

This Number Contains: "Notes in My Library," by Dr. Bourinot; "Pew and Pulpit in Toronto," XIII. At the Friends' Meeting House. "Sebastian," by Archibald Lampman; "The Money Question;" "At Street Corners."

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THE WEEK.

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Toronto, Friday, May 17th, 1895.

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Current Topics.

Newfoundland and Confederation.

Should the announcement that the Newfoundland Legislature has definitely rejected the financial conditions of union proposed by the Canadian Government, the fact will be regrettable, but no one can blame the Canadian Government for not permitting the Island to come in with a higher rate of indebtedness than fifty dollars per head of population. The time has come when it is absolutely necessary to the progress and even to the safety of the Confederation that a check be put upon the rate of increase of the public debt. It is extremely doubtful whether the Government could have carried a proposal involving more liberal terms in the present House; it is almost certain that such a proposal would not have been approved at the polls.

Behring Sea Matters.

Some little sensation has been caused by the announcement that Great Britain has refused to continue on her part the sealing of arms on board of vessels engaged in taking seals in the limits within which the use of fire-arms is prohibited by the Paris agreement. The report, if true, can have no significance save that the British Government are not satisfied with the working of that plan, which was merely one of mutual agreement for last season. Of course the discontinuance of this agreement will deprive the American cutters of the right to seal the arms on British vessels. It is clear that Great Britain cannot refuse to carry out any of the provisions of the treaty, because the United States have not paid the indemnity to Canadian vessel-owners agreed on between the two Governments, as the United States has a perfect right to prefer leaving the question of damages to be settled by arbitration, the alternative agreed on. Our cousins are unquestionably disappointed with the effects of the treaty provisions, as tried by last year's experience, but it is also true that the other party loyally submitted when it was supposed by many that the treaty arrangement would be destructive of the business of Canadian sealers. However, neither Great Britain nor Canada, any more than the United States, desires the extermination of the seals and the destruction of a profitable industry, and if it can be clearly shown that this will be the inevitable effect of the present regulations, they will, no doubt, consent to such further friendly and reasonable restrictions as may be found necessary.

Mr. Mills' Political Primer.

Mr. Mills, of Bothwell, it is understood, since the debate on Dr. Bourinot's letter to Lieutenant-Governor Schultz, is busily engaged in preparing an index expurgatorious for the use of Lieutenant-Governors in their constitutional relations with their ministers and for their general guidance in all matters of Government. It is said that he lays down with much skill the rules and principles which should prevent what is so very objectionable in his opinion—any independent exercise of thought or judgment on the part of the heads of the executive. One of the ministers, he suggests, should be specially authorized to furnish these functionaries from day to day with newspapers from which all objectionable passages are carefully eliminated and *proper* articles duly marked for their reading. They will also from time to time receive a list of those books and essays which they should read, with such comments and notes as the ministers alone may think necessary. Mr. Mills is also considering whether he will not advise a series of lectures by ministers for the purpose of teaching the Lieutenant-Governors that they should have no opinions of their own, but depend upon their advisers alone for information on the topics of the day. It will be seen that, briefly summed up, Mr. Mills' object is to make a Lieutenant-Governor a sort of *petty* jurymen who is not to have an opinion or to inform himself on a subject that he may be called upon to consider and decide as head of the executive. No doubt this learned gentleman will greatly add to the usefulness and intelligence of the Lieutenant-Governors, and at the same time give us unquestionable evidence of his liberality of thought in matters of political science.

What is University Extension.

The Citizen, the organ of University Extension in the United States, is at some pains to defend the work it represents from the charge brought against it by General Wistar. The latter, in a published letter, describes the University Extension Movement as an error "in the direction of diffusiveness and superficiality." There is something almost amusing in the anxious solicitude so often expressed by university men and others lest some of those who cannot manage to take a full university course should succeed in getting some substitute, some kind of a course or training in an inferior institution, which they or other ignorant persons may confuse with the genuine article. To hear some of these sticklers for thoroughness or nothing talk, one might be led to suppose that education or brain culture, instead of being a process infinite in extent and variety, and shading all the way up from the most rudimentary work of the elementary schools, or even from the development which every active mind would be sure to receive even though its possessor never crossed the threshold of a school of any grade, to the highest acquirements of the most profound student and philosopher, is some mysterious mental specific, manufactured only by some duly authorized institution which can be relied on to turn out the genuine article, and which is in constant danger of being discredited by cheap imitations. The impression conveyed is that, as in the case of other imitations, the genuine article alone is worth having, and the counterfeit not only useless, but even positively injurious, if not dangerous. Is it not

time that university men should be the first to recognize that all real thinking of whatever kind, everything that promotes study and investigation, however imperfect comparatively, is just so much genuine education; that every man and woman has a right to just as much such education as he or she can obtain; and that the true interests of the State and of mankind are best promoted by carrying into practice the principle, "The greatest possible amount of it for the greatest possible number." The true representatives of University Extension are those who say to the people, in the words of the *Citizen*:

"We will furnish college-bred men as teachers, and give you just as much instruction as you will take, made as solid as you can stand it. If you wish to study, we will furnish safe guides, who will tell you what books to read, talk with you about your work, and test its quality. We will do this for you in the time which you can spare from your vocations, and for the smallest possible fee. We will help you as well as we can to become thinking men and women, capable of seeing that there are things worth serious study."

A Baseless
Fear.

Of a piece with the unnecessary solicitude felt by the classes represented by General Wistar in regard to anything that encourages the unlearned to believe that attendance on a few discursive lectures, eked out with skim-milk from half-a-dozen popular books, is a fair substitute for any real collegiate training" is the anxiety felt by many in our own country lest the over-education of the young should result in a general desertion of the farms and a state of universal famine because no one can any longer be found willing to till the soil. Such notions are being re-echoed from city and country newspapers, and repeated parrot-like by readers, until one might almost fear that we are on the eve of a re-action against popular education. If it were true that ignorance is the foster-mother of agricultural and manual industry, even that fact would fail to prove that ignorance is the ideal condition for the masses. It would rather give rise to the inquiry whether, since mental development and all the higher enjoyments of life are to be denied to the masses, life for them would be any longer worth living. We have referred to this subject before, but we feel that we cannot too often or too vigorously protest against a teaching which militates so directly against all true progress. Grant that the tendency of enlarged mental capacity is to lead its possessors to seek the more congenial and remunerative pursuits for which it fits them. Who can blame them? The corrective is to be found in wider and better education. Suppose that all the children in the country should complete not only the public but at least the full High School course. Does anyone suppose that the soil would no longer be cultivated? On the contrary the direct and sure result of any growing scarcity of farmers would be to raise the remuneration, ameliorate the conditions, and improve the status of farm life, until the reflux of the tide of industry would set strongly in that direction, and a much more intelligent class would become the tillers of the soil, to the great advantage of all concerned. May we not reasonably expect that we or our children shall see the day when farming will become so honoured and enviable a pursuit that the graduates not only of our High Schools but of our Colleges and Universities will crowd into it, with the greatest possible benefit to the country and to all concerned. In a word, "More education, not less," should be the universal watchword.

Remarkable
Trials.

Canada seems destined to become famous as the country of remarkable criminal trials, not to say of dark and atrocious crimes. The Birchall, the Hendershott, and other tragedies

at once recur to the mind, only to be replaced by still fresher instances, such as the Clara Ford case just concluded, that of Shortis now proceeding in Quebec, and surpassing all, perhaps, in the interest which is likely to attach to it as a celebrated case, that of the Hyams brothers now before the court in this city. The Clara Ford case will long be memorable by reason of the acquittal of the prisoner, in the face of her circumstantial confession, or alleged confession, to the detectives, and of the wonderful ability and nerve displayed by her in going into the witness box, boldly and with consummate skill contradicting her own confession, and actually obtaining an acquittal, not through some technicality of law, but by creating an atmosphere of doubt which enabled her to carry with her the sympathies of hundreds of applauding spectators. Whether the detectives in her case were or were not guilty of bringing to bear such incredible pressure, amounting almost to mental torture, as she ascribed to them in her evidence, the public may never certainly know. What is clear is that she succeeded in creating doubts in the minds of the jury, which led to her acquittal. The result in her case will be a warning to detectives, henceforth, not to let their zeal carry them too far in that direction. The Hyams case, now before the court, may not be commented on, but it cannot be amiss to express a regret, which will be shared, we cannot doubt, by many Canadians, that some restriction of the Law Society prevented the judge from extending to an American counsel the liberty, and, from the point of view of the prisoners, the right, of taking a part openly in the defence of the accused. Apart from the fact that we as Canadians do not like to see the members of any profession amongst us outdone by their neighbours in courtesy and liberality, it seems to us a matter to be deplored that men on trial for their lives should be debarred from employing for their defence what they may deem the best available counsel from any country.

Russia's Press
Censorship

The presentation to the Czar of a petition signed by ninety Russian journalists, praying for the abolition of the rigorous press censorship which has destroyed every vestige of freedom of the press in Russia, has naturally attracted a good deal of attention all over the world. The press laws, as rigorously enforced under the *regime* of the young Czar, from whom so much was at one time hoped, have scarcely been surpassed for arbitrariness, even in despotic Russia. According to the present law, the petitioners allege, though the press has a right to criticise the actions of ministers, and is, in fact, allowed to exercise it except in the case of the Minister of the Interior, "if the slightest attempt is made to criticise his actions, the offending paper is warned that its publication will be stopped, and this without explanation or reason." The Press Department, it is further alleged, "continually persecutes writers and uses its powers to gratify the wishes or whims of persons of high rank." Thus, at the demand of one minister, nothing is said about the cholera; at the instance of another, no mention is made of the liquidation of a bankrupt insurance company, and so on. The petition, praying for the abolition of these laws and the adoption of the French code in the prosecution of offending newspapers, has been duly presented to the Czar, but no answer has been received, and it is thought that there is little or no hope that any favourable one will be given. Few things could suggest more forcibly the severity of the laws in question than the fact, for such it is said to be, that hardly any writers or journalists of note, and very few publishers, have signed the petition. If it has been left to be promoted chiefly by jour-

nalists whose political reputation is not good in the eyes of the authorities, and who are not allowed to practice their profession, this circumstance of itself shows pretty clearly that those who have anything to lose are afraid to agitate for a freedom which they must in their hearts approve and intensely desire.

Rebuff in the Reichstag.

The crushing defeat of the Anti-Revolutionary Bill submitted by the German Ministry to the Reichstag, no doubt with the approval, if not at the instance, of the Emperor himself, is a rebuff which the autocratic spirit of the Emperor will find it hard to brook. The great majority of the members of the Reichstag seem to be wisely disposed to remember the homely adage: "Wide will wear, but tight will tear." The leader of the Socialists did not hesitate to accuse the Ministers of seeking an opportunity for the military to try their new rifles upon the people. Certainly nothing could be better adapted to precipitate, not to say provoke, civil conflicts, than too severe repression of freedom of speech and assembly. While disclaiming, no doubt honestly, any such intention, the German authorities might do well to take a leaf from the policy of the British Government. There is probably no nation in the world which is so tolerant of free speech as the British, and perhaps none which is so safe from any movement of an anarchistic or revolutionary character. It is equally true, at the same time, that there is none in which any overt movement of a dangerous character, tending to domestic disorder or to the overthrow of good government and established institutions, would be put down with a prompter or sterner hand. But British statesmen have long since learned the value of free speech as a safety-valve for demagogues and notoriety seekers. Another, and probably the most important factor in bringing about her comparative immunity from the dangers which are now keeping other governments in a state of chronic uneasiness, is the frank and genuine recognition of the authority and rights of the sovereign people, which pervades the speeches and the legislation of the British Government and Parliament. The effect of the emphatic rejection of this high-handed measure upon the German Emperor will be watched with some curiosity. Probably even he may in time come to perceive that discretion is the better part of valour, even in a powerful and self-willed Kaiser.

Anonymous Letters.

A CASE of annoyance by means of anonymous letters, recorded in the papers during the last few days, recalls to the mind one of the worst cases of this kind which occurred lately at Berlin, the capital of Prussia, and which must be fresh in the memory of our readers. These cases may suitably lead us to some not unnecessary reflections on a very unpleasant subject.

Everyone professes to believe that the writing of a malicious, anonymous letter is one of the most disgraceful and contemptible actions of which a human being can be guilty; and probably the majority of men do so believe and would be incapable of such a crime. Everyone professes to think such letters utterly contemptible and unworthy of notice in any way; yet a good many persons are so weak that they actually do pay some attention to them.

It is unnecessary, in this place, to point out the wickedness and mischievousness of these anonymous slanders. No one can secure immunity from them. A man has only to incur the ill-will of some unprincipled scoundrel, whom he may in some way have displeased, and he is at the mercy of

his enemy. There is no way of answering such calumnies. The stab is in the back, and the assailant is unseen. To offer any defence is merely to propagate the falsehood; and however little ground there may be for the anonymous accusation, or however improbable it may be, there will always be a certain number of people who cannot be classified among those who "think no evil" and "believe all things" in the way of good. These are the people who are ready to declare that where there is smoke there is fire, and who will not examine very closely to see whether the smoke may not be dust. There are the people who give force to the adage: "Throw plenty of dirt and some of it will stick;" and who practically encourage the throwing of this dirt.

It is very curious that a good many persons—rational or semi-rational—who would be indignant to the point of passion, if anyone paid attention to any slander against themselves, conveyed in that fashion, are yet quite ready to attach importance to the same kind of assault directed against others. In this case the golden rule would not seem to hold.

There is, in fact, only one way of protection from this most brutal and cowardly form of attack, namely, that all persons having the least claim to being regarded as ladies or gentlemen, should agree, or act as though there were an agreement, to pay no more attention to such things than they would to the howlings of a lunatic or the maledictions of a felon: and that they should consent to think worse of a woman or a man—especially a man—who should give any heed whatever to them. There is absolutely no other safe or satisfactory manner of dealing with such offences.

Yet we are continually coming across foolish people who are not merely violently affected by such things, but who are resolved, as they say, to get to the bottom of them! And what do they expect to gain? They make it known that they have unscrupulous enemies, who will do them any hard or wrong that they can compass. But it is highly improbable that any of them will be discovered, still more improbable that they will be brought to justice; and even if some of them are, there will be others, and, perhaps, the worst, undiscovered.

The recent case at Berlin may serve to illustrate these remarks. A number of anonymous letters were sent to ladies and gentlemen and noblemen moving in the highest circles of Berlin. The accusations contained in those letters were so grave as to cause quarrels and estrangements between persons and families previously on friendly terms with each other. The matter was becoming so serious that all the detective agencies of the Prussian capital were employed to hunt down the offender or offenders. At last a gentleman in a high position was arrested and thrown into prison; and it was thought that justice would now be done.

But, alas! the imprisonment of the suspected man did not put an end to the letters; and further inquiries were made which led to the conclusion that the person first suspected was innocent, and ultimately another person was arrested. What the result of the measures taken has been we do not know, nor whether any result has been reached. But these facts will be in the remembrance of those who read the European telegrams in our daily papers; and they teach a very simple moral.

If the receivers of those letters at Berlin had treated them with the cold contempt which they deserved, and had consigned them to destruction, as far as possible, without reading them, and altogether without mentioning them to any other human being, these letters would soon have ceased. Miscreants who are capable of such misdeeds soon get to know the kind of people who are influenced by their evil

doings, and those who are not; and, before long, they leave the latter alone, and continue their insolences where they wound.

This is probably the kind of case in which men will seldom be wise or prudent until they have suffered themselves, and, perhaps, have, once or twice, made fools of themselves by uttering cries of distress. Such cries will only amuse the miscreants who commit crimes as heinous as murder, and shelter themselves, like cowards, from the consequences of their crime.

* * *

Pew and Pulpit in Toronto.—XIII.*

AT THE FRIENDS' MEETING HOUSE.

