

Pages Missing

THE WEEK.

Ninth Year.
Vol. IX., No. 41.

TORONTO, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 9th, 1892.

\$3.00 per Annum.
Single Copies, 10 Cents.

THE WEEK:

AN INDEPENDENT JOURNAL OF POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND ART

TERMS:—One year, \$3.00; eight months, \$2.00; four months, \$1.00
Subscriptions payable in advance.

Subscribers in Great Britain and Ireland supplied, postage prepaid
on terms following:—One year, 12s. 6d.; half-year, 6s. 6d. Remittances
by P.O. order or draft should be made payable and addressed to the
Publisher.

ADVERTISEMENTS, unexceptionable in character and limited in
number, will be taken at \$4.00 per line per annum; \$2.50 per line for
six months; \$1.50 per line for three months; 20 cents per line per
insertion for a shorter period.

No advertisements charged less than five lines. Address—T. R.
CLOUGHER, Business Manager, 5 Jordan Street, Toronto.
European Agents—SMITH, AINSLIE & Co., 25 Newcastle Street,
Strand London.

C. BLACKETT ROBINSON, Publisher

CONTENTS OF CURRENT NUMBER.

TOPICS—	PAGE
The Exhibition	643
A Good Opportunity	643
Are Our Educators Educated?	643
Business and Social Deficiencies	643
Touching Remedies	643
The North-West Dead-Lock	643
The New Jersey Coal Combination	644
American Militonairis	644
Russia in the East	644
The Egyptian Question	644
The Cholera Pest	644
LITERATURE IN TORONTO	645
THE ARCHIC MAN—VIII	Nicholas Flood Davin. 645
THE THOUSAND ISLANDS. (Sonnet)	T. G. Marquis. 646
TWO KNAPSACKS: A NOVEL OF CANADIAN SUMMER LIFE	J. Cawdor Bell. 646
FAIRYLAND. (Poem)	Emily A. Sykes. 648
SHORT STUDIES IN RUSSIAN LITERATURE—IV	J. A. T. Lloyd. 648
PARIS LETTER	Z. 649
THE CRITIC	650
GOOD-NIGHT. (Poem)	A. Melbourne Thompson. 650
PROFESSOR ROBERTS ON WORDSWORTH	T. G. Marquis. 650
A NEW ZEALAND REVERIE. (Poem)	Ernest C. Mackenzie. 651
CORRESPONDENCE—	
A Correction	Me. Marquis de Mores. 651
A New Canadian History	Arthur Weir. 651
INTEREST AND LOYALTY IN CANADA	651
A MOOD. (Poem)	Jos. Nevin Doyle. 652
ART NOTES	652
MUSIC AND THE DRAMA	652
OUR LIBRARY TABLE	652
LITERARY AND PERSONAL GOSSIP	653

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

BEFORE this paper is in the hands of its readers the annual Toronto Exhibition will have been formally opened by his Honour, the Lieutenant Governor. This display of the productions and resources of the city and Province is naturally an affair of great interest to the citizens. Thanks to the ability and zeal with which it has been managed, its success in the past has been wonderful. Year by year the sphere of its operations has been enlarged, until we may say, without disparagement of any similar enterprise, that it has come to have not only a Provincial, but almost a Canadian significance. If the expectations of its able and efficient managers are realized, it will this year surpass the results of all former efforts in the variety and richness of the display of the products of Canadian enterprise and industry. The enlargement of the space available in buildings and grounds will no doubt be found to have contributed materially to this result. It is unnecessary, at this stage, to dwell upon the great educational value of such an exhibition of the best the country is able to produce in every line of legitimate enterprise and industry, nor upon the beneficial influence it can scarcely fail to have in stimulating the multitudes who spend a few days in studying these productions to higher ambitions and more strenuous efforts. We have only to express our best wishes for the success of the Exhibition in every respect, and to add a perhaps tardy word of appreciation of the service rendered to city and country by President Withrow and his energetic associates, to whose untiring efforts the remarkable development of this yearly display is so largely due.

AN excellent opportunity has been given the Canadian Government for calling the attention of the Government and people of the United States to some facts in connection with the canal-tolls matter which they might be the better for being reminded of. Mr. J. W. Foster, President Harrison's Secretary of State, and the chief agent of the Washington Administration, at least since Mr. Blaine's retirement, in negotiations touching Canadian affairs, has written an elaborate official communication to Mr. Herbert, of the British legation at Washington, in relation to the observance of the provisions of the Wash-

ington Treaty. In this letter Mr. Foster affirms that immediately after the conclusion of the treaty, "the United States took steps to carry out the stipulations of article 27, and without unreasonable delay both the canals of the National and State Governments, representing a vast system, constructed at a very great expense, were thrown open to the use of Canadian commerce without any charge whatever." We see no reason to doubt that Mr. Foster makes these statements in good faith, and that he really believes that the failure to carry out the canal provisions of the treaty in spirit if not in letter, has been wholly on the part of Canada. But whether they believe him to be sincere or not, the Canadian Government should lose no time in putting before him and the American public, through the proper diplomatic channel, a clear and concise statement of the complaints which they feel that they have a right to make on behalf of Canada. The American Secretary's statements and implications can hardly be allowed to pass unchallenged. It is to be hoped that the rejoinder may be prompt and forcible, and at the same time couched in terms no less moderate and friendly than those of Mr. Foster's document. Such a reply, not by way of defence of the rebate system, but as a polite refutation of Mr. Foster's allegations and a frank arraignment of the Washington Government for its failure to carry out the manifest intention of the framers of the treaty in respect to the New York canals, would surely be opportune, and might do much good in preparing the way to a better understanding.

THE facts given in the article under the heading, "Does Our Education Educate?" in our last number, challenge the thoughtful consideration of every intelligent Canadian. Let no one suppose that Mr. Turnock's experience is exceptional. We have no doubt that almost every solecism he instances could be paralleled by many of those among our readers who may at any time have had a similar duty to perform. Mr. Turnock has done a service in putting the facts so well before the public. No attitude of mind is more inimical to true progress than self-complacency. Our much bepraised educational system is not yet producing, nor is it at present capable of producing, anything like ideal results. We are not sure that we may not have in that well-worn word "system" itself a hint of one fruitful cause of such disappointing facts as those unveiled by our correspondent. The very rigidity of the system tends to make such failures possible, if not inevitable. In saying this we are not decrying "system" or denying that rigidity may be to a certain extent necessary. It may be the less of two evils. But how can the system have the effect indicated? In various ways. In the first place, it tends to destroy individuality and spontaneity in the profession, and to foster dull, mechanical uniformity. This is, we think, too evident to need illustration or argument. In the second place it tends to shut out of the profession a class of men and women of culture and refinement—just the kind of teachers whose influence would do much to counteract the lack of good taste and perception of what is proper and appropriate which was so strikingly displayed in some of the documents described. There are, we dare say, many of this class, of both sexes, who would be glad to teach, and would have been eligible under former conditions, who are now barred out. They would fail to solve the mathematical and other puzzles which from time to time appear in the examination papers. One result of the system has been to replace all such with a class of teachers who have been trained for the profession, or rather who have been helped into it by the shortest possible cut, by dint of special cramming for the examinations, but who are necessarily destitute of the culture possessed by many to whom these examinations would prove an insuperable barrier. Of course, mere general culture cannot supply the place of accurate and specific scholarship any more than text-book acquaintance with Algebra and Euclid can atone for the lack of literary culture. What is needed is some means by which a fair admixture of both may be secured. Can any one think the culture less essential than the scholarship in the training of young minds?

CLOSELY connected with the subject of the preceding paragraph are other causes incident to a young country and colonial conditions. Every one knows that the social environment in childhood and youth is a most potent factor in determining educational results. Not one in ten of Canadian teachers, it is safe to say, has had the great advantage of being brought up amidst people of education and refinement. The great majority have thus been deprived of that unconscious training which is by no means the least important element in education. This means much more than a merely negative loss. It means the formation of faulty habits of manner, thought and speech, which the utmost diligence in after life can never wholly eradicate. Then, the young men and women who enter the teaching profession under such disadvantages are not, as a rule, translated into social circles which afford them the best opportunities for overcoming these deficiencies. In many cases they do not even become conscious of them, and so continue to lack the essential condition of all successful effort in self-improvement. They may rarely have occasion to use the pen—perhaps the most potent of all educational instruments—to the extent of writing even a business letter. Hence the stiff penmanship and glaring defects in form and style. In this respect they fail to receive a valuable species of training which is enjoyed even by the clerk in a business house. Add to all this the fact that the level of the profession is prevented from rising so rapidly as it otherwise might, by the constant loss, through a kind of natural selection, of many of its most promising members, who are drafted off into other professions.

NOTWITHSTANDING these facts, we are glad to believe that a marked improvement is taking place in the quality of teachers and teaching in Ontario. In one respect, at least, the standard of preparation and qualification has been very materially advanced within the last few years. The reading of English literature has been given a much more prominent place than hitherto. This is a change which cannot fail to have a most salutary effect, not only upon the students in training, but upon the teachers who have to oversee this reading. But there is room for still further improvement in this direction. The goal should be a state of things in which the pupil, from the day he enters the primary department until the very end of his school career, be that in high school or college, shall be brought into acquaintance with good literature so continuously and under such conditions in respect to its intelligent study, that he or she can hardly fail to become possessed of some genuine taste for it, even before the third-class-teacher stage is reached. Need we doubt that this is quite possible of attainment, under right conditions and influences? This of itself would go far to make such productions as Mr. Turnock describes impossible. Again, it surely is not too much to say that the Education Department should be able to prevent the giving of certificates to candidates so lacking in cultivated good sense and in knowledge of English as most of the candidates whose applications are described must have been. Why should it not, for instance, be made an invariable condition of the granting of even a third-class license, to say nothing of seconds and firsts and university degrees, that the candidate must prove himself able to write a letter and an essay on a given theme, with substantial correctness in form, and some moderate degree of merit in style and thought. We have no doubt that this test faithfully applied would be far more valuable, from the most practical point of view, than any degree of readiness in solving problems or reproducing text-book facts. As for the rest, it is clear that parents and the public have duties to perform which cannot be delegated even to teachers, before we can hope to see the profession approximate to any ideal standard. Largely increased remuneration and more cordial social recognition are among the most potent of influences to this end.

RESPONSIBLE government is still in a somewhat rudimentary stage in the North-West Territory. It is, consequently, somewhat difficult to understand the causes of the dead-lock in the Legislative Assembly, or to appor-

tion the blame. It must be admitted, however, that from this distant point of view, the action of Lieutenant-Governor Royal in proroguing the Legislature seems decidedly high-handed. To whatever extent it may or may not have been the design of the Dominion Parliament to establish responsible government at Regina, it can scarcely be in accordance with its purpose that it should be possible for the Lieutenant-Governor, by his own fiat, to prorogue the Assembly under circumstances which cause prorogation to have the effect of not only rendering nugatory the whole work of the session, but of continuing in power for an indefinite period an Executive which had failed to retain the support of a majority of the people's representatives. Anything much more anomalous than the state of affairs which has resulted from his action is not easily conceived. Four weeks' work of the Legislature counts, it appears, for nothing, because no bill was assented to. Everything was left unfinished and the result is so far exactly the same as if no session had been held, with the additional and certainly not unimportant circumstance that whereas the former Executive, had no session been called, might have fairly been supposed to have the confidence of the Representatives, the existing one has now been clearly proved to be unable to command that confidence. On the whole, and in the absence of knowledge of any facts to warrant such an exercise of the prerogative, if indeed any facts could justify it, it seems hard to resist the conclusion that either the Lieut. Governor did, as the Opposition charge, play the part of a partisan, or that he has shown his reluctance to discontinue the petty absolutism which it was the design of the new legislation to render unnecessary and impossible.

WE referred, a few weeks since, to the effort that was being made by the Attorney-General of New Jersey to have the leasing of the Central Railroad of that State by the Port Reading Railroad declared unlawful by the courts. This action has, it appears, been so far successful. Chancellor McGill, before whom the case was brought, has given a decision which grants the injunction asked for, and prohibits the Reading corporation from operating the New Jersey Central. The judgment is interesting and somewhat remarkable by reason of the broad and high grounds on which it is based. The Court refuses to be guided simply by the letter of the law. It lays special stress upon considerations of equity. It goes even further and declares the lease not only void because it was *ultra vires* of the Company, under the laws of the State, but "void also on the ground of public policy, in that it tended to the creation of a monopoly by stifling competition between the contracting corporations, and thereby to increase the price of anthracite coal to the inhabitants of the State." On this principle the Chancellor brushed ruthlessly aside, as "disguise and evasion," certain technical pleas on which the defendants no doubt relied for a verdict. To their further contention that the monopoly may be used "to introduce economies and cheapen coal," he replies that it is possible, but that "it does violence to our knowledge of human nature to expect such a result." A still more convincing answer might have been given had the judge had before him certain figures which have been published by the *Evening Post* of New York, showing that the September prices of the varieties of coal known as "egg" and "stove" are this year \$4.40 and \$4.75 respectively, whereas they were last year \$3.60 and \$3.75 respectively, and the year before \$3.50 each. It is scarcely probable that the matter will be allowed to rest here. The wily capitalists, having such enormous gains at stake, are not likely to be easily baulked, and may hope to obtain a more favourable verdict in a higher court. But it will surely be a good day for the people when the courts shall agree to base their decisions more largely on such broad considerations of equity and of public policy as those laid down by Chancellor McGill of New Jersey, though it may be that such methods would not be free from special dangers of a different character.

ACCORDING to the results of a special enquiry in which the *New York Tribune* has been engaged, which results it has now given to the public in pamphlet form, there are four thousand and forty seven millionaires in the United States. Of these no less than one thousand one hundred and three belong to the city of New York. These are believed to be worth from one to one hundred and fifty millions each. "Not only is it true," says the *Christian Union*, "that the real estate in this city is worth as much as all the real estate between the Potomac and the

Rio Grande, but, according to the *Tribune's* report, the one thousand millionaires of this city could now buy out all the property in the old slave-holding States, and evict the inhabitants by the process of their own laws." We do not suppose that there can be any doubt that the process which has led to the accumulation of so large a portion of the wealth of the Republic in a few hands is still going on. The conditions which make the process possible still exist. And the same conditions exist, the same process is going on, on a smaller scale, and perhaps in a smaller degree, in Canada. To what end is such a state of things tending? This is a question which is worth the most anxious consideration of statesmen and patriots and philanthropists in both countries. It does not necessarily follow that because the rich are growing richer, the poor must be growing poorer. But it does almost inevitably follow that the chasm between rich and poor is growing wider and wider. It also follows, "as the night the day," that, in consequence of the tremendous power of money in politics and legislation, the governing power is, unless counteracted by other tendencies of an opposite character, passing into the hands of the plutocratic few. A more practical question is whether there must not be something radically wrong in the constitution of the civil society when such tendencies and results are possible. Can it be just and right that it should be possible for the few to absorb to so alarming an extent the products of the labour of the masses, for it must be granted, we think, that this enormous wealth is produced mainly by the toil of the labourers? Could such a result follow from anything but a wrong disposal of natural and artificial monopolies, which should belong to the whole people, and in the benefits of which all have naturally the same right to share? This is, as we understand it, one of the stock arguments of the Socialists. It is a view of the case which must sooner or later be seriously regarded by those who would prevent the spread of socialism, as inimical to the well-being and safety of organized society.

THE article on "The Situation in the East," by a well informed contributor in our last number, will have given our readers a clear view of the state of affairs in Afghanistan and of the opinion prevalent in many quarters with regard to the tactics and the ultimate objects of Russian movements in that quarter of the world, and especially of the recent affair on the Pamir plateau. Of course all will not agree with the strong views expressed in the last paragraph of our contributor's article, but that is a matter of political opinion into which we need not now enter. If the latest despatch from Vienna may be relied on, it may be taken to indicate that, whatever the ultimate designs of Russia, she has no wish to provoke a dispute with Great Britain at present. Those who have confidence in the Gladstone Administration might adduce the fact that the Czar is now checking the ardour of his general in the Pamir country and showing a conciliatory disposition, to prove that he has a wholesome dread of offending the present British Government. This would have about as much plausibility, perhaps, as belongs to the conjecture that the Pamir aggression was the outcome (by anticipation, as it must have been) of the advent to power of a Liberal administration. The fact evidently is that, however willing the Russian autocrat may be to have his officers test the temper of the British Government and people, from time to time, with a view to seeing just how far he may proceed in strengthening his position in the East and preparing for a future struggle, he realizes that his Empire is at the present time very far from being in a position to challenge or risk a conflict with any great power. It is highly probable, if not certain, that Lord Salisbury asked the Russian Government for an explanation of the presence and operations of its "exploring expedition" in the Pamirs, before he gave up the seals of office. The answer will, now, of course, reach Lord Salisbury's successor in office, if it has not already done so. It is not unlikely that there may be a close connection between that correspondence and the alleged displeasure of the Czar at the excessive zeal of his officers which has led to it. It is pretty certain that any British administration which should tolerate any flagrant aggression of Russia in the East, would run a very brief course.

HOWEVER little room there may be for serious difference of opinion among British statesmen with regard to the attitude to be maintained towards Russian aggressions in the East, there is, undoubtedly, a more serious divergence touching the question of the continued occupa-

tion of Egypt. As we write, the latest despatch, evidently from a source unfriendly to the present Government, states that the process of evacuation is already about to be commenced, by the withdrawal of one of the strongest regiments from that country. The correspondent goes on to give with some detail the alleged policy of the Government. The garrison is, according to this information, to be withdrawn from Cairo, and the whole of the British troops remaining in Egypt to be concentrated at Alexandria, and the force at that place to be gradually reduced, the chief reliance for the future being placed upon the garrisons in Cyprus, from which reinforcements could be sent at short notice, should any emergency make their presence in Egypt necessary. While this programme may be based largely on conjecture, it does not lack probability. Nor is it impossible that it may be the wisest and best policy. The question turns upon the present condition of the country and the ability of the present ruler to sustain himself without the immediate support of British bayonets. If the sole desire is to promote the best interests of Egypt, and so of all who are interested in her prosperity, it is just possible that that end may be better attained by gradually and tentatively throwing the people upon their own resources, with a view to developing that power of self-help and self-reliance which can never be gained by any people so long as they rely wholly upon a foreign arm for guidance and support. Nor is it by any means likely that the cautious reduction of the British troops would be, by any means, equivalent to the withdrawal of British influence. But, as we pointed out in a recent article, the main reason which is urged by the advocates of withdrawal is the moral one. The honour and good faith of Great Britain are, it is urged, involved in the faithful observance of the conditions and pledges upon which the powers gave their consent to the occupation. If a straightforward, satisfactory answer to this argument has been made, we have hitherto failed to see it, much as we should like to do so. Strange to say, we have seen strong articles, even in leading Toronto papers, in which the policy of withdrawal was unsparingly condemned, without the slightest reference being made to this supreme question of the national honour.

