there are many who have spent large sums in purchasing sets of the "Ante-Nicene and Nicene Fathers," and who have wasted more or less time in the struggle to take an interest in their study, who have failed to gain anything like so full an acquaintance with the Fathers of the Church and their history and productions, as they would gain by the careful reading of this work. Not only the ordinary reader, but the ordinary theologian will find in it all that he needs to know; unless he desires to make a speciality of the subject, and prosecute the study by an examination of the original sources on his own account.

Dr. Farrar's estimate of the Fathers is always generous and appreciative. Though not blind to their faults he is ever ready to make excuses for them. We would not have been sorry to find him reprimand more severely than he does some of the defects and blemishes which attached even to these great and good men—such, for instance, as the fanatic eagerness for martyrdom displayed by Ignatius, the haughty ecclesiasticism of Cyprian, Jerome's absurd exaltation of asceticism, and the scurrilous abuse of opponents which disgraced more than a few of their number.

It is what we might have expected that in the estimate of their theology the milder aspects of the truth would most commend themselves to Dr. Farrar. His sympathies are more with the soft and somewhat molluscous systems of the Greek and Alexandrian schools than with the more rigid and sharply defined theology of the West. Dr. Farrar gives ungrudging praise to the noble life and character of Augustine, but we could hardly expect him to furnish a favourable estimate of Augustine's theology. We regret that he should join in the reckless abuse of that system as "prolific of horrible inferences, dishonouring to God, and revolting to the conscience of mankind." No such consequences can fairly be imputed to Augustinianism when properly defined. It simply declines to close its eyes to the sterner facts of Divine providence and express statements of God's word. It denies as firmly as Pelagianism that God is the author of sin or that He interferes with human liberty; while it claims that He is the author of all the good that is in man, and that all events are under His control. If there is a God at all, we may conclude that He rules the universe, and that he does not govern by haphazard. The doctrine of predestination simply means that what God does or permits in time, He must have purposed to do or permit from all eternity. If His action is right the purpose could not be wrong. This has been received as in accordance with Scripture and sound reason in all ages; and we stoutly dispute Farrar's assertion that semi-Pelagianism has been and is the general doctrine of the Christian Church.

We may say in closing that perhaps the deepest impression left on the mind after reading the lives of the Fathers and their works, is their immense inferiority to the first disciples of Christ. How can we account for the fact, that not only the lives and characters, but the writings of Ignatius and Polycarp, of Origen and Athanasius, of Jerome and Augustine, are removed to such an enormous distance from those of Peter and John and Paul? The writers of the New Testament lived almost in the same time, breathed the same atmosphere, moved in the same environment as the Fathers of the church who came after them. Yet the New Testament surpasses the best works of the Fathers and outshines them *sicut Luna inter minora sidera*. Its unique character and excellence attest its supernatural origin. The only explanation is that its writers had companied with the Son of God, and spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost. Well may Dr. Farrar, in his closing page, quote from Luther these words: "What are the saints compared with Christ? They are but shining dewdrops in the locks of the bridegroom, entangled among his hair." M.

THE *Contemporary Review* for June (New York: Leonard Scott Publication Co., 29 Park Row) opens with a highly interesting and important paper, by Archbishop Walsh, entitled "Arbitration or the Battering-Ram," in which he relates some of the leading incidents that have marked the course of his efforts in the cause of peace. Sir Morell Mackenzie contributes the first of two papers on "Speech and Song," which in view of the author's connection with the late Emperor Frederick promise to possess exceptional interest. Frederick Greenwood traces the decline of English influence in Continental politics in a paper entitled "The Mysteries of our Foreign Relations." Vernon Lee presents some irrelevant talks on the use of the beautiful in a readable paper entitled "Orpheus in Rome." Edwin Hatch argues that the tendency of the present age has been to transfer the basis of theology from metaphysics to history. E. J. Goodman describes that well-known English institution, the Savage Club, and tells some interesting stories in connection with it. G. B. Hill presents a somewhat novel view of Dr. Johnson's character in an article on "Dr. Johnson as a Radical." Sir William Dawson contributes a brief note in which he defends himself on some of his views of Genesis. The number concludes with two papers on the volunteers by C. B. Brackenbury and Lord Mayor Whitehead.

EUROPEAN scholars are devoting much attention at present to the centenary of the French Revolution, and its influence upon European politics. The *Fortnightly Review* for June (New York: Leonard Scott Publication Co., 29 Park Row) opens with two papers on the Revolution, the first "What the French Revolution Did," by Frederic Harrison, a brilliant and scholarly paper, and the second by General Viscount Wolesley, entitled "The French Revolution and War" in which he investigates the influence which that event exerted upon the science of warfare. The Marquis of Lorne presents a review of "Five Years' Advocacy of Provincial Parliaments" which he suggested some time since as a solution of the Irish difficulty. E. C. K. Gonner writes on "The Foreigner in England" and maintains that there are many serious grievances arising from unrestricted immigration to England calling for immediate action on the part of the authorities. Prof. E. A. Freeman contributes a note on "The House of Hapsburg in South-eastern Europe" in which he questions some statements made by Mr. J. D. Bouchier in a paper on the same subject in the March number of the *Review*. Dr. Robson Roose presents some good and careful rules on the "Art of Preserving Life." An anonymous writer criticises some recent changes made by the British Government in the matter of the Egyptian bonds, and Frederick Greenwood contributes an interesting sketch entitled "A Conversation in a Balcony." The number concludes with an eminently readable paper on "The Women of Spain" by Emilia Pardo Bazan.

THE *Nineteenth Century* for June (New York: Leonard Scott Publication Co., 29 Park Row) opens with an appeal against women suffrage signed by a number of representative English women. Prof. Edward Dicey presents a short but strong article on the "Ethics of Political Lying." In an article on "A Bird's Eye View of India" Lady Grant Duff argues that India is a continent, not a people, and that its real characteristics are practically unknown in England. Lady Verney writes on "Six Generations of Cæsars," summarizing the personal history of the Cæsars for the last two hundred years and deducting therefrom the personal traits of the present ruler. Prince Krapotkin writes on the "Great French Revolution," which he regards as a necessity and the greatest moving force in modern history. He argues that the condition of the Russian peasantry to-day compared with that of the French is sufficient proof of the benefits wrought by the revolution. Mrs. Priestly writes on the "Mysteries of Malaria," reviewing the recent progress made in analyzing the disease. Edward Clifford, whose paper on "Father Damien and the Lepers," last month, attracted so much attention, contributes an intensely interesting article on the "Hawaiians and Father Damien." E. N. Buxton contributes an eminently readable article on "Sardinia and its Wild Sheep," descriptive of a hunt in the wilds of Sardinia. Lord Ebrington describes a "Bye-election in 1747," giving the full details of the expenses of parliamentary methods more than one-hundred years ago, and throwing much light on early politics. The number concludes with a long essay by Prof. Huxley on "Agnosticism and Christianity," written in his most characteristic vein, and which forms an important contribution to the already extensive list of papers on this subject published in this review.

LITERARY AND PERSONAL GOSSIP.

THERE is to be a permanent exhibition at Keighley, England, of relics of the Brontë family.

BRENTANO will issue simultaneously in London and New York, "Romance of an Alter Ego," by General Lloyd Brice.

ROBERT BUCHANAN has arranged Scott's "Marmion" for the stage without sacrificing the metrical form of the original.

THE Blackwoods are to publish soon translations from Schiller by Sir Theodore Martin, upon which the writer is now engaged.

VIZETELLY, the London publisher, who has been imprisoned for selling Zola's books, has been reported ill in the jail hospital.

JOHN BURROUGH'S books now bear Houghton, Mifflin & Co.'s imprint. They have been reduced from \$1.50 to \$1.25 a volume.