THERE are, according to the last census, about 4,650 Quakers in Canada, and I understand a large proportion of these are farmers, and located in country districts. In the United States there are about 108,000, occupying 1,063 meeting houses, which would give an average congregation of about 100. In Great Britain there are, perhaps, 20,000, and there are small numbers in other countries. There are in the world, therefore, about as many Quakers as would equal three-fourths of the population of Toronto. They are an interesting sect; they have had their martyrs, and they have exerted a distinct influence on the religious life of the countries in which they have lived their simple, God-fearing lives. But they have not of late increased much in numbers, while there is a disposition in many of their congregations to modify the extreme views which were held by the old-fashioned Friends. Generally speaking they have been distinguished from other Christian bodies by their belief in the immediate teaching and guidance of the Holy Spirit, and that no one should be paid or appointed by human authority for the exercise of the gift of the ministry. In obedience to this belief it is usual for them to hold their meetings without any prearranged service or sermon, and sometimes in total silence. Friends believe that the sacraments of baptism and the Lord's Supper are to be taken spiritually, and not in any outward form. Their protests against the use of oaths and against the exaction of tithes and church-rates cost them much suffering and frequent imprisonment in years gone by. The absolute unlawfulness of war is one of the leading tenets of the society. It also appears that a leading characteristic of the Quakers is a great persistency in adhering to conscientious scruples. As to their history George Fox, their apostle, began to preach in 1648. In 1655 Quaker preachers numbered 73. In 1657 and 1658 laws were passed to prevent the introduction of Quakers into Massachusetts, and it was enacted that on the first conviction the tongue should be bored with a hot iron. Fines were laid on all who entertained Quakers, or were present at their meetings. Thereupon the Quakers rushed to Massachusetts as if invited, and the result was that the general court of the colony banished them on pain of death, and four Quakers, three men and one woman, were hanged for refusing to depart from the jurisdiction or obstinately returning within it. These circumstances of persecution were only similar to what they endured in the country in which the sect took its rise. In 1659 they stated in the British Parliament that 2,000 Friends had endured sufferings and imprisonment in Newgate, and 164 Friends offered themselves by name, to government, to be imprisoned in lieu of an equal number in danger (from confinement) of death. But in 1696, the "solemn affirmation" of Quakers was enacted to be taken in courts wherein oaths were required from other subjects, and in 1682 William Penn, who had obtained royal favour, founded his famous Quaker settlement on this side of the water.

* The articles which have already appeared in this series are:— I. Sherbourne Street Methodist Church, Feb 22nd. II. The Jews' Synagogue, March 1st. III. A proposed visit that was stopped by fire, March 8th. IV. The Roman Catholic Cathedral, March 15th. V. St. James's Cathedral, March 22nd. VI. The Bond Street Congregational Church, March 29th. VII. Jarvis Street Baptist Church, April 5th. VIII. St. James' Square Presbyterian Church, April 12th. IX. At the Church of S. Simon the Apostle, April 19th. X. Rev. W. F. Wilson at Trinity Methodist Church, April 26th. XI. Rev. Wm. Patterson at Cooke's Church, May 3rd. XII. St. Peter's Church, Carleton Street, May 10th.

Thoughts of these things filled my mind as I made my way to Pembroke St., where the Friends' Meeting House is situated, last Sunday morning. I thought, too, of the last time when I attended a Friends' meeting, which was in a large town in England. I vividly remembered on that occasion getting to the place after the congregation had assembled and at first being filled with doubt as to how to enter. I remembered catching a glimpse through a glass door of rows of serious-looking men sitting in intent meditation, and feeling that I could not dare to intrude myself into their midst. A door-keeper kindly suggested the existence of gallery stairs. I remembered seeing from the gallery a plain, quadrangular, and rather spacious room, well lighted, and with galleries on three sides of it, its walls coloured a neat lavender, relieved with white pilasters. At the end opposite to that at which I entered was a sort of raised pew, extending nearly the whole width of the place, and in this, facing the audience, sat five Quakeresses, and two Quakers, accredited ministers of the denomination. On their right the women of the audience, and on their left the men, sat on stained and varnished benches, and I recollect that for some time after my entrance it seemed as if they would sit there forever. At last a young lady arose quietly in the body of the meeting, and in a calm, quiet, persistent, and rather solemn voice, enunciated the words, "Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden and I will give you rest," after which she spoke a few simple words illustrating that text; just a few quiet calm words, and then she sat down and silence fell on the assembly till a male member of the congregation arose and in a loud voice poured out his soul in prayer. A long silence and then one of the ladies in the elevated pew rose, clasped her hands, and, speaking in a strong, firm, cultivated voice, preached for ten minutes or a quarter of an hour from the text, "As many as touched were made perfectly whole." Then more silence and a short exhortation from an old gentleman in the body of the house, and, after another quiet interval, the congregation broke up. I remember it as if it were yesterday for it made a deep impression upon me. It taught me how impressive intervals of silence may be.

There is a legend or was, that the houses of no fewer than three judges are to be found on Pembroke Street. Be that as it may, there can be no doubt as to its eminent respectability. It is a quiet street of pleasant residences; the children of which do not sit about on the sidewalk, the residents of which do not sit about on the steps in their shirt sleeves and smoke, as they do in less correct and well-mannered streets. In Pembroke Street there is an air of cultured calm; the pleasant play of light and shadow caused by fine shade tree; turfed spaces around the houses, which look, many of them, like abodes of peace. I saw turn into this street on Sunday morning, a smart, capacious and notable high-wheeled family carriage, drawn by a very handsome team, perfectly groomed and with cropped tails, that looked as though the horses might have recently competed in the Horse Show. Wondering why the family party in this sportive turn-out chose this particular route on their way to St. James' Cathedral whither they were plainly bound, instead of the better-paved Jarvis Street or Sherbourne Street. I was amazed to see it come to a pause at last at the Friends' Meeting House, and deposit its occupants there, which was the first shock to my previously conceived views as to Quakerism in Toronto. For in the town in which I was brought up, I had been accustomed to see on Sundays or on Wednesdays, the Friends, when they did not walk, come quietly up in easy and comfortable, but very plain carriages, driven by coachmen who looked as though a work of grace had been begun in their hearts, and drawn by long tailed horses that looked nearly as pions and steady as the people behind them. A turn-out therefore that our smartest whip might be proud to drive to the Woodbine next week was a revelation.

Coming to the little meeting house I saw that it was an exceedingly plain building, absolutely without exterior architectural features. Here at any rate the traditions of the sect have been preserved. The church lot is large and grassy, and in the rear of it is a driving-shed for the Friends who come from a distance. I caught sight of an old fashioned buggy or two already put in there. Over the front door of the little meeting house is the inscription, "Friends's Meeting House. Strangers welcome." They could not welcome a large number of strangers, seeing that the building will

not accommodate many more than a hundred people, but of the good feeling there is no doubt. Obeying the sign, I entered, and found myself in an oblong room fitted with open, varnished pine pews and having an aisle on each side. If the pews were all full, there would be eight rows of people with ten in a row; and a bench runs longitudinally against the wall in each aisle. There are three windows on each side having borders of colored glass. At the end there is a small speaking platform flanked on either side by a crimson cloth door. The balusters that form the front of the platform are also backed with crimson cloth. At the rear of the platform there is a slight arched recess, finished off at the top by a neat moulding. On Sunday morning there were fifty people in the congregation, about one-third being children, who behaved better than any youngsters I ever saw at church before. There were two ministers, one a tall, pleasant-looking, sincere, elderly man, between fifty and sixty, and one younger, whose face expressed nothing but serious devotéism. The younger man took the principal part in what was done, and gave me the impression of a Salvation Army preacher of the quieter sort. The elderly man bore on his face the impress of benevolence and kindness; of years of quiet living, and of an alert conscience. The other seemed rather a rigid religionist, whom no argument would have any effect upon, and whose cold eye and impassive face never varied from their intense seriousness. He had a good forehead, and I estimated that he might sit for the portrait of an Inquisitor or a Doctor of the Temple as well as for that of a Friend. In any case, unalterable conviction and determination would be portrayed upon his face. He would be the making of a picture representing the persecutions of the Quakers in early times, and might pose for, say, one of those whom nothing would keep out of Massachusetts.

As for the congregation, they were well-favoured, serious, respectable people of a high responsible type. In looking at Friends one is conscious that there are other reasons for their character than those which are purely of a spiritual nature. Most of them, with regard to their temporal affairs, are free from anxiety and carking care. The eminent business capacities, which they inherited from their fathers, they have assiduously applied. They have been singularly free from the wild impulses which hurl many a man to ruin or keep him ever on the stretch. Their ambitions have been judiciously checked. They are not men of like passions with the rest of us, for to them, if they are Quakers, has been handed down a heritage of cool self-command, which others toiled to attain in years gone by. They reap the effects of the strict self-government of their ancestors. Let no man think he can become a true Friend by the mere joining of their society. The Quakers, as we see them to-day, are the result of many generations.

There was no display of fashions. On the other hand I saw only one Quaker bonnet at all approaching the old type. After we had sat for a considerable time in silence, the younger minister knelt down and offered a rather long prayer. His utterance was very rapid, and he never paused for a word. His voice was loud and earnest. Afterwards, as after each exercise, there was an interval of complete silence. There was no division of the sexes in the congregation as is the case in some Quaker meetings. Then the tall, elderly man rose, and with a slow and somewhat halting utterance, spoke some words of counsel which were evidently from his heart. They were unadorned and earnest. There was no thought of effect, of "making points," or saying something attractive or eloquent. It is a grand idea that of Quakerism. Here are the scriptures, but the same Voice speaks through me. Holy men of old spake as they were moved. So do I. I think it was impossible for any thoughtful person to listen to what this man said without edification, if only from the charm of its unaffected sincerity. He began by saying very slowly "God is our King and Judge." His theme, so far as he had one, was that we were not thoughtful enough of our mercies, and the sins which had been forgiven us. It was not a speech—it bore every mark of not having been prepared. They were the words of a sincere man of slow utterance, who felt it his duty to utter the thoughts that were in him. Accordingly they were impressive. What is eloquence, what are prepared speeches compared with this?

After a long interval of quiet thought, the younger

minister announced a Moody and Sankey hymn from the familiar red-covered hymn-book—"I need Thee every Hour." One of the congregation started the tune, and it was very well sung right through. Silence again, and the younger minister spoke on a passage in Isaiah. His speech was of the voluble revival-meeting kind, it had not the mark of Quakerism. It was couched in the technical phraseology of the prayer meeting, and it was very evident that the speaker was used to speaking. Somehow, it did not affect me in the same way as what the first speaker said.

The next hymn was:

"Alas, and did my Saviour bleed
And did my Sovereign die."

And after an interval of silence the younger minister made the announcements of the week, which referred to the Christian Endeavour Society, and the Children's Mission Band, the members of the latter being told to bring their mite-boxes. There was no collection. The minister said: "We will now wait before the Lord for a few minutes—perhaps some one has a word of prayer." Someone in the congregation then engaged in prayer for a short time; there was another short silence, and the service was over. I think you feel at Pembroke street meeting house that the Quakers are a "peculiar people" and they feel that they are in a manner set apart. The traditions of their sect cling to them. But the Quakerism there is not quite of the old type, and when I go to a Quaker meeting I prefer it pure. J.R.N.

* * *

Canada and the Empire.

We want no flag in Canada,
Beside the Union Jack,
No fleur-de-lys, nor papal keys,
Nor harps, the crown that lack.
It flies, our testimony sworn
To all beneath the sun,
Canadians are British born,
Our Empire, it is one.

No rebel rules in Canada,
Nor France, nor Churchly Rome;
Leave tricolors to foreign shores,
Keys to St. Peter's dome.
Were that rule won by force of arms,
Or by the patriot's toil,
Cities and towns, and wilds and farms,
All, all are British soil.

No races fill our Canada;
Soon as they touch her shore,
In fealty they cease to be
The slaves they were before.
Canadians share our Britain's fame,
That scorns race lines to draw,
And, whatso'er their childhood's claim,
Are one in British law.

Out, out on schisms in Canada!
Down with each blatant fool,
Friend of the Yank, or Fenian crank,
Preaches of French home rule.
And let them lay this well to heart.
Each province, great or small,
Of Britain's Empire is a part,
And we are Britains all. C.

* * *

"The Break-up of the English Party System" is the subject of a paper recently issued by the American Academy of Political and Social Science in its series of publications. The author is Edward Porritt, formerly an English journalist and author of "The Englishman at Home." In the present paper, Mr. Porritt discusses one of the most interesting and significant of the features which have developed in English politics since 1885. He shows how the present House does not contain, as formerly, only two distinct parties, but is made up of no less than eight groups, six of which, if taken together, constitute what was formerly the Liberal party, and the remaining two the Opposition. He then explains how this system developed, and what a great influence it has upon legislation. One of the results of this development, according to Mr. Porritt, will be that what is known as the Liberal party will cease to be a legislative power. No person interested in politics should fail to read Mr. Porritt's very interesting paper.

The Money Question.

AT the present time the money question is well to the front in every corner of the world where modern commercial methods prevail. In Europe the agricultural classes in particular are deeply interested in it, while to our brethren over the way it is likely to be even more absorbing in the future than it has been in the past. Those phases of the question which are now most prominent in the United States are sure, somewhat later, to be interesting to us. We are not much given to the development of original fads in this country, but we are wonderfully loyal to the numerous specimens which we borrow, especially to those which we borrow from our friends, the Americans. Our government, it is true, with a prudent discrimination, which we need not scrutinize too closely, is careful to deny the Americans any credit for our seasons of prosperity, these being government measures, but it is equally careful to point out that our commercial depressions are largely, if not wholly, due to them, and that they are thus practically responsible for our deficits. Even, then, if we are compelled to admit that we are protected only from the good and not from the evil influences of our neighbours, it behoves us to know something of the monetary problems which they have to face, and which may develop evil tendencies which we cannot escape.

We have reasons of our own, however, for being interested in this question. Our monetary system, sound as it appears, and serviceable as it certainly is, yet rests upon a very narrow and delicate foundation. From its intimate connection with the government, a very little legislative blundering is capable of landing us in a very awkward plight on short notice. Moreover, our government, following the American example at a respectful distance, has carefully taught the people to believe that all prosperity comes from itself and is introduced by legislative enactment. Many of the people, therefore, and by no means the most ignorant, wish to know why the government cannot complete the function of special providence, and not only give them the prosperity, but, along with it, the cash to circulate it, and cause it to flow freely to all classes; for often its flow appears to be scandalously impeded by those who have command of the money. Or, taking another tack, they wish to know why, if it is right for the government to issue say \$20,000,000 in notes and employ nearly all of that sum in paying its debts, it is not equally right to pay all its debts in the same way, instead of borrowing an equivalent amount of money abroad. The borrowed money demands a ruinous amount of interest to be paid yearly, besides requiring provision for sinking funds, these needs commonly requiring further borrowings and involving for the more contemplative a certain fearful looking forward to of judgment. Nor are these questions so easily answered to the satisfaction of the average voter, while if they should become the basis of a party cry they would never afterward get a chance to be rationally answered. What a paradise for the demagogues were the national policy either supplemented or opposed by another panacea on such lines as these! What oriental visions of wealth and luxury could not rise before the gaping electors by rubbing that lamp in the right place! Perhaps, then, the more fully the question is ventilated, while it is still without the court of party politics, the better for the truth and for the peace of mind of those indulging in the discussion.

As usual in intricate questions having a practical bearing, it is impossible to treat adequately and intelligently of the burning end of the question without more or less preliminary discussion regarding the less prominent but more fundamental ideas which are involved.

An intelligent understanding of the money question would seem to require some clearness of vision with regard to these questions:

- (1) What is the general nature and function of money?
- (2) What is the nature and special function of the monetary standard?
- (3) What metal, or combination of metals, or other forms of wealth, is practically best fitted to form that standard?

