

THE WEEK:

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A. BLUE, Commissioner for Ontario.
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All advertisements will be set up in such style as to insure THE WEEK's tasteful typographical appearance, and enhance the value of the advertising in its columns. No advertisement charged less than five lines. Address—T. B. CLOUGHER, Business Manager, 5 Jordan Street, Toronto.
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In this issue we publish a sketch of Hon. Wilfrid Laurier, Leader of the Opposition in the Dominion Parliament. In reply to an enquiry of a recent subscriber we may say that sketches of the following Prominent Canadians have already appeared in THE WEEK: Hon. Oliver Mowat, Dr. Daniel Wilson, Principal Grant, Sir John A. Macdonald, K.C.B.; Hon. Louis Honoré Fréchet, LL.D.; Sir J. William Dawson, Sir Alexander Campbell, K.C.M.G.; Hon. William Stevens Fielding, Hon. Alexander Mackenzie, Sir William Leonard Tilley, C.B., K.C.M.G.; Alexander McLachlan, Hon. J. A. Chapleau, Sir Richard Cartwright, K.C.M.G.; Sanford Fleming, C.E., LL.D., C.M.G.; Hon. H. G. Joly, Hon. P. J. O. Chauveau, Sir Wm. Buell Richards.

The familiar form and features of the late Archbishop Lynch will long be missed by many in Toronto. His death is a loss to the Roman Catholic body in the Province which will not be easily supplied. While courteous and kindly in his intercourse with Protestants, the whole energies of his strong nature were devoted to the advancement of the interests of the Church in which he was a prelate. In the defence and promotion of those interests he shrank from no toil and, in his younger days particularly, from no self-denial or danger. As Archbishop he was always ready to come to the defence of the dogmas and practices of Catholicism, and to promote it by every legitimate means. Personally he was liked and esteemed by many who had no sympathy with his views, and who condemned the readiness with which he sometimes resorted to strong influences and practical measures for carrying out those views. In drawing the line between the spiritual and the secular his tendency was, no doubt, to trench somewhat on what most persons, including some of his own people, regard as belonging to the latter domain. He was, nevertheless, in the estimation of those who knew him best, earnest, honest, and devout, and the deep sorrow occasioned by his sudden death was shared by many outside the limits of his own communion.

We are pleased to see that the Ontario Government has at last appointed a Commission to enquire into the mineral resources of the Province. The Commission is non-partisan in its composition, and indeed it would be difficult to select a fitter body of men for the work to which they have been appointed. Mr. Charlton, M.P. will make an excellent chairman; Dr. Bell, Assistant Director of the Dominion Geological Survey, and Mr. William Hamilton Merritt will bring both technical knowledge and practical experience to bear on the investigations they will have to make;

while Mr. William Coe's familiar acquaintance with iron mining and the extensive iron deposits throughout the country will be of undoubted advantage to the Commission. Mr. Archibald Blue, the energetic Deputy Minister of Agriculture, is the Secretary, and his duties we are sure will be efficiently performed. The work before the Commission is of the utmost importance; it will take time if thoroughly done, and cannot fail to be of immense benefit to the country.

THE result of the recent bye-elections for the Dominion Commons has been to preserve the *status quo*, so far as the relative strength of parties is concerned. The Liberal journals are somewhat exultant, interpreting the failure of the Government to carry any of the constituencies and the increased majority secured for Mr. Edwards in Russell as proofs of the growing strength of their party. If the issue of unrestricted reciprocity was as prominent a factor in the Russell contest as it is claimed to have been, the result certainly seems to indicate a more favourable feeling amongst the French population towards the reciprocity movement than was anticipated. Otherwise the issue of these elections cannot be considered to have any special political significance. The close of the Session is approaching, and finds the Government indeed sensibly weakened by the death of one of its members, the ill-health of another, and the prospective departure of Sir Charles Tupper, but with its solid majority in Parliament undiminished.

MR. BLAKE will, it may be presumed, shortly return to Canada. It is hardly to be supposed that he can or will withdraw wholly from public life and the discussion of public questions. Much interest will naturally attach to his views in regard to the new policy adopted by the Liberal Party in his absence. Will he feel at liberty to espouse the cause of unrestricted reciprocity and give his political friends the benefit of his powerful assistance, on which they no doubt count, or will he feel himself bound to maintain the views so distinctly stated in his celebrated Malvern speech, and in other places, during the campaign which he conducted with so much ability and energy a year or two since? It is difficult to see how he can evade or confute the arguments by which he then showed that any serious reduction of taxation is now quite out of the question. It is true he did not, at the time of making those speeches, have in mind the possibility of unrestricted and mutual free trade between the United States and Canada. But the advantages, real or fanciful, to be derived from such reciprocity could not help Canada in the matter of revenue, which was at the foundation of his argument.

THE validity and value of Sir Charles Tupper's congratulations on the virtual diminution of the public debt, by the improvement in Canadian credit, and the consequent ability to make renewals at a much lower rate of interest, depend on several considerations. Is the reduction due wholly to the cause assigned, Canada's improved credit, or is it in part the result of a general tendency towards lower rates in England? Mr. Goschen's successful conversion of a large portion of the British three per cents. supports the latter view, since it can hardly be supposed that British credit is also rising. In that case the ability of the Canadian Government to take advantage of the reduced rates some years hence is contingent upon the maintenance of the lower rates in England—an event which cannot be reckoned on as absolutely certain. If, again, the prospective lowering of rates is but a part of a general movement affecting equally private securities of all kinds, the relative reduction of the burden may be far from keeping pace with the absolute reductions of the yearly payments of interest, as shown by Sir Charles's sanguine calculations. From every point of view it is evidently much safer and wiser to rely upon strict economy in expenditure and a careful husbanding of resources for a gradual reduction of the debt, than upon any theoretical and fortuitous concurrence of events to effect that reduction without our efforts.

CAN Sir Charles Tupper be really serious in laying down the startling proposition that the principal of the public debt of Canada is not to be regarded as an obligation to be met in due time, like an ordinary debt, but as one to be renewed in perpetuity by the issue of new securities? To say nothing of the doubtful morality of the principle

involved, is not this not perilously near a confession that the Dominion is unable to pay the principal of its debts? May it not at least be thus looked upon by the outside world? The policy, too, is surely a short-sighted one. The business firm which carries a heavy debt is clearly handicapped and placed at a great disadvantage beside an adjacent firm with abundant capital of its own at command. Should the former find itself unable to make provision for the payment or reduction of the principal of its debt, and feel compelled to struggle on from year to year by means of renewals, its position could scarcely be deemed secure, or itself really solvent. We cannot suppose that Sir Charles means to endorse the transparent fallacy that a heavy national debt is no drawback to a nation's prosperity, or that it is, as has sometimes been seriously argued, even a blessing in disguise. No reasonable man can doubt that if Canada could be freed at once from the burden of having to provide annually for the payment of interest, even at the rate of three and a quarter per cent. on \$250,000,000 or \$300,000,000, her progress would be greatly accelerated. Surely, then, it is desirable, from every point of view, that provision should be made, even at the cost of much present self-denial, for the gradual reduction and final extinction of this very heavy obligation.

THE Senate Committee, presided over by Dr. Schultz, have rendered good service in bringing to the knowledge of the public the vast and varied resources of the regions embraced in the basin of the great Mackenzie River and its tributaries. The chairman, in presenting the third report, dwelt particularly upon the value of the country as a fur-producing territory, and the need of some steps being taken to preserve some of the most valuable of the fur-bearing animals from extinction. It is to be hoped, however, that some method may be devised less objectionable than that which he suggests, viz., the leasing of an immense tract to a company on terms similar to those made by the United States with the Alaska Fur Company. Such monopolies are very doubtful in principle and almost sure to lead to complications and abuses in practice. The opening of easy and rapid communication with this valuable northern land, in the absence of which it must remain largely unoccupied, and its rich resources undeveloped, will be a formidable task, and one that may probably be postponed until the accessible prairies of the North-West are much better settled. At the same time it is very gratifying to know that Canada has a land so extensive and fertile in reserve, ready for occupation whenever she may find it desirable to open it up. The fact can hardly fail to redound to Canada's benefit abroad as well as at home.

THE agreement made with the Canada Pacific Railway Company for the surrender of its monopoly rights in the North-West appears, as embodied in the Resolutions carried through the Commons by Sir Charles Tupper, somewhat less favourable to the Government than the first announcement led the public to suppose. The lands still remaining in the hands of the Company, unsold, or unpaid for, are pledged primarily for the benefit, not of the guarantor, but of the bond-holders, though as the interest accruing from any money derived from this source is to be applied to the payment of the guaranteed interest on the loan, the risk of the guarantor is so far lessened. Again, the payment of that interest is not made, as was inferred from Mr. Pape's Report, a first charge on the postal and other subsidies, payable by the Government to the Company for services rendered. If however, as Sir Charles Tupper and the Minister of Justice intimated, the Government would have a legal right, should it be called upon at any time through default of the Company to pay the interest on the bonds, to appropriate for that purpose any subsidies due the Company, or afterwards earned by it, the result is substantially the same. The point is, evidently, a very important one, not only to the shareholders but to the Government, since, notwithstanding the very satisfactory standing and progress of the Company, as shown by its last annual Report, the new charge of \$525,000 annually must press heavily on its resources for many years to come, and is probably far in excess of any immediate returns which can be anticipated by the Company from the investment. On the other hand the expenditure of the money in improving the road and its equipments and extending its branches can hardly fail to be of great service to the whole country through which it runs, while all good citizens must rejoice that Manitoba and the Territories have at length been freed from the crushing burden of the monopoly, and that a source of serious disquiet and danger to the Dominion has been taken away.

SOME presumably authentic statistics given by Sir Charles Tupper, in his speech on the railway resolutions, suggest very forcibly the immense capabilities and possibilities of the vast prairies of Manitoba and the

North-West. The cereal crop of last year was, according to this estimate, as follows, viz.: total wheat 12,860,000 bushels—for export, 10,613,000 bushels; barley, 2,263,000—for export, 1,130,000; oats, 5,780,000—for export, 2,890,000; flax, 180,000—for export, 150,000 bushels. It thus appears that a body of not more than 16,000 farmers all told produced over and above home requirements about 15,000,000 of bushels of grain for export, or more than 900 bushels each. It is doubtful if this record has ever been excelled or equalled in any country. It would be manifestly beyond all possibility in any but a prairie land, when the soil is most productive, and machinery can be very freely used. It should perhaps be explained, for the benefit of those accustomed to a different state of things, that by the term "farmers" is meant the whole body of workers, not simply overseers or employers of labour.

It is difficult to understand why Premier Mercier and the Quebec journals which follow his lead take it for granted that the new Governor-General, Lord Stanley, is coming out to promote the Imperial Federation movement. Lord Stanley has not only publicly repudiated any such object, but has distinctly stated that he is not even a member of the League. If he is disposed to sympathize with its avowed objects, that is no more than the departing Governor-General, who has shown himself so thoroughly impartial and constitutional as a ruler, probably does, or than most Englishmen, looking at the scheme in the abstract, apart from the difficulties which render it well nigh impracticable and hopeless, are pretty sure to do. But unless Mr. Mercier is in possession of some facts which have not been given to the public, justifying his assumption in regard to Lord Stanley, it seems very unfair that such a prejudice should be sown in the minds of the French-Canadian people in advance. It will surely be time enough to raise an outcry and indulge in strong protestations and threats when Lord Stanley shall have given the slightest cause for suspicion that he is coming amongst us with any other mission than that of a constitutional Governor under the British Crown.

THERE are indications of strained relations between the civil and military authorities of the British War Office. For some time past there have been symptoms of uneasiness in Parliament and the Press, in view of alleged deficiencies in the strength and equipments of both branches of the military service. In a recent after-dinner speech Gen. Lord Wolseley indulged in strictures of a decidedly alarmist character. These drew upon him pretty severe rebukes from both the Duke of Cambridge and Lord Salisbury in the House of Lords. The Commander-in-Chief took occasion to say that the sensational articles in the newspapers, purporting to emanate from the "highest military authority," did not proceed from him. The Premier spoke still more plainly and complained that Lord Wolseley had made statements at a public banquet, which ought to have been made in Parliament where they could be answered. The primary cause of the difficulty is no doubt the perennial one springing from widely diverse views in regard to the expenditures and estimates for military purposes. The military chiefs, looking to the extension and perfection of the Army and Navy defences according to their own professional ideals, would naturally like to see improvements made on a princely scale. On the other hand, the civil heads of departments, responsible to Government and Parliament, and through him to the tax-payers, have to limit their expenditures within the much more modest bounds. A striking instance of the discrepancy between what is thought desirable from the military, and what is deemed practicable from the administrative point of view, is afforded by an incident criticised by Lord Randolph Churchill at a sitting of the Select Committee of the House of Commons the other day. General Nicholson, who prepares the estimates for the War Office, considered that £900,000 was required for barrack accommodation, but, knowing that it was useless to ask for such a sum, he put £200,000 in his estimates, and this Mr. Stanhope, the War Secretary, in his turn cut down to £13,950. A serious falling off, truly!

