

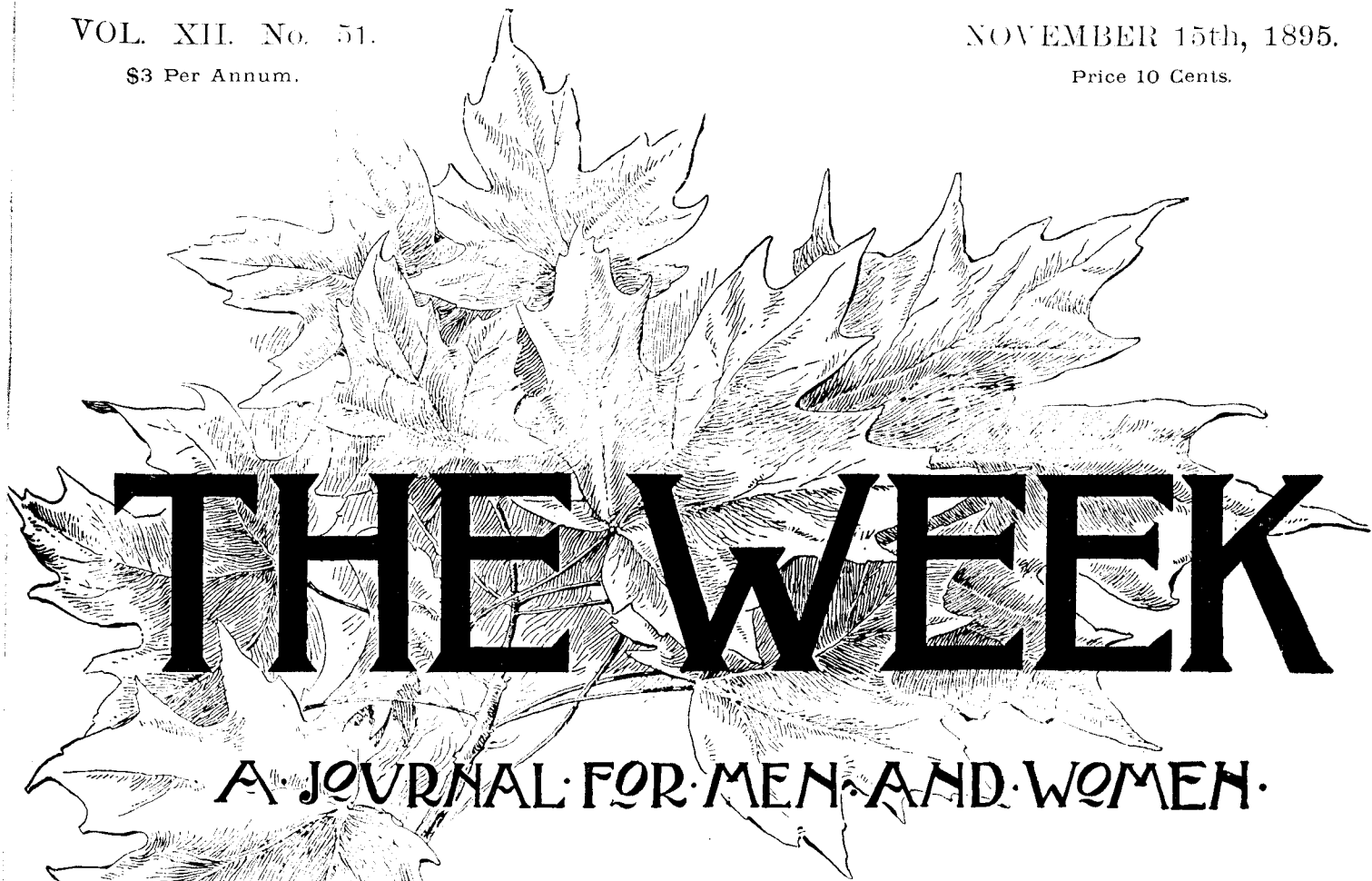
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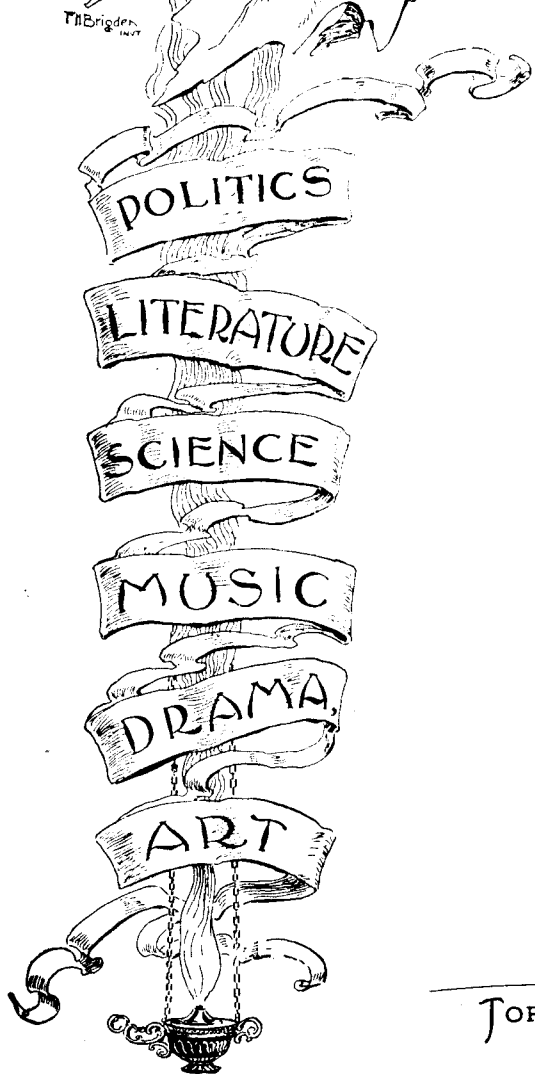
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THE WEEK.

Vol. XII.

Toronto, Friday, November 15th, 1895.

No. 51.

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Current Topics.

Newfoundland's Future.

The announcement that Sir William Whiteway, the Premier of Newfoundland, is about to visit Ottawa suggests again the project to bring the old Colony into the Canadian Confederation. We hope that the visit of the Premier has for its object the renewal of the negotiations broken off so abruptly last spring. The reasons in favour of Newfoundland no longer adhering to its policy of isolation are too obvious to need pointing out here. And it is abundantly clear that the Dominion will not be complete until that Colony is included in the Federation. We, of course, could never consent to have the command of Canada's eastern doorway in the hands of the Americans. We must be prepared to make a considerable sacrifice in order to bring the negotiations to a happy issue, and we must find out what Great Britain will do to further the project. As we recently remarked, Mr. Chamberlain is a bigger man than Lord Ripon. The present Colonial Secretary can do what his predecessor would not attempt, and he can be depended upon to further in every possible way a scheme so eminently in accord with the ideas which seem to inform and control his policy respecting the Colonies. The people of Newfoundland must not be left to imagine that Canada would take advantage of their necessities to drive a hard bargain. This is not the case. We trust that Sir William Whiteway will be treated with distinguished consideration during his visit at the Capital, and that everything will be done that can be done in reason to meet his views. Newfoundland's entrance is only a question

of terms. Are all our great men dead that we should despair of agreement being reached? We brought in British Columbia, and we can bring in Newfoundland.

Nova Scotia and Repeal.

It is true that Nova Scotia entered the Canadian Federation unwillingly and that there has been in the past considerable unrest and dissatisfaction in the Province. But there is no truth whatever in the statement that this unrest and dissatisfaction still prevail. Nova Scotia has nothing to gain but everything to lose by severing her connection with the Dominion, and Nova Scotians know it well. The influence of that Province in the Confederation has been immense and second to none. Her representatives in the Dominion Parliament have been from the first men of conspicuous ability, of superior social and moral standing, the very flower of our public life. It is an admitted fact that our ablest Cabinet Ministers, with one or two exceptions, have been Nova Scotians or New Brunswickers. The majority of the men of weight and standing in the House to-day come from the Maritime Provinces. None of them favour secession. They are among the most loyal of Canadians. It may be that in the Legislative Assembly two or three feeble-witted members in their desire for notoriety shout and splutter empty nothings about secession. But nobody pays them any serious attention. The crowd may sometimes applaud their foolish vapourings, but men of understanding know it is all talk, and that if any serious attempt were made to translate the babble into action the ranters would be speedily crushed. Nova Scotia's part in our nation-building has been a great and noble part, and we firmly believe that she will be the last of the Provinces to pull down that which she has strived so strenuously and effectively to build up. We maintain that Nova Scotia is a tower of strength to the Dominion. Let any one attempt to lay violent hands on the Confederation, and it will be seen where Nova Scotia stands. She will lead in its defence.

Lord Salisbury at Guildhall.

Lord Salisbury's speech at the Guildhall shows that the right man is at the helm of the Empire. No word indicated that he was aware of the existence of the Honourable "Bill" Chandler or Senator Lodge, both of whom have declared war, because Venezuela is not to be allowed to arrest whom she pleases on territory she is pleased to call her own. He seemed not to be aware of the existence even of the great King Prempeh of Ashanti, and his 7777 wives, although on a former occasion a war in Ashanti cost a good round sum. Neither did he mention that Brazil had ceased fooling about the barren islet of Trinidad being used as a cable station. He had not a word concerning Mr. Paul's tyranny in denying the suffrage to the gold-diggers of the Transvaal and his commercial vagaries in trying to force all imports to be brought in on his own railway. Of two greater things he sang, the East and the farthest East. Concerning the latter,

too, he had little to say beyond expressing a mild astonishment that British merchants should have been fluttered in their dove-cots by hearing that Russia and France had obtained certain concessions in China. Gentlemen, he remarked, in courteous, commercial, and parliamentary language, keep cool. Neither Russia nor France can get any concessions which are not granted to England also; you are not afraid of competition with them or with any one else; and you know that, as Lord Beaconsfield put it, there is room for everybody in Asia. But, when he came to speak of the old East, the tone became grave, weighty, and—considering that it was addressed to one who is the spiritual head of all Mussulmen and a civil ruler obeyed by a great army of millions of fanatical subjects—unprecedentedly menacing. Every sentence weighed a pound.

The Need of
Diplomacy.

Why does not the English fleet sail up and blow the Sultan out of his palace? exclaim indignant Canadians and Americans, when their blood is stirred by reading of the nameless atrocities perpetrated on the Armenians by Kurds and Turks. The thing could be done easily enough, although the question ought not to be put very loudly by those who do not pay a dollar for the fleet; but it is not done, for two or three very good reasons. The first sound of the cannon would be the signal for fanatical Mohamedan mobs in almost every part of the Sultan's Asiatic dominions to rise and massacre the Christians. Russia could, of course, march into Armenia, but she would arrive too late, save to avenge. Once entered in she would stay there; and self-government would then be out of the question. What Britain desires is a gradual extension of the work so grandly begun in the freeing of Roumania, Bulgaria, and Servia, and allowing these kingdoms or principalities to establish constitutional governments; or the extension of such a government as Baron Kallay has given to Bosnia; not a mere movement to the south of the great Russian Iceberg. It looks, indeed, as if the waiting game were nearly at its end, and that the hours of the Turk, in Europe, at any rate, are numbered. But the Sultan cannot be made to believe that the union of the six great Powers is genuine, and besides his own fanatical and now angry co-religionists are a nearer danger than even the British fleet. What is he to do? A Sultan driven into a corner may do something terrible. A strong man is needed at the helm of Europe. Lord Salisbury is a strong man, and all England is at his back.

Acting in
Concert.

Lord Salisbury deprecated indulging in the illusion that some single Power would escape the treaty and try to settle the question in its own manner. He appears to be convinced that the Powers were never more united than now, and that they will stand together by the European system they themselves devised. It is reassuring to know that they will cooperate in everything concerning Turkey, and that they have a profound sense of the appalling danger any separation of their action might produce. Those among the Powers said Lord Salisbury, who are popularly reputed to be restless "have vied with the others in their anxiety to conduct the difficult questions to a veritable issue, and have conducted themselves in a manner that should better bring all the Powers into line, moved by the common ambition and noble aim of preserving the peace of Christendom. This is a very cheering symptom. I hope it may be the foundation of a system of action that will last for many years to come, and that in this sense of necessary co-operation imposed by the dangers and exigencies of our time we shall find a solution

of some formidable problems which oppress us and shall in due time be able to put a stop to that condition of armed peace which presses now on the industries of the world."

Toronto
University.

The re-election of Mr. William Mulock, M.P., as Vice-Chancellor of the University of Toronto, was what might have been expected. In the first place he is a graduate of the University, while his opponent possessed only an honorary degree. In conferring university honours this consideration goes a long way. Dr. Hoskin's services to the University have been considerable, and the strong vote he polled shews how much respect he has deservedly acquired, but the other sentiment was too strong to be overcome. The great object of the University should be now to throw off political control. We trust Mr. Mulock, who is a politician, will not stand in the way of this reform. The Old Boys' Association of Upper Canada College has rescued that institution from politics. We hope the graduates of the University will follow that example and unite in an endeavour to restore academic management. It is impossible for proper appointments to be made or for the public to have confidence in the management of any educational institution, especially of a University, so long as politicians control. The University appeal for funds has been unsuccessful, because the public will not supply money for politicians to distribute. The present able Minister of Education is honestly desirous of doing what he can to keep matters straight, but the system is at fault and must be altered.

Toronto's Water
Supply - Queries.

The visit of Mr. Mansergh to Toronto suggests two questions which appear to us to be ignored. It almost seems as if we were putting the cart before the horse. The first problem we have to face is the disposal of our drainage. A trunk sewer seems to be generally admitted to be a necessity. The outlet of that trunk sewer regulates the situation of our water supply pipe. It must be as far from it as possible. Therefore, until the trunk sewer question is disposed of what is the use of getting a report on the water-works system? In other words, the water supply question depends on the trunk sewer. The second question is this: What is the reason why the pumping apparatus should not be placed on the island instead of the city side of the bay? With the pipe system and a forcing power instead of a sucking power, as at present, would not all our purposes be served? We diffidently submit these queries as they have occurred to us and the subject is of such importance that every light should be thrown upon it.

Mr. O'Donoghue's
Letter.

The communication in another column from Mr. D. J. O'Donoghue, Secretary of the Toronto Trades and Labour Council, speaks for itself. We are requested to answer certain questions:

1. Who in Toronto are "the better class"?
2. What is property really worth in Toronto?
3. How is our Public School System, as conducted, legalized robbery?
4. Who are the demagogues whose tools workingmen are, and who are their "ward bosses"?

Before we answer any or all of these questions we would like to ask also a question or two:

Who constitute the Trades and Labour Council? How are they elected? What are their supposed functions? Mr. O'Donoghue, judging from his name, must be an Irishman, and he will appreciate, from his knowledge of his countrymen's customs, our answering one question by another—'ust to

make sure of your ground. We shall be most happy to coöperate with any responsible body in eradicating the evils all respectable men deplore. Meanwhile we wait for a reply.

The Skeleton
Buried.

In our last issue we noticed a complaint made by Sir Henri Joli de Lotbinière of a paragraph by Dr. Kingsford in his History of Canada, relating to the De Lotbinière family. We also justified Dr. Kingsford's refusal to withdraw his statement. Since then Sir Henri has published a letter in which he says:

"I will not find fault with Dr. Kingsford for doing so, but I trust that he will not refuse to enquire into the nature of the 'Kings bounty,' mentioned by General Haldimand as having been received by my great-grandfather, and that he will add to the said footnote the following statement:

"The Mr. De Lotbinière, to whom the letter alluded to in General Haldimand's dispatch was written by his father, is the same, who, in 1775, with Messrs. De Belastre, De Longueuil, De Rouville, De Boucherville and other seigneurs, helped to retake Fort St. Jean from the Americans, and to hold it against superior forces until, after a protracted resistance, they were compelled to capitulate. The American Congress refused to exchange the Canadian seigneurs on the ground that 'they were too much attached to the English Government, and too influential in their own country.'