THE June *Forum* contains a contribution from the pen of Mr. W. Blackburn Harte, of this city, on the "Drift Toward Annexation."

THE whole of Kinglake's "Invasion of the Crimea" is now in the Tauchnitz Series, the fourteenth and concluding volume having just been added.

D. APPLETON & Co. have ready "The Ice Age in North America and its Bearing on the Antiquity of Man," by G. Frederick Wright, Professor in Oberlin Seminary,—with an appendix on "The Probable Cause of Glaciation," by Warren Upham.

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co. will publish, in connection with Bickers & Son, of London, an *édition de luxe* of Swift's works in nineteen volumes, octavo. Only 250 copies will be placed on the American market. The reprint is after Sir Walter Scott's second edition.

M. TAINÉ has been visiting London and Oxford. In spite of his important writing on English topics, M. Taine has lived for only short periods in England. Except for a brief visit made a few years ago for some domestic purpose, it is about twenty-five years since his last visit.

THE *Home Journal*, of Boston, in its issue of June 12, publishes a summer-resort guide which contains facts of interest concerning summer hotels. The guide gives the features of the hotels, the number of guests each accommodates, with the tariff of charges, the distances, and how to reach the different points.

IN the first number of *The New Review* which Longmans, Green & Co. (London), have just issued, Senator Magueb, a partisan of General Boulanger, states the General's case by authority and is answered in the following pages by M. Camille Pelletan. "The Unionist Policy in Ireland" is discussed by J. W. Russell, M.P. Lady Randolph Churchill contributes notes of travel called "A Month in Russia;" and Mr. Henry James supplies an article entitled "After the Play."

WARD & DOWNEY will publish shortly the first authentic narrative of the early proceedings of Stanley's expedition to relieve Emin Pacha, under the title of "With Stanley's Rear Column." The author, Mr. J. Rose Troup, who was the transport officer of the expedition, will give a full account of the experiences of the party left at Yambuya. His narrative will include a description of the voyage up the Kongo, the camp on the Aruvimi, and a complete diary, showing how events led up to the assassination of Major Barttelot, and the failure of this branch of Stanley's expedition.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

THE GILMORE CONCERTS.

THE military band may be admitted to have reached its perfection as far as America is concerned in Gilmore's excellent organization. In point of volume and richness of tone, and of artistic performance it would be difficult to imagine its superior of equal size. So also thought the thousands who have recently attended its concerts. Rarely has there been so much enthusiasm at concerts as was shown at these entertainments; and Mr. Gilmore, with the greatest good nature, played encore after encore until the concerts were generally extended to the space of two hours and a half. The band's playing is best described by the word "splendid." Whether in musical drolleries like the "Barnyard" or "Plantation" pieces, or in selections of standard work like the "Tannhäuser" overture or "William Tell" ballet music, the band is alike at home and excellent. In the "Tannhäuser" overture the resemblance of the clarinet tone to that of violins was most remarkable, and the difficult passages were executed promptly and correctly. Equally good were the renditions of the other overtures—the "Fidelio," "Freischütz," and "Robespierre." No less remarkable were the transcriptions of well-known piano pieces, which sounded very odd when played by the band. The instrumentation was clever and ingenious, but it is questionable whether such things have any great musical value. It is different, however, with the Liszt "Rhapsodies," which very readily accept the richness of colouring that the band gives them. One of the cleverest things played by the band was the old German air "Ein Vogel," which was played first in its simple form, and then in a manner illustrating how various noted composers would have written it. These illustrations were very amusing in their adherence to the styles of the masters. But popular favour was undoubtedly with the "Charge of the Light Brigade," which, with its cheers and dash and rattle, captured the enthusiasm of every one present. Altogether the band's playing and its programmes were so good that no one thought of criticizing either. The chorus of the Philharmonic Society assisted at each concert; and, while it consisted mostly of ladies at the matinees, it was well-balanced and, in most instances, sang with all its usual brilliancy. The "Gloria" from the "Twelfth Mass," and the "Tannhäuser March" were splendidly sung under Mr. Torrington's direction, as was also "The Heavens Are telling." Not so good were the "Lohengrin Finale," which was very uncertain; and the chorus part of the "Lucia" sextette, which was almost omitted.

THE vocalists who were with the Band were of unusual excellence, and all will hope to hear some of them again. Mme. Blanche Stone-Barton has a beautiful bright soprano

voice, full and rich in quality, and she uses it admirably. It is just the quality for oratorios, and she would make a welcome addition to next year's soloists here. She gave a splendid rendering of the Proch air and variations. Signorina De Vere was not new to us, and she increased the good impression made by her first appearance at the last Campanini concert. Her rendering of the aria from the "Perle du Bresil" was delightful. Sig. Campanini gave a beautiful rendering of the "Salve Dimora" from "Faust," and showed us, more than ever before, what his gifts must have been in the old days. Sig. De Danckwardt is a new comer, who made the mistake of singing too loudly, probably in the fear that his voice would not carry in the large room. His singing of "Celeste Aida" was marred thereby. His voice has a wide range and an agreeable quality. Sig. Del Puente's "Toreador" is as inimitable as ever, and "Di Provenza" has all the delicacy and elegance that have made him its famous interpreter. Miss Helen Dudley Campbell was an agreeable surprise to the audience. She has a very rich contralto voice, well equalized in all its registers, and she sings most acceptably. Her rendering of "The Page's Song," from "Les Huguenots," was a fine specimen of vocalization. The accompaniments were played on the piano this year, Sig. Ferrari doing excellent service in this department.

HENRY IRVING has been presented by the Prince of Wales with a handsome cigar case in gold and leather.

CARLOTTA PATTI, sister of Adelina, known in private life as Mme. De Munck, is dangerously ill at Paris. Even if she should recover, the doctors are afraid that she will lose her voice. She is lame, a fact that prevented her ever appearing in opera, though she was a noted and successful concert singer.

COLONEL MAPLESON is once again to the front in London, and has re-opened Her Majesty's Theatre, with "Il Barbiere," with Mme. Gargano as the heroine. Among his company are Vicini, Frapoli and Galassi, Mmes. Trebelli, Tremelli, Sinico, Dotti and De Lussan.

MANAGER HARRIS is already in full swing with his London season. He is said to be doing well; Talazac, the tenor, has made a fair impression, but his voice is too small for concert gardens. The new Russian baritone, Winegradov, has made a hit.

EMMA NEVADA is meeting with triumphant success at Seville, Spain, where she is singing "Lucia," "Sonnambula" and "Barbiere."

FRANK VETTA, the basso of the American Opera Company, was married on June 6 to Lizzie McNichol, the contralto of the same company.

ADVICES from London state that they do not think little Otto Hegner, the pianistic prodigy, when he comes to America will make the same sensation that Josef Hofmann did; while he is perhaps a greater artist, he does not possess the same charming personality.

THE *personnel* of the Patti Company next year will probably be the *diva* herself, of course; Sig. Tamagno, the original *Otello* of Verdi's Opera, who will receive \$2,000 for each performance; Mme. Scalchi; Mdle de Vere, who was here with Gilmore last week, and who will receive the very moderate salary of \$1,200 per month.

ONE of those practical people, the statisticians, has gone into the figures earned by street musicians in New York. These include organ-grinders, piano-grinders, harp gangs, and German bands, and this authority places their total daily earnings at the immense sum of \$5,000 per day.

PERFORMANCES were given last week in all the New York theatres in aid of the Johnstown sufferers.

EVERYBODY knows Mr. Thomas Ryan of the Mendelssohn Quintette Club, therefore everybody will enjoy the following:

In a southern town, far from the Hub—
Its name I dare not say—
A famous Boston quintet club
Was billed one night to play;
And in the hall
Assembled all
The young, the old, the gay.

A thousand happy, eager eyes
Were turned the stage upon,
And when, with graceful spikes and ties,
The minstrel band came on,
The silence stirred—
A voice was heard—
"Is that old Mendelssohn?"