AFTER all, in view of the fact that the War Office spends about £20,000,000 annually, there must be, unless enormous misappropriation and waste prevail throughout, some pretty tangible results achieved somewhere. Lord Salisbury's guarded observation that there had been a considerable increase in preparations within recent years, means, no doubt, a good deal. Meanwhile all this excitement is producing its effect at home and abroad. The Duke of Cambridge denies that the country is in imminent danger, though even the modified form of his denial is adapted to intensify rather than allay the public disquiet. When it is announced that modern 30-ton guns are being mounted at Sheerness, that other measures of defence are

being adopted on the Thames, that the first and second army corps are to be placed on a war footing, magazine rifles issued to all the regular troops, etc., it is no wonder that the people begin to ask what it all means. Nor is the news from abroad reassuring. The Prussian military leaders are said to be counting confidently on a summer campaign, and the din of war-like preparations still resounds in Austria and in Russia. It seems incredible, however, that the Government, or any one but a military officer, can suppose England to be in any such danger of invasion, as would seem to be foreshadowed by great activity in strengthening coast and river armaments. Either the Island must be suffering from one of its unaccountable but periodical panics, or the real danger must be threatening some quarter other than that indicated. Gen. Boulanger is yet far from having reached the head, either of the French Government or the French War Office, and even if he were in either place, the menace to English homes could not be very terrible. It is not easy to conceive of any other Power as likely to carry the war into the Thames.

IRELAND AND THE VATICAN.

We have already drawn attention to the papal condemnation of the Plan of Campaign. It has been shown, we hope, that, for all those who recognize the Pope as having authority in matters of morals, this decree is binding. The question is, in no true or accepted sense of the words, a political one. If any question can be decidedly referred to the moral category, this must be. We pass now to the second part of the papal decree—that which concerns the Boycott. "It is," says His Holiness, "contrary to justice and charity to persecute by a social interdict those who are satisfied to pay the rents they agreed to pay, or those who, in the exercise of their rights, take vacant farms. It will therefore be your Lordship's duty, prudently but effectually, to advise and exhort the clergy and laity not to transgress the bounds of Christian charity and justice, while they are striving for a remedy for their distressed condition." This is excellent, and it would be difficult to find fault with a single expression employed; and certainly there was great need that such a warning should be issued.

We are convinced that very few persons indeed have any notion of the real nature of the Boycott, of the principles upon which it is based, or of the means employed for giving effect to those principles. An English defender of the Irish Party had the effrontery to declare that the Boycott was nothing more than "exclusive dealing." Exclusive dealing means buying at the shops of persons who hold the same opinions, religious or political, as ourselves, and the like. This practice may be good or bad. Sometimes it may be necessary, sometimes it may be foolish or even mischievous; but whatever our opinions may be on this subject, it is a totally different matter from the Boycott. The boycotted person may not be served or helped in any way—must, in fact, be starved out; and any one who ventures to supply his wants is in danger of outrage, or even assassination.

We will take a familiar case, which has appeared recently in the newspapers, and furnish some particulars about it not generally known, and try to show our readers the meaning and moral of the story. It is the case of the Fitzmaurices, especially of Norah Fitzmaurice, who, with her mother and sister, has been boycotted by the National League. The facts concerning these poor people have been made public, and an appeal made to the "justice and benevolence of the Loyalists of Great Britain and Ireland" on their behalf. "The lives of the widow and daughters are in so much danger that they are continually guarded by police. They find it impossible to get a labourer to work for them, and have not funds to employ men from a distance."

There is another fact which, to a pious Roman Catholic, is scarcely less painful than the attempt to put an end to life. Norah Fitzmaurice, after an interval of six weeks, at last mustered up courage to go and hear mass. No sooner did she appear within the door of the church than the leader of the local branch of the National League gave a signal to the congregation, when the great majority of those present left the building, and, in spite of the remonstrances of the priest, refused to return. We cannot suppose that all of these people cherished such a hatred towards their neighbour; but they did not dare to neglect the word of command, lest they too should be included in the list of local pariahs.

Now, what had Norah Fitzmaurice done? She had seen her father murdered, and she had borne witness against the murderers. She had done what every woman who was not a monster would have thought it her simple duty to do. Her father had taken a farm from which another man had been evicted, and the sentence of death was pronounced upon him by the League (we shall justify this statement presently), and he was murdered in the presence of his daughter by three men who have since been executed.

The whole district, and especially the League, was responsible for the murder of that man. While the poor girl was supporting the dying form of her aged father, four cars went by. The persons seated on the cars saw her case, but passed on without a word. One man who passed she knew, and appealed to him for help. "My father is shot," she cried out. Dan Mahoney was the man, his name ought to be preserved. He only said: "He is not dead yet," and walked on without coming near her. These people are not all beasts or fiends. No; but, like the murdered man and the boycotted women, they are the victims of a criminal and murderous conspiracy.

We must go a little further. There is positive evidence that the actual murderers had, and generally have, very little interest in the perpetration of these crimes. Daniel Moriarty, one of the murderers of Fitzmaurice, on the night preceding the termination of the trial, had an interview with the public prosecutor and two other persons, in the course of which he confessed his complicity in the murder of Fitzmaurice. Three other men and himself had been engaged for one pound apiece to "shadow and remove" the unfortunate man. There can be no reasonable doubt of the truth of this testimony, and it is amply corroborated by all the circumstances. One pound and a presumed immunity from punishment were sufficient inducements to these miserable men to dye their hands in the blood of a man (an Irishman and a Roman Catholic) who had been condemned by the League.

It is hardly necessary; but we will give one other specimen of the methods of the League. At the termination of the trial of James Kirby, at Wicklow, for the murder of Patrick Quirke, on November 8, 1887, in County Kerry, after the jury had returned a verdict of "Guilty," the prisoner, on being asked if he had anything to say, replied: "I had no more notion of doing it than you had. I own that to God and the world that I had no more notion of doing it than you had. It was not my crime. Nothing did that only plenty of money." This is from the *Irish Times* of April 9, in this year; and if our readers wish to multiply scraps of information of the same kind, they have only to read a few consecutive numbers of the very useful "Notes from Ireland," from which the greater part of the information here given is derived.

The meaning of all this is perfectly plain. These murders are not the work of momentary excitement or of private revenge. They are the result of deliberate organization. They are perpetrated by the paid agents of Murder Societies, and these societies are sown throughout the length and breadth of the land, and comprehend large numbers of the Irish population. It is difficult to understand how they can subsist under the Confessional. Perhaps, in this case, murder, or plotting to murder, is not confessed or regarded as a crime. Perhaps absolution is given on easy terms. There is only one question which remains for consideration in connection with this subject. It may be thought—indeed, apart from the evidence of stubborn facts, one would gladly believe—that these crimes are the consequences of mere spasmodic outbursts of savagery, that they are to be credited to the excitement caused in particular localities by special circumstances. At any rate, that they are local and not general. In short, it may be pleaded that the party of Home Rule, and even those who advocate boycotting, are not responsible for such crimes directly and indirectly.

Gladly would we believe this, but it is impossible. Not only the advocates of these measures, but a large proportion of the Home Rule Party must be held *directly responsible for these crimes*. We proceed to give irrefutable evidence on this point. On the 24th day of March in this year, a meeting of the local Junior Liberal Association (mark this!) was held at Huddersfield. There were present, with others, Mr. H. H. Asquith, M.P., Mr. T. D. Sullivan, M.P., and Mr. W. Summers, M.P., in the chair. At this meeting the song "God Save Ireland" was sung by the whole assembly standing. This song was written on the execution at Manchester of three Irishmen named William Philip Allen, Michael Larkin, and Michael O'Brien, on November 23, 1867; and it was first published in the *Nation* a fortnight after. Let it be remembered, these men were murderers; and this song, intended to glorify them and their crime, has become a popular anthem with a certain class of Irishmen. We give one verse:—

High upon the gallows tree
Swung the noble-hearted three,
By the vengeful tyrant stricken in their bloom;
But they met him face to face
With the courage of their race,
And they went with souls undaunted to their doom.
"God save Ireland!" said the heroes:
"God save Ireland!" said they all:
"Whether on the scaffold high,
Or the battle field we die,
Oh, what matter, when for Erin dear we fall."

This song alone, of all that were used at that meeting, was sung by the whole assembly standing. Mr. Summers, the chairman, has said that he

did not know beforehand what was to be sung. But, at any rate, he neither sat down nor uttered any protest. Probably he did not dare; but this consideration only brings out more clearly the sense of the meeting. It may be interesting to our readers to hear Mr. Bright's opinion on this subject, and we give it:—

"It is a song," says the veteran Liberal leader, "written obviously to glorify the men guilty of the Fenian outrage and murder committed in Manchester on the 18th September, 1867. I am not sure that the author of this song was not present; at least three members of Parliament are reported to have been present, one of whom, the member for Huddersfield, was or is, or is expected to be, one of the whips of the present Opposition, and of the new Government which the disappointed and the hungry are so anxiously looking for. I will not reason with the three members or the expectant whip. I know their case and they know it. But I may reason, not with your frantic public meeting, but with the thoughtful and moral men, who were in former days many, and who, I hope, are not a few among the electors of your once honoured constituency. Are they prepared to glorify the actors of the Fenian outrage of 1867? Will they join in singing the praises of men of whom even your editor says, 'They rightly paid the penalty of the homicide of which they were guilty'?"

For the present our painful task is ended. Who does not wish that these facts could be disputed, or that the inferences from them were less certain? Alas, it is impossible to hesitate. The facts are indisputable, the meaning of them is plain. Did we say too much when we declared that the Boycotters and a large proportion of the Home Rule Party are committed to the policy of murder?

THE DEBT QUESTION.

THE Parliamentary Session at Ottawa is drawing to a close, and conclusions may be arrived at in regard to the work which has been done. It can hardly be said to have been eventful. The sole act of national importance is the endorsement of the Treaty formulated at Washington on the question of the fisheries, and its significance is greatly lessened by the evident determination of the Republican Senators to stop its progress, not because they disapprove of its provisions, but because they desire to obtain materials for an anti-British cry at the coming Presidential election. If, however, as appears certain, Mr. Cleveland will be elected by a larger majority than he obtained four years ago, and his party is strengthened, sympathetically strengthened, in both Houses of Congress, the action of the Canadian Parliament will produce an ample harvest in harmony of feeling and freer trade with our neighbours than has been possible to attain during twenty years past.

It was generally believed when the Session opened that the Government desired to economize in every possible way and were resolved to shut their ears against demands for money to be used in the construction of local works. It cannot be asserted that these good intentions have been carried out. The addition of \$20,000,000 to the Government debt arises in large part, no doubt, from the expenditure voted in past years, but much of it will be spent on works authorized during the present Session, and it is evident that the evil has not even been checked. When there is need for such a measure as the guarantee of \$14,000,000 to the Canadian Pacific there are sure to be large simultaneous additions to the debt for the benefit of the Province of Quebec. Our French fellow-citizens understand perfectly when they have the Government at their mercy and take care to profit by it. This time it is the assumption of several millions of debt contracted by the Montreal Harbour Board to improve the navigation of Lake St. Peter and provide accommodation for shipping at Montreal. An attempt was made to add to this a grant in aid of a bridge across the St. Lawrence at Quebec. It has been refused for the moment but will no doubt re-appear next Session. There are already two bridges across the middle St. Lawrence, more than sufficient for the present traffic, and when there is need for more they can be built much more cheaply near Montreal than Quebec. It is certain that no national interest can be served by a bridge at Quebec, and that the advantage to that city itself must be small. If it is large, however, why should not Quebec build the bridge herself and collect tolls to recoup the expenditure? The Chignecto Ship Railway has also received a large grant of money. It is designed to carry vessels by rail across the neck of land which divides the Bay of Fundy from the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Residents of the Maritime Province assert that this work will benefit no one, that it will not be used, and that in any case it would be cheaper to pay the owners of vessels who might use it the cost of the voyage round Nova Scotia than to build and run the road. But it passes through a constituency represented by a Minister of the Crown, and it is to be commenced.

The Dominion has reached this point: No railway, canal, bridge, pier, breakwater or harbour can be built without aid from the Ottawa Government. Very many works are undertaken which serve no good purpose. They owe their being to the competition of towns and villages with more fortunate neighbours. They would not be thought of if those who hope to profit by them were required to furnish the money. No town is content with one railway, it must have two, and the Dominion Government is expected to furnish a large portion of the cost. Harbours are constructed where there are no natural facilities and no business to be done. The member pushes the claim; it helps him in his canvass, and he may even get a slice out of the expenditure for local party purposes. He makes alliances with others similarly situated. When a vote is likely to be close they cry, stand and deliver, and the Minister yields. Who can wonder that under such a system the public debt should go up by leaps and bounds, and who can contemplate without dismay its extension throughout the

North-West? To what dimensions will the debt have grown when that vast territory is supplied with even the rudiments of civilization at the cost of the national treasury? It is vain to look to the parliamentary Opposition for a check upon expenditure. A feeble cry is raised when the debt takes a jump upwards. It is popular in the general to denounce expenditure, but when it comes to the particular the Opposition will not resist any expenditure which benefits some of their own friends. They try to upset the Government by other means, waiting with eagerness the time when they in their turn will be able to distribute money among the constituencies.