THE Cholera scourge, whose steady, relentless, westward march has been a matter of anxiety and dread to those who have marked its course for some years past, has at length not only reached Europe and England but even sent its vanguard across the Atlantic. At the date at which we write, it has, however, failed to get a secure foothold on either British or American soil, or to any great extent on that of Europe, with the exception of a very few places in which, as in unfortunate Hamburg, its presence is readily accounted for. It is, of course, quite too soon for the people of the countries which have thus far succeeded, by dint of extraordinary precautions, in keeping it at arm's length, to begin to felicitate themselves on the result, or to indulge in a sense of security. At the same time, sufficient evidence has already been afforded, if indeed any were needed, to establish the possibility of successfully warding off the dread scourge, by the rigid observance and enforcement of the proper sanitary conditions. The city of Vienna, notwithstanding comparative nearness to the scene of its ravages, bids fair to escape unscathed, by virtue of its excellent enforcement of scientific and sensible preventive measures. The activity of the Boards of Health in Great Britain, Canada, and the United States, combined with the lateness of the season, give good reason to hope that the ravages of the disease may be effectively met and stayed at the infected ships and the quarantine stations. In any event a most valuable object-lesson will have been given, from which all governing bodies, political and municipal, should not fail to profit, with the result that on a future occasion there shall be no need for extraordinary exertions at the last moment, when it may be too late to escape, but that our cities and towns shall be kept constantly under such sanitary conditions that the people may enjoy a well-grounded sense of security against the whole class of diseases which are the offspring of filth and depend upon its presence for their propagation.

WE are foolish, and without excuse foolish, in speaking of the superiority of one sex to the other, as if they could be compared in similar things! Each has what the other has not; each completes the other; they are in nothing alike; and the happiness and perfection of both depend on each asking and receiving from the other what the other only can give.—*Ruskin*.

LITERATURE IN TORONTO.

TO some it might appear that any one who attempted to write upon the subject of literature in Toronto would approach his task with some such despondent feelings as must have possessed those unfortunate persons who, we are told, had to make bricks without straw. Perhaps they might go so far as to say that even the clay is not forthcoming, and that that article upon the subject would be the best which resembled a certain celebrated chapter upon snakes in Iceland, which contented itself by asserting that such animals did not there exist. However, we venture to think that those who so said would not only be uncharitable in thought, but wrong in fact. It must be admitted nevertheless that literature in Toronto is a thing that does not obtrude itself upon the notice of the casual observer. The casual observer is more likely to hear of activity in almost every other sphere of thought. He will hear of astronomical societies, of mathematical and physical societies, of musical societies of every kind; the artists unite into a well-known and extremely energetic association; lovers of the natural sciences unite for the purposes of mutual benefit; the theosophists have bound themselves together and elected officers; and, if we are not mistaken, even those who take an interest in hypnotic phenomena, if they do not yet boast a regularly constituted body, yet find opportunities of meeting and investigating the mysteries of mesmerism. Nor is the stage without its enthusiastic admirers, as not a few admirably acted plays or operas have proved. There is activity in all these, but apparently one may seek in vain for any similar movement in the realm of letters. True, the various Colleges have their literary or debating clubs, but these are limited to members of the universities, and, save on public nights, the public hears little of them. True also there is the Canadian Institute, but few will hazard the assertion that literature finds there a congenial home. There is indeed an admirable institution calling itself by the classic and literary appellation of "Athenæum," but he probably would err who surmised that the Muses were the sole object of its cult. Notwithstanding these rival claims, however, it must be admitted that there is in Toronto a certain amount of literary activity, even if it does not exhibit itself in the form of a literary society. Indeed any city which could boast among its residents an ex-Regius Professor of modern history of Oxford, the more renowned predecessor of the renowned E. A. Freeman, Professor Clarke, and also until, alas, the other day, the President of University College, could not but be a literary centre of some little importance. The presence, too, of the various educational institutions which now cluster about the Provincial University with their various professorial staffs tends to keep up and to propagate a love for letters. Nor must we forget that of men and women who, though busy with more practical vocations, still possess the inclination and find the time to devote some portion of their attention to intellectual pursuits, Toronto has no small number. In fact, of authors, both male and female, the Queen City is well stocked. Mr. D. B. Read and Mr. E. Douglas Armour, Dr. O'Sullivan, Mr. Lefroy, Dr. Withrow, Mr. O. A. Howland, Professors Baldwin and Alexander, Dr. A. F. Chamberlain, Mrs. Curzon, Mrs. Harrison—these, to make a choice of names almost at random, have done good and serious work that has made its influence felt beyond the boundaries of the Province. That recognized poet, too, if we are not mistaken, Mr. Wilfred Campbell, first exercised his graceful talent when with us. And few if any of these pens are idle: the names of some are often seen appended to papers or to articles; others, let it be hoped, are busied with more ambitious projects. Then, again Toronto teems with periodicals of a more or less literary stamp. In the columns of the *Educational Monthly* there not seldom appear papers on subjects not wholly connected with the technical side of tuition. The various weekly papers and the Saturday editions of the journals devote much space to purely literary topics. Special mention, too, may be made of the new monthly magazine, which has the courage of its conviction that there is a clientèle for such a venture, a courage we are happy to uphold. There are also other and significant proofs of a strong if not always visible undercurrent of literary activity to be found in the fact that in places where literature is not altogether supposed to thrive, in clubs namely, there have been seen in Toronto such spectacles as weekly papers read before good audiences on subjects which, if not purely literary, were yet treated in literary manner

and afterwards collected and published in book form. And even in the midst of political associations it is no uncommon thing to hear of "literary evenings" well attended by both readers and hearers. While the University of Toronto and that of Trinity College each has now instituted what it is hoped will be a yearly recurring event, a course namely of public lectures on usually capitally-chosen subjects admirably handled by men living in the midst of intellectual inspirations. There is also yet another field of work, rarely noticed except by those whose attention is by necessity of vocation called to it, the field namely of the preparation of text books. In this field there are in Toronto many hard and conscientious workers whose labours are all too little recognized. It is labour, too, worthy of abundant recognition, implying as it does abundant scholarship united to few or no opportunities of public approval. Within the past few months alone such men as Messrs. Chase, Robertson, Wetherall, Davis, Sykes, McIntyre, Squair, Libby and others have been busy with the editing and annotating of such works as *Cæsar*, the "Sketch Book," Wordsworth, the "Siege of Antwerp," "Les Frères Colombe," and others. Surely it is not necessary further to seek for proofs of the existence of literary activity in Toronto.

We may admit, then, that Toronto has a galaxy of writers—of all varieties of magnitude no doubt, and no doubt most of them, by ourselves at least, magnified by feelings of local friendliness and patriotism. Yet it must be confessed that it is largely a galaxy of fixed stars: component members act too much alone, instead of lending to each other the aid of their mutual attraction—and, let it be said, repulsion, not altogether an undesirable force in literature, where perhaps a difference of views is more effective as a motive power than even similarity. There is in reality no association of literary men formed for literary purposes. There is of course the Press Club, but there are many who devote themselves to literature and yet are unconnected with the Press. Nor, as far as we know, has the Press Club ever quite stood in the place of a Mermaid Inn to men seeking literary fraternization. There is, too, the Canadian Institute, an institute in which one might very legitimately expect to see the claims of literature highly respected. Yet a glance at its published proceedings and transactions hardly shows this to be the case. Science there thrives vigorously, especially perhaps geology; so does archaeology; but for papers and discussions upon topics purely literary one may all but seek in vain. Neither has the Canadian Institute, despite its possession of a comfortable if not commodious building, been exactly a home for the Muses. Its list of papers and magazines is a truly admirable one, and its reading-room of a winter afternoon is always a most tempting haven; yet neither the one nor the other seems hitherto to have attracted together those literary spirits to whom fraternization and conversation over books and periodicals are so productive a stimulus. It is not easy to discover the reason for this. Does it want an infusion of young blood? Are its leaders men whose thoughts and inclinations turn rather to science than to literature? Is the idea of meeting together for mutual aid in the shape of informal conversation foreign to its spirit?

That literature in Toronto is sadly in need of a local habitation and a name, there is no one but will admit. On every side men may be heard deploring the fact that there is no concerted action, that there is no opportunity for meeting together for mutual encouragement and help. So deeply has this want been felt indeed, that last year a very laudable private attempt was made to form a salon—to which perhaps allusion may be made without apology. And although it was not without its benefits and resulted in not a little literary interest and activity, yet it must be confessed that a salon is a thing not quite congenial to Anglo-Saxon soil. The self-consciousness which seems to seize the Anglo-Saxon so soon as he or she dons the evening costume and enters a drawing-room is fatal to that untrammeled intercourse between mind and mind which is the essence of that inspiration which the literary worker finds in coming in contact with a fellow spirit. Nevertheless, in the absence of any other mode of intercourse, such salon was a decided boon, and its many members look back no doubt to its meetings and its hospitable benefactress with feelings of kindly gratitude. But the question is, is it not possible in this populous town to found some sort of institution whereby those who take a real interest in things literary may make some effort to join their forces and to aid each other, if by nothing else, at least by enter-

ing within the sphere of each other's orbits, and, by sociable intercourse and conversation, giving each other the benefit of their various bents of mind and thought? The social clubs thrive, the rowing and yachting clubs thrive, the Military Institute thrives, what is there to prevent a Literary Institute from thriving? It need be on no grand scale, grandeur would perhaps be fatal to it. If a few of our more wealthy *littérateurs* would, at the commencement, lend the aid of their purses, and if all our *littérateurs* would lend the aid of their hearty support, the thing, we venture to say, could be done, either independently of all existing institutions, or in combination with one or other of them. It is a crying shame that here in Toronto, with its large and growing number of readers and writers, there is absolutely no opportunity for mutual intercourse. On the value of this it would be waste of time to descant: the history of literature, especially of the literature of England in the eighteenth century, attests it. We take it for granted that the fact is so well known that few if any would hesitate to be ready with the small annual fee which would be necessary. That the thing is pecuniarily feasible few will doubt; but that it will require zeal and energy, and above all concerted action, all will grant. We hope this will be by no means the last word on the subject.

THE ARCHIC MAN—VIII.

JUST as Glaucus was about to read his verses on the beautiful little child, up came Rectus with the dark-eyed bit of humanity in his arms. Glaucus, it seems, had also been down to the shore, and had taken the subject of his song into his confidence, for she said, pointing to him with her little finger: "Glauk make poshy 'bout me."

Messalla: "Where is it little one?"

"Didn't got it"—and she opened wide the large brown-black soft, yet brilliant, eyes. She then ran up to one who wore glasses and said: "Gi me a glad—"

"A what?"

"A glad ouh mi ti?" and she put her fingers over her nose.

"You don't want glasses."

"Me do," she said, and ran down the path.

A cloud now began to cover the sky in the north-west, and the child returning pointed up and said: "Doo skies wun togeder and hit someting?" Not a bad description of a thunder-storm.

This speech, which amused us, led to one or two remarks about the language and ideas of children. The mother of the little girl told how when her daughter was asked a few days ago how she was, she replied:—

"I'm better, but not too much better." And McKnom told how in one of his morning walks he found a little boy of three speaking to the trees and saying: "Bad wees! Bad wees."

"Why bad trees?" asked McKnom.

"Cause," answered the little fellow, "wees gwoes here: won't gwo fore our 'ous."

Madame Lalage: "Silence now for Glaucus."

Glaucus began:

"Ella, bella, stella!
Little fair one!
Little star!
How you scare one,
When you fain would run too far!
How you cheer one,
When you're near one,
With your little smile so cunning,
Laughing, jumping, running,
Little fair one!
Little star!"

Irene: "Very sweet!"

Glaucus:

"With your dark eyes twinkling,
Running, rolling, smiling,
Darkest care beguiling,
With the little funny wrinkling
At the end of either eye,
Whose dark lashes,
Shade the sparkling
Of those living diamonds darkling,
Giving flashes,
Whereby we espy,
Charming, cute and clever,
All the little soul's endeavour,
All it openly avouches,
All it thinks of on the sly,
There, behind those willowy lashes,
Every little purpose crouches,
Then out dashes
Like flame-gleamings in the night,
Or a tiny playful kitten,
Pouncing on a quivering shadow,
Or a sunlit wavelet glad, so
That it springs with joy,
Which nothing ever written
Could describe;
(Better aught within my might,
It would deride);
Or as billows in a dark dell,
In the shadow of some steep fell,
Leap to light;
Or a swallow past dark eaves in her flight,
Ella, bella, stella,
Little fair one, little star!"

Madame Lalage: "Very sweet indeed. How strange that a man who has no children of his own should love children so much!" she remarked, but so as Glaucus could not hear.

Messalla (who is apt to think he may say what he likes), said, half sotto voce: "How do you know, my dear madame, that he has no children?"

Gwendolen: "You must give me a copy, Mr. Glaucus. They are charming."

By this time the cloud had become broader and darker. A flash of lightning passed across the rose-bush near, and the thunder rolled and crashed. We made for the deep verandah. Down came the rain over that garden, the sun shining the whole time. Grass, trees, flowers, all seemed glad and happy, satisfied, by reason of that rain. On a branch of an acacia stood a robin, well sheltered from the storm. The deluge stopped, but the clouds were growing blacker, and a few robins stepped on to the green; eyed the turf; darted in their beaks; drew out each his worm, while the little star cried:—

"Mamma, look at de wobbins. Oh!" and she clapped her hands, "look! look! he 'ave a suppent, you bet your dove"—(her version of "By jove!"). One bird had got hold of an enormous worm. Another flash; nearer and more dreadful the thunder rolled; the trees swayed in the wind, and louder grew the sough of the restless lake on the shore; and again the rain came down, the sun still shining clear.

How restful it was to watch that rain falling over the rich-leaved trees, and the grass which grew greener every moment.

The rain ceased; some said the storm was gone; on the other hand one pointed to the lingering cloud; also to a bit of lurid angry sky; besides, the heat was still oppressive.

The robin now left his branch and gave himself a bath. This we all watched with as much interest as if we had never seen such a sight before. The sparrows chirped; a solitary robin hid in a pine tree sang, and now again the cloud began to spread and grow darker. A flash that seemed to burn our cheeks! thunder peal on peal right over our heads; the platform shook! some crouched; others rose up, glanced round as besieged men do when shells have burst near; the house must have been struck! What cry is that? Gwendolen was in hysterics, and Messalla himself ran for water, while Rectus put his left arm round his beautiful yellow-haired wife and held her hand with his right. The little child ran up to the sobbing woman and nestled near her, and mingled her tears of sympathy with her—of sympathy, for the thunder had startled, not frightened, the child, but a little pet lamb browsing on a small hedge-enclosed plot of green jumped and whirled and staggered an utterly bewildered young sheep, and cried piteously "ba! ba! ba!" The two spaniels ran under the seats and crouched there. As Gwendolen came to herself the beauty and intelligence of her face were heightened by the expression of sorrow. A tear-drop stood on either cheek; tears were on the long yellow lashes like dew on ripened ears of wheat, and the large blue eye dilated was wonderful in its beautiful despair—for despair was what it suggested. After a little she smiled—sunlight after rain!—and then apologized for being so foolish, but she was always afraid of thunder. One of the party said he never could understand the fear of thunder, that he loved to be in a storm, and when peal on peal went crashing through the air never failed to quote to himself the sublime words of the psalmist—"the Lord thundered, the Most High uttered his voice"; and then he told how his mother when there was a thunder-storm would close up the shutters and summon the family and read the litanies; and from that they passed to talking of the amusing chapter of Mark Twain, in which he tells how a wife closed up all the shutters and hid herself and called out to her husband to know where he was. "Under the table." "The worst place you could be." "Where are you now?" "In the wardrobe." "Still worse." "Where are you now?" "Up the chimney," and so on.

At five o'clock tea we had strawberries, but madame, our hostess, could give us no cream. The thunder had frightened that past being brought sweet again. McKnom, who had with head uncovered watched the storm, said: "It is well; it thundered on the right." Can it be possible that he too is not without the superstition he imputes to his archic man?

"There is," he said, "a sense of power, a sublime inspiration in a thunder-storm. How Byron's spirit revelled in the thunder-storms of the Alps! David pursued by a mighty and envious king cried to Jehovah, and at the time of his deliverance a storm came up from the Midland Sea, and I doubt not contributed to it:—

In deep distress called I to Jehovah,
I cried unto my God;
My cry came into his ears;
He heard my voice in his temple in the heavens;
Then the earth shook, the world trembled,
The bases of the mountains moved,
The mountains were shaken, for he was wroth,
Smoke went out of his nostrils,
A devouring fire out of his mouth,
Which made stones red hot
In the bosom of the clouds;
He hurled them on the earth.
He bowed the heavens and came down,
Thick darkness was under his feet,
He rode on the storm as on a winged steed,
Yea he did fly,
He flew upon the wings of the wind.
Darkness was his fortress,
His pavilion of war,
Darkness of waters, thick clouds of the skies;
At the brightness of his victory his thick clouds passed.
Jehovah thundered in the heavens,
The Most High uttered his voice
Hailstones and coals of fire;
And he sent out his arrows and scattered them,
Yea lightnings manifold and discomfited them,

Then the channels of waters appeared,
The rivers were sucked up,
They were scared from their beds by his thunder,
The foundations of the world were laid bare,
At thy rebuke O Jehovah,
At the blast of the breath of thy nostrils.
Then came he from on high and took me;
He drew me out of many waters.

The supreme god of the Greeks was *terpikeraunos*—the one who 'delighted in thunder,' and he too was the deliverer—and McKnom stretched forth his right hand and repeated a few Greek lines, probably from Homer.

Madame Lalage and Glaucus applauded, but those of us who did not understand them still felt the music of the long O's and Ois; the rapid movement and grand roll of the dactylic hexameter. It pleased too the classic ear of Messalla, though he said he had forgotten his Greek. Yet he could recall how those very lines had not only been impressed on his mind but on an interesting part of a little tweed suit he wore.

But the way McKnom delivered this paraphrase of a portion of the eighteenth Psalm had most impressed us; filled us with awe—a kind of noble terror; and all who listened to him will for ever more hear God's voice in the thunder.

He recalled how a storm saved England from the Spanish Armada, when God fought for that little island which in the last five hundred years has done more for mankind than all the nations of the world put together—and he added that every true archic man is a fellow-worker with God and realizes this, and when in difficulty and danger feels the everlasting arms around him and all the eternal forces behind him. "And only thus," said McKnom, "can he be truly strong, but thus and feeling himself thus reinforced he is strong against the world."