These questions will be briefly treated in the present and two following papers.

It is commonly said that the great function of money is to facilitate the exchange of goods and services. This is true so far as it goes, though not everyone knows how far it goes

or what direction it takes in going. But money acts also as the great adjuster of goods to needs and needs to goods. In most cases when people complain of the stringency of money and of the low prices at which things have to be sold, they are resenting the exercise of this regulative function of money in putting a check upon the over supply, under existing circumstances, of certain lines of goods and services. So complex and hidden are the forces working behind this regulative function that they pass for the most part unrecognized, and the money system alone seems to be at fault. The policeman, and not the powers that command him, is commonly favoured with the eggs, the bricks and the execrations of the mob which he is restraining.

A man works day by day in a boot and shoe factory, performing, with the machines and material supplied, one only of the forty or more operations connected with the making of a pair of boots. At the end of his week he gets a certain sum of money and with it he purchases a number of miscellaneous articles drawn from the four corners of the earth. Yet all these articles are, in the long run, to be made good, through some chain or net work of links few or numerous, out of his fragmentary contribution to the making of certain boots. Our boot maker has not the faintest idea of who are to wear the boots he helps to make; still less, if it were possible, does he know who are to provide him with the various articles he needs. Neither does his employer nor the storekeeper know more than a link or two before or after his own link. In fact no one knows all the links in any single net which connects what a given man does with what he gets for it. What enables the world to dispense with this knowledge? Not the mere exchange function of money; that merely enables the exchanges to be made. It does not enable one to know how many boots and shoes are needed, how many are busy making them, and how many each is making. It does not enable us to know whether anyone is getting our tea and bread and sugar ready for us or whether there will be enough to go round. It is the regulative function of money which does that, and it does it by increase of price when more goods are needed in a particular line, or when more goods are wanted in a particular place, and by decrease of price when the reverse is the situation. These two functions of money, though so closely related, are very distinct in kind. Failure to distinguish them gives rise to endless confusion, and, as I expect to show, is largely accountable for many of the bimetallic fallacies. This important distinction may be illustrated very well by reference to the double function of a hand or belt fly-wheel attached to an engine. A fly-wheel which carries a belt discharges two separate functions; it transmits force from the engine to the machine, and it regulates the speed of both engine and machine. The use of the fly-wheel in transmitting force corresponds to the exchange function of money in distributing goods, while the regulative function of the fly-wheel illustrates the regulative function of money in adjusting supply and demand. At one time the fly-wheel is a regulator and the belt-wheel as a transmitter were usually separate and distinct wheels. So also, at one time, the exchange function of money was almost its only function, while supply and demand—the making of things and the using of them—were adjusted by special agreement between makers and users, commerce being local and the links in exchange few and simple. The combined system, however, is the more compact and perfect in each case, and especially in the case of money where the development has been greatest. Money, then, in its exchange use, gives the holder of it potential command not only over the whole commercial world, to the extent of his money, and actual command but over that particular part of it in which he invests. Money, in its regular use, in the rise of all, of prices relatively to the cost of production, indicates to those who watch the markets where to buy and where to sell. It induces people to go to certain places and to make certain things or render certain services. If, however, people do not understand the warning, or do not heed it, and persist in continuing or increasing their production of certain articles, such as wheat in Canada at present, or iron in Ontario, when they find that they cannot be sold at a profit they are not likely to better things by abusing the money system of the country, the bankers, the capitalists, or people in more successful occupations. If, going to extremes, they lay violent hands on the money system and endeavour to forcibly twist it into harmony with their economic methods

and practice, needless to say they will ruin all and help none. But a money system may be wrong on other grounds which we have yet to determine. Next, then, we shall take a glance at the nature of the money standard and its office.

A. SHORTT.

* * *

Sebastian.

What thoughts are in Sebastian's mind? He stands
Tall and loose-limbed, leaning upon his pole,
Wrapt, yet alert, a giant in a dream:
Drooped shoulders, head thrust slightly forward, hair
Curled dusky over wide and wave-like brows,
Long hands with lean and supple fingers, cheeks
High-boned, tanned red as leather, watchful eyes
Sudden and swift and grey, but far within
Fed by a tranquil and perpetual fire:
So leans Sebastian with unharrassed gaze
That marks the hour, but seems to watch beyond.

Outside the wide waste waters gleam. The sun
Beats hot upon the roofs, and close at hand
The heavy river o'er its fall of rocks
Roars down in foam and spouted spray and pounds
Its bed with solid thunders Far away
Stretch the grey glimmering booms that pen the logs,
Brown multitudes that from the northern waste
Have come by many a rushing stream, and now
The river shepherds with their spiked poles
Herd them in flocks, and drive them like blind sheep
Unto the slaughterer's hand. Here in the mills,
Dim and low-roofed, cool with the scent of pines
And gusts from off the windy cataract,
All day the crash and clamour shake the floors.
The immense chains move slowly on. All day
The pitiless saws creep up the dripping logs
With champ and sullen roar; or round and shrill,
A glittering fury of invisible teeth,
Yell through the clacking boards. Sebastian turns
A moment's space, and through the great square door
Beholds as in a jarred and turbulent dream
The waste of logs and the long running crest
Of plunging water; farther still, beyond
The openings of the piered and buttressed bridge,
The rapid flashing into foam; and last
Northward, far-drawn, above the misty shore,
The pale blue cloud line of the summer hills.

So stands Sebastian, and with quiet eyes
Wrapt forehead and lips manfully closed
Sees afar off, and through the heat and roar,
Beyond the jostling shadows and the throng,
Skirts the cool borders of an ampler world,
Decking the hour with visions. Yet his hands,
Grown sure and clock-like at their practised task,
Are not forgetful. Up the shaken slides
With splash and thunder come the groaning logs.
Sebastian grasps his cant-dog with light strength,
Drives into their dripping sides its iron fangs,
And one by one as with a giant's ease
Turns them and sets them toward the crashing saws.
So all day long and half the weary night,
The mills roar on, the logs come shouldering in,
And the fierce light glares on the downward blades
And the huge logs and the wild crowd of men,
Through every hole and crack, through all the doors,
A stream upon the solid dark, it lights
The black smooth races and the glimmering booms,
And turns the river's spouted spray to silver.

The blind across Sebastian's window lifts.
Leans over the sill, and toward the night
Looks out a moment with that ample front
And those calm, capable, untroubled eyes.
Far off into the dusk, halo'd and vast,
Level, dark-towered, seamed with its serried streets,
The city stretches miles on miles away;
And all around him, as he leans and listens,
The complex movement of this sleepless life
Surges with massive murmur in his ear,
The mingled sough and tumult of mankind
Groping forever toward an unseen end.
What thought is in yon city's moving heart?
What thoughts are in Sebastian's soul? Those stars
That sprinkle and incrust the height of heaven
Are not more clear and steadfast than his eyes.
The future! What shall the great future bring?
He dreams not yet; but this unconsciously,
Sown with the very seed of life, he knows
That all his being like yon city's heart,
Brain, flesh and spirit, by encumbered paths
To some large purpose moves serenely on.

Sebastian only works by day; the nights
Are his; the solemn and triumphant nights!
In the small upper chamber where he sleeps
The shaded lamp into the midnight shines
On rough hewn shelves and serried ranks of books;

And there Sebastian sits, and with grave brow
Keeps vigil stouter than a knight of old,
Questing through lands beset with doubt and toil
His modern Sangreal. Where it shall end,
Or what the seeker's final gain shall be,
He knows not, but already o'er his soul
Hath risen the first reward of knowledge--joy!

Not vain the fight; already hath the veil
Been partly lifted, he hath seen the God!
World upon world hath opened till his eyes,
Grown blind and dizzy with sheer weight of rapture,
Scarce dare to trust their strength; but not for him
Is doubt; might hath begotten might; the hours
Move onward, widening to eternity,
Sebastian sees them, and his eager gaze
Grows firmer and more trustful day by day,
More spacious and more solemn From his ears
Falls off the crash and thunder of the mills,
The city's roar, the pettier sounds of life.
Hoarse voices echo from the rooms below,
Threats, curses, drunken songs. He hears them not.
The world's poor makeshifts and its common lures,
Wine, lust or play, pass by him like a dream.
One genius rules him, the unresting mind,
Watchful and bright, insatiate, penetrating,
Feeding on all things, finding nothing waste.

Each fact, each thought, each point of knowledge gained
Pierces his being with a glow of power.
It is a key to open stanchioned doors
And lift the lid of coffers yet unsearched,
A golden gleam on many a dark recess,
A sword laid by that may be some day drawn.
So shall Sebastian sit and bind his fates,
Lonely, self-centred, pure, and armed with joy;
Build up the conquering fabric of his brain,
A sleepless engine, and abide his time.
There is no hurry in his soul. The world
Gleams out upon him from a thousand doors.
When he is ready, horsed, and fully armed,
The occasion will not pass unmarked. His hour
Will bid him with an unmistakeable touch.

ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN.

The Gentleman Colonist.

THE "gentleman" colonist is a conundrum to Canadians. Brought up in an element of luxury, accustomed to share in the social deference paid to his father, absolutely unversed in the elementary principles of life, with an education adapted to the life of a country gentleman, and a fixed determination at all hazards to farm, he has breathed a different atmosphere to the young Canadian of the farming class, who, accustomed to work from early boyhood, is, at the age of fifteen, quite capable of taking care of himself and looks upon education, not so much as a matter of course, as a natural and necessary stage to be passed through, as a stepping-stone, which, if rightly used, will afford an escape from the farm. Before leaving home, the young Englishman pays a premium, apparently to anyone, who will take it from him, to place him upon a Canadian farm, and upon arrival in this country, he pays an additional sum to a farmer for the privilege of working, at an age, when the young Canadian will be earning, if not a livelihood, as much as he can.

We will not enlarge upon the abuses of the farm pupil system, for the subject has been discussed *ad nauseum*, and the Birchall murder is not likely to be forgotten, either by Canadians or English people, for some time to come. It is curious to note the effect of the revelations that crop up from time to time. While the Press indulge in hysterical screams of abuse, the Government, with greater dignity, state in their emigration pamphlets that it is not necessary to pay a premium, and that the Government agents, without undertaking any responsibility, will do their best to find employment for young men; and the St. George's Society in Toronto lately, after a lengthy discussion, decided that, if young men do fall into the hands of dishonest people, it is their own fault for not communicating with some of the Government agents in an English port. This is all that has been done, so far, in Canada, to cope with the evil. In the meantime, the British parent quietly pursues the even tenor of his way; and year by year the same mistakes and the same follies are perpetrated as if they had never been heard of before.

The gentleman colonist may be divided into three classes: those who won't work, those who will, and those who can't. While differing thus in character, they have this much in common, that nearly all need more or less supervision on first arrival. Very few of them can earn their own living for the first year, which, apart from learning any

trade, is usually fully and well occupied by the process of being broken into the ways of the country, and in learning and making known to others their own capabilities. Hitherto, ninety per cent. have come out, as we have said, with the fixed intention of farming. Under these circumstances, it is equally foolish and ineffectual to attempt to frown down the farm pupil system, until we can supply an adequate substitute.

It is true that the combination of money with ignorance of the world constitutes a prey which attracts the ever-watchful shark, but that the system is capable of good has been shown by some excellent and honest work both in Ontario and the United States. All, however, are agreed that the time has come to take active steps to prevent a repetition of the frauds and abuses which have existed in the past.

Before prescribing the remedy, it is necessary to make a careful diagnosis of the case, and we may, with profit, examine the weak points of the farm pupil system as it stands.

The services of an agent are only sought once in a lifetime. As a consequence discrimination too often comes only after actual experience, and is rendered the more difficult by the activity of dishonest agents and by the fact that honest men are sometimes thoughtlessly maligned by worthless pupils.

The agent must not only be honest, but discreet. Sufficient care has not always been taken in the selection of the farmers with whom pupils have been placed. Many young men, brought up as gentlemen, have been sent to a class of farmers, who are ignorant and incapable of understanding the feelings of a gentleman. Again, the contracts made by the pupils are most injudicious. They not only bind themselves to live with a man, whom they have never seen and know nothing about, for a whole year, but they pay their premium, often an exorbitant one, in advance, which not infrequently is forfeited before the twelve months are ended. Two or three months are generally sufficient to enable a bright young fellow to find his feet and to earn his own living, and it often happens that, by the end of that time, the pupil finds that he is capable of earning wages or that he has mistaken his vocation.

The prevention of abuses in the pupil system, it thus appears, can only be secured by the interposition, between the farmers and the pupils, of a body of unquestionable honesty, and of sufficient standing, to at once command and retain the confidence of the public.

We would suggest, as the only possible remedy, the formation of a parents association in Great Britain, with a strong influential directorate. The agents employed by this association should be paid a salary out of the fees received from the pupils, and make an annual report to the head office in London; while by having the contracts carefully drawn between the association and the farmers, providing for payment to the farmers through the association by the month, instead of in advance, the pupil would have a reasonable assurance of receiving fair treatment and a valuable consideration for his money.

An attempt to provide a substitute for the farm pupil system is now being made in the Western States. We have before us the prospectus of a company to engage in horticulture and a number of industries subsidiary to horticulture. The company owns a residential club house in which the young men will be gathered together, and a practical instructor is provided for the younger members, the purchaser of a certain number of shares being entitled to receive a deed of an orchard of ten acres. The experiment is novel and it will be interesting to see how it will succeed. Such a plan could not be worked upon Canadian farms under the present system of farming, but it might be possible in connection with horticulture or market gardening.

The proper conduct of the farm pupil system must, as we have said, lie with the British public, but our Government can do much in the meantime, not by attempting to frown down a system, which, at present, is the only means of providing for a wide spread want, but by pointing out the dangers to be avoided, by warning parents to employ no agents who cannot produce satisfactory testimonials from their pupils, and by the active prosecution of all swindlers.

To arrive at a true solution of the difficulty, we must go to the root of the matter. If the sons of English gentlemen are to make successful colonial citizens, they must be brought up in harmony with colonial life and colonial insti-

tutions. At least seventy-five per cent. of the boys that take up farming on first arrival, are to be found after two or three years in all sorts of other occupations all over the country; and thus the most important years in a boy's life are absolutely thrown away, a most serious consideration in these times of increasing competition. Many a good and useful career is spoilt by this break in the connection between the period of education and the settling down to work, and by the sudden plunge from the care of parental supervision to unrestrained freedom in colonial life. After a certain age a boy's habits and ideas become fixed, and before he can succeed, at any rate in business-life in a strange country, these must be changed and remoulded to be in touch with the life around him. It is most desirable, therefore, that a boy should receive at any rate some part of his education in the country in which he is destined to make his living. There are several schools in Canada of well earned and established reputation at which an English boy could profitably finish his education. Among these we may mention the schools at Port Hope and Lennoxville and the Kingston Military College: of these three, perhaps, the most suitable for our purposes is the College at Kingston. Although ostensibly an institution for military education only, by the report of the Commandant, dated June, 1893, we see that its graduates are to be found in the church, law, medicine, agriculture, civil engineering, commerce, railway management, in the different departments of the civil service, North-West Mounted Police, Canadian permanent militia and Her Majesty's regular forces: to these we may add railway and canal construction, mining, and the United States hydrographic survey. Here, then, is a school, which will at once commend itself to the British parent, and the military discipline would be most desirable for many of the young men whose cause we are pleading.

We submit that, instead of paying premiums as farm pupils, money would be far more wisely expended in tuition fees at a Canadian school. The boy will be under safe and wise supervision, make friends who will be useful to him in after life, and, together with his education, without loss of any time, gain a knowledge of the country, and find out for what occupation he is best suited.