In these days of cheap money and commercial enterprise, spreading from the great financial centres to the ends of the earth, the cases are rare in which it is necessary to call for the aid of the Dominion Government in industrial enterprises. When a new country has been opened up by a trunk railway, the construction of rival roads and branch lines should be left to the law of supply and demand. If a harbour of refuge is needed for vessels in danger of wreck, Government money may fairly be employed in its construction, but a purely local port should be improved by those who use it. These are commercial enterprises which do not call for the aid of the Government. They can be constructed and managed more cheaply and effectively by local than by Dominion authorities, and they will not be undertaken unless there is a reasonable prospect of being used. Our American neighbours threshed out the question of local improvements very early in their history, and settled it on these lines. Britain, although a small country easily controlled from the capital, has done even less than the States for such works. Be sure that Canada cannot better their action.

It is easier to point out the errors of the system than to show how an amendment can be brought about. So long as the people can pay interest on the debt the outlay apparently will go on. According to a distinguished authority it does not matter what we owe or how the money is spent, if we borrow at a low rate of interest and are able to scrape together enough to keep our day with the British creditor. SAVILLE.

THE SWIFTEST THOUGHT.

OH, sounding winds, that tirelessly are blowing
Through the wide, star-lit spaces of the night!
Oh, eager rains, that sweep the distant height,
And restless streams impetuously flowing,
And clouds that will delay not in their going,
And ships that sail, and vanish from the sight,
And happy birds that stay not in their flight,
And suns upon their skyey pathway glowing:—

Poor laggards all! One tender thought outstrips you:
Go, little thought, and tell my love from me
I care for him to-day as yesterday;
Ah, how its strength and swiftness doth eclipse you,
For now the answer comes invisibly
And instantly—and in the surest way!

A. ETHELWYN WETHERALD.

MONTREAL LETTER.

WHETHER it was zeal for the salvation of unfortunate child-widows in India, or mere curiosity to see and hear Pundita Ramabai, that so vast a multitude crowded the Queen's Hall on Friday evening, only future accounts will show. Tropical plants and multi-coloured texts adorned the platform, where, had she not been supported by white-faced, grimly dressed western magnates, the dark-visaged Hindu widow, clothed from head to foot in the soft, graceful folds of an immaculate texture, would have appeared wonderfully at home. After some preliminary speaking, singing, and praying, the Pundita rose and addressed us for what seemed over an hour. Her voice is extremely low, and she speaks very rapidly. While rather shorter than the ordinary woman, Ramabai's dignity of bearing, and subtle pride that reflects itself in her well-poised head, her eyes, her mobile mouth, many a tall beauty might envy. The certain something people describe as "personal magnetism," but which after all is nothing more than sincerity of sentiment warmed by enthusiasm and expressed with intelligence, the Pundita possesses in no small degree. It was very simple, this discourse of hers, delivered with hardly any alteration of tone, yet one could hear the heart-throbs ever and anon, and then would fall some softly spoken words of scathing sarcasm.

After telling us about the origin of castes, Ramabai explained how women had sunk to so servile a position in India. Two thousand years ago co-education flourished, but the priests were fallible, it seems, and to obviate the horrors of certain lectures they found that their wives must be kept in perfect ignorance. Science and masculine generosity strengthened this decision by declaring on the one hand, woman was not strong enough for mental work, and on the other, she had quite sufficient to do already. Such being the state of affairs, it is hardly surprising to learn that by the census taken in 1881, out of 100,000,000 of women only 200,000 could read and write, and many of these did not boast both accomplishments.

However, despite all her other privations, her European sister's perplexing dread of spinsterhood is generally unknown to the high caste Hindu girl. Ladies unaccompanied by gentlemen, it seems, are forbidden the Indian heaven, but no objection can be made if some lucky male has

LONDON LETTER.

FROM beneath tattered volumes of *The Complete Angler* and Coleridge's *Table Talk*—fit companions—lying all unheeded on a bookstall in Clare Market, I was fortunate enough to unearth this morning a fine, clean copy of the well known-etching of Charles Lamb ("Scratched on copper from Life in 1825 by his friend, Brook Pulham," says the inscription), spoken of by Barry Cornwall in his memoir of Elia. "'Tis a little sixpenny thing, too like by half, in which the draughtsman has done his best to avoid flattery," writes Lamb in a letter to Bernard Barton; "there have been two editions of it which I think are all gone, as they have vanished from the window where they hung—a print shop, corner of Great and Little Queen Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields." A gentle wind has blown one of these queer pictures only a short distance from its original home. I have, as Mr. Guppy would say, but to "cut along" Little Queen Street, forever sacred to the memory of the mother of Mary Lamb, so through a twisted bye road to my stall (do you, like Branwell Brontë, know your way about our town even though you may never have been here?) and there I find drifted amongst the company this most cared-for one of these very portraits which it pleases me to think his kind humorous eyes may have glanced at as it hung behind the narrow panes of the Holborn shop. This little caricature is, as a work of art, I suppose worth nothing; yet there is something in the look of the old-fashioned figure, dressed in garments after the design of that corbeau suit of which Bridget tells in *Old China*, some quaint lines that, even allowing for exaggeration, ill drawing, and a silhouette flat effect, strike one as being perfectly truthful: and consequently this scratching on copper has a value of its own. With his hand thrust into the breast of his coat (there is a difficulty in sketching fingers, you see: and this is a lazy trick Rowlandson as well continually treats us to), he stands as Mr. Pulham saw him in the sitting room of Colebrooke Cottage, and we may be sure that amongst Mary's treasures a proof of this small portrait was tenderly laid. In turning his head he shows a profile a little resembling Maclise's parcel pen and ink parcel pencil likeness in the South Kensington Museum, but ludicrously unlike Hazlitt's, Cary's, or Meyer's attempts. (By the way the sketch drawn by Maclise for Forster, and autographed by Elia, differs from that done by the same artist for the Fraser Gallery inasmuch as the unstoppered decanter in the latter finds no place in the former, but the position of the student and the characteristic upward glance are practically the same in both.) Here are the gaiters we know so well, and the dress coat with its rolled collar. Here the thin, keen, shrewd face of the man for whom every one with the least tincture of letters has the same sort of affection which Lamb himself felt for the writers of those darling folios, hugged to his heart. And from the Clare Market bookstall, to the tune of the Boulanger March whistled by every small boy I met, I threaded my way to Colebrooke Row, which exists still in the heart of Islington but no longer deserves the name of "Petty Venice," given it I think by Barry Cornwall, for the New River which still runs in the centre of it has for years been covered in. Such a delightful old-world street is this, in the oddest quarter of Town, a quarter which even a genuine Londoner knows little or nothing of. The pretty red brick houses, built in the time of Queen Anne, must once have had a gay outlook across the gray water to the village street beyond (the High Road into Essex), dotted with lumbering waggons, and clumsy chariots, and picturesque stage coaches: but now a much more modern terrace has gradually come between them and their view, and the silence which has fallen on the Row is the result of this odious invasion. In trim narrow gardens at the back pale-pink almond blossoms tint black branches with a Japanese scheme of decoration and have fragrantly flushed into life exactly as if the country were still within sight; while here and there a Normandy poplar unfolds its yellow buds, and from the low twisted laburnum and May trees, with their tufts of light green leaves, starlings and thrushes are calling to each other as though Islington were still a village, and not a land overflowing with trains and omnibuses—with stucco villas and their middle-class inhabitants, the hated of Mr. George Moore. Very peaceful, almost rural, is this view, and lively enough with bushy trees and birds making ready for the summer, but the front of the Row, though it would engrave excellently as an illustration to an Islington article, and though to a visitor of half an hour it cannot fail to be suggestive and full of pleasantness, after a time would certainly be monotonous and depressing. Exactly as I see this terrace of beautiful old houses so did Lamb see it as he looked up from his writing—from *Amicus Redivivus* for instance—in that upstairs sitting-room, hung with ebony framed Hogarths, of that corner cottage at the threshold of which I am now standing, for following the directions given to his correspondents sixty years ago I have found the white house, but no longer detached, and shorn of its flower-stocked garden. It has been re-fronted since Elia's time, says the present owner, and the steps used to turn differently, but the inside is much the same, though the outside door no longer opens straight into the parlour. From the window through which the maid saw George Dyer disappear into the River a little child nods its bright head and laughs, and as I idly speculate on the faces upon which the firelight from these small grates has flickered—Mary and Charles with their hosts of friends, from Martin Burney to Talfourd, from Emma Isola to Sarah Hazlitt—the child's voice echoes along the narrow passages. I should like best to have seen these sunny rooms, now undergoing a vigorous spring cleaning, silent and empty, then into their places would slip the straight-backed chairs and round table which seem, so well does one know them, to have belonged to oneself: the book-shelf full of the many-sized volumes, octavo and quarto, with cobbler-mended, unlettered covers, which would stand against that wall; here would hang *The Lady Blanch*,

gained for himself the privilege while on earth of chaperoning three hundred dames in paradise. Unfortunately thus philanthropic a husband, should he die first, leaves, of course, three hundred widows behind him to live hated, despised, persecuted til death.

Under British rule, Ramabai says:—"Doubtless many improvements have been introduced into India, but to these woman owes nothing, nay, they take away even the few consolations she once had. That life which becomes unbearable after her husband dies, she may now no longer offer up honourably on his funeral pyre. Since there are now water pipes and gas in the city houses, the poor little child widow is deprived of the gossip at the well, or of the trip to some neighbour's to borrow a light." The Pundita then described with that rapidity and sarcasm and simple refinement, peculiar to her, all the ghastly degradation to which women are subject. They have ever the meanest apartments. They must only eat what their husbands leave, and never walk before him. They are even beaten; but, it is a satisfaction to learn, the wife sometimes proves the stronger in such frays, and then the right of might is exercised to quite an unlimited degree.

Ramabai's descriptions of Hindu girls' high schools, which, by the way, no orthodox young damsels would be permitted to attend, was worthy of Voltaire. The Indian students' text books are enriched by an account of the proclamation of 1858, the fable of "The dog and the piece of meat," a British version of the Siege of Lucknow, and "how we are devils to the English and they are angels to us; and how we are deceitful."

When invited to attend the Educational Commission in England, Pundita Ramabai said that she wanted secular schools for India. But, alas! it seems many, whose zeal for the Church quite swallowed up by their charity for humanity, fought shy of subscribing to any scheme which was not going to make good Churchwomen of at least one-half the Indian female population. On the whole the Pundita found Britishers as lavish with advice as they were chary of their shekels. Then her passionate prayer that we should not send out missionaries who believed however slightly in woman's inferiority was original, pathetic, and bold enough to make conventional gentlemen of St. Paul's ideas tremble again. Why should man be spoken of as the head of the woman? Why the story of the fall? Why might women not administer the sacraments? (Ramabai's time in the States was well spent). Finally we were asked to give money, not advice. There is an advisory committee in India.

The Pundita's scheme seemed so just, so broad, so far above the petty sectarian enterprises, that I begged her to tell me something more about it. She responded most cordially. In a simple gown of black and white, and with closely cut hair, she seemed almost child like, but for her firm, proud face. Between the eyes is the mysterious caste mark, a tiny circle tattooed in blue with a line drawn through it longitudinally. Prof. F. Max Muller beautifully describes her as one "who has tasted well nigh every bitterness that human life can present to a woman's lips, but who is as courageous as ever, and determined, so long as her frail body can hold her strong soul, to fight the battle of her sisters against native intolerance and English indifference."

"For whom is the school chiefly intended, Ramabai?"
 "For the child-widows. You see at twenty-one they have a right to dispose of themselves as they please.

"To the poorer and middle class women missionaries may gain access, but they are rigidly excluded from intercourse with those of the high caste.

"I want \$25,000 for the building of a school, and the annual payment of \$5,000 will meet the current expenses. I intend taking two lady professors from the States with me; one has already been engaged. Yes, I shall teach myself in the school."

"How was your scheme received in England. Weren't the people averse to so thoroughly secular an enterprise?"

"O! the English were very kind, but of course many would not support me because the school was not under the Anglican Church. One gentleman in particular, very well known for all good works [and here was named too prominent an individual nowadays], refused me aid on account of this. Yes, the Americans are certainly less conventional, and from them I have had much encouragement. Since you write to Toronto, you may tell the good people there they can aid me by the formation of circles."

Now a circle, I learn from the printed papers Ramabai gave me, is formed by a small number of people who pledge themselves to give annually for the space of ten years, a certain fixed sum of money, to be transmitted to the "Ramabai Association." This association has for president, the Rev. Edward E. Hale, D.D.; and for vice-presidents, among others, the Rev. Phillips Brooks, and Miss Frances E. Willard.

Surely to day, when in the multiplicity of creeds there is distraction, we must feel relieved to discover work whose end may be found neither in synagogue nor mosque, basilica nor meeting hall, church nor chapel, but simply in aiding human beings. It seems best and safest after all when we can say: "For the deed's sake have I done the deed."

LOUIS LLOYD.