The way he spoke these words touched us with a certain strange pathos. Gwendolen, who was now quite recovered and is a great favourite with the old man, said: "Now, Mr. McKnom, I will ask you why you should speak in a sorrowful tone when uttering words so full of hope and power."

"Because, my child," he replied, "I know the pathos of the situation, I know how lonely the men of whom we speak are. With all their strength and power they have the same need of and the same longing for sympathy as you and I. You see it in David, but some of them have not the faith of David and cannot go as he ever did to God as to a friend. The heights are cold and lonely, and there the storm strikes first, and heaven only knows the misery, the disappointments, the difficulties encountered in climbing there; the danger from open enemies, the more dreadful danger from false friends; the fear to trust; the necessity for self-suppression; the still greater necessity for everlasting watchfulness and untiring effort—and sometimes not one in whom the man can utterly confide, before whom he can appear in his weakness—for hours of weakness will come to all. The greatest cross I have not mentioned. If he be a true man he will be pretty sure to die before he is understood. All his life he will be misconceived. Motives he would scorn will be attributed to him."

Messalla: "Do you mean to say you are talking about any men in Canada? Any statesman?"

McKnom: "I would fain hope so."

Messalla laughed, and said:—

"I fear, sir, you are up in a balloon. This country is a sink of corruption. Politicians are all corrupt. As a born Canadian, I am sorry to see it. Every Government is a wigwag of villainess. We are on the down grade to utter destruction. *Facilis descensus.*"

"Why, sir," replied McKnom, "you have illustrated my remarks. Here you are one of the first men in Canada out of politics; one of the ablest; one of the best instructed; and yet you utter these opinions, which I know to be unjust."

"But," I said, "they are opinions very generally held, nor can I see how it could be otherwise with the manner in which our politicians and our press conduct their party warfare."

McKnom: "That is what I say. We want criticism, judgments on men and things—just, enlightened, sincere."

Madame Lalage: "I wish you may get it! But we must go."

The air was now cool, and walking home we paused frequently to admire the gardens all so full of green, so profuse of flowers. As little Ella drove off with her friends, she threw a tiny kiss to our party, and kept looking back until she was hid by distance. We watched her as in the early dawn one gazes on the last lingering star that glitters "with lessening ray" until it is lost to sight.

In the evening and night the storm was unspeakably sublime. Sheet-lightning now illuminating for a moment, then Egyptian darkness; sheet lightning again; again darkness; forked lightning—quivering diamond bars darting down the black thunder cloud; the ever-recurring roll of the thunder; nervous women and animals crouching; while the rain fell and the wind rose and shook houses and the trees broke and the earth reeled. The springs in the watches snapped, as most found when they came to wind them.

"Mammy," said the little star, "are you afraid of thunder?"

"No, my child; your Father in Heaven makes the thunder, and he protects little children and all." And so, while the other stars were wrapped in gloom and hid by storm and cloud, this little star went to rest and slept "in spite of thunder."
NICHOLAS FLOOD DAVIN.

THE THOUSAND ISLANDS.

[FRÈCHETTE.]

HARMONIOUS groups, sweet Edens on calm streams,
Countless oases robed in golden flowers,
Which waves caress and the fair reed embowers
With rich confusion of its tall green gleams;
Wave-cradled groves, that song-birds lull to dreams,
Where zephyrs sway the nests in leafy towers;
Mysterious maze fresh from perpetual showers,
Green chaplet strewn 'mid the blue water's beams:

When first I saw, 'neath your o'erhanging shade,
Your mirrored forms in the calm water's face,
A warm June sun gilded each green retreat,
Soft, thrilling perfumes rose from every glade,
And I believed myself in that dream place
Where sylph and humming-birds hold revels sweet!
Stratford, Ont. T. G. MARQUIS.

All Rights reserved.]

TWO KNAPSACKS:

A NOVEL OF CANADIAN SUMMER LIFE.

BY J. CAWDOR BELL.

CHAPTER XVI—(Continued).

RUFUS had remained at Bridesdale, at the urgent entreaty of his sisters and the Pilgrims; but the sight of the people going to prayer meeting smote his conscience. He knew his father and mother would be at meetin' in their own church, and that there would be a good deal of work to do. Besides he hadn't brought home the team from Mr. Hislop's since the bee. Nothing would stop him, therefore; he shouldered his gun, and, bidding all good-bye, started for home. Nobody was left in the kitchen but the two maids and the two Pilgrims. Yes, there was one more, namely Mr. Pawkins, who was afraid his duds warn't dry. The nettrelized citizen of Kennedy was telling stories, that kept the company in peals and roars of laughter, about an applicant for a place in a paper mill, who was set to chewing a blue blanket into pulp, who was given a bottle of vinegar to sharpen his teeth with, and who was ignominiously expelled from the premises because he didn't "chaw it dry"; about a bunting billy goat; and a powerful team of oxen, that got beyond the control of their barn-moving driver, and planted the barn on the top of an almost inaccessible hill. Mr. Pawkins complimented the young women, and drew wonderful depths of knowledge out of Sylvanus and Timotheus. But, when a vehicle rolled into the stable yard that brought the constable and Maguffin to join the party, the quondam American citizen waxed jubilant, and beheld endless possibilities of amusement. "Good evenin', consterble," said Mr. Pawkins, blandly.

"Good evening, sir, at your service," replied the pensioner.

"Pawkins is my naum, consterble, kyind er Scotch, I reckon. They say pawky means sorter cute an' cunning, like in Scotch. Never was thar myself, to speak on, but hev seed 'em."

"The Scotch make good soldiers," said Mr. Rigby.

"Yaas; I reckon the oatmeal sorter stiffens 'em up."

"There are military authorities who assert that the Scotch are the only troops that can reform under fire; but that is a mistake. In that respect, sir, the Guards are equal to any other Household Troops."

"Fer haousehold troopees and reformin' under fire, you had orter ha seen aour fellers at Bull Run. When the shooten' begun, all the Bowery plug uglies, bred to cussin' and drinkin' and wuss, dropped ther guns and fell on ther knees a reformin'; then, when they faound they couldn't reform so sudent, they up on ther two feet and started fer the haousehold. Eurrup ain't got nuthin' ter ekal aour haousehold troopees."

"You mistake me, Mr. Pawkins; the Household Troops in infantry are the Guards and Highlanders, whose special duty it is to guard the royal household."

"Is it big?"

"Is what big, sir?"

"Why, the household! How many storeys is ther to it besides the attic and basement? Hev it got a mansard?"

"The Household, sir, dwells in royal palaces of great dimensions. It is the royal family and their attendants over whom the Guards watch."

"That's the Black Guards, ain't it?"

"No, sir; you are thinking of the Black Watch, a name of the Forty-second Highlanders."

"D'ye hear that, you Sambo? You orter go and git draafted inter that corpse, and go arounder breakin' the wimmin's hiearts in a cullud flannel petticoat."

"There are no negroes, sir, in the Black Watch," interposed the corporal.

"See heah, yoh Yankee Canajun," answered Mr. Maguffin with feeling, "fo' de law ob this yeah kinty I'se jess es good a man as yoh is. So yoh jess keep yoh Sambo in yoh mouf atter this. Specks yoh'se got a mighty low down name yohsef if t'was ony knowed by respecttable pussons."

"My name, Mr. Julius Sneezzer Disgustus Quackenboss, my name is Pawkins, great grandson of Hercules Leonidas Pawkins, as was briggidier ginral and aijicamp to George Washington, when he drummed the haousehold

troops, and the hull o' the derved British army, out'n Noo Yohk to the toon o' 'Yankee Doodle.'"

The constable turned pale, shivered all over, and swayed about in his chair, almost frightening the mendacious Yankee by the sight of the mischief his words had wrought. Tryphena, however, quickly filled the shocked corporal a hot cup of tea, and mutely pressed him to drink it. He took off the tea at a gulp, set down the cup with a steady hand, and, looking Mr. Pawkins in the face, said: "I regret, sir, to have to say the word; but, sir, you are a liar."

"That's true as death, consterble," remarked Timotheus, who did not share the hostile feelings of Sylvanus towards Corporal Rigby; "true as death, and the boys, they ducked him in the crick for't, but they's no washin' the lies out'n his jaws."

Mr. Pawkins looked as fierce as it was possible for a man with a merry twinkle in his eyes to look, and roared, "Consterble, did you mean that, or did you only say it fer fun like?"

Mr. Rigby, glaring defiance, answered, "I meant it." "Oh waall," responded the Yankee Canadian, mildly, "that's all right; because I want you to know that I don't allaow folks to joke with me that way. If you meant it, that's a different thing."

"What your general character may be, I do not know. As for your remarks on the British army, they are lies."

"I guess, consterble, you ain't up in the histry of the United States of Ameriky, or you'd know as your Giral Clinton was drummed aout o' Noo Yohk to the toon o' 'Yankee Doodle.'"

"I know, sir, that a mob of Hanoverians and Hessians, whom the Americans could not drive out, evacuated New York, in consequence of a treaty of peace. If your general, as you call him, Washington, had the bad taste to play his ugly tune after them, it was just what might be expected from such a quarter."

"My history," said Tryphosa, "says that the American army was driven out of Canada by a few regulars and some French-Canadians at the same time."

"Brayvo, Phosy!" cried Timotheus. "I assert now, as I have asserted before," continued Corporal Rigby, "that the British army never has been defeated, and never can be defeated. I belong to the British army, and know whercof I speak."

"Were you in the American war, Mr. Pawkins?" asked Tryphena.

"Yaas, I was thar, like the consterble, in the haousehold troops. When they come araound a draaftin', I skit aout to Kennidy. I've only got one thing agin the war, and that is makin' every common nigger so sassy he thinks he's the ekal of a white man. Soon's I think of that, the war makes me sick."

"It is the boast of our Empire," remarked the pensioner, grandly, "that wherever its flag floats, the slave is free."

"It's a derved pity," said Mr. Pawkins; "that there boy, Julius Sneezzer Disgustus Quackenboss, ud be wuth heaps more'n he is, if his boss jest had the right to lick him straight along."

"Who," shrieked Maguffin; "who'se yar Squackenbawsin' an' gibbin' nigger lip ter? My name's Mortimah Magrudah Maguffin, an' what's yourn? Pawkins! Oh massy! Pawkins, nex' thing ter punkins. I cud get er punkin, an' cut a hole er two in it an' make a bettah face nor yourn, Mistah Pawkins, candaberus, lantun jaw, down east, Yankee white tresh. What you doin' roun' this house, anyway?"

"Arrah, hush now, childher!" said Mr. Terry, entering from the hall. "The aivenin's the time to make up aall dishputes, an' quiet aal yer angry faylins afore yeez say yer worruds an' go to shlake, wid the howly angels gyardin' yeez. Good aivenin', Corporal."

"Good evening, Sergeant-Major."

"Mr. Terry," asked Tryphosa, timidly, "will you play a game at Cities, Rivers and Mountains? We were waiting for even numbers to begin." The veteran, who knew the game, agreed. Gallantly, the gentlemen asked the two ladies to choose sides, whereupon Tryphena selected Mr. Pawkins, Maguffin and Sylvanus; Mr. Terry, the constable, and Timotheus fell to Tryphosa. Peace once more reigned, save when the great-grandson of the brigadier-general was detected in looking over his opponent's cards and otherwise acting illegally.

Bigglethorpe and the lawyer entered the house, not far from bed time. The company was in the drawing-room, and a lady was at the piano singing, and playing her own accompaniment, while Mr. Lamb was standing beside her, pretending to turn over the music, of which he had as little knowledge as the animal whose name he bore. The song was that beautiful one of Burns,

O wert thou in the cauld blast
On yonder lea, on yonder lea,

and, though a gentleman's song, it was rendered with exquisite taste and feeling. The singer looked up appealingly at Mr. Lamb twice, solely to invoke his aid in turning the music leaf. But, to Coristine's jealous soul, it was a glance of tenderness and mutual understanding. Four long days he had known her, and she had never sung for him; and now, just as soon as the Crown Land idiot comes along, she must favour him with her very best. He would not be rude, and talk while the singing was going on, but he would let Lamb do all the thanking; he wasn't going shares with that affected dude. The music ceased, and he turned to see whom he could talk to. Mrs. Carmichael and Miss Halbert were busy with their clerical

adorers. The colonel and Mrs. Du Plessis had evidently bid their dear boy good night, for they were engaged in earnest conversation, in which he called her Teresa, and she called him Paul as often as colonel. Miss Du Plessis was turning over the leaves of an album. He went up to her, and asked if she would not favour the company with some music. "Instrumental or vocal, Mr. Coristine?" she asked. "Oh, vocal, if you please, Miss Du Plessis; do you sing, 'Shall I wasting in despair,' or anything of that kind?" Miss Du Plessis did not, but would like to hear Mr. Coristine sing it. He objected that he had no music, and was a poor accompanist. Before the unhappy man knew where he was, Miss Du Plessis was by Miss Carmichael's side, begging her dear friend Marjorie to accompany Mr. Coristine. She agreed, for she knew the song, and the music was in the stand. Like a condemned criminal, Coristine was conducted to the piano; but the first few bars put vigour into him, and he sang the piece through with credit. He was compelled, of course, to return thanks for the excellent accompaniment, but this he did in a stiff formal way, as if the musician was an entire stranger. Then they had prayers, for the gentlemen had come in out of the office, and, afterwards, the clergymen went home. As the inmates of Bridesdale separated for the night, Miss Carmichael handed the lawyer his ring, saying that since his hands were fit to dispense with gloves, they must, also be strong enough to bear its weight. He accepted the ring with a sigh, and silently retired to his chamber. Before turning in for the night, he looked in upon Wilkinson, whom he found awake. After enquiries as to his arm and general health, he said: "Wilks, my boy, congratulate me on being an ass; I've lost the finest woman in all the world by my own stupidity." His friend smiled at him, and answered: "Do not be down-hearted, Corry; I will speak to Ceci—Miss Du Plessis I mean, and she will arrange matters for you." The lawyer fervently exclaimed: "God bless you, Wilks!" and withdrew, not a little comforted. We cannot intrude into the apartment of the young ladies, but there was large comfort in their conversation for a person whose Christian name was Eugene. If he only had known it!

By the constable, Ben Toner, and other messengers, Mr. Bigglethorpe had acquainted his somewhat tyrannical spouse that he was staying for a while at the Flanders lakes to enjoy the fishing. Mr. Rigby had brought from the store his best rods and lines and his fly-book. He was, therefore, up early on Thursday morning, lamenting that he was not at Richards, whence he could have visited the first lake and secured a mess of fish before breakfast. He was sorting out his tackle in the office, when Marjorie, an early riser, came in to see if Uncle John was there. When she found out the occupant, she said: "Come along, Mr. Biggles, and let us go fishing, it's so long before breakfast." Fishing children could do anything with Bigglethorpe; he would even help them to catch cat-fish and suckers. But he had an eye to business. "Marjorie," he asked, "do you think you could find me a pickle bottle, an empty one, you know?" She thought she could, and at once engaged Phosa and Phona in the search for one. A Crosse and Blackwell wide-mouthed bottle, bearing the label "mixed pickles," which really means gherkins, was borne triumphantly into the office. Mr. Bigglethorpe handled it affectionately, and said: "Put on your hat, Marjorie, and we'll go crawfish hunting." Without rod or line, the fisherman, holding the pickle bottle in his left hand, and taking Marjorie by the right, walked down to the creek. On its bank he sat down, and took off his shoes and socks, an example quickly and joyfully followed by his young companion. Then he splashed a little water on his head, and she did the same; after which they waded in the shallow brook, and turned up flat stones in its bed. Sometimes the crawfish lay quite still, when Mr. Bigglethorpe, getting his right hand, with extended thumb and forefinger, slyly behind it, grasped the unsuspecting crustacean at the back of his great nippers, and landed him in the bottle filled with sparkling water. Sometimes a "craw," as Marjorie called them, darted away backward in a great hurry, and had to be looked for under another stone, and these were generally young active fellows, which, the fisherman said, made the best bait for bass. It was wild, exciting work, with a spice of danger in it from the chance of a nip from those terrible claws. Marjorie enjoyed it to the full. She laughed and shrieked, and clapped her hands over every new addition to the pickle bottle, and Mr. Biggles was every bit as enthusiastic as she was. Soon they were aware of a third figure on the scene. It was the sleepless lawyer. "Come in, Eugene," cried Marjorie; "take off your shoes and stockings, and help us to catch these lovely craws." He had to obey, and was soon as excited as the others over this novel kind of sport.

Coristine looked up after securing his twelfth victim, and saw four figures sauntering down the hill. Three were young ladies in print morning gowns; the fourth was the ineffable dude, Lamb. At once he went back, and put himself into socks and boots, turning down his trouser legs, as if innocent of the childish amusement. "Haw," brayed Mr. Lamb, "is that you, Cawrstine? Been poddling in the wotter, to remind yourself of the doys when you used to run round in your bare feet?" Outwardly calm, the lawyer advanced to meet the invaders. Bowing somewhat too ceremoniously to the three ladies, who looked delightfully fresh and cool in their morning toilets, he answered his interlocutor. "I am

sure, Mr. Lamb, that it would afford Mr. Bigglethorpe and Marjorie additional satisfaction, to know that their wading after crawfish brought up memories of your barefooted youth. Unfortunately, I have no such blissful period to recall." Mr. Lamb blushed, and stammered some incoherencies, and Miss Carmichael, running past the lawyer towards Marjorie, whispered as she flitted before him, "you rude, unkind man!" This did not tend to make him more amiable. He snubbed the Crown Land gentleman at every turn, and, more than usually brilliant in talk, effectually kept his adversary out of conversation with the remaining ladies. "Look, Cecile!" said Miss Halbert; "Marjorie is actually joining the waders." Mr. Lamb stroked his whisker-moustache and remarked: "Haw, you know, thot's nothing new for Morjorie; when we were childron together, we awften went poddling about in creeks for crowfish and minnows." Then he had the impertinence to stroll down to the brook, and rally the new addition to the crawfishing party. To Coristine the whole thing was gall and wormwood. The only satisfaction he had was, that Mr. Lamb could not summon courage enough to divest himself of shoes and stockings and take part in the sport personally. But what an insufferable ass he, Coristine, had been not to keep on wading, in view of such glorious company! What was the use of complaining: had he been there she would never have gone in, trust her for that! Wilkinson and he were right in their old compact: the female sex is a delusion and a snare. Thank heaven! there's the prayer gong, but will that staring, flat-footed, hawhawing, Civil Service idiot be looking on while she reattires herself? He had half a mind to descend and brain him on the spot, if he had any brains, so as to render impossible the woeful calamity. But the fates were merciful, sending Mr. Lamb up with Marjorie and Mr. Bigglethorpe. Now was the angry man's chance, and a rare one, but, like an angry man, he did not seize it. The other two ladies remarked to each other that it was not very polite of three gentlemen to allow a lady, the last of the party, to come up the hill alone. What did he care?