THE Toronto Vocal Society will have an excursion to Chautauqua-on-the-Lake, where they will give a concert in the evening assisted by eminent talent.

B NATURAL.

NOTES.

THE American rights in "Esther Sandraz," Sydney Grundy's new play, are owned by Mrs. Langtry. Grundy is an easy and graceful writer, though his plays are often very disappointing. This piece, however, is said to be made of very strong material. It is founded on a French novel. Mrs. Langtry will try it in Chicago this week.

RICHARD MANSFIELD will begin an engagement in "Richard III." at Palmer's Theatre in December. His London run of that production will terminate in a fortnight.

MR. F. H. COWEN has signed a contract with the Carl Rosa Opera Company of London for the production of a new opera. The libretto is to be furnished by Mr. Joseph Bennett, and will be based on a Scandinavian subject.

BOLOSSY KIRALFY is on board the *Etruria*, which arrived in Liverpool on Tuesday. He goes abroad to arrange for the bringing over here of the original scenery, costumes, and effects used in the latest spectacular production at the London Alhambra. It will be the opening play of the season at Niblo's in August.

VICTORIA VOKES will begin her tour of this country next September, and it is reported that Weedon Grossmith, the comedian, will be in her company.

THE annual deficit of the Vienna Opera House is stated to be about \$50,000. This is made good by the Emperor. The *personnel* of the establishment includes 244 choristers, 108 orchestral players, a stage band of twenty-four men, two conductors, two assistant conductors, and a large army of soloists. According to the *Trovatore*, some of the salaries paid are as follows: Herren Richter and Fusch, conductors, \$2,500 each for the season (eight months); Winckelmann (first tenor), \$12,000; Fraulein Schläger (prima donna), \$9,000. Mme. Lucca and Mme. Materna each receive \$250 a performance. A comparison between honoraria abroad and in this country is instructive; while Herr Richter, the greatest living conductor, gets \$2,500 for eight months' work in Vienna, Herr Seidl in New York receives \$7,500 for services extending over less than two-thirds of that period.

OWING to the success of Wagner's "Die Feen," in Munich, the management are considering the feasibility of mounting his other youthful work, "Das Liebesverbot," which is founded on Shakespeare's "Measure for Measure."

AN unfinished libretto, "The Saracen Woman," by Wagner, has just been discovered, the widow of Herr Greith, of Munich Cathedral, having now presented it to Frau Cosima Wagner. There is no doubt about its authenticity, as it is mentioned by Wagner himself in the fourth volume of the "Gesammelte Schriften." The libretto was sketched in 1841-3.

THE Gilbert and Sullivan operatic partnership is to be continued despite the failures of "Ruddygore" and "The Yeoman of the Guard." It is said that Mr. Gilbert is already well advanced upon another libretto for which Sir Arthur Sullivan will shortly start the music. He expects that the work will be in fair order before the heavy duties of the Leeds Festival begin. Sir Arthur desires to be a little ahead with the new comic opera, and it is for this reason he has disappointed the Leeds Festival authorities in the matter of short choral work which he had promised.

A WALK DOWN A CHINESE STREET.

COME with me down the main street of the city in which I live. It is in the heart of China, uncontaminated by the hybrid influences of foreign trade. Not here will you see the many English signboards of wondrous spelling and miraculous grammar which grace the streets of the coast port.

Not here, as in Hongkong or Shanghai, will you buy your wares of Cheap Jack & Co., Ship Chandlers, or Happy Tom & Co., Limited, Tailors and Outfitters, nor will you get your bread from Sing Song, European Loafer. It is true that one unhappy wight, aiming at the mysterious reputation attached to foreign goods, has raised an English signboard even here in Wuchang. Often did it puzzle me as I read—

RINESEYEUG
ESENHC
EPEEKEROTS—

Until one day an older resident suggested that I should read it backwards, and then I realized that somebody with an unpronounceable name, Senior Chinese Storekeeper, dwelt within. Still this is but the fly in the pot of ointment. Let us be as exclusive as the Chinaman himself, and banish all signs of the "foreign devils," while we see China pure and unalloyed. Streets from six to twelve wide, filled from morning to night with a ceaseless throng. Every man is black-haired, the fore-part of his head is shaven, while behind him hangs the long queue imposed by the Manchu conquerors. Here come the coolies, in blue jackets and blue knickerbockers, barefooted or straw-saddled, with a bamboo across the shoulders, carrying heavy weights, and singing, "Eh ho, ah ho, ay ho-li," like all the brethren of their craft east of the Mediterranean.

This man with long flowing robe, wide sleeves, huge horn-rimmed spectacles, slow swaggering gait, languid-fluttering fan, evidently a very important person indeed, is in fact a Confucianist scholar. Here totters along a woman on her tiny three-inch feet, clad in gay embroidered jacket and delicate silk skirt, perhaps a small silver-mounted tobacco-pipe in her hand, her head adorned with strange hirsute structures like a carving-knife, a trencher, a flying swallow, or what not, a touch of rouge to cheeks and lips, while white powder gives mistiness to the full-fleshed facial charms. Here a small boy, if it be winter, gaily dressed in brilliant colours, a perfect ball of many wrappings—if it be summer, equally gaily dressed in the not unbecoming garb of his yellow skin alone. For vehicles, look at yon sedan chair, borne by two or three men. In it sits a gentleman, elegantly clad in white or flowered silk or in costly furs, according to the season. If there be four or even eight bearers you will have timely warning, for this is a mandarin; before him runs a motley crowd of retainers beating gongs, carrying tablets inscribed "Be silent," "Make way." Villainous-looking fellows, with steeple-crowned Guy Fawkes hats, armed with whips, mouthing out uncouth cries, are the lictors of the great man. Others

carry the great silk umbrella, the badge of office, meant for the official should he ever wish to move his heavy well-fed body, with its impassive self-content, from his chair. This is an event which rarely occurs; in fact, it is an awful thought to an Englishman that sitting in a chair and scolding are the most violent forms of exercise in which a Mandarin ever indulges.

On the breast of his handsome silk robe he bears embroidered some strange bird or beast, which marks his rank; on his hat a button, blue, red, crystal, or gold, according to his dignity, and, if he be distinguished a one-eyed or even two-eyed peacock's feather. Occasionally some disturber of the peace, spied *flagrante delicto* from the chair, is promptly thrown down in the street, stripped and beaten.

Here is the barber, the best patronized of all the tradesmen of China. There are the little portable hot-water stands, and other implements of his trade, and at every street corner he may be seen shaving the head, combing the tresses, plaiting the queue, and shampooing the back of his clients.

Here is the stall of the quack doctor, who sells phials full of abomination to the unsuspecting crowd. His surgical operations are calmly carried on amidst the bustle of the street. Now he grubs about in some poor patients inflamed eye, and pretends to extract maggots; now he digs needles an inch or two into all parts of an afflicted frame, with the inquiry, "Now you feel better, don't you?" or again, he prescribes pills to be taken eighty a day until relief ensues.

Here is a dentist with a large tray of ancient extracted molars and incisors, *pour encourager les autres*; he, too, professes to cure toothache by extracting grubs from the teeth. The travelling tinker with his portable forge makes day hideous with his metallic advertisements, and will mend your kettle or solder your broken spectacles on the spot. The peripatetic cobbler sits down at the street corner and mends the well-worn shoes entrusted by the housewife yonder. Here is the vendor of false hair for pigtailed; here the seller of false tresses for women, each with his own peculiar cry.