BULGARIAN peasant-women are extremely robust and hardy, though they are, as a rule, short of stature. They are thickly set, their chests well developed, and their limbs muscular from constant toil in the open air. Their Tartar origin shows itself in their high, projecting cheek bones, short snub noses, and little twinkling eyes. Social life among this class of the population differs from that of the Greeks chiefly in the position of the women. A Bulgarian bulka, or goodwife, takes an almost equal share with her husband in the bread-winning, and consequently her word has considerable weight in the family council. Like all women in the East she is sober and thrifty, keeps at least the inside of her house clean and tidy, cooks palatable food, spins, weaves, knits, and sews all the clothes for the family.

I am sure, and here the four Hogarths. In the midst of these precious Lares and Penates would sit Mary—cannot you see her?—with her placid strong face. Nothing breaks the stillness but Charles's pen as it scratches over the rough paper, directing the sheets when finished to Mr. Moxon, for these were no days for Esquires among ordinary folk, a fact which would have pleased Matthew Arnold. Elia is smiling: what is he writing? Look over his shoulder and read; but our voices scare away these gentle ghosts, and the vision fades.

From the first moment of acquaintance, at which time may be only the delicate whimsical humour is tasted to the days when, as you know him better, you hear that cheerful heroic tone occasionally broken by a sigh—and to rightly understand and feel such pieces as "Dream Children" or "New Year's Eve," is to have an experience which, with all its sadness, one would not be without—Lamb becomes to his readers a dear and personal friend whom I think we never lose all our lives. He sits by our fireside when, tired and perplexed, we would admit no one else and speaks of all manner of everyday things. Just a journey to Margate in a hoy, or a day spent at Mackery End: youthful hours among the marble Emperors in the Blakesware hall; of Ann Simmons' yellow hair, Hester Savory's Quaker gown,—and as he talks he soothes and charms. He but describes an ordinary pleasure excursion, gives us a note or two of modest criticism, a sketch of an acquaintance, subjects any one might take, but true it is that "not our own our songs, but the way we sing them" (you will remember without help from me who said that), and the qualities which distinguished his work are essentially his own. We never weary of hearing of his literary affections, and of the friends he loved, whom in turn we care for, for his sake, disliking as heartily as I protest he must have done Godwin and the "Great Baby," and we like our essayist none the less for these signs of weakness which prove him akin to our noble selves.

Follow the windings of the New River, and in ten minutes you come to Canonbury Tower, built in the reign of Henry VIII. (says ever useful Mr. Thornbury) the only remaining part of the Priory of St. Bartholomew, and which still belongs to the descendants of that Sir John Spencer to whom it was sold when Elizabeth was Queen. It's a romantic rambling old house, possessing among other attractions two saloons lined with carved oak, and is interesting from the fact that Lamb used often to call on Goodman Symes—what a name for a melodrama!—when lodging here (the owners, not caring for the place, have let it since the beginning of the eighteenth century), and would roam about, up to the stairs to the roof, poking into all the cupboards and attics as I do to-day. Goldsmith was a lodger once they tell me, and wrote part of the *Vicar of Wakefield* in a dark panelled room which I was shown; and Washington Irving lived here some months (in the time of the *Sketch Book*), and Onslow the Speaker, and Woodfall who printed the Junius Letters, and is buried in Chelsea Church, and a host of others whose names I have forgotten. You would imagine that in this quiet old-world Islington house you would hear no news of later date than that of the Gordon Riots, yet the barcarole from *Les Surprises du Divorce* has penetrated as far as this, for I recognize the air as some one sings it through a closed door and in a parlour which once echoed with Queen Elizabeth's voice, and my companion insists on giving me here in the room where Goldsmith discussed with Newberry the terms for his "Natural History," a detailed account of the *Pompadour* at the Haymarket—a performance which he would have me know bored him horribly. "Elizabeth kept her sketching materials on this shelf when visiting the Spencers," says our guide, but I must confess I am more interested in hearing that sixteen thousand pictures have been sent for selection to the Academy, only about nineteen hundred of which can be kept; how many of these will be likely to prove a success? My companion, who is young and arrogant, will tell me exactly. Then as the various beauties of the oak carvings are pointed out to us, which have gained every one's admiration for the last 300 years, I hear of a certain entertainment given by a mutual artist friend, and the description of this entertainment drives all instruction connected with that panelling out of my head. For I am told all the visitors were presented as they entered the hall with great branches of flowering almond blossom, which they bore in their left hands: then from a darkened apartment through which they passed waves of wild wind music filled the air: and thus, environed with sweet sound and sweet scent, they were allowed slowly to enter the inner sanctum where on draped and decorated easels the artist's pictures ("intended for exhibition at the Royal Academy") were arranged. Not a word is spoken. Silently the almond branches are waved in ecstasy. Then in token of overpowering sensations of awe and appreciation, the audience after a time retire backwards from the studio, to the last keeping their eyes fixed on those faintly splashed canvases, those Impressions of Switzerland, let us say, which have stricken them dumb with admiration. And the music swells louder, louder into a grand Triumphant March and the perfume of the flowering blossoms hies like incense to the skies. . . . "After all every one of his things are kicked out," says my young friend in his peculiar vernacular. "So the conceited beggar will have to have a shot at the New Gallery."

Limelight falls on the statue of Lord Beaconsfield as we pass this evening—limelight succeeding a great shower of primroses: which of the two would the Prime Minister have appreciated the most? An odd sight, truly, is this immense pressing crowd: in the midst, the bronze statue heaped with wreaths and nosegays of every size: above the rays of the lantern lighting yellow flowers, restless, living faces, and the bronze Sphinx-like countenance of D'Israeli. There is something ludicrous to me in the performance, for which I think the shifting sham glare is mainly responsible, but the multitude see no absurdity, and as they cling about the railings they say to each other, that the statesman lights up almost as well as did the fountains in the Colonial Exhibition, and would prove as effective if treated with the same varying shades of colour.

WALTER POWELL.

CYMBELINE.

I HAVE just re-read this charming play, one of the last productions of the genius of our mighty bard. Grouped by Professor Dowden, with the plays *Pericles*, *The Tempest*, and *The Winter's Tale*, under the head of "Romances,"—"In all of them," he truly says, "there is a beautiful romantic back-ground of sea and mountain." All are characterised "by a grand beauty, a sweet serenity." My pleasure in this last reading of *Cymbeline* was no doubt greatly enhanced from the fact that I took it up while still fresh from the pages of Lady Martin's (Helena Faucit) exquisite and appreciative sketch of "the divine Imogen," the heroine of the drama, and the special favourite, moreover, with her of all Shakespeare's heroines, noble, pure, and charming as many of the others doubtless are. In passing, may I venture to commend Lady Martin's delightful and artistic volume to all your readers, but more particularly to your female readers, who are not already acquainted with it.

My object, however, in this paper, is not to call attention to Lady Martin's exquisite cameos of some of Shakespeare's female characters, but to refer to a passage in *Cymbeline* which has hitherto baffled the ingenuity of commentators and emendators, but of which I venture to hope I have solved the difficulty by a very trifling textual emendation.

The passage occurs in the sixth scene of the third act, when the banished Lord Belarius and the two stolen princely boys, Guiderius and Arviragus (brothers of Imogen, but the supposed sons of Belarius), returning to their cave are amazed to find it occupied by a creature so lowly and so unearthly that Belarius on beholding it exclaims:

But that it eats our victuals, I should think
Here were a fairy.

The "fairy" apparition is Imogen, who, disguised in boy's clothes, has fled from her father's court in hopes of finding her beloved Posthumus to whom she had been so lately wedded.

Surprised at his father's word, Guiderius enquires:

What's the matter?

when Belarius replies:

By Jupiter an angel; or, if not,
An earthly paragon!—Behold divineness
No elder than a boy!

After an interchange of courteous greetings between the frightened Imogen and the three surprised tenants of the cave, Belarius calls upon his sons to bid the stranger welcome, when Guiderius thus accosts Imogen:

Were you a woman, youth,
I should woo hard, but be your groom. In honesty;
I bid for you as I'd buy.

The last line of this passage reads in the old text:

I bid for you as I do buy,

which being hopelessly unintelligible Tyrwhitt suggested the other reading which has been generally followed, although confessedly it does not render the meaning of the speech a whit more clear. All commentators agree that the passage is corrupt, but—with the exception of Tyrwhitt's very unsatisfactory emendation—no attempt has been made, so far as I can find, to restore the true text.

I venture to think that the passage was written by Shakespeare as follows:

Were you a woman, youth,
I should woo hard, but be your groom. In honesty,
I bid for you as a boy.

Charmed like Belarius with the womanly beauty of the apparition, Guiderius says in effect, "Were you a woman I would woo and wed you, but as alas! you are not, I must only love you as a boy." Emended as I suggest, Guiderius' speech is perfectly natural and intelligible, the antithesis between the parts of the sentence clear, and the remark of his brother, Arviragus, which immediately follows, becomes specially fitting. Arviragus says:

I'll make it my comfort,
He is a man. I'll love him as my brother.

As though he said to Guiderius, "You are distressed that the lovely stranger is a boy, while I take 'comfort' in the fact and am ready to love him as a brother."

It may be remarked, too, that, thus altered, Guiderius' speech harmonizes with the key note struck by Belarius when, on first seeing Imogen, he exclaims:

Behold divineness
No elder than a boy.

Before concluding I venture to suggest a slight emendation in another passage in the same play. At the close of the fourth scene of the second act, when the too credulous Posthumus, believing in the guilt of Imogen, rushes off the stage with the words:

I'll do something—

Philario says to Iachimo, who has apparently triumphed in his villainy:

Quite beside
The government of patience. You have won.
Let's follow him and pervert the present wrath
He hath against himself.

I confess myself unable to understand the meaning of "pervert" in this passage, and am strongly disposed to believe that Shakespeare wrote "prevent," which makes the meaning quite clear. E. A. MEREDITH.

PROMINENT CANADIANS.—XVIII.

THE HONOURABLE WILFRID LAURIER, M.P.

FROM the banks of the Loire, in the ancient Province of Anjou, came a French family bearing the name of Laurier, to settle on the shores of the blue St. Lawrence, in 1650. The spot they selected for their new home was the seigniory of Lachenaie, in the county of L'Assomption, and it was at St. Lin, in the same seigniory, that the present leader of the Canadian Liberal party in the House of Commons was born, on 20th November, 1841. In a Chamber where the average age of the members is above fifty, and where the First Minister is a patriarch in years, the Hon. Wilfrid Laurier may still be classed as a young man. In appearance he does not show the weight of the cares of state; for his dark hair is full and wavy, his tall and rather slender figure is straight as an arrow, and with his clean-shaven face, he might easily be taken for one of the youngest members of the House.

Although both his father and grandfather were land surveyors, he did not adopt the same profession, but after leaving L'Assomption College he pursued a course of legal studies in Montreal, in the office of Hon. R. Lafamme. During this period he took the law course at McGill University, and received the degree of B.C.L. in 1864. He was called to the Quebec Bar in 1865, and began the practice of the law in Montreal; but his health was impaired by his application to study, and he soon after abandoned the law and entered upon the career of journalism, as editor of *Le Dériveur*, a Liberal newspaper published in Arthabaska. It was not long, however, before he was able to begin the practice of the law in his new home, and he speedily built up a large business, which his law firm still enjoys. It was not likely that abilities of so high an order as his would be long overlooked by the leaders of the Liberal party, and Mr. Laurier was accordingly selected in 1871, as a candidate for the county of Drummond and Arthabaska in the Quebec Legislature, and was triumphantly elected. He remained in the Provincial House for three years, and the system of Dual Representation, which at that time permitted members of the Commons to hold seats in the Local Legislatures, gave him colleagues of brilliancy and experience. He fleshed his maiden sword in contests with Messrs. Cartier, Cauchon, and Langevin, and among his minor antagonists stood the young Conservative member for Terrebonne, who is his senior by only a year, and who again faces him as Secretary of State in the House of Commons. It cannot be doubted that the presence of such remarkable men amongst the Liberal Opposition in Quebec as Mr. Holton, Mr. Fournier, and Mr. Joly did much to mould the opinions of their young follower from Drummond and Arthabaska, who was destined soon to occupy a higher political position than any of them ever reached.

When Mr. Mackenzie made his successful appeal to the country in 1874, he sought out the young deputy whose reputation had been so firmly established by his success in the Quebec Legislature, and persuaded him to contest his own county for the Ottawa seat. Mr. Laurier responded to the call, and entered the House of Commons, after a keen contest, as member for Drummond and Arthabaska.

Those who were present on 30th March, 1874, when the Address was moved in reply to the Speech from the Throne, witnessed a remarkable display of oratory. The mover was Thomas Moss, the seconder was Wilfrid Laurier. The reputation of each was great. Mr. Moss had achieved the most distinguished successes at the University of Toronto, and had reached a high position at the Bar. He was marked out by all who knew him for still higher things, and although afterwards cut off in the prime of life, he lived to adorn the highest judicial position in Ontario. The expectations of the audience were not disappointed. If the English speech of Mr. Moss was a splendid effort, no less did the charm of Mr. Laurier's eloquence in his native tongue captivate the listeners. The praises accorded to these two maiden speeches were not the mere conventional compliments, always considered appropriate on such occasions.

The functions of a private member of the House of Commons who is one of a large majority supporting a Ministry are not of colossal importance. It is not safe for him to criticise in public the measures of the Administration, for which, as a party man, he may have to give a vote. His private remonstrances are often unavailing, and the spectacle is frequently witnessed of members voting for Government measures, which they may consider inexpedient and unnecessary, and to the details of which they may strongly object. It is to be hoped that the party whip does not often discipline members to desert a principle they value.