At breakfast, Miss Carmichael sat between Messrs. Bigglethorpe and Lamb, and the lawyer between Miss Halbert and the veteran. "Who are going fishing to the lakes," asked the Squire, to which question the doctor replied, regretting his inability; and the colonel declined the invitation on account of his dear boy. Mr. Lamb intimated that he had business with Miss Du Plessis on Crown Land matters, as the department wished to get back into its possession the land owned by her. This was a bombshell in the camp. Miss Du Plessis declined to have any conference on the subject, referring the civil servant to her uncle, to Squire Carruthers, and to her solicitor, Mr. Coristine. The lawyer was disposed to be liberal in politics, although his friend Wilkinson was a strong Conservative; but the contemptible meanness of a Government department attempting to retire property deeded and paid for in order to gain a few hundred dollars or a new constituent, aroused his vehement indignation, and his determination to fight Lamb and his masters to the bitter end of the Privy Council.

"Mr. Lamb," said the colonel, "is your business with my niece complicated, or is it capable of being stated briefly?"

"I can put it in a very few words, Colonel," replied the civil service official; "the department has received on awffer for Miss Du Plessis' lond which it would be fawlly to refuse."

"But," interposed the Squire, "the department has naething to dae wi' Miss Cecile's land; it's her ain, every fit o't."

"You don't know the department, Squire. It con take bock lond of its own deed, especially wild lond, by the awffer of a reasonable equivalent or indemnity. It proposes to return the purchase money, with five per cent. interest to date, and the amount of municipal toxes attested by receipts. Thot is regorded as a fair adjustment, ond on Miss Du Plessis surrendering her deed to me, the department will settle the claim within twelve months, if press of business ollows."

"Such abominable, thieving iniquity, on the part o' a Government ca'ain' itself leeberal, I never hard o' in aa my life," said the indignant Squire.

"Do you mean to say, Arthur," asked Mrs. Carmichael, "that your department can take away Cecile's property in that cavalier fashion, and without any regard to the rise in values?"

"I'm afraid so, Mrs. Cormichael."

"What have you to say to that, Mr. Coristine, from a legal standpoint?" enquired Mrs. Carruthers.

"A deed of land made by the Government, or by a private individual, conveys, when, as in this case, all provisions have been complied with, an inalienable title."

"There is such a thing as expropriation," suggested Mr. Lamb, rather annoyed to find a lawyer there.

"Expropriation is a municipal affair in cities and towns, or it may be national and provincial in the case of chartered railways or national parks, in all which cases remuneration is by arbitration, not by the will of any expropriating body."

"The department may regord this as a provincial offair. Ot any rate, it hos octed in this way before with success."

"I know that the department has induced people to surrender their rights for the sake of its popularity, but by wheedling, not by law or justice, and, generally, there

has been some condition of payment, or something else, not complied with."

"That's simple enough. A few lines in the book-keeping awfice can invalidate the deed."

"One or two words, Mr. Lamb, and I have done; the quicker you answer, the sooner Miss Du Plessis' decision is reached. Do you represent the commissioner, the minister?"

"Well, not exoctly."

"Were you sent by his deputy, the head of the department?"

"Not the head exoctly."

"Is the name of the man, for whom your friend wants to expropriate Miss Du Plessis' land, called Rawdon, Altamont Rawdon?"

"How did you know that? Ore you one of the deportment outriggers?"

"No; I have nothing to do with any kind of dirty work. You go back, and tell your man, first, that Rawdon is dead, and that in life he was a notorious criminal; second, that Miss Du Plessis' land has been devastated by the fire in which he perished; and, third, that if he, or you, or any other contemptible swindler, moves a finger in this direction, either above board or below, I'll have you up for foul conspiracy, and make the department only too happy to send you about your business to save its reputation before the country."

As Ben Toner and his friends in the kitchen would have said, Mr. Lamb was paralyzed. While the lawyer had spoken with animation, there was something quite judicial in his manner. Miss Carmichael looked up at him from under her long lashes with an admiration it would have done him good to see, and a hum of approving remarks went all round the table. Then, in an evil moment, the young lady felt it her duty to comfort the heart of poor Orther Lom, whom everybody else regarded with something akin to contempt. She talked to him of old times, until the man's inflated English was forgotten, as well as his by no means reputable errand. The young man was quite incapable of any deep-laid scheme of wrong-doing, as he was of any high or generous impulse. He was a mere machine, educated up to a certain point, able to write a good hand, and express himself grammatically, but thinking more of his dress and his spurious English than of any learning or accomplishment, and the unreasoning tool of his official superiors. He had been checkmated by Coristine, and felt terribly disappointed at the failure of his mission; but the thought that he had been engaged in a most dishonest attempt did not trouble him in the least. Yet, had he been offered a large bribe to commit robbery in the usual ways, he would have rejected the proposition with scorn. Miss Carmichael, knowing his character, was sorry for him, little thinking that his returning vivacity under her genial influence smote Coristine's heart, as the evidence of double disloyalty on the lady's part, to her friend, Miss Du Plessis, and to him. Tiring of her single-handed work, she turned to Mr. Bigglethorpe, saying: "You know Mr. Lamb, do you not?" The fisherman answered: "You were kind enough to introduce us last night, Miss Carmichael, but you will, I hope, pardon me for saying that I do not approve of Mr. Lamb." Then he turned away, and conversed with the Captain. When the company rose, the only person who approached the civil servant was the colonel, who said: "I peshume, suh, aftah what my kind friend, Mr. Cohistine, has spoken so well, you will not annoy my niece with any moah remahks about her propehty. It would please that lady and me, as her guahdian, if you will fohget Miss Du Plessis' existence, suh, so fah as you are concehned." This was chilling, but chill did not hurt Mr. Lamb. The little Carruthers, headed by Marjorie, were in front of the verandah when Miss Carmichael and he went out. Marjorie had evidently been schooling them, for, at her word of command, they began to sing, to the tune of "Little Bo Peep," the original words:—

Poor Orther Lom,
He looks so glom.

Miss Carmichael seized her namesake and shook her. "You naughty, wicked little girl, how dare you? Who taught you these shameful words?" she asked, boiling with indignation. Marjorie cried a little for vexation, but would not reveal the name of the author. Some said it was the doctor, and others, that it was his daughter Fanny; but Miss Carmichael was sure that the lawyer, Marjorie's great friend, Eugene, was the guilty party, that he ought to be ashamed of himself, and that the sooner he left Bridesdale the better. Coristine was completely innocent of the awful crime, which lay in the skirts of Marjorie's father, the Captain, as might have been suspected from the beauty of the couplet. The consequence of the poetic surprise was the exclusive attachment of Miss Carmichael to the Crown Lands man, in a long walk in the garden, a confidential talk, and the present of a perfectly beautiful button-hole pinned in by her own hands.

CHAPTER XVII.

The Picnic—Treasure Trove—A Substantial Ghost Captured—Coristine's Farewell—Ride to Collingwood—Bangs Secures Rawdon—Off to Toronto—Coristine Meets the Captain—Grief at Bridesdale—Marjorie and Mr. Biggles—Miss Du Plessis Frightens Mr. Lamb—The Minister's Smoke—Fishing Picnic.

AFTER his Parthian shot, the Captain ordered Sylvanus to get out the gigs, as he was going home. Leaving Marjorie in the hands of her aunt Carmichael, he saluted his daughter, his niece, and his two sisters-in-law, and took

their messages for Susan. There was grief in the kitchen at the departure of Sylvanus, who expected to be on the rolling deep before the end of the week. Mr. Pawkins and Constable Rigby had already taken leave, travelling homeward in an amicable way. Then, Doctor Halbert insisted on his vehicle being brought round, as there must be work waiting for him at home; so a box with a cushion was placed for his sprained leg, and he and Miss Fanny were just on the eve of starting, when Mr. Perrowne came running up in great haste, and begged to be allowed to drive the doctor over. With a little squeezing he got in, and, amid much waving of handkerchiefs, the doctor's buggy drove away. Mr. Lamb exhibited no desire to leave, and Miss Carmichael was compelled to devote herself to him, a somewhat monotonous task, in spite of his garrulous egotism. Timotheus, by the Squire's orders, harnessed the horses to the waggonette, and deposited therein a pickaxe and a spade. Mr. Bigglethorpe brought out his fishing tackle, joyous over the prospect of a day's fishing, and Mr. Terry lugged along a huge basket, prepared by his daughter in the kitchen, with all manner of eatables and drinkables for the picnic. The lawyer made the fourth of the party, exclusive of Timotheus, who gave instructions to Maguffin how to behave in his absence. The colonel was with Wilkinson, but the ladies and Mr. Lamb came to see the expedition under way. It was arranged that Timotheus should drive the Squire and the lawyer to the masked road and leave them there, after which he was to take the others to Richards place, put up the horses, and help them to propel the screw through the lakes and channels. Accordingly, the treasure seekers got out the pick and shovel, and trudged along to the scene of the late fire. As they neared the Encampment, their road became a difficult and painful one, over fallen trees blackened with fire, and through beds of sodden ashes. At the Encampment, the ground, save where the buildings had stood, was comparatively bare. The lofty and enormously strong brick chimney was still standing in spite of the many explosions, and, here and there, a horse appeared, looking wistfully at the ruins of its former home. There, the intending diggers stood, gazing mutely for a while on the scene of desolation.

"Sandy soil, draining both ways, and under cover," is what we want, Coristine," said the Squire. The two walked back and forward along the ridge, rejecting rock and depression and timbered land. They searched the foundations of houses and sheds, found the trap under Rawdon's own house that led to the now utterly caved-in tunnel, and tried likely spots where once the stables stood, only to find accumulations of rubbish. A steel square, such as carpenters use, was found among the chips in the stone-yard, and of this Coristine made a primitive surveyor's implement by which he sought to take the level of the ground. "Bring your eye down here, Mr. Carruthers," he said. "I see," answered the Squire; "but, man, you's just a conglomeration o' muckle stanes." The lawyer replied, "That's true, Squire, but it's the height of land, and that top stone lies almost too squarely to be natural. Let us try them at least. It will do no harm, and the day is young yet." They went forward to a spot beyond the stone yard, on the opposite side from the burnt stables, which they saw had once been railed off, for the blackened stumps of the posts were still in the ground. It was a picturesque mass of confusion, apparently an outcrop of the limestone, not uncommon in that region. But the lawyer probed the ground all about it. It was light dry soil, with no trace of a rocky bottom. Without a lever, their work was hard, but they succeeded in throwing off the large flat protecting slab, and in scattering its rocky supports. "Man, Coristine, I believe you're richt," ejaculated the perspiring Carruthers. Then he took the pick and loosened the ground, while the lawyer removed the earth with his spade. "There's no' a root nor a muckle stane in the hail o't, Coristine; this ground's been wrocht afore, my lad." So they kept on, till at last the pick rebounded with a metallic clang. "Let me clear it, Squire," asked the lawyer, and, at once, his spade sent the sand flying, and revealed a box of japanned tin, the counterpart of that discovered by Muggins, which had only contained samples of grindstones. A little more picking, and a little more spading, and the box came easily out. It was heavy, wonderfully heavy, and it was padlocked. The sharp edge of the spade loosened the lid sufficiently to admit the point of the pick, and, while Coristine hung on to the box, the Squire wrenched it open. The tin box was full of notes and gold.

"There's thousands an' thousands here, Coristine, eneuch to keep you pair body o' a Matilda in comfort aa' her days. Man, it's a grann' discovery, an' you're the chiel that's fund it," cried the Squire, with exultation. The lawyer peered in too, when, suddenly, he heard a shot, a bullet whizzed past his ear, and, the next moment, with a sickening thud, Carruthers fell to the ground. Coristine rose to his feet like lightning, and faced an apparition; the Grinstun man, with pistol in one hand and life preserver in the other, was before him. Without a moment's hesitation he regained his grasp of his spade, and stretched the ghost at his feet, mercifully with the flat of it, and then relieved his victim of pistol and loaded skull-cracker. He heard voices hailing, and recognized them as those of the veteran and the fisherman. He replied with a loud cry of "Hurry, hurry, help!" which roused the prostrate spectre. It arose and made a dash for the tin box, but Coristine threw himself upon the substantial ghost, and a struggle for life began. They

clasped, they wrestled, they fell over the poor unconscious Squire, and upset the tin box. They clasped each other by the throat, the hair; they kicked with their feet, and pounded with their knees. It was Grinstun's last ditch, and he was game to hold it; but the lawyer was game too. Sometimes he was up and had his hand on his opponent's throat, and again, he could not tell how, he was turned over, and the heavy squat form of Rawdon fell like an awful nightmare on his chest. But he would not give in. He saw his antagonist reach for a weapon, pistol, skull-cracker, he knew not what it was, but that reach released one hand from his throat. With a tremendous effort, he turned, and lay side to side with his enemy, when Timotheus dashed in, and, bodily picking up the Grinstun man in his arms, hammered his head on the big flat stone, till the breathless lawyer begged him to stop. Up came Mr. Bigglethorpe and Mr. Terry in great consternation, and gazed with wonder upon the lately active ghost. "Make him fast," cried Coristine with difficulty, "while I look after the poor Squire." So, Timotheus and the fisher took off Rawdon's coat and braces, and bound him hand and foot with his own belongings. But the veteran had already looked to his son-in-law, and, from the picnic stores, had poured some spirits into his lips. "Rouse up, John awri," he cried piteously, "rouse up, my darlint, or Honoria 'ull be breakin' her poor heart. It's good min is scarce thim toimes, an' the good God'll niver be takin' away the bist son iver au ould man had." The Squire came to, although the dark blood oozed out of an ugly wound in the back of his head, and the amount of liquor his affectionate father-in-law had poured into him made him light-headed. "Glory be to God!" said the old man, and all the others gratefully answered "Amen."

(To be continued.)

FAIRYLAND.

THEY tell us the fairies have vanished,
They "dance no more on the green,"
Alas, 'tis our eyes that are holden,
The fairies are there, I ween.

'Tis true we've affrighted the wee-folk
With clamour, and rush, and roar,
To a further enchanted circle
Than ever they were of yore.

But indeed, indeed I have seen them,
O'er hill, in forest, on fen,
Those gay little green-kirtled maidens,
And swift-footed, red-capped men.

Why, think you, the crickets are tuning,
And harping the live-long day?
Is it not for the night-noon revel
Of goblin, or sprite, or fay?

For what is the fire-fly flaming
His torch in the darksome gloom?
Were it not that the little people
Might find out the sweetest bloom?

Then hie thee away to the meadows,
(Make sure that the moon be bright)
And if you have faith in my fairies,
You'll see them, I trow, to-night.

Toronto.

EMILY A. SYKES.

SHORT STUDIES IN RUSSIAN LITERATURE—IV.

AND now we come to the fourth great name on this list of Russian novelists. I have reserved Dostoeffsky to the last, not because he is so either in time or in importance, but rather because I consider him to have reached a higher psychological development than either of his distinguished rivals. "Gogol" says M. de Vogüé "avait regardé dans ces sordes ténèbres, avec amertume et ironie; Tourguénef y a plongé du sommet de son rêve d'artiste, en contemplatif plutôt qu'en apôtre; Tolstoï est en sens le premier apôtre de la pitié social, mais, par ses origines et ses débuts, il est encore de ceux qui descendent de haut dans la gouffre; après nous verrons venir ceux qui en sortent." Yes, there were others to go even further, and the chief of these is Dostoeffsky. Turgéneff had handled the puppets of his creation with the gentle touch of the dreamer; he had watched them without the flush of hope and without the trembling of despair; his moves in this game of life had been neither many nor violent, but ever true to the dictates of his artist soul. Tolstoï, with furrowed brow and concentrated gaze, had moved his puppets as if they were pieces on a chess-board. Analyzing every step and making deductions, he had sat over this game until his own brain grew dizzy with thought and his heart sank within him with the consciousness of the impossible. Then of a sudden all had become clear and luminous, for, from the back row of those imitations of life he had drawn forward the most insignificant of them all, and listening himself to the voice of his own creation, he had bowed his head in reverence for an ideal unconsciously evolved from the ponderings of his own mind. Dostoeffsky viewed his puppets with feverish intensity,

now dragging one back, now pushing another forward, laughing with the madness of their laughter and mingling his own agony with the screams of their despair.

If Tolstoi revered his own ideal of the peasant, Dostoevsky loved him as he was. If Tolstoi would sacrifice much (from the intellectual standpoint as well as the material) for his sake, Dostoevsky would sacrifice everything. When we read the works of this extraordinary man we feel a new and stifling atmosphere around us, to quote M. de Vogüé once more: "Les amans qu'il nous présente ne sont pas faits de chair et de sang, mais de nerfs et de larmes." It is no sickly sentimentality that he gives us lapsing into tears of unconscious self-pity. It is no comfortable cloak of melancholy or dull bewilderment giving vent to itself in words of smug resignation. He takes us, out of ourselves, all of us—even those superior beings who are beyond laughter and tears, and who only speak in order that they may stifle thought. What are they to him—the epigram of the wit, the platitude of the fool, the dogma of the superstitious or the satire of the sceptic? What are the truths of philosophy or the results of science to this wise man of the east, who, wandering listless over Europe, wondered only at the guillotine? Dostoevsky does not present certain characters and allow them gradually to unfold themselves before us in the manner of Tolstoi's. He seems more like one who in the public street cries out: "This man is a liar, look at him in the eyes! That one yonder is a coward and a cheat. Watch the adulteress skulking across the road"; and then in altogether another tone, "that child is starving, give her bread, bread." And so like a great wave of sin and madness this band of feverish men and women passes on, while in the midst of the curses and the groans we hear ever and again the half-articulate cry of pity from some pale wayfarer who is born onward in the rush. These at least are the kind of impressions which books like "Injury and Insult" leave behind them; but there are also others. If Dostoevsky drew from his own suffering his pictures of the horrible, he also drew from the tenderness of his own soul, some pictures of ineffable beauty.

"Injury and Insult" is a story of a young man who is passionately in love with a girl and who does his utmost to insure her happiness with his rival. Nathasha, the heroine, belongs to the past, she has no business to exist in this century of ours; produced by any other novelist she would be grotesque, in the hands of Dostoevsky she is almost sublime. "Nathasha felt instinctively that she would begin by being his sovereign, his queen, and end by being his victim. She had a foretaste of the rapture of loving to madness and of tormenting the one we love, simply because we do love him or her, and perhaps this is why she hastened to sacrifice herself first."

It is a story of self-sacrifice, and he for whose sake two lives are ruined is himself almost an irresponsible being whom we can neither hate nor scorn. "En France, au moins," says M. de Vogüé apropos of this book "nous ne prendrons jamais notre parti de ce spectacle, pourtant naturel et consolant, une créature exquise à genoux devant un imbécile." The same critic points out the absurdity of a man urging a rival to be happy with a girl whom he himself adores, and yet in "Notre Dame" Hugo has given us examples of both these "spectacles"—unreasoning love, and complete self-renunciation.