"Mr. De Lotbinière was kept a prisoner by the Americans for nineteen months. When, at last, he returned home and prayed, as a compensation of his services and losses sustained during the American invasion, to be relieved from the payment of the 'Droit de Quint,' due the Crown on the sale of his seignories, on General Haldimand's refusal to grant his request, he answered him in a letter dated March 5, 1779 (part of which I now translate), as follows:

"Now that I am convinced that my past services are not to be rewarded, I feel it my duty to offer to God what I have done for the King, and to you, General, my services for the future. Your Excellency will see that I have not acted in the past from any motive of self-interest, and should you, in times of adversity require my services, you will find me ready to sacrifice, for my King, and for yourself, my fortune and my life."

It is pleasing to read the honest pride of Sir Henri in his grandfather's loyalty to the British Crown. He himself has conspicuously shewn the same quality and has been deservedly rewarded.

Anglophobia.

The article on "Delenda est Carthago," which appeared in THE WEEK recently, has given rise to an animated discussion both in the Canadian and American press, and we have been roundly abused in some quarters for publishing such opinions as it contained. THE WEEK has been deluged with letters on the subject. Among them we select for publication one written by a prominent Canadian journalist well versed in American affairs. His opinions are of considerable interest:

"All honest Canadians must agree with you that war with the United States is not such a remote possibility as many of us fondly imagine. THE WEEK's fearless expression of opinion on a subject that few care to touch is deserving of praise. It cannot be denied that Canadians view with alarm each presidential election in the United States with its periodical outbursts of anglophobia. Within recent years the United States has stood in the way of the British foreign office in every move on the diplomatic chess board, ready to take sides with the enemies of the Empire, it matters not what the merits of the questions at issue may be. This constant policy of interference in Britain's foreign relations, the tone of studied insult and menace continually assumed by the American press and politicians cannot be borne too long by any great nation and an explosion may come at any moment. From just such seeds spring the bitter harvest of war, which is ripening faster than many of us are inclined to believe. The Monroe doctrine ignores the fact that Great Britain is a power on the American continent and it is so extended and

embellished that it includes the whole of the western hemisphere. New York editors and the cheap politicians that rule the destinies of the great Republic are sitting up at nights watching this precious Monroe doctrine and dying to breakfast on a Britisher. The American who discovers that Britain's declaration of war with Ashanti is a violation of the Monroe doctrine can be elected president. The ignorant masses are being goaded into fury against Great Britain, on account of fancied national insults. It was just such forces that caused the rupture in 1812, and later on fired the first gun in the American civil war. The politician was the Iago of both tragedies. And here let me point out to those who seek to lull us into fancied security by telling us that only the American politicians and not the American people are hostile to Great Britain, that their arguments are founded on false premises. For the very reason that every American is a politician from the President down to the meanest rag-picker. Even the tramps are politicians; for example, General Coxe's army. In Great Britain the middle classes are composed chiefly of manufacturers, artisans, and shop-keepers. They meddle very rarely in politics, and all they desire is to be left alone in the pursuit of a living and what happiness fortune bestows upon them. They have all the hard-headed, practical common-sense of their race and abhor shams and buncombe. In the United States this class is composed of politicians. To deny this is to ignore the McKinley bill. If you say the American politicians long for war with Great Britain, then in that class must be included the great majority of the American people. War with England must be a popular idea or it would not be exploited so much by politicians of note such as Col. Robert Ingersoll, General Lougstreel, and Senator Chandler. If men with such responsibilities and influence raised such a cry in any European country it would not take Great Britain very long to put her house in order for war. Surely the Americans are as responsible for their acts as the French or Russians, and it is not wise for us to ignore such outspoken menaces.

"I would like also to point out that the United States Government has been building ships of war and turning out guns and ammunition with feverish haste for some months, and we are told that the gun factories are running occasionally night and day. Since 1892 an army of fifteen thousand men, withdrawn from the territories, has been quietly concentrated within a couple of days march of the Canadian frontier. Let us ask ourselves the question: Who are these guns and bullets intended for? Why is the American Army gathered so near our borders? The Americans are a shrewd people. Can it be that they covet our mines of gold, silver, iron, and nickel, our vast prairies, our fisheries and our forests. The prize would well repay a short campaign. Besides they are well aware of our defenceless condition, more real than apparent. We have a magnificent militia force largely on paper, except the city corps, about five thousand strong. Our soldiers are supplied with arms and equipment half a century behind the age. They are starved in the matter of pay and no encouragement is given our citizen soldiers by the authorities. In case of an invasion courage and men would not be wanting. The Canadian is a born soldier and can learn his drill and take his place in the ranks quicker than the recruits of any other nation. But what use can our men, their courage, and their military instincts be if they have no arms? One half of our defenders would have to arm themselves with shotguns, scythes, and pitch-forks in case of an invasion. Drill, preparatory to taking the field itself, would occupy a month, and thousands of valuable lives would be thrown away before we had any army. We have neither depots of stores nor magazines scattered over the country. A foolish policy has kept everything at Ottawa, and it would take a month to ship the necessary ammunition from that city alone. The idea of a transport service has never been dreamt of at headquarters and there is not, as General Herbert pointed out, a spare gun wheel nearer than Woolwich.

"I ask is not such a state of affairs criminal, a crime against our country? Our politicians, both parties are equally guilty, would sooner squander a million dollars with contractors to build a railway to the pole than a dollar on the militia. Mr. Dickey's administration gives promise of better things. He should realize that any efforts towards putting Canada in a state of defence will have the support of the Canadian people, for we cannot choose to ignore the war

clouds, however small, gathering to the south of us. It is surely the duty of the Government to see that we have the means of defending our homes and maintaining our connection with the Mother Country. Is not the present state of affairs a breach of the compact entered into at confederation? Did we not undertake to organize and maintain a militia capable of defending our frontiers until aid could reach us from England? Has that promise been kept? Ask any militiaman and he who should know will say emphatically, "No." Is it keeping faith with the British capitalists who have invested in our securities if we are left open to invasion, and liable to be obliterated as a people. The conquest and annexation of Canada would wipe their investments out of existence.

"Sir, you can do no greater service to your country than to point out the imminent danger of a war with the United States and the duty incumbent upon us to provide for an impending catastrophe which we all pray may be averted."

* * *

Ishmael.

THE other day Mr. Barney Barnato, being asked how he had made his money, mindful of his theatrical lessons, replied: "There is a tide in the affairs of men, which, taken at its turn, leads on to fortune, and I took it I suppose." Mr. Barnato's career, so far, upsets all calculations. It disarranges all preconceived theories and disposes men to believe once more in the blind goddess. Who was it said that a man could count on nothing except what stood between his hat and his boots? What an utterly demoralizing result the true fairy tale of Mr. Barnato's success must have. The poor plodder who, all his life, goes virtuously to work from morn to dewy eve, sees preferred to himself a man, who, the day before, he would not have glanced at in the street. The wretched quill-driver laboriously earning a miserable pittance, hears of this man, who, not so long ago, was as poor as himself and is now living in princely splendour. The unsettling effect of such a remarkably sudden spring from the depths of insignificance to the summit of earthly wishes cannot be imagined. Even as far away as Canada is from the scene of Mr. Barnato's fairy caves men are tempted to follow him. We hear stories, true or false, of men in this City pawning their property to get the means to take them to South Africa. This *ignis fatuus* dance seizes upon the world at certain times. The fascination of the French Revolution was that the *councille* of to-day saw that they would be the *noblesse* of to-morrow. After that what did they care? Let the deluge come if it pleased.

In Mr. Barnato's case the good things of fortune do not seem to have spoiled the man himself—of how few of us can that be said? Put a beggar on horseback and we know where he rides to. Mr. Barnato, if all accounts be true, is the same jovial, good-hearted fellow in prosperity as he was in adversity. There are plenty of men who know well enough how to fight it out when they are in a corner. There are very few who know also enough to remember the advice:

When Fortune smiles with too propitious gale
Take half thy canvass in.

The ancients always said call no man happy till he dies. We do not wish that test applied in Mr. Barnato's case nor do we think the saying quite true. Each man has his own notion of happiness. A short life and a merry one may be the *summum bonum* to a philosophic Bohemian. When the game is played out he has at all events the recollection of the good time he had. If he has philosophy enough and youth left he waits in obscurity until the cards come his way again. When he sees youth gone and other men, once his inferiors, or his equals, far above him in social consideration, his philosophy is then more than tested. Prosperous mediocrity is the most objectionable of all the elements of society.

The character of Ishmael is two-sided. Every man's hand against him, his hand against every man's. In adversity, each man feels how heavy is the influence of the first half of the character. When prosperity comes the Ishmaelite is strongly tempted to visit on other men the same treatment they gave him. No doubt, Mr. Barnato has some bitter recollections of his days of adversity. It is therefore much to his credit that public opinion speaks so well of the way in which he bears success. It is a penalty which sudden wealth brings with it that public attention is directed to its fortunate possessor. He is made use of quite without his permission to point a moral.

It is one of the charms of Caesar's commentaries that without preaching he now and then draws a lesson from the events which he saw happen. On one occasion, when everything was succeeding admirably, he was exposed to sudden dangers. Then, says he, he perceives how much Fortune can compass not only in other matters but also in military operations. Modern scepticism would deny the influence of Fortune. The Ishmaelite knows better. He knows, too, that like a woman she is capricious and is apt to bestow her favours on, to say the least, curiously selected objects. But if he be a broken-down university man, as a good many Ishmaelites are, he solaces himself with a line or two of Horace and waits till the storm goes by. If he be not a university man, but one trained in the school of *Trump*, he may not know Horace, but he reflects on his own ups and downs and to tell him that Luck has nothing to do with his fortunes and misfortunes is met by scornful denial.

From Mr. Barnato's rise the world will draw some curious lessons. The gold mining fever of 1849 and 1852 may be easily repeated. In other fields than actual material gold mining also if any social reformer could only get sufficient personal influence over the toiling masses he could bring on a social revolution, and the example of what has happened to Mr. Barnato would be a shining beacon to lure them on.

* * *

Pew and Pulpit in Toronto.—XIX.*

AT GRACE CHURCH, ELM STREET.

THE organization that worships and finds a shelter and a home in Grace Church, Elm Street, does not owe the effectiveness it possesses to the architectural grandeur or aesthetic charm of that building. The edifice is rather a plain one, of white brick. It stands close up to the sidewalk, and seems to occupy pretty nearly the whole of the lot on which it is built, without leaving any margin for decorative purposes, or shrubs growing in turf-ed spaces. It is emphatically a town church, frugal of ornament and exigent of utility. One can fancy the committee that built it saying that the price of a carved capital would pay for an extra sitting in which a human being might sit and hear the gospel and be comforted. So there are no carved capitals. Nor are there gargoyles, or stone-traceried windows, or a wealth of buttresses, or the play of light and shadow on deep-cut mouldings, such as are dear to the heart of the architect. There is just enough ecclesiasticism about the place to show that it is a church and to prevent its being mistaken for anything else. But for the rest it is externally four walls and a roof, though there are rudimentary transepts which afford relief to the otherwise blank lines of the struc-

* The articles which have already appeared in this series are:— I. Sherbourne Street Methodist Church, Feb. 22nd. II. The Jews' Synagogue, March 1st. III. A proposed visit that was stopped by fire, March 8th. IV. The Roman Catholic Cathedral, March 15th. V. St. James' Cathedral, March 22nd. VI. The Bond Street Congregational Church, March 29th. VII. Jarvis Street Baptist Church, April 5th. VIII. St. James Square Presbyterian Church, April 12th. IX. At the Church of S. Simon the Apostle, April 19th. X. Rev. W. F. Wilson at Trinity Methodist Church, April 26th. XI. Rev. Wm. Patterson at Cooke's Church, May 3rd. XII. St. Peter's Church, Carlton Street, May 10th. XIII. At the Friends' Meeting House, May 17th. XIV. At the Unitarian Church, Jarvis Street, May 24th. XV. At Holy Trinity Church, May 31st. XVI. At St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church, Jarvis Street, Sept. 27th. XVII. At St. Paul's Anglican Church, Bloor Street East, Oct. 4th. XVIII. At the Metropolitan Methodist Church, Oct. 18th.

ture, and there is also, as a thoughtful provision for the future, a "blind" chancel-arch in the eastern wall, so that when a rich donor comes along and wishes to enlarge and beautify the church a chancel can readily be added, with as glorious an east window as he likes to provide. You see, also, from the outside that the building is of that basement variety which embodies in a direct way the principle of economy. If you are going to spend as little money as possible on land, you must, as a matter of course, put your schools and secondary church-offices, as well as your furnaces, in a basement. Aristocratic churches on the outskirts of the city, such as are built for those who "need not a physician," are a touch above basements. Basements go with the poor, with the crowded purlieus of the city, with the indescribable Sunday school smell, and the mothers who come to meetings with babes hanging to their breasts, and the difficulty of making up the amounts required at the end of the year. Nevertheless the basement at Grace Church looks, from the outside, as if it would be roomy and comfortable, as basements go. You ascend a good many cocoa-matted steps to the auditorium of the church above it, and find yourself in a squarish, spacious interior, without a pillar in it, and fitted with pews that slope rather steeply down from the west end to the choir pews and communion table. It looked pleasantly and softly lighted last Sunday morning, though the number and size of the inexpensive coloured glass windows are both moderate. The walls are tinted a warm salmon-colour with a leaning towards terra-cotta, and the pews are of stained and varnished deal with a touch of age upon it. The seats are cushioned and the church is one that gives you a feeling of democratic comfort. Taking your seat, you look around you with a feeling of being at home. By-and-by you look up at the open-timbered roof and see that it was there that the architect lost control of himself. Timber must have been cheap in those days, and he appears to have constructed the covering of the building on the umbrella principle the radial ribs being of great strength. There are two umbrella frames and from the centre of each depends a gaselier of the sort that is called a sun-light—an ugly contrivance of blue-painted iron and polished reflectors, such as looks unsatisfactory by daylight and which you are sure will give only inadequate results at night. It is the sort of lighting apparatus that goes with the aforesaid basement plan of building, but it does not in the least disconcert the initiated and sympathetic visitor, who knows that the success of churches—their noblest success—does not depend on the shape of gaseliers or the brilliancy of their light. But let us not look on the defects of Grace Church. Let us rather rejoice in the commodious comfort of its auditorium, the pleasant draping of the chancel end of it, which yet is not a chancel, but only a place reserved from the general auditorium, flanked on the south side by the organ, which is contained in an oblong partitioned space like a magnified cigar box, with a row of pipes at the end of it. In like manner, on the north side of the choir-pews, the vestry is partitioned off from the general space, and between the organ and the vestry are the choir-pews on a somewhat elevated dais. The pulpit, a simple reading desk, is on the north side of them; the prayer desk on the south side. The lines of the future chancel arch are indicated by an area of gray wall-paper in the shape of a pointed arch, with fictile columns on either side. Between these stands the altar or communion table, and on either side of the latter there are two lancet windows.

The organist—surpliced—has been playing a soothing voluntary while we have been looking round the church, a voluntary interspersed with rather brilliant runs, towards which he has a tendency. Now, however, he changes to the tune of a processional hymn, and, marching slowly, the members of the choir begin to emerge from the vestry. They are all surpliced. First come fourteen choir boys, then a dozen young women, attired in cassock and alb, and wearing small velvet caps of some dark colour, after them seven or eight men choristers and Mr. Cyril Rudge, Mus. Bac., wearing his hood. After these come the clergy, Rev. J. Pitt Lewis, rector, and Rev. Mr. Card, curate. The service is of a bright and pleasing variety. It is a sort of compromise between the "full choral" of the "high" and the sameness and sombreness of the "low" ritual. It is a people's service, and as this is eminently a church for the people, it seems highly suitable. I understand that the choir sometimes numbers as many as fifty or sixty persons, but on the particular Sunday I was there the performance, though up to the average, was not by any means striking.