If a Government supporter is not free to attack Ministerial measures, neither is he at liberty to put himself forward, unasked, as their champion. The gentlemen of the Treasury benches are apt to resent a gratuitous defence of their policy, because it may commit them to untenable positions. On the whole, where a measure is matured after full consideration in the secret conclave of Ministers, it is seldom a safe policy for an uninitiated supporter to rush forward to defend it in debate.

For such reasons Mr. Laurier had but a moderate opportunity to display his ability in the House of Commons between 1874 and 1877. In July of the latter year, he responded to the invitation of the Liberals of Quebec City, to deliver an address on "Political Liberalism." The whole ground was covered by Mr. Laurier in this remarkable pronouncement. His party had for years been traduced as revolutionists of the most extreme Parisian school, as teaching doctrines subversive alike of public order, and of all religion. Many simple souls believed this slander, and among others the parish priests were very generally filled with genuine horror and alarm at any prospect of political success for the Quebec Liberals, either in Dominion or Provincial affairs. No man in Canada was better qualified to correct this error than Mr. Laurier. He had, from his earliest years,

been a profound student of English constitutional history and an ardent admirer of the heroic struggles for liberty by the English people. It was upon that model he desired to mould Canadian liberties, and to win by purely constitutional means every advance in freedom and progressive development for his country. In his own words spoken to the Quebec Liberals:—"We are a happy and free people; we owe this freedom to the Liberal institutions which govern us, which we owe to our forefathers and to the wisdom of the Mother Country. The policy of the Liberal party is to guard these institutions, to defend and propagate them, and under the rule of these institutions to develop the latent resources of our country. Such is the policy of the Liberal party, and it has no other."

Mr. Laurier entered Mr. Mackenzie's Cabinet, as Minister of Inland Revenue, in September, 1877, and was defeated when he went back for re-election. He was at once offered East Quebec, and has ever since sat for that important constituency, holding it by immense majorities. At a caucus of the Dominion Opposition, held towards the end of the Session of 1887, Mr. Laurier was unanimously chosen as leader of the Party in the place of Hon. E. Blake, who resigned on account of ill-health.

The position of the French-Canadian people is entirely unique. Separated from their ancestral home by the lapse of nearly ten generations of men, and living under a foreign flag, they have preserved with pious pride the language, the creed, and many of the customs of old Normandy and Bretagne, with more fidelity than their fellow-countrymen who remained behind. The France of to-day is not the France of old, nor does it specially attract the Franco-Canadians. Yet they cannot feel for England the sympathy of race. Cut off then, as they are, from any other country but Canada, they feel an intense love for their native land. They fought for their dear firesides under Montcalm against the Union Jack; and they fought for them again beneath the folds of the English flag under DeSalaberry. There are no truer Canadians to-day, and none more loyal to the free institutions which we possess, than our French-speaking fellow-citizens. This idea has often been eloquently expressed by Mr. Laurier. When, in 1887, he seconded the Jubilee address to the Queen, the whole House rang with plaudits elicited by his eloquent and manly expressions of loyalty to the Queen, and speaking for his own race he said:—"It is a great pleasure to me to say that if her Canadian subjects ought to be grateful to her Majesty, there are none of them who ought to be so grateful to her as her subjects of French origin, because there is no class of her subjects who have so profited by the era of liberty which was ushered in by her ascension to the throne." This loyalty, founded on reason and gratitude, is more likely to be enduring than the hysterical and jingo loyalty, which occasionally develops itself among some of her Majesty's subjects in Canada.

As a Parliamentary orator, it is conceded by friend and opponent alike, that Mr. Laurier is unequalled in Canada to-day. When, in 1886, he was pleading the cause of the Half-breeds of the North-West, he held the House spell-bound from the beginning to the end of his speech. It was of that effort Mr. Blake spoke when he said:—"My honourable friend, not content with having, for this long time, in his own tongue, borne away the palm of Parliamentary eloquence, has invaded ours; and in that field has pronounced a speech which, in my humble judgment, merits this compliment, because it is the truth, that it was the finest Parliamentary speech ever pronounced in the Parliament of Canada since Confederation."

Besides his fine presence, pleasing voice, and admirable manner, Mr. Laurier never fails to elevate his subject to a high plane, to brighten it by illustrations drawn from a varied knowledge of men and books, and often to give, in a few condensed phrases, the cream of many arguments. The announcement that he is likely to speak is always the signal for a crowded house and a well-filled gallery. It is certainly a marvel that any man should be able to acquire such remarkable command over the niceties of a foreign tongue.

Mere eloquence alone does not fit a public man for the leadership of a party. An alert and intelligent interest in public business is indispensable, and during the first session of Mr. Laurier's leadership he has already shown himself entirely qualified in this respect. But, after all, to be a true leader of men, qualities of the heart are at least as requisite as intellectual pre-eminence. Kindly instincts, also, often lead to a treatment of political opponents, which disarms them more effectually than the keenest weapons of logic, or the fiercest onslaughts of invective. Truly there are necessary and sharp differences of opinion to be expressed on public questions, and it is not in human nature that blow should not be returned for blow. But we are taught by the example of all the greatest among the statesmen of England, that it is possible in the midst of the political strife, in the very din and shock of the conflict, so to deal with public questions as to denounce measures rather than men, and that no good cause requires that personal wounds should be inflicted upon an adversary. An unerring and kindly natural instinct has prevented Mr. Laurier from making an enemy of a political opponent during his public career, and perhaps this gives him more power in the House of Commons than all his eloquence. On his own side, he is the sympathetic friend, as well as the trusted leader, of every individual member; on the other side, he is, by all, honoured, respected, and admired.

J. D. EDGAR.

It has generally been believed that the reduction in average height of French soldiers which followed Napoleon's wars, due, of course, to the immense slaughter in those campaigns, made all of those soldiers the shortest in Europe. But, according to a high medical and military authority in Russia, the minimum height of the Russian and the French conscript is about equal—five feet; while in most other European countries the minimum ranges from five feet one inch to five feet three inches.

THE FIRST ROBIN.

A LEADEN sky, gold-fretted in the west,
Where sinks the red sun with his banners torn :
A robin resting from long flight and worn
Is perched beside a winter-draggled nest.
A thousand miles of ever anxious quest,
From Southern bayou, lit by sunny morn,
Where cypress branches, tasseled like ripe corn,
Flung their gray moss against his tawny breast,
Have not bereft him of the thoughts of love ;
The morrow's eye will bring his tardy mate,
And they will build another home, above
The last year's wreck—at early morn and late,
His song will pierce the lilac-leaved alcove,
Where she sits queenlike, in her purple state.

Barrie-field, April, 1888.

K. L. JONES.

PROFESSOR BRANDL ON COLERIDGE.

PROFESSOR ALOIS BRANDL, the author of an elaborate study of the life and works of the poet Coleridge, which has been translated into English by Lady Eastlake, and favourably reviewed in some English journals of high standing, pronounces at least one critical judgment which cannot be allowed to pass unquestioned. "It is wrong," he says, "to cite always the *Ancient Mariner* and *Christabel* as Coleridge's best works. In the *Reflections on Leaving a Place of Retirement* there is more domestic warmth, more original thought, more artistic finish." Now, to Coleridge's English admirers this brief poem so highly praised by Professor Brandl is nothing more than a transcript of one of those fluctuating moods and phases of emotion which the poet has so often embodied in facile blank verse. Its domestic warmth is simply that effusive glow of feeling which he could always summon at will ; its aspirations for himself and his brother men the echoes of his visionary scheme of founding a Pantisocracy—a poetized and sublimated anarchy—on the banks of the river Susquehanna. To place this piece of sentimental verse above the wonderful poems with which Professor Brandl compares it seems to prove him quite incapable of appreciating, or even comprehending, Coleridge's true genius as a poet.

Not on any of the poems which may be called personal revelations, beautiful as some of this class are—*Dejection*, for instance, *Youth and Age*, and two or three others—can Coleridge's title to immortal fame be founded. It does not depend on his *Religious Musings*, his *Sibylline Leaves*, his political-philosophical odes, or his dramas. It rests on the slender but immovable basis of three poems, each unique in its way, *Kubla Khan*, *Christabel*, and *The Ancient Mariner*.

Whether *Kubla Khan* was really the birth of a dream, as Coleridge said, or only the creation of the poet's dream-like imagination, who can say? For so strangely was his mind confused between his literary work imagined and that actually done that his utterances on such subjects are not to be depended on. It is a purely poetical fantasy, with no more plot or plan, motive of moral, than a flower or gem, but in its power of raising with splendid imagery and melodious verse, as with a magic wand, a realm of enchantment, it is unequalled, and must forever remain one of the greatest marvels of poetry.

Christabel has a plot, a tale to tell, though, alas ! it is a tale that is left half told. In it the opposing powers of good and ill are shadowed forth in weird and mystic guise, and the dead mother, as her guardian spirit and minister of grace, contends with the beautiful enchantress, who is the minister of evil, for the soul of sweet Christabel. From the very first, the ghostly aspect of nature, the troubled unrest of the creatures that are nearer to nature than man, thrill us with the sense that something eerie and harmful is abroad. We know at once that the damsel, "beautiful exceedingly," who lies moaning under the old oak tree, is a witch or a Lamia, come to work woe on the innocent maiden

Beloved by all in the upper sky ;

and we shudder with dread as Christabel in tender pity stretches forth her hand, and puts herself under the spell of the wicked Geraldine. But through all this haunting terror the dread is "tempered with delight" ; the dominant note is one of ineffable sweetness ; and the noble and pathetic lines which tell of Sir Leoline's quarrel with his friend and the pain and loss of their parted lives are as sweet as they are sad.

Coleridge says in *The Day Dream*—

My eyes make pictures when they're shut :

and we can easily fancy that the pictures in *Christabel* were made by this simple process, and instantly woven into the melodious numbers through which we see them. The lovely maid, so pure and sweet, praying in the moonlit wood ; the lady so beautiful to see, with glittering gems wildly tangled in her hair, and naked blue-veined feet, appealing to the wondering maiden's pity ; Christabel opening the little door in the middle of the gate with the key that fitted well, to admit her treacherous guest ; the dying firebrands in the hall shooting out tongues of flame as the witch steals by, and Christabel guides her up the stairs "as still as death, with stifled breath" ; the maiden's chamber, carved with figures strange and sweet, and Christabel trimming the lamp fastened with twofold silver chain to an angel's feet ; the bodiless spirit of the guardian mother hovering near, while the wicked Geraldine shrinks and cowers at the

heavenly watcher's presence ; Christabel leaning from her bed in a dream or trance, and, as the lady loosens her cincture and lets her silken robe drop to the floor, beholding the foul heart of the witch revealed in all its horror—these, and many other pictures, all so ethereal in their beauty and yet so weird, illuminate the pages of this lovely poem as if the silver-pointed pencil that "Rafael used to draw Madonnas" were added to the vision and the voice of divine poesy. Add to these rare faculties the power of subtly blending soul and sense, nature and man, and the world beyond mortal ken, and of wrapping them in an atmosphere of mystic glamour of which only Coleridge ever had the secret, and we have the elements from which *Christabel* sprang to being in the poet's imagination, waiting to receive outward life and form from his hand. Owing to the defects that marred Coleridge's splendid genius this was only partly accomplished. In his mind, he tells us, the poem had "the wholeness as well as the loveliness of a vision" ; unhappily, the inspiration under which it was conceived and the first part written passed away, and it was thrown aside unfinished. Three years later he tried to recall the lost vision and fix its fleeting images, but again "the spells that drowsed his soul" overcame him ; the wondrous tale was left half told, the other half lost for ever.

One man, disregarding the warning in *Kubla Khan*, had the hardihood to rush within the woven circle, and attempt to revive the mystic symphony and song. It is needless to speak of the result, but it may be found somewhere among the works of Mr. Martin Tupper.

But incomparably Coleridge's greatest work is the *Ancient Mariner*. The simplicity of its ballad form and its weird supernaturalism hide its spiritual meaning from many who delightedly yield themselves to its witching spell, and think it the most wonderful fairy tale that ever was written. To Coleridge it was something far more than a fairy tale. It was inspired and pervaded by that religious mysticism, and that profound belief in the unity of man and all God's creatures, "great and small," with the spirit that informs the universe, which from first to last coloured all his theories of life, and all his philosophical theology. In it he made the confession of a faith rooted in his being, constantly trying to escape from the limits of thought into some region of absolute certainty and constantly thrown back into doubt and despondency, he found his only relief in dreams, or in the creations of his vivid imagination.