"The Gambler" is a powerful sketch of a certain type of the Russian mind; the very embodiment of that untranslatable *otchianie* which has been referred to in connection with Tolstoi.

"The Friend of the Family" introduces us to a group of people in a country house, a large proportion of whom would seem the more natural inmates of a lunatic asylum. In this book also we catch a glimpse of Dostoevsky's peasant, the muzhik as he is, dull and negative.

It is a curious thing, this idea of negation which we see so much of in Russian novels. This type of Russian, and it is a common one, sees that action includes necessarily the good and the bad; therefore he is simply negative—it is the philosophy of *laissez-faire* and yet it was Jean Jacques Rousseau who first voiced it—"Hereux les peuples chez lesquels on peut être bon sans effort et juste sans vertu!"

And now we will take a glance at that extraordinary book, the most curious product of this novel work-shop—"Crime and Punishment." A student commits a murder, and through the entreaties of an unfortunate gives himself up to justice and Siberia. The murderer is devoid neither of heart nor brains; the unfortunate is one of the purest characters in literature. Around Raskolnikoff and Sonia a strange medley of figures hover, but in these two characters the interest of the story is centred. It is a study in psychology, nothing more and nothing less, but he who reads its terrible pages can never efface it from his memory. Dostoevsky shows us the inward workings of this young man's mind. We see him lying on his bed, brooding over this crime which to him is only the passing over of laws binding upon ordinary men alone. Napoleon had murdered many, why should he not murder one? The idea takes root, grows, and is put into action. The student is a murderer now, without remorse but dissatisfied. It was nasty, ignoble, this butchering of two defenceless women. He broods upon the details of his crime and in the teeth of the police goes back to visit the room in which he had committed it, seized with an irresistible fascination. At last, urged on by Sonia, he confesses. The murderer loves the unfortunate, if that is the word to express his almost undefinable emotions. "It is not before you that I bow," he exclaims to her, "but before suffering human-

ity." Sonia follows him to Siberia, and there this soul, wayward and faltering but not wholly corrupt, becomes purified by that suffering which, in the author's opinion, is the first step to atonement.

The actual object of the murder was money for his only sister, but it was the idea of murder being actually allowable to men of a superior stamp that drove this diswrought mind to the accomplishment of crime.

Raskolnikoff has been called "The Hamlet of the mad-house," but if we for a moment compare the two we shall see that this is hardly just to either. Hamlet is the masterpiece of the greatest name in all literature, but Raskolnikoff is the creation of no boulevard novelist; this student is not borrowed from the pages of the *Police News* on the one hand nor is he a tragic parody upon the other.

We can hardly apprehend Hamlet, it is possible to comprehend Raskolnikoff. Hamlet at the supreme moment of his life rises above criticism, the other sinks beneath it. Hamlet is the intellectual slave to an idea forced on him from without and foreign to his nature, Raskolnikoff is mastered by a haunting impulse which springs from within and is incarnate in his very soul. Lastly, when Hamlet has put his idea into action, he dies; when Raskolnikoff gives himself up to justice (for this is the second overmastering idea which dogs him, following logically upon the first) he lives; and by allowing Raskolnikoff to live Dostoevsky is true to his own inexorable maxim—that of reducing the individual to subordination to the many—a maxim, we need hardly observe, not in accordance with the views of the great dramatist.

In reality Raskolnikoff is one of those mystic beings, introspective, self-torturing, who, seized with an idea, allow it to control their thoughts and become eventually mad-men, murderers or saints.

"A new Gogol is born to us" was the exclamation which greeted the first production of this remarkable man. A new Gogol, not a classic like Turgénieff nor a searcher after truth through the medium of philosophic abstractions like Tolstoi. No, a man without the veneer of the west, one to whom nothing was vulgar or common. A man who considered nothing in this world beneath him because he considered that nothing in it was above him. A man who arrived rapidly by intuition at conclusions arrived at by others through a process of long and careful induction. In short, a man who had pity for the wretched, for the lost, for all those for whom the rest had only scorn, or at best a calculated tolerance.

He was not a classic, but, as Mme. Bazan observes in reference to his first work, "The book is a work of art, of the new and the old art compounded, classic art infused with the new, warm blood of truth."

In one of Gautier's novels it is said of a poet that his true poem was his life, that the rest, what he gave to the world, was only the superfluous thoughts, while what was deepest and best within him was lived and not spoken. It might also be said of Dostoevsky that his true novel was his life. I do not allude so much to his health, to his poverty, to his sufferings in Siberia so much as to those terrible thoughts, which must have driven him well-nigh to the madness of despair, and of which, wild as they are, we only get but partial glimpses in his works. If it was not insanity, it was dangerously near to it.

But in spite of his suffering, physical and mental, there was in the man a depth of human love which transformed the curse of hatred against the oppressor into infinite pity for the oppressed. If Russian realism, starting with Gogol, reached its acme of classic elegance and taste with Turgénieff; if Tolstoi may be said to represent the intelligence of the school, Dostoevsky is the heart. It was his lot to suffer the most of all of them, but in return it was he whom Russia loved the best.

And now that we have peeped into this swollen current of literature which, leaving the ordinary course, has forced a passage of its own, let us ask ourselves what it all means. Is it merely empty babble "signifying nothing," or has in itself some deep significance? For my part I think it has. If these Russians have given us in their works no cut and dried "moral," if they have sounded the depths of no philosophy or established the tenets of no particular dogma, they have at least called out to the people of to-day that old world cry *ῥῆθι σεαυτὸν*, and for this alone let much be forgiven them. Without grovelling in the mire of human depravity, they have left the old groundwork behind them, and in the spirit of pity and not of mockery taken, in the words of Mrs. Browning, "for worthier stage the Soul Itself."

J. A. T. LLOYD.

PARIS LETTER.

THE brother of the French ambassador at London is a large manufacturer and a distinguished legislator; his two sons run the cotton factory situated at St. Rémy, in Normandy. In honour of the centenary of the mills, a splendid banquet was given to 1,500 guests, and which coincided with the "Welcome Home" to one of the sons and his bride, daughter of M. Harpes, the Paris American banker. It is the patriarchal, labour and democratic side of the feast that merits not only to be studied, but to be imitated. All the hands without exception were invited; several workmen wore the good-service medal bestowed by the Government on operatives at least thirty years in the employment of the same master. The banquet was presided over by M. Waddington's eldest son and his lady; the latter had on her right the Minister of Justice, or

Lord Chancellor of France, and on her left the senior operative. No special places were reserved for local officials or the "Social Magnitudes"; they were blended with the factory hands. The Waddington firm pensions all its operatives at sixty years of age, on one franc per day; stands by them in sickness or accident, and encourages them to support in addition Old Age Benefit Societies. When the Conscription draws off operatives for military service, the conscript, if a bachelor, is allowed half his ordinary earnings; if married, full pay. Of course strikes are unknown, and no operatives are ever dismissed. Is that example how to solve the capital and labour difficulty not worth the tons of literature devoted to Utopian Socialism?

It may not be generally known that when the Pope grants an audience, ladies come in black dress material and mantle, gentlemen in evening costume, and they must leave not only their hats and overcoats in the vestiary, but also their gloves. The latter usage dates from the Middle Ages when conspirators concealed stylets and poison under their gloves. Ambassadors are not expected to unglove. In the throne room the armchair occupied by the Pope is a present from Barcelona; the slipper in white satin with a gold cross embroidered thereon, and which the faithful kiss, is a gift from a Sicilian convent.

The Antwerp International Congress for the regulation of working hours, and the intervention of the State as a factor in Socialism, does not at all trend to practical solutions. It has shown that Belgium, prosperous though she be, has one-third of her working population unable to subsist on their earnings, supplementing the deficit by legal relief, and that thirty-eight per cent. of the labouring classes work eleven hours a day. The next chief question handled was European McKinleyism; free traders have had to do yeoman's service to meet old foes. The majority of the Congressmen do not now accept as gospel Sir Robert Peel's maxim, that the only manner to combat hostile tariffs is to reply with liberty of importation, and so swell the volume of exports. The Congress illustrates that in economical science, as in religion,

What damned error, but some sober brow
Will bless it, and approve it with a text,
Hiding the grossness with fair ornament.

Opinion is still harping on Seine water. It is only a fortnight ago a Berlin guide-book writer had the audacity to tell Parisians their supply of river water was unrivalled in point of purity. Now a panegyric has been found, delivered by Parmentier a century ago, on the virtues of Seine water. It promoted appetite, favoured digestion, and induced embonpoint. One pint of it taken every morning calmed the nerves and refreshed the palate; further: dogs and garbage in a state of floating corruption did not effect the quality of water. It was well that Parmentier has to his credit the honour of having introduced the potato into France, or the citizens would debaptize the square they have called after him. A writer who claims to be up in the water supply of the chief cities of the world, pities London that depends solely for its supply on the Thames; of course that of Berlin is infamous; Vienna has drinking water as good as the Alps can supply. Paris is fit to rank in its potable water with any city; the Neva is as good as the Seine, which in a sense is lamentably true. Not only is the Franco-Russian alliance superior in the output of drinking water, but the union has discovered a "Franco-Russian vaccine," against cholera morbus.

Engineer Clermont and Dr. Fleury, of the hygienic department of the great manufacturing centre of Saint-Etienne, states that it is in the distribution pipes the drinking water becomes infected, due to the presence of decayed vegetable matter, fishes' eggs, frog spawn, etc. Engineer Bechman, of Paris, maintains that filtration has no effect on the microbes, while M. Bertchinger, of Zurich, stoutly asserts the contrary.

The city of Lyons employs in its factories 13,000 horse-power of driving force. It must be borne in mind that a large portion of the silk industry of Lyons is executed by manual labour. A society has been formed to utilize the momentum of "the swift and arrowy Rhone," by which hydraulic force, equal to 12,000 horse-power, can be distributed among the several factories to replace steam. A special canal will tap the Rhone at a point, to secure a 100 tons of water per second, having a fall of forty-three feet.

Disraeli was once quizzed for his quizzical allusion to the "American" language. That tongue exists. When visitors to the Eiffel Tower make the ascension by the north pillar, as soon as the guard has closed the carriage door, he draws from his pocket a guide, in French and "American," for the Tower, costing only three sous. The *Figaro* has another "Curiosity of Literature," in its statement that one of the youngest members of the new English parliament is Earl Beaconsfield's son "Coningsby," named after one of his papa's novels. The paper might have at least dubbed him "Sir" Disraeli, to pair with "Lord" Gladstone.

Theatrical critic Sarcey—a name to conjure with—has discovered the means to resuscitate the decadence of the French stage; let Parisian dramatists and actors study the theatrical representations given at the seaside penny gaffs! Thespis sung ballads from a cart, and Molière and his troupe served their apprenticeship at country fairs.

At a recent cyclist contest at Raincy, the first prize was won by a wheeler with a wooden leg; he never "shivered his timbers."

THE CRITIC.

BURIED in a catalogue beneath an innumerable heap of names of new books I lighted the other day upon the taking title "How to Get Married although a Woman, by a Young Widow" (New York: Ogilvie). Conjecture pointed to a work written probably "to order" and "to sell." Its very name savoured of the sensational. The "Young Widow," too, sounded not a little suspicious. At best, one thought, such a book will descend upon how by artificial, not to say meretricious, methods the fascinating sex will be taught how, with even greater success than at present, they may lure on the susceptible sex, more especially as the alternative title happened to be "or, the Art of Pleasing Men." The mind wandered to the infinite possibilities contained in coquetry carried to a still finer point, to the complicated manœuvres of courtship, to costume even, and to such subtle and recondite articles as "Bloom of Youth" or "Poudre d'Amour." However, I ordered the book—price twenty-five cents—and was most agreeably surprised. Despite wretched binding and perhaps still more wretched style, this little book deserves, if not unqualified, yet a very large measure of commendation. True, the English in which it is written is not the English of Matthew Arnold, neither perhaps is the grammar always the grammar of Linley Murray. The class for which the "Young Widow" writes, too, is not the class of Vere de Vere; it is the class of young women who possess "gentlemen friends," and who enjoy being "treated" to "ice-creams" at a "rest'rant" by these same "gentleman friends"—all, no doubt, very well in their way. And, after all, it is a way common enough to all classes, only that the class of Vere de Vere denominates these items by a different terminology: one very eminent writer of the same sex as the "Young Widow," for example, would probably descend to nothing lower than white-bait at the Star and Garter. Be this as it may, the reader of "How to Get Married although a Woman" who can shut his eyes to minor faults and differences of tastes and customs, will find in it some homely truths sadly in need of being expressed; and he will find these truths expressed in that simple straightforward manner that at once bespeaks the sincerity of the writer—and in these days of hasty and prolific writing, when one is tempted to think that four-fifths of the books written are not the result of unsought inward "constraint" (in the Biblical signification of that word), but rather the result of extraneous pecuniary pressure—this sincerity at once commands our sympathy and interest. And both the one and the other are aroused from the outset.

The object of the "Young Widow" is plain and to the point: "In the hope," she says, "that some of these maidens (who 'know so fearfully much! The experiences of a mature woman count for nothing beside the wonderful knowledge some girls in their teens have!') will be willing to read what they would not hear, when it was too personal, I determined to write down what I know about being attractive to the other sex, what I know about girls' failures, and why they fail," and this she proceeds to do without any nonsense—indeed with a very great deal of common sense—in some nine chapters with such headings as "The Girl whom Men Like," "The Girl who Wins," "The Girl who Fails," "Some Unfailing Methods," and so forth.

But the reader will already be impatient to know what talisman, if any, the "Young Widow" possesses who so openly sets up as a teacher of the methods of attracting men. Let her speak for herself: "Sweetness of mind and manner is a woman's greatest charm. A sweet woman is beloved by everyone. It is woman's province to be sweet. Gail Hamilton says: 'It is the first duty of woman to be a lady.' I say, it is her first duty, after being a Christian (which is certainly first of everything), to be sweet."—"A girl may be more than plain, even homely, but if her manners are gentle, her voice sweet and low, her bearing womanly, her power is wonderful."—"A man avoids a sentimental girl. . . . Do not model your conduct after the heroines of novels."—"Let the first man upon whom you try your winning arts be your father. Make him sure that you are the most perfect of girls. Then try your brothers. As the most lovely of daughters and sisters, you will be real when you are attracting other men by your winning manners."—"A retiring, gentle girl is something to seek after. . . . A bold girl may receive more attentions from a certain class of men, but less love in the long run. That 'certain class of men' you want to avoid instead of seeking to attract them."—"Do not hesitate to let him see that you have a modest, maidenly interest in him. Men like that. It must be done in a retiring way, as if you did not intend to have him see it, but could not help yourself. While a man will boast of a girl running after him, this little secret of yours, which by his acuteness (!) he has discovered, he will keep sacredly to himself."—"A girl's great charm is a sweet womanly modesty, which appears to hide a love she cannot help feeling."—"Learn to soothe and sympathize instead of hurting. . . . The outside world will give him knocks enough as he battles his way up in it. . . . Maybe he comes to you sometimes just smarting from one. Let him find for his wounds a balm."—"Your power over man is very great, girls; you can make him good or bad, if he loves you." But it is a pity to attempt an exhibition of the writer's views by such a paltry collection of specimen bricks—all the more as the book abounds in material of which these give no adequate idea. These merely show that the author has her subject

at heart; and is giving honest expression with pure motives to what she sees and feels—and without doubt she sees and feels much. There are throughout her book also many piquant sentences, and not a little plain speaking.

Naturally enough the "Young Widow" cannot write a whole book on how to please the men without letting it appear here and there how she herself regards that sex; and she is so naively out-spoken when she does express any views about them that they are worth quoting. "Never forget," she says quite earnestly, "that a man is a selfish being. Keep that little fact in view continually; and if you want to please him pander to it."—"It is man-like to walk off at the first sign of a storm (at home), and to avoid everything uncomfortable. Bear that in mind."—"A man likes a sensible girl. He likes real, good common sense."—"Man is not sympathetic. Men rarely are, but then you must take them as you find them."—"Do not exact too much attention. A man hates to give it where it is exacted, even when it is your right. It is their way to pay it only when they feel like doing so. A man never wants to be controlled."—"Promote his comfort in every possible way. They notice these things and like such attentions."—"The girl thinks of matrimony before the man does. He goes on blindly and thoughtlessly until he is so deep in love he cannot retreat."—"A man never allows the same girl to make him feel like a fool twice. Once is enough for any man."—"When you seek to win a man, make him pleased with himself. The better he is pleased with himself the better he will like you. This is not done by bold, outspoken flattery (although a man will swallow larger doses of that than you suppose), but by adroitly showing him his own best side."—"A man is self-centred. He loves to talk about himself."—"A girl who has made a man think less of himself may give that man up on the spot."—"A girl trusts to romantic surroundings. A widow never does. She has found out that her hero is fleshly, and she knows that all men are. She knows that only a boy, wildly in love, prefers moonlight to a substantial meal."—The unconscious humour of some of these assertions is refreshing. But the book should be read; quotations are always unsatisfactory.

GOOD-NIGHT.

THE wind has veered from south to east,

The wearied sun has sought the west,
Sweet eventide to man and beast

Proclaims the solemn hour of rest;
And you and I, in silence, wait
To say our "Good-night" at the gate.

God's will be done. Your cold lips move
As though the solace you would give
Failed your heart's need. The words can prove
No comfort to such cares that live
Within our hearts; mayhap they may
Bring solace on a distant day.

Love never was resigned to part;
Life never sought the darkened room
When lighted Palaces of Art
Invited from the path of gloom;
Yet when Fate bids we must obey
And walk the path from gold to grey.

God's will be done. My love, how bare
Sound those familiar words to-night!
The heart rebels against the prayer
When trust and hope are dead. How slight
Is the avail of prayers like this,
When *our* will is opposed to His!

"*At eventide there shall be light.*"
And must life's noon be lived in vain
And hold no sweetness to requite
Its bitterness, and toil, and pain?
And must the joys we hold most dear
Be evermore untasted here?

My love, I cannot say "Good-night,"
And give your lips the farewell kiss,
And know that, with the fading light,
The last remaining hope of bliss
Expires; and henceforth all our days
Must blindly follow different ways.

And yet, perchance, a light may burst
Upon our lives in future years;
Perhaps the passion we have nursed
And bitterly regret in tears,
For lack of sunlight, may be cast;
Upon the dust-heap of the Past.

Of what avail then is our grief?
Of what avail are all our fears?
Though time may never bring relief,
Yet "He shall wipe away all tears."
Our way is dark, and so we must
In heaven place a deeper trust.