It is unfortunate that, by the terms of the Act of Parliament, regulating the conduct of the Kingston College, as amended by a recent Order in Council, cadetships are limited to British subjects between the age of fifteen and nineteen, whose parents, or themselves, have resided in Canada for three years preceding candidature. The reason of this, no doubt, is that the College is mainly supported by Canadian taxpayers; but, from the Canadian taxpayers' point of view, we can see no possible reason why the cadetships should not be thrown open to British subjects, irrespective of any limitation of residence in Canada, provided that the fees are fixed at the cost of maintenance, and there is an understanding that the pupil shall remain in Canada. We sincerely hope that the matter will be brought before the notice of our Government, and that the regulations may be amended in this respect.

Apart from all question of humanity the subject has a national importance which is not generally appreciated. The present condition of things is a reflection on our national intelligence. Moreover, these young men are, most of them, well connected; they have, many of them, a large circle of acquaintances among an influential class in Great Britain, whose good will and good opinion it is most desirable that we should retain, for it is to Great Britain that we look both for our capital and the bulk of our colonists. The statements of the young colonist are often accepted in an offhand manner without question, and if he should not be successful his failure is sometimes unfairly attributed to the country. This has been fully appreciated both by the officials of the C.P.R. and the experienced managers of Land Companies in the United States, none of whom express themselves as particularly interested in encouraging immigration of this class, for a bad settler is far worse than no settler at all. At the same time, all admit that the gentleman colonist, who is a success, is the very best. The matter, indeed, not only affects Canada, but it is of the greatest importance to Great Britain, where every year the number of those, who are forced to leave their native shores to make a living, is increasing. It is to be hoped that an intelligent discussion of the subject may lead to some permanent and satisfactory solution of this difficult question.

ERNEST HEATON.

Notes in My Library.

THE WOMEN'S DAYS—A SOCIAL REVOLUTION IN PROGRESS—DANGEROUS OUTLOOK FOR MEN—PRETTY TYPE-WRITERS—BICYCLING AND ITS COSTUMES—THE WOMEN'S JOURNALS—DIFFUSENESS IN LITERATURE—NEED FOR LITERARY CORSETS—A FEDERATION OF LEARNING—THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF CANADA AND THE POETS—THE PROPOSED MEMORIAL TO FRANCIS PARKMAN—HIS GARDEN OF ROSES: A REMINISCENCE—THE LOUISBOURG CELEBRATION IN JUNE—A POEM OF LAST CENTURY.

THESE are assuredly the Women's Days. If things continue as they are now going, the new century, which is so near at hand, will see a decidedly remarkable social revolution, which will hurl the men from their present position of arrogant self-assertion in many conditions of human life. Every day my old conservative notion of women in the economy of existence are subject to rude jars. I am now reconciled to pretty typewriters and clerks in offices, as among the pleasant conditions of daily business life. I am quite prepared to admit that young women can bring brightness even into the reporters' gallery, and diffuse some of their natural sprightliness into the columns of a Canadian daily newspaper. But as I look out of my library window on a well macademized street—I mean for Ottawa—I am perplexing my mind whether I admire a pretty young woman on a bicycle. But leaving this question still in doubt, and reserving my opinion on the costumes proper for bicycling attitudes, I turn to my well-littered table, where among a collection of books and manuscripts awaiting a leisure moment I see a formidable pile of newspapers, which, from the press of parliamentary preoccupation, has been laid aside, and now demands some little attention from one who is probably better able to judge of the merits of women on paper than on the wheel. The *Women's Globe* and the *Women's Journal* represent the latest effort of the sex in these days when they are seeking new worlds to conquer. Here at least is a field of literature where we may expect a good deal from a sex full of spirituality and keen perception. True enough! Yet I am not quite satisfied with the results as a whole. I am not prepared to say the women did their best. I could select some particular articles as illustrating the genius of which women are capable in literary work, but it seems to me, after a careful review of all they have done, they have been obviously burdened with the thought of all that was expected from them, and somehow transferred their burden to their readers. Experience is a great deal in newspaper or literary work of any class. Newspaper writing and editing are specialties not to be learned in the ladies' school or college. The work, I repeat, is excellent in many ways. Several of the articles, or essays rather, would have been a feature of a Saturday's paper, if printed alone among the miscellaneous matter that the scissors have embodied in the newspaper, but for one occasion there was an *embarras de richesses*. Diffuseness is not a literary virtue. Condensation is much needed in these days of too much writing. It is wonderful how much a writer who wishes to be widely read can gain by rewriting an essay several times and coming to the point more frequently. If one dared to suggest such a thing, an admirer of women's capacity for excellence in literary pursuits would hint that perhaps it would be better for some of the authors hereafter to put on their literary corsets.

It is the object of the Royal Society of Canada to identify itself as far as possible with all the men and women engaged in literary or scientific labours in the Dominion. Though its membership is limited to one hundred persons who have "written memoirs of merit or performed services to literature or science," its transactions are open to everyone who has good, original work to offer. In the volume of eight hundred pages which is now ready, some of the most important contributions are written by authors who are not fellows of the Society. For instance, the first native bishop of the Roman Catholics in Newfoundland, the Right Reverend M. F. Howley, D.D., has, in the English literary section, a scholarly paper on Cartier's voyages in the Gulf, which he has made particularly interesting and intelligible by a number of maps and illustrations of the Gulf of St. Lawrence and coasts of Cape Breton and Newfoundland. But one of the most important features of this National Society is its action as a federation of scientific and literary

scholarship. The Society itself, as a whole, comprises representatives from all sections of the Dominion, from Victoria to New Glasgow, and in this way forms a national parliament of learning. Then, there come to its yearly meetings delegates from all those historical and scientific societies which are so many centres of scientific and literary research in every province of the Dominion. As a consequence, all these associations engaged in the same work throughout Canada are able to report to one centre the results of their annual work. Their delegates have the inestimable advantage of conferring with men who have won a high reputation at home and abroad in their respective departments of study, and of taking away with them new food for thought. The Royal Society prints in its transactions all the reports which are annually submitted by the associated literary and scientific bodies which send delegates to its meetings. These transactions now go to every library and society of standing in the world, and consequently afford a complete epitome of all the work of importance that is being done by the scientific, historical and literary societies of the Dominion. So highly is this useful work of the Royal Society appreciated abroad, that its transactions are now in frequent demand. They have made Canada known among scientific and literary men who had been wont to look upon her people as exclusively engaged in material pursuits and paying little attention to subjects of thought and culture.

The meeting of the Royal Society, on the fifteenth of May, will present a novel feature of which the literary men and women of Canada will hear with much interest. It has been the practice for three or four years past to combine popular lectures with the reading of the more technical and abstruse papers in the four sections of literature and science into which the whole Society is divided. For instance, last year there was a very valuable address given on the subject of forestry, and at the forthcoming meeting there will be one on electricity by Prof. Cox. The object is to give an opportunity to that large body of the public who are not versed in science to be informed on subjects of immediately practical and current interest. At this meeting it is proposed to go a step further and have a poets' evening. The poets of Canada, whether in or out of the Society, have been invited to come to Ottawa and take part in a literary symposium. Every poet who can attend will present an original contribution, and those who cannot be present will have a poem read by another. Miss Machar (Fidelis), Miss Ethelwyn Wetherald, Archibald Lampman, William Wilfrid Campbell, Duncan Campbell Scott, Frederick George Scott, Bliss Carmen, Charles Roberts, John Reade, S. Frances Harrison (Seranus), E. Pauline Johnson, Archbishop O'Brien, N. F. Davin, and J. D. Edgar, will be either present in person or in poems. The president of the section of English literature, Professor Clark, of Trinity University, will preside and deliver a short address by way of preface to a most interesting event in the annals of our youthful literature. Next year it is intended to have a similar assemblage of prose writers.

Thirty years ago, I took up Francis Parkman's "Pioneers of France in the New World," and found, to my astonishment, what elements of romance and absorbing interest exist in the history of Canada under the old regime. It required his master-hand to present, on the printed page, the features of that drama in which France played so important a part when she and England were rivals in America. Since he devoted his life to Canadian history, his works have been the constant companions of the writer, as they have been of thousands of men and women in America, who have found in his writings the evidence of that deep research, patient industry, and insight into character and motives, without which the pages of history would be dull and valueless. Canadians owe him a debt of gratitude. Few of us in Canada ever met him. He was a close student whose wretched health from year to year, and deep attention to his labours, prevented him from mixing much in the world of society, even had he been a man naturally fond of popular applause and newspaper notice. His works will always live as monuments of the high ideal that a true literary man can keep before him. He was more fortunate than many others who have set out in life with bright aspirations and hopes to achieve a great work, for he completed his task before he laid down his pen forever. Now we are called upon by his

friends to assist in raising a memorial to "this man of high endeavour, heroic constancy, and noble achievement, in the garden he created, and by the shores of the lake he loved so well, both now destined to become a part of the public park system of his native city of Boston." Contributions can be sent to the writer, who would like to feel that Canadians are not ready to forget those men and women who have done them good service in their day and generation. Francis Parkman was not a Canadian by birth, but he was one in spirit and work. Literature, at all events, knows no geographical bounds. The names of Longfellow and Lowell look down on us from the walls of that national temple in which England has raised memorials of her own great poets, historians and heroes.

The reference to the garden Francis Parkman loved so well has called me to a book-shelf not far from my hand, where I see what is now a rare volume, "The Book of Roses," which he wrote some thirty years ago. Though Canadians may not know that he was a successful cultivator of flowers, yet all can at once see in his writings that he was an enthusiastic lover of nature in all its beautiful forms. The great charm of his books to many readers is their description of the natural features of the places where his characters lived and acted, and where the most remarkable incidents of his historical narrative happened. All these places he had at some time visited; he was in this way able to throw an interest around what might otherwise be a mere prosaic episode in the events of the times of which he was the historian. In his many years of failing health and physical suffering, he found his best solace and medicine in his lovely garden by Jamaica Pond, where his roses and lilies perfumed the air, and showed how nature responds generously to the loving and cunning hand that understands her wants and conditions. Into the cultivation of flowers he threw the same deep enthusiasm which distinguished his historical studies, and the results were equally successful. More than once had the writer, in pleasant years, now gone never to return, wandered with his kind friend among these luxuriant plantations of roses, which to him were the highest conceptions of beauty. Even now, as I pen these words in memory of the past, I can see the historian—to quote the words of Oliver Wendell Holmes—

"Halting with feeble step, or bending o'er
The sweet-breathed roses, which he loved so well,
While through long years his burdening cross he bore,
From those firm lips no coward accents fell."

And who can refuse to add these few words of eulogy of the same poet who was so soon to follow Parkman to the grave:

"A brave, bright memory! his, the stainless shield,
No shame defaces and no envy mars!
When our far future's record is unsealed,
His name will shine among its morning stars."

I am again called to my shelf of old books by a circular which I have just received from the Society of Colonial Wars in New York, inviting me to take part in the raising of a monument to Pepperrell and Warren, on the 17th of June next, on the historic grounds where once famous Louisbourg stood in 1745—just one hundred and fifty years ago. A good deal of literature was written at that time in honour of this memorable exploit of New England, then a portion of the British domains, but none is more quaint in style and imagery than the series of short poetic effusions which bears the title: "A Brief and Plain Essay on God's Wonderful working Providence for New England in the Reduction of Louisbourg and Fortresses thereto Belonging on Cape Breton. By S. Niles, New London, 1747." It is a dingy little pamphlet, duodecimo, remarkable for the number of capitals and italics with which a writer in those days emphasized his work. As this poem is probably not to be found in any library in Canada, I may give an extract to show how poets laureate in New England, a century and a half ago, elevated the souls of their readers when a great deed was done:

"Behold the Gates are now wide open thrown,
Which to our English Arms add much Renown.
The *Seventeenth of June* Pepp'rell then lead
His hostile Troops (appearing at their Head)
Into that City fortify'd with Walls,

Rais'd up on high fully rewards their Toils.
Now in triumphant State as Conquer'rs in War
Pepperrell and Warren, Wolcott, all appear,
These as with wreathen Laurels, on their head
Still live in Fame, when numbered with the dead.
Th' officers with their respective Bands,
Both on the Seas and those upon the Lands;
Col'nels, with their Lieutenants, march along,
The Clergy, tho' but few, in Faith were strong.
The Majors, Captains, Adjutants, pass on,
And Seisen take, of the whole Isle Breton.

Victorious now, New-England's sons appear
With gallantry in form and modes of War.
The Scene is chang'd, King George's Ensigns fly,
Display His Banner, *Lewis's* defy
Proud *Gallies*, that of late were Masters here
Are now become tame Prisoners of War,
This *Acquisition*, shall in Time be told
As Action great, Heroical and bold.
The *Crown* and *Kingdoms* of Great Britain here,
Are now enlarg'd in Triumph take their share,
New England's Glory, Peace and Trades advance
All beg, it may ne'er be resign'd to France
That *Dunkirk* like a Snare it mayn't become
Unto this Land as that is now at Home.
Giv'n up to France 'twas by the *English Crown*,
Mischiefs resulting thence are too well known."

But the poet's wish that Cape Breton might not, like Dunkirk in 1662, be sold to France, was not realized; for in 1748 it became again the property of England's once dangerous rival in America, and Louisbourg was for ten years a menace to the old English colonies until it finally fell before the fleet and army under Boscowan and Amherst. Here Wolfe first connected his imperishable name with the Dominion of Canada. The fall of Louisbourg in 1758 was the precursor of that still more memorable victory at Quebec, which ended for ever the dream of French dominion in North America.

J. G. BOURINOT.

* * *

At Street Corners.

I WAS swindled by a patent agent some years ago in England, and I have been swindled by one of them in Canada. That being the case I may be prejudiced against the profession. But I will venture the assertion that the patent agents get more out of inventions as a rule than the inventors do. They are sure of their fees, which are paid in advance. The inventor is rarely sure of anything.

It may be taken for granted that about 80 out of 90 inventions die soon after birth, and are decently buried in the archives of the Patent Office. Of the remaining ten, five have usually been invented before, as the "patentee" of them discovers to his cost when he begins to put his supposed "new thing" on the market. The other five are usually stolen from the inventor by capitalists. It is a growing opinion that it is not much use to patent any invention.

Go to the public library and look at the enormous list of patented inventions. Find out how many of them are alive. Remember that on each of these precious ideas some inventor has spent hopes, and nerve-force and brains: Has endured with regard to them "the hope deferred that maketh the heart sick." Has spent, perhaps, the precious savings of years, and robbed the little store of scrapings laid by in small investments against a rainy day. And, then, ask yourself whether the patent offices in various capitals are not very much like graveyards.

I have a little pity for the drunkard, but not much. Such pity as I have would certainly never prevent my drinking a glass of beer or wine when I wanted to. But I have a good deal of pity for the poor men and women who for the sake of the drunkard deprive themselves of even a small allowance of needed stimulant. There are, I think, a considerable number of people who are martyrs in this respect, and hopelessly so, because as long as the world stands stimulants of some kind or other will be taken. Moderation may become more and more the rule—total abstinence never.

It was curious to hear outspoken, well-educated girls discussing the pictures at the recent Academy Exhibition. They understood some of them, dear creatures, none of the cant and slang of art, but just spoke their minds. "That a picture!" said one, "Why it looks as though it were wash-

ing day, and some one had squeezed the 'blue-bag' into the water and daubed all the figures with it."

The Toronto Ratepayers' Association is composed chiefly of men whose principal object in life appears to consist in increasing the value of their property. The sole object of the Ratepayers' Association is to get a dollar or two off their tax-bills. They do not attempt anything positive, they are all for the negative. They have never done anything to make Toronto healthier, cleaner or more pleasant to live in. The Toronto Ratepayers' Association, so far as its individual members are concerned, have often crammed two houses where only one ought to be, but they have never made "two blades of grass grow where only one grew before." For these reasons the organization, which represents a large aggregate of wealth, is not a very important force in municipal questions. It never will be.