In the *Ancient Mariner* we have a symbol of man's soul, alienated from God, and leading a blind and selfish existence, destitute of sympathy and love. The misery that follows such an isolated soul is symbolically pictured, partly through scenes of human suffering, partly through visionary phantoms from the spirit-world. The great elemental forces of nature—tempests of wind and snow, giant icebergs, and all the dread phenomena of the southern polar seas ; the burning heats and deadly calms of the torrid zone ; sun, moon, and stars, and the strange aspects of unknown skies ; the strong-winged denizens of the air, and the playful water snakes of the great deep—all have their parts in this "wild Odyssey of the soul" ; while the dreams and illusions of guilt and remorse become living personifications of weird power. When the lost soul, as symbolized in the *Ancient Mariner*, is sunk in the depths of despair, when the burden of his guilt becomes a conscious weight too heavy to be borne, redemption comes. In the simplest, humblest way love enters his heart unawares. That moment he is at one with God, and in sympathy with all God's creatures. In a strain of sweet and thrilling melody, in which all the sweetest songs of earth and heaven seem to blend and harmonize, he is brought back to his own country ; and henceforth, whenever he finds a man fitted to receive his message, he is constrained to tell his marvellous tale, and teach the lesson that had been taught to him—the lesson that love is the fulfilling of the law and the link that binds heaven and earth together.

Farewell, farewell ! but this I tell
To thee, thou wedding guest,
He prayeth well who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast.

He prayeth best who loveth best,
All things both great and small ;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.

A simple creed, but one that, through dreams of Neo-Platonism, Christian mysticism, and ecclesiastical dogmas, Coleridge held all his life. Long before he wrote the *Ancient Mariner* he made himself a target for the arrows of Philistine mockery by his *Lines to a Young Ass*, in which the same creed was set forth. And doubtless it was the child-like love and faith inherent in his nature, far more than his real genius or wonderful powers of persuasion, that preserved for him to the last the devoted friendship and affection of so many whom his faults and eccentricities had tried to the utmost, but could never wholly estrange.

From Professor Brandl's estimate of the comparative merit of Coleridge's works his critical review of the *Ancient Mariner* could hardly be satisfactory to those who appreciate its almost supernatural power and matchless charm. He treats it in his elaborate analysis as if it were merely an ingenious composition, a skilful combination of borrowed ideas, instead of an original work of creative genius ; and recounts Coleridge's supposed aid from Wordsworth, from another friend's dream, and from certain voyages and travels, in a manner that reminds one of the London charwoman who thought "it must have taken three or four men to put together *Dombey*." The mystic and spiritual element, which is the essence of the poem, he assumes to have had its origin in German ghost stories and ballads, and in proof cites the resemblance between the *Ancient Mariner* and Monk Lewis's ghostly ballad *Alonzo the Brave and the Fair Imogen*, which is an obvious imitation of Bürger's *Lenore*. In this way, Professor Brandl says, Bürger directly and indirectly influenced the *Ancient Mariner*.

The resemblance to Lewis's worthless ballad, which the Professor finds in Coleridge's immortal poem, is literally that there is a wedding in each; that in one the festivities are disturbed by a spectre knight, who carries off the bride, and in the other a wedding guest is stopped on his way to the feast by an "uncomfortable" mariner, who insists on telling his tale. There is music in both. Are not these "comparisons" too much after Fluellen's fashion—"There is a river in Macedon, and there is also more over a river in Monmouth, and there is salmon in both." It is of a similar style of criticism that Coleridge speaks in a prefatory note to *Christabel*. "There is among us," he says, "a set of critics who seem to hold that every possible thought and image is traditional; who have no notion that there are such things as fountains in the world, and who would therefore derive every rill they behold flowing from a perforation in another man's tank."

In his critical remarks, Professor Brandl makes a curious slip which, trifling as it may seem, is not without significance. He tells us that Coleridge introduced all sorts of strange features into the irregularities of the Romantic school—as if Coleridge belonged to the Romantic school, or any other school of poetry. "For example," the Professor says, "the Ancient Mariner swears by his beard, as if he were a Turk." The Ancient Mariner does no such thing. It is the angry wedding guest who adjures the Mariner by that noticeable appendage to his face:

By thy long beard and glittering eye,
Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?

A small mistake, but one that shows carelessness, and therefore ought not to be made by any one who undertakes to criticize such a poem as the inspired *Ancient Mariner*.

LOUISA MURRAY.

PRESSED VIOLETS IN A BORROWED CLASSIC.

Wise "old heathen" who were living
Twenty centuries ago,
What aromas sweetly modern
From your tedious pages flow!

Breath of violets, strangely mingled
With Demosthenes and Greece;
Arts of war and laws Platonic,
Hiding these shy arts of peace.

Friend, I see you, absent-minded,
Turning these wise pages o'er,
Leaving here for safer keeping
Those sweet flowers that she wore.

None would search here, you were thinking,
Or would seeing understand,
How she gave them you, half jesting,
With a pressure of the hand.

Friend, I think these old lawgivers
Far too ponderous for my mind.
Thanks for leaving, absent-minded,
Something I could read, if blind.

I have pondered truly, deeply,
What the wise and ancient say,
But the truest thing I read here
Is a tale of yesterday.

—Overland Monthly.

ART AND MUSIC.

THE EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL CANADIAN ACADEMY OF ARTS.

The combined Exhibition of the Royal Canadian Academy and Ontario Society of Artists, the opening of which we noticed last week, is one of considerable merit, and it is only to be regretted that interest is not taken by the general public in such an exhibit for its own sake. It must be conceded that Art in Canada is far in advance of the public taste; so far in advance, indeed, that it appears at times doubtful if public appreciation will ever overtake it. The effort now being made to build a public gallery, be it understood, is to pay for laying the bricks; the painters are presumably contributing their work for nothing. A very generous arrangement truly, but, after the example set to us by the younger colony in Australia, it is one that should cover us with lasting disgrace. The present temporary gallery, notwithstanding its makeshift surroundings, is cool and tolerably well lighted. Although there is no attempt yet made in work of an imaginative character, the technical painting is perhaps better than ever before. Mr. Glazebrook, of London, an old exhibitor at the Grosvenor Gallery, sends a portrait (174) that is quite good enough for any exhibition. The handling is free and confident, with a fine appreciation of textures, without any attempt at the brush-marks, brag and paintiness that young painters of the so-called French school so often affect. The colour is good, fully modelled, and full of vitality. It is far and beyond the best portrait in the room; probably the best that has ever been exhibited in Toronto before, if we except Stewart's portrait by Oulless. Immediately beneath this is a little picture, "Harmony" (175), by R. Harris, in front of which it will pay one to bring a chair and sit for a half hour. The painter has

abandoned the painty, sloppy manner of former years, also his tendency to redness in the flesh. Terburg, of whom it reminds one, could not have painted it better. It is the most artistic thing in the gallery, if the landscape men will excuse our partiality for figure pictures. "Composing his Serenade" (107) is necessarily less delicate and more off hand in the painting; the right hand has been a trifle slighted, but the movement of picking a mandolin is there. "The Tenor of the Spruce Creek District School" (120) as a whole, is a complete failure. The right of the picture, the serious side, is very fine indeed, but the tenor on the left, the funny side, is not so funny as utterly idiotic. The elbows projecting from the body at the same angle is a bad feature in the composition anyway, and Mr. Harris would do well to rearrange it. The "Chelsea Pensioner" (154) and "A Portrait" (150), an exquisitely modelled gray picture of a little lady who might have sat to Gainsborough, should not be overlooked. Mr. Harris is vastly improved since his last residence in England. The "Father will Return" (127) of Paul Peel, the largest picture in the room, is a variety of subject rather common in Paris, there being so very little thinking required in the composition, and the shops in the Rue de Seine where photographic out-of-door studies are sold carry a large stock of such subjects ready made. From the number of such pictures exhibited every year at the Salon it would appear that the aspiring painter of the wheel-barrow school fully avails himself of his exceptional facilities. The title of Mr. Peel's picture does not exactly fit, suggesting perplexity on the part of Mr. Peel to find out himself what it meant. The figure of the woman is so palpably posed that, unless she intends killing the infant and is considering whether to do it with the scythe or whetstone, photography is very naturally suggested. The manner of painting is common enough, too, in Paris; the "values" on which such insistence is made are readily attained by the exclusion of anything approaching to positive colour, but the ground is seldom of any value, and might be grass, fog, or feathers, and the subject is usually—as in the present instance—painted on a scale a long way in excess of its value. The painting, the workmanship, of this picture is respectable throughout. If there were anything positively bad, it may be, provided it have the least trace of originality to break the uniform respectability of this picture, it would be at least an element of hope. Mr. Foster is rather better this year than formerly. There is less display of cheap finery in his accessories and no "coincidences." The portrait of Jacob Spence (149) is a fortunate subject painted in a downright manly way. It is by long odds the best work Mr. Foster has yet exhibited. Let us hope that the pink-and-white effeminacy that has characterized his work in former years has been permanently abandoned. The colour is a little opaque and "painty," and the shadow side of the face is hardly the colour of the flesh in shadow. "Her ain Fireside" (133) is not so good; the hands suggest the talons of a bird and the fireside is badly out of perspective. "Drawing Lots" (110), by G. A. Reid, is "a screamer" of the very loudest kind. The intensity of sunlight on the red bricks and the inkiness of its shadows attract the eye from every direction, precluding the seeing, with any degree of comfort, anything else on that wall. The picture, although a very old subject, and a very old composition as regards the figures and the wall, is technically very good indeed, if it is rather wanting in atmospheric environment. The sky is the right colour for the side opposite the sun, but there is no difference in its intensity from zenith to horizon, and appears to be an upright plane. The wall being a section and a straight line parallel with the frame is also unsatisfactory. And we are very naturally led to think of its limitations, whether it is a low wall near the ground, as the tree would suggest, or painted from a scaffold away up in the air, as the house in the distance implies. Such little discrepancies as these disturb the mental repose necessary to the enjoyment of a picture. This class of subject is painted about as well as it can be by J. G. Brown, of New York, and it is only a question whether it is worth the candle, and is not an invasion of the legitimate domain of photography. "Gossip" (116) is also a very old subject not very happily treated, the back of the sitting figure is at least four inches too short, making the head look uncommonly large. The painting throughout is hard and wooden, and there is an obtrusiveness of the objects in the room that insists on an inventory being made of the items, and examining each in detail. In fact, to notice everything Mr. and Mrs. Reid sent would be simply to catalogue the whole of their studio furniture and belongings, finishing with two alleged portraits of Mr. Reid himself. A member may contribute fifteen pictures, but they need not be all on the line to the detriment of much better work. Must the Academy be reminded that it is not an auction room? Homer Watson is a man who seldom disappoints. Under whatever influence he may happen to work for the time, there is always enough of Watson in his pictures to impart an individual character, and quite enough of good to be truly thankful for. "Where the Upland Dips to the Shore" (129), his best picture this year, is as modest as nature, large, breezy and refreshing, notwithstanding the sky being a little heavy and purple. "Moonrise" (99) on the same wall is an unobtrusive little picture extremely beautiful, and has the rare quality of being like moonlight. The large picture of the "Saw Mill" (82) is not so good; it is an older picture, and it lacks the simplicity that he has since learned to value so highly. It is a composition. Now to arrange nature a man needs to know a great deal. It seems to us that the mill race is too near the road; a torrent of that description would undermine it in a few hours, and carry the over-hanging oak-tree completely away.

We must reserve consideration of the other pictures for another issue; but we cannot close this brief notice without some reference to the catalogue which, while neatly and even artistically printed, is full of the most inexcusable blunders. We have counted between fifty and sixty, and there may be many more, not only in the subjects of the pictures but in the names of the artists. The whole edition should be suppressed and a corrected one issued.

YE FAYRE OF YE OLDEN TIME.

We have received no programme of "Ye Fayre," and add but little to what we said last week. On Wednesday (yesterday) evening Mrs. Harrison's "Mask of May Day" was to have been presented for the first time, and should prove a success. We would like to give some extracts from the Mask, which is very cleverly written, but we have space only for the following:—

"Hail, Queen of May, to greet you we are come!
With prancing hobbyhorse and beat of drum,
With lads and lasses, dames and maidens gay,
With honest yeomen, knights in rich array,
With songs and garlands, dance and simple joys,
With pipe and tabor, and our merry noise
Throughout our merry England shall resound,
From Nottingham to Kent and Cornish ground,
If any stranger lurks within the throng,
We'll teach him mirth and music, games and song,
Show him that here no visions do belong
Of such dull things as care and melancholy;
For whiles we live, 'tis best to live as jolly
As mirth and maidens, ale and cakes can make it,
But now, fair Queen, your throne awaits, pray take it,
Our hearts are yours, assume your royal state,
Your loyal subjects on your pleasure wait."

ROBERTS AND SON'S COLLECTION OF PAINTINGS.

We are unable to give this week a description of the collection of paintings in the rooms of Messrs. Roberts and Son, 79 King St. West. They are for the most part by English artists, and are well worth looking at. They are to be on view until Saturday, the 26th inst., when they will be offered for sale by auction. In our next issue we may have something further to say about these paintings.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

ETHICS OF BOXING AND MANLY SPORT. By John Boyle O'Reilly. Illustrated. Boston: Ticknor and Company.