Yonder stall with its small oven is for confectionery, and rice-cakes, pork-balls, greasy with oil, and well spiced with garlic, together with sweetmeats of various hue and taste, are always sure of customers. Near by is the large tea-house, where harmless willow-leaves and water, under the generic name of tea, afford pleasing distraction and gossip to leisurely groups of loiterers, or the contents of bowls of impossible-looking messes are disappearing rapidly, with the help of chop-sticks down eager throats. Yonder hurries along with shouts and mirth a long double line of boys clad in soiled scarlet, with bedraggled feathers erect upon their heads, bearing tablets, and of men bearing tinsel sceptres, paper pagodas, fans, umbrellas and all manner of gifts. This is the wedding procession escorting a bride in the closed chair, all gorgeous in crimson and gold, while a body of long-robed, low-bowing gentlemen bring up the rear. That shrill mournful music of fifes and drums marks a funeral. Many are the tatterdemalions hired for a few cash to carry tablets bearing inscriptions complimentary to the deceased: many the priests burning crackers and scattering paper money to appease the spirits. Soon comes a cock bound and borne aloft to delude any wandering goblin of malevolent intent into the belief that all the fuss is about the bird, and not about the corpse. Then follow chairs draped in white, containing the women of the household, whose well-trained moaning can be heard through the muffled windows; the chief mourner draped in sackcloth, walks before the coffin, and is supported in the supposed agony of his grief by assistant mourners on right and left. Then, borne by two-and-thirty men, comes the huge dragon-shaped bier on which rests the coffin on its way to sepulture outside the city gates.

Here the eye is caught by a blank wall-front, surmounted by two great masts with square cross-trees high aloft. This is the official residence of a magistrate or other mandarin, and is known for good or evil fame as a *yamen*. Here justice is administered in fashion more or less paternal with a view to the support of sundry legal retainers. That litigation is not without its expenses may well be believed. "The entrance of the *yamen* is very wide," says the Chinese proverb, "the exit very narrow."

Yonder is a stall with a few fruits upon it, and the motto "One word all"—its meaning is made more clear by the perpetual chaffing necessary for a purchase. Here is the "Retreat of the three-fold Senior Wrangler," where groceries change hands; here the "Library of the three Supreme Constellations," where we may buy buns; here a store resplendent with the adornment of yesterday "Founded at the Creation of Heaven;" while we have, thick scattered as the leaves in Vallombrosa, "The Galaxy of Virtue," "Superlative Happiness," "Magnificent Universal Peace," "Ten-thousandfold Beauty," "Assembled Gems."

A bank is adorned, "Abundance through Circulation;" and indeed, considering that the only coin in use is of value so small that three hundred of them strung together would amount to one shilling, and that should you wish to pay a bill of a couple of pounds you have a full load for a coolie, we may well understand that there is at any rate "abundance in circulation." Yon dingy place filled with monstrous forms of tiger's teeth, crocodiles, malefactors gall-bladders, newts' and dragons' scales, is a medicine shop, and reposes in dignity under the device, "The Hall of Benevolence and Longevity." Enter its doors and you will be informed, "The elixir confers long

life on the world, the herb of good omen confers immortality; or again, "This shop collects medicine from every province and place, and inherits ancient methods of preparing drugs. Though none may be here to see our compounding, yet with a stout heart we can say that 'Heaven knows.'" This undertaker's workshop has its ready-made coffins piled up, a suitable present for the season, all marked euphemistically enough, "Long life." No more delicate attention can be shown than to present an elderly friend with his coffin.

The sellers of scents and rouges must drive a profitable trade, for there is a great family resemblance between the advertisements of our home papers and the following: "We have penetrated throughout the Empire to obtain all manner of famous perfumes; we have spared no labour or expense to produce faces fair as a jewel statue, and perfumes fit for the palace. Our fame has spread far and wide. Now, there many imitations of our trade mark; our pearls are simulated by their fishes' eyes. Let all scholars and traders notice the lion at our door—this is our mark."

There is touching candour about the statement of a hatter: "The splendid style of this flourishing dynasty: hats of mandarins of the highest rank. Our goods are better than other men's, we cannot therefore lower our prices." And what can be more seductive to the martyr to corns than this: "Boots and leggings of the Peking pattern; boots of good omen and universal peace." India and England share with China the shame of the necessity for the opium curing establishment, the signboard of which states, "This hall has obtained its method from across the sea. It has a wonderful means of weaning from the foreign drug, quite different from all others: in seven days the craving can be cured; we guarantee a cure, and that you will thank us." It was not this establishment, but a foreign hospital, which was recommended for an opium cure by an enthusiastic Chinaman: "A first-rate place; I've been cured there myself four times!" Some of us who watch the development and hope for the welfare of the Chinese national character sometimes reflect rather sadly as, the effect of centuries of all this abuse of words, which have thus lost all the heart of their meaning, and fear that we detect a corresponding loss of heart in the morality of the people, notwithstanding many a lofty moral maxim, hoary with age, dignifying the pages of Confucian sages.

And yet there is a contentment and good humour very attractive, a cheeriness and industry very hopeful in this folk; and although in moments of passion and mob-rule they sometimes rise and burn out houses, and though in their ordinary horse-play they indicate plainly our infernal origin and emphasize the belief with gibes and stones, yet we who know them find much to love and esteem; and now that China is awaking from the sleep of ages, we anticipate with intense interest the mighty part she is to play in the world's arena in the centuries to come.—*The Quiver.*

READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

PEASANT PROPRIETORS IN RUSSIA.

THE peasant proprietors can neither pay the money owing to the Government for their land, nor even the State and communal taxes, and are flogged by hundreds for non-payment. In one district of Novgorod, fifteen hundred peasants were thus condemned in 1887. Five hundred and fifty had already been flogged, when the inspector interceded for the remainder. Widespread famine is found over a great part of the country; usurers, the bane of peasant proprietors in all countries, are in possession of the situation; the Koulaks and Jew "Mir-eaters" supply money on mortgage, then foreclose, and when the land is in their possession get the work done for nothing as interest. These bondage labourers, as they are called, are in fact slaves, and are nearly starved, while the small pieces of land are often reunited into considerable estates, and their new owners consider they have only rights and no duties. Meantime, as forced labour is at an end, and free labour is of the worst possible kind, the old landowners can get nothing done; they have tried to employ machines, bought by borrowing from the banks, and are now unable to repay the money. The upper class has been ruined, with no advantage to the peasant.—*Nineteenth Century.*

STIMULANTS AND THE VOICE.

TOBACCO, alcohol, and fiery condiments of all kinds are best avoided by those who have to speak much, or at least they should be used in strict moderation. I feel bound to warn speakers addicted to the "herb nicotian" against cigarettes. Like tipping, the effect of cigarette smoking is cumulative, and the slight but constant absorption of tobacco juice and smoke makes the practice far more noxious in the long run than any other form of smoking. Our forefathers, who used regularly to end their evenings under the table, seem to have suffered little of the well-known effects of alcohol on the nerves, while the modern tippler, who is never intoxicated, is a being whose whole nervous system may be said to be in a state of chronic inflammation. In like manner cigarette smokers (those at least who inhale the smoke, and do not merely puff it "from the lips," as Carlyle would say), are often in a state of chronic narcotic poisoning. The old jest about the slowness of the poison may seem applicable here, but though the process may be slow there can be but little

doubt that it is sure. Even if it does not kill the body, it too often kills or greatly impairs the victim's working efficiency and usefulness in life. The local effects of cigarettes in the mouth must also be taken into account by those whose work lies in the direction of public speech. The white spots on the tongue and inside of the cheeks, known as "smoker's patches," are believed by some doctors with special experience to be more common in devotees of the cigarette than in other smokers. This unhealthy condition of the mouth may not only make speaking troublesome, or even painful, but it is now proved to be a predisposed cause of cancer. All fiery or pungent foods, condiments, or drinks tend to cause congestion of the throat, and if this condition becomes chronic it may lead to impairment, if not complete loss of voice. The supposed miraculous virtues of the mysterious possets and draughts on which some orators pin their faith exists mainly in the imagination of those who use them; at best they do nothing more than lubricate the joints of the vocal machine so as to make it work more smoothly.—*Sir Morrell Mackenzie in the Contemporary Review.*