There are complaints that the church parade of last Sunday was, in some respects, not well organized. Some of the regiments were waiting for others on King street for a quarter of an hour; the admission of visitors to the galleries was not well arranged, so that rude women pushed their way in among the soldiers, and the officers on the platform were placed in detached sections instead of being symmetrically massed. A military function of that kind should be absolutely perfect in its attention to detail.

Close to a street corner on one of our busiest thoroughfares I noticed the other day an unfortunate exile. He has only been out a short while and is not yet accustomed to his surroundings. Like many other exiles he has apparently arrived at the conclusion that there is no use for him in this country, and he seems to look out upon the hurrying throng through his one eye, with its square pupil, in a desolate and hopeless manner. It must be bitter to him to look down the street at the stove store with its new fangled implements of cookery, and to remember the time when he was an honoured and indispensable member of an English household. He is only a brass roasting jack, hung as a curiosity in a shop window, a thing that few Canadians know the use of, and his eye is only a hole through which his internal economy is regulated, but he is a type in his way of many that come out to this country to a new set of circumstances and new surroundings to which they are helplessly unable to adapt themselves.

What memories of home that old brass jack awakened. I closed my eyes and I was no longer in a crowded Canadian street, but in an old fashioned English kitchen wide and deep, and floored with great flags of sandstone, where the hams and sides of bacon hung from the rafters and tiers of polished tin and copper pots and great dish covers gleamed against the walls. There was a mighty fire of soft coal in the large open range, and before it my old friend the jack or his twin brother revolved slowly bearing a princely joint and which the fat cook, red-armed and perspiring, occasionally basted with large spoonfuls of gravy from the dripping pan. There was the sound of a robin red-breast singing his merry song in the holly outside, as I had often heard it, and the musical clink clink of the housemaid's pattens as she phed mop and pail in the stone flagged passage. A man passing uttered a blasphemy of such a purely transatlantic character that I opened my eyes again. The robin's song resolved itself into a street hawker blowing a little warbler, and the sound of the pattens was nothing but the ringing of a pair of iron-shod boot heels on the granolithic sidewalk. So the vision passed, and I went my way. DIOGENES.

The Latest News From Paris.

(By Our Special Correspondent.)

EXCEPT among perhaps the officious journals, there is no delight and but little interest taken in the alliance of Russia, France and Germany, to make the Japs stand and deliver the fruits of their victory, in what end, save to give Russia more territory, is not visible to the naked eye. The attitude of Germany is viewed with more and more suspicion. What is the "move" that she requires, beyond what she always demanded, unprivileged trading for all? Is

Bismarck setting any new trap for France? With half Germany—and that the people moiety—hear it, O France!—are dead against crushing Japan, and the power of the Socialist. Germany will be slow to spend money in any wild cat venture in the Far East, with England, too, out of the "swim." Russia may commit herself to deeds that will rapidly involve Europe in war, when Japan will have the Far East game all in her own hands. She, too, has her "Alsace" to recover in the island of Saghalien, the Russian wrung from her in her unmodern days. I do not think Frenchmen are in any hurry to see a continental conflagration to keep Japan out of Port Arthur, and no one knows what may be England's rôle if she be compelled to accept allies in Japan and China. Every nation seeks useful friends. The bugbear of the Asiatics swinging round by St. Petersburg to Berlin, Paris and London, only passes for a joke. Up till now, Russia was accepted as the bugbear, the octopus, of Europe. There is no reason to doubt but that the Japs know what they are about and can appreciate the full value of the triple alliance—made to force down their expansion. Then, they have the invaluable habit of keeping their intentions to themselves. They have plenty of money, no national debt; are concentrated on their own heath, and can buy iron-clads and cruisers. Their friendship and their power will be sought, and such are matters no Western nation can afford to despise. If Russia be involved in war, the Japs will remember their Alsace, and will take a peep into Vladivostock. It is on Bismarck the French keep their eye—and that shows their sagacity.

The decisive action of England in Nicaragua, by the landing of troops at Port Corinto, and undertaking to pay herself out of the custom receipts, and her independence to hold aloof and not to draw the chestnuts out of the fire for the benefit of Russia in the far East, are incidents viewed as showing she intends henceforth to act and to speak less. The politics of the world will be all the better for her adopting a spirited foreign policy. Nothing can be worse than a nation that does not know its own mind—like poor Dundreary's tumbler pigeons. She is on the winning side of the future, in seeking extensions for her trade, while leaving to others to do "land-grab." At the same time she must never let it become a legend that she is averse to fighting—that would at once place her in the lowest rank of nineteenth century civilization. She must arm up.

The social aspect of the French railway system is at the present moment worthy of profound study. The Congress of the Syndicate of Railway Servants has concluded its sittings and resolved to liberally invest the funds in the purchase of shares in the companies that employ them! That will give the several syndicates the right to assist at the re-unions of the shareholders. But that right, which is perfectly legal, is not intended to enable the employees to see for themselves the difficulties of administration, and to help by loyal inquiry and experienced suggestions to better what may need mending. No; the Congress has let the cat out of the bag: they want the shares to be able to keep the company in hot water; to have a sort of whip hand over their superior officers, till the moment of the general strike arrives—fixed for 1900 according to many—and then they will be able to dictate their own conditions; become, in a word, masters and not servants. The struggle is then for victory. The latter is not yet within measurable distance—and any interregnum strikes will be newer miseries.

The servants of the Paris and Orleans Railway Company and its branches keep aloof from the Congress of Syndicates. Why? Because they have no grievances to redress; hence, there are no strikes. From directors down to the porters all are a united family, where each knows his professional place, sees his position respected and himself esteemed. The Paris-Orleans company has just had its annual banquet and is a fitting vis-a-vis to the Congress of Syndicates. The "director" of the company presided, and the *chefs* of the several services and sections of the administration assisted and presided at the tables of their own men. Representatives of the latter delivered speeches; they declared they had no grievances; the company only desired to know if anything were wrong in order to correct it, if anything objectionable to be able to better it. Long before socialists and Governments had taken up the questions of old age pensions, compensations for accidents, sick relief, etc., the company had resolved them, and acted upon them, to the satisfaction of

the employees; nay, more, the company had assisted in the formation of co-operative food, clothing and furniture societies, etc., for their servants; of restaurants for their hands, of cheap residences, free schools and hospitals. Each year the company makes a handsome gift to the Pension Fund; at the banquet the Director announced the company had just presented a further sum of 100,000 frs. to the Aged Fund, and it must not be forgotten the pensioners enjoy all the advantages of the co-operative machinery for food, clothing, etc. And the director affirms the company has been fully repaid for its fraternally working in with its hands by the latter's devotion to their duties and their increased attention to the interests of their employees. This brilliant object lesson is full of meaning for more than other railway companies; it is the advance step in the up-to-dateness of the way capital and labour can harmonize and dwell together in peace.

The French Government has nominated a scientific commission to study the celebrated whirlpool—the Maelstrom—off the coast of Norway. There is a lesser one at Sælstrom, and which has been made famous by legend in song and story. All the poetry of Scandinavia centres around that terrible gulf which expresses the supreme horror of nature. But we live in a more positive age. The whirlpool is in the vicinity of the wildest rockbound coast of Norway—the black cliffs are called “the ramparts of the world.” But there are times when the pool is so calm that a small boat can sail across the presumed mouth. No ship has ever been sucked down—mariners know the current by their charts—save that described by Edgar Poe, so full of “creepiness,” and where the vessel is converted into matchwood; of that crew one alone was rescued, he was aged 22, but after some hours of cork-screw tossing in the tun dish he was thrown up on a beach miles away, his hair white as snow and himself a wizen, old man. During periods of storm the Maelstrom resembles a tun dish, the water whirling inside a ring of foam, but the eye can see the descending liquid wall to be all jet black water. Trunks of trees are thrown up, so split that the natives say they have become “Mermaid's hair.” Of course it is legend that whales have been drawn into the great mill race, and that their cries can be heard above the storm. The celebrated Kircher, who prepared the architectural plans of what the Tower of Babel was, held that the Maelstrom subterraneously communicated with the Gulf of Bothnia. The French mission is to be discovered if it connects with the Gulf Stream and to rectify existing charts of currents.

As was anticipated the public took no interest in the “May day” manifestation, where nothing was manifested; it ranks the whole affair as one simply for the police to let people remain idle or to work as they please.

The Academy of Science formally attests the successful treatment of cancer by the new process of preventive serum for inoculation prepared from the blood of a mule, in which cancer germs had been “cultivated.” That will be good news; about fifty to sixty persons die weekly in Paris from cancer.

A society has been formed to surround cremations with all the solemnity, pomp and circumstance, as if an ordinary interment, and calls upon the several churches to arrange their liturgies according to the spirit of the times. It is recommended to utilize flowers and music on these occasions liberally. Why not hire out flowers for a funeral “fête,” it is asked, as is practised for dinner parties, balls, weddings, and other social gatherings? And why not make obituary ceremonies choral?

Z.

Letters to the Editor.

THE BLUEBIRD.

Sir,—In my letter on “Our Song Birds,” which you were good enough to publish in your last issue, the printer makes me speak of “the girgling notes of the blackbird.” As all our blackbirds are destitute of song the notes of none of them can be described as “girgling.” The red-winged black bird's monotonous *con-que-ree* is scarcely a song. The bronzed grackle (or crow blackbird) makes a ludicrous attempt at song, but every note is cracked. The crow bird is tongue-tied, uttering only a few spluttering notes. The rusty blackbird is as tuneless as its congeners. The bluebird, however, has a charmingly sweet voice. Longfellow calls the bluebird's song “piping” and also, in another place,

a “jocund carolling.” John Burroughs, in a bold metaphor, calls this bird's note “the violet of sound.” In this matter the naturalist has a better ear than the poet, for the song of the bluebird has a delicate softness rather than a piping jocundity.

J. E. WETHERELL.

Strathroy, May 11th, 1895.

POLITICS AND BUSINESS PRINCIPLES.—NO. VI.

Sir,—To ensure a sound economic condition it is necessary that the banks of the country be restricted to capital, *i. e.*, they must be made directly responsible, and not be permitted to involve and risk the money of their depositors by being allowed to discount to an extent that will exhaust or unduly lessen the proportion of their specie reserves to their liabilities. The volume of the bank's discounting capacity should be controlled by the proportion of specie reserves to liabilities. This should be insisted upon, as much for the preservation of the value of their own assets as for the protection of their creditors, depositors and note-holders; and also as a protection against the general depreciation in value of the real and personal property of the country. Most people imagine, and all bankers would have us believe, that when they discount a tradesman's promissory note the security should be inherent altogether in the property on which the promissory note is based. This ridiculous idea is productive of more mischief and ruin than almost any other destructive agency could be. The fact that the bank incurs a debt by discounting the promissory note is overlooked entirely. In this way the banks shift their own responsibilities to the shoulders of their customers and their creditors.

The proportion of specie reserves should be a sufficiently high percentage of the total liabilities of the banks to protect all their creditors absolutely. By this means speculation, and consequently losses, would be reduced to a minimum, therefore the securities of the banks would then represent better value. The securities would be very much better than if the banks had been allowed to over trade, consequently the rate of interest would be lower. The over-trading of the banks is always indicated by the disproportion between the amount of the specie reserves and the liabilities, and the disparity will be proclaimed by an abnormal rate of interest. It is a very natural error to imagine that bank reserves can be invested, or that banks can with safety hold securities instead of specie as reserves. It does not matter how good the securities are, if the balance of trade is against the country, the securities will have to be reduced to specie, or mortgages will have to be exported to secure the debt; consequently, the value of the securities will be lessened, thus making the economic condition adverse.

It seems to be the impression that if the banks were restricted in the manner described, currency circulation would be lessened. This is a very grave mistake. The fact is, the trade of the country is starving at present for the lack of circulation, caused by the almost unlimited latitude given the banks. This undue scope allowed the banks has been the means of destroying almost every material interest of the country. Imports, in consequence, have been unduly stimulated, and the specie (which should be the foundation for a voluminous note circulation), has been forced out of the country, thus causing an abnormal rate of interest, because of the depreciation in value of securities, and consequently also handicapping exports of merchandise. The greater liberty that is given banks to discount the more likely are they to become possessed of inferior securities, which naturally keeps up the rate of interest and forces money out of the country, and therefore hampers trade and production. The very fact of the money leaving the country lessens the value of the securities of the banks, *i. e.*, makes the securities inferior to what they would be if the money had been retained in the country; consequently there cannot be such a voluminous circulation of currency, nor will the currency be on so sound a basis.

If the banks were restricted by law as I have already suggested, imports of merchandise would be lessened, and the additional money remaining in the country in consequence of lessening imports, would add security and stability to the finance of the country. Securities would be so much improved by the retention of this additional money in the country that the rate of interest would naturally fall. A fall in the rate of interest would stimulate production, and therefore increase the volume of discounts, and, consequent-

ly, circulation. Instead of the banks discounting such an amount of importers paper as they now do, they would then discount the notes of manufacturers and producers. Thus would they be aiding a class of business that would fetch money into the country, and not, as at present, a class of business that forces money out of the country. CRITIC.

THE UNIVERSITIES AND THE FINE ARTS.

SIR,—“A Student's” letter in *THE WEEK* of January 18th, under the caption “The Universities, the Fine Arts, and Women,” suggests a matter to which some personal thought has been given already, and which to my mind deserves all the attention it is receiving. But why he should specify women I don't know; why not consider the suggestion as applicable to every body? The industrial classes are intelligent, and they are being educated, thanks to an enlightened educational system. It is quite natural, therefore, that with commercial upheavals, and consequent social disturbances, and new adjustments that are being made in the relationships of all classes, that every provision for the enlightenment of our young people is needed; and this not only in the direction of the useful and profitable vocations, but also toward broad, general information for every one.

The early school courses are eminently practical, and following the pupils' advancement, the practical is not lost sight of; but when the High School student matriculates into the University he must pursue some very professional course, or he must drift in the direction of the speculative and the abstract. To such an extent is this the case that the end of the student is, in Franklin's terms, being either a physician or a philosopher.

Of the courses themselves no one can complain: on the other hand they will justify highest commendation, but of their limitations we may complain.

There are important branches that are entitled to fuller recognition. In Europe, a great many, in fact a large proportion of every country, acquire a general knowledge of the particular department suggested by “A Student.” It occupies the attention and attracts the research of the majority of the comfortable class, as well as the master minds of the Academies of learning. The Fine Arts have commanded the interest of historians who have diligently traced their beginnings, and recorded their influence and rank in the cluster of forces that have shaped and beautified the past epochs. That Art has crowned the prosperity of many nations has been shown us, not only in the works themselves that are so jealously guarded, but in the libraries that have been written in discussion of it and them.

Philosophy has consecrated its leisure to the analysis of the beauty therein embodied. The Metaphysicians of the noblest of the Pagan races lead a long procession of the most cultured thinkers in succeeding centuries, by whom the fillets of their discourse are still being woven into patterns of higher thought. And the sacred canons, too, appear to promise enhancement of interest by propositions and by authoritative texts, which open a field for study whose claims of attention are on the increase.

The Ethical side of the question has not hitherto been entered for systematical survey. Occasional prospectors have entered, and they have always brought out suggestive indications that the veins are rich enough to well repay the future miners of their wealth.

For the reason that Art has itself been the Chronicler of the day break of history in rock-tracery and implements, and perhaps in poetry that lingers in the tales we tell our children, it receives a birth-right place amongst the facts of the historian. And because those organize communities and nations that have won a foremost place in past civilizations are not known more in the legends of their laws, the romance of their histories or their dead languages than in their living art, this last becomes, perforce, the material and the data, whose investigation reveals most clearly the life of the people themselves. And if we can touch their life in the dawn we touch the social themes that are very much alive to-day.