This book is not a manual for the professional or amateur athlete. It does not defend the brutality of "the Ring," or encourage prize-fighting. "Its main purpose is to bring into consideration the high value, moral and intellectual as well as physical, of those exercises that develop healthy constitutions, cheerful minds, manly self-confidence, and appreciation of the beauties of nature and natural enjoyment." The first part treats of the Ethics and Evolution of Boxing, and in it stirring accounts are given of some notable fights, ancient and modern. While Mr. O'Reilly regrets and deplors the brutality of the prize ring, and declares it to be "as unnecessary as it is repulsive," yet he finds a wholesome lesson in a fight. Sayer's great contest with Heenan "proved that a small man can easily defeat a big and heavy one by skill, pluck, and endurance"; and from Tom King's victory over Jim Mace, Englishmen learned that "beating, bruising, and even blinding a man do not defeat him, if his heart be true and strong." The bruises and the scars and the blood "are the price of a precious and beautiful thing—the sight of manly qualities under the severest strain." Mr. O'Reilly's enthusiasm for boxing is inexhaustible. "All other athletic exercises, with one exception," he says, "are limited or partial in their physical development. That exception is swimming. Swimming takes the whole muscular system into play, uniformly and powerfully. Lungs, heart, trunk, and limbs, all but the eyes, have to do their full share of the work. Boxing leaves nothing out; it exercises the whole man at once and equally—the trunk, the limbs, the eyes—and the mind." But those who cannot share the author's admiration for the manly art will find the book not only interesting but instructive and useful. The chapters on training and exercise generally for the promotion of health contain many hints and directions which the reader may study with profit. The account of ancient Irish athletic games, exercises and weapons, contains some curious information of considerable interest; while the concluding chapters, consisting of canoeing sketches, will delight all who are devoted to the paddle. Mr. O'Reilly is an experienced and graceful writer, and we need say nothing of the literary merits of his book, which the publishers have brought out in the excellent style characteristic of their house.

MARGARET REGIS AND SOME OTHER GIRLS. A Story. By Annie H. Ryder. Boston: D. Lothrop Company.

This is a girl's book, but it is one that will interest many others who may take the trouble or chance to have the pleasure of reading it. There is a great deal of common-place talk in it; but its tone is pure and good, and the influence it exerts on the reader cannot be other than wholesome. The story is not altogether about school girls and school days. Indeed we are introduced to the heroine—if "Grita" can be called a heroine, on the eve of her graduation. We see much of her after she leaves school, while she is abroad filling herself for her life work, while she is a teacher; and besides this there is a pretty little romance which ends in the prince finding his princess.

LITTLE MISS PEGGY. By Mrs. Molesworth. With pictures, by Walter Crane. London and New York: Macmillan and Company. Toronto: Williamson and Company.

Mrs. Molesworth's stories are always good, and this very pretty little nursery tale is quite worthy of the author's reputation. Peggy is a charm-

ing little girl who talks very naturally, sometimes very amusingly, and sometimes even instructively. The pictures are real illustrations, which add much to the charm of an unusually good book for children.

THE SPELL OF ASHTAROTH. By Duffield Osborne. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

The scene of this story is laid in the city of Jericho and the plain before it, when that great city was taken and destroyed by the Israelites under Joshua. The vast camp of Israel, the compassing of the walls on the seventh day, the fall of the doomed city, and the terrible destruction of its inhabitants are vividly and powerfully described, and with remarkable adherence to the main facts of the Scripture narrative. Joshua and Caleb, Eleazer the High Priest, and other leaders of the Israelites are introduced to the reader, but the chief interest centres in Adriel, a young Hebrew warrior, and Elissa, the beautiful Assyrian maiden, whom he unlawfully spared in the slaughter of Jericho. The story is exceedingly interesting, and is told with vigour and brilliancy. The disastrous attack on Ai, the sin of Achan, and the tragedy of the Valley of Achor are some of the episodes in a story of unusual merit.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

The Andover for May is quite up to the high standard maintained by this excellent periodical.

The May Cosmopolitan is a brilliant number, showing marked literary merit and many excellent portraits and other illustrations.

Queries for May has much of that pleasant reading and useful information which we are accustomed to look for in this periodical.

Outing for May is a handsomely illustrated and carefully edited number of this popular magazine of recreation, travel, and adventure.

AN American English version of the series, "Les Grands Ecrivains Français," has been undertaken by A. C. McClurg and Company, Chicago.

PROFESSOR CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS contributes a paper in literary criticism to the *New Princeton Review* for May, entitled "Pastoral Elegiacs."

AN appreciative, critical, and biographical sketch of Louisa May Alcott, by Cecil Hampden Howard, is one of the attractions in the May number of *Woman*.

"A PESSIMIST," by Robert Tomsol, which has just been completed in John B. Alden's publication, the *Novelist*, has been brought out in book form by the publisher.

In the *Overland Monthly* for May "Some Western Caricature" is continued, giving many amusing examples of black and white caricature in former days in California.

In *Macmillan* for May, Mr. Morris's "Chris" is concluded. A paper on Sydney Smith by Mr. George Saintsbury, and an anonymous article on "Gentlemen Emigrants," are attractive features of the number.

Temple Bar for May has in addition to a very liberal amount of fiction, several articles of interest: "Dickens's Characters and their Prototypes," "A Poet of Prose," "Prince Bismarck and the German Reichstag," and "Gluck."

The Forum for May deals with a number of questions of great public importance, among them, "Miscarriages of Justice," by Judge George C. Barrett; "Obstacles to Good City Government," by Seth Low, and "National Control of Railways," by Frederic Taylor.

THE serial that has been running in *Harper's Weekly*, entitled "A Strange MS. Found in a Copper Cylinder," is said to have been written by the late Prof. De Mille, and to have lain in the archives of the Harper establishment for the past fifteen years. This information will rather disturb those persons who have pronounced it an imitation of the peculiar literary productions of Mr. Rider Haggard.

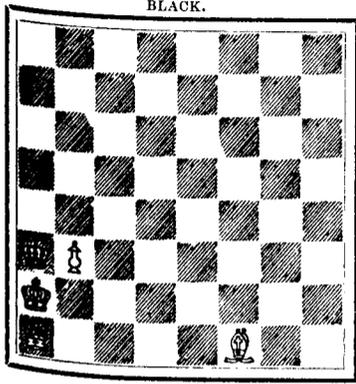
THE blow has fallen. Boston can no longer consider herself the literary centre of the country. The author of "April Hopes" arrived at the Parker House on Thursday evening, and registered as "W. D. Howells, New York." This is nothing less than treachery. Now that Mr. Howells avows himself a New Yorker, there is no telling what the future may have in store for either city. But to abandon Boston to its own desolate fate—ah, that was cruel, indeed! The doom of the tri-mountain city is sealed.

WE are glad to see that at last an Historical Society of Ontario has been organized. Similar societies have been in existence in the other provinces for many years and have accomplished much good work. But although there has been no organized Society in Ontario, there have been able, zealous, and painstaking labourers, in the field of local historical research, the value of whose exertions can scarcely be over-estimated. The Society now organized has for President, Hon. G. W. Allan, D.C.L.; for Vice-President Col. G. T. Denison and D. A. O'Sullivan LL.D.; and for Secretary-Treasurer, Mr. John Charles Dent.

THE fact has been noted that seamen, as a rule, are peculiarly subject to colour-blindness. In tests made in the British mercantile marine standard green was pronounced red in 107 cases out of 189.

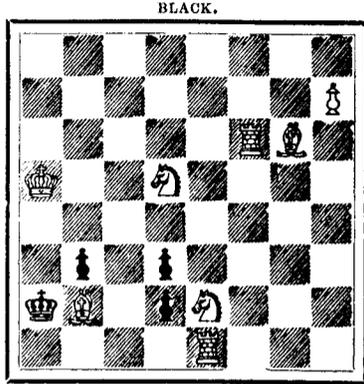
CH E S S.

PROBLEM No. 253.
By A. LULMAN, Melbourne.
From Illustrated News.



White to play and mate in three moves.

PROBLEM No. 254.
From Le Monde Illustré.



White to play and mate in three moves.

SOLUTIONS TO PROBLEMS.

- | | | | |
|------------|--------|-------------|--------|
| No. 247. | | No. 248. | |
| White. | Black. | White. | Black. |
| 1. Q-Q B 2 | Moves. | 1. K-B 3 | K-B 2 |
| 2. Mates. | | 2. K x Kt | Moves. |
| | | 3. Kt mate. | |

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

N. H. G.—Problem 247 is in two moves. Correct solutions received to Problems 246 and 248.

GAME PLAYED IN 1858 BETWEEN MORPHY AND STANLEY.

From Illustrated London News.

Stanley. White.	Morphy. Black.	Stanley. White.	Morphy. Black.
1. P-K 4	P-K 4	14. Kt x R P (a)	P x Kt
2. Kt-K B 3	Kt-Q B 3	15. Q B x P	K-Kt 2
3. B-Q B 4	Kt-B 3	16. Q-B 3 (b)	R-R 1
4. P-Q 3	B-Q B 4	17. Q-Kt 3 +	K-B 1
5. P-Q B 3	P-Q 3	18. Q-Kt 5 (c)	Kt-Q 2
6. P-K R 3	Castles	19. B x B	P x B
7. B-K Kt 5	B-Q Kt 3	20. Q x Q	Kt x Q
8. Q Kt-Q 2	B-K 3	21. Kt-K B 3	K-Kt 2
9. Castles	P-K R 3	22. P-K Kt 4	K Kt-K B 1
10. Q B-R 4	K-R 1	23. K-Kt 2	K Kt-Kt 3
11. Kt-K R 2	P-K Kt 4	24. B-K Kt 5	Q Kt-K B 2
12. B-K Kt 3	P-K R 4	25. P-K R 4	Q Kt x B
13. K Kt-B 3	P-R 5	26. P x Kt	Kt-K B 5 +

And White resigns.

NOTES.

- (a) Few could have resisted this sacrifice, and perhaps well followed up it was the best line of play.
 (b) Kt-K B 3, and presently Q to her 2nd, would probably have been stronger.
 (c) Better have played Q B-K Kt 5. An exchange of Queens was anything but desirable for White's game.

I would recommend you to read chiefly in the line of poetry in which you find your taste to lie, but not in that line only. By reading along with your taste you will get an impulse to carry you on, and by reading beyond it, you will gradually enlarge your bounds. You should not be content with appreciating the merits which are borne in upon you, as it were, but apply yourself also to discover the merits which others have perceived and which have made a poet famous, though they do not strike you at first sight.—*Sir Henry Taylor: Letter to H. T.*

Though the Parsees do not number more than ninety thousand souls, and half of them are in Bombay, they are wielding a decided influence in the modern civilization of the East. Long a persecuted race, they were finally driven from their native country, eleven hundred years ago, by the Moslems, and settled in Sugat, and from that point have become scattered through India. By their fruits they are making themselves known as worthy and efficient members of society. The Queen of England has no more honourable and patriotic subjects in England. They must have a deal of that noble blood of the ancient Persian coursing through their veins. They own and occupy some of the best residences in Bombay.—*Interior.*

People do not generally understand that the skin shares in the function of respiration, and that if this is interfered with death is apt to ensue, though this is due not so much to asphyxia as to some form of blood-poisoning caused by the constituents of the perspiration being reabsorbed into the blood. A striking illustration of the necessity of leaving the skin open to some extent to the action of air is afforded by the fact that a child who was coated with gum and then covered with gold-leaf to represent a cherub at the coronation of Pope Leo X. died a few hours after the operation. A similar fate nearly befell Gustave Doré in the days of his youth, when a passing caprice made him go to a fancy ball as *Un Monsieur Doré*; but as in his case the gilding was only partial, he survived, though he did not escape a sharp illness.—*Hospital.*

WARNER'S SAFE CURE

St. CATHARINES, Ont., Jan. 24, 1887.—About six years ago I was a great sufferer from kidney disease, and was in misery all the while. I hardly had strength enough to walk straight, and was ashamed to go on the street. The pains across my back were almost unbearable, and I was unable to find relief, even temporarily. I began the use of "Warner's Safe Cure," and inside of one week I found relief, and after taking eight bottles I was completely cured.

W. E. Hugg

Manager for American Express Co.

TORONTO (18 Division Street), Sept. 17, 1887.—Three years ago last August my daughter was taken ill with Bright's disease of the kidneys. The best medical skill in the city was tasked to the utmost, but to no purpose. She was racked with convulsions for forty-eight hours. Our doctor did his best, and went away saying the case was hopeless. After she came out of the convulsions, she was very weak and all her hair fell out. The doctor had left us about a month when I concluded to try "Warner's Safe Cure," and after having taken six bottles along with several bottles of "Warner's Safe Pills," I saw a decided change for the better in her condition. After taking twenty-five bottles there was a complete cure. My daughter has now a splendid head of hair, and weighs more than she ever did before.

Mrs. Jas. Burns

THE GREATEST BLOOD PURIFIER!

CHATHAM, Ont., March 6, 1888.—In 1884 I was completely run down. I suffered most severe pains in my back and kidneys, so severe that at times I would almost be prostrated. A loss of ambition, a great desire to urinate, without the ability of so doing, coming from me as it were in drops. The urine was of a peculiar color and contained considerable foreign matter. I became satisfied that my kidneys were in a congested state and that I was running down rapidly. Finally I concluded to try "Warner's Safe Cure," and in forty-eight hours after I had taken the remedy I voided urine that was as black as ink, containing quantities of mucus, pus and gravel. I continued, and it was not many hours before my urine was of a natural straw color, although it contained considerable sediment. The pains in my kidneys subsided as I continued the use of the remedy, and it was but a short time before I was completely relieved. My urine was normal, and I can truthfully say that I was cured.