There are clerics who look like farmers in disguise, lords who look like cab-drivers, and millionaires who look like poor men. But nobody of any discernment of the detective order would take Rev. J. Pitt Lewis for anything else but an Anglican clergyman. He is well-built, and has a good clerical head—the faculties well balanced, a phrenologist would say—a squarish face, clean-shaven, and bearing an expression of calm readiness to meet circumstances. He is, I should think, rather more than fifty years old. He has an agreeable voice, and his reading of the liturgy and lessons is very pleasant to listen to. It calms one restfully, and is neither too clerical nor too elocutionary. Neither is it full of mannerisms like some men's reading; in fact, as I review my experiences in this regard, in various churches, I come to the conclusion that Mr. Lewis' reading is of the sort that I should recommend young theological students with an eye to the church to go and listen to. Ascending the pulpit in his white surplice the rector begins his sermon, which is for the most part extempore, in measured and equal tones, and with a very calm and easy delivery. The discourse is simply constructed and effective, enlivened with illustrative anecdotes that the youngest could understand, and pervaded by plain religious instruction. It could not be called a "great" sermon—one of those monumental achievements that smell of the lamp and that one feels cannot possibly be evolved without an alarming amount of study and brain expenditure. Such sermons are very rare, and it is doubtful if they are worth the labour spent in their construction, unless, perhaps, from the point of view that they are built to last, and are intended to be preached many times. On the contrary, the sermon on Sunday morning was of the useful, everyday variety. It appeared to be a disclosing of the mind and attitude of the preacher with regard to truth in general rather than a manufactured discourse; an easy talk rather than a theological dissertation prepared for printing with every sentence properly rounded and every comma put in. It showed considerable aptitude and readiness of speech—the preacher was never at a loss for a word, while his delivery and gestures—sometimes rising to animation—were attractive and interesting. There was a fair morning congregation.

In the evening the church was crowded and there was not a seat to be had by late comers. Prof. Clark had been announced to continue a course of lectures he is delivering there on Sunday nights. The choir was augmented in numbers, and sang the anthem, "O Taste and See," with considerable ability. Prof. Clark's characteristics as a public speaker are too well known here to need much description from me. He possesses a great fund of virile alertness, if I may so speak, and this is combined with an amount of suavity and geniality that puts the speaker *en rapport* with his audience at once. You feel you are listening to a cultured gentleman who not only speaks good English naturally, but who could scarcely speak it awkwardly if he tried, and who has fewer of the defects that go with fluency than most fluent men. At the same time there is a background of that deep earnestness of purpose without which the most brilliant talk is as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal. Prof. Clark looks a tall and active figure in the pulpit, and his astonishing vigour, which seems to resist the adiposity and slowing-down processes of age, is seen in every attitude and gesture. His discourse on Sunday evening was founded on the words "Of good behaviour," and at the start he quoted the French writer who tells us that "the style is the man," and Wykeham, of Oxford, whose dictum "manners make the man," is still to be seen in carven stone. It was an instructive setting forth of the elements that go to make up good manners and the importance of good behaviour as a factor in the world's life. The speaker deprecated the *brusquerie* that is brusque lest it should be thought servile, and pleaded for sincerity and humility in all the relations of life. The lecture was a masterpiece of easy eloquence, in spite of the fact that the Professor was evidently suffering from a heavy cold that most men would have thought fitted them for bed rather than the pulpit. But everybody listened, and was sorry when the humanizing and interesting talk came to an end. I could not help feeling as I came away that a good work is being done in a somewhat prosaic neighbourhood by Grace Church, and that its bright services, midway between the High and the Low, solve in some measure the problem, "What is the sort of service that the people will attend?"

England.

O England, mother of us all,
Thy children's hearts across the sea,
In weal or woe, whate'er befall,
Are still with thee.
Thy joys and griefs, thy hopes and fears,
Thy storied past, thy coming years,
Are theirs to share,
As when they trod thy daisied sod,
And watched the lark soar up to God,
In happy English air.

Hamilton.

J. H. LONG.

Delenda est—Britannia.

ANY discussion concerning the attitude of the United States towards Great Britain must do good at this juncture, and the ground lately taken by *THE WEEK* seems to me fully justified by events. History repeats itself, and while no true citizen of this or any other country wants war or will, so far as Canada is concerned, move a finger to bring it about, yet the maintenance of ignorance concerning American sentiment and international conditions does not appear to be the best means of preserving permanent peace.

It is very seldom that we can differ in opinion upon national questions with Principal Grant. He is such a thoroughly patriotic Canadian, and so imbued with the best principles of British unity and polity that to disagree with him as a rule would argue one ignorant of, or opposed to the highest and greatest interests of the Dominion. But for that very reason it is important that this question just raised should be threshed out. The problem is as old as the hills of Canada in reality, but the application is ever new. We have often heard the adage "Where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise," and it is said in this connection that we should accept the injunction and should not raise a protest, even though our gigantic neighbour prepares itself at every point for a future, and admittedly possible, blaze of popular passion and consequent outbreak of war. We, in Canada, who know more of the condition of the continent than our fellow subjects in Britain are not, therefore, to warn them of the situation, or even to discuss its nature, for fear of aggravating American hostility, or affecting some peculiar American susceptibility. But it seems to me that ignorance of this kind can only lead to war or disgrace.

It was ignorance of the motives, policy, and personal characteristics of men like Franklin and Adams which greatly contributed to bring about the Revolutionary War. It was ignorance of the really bitter feeling in the United States following upon that event—a feeling which all Lord Shelburne's conciliation, and the voluntary surrender of immense British territories did not appease—that made the war of 1812 a surprise to England. It was ignorance of the fact that "bluster" did not mean war in American diplomacy, which made "fifty-four, forty or fight" sound so menacing to British statesmen during the Oregon boundary discussion, and which rendered nugatory all Sir John Macdonald's struggles upon the Washington High Commission of 1870. It was ignorance of Russian ambition and the personal and avowed aims of Nicholas I. which really caused the Crimean War. It was British ignorance of conditions and environment which caused the Soudan fiasco, and was mainly responsible for the death of Gordon. But this list might be indefinitely extended, and I do not think it is necessary to say more upon the point. Discussion, however, generally does good, and if the American press is deplorably hostile to Britain—as those who read it know to be the fact in all the most widely circulated cases—if American leaders are publicly anxious to annex Canada, humiliate Britain, and weaken the Empire; if the mass of American voters are swayed by motives and advocacy hostile to the peace of the world and the unity of the British Empire;—why should we not discuss the situation and obtain through discussion a means of averting the evil which might otherwise arise?

It seems an extraordinary fact that Principal Grant should share with Mr. Goldwin Smith the idea of "a moral re-union of the English-speaking race." Of course the roads they desire to travel towards that end are very divergent. One expects to reach the goal through and by means of a United British Empire. The other expects that Canada's disintegration and imperial decay will precede the assumed

inevitable event. Yet even Mr. Goldwin Smith admits the possibility of war between England and the States (*North American Review*, May, 1890), and adds: "We may hope it is very unlikely, but there has not only been a good deal of hatred, there has been a good deal of fighting between kinsmen since the days of Cain and Abel." That with all his avowed "loyalty" to Great Britain this does not affect Mr. Goldwin Smith, though its possibility so distinctly disturbs Principal Grant, is evidenced by the extraordinary letter which he wrote to the *New York Independent* on March 19th, 1891. In this epistle he declared that "unless the spirit of the American people is poorer and lower than well-wishers would willingly believe it to be, the day has dawned in which this continent will be finally set free from European interference."

The fact of the matter is that since the days of Bright and Cobden down to those of Mr. Winan and Mr. Goldwin Smith, with the exception of a few loyalists such as the distinguished Principal himself, this theory of moral re-union has been used and disgraced by being made a cloak for lessening English responsibilities, or enhancing American power through annexation. Not that Americans are to blame for desiring this latter result. Were I an American citizen, anxious to promote the power and commerce of the Republic, I would like to cultivate such a sentiment; enforce the Monroe Doctrine; cover North America with the Stars and Stripes; and hold the Southern Continent in fee.

It is, indeed, a wonder that the feeling of "Jingoism" is not more widespread than is really the case in the United States. If it were, the "Monroe doctrine," as this sentiment is fictitiously termed, would be something more than a farce. But I believe that as the Republic grows older, and the rivalry with Great Britain more and more acute, and the competition of Canada more keen and cutting, this Jingo fever will burn hotter and hotter until it makes at least one pronounced effort to capture Canada, and weaken Britain. Compliments will not avert this struggle if it is to come, nor will the crimson thread of an unappreciated kinship. Americans, as a rule, laugh at British talk of blood relationship, or else consider it a tribute to their own growing power and influence. It is certainly not returned except perhaps by a few travelled and cultured citizens. Not even by all of them. Mr. Chauncey Depew comes home from the most ultra-aristocratic associations and genuine hospitality to deal in the most approved anti-British sentiment. Mr. Carnegie manages to travel without even attaining culture, and in giving a library to some Scottish town goes out of his way to denounce the Monarchy, or in writing to a Canadian correspondent declares a Colonist to be only half a man.

If, on the other hand, Canadians would come out boldly, bravely, and clearly, proclaim themselves British citizens in every sense of the word; declare their desire to assume the full rights and powers of that citizenship; announce themselves as on this continent to stay; they would receive and deserve the respect of all honourable Americans, and the regard and constantly increasing help of Great Britain. As it is, Canada seems to be afraid to recognize itself except by occasional spasms of patriotic exertion; afraid to join the Mother Country in a great federation; afraid of American opinion and sentiment. This is, I believe, only a passing stage in its national career, but it is not altogether a pleasant one to contemplate. J. CASTELL HOPKINS.

An Ocean Voyage.

A FAST ship has disadvantages. Its powerful engines make the whole vessel throb and quiver so that attention is distracted from anything else and a novel is too hard. And in a head wind the ship is forced along over the seas with leaps and falls that are sickening. Moreover not only are the discomforts of the sea increased but its principal pleasure—making new acquaintances—is made almost impossible. When there are six hundred passengers and but a six days' voyage, it is obvious that there cannot be much freedom of intercourse. The ship has become a small town full of strangers. Here the advantage of the slow ship is in both directions, for while it lengthens the voyage it also usually carries much fewer passengers. It is easy to conceive of their being too few passengers. We had twenty-two, which was enough; and a voyage of twelve days, which was on the whole enough too.

Yet it was truly a pleasure trip. We had fine weather, a good ship and agreeable company. We saw the usual sights: vessels hull up and hull down; fishing boats anchored on the banks and rolling almost gunwale under, though the sea was smooth. The thought of these devoted men spending the summer there rolling about at anchor and riding out the storms, affected our imaginations strongly for we could not separate such doings from the idea of sea-sickness. We saw many whales rolling at their ease in the Arctic current, and, if it is true that these beasts can live for 400 years, it would be almost possible that they have been doing so ever since they shied at the caravels of Columbus. They were not a variety valued by whalers, and if man will not kill them they may live out their time, for it must be hard for anything else to hurt them. We saw plenty of porpoises, too, close alongside the ship, leaping out of the water in flying curves. Here is probably another feature wanting to the fast ships. The gulls have given up trying to follow them and it is not likely that the young porpoises can keep up with them, so as to race alongside as they did with us. We had gulls flying about us most of the way, and petrels always skimming the waves in our wake. We had birds of our own too: shore birds that roosted in the rigging and flew about in and out of the hatchways, perhaps picking up food from the cattles' fodder.

We carried cattle and horses. The cattle got along best. The horse is too delicate an animal to travel well. Several of ours suffered from some affection of the lungs and died in spite of enormous mustard plasters. On the first occasion I wondered how they would sling the unmanageable carcass for hoisting out of the hold, but the process was simple. A rope with a hook on the end was hooked on itself round the neck and the body was drawn up in that melancholy way, but with the most favourable presentation to the hatchway. It was then lowered to the deck, loosed and shoved over, and its requiem was written in the log:—"One of —'s horses died, lung fever, and was dumped."

Some of the horses were going to England; the rest were intended chiefly for the Paris omnibuses. They were in charge of a big Belgian, with the identical heavy face one sees in the old Flemish pictures, and a German, and a youth from some part of France whose tongue never ceased. These three conversed together in French. Passengers who understood that they could speak French tried sometimes to join in these conversations, but only at the beginning of the voyage. If one reflects for a moment upon the mysteries of a conversation in English between a Fleming, a German, and say only a Cockney, talking horse, it will seem that the passengers might have been less cast down than they were.

The sea sights and our cargo were features of great interest, in a life so closely circumscribed as ours. The ocean itself seems small at sea. The extent of our outlook over the water to the horizon, as seen from the highest deck, cannot have been more than eight miles in each direction.

With our ship keeping an apparently unchanging position in the middle of this small circle of sea, we were bound to take interest in one another. Indeed all the passengers had an interest of some kind attaching to them, from the curly headed little boy of two years, who was being taken to England by a couple of maiden aunts and who was usually in the charge of somebody else while his aunts read their books in peace, to the oldest passenger, a blind man to whom we always spoke in our loudest tones. This unfortunate person was not one of those marvels of perception that the thought of blindness usually brings before the mind, but a stout, elderly man who had but recently become blind, and who had not acquired any of the blind man's skill. Nevertheless he was going over alone, and the passengers had indignation at his wife who was supposed to have allowed him to do so. He had said that she did not like the sea, I am not sure that this was sufficient ground for denouncing her, but we did and found in it a good deal of moral satisfaction. A young lady passenger who had been writing a letter from his dictation to his wife—addressed as his "dear Maria"—said she had wanted much to add, as a postscript, "Maria, you make me tired," and sign her name to it.

This young lady came from Chicago and had not seen the sea before, but was seeing it now with all the American veneration for what is old and established. Good weather and bad weather were equally in her line, and I suspected that if we should have to take to the boats she would still

regard it as a happy experience. When we met our gale in the channel, accompanied by drifts of rain that swept the deck of females, she appeared in a capacious waterproof and indiarubber top boots, with the second officer's sou-wester on her head, and perched herself in one of the boats to enjoy the scene.

It was worth looking at too. The channel was full of ships plunging heavily in the waves and tan-sailed fishing boats ducking about between, amidst pictorial effects of cloud and rain and wind.

This wind, set down in the log as a "mod. gale," but which the natural man would call a howling tempest, and which, in fact, we afterwards heard had caused much loss of life on the windward coast of England, did us the service of clearing away the fog which would, in the channel where ships form a constant procession, have been a source of danger and delay.

As we had neared the Scilly Islands, and the cattle began to low, thick weather descended upon us and the captain seemed to have given up sleep altogether.

The position of Captain on a liner does not impress one as a life of delight. He has little to do but to be responsible, and, though men take responsibility gladly for the sake of what they can accomplish by its means, in this case there is no accomplishment. When a Captain has brought his ship safe to shore he is but an unprofitable servant who has done what it was his duty to do, but should an accident happen—and most accidents come from circumstances too much outside of his control for him to live in expectation of being able always to keep them off. There seemed room for doubt if the captain himself found his own very successful career a choice one. He made an allusion to "that confounded Marryatt," and "the number of lads he has sent to sea," that gave a hint of disillusionment. I doubt if any of the officers found the sea as charming as we did. One of the passengers had a story about a skipper who came into money and proceeded to enjoy life ashore from the standpoint of one who was freed from going to sea. One of his voluptuous contrivances was to be waked up in the middle of the night by a man in dripping oil skins who said, "The bow sprit is carried away, sir, and the first mate wants you up on deck at once." To which it was his delight to reply in deliberate tones, "Will you please tell the first mate, with my compliments, to go to H—." The passenger tried this story on the first officer and it enjoyed great success. The first officer was promenading the deck in oil skins at the time. Every time he came back to our end of his beat he exploded again, and went off shaking his dripping head and saying "That is solid truth."