But Art for its own sake deserves attention by our Universities. It is sovereign in the realm of aesthetics; it is subservient to, yet commands the homage of refinement, and is on terms of the freest intimacy with the aristocracy of mind. Art shapes and beautifies the palaces and throne-rooms of the home land and of the people here in this. By

its silent and its phonetic forms it lifts toward the ideal those who have leisure for its study; the toilers hum drum by change of design and the awakening of taste. Art, by the increase of its knowledge and of its skill, provides occupation for thousands multiplied; and at the same time brightens, elevates and purifies the home life of the poor. Through impressions perceived, and by the possibility of expression, Art is paramount. In facts delineated, and in conceptions of the mind that lure into the more spiritual realm of poetry and music, Art is essential. Within the soul of man that is inspired by high impulses, even toward the fulfillment in its destiny of a permanent perfectness, the lessons inbreathed reveal an art that is supreme. Art may therefore provide for the scholar, the student and the worker a theme unsurpassed in interest and unrivalled in reward. That the Fine Arts deserve the attention of University men will be conceded readily, and that they will, if admitted, make for themselves a place of influence and usefulness may be safely claimed. Why not, therefore, as has been suggested, have some of the many books that have been most ably written upon Art placed upon the curriculum as options at least? Why not allow men and women to enter by this path into the higher thought realm that so many desire? For it may even be so that many shall be permitted to enter the Kingdom of Diviner Knowledge by the gate Beautiful.

J. W. L. FORSTER.

* * * Gaius and Ulpian.*

WHY study such ancient documents as the writings, and these incomplete, of Gaius and Ulpian? This is very much as though a theologian should ask why we should trouble to read the writings of the Apostolic Fathers, and of Justin, and of Tertullian, or Origen or Clement. We have, in these days, concluded, and we are not likely to change our minds, that the only true method of study is the historical; and herein that the study of the original authorities is of the first importance. Whether in civil history or in theology, or in law, and perhaps in medicine, contact with the writers of earlier times gives the student a hold on the subject which he could not otherwise acquire.

Gaius was born about the end of the first century and Ulpian rather later than the middle of the second. We know hardly anything of Gaius, and not very much of Ulpian, except that he held office of some kind under Septimius Severus, and that he was assassinated. But what is of much greater importance, we know that the Institutes of Gaius formed the basis of the Institutes of Justinian and that Ulpian had great influence in diffusing a knowledge of the Civil Law. It is gratifying to know that our universities have put these books among the subjects of examination for degrees in law.

The works are fragmentary, and require, not merely careful editing, but the work of men of large knowledge in Roman law. Blanks have to be filled up speculatively, notes of explanation have to be appended, readings to be compared. This work has been ably accomplished by several editors; but the one before us is the best and the most complete that we have examined. In the first place, the text has been formed with the greatest care, and by reference to the most recently discovered MSS. The links introduced where the chain is broken seem to fit admirably. The translation is literal and accurate, the chief desiderata in such a work, and the notes are full and sufficient. After going over the book carefully, we have not found a single difficulty unexplained.

Perhaps the most remarkable feature of this edition is the full and admirable digest which takes the place of an index. Here we find not only an alphabetical list of all the terms and phrases, with references to the passages in the original books in which they may be found, but a complete table, in every case, setting forth the various meanings and applications of the terms; so that a knowledge of the whole subject might almost be obtained from the digest alone. If we must exercise our quality of critics, we would point out a slight misprint which occurs twice—at page 151 and page 170—Hadrian's for Hadrian. We congratulate students of law on the possession of such an edition of these authorities.

*“The Institutes of Gaius and Rules of Ulpian, with Translation and Notes.” By Professor James Muirhead. Price, 12s. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clarke; Toronto: Revell Co. 1895.

Two Notable Novels.*

FOREIGN literature, and particularly the foreign novel, is receiving a great deal of attention from English readers. Deservedly, too, for when we think of the writers who have impressed and are impressing themselves upon the age, we think not so much of English authors as of Tolstoi, of Ibsen, of Zola. Now that Maurus Jokai's works are being done into English by Mr. R. Nisbet Bain we will soon have to add his name to those permanently influencing our literature. His "Eyes Like the Sea" was a somewhat disappointing book, as it lacked balance, was too subjective, and dealt with life which it is hard for us to understand and with which we cannot sympathize. But "Midst the Wild Carpathians" is a romance that will compel every reader to finish it. There is not a dry chapter in it. It is not an easy matter to write interesting historical novels, but Jokai has succeeded. The scene of the story is laid in the mountains of seventeenth century Transylvania. The time and the environment give Jokai an opportunity of introducing many diverse characters; and his pages are crowded with "superb Turks," nobles, and peasants, and all are drawn with wonderful truth and interest. It has been said that "the whole history of Transylvania reads like a chapter from the Arabian Nights." This book would certainly lead us to think that this was true. No great modern novelist has succeeded in giving us so much of that romantic coloring that is the charm of the Arabian Nights as has Jokai. Adventure is piled on adventure, incident upon incident, glowing description upon glowing description, until we forget all about the fact that we are reading an historical romance and think ourselves in dreamland. But he deals with the facts of the history of Transylvania, and the names of Kemeny, of Apafi, of Teleki are at any rate historical names. While these characters are well drawn they are only one of the interests of the book. The marvellous drawing of Azrael's abode in the Devil's Garden, the entrancing description of Corsar's Beg's gorgeous palace are done with a powerful pen. Perhaps the strongest chapters in the book are the first and second. The first gives a description of a hunt through the primeval forest, of adventures with stags and boars; the second is a home scene, where a noble woman, Dame Apafi, is slaving to ransom her imprisoned husband. Anna is the noblest character in the book, and the wisest. It would be impossible to say anything better of her than that she is "like one of Shakespeare's women." Among Jokai's most striking traits is his humor. He bubbles over with a fine mirth. It first appears when Kucsuk Pasha, a character not unlike, and as noble as Scott's Saladin in the Talisman—raises Michael Apafi, a good-natured, kindly, stupid country squire to the throne of Transylvania, and it bursts out at intervals all through the book.

The novel has many blemishes. It is lacking in story interest, although the striking incidents and situations make us forget that. It is hard to understand what part the first chapter plays in the book. It would almost seem that Jokai had written the description of a hunt in which historical characters took part, and thought it so good that he tagged it on to his historical romance. Although all his characters are drawn with wonderful distinctness too many are created only to vanish, and the reader is left dissatisfied. But we must expect inconsistencies, crowding, defects, from a man whose imagination is so teeming that he had created no less than a hundred and fifty novels.

Turning from Jokai's powerful romances and opening George Meredith's "The Adventures of Harry Richmond," now published in the cheap and convenient Colonial Library, we are confronted with very different matter set down in a very different manner. George Meredith will ever be a poser for the critic. His language is at times so startlingly strange—especially in his "Lord Ormont and His Aminta"—that we are compelled to wonder whether he should be entitled to a place among the writers of pure English; but his expressions, although often unique, original, and startling, have

great force, and in a single word he succeeds in giving us what would call forth a sentence from a less highly gifted writer. His ideas, too, seem to crowd each other, so much so that the reader will sometimes plunge along for pages vaguely wondering what it is all about. And yet he fascinates, and it is impossible to throw aside the novel without seeing the end of the adventures. At the same time "the adventures" are not startlingly interesting, the situations are not extraordinary powerful—unless the extraordinarily improbable be deemed the extraordinarily powerful. If this is true, if it is likewise true that the language and style are somewhat wearing, wherein does the charm of the book lie? It lies in the authors power of making his characters live. The titular hero is Harry Richmond, but the real hero—if such he can be called—is his father "plain Augustus Fitz-George Roy Richmond." The reader is disappointed in Harry: he does not make proper use of his opportunities, something is constantly expected from him, but nothing follows. But the father with his buoyant hopefulness, his marvellous power of gulling people, his plausible tongue, and persuasive manners is a character not to be soon forgotten, and at the close of the novel the reader finds himself filled with something like admiration for this adventurous ne'er do weel. Other characters, although not so striking, are equally well done. Mrs. Waddy and the Squire are like bits out of Dickens. The princes, the lords, the farmers, the gipsies—for all appear on this multitudinous page—fix themselves on the mind, and George Meredith leaves the impression that he is an intellectual force with a knowledge of humanity that well fits him for a leading place among the novelists of this prolific age.

Stratford, Ont.

T. G. MARQUIS.

BRIEFER NOTICES.

Motley: Verse Grave and Gray. By J. W. Bengough. Illustrated. (Toronto: William Briggs. Price \$1.00. 1895.)—So far as the critics of THE WEEK are concerned, there was no reason for any attempt to disarm them by the conciliatory dedication which Mr. Bengough prefixes to his very pretty and acceptable volume: "To the Critics, with assurances of the profoundest respect and admiration." The author is known to all Canadians as a patriotic man, who loves his fellow men and serves them "if not wisely" always, yet very well, as a talented humourist, and as a caricaturist of a very high order. The verses consist of three divisions in the table of contents, the humorous, the serious and pathetic, and the elegiac (we direct the printer's attention to the last word in his table); but in the book these three classes of poems are mingled together, not quite advantageously in the judgment of the present writer. It is rather a shock to pass from broad farce to elegy and back again. This, however, is a mere detail, and we have read the collection with much interest, pleasure and sympathy. Some of the verses in memory of departed citizens of Toronto are sincere, deep, and touching, and will be valued not only by the friends and relatives of the commemorated, but by many of their fellow citizens. Mr. Bengough is Catholic in his sympathies, commemorating Archbishop Lynch, Dr. Stafford, Sir John Macdonald, Mr. George Brown, and Sir John Thompson alike. The elegiac poems are generally accompanied by excellent miniature photographs. It is difficult to quote; but we will give the last poem in the volume:

EPILOGUE.

"Motley: Verses Grave and Gray,"
 Finis—put the book away.
 Nothing learned, nothing deep,
 Perhaps you say;
 True—but you've not been asleep
 Anyway!
 Sombre lines and trifles, too;
 Verses light and verse blue,
 Very true;
 And since you have red them through—
 Verses of a motley hue—
 Now, can you
 Snug ensconced in easy chair,
 Quote us as your judgment fair,
 In this regard
 From Avon's bard
 "Motley is the only wear?"

* "Midst the Wild Carpathians." By Murus Jokai (London: George Bell & Sons. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.)

"The Adventures of Harry Richmond." By George Meredith. (London: George Bell & Sons. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.)

The Amateur Emigrant. By R. L. Stevenson. (Chicago: Stone and Kimball. 1895).—This is a prettily got up new edition of one of Stevenson's experiments in the art of living. And those who want to see how "the other half" lives cannot do better than read his descriptions which are, as always, delightful, and the moral which is suggestive in various ways. He does not paint enigration at all through rose-coloured glasses, but compares it, sadly enough, with the defeat of an army: the battle—a commercial one—has been lost, and the wreck of the host is in flight, a company of failures, attempting in vain to escape from themselves, their incompetency, their weaknesses. At the same time he is impressed with the habitual luxury of the artisan classes, that they could not touch food which he could. Of course the smell and opportunities for asphyxiation are about the same in the steerage of all vessels, but he must have been unfortunate in his choice, for the second cabin usually has the advantage of greater luxuries than a brass plate to the door, marked "gentlemen" and "ladies," instead of "males" and "females," and broken meat and fish from the saloon for tea. The "amateur" became quite one of the people, who took him for anything in the world but what he was, and never for a gentleman; and he was still more safe from detection by the saloon passengers and officers, and quite identified himself with the steerage antagonism and feeling of hatred towards them. Which is very instructive; as also are several other remarks on the difference in tact, in arguing and in shirking work in different classes of society. The book contains some delightful touches in description, such as the sound of "the clean flat smack of the parental hand in chastisement" and the old-maidish matron whose very hair seemed of a colour incompatible with matrimony, who brought down the house by lifting up her voice and crying "gravy," when she found that it was seven o'clock at home.

Letters of a Baritone. By Francis Walker. (New York: Scribners' Sons. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. 1895).—This is a very pleasantly written little book by an American singer, describing his stay in Italy for the building up and cultivation of his voice. He had suffered much from incompetent teachers at home, and writes strongly about them: "Of all people beware of the man who demonstrates to you from anatomical charts and from a human larynx pickled in a bottle of spirits, that when you attack the middle C your arytenoid cartilages must pull a little towards the south-east! None of that nonsense is heard in Italy. . . . Our method-cursed teachers (!) of singing work unlimited harm by getting hold of half-truths, and constructing from them the Procrustean bed which each one dubs 'My Method.'" "What is the Italian School of Singing, do you ask? The right school, and called 'Italian' because the first great teachers were Italians. It is the method of naturalness. It is not lost because in these days of haste so few are found who will submit themselves to its slow, healthy, wise processes." Though the book is not published to give instruction, there is plenty of excellent advice on points often neglected. "Sing upon full, deep breaths, taken as low in the body as possible, and when any sense of difficulty comes, think of the inward and upward pressure until you get used to knowing what that pressure can do for you." We are glad to see that Mr. Walker speaks evil of the *tremolo* "that vice of musicians of all nationalities," and also that he has a good word to say for Handel, for whom the Italians do not care. For King Umberto and the Queen he has the greatest respect: "No show monarchs these. They are workers for country and humanity. . . . Their examples shame those who make politics a trade—if such are capable of feeling shame. For their people they live, and in the hearts of that people their names and memory will be deathless." We can heartily recommend these letters even to those who are not musical enthusiasts.

Little Eyolf. By Henrik Ibsen. Translated by William Archer. (Chicago: Stone and Kimball. 1894).—It is a far cry from Ibsen to Tennyson, but there is something in the atmosphere of Mr. Ibsen which brings into one's mind the words, "From the great deep to the great deep he goes,"

and forces upon one the inference that between deep and deep there are places which look exceedingly shallow, and there are places which are very dry. He oppresses us with a sense of mystery in the back ground, and mystery to come, with no obvious reason for mystery-making, and one longs for a breath of the fresh clean air of common sense to sweep through the lives of the unfortunate people who are torturing themselves with "the ranklings and gnawings of remorse." Mr. Ibsen's characters are certainly live people, but not particularly pleasant ones. They let their thoughts feed upon themselves until they are reduced to a condition of sentimental selfishness which is sad to see and hard to break away from.

Allmers, "a slim man with gentle eyes and thin brown hair and beard," is a literary man who is engaged in writing his *magnum opus* on "Human Responsibility." He had lived from childhood with his sister Asta, and when he marries Rita, a lady who owns "the gold and the green forests," and is also beautiful, her wealth enables him to devote himself wholly to literature. Asta is a great deal with him, and he appears to be more attracted by her than by his wife. His son, little Eyolf, is a cripple owing to a fall from a table, for which husband and wife reproach one another. He is wrapped up in the boy, and she jealous of him, feeling that he keeps her apart from her husband.

Allmers broods and broods in his study over his book and finally goes off to the mountains, where he makes up his mind to write no more but devote himself to Eyolf; and this is what he will do for him:

"I will try to perfect all the rich possibilities that are dawning in his childish soul. I will foster all the noble germs in his nature—make them blossom and bear fruit. [*With more and more warmth, rising*]. And I will do more than that! I will help him to bring his desires into harmony with what lies attainable before him. That is just what at present they are not. All his longings are for things that must remain unattainable to him all his life long. But I will create a conscious happiness in his mind."

The poor little fellow, with his military uniform and crutch, is lured away by a most uncanny "Rat-wife," a sort of female "pied-piper," who seems to be insane or worse, and is drowned in the Fjord.

There is a very natural touch in the midst of his sorrows:

Allmers.—"Before you came to me here I sat, torturing myself unspeakably with this crushing, gnawing sorrow."

Asta.—"Yes?"

Allmers.—"And would you believe it, Asta? Hm."

Asta.—"Well?"

Allmers.—"In the midst of all this agony I found myself speculating what we should have for dinner to-day."