J. Moore

296 McKeab Street North, HAMILTON, Can., Nov. 2, 1886.—I had been suffering for over twenty years from a pain in the back and one side of the head, and indigestion. I could eat scarcely anything, and everything I ate disagreed with me. I was attended by physicians who examined me and stated that I had enlargement of the liver, and that it was impossible to cure me. They also stated that I was suffering from heart disease, inflammation of the bladder, kidney disease, bronchitis and catarrh, and that it was impossible for me to live. They attended me for three weeks without making any improvement in my condition. I commenced taking "Warner's Safe Cure" and "Warner's Safe Pills," acting strictly up to the directions as to diet, and took thirty-six bottles, and have had the best of health ever since. My regular weight used to be 180 pounds. When I commenced "Warner's Safe Cure" I only weighed 140 pounds. I now weigh 210 pounds.

Mrs. J. H. Loring

Regulates Every Bodily Function

GALT, Ont., Jan. 27, 1887.—For about five years previous to two years ago last October, I was troubled with kidney and liver trouble, and finally I was confined to my bed and suffered the most excruciating pain, and for two weeks' time I did not know whether I was dead or alive. My physicians said I had enlargement of the liver, though they gave me only temporary relief. Hearing of the wonderful cures of "Warner's Safe Cure" I began its use, and after I had taken two bottles I noticed a change for the better. The pains disappeared, and my whole system seemed to feel the benefit of the remedy. I have continued taking "Warner's Safe Cure" and no

other medicine since. I consider the remedy a great boon, and if I ever feel out of sorts "Warner's Safe Cure" fixes me all right. I weigh twenty pounds heavier now than ever before.

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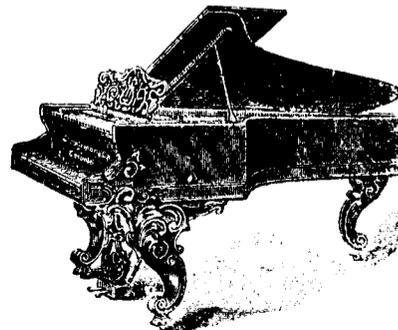
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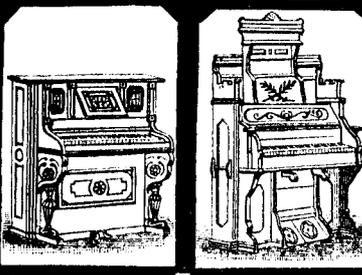


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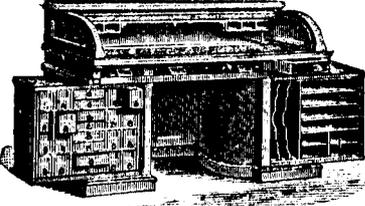
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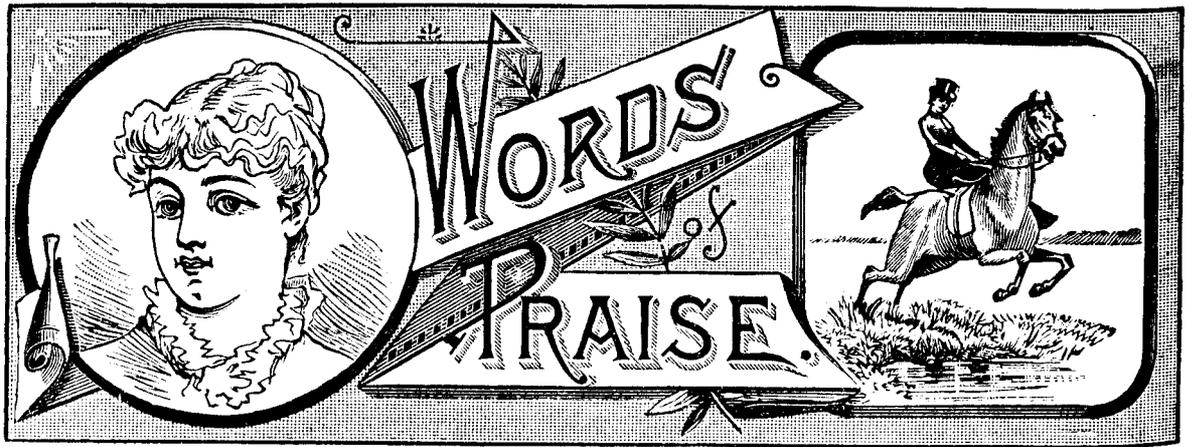
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**\$100
THROWN AWAY.**

JOHN E. SEGAR, of Millenbeck, Va., writes: "My wife had been suffering for two or three years with female weakness, and had paid out one hundred dollars to physicians without relief. She took Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and it did her more good than all the medicine given to her by the physicians during the three years they had been practicing upon her."

**THE GREATEST
EARTHLY BOON.**

Mrs. GEORGE HERGER, of Westfield, N. Y., writes: "I was a great sufferer from leucorrhoea, bearing-down pains, and pain continually across my back. Three bottles of your Favorite Prescription restored me to perfect health. I treated with Dr. —, for nine months, without receiving any benefit. The 'Favorite Prescription' is the greatest earthly boon to us poor suffering women."

**THREW AWAY
HER
SUPPORTER.**

Mrs. SOPHIA F. BOSWELL, White Cottage, O., writes: "I took eleven bottles of your 'Favorite Prescription' and one bottle of your 'Pellets.' I am doing my work, and have been for some time. I have had to employ help for about sixteen years before I commenced taking your medicine. I have had to wear a supporter most of the time; this I have laid aside, and feel as well as I ever did."

**IT WORKS
WONDERS.**

Mrs. MAY GLEASON, of Nunica, Ottawa Co., Mich., writes: "Your 'Favorite Prescription' has worked wonders in my case. Again she writes: "Having taken several bottles of the 'Favorite Prescription' I have regained my health wonderfully, to the astonishment of myself and friends. I can now be on my feet all day, attending to the duties of my household."

TREATING THE WRONG DISEASE.

Many times women call on their family physicians, suffering, as they imagine, one from dyspepsia, another from heart disease, another from liver or kidney disease, another from nervous exhaustion or prostration, another with pain here or there, and in this way they all present alike to themselves and their easy-going and indifferent, or over-busy doctor, separate and distinct diseases, for which he prescribes his pills and potions, assuming them to be such, when, in reality, they are all only symptoms caused by some womb disorder. The physician, ignorant of the cause of suffering, encourages his practice until large bills are made. The suffering patient gets no better, but probably worse by reason of the delay, wrong treatment and consequent complications. A proper medicine, like Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, directed to the cause would have entirely removed the disease, thereby dispelling all those distressing symptoms, and instituting comfort instead of prolonged misery.

**3 PHYSICIANS
FAILED.**

Mrs. E. F. MORGAN, of No. 71 Lexington St., East Boston, Mass., says: "Five years ago I was a dreadful sufferer from uterine troubles. Having exhausted the skill of three physicians, I was completely discouraged, and so weak I could with difficulty cross the room alone. I began taking Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and using the local treatment recommended in his 'Common Sense Medical Adviser.' I commenced to improve at once. In three months I was perfectly cured, and have had no trouble since. I wrote a letter to my family paper, briefly mentioning how my health had been restored, and offering to send the full particulars to any one writing me for them, and enclosing a stamped-envelope for reply. I have received over four hundred letters. In reply, I have described my case and the treatment used, and have earnestly advised them to 'do likewise.' From a great many I have received second letters of thanks, stating that they had commenced the use of 'Favorite Prescription,' had sent the \$1.50 required for the 'Medical Adviser,' and had applied the local treatment so fully and plainly laid down therein, and were much better already."

**JEALOUS
DOCTORS.**

A Marvelous Cure.—Mrs. G. F. SPRAGUE, of Crystal, Mich., writes: "I was troubled with female weakness, leucorrhoea and falling of the womb for seven years, so I had to keep my bed for a good part of the time. I doctored with an army of different physicians, and spent large sums of money, but received no lasting benefit. At last my husband persuaded me to try your medicines, which I was loath to do, because I was prejudiced against them, and the doctors said they would do me no good. I finally told my husband that if he would get me some of your medicines, I would try them against the advice of my physician. He got me six bottles of the 'Favorite Prescription,' also six bottles of the 'Discovery,' for ten dollars. I took three bottles of 'Discovery' and four of 'Favorite Prescription,' and I have been a sound woman for two years. I then gave the balance of the medicine to my sister, who was troubled in the same way, and she cured herself in a short time. I have not had to take any medicine now for almost four years."

THE OUTGROWTH OF A VAST EXPERIENCE.

The treatment of many thousands of cases of those chronic weaknesses and distressing ailments peculiar to females, at the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y., has afforded a vast experience in nicely adapting and thoroughly testing remedies for the cure of woman's peculiar maladies.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the outgrowth, or result, of this great and valuable experience. Thousands of testimonials, received from patients and from physicians who have tested it in the more aggravated and obstinate cases which had baffled their skill, prove it to be the most wonderful remedy ever devised for the relief and cure of suffering women. It is not recommended as a "cure-all," but as a most perfect Specific for woman's peculiar ailments.

As a powerful, invigorating tonic, it imparts strength to the whole system, and to the uterus, or womb and its appendages, in particular. For overworked, "worn-out," "run-down," debilitated teachers, milliners, dressmakers, seamstresses, "shop-girls," housekeepers, nursing mothers, and feeble women generally, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the greatest earthly boon, being unequalled as an appetizing cordial and restorative tonic. It promotes digestion and assimilation of food,

cures nausea, weakness of stomach, indigestion, bloating and eruptions of gas.

As a soothing and strengthening nerve, "Favorite Prescription" is unequalled and is invaluable in allaying and subduing nervous excitability, irritability, exhaustion, prostration, hysteria, spasms and other distressing, nervous symptoms commonly attendant upon functional and organic disease of the womb. It induces refreshing sleep and relieves mental anxiety and despondency.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a legitimate medicine, carefully compounded by an experienced and skillful physician, and adapted to woman's delicate organization. It is purely vegetable in its composition and perfectly harmless in its effects in any condition of the system.

"Favorite Prescription" is a positive cure for the most complicated and obstinate cases of leucorrhoea, or "whites," excessive flowing at monthly periods, painful menstruation, unnatural suppressions, prolapsus or falling of the womb, weak back, "female weakness," anteversion, retroversion, bearing-down sensations, chronic congestion, inflammation and ulceration of the womb, inflammation, pain and tenderness in ovaries, accompanied with "internal heat."

In pregnancy, "Favorite Prescription" is a "mother's cordial," relieving nausea, weakness of stomach and other distressing symptoms common to that condition. If its use is kept up in the latter months of gestation, it so prepares the system for delivery as to greatly lessen, and many times almost entirely do away with the sufferings of that trying ordeal.

"Favorite Prescription," when taken in connection with the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and small laxative doses of Dr. Pierce's Purgative Pellets (Little Liver Pills), cures Liver, Kidney and Bladder diseases. Their combined use also removes blood taints, and abolishes cancerous and scrofulous humors from the system.

"Favorite Prescription" is the only medicine for women sold, by druggists, under a positive guarantee, from the manufacturers, that it will give satisfaction in every case, or money will be refunded. This guarantee has been printed on the bottle-wrapper, and faithfully carried out for many years. Large bottles (100 doses) \$1.00, or six bottles for \$5.00.

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\$500 REWARD is offered by the manufacturer of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, for a case of Chronic Nasal Catarrh which they cannot cure.

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"Untold Agony from Catarrh." Prof. W. HAUSNER, the famous mesmerist, of Ithaca, N. Y., writes: "Some ten years ago I suffered untold agony from chronic nasal catarrh. My family physician gave me up as incurable, and said I must die. My case was such a bad one, that every day, towards sunset, my voice would become so hoarse I could barely speak above a whisper. In the morning my coughing and clearing of my throat would almost strangle me. By the use of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, in three months, I was a well man, and the cure has been permanent."

"Constantly Hawking and Spitting." THOMAS J. RUSHING, Esq., 2902 Pine Street, St. Louis, Mo., writes: "I was a great sufferer from catarrh for three years. At times I could hardly breathe, and was constantly hawking and spitting, and for the last eight months could not breathe through the nostrils. I thought nothing could be done for me. Luckily, I was advised to try Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, and I am now a well man. I believe it to be the only sure remedy for catarrh now manufactured, and one has only to give it a fair trial to experience astounding results and a permanent cure."

Three Bottles Cure Catarrh. ELI ROBBINS, Rumyan P. O., Columbia Co., Pa., says: "My daughter had catarrh when she was five years old, very badly. I saw Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy advertised, and procured a bottle for her, and soon saw that it helped her; a third bottle effected a permanent cure. She is now eighteen years old and sound and hearty."

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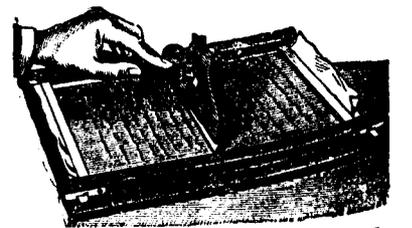
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