It is time to get to the end of this voyage, which was longer drawn out in its end than one would have expected. It seems a small thing to run up the channel and slip round the corner into the Thames, but the south coast of England is more than 300 miles long—more than a 24 hours run for a slow ship—and the port of London is not such a good port that one can slip into it from any direction. We spent half a day in running straight out into the North Sea, past dangerous looking shoals and sands. Margate was out of sight and the pilot still looking straight out to sea with his binoculars picking up fresh buoys, when I gave up hopes of seeing the turn and went below to pack. It was night when we steamed up the river full speed and reached Tilbury. Friends came out on the tender to welcome some of our passengers, and the first audible words we heard on our arrival were bawled out in irritated tones by the husband of a retiring Englishwoman among our passengers, "Where have you been all day. I have been here since twelve o'clock and haven't had any dinner."

W. A. L.

Criticisms of Some Magazine Articles.— Part VII.

"A VINDICATION OF HOME RULE," BY MR. GLADSTONE.

LORD CLARE'S SPEECH ON THE IRISH UNION.

MR. GLADSTONE is the only British statesman of high character who has systematically deceived the public and especially cultured Americans (readers of the *North American Review*) in the unblushing manner shown in the following instance. If A and B are strongly and

diametrically opposed upon a given subject, and A denounces B for an alleged misrepresentation of facts, it is scandalous conduct for C to represent that A, instead of denouncing the misstatements, himself stated them as being true; in other words, that A made statements exactly opposite to those that he actually did make. It is an aggravation of the offence when the culprit is an exceptionally religious man, whose oratorical reading of the lessons in his church has been a local show. All fair-minded men will concede that such a gross falsification of facts is very discreditable. Yet this is what Mr. Gladstone has done. He states (p. 388), "It was confessed in the debates on the Union by both sides alike and notably by Lord Clare, the Irish Lord Chancellor, [my italics] that the period of independence" (1782 to 1800) "had been a period of unexampled national progress." Mr. Gladstone was writing in a leading American magazine, and his ostensible object was to inform the American public of the alleged continuous prosperity of Ireland during the existence of Grattan's Parliament; but practically his aim was to take advantage of their lack of historical knowledge to deceive them, for no American would suspect that a gentleman of his universally admitted piety would deliberately state that which he knew to be false. In THE WEEK for August 9 and 23, I have given a summary of Lord Clare's four hours' speech on the Union. All readers of average intelligence and candour will admit that what he actually said was exactly the reverse of what Gladstone represents. Lord Clare conclusively proved that their then dreadful position was "the natural offspring of the adjustment of 1782;" (the inauguration of Grattan's Parliament); that the Irish national debt had increased tenfold in nine years; that they were on the brink of financial ruin and of a fresh civil war, that their only hope of safety was by a union with Great Britain. He severely blamed the leaders of the Opposition for making false statements as to prosperity; and these false statements so sternly denounced by him Gladstone coolly represents him as having stated as facts. Lord Clare's speech was a Jeremiad—not an Hosannah. In all history there is no worse case of falsification by a clever, experienced and literary statesman of exceptionally devout habits. This and his other escapades in misrepresenting truth assist us to understand his father's sorrowful and indignant prophecy anent his gifted son, which was reported in the London World some years ago by a gentleman indirectly connected with the family, who offered, if challenged, to verify it by further evidence.

THE LORD FITZWILLIAM EPISODE.

Earl Fitzwilliam was appointed Lord Lieutenant in 1795. It is one of Mr. Gladstone's favourite misstatements that if he had not been recalled (which occurred immediately on his acting contrary to his instructions) that the Catholics would then have been admitted into Parliament, notwithstanding hostile majorities in both houses, and the King's veto, and that then there would have been no rising in 1798. From his way of putting it, readers, unaware of his manner, would naturally believe that Lord Fitzwilliam was originally sent with instructions to introduce such a measure, which is the exact reverse of the truth.

Mr. Gladstone states (p. 389): "This Protestant Parliament . . . was ready to admit them (R. C's.) to full equality in Parliament in 1795, when the deplorable recall of Lord Fitzwilliam arrested the national movement and gave hope and life to faction." As a matter of fact such a measure was proposed by the opposition in 1793, but was rejected in the Irish House of Commons by 153 to 71, and again in 1797 by 170 to 30. (See p. 30 of Dunbar Ingram's shilling history of the Union. He quotes authorities for all his statements.)

When Lord Clare (1800) made his great speech he read verbatim the Catholic petition of 1793 and stated that in that year all that had been asked for—and more—had been granted, and that Catholics were admitted to hold all offices under the crown with the exception of about 40. That only left the question of Roman Catholics sitting in Parliament, but so long as Ireland had a separate Parliament, that could not be permitted without the likelihood of another civil war, for it was certain that persistent attempts would be made to recover the estates forfeited by the rebels of 1641 and 1689.

He also stated, in his speech—read by Mr. Gladstone—

"It is now ascertained that Lord Fitzwilliam came to Ireland with full instructions not to encourage the agitation of further claims on the part of the Irish Catholics."

Lord Rosebury, the ex-premier, has also explained in his "Life of Pitt" that Fitzwilliam acted contrary to his instructions and was, as matter of course, immediately recalled, and that the Whig members of Pitt's Tory Cabinet concurred.

Lord Fitzwilliam himself stated in the English House of Lords on March 17th, 1800 (see Blackwood's Magazine, 1886), "that he had assumed the Government of Ireland 'under orders clearly understood by me not to give rise to or bring forward the question of Catholic Emancipation on the part of the Government.'" This and corroborative facts appeared in Blackwood during a controversy between Gladstone and a friend, the late Lord Brabourne. Gladstone wrote, Oct. 30, 1886, thanking the editor for an early copy of Brabourne's article, so that he was well aware of the real truth when he falsified in the North American in 1892.

Thus I have conclusively proved that Mr. Gladstone's statement is untrue. But although he has been often refuted, he has the fabled ostrich habit of refusing to see plain facts, and simply repeats exposed untruths.

The leading United Irishmen freely confessed the truth about their agitation, and stated to the Secret Committees of the Irish Houses of Lords and Commons, in 1798, that their organization was put upon a treasonable basis in 1791, four years before Lord Fitzwilliam went to Ireland—therefore his going or returning had no influence with that conspiracy. There are copies of the reports of the Secret Committees in the Toronto Reference Library. They are written in a temperate English style, are full of information, and out of the mouths of the leading United Irishmen—men held in veneration by many who are ignorant of the facts—refute accepted patriotic myths.

FAIRPLAY RADICAL.

An Autograph.

WE all have our relics I suppose, tritles more precious in our eyes than "the peculiar treasure of kings." Chief among mine is half a sheet of note paper, bearing two verses and a signature; and when I look at it, blue sky and sunshine fade away, I am in a stuffy London lodging-house and the taste of fog is in my throat!

Six years ago I was spending the winter in London, working in the National Gallery, and sharing my fortunes with two old school friends. We were three hard-working young women, often poverty-stricken (for we were all engaged in the hazardous experiment of supporting ourselves), but usually hopeful and cheerful. I copied the pictures I loved, sold an occasional sketch to a dealer whom I now think a kind-hearted man, and got an order now and then for a little black and white work from one of the illustrated magazines, and dreamt of the days when I should do good work. E—— and M——, the other two members of the trio, earned a precarious livelihood by contributing weekly letters to some provincial newspapers, and an occasional serial to the Family Herald—that benign goddess who provides so much of the bread and butter for obscure British genius—while they bombarded editors and publishers with bulky parcels of M.S.—M.S. that always returned with depressing promptness and regularity.

We were often poverty-stricken, but we were young and strong; bread and cheese for dinner was sufficient fare, if, an hour later, we sat in Fairyland listening to Ellen Terry or the music of Sarasate's violin; and even privations lost much of their sting when M—— would quote:

"A man should live in a garret aloof,
And have few friends and go poorly clad,
With an old hat stopping the chink in the roof
To keep the goddess constant and glad."

In short, our lives were the lives that hundreds of girls are living to-day in London and New York. Our hopes, our fears, our successes, our disappointments were paralleled, I doubt not, in half a dozen houses on our own little street, and these months would hardly be worth speaking of were it not for one little incident that even after these years stands out in memory as a gift from the gods! We knew very few

people in London; but, among those few, we were fortunate enough to count a dear old lady who knew every one best worth knowing and who found time, in a very busy life, to remember and be kind to the daughter of a far-away Scotch cousin—and to show to us the kindness that forty years before she and her husband had received when they came to the big city—a young couple poor in everything but hope, and a big bundle of unpublished manuscript. At her house we caught glimpses of the men and women whose books we loved, we saw dignitaries of the church, and long haired Socialists, and the editors who had filled our souls with gloom. One day early in March I came home to find a note from our old friend bidding us all, in her pretty shaky handwriting, to dinner some ten days later.

E. — and M. — had read the note already and were talking over ways and means before the little fire; for our evening gowns were not many, and our resources were pretty well taxed when even two of us went out together. I joined the discussion, but in a half-hearted manner. The light had been miserable all day; and I was painfully conscious I had spent six hours in futile work; our finances were so low that I had denied myself the consolation of a cup of tea and a penny bun; and I was oppressed with the gloom that fills the feminine mind when conscious of a damp gown and too tired to make the effort to change it. I was, in short, in that condition when it seemed impossible I could ever care to make any extra exertion again or ever wish to enjoy myself, so I ended in persuading the others that it was absolutely impossible three of us could make a respectable showing on our limited supply of finery and that I was too fagged by my work to enjoy watching any literary lions.

The night of the dinner came; I saw E— and M— packed into a hansom, and sat down before the fire to wait their return. But my book was a stupid one. The east wind was moaning in the street—"at the grim job of throttling London town"—my fire began to burn low, and long before the others returned I was in bed and asleep.

I was awakened by the two girls coming into my room and flinging themselves on my bed, while a confused noise sounded in my sleepy ears. "Wake up! who do you think we saw to-night—oh, if you had only come!" And as I rubbed my drowsy eyes, and blinked at them they said together: "Browning! Browning!" I was wide awake in a moment then. Had they said "Her Majesty" it had been less incredible. It had been one of our most cherished dreams since coming to London that some day we might catch a glimpse of Browning. That the great poet should actually be in the same town, that he "should walk about, and take account of all thought, said and acted," and that we might see him in any picture gallery, or concert hall, had been a haunting thought to us all winter. We had even made occasional pious pilgrimages through De Vere Gardens, on Sunday afternoons, hoping we might see him on the steps of No. 29—but Fate had never been so kind to us. And now the sphinx had offered, with both hands, such a gift as would have been for ever a white stone in life, and I had refused it for no better reason than any disinclination to furbish up an evening gown! As I sat up in bed, and prepared to listen, nothing expressed my feelings but the old story of the westerner who, coming home to find his wife and ten children scalped by the Indians, merely remarked, "This is *too* ridiculous." Sitting on the bed, the girls talked on. "It was just as it always is at first," said E—, "the long room seemed filled with people when we arrived. Mrs. L— said how sorry she was you hadn't come, and Mr. L— wandered up and told us who the lions were, and we were speculating as to who would take us into dinner, when Mr. and Mrs. Browning were announced.

"The name didn't strike us at first but we knew him the moment we noticed him talking to Mrs. L—. He is broad-shouldered, not very tall, with an olive complexion and wonderful grey eyes; the portrait in the Watts gallery gives one a very good idea of his appearance. We went into dinner in a minute or two, and as there were not very many people after all, and the table was a round one, the conversation was general most of the time. Oh how we both wished for you—you poor dear! We exchanged regretful little winks as we sat down, and it was only a very stony glare on my countenance that quenched in M—'s mind a mad project I felt was forming there, to leave the table and

bring you back to the drawing-room by the time dinner was over." Then they went on to tell me how during dinner everything had been talked about from Pigott's suicide to Sarasate's playing, and Browning had spoken much; like a genial well-informed man of the world, with more vivacity and grace than an Englishman usually possesses—the last man at the table whom a stranger, with a pre-conceived theory, would have selected as the author of *Sardello* or *Paracelsus*.

Towards the end of the dinner the conversation turned on hand writing, on how many words it was possible to write legibly in a small space, and every one began to scribble on the back of his or her menu card. "We all agreed," said M—, "that Browning had put more on his card than any one else, and the air of boyish pride with which he listened to our praise of his beautifully clear hand writing, and his little ingenuous look as he said, 'I could have written more on the card if I had *tried*,' were absolutely irresistible! As soon as dinner was over most of the people hurried on to something else, but about half a dozen lingered behind, and among them Browning. It was as we sat about the room and listened to the talk of those clever men and women," M— went on, "that Lamb's phrase haunted me—'the sanity of true genius.' Among them all, no one was so natural and unconscious as the poet. You know how the clever people we meet at Mrs. L—'s impress us—what brilliant fireworks they set off, or else how superior and stupid they seem—in either case a little apart from ordinary humanity! Well, Browning seemed only what man was meant to be, elemental and complete. I felt as though it must have been for natures like his that the earth was formed at first and declared 'all very good.'

"As the circle grew smaller the talk grew more personal. The east wind was driving the poet and his sister out of London and they were leaving the next day for Venice, and everyone talked of travelling and of Italy till Miss Browning said they must go—and as soon as they had gone we hurried home to tell you about it—you poor, dear, defrauded person," and M. hugged me.

They went on, trying to give me all the details, telling of his courteous deferential manner, his accent and tone of voice. When they spoke of the last, E— (who has a very neat talent for impersonation) jumped up and began to read aloud from "Men and Women." "This is the way he speaks," she said, "I think he would read *Christina* in this tone of voice?" She made a picture as she walked up and down the room, the candle held high in one hand, the light falling on the printed page and on her pretty, intense young face, her white arms and neck gleaming through a red shawl she had thrown round her, and the flickering light falling on her trailing white gown. She read on and on till the candle burnt low in its socket; and our neighbour (a scientific young woman who was always working with rows of decimals to ascertain the relative effects of drink, shiftlessness and inefficiency on the population of a small portion of Whitechapel) rapped wildly on the wall. Then they said "Good night" and went away and I lay in the dark and tried to picture it all to myself; while over and over again in my mind the words repeated themselves:

"And did you once see *Browning* plain,
And did he speak to you,
And did you speak to him again?
How strange it seems and new."

In a few days Mrs. L— came to see us and in a burst of confidence we told her the whole story over a cup of tea. She sympathized and said: "Well, my dear, we must just wait till June when your *Idol* will be in town again, and then you shall certainly see him." With this promise I was very content, but, alas! long before June unforeseen events called me back to Canada and I laid away among the might-have-beens of life, my hoped-for glimpse of Browning. But I was not to be wholly defrauded. Towards the middle of July a letter arrived from Mrs. L—. Browning, she wrote, had dined with them a few days before. She had told him the story of my disappointment, and asked that I might have his autograph; and the next morning the enclosed had arrived for her "young Canadian friend." Below is a copy of "the enclosed." It has been among my chief treasures ever since. A tender remembrance of the kind heart that remembered a girl's disap-

pointment and sought to console it, and an inspiring message from an old poet, who, when almost four score, still believed in and passed on to others the brave creed of his youth.

E. E. M.

The year's at the spring
 And day's at the morn;
 Morning's at seven;
 The hill-side's dew-pearled;
 The lark's on the wing;
 The snail's on the thorn:
 God's in his heaven—
 All's right with the world!

(Song from *Pippa passes*, 1841.)

Robert Browning

June 20. 1888.

* * *

Music and the Drama.