Asta finds out from reading her mother's letters that she is not really Alfred's sister, and at last, when his attentions threaten to make difficulties, she goes off with Borgheim, an engineer, who is making roads in the mountains, and we think she is well off, for he is really free from morbidness, and confesses that sorrow is not much in his line; while Alfred and Rita propose to realize their own "Human Responsibility" by helping the poor around them.

It is unlikely that Mr. Ibsen intended this book for a tract, but it most certainly does inculcate a religious lesson and a warning, more by what is left unsaid than by direct teaching. For instance:

Allmers [*passing into a calmer mood*].—"I dreamed about Eyolf last night. I thought I saw him coming up from the pier. He could run like other boys. So nothing had happened to him—neither the one thing nor the other. And the torturing reality was nothing but a dream, I thought. Oh, how I thanked and blessed—[*checking himself*]. Hm!"

Rita [*looking at him*].—"Whom?"

Allmers [*evasively*].—"Whom?"

Rita.—"Yes; whom did you thank and bless?"

Allmers [*putting aside the question*].—"I was only dreaming, you know—"

Rita.—"Onewhom you yourself do not believe in?"

Allmers.—"That was how I felt, all the same. Of course, I was sleeping—"

Rita [*reproachfully*].—"You shouldn't have taught me to doubt, Alfred."

Allmers.—"Would it have been right of me to let you go through life with your mind full of empty fictions?"

Rita.—"It would have been better for me; for then I should have had something to take refuge in. Now I am utterly at sea."

The number of stage directions makes the book wearisome to read. They would be unnecessary if it were intended to be acted, but that can hardly be the case.

Periodicals.

A bound volume of *The Century* has just appeared containing the numbers of that magazine for the past six months. The volume is notable as containing the first portion of Professor William M. Sloane's "Life of Napoleon." That this history appears in the midst of a remarkable revival of interest in Napoleon is merely a matter of coincidence, as the work was planned years ago, and has been in preparation ever since. Professor Sloane has given careful and exhaustive study to the subject, especially among the official archives of France, and as a result has incorporated much new and valuable material in his work. Enough of the Life has already appeared to show Professor Sloane's thorough grasp of the subject, his freedom from prejudice, and his comprehension of the causes that made possible Napoleon's rise to sovereign power. The foremost artists in France and America have been called upon to illustrate the text. There are a number of articles in the volume which attracted wide attention when first published, and which have a lasting value. Thomas Commerford Martin describes "Tesla's Oscillator and Other Inventions," with illustrations from photographs. The destruction by fire of Tesla's papers makes this the only record of much of his work. Hiram S. Maxim describes, with great particularity, what he has accomplished in the way of making a flying-machine that will actually fly. There are printed hitherto unpublished letters by Nathaniel Hawthorne and his wife, and by Oliver Wendell Holmes. In connection with the latter Mrs. Annie Fields gives a few loving reminiscences of the poet. There are five papers by Noah Brooks, giving personal recollections of Lincoln during war times. The volume contains the conclusion of Mrs. Burton Harrison's romance of love and travel. "An Errant Wooing," and the first half of Marion Crawford's "Casa Braccio," generally conceded to be his best work. Rudyard Kipling's first American story, "A Walking Delegate," is one of the many short stories.

The initial article in *Macmillan's* for May, "The Danger in France and Belgium," is a thoughtful review of the position of the political parties in the legislatures of those countries. The writer sees imminent danger to both from the socialistic trend of public opinion as evidenced by the results of the last elections. His views upon government by the masses come as a wholesome tonic after so much of the blatant bombast about the "Triumph of Democracy." We may profitably quote a paragraph: "The rule of the many seems now to be regarded as the final and inevitable form of government for all the civilized communities of men; that is held for a fact, which may either be eagerly embraced or sullenly accepted. The few, it is said, misgoverned, because it was their interest to do so; but the many will govern well because it will be their obvious gain. That briefly is the democratic creed; and it would be a good one if the mass of men had the foresight to know their true interests in life, and the wisdom to find the means likely to attain them. But as many of the people too often close their eyes to the one and are ignorant of the other, democracy is in truth a very great experiment. It is nothing less than self-government by those who necessarily have little notion how to govern." In "Collingwood" we have a spirited memoir of the life of that great man and admiral and a review of his recently published biography by Clark Russell. As the reviewer says: "A long intimacy with naval history and a profound and just reverence for his hero have helped his literary skill to display to us Collingwood in all his greatness; and we owe him thanks for a first, and withal an abiding portrait of one of the noblest sailors who ever wore the king's uniform." "The Herons" is continued in three chapters, and following is the second and not thrilling instalment of "When we were Boys." The classic "pirtas" is considered and compared with Christian "pity," in "A Forgotten Virtue." We have a little nondescript tale with no particular moral (if one is wanted now-a-days) in "The Editor of the Cuadrilla." For Canadian readers especially, "A Soldier's Journal," recalling the existence of Major Knox's diary, and its detailed account of the capture and

occupation of Quebec, is full of interest. "An Indolent Reviewer" takes up the cudgels with some warmth against "The Responsible Novelist" who dresses his characters in garments so unmistakably those of people we know that they cannot escape recognition; and worse still, who, after labelling these puppets, tacks on their backs a weakness or vanity which may or may not be characteristic; all of which, whether the drawing be to the life or not, is little calculated to please those concerned, and is, indeed, mainly unjustifiable.

* * *
Art Notes.

So much has been said and written about the life of the art student in Paris that the most ready way to convey a knowledge of the subject is to refer to some well-known book in which it figures conspicuously. Instead, therefore, of enlarging upon the picturesque details of the *Quartier Latin*, I shall proceed to outline my impressions of one personality which has been a potent factor in the development of genius within its precincts. Not that a sketch of the mode of life of the Parisian student would be out of place in these notes on his master—Bouguereau—but it would be almost superfluous: it has been done, and done well. The student to-day works, suffers, and enjoys himself very much as he did in the days of the hero of "Trilby"; and indeed the picture of that youth's doings and surroundings is so graphically true of his successors of to-day that I suggest that "for further particulars" the reader should "see Small Bill."

Bouguereau, the academic, the formal, has been responsible for the training of some of the most pronounced of the progressionists. Scientifically precise himself, he must look at the work of the famous but erratic prodigals of his brood with feelings in which pride at the elevation to which his pupils have attained must mingle with chagrin at the contemplation of the revolutionary methods by which they reached that elevation. But whether they be impressionists or conventionalists—bond, so to speak, or free—whether they saunter in academic groves, or, afflatus-driven, traverse at headlong speed the countries (albeit sometimes only waste and arid tracts) that lay undiscovered from Apelles' day to our own, this concourse of clever people who sign the words, "élève de M. Bouguereau," are indebted to their master for most of what they know. This, at first sight, appears to be a great deal to say, but on examination the statement diminishes in its significance. They are not indebted to him for their intuitions, for their originality, their own personal bent. The tendency of the Bouguereau method is rather to efface individuality and to reduce all painting to one rather commonplace level. And yet the most daring experimentalist amongst his pupils has been emboldened to range far a-field because he has been equipped by Bouguereau for the journey.

It is a fine sorting house that *atelier* of Julian's. It fits the strong for great achievement in after life. It annihilates the weak; and it hall-marks with the stamp of conventional, wholly uninteresting competency, the mediocre. Bouguereau, rotund, pleasant, with an eternal cigarette, used to make a cheery visit to the school twice in the week. He came and went, smiling and bland, but he left devastation and ruin behind. He was inexorable. He cared not a whit for the individuality of the student. He had his fixed standards, and if the student failed to reach them, Bouguereau would slay him; but always with urbanity. Bouguereau's criticism was the tomb, if I may so express it, of a thousand hopes and ambitions, but it had a Southern aspect. Fleury, nervous and sympathetic, with an eye always to the intention of the student, and a keen appreciation of the differ-

ences of temperament, was the antipodes his colleague: and it is often a matter of wonder to me how we ever got on as well as we did with alternating criticisms from these two men. Probably they had more in common than their words and manner would lead one to suppose. They were both great "sticklers" for a patient searching for the character (not moral but linear) of the model. They both detested affectation; they both discouraged precocity. Bouguereau himself is a consummate draughtsman and has an unerring judgment in dealing with form: as a critic of colour he does not rank so high. His own pictures are designed in the most masterly and scientific manner, but the colouring may be described as a refined, adequate, but not painterly order of tinting.

E. WYLY GRIER.

* * *
Music.

The concert on Friday evening last, in the Massey Hall, by Madame Lillian Nordica, prima donna soprano, Miss Adèle Aus Der Ohe, pianist, and Mr. Victor Herbert, violinist, proved to be one of the most artistic and thoroughly enjoyable concerts which has been given in Toronto for years. Each one of these performers is an artist of the highest rank, and, appearing one after another in a programme of pleasing variety, the result was an evening of unusual enjoyment. Mme. Nordica is the same charming and handsome woman Torontonians learned to admire at her first appearance here three or four years ago, and is singing just as beautifully. In a group of English and French songs, she displayed much sentiment, refinement of conception, and genuine musical temperament. Her voice is expressive, and of delightful quality, and, as evidenced in her rendering of Thomas' "Polonaise from Mignon," is remarkably well cultivated and under absolute control. She was lustily cheered and recalled many times after each appearance. Miss Aus Der Ohe's technic is irreproachable, and she at times plays with impetuous enthusiasm. Her tone is colossal in its immensity, and again as delicate and faint as sound waves can possibly be. All tone nuances are at her command; her touch is positively beautiful and elegantly graceful, and she possesses undoubtedly all the different elements which go to make a virtuoso pianiste. Her performance of Tausig's arrangement of Bach's Toccata and Fugue in D minor was a noble specimen of intellectual piano playing. Here there was dignity, precision, clearness. One felt the rhythmic pulsation of every phrase, the different entrances of subject and answer; all was unfolded—the structure lay bare. But in her other numbers, that unity of effect which is demanded in the highest performances was missing. This could be noticed even in the 12th Rhapsody by Liszt, where the greatest license can be indulged in owing to the contrasted melodies, and the wild, passionate sweep of its restless rhythm. The delicious valse in E minor by Chopin, was not given with that poetic imagery suggested by its period groups, particularly those in the tonic major. One could not help thinking of the fascinating witchery, the languorous, half stifled sighs caressed from the cold keys by a Joseffy or a Paderewski when Miss Aus Der Ohe was playing, and that she didn't feel with much sympathy the music produced by her own fingers. It was the same with Wagner's "Spinning Song," played as an encore, wonderfully well done technically, —except the chromatic passages in fourth towards the close which were not clear or distinct by any means—but wanting in poetry and symmetry. The Berceuse by Alexander Ilginsky was a charming bit of finished playing, and her own *étude de concert* displayed in no small degree her certain and wonderfully developed execution. In the performance of these selections, she played on a Steinway Grand, one of the most magnificent pianos I ever heard; an instrument so full of tone that there seemed to be no end to it, and yet of a quality the most beautiful and rich. Mr. Victor Herbert played several pieces in that inimitable style which has made him famous, and he was not by any means the least attractive of the three artists. In the two movements from the Golttermann Concerto, Saint-Saens lovely melody, "The Swan Song," and Van Goen's Scherzo, he exhibited his splendid technic, exquisite tone,

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and remarkably refined phrasing. He, as did the others, received abundant applause and was many times recalled. Mr. I. E. Suckling is entitled to especial praise for arranging such an artistic concert, which practically closes the season. Mr. Dinelli and Mr. Herbert played the accompaniments most gratifyingly. A large audience was in attendance.

The Toronto Ladies' String Orchestra, under the direction of Mrs. Drechsler-Adamson, gave their annual concert in Association Hall, on the evening of May 9th, to a goodly sized audience. Several numbers, including Reinecke's Prelude to the 5th act of "King Manfred," Richard Wuerst's Russian Suite, Schumann's Träumerei, and Mascagni's Intermezzo were played in most creditable style, considering the difficulties which always present themselves in organizations of the kind. In fact, the young ladies made a most excellent showing, and along with their talented leader, are entitled to every praise. The assisting talent were Miss Constance Jarvis, Miss Florence Marshall, Sig. Dinelli, and Master Willie Wilson (boy soprano). The latter is a clever lad and sings sympathetically and with considerable purity of tone. Miss Constance Jarvis is a pleasing singer and was loudly applauded; and Miss Marshall pleased all with her excellent piano playing. Mrs. Adamson played Vieuxtemps' "Fantaise Caprice," in her well-known excellent manner. Her violin playing is always enjoyable, for her tone is so sustained and pure; and she has also abandon and warmth. Mr. Dinelli played the piano accompaniments, and also the cello part in the orchestra.

W. O. FORSYTH.

The cello and piano pupils of Mr. Rudolf Ruth gave a recital in the hall of the College of Music, on Wednesday evening, May 8th, to a very large audience. A programme of interest was performed in such an excellent manner as to reflect very highly on Mr. Ruth's ability as a teacher.

The choir of Beverley Street Baptist Church, under the leadership of Mr. W. J. McNally, the organist and choir master, will give Gaul's Cantata "Ruth," in the church, on Tuesday evening, May 21st, with Miss Maggie Huston as Ruth, Miss Bridgeland as Naomi, Miss Henderson as Orpah, and Mr. Fred Lee as Boaz. A collection will be taken in aid of the Choir Fund of the church.

The Royal Society of Canada, on May 17th, held its "Evening with English-Canadian Poets." The following was the programme:—A short speech by Reverend Professor Clark, D.C.L.; "The Passing of Pre La Brosse," by Miss Machar; a few lyrics, by John Reade; "The Tree," by Mrs. Harrison (read by Mr. D. C. Scott); a poem, by Mr. D. C. Scott; "An Eastern Market," by Mr. Bliss Carman (read by Mr. D. C. Scott); "The Song my Paddle Sings," by Miss Johnson (read by Mr. A. Lampman); "Recessional," by Mr. C. G. D. Roberts (read by Mr. A. Lampman); a poem, by Mr. A. Lampman; "A Midnight Threnody," by His Grace Archbishop O'Brien; "A Song of Triumph," by Reverend F. G. Scott; "The White Stone Canoe," by Mr. J. D. Edgar, M.P.; a poem, by Mr. N. F. Davin, M.P.; verses, Mr. W. W. Campbell.

A vocal recital will be given on the evening of May 21st, commencing at 8 p.m., in the St. George's Hall, Elm St., by pupils of Mr. J. Trew Gray, when they will be assisted by the Glionnas Orchestra, making a very attractive programme. Admission by invitation, but a collection will be taken up for the Children's Aid Society, of Toronto,—truly a very deserving charity.

Mr. W. C. Haslam, the distinguished voice specialist, late of Toronto, but now of the National Conservatory of Music, New York City, will give a ten weeks course in this city beginning the 20th May.

Literary Notes.

Prof. Marie Louis Gaston Boissier has been elected Secretary of the Academie Francaise, to succeed the late M. Camille Doucet.

"On the Cars and Off" is the title of a

new book of travel by Douglas Sladen. It is the "Journal of a Pilgrimage along the Queen's Highway to the East, from Halifax in Nova Scotia to Victoria in Vancouver's Island." The book is copiously illustrated, and published by Ward, Lock, Bowden & Co.

The Open Court Pub. Co. has just issued a second edition of the authorized translation of Th. Ribot's "Diseases of Personality," the first having been exhausted in three years. The translation has been revised throughout and embodies all the corrections and additions of the new fourth French edition. An analytical index has been added.

A book, dealing with the history and various forms of the letters of the alphabet, will form the next volume of Macmillan & Co's Ex-Libris Series. It is written by Edward F. Strange, and forms a handbook of lettering, compiled for the use of artists, designers, handicraftsmen and students, with complete historical and practical descriptions.