"*He giveth His beloved rest.*"
My love, your farewell words are sweet,
And, pillowed safely on His Breast,
Love's perfectness shall be complete;
Farewell until the goal is won;
My love, Good-night—*God's will be done.*

A. MELBOURNE THOMPSON.

PROFESSOR ROBERTS ON WORDSWORTH.

AMONG the new books on the High School course for the ensuing year, Mr. Wetherell's "Selection from Wordsworth" holds a first place. Three of the leading names in Canadian literature add lustre to its pages,—Professor Clarke of Trinity, Professor Roberts of King's, and Principal Grant. In the preface to this volume of selections we find the following sentence: "The chief poet of Canada shows us clearly that Mathew Arnold's estimate of Wordsworth's genius is misleading and demands correction."

We turn to Professor Robert's essay, and meet an utterance that must make the student of Wordsworth pause: "Had Arnold belonged a generation later, or had he looked with the eyes of Continental criticism, we can hardly doubt that he would have placed Wordsworth amid, rather than above, the little band of great singers who made the youth of this century magnificent." This sentence, or rather the phrase, "with the eyes of Continental criticism," we believe to be unfair. No one was ever more thoroughly imbued with the Continental spirit, and no Englishman was more careful to bring European standards to his judgment of literary work than was Arnold. He was no insular critic, and it is as a universal critic that he judges Wordsworth's work in his famous essay.

Now with regard to Wordsworth's place above the other singers of this century, time and judicious criticism, and an understanding of what poetry really is, have, we believe, made his position assured. There are only four other names of his time in English poetry that can be mentioned with his,—Coleridge, Byron, Keats, and Shelley. While all of these were stronger in some one point, the faithful student of poetry and life will, we think, be compelled to accept Mathew Arnold's dictum: "Taking the performance of each as a whole, I say that Wordsworth seems to me to have left a body of poetical work superior in power, in interest, in the qualities which give enduring freshness, to that which any of the others has left." Each of the others had some grave defect. Coleridge, with a diseased will, left his mighty conceptions uncompleted, or so befogged in mystery, as to be of but little help to man; Byron was so sin-darkened that, though a naturally spontaneous thinker and brilliant singer, he has left a black stain on almost every page he has given us; Keats,—with the new-old truth, "Beauty is truth, truth beauty,"—was cut off before he could achieve anything of really great ethical value for the human race. Shelley is perhaps the one singer that most critics of a poetic temperament would place before Wordsworth, and yet his most enthusiastic admirers amongst us must admit that the insanity or extravagance of his best productions keeps them from ever taking a front rank in poetic achievement. It is, after all, the poetry which is most valuable in its "application of ideas to life" that will take first place. And dramatic power, lyrical movement, epic grandeur, while being very good in their way, must rank as secondary,—mere accessories. It will be seen that we have spoken only of English poets. Professor Roberts in the early part of his essay mentioned the names of Heine, Hugo, Byron, Burns, and Shelley, but as Burns was not of this country, and as Hugh and Heine are never coupled with "the band of singers who made the youth of this century magnificent," we have dealt only with Wordsworth's contemporaries and compatriots.

Wordsworth has given us new eyes to see nature with, and although his range is very limited, he helps us to view humble life with greater truth, sympathy and fulness, than any other English poet; and for this reason Arnold has placed him first among our nineteenth century poets. Professor Roberts seems to us to be illogical in his criticism; at the close of his essay he says: "The distinctive excellence of Wordsworth's poetry is something so high, so ennobling, so renovating to the spirit, that it can be regarded as nothing short of a calamity for one to acquire a preconception which will seal him against its influence. One so sealed is deaf to the voice which, more than any other in modern song, conveys the secret of repose. To be shut out from hearing Wordsworth's message is to lose the surest guide we have to those regions of luminous calm which this breathless age so needs for its soul's health. Wordsworth's peculiar province is that border-land, wherein nature and the heart of man act and react upon each other. His vision is occupied not so much with nature as with the relations between nature and his inmost self. No other poet, of our race at least, has made so definite and intelligible the terms of our communion with external nature. But it must be always borne in mind that of great poets there are those like Dante, Shakespeare, and Goethe, whose greatness is orbic and universal, and those again, of a lower station, whose greatness may be set forth as lying within certain more or less determinable limits. Among these latter, and high among them, we may be sure that Wordsworth will hold unassailable place."

Wordsworth, it is true, is limited, and is not as mighty a genius as Shakespeare, Milton, or Goethe, and this Arnold sees and emphasizes, but the other poets of this age were not only limited, but so erratic, as to be, in many instances, unhealthy in their effects. Whereas Wordsworth is always healthy and of ethical value, and it is this, I think, that Arnold means when he says: "I can read with pleasure and edification 'Peter Bell,' and the whole series of ecclesiastical sonnets, and the address to Mr. Wilkinson's spade, and even the 'Thanksgiving Ode';

everything of Wordsworth, I think, except 'Vaudracour and Julia.' And while we may not be able to go quite so far as this we are compelled to think that Wordsworth, through his "healing power," stands on a plain by himself, beneath the two or three great mountain peaks of song that seem to penetrate into the very heaven of heavens, but far above the lesser hills that appear still shrouded in the clouds of earth.

T. G. MARQUIS.

Stratford, Ont.

A NEW ZEALAND REVERIE.

WITHIN a far-off isle I see again
A quiet city nestling on a plain,
A languid river flowing to the main;
And sunburnt children playing by the sea,
Their happy voices ringing merrily
With shouts of laughter in their childish glee.

Again outspreads above me, phantomwise,
The deep unclouded blue of southern skies.—
Once more adown sweet Avon's winding stream,*
The pleasant scene of many a musing dream,
I slowly glide, beneath the willow's shade,
By many a bridge rough hewn, and sunny glade;
By pastures green, where browse the rich fleeced sheep,
And yellow fields, where sunbrowned workmen reap
The golden grain; by hills and meadowland,
To where the breakers kiss the rocky strand.
'Twas often thus in days gone by I spent
The passing hour, in sport and merriment.

How oft on mettled steed I gallop'd o'er
The breezy downs, the smooth and level shore;
Or haply sought—I love to seek it still—
The soothing silence of some lofty hill,
Where, stretched at length upon the grassy heath,
I gazed upon the prospect far beneath;
Or revelled else in some engrossing page,
That glassed the mind of poet or of sage.

Oft in that time of dreamful careless ease
(How sad, yet passing sweet, are memories
Of years long dead) I loved to watch, beside
The palm-fringed beach, the ever restless tide;
Or wandering in the fields and meadows sweet,
On many a morn with light and errant feet,
To hear the lark that, soaring in the sky,
Poured its full heart in rapturous melody;
And, when light vanished with the tired day,
To hail the nightingale's surpassing lay.

How often did I sail with merry friends
Beyond the harbour-bar (where distance lends
No pleasure to the view, but rather tells
To hapless landmen, that the ocean's swells
Must long be borne, ere yet the shore is reach'd,
Ere yet their tossing craft is safely beach'd.)
How often, as the twilight fell, I walked
With one I loved upon the sands, and talked
Of home and kindred, dear to her and me,
Far o'er the weary wilderness of sea;
And often—but I may no longer dwell,
Amid those scenes my spirit loves so well.

O'er many a mountain-side, o'er many a plain,
And many a league across the trackless main,
I see the city and the stream again;
And still (how sweet the dream) in memory,
I watch the children playing merrily,
Beside the waters of the summer sea.

ERNEST C. MACKENZIE.

CORRESPONDENCE.

A CORRECTION.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—I read in your issue of July 22nd an article in which you say that I am an anarchist, and in the eyes of the law, a ward. I wish to say that I am neither anarchist nor ward, and hope you will publish this rectification in your earliest issue.

MARQUIS DE MORES.

38 Rue du Mont-Thabor,
Paris, Aug 22, 1892.

A NEW CANADIAN HISTORY.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—You were kind enough in a recent issue to notice my proposal to devote myself to the preparation of a commercial and financial series of Canadian histories, and your notice has already brought me into communication with several gentlemen who possess information of value to the undertaking. I thank you most sincerely for your kindness, but hope you will allow me to explain to your readers that I am not so egotistical or so ambitious as to contemplate supplying the much-desired "satisfactory history of Canada," of which aim a slip of your pen makes me guilty. The great reason why we have so far no satisfactory history is not that we lack gifted historians, but that we lack

* A river that flows through the City of Christchurch, N. Z.

much information which is requisite and necessary for the accomplishment of the work.

My object is to attempt to add my contribution to the bibliography, which will be consulted by the future historian, to rescue from oblivion the commercial lore which is now to be had for the seeking from the lips of the pioneers of our industries, and to gather together into a connected narrative the history of business in this country now hidden among the records of the Hudson's Bay Company and in the columns of the daily press, as well as in numerous pamphlets more or less reliable. Being at present best versed in banking, I shall most likely devote my first volume to the currency system and banking history of the Dominion, and proceed, as my leisure and studies permit, to the consideration of other leading businesses. There will not be lacking those who will deem the task too Herculean for my abilities, nor are there lacking those who think there will not be sufficient material for a volume on any topic. Among the latter class is one of our leading historians, with whom I have had a conversation, but I have only to say that if I fail I shall at least have the pleasure of failing in a good cause, and of directing the attention of Canadian historians to a gap which must be filled up before our history can be said to be anything like complete.

ARTHUR WEIR.

INTEREST AND LOYALTY IN CANADA.

THE recent assemblage in London of representatives from numerous commercial organizations throughout the British Empire gave an opportunity for the expression of views of great practical value. The exchange of sentiments, especially among the delegates from the colonies, and again between these and the representatives of British interests, was important, because hardly by any other means could it be ascertained whether or not a common ground of action could be secured. The result was to reveal the widest divergence of opinion on questions of trade policy, specially between the two greatest colonies, Australia and Canada, while among the British delegates there was a division of opinion almost as marked. Perfect unanimity was apparent in many details of commercial reform, but so far as indicating the possibility of a closer commercial union between the colonies themselves, and between them and Great Britain, the convention had no practical result. It had one effect, however, and that was to reveal an intense loyalty to the Motherland, which, in view of the enormous areas represented, the widespread and varied interests concerned, and the vast population interested, numbering 350,000,000, was a testimony of the highest character to the wisdom and success with which the Government of the British Empire is administered.

The importance to civilization that this Government should be maintained the world over wherever it now existed appeared more impressive than ever, for upon its maintenance in one quarter of the globe seemed dependent its existence in another. Although there was no common ground discovered for a union of commercial interests, there was an abounding evidence of the closest and most perfect political and moral union of which it is possible to conceive. This was intensely interesting to the students of affairs in North America, where a possible disintegration of the British Empire is not uncommonly accepted as possible, especially in that vast stretch of territory between the Atlantic and Pacific, over which Great Britain still mildly rules. It is needless to say that, of all the delegates present, those from British North America were the most intensely loyal, and that there was the slightest tendency towards a separation in that colony was most truthfully represented to be utterly improbable.

Nevertheless in the discussion of the relations hereafter to exist between Great Britain and her colonies, there seemed no realizing sense whatever of the tremendous sacrifices which Canada is called upon to make in order to maintain the line of demarcation, which completely cuts her off from the great growth in the other half of the continent. Before the world the comparison is always inevitably between the retardation within the Northern and greater half of the continent, isolated by its British connection, and the progress of the Southern half, freed from that connection, wherein a material wealth has been created, at which all the world wonders. Compelled as Canada is to confine her trade to the products of narrow latitudes everywhere the same, or with Great Britain, 3,000 miles away, she is growing so slowly as to excite surprise and apprehension; while within actual sight a commerce exists, the greatest on earth, in which she has neither part nor lot. This commerce breaks like a huge wave along a border line of unparalleled length, and rolls back upon itself, the literal example of which is found in the shipping of the Detroit River, flowing in front of a small portion of Canada, bearing upon its bosom a tonnage exceeding that of London and Liverpool combined, in which Canada has hardly a dollar's interest.

The material advantage to Canada from an obliteration of the barrier between herself and the nation of forty nations directly alongside, and the resulting development which within her borders would equal that which has already taken place within the Southern half of the continent, is the measure of the sacrifice that Canada makes to maintain her connection with Great Britain. It is fair to say that up to this time these sacrifices have been cheerfully borne on one side, and equably on the other, for with the utmost liberality on the part of the Imperial Government, Canada has been left to work out her own destiny.

Yet there was a consciousness sufficiently apparent in the congress that in the continuous struggle between the sentiment of loyalty on the one hand, and material advantage, nature and geography on the other, the latter might in time prevail. This consciousness found its expression in the effort made to compel the congress to recommend a change in British policy so desperate as to threaten its vast foreign trade in order that the colonies should have a preference. This recommendation was, however, voted down two to one. Another evidence that the contest in Canada between sentiment and interest has already begun is found in the exodus of her people to the United States. This exodus includes one or more representatives from almost every family in the Dominion, and implies a proportionate personal annexation to the United States of male adults to which there is no parallel, except that which depopulated portions of Ireland in her worst days. Should an equal desire for material advantage be found to exist—and does it not exist?—among farmers, fishermen, lumbermen, miners, and shippers, whose interests are all menaced by continual isolation from the natural market which the United States afford, it will be admitted that the sentiment of loyalty to Britain will be under a strain too tremendous to contemplate with contentment in view of its possible failure. For the result of that failure would be the loss to Great Britain of her nearest and largest colony, comprising in area no less a proportion than forty per cent. of her empire! Such a loss is viewed with dismay in England, for it might realize the fear expressed by Dalton McCarthy, the wisest of Canadian Tories, that it would reduce Great Britain to a second class power and initiate a disintegration that would seriously set back civilization.

To obviate such a dire possibility there is, however, one way which the recent congress did not permit to be discussed, and that is to make such a commercial bargain between the United States and Canada as will completely obliterate the barrier between them commercially, leaving both to occupy their present political status. That this can be done with the United States there is no doubt, for it exactly fulfils both the new reciprocity policy of the Republicans, and is in exact accord with the Free Trade doctrines of the Democrats. When Canada is ready to accept an offer of a market with 65,000,000 in exchange for a market of 5,000,000, a business arrangement can be made between the two countries that will completely prevent a desire for a change in her political condition, because there is no argument on behalf of that change except the commercial or material advantage to be gained. When all the material advantages possible to political union are secured by the simpler and earlier commercial union, which is immediately possible, Canada will be secure for all time to Great Britain.

The argument that the allegiance of Canada to Great Britain must be lessened by an intimate commercial relation with the United States finds its complete refutation in the condition that prevailed at the cessation of the reciprocity treaty in natural products between the two countries for ten years up to 1866, on the termination of which Canada was far more loyal under the high degree of prosperity which that treaty rendered possible than she is now with the barrier between the two countries gradually getting so high as to threaten almost a total cessation of intercourse. Prosperity, contentment, and rapid development, which in Canada would follow the obliteration of the McKinley Bill along the whole northern border of the United States, is not likely to lessen the loyalty of Canadians; and, if their loyalty is likely to be affected by such a condition, the sooner England ceases to rely upon it the better.

What was to be hoped from the congress recently held in London was some expression of opinion by the British representatives as to the consequences of a discrimination against British manufacturers, and the real loss to them should exclusive Free Trade between the United States and Canada be attained. This loss at best must be excessively small, for the total exports to Canada do not exceed three per cent. of the total exports of the United Kingdom. Even if it were much greater it would be but a mere bagatelle compared, first, with what Canada suffers from isolation and loss of population; and, second, it would be turned immediately into profit should the development of Canada be at all proportionate with that of the United States. This is proved by the following table, showing the increase in trade between the two countries in fourteen years preceding 1889, a comparison which makes the vociferations of loyalty from Canada seem almost ludicrous if that loyalty is sufficiently sincere to find expression in the shape of profit to Great Britain:—

Great Britain's Trade	1875.	1889.	Increase.
With Canada	£20,000,000	£ 21,500,000	£ 1,500,000
With United States	94,000,000	144,000,000	50,000,000

Five millions of loyal British subjects in Canada increased their trade with Great Britain in fourteen years a paltry million and a-half, while sixty millions of supposed commercial enemies in the United States increased it fifty millions sterling, indicating that each Canadian increased the trade six shillings, while each American increased it sixteen shillings!

The gain to Great Britain by the closest possible relation between the English-speaking people that together hold the continent of North America in common is beyond estimate. Her investments, the profit from which immensely exceeds the profits of her trade, yield now a net return from Canada of £7,000,000, and from the United States of £40,000,000. These would be immeasurably improved,

while the opportunity for the employment of more capital in development, which would be certain to occur, and the increase of trade from the growth that would follow would enlarge the area of opportunity, such as would occur nowhere else in the British Empire. Although the congress did not discuss the question of unrestricted reciprocity between Canada and the United States, because of its supposed disloyalty, it is in Canada naturally a burning question, and, were it only an economic and not a political question, a vast majority would vote for it. Hence, notwithstanding that it was so perfectly ignored, it is certain to have an important bearing on the relations hereafter to exist between Great Britain and her greatest colonies.

In the policy of unrestricted reciprocity is found not only all the elements of the earliest and greatest prosperity to the three great parties concerned—viz., England, the United States, and Canada—but in its adoption will be found a more certain perpetuation of the presence of Great Britain on the continent of North America than under existing conditions appears to be promised, for a continental commercial unity has all the elements of material advantage of a political union, which is unnecessary, undesirable, and would be rendered thereby impossible.—*Erastus Wiman, in the Contemporary Review.*

A MOOD.

HALF shut in between the world and Heaven
I seemed to be last night, mine only love.
Above me figured lanterns blazed—through seven
White lattices I watched that silvery dove,
The wan moon, wing, while from her pinions pale
Pin-feathers dropped, and streaked the slaty bay
With liquid light. A perfumed austral gale
Brought dreams of orchard moils and downy day
Through all the lattices, and music came,
Warm music with her casket full of dreams
And jewel joys. Forgot were sin and blame,
Were wrongs, mistakes and heart-aches, for the gleams
The lethean air, the prospect and perfumes
The symphonies, were redolent of God,
Forever busy with His ceaseless flumes
Of colour form and sound. There was no rod!
For though you were not near me dear to share
That witchery, He gave me thought to know,
That we were one in any scene—gave pray'r
And hope to light me to you when I go.

JOS. NEVIN DOYLE.

ART NOTES.