THE SAD GRIEVANCE OF BACHELOR OFFICERS.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Bombay Gazette* who has seen, in a *Contemporary Review* article on the "Position of Women in Ancient Rome," the statement that by the Lex Papia Poppæ, for the encouragement of marriage, a fine was inflicted on all bachelors between the ages of twenty and sixty, and that this iniquitous law was rightly abrogated by the Christian Emperor Constantine, observes that it has been left to the so-called Christian Viceroy and Governors of India to reimpose this pagan tax on celibacy under the specious heading of subscriptions to the Indian Service Family Pension Fund, and it is against this tax on bachelors that he invokes the powerful aid of the press in England and India. "Indignans" says he has been some twelve years in the service of the Indian Government, "and though without any particularly glaring virtues or vices," he continues, "I am still unmarried, and I am likely to remain a drug in the matrimonial market for the remainder of my service. Still every month I am mulcted, fined, swindled in the sum of 7-9 rupees (say 90 rupees per annum) ostensibly for the support of my future widow. In reality I am fined for not supplying food and raiment to one of the superfluous damsels of England. I have waited patiently all these years, biding my time to protest; and having come across the article I mention by the learned Principal Donaldson, the whole Christian part of me has been convulsed with indignation at finding I was serving under an infamous law copied from pagan Rome, and I can no longer hold my peace. The Government of India are, we know, very Gallios, with neither a soul to be damned nor a body to be kicked, but has our Christian England sunk to such a low state of morality that she can see with unmoved, apathetic face men ruthlessly fined for firmly adhering to the thorny path of celibacy? To escape this fine am I to avail myself of this 'premium on improvident marriages?' or am I to remain an unsung martyr to the bureaucratic tyranny of an unjust Government? or, again, should I consider myself a part-owner in the wives of my fellow subscribers, whom eventually my money will support? Will no travelling M.P. in search of a grievance or half-pay bishop (though I am credibly informed that the superior clergy never become unfit to draw their full pay) take up my hard case?"

KILLED AND WOUNDED IN THE STREETS OF LONDON.

THE Registrar-General has, during the last twenty years, published returns showing the number of deaths in Registration London (practically the London of the County Council) referred each year to accidents from horses and vehicles in the streets. Let us, therefore, compare the police figures with those of the Registrar-General. In 1869, the first of these twenty years, the deaths from these causes were 192, whereas in 1888 they were 237; the police numbers being 96 in 1867 and 142 in 1887. Apart from the difference between the absolute numbers, the rate of increase during the twenty years was only 23 per cent. according to the Registrar-General, whereas, according to the police figures, it was 48 per cent. Moreover, as the population of the metropolis increased 34 per cent. during during the twenty years, it follows that the proportion of fatal street accidents to population was lower in 1888 than in 1869, notwithstanding the greater congestion of the main thoroughfares. So far the Registrar-General's figures are satisfactory, and it may be further noted that, whereas the annual number of fatal street accidents increased pretty steadily from 192 in 1869 to 271 in 1882, they have since as steadily decreased to 237 in 1888. It is to be regretted that, in justice to the success apparently resulting from the police control of street traffic, the Chief Commissioner in his report should ignore the trustworthy figures of the Registrar-General, and prefer to put forward the necessarily imperfect statistics collected by the police.—*Lancet.*

In another column we publish the nineteenth annual report of the Ontario Mutual Life. The business of the Company during the past year has been of a most gratifying character, nearly two thousand new policies having been written, amounting to \$2,518,650; bringing up the total business of the Association at the present time to \$12,041,914, under 9,398 policies. Under the careful management which has always characterized the Ontario Mutual Life, we have no doubt the future of the Association will be one of continued prosperity.

BANK OF MONTREAL.

The seventy-first annual meeting of shareholders of the Bank of Montreal was held at the head office in Montreal at one o'clock Monday afternoon, June 3, 1889.

Among those present were Sir Donald Smith, president; Hon. George A. Drummond, vice-president; Messrs. Gilbert Scott, Hugh McLennan, Hon. J. J. C. Abbott, W. C. McDonald, Robt. Anderson, Hector Mackenzie, Jas. O'Brien, John Crawford, Wm. Mackenzie, John Morrison, J. Philip Scott, John H. R. Molson, Geo. Macrae, Q.C., D. Kinsella, W. B. Cumming, A. C. Clark, W. J. Learmont, Andrew McCulloch, W. G. Murray, Hon. D. A. McDonald, Robt. Benny, D. Macmaster, Q.C., R. B. Angus, Henry Hogan, John Dunlop, Robert Archer, and others.

On motion of Mr. Robert Anderson, Sir Donald Smith, K.C.M.G., the president of the bank, was requested to take the chair. Mr. A. B. Buchanan was appointed secretary of the meeting, and Messrs. F. S. Lyman and W. H. Meredith were appointed scrutineers.

The president then called upon the general manager to read the annual report of the directors, which was as follows:

REPORT.

The directors beg to present the seventy-first annual report, showing the result of the bank's business for the year ended 30th April, 1889:

Balance of profit and loss account, April 30, 1888.....	\$ 690,241 52
Profits for the year ended April 30, 1889, after deducting charges of management and making full provision for all bad and doubtful debts.....	1,377,176 01
	\$2,067,417 53
Dividend 5 per cent., paid December, 1888.....	\$600,000
Dividend 5 per cent., payable June 1, 1889.....	600,000
Amount reserved for bank buildings in course of construction.....	50,000
	\$1,250,000 00
Balance of profit and loss carried forward.....	\$817,417 53

The figures in the annexed statement do not call for any special notice, the only change of importance being the increase in deposits at interest, accounted for by special deposits of the Dominion Government.

The board recommends to their successors in office, as an improvement upon the system which has hitherto prevailed in framing the annual statement, that a sum be set aside out of the Profit and Loss Account to cover the rebate on bills under discount, a measure which will doubtless meet with the approval of the shareholders.

An office has been opened in the town of Wallaceburg, Ontario, with satisfactory results.

The business of the branch in the town of Port Hope having become unprofitable, it was closed in October last.

It has been decided to open an office in St. Catharine Street West, in this city, to be called the West End Branch, and temporary premises in that locality have been rented in the meantime, until a suitable building can be erected on a lot recently purchased for the purpose at the corner of Mansfield and St. Catharine Streets.

The head office and all the branches have passed through the usual inspection during the year.

The directors report, with extreme regret, the death, on December 29, last, of their esteemed colleague, Mr. Alexander Murray, who had served on the board since the year 1879. To fill the vacancy thus caused, Mr. Charles S. Watson was elected.

DONALD A. SMITH,
President.

GENERAL STATEMENT, 30TH APRIL, 1889.

Liabilities	
Capital stock.....	\$12,000,000 00
Reserve.....	6,000,000 00
Balance of profits carried forward.....	817,417 53
	\$ 6,817,417 53
Unclaimed dividends.....	6,679 52
Half-yearly dividend, payable June 1, 1889.....	600,000 00
Amount reserved for bank buildings in course of construction.....	50,000 00
	\$ 7,474,097 05
Amount of notes of the bank in circulation.....	\$ 5,349,452 00
Deposits not bearing interest.....	8,240,266 53
Deposits bearing interest.....	18,843,931 31
Balances due to other banks in Canada.....	113,713 38
	\$32,547,353 22
	\$52,021,450 27

Assets.	
Gold and silver coin current.....	\$ 2,632,084 46
Government demand notes.....	1,803,001 00
Due from banks in Canada.....	221,203 68
Due from agencies in foreign countries.....	12,294,891 41
Due from agencies in Great Britain.....	685,848 98
Notes and cheques of other banks.....	941,997 41
	\$18,670,106 97
Loans and bills discounted, securities, and other assets.....	\$32,594,745 23
Debts secured by mortgage or otherwise.....	119,215 89
Overdue debts not specially secured (estimated loss provided for).....	38,382 19
Bank premises at Montreal and branches.....	600,000 00
	\$52,021,450 27

W. J. BUCHANAN,
General Manager.

Bank of Montreal, Montreal, April 30, 1889.

THE PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS.

The president, Sir Donald Smith, in moving the adoption of the annual report, said: Gentlemen, in proposing the adoption of this report, which will be seconded by the vice-president, Hon. Geo. Drummond, I do not intend to be otherwise than brief in my observations, especially as the general manager will give such particulars as may be necessary to supplement the statement you now have in your hands. It may be, and doubtless is, a disappointment to some that there is no bonus on this occasion. The earnings, as you are aware, were such as to permit the giving of one per cent. in addition to the ordinary ten per cent., but your directors gave their most careful consideration to this in all its bearings, and they considered it best in your interest and for your protection that instead of giving a bonus now there should be an addition made to the reserve of profit and loss. At this time the prospects of an abundant harvest are excellent, and were we assured of that it might have been well that we could all have put into our pockets now a little more money. You will all recollect that at this time last year everything also looked very bright, but, unfortunately, the harvest both in the old Provinces and in the North-West was a disappointment to all of us, and consequently the earning power of the bank was curtailed because the capabilities of borrowing were not the same for the community as they would have been had the harvest turned out as was hoped for. You will then be stronger by keeping this in reserve for the present, and will be able to meet and to deal with circumstances as they may present themselves; and should the crops be such as we all look forward to at present, and there are no unforeseen adverse influences, the giving of that bonus, which you and all of us will be very glad to get, will only be postponed for a little while, for it is not that we look forward with any misgivings to the business of the bank. Far from it. It is in a very excellent position to do all that may be necessary to give the best return to its shareholders. And while we have proposed this dividend, of course it rests with you to say, after

all, that you are not to have the bonus, but I am sure that all of you who are business men, and who are capable of looking ahead as well as any of us, will consider that it is really best that we should content ourselves with the ordinary ten per cent. at this moment.

During the present year the bank, to strengthen itself in England, has made purchases to a very considerable extent of Imperial securities, that is, securities such as the Bank of England will unhesitatingly accept at any time, and which are convertible at any moment, so that with these in our possession we are always in a position to borrow money as it may be required. You will see in the report that some \$50,000 has been set aside for bank premises in Calgary and Vancouver.

THE PROGRESS OF THE BANK

and of Montreal you will see also that the directors have thought proper to establish a branch in the west end of the city, that is, St. Catharine Street. This is for the accommodation of customers in that part of the town; for we all recognize that the great portion of the retail business is led in that direction, and it will be a great convenience for depositors and others having business transactions with the bank there.

The question of rebate on bills discounted is one which has been under consideration by your directors from time to time for many years back. The system which now prevails is that commenced by the bank at its inception, and it has gone on ever since. The bank year, as you are aware, closes on the 30th April, and it has not been the practice hitherto to deduct the unearned interest from that date until maturity of the bills discounted. It is thought by the directors that it is better an allowance should be made for this. That will require \$200,000. You may say that the directors might well have done this of themselves this year or the year before. But they thought that it was only right and proper, before they changed the system of accounts that had prevailed for over seventy years, to come before you and inform you of their opinion on the subject, and ask your advice with regard to it.

NEW RAILWAY CONNECTIONS.

At the annual meeting last year I think reference was made to the opening up of certain roads into Montreal which must necessarily bring an accession of business to Canada, and to Montreal especially. Then the direct railways from here to the North-Western States, via Sault Ste. Marie, were under construction. Now, I am happy to say, they are an accomplished fact; and I could wish very much that all of you had been with me on a very pleasant trip we made over those roads within the last ten or twelve days. You would have seen for yourselves the great capabilities of that intervening country and of the North-West, marking out what we may well expect to come to Montreal from that source. And to-day we have for the first time, speeding over the road called the Short Line to St. John, N.B., a new service, by a route which takes off 270 miles of distance to that part of the Maritime Provinces, and reduces the time to, I think, at present, eighteen hours, which I understand will very shortly be further curtailed by two hours. This cannot possibly fail to benefit us here in Montreal; and it appears to me that if we are true to ourselves, if we bend ourselves sturdily to the work before us, what with all these facilities, and with Montreal as it is to be, a free port, with such accommodation for traffic both by sea and land as you, gentlemen, who are connected with the trade and commerce of the country will insist on having, surely we may look forward for even a greater and much brighter condition of things throughout the country and Montreal than we have had in the past. (Hear, hear.) This in its train will bring with it additional accumulated wealth, and that, in turn, will give to the Bank of Montreal and to other banks increased deposits, of which I hope that, as in the past, the Bank of Montreal will have its good share at a low average rate of interest, so that notwithstanding the steadily decreasing rate of interest obtainable for money for the last eight or ten years, the bank, by a largely increased business by reason of those deposits, will, like the great banks in London, be in a position to continue the distribution of satisfactory profits. You will, notwithstanding that the rate of interest from your customers is much lower, be still able, with that good management which has characterized your bank, to look forward, I firmly believe, to having the 10 per cent. dividend. As to bonus, that must be just as the condition of affairs may permit. At any rate, your directors in the future, as in the past, will, no doubt, do their utmost to keep up the standard of the bank, and give you all the profit and all the advantage it may be possible for them to afford. I now move, seconded by Mr. Drummond, the vice-president,

That the report of the directors, now read, be adopted and printed for distribution among the shareholders.

Hon. Senator Drummond—I have much pleasure in seconding the motion.

The President—I will now ask the general manager to make a few remarks.

THE GENERAL MANAGER'S ADDRESS.

Mr. Buchanan, the general manager, then said:—As having a very important bearing on the results of the bank's operations during the past year, I wish to take the liberty, as I did at our last meeting, of drawing your attention to the course of the money market in Great Britain and the United States. In London the rates for money ruled low until September, when, in order to stop the drain of gold, chiefly to the Argentine Republic, on whose account large loans had been put out, the Bank of England raised the rate to 4, and three weeks later, to 5 per cent. Notwithstanding this, and the fact that that bank borrowed largely from the other great banks, with a view of reducing the supply of loanable funds, the open market rate for money responded to the advance in the bank rate for only a very limited period, and the following anomalous condition of affairs existed: the Bank of England rate was 5 per cent.; the other banks, according to London custom, were allowing 1½ per cent. below, that is 3½ per cent. to depositors, while they were only able to lend on the market at 2 to 2½ per cent., a very unprofitable business for them. Before long arrangements were made with the great issuing houses to stop the export of gold to the Argentine Republic; gold was brought in from Russia and elsewhere, and the year 1888 closed on a comparatively quiet money market. By the end of January the bank rate had been brought down to 3 per cent., and on 18th April it was further reduced to 2½, where it now stands, with discounts in the open market at 1½ per cent. It must be apparent, therefore, that London has been a poor field, throughout our year, for the profitable employment of any of our surplus moneys. It may be interesting to note that during the stringency the stock of bullion in the Bank of England sank to £18,300,000, the lowest point it has reached since 1866, the year of the Overend-Gurney failure.

In New York, with the exception of a slight squeeze towards the end of December, money has been superabundant, and has not averaged for the year over two per cent. for call loans. Time money has been correspondingly low, and in Chicago we have been obliged to content ourselves with a reduced rate. This condition of things was largely produced by the extensive bond purchases made by the United States Government. From the 23rd of April, 1888, when the first purchase was made, until now, the enormous sum of \$195,000,000 has been put out in that way. The

surplus, however, now held by the treasurer has been reduced to \$50,000,000, and unless he advances the price he has so far been willing to pay for the bonds, there is not much likelihood of its being disbursed to any great extent, in which case, if the harvest equals general expectations, we look pretty confidently for much better values for money in the United States this autumn.

The rates in Canada have been about normal, with a tendency to a lower level, owing to keen competition; profits on collections from the same cause have been greatly reduced, while Foreign Exchange is dealt in at a price altogether out of proportion to the risks incident to the business. But this has been, I fear, about the case with most kinds of business for the past few years—greatly diminished profits on all sides. It is evident to every one that capital is yielding less year by year—for instance, between now and December, 1900, there are maturing in the United States something like \$650,000,000 of railway bonds, now bearing not less than 6 per cent., and some as high as 10 per cent.; to-day these could be refunded at from 4 to 4½ per cent. Bringing this home to the case of this bank, it seems to me that only by a great expansion in our lending capacity in this country, which, I think, however, we may very fairly calculate on, as riches and population increase, can we look to a maintenance of our profits at about the present figure for many years longer, and that, therefore, a distribution of all a bank's earnings would be a measure of questionable prudence.

THE YEAR'S BUSINESS.

Business generally during the past year in Canada has been rather disappointing, and, unless in exceptional cases, I am under the impression that a majority of merchants, who have had the courage to value their assets in a proper manner, have had to contemplate a shrinkage of their capital account. The crops were only fairly good in Ontario, and were disappointing in Manitoba. Payments were consequently light, and the banks have had to carry a heavier load than usual. This, with the holding over of a good deal of lumber and logs, will pretty well account for the increase of \$19,000,000 during the year in loans, and does not altogether indicate a healthy expansion of business. The deposits have increased \$15,000,000, and though a portion of this very probably represents the savings of the community, a large part is composed of proceeds of loans in other countries, and, consequently, increased indebtedness of the Dominion. One feature about these deposits in banks is not very satisfactory. Leaving out the Bank of Montreal from the Government statement, it will be seen that while circulation and deposits representing the liabilities to the public have increased, the reserves, which should have augmented proportionately, have diminished. The figures are:—

Table with financial data for 1888 and 1889, including circulation, deposits, reserves, and liabilities.

Showing a reduction in reserves of all kinds of about four and three-quarter millions, and an increase of liabilities of close on \$11,250,000. We leave practical financial men to draw their own conclusions.

THE OUTLOOK FOR THE FUTURE

is at present bright. Lumber prospects were never better. Crops all over the Dominion give great promise. The cotton mills appear to be working in harmony, and consequently on more profitable lines, and many securities which were a short time ago unrealizable are now getting a market value. If our hopes are realized we should have an active business in the early autumn; but if, on the contrary, the crops should turn out badly, and the lumber business, which is a very important factor, not meet expectations, the results cannot fail to be correspondingly disappointing. We look on this as rather a crucial year, and until the outcome of it is seen, our distribution of profits was, I think, wisely confined to what has been considered for some few years back the minimum, viz.: 10 per cent. Let us hope that merchants also will not discount the future, which is always full of uncertainties, by increasing their importations, at least until we are treading on firmer ground than is possible so long before harvest time. I have already taken up too much of your time, and shall now only add that I shall be pleased to answer any questions which any of the shareholders desire to put to me.

The President—If there is any other gentleman who would like to make some observations on the report, we shall be happy to hear him.

Mr. John Morrison reviewed the business of the bank for the past year, adding that the Directors had acted with commendable prudence in adding to the Reserve Fund, while had a bonus been declared a gross error would have been committed. He would have liked to see the current expenses and losses every year given in the annual statement. The statement, however, as far as it went for the present year, was unexceptionable.

Mr. John Crawford promised that there was not much disposition either to ask or answer any questions, and said that Mr. Morrison had done that respect to the resolution for the adoption of the reports which it deserved. He complimented the chairman on his remarks re bonus, the board upon their generally conservative plans, and the general manager upon his interesting statistics. He reminded the meeting of the discovery, after the event, that it would have been better to pay one per cent. bonus in 1887 than two per cent., and said:—"Now, sir, neither can we ignore our present situation. Competition between banks is vastly on the increase, money is phenomenally cheap, and the expenditure is still maintained at its maximum rate. It seems to me, though, that the country, narrow as it is, is capable of absorbing all its unemployed capital, and I think that these reasons will lead us to the conclusion that the policy of the bank is deserving of credit." Concluding the speaker again brought up the subject of quarterly instead of half-yearly dividends, and the president replied to him that that subject had not been lost sight of.

The report was unanimously adopted.

Mr. Crawford then moved that the thanks of the meeting be presented to the President, the Vice-President, and Directors for their attention to the interests of the bank. He said the Board had been described as a canny, formidable Scotch clan, who get the credit of a bump of caution, and they will not have any transaction of a speculative character, and said he wished to emphasize this that what shareholders had most to apprehend is not the withholding of bonuses, but the natural tendency of directors to be too generous.

Mr. Hector Mackenzie seconded the motion, which was carried unanimously.

The president, in replying for his colleagues and himself, thanked the meeting warmly for the manner in which they had been referred to. "We are conscious, at any rate," he said, "of having done with regard to your affairs just as each of us would have done were we looking after our own individual matters. While speaking of this I would add this one word. We all of us deeply regret the loss of our colleague, the late Mr. Alexander Murray, a gentleman upon whose mature judgment we always relied, and whose sound advice we found to be most valuable in all cases of emergency. He was always ready to do his part in the best possible way for the interests of the shareholders, whose trustee he was."

Hon. J. C. Abbott said: While I feel gratified at the approbation which the shareholders have been pleased to accord to our labours for the past year, I feel that we must not forget that the executive officers of the board have contributed in their respective departments to the success of the operations of the bank, and I think they should have their due amount of approval also. I therefore beg to move:

That the thanks of the meeting be given to the general manager, the assistant general manager, the inspector, the managers, and other officers of the bank, for their services during the past year.

Mr. H. B. Angus expressed the pleasure he felt in seconding the motion.

The General Manager, in replying, said: I beg to thank the mover and secondor of the resolution for the manner in which they have spoken of myself and the other officers of the bank, and for your cordial reception of the motion. I can say with confidence that from the highest to the lowest in rank there is the utmost loyalty and zeal, and that the managers in Canada, from Halifax to Vancouver, as well as those in London, New York and Chicago, to whom especially great responsibilities are entrusted, have a full appreciation of the magnitude and importance of the interests committed to their charge.

It was then moved by Mr. James O'Brien, seconded by Mr. John Dunlop, that a ballot be now taken for members of the board.

A formal adjournment then took place.

The scrutineers reported the following gentlemen as duly elected directors: Hon. J. C. Abbott, Hon. George A. Drummond, E. B. Green-shields, Hugh McLennan, W. C. McDonald, A. T. Paterson, Sir Donald A. Smith, K.C.M.G., Gilbert Scott, Charles S. Watson.

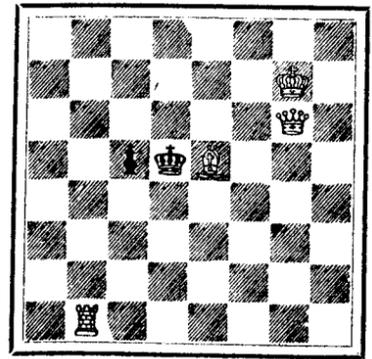
At a meeting of the newly elected board, held on the 4th inst., Sir Donald A. Smith, M.P., was elected president, and Hon. George A. Drummond vice-president.

CHESS.

PROBLEM No. 367.

From the British Whig.

BLACK.