Mr. Smalley cabled to the New York Tribune:—"Professor Huxley's condition shows little or no sign of improvement and gives little hope of a permanent or complete recovery. His lungs are affected, and his strength is ebbing. He can take little nourishment, and it is feared the end may come within a few weeks or possibly months."

A work by Tolstoi, soon to appear in London, is a work on the Gospels, with the title, "The Four Gospels, Harmonized and Translated." New translations have been made of the parts which Tolstoi regards as essential. Including his comments, the work will extend to three volumes, the first comprising about 400 pages. It was written eighteen years ago.

It is not generally known, says the London Literary World, that Mr. W. H. Mallock, whose "Heart of Life" is announced, is a nephew of the late James Anthony Froude. His father was the Squire of Cockington, just outside Torquay. He first made his mark, when twenty-two years old, by taking the Newdigate Prize poem while he was an undergraduate at Balliol in 1871.

The Rev. Frederick D. Greene, the author of "The Armenian Crisis in Turkey," has received the following letter from Mr. Gladstone, dated Hawarden Castle, Chester, 20th April, 1895:—"I am glad to hear that your work is about to be published, as I believe it will materially assist in rousing public attention to the recent outrages in Armenia, which almost pass description, and have inflicted indelible disgrace on the Sultan of Turkey and on his officers and soldiers concerned in perpetrating, in denying and in shielding them."

Macmillan & Co. will publish in the course of the month "Celibates," George Moor's new book. They announce, also, a series of "Royal Naval Handbooks," to be edited by Commander C. N. Robinson, author of "The British Fleet." The following volumes are in preparation:—"Naval Administration and Organization," by Admiral Sir Vesey Hamilton; "Naval Strategy," by Prof. Loughton; "The Internal Economy of a Warship," by Capt. C. Campbell; "Naval Gunnery," by Capt. H. G. Garbett; "The Entry and Training of Officers and Men," by Lieut. J. Allen; "Torpedoes, Torpedo Boats, and Torpedo Warfare," by Lieut. J. Armstrong; "Steam in the Navy"; the Machinery Used on Board a Warship, by Fleet-Engineer R. C. Oldknow; "Naval Architecture": the Designing and Construction of a Warship, by Mr. J. J. Welch.

* * *
Personal.

It is learned on good authority in London that Mr. Edward Blake intends to retire from the British House of Commons at the end of the present session.

Some recent paragraphs have appeared in the provincial press to the effect that Mr. C. G. D. Roberts had resigned the chair of English in King's College and would hereafter devote himself entirely to literature and reside in the States. The first of these statements is unfortunately true. Prof. Roberts will sever his connection with King's College at the end of the current year. This is to be re-

gretted, since it is doubtful if any university in Canada has on its professorial staff a man who has achieved as commanding a position in literature, or who is capable of bringing greater lustre upon the lecture room. It is not to be regretted that Prof. Roberts is to devote himself exclusively to literary work. He has already secured such a high place in the world of letters that it is fitting that all his efforts should be devoted to that high calling. One part of the current report, how ever, is fortunately not true. Prof. Roberts does not propose to leave Canada and take up his residence in the United States. Owing to the lack of a literary career in Canada, it is necessary that one's literary work should be marketed in the States, but Roberts is too thorough a Canadian to leave his own country permanently. His tastes and sympathies are all Canadian, and however lofty a place he may win in the literary world Canada will be able to claim him as her son. The only fear is that some of the great American universities may tempt him with a professor's chair.

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Personal.

Lieut.-Col. Andrew C. P. Haggard, brother of H. Rider Haggard, who was here in 1893, expects to return to Canada for a fishing and hunting tour in the Lake St. John country and elsewhere about next July.

Dr. Bourinot, C.M.G., has written for the *May Forum* a very striking comparison of the Canadian and American systems of Government, to show why the American system does not commend itself to Canadians.

Mr. S. J. McLean, who last year graduated in political science from the University of Toronto, taking high honours, has been offered a fellowship in political science in Columbia University, Washington, D.C., and will probably accept it.

Much interest will be felt by the public in the return of Rudyard Kipling to India. He has just agreed to furnish a regular contribution to *The Cosmopolitan Magazine* for the coming year, beginning his work upon his return to India. India has never been critically considered by such a pen as Kipling's, and what he will write will attract the widest attention both here and in England.

Albert Lynch, whose work is becoming so much more generally known through his drawings in *Scribner's Magazine* and his cover designs for *The Ladies' Home Journal*, is a Peruvian by birth, but of English parentage. He is only thirty-three years of age, and of extremely retiring disposition. He is unmarried and lives in Paris. The young artist commands the highest prices for his work, his smallest water-colour paintings readily selling for \$600 to \$900 each. The next issue of the *Journal* will have a design by Lynch, portraying his conception of a woman's ideal costume. A succession of other cover designs by Lynch will follow.

Mr. John Mackie, the author of "The Devil's Playground," issued last month by Frederick A. Stokes Company, has had a large number of inquiries addressed to him lately by all sorts of people, desirous of knowing the primary reason that led to the adoption of such a strange title to his book. Mr. Mackie, who is a resident of Edinburgh, writes his publishers that the human heart when swayed by powerful and conflicting passions, akin to those that filled the hearts of the principal characters in his story, suggested

the title. But as he wrote, anticipating much misinterpretation on this point, and not caring to be accused of clap-trap, he resolved to give the tale a double right to the title, and so introduced a valley in the Bad-lands that he himself had named when in charge of a North West Mounted Police detachment in that wild country. It was on one occasion when snowed up in this identical valley that the scene he afterwards put upon paper was suggested to him. It was S. R. Crockett, author of "The Raiders," who advised him to add the sub-title, viz.: "A Story of the Wild North West." Mr. Crockett thinks very highly indeed of "The Devil's Playground."

Between Life and Death.

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 dents, all Booksellers, or
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Public Opinion.

Toronto Globe: The Premier and the
 Attorney-General of Manitoba will leave Win-
 nipeg for Ottawa on Thursday. There is not
 the remotest whisper of compromise in Gov-
 ernment circles and it is said that such a pro-
 position would not be entertained. Archbishop
 Langevin has also expressed himself against
 a compromise.

Brockville Times: Mr Foster's may not
 have been, as the Liberals say, much of a bud-
 get speech, but it is noticeable, as *The Mon-
 treal Gazette* remarks, that while it lasted less
 than three hours, it took Sir Richard Cart-
 wright a good part of two days to answer it.
 If the Opposition does not do better work
 than this in the campaign, polling day will be
 on before their nomination day speeches are
 concluded

Hamilton Herald: Rumours of compromise
 in the Manitoba Schools question are increas-
 ing daily, and it is being said that Lord Aber-
 deen is bending every energy to have matters
 settled quietly in the interests of all parties.
 It is not easy to see how a compromise can be
 arrived at that will satisfy the demands of
 the minority while at the same time preserv-
 ing the dignity of the Legislature, but there
 is no doubt that such a consummation would
 bring joy and rapture to the hearts of the poli-
 ticians. Their sighs of grateful relief would
 make the stars turn flipflops.

Montreal Gazette: The Northwest freight
 rate commissioners' report shows, so far as the
 greater part of Manitoba and the territories
 is concerned, the C.P.R. rates are lower than
 those in the adjoining parts of the United
 States. It was on the strength of assertions
 that the Canadian rates are higher than those
 maintained on its southern rivals that the
 commission was appointed. These assertions
 were made and maintained with a vigor that
 convinced many in the East that the West was
 being harshly dealt with, and in a manner to
 do the West a maximum of harm with pos-
 sible settlers, and a minimum of good in the
 way of securing a remedy. Other Canadians
 are only beginning to understand how much
 windage must be allowed for in connection
 with Winnipeg's wailing.

Montreal Star: The hot house "spell"
 last week seems to have made parliamentary
 leaders bad tempered. Mr. Foster rose in his
 wrath and retorted upon the Opposition for
 all the thrusts they had made at him for days
 past. He seems to have been annoyed especi-
 ally by their "cocky" airs this session and
 the confidence of even the back-benchers that
 they would win at the next elections. Sir
 William Harcourt, too, had his patience with
 the warring factions behind him wilted down
 by the heat; and told one of them—and by
 no means the least influential—that it could
 bring about an explosion just as soon as it
 pleased. Hanging on the safety-valve is plain-
 ly no fun in tropical weather. Sir Mackenzie
 Bowell and Lord Rosebery are in luck to sit
 at such a time in a House whose temperature
 rarely rises. But cool weather has come at
 last, and a fresh stock of patience can now
 be laid in on the ministerial benches.

Manitoba Free Press: During the discussion
 of Mr. Greenway's motion for a second adjourn-
 ment, a speaker severely criticized Mr. Sifton
 for taking any part in the Haldimand by-
 election. If the member considered Mr. Sif-
 ton's course open to censure it is not clear
 how the same censure does not apply to
 the Hon. Mr. Ouimet. The School Question
 is under the consideration of not only the
 Provincial Legislature but also the Federal.
 If a Manitoba minister may not uncloze his
 lips on the subject, is it by an order-in-council
 that a Federal Minister may open his mouth
 wide and long and loud on the same subject?
 Mr. Ouimet has acknowledged to the Domini-
 on House that he took on himself to outline
 the policy of the Dominion Government to the
 people of Vercheres. No doubt, the member
 who criticized Mr. Sifton, is thoroughly con-
 sistent. It may have been a mere oversight
 that he did not express disapproval of Mr.
 Ouimet. Occasion is not lacking for him to
 rectify the apparent inconsistency, and so put
 himself right before the public.



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The ticking of a watch placed against the teeth can be distinctly heard, because the sound is conveyed through the teeth and bones of the head to the drum of the ear.

The great Baltic and North Sea ship canal to be opened next month with imposing ceremonies is pronounced the greatest piece of canal engineering since the Suez Canal. It was begun June 3, 1887, and has not exceeded in cost the original estimate of \$37,440,000.

It is well to know that wood lye is an antidote to poison ivy. Boil wood ashes in a bag a few moments: dilute so that it will not be too harsh, yet leave it quite strong. Paint with it the afflicted parts and in ten minutes wash off the soft, tepid water and anoint with vaseline. Repeat till a cure is effected.

A new invention is being tried for exterminating rabbits in Australia. It is an extinguishable cartridge generating copious and penetrating volumes of poisonous gas. The cartridges are placed in the burrows, the apertures of which are then closed, and it is claimed that the fumes will be fatal to the animals within.

The singular forked-tail caterpillar of *Cerura*, as is well known, sends out when disturbed a jet of vapour containing formic acid. It also appears from the researches of Mr. Satter that these creatures in the imago state secrete free potassium hydroxid, a substance for the first time known to exist in the animal kingdom.

"Surgeon-Captain R. H. Elliot, of the Indian Medical Service, has recently re-investigated the value of strychnin as an antidote against snake poison in the most thorough manner," says *Nature*. "He experimented chiefly with cobra poison, but also with the venom of Russell's viper and the krait, using frogs, lizards, ducks, fowls, hares, guinea-pigs, dogs, goats, pigs, and monkeys, as test animals. He confirms the results of Drs. D. D. Cunningham and A. A. Kanthack, that strychnin is not an antidote against snake-poison."

Fruit cools the blood, cleans the teeth and aids the digestion. Those who can't eat it miss the benefit of perhaps the most medicinal food on nature's bill of fare. Unripe fruit is sickening because the pulp, instead of being soft and containing syrup and wine, is tough and filled with acid; the gastric system cannot dissolve the one or absorb the other, the organs become irritated, inflammation sets in, and the result is distress, disease and often death. Spoiled fruit is simply so much decay and the very thought of consuming it makes one shudder. If unripe and decaying fruit must be eaten, by all means cook it, so as to soften the pulp and kill the worm.

There is hardly any part of the complex organism of the body that is subject to more abuse and receives less sensible care than the foot. The modern fashion of the shoe is no doubt a most unhygienic one, in no way to be compared in health or grace to the Oriental sandal, which not only gave perfect freedom of action, but perfect ventilation to the foot. The Greeks, who lived in a country quite as cold if not as changeable as our own, did not wear sandals at all seasons of the year, but had shoes like our own, which they must have worn during the cold weather. These shoes, however, were not fitted tightly to the feet. They were made without heels, and fitted so easily that they could be lightly slipped on and off, much as a lady's toilet shoe of to-day. It is probable that sandals were generally worn in walking. The high-heeled shoe, though it is no doubt responsible for a great many ills of the foot, is no worse a foot covering than the high tight boot that laces closely around the foot and ankle in such a manner that it often impedes the circulation.

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"Say," said the new boy, "there ain't enough berries here to fill all these boxes." The fruit dealer came to see what was wrong. He picked up one of the filled boxes, looked into it and then under it. "No wonder," he said: "you have got them upside down."

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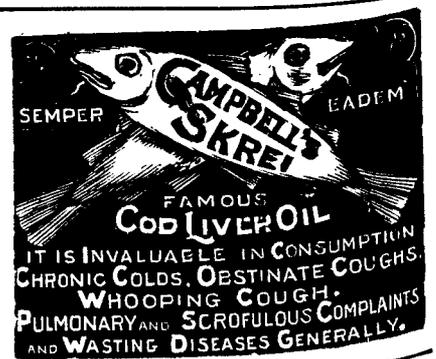
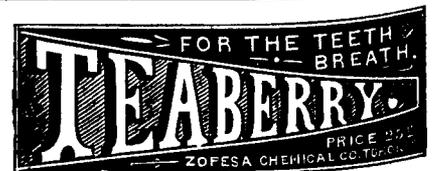
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Spring's delights are all reviving,
Outdoors, feathered songsters sing,
Indoors, every soul is striving—
'Tis the cleaning up of Spring.

Furniture is topsy-turvy;
Missing, too, is everything;
On my word it is a scurvy
Trick, this cleaning up of Spring.

Carpets, too, are rudely shaken,
Rolling forth dense clouds of dust;
Meals are *a la* pic-nic taken—
You don't like it, but you must.

"Where the dickens is my razor?
Left it here but yesterday;"
"Razor! 'deed I can't say, sir;"
Then you fume and stamp and say,

"Thank the Lord! 'tis but once yearly,
Twice would really be too bad;
Thrice would drive a fellow, clearly,
Into Bedlam raving mad.

Spring's delights are all reviving,
Outdoors, feathered songsters sing,
Indoors, every soul is striving—
'Tis the cleaning up of Spring.

—From July.

Hoax: How do you like Crankeigh as a neighbor? Joax: He makes a better stranger.

A mustard plaster is not a very poetic subject; but, ah, how warmly it appeals to a man's feelings.

She: So you wouldn't take me to be twenty. What would you take me for? He: For better, for worse.

"Have you any friends in this city?" asked the paying teller at the bank. "No; I'm a baseball umpire."

Scientists would have us believe that the sting of a bee is only one thirty-second of an inch long. What nonsense!

Mack: Was the girl Higbee married considered a good match? Robins: I imagine so. She fires up at the least provocation.

Bill Boozler: Got a dime, m' friend? I'm completely busted. Dudley: No; ain't got a cent. Bill Boozler: Ain't hey? Gad, I pity yer; here's a quarter.

She: Oh, this voting is perfectly lovely. I never did enjoy anything quite so much. Let's go around and vote at all the places. He: Well, I guess not. She: Oh, you mean thing.

"I am too much of a gentleman, sir, to tell you what I think of you here," exclaimed the irate politician, "but if I ever catch you in Congress I'll call you a liar, sir—a liar and a thief."

Head Surgeon at the Hospital: I must tell you, my good woman, that your son will be compelled to have his leg taken off. Anxious Mother: Oh, dear! Then what can I do with his other boot?

Uncle Hiram: If yer want ter have good dogs yer must eljicate 'em to it. I took as much trouble to rear me dog thar ez I did with me son Ike! "But that dog is no good!" Uncle Hiram: Neither is Ike!

* * *

"Now good digestion wait on appetite,
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