ITALY has peculiar advantages for art training generally, and especially for sculpture. In this regard Florence is second to no other city, not even Rome. The capital of Italy may excel in its galleries of antique sculpture and in the greater commerce of painters and amateurs from all parts of the world, but the student will find it much dearer in rents, labour and the general cost of living, and it has besides the very serious drawback of insalubrity during several months of the year. Florence, on the contrary is healthy in all seasons, far cheaper as a residence, and has the decided advantage of being near the celebrated quarries of Carrara and Ceravezza, which supply the finest statuary marble known. Indeed, sculptors in America find it greatly to their interest to send their models to Italy to be put into marble or bronze on account of the large saving in the cost, as well as on account of the greater choice of material. The famous bronze foundry of the late Professor Papi belongs to Florence; and is, I believe, the only one in existence which possesses the secrets and the facilities for casting work of all sizes without joints, and which will not require repairs and chasings afterwards. Florence, Rome and Milan have a numerous crop of skilful workmen in all branches of art, many of whom are competent to execute original work of high merit, although they are accustomed to labour for wages such as are given in America to the common mechanic or day-labourer. The advantage of having these well-instructed and capable workmen to execute from the model the conceptions of the legitimate artist is too obvious to be questioned. Although the practice is liable to misconception, in itself it is right, economical and artistic, doubling the executive power of the artist himself, who can reserve his strength for invention, modelling and finishing, the manual labour proper being left to the individual who makes this department of art his lifelong occupation. An abundance of this sort of highly trained labour at extraordinary cheapness, as compared with charges at other great centres of art, is to be found in Florence. The history, scenery, associations and ambitions of Florence are deeply imbued with the sentiments and feelings most suggestive and inciting to the American artist, and which he finds lamentably deficient at home. As regards the elementary studies, America now presents sufficient means of instruction, and either London, Paris, Antwerp, Munich or Dusseldorf, in strictly academic resources and in variety of technical excellence, is superior to Florence or Rome. The youthful American artist should, therefore, defer going abroad until he has first laid a solid foundation of instruction in his own country, and sufficiently established his artistic constitution on the basis of his own nationality, so as not to become a mere copyist or imitator of other schools and styles. Then he can breathe to advantage the higher atmosphere of the great

masters in art. The student must be prepared for years of hard study and prolonged pecuniary strain. Although living and professional training and practice are cheap, as compared with America, yet it is not less true that the general standard of art excellence, owing to the enlivening presence of the greatest achievements of the past, is of the highest, while the concourse of eminent artists of all nationalities makes competition the closest and the prices the least, so that the chances of patronage are less in America or England or France or even Germany. In Italy the American has not only artists of his own nation as rivals, but those of all Europe; and, besides, art is judged on its own abstract merits. Though the artist may subsist on less money in Italy than in America, he may find it more difficult to earn a franc in the former country than a dollar in the latter. An Italian artist, as a common rule, is content to receive a franc when his American brother would expect fivefold the sum, and frequently for art of less merit in every way. If our artists will thoroughly imbue themselves with American feelings and aspirations, the living ideals and aims of their country, before going abroad, they will be better prepared to appreciate all that Italy offers them, and will, moreover, have a stronger hold on their countrymen in the competition from the artists of all nations. It depends on themselves to rise to the level of their opportunity as conscientious and well-trained artists, inspired by a passion for their profession, or to sink to the mere commercial phase, struggling for pecuniary success, reckless of the quality of their work, of the plagiarisms and other makeshifts for getting on rapidly. At the best, the genuine artist has to live long on hopes deferred, before he makes his way to the front; which, if not mistaken in himself, he is certain to do in time. But our American student should not forget that however favourable may be the verdict of partial friends in a country in which there exists no lofty standard of art or public appreciation of it, he makes his new venture in the Old World, where knowledge is ripe and opinion most critical. It is a trying ordeal, and often one which, too self-confident on account of his previous career at home, the student is poorly prepared to meet.—*Hon. J. Schuyler Crosby, in the North American Review.*

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

THE *London Figaro* says that a large collection of the letters of the Abbe Liszt was found after his death. They have been carefully sorted and edited by the Princess Wittgenstein (for some of Liszt's private letters would, perhaps, not be particularly edifying reading), and under the title of "La Mara" they will in a few days be published by Messrs. Breitkopf and Hartel.

THE *London Musical News* has the following interesting notes: Mr. George Augustus Sala, the well-known journalist, has, among his other curios, a silver violin. It was made in Cawnpore, and was formerly the property of some Indian Rajah, and Mr. Sala told the *Strand Magazine* interviewer, not very long ago, how he came by it. "I bought it in Leicester Square," he said; "it was marked £35. I went inside and offered a ten-pound note for it. 'Oh!' exclaimed the proprietor, 'you're Mr. Sailor, you are! Well, look here, you can have it for £13.' 'Right,' I said. 'Going to pay now?' he asked. 'Yes.' 'Then take it out of the shop, for it's been hanging here for 25 years.'" . . . Mr. Henschell has received and accepted an invitation from the Direction of the Vienna Exhibition to conduct a symphony concert there in September. The programme will include Mr. Henschell's "Hamlet Suite." . . . Mr. J. Edwin Bonn's patent bridge with four feet, for stringed instruments, is gaining in public favour. Recently, the principal of a leading musical institution in Brussels has written a lengthy letter highly approving of the invention. . . . The volume of "Reminiscences," which it is announced Mr. Santley is about to publish, should be an interesting book. The career of our premier bass has been both long and important, and his figure has been a prominent one in our concert-rooms for many years. Mr. Santley's experience has not been confined to this country; he is a traveller whose admirably trained voice and artistic singing has met with much acceptance abroad as well as at home. Mr. Santley's experience of men and music has been large, and his book will be eagerly awaited. . . . In all probability we shall have Italian opera given during the autumn in two places in London. Sir Augustus Harris will inaugurate a season, and it is expected that Signor Lago will give some operas at the Olympic, "Lohengrin" forming one of the chief items. So eager are some managers to supply the London public with such representations, that it is rumoured yet a third series is to be attempted by another impressario. An attempt is also to be made to form a syndicate for the purpose of building a new opera house at the back of Whitehall, and adjoining the Thames Embankment. This would be close to Scotland Yard, the site Mr. Mapleson selected for the theatre which was never completed. . . . The new opera by Sir Arthur Sullivan to Mr. Sidney Grundy's libretto, is to be produced at the Savoy about mid-September. The work deals with an English story of the time of Charles II.

A GENTLEMAN has ease without familiarity, is respectful without meanness, genteel without affectation, insinuating without seeming art.—*Chesterfield.*

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

FERGUS MACTAVISH OR PORTAGE AND PRAIRIE. By J. Macdonald Oxley. Philadelphia: American Baptist Publication Society.

Fergus MacTavish is introduced to us as a baby with "a crown of undeniably red hair crimped up into comical little curls," and the story is practically that of his adventures up to the time when he went to Montreal and "won honour after honour at college." The book is well illustrated and abounds in adventures of all kinds by land and sea. We would recommend this story of the Hudson Bay Company to all boys, and girls too, who have learned to appreciate the almost magical significance of "voyage and venture."

THE WRECKER. By Robert Louis Stevenson and Lloyd Osbourne. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

If Robert Louis Stevenson were not named as one of the writers of this book it would scarcely have won its way to a great circulation, or made an author's fame. Much is not claimed for it beyond being something of a "police novel," or "mystery story." The mystery part of it is worked up with considerable ingenuity, and unless the book is placed in its complete form in the reader's hand, so that he can turn up the last chapter, his curiosity will be sufficiently aroused. If he is unprincipled enough to anticipate the plot by exploring the arcana of the last chapter, let him go beyond it and read the epilogue, where he will find the very anatomy and skeleton of the tale laid bare to his irreverent gaze. But is the padding of flesh and blood upon this skeleton good nourishing meat and food for the reader's mind or fancy? We think that the volume contains several strongly drawn "types." Jim Pinkerton is undoubtedly an extravagant caricature of the Yankee all round commercial mountebank and speculator, and like all good caricatures—those of Dickens, for instance—it has a broad basis of truth. Captain Nares is a Yankee merchant sailor, unattractive, if not repulsive, at first acquaintance, but a staunch honest friend, at last. A reader with a taste for visiting abattoirs and butchers' shambles will be able to gratify his taste for blood and slaughter in chapter 23, where he will also be able to criticize the joint authors' display of their command of nautical terms.

MAYFLOWER TALES. By Julian Hawthorne, Grant Allen, Richard Dowling and Hume Nisbet. New York: John A. Taylor and Company.

"A Modern Girl's Story," by Julian Hawthorne, although not exactly a very agreeable story on the one hand or a very powerful one on the other, is, in our opinion, the best in the book. The meaning of the tale can be gathered from the following:—

"Then women can be ruined by virtue as well as by vice?"

"Oh, I don't say that," he returned. "For my part . . . But let each who reads the story interpret it to suit himself."

"Maisie Bowman's Fate," by Grant Allen, is a smartly written, though rather an unpleasant story. Maisie Bowman, a stupid and uninteresting edition of Tennyson's Maud, falls in love with José Mansfield, a southern poet, who happens to be a lion *pro tem*. José is poor, and so the girl poisons her own mother in order that she may present herself to him, together with \$50,000 a year. She follows him up and proposes to him; he quietly informs her that he does not care to compromise himself "by marrying a woman who's poisoned her mother!" What the poet gained by his flirtation it is rather difficult to discover, and as he was an eminently calculating individual, we can hardly give him credit for very much emotion. On the whole, although this story undoubtedly possesses something of the subtle analysis and knowledge of psychology which distinguishes Mr. Grant Allen as a novelist, it is undoubtedly inferior to his longer works. "The Other and I," in our humble opinion, stands altogether outside the pale of any attempt at rational criticism; it is obviously the production of a vivid and morbid imagination badly controlled. "My Two Wives," by George R. Sims, and "Through the Gap," by Hume Nisbet, both very fair specimens of the short story, complete the volume.

THE *Idler* for August is amusing and interesting. By no means the least attractive portion of its contents is that contributed by Mr. W. Clark Russell, entitled "My First Book—The Wreck of the Grosvenor." Both Editors have pleasant contributions, and this number fully sustains the credit of this bright, light, yet clever little periodical.

THE great newspaper distributing and book-selling business of W. H. Smith & Son, its growth and present status, forms the subject of an interesting paper by W. M. Acworth in the August number of *The English Illustrated Magazine*: Other articles are, "A Royal Reception," "Racing Yachts," "Biscuit Town," "Love Birds and Pigmy Parrots," "The Loss of the Vanity," and "The North-Eastern Rail and its Engines." The excellence of this periodical is ably sustained.

NINETTA EAMES commences the *Overland Monthly* with a most readable paper entitled "Staging in the Mendocino Redwoods." "A Voiceless Soul" is the name of a sonnet by Carrie Blake Morgan. Flora B. Harris writes some pretty "verse" from the Japanese. Philip L. Weaver, Jr., contributes a long and interesting paper on

"Salt Water of the Pacific Coast." Mrs. T. F. Bingham gives a vivid description of a journey "From New Orleans to San Francisco in '49" in the August number, which is well up to its usual standard.

Cassell's Family Magazine for September contains the continuation of Barbara Merivale, by Arabella M. Hopkinson, which is followed by "My Wood-Carving Experiences." John Anderton tells a humorous tale entitled "Crooked Crookes." "Lady Lorrimer's Scheme," a serial by Edith E. Cuthell, is commenced in this number. "My Struggles With a Camera" is an amusing and apparently a truthful account of the amateur photographer's troubles. "A Desperate Venture," by Annie E. Wickham, is a very fair story, judging by the first part, which appears in this number.

"WHY I VOTED FOR MR. GLADSTONE," by Sir Thomas H. Farrer, Bart., L. C. C., by the Master of University College, Oxford; and six other eminent writers, is the commencing article in *The Nineteenth Century*, which is followed by a paper from the pen of Sir Robert G. C. Hamilton, K.C.B., Governor of Tasmania, entitled "Lending Money to Australia." Besides these there are: "The Art of Dining," by Colonel Kenney-Herbert; "The Egyptian Newspaper Press," by W. Fraser Rae; "Recent Science," by Prince Kropotkin, and seven or eight other papers upon interesting subjects.

"THE GRAND GEYSERS IN ACTION" forms a most attractive frontispiece to the August issue of *The Californian Illustrated Magazine*; and among other good things it contains are "A Californian Loan Exhibition," by Augustus Wey; "In the Yellowstone Park," by James Oarson Fennell; "The Desert," by John W. Wood; "The City of San Francisco," by Richard H. Macdonald, jr.; "A Glimpse of Two Presidents," by William F. Channing, M.D.; "Frau Lizel," by Jean Porter Rudd; "Liz," by Adele Gleason; "The Crown of the San Gabriel Valley (Pasadena)," by Charles Frederick Holder, etc. The number is a good one.

THE August number of *Blackwood's* opens with six most readable chapters of a serial entitled "Singularly Deluded." "Our position of tributary to the United States," says the author of "Our Foreign Food," in this number, "involves a risk that we have neither any right to run, nor any object (beyond momentary cheapness) in running. We can avoid it by stimulating the food-growths of our colonies, especially in cereals, even if they should be somewhat dearer than the products of America." This number contains a most interesting paper entitled "Oliver Wendell Holmes." Moira O'Neill tells a charming Norse story of "Somerled and the Sea-Bird." General Sir P. L. MacDougall, K.C.M.G., replies to an article by Field-Marshal Sir Lintorn Simmons, in a paper entitled "The Inefficiency of the Army: a Reply." The August number of this well-known magazine is well up to average.

GAIL HAMILTON commences the September number of the *North American Review* with "An Open Letter to Her Majesty the Queen" on the subject of Mrs. Maybrick, which, to say the least, shows bad taste on the part of its writer. Justin McCarthy's "Forecast of Mr. Gladstone's New Administration" is worth reading, and is written with a competent knowledge of the subject. Richard Mansfield, in some sensible words on the Drama, says that "The actor rarely now depends upon his acting. He must be a diplomat and a courtier too; he must placate a hundred people who write and thousands who entertain." The "Reminiscences of John Bright," by his nephew, Charles McLaren, present an attractive picture of the great English tribune. H. W. Lucy's description of "Electioneering Methods in England," and S. A. Bents' article on "The Illuminating Power of Anecdote," are good reading. The Homestead riot question is discussed from different standpoints in this number.

"SHALL the Southern Question be Revived?" This question is promulgated in the August issue of the *Forum* in two papers, one of them, "Unparalleled Industrial Progress," by Richard H. Edmonds, the other, "The Disastrous Effects of a Force Bill," from the pen of Hokne Smith. Walter Besant contributes a long paper entitled "Literature as a Career." Speaking of literature the distinguished novelist observes: "The world loves the successful man because he commands their love. He touches their hearts. Therefore, while they despise the helpless dependent, the uncertain, unpractical trade of letters, they love the man of letters who can move them." Richard H. Dana writes a temperate paper headed "An American View of the Irish Question," though his conclusions are hardly, as he seems to suppose, self-evident. "What Psychological Research has Accomplished" is the name of a most interesting article by William James. Frank Morison brings a good number to a close with a carefully-written paper entitled "Municipal Government: A Corporate, Not a Political Problem."

J. O'NEILL DAUNT commences the August *Westminster* with a paper entitled "Ireland Under Grattan's Parliament," which he closes with this significant quotation from Mr. Lecky: "After ninety years of direct British government, the condition of Ireland is universally recognized as the chief scandal and the chief weakness of the Empire." J. B. Firth writes an admirable treatise on "Some Aspects of Sentiment," in which he makes the following philosophic observations: "It is to the gallery of the theatre that melodrama appeals most strongly, and it is in the gallery that the sentimental songs of a music-hall gain an encore for the singer. It is with difficulty that the pit

can be induced to shed tears, though their laughter is easily aroused; as for the stalls, they will neither laugh nor weep." F. W. Haine tells us in a carefully-written paper, entitled "The Modern Protective System," that the day is not far off "when the sagacity of the Anglo-Saxon race will sweep all these Protectionist devices into the limbo of discarded errors." T. Rice Holmes writes an interesting article on "Mr. Froude and His Critics." The August issue is in all respects a good number.

SIR CHARLES TUPPER opens the August *Fortnightly* with an article on "The Question of Preferential Tariffs." Sir Charles urges that "the friends of inter-imperial trade have the most abundant reasons to be satisfied at the immense and rapid progress which this idea of preferential tariffs has already made, and that they may confidently anticipate, at no distant day, the inauguration of a policy that will strengthen the ties which now unite the colonies and the empire, besides greatly developing and expanding the trade of both." Mr. William Archer, in a discussion of the present position of the drama in England, says that "There has been for two or three years past a perceptible and progressive decline of public interest in the stage." A clever and complimentary criticism of Mr. Henley's poetry is provided by Mr. Arthur Symonds. Francis Adams' article on "Shelley" is appreciative and discriminating. The Rev. John Verschoyle says of Mr. Balfour's work in the west of Ireland, that Mr. Balfour is "the first of British statesmen to study and understand the economics of the Irish problem, the first to find the true solution." A number of prominent men write in this number on "The Political Outlook."

"THE GRAND FALLS OF LABRADOR" is the title of the opening paper of the *The Century* for September. It is from the pen of Henry G. Bryant and presents a graphic sketch of our titanic Pateschewan falls, which are 316 feet high, "nearly twice as high as Niagara." The literary reader will delight in Mr. Stedman's fine paper on "Imagination," in which he says: "If anything great has been achieved without exercise of the imagination, I do not know of it." "Out of Pompeii" is a beautiful poem, by William Wilfrid Campbell. We quote the last two verses:—

Her head, face downward, on her bended arm
Her single robe that showed her shapely form,
Her wondrous fate love keeps divinely warm
Over the centuries past the swaying storm.
The heart can read in writings time hath left,
That linger still through death's oblivion;
And in this waste of life and light bereft,
She brings again a beauty that had gone.

And if there be a day when all shall wake,
As dreams the hoping, doubting human heart,
The dim forgetfulness of death will break
For her as one who sleeps with lips apart.
And did God call her suddenly, I know
She'd wake as morning wakened by the thrush,
Feel that red kiss, across the centuries glow,
And make all heaven rosier by her blush.

"Pioneer Packhorses in Alaska" is the first of a series of interesting contributions on travel in that territory, by E. J. Glave. Mr. Roosevelt's vivid description of "An Elk Hunt at Two Ocean Pass" is in his best style. Many other excellent contributions complete a good number of this popular magazine.

"WILLIAM and Bismarck" is the self-explaining title of the opening article in the *Contemporary* for August. The writer says: "No, there can be no doubt, not only that Prince Bismarck still wields an extraordinary influence in south Germany, but that his prestige has increased largely of late in public estimation more or less throughout the country at the expense of the present office-holders. Julius Althaus, M.D., contributes an able and instructive paper on our common enemy, "Influenza"; the learned doctor "ventures to predict that the present generation is not likely to witness again such outbreaks of influenza as those of Christmas, 1889 and 1891." Mr. Erastus Winan writes a short paper on "Interest and Loyalty in Canada." While we entirely agree with Mr. Winan that a political union between Canada and the United States is "unnecessary and undesirable," we entirely differ with him in the opinion that "when Canada is ready to accept an offer of a market with sixty-five millions in exchange for a market of five millions, a business arrangement can be made between the countries that will completely prevent a desire for a change in her political condition." Lieut. Col. H. Elsdale's contribution on "The Coming Revolution in Tactics and Strategy" emphasizes the changed conditions in warfare induced by smokeless powder, telegraph and telephone communication, etc., and the moral strength of "defence" as opposed to "attack." Professor Blackie twines a prose and poetical laurel wreath in memory of "John Knox," and Messrs. Sidney Webb and W. T. Stead exercise themselves over the recent elections.