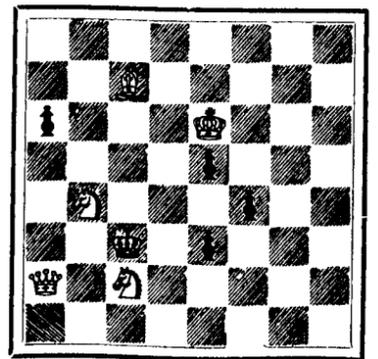
WHITE.

White to play and mate in two moves.

PROBLEM No. 368.

By E. P. MATHCOFF.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

SOLUTIONS TO PROBLEMS.

No. 361.

- White. 1. P-Q Kt 5, 2. Q-K 8+, 3. Q-K 5 mate. Black. K-K 2, K-Q 5. If 1. K-Q 4, 2. K-Q 5. With other variations.

No. 362.

- White. 1. Q-B 2, 2. Q-Q 1, 3. Q-R 5 mate. Black. K-K 4, P-B 4, K-B 3. If 1. P-B 4, 2. K-B 3. With other variations.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. L. S.—Correct solutions received to problems 359, 360, 361, 362, 363 and 364.

GAME PLAYED IN THE AMERICAN CHESS CONGRESS BETWEEN TSCHIGORIN AND BURN.

KING'S GAMBIT.

Table showing chess moves for White and Black in the King's Gambit game between Tschigorin and Burn.

MANITOBA AND NORTH-WESTERN EXCURSIONS.—The last of the C. P. Ry. Special Colonist Excursions will leave Toronto at 11 p.m. on Tuesday next, the 18th inst., for Deloraine, Moosomin, Glenboro, Saltcoats, Moosejaw and Calgary, to return on the 28th July next. As party is rapidly filling up early application should be made to nearest ticket agent for berths in Free Colonist Sleepers.

THE CANADIAN GAZETTE, EVERY THURSDAY.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF INFORMATION AND COMMENT UPON MATTERS OF USE AND INTEREST TO THOSE CONCERNED IN CANADA, CANADIAN EMIGRATION AND CANADIAN INVESTMENTS.

EDITED BY THOMAS SKINNER,

Compiler and Editor of "The Stock Exchange Year Book," "The Directory of Directors," "The London Banks," etc.

SUBSCRIPTION 18s. PER ANNUM.

LONDON, ENGLAND: 1 ROYAL EXCHANG BUILDINGS, E. C.

Or MESSRS. DAWSON BROTHERS, MONTREAL.

**SPECIAL AND ANNUAL MEETING
OF THE
ONTARIO MUTUAL LIFE.**

THE ATTENDANCE OF MEMBERS OF this Company at its Nineteenth Annual Meeting, in Waterloo, on May 23rd, 1889, though not quite as large as in some former years, was, as usual, both influential and representative.

The President, I. E. Bowman, Esq., M.P., having taken the chair, on motion the Secretary of the Company, W. H. Riddell, Esq., acted as Secretary of the Special and of the Annual Meeting.

The provisions of the Act passed at the last session of the Dominion Parliament, to amend the Company's charter, having been explained by the Chairman, on motion it was unanimously approved of, whereupon the Special General Meeting was dissolved.

THE ANNUAL MEETING

of the Company was then held. The Secretary having read the notice calling the meeting, on motion the minutes of last Annual Meeting were taken as read, and confirmed. The President then read the

DIRECTORS' REPORT:

It affords your Directors much pleasure, in submitting the following statement of the affairs of our Company, to be able to report to the members that the net result of the business transacted during the year 1888 exceeds that of any previous year. The new assurances issued amount to \$2,518,650, under 1,905 policies, and the total amount in force on 31st December is \$12,041,914 under 9,398 policies. The regular progressive increase of the past ten years in our Premium and Interest Income has been fully maintained.

Our total assets as at 31st December last amounted to \$1,313,853, and our surplus over and above all liabilities has reached the handsome sum of \$90,337.09, which is a very satisfactory showing after the liberal annual distributions which have hitherto been made. A portion of this surplus will be held in hand as a provision against future reductions in the rate of interest and other contingencies.

Our expense account for 1888 is about \$2,000 less than that of 1887, while the business transacted is considerably greater; and the ratio of expense has been reduced to 18 1-5 per cent., showing a reduction of 2 1/2 per cent. as compared with the previous year.

The policies in force at the close of the year have been valued by the officers of the Government Insurance Department and the Reserve required to be held has been certified as correct by the Superintendent of Insurance for the Dominion. After the regular annual Audit, the Executive Committee of the Board again carefully examined in detail all the securities embraced in the general statement of assets and found them correct and in proper order. The detailed statement prepared and duly certified to by your Auditors is herewith submitted for your examination and disposal.

You will be called on to elect four Directors in the place of B. M. Britton, John Marshall, Francis C. Bruce and J. Kerr Fischen, whose term of office has expired, but who are all eligible for re-election. On behalf of the Board,

ISAAC E. BOWMAN, Pres.

Printed copies of the Financial Statement and Auditors' Report for 1888 having been distributed among the members, the President moved the adoption of the various reports. He congratulated the policy-holders on the favourable results of the year's operations, obtained at a lower ratio of expenditure than in previous years and lower than the expense ratio of any of our Canadian competitors, with one exception only; while the volume of business has been well maintained and its quality improved. The new business of the current year was much in excess of that written during the same period in any previous year, evidencing the continued popularity of the Company and warranting the hope that the next report the Directors may have the privilege of submitting will be the best ever experienced in the history of the Company. He had no hesitation in stating that The Ontario was never more deserving of the support and confidence of its members and of the patronage of the insuring public than it is at the present time. B. M. Britton, Esq., Q.C.; James Trow, Esq., M.P.; Joseph Ward, Esq., of the wholesale firm of Messrs. Ward, Carter & Co., Montreal, and others ably supported the motion, which was adopted amid applause.

Messrs. Jackson and Scully having been reappointed by vote of the members present auditors for the current year, the Scrutineers appointed to take up the ballots having reported the re-election of the retiring Directors, and the customary vote of thanks to the Board, the Officers and the Agents having been tendered and responded to, the meeting was brought to a close. The Directors met subsequently and re-elected I. E. Bowman, President; and under the amended charter elected C. M. Taylor 1st Vice and Robert Melvin 2nd Vice-President of the Company for the ensuing year.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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"Tendencies of French and English Literature in the Elizabethan Period," by Morton W. Easton, Ph.D., Professor of Comparative Philology in the University of Pennsylvania.

"French Versions of the Willow Song" (with music of Jean Jacques Rousseau), by Theodore Child.

FOR MARCH.

"Some Observations on the Chronological Study of Shakespeare" (from a Lecture), by Horace Howard Furness, Ph.D.

"Paracelsus and the 'Data of Ethics,'" by Helen A. Clarke.

Among other articles in hand or promised are:—"Othello in Paris," by Theodore Child. "German and English Literature in the Eighteenth Century," by Professor Oswald Seidensticker. "Emerson's 'Brahma' and the 'Bhagavad Gita,'" by Professor Wm. T. Harris. "An Account of the Children's Companies," by Frederick Gard Fleay. "Browning's Poetic Form," by Professor A. H. Smyth. "The Text of Shakespeare," by Dr. H. H. Furness. "A Word on English Literature in America," by Professor Felix Schelling. "Shakespeare and the Russian Drama," by Nathan Haskell Dole.

THE REGULAR DEPARTMENTS—Societies, The Study, The Stage, The Library, Notes and News—present a variety of matters relating to Work of Literary Societies; Study of Shakespeare, Browning and other Poets; Shakespearean Drama; New Books; Miscellaneous Literary News.

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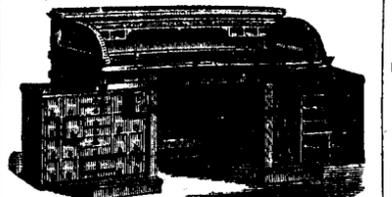
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