DURING the past year I have noticed quite frequently in various musical papers articles relating to the study of vocal music abroad. Hundreds of students flock to Paris and other European cities and hope to achieve in a comparatively short time both fame and fortune. Many of these students spend large sums of money which have been scraped together by years of economy, and others who have very little to spend live in the most frugal style in order to permit themselves to have lessons from such and such a teacher. In every large continental city where students congregate, unscrupulous persons live entirely on the mis-spent dollars of these unfortunate, although ambitious, pupils. I say unfortunate because many would have received better instruction at home. There are wretched impostors practising the musical profession abroad as well as in this country. And this seems particularly true of vocal teachers. They practice their often nefarious and ignorant systems upon those who imagine that anything foreign must of necessity be nearly perfect, and hold out the most encouraging hopes to their deluded victims that a brilliant future is certain. Many of these students endure hardships, fatigue, and frequently distress, for being away from home and friends, and, having limited means, are obliged to practice the strictest economy in the manner of living. Distances are often great in going to concerts and lessons, so public conveyances, coupés or busses have, of necessity, to be used, which help to diminish a small income. They have to procure their own fire and light, and, if young ladies, require a chaperone and more attention and expense as regards dress than the sterner sex who can put up with, if necessary, one suit of clothes and an umbrella. And what does it all amount to? Perhaps out of dozens one success, the rest all failures. Money, time, ambition, all gone. The disappointment is heartbreaking. Their friends expected artistic achievement, but realize only dismal decay. The

picture is not overdrawn. Where the difficulty lay was in going abroad at all. We have in America, Boston and New York, and in Toronto too, teachers more conscientious, artistic and better equipped than many to be found in musical centres abroad, who, as I have said, live only to humbug and relieve foreigners of their money. Studying at home is infinitely less expensive and a hundred fold more comfortable. If caution is observed a master can be selected who has all the artistic qualifications necessary to make good singers or players, and where the pupils can have the care of their parents and the comforts of their own fireside. Should they not reach eminent distinction, or even develop beyond well cultivated amateurs, the disappointment, if such it can be called, is bearable, and the money wisely spent. There are bad piano teachers who know nothing of touch or technic abroad as well as in this country, but I believe vocal teachers with "the only method" carry off the palm, because the former may be musicians inasmuch as they may have studied, but the latter, as vocal teachers, may not have studied that art at all and consequently their lessons prove in the end to be infinitely worse than valueless.

Mr. and Mrs. Klingefeld gave a very enjoyable and successful pupils concert on Thursday evening last week, the 7th inst., in the Y.W.C.A. on Elm St. Piano, violin and vocal solos were given in a manner reflecting highly on the abilities of both pupils and teachers, and the audience showed their appreciation by generous applause. Some three or four of the performers exhibited much promise, and all the supervision of conscientious teachers.

Is it not a peculiar thing that foreigners residing here and making their living, and who continually growl and find fault with nearly everything, do not return to their own land? If we are so far behind the times, and are so unappreciative of their good qualities and talents, why on earth do they not leave on the first train and go to live among their own people who will realize their superior importance and distinctive qualities, whatever they may be? The fact is that many of these persons would be nothing at all, or practically so—at home, a mere drop in the bucket as it were, because recognition is a thing which must be earned the world over. A good reputation cannot be bought, one has to show their skill by practical illustration and thus prove their culture and ability. Being associated with so and so, or having, by chance, been introduced to one or two famous men, will not avail anything unless backed up by brains, education, enthusiasm and conscientious, well-directed work. I always disliked grumblers and fault-finders, and recently I have heard, through both first and second hand channels, a considerable amount of this distressingly wearisome talk, which emanated from some dismally pessimistic individuals here in Toronto. Here, however, is the rub, they are jealous of their successful rivals who mind their own business and endeavour to do superior work, in consequence of which they have a good business to mind, and friends of value and influence. So it is, and so I suppose it ever will be.

Sir Charles Hallé, the eminent musician and pianist who died a few days ago in England, reached a great age, having been born in Germany in 1819. Removing comparatively early in life to London he soon made his presence felt to the extent of being recognized as one of the greatest classical players as well as one of the leading teachers. He, however, was very conservative, and readily imbibed English musical customs, such as the *fingering* in vogue in that country, as compared with the continental 1, 2, 3, 4, 5. One can feel the scholastic, pedantic pedagogue in his piano school and in his few compositions. He has frequently played the whole of Beethoven's Sonatas and performed other musically intellectual feats. He was married to the distinguished violiniste, Norman Neruda, who survives him.

W. O. FORSYTH.

A concert which promises to be exceedingly interesting is the one on the 26th of the present month which introduces for the first time in Canada the eminent French violinist Marsick. He will be accompanied by the rising young American composer and pianist Howard Brockway, who will play some of his own compositions. They will appear in the Massey Hall.

The necessity of preparing oneself for the hearing of good music is frequently overlooked, and yet it is no uncommon thing for an individual to miss at a concert the greater part of the pleasure and profit that might have been his had he not neglected some apparently unimportant detail in making himself ready for the occasion. Good music, especially when unfamiliar, requires preparation on the part of the listener as well as the performer, the main point, of course, being to have the mind free from serious preoccupation. One might as well remain at home as attend a concert when the brain is troubled with any difficult problem which cannot be laid aside for the time. When that trial balance shows an error somewhere in the accounts and hours of hard work have failed to find it, or when that case in court is proving unusually difficult, or when the mind is absorbed in any other serious question what effect can a Bach fugue or a Beethoven adagio produce on us? A comic song might divert the attention, but classical music, except when very familiar, requires a certain concentration of the faculties which is rarely possible when the listener is not comparatively free from worry. To rush off to a concert while in the midst of hard brain-work without allowing a reasonable time for the brain to become rested often leads to the lamentable result that the best of music will make no impression upon us. If one merely wishes to be diverted, the most trivial tune is frequently better than a well-written sonata; and yet, to appear paradoxical, if we were to take our music a little more seriously we should find much greater enjoyment in it. It is scarcely worth while listening to good music unless our minds are in a reasonably receptive condition, and this condition cannot be arrived at without some care and forethought on our part. The managers of music halls are not merely providing for our physical well-being when they take pains to render the buildings as comfortable as possible, for petty annoyances such as undue heat or cold or a glaring light will prevent us from enjoying music as effectually as a few small pebbles in a shoe will mar the pleasure of an otherwise delightful pedestrian tour. To reach the best results the mind of the listener, the music and the surroundings should all be in harmony. Apparently slight details are sometimes of very great importance in attaining this end. Those who were fortunate enough to sit in All Saints' Church a week ago last Saturday afternoon, between the hours of four and five, will not need to be reminded how much the effect of the rich tone of the organ was enhanced by the changing shadows and the dim half-lights, far more beautiful and harmonious than would have been either the darkness of mid-winter, with the inevitable artificial light in the chancel, or the bright glare of summer at that same hour.

A copy of a "Dictionary of Musical Terms," compiled and edited by Dr. Th. Baker, has been received from the publishing house of G. Schirmer, New York. Though a small and inexpensive work it contains more than nine thousand words and phrases selected from six different languages, besides a brief summary of rules for the pronunciation of Italian, German and French. The definitions and explanations are limited, usually, to a few lines for each word, yet they are very clear and satisfactory. To the more important subjects a larger amount of space is devoted, over a page being allowed under such headings as *Form*, *Interval*, *Greek music*, *Chord*, etc. The information is tabulated in several instances for the sake of greater clearness and precision. The work is brought well up to date, as shown by the insertion of words of recent introduction, or which are now used in a sense different from the original. The paper is of good quality and the type large enough so that the print can be read without effort. Altogether the book is to be highly recommended for the use of those who require a dictionary convenient in size and reasonable in price.

The same firm has commenced the publication of a collection of operas, in vocal score, for which unusual completeness and accuracy are claimed. The intention is to print the original words with an English translation below, but this is departed from in the case of the first of the series, Gounod's "Faust," an Italian version being used to replace the original French text. The prices of the works to be published will be about the same as those of the cheapest editions now available, but the presswork, to judge from the present volume, will be of a superior character.

C. E. SAUNDERS.

Art Notes.

ONE is sometimes inclined to suspect Millais' entire artistic sincerity during the building up of his monumental popularity. It is hard to conceive that his "Sleeping" and "Waking," "Yes or No," and "Yes" were a natural gradation from the asceticism of the early days of quasi-religious themes, stiff compositions, and ugly people. And it requires a somewhat large draft on our credulity to accept as a mere coincidence the fact that the change in his artistic convictions was immediately followed by a material improvement in his worldly fortunes. Like Little Billee, Sir John Millais has shown considerable business capacity—not that that, in itself, is in the slightest degree to his discredit: even the heroic and Dantesque Michel Angelo possessed that quality; and his bitterest denunciations were against, not the indifferent Philistine, not the slow of heart to believe the doctrines of high art, not the sordid creatures of a corrupt court, but the various individuals who had fleeced him of his hard earned savings, and the Pope who beggared him by his grinding parsimony.

One of the pictures on the lines of "The Hugonots," but much inferior to it in inspiration and depth, was the "Black Brunswicker"—a handsome black uniform bidding farewell to a pretty white satin gown. Then there was the portrait of a good-looking young woman, standing with her hands behind her (one holding a photograph), entitled "Yes or No;" and this was followed by the sequel to the story which is the meeting of the aforesaid young woman with a goodish looking young man in side whiskers and an ulster, who is accompanied by a portmanteau which has evidently been hastily deposited in the hall by the cabman who thought it discreet to retire before the lovers embraced, and Millais got a "focus" on them.

A large number of Millais' pictures are open to criticism; and it has been freely bestowed upon them by the foreign visitors to the Academy who find them commonplace and *bourgeois*. He has painted numerous canvasses of pretty children which have won him the admiration of every mother in the kingdom, but which have alienated him somewhat from the inner circle of the lovers of "art for art's sake." Not that it can be denied that even amongst these rather "kiss mammy" productions was occasionally a picture whose technical merits raised it above the level of the commonplace. The "Caller Herin," picture and the "Cinderella" and the "Sweetest eyes were ever seen" are so masterly painted as to command the applause of even the fastidious critic who searches either for some originality of theme or novelty of treatment. The "Bubbles" picture always seemed to me to be an artificial composition of an over-dressed but very pretty boy on a theatre-property log. This latter accessory has figured in more than one of Millais' pictures and is a regrettable addition to them as it always reminds one of the section of a tree on which the Christmas robins perch—the robins which the disciples of Buffon have found to possess detachable heads, and sweetmeats in their little insides. But if the subject pictures of Millais' are rarely of the sort that live beyond a passing day and generation, there are a few, a very few, which may arrest the critic of the future. Of these the finest, to my mind, is "The North-West Passage," which unfortunately has the insurmountable demerit of being composed almost exactly on the lines of a wood-cut in an old number of "Cornhill," by "great little" Fred. Walker. But if you can wink at the borrowed composition you cannot fail to enjoy the picture. The canvas represents an old sea dog sitting in his study surrounded by maps and flags. His daughter sits at his feet, with one hand clasping his, the other turning over the pages of a book—a record probably of the hardships of former searchers for a North-West passage. The canvas is large, the figures being life-size: and a kind of amplitude—a flowing and sumptuous quality—distinguishes this splendid achievement. Another fine work by the popular painter is the "Boyhood of Sir Walter Raleigh: a spirited and powerful presentment of an imaginative child listening eagerly to the tales of a swarthy sailor. The blue sea rolls beyond them and seagulls wheel over head. But space forbids a more detailed or critical account of the picture; and my next notes must contain a reference to Sir John's (he and Watts were offered baronetcies at the same time) greatest achievements (if you omit some marvels of ingenious design in his Pre-Raphaelite days)—his portraits.

E. WYLY GRIER.

Life in the Tuileries.*

MISS BICKNELL was for nine years an inmate of the Tuileries, being governess and companion of the daughters of the Duchesse de Tascher de le Pyerie. The Duchesse was related to the Empress Josephine; the Duke was in constant attendance upon the second Emperor during his brief and brilliant rule, having household apartments in the Tuileries. The authoress appears to have been specially treated as one of the family and had exceptional opportunities of observing imperial life within doors. Being an English lady her observations are largely those of an onlooker, and being a lady we are prepared for a little and pardonable leaning towards the bonhomie of the Emperor rather than to the womanly traits of the handsome Eugénie. The book affords pleasant reading, is suggestive and instructive. We are not disposed to make light of this class of literature, revealing, as these memoirs often do, some of the hidden springs which swell and direct the current of life seen otherwise only in its surface flow, its eddies, and its swells. They afford, moreover, texts for the moralizer, and moralizing is not always mere cant or to be confined to the nursery and coventicle. The reader will bear with the reviewer a little as we illustrate.

It is not amiss to know that dame nature is less partial than appearances often indicate, and that all conditions of life have their compensation. The crown of gold is heavy, the head may ache under its presence. On a gala day an Emperor sits motionless on his horse as his victorious army passes before him drenched to the skin with a downpour that treats peasant and prince alike; and the court circle attending from morning to evening look on with not even a sandwich to refresh the weariness. It is said of our Queen that in the earlier years of her reign, impatient under court restraint, she exclaimed: "What is the use of being a queen if one cannot do as one likes?" Applying this to the young Empress Eugénie, Miss Bicknell remarks: "She had wished to enjoy royal honours, and she too had to learn that an amount of restraint for which she was ill prepared by a life of absolute liberty must be the necessary consequence of her high position. The bird which had always flown freely wherever the wish of the hour guided its flight was now in a gilded cage, tied down by silken links as difficult to break as iron chains." Elevation, even though it may pass from sight in the golden glories of an autumn eve, has to pay its price for the honour gained; the victor in the games on a village green does neither more nor less.

These pages present a kindlier portraiture than general history of "the Sphinx of the Tuileries." Louis Napoleon apparently was a warm and constant personal friend; several incidents narrated show a chivalrous generosity in his nature, and though anything but faithful in his matrimonial relations he appears to the end to have cherished the warmest attachment towards the Spanish girl he raised to imperial honours, and to have fondly doted upon the boy he had hoped would continue his dynasty. The following incident, among several others, shows the kindlier side of the hero of the coup d'état of 1851. Walking with his *aide-de-camp* along the Bois de Boulogne a child ran his hoop against him. The Emperor caught the hoop and gave it to the child asking a kiss in return. The boy stoutly refused. The *aide-de-camp* said to the child: "The Emperor wishes to kiss you. You must kiss the Emperor." "I won't kiss him," replied the child, "he is a very bad man; papa says so, and he hates him." "What is your father's business?" enquired the Emperor. The child said: "He is a Senator." As the Senators were specially appointed by the Emperor himself the *aide-de-camp* indignantly demanded: "What is your father's name?" The Emperor laid his hand upon his attendant's arm. "Hush! la recherche de la paternité est interdite." And the name was never known. Such traits deepen the pathos of the history as it tells of the physical pain added to the mental anxiety endured during the closing months of imperial state, and of the loss of tried friends as one by one they entered the dark valley. The Emperor's will power without doubt suffered thereby. The Empress meanwhile seemed growingly

inclined to interfere in the affairs of the State, and the general impression is confirmed which makes her largely responsible for the Emperor's part in bringing about the disastrous Prussian war into which the worried ruler entered with painful forebodings. "The responsibility," writes our authoress, "was an awful one in the case of a woman not called by duty to take such a decision as a reigning sovereign."

We lay the volume aside with the feeling that though position places in some men's hands states and peoples as pieces upon the world's chess board to play with; that even in imperial palaces as "in all ages, every human heart is human, and there are longings, yearnings, strivings for the good they comprehend not." Would that all could realize that in it, if we will, we may live and move and have our being.

JOHN BURTON.

* * *

Introduction to the Synoptic Gospels.*

WHEN we say that Dr. Gloag belongs rather to the conservative class of critics, we used the word not in the way of censure, but of commendation. And we do so in this case, because we see no signs of any sort of partiality, of any determination to stick to preconceived opinions, or to ignore the arguments brought forward against them. We believe the author has a perfect right to say, as he does, that he has practised that candour which he has recommended to others as an indispensable qualification in all interpreters of Scripture; and that he is not conscious of having given undue preference to any preconceived opinions or traditional views. On the contrary, he has on several points adopted a view different from that which he originally held.

The present volume deals in no way with the exposition of the synoptic gospels, but simply with those preliminary questions which will stop us at every point of our study of these records, unless they are first laid to rest. It seems to us that every possible phase of the controversy, respecting the origin and connection of the first three Gospels is here considered, indeed sometimes at such detail that we are almost confused at the enumeration of the various theories and sub-divisions of theories which have been proposed, accepted, and rejected by previous critics.

Reference may here be made to one or two points of interest. First, as to the original language of S. Matthew. Fifty years ago the general view among English scholars was that S. Matthew originally wrote his Gospel in Hebrew. This was the distinct testimony of Tatian as quoted by Eusebius. Moreover the first Gospel is distinctly the Gospel to the Hebrews. But it is equally certain that, in its present form, it has no evidence of being a translation from the Hebrew, and, consequently, by a large number of critics a Greek original was maintained. It was rather a serious matter to go against Papias, and a subsequent study of the subject has brought out a theory which helps to reconcile the two conclusions—to the effect, namely, that the original Hebrew document of S. Matthew has been considerably augmented before the Gospel reached its present form.

As regards the connection between the first three Gospels, Dr. Gloag states carefully the various current theories, and points out that they are not, of necessity, mutually exclusive. We may hold the theory of mutual dependence, without giving up the priority or the originality of the main substance of any particular Gospel, or the theory of an original oral Gospel, or of an original document containing that portion of the narrative which is common to two or more of the evangelists. On the whole, we ourselves are disposed to agree, to a great extent, with Dr. Sanday, the Oxford Professor, who considers the following points practically proved, Dr. Gloag seems of the same mind:—1. That there was a fundamental document; 2. That it is represented most nearly by the Gospel of Mark; 3. That it is highly probable that the common foundation of the three Gospels was a document, strictly so-called, and not oral; 4. That the exact relation of this document to our present Mark must be

* "Life in the Tuileries, Under the Second Empire." By Anna L. Bicknell. New York: The Century Co. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

* "Introduction to the Synoptic Gospels." By P. J. Gloag, D.D. Price 7s. 6d. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. Toronto: Revell Co. 1895.

regarded as still an open question. With regard to the second document, or the Logia of Matthew, Dr. Sanday thinks it was chiefly restricted to the sayings of Christ, and that these sayings or discussions were employed in the first and third questions. He considers that the Apostle Matthew did not write the first Gospel as we have it, but that it was called by his name, because it contained the Logia collected by him, a section so important that the name passed from that to the whole."

Out of several questions of interest which solicit attention we can spare room for only one, the question of the genuineness of the conclusion of S. Mark's Gospel (Chap. XVI., vs. 9-20). It is a great argument in their favour that they have been held to be genuine by such critics as Scrivener and Salmon; although, on the other hand, Dean Burgon's advocacy of them puts us on our guard, and the fact that they are relegated either to a later appearance or to an inferior position by Lightfoot, Westcott, Tischendorf, Tragelles, Alford, and many others, bids us hesitate to believe that they were written at the same time as the rest of the Gospel. Two things are certain: these verses are wanting in the oldest manuscripts—or, at least, in the oldest manuscript—and they contain words not a few which are not found in other parts of this Gospel. That they are of canonical authority, we do not doubt. That they may have been written by S. Mark, we do not deny. But that they were produced along with the rest of the Gospel we cannot help doubting.

Books for Boys.*

THIS book, by Albert Stearns, is one of the most entertaining that has of late come into our hands. Mr. Stearns is to be congratulated on his happy thought of writing a nineteenth century fairy tale, and of writing it in a manner agreeable to readers of all ages. Chris Wagstaff is a New England boy who, by a mere chance, obtains possession of the original Aladdin's lamp and happens to discover its magic properties. The genie, when summoned, is found to be as obedient as ever, but he is quite in touch with modern inventions and discoveries, as is proved by the wonderful palace that he erects at a moment's notice, fitted throughout with electric lights, elevators and so forth. The schoolboy owner of the lamp, however, sets him work to do that is very different from the tasks imposed by Aladdin, much to his disgust and mortification. It is the manner in which these tasks are performed that furnishes the rich humour of the book, for the unlucky Chris is led into many a trouble and perplexity by the capricious genie. The story cannot be said to have any plot. The whole is an idea so skilfully worked out that the interest is well and equally sustained from beginning to end. The only fault to be found with it is that the adventures of Chris and the genie do not last longer, and the book is laid down with a feeling of regret that one must so soon bid farewell to Chris and his lamp. The way in which the genie releases himself from his duties as the slave of the lamp shows, to say the least, originality on the part of the author. Chris has invited a number of friends to see him fly down from the top of a church steeple. After going up the spiral staircase, leading to the top, he summons the genie in the usual manner, that is by rubbing the lamp, but there is no response, and poor Chris, disgraced in the eyes of his schoolmates, has to confess that he cannot make good his promises. Subsequently the rebellious genie puts in an appearance, in order to explain to Chris that—but, with Rudyard Kipling, all we can say is that that is another story, and refer the reader to the book itself. One of the most amusing chapters in this delightful book is that in which the genie presents himself to the good people of Lincolnville, as Professor Nemo, the world's

greatest conjuror, and performs wonderful tricks of magic, such as drawing a huge St. Bernard dog from under a man's coat, and producing a white horse, a deer, an elephant, and other animals, out of an ordinary silk hat—an exhibition at which even a Hermann would marvel. The work done by Reginald Birch and E. B. Bensell in illustrating the volume is excellent.

Elbridge S. Brooks, the author of "A Boy of the First Empire," presents a distinctly one-sided view of the great Emperor, Napoleon Bonaparte. Here we see him only in the character of a good husband, an unselfish patriot, a faithful companion and friend. One side of the mirror is held up, but only one, and his many faults and misdeeds are carefully passed over in silence. But Napoleon, though prominent throughout the volume, is not the actual hero of the book. The hero is a young French lad, who overhears a plot against Napoleon's life, hastens to St. Cloud and gives information which leads to the speedy arrest of the conspirators. He finds himself at once in high favour with Napoleon, who makes a special portége of him. The boy becomes thoroughly attached to the Emperor, and if there ever was a sincere worshipper at the Napoleonic shrine, Philip Desnouettes is that worshipper. With him it is always the Emperor, the Little Corporal, Napoleon Bonaparte. The story is well told and is well balanced, so much so that many historical incidents are introduced without causing any apparent incongruity. The character sketching is all well done, and, in spite of the biassed presentation of Napoleon's character, the whole effect of the book cannot but be inspiring to youthful minds.

Kirk Munroe, for so long favourably known to boy readers, gives us in his latest book a picture of colonial life as it was more than a century ago. The title of the book, "At War with Pontiac," explains what the frame is in which this picture is set. The story is told in a plain but interesting manner, the various incidents are all well described, and the book is entertaining reading. The hero, Donald Hester is the manly son of a manly father, Major Hester, the honoured guest of the warrior Pontiac. This great chief is depicted, not as a blood-thirsty conspirator, but rather as a noble patriot struggling for the rights of his red-skinned brethren. The humour of the story is furnished by Paymaster Bullen who, with his wonderful tub, goes through many startling adventures, and who, in spite of bumptiousness and conceit, proves himself, in the end, to be a sterling good fellow. The volume contains many strong passages, notably the defence of the block house at Fort Presque Isle, and the description of the unfortunate sortie made from Fort Detroit, the object of which was to surprise and destroy Pontiac's village. This book is sure to find a welcome from many Canadian and American boys, for it appeals strongly to boys on either side of the border.

Laura E. Richards's new volume in the famous "Captain January" series may in truth be styled a literary gem. It is a book which deserves a wide circle of readers, and is certain to have that circle. It is and it is not a child's story, for, while the hero is but a little boy, the story itself awakens the sympathies of old as well as young. "Nautilus" is the title of a simple but most entertaining tale, and is probably the best work that has as yet come from the pen of Mrs. Richards. The scene is laid in one of the New England States, the leading characters being a little boy, a Spanish Captain, and the little boy's uncle, Deacon Endymion Scrapper, who is as thorough-going a rascal as one could find anywhere. The author displays excellent taste in the choice of words, and draws many beautiful pen pictures in the course of the narrative. The boyish hopes and dreams of "Juan Colorado" cannot fail to touch an answering chord in many a boy's heart.

The last two books we have on our list are by James Otis, and both are volumes from the series of Stories of American History. The first is entitled "The Boys of 1745," and is a story relating to the capture of Louisburg in that year from the French. Louisburg was besieged and captured by Colonists of Massachusetts, Connecticut, and New Hampshire. The second, "Neal, the Miller," deals with the troubles which the Stamp Act caused in the New England Colonies. Both stories are told in a light, interesting vein, and prove not only interesting but profitable reading, narrating, as they do, leading incidents in Colonial and Revolutionary history. These two books, as well as Mrs. Richards'

*"Chris and the Wonderful Lamp." By Albert Stearns. New York: The Century Co. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

"A Boy of the First Empire." By Elbridge S. Brooks. New York: The Century Co. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

"At War with Pontiac." By Kirk Munroe. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons. Toronto: Wm. Briggs.

"Nautilus." By Laura T. Richards. Boston: Estes & Lauriat.

"The Boys of 1745." By James Otis. Boston: Estes & Lauriat.

"Neal, The Miller." By James Otis. Boston: Estes & Lauriat.

"Nautilus," are a credit to the publishers. They are printed on excellent paper while the binding is attractive and most unique.

* * *

BRIEFER NOTICES.

Skeleton Leaves. By Hedley Peek. (Frank Leyton). (London and New York: Longmans, Green & Co.)—The oft-told story of early orphanage, light and shadow, love, pleasure, betrayal, despair and death. The story is told in blank verse, with short poems interleaved. There are many traces of poetic beauty, the composition is chaste, the sentiment pure, nevertheless a morbid sensation is left after perusal. Pretty blank verse and elegant lines are not fitted to record an experience which ends in the bitterness of a suicide's grave. Think of Dickens' account of Steerforth and Mr. Peggotty's home in sweet diletantism!

The Epistle to the Ephesians. With Introduction and Notes. By J. S. Candlish, D.D. Price 1s. 6d. (Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. Toronto: Revell Co. 1895.)—It is quite wonderful that so large an amount of matter should be got into the compass of this little volume. It begets within us a doubt whether a great many of our expositions might not, with advantage, be diminished in bulk. Dr. Candlish, while placing the authorized version at the top of the page, very properly introduces the revised into his notes. The commentary shows an intimate acquaintance with all the recent literature of the subject, although there is no parade of learning. On one point Dr. Candlish differs from the most recent German commentator of eminence on this Epistle, the learned Dr. Klöpper. Dr. Blaikie returns to the theory that the Epistle to the Ephesians was not directed to any particular church, but was a kind of circular letter, sent round to all the churches of Asia Minor.

The Diary of Samuel Pepys Edited by H. B. Wheatley, F.S.A. Vol. VI. Price \$1.50 (London: G. Bell & Sons. Toronto: Copp, Clark & Co. 1895.)—Mr. Wheatley's sixth volume of Pepys's Diary takes us from October 1, 1666, to June 29, 1667. Perhaps the only really important incident belonging to the period is the appearing of the Dutch in the Medway, their burning three men-of-war, and carrying off a fourth. But this shameful episode in our national history is intimately and inseparably connected with the character of the King and the state of the government. Nothing can be imagined more shameful and shameless than the Court of Charles II., and as one reads the pages of Mr. Pepys, one can hardly understand how the people of England even tolerated his memory, except that he was succeeded by one more odious than himself. It was not merely that he was wanton and lascivious, nor that his amours were as good as published to the world—an indecency which even the tolerant Mr. Pepys resents, but he had not the slightest feeling for the honour of his country or the good of his subjects. To him it was nothing that his sailors were unpaid, and his ships unmanned, so long as he could spend money on his pleasures. No wonder that London was in terror. No wonder that they remembered the times of the great Oliver when such things could not have been. As for Mr. Pepys himself, he seems morally little better than the King, except that he is more decent, and that he seems to have had a real interest in the welfare of the nation, and did what he could in a difficult post.

* * *

Letters to the Editor.

THE SUN AS A DEVICE FOR THE CANADIAN FLAG.

SIR,—Amongst the many devices proposed for our flag no one, I believe, has suggested the sun. Why not modify Mr. Sandford Fleming's distant star (which I think would be a very excellent device, but too many seem to object to it) by softening the points into seven broad beaming rays of sunlight blazing in the folds of Britain's flag.

The sun is the most glorious object in Nature—the "day star"—which never sets on Britain's imperial dominions and at whose sight the "Yankee" stars "will hide their diminished heads." We are fairly entitled to use it as few countries consume or require a larger share of His illuminating power and heat. It can be displayed, too, in its

natural colour (white) and should, I think, be preferable to many of the designs proposed. That of the Canadian Club seems to be the most popular rival of Mr. Fleming's star, yet at a little distance it resembles too much a decorated saucer or a cloud on the moon. The Japanese use the sun on their flags, with and without rays, but their representations are peculiar and unnatural. No difficulty would be found in making a sharp distinction in form of design for our flag.

All objections, too, would melt away to the "cold north star," "Yankeeism," etc., by exchanging the remote star for the "nearest one"—the source of all life and light. What grander or more inspiring device could we desire than the radiant sun—"God's crest upon His azure shield the heavens."

R. W. GEARY.

Pinkerton, November, 1895.

GOOD MUNICIPAL GOVERNMENT.

SIR,—The Legislative Committee of Toronto Trades and Labour Council instruct me to request that you will be impartial enough to publish in your next issue the following extracts from a report presented to, and unanimously concurred in, by the latter-named body at its meeting on the evening of the 4th inst., that is:—

"That THE WEEK, a journal published in Toronto, in its issue of Oct. 18th ult., contained an editorial article under the head of 'Good Municipal Government.' This deliverance of THE WEEK's editor was mainly remarkable for the ambiguity of its language, and read as follows:

"At all events, whether this Utopia is ever arrived at, the time has come in Toronto when the better class must unite. Unless they deliberately prefer to see their city ruined, they must agree to take turns to mount guard. To save the rest of their property they must sacrifice their time and a little of their money. It is their fault that things are as they are. They themselves are the sufferers. What is property in Toronto worth to-day? Look at the local tax-rates. The Public School system, as conducted, is legalized robbery. Unless our merchants and bankers and tradesmen wish to continue to keep a horde of greedy suckers they must join hands, organize, select men for each ward—canvass and plump for them—and thus make a beginning to get the necessary responsible element into the Council. The respectable workingmen are just as anxious to be well-governed as the ablest banker or the richest capitalist. The trouble is they have been and are the tools of demagogues. Show them by example what is right and they will be only too glad to throw over their ward bosses, whom they really dislike as much as any Rothschild could. The party press dare not speak out. The evening papers rather like the sensation of publishing the accounts of public meetings. So the abuse continues. How long is it to last?"

"Before attempting a discussion on the general subject of 'Good Municipal Government,' your committee are desirous of having more specific definitions and other data from THE WEEK respecting points which suggest themselves in trying to grasp in full what the editor had in mind when penning the article just quoted. For example:—THE WEEK ought to define who in Toronto constitute 'the better class.' It might tell the people just what property is really worth in Toronto to-day; and how our Public School system as conducted is legalized robbery. It might also, in its wisdom, indicate more clearly who of our citizens constitute the necessary 'responsible' element required for the Council, when and how it ascertained the anxieties of 'respectable' workingmen as to the question. Neither would it be out of place for THE WEEK to say who those 'demagogues' are whose tools the workingmen are, and at the same time name those 'ward bosses' it advises the workingmen to throw over, and of whom the workingmen are so tired, etc. Evidently THE WEEK is possessed of this most important information, and it is hoped that it will soon be public property, as we are nearing the time when sound judgment will be very necessary in selecting a Mayor and Council for the city for the year 1896. But above and beyond all this, the poor, ignorant, though sometimes 'respectable' workingmen will not know what to do or how to act until they are set a good example by the 'better class' which THE WEEK has in its mind's eye."

D. J. O'DONOGHUE, Secretary.

95 D'Arcy Street,

Toronto, Nov. 10, 1895.

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Periodicals.

The Educational Review for November con-
tains five leading articles contributed by
Gabriel Compayre, R. H. Pratt, John S. Clark,
J. W. Redway, and Herman T. Lukens. Pro-
fessor Compayre, recteur d'Académie, Poitiers,
France, writes about contemporary education
in France, giving many important educational
statistics, and much information regarding the
work accomplished in that country. R. H.
Pratt, of the Indian School at Carlisle, writes
in regard to industrial training as applied to
Indian schools. In speaking of heredity the
writer remarks: "Heredity of Birth is not of
most importance. Heredity of environment
is the potent factor. Carefully raised and
civilized white men, through savage and
worthless environment easily become degrad-
ed, savage, and worthless. So, too, savage-born
and rudely raised red men become civilized,
enlightened, and useful, through well civilized
and enlightened environments. It is but a
step either way." The influence of environ-
ment is certainly very strong, but can it al-
ways overcome heredity of race and birth?
Professor John S. Clark contributes an article
dealing with the place of art education in
general education. In his article, "What is
Physiography?" Mr. Jacques W. Redway de-
fines the term rather by giving concrete ex-
amples of what is meant than by making an
abstract definition. Mr. Redway draws the
following line of demarcation between phys-
ical geography and physiography: "Properly,
physical geography includes only the descrip-
tion and distribution of landscape and surface
features. Physiography, on the other hand,
treats of the science of earth-sculpture, view-
ed in the light of systematic processes. . . .
Perhaps it would not be far out of the way to
say that physiography shows the evolution of
surface features." The last of the contribut-
ed articles is Mr. Herman T. Luken's paper on
"The Correlation of Studies." The number
contains some excellent reviews of recent edu-
cational works.

Appletons' Popular Science Monthly pre-
sents a good deal of variety in the November
issue. The subjects dealt with range from
Taxation to Consumption, and not Consump-
tion in an economic sense, but in its medical
meaning. The Hon. David A. Wells is the
writer of the opening article, which is on the
principles of Taxation, giving special atten-
tion to the experiences of the United States.
Mr. H. P. A. Marriott writes about primogen-
ial skeletons, the flood, and the glacial period.
Mary Roberts Smith gives a résumé of recent
tendencies in the education of women. Dr.
A. L. Benedict writes about consumption,
viewing the disease as a contagious one. He
writes: "Although the exact lesions differ in
different cases, the essential nature of con-
sumption is in inflammation, excited by a small
germ which, magnified five hundred times, is
just visible as a minute hyphen, usually tilted
up at one end. The same germ—the *Bacillus
tuberculosis*—may lodge in bones, joints, the
intestines, the membranes of the brain, and,
in fact, in almost any part of the body. Thus,
consumption is only a special manifestation of
the general disease—tuberculosis." The doc-
tor finds a positive source of infection in our
railway sleeping-cars, which are so often oc-
cupied by consumptives who are seeking
warmer and drier climates. Mr. Chas. S.
Ashley writes about the past and future of
gold. In "Professional Institutions," Mr.
Herbert Spencer discusses the Judge and the
Lawyer. Mr. Daniel G. Brinton presents the
aims of Anthropology. We have the conclud-
ing paper of Professor E. P. Evans' "Recent
Recrudescence of Superstition." Professor
James Sully gives the twelfth of his "Stud-
ies of Childhood," dealing with the child un-
der law or discipline. The last contributed
article is a sketch of Alexander Dallas Bache,
a photograph of whom forms the frontispiece
to this number.

On the 12th of July, 1782, Admiral Rod-
ney, in command of an English fleet, won a
famous victory off Dominica, a victory which
proved to be the downfall of French naval
prestige. It was in this battle that the man-
œuvre of "breaking the line," was first exe-
cuted, about which there has been so much con-
troversy, the origin of the idea being ascribed
by some to Admiral Rodney, by others to
John Clerk, the author of a famous treatise

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"Naval Tactics," and by others again to a
certain Douglas. The battle and the man-
œuvre are both graphically described in the
November Temple Bar. Miss L. Dougall's ex-
cellent serial, "The Madonna of a Day," is
continued, chapters seven to thirteen appear-
ing in this issue. Miss Broughton's story,
"Scylla or Charybdis?" is also continued.
"My London seasons" is the title of a spirit-
ed account of social life in London during the
sixties. There is a most entertaining account
of a run with the hounds, a run which started
off with a run-away. In "Pitt's Favourite
Niece" we have an interesting sketch of
Lady Hester Staphope. L. A. Dawson con-
tributes a short story entitled "But an En-
velope." There is a brief paper by Pauline
W. Roose, who writes about "Times to Die."
These essays, sketches and stories all combine
to make up a most delightful list of contents
for the November Temple Bar.

The Cosmopolitan for November contains
some interesting reading. Mr. Theodore
Roosevelt contributes a forcible article on
politics in connection with the New York
police. A. F. B. Crofton gives a brief, but
entertaining paper, accompanied with illustra-
tions, on the methods of identifying criminals.
The writer holds that "the ear is by far the
most important factor of identification of the
human features." Poultney Bigelow writes
about "The German Emperor and Constitu-
tional Liberty." J. B. Walker makes "Some
Speculations Regarding Rapid Transit." I.
Zangwill, the well-known author, contributes
a story of the Jews in Rome, entitled "Joseph
the Dreamer." The story of the recent naval
disaster off Samoa is told by J. Lyon Wool-
ruff. The narrative of Sir Robert Harton,
"The Discovery of Altruria" is another of
the many features of this first number of the
new volume of the Cosmopolitan. Mrs. F.
W. Dawson writes a short story "A Tragedy
of South Carolina." The poetry in this issue
is contributed by Harriet Prescott Spofford
and Madison Cawein. Taken all in all the
Cosmopolitan is commencing its twentieth
volume under favourable auspices.

The Canadian Home Journal, whose
motto is "Ever Progressing," presents a very
bright appearance this month. The journal
is conducted by the lady so well known to
Torontonians as Faith Fenton, and is there-
fore under the best of care. The "Notes of
the Month" are all newsy and to the point.
Stageland is ably dealt with by "Portia." A
notice of Miss Rehan's career is given among
these dramatic notes, accompanied by a por-
trait of the famous actress. "A Mad Prank"
is the title of a story by "The Duchess,"
which commences in this number. Faith
Fenton gives an interesting account of an in-
terview with Miss Augusta Robinson, who
has returned to Canada after a six years ab-
sence on the Continent. "The Month's Mil-
linery" is full of interest to all lady readers
of the Journal. Lady Aberdeen is the subject
of a sketch, which is the first of a series of
sketches of the wives of our high officials.
There is a story by Gilbert Parker, entitled
"The Tent of the Purple Mat," which is
written in that favourite Canadian's happiest
style. The regular departments of the num-
ber are all up to the usual standard, and the
magazine should appeal strongly to the women
of Canada in whose interests it is being con-
ducted. We wish Faith Fenton and her jour-
nal every possible success.

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The Methodist Magazine for November opens with an article by the editor, "Every-day Life in Bible Lands." The writer treats of the condition of women in Eastern countries. The Rev. C. H. Paisley, M.A., contributes an article "Forty years among the Esquimaux." Dr. Tracy, Lecturer in Psychology in Toronto University, writes about that much talked of subject, "Hypnotism." Dr. Stafford discusses insane asylums and insanity and gives a report of a day spent in the Asylum for Insane at Toronto. C. A. Chant, B. A., contributes a paper on James Clerk Maxwell, who did such important work in the domain of electricity and magnetism. Julia M'Nair Wright's serial, "The House on the Beach," is concluded, while a story by Amelia E. Barr, "The Elder's Sin," is begun. W. J. Gordon gives an account of the British and Foreign Bible Society.

The Magazine of Poetry and Literary Review is, as usual, replete with splendid illustrations and extracts from the writings of various poets. Miss Pauline Johnson is briefly sketched by Mr. Nelson A. Goodwin, and three of her best known poems, "The Song my Paddle Sings," "The Camper," and "Dawendine," are quoted in the columns of the magazine. In speaking of Miss Johnson's talents the writer says: "It is an interesting fact that, with her birth-claim to the name of a Mohawk Indian, she possesses an uncommon gift of felicitous prose as well as an acknowledged genius of verse." There are numerous short biographies and literary notes, the November issue being quite up to the usual standard of the magazine.

* * *

Literary Notes.

The new volume in the "Men of Action Series" is a "Life of Lord Dundonald," by J. W. Fortescue.

Messrs. Copeland & Day, Boston, will publish this month "Garrison Tales from Tonquin," by James O'Neill.

Macmillan & Co. will publish this month a novel called "The Grey Lady," by Henry Seton Merriman, whose former story, "With Edged Tools," has won for him a well-deserved popularity.

The Cassell Publishing Co., New York, announce the publication shortly of "The History of Punch and its Times," by M. H. Spielmann, with 120 illustrations.

Mr. Gladstone is said to be hard at work on his edition of "Bishop Butler." It will consist of three large volumes, the last of which, it is understood, will contain a collection of Mr. Gladstone's essays on the author of the "Analogy."

G. P. Putnam's Sons announce for publication "The Red Republic, a Story of the Time of the Commune," by Robert W. Chambers, author of "The King in Yellow," etc. The scene of this story is laid in Paris during the exciting winter and spring of 1871, just after the German siege, and when the city was in the possession of the Commune.

Although there is much controversy about him it may safely be said that Mr. William Watson stands at the head of all the younger English poets. Of course Mr. Swinburne and Mr. Morris have a position quite apart, but excepting what may come from them, a new volume by Mr. Watson is in the opinion of many critics the publication of the year in verse. "The Father of the Forest" is announced for immediate publication by Stone & Kimball.

Among the attractive holiday books will be one from Stone & Kimball especially appropriate to the Christmas season. It is by Katharine Tynan Hinkson and is called "Our Lord's Coming and Childhood—Six Miracle Plays." There are also to be full page drawings by Mr. Patten Wilson. Mrs. Hinkson's utterance of Catholic faith is said to be exquisite in its simplicity and sincerity, and Mr. Wilson's drawings are sure to be not only beautiful in themselves but in perfect sympathy with the text.

It is becoming more and more the fashion for playwrights to publish their works in book form, and thus to protest against being regarded as outside the domain of pure literature. Mr. Pinerio and Mr. Henry Arthur Jones have already vindicated their claims, and the latest comer to their ranks is Mr. Comyns-Carr in his play, "King Arthur," just published by Macmillan & Co. An additional interest centres about this play from the fact that it is one of Henry Irving's favourites, and is being produced with the utmost success in his present American tour.

Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. announce the publication of a book for which there should be great demand. This is "Ruling Ideas of the Present Age," by Washington Gladden, D.D. Among the subjects treated in this volume are: The One and the Many; The Doctrine of Fatherhood; The Sacred and the Secular; Religion and Politics; and Ruling Ideas. The volume contains the essay which recently won for Dr. Gladden the Fletcher Prize. The same company announces the publication of Colonel Dodge's "Gustavus Adolphus," which contains a detailed account of the campaigns of the great Swede, and the most famous campaigns of Turenne, Condé, Eugene, and Marlborough.

Among English critics Birmingham has of late stood forth as the centre of one of the most individual artistic movements of the day. Led by such designers as Edmund H. New, A. J. Gaskin, E. G. Treglown, Miss Newill, C. M. Gere, and other well-known men and women, the "Birmingham School" has made a distinct place for itself in contemporary English art. Its organ is "The Quest," printed by the Birmingham Guild of Handicraft, with the main object of applying its principles of decoration to the production of a magazine. Mr. Berkeley Updike (Boston) announces an American edition of "The Quest" for 1896. The first number, which appears next December, will have an article by Mr. William Morris upon some buildings in the Kelmescott district, and will be illustrated by Louis Davis, Charles M. Gere, Edmund H. New, and others.

Without doubt St. Nicholas is one of the most popular magazines for young people, and its popularity is not confined to America, but extends across the Atlantic, where it is said to be read by many royal children. The publishers of St. Nicholas announce for the coming year a strong list of contents. The leading feature will be a series of letters written to

young people from Samoa, by the late Robert Louis Stevenson. Rudyard Kipling will also be a contributor to the '96 St. Nicholas. The serial stories will be written by such old-time favourites as W. O. Stoddard, J. T. Trowbridge, and Albert Stearns. The latter, whose "Chris and the Wonderful Lamp" was such a success during the past year, will write another nineteenth century fairy tale, entitled "Sindbad, Smith & Co.," in which an American boy enters into partnership with that strange adventurer, Sindbad. These are but a few of the features. During the coming year \$1,000 will be given in prizes. Full particulars are to be found in the November number.

The Century for the coming year will contain a number of interesting features. Mrs. Humphrey Ward's new novel, "Sir George Tressady," will be published in the current volume. Much has already been written about this novel, the scene of which is laid in an English country-house. The story also deals somewhat with industrial questions. Other shorter novels that will appear are contributed by W. D. Howells, F. Hopkinson Smith, Mary H. Foote, and Amelia E. Barr. F. Marion Crawford will contribute three brilliant articles on Rome, which will be illustrated by Castaigne. "The Life of Napoleon," by Professor Sloane will reach its most interesting part, the rise of the conqueror to the height of power, his final overthrow, and exile. In order that new subscribers may obtain the whole of this monumental work, the publishers have made a rate of \$5.00, for which one can have a year's subscription from November, '95, and all of the numbers for the past twelve months, from the beginning of Prof. Sloane's history.

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From the Charlottetown Patriot.

Times without number have we read of the wonderful cures effected by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, but generally the testimonials telling the tale had laid the scene in some of the other provinces. This time, however, the matter is brought directly home, and the testimony comes from a much respected and Christian woman. Mrs. Sarah Strickland, now residing in the suburbs of Charlottetown, has been married many years, and blessed with a large family and although never enjoying a robust constitution had, until a year ago, been in comparatively good health. About that time she began to feel "run down," her blood became thin and a general feeling of lassitude took possession of both her mind and body. Her family, and friends viewed with alarm the gradual development of her illness, and when a cough—at first inappreciable, but afterwards almost constant, especially at nights—set in, doctors were summoned and everything that loving, tender care and medical skill could do was resorted to in order to save the affectionate wife and mother, whose days appeared to be



Joking their Mother on her Appetite.

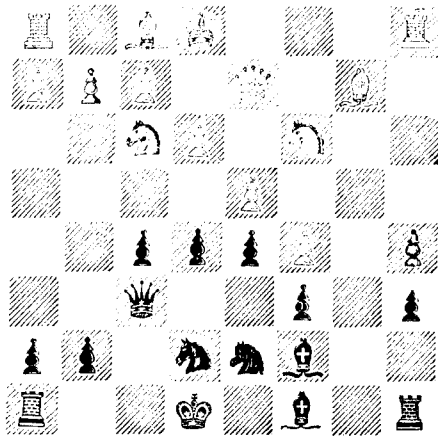
numbered. Her appetite was almost completely gone. Food was partaken of without relish, and Mrs. Strickland was unable to do even the ordinary, lighter work of the household. She became greatly emaciated and in order to partake of even the most dainty nourishment a stimulant had at first to be administered. While this gloom hung over the home and the mother sorrowfully thought of how soon she would have to say farewell to her young family, she was induced by a friend to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pill. Though utterly discouraged, and almost disgusted with medicine, she yielded more in a friendly way than in a hopeful spirit. After using the pills for a short time a gleam of hope, a wish to get well again took possession of her and the treatment was cheerfully continued. It was no false feeling but a genuine effort. Nature was making to reassert itself, and before many boxes were used the family were joking their mother on her appetite, her dis-appearing cough and the fright she had given them. The use of the Pink Pills was continued for some time longer and now Mrs. Strickland's elastic step and general, excellent health, would lead you to imagine that you were gazing upon a different woman, not one who had been snatched from the very jaws of death. She was never in better health and spirits, and no matter what others say she is firm in her belief that Pink Pills saved her life and restored her to her wonted health and strength.

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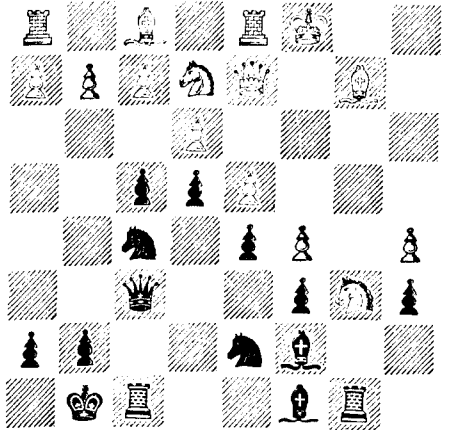
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Author Dr. Tarrasch wins game 715:
 BURN. TARRASCH. White, Black.
 1 P Q4 P Q4 VD dv,
 2 P QB4 P K3 UC eo,
 3 Kt QB3 P QB3 22M cm,
 4 P K3 P KB4 WO fx,
 5 Kt K3 B Q3 77P 6n,
 6 P B5 B B2 Cu ne,
 7 P QKt4 Kt Q2 TB 21l,
 8 B QKt2 Q K2 33T 4e,
 9 P Kt5 Q B3 Bt 1p,
 10 P QR4 Kt K2 SA 7e,
 11 P R5 P QR3 As aj,
 12 P xBP P xP tm 6m,
 13 Q Q2 P K4 44V ow,
 (R1BK3R. PPT1Q1B1. 2NP1N2. 4P3.



2ppp1P. 2q2p1p. pp1mb2. e2k1b1r)
 14 Kt QR4 P K5 MA wE,
 15 Kt K1 P B5 P77 xE.
 16 Kt K6 P xP Ak FO,
 17 P xP Castle NO 57,
 18 Castle R K1 5533 12,
 19 Kt K2 Kt B4 77W ex,
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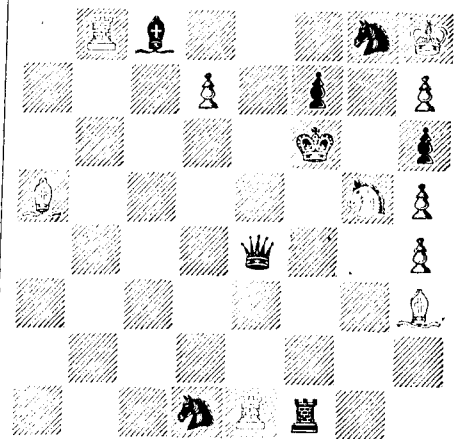


2n1p1P. 2q2pNp pp2nb3kr2br1)
 20 KB2 Q R3 33U PR,
 21 B B1 Kt B3 T33 dp,
 22 PKKt3 Kt Kt5 YQ Pg,
 23 R K1 Kt(B4)xP e4455 xO, †
 24 K Kt1 Q Kt3 U22 rg,
 25 Kt B4 B xKt (B4)WF cE,
 26 PxB Ft xB QF O66,
 27 QR xB PK6 ch 5566 EO, †
 28 P B6 P xQ Fx OV,
 29 P xQ B B4 ch xq 3x, †
 30 K R2 P xB(Q) 228 V33 (4)

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1q2P, 7B 8, 3nR2) 10 White—1 point
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j	k	m	n	o	p	q	r
s	t	u	v	w	x	y	z
A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H
J	K	M	N	O	P	Q	R
S	T	U	V	W	X	Y	Z
11	22	33	44	55	66	77	88

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Personal.

At present the reigning lion in London circles is King Carlos of Portugal.

There will be a McCarthy convention for Cardwell at Mono Mills to-morrow.

A subscription is being raised in Chicago to educate the children of Eugene Field, the poet.

Mr. Andrew Carnegie has made known his plans for presenting Homestead, Pa., with a free library to cost \$400,000.

Mr. James Agnew, City Solicitor of Kingston, Ont., died on Sunday night, aged sixty-nine. He became City Solicitor in 1858.

The Montreal Microscopical Association held its first meeting of the season last evening, in the library of the Natural History Society.

Sir Charles Rivers-Wilson, President of the Grand Trunk Railway, was married to the Honourable Beatrice Mostyn in London, last Saturday.

Special services were held in St. Michael's Cathedral on Sunday last to mark the 28th anniversary of Archbishop Walsh's consecration as Bishop.

The Archbishop of Ontario and Mrs. Travers Lewis are amongst the Mongolian's passengers from Liverpool which arrived at Quebec on Saturday last.

Lord Salisbury's installation as Warden of the Cinque Ports will be made the occasion of a unique revival of the old style of procession and other historical practices.

Minister Andrade, at Washington, has a pamphlet of three hundred pages in press, giving exhaustive information on the British-Venezuelan boundary contention.

Hon. Arthur Diekey, Minister of Militia, visited Toronto on Saturday and attended a smoking concert in the rooms of the Canadian Military Institute, when he spoke on militia affairs.

The Prince of Wales' birthday was celebrated on Saturday in London, Windsor, and Sandringham with the customary royal honours, and at night the west end of London was illuminated.

Major Sam. Hughes, M.P., is at present on a trip to the Maritime Provinces. It is believed he is down there to learn the feeling of the leading Orangemen on the Manitoba School question.

Mustapha Fehmy Pasha has been appointed Prime Minister of Egypt, to succeed Nubar Pasha, who resigned on account of ill-health. He will continue a policy looking towards amity with England.

The British Court will move from Balmoral to Windsor Castle to-day, when Prince Carl of Denmark will visit the Queen, and Her Majesty will give consent to his betrothal to Princess Maud of Wales.

Sir Charles Halle, the distinguished musician, whose death was cabled the other day, was born in Germany in 1819. He was famous in Paris as a pianiste when yet a youth. His wife was a Norman-Neruda, a celebrated violiniste.

At his home, in the Isle of Man, Mr. Hall Caine has carefully selected photographs of the actual scenes, churches, and castles described in his famous romance. These photographs, over forty in number, have been reproduced to illustrate the *edition de luxe* of "The Manxman." The author has written an introduction for this edition, and has signed each of the two hundred and fifty copies.

Mr. Frank Yeigh, who is rapidly gaining a reputation as a popular travel-lecturer, has been engaged to give his illustrated picture-lecture on "Canada: its history and scenery, its movements and its men," in Bond street Congregational Church on Thanksgiving evening, the 21st inst. An interesting feature will be a vote for a new Canadian flag. The several designs suggested in THE WEEK will be thrown on the screen, and a vote will be taken as to the most popular one. Mr. Yeigh has been engaged to give his lectures in Brantford, Kingston, Brockville, and other cities.

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W. D. Lighthall, M.A., B.C.L. De Lery Macdonald, LL.B.

Publications Received.

- Nora Vynnè. A Man and his Womankind. New York: Henry Holt & Co.
- Sir John Lubbock. The Measures of Life. New York: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: Copp, Clark Co.
- Hon. Emily Lawless. Gramia. New York: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: Copp, Clark Co.
- F. Marion Crawford. Mr. Isaacs. New York: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: Copp, Clark Co.
- Hedley Peck (Frank Leyton). Skeleton Leaves. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.
- Howard Pyle. The Garden Behind the Moon. New York: Scribners. Toronto: Wm. Briggs.
- Frances Hodgson Burnett. The Little Pilgrim's Progress. New York: Scribners. Toronto: Wm. Briggs.
- John Buchan. Sir Quixote of the Moors. New York: Henry Holt & Co.
- Henry Van Dyke. Little Rivers. A Book of Essays in profitable idleness. New York: Charles Scribners' Sons. Toronto: William Briggs.
- Berrietta Christian Wright. Childrens' Stories in American Literature. New York: Chas. Scribners' Sons. Toronto: Wm. Briggs.
- Captain Marryat. Peter Simple (new edition—illustrated by J. Ayton Symington). New York: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: Copp, Clark Co.
- Helen Shipton. The Herons (Colonial Library). New York: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: Copp, Clark Co.
- Bram Stoker. The Shoulder of Shasta. (Colonial Library). New York: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: Copp, Clark Co.
- Charlotte M. Yonge. A Long Vacation (Colonial Library). New York: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: Copp, Clark Co.
- Prof. Carl Henrich Corroll. The Prophets of Israel. Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Co.
- H. Rider Haggard. Joan Haste. London: Longmans, Green & Co.
- James Otis. Neal the Miller. Boston: Estes & Lauriat.
- Laura E. Richards. Nautilus. Boston: Estes & Lauriat.
- William Winter. Old Shrines and Ivy (miniature series). New York: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: Copp, Clark Co.
- Goldwin Smith. Oxford and her Colleges. New York: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: Copp, Clark & Co.
- Mrs. Molesworth. The Carved Lions. New York: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: Copp, Clark Co.
- Mrs. Brightwen. Inmates of my House and Garden. New York: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: Copp, Clark Co.
- Edited by Sidney Lee. Dictionary of National Biography. Vol XLIV. Paston-Percy. New York: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: Copp, Clark Co.
- Richard Proctor. Pleasant Ways of Science. London: Longmans, Green & Co. Toronto: Copp, Clark Co.
- Julia Magruder. The Princess Sonia. New York: The Century Co. Toronto: Copp, Clark Co.
- Albert Stearns. Chris and his Wonderful Lamp. New York: The Century Co. Toronto: Copp, Clark Co.
- Philip Atkinson. Electricity for Everybody. New York: The Century Co. Toronto: Copp, Clark Co.

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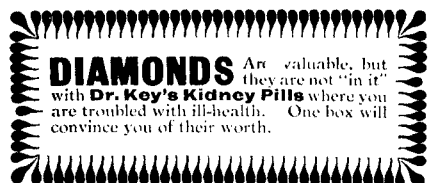
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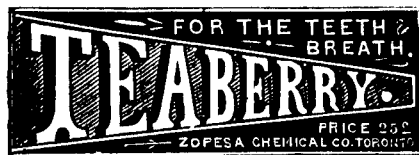
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CONTENTS OF THE NOVEMBER NUMBER.

THE SCOTTISH PHILOSOPHY, by F. Town, B.A., Ph.D.

ASTREE, by T. Squire, B.A.

SOME PHASES OF ALTRUIA, by R. H. Coats, M.C.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE SCIENCE OF MINERALOGY, by W. A. Parks, B.A.

CELESTIAL MECHANICS: Ptolemy, Copernicus and Newton, by J. C. Glashan.

THE FALL OF THE ENGLISH MONASTERIES, by G. B. Wilson, B.A.

N.B.—Address all communications to THE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO QUARTERLY, University College, Toronto.

Personal.

Mr. Gilbert Parker, novelist and poet, is at present spending a few days in Quebec.

It is understood that Mr. Descarries will be the Conservative candidate in Jacques Cartier.

Mr. Fielding, the Premier of Nova Scotia, is to take a hand in the campaign in Jacques Cartier county on behalf of the Liberal candidate.

Senator William E. Chandler, of New Hampshire, referring to Ambassador Bayard's lecture before the Edinburgh Philosophical Society, said the speech was atrocious, and Mr. Bayard ought to be recalled.

Mr. Edgar Dewdney, Lieutenant-Governor of British Columbia, passed through Toronto on Tuesday on his way to Ottawa. He left for the West Wednesday night. His visit, he stated, was entirely non-political.

We are sorry to have to state that the condition of George A. Sala is reported as no wise improved. His death can be but a matter of a short time. Mr. Sala has been for long one of the most distinguished of London journalists.

Hon. G. W. Ross, Minister of Education, and Dr. Parkyn, principal of Upper Canada College, were present and made exceedingly effective speeches at the annual Convocation banquet held at Trinity University last Tuesday evening.

Sir Walter Wilkin, the Lord Mayor of London, gave a state luncheon to the King of Portugal, on Tuesday. Lord Salisbury, the Cabinet Ministers, and all the Ambassadors, with the exception of the representatives of the United States and Turkey, were present.

The Winnipeg City Council on Monday night decided to delay action in appointing delegates to the Immigration Convention to be held shortly in St. Paul, Minn. The C.P.R. will send a representative, and Premier Greenway is announced as one of the speakers.

Mr. E. A. Anderson, of Dublin University, was given an ad eundem B.A., at Trinity University, on Tuesday last. Mr. W. MacCormack, of Toronto University, took an ad eundem M.A., and the Rev. R. H. Cole, of the University of the South, Sewanee, Tenn., received an ad eundem B.C.L.

Addressing a meeting of No. 6 Ward, Toronto Liberal-Conservative Association, on Tuesday evening, Mr. N. Clarke Wallace said that very shortly the people in three constituencies in Ontario would have the opportunity of calmly considering the Manitoba School Question and of pronouncing a fair, unbiased opinion for the guidance of Parliament when it met.

The doors of the new Museum of Toronto University will be thrown open for the first time to-night and to-morrow night. Cards of admission may be obtained by applying to the Registrar of the University, and must be presented at the south east entrance. Attractions in the form of lantern projections will be exhibited in the large lecture rooms in the east and west wings of the building

* * *

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NATURE IN THE ELIZABETHAN POETS. *Gambrell Bradford, Jr.*

A POET'S POLITICS. Mr. William Morris in Unpublished Letters on Socialism. Part II. Conclusion. *William G. Kingston.*

A SON OF SPAIN: JOSE DE ESPRONCEDA. *O. Frederica Dabany.*

MORAL PROPORTION AND FATALISM IN 'ROMEO AND JULIET.' VI. The Barnes Shakespeare Prize Essay. *Ella Adams Moore.*

THE PURPOSE OF BROWNING'S AND WHITMAN'S DEMOCRACY. Part IV. Annals of a Quiet Browning Club. *T. N. Coe.*

REVIEW OF AMERICAN VERSE. C. NEW BOOKS ATTRACTIVE TO STUDENTS OF LETTERS.

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- Accountants** { Clarkson & Cross, Ontario Bank Chambers, Scott Street, Toronto.
D. Blackley, 80 Bay Street, Toronto, and 17 King Street West, Hamilton.
Henry Barber & Co., Accountants and Assignees, 18 Wellington Street East.
- Architects** { W. A. Langton, Rooms 87-88 Canada Life Building, 46 King Street West.
Curry, Baker & Co., 70 Victoria Street.
Darling, Sproat, & Pearson, The Mail Building.
Beaumont Jarvis, Traders Bank Building, 63 Yonge Street.
J. A. Siddall. Room 42 The Janes Building, 75 Yonge Street.
- Booksellers and Publishers** { Copp, Clark Company Limited, 9 Front Street West and 67 Colborne Street.
Selby & Co. Kindergarten and School supplies. 23 Richmond Street West.
The Fleming H. Revell Company, Limited, 140-142 Yonge Street.
Rowell & Hutchison, 74 King Street East.
Hunter Rose Printing Company Limited.
- Bookbinders** { The Brown Brothers, Limited, Bookbinders and Stationers, 64-68 King Street East.
- Boots and Shoes** { H. & C. Blachford. "Best general selection Boots and Shoes in City." 83-89 King St. E.
The J. D. King Co., Ltd. 122 and 124 Wellington St. W. Forteau, and Levis, Quebec.
- Brewers** { Dominion Brewery Company Limited, 496 King Street East.
- Chemists** { Hooper & Co., 43 King Street West and 444 Spadina Ave. Principals supervise dispensing.
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- Dry Goods** { John Catto & Son, King Street, opposite the Post Office.
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- Furniture** { The Chas. Rogers & Sons Co., Ltd. Manufacturers and Retailers. 97 Yonge Street.
The Campbell Furniture Co. Jolliffe's old stand, 585 to 591 Queen West. All lines complete.
- Financial** { Canada Permanent Loan & Savings Company, Toronto Street. J. Herbert Mason, President.
The Toronto General Trusts Co. See advt. 2nd page of THE WEEK.
The Home Savings and Loan Company, Limited, 78 Church Street.
London & Canadian Loan & Agency Company, Ltd. J. F. Kirk, Manager. 99 and 103 Bay St.
J. C. McGee, 5 Toronto St. Debentures bought and sold. Loans on mortgages at current rates.
- Grocers** { Caldwell & Hodgins, Corner John and Queen Streets.
- Hardware** { Rice Lewis & Son, Limited, 30-34 King Street East.
- Hotels** { The Queen's. McGaw & Winnett, Proprietors. 78-92 Front Street West.
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- Piano Manufacturers** { The Gerhard Heintzman. Warerooms 69 to 75 Sherbourne Street, and 188 Yonge Street.
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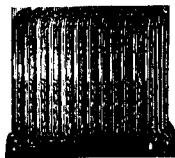
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