LITERARY AND PERSONAL.

THE novel by Miss Mary Angela Dickens, granddaughter of Charles Dickens, entitled "Cross Currents," is ready for publication in Appleton's Town and Country Library.

HENRIK IBSEN is at work on a new play which is said to contain characters taken from personal friends. The first act is finished and has been printed at Copenhagen. The play is a comedy with scenes laid in Christiania.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN AND COMPANY announce the issue in September of a new edition of "Calmire." The first edition has been exhausted, and the author takes advantage of its reprinting to make considerable revision.

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN AND COMPANY promise a volume of late verse from Whittier, "At Sundown," with illustrations by Garrett; and "Songs of Sunrise Lands," by Clinton Scollard, suggestions of his travels in Egypt, Syria and Greece.

WORTHINGTON COMPANY, 747 Broadway, New York, announce for immediate publication as No. 29 in their international library, "Four Destinies," by Theophile Gautier; translated by Lucy Arrington; illustrated with photogravures.

THE mental state of Guy de Maupassant is now considered absolutely hopeless. His yacht has been sold and his furniture will soon pass under the hammer. M. Zola thinks that dwelling too much on a study of a monomaniac affected his brain by sympathy; others say that there is insanity in his family.

A NEW novel by Alphonse Daudet will soon be published called "Soutien de Famille," the story of the good and the bad son of a widow. After finishing this he intends to translate into French, from the Provençal of a farmer's boy named Baptiste Bonnet, a rustic novel called "Memoires d'un Valet de Ferme."

THE complete edition of the late Philip Bourke Marston's works, edited by Louise Chandler Moulton, will soon appear from the press of Roberts Brothers. It will contain some verses not before published in volume form, and an appendix—much interesting criticism on Marston's work made by some of the most distinguished men of letters of our time.

A NEW novel by F. Marion Crawford, under the title of "Children of the King," will shortly be published by the Macmillans, uniform with their new dollar edition of his novels. The same firm announces also a new number of their Dollar Novel series, by an American resident in Rome. "Under Pressure," by the Marchesa Theodoli, is a graphic picture of the Roman society of to-day.

THE announcement is made that Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton, the eminent English publishers, have arranged with Mr. J. Macdonald Oxley to bring out an English edition of his stories for boys which have proved so successful as published by the American Baptist Publication Society of Philadelphia. The first to appear will be "Bert Lloyd's Boyhood" in a handsome form, with a number of illustrations specially prepared for the new edition.

THE N.Y. *Tribune* has the following: "Daudet" says that he does not think anything of literature as a profession. "After all," he declares, "there is nothing so weary as brain work, and it is practically impossible to keep up the sort of strain undergone by every literary man for many years without breaking down." His advice to young people who come to consult him on the question of taking up a literary career always is: "Stick to your profession, and if you have it in you to write anything really good, you will always find time to do it."

MR. GLADSTONE, the head of the new British Government, is a distinguished author," remarks "The Lounger" in the *Critic*. "Mr. Morley, the Irish Secretary, is one of the ablest of living writers of English; Prof. Bryce, Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, is an historian of high rank; Sir George O. Trevelyan, Secretary for Scotland, nephew and biographer of Macaulay, is a *littérateur* of unusual gifts; the young Viceroy of Ireland, Lord Houghton, is himself a poet, as well as the son and successor of a well-known man of letters; and even Lord Rosebery, the Foreign Secretary, has written at least one book, a life of Pitt.

THOMAS COOPER, the Chartist poet, died a short time since at the age of eighty-seven. It is supposed that he suggested to Kingsley the character of "Alton Locke," in the great novel of that name. Cooper, when a boy, was apprenticed to a cobbler, and rose at three or four o'clock every morning in order to study. At twenty-three he knew Greek, Latin, Hebrew, French and mathematics and had besides a fine general knowledge. At what a cost all this was acquired, however, the following note left by him shows: "I not unfrequently swooned away and fell along the floor when I tried to take my cup of oatmeal gruel at the end of the day's labour. Next morning, of course, I was not able to rise at an early hour; and then the next day's study had to be stunted. I needed better food than we could afford to buy, and often had to contend with the sense of faintness, while I still plodded on with my double task of mind and body."

THE meeting at Horsham on Shelley's birthday was, on the whole, highly successful, in spite of disappointments. The chairman, Mr. R. H. Hurst, was supported on the platform by Mr. Gosse, Mr. Frederic Harrison, Miss Alma Murray, Mr. and Mrs. William Sharp, the Hon. Roden Noel, Sir Frederick Young, Mr. Theodore Watts, and others. Mr. Gosse's address was, of course, the chief feature. He emphasized the fact that the gathering was "a sign that the period of prejudice is over," and that "England is in sympathy at last with her beautiful, wayward child, understands his great language, and is reconciled to his harmonious ministry." In responding to the vote of thanks, Mr. Gosse alluded gracefully to the labours of the founders of the movement for observing the centenary of Shelley's birth. These gentlemen are Mr. Stanley Little and Mr. J. J. Robinson, who, as honorary secretaries, have been indefatigable in their exertions, and who now appeal for £5,000 to build the proposed library and museum at Horsham.

A STRANGE HAIL STORM.—On Tuesday, May 3, a fall of hail mixed with foreign particles was observed in Stockholm, and appears to have extended as far as Christiania. The fall of dust lasted from 1 to 8 p.m., and was abundant enough to allow of considerable quantities being collected. At a meeting of the Geologiska Förening in Stockholm, remarks were made by Baron Nordenskiöld, and Messrs. N. Holst, E. Svedmark, and Törnebohm, from which it appears that the dust contained glassy, isotropic, and various anisotropic particles, hornblende, magnetite, minute scales of mica, metallic iron, and some diatoms.—*Nature.*

HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA is an honest medicine, honestly advertised for those diseases which it honestly and absolutely cures.

REMAINS of prehistoric man of the oldest Stone age, consisting of a rudely-chipped flint implement among bones of reindeer and other Arctic animals no longer found in that part of Europe, have just been discovered in Hermann's Cave, in the Harz. Herr Grabowsky, who has made the discovery, affirms that the flint weapon—evidently used as a knife—could not have been washed into the cave by a flood, as no flint is found anywhere in the neighbourhood. It must, he thinks, have been conveyed there by human means at or about the last glacial period, though judging from what is seen elsewhere it seems curious that only one weapon of the kind has been brought to light.—*English Mechanic.*

A POINT FOR YOU.—In view of what Hood's Sarsaparilla has done for others, is it not reasonable to suppose that it will be of benefit to you? For Scrofula, Salt Rheum, and all other diseases of the blood, for Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Sick Headache, Loss of Appetite, That Tired Feeling, Catarrh, Malaria, Rheumatism, Hood's Sarsaparilla is an unequalled remedy.

Hood's Pills cure Sick Headache.

WHAT NO FELLOW CAN FIND OUT.—Four men may eat green fruit with impunity, but a fifth may try the experiment and an hour or so later be tied up in knots with cramps and dysentery. Who the fifth man will be is one of those things no fellow can find out, and consequently all should take time by the forelock, and prepare for such an attack by keeping on hand a bottle of PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER which is a safe, quick and infallible cure for diarrhoea, cholera, cramps, or, indeed, any disorder of the stomach. This excellent medicine can be bought at any reputable drug-store. 25c. will purchase the Big Bottle, New size.

"German Syrup"

For Throat and Lungs

"I have been ill for Hemorrhage about five years, Five Years. "have had the best medical advice, "and I took the first dose in some doubt. This resulted in a few hours easy sleep. There was no further hemorrhage till next day, when I had a slight attack which stopped almost immediately. By the third day all trace of blood had disappeared and I had recovered much strength. The fourth day I sat up in bed and ate my dinner, the first solid food for two months. Since that time I have gradually gotten better and am now able to move about the house. My death was daily expected and my recovery has been a great surprise to my friends and the doctor. There can be no doubt about the effect of German Syrup, as I had an attack just previous to its use. The only relief was after the first dose." J. R. LOUGHHEAD, Adelaide, Australia.

Minard's Liniment cures Disemper.

A GLENGARRY MIRACLE.

MR. JAMES SANDS' WONDERFUL RESTORATION TO HEALTH.

After Three Years of Paralysis, Insensibility and Uselessness, He Tells the Tale of His Recovery and Renewed Work in the World—His Story as Told a Free Press Reporter.

Ottawa Free Press.

The town of Alexandria, some fifty-five miles south of the city of Ottawa, on the Canada Atlantic Railway, has been completely astonished, recently, at the marvellous experience of a young man, who, after having been bed-ridden for nearly twelve months, and his case pronounced incurable by Montreal and Alexandria doctors, is now restored to complete health and strength.

Mr. James Sands is a young teamster, well known and extremely popular throughout the country side, and his illness and wonderful recovery have been—indeed still are—the chief topics in the town and neighbourhood. The story of his miraculous cure having reached Ottawa, a member of the *Free Press* staff journeyed to Alexandria and sought out Mr. Sands for the purpose of ascertaining the truth of the statements made regarding his recovery. Mr. Sands is a slimly built, but wiry-looking young man of about thirty-two years of age, and when met by the newspaper man the bloom of health was on his cheek and his whole frame showed signs of unimpaired vigour and vitality.

The newspaper man told Mr. Sands the object of his visit, and the latter expressed his perfect willingness to give all the facts connected with his case. "I was," said Mr. Sands, "a complete wreck, given up by the doctors, but now I am well and strong again, and gaining strength every day. I was born in Lancaster in 1860, and up to three years ago I was always healthy and strong, living in the open air and being well-known throughout the whole county of Glengarry. It was in the winter of 1888-89 that I first felt signs of incipient paralysis. I was then teamster for the sash and door factory here, and had been exposed to all kinds of weather. I then experienced violent twisting cramps in my right hand. I was in Cornwall that winter when the first stroke fell, and remained there for three days before I knew anybody at all. A medical man was called in but could do nothing for me. After that I came home and appeared to get all right for a time, but after a few days the old trouble began again, my hand continued the twitching and cramping that had preceded the stroke. Up to twelve months ago these twitching fits were the only symptoms I suffered from. Then in August, 1891, when I was in Huntingdon village I sustained a second stroke, and remained unconscious for about seven hours. A doctor attended me and I recovered sufficiently to be brought home. After my return home the paralysis steadily gained on me, and I lost the use of my right arm and leg entirely; my right eye was distorted and my tongue partially paralyzed. I was prescribed for by an Alexandria physician whose treatment I carefully followed, but it had no effect. I still got steadily worse, and about a month before Christmas last, I went to the English hospital at Montreal. Prof. Stuart and all the doctors came around me, as mine was a curious case, and the Professor treated me. All the doctors could give me no satisfaction, and did not appear to understand my case. I questioned some of them, but they told me it was a hopeless case. I remained in the hospital a month, without the least improvement, and was then brought home, and remained in my bed till May day. I had constant medical advice, but continued to grow worse and worse. My right arm withered and I grew so weak and useless that I could not turn myself in bed. Meantime I had tried all sorts of patent medicines without the least effect. In May I saw an advertisement of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in the papers, and said I would try them as a last resort. I had heard of the wonderful cures worked by Pink Pills, and told my folks to get me some. I had not taken them long when I found myself improving, and this determined me to continue their use. My strength gradually returned, the muscles of my arm and leg became invigorated and stronger, and I was able to sit up. I still continued taking the Pills and gaining strength, until at last I was able to go about, and finally to return to my old place at the sash and door factory. I gave up the Pills for a while, but did not feel so well, so I again began their use. I now feel as well as ever, though perhaps not quite so strong as formerly. You can see my right arm, which was withered, is now all right," and Mr. Sands stretched out a muscular limb which would have done credit to a blacksmith. In reply to the reporter Mr. Sands said he thought his trouble had been brought on through exposure to the weather. "I am completely satisfied," said he, "that it is entirely to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills that I owe my wonderful restoration. Besides the medical treatment I had tried electricity and patent medicines, both internal and external, but without the slightest avail. After beginning Pink Pills I began to mend, and they have made a new man of me."

The newspaper man then called on Messrs. Ostrom Bros. & Co., widely known druggists, and interviewed their representative, Mr. Smith, as to his knowledge of the case. Mr. Smith was fully conversant with the facts, and vouched for the story told by Mr. Sands,

and further said, that his hopeless case and remarkable recovery are known throughout Glengarry County. In reply to the query if many of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold, Mr. Smith replied that the sale was remarkable and that in his experience he had never handled a remedy that sold so well, or gave such general satisfaction to those using them, as everywhere glowing reports are heard of the excellent results following their use. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are not a patent medicine in the sense that word is understood. They are the result of years of experience and careful investigation. They are not a purgative medicine, but act directly upon the blood and nerves, supplying those constituents required to enrich the former and stimulate and restore the latter.

For all diseases depending upon a vitiated condition of the blood and nerves, they are an unfailing remedy. Such diseases as these speedily yield to their treatment. Locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, neuralgia, rheumatism, sciatica, nervous prostration, nervous headache, dyspepsia, chronic erysipelas, scrofula, etc. They are a specific for the troubles peculiar to females, correcting irregularities, and restoring the functions, and in the case of men effect a radical cure in all cases arising from overwork, mental worry or excesses of any nature. In fact it may be said of them

"They come as a boon and a blessing to men, Restoring to health, life and vigour again."

These Pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N.Y., and are sold in boxes (never in loose form by the dozen or hundred and the public are cautioned against numerous imitations sold in this shape) at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company from either address. The price at which these pills are sold make a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.

MERCURY.—Though Mercury is one of the smallest of the planets, it is perhaps the most troublesome to the astronomer. It lies so close to the sun that it is seen but seldom in comparison with the other great planets. Its orbit is very eccentric, and it experiences disturbances by the attraction of other bodies in a way not yet fully understood. A special difficulty has also been found in the attempt to place Mercury in the weighing scales. We can weigh the whole earth, we can weigh the sun, the moon, and even Jupiter and other planets, but Mercury presents difficulties of a peculiar character. Le Verrier, however, succeeded in devising a method of weighing it. He demonstrated that our earth is attracted by this planet, and he showed how the amount of attraction may be disclosed by observations of the sun, so that, from an examination of the observations, he made an approximate determination of the mass of Mercury. Le Verrier's result indicated that the weight of the planet was about the fifteenth part of the weight of the earth. In other words, if our earth was placed in a balance, and fifteen globes, each equal to Mercury, were laid in the other, the scales would hang evenly. It was necessary that this result should be received with great caution. It depended upon a delicate interpretation of somewhat precarious measurements. It could only be regarded as of provisional value, to be discarded when a better one should be obtained.—*The Story of the Heavens (Cassell's).*

MESSRS. C. C. RICHARDS & Co.

Gents.—I have used your MINARD'S LINIMENT successfully in a serious case of croup in my family. In fact I consider it a remedy no home should be without.

Cape Island.

J. F. CUNNINGHAM.

SO SAY ALL.—That MINARD'S LINIMENT is the standard liniment of the day, as it does just what it is represented to do.

A NEW ELEMENTARY BODY.—It appears from a paper read at the last meeting of the Chemical Society, that what is suspected to be a new elementary body has been discovered by Johnson Pasha, of the Khedivial laboratory at Cairo, in a variety of fibrous alum called masrite. This new substance, which has been provisionally christened masrium, from the Arabic word for Egypt, possesses properties resembling those of glucinum. Its atomic weight is calculated to be 228, and it occurs in a mineral containing cobalt.—*English Mechanic.*

An electro-mechanical vacuum pump has lately been perfected which, it is claimed, will do away with the costly and troublesome mercury pumps at present used for exhausting the air from incandescent lamp bulbs.

FACTS ABOUT FUNGI.—The important part which fungi are intended to play in the economy of nature, chiefly as scavengers, is indicated by the plentiful provision made for their reproduction (says a writer in an American paper). So widely distributed are the germs of these plants that every breath of air you take probably contains several kinds. They are everywhere in the atmosphere, ready to develop themselves whenever the peculiar conditions adapted to each species are offered. This accounts for the prevalence of those troublesome forms of vegetation which are called "mould," "mildew," and so forth. Fruit preserves are very apt to afford a propagating ground for mould, and likewise any pair of shoes which you may leave unworn for any length of time. There is a cheese, much prized by epicures, which derives its flavour from the quantity of fungus vegetation it contains. It is prepared simply by breaking up the curd and exposing it for a day or two, in small lumps laid upon a cloth, to the sun and air. There it receives the spores of the fungi, which vegetate in it and spread its growth through the mass while it is yet soft. A single fungus plant has been known to attain a weight of 34 lbs. in six weeks. The power of expansion which fungi possess is wonderful. Great toadstools will sometimes lift heavy paving stones out of their beds, and, adds the writer, it was once necessary to repave the whole of a certain town in England in consequence of such a disturbance.—*London Globe.*



Mr. R. J. Brundage

No Wonder

People Speak Well of HOOD'S. "For a long time I was troubled with weak stomach, indigestion and dyspepsia. I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla and have not felt so well all over for years. My food seldom troubles me now. My sister also took Hood's Sarsaparilla with very pleasing results. I don't wonder people speak well of Hood's Sarsaparilla. Don't see how they can help it." R. J. BRUNDAGE, Norwalk, Ct.

N. B. Be sure to get Hood's Sarsaparilla.

HOOD'S PILLS act easily, yet promptly and efficiently on the liver and bowels.

A SUBSTITUTE FOR INDIA-RUBBER.—A new preparation for the purpose of replacing india-rubber and gutta-percha has been brought out and protected by MM. Worms and Zwierchowski. To a quantity of Manilla gum tempered with benzine is added 5 per cent. of Auvergne bitumen, also mixed with benzine. These are thoroughly mixed together by mechanical means and by hand. By adding 5 per cent. of resin oil and allowing forty-eight to eighty-six hours to pass between each treatment, a product is obtained having all the suppleness, elasticity, solidity, and durability of the best india rubber. If the product is too fluid, the addition of 4 per cent. of sulphur dissolved by means of bisulphide of carbon will remedy this. The addition of 5 per cent. of india-rubber to this mixture makes an excellent compound for certain purposes. The vulcanization of this product can be carried out in the usual way.—*English Mechanic.*

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows.