

THE WEEK:

A Canadian Journal of Politics, Literature, Science and Arts.

Eighth Year.
Vol. VIII., No. 5.

TORONTO, FRIDAY, JANUARY 2nd, 1891.

\$3.00 per Annum.
Single Copies, 10 cents

The Canadian Bank of Commerce.

HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO.
Paid-up Capital, \$6,000,000
Reserve, 800,000

DIRECTORS:
Geo. A. Cox, Esq., President.
John I. Davidson, Esq., Vice-President.
Geo. Taylor, Esq., W. B. Hamilton, Esq.,
Jas. Crathern, Esq., Matt. Leggat, Esq.,
John Hoskin, Esq., Q. C., LL.D., Robert
Kilgour, Esq.,
B. E. Walker, General Manager.
J. H. Plummer, Assist. Gen. Manager.
Alex. H. Ireland, Inspector.
G. de C. O'Grady, Assistant Inspector.
New York—Alex. Laird and Wm. Gray Ag'ts.

BRANCHES:
Sarnia, Sault S. Marie,
Belleville, Kingston, Quebec,
Belleville, London, Renfrew,
Belleville, Montreal, Sherbrooke, Q.
Belleville, Chatham, Stratford,
Belleville, Galt, Napanee, St. John's, Q.
Belleville, Gananoque, Ottawa, St. Thomas,
Belleville, Hamilton, Owen Sound, Toronto,
Belleville, Ingersoll, Perth, Walkerton,
Belleville, Kincardine, Prescott, Windsor.

BRANCHES IN MANITOBA:
Winnipeg, Brandon.
Agency in New York, 60 Wall St.
The position of this Bank as to the amount of Paid-up Capital and Surplus is the second in the Dominion.
A general banking business is transacted. Interest is allowed at current rates upon deposits in the Savings Bank Department, where sums of one dollar and upwards are received.
Deposit receipts are also issued bearing interest at current rates.

BANKERS AND CORRESPONDENTS:
Great Britain, The Bank of Scotland; India, China and Japan, The Chartered Bank of India, Australia and China; Paris, France, Lazard Freres & Co.; Brussels, Belgium, J. Mathieu & Fils; New York, the American Exchange National Bank of New York; San Francisco, The Bank of British Columbia; Chicago, American Exchange National Bank of Chicago; British Columbia, The Bank of British Columbia; Australia and New Zealand, The Union Bank of Australia; Hamilton, Bermuda, The Bank of Bermuda.

IMPERIAL * BANK OF CANADA.

Capital Paid-up \$1,500,000
Reserve Fund 700,000

DIRECTORS:
H. S. Howland, President.
C. R. Merritt, Vice-Pres., St. Catharines,
William Ramsay, Hon. Alex. Morris,
Robert Jaffray, Hugh Ryan,
T. R. Wadsworth.

HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO:
D. E. Wilkie, Cashier.
B. Jennings, Inspector.

BRANCHES IN ONTARIO:
Essex Centre, Niagara Falls, Welland, Ferris, Port Colborne, Woodstock, Galt, St. Catharines, Toronto—Yonge St. cor. Queen—Ingersoll, St. Thomas.

BRANCHES IN NORTH-WEST:
Winnipeg, Brandon, Calgary, Portage la Prairie.
Drafts on New York and Sterling Exchange bought and sold. Deposits received and interest allowed. Prompt attention paid to collections.

American Trust Co.,

173 BROADWAY, N.Y.
67 YONGE ST., TORONTO.

AUTHORIZED CAPITAL, - \$1,000,000

The American Trust Company has recently authorized an increase of its capital stock to ONE MILLION DOLLARS, and issues three classes of stock:

Ordinary Instalment Stock,
Regular Full Paid Stock, and
8 Per Cent. Guaranteed Preferred Stock

The different classes of stock meet the wants of different investors. This issue of instalment stock offers an exceptional opportunity for persons desiring to lay aside a few dollars each month where they can realize EIGHT PER CENT. on their money.

It will pay you to investigate this instalment stock.

Write for pamphlet and full information
WILLIAM H. MILLER, TORONTO, ONT.

MERCHANTS' BANK OF CANADA.

Capital, \$5,799,200
Reserve, 2,335,000

Board of Directors:
Andrew Allan, President.
Robt. Anderson, Vice-President.
H. MacKenzie, Esq., John Duncan, Esq.,
Jonath'n Hodgson, Esq., H. Mont. Allan, Esq.,
John Cassils, Esq., J. P. Dawes, Esq.,
T. H. Dunn, Esq.

George Hague, General Manager.
John Gault, Branch Superintendent.

BRANCHES IN ONTARIO AND QUEBEC:
Belleville, Kingston, Quebec,
Belleville, London, Renfrew,
Belleville, Montreal, Sherbrooke, Q.
Belleville, Chatham, Stratford,
Belleville, Galt, Napanee, St. John's, Q.
Belleville, Gananoque, Ottawa, St. Thomas,
Belleville, Hamilton, Owen Sound, Toronto,
Belleville, Ingersoll, Perth, Walkerton,
Belleville, Kincardine, Prescott, Windsor.

BRANCHES IN MANITOBA:
Winnipeg, Brandon.

Agency in New York, 60 Wall St.
The position of this Bank as to the amount of Paid-up Capital and Surplus is the second in the Dominion.
A general banking business is transacted. Interest is allowed at current rates upon deposits in the Savings Bank Department, where sums of one dollar and upwards are received.
Deposit receipts are also issued bearing interest at current rates.

TORONTO BRANCH: 13 WELLINGTON ST. W.
D. Miller, E. F. Herben, Manager, Asst. Manager.

QUEBEC BANK.

ESTABLISHED 1818.
HEAD OFFICE, - QUEBEC.

Board of Directors:
R. H. Smith, Esq., President.
Wm. Withall, Esq., Vice-President.
Sir N. F. Belleau, K.C.M.G.,
Jno. R. Young, Esq., Geo. R. Renfrew, Esq.,
Samuel J. Shaw, Esq., Frank Ross, Esq.

Head Office, Quebec:
James Stevenson, William R. Dean, Cashier, Inspector.

Branches:
Montreal, Thomas McDougall, Manager;
Toronto, W. P. Sloan, Manager; Ottawa, H. V. Noel, Manager; Three Rivers, T. C. Coffin, Manager; Pembroke, T. F. Cox, Manager; Thorold, D. B. Crombie, Manager.
Collections made in all parts of the country on favourable terms and promptly remitted for.

THE ALLIANCE BOND & INVESTMENT CO'Y.

OF ONTARIO (Limited).
Incorporated February 27th, 1890.

CAPITAL - \$1,000,000
SUBSCRIBED, - 500,000

GENERAL OFFICES:
27 AND 29 WELLINGTON STREET EAST, TORONTO.

President: W. Stone.
Vice-Presidents: Jas. Swift, T. K. Holmes, M.D., Kingston, Chatham.

Cashier: Harry Vigeon.
Solicitors: McPherson, Clark & Jarvis, Toronto.

The Company issue Bonds guaranteed to the face value.
These Bonds are for amounts from \$100, and can be bought for any number of years from five upwards.
These Bonds are payable by instalments, and the investor obtains guaranteed compound interest at the rate of four per cent. per annum, and are especially protected by a sinking fund invested in first class real estate mortgages.
This Company is empowered by its Charter to act as Administrator, Receivers, Trustees, Assignees, Liquidators and Agents, under appointment by the Court or individuals. Having special facilities for the winding up of estates, the Assignee branch of its business is solicited.
Being a responsible financial Company, creditors can depend on prompt settlements and quick winding up of any estates they may entrust to the Company.

The Alliance Bond & Investment Co.

OF ONTARIO, LTD.,
Assignees, Administrators and Financial Agents.
27 & 29 WELLINGTON ST. EAST, TORONTO.

AGENTS Wanted. Liberal salary paid. At home or to travel. Team furnished free.
P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Maine.

SOUTHERN STEAMSHIP LINES

—TO—
SUNNY CLIMES.

For full information, tickets, etc., apply to
BARLOW CUMBERLAND'S
General Steamship Agency,
72 YONGE ST., TORONTO.

Accident Insurance Co. OF NORTH AMERICA.

HEAD OFFICE - MONTREAL.
Claims paid, over 15,000. The most popular Company in Canada.

Medland & Jones, Gen. Agents.
Mail Building
TELEPHONE OFFICE, - 1667
MR. MEDLAND, - 3092
MR. JONES, - 1610
Agents in every city and town in the Dominion.

THE Toronto Paper Mfg. Co.

WORKS AT CORNWALL, ONT.
CAPITAL, - \$250,000
Manufactures the following grades of paper:

Engine Sized Superfine Papers
WHITE AND TINTED BOOK PAPER
Machine Finished and Super-Calendered
Blue and Cream Laid and Wove Fools caps, Posts, etc. Account Book Papers
Envelope and Lithographic Papers, Colored Cover Papers, super-finished.
Apply at the Mill for samples and prices. Special sizes made to order.

HAMILTON MacCARTHY, R.C.A.,

SCULPTOR.
Artist of the Col. Williams and Ryerson monuments, Ladies' and Children's Portraits. Studio, 12 Lombard Street, Toronto.

LIGHTHALL & MACDONALD, BARRISTERS,

SOLICITORS, & ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.
Chambers: No. 1, 3rd Flat, City and District Savings Bank Building,
180 ST. JAMES ST. MONTREAL.
TELEPHONE No. 2382.
W. D. Lighthall, M.A., B.C.L.
De Lerv Macdonald, LL.B.

C. N. SHANLY, REAL ESTATE BROKER

Loans negotiated and insurance effected.
ROOM 6, YORK CHAMBERS,
9 TORONTO ST.

HIGH CLASS RESIDENCES

ARE A SPECIALTY WITH
A. H. GILBERT & CO.,
Real Estate and Financial Brokers,
12 ADELAIDE ST EAST, TORONTO.

J. F. RUTTAN, Real Estate, Investments, Fire Insurance.

OFFICES:
PORT ARTHUR, FORT WILLIAM.
Post Office address—PORT ARTHUR, Canada.

ONTARIO BUREAU OF CHEMICAL INSTRUCTION,

LABORATORIES:
57 AND 59 COLBORNE STREET.
Commercial products analyzed, Ores assayed, Researches undertaken. Malt, Wort, Beers, etc., analyzed for brewers.
Manufacturers supplied with Processes, and unsatisfactory Processes perfected.
The best equipped Laboratories in the Dominion.

MORVYN HOUSE, 350 JARVIS ST., TORONTO

Girls' School for Resident and Day Pupils.
MISS LAY, - - - PRINCIPAL.
(Successor to Miss Haight.)
The course of study is arranged with reference to University Matriculation, and special advantages are given in Music, Art, and the Modern Languages.
The next term commences in February.

FIRE INSURANCE PHOENIX INSURANCE CO.

Of Hartford, Conn.
ESTABLISHED 1854.
CANADA BRANCH
Head Office
114 ST. JAMES STREET,
MONTREAL.

CASH CAPITAL, \$2,000,000
GERALD E. HART, - General Manager

A share of your Fire Insurance is solicited for this reliable and wealthy company, renowned for its prompt and liberal settlement of claims.
Agents throughout the Dominion.
See that you get a Phoenix of Hartford Policy.
CHIEF AGENTS—Ald. Boustead, Toronto; Hon. M. B. Daly, Halifax; F. J. G. Knowlton, St. John, N.B.; E. H. Beer, Charlotte-town.

CITY OF LONDON FIRE INSURANCE CO.

OF LONDON, ENG.
Capital, \$10,000,000
Deposited with Government at Ottawa \$135,000

OFFICES:
4 Wellington St. West, - Telephone 228.

Fire insurance of every description effected. All losses promptly adjusted and paid at Toronto.

H. M. BLACKBURN, - General Agent,
Residence Telephone, 3376.

GEO. H. HIGINBOTHAM, Toronto Agent.
ESTABLISHED A.D. 1809.

NORTH BRITISH AND MERCANTILE INSURANCE COMPANY.

Fire Premiums (1884) \$7,000,000
Fire Assets (1884) 13,000,000
Investments in Canada 982,517
Total Invested Funds (Fire & Life) 3,500,000

Toronto Branch—26 Wellington St. E.
R. N. GOOCH, H. W. EVANS, F. H. GOOCH, Agents, Toronto.

TELEPHONES.—Office, 423 Residence, Mr. R. N. Gooch, 1081; Mr. Evans, 3034; Mr. F. H. Gooch, 3575.

THE SAFE DEPOSIT VAULTS OF THE Dominion Safe Deposit Co'y.

Bank of Commerce Buildings,
KING ST. WEST,
Are the safest and most complete in the Dominion, where you can most surely keep safe valuable papers or valuables of any kind.
Moderate charges. Inspection invited.
WM. KERR, Manager.

ROBERTSON'S

Natural and Scientific Method Combined of Learning Languages.
A colloquial and literary knowledge of French, German, Italian and Latin taught without memorizing rules. Special attention given to College and High School students. Recommendations from some of the leading educators in Canada. Please apply at Association Hall of the Secretary, or of Mr. Robertson at 270 Jarvis Street, for testimonials.

FRENCH, GERMAN, SPANISH, ITALIAN.

You can by ten weeks' study, master either of these languages sufficiently for every-day and business conversation, by Dr. RICH. S. ROSENTHAL'S celebrated MEISTERSCHAFT SYSTEM. Terms \$5 for books of each language, with privilege of answers to all questions, and correction of exercises. Sample copy, Part I., 25c. Liberal terms to teachers

MEISTERSCHAFT CO., 299 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON.

M. E. WELLS,
(Daughter of late Rev. Wm. Wells)
Teacher of Piano and Elocution
LATEST METHOD.
Terms, apply 98 GOULD ST. TORONTO.

FRENCH AND GERMAN FRAULEIN GAISER

AND
MADemoiselle Sirois
Address or enquire at
ROOM M, YONGE STREET ARCADE
East End Elevator.

"It is the safest and fairest Policy I have ever seen," was the remark made by a prominent representative of one of the largest and best American Life Insurance Companies when he had carefully examined the ordinary Life Policy of The Temperance and General Life Assurance Company.

This is the only policy offered to the Canadian public that can neither lapse nor expire, as to its paid-up value, till death ensues, after three annual premiums have been paid on it.

HEAD OFFICE: -22 to 28 King St. West, TORONTO.

H. SUTHERLAND, Manager.
Reliable agents wanted.

INCORPORATED 1886. HON. G. W. ALLAN, President.

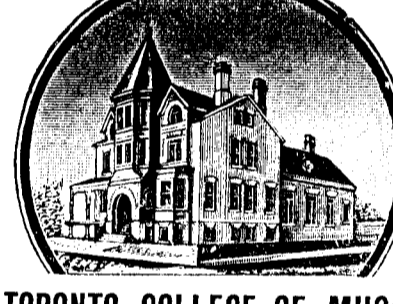
CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC

In Affiliation with Trinity University.
FOURTH YEAR.
Over 1,200 Pupils last Three Years.

SEND FOR
NEW 100-PAGE CALENDAR,
For Season 1890-91. Mailed free to any address. Apply to

EDWARD FISHER, Musical Director
Corner Yonge Street and Wilton Avenue, Toronto

Incorporated - - - 1890



TORONTO COLLEGE OF MUSIC (LIMITED)

GEORGE GOODERHAM, Esq., President
In Affiliation with Toronto University.

Musical Education in all Branches.
For Prospectus apply to
F. H. TORRINGTON, Musical Director
12 and 14 PEMBERGUE ST.
Applications for West End Branch may be made to Mrs. Howson 82 Brunswick Ave.

— THE —
Ingres-Coutellier

School of Languages

CANADA LIFE BUILDING

FRENCH GERMAN SPANISH

NATIVE TEACHERS

Trial Lessons Free.

Canadian General Trusts Co.

Will, at the next Session of the Legislature of Ontario, apply for an Act authorizing it to undertake within the Province the offices of Executor and Administrator and Trusts generally.

A. T. DRUMMOND,
SOLICITOR FOR APPLICANT.
Montreal, Nov. 29, 1890.

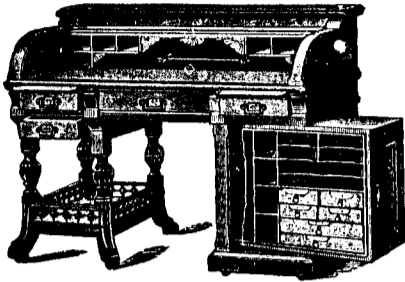
GRATEFUL-COMFORTING. EPPS'S (BREAKFAST) COCOA

NEEDS ONLY BOILING WATER OR MILK.

A Cough, Cold, or Sore Throat requires immediate attention, as neglect oftentimes results in some incurable Lung Disease. BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES are a simple remedy, containing nothing injurious, and will give immediate relief. 25c. a box.

THE CANADIAN OFFICE & SCHOOL FURNITURE CO., LIMITED.

PRESTON, + + + ONT.
SUCCESSORS TO W. STAHLSCHEMIDT & CO.,
Manufacturers of Office, School, Church and Lodge Furniture.



Office Desk, No. 54.

TORONTO REPRESENTATIVE:

SEND FOR CATALOGUE

GEO. F. BOSTWICK, 24 FRONT ST. W., TORONTO.

G. N. W. TEL. CO.



Special Messenger Department.

MESSENGERS FURNISHED INSTANTLY.

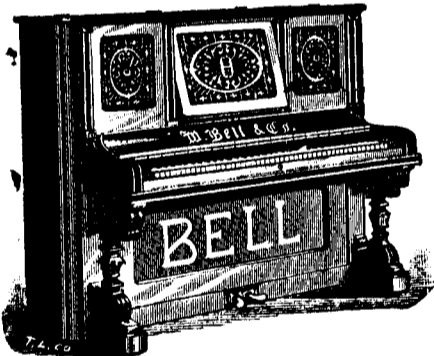
Notes delivered and Parcels carried to any part of the city

DAY OR NIGHT

Special rates quoted for delivery of Circulars, Handbills, Invitations, etc. Rates, etc., apply General Office, or

Bank of Commerce Buildings, Jordan Street
TELEPHONE, No. 1144.

Pianos!



For Catalogue, etc., address

WM. BELL & CO., - GUELPH, ONT.

AROUND THE WORLD
FOR

\$600.00

BY

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

For information apply to

W. R. CALLAWAY,
DIST. PASS. AGENT,
118 KING ST. WEST. TORONTO.

BOUND VOLUMES

— OF —

THE WEEK FOR 1890

PRICE \$4.00.

Address, — — — — — **THE WEEK, TORONTO.**

TO READERS OF THE FRENCH LANGUAGE.

LA REVUE FRANÇAISE is a handsome monthly magazine of belles lettres, science, and art. It is chiefly eclectic, reprinting the choicest selections from modern French literature—from the great Parisian Reviews, and from the works of the leading litterateurs of modern France. It contains original articles also, studies of French literature and its authors, discussions on the study and teaching of French and other modern languages, a *Revue Parisienne*, a *Revue Bibliographique*, *Chroniques*, and a *Boite aux Lettres* for the accommodation of all. The fiction and plays printed are of the purest as well as the best, and the whole character of the magazine is of the highest—such as makes it perfect reading for all. It is adapted for reading in circles, classes, schools and seminaries, as well as in private. In appearance it is one of the handsomest magazines published.

Subscription \$4.00 a year. Single numbers 35 cents.

SOME PRESS COMMENTS.

This new magazine gives the best French literature.—*Baltimore American*.
It is beautifully printed, and its contents are varied and interesting, and of a high order of literary merit.—*Boston Evening Gazette*.
LA REVUE FRANÇAISE may be classed at once as indispensable to all readers of French who have not the command of an extended list of magazines and critical periodical reviews.—*Boston Beacon*.
A new periodical whose usefulness and pleasure-giving qualities are likely to attract literary attention.—*Independent (New York)*.
LA REVUE FRANÇAISE will find a ready welcome not only in schools, but among all readers of the French language who wish to keep in touch with modern French literature of the best kind.—*Boston Journal*.
The articles reproduced are from the best French periodicals, and form a splendid collection to help along those who are learning to read, write and talk French.—*San Francisco Call*.
Three specimen copies will be sent to any address on receipt of 50 cents.

LA REVUE FRANÇAISE, - - - 3 EAST 14TH STREET, NEW YORK.

I CURE FITS! THOUSANDS OF BOTTLES GIVEN AWAY YEARLY.

When I say **Cure** I do not mean merely to stop them for a time, and then have them return again. **I MEAN A RADICAL CURE.** I have made the disease of **Fits, Epilepsy or Falling Sickness** a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to **Cure** the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a **Free Bottle of my Infallible Remedy.** Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and it will cure you. Address:—**H. G. ROOT, M.C., Branch Office, 186 WEST ADELAIDE STREET, TORONTO.**

THE CANADIAN GAZETTE.
EVERY THURSDAY.

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

Edited by **THOMAS SKINNER,**
Compiler and Editor of "The Stock Exchange Year Book," "The Directory of Directors," "The London Banks, etc."

SUBSCRIPTION, - - - **18s. PER ANNUM.**

LONDON, ENGLAND:

1 ROYAL EXCHANGE BUILDINGS, E. C.
OR MESSRS. DAWSON BROTHERS, MONTREAL.

BOOKS FOR LADIES.

Sent by mail on receipt of the following prices:—

- CROSS STITCH EMBROIDERY. Choice designs, alphabets, flowers, figures, birds, animals. \$0 25
- DARNED LACE PATTERNS 0 52
- NEEDLEWORK. A manual of stitches in embroidery and drawn work. By Jennie June. 200 illustrations 0 50
- KENSINGTON EMBROIDERY and Colour of Flowers. Explicit information for the various stitches, and descriptions of seventy flowers, telling how each should be worked, what materials and what colours to use for the leaves, stems, petals, stamens, etc., of each flower; profusely illustrated 0 30
- ARTISTIC EMBROIDERY. By Ella R. Church. 128 pages; profusely illustrated 0 25
- HOW TO CROCHET. Explicit and easily understood directions. Illustrated 0 15
- FINE CROCHET WORK 0 15
- HAIRPIN CROCHET 0 25
- HOW TO KNIT AND WHAT TO KNIT 0 20
- KNITTING AND CROCHET. By Jennie June. 200 illustrations. Knitting, macrame and crochet, designs and directions 0 50

PRESBYTERIAN PRINTING AND PUBLISHING COMPANY, - 5 JORDAN ST., TORONTO.

GET STRONG

BY TAKING



KEEP STRONG

BY TAKING IT

Johnston's x Fluid x Beef. REGULARLY.
THE GREAT STRENGTH-GIVER

Because it contains all the **NUTRITIOUS CONSTITUENTS** of **PRIME BEEF** in the most **DIGESTIBLE FORM.**

Indigestion
Horsford's Acid Phosphate

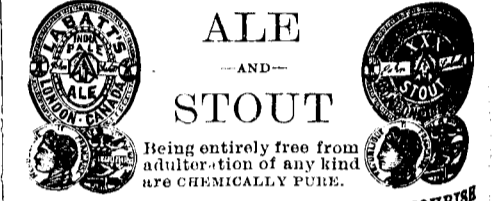
A preparation of phosphoric acid and the phosphates required for perfect digestion. It promotes digestion without injury, and thereby relieves those diseases arising from a disordered stomach.

Dr. E. J. WILLIAMSON, St. Louis, Mo., says:—"Marked beneficial results in imperfect digestion."
Dr. W. W. SCOFIELD, Dalton, Mass., says:—"It promotes digestion and overcomes acid stomach."
Descriptive pamphlets free.

Rumford Chemical Works,
PROVIDENCE, R.I.

Beware of Substitutes and Imitations.
CAUTION.—Be sure the word "Horsford's" is printed on the label. All others are spurious. Never sold in bulk.

JOHN LABATT'S



ALE AND STOUT
Being entirely free from adulteration of any kind and CHEMICALLY PURE.

THEY REFRESH, STIMULATE AND NOURISH OR STRENGTHEN.

UNDOUBTEDLY THE BEST

SOLE AGENTS, - - - - - **TORONTO.**

LABATT'S NEW BRAND.

ALE! ALE! ALE!
We have on hand, and fully matured, a large supply of LABATT'S EXTRA STOCK ALE, in pints and quarts, which we offer to the public and the trade at very close prices. This special brand is very old and of extra fine quality, brewed from the very best malt—English and Bavarian hops used in every brew—and is equal, if not superior, to any imported Ale. Place your Xmas orders early and avoid disappointment. See that every bottle is labelled, Labatt's Extra Stock. Can be obtained from all wine merchants, and at first-class hotels generally.

JAMES GOOD & CO.,
SOLE AGENTS,

Ask for Labatt's Extra Stock. **TORONTO.**



For **CRAMPS, COLIC,** and all Bowel Troubles, use **PERRY DAVIS'**

PAIN-KILLER

Used both internally and externally. It acts quickly, affording almost instant relief from the severest pain.
BE SURE to GET THE GENUINE
25c per bottle.

MEDICINE and FOOD COMBINED!
The O.L. EMULSION
OF COD LIVER OIL & HYPO OF LIME AND SODA.
Increases Weight, Strengthens Lungs and Nerves.
Price 50c. and \$1.00 per Bottle.

Ministers and Public Speakers use **SPENCER'S Chloramine Pastilles**
For Clearing and Strengthening the voice. Cure Hoarseness and Soreness of Throat. Price 25c per bottle. Sample free on application to Druggists.

TO MOTHERS
PALMO-TAR SOAP
Is indispensable for the Bath, Toilet of Nursery, for cleaning the Scalp or Skin.
THE BEST BABY'S SOAP KNOWN.
Price 25c.

THE WEEK.

Eighth Year.
Vol. VIII., No. 5.

TORONTO, FRIDAY, JANUARY 2nd, 1891.

\$3.00 per Annum.
Single Copies 10 Cents.

THE WEEK:

AN INDEPENDENT JOURNAL OF POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND ART

TERMS:—One year, \$3.00; eight months, \$2.00; four months, \$1.00. Subscriptions payable in advance.
ADVERTISEMENTS, unexceptionable in character and limited in number, will be taken at \$4.00 per line per annum; \$2.50 per line for six months; \$1.50 per line for three months; 20 cents per line per insertion for a shorter period.
Subscribers in Great Britain and Ireland supplied, postage prepaid, on terms following:—One year, 12s. 6d.; half-year, 6s. 6d. Remittances by P.O. order or draft should be made payable and addressed to the Publisher.
No advertisements charged less than five lines. Address—T. R. CLOUGHER, Business Manager, 5 Jordan Street, Toronto.
C. BLACKETT ROBINSON, Publisher.

CONTENTS OF CURRENT NUMBER.

TOPICS—	PAGE
The Old Year and The New.....	71
Senator Allan's Park Scheme.....	71
The Proposed Municipal Reform.....	71
Toronto University and The Medical College.....	72
The Ferment in Newfoundland.....	72
The Compact with P. E. Island.....	72
Who Pays the Duty?.....	72
Behring Sea Prospects.....	73
The Irish Situation.....	73
The United States Mercantile Marine.....	73
GENERAL STRANGE ON CANADA AND AUSTRALIA.....	73
<i>Rev. Principal Grant, D.D.</i>	73
LONDON LETTER.....	74
<i>Walter Powell</i>	74
SUNRISE. (Poem.).....	74
<i>Helen M. Merrill</i>	74
HIDDEN TREASURE. (First Prize Story.).....	74
<i>Alice Jones</i>	74
SITTING BULL. (Poem.).....	76
<i>Arthur Weir</i>	76
CORRESPONDENCE—	
The Prince Edward Island Subway.....	76
<i>The Hon. Senator G. W. Howlan</i>	76
The Mair, Schultz, and Lynch Meeting.....	77
<i>John Hallam</i>	77
The Lambeth Judgment.....	77
<i>Rev. Frederick George Scott</i>	77
A REVIEWER'S CHRISTMAS.....	77
A SONG OF LABOUR. (Poem.).....	78
<i>William McGill</i>	78
THE JOURNAL OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.....	78
ART NOTES.....	79
MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.....	79
OUR LIBRARY TABLE.....	79
LITERARY AND PERSONAL GOSSIP.....	81
READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.....	81
CHESS.....	82

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

BEFORE this number of THE WEEK is in the hands of most of its readers, eighteen hundred and ninety will be dead and eighteen hundred and ninety-one will have entered upon its course. What has the Old Year brought to each one of us, to our country, to the nations, to civilization, to humanity? What will the New Year bring? The reader need not brace himself for a homily. That is not exactly in our line, yet he must be singularly destitute of thoughtfulness to whom the closing hours of a yearly cycle are not, in a greater or less degree, hours of retrospection, of introspection, and of—if we may coin a word for momentary use—prosppection. He would be a wise man indeed who could set down the answer to the last of the above-named questions for any single individual, to say nothing of a nation or a world. Day by day, week by week, month by month, the answer will be wrought out. What the closing year has brought to us individually, each can answer for himself, and for himself only. To Canada it has brought moderate prosperity in most industrial pursuits; a time of trial, such as tests the stuff of which a young people is made, in the partial closing, through a purblind selfishness, of the markets of her powerful next-door neighbour against her; and a new hope, in the discovery which bids fair to give to her, in her unique mines of nickel and other valuable ores, a source of inexhaustible wealth in the near future. To her it has also brought the disgrace of a series of atrocious crimes unexampled in her previous history, and, let us hope, not likely to be paralleled for a decade at least. To the United States the year has brought the downfall of polygamy in the Mormon Church, the overthrow of the Louisiana Lottery, the threatened Indian outbreak, and the enactment of the most barbarous tariff legislation in the civilized world. By the Mother Country it will be remembered as the year in which Parnell, in selfish and wolfish desperation, crushed with his own heel the Home Rule power which he had created and fostered into a lusty life. To the nations of Europe, notwithstanding the ever-growing burden which their terrible armaments are placing upon the backs of singularly submissive peoples, the dying year bequeaths peace-prospects happily, though undeservedly, brighter than those left by any previous year for some time

past. To civilization eighteen hundred and ninety has brought whatever of good is involved in the opening up of Africa by the Stanley and other expeditions; the partition of a part of its territories between Great Britain and Germany; the settlement of the difficulty between the former and Portugal; the Pan-American Congress, with its arbitration arrangements, and so forth. This, of course, is no historical summary, but a mere unstudied allusion to some of the events of the year, most readily recalled at the moment, which seem likely to be more or less permanent in their effects and tendencies. On the hopes resting on such scientific discoveries as that of Dr. Koch we have not space to touch, but we must not pass by the great philanthropic scheme which is just now attracting so much attention in England, and which, whatever inherent defects or personal shortcomings may stop or mar for the moment its development and effectiveness, we feel justified in hailing as the genesis of the largest, most comprehensive and most practical and promising idea for the uplifting of the submerged masses which has yet been conceived. This idea is too grand to be let die. It is bound sometime and soon to be a boon to humanity. On the whole, then, the departing year has been one of the best the world has yet seen. May its successor far surpass it in its record of noble achievements.

WHATEVER the immediate result of their efforts, Senator Allan and those gentlemen who have aided him in his attempt to bring about an exchange of other city property for that belonging to the University on Bloor Street, have deserved well of the city, and should have the warm thanks of every citizen. Senator Allan's letter in the city papers presents the case in favour of the proposed exchange so fairly, and at the same time so cogently, that it must be hard to resist the conviction that the scheme recommended is the very best that can be devised. The question of values, present and prospective, is, however, one which should be gone into carefully by the most competent authorities before a final decision is made. The city should certainly desire to deal fairly, not to say liberally, with the University. On the other hand, those representing the University, and all who are connected with it being citizens of Toronto, should be, and, we do not doubt, are equally interested with others of the most intelligent classes in desiring that the best interest of the city shall be safe-guarded. One thing, at least, should be considered settled and unalterable, viz., that the property in question must be kept open at any cost. That resolve would, we venture to say, commend itself to a very large majority of all intelligent ratepayers. Any Council, or other civic authority, that should permit those grounds to be sold for residential or business purposes, would grossly betray its trust and incur the reprobation of the coming, if not of the present, generation. It is, indeed, hard to believe that the University authorities, themselves, can have any serious intention to so dispose of it. Should it prove otherwise, the city should prevent such a calamity, even were it necessary to buy every lot as soon as put upon the market. We confess that we are astonished to learn that the University authorities are willing to part with it permanently for any consideration, and it is almost inconceivable that they could think of parting with it, save under such conditions as would guarantee its preservation as a park. In that shape it would be about as useful to the University in the city's possession as in its own, while expenses of landscape gardening and caretaking would be saved. One of the first cares of the new City Council should be either to make the transfer proposed by Senator Allan and his friends, or substitute a better scheme without delay. This breathing-space is indispensable to the health and comfort of the citizens, and will become more manifestly so with every passing year.

TORONTO is to be congratulated on the opportunity about to be afforded it of reforming its municipal system. The scheme adopted by the Council at its meeting on Friday last for submission to the electors may not be the best possible, but it can hardly fail to prove a marked improvement upon that which has been tried and found so seriously wanting these last few years. The principal

changes, if the new scheme be adopted, will be the abolition of the present ward system and the substitution for it of six oblong sections, made by lines of division running from the Bay northward to the city limits; the reduction of the number of aldermen to twenty-four, four for each district, to be elected for a term of two years in such order that two vacancies shall occur annually in each section; the division of the business of the city in future between four standing committees of the Council, each committee being composed of six members, whose chairman shall be annually appointed by the Mayor, the Mayor and chairmen constituting a Board of Control, or Executive Committee; and the payment of all for services rendered, the Mayor to receive the same salary as at present (\$4,000), each chairman of committees \$2,000, and each alderman an indemnity of \$500. It would be easy to criticize certain features of this scheme, especially the very large powers entrusted to the Mayor, in permitting him to nominate the chairmen of committees, thus choosing his own Cabinet. But the reduction of the number of wards, and the appointment of responsible and paid heads of Departments, with necessary powers, are changes so clearly in the right direction that we can scarcely doubt that an overwhelming majority of the citizens will vote "Yea." The proposed Reform Bill is substantially that introduced by Councillor McDougall, to whom is due the honour of having devised the most feasible and promising scheme yet brought forward.

THE Minister of Education for Ontario took occasion, in a recent address in connection with the Medical Department of the Provincial University, to defend the expenditure of public money for purposes of medical education, by pointing out that some of the most important discoveries in modern medical science have been made in institutions connected with the State. The argument is worthless for several reasons. In the first place, in order to estimate its value we should require to know the relative number of great scientific institutions of the kind referred to which are supported by the State, as compared with the number supported on the voluntary principle. If it should appear that nearly or quite all the great English and European medical colleges and laboratories are connected with State Universities there is manifestly no basis for comparison. The argument is merely equivalent to saying that these discoveries are generally made in connection with such institutions as really exist, and not in connection with such as are non-existent. Nor does the fact that most of the great existing institutions on the other side of the Atlantic are aided or supported by the State prove anything with regard to the possibility or otherwise of the existence of equally efficient institutions on voluntary foundations, since it is obvious that so long as the Government undertakes to do any specific work, whether belonging to its proper sphere or not, there is little inducement for private individuals or societies to undertake that work. The Minister complained that objections were being made to the recent action of the Government to which he belongs in restoring a Medical Faculty to the University of Toronto. Having referred to the objectors it would have been but fair had he gone on to meet and answer their objections. This he scarcely attempted to do. The objections taken to the action of the Government in this matter are, if we understand them, of two kinds—general and specific. On general principles, a considerable class of objectors claim that a Government steps beyond its proper sphere and misappropriates the funds which belong to all its citizens, when it undertakes to provide for the education of those preparing for any one lucrative profession. The very fact that the profession is lucrative affords, it is forcibly urged, a sufficient guarantee that adequate provision will be made for furnishing the training necessary to enter it. If it be said that the medical profession is peculiar, in that the health and lives of citizens are involved in its practice, and that the Government is bound to protect these by guarding the entrance to the profession against incompetent practitioners, the answer is—admitting for argument's sake the doubtful assumption that the State institution does or can effect this result—that all that is necessary to the end in view is for the State University to perform the functions of an examining body, in accordance with the original

intention of the University of Toronto. The specific objection is, in this case, a very strong one, and the Minister should lose no time in answering it. It is to the effect that the Government is guilty of grave inconsistency and injustice in that, after chartering several medical colleges, and receiving some of them into affiliation with the Provincial University, it actually erects one of those colleges into the Medical Department of that University, thereby not only exhibiting unbecoming and unfair partiality to one of the several competing colleges in respect to which it was bound to observe the strictest impartiality, but itself entering into competition, at the public expense, with all the voluntary colleges, some of which were in affiliation with its own University. The objection seems well taken, and it surely behoves the Minister to show that a course, seemingly so unfair and inconsistent, and so well adapted to discourage, instead of encouraging, private liberality, was justified by some urgent public necessity.

UNHAPPY Newfoundland is once more in a ferment of excitement. The renewal of the obnoxious *modus vivendi* between England and France, and the rumour that the British Government has pledged itself to settle the difficulty without reference to the views and wishes of the Colonists, have driven the Islanders once more into a state of excitement bordering on frenzy, if we may judge by some of the utterances of their press. The latter of the two rumours is, as stated, in the highest degree unlikely, but it is by no means improbable that such a hint may have been given for the benefit of the Newfoundland Government and people. It is—shall we say, one of the unreasonable traits of colonists, or one of the grave burdens of imperialism?—it is at least one of the inconveniences of the Colonial relation that the Mother Country is expected to be ready at any and every moment, if necessary, to take up arms, devote the national resources and imperil national existence, in the defence of colonial rights. No doubt Lord Salisbury and his fellow diplomatists are doing their best to effect some settlement with France, by which her claims on the Newfoundland shores may be surrendered, in return for some territorial concession elsewhere. It is to be hoped, in the interests of all concerned, that this effort may succeed. But France is undoubtedly obstinate and exacting. Should the effort fail, it almost appears as if the Colonial system would be on its trial. Rightly or wrongly, and we believe that the British Government holds that it is rightly, the Newfoundlanders complain that the French have usurped territorial and other rights on their shores to which the Treaty gives them no claim. The moment the Mother Country fails to uphold, by force and arms if need be, the territorial rights of a colony, that moment colonial confidence will begin to falter and colonial bonds to be loosened, the world over. But what can the Newfoundlanders do in that event? Their threats of violence are futile. What could a few thousands of poor islanders, however brave, effect against the naval power of France, without the aid of Great Britain? Probably the mysteriously significant threats which are freely made refer to the possibility of throwing themselves into the arms of the United States. But is there the least probability that the United States would accept a quarrel with France, not to say with England, for the sake of acquiring Newfoundland? We think not. We are sorry for our fellow-Colonists, but we fear there is no help for them if England fails to help them. We anticipate, however, an early settlement between France and England, without serious sacrifice of Colonial rights. Circumstances seem now to demand such a settlement and where there's a will there is usually a way.

AN ancient poetic seer of high reputation ranks among those deserving of the highest rewards of virtue the man who "swaereth to his own hurt and changeth not." Applying an equally rigid test of honour in the case of a nation, or its representatives, as in that of an individual, those who read carefully Senator Howlan's letters in THE WEEK of December 5, and in this number, will be forced to admit that, however it may succeed in the future, our Dominion Government has not yet, in its dealings with Prince Edward Island, proved its right to a place among the worthies on the "Holy Hill." The case is a very serious one for both parties. The Dominion Government, on behalf of the Provinces then composing the Confederation, made with the representatives of Prince Edward Island in 1873 a solemn covenant to establish and maintain efficient steam service for the conveyance of mails and passengers "between the Island and the Dominion, winter

and summer, thus placing the Island in continuous communication with the Intercolonial Railway and the railway system of the Dominion." No one, we suppose, will venture to claim that the compact has been fulfilled in the letter. It is, we believe, an admitted ethical principle that a promise is binding in the sense in which the party who made it understood it to be understood by the party to whom it was made. It may as well be admitted at once that the steam-service has not been "efficient," nor has the communication been "continuous" in the sense in which both the contracting parties understood and accepted those terms. Probably we may, after the experience of seventeen years and the expenditure of a very large amount of money, go a step further and admit that it is now proved to be impossible to maintain efficient steam-service and continuous communication between the Island and the mainland during the winter months by means of water. What, then, is to be done? Does this demonstrated impossibility free the Dominion from the moral obligation of the contract, so long as the Government does its utmost under the circumstances to carry out the contract by that means? All undertakings, we are not unreasonably taught, however absolute the terms in which they may be drawn, are subject to the tacit proviso, that no insuperable obstacle be interposed by the great forces of nature, or by some event over which the contracting party has no control. It is beyond question, we presume, that neither the Dominion Government nor the Island representatives had in mind, at the time of making the agreement, any other means of communication than that which has thus far been tried. Neither bridge, nor subway, nor balloon was thought of. Notwithstanding, most persons will agree, and we can hardly conceive of the Dominion Government as wishing to deny that if, in the interim, while the impossibility of carrying out the agreement by the method originally contemplated is being proved, the progress of science shall have brought within reach some new means of accomplishing the end without ruinous expenditure, the contracting party will be under moral, if not legal, obligation to make use of such means. And this is, we suppose, exactly the point which Senator Howlan, and the Island Government and Legislature wish to insist upon. The figures submitted by Senator Howlan show that the matter is a very serious one for the Islanders from the financial as well as from every other point of view. The Dominion is obviously also a loser by the failure of regular and easy communication. What ought the Government to do in view of all these circumstances? If Senator Howlan's calculations can be shown, on scientific authority, to be approximately correct, or anything like it; if, in other words, it can be made clear that the annual interest on the capital required for the construction of a subway would amount to little more than the annual expense involved in the cost and maintenance of the present unsatisfactory steamboat service, there is no room for doubt or hesitation. The Dominion is bound to maintain and, if possible, improve the present system, however unsatisfactory, in the absence of a better, at any cost. Clearly the matter should be investigated without delay. All provinces and all parties in the Dominion are interested in doing the best possible for Prince Edward Island. All are in honour bound to fulfil to the letter, if possible, the terms of Confederation with her. All should unite in urging the appointment of a competent commission to enquire into the feasibility and cost of the subway scheme.

WHO pays the duty, the buyer or the seller? This is the very practical question whose discussion is just now drawing heavily upon the logical resources of the party organs. The difficulty experienced in demonstrating either of the contradictory answers is equalled only by the absurdity of assuming that either the one answer or the other can be of general application, or hold good under all circumstances. Surely no great depth of penetration is necessary to enable an unprejudiced thinker to see that the effect of the duty in this respect depends upon circumstances. If the article on which an import duty is placed is one which the buyer must have and can obtain only from the seller, it is clear that nothing but the generosity or stupidity of the seller can save the buyer from having to pay the duty in addition to the original price. If, on the other hand, the buyer has a choice of markets, some of them not affected by the tariff in which the article is procurable at the original price, and the seller has no such choice of markets in which to sell, it is equally clear that, in the ordinary course of events, the seller's returns will be diminished by the amount of the duty. As nine cases out

of ten will fall under neither of these categories but will fluctuate all along the line between the two extremes, it follows that the buyer and the seller must share the loss between them in proportions varying with the circumstances of each particular case. If it be insisted that this, like all other theories in economic science, must be tested by facts, no objection can be made; but care must be had that all the circumstances be taken into account in determining the facts. It is evident, for instance, that to show that Canadian barley, which brought 50 cents in 1889, is selling for the same price in 1890, would not prove that the American buyer is paying the increased duty; nor would the fact that some other article which Canadians sell largely to Americans, and the duty on which was increased by the McKinley Bill, brings less than a year ago prove that the Canadian seller is paying the duty. The fallacy of such arguments is shown by some of the quotations of the very journals which use them, as when, *e. g.*, the price of potatoes is quoted at 55 cents in 1889, and 80 to 85 cents in 1890; or apples at \$3 to \$3.50 in 1889, and \$4 to \$4.50, in 1890, to prove that the American buyer pays the increased tariff; it being clear that these instances would be equally valid to prove that the tariff has actually increased the price of these products for Canadians. Of course the only reliable test is that afforded by comparison of the actual selling price of a given product in the United States market, less the cost of carriage, with the selling price of an article, of the same kind and quality, at the same time, in the Canadian market. Nothing can be gained by deceiving ourselves with unsound reasoning. The McKinley tariff is, for the present at least, a fixed fact. It is impossible to doubt that its effect must be on the whole to diminish prices of Canadian goods in American markets, though in those cases in which the Canadian article is a necessity to our neighbours, while its price is regulated by other markets, the increased cost will undoubtedly fall upon the consumer. Happily there are a good many products in regard to which this rule applies, and the Canadian Government, by dint of energetic enquiry and action, will, it may be hoped, still further increase the number. The injury to our producers is thus being reduced to the minimum, while experience is teaching our neighbours that they themselves are the greater losers by their selfish but short-sighted policy. But it is the part of wise men to look difficulties fairly in the face and no good end can be gained by trying to delude ourselves into the belief that the Chinese policy of the United States is not injurious to us as well as to themselves.

ANTICIPATING the submission to Congress of the further correspondence touching the Behring Sea difficulty which was promised in President Harrison's Message, Washington correspondents are busying themselves with sensational forecasts of the contents of the despatches said to be in course of preparation both by Mr. Blaine and by the President. It is not improbable that the President may transmit with the correspondence a special message explaining and defending the course of his Government in the matter. But we deem it quite unlikely that Mr. Blaine is engaged on any such document as that on which he is said to be now at work, simply for the reason that he has not, probably, any unanswered proposals before him. Some of the special correspondents dwelt at length, a few weeks ago, on Sir Julian Pauncefote's proposals in regard to arbitration, as if the proposals had been at that time freshly made, and the conjectures in regard to Mr. Blaine's being just now engaged in preparing a reply are probably based upon those representations. The facts are, we believe, that the British Minister's proposals were formally submitted so long ago as April last, and were printed early in August in a Congressional paper, and afterwards in a Parliamentary blue-book. These proposals were long since rejected by Mr. Blaine, it is said, in a somewhat unusual and discourteous fashion. It is, therefore, in the highest degree unlikely that they have since been renewed in any form. It is possible, we suppose, that Mr. Blaine may take occasion to lay before Congress a more elaborate explanation and defence of his course in the matter, but it seems unlikely that the promised papers will contain any correspondence of more recent date than that above indicated. The statement in the President's Message, that "the offer to submit the question to arbitration, as proposed by Her Majesty's Government, had not been accepted for the reason that the form of submission proposed was not thought to be calculated to assure a conclusion satisfactory to either party," implied pretty clearly that that offer had been

already declined. The tone of the whole paragraph prepares us for pretty strong words in a special message, should one be sent to Congress. We ventured to prophesy, immediately after the defeat of the Republicans in the fall elections—as any one acquainted with the peculiar political system and methods of the Republic might pretty safely do—that the temptation to try to make some political stock out of the Behring Sea affair, by way of diversion and offset, might perhaps prove too strong to be resisted. One finds it difficult, at first thought, to conceive of any pretext on which the Secretary of State, who, but the other day, was lauding arbitration in the Congress of American States as a guarantee of peace, can now, with any show of consistency, promptly reject it when offered by the British Government. That pretext is, however, hinted at in the President's Message, and probably correctly indicated by the newspapers. Mr. Blaine will consent to arbitrate on the vague question of what is required by international good morals, but not on the definite constitutional one whether Behring's Sea is an open sea. The probability is, we fear, that the dispute will not only be kept open, but will be to some extent aggravated, during the coming Presidential campaign. Some strong language may be used and heroic measures hinted at, but that any overt act will be committed of such a kind as to compel the British Government to take active measures to protect vessels carrying her flag in the North Pacific is in the last degree unlikely. The Democratic character of the new House of Representatives, and the attitude of at least a very influential part of the American press and people are excellent guarantees that a more prudent policy will prevail.

THE return of Sir John Pope Hennessy for North Kilkeny by a majority of more than eleven hundred makes clearer that which has been from the beginning of the struggle pretty apparent, viz., that Parnell and the faction which adheres to him are fighting a losing battle in Ireland. The combined strength of the clergy and the better class of electors make heavy odds against one who is so manifestly fighting for his own position, rather than for the success of the cause for which he professes to stand. Whatever may be the effect of Parnell's failure, nothing can be much more certain than that his present success in Ireland would be the end of any possibility of Home Rule for many years to come. His own words and tactics, and the conduct of the campaign, scarcely less than the unpardonable moral offences which gave rise to it, put any reunion with the Gladstonian Liberals out of the question, at least for many years to come. We need not stay to argue that such co-operation, and that alone, could ever bring Irish Home Rule within the sphere of practical politics. But on the other hand, it is almost equally certain that no success which the McCarthy wing of the Irish Nationalist Party can now gain, even assuming that wing to represent the constitutional, as opposed to the "physical force" reformers, can avail to restore Home Rule to the position it occupied a few weeks ago in the councils of the nation. It is for the present, if not forever, a lost cause. We shall be surprised if this fact be not admitted by the Gladstonians themselves before many more weeks have passed. The retirement of Mr. Gladstone, which is among the possibilities, would be conclusive in regard to the matter. Apart from that, however, the improbability of gaining, with the help of one wing of a divided Irish Party, the assent of the Imperial Parliament to an almost revolutionary change, which has hitherto been unattainable with the help of a solid Irish Party, must be tolerably obvious to the most ardent believers in Home Rule as the panacea for Irish ills. It is conceivable, of course, that the Irish representatives, though divided in allegiance, might still unite their votes in support of a Home Rule Bill, but it would be a reckless or a desperate Parliament indeed which would consent to hand over that distracted country as a prize to be fought for by the two contending factions. In fact, the new evidence of the events of the last few weeks have afforded of the divisive and pugnacious tendencies of Irish statesmanship must have done not a little to shake the faith of the most sanguine people for successful self-rule. In the midst of the despair which the present state of things is well adapted to beget, there is, perhaps, some room for the hope that when all parties shall have become thoroughly satisfied of the futility of continuing the struggle on the present lines, all who have really the interests of Ireland and the Empire at heart may begin to feel their way to some new arrangement on the double basis of a comprehensive settlement of the

land question and a liberal concession of municipal self-government. The present seems certainly to offer a fine opportunity for the leaders of the two great parties to show to the nation and the world that they are statesmen first, even if they must be politicians afterwards.

"BRADSTREET'S" for December 20, contains some remarkable facts in regard to the decline of the Mercantile Marine of the United States. Taking the quarterly report of the Bureau of Statistics which covers the closing months of the fiscal year that ended June 30, the latest statistics available, the writer shows that the percentage of the total foreign commerce carried in American vessels has declined during the last twenty-one years from 35.6 in 1870 to 12.29 in 1890. That is to say, the percentage of the total foreign commerce carried by American vessels in 1890 is little more than one-third of the percentage so carried in 1870. A diagram graduated for five-year periods shows that the decline has been gradual and almost uniform throughout the periods. *Bradstreet's* further says that close observers, in view of the returns quoted, predict the almost entire disappearance of the flag of the United States from the ocean, and seem to have good reason for the prediction. And yet the commerce in itself is enormous, notwithstanding the high tariffs, having increased within the period covered by the tables from a total of less than \$992,000,000 in value in 1870, to a total of more than \$1,647,000,000 in 1890. Statements of vessels entered and cleared show further that England, Ontario and Quebec, Germany, British Columbia and the Maritime Provinces of the Dominion lead, in the order indicated, in the foreign commerce of the United States. Another set of tables, giving the entries and clearances of steamers, in distinction from vessels of all classes, show that while 3,709,005 tons of foreign steamships cleared for England, the American steamships aggregated only the insignificant total of 41,648 tons, and there were no clearances of American steamers to Germany, the Atlantic ports of France, or the Netherlands, and no entries from Germany, Scotland, the French Atlantic or Spanish Mediterranean ports. American vessels, however, monopolize the sea-going commerce of the United States with British Columbia, and have a good lead also in that with the Maritime Provinces of Canada, and stand high in the Cuban trade. This decline and approaching extinction of the commercial marine of a nation containing sixty-five millions of people, doing an enormous amount of foreign traffic, and occupying a country bordering on two oceans, indented with numerous bays, gulfs and traversed by majestic rivers, is a remarkable phenomenon. It must have specific causes. Those causes, whether found in a suicidal fiscal system, in a tendency to effeminacy caused by luxurious habits, or in other circumstances and tendencies, are well worth studying by Canadians, with a view to profit by the object-lesson set before them as a warning.

GENERAL STRANGE ON CANADA AND AUSTRALIA.*

"I HAVE spent the greater part of a lifetime in Britain beyond seas. I was for fifteen years in Canada. For the greater part of that time I was engaged as one of the senior officers employed in training the Canadian Militia. Subsequently working on my own ranche, I saw a good deal of the ordinary civil life of the country, and, as I had the honour to command an independent column during the suppression of the Riel rebellion, I had the opportunity of seeing the Canadian Militia actively engaged. Earlier in life I was for six years in various parts of India, during peace and war-service, from Calcutta to Ladak. I was for some years in the Crown Colonies (West Indian and Mediterranean), passed through Egypt, paid a short visit to Ceylon and the Cape of Good Hope, and I have now just returned from visiting all the independent colonies of Australasia." With this introduction General Strange begins his series of articles, in the *United Service Magazine*, referring chiefly to Australia and Canada. He is one of that class of men, to be found in large numbers only in London, whose wide experience has been rendered possible by the unique commonwealth of Great Britain, and by the spirit of enterprise that animates her sons. The mere fact that he belongs to the military profession is quite enough to excite a strong prejudice against him in minds that lose their equilibrium at the sight of red as completely as turkeys. But while every profession has limitations incident to it, and—for that matter, every man has his limitations and incomplete points of view—it would be folly to rule out military men, either as observers or witnesses to fact. Their education tends to make them look at every country from a defensive and offensive point of view, but it also tends to make them intolerant of wind-bags, and to

*In the *United Service Magazine* for October, November and December.

give them a high sense of honour and of the necessity of truthfulness. Indispensable as this latter qualification is, it is not so universal, even in English-speaking countries, as we could formerly boast. The western senator who considered West Point a "useless institution," on the ground that "you can't get a West-Pointer to tell a lie anyway," represents a very numerous constituency whose standard is the same as his, though they may not be equally frank or explicit in formulating their reasons. With an empire such as ours, it is all-important that we should be correctly informed with regard to the prevailing sentiment and the real forces at work in the great component parts. Only in this way are we likely to escape making grievous mistakes. Men, therefore, like General Strange, who, while in Canada, identified himself thoroughly with our public and civil life, and who has since made himself pretty well acquainted with the Australias and New Zealand, confer on us a great boon when they give straightforward accounts of what they have seen and learned. Especially does it seem important at this time that Canada and Australia should know more of each other, as well as Canada and the West Indies. In addition to Great Britain, those are the two main directions to which we must look for increased trade. In saying this, I, of course, run the risk of offending those superior persons who protest against any policy that contemplates the development of distant markets, and assure us that the only market worthy of our consideration is the United States. But why did Central Canada make sacrifices to get open ports like St. John and Halifax on the Atlantic, and Vancouver and Victoria on the Pacific, if it did not contemplate trade with the whole world? Is it not also as clear as the multiplication table that the chief obstacle to trading with our neighbours lies with them and not with us, and that the only way in which we can do anything to remove that obstacle is by making our commerce of greater value and more independent? In Australia proper there are three millions of our fellow-citizens, intelligent, enterprising, wealthy and—what is of more consequence—friendly. These are separated from Canada by only one ocean, and that, everyone knows, matter less in trade than a distance of one or two thousand miles by land. Could there be more favourable circumstances for promising a rapid development of trade between two countries? And ought not sister-colonies to treat each other as sister-states do? These are the questions for us, and the present, too, is the time for answering them by wise and energetic action.

The recent hurried visit which I paid to Australia does not warrant my writing much about that great continent, but it is sufficient to give me an appreciation of the careful study that General Strange has evidently bestowed upon it, and to permit me joining him in warning the public against being led astray "by brilliant and imaginative ready-writers of Irish origin," who find it easier to invent their facts than to give careful study to the state of the case. With them, one swallow makes a summer, especially if they are anxious for the arrival of summer. A Mr. Gossip, of New South Wales, quotes the report of a French-Canadian meeting, in an obscure newspaper, as proof that Canadians generally desire annexation to the United States. In the same way, writers with us quote from Australian newspapers, representing only the baser elements of the population, to prove that there is no common sentiment, or no consciousness of a tie between Australia and Canada, and that anyone who appealed to such a sentiment would only be laughed at for his pains. If they wish to quote from Australian newspapers, they should tell us what the Melbourne *Argus* and *Age* say, or the Sydney *Morning Herald*, or the best papers of Adelaide, Hobart and Brisbane. I know no daily newspapers outside of Great Britain equal to the first three in form as well as contents.

The Australians are developing different types of men, and therefore it does not do to judge them from specimens of one type that we may have met. Essentially, they are brave, eager, fond of amusement and excitement, and more indifferent to religion than any other division of the English-speaking race. There is a greater difference between the country and city-bred Australian than between similar classes in other nations, and the difference is not in favour of the "larrikin." Partly, it may be, because of their isolation from all the other great divisions of the world, they have less reverence for the past, either for its history, or its religion, or its monuments of art, than any other civilized people. One of their numerous tourists remarked to me concerning Westminster Abbey, that "it looked old and dirty." That, I think, was his sole remark. I suppose it might be paralleled by Mark Twain's indifference to Columbus, on the ground that he had died so long ago, and his demand to "trot out a live Egyptian and none of your old mummies," but there is no need to write under Mark's descriptions, this is satire, whereas my Australian friend was in sober earnest. On seeing another venerable pile, he—I think in strict truth I should say she—remarked scornfully to the paralyzed guide, "What's the good of keeping up all the ruins in the country? Why don't you pull them down and build new houses with the stones?" General Strange refers to a wealthy and cultivated Australian, a graduate of Oxford, who told him, "They did not desire their young people to waste time over the histories of played-out old peoples, but to make history for themselves." He adds, "I got no clear answer to my query, What sort of history do you suppose will be made by a people who are not only ignorant of the history of the great race from which they sprang, but of all other races?" This indifference to the past is sometimes

extended to religion, where, of course, it takes forms more irreverent and shocking to all right feeling. Christianity itself is represented as smacking too much of the old world for Australians. Why shouldn't they start a new religion as well as Judaea, "For they didn't know everything down in Judaea." The conceit occasionally rivals even that of China. I remember an educated Chinaman, to whom I endeavoured to explain the Christian religion, giving me a final and, as he considered, conclusive answer, by saying that "he had never known anyone to rise from the dead in China."

A great deal of the irreverence referred to is simply the crudity and bumpiness of young people who have more money than is good for them, and whose imaginative nature is not dead but sleeping. Unfortunately this class is appealed to and represented by two or three newspapers that are lower in tone than anything we have in Canada. It would be paying these too great a compliment to name them. The only result of a would-be to advertise them to people who crave for just such literature as they supply. A preacher on the Pacific slope saw his congregation getting weary and sleepy-looking. "Boys," he said, "all of you who would like to hear a smutty story, hold up hands." All hands went up promptly, and the preacher went on with his sermon to a wide-awake audience. After listening for ten minutes, one of the miners shouted out "What about that story?" "Oh!" was the answer, "I only wanted to know how many blackguards there are in this congregation." There are worthy representatives of this class and of Australian larrikins in Canada; they must find out for themselves papers to suit their tastes. But the larrikin, though a noisy, is not an important element in Australia. The average Australian is more genial than the Englishman, and as enterprising without being as cute as the American. General Strange's testimony to the older men is quite in accord with my own experience: "There are few grander men, mentally, morally and physically, than the old Australian. He is the survivor of the fittest, for the weak went to the wall. Generally of good birth, sometimes of humble origin, but with solid schooling from the old country, especially the Scotch, they have further educated themselves at many a lonely outpost of civilization. I have heard them sneered at by separatist compatriots as bucolic intellects. I have found the reverse, especially in the cooler climates of New Zealand and Tasmania. They form, all over Australasia, a natural aristocracy, without an exact counterpart in any part of the world." The sons of such men are likely to have the root of the matter in them. Their environment will modify them, but, let us hope, it will not impair the moral fibre of their character.

G. M. GRANT.

LONDON LETTER.

THIS little better than a booth, this tiny place where I spent an hour to-day, within sound of the river. Full of curiosities, the crowded narrow window gives on to a crescent of houses, the existence of which is unsuspected by most of the passers in the flaring high road yonder. As I stood at the creaking door at which, unlike most shops, you must ring, for the owner is old and frail, and with enamels and patch boxes lying handy, it is as well to have a grille between them and the wandering tramp. I felt as if I had lost my way, and had turned out of the London streets into some lonely back-water of a country town.

The single lamp lighting the crescent shone feebly enough. From the darkened windows in the quarter there came no sound. It was as if one were waiting on the edge of a melodrama, and that here, hemmed in by these brooding houses and within the circle cast by the yellow flickering gas, was the fitting scene. The bell I set ringing in the silence should by that have been the signal for that man and woman to begin their quarrel—a quarrel that must have ended in murder in this gruesome place. But instead of the slouching, cursing figures for whom I was prepared, the harsh jangle summoned nothing worse than a little mild-eyed old lady, who, opening the inner door of her shop, came to my aid with a smile of welcome.

Like a piece of delicate old china herself she waited there among the Dresden and Chelsea, and, answering my questions, spoke with so sweet and refined an accent, her sentences seemed as if set to music. Don't you recollect the child in the hospital whom Mr. Oliver Wendell Holmes says talked with the voice of a singing canary? It was in just such a manner that my old lady gave me for my delight all sorts of information as to the pedigree of her Wedgwood dishes and Lowestoft cups; and I know the musical tones of her voice had something to do with the unconscionable length of my stay amongst the pretty old curiosities.

She told me, as she lifted a small flowery bowl to the light, how badly she had taken at first to the life of a London shopkeeper, for she was bred a farmer's daughter in the south, and loved the fresh air and the free country life. How she had married foolishly, above herself in rank, and so had come down in the world; for he was fond of horse-races, as so many of them are, and had led her a sad life. However, he was the son of the old Squire, and one can't have everything. She had met him first, she said, at a Christmas dance at Bailiff Hodgson's, a matter of forty years ago; and as she spoke there flitted across her mind (I am sure) the golden remembrance of that evening

when the young master's attentions had transformed the homely kitchen into fairyland. "It is best to marry your equal," she declared, as she put the bowl carefully back into the window. "If I had my time to come over again I'd chose a corn dealer. I know all the different grains as well as if I were a man, and it's such a safe business."

Her mother had been against dance-learning, but she had been over-persuaded, and my old friend had had two quarters in the country town school. "When I was young there was nothing I liked so much. After we married I didn't care any more for dancing. I never had the time."

She told me how the little ones came so fast, and there was no money at all, hardly. How one daughter, the prettiest little thing, had been adopted by her father's family, and was married last February by the Rural Dean to a gentleman in the army; and how, whenever the mother went to see the daughter, which she did at stated times of the year, she had to ring at the servants' entrance, and announce herself as the mistress' old nurse. "But there, I don't mind so long as I see my little girl," said the mother after a pause.

Then with her gentle hands touching and arranging her bits of possessions, she fell to telling me that at first they had had a much bigger shop, where they sold antique furniture. Her husband bought at country sales, and would come back to London with beautiful things sometimes, which he had picked up for next to nothing. They had had many an old bureau with secret drawers, but only twice had she come on any hidden treasure. Once it was a gold coin for which an antiquarian gave her £3, and another time it was a quaint leather doll in the dress of the time of George the Third, wide hooped skirts, feathered head and all. I was shown the toy lying on a shelf. It has no appearance of a modern doll, but is quite flat and limp, and, like George Fox the Quaker, its garb is cut from leather. Careful fingers laid it out of sight, and I suppose the drawer in the satinwood slipped to, and the owner after a time forgot where she had hid her queer plaything. If the capped and feathered lady could speak, what tales it could tell us of its former life in the Wiltshire mansion-house, where perhaps the doll was sometimes left neglected on the floor, while the children (like Lady Coventry's little girls, according to George Selwyn) gambled fiercely and threw the cards in each other's faces.

My old friend had a plenty to say about each piece she picked up, not only of the value of the thing itself but of the place from whence it was brought. Odd scenes of country auctions, of forced sales, she sketched for me as she pointed out the value of that saffron-coloured Wedgwood saucer, or the grace of this beflowered Crown-Derby jar. She remembers everything down to the look of the people near her when she was bidding. She can tell you who owned that bit of Sheffield plate or old Delft mug; she is learned on the rent-roll of that peer who sold his silver-gilt coronet last year, he was so hard up; and of that peeress, who, having a bill of sale on her furniture, spited the bailiffs by hiding away the inlaid tops of certain historical cabinets and refused to tell where she had put them, and nothing will get it out of her. The tops are quite useless to her. The lower parts, which the bill of sale people have taken with the best of the chairs and tables, can't be sold alone; so the aged and now bedridden lady is implored, in a lawyer's letter, many times a year, to reveal their hiding-place, but in vain. Sometimes it is feared the beautiful Sheraton cornices have been used to warm the chill halls of the dreary dower house.

What a fascinating trade is this gathering together of curiosities! It is not the ordinary shop-keeping. The selling of clothes, of food, of furniture made to-day. It is full, if you choose to look on the right side, of romance and poetry. You must bring to it a genuine feeling of what is beautiful in colour and shape, or you can't succeed. You haven't to consider the vulgar and constantly-changing taste of the day. The more conservative you are the better. You buy to please yourself, your own eye: and that which would bring you "a potentiality of riches beyond the dreams of avarice," even if you were not to sell it, you pass over, after a time, to a kindred spirit. "The same people come to me year after year," says my old friend. "They stop and talk, they do. There is no other business I know of where the customers feel free to come in and out without buying. It's a peaceful trade, and very pleasant. What I like best, after the trips into the country to buy the thing, is rubbing them up and washing them and setting them in the window. I don't like selling them, and I wouldn't if I weren't obliged; I get so fond of them all." Then she described how each portion of the day has its particular customers—the cheerful, hardy young people, or old maid and bachelor, in the morning; after luncheon, the fine ladies in their carriages; and the old gentlemen, between six and seven, sauntering home from clubland to their dinners. How, between eight and nine, the clerks stray in to look for something pretty for the parlour mantel-piece. You have to be clever with the different people, she declares, for some like you to be forward, and others like to do all the talking; and some want advice, and others won't have it at any price. At first she found it hard to manage them. Now I think she has learnt.

(*Dolce, ma non troppo dolce*—sweet, but not too sweet. How difficult the Happy Manner is to acquire to those not born with it. A little coquettish, a little cold, a little fond of her dinner—so, a great writer declares, must a woman be who hopes to succeed.)

Suddenly the shop bell rings with great vehemence, and, as the door opened, in stepped briskly a round-faced

young man, who passed into the lighted, cheerful sitting-room at the back. "A good lad," his mother murmured. "He don't take after his father, bless him. He's been to see the lawyer to-day, who is looking after some unclaimed property which we think we may get. If we do, it will be £15,000 in our pockets, but we shall be well content if it's £500. Two great-great-uncles of my husband's were sailors, and entitled to some prize of money in one of the wars. They died at sea after the battle, and no one ever put in their claim. So we are doing our best now, and the lawyers think we may succeed."

The newsboys called this great court cry of Mr. Parnell and his battles, his alarms and excursions; of the death of Sir Edgar Boehm—what a delightful death, in the midst of his work and fame!—and of the latest fashionable marriages. We care little for these things, my friend and I. The fact that the coronet of the little Dresden Princess is cracked is more to us than the belief that not all the king's horses and all the king's men will ever set the poor Irish Humpty-Dumpty up again. And supper smokes from the table of the back parlour before I can tear myself from the casement-treasures incrustured with legend and romance.

WALTER POWELL.

SUNRISE.

WMAS, 1890.

In the dim and distant blue,
Pales a silver star;
Pink, and gold, and roseate hue
In the East afar.

Shadows deep of dusky pines
Darkle in the streams,
Softly fading in dull lines
With the first faint beams.

Huntsman! string thy golden bow,
While the bright day breaks,
By thy fields and forests go,
Ere the red sun wakes.

Lo! he comes in splendour gleaming,
Through the heaven breaking—
From his heart the gold-light beaming,
Huntsman! Earth is waking.

Picton.

HELEN M. MERRILL.

"Stat crux dum volvitur orbis."

HIDDEN TREASURE.

FIRST PRIZE STORY. BY ALICE JONES, HALIFAX, N.S.

CHAPTER I.

A SUNDAY afternoon reception in a South Kensington drawing-room, famous amongst a certain artistic set for these weekly functions, one of which was now at its most crowded.

The delicate breath of flowers, the soft murmur of voices, which now and then broke into a ripple of laughter, the fresh faces and fresher toilettes against the perfect background of rooms the decorations of which were their mistress' most earnest religion—all these surroundings were taken in by Oswald Desterres with a sensation of complete well-being, as he leaned back in a deep, luxuriously cushioned chair.

He took them all in with his keenly trained artist's powers, although even in his appreciation of them, they served but as a setting to one unknown face over where the little conservatory let in one ray of white daylight on the soft primrose-tinted glow of the room. His meditations were interrupted by the voice of his hostess.

"I suppose that an artist is a privileged individual, Mr. Desterres?"

Oswald started rather guiltily as he turned with a smile to his pretty faded hostess.

"In what way, Mrs. Carter?"

"Oh! I suppose that any woman in the room would be flattered by such a stare of artistic admiration from the portrait painter of the year, as you have been bestowing on that girl in white by the palm over there."

Desterres looked somewhat disturbed.

"Was I really so rude? I beg a thousand pardons! But it's almost her own fault for having made herself into such a harmony of whites and greens. Do you see her dull white dress against the light and that bank of lilies beyond, and the palm beside her, and those pale green ribbons down the front of her dress carry on the scheme of colour so well! What should a poor artist do but stare at such things when the gods put them right before his eyes?"

Mrs. Carter smiled placidly. With social powers of observation that had gone through as fine a training as Oswald's artistic ones, she observed that the masses of pale yellow hair, and the fresh-peach-like face had been left out from the sketch, and while she liked the young fellow all the better for the reserve of the omission, at the same time she had an idea that Mr. Desterres' absorption had not been as strictly professional as he now wished to prove.

An artist's sudden leap into fame and fashion is an event that takes place more frequently in fiction than in the real art world—and yet such events do occasionally

CHAPTER III.

happen, and this year Oswald Desterres was one of the happy men who with one step joined the rank of "arrivés."

He had had the good luck to make a striking success of the portrait of the ducal bride and beauty of the day; a success which cast a comfortable glow over his financial and social future, and placed him quite in the second rank of eligibles.

Mrs. Carter, being at heart, like all nice women, a bit of a matchmaker, could therefore see a pretty air castle before her, as she said in her softest tones:—

"It's rather a coincidence that you should have noticed that little girl, for she possesses the same name as you do. And Desterres is not a common name, is it?"

"I believe it to be a very uncommon one; at least I never met anyone owning it before. Where does she come from?"

"Oh, she is a Canadian; at least, her father's family is, and he owns some sort of a place out there in Nova Scotia, that he went back to when he left the service. She has no mother or sisters, and was brought up by her grandmother, down at Sheepleigh, where my sister, Mrs. Watson, lives, you know. When the grandmother died, Mrs. Watson took the girl to stay with her until her future was settled. She goes out to join her father next week, and I'm afraid the poor girl will find it a great change. I've heard he is a pretty rough subject."

At the word "Canadian" the young man had started and leant forward with a sudden look of interest, which, however, disappeared as suddenly as it came, as he casually asked—

"A Canadian, is she?"

Mrs. Carter's keen eyes had marked the change of countenance, and her imagination spurred by it, seized on dormant knowledge as material.

"By-the-bye, you come from that side of the water yourself, don't you? Surely my little friend must be some unknown cousin! Come and let me introduce you, and you can trace out your family tree together."

She rose from her seat, and Mr. Desterres hastily did the same.

"So sorry; but I really cannot embark on such a pleasant undertaking, for I am late for an appointment now."

Mrs. Carter's curiosity was aroused, and she persisted.

"It's your last chance, you know. She leaves England on Thursday."

"I am heart-broken, but there is no help for it. And after all there is small likelihood of finding a long lost cousin, for my people are all Yankees of the Yankee. It was by the merest chance that I was brought up in England. But I must really be off!" and the young fellow was gone, and Mrs. Carter, turning to greet some fresh arrivals, immediately forgot all about him and his mysteries.

All the same, when she was told, a week later, that Oswald Desterres had unexpectedly sailed for America she found time to construct the frame work of a three volume novel out of that ten minutes talk in her drawing-room.

CHAPTER II.

The passengers on board the *S. S. Vancouver*, were on the whole, getting rather bored with themselves and with each other. The passage had been long and cold, and two days lying-to in fog and ice had not helped to raise their spirits.

The concert, the great event of the voyage was over, even shuffle-board and flirtation languished, and new amusements were at a premium. To judge from the animated voices of a group on deck, young Mr. Smith must have been successful in his latest discovery of one.

He himself had started it—a short thrilling yarn, broken off just at the crisis, which must be guessed by the audience—a sort of "The Lady and the Tiger" arrangement.

There were a few of the usual types of Canadian passengers in the group—military men and their wives, for Halifax or Bermuda; fresh looking English boys on their way to the North-West; comfortable looking Papas returning to Montreal or Toronto with their pretty daughters and many trunks of fresh London or Paris millinery. Several of the men had tried their hand at a tale of some sort, with various degrees of success, but the ladies hung back from the attempt.

"Come now, it is not fair that the men should do it all," appealed Mr. Smith. "Ah, Miss Desterres, I see a story on your lips," and he turned to the slim, pretty English girl, whose face he surely ought to be able to read by this time, he had made such a study of it for the last week or so; sure enough, the big blue eyes were shining with suppressed excitement, and with an eager little laugh, the girl spoke.

"Yes, I have a true tale to tell, that I am sure none of you can guess the end." "Miss Desterres has the floor," Mr. Smith cheerily announced, and flushing a little under the general attention, she began. "It's a bit of the Desterres family history, that I used to get my grandmother to tell me over and over again."

"As long ago as the days of James I. our family went out from England to America, and when the Revolution broke out, my great-great-grandfather, who was very wealthy, was living on a beautiful place on the Hudson.

"He had only two sons, and while he and the second son George, were great Republicans, my great-grandfather, the eldest son, Charles became as violent a loyalist.

"Both brothers joined the different armies, and there is a dreadful tale told of their meeting in a battle, and turning and fleeing from the sight of each other's faces. At last when the war was just ended, George, who was now a Colonel, came home in great state to visit his parents, and that very day, his poor Royalist brother, hotly pursued and wounded as he was trying to make his way to Sir Guy Carleton at New York, took refuge at the old home, and was hidden there for a week by his mother, before his brother, his own brother—the girl said passionately—found him, and gave him up to his father's anger. Hard and cruel as they were, they did not dare to hand him over to the American soldiers, but they turned him out, wounded and penniless, into a stormy midnight, to die in a ditch for all they cared.

"But he had his revenge, for his old nurse lay in wait for him as he went, and revealed to him where a great stock of family treasure had been buried at the beginning of the war and not yet taken up.

"There was a large sum in guineas, and a wonderful diamond necklace, which his father had always said was to go to Charles' wife, and other jewels as well; and all these Charles and the old nurse dug up that night, and he carried them off with him, got safely to Sir Guy Carleton, and went with him to Nova Scotia.

"And now you are to guess what was the most aggravating thing that that amiable old gentleman could think of, as a sort of appendix to the various curses heaped upon his son and all his descendants." There was a moment's silence—for in spite of her attempt to tell the tale lightly, the girl could not help showing that it moved her, and every one hesitated to guess at its end.

But Mrs. Hart, the Major's wife, disapproved of Miss Desterres and the attention that her story excited, and suggested a bit flippantly.

"I suppose he wished that he might be hung for the theft. If the curse were to descend, let us be glad that the laws are altered."

Young Smith, the stalwart American, was generally swift to come to Miss Desterres' defence from feminine attacks, but now he remained silent, his absorbed gaze bent upon the girl, while some other guesses were hazarded.

"Not one near it," she said gaily. "Now, Mr. Smith, you have not had a try."

He looked at her steadily, almost gravely, as he said: "Was it by any chance that he and his children might be condemned always to discover hidden treasure for the benefit of others?"

"How did you know? How did you know?" the girl cried, all the gaiety gone from her face which had paled with dread. Smith looked uncomfortable.

"Those strange guesses often happen. I am so sorry that mine startled you," he added in a lower voice, and his gentleness seemed to drive away her sudden fear.

"It was strange, indeed," she said thoughtfully, "for you have guessed the very words of the curse. But the strangest part of all," and she looked round on her audience again with a story-teller's zest, "is that the curse has actually come true. As far as has ever been known my great-grandfather never had any good of the treasure which he carried off. He married the only daughter of a wealthy loyalist, with whom he had shared the miseries of Sir Guy Carleton's retreat to Halifax—married her, and settled down on the beautiful farm that her father bought near Halifax. They were not long to enjoy their new home together though, for, always a quiet reserved man, from the night that his father turned him out, he was subject to strange fits of gloom, at which times he would wander away for hours, sometimes days. It was after one of these disappearances that his dead body was found at the foot of one of the beech trees, in an avenue which he had planted with his own hands. Whatever his widow knew about the treasure, it was something that caused her to have fields and woods dug and searched for months; but whether that treasure were ever buried there, and whether, if buried, it were ever found and used, no one now living knows." She paused, and some one asked:—

"But was that the end of the curse?"

"Oh, dear, no! My grandfather and father were both in the service, and the former—when once in India, his whole regiment were vainly searching for the hidden treasures of some defeated native prince, and he was lying ill of fever—got up in his delirium and led them to it, and died before he could receive his share of the booty; and my father, at the looting of the Summer Palace, striking his feet against a bundle, found a string of jewels tied up in a dirty cotton rag, which jewels were stolen from under his pillow that night by his native servant, who vanished with them. I wonder when my turn will be?"

"Perhaps it does not apply to the women of the family," suggested Mr. Smith.

"Yes, it applies to us all, until the old treasure is restored. Perhaps I may be the finder of the original treasure at Camperdown, for my father still lives at the old place, you know."

"Would you restore it?" asked the young fellow.

"To the descendants of that wicked brother? Not to break fifty spells!" she answered, rising from her nest of rugs.

A strange hardness came over his face, but all he said was, "Ready for a walk before lunch?" and she took the outstretched arm and started to pace the deck.

"That girl is an audacious flirt," said Mrs. Hart severely, but blissfully unconscious of criticism the two strolled on.

Brought up in the shelter of a quiet English home, under the loving care of her grandmother, one of those white-haired, sweet-faced old women who seem in old age to linger for a while to smile on and bless the world that they are leaving, it was no small change to Nellie Desterres on that grandmother's death, to start out alone to an unknown country, to meet an almost unknown father, whose letters had always been of the briefest and rarest.

She had roused her failing courage with visions of a stately old ancestral home on the English pattern, and a stately grey-haired father, a mixture of genial country squire and heroic veteran, whose pet and companion she was to become. Alas for her! when the ancestral home turned out to be a lonely tumbledown old wooden farmhouse only separated by a few overgrown fields from the dark encircling woods; and the genial, heroic father to be a crabbed, red-faced old man, nearly as dilapidated as house and fields, who shot or fished in the daytime and sat over the whiskey bottle every night for hours after Nellie had gone to bed, and who desired nothing less than to be disturbed by her company. The neat smiling servants whom Nellie had expected to see awaiting her, resolved themselves into one weird old woman, a soldier's widow, whose fondness for the girl that she had nursed was more alarming than comforting, and a shambling youth in the barn, from whom Nellie could seldom extract more than a grunt in answer to any order or question. Down with a crash came the girl's air castle about her ears, and the disillusion might have gone hard with her sensitive spirit but for one golden fact that softened down every detail like sunshine on some dreary city street.

Oswald Smith, whose plans and destination had, on board the steamer, always appeared of the vaguest, had like herself landed in Halifax, and soon found his way to lonely old Camperdown, and established his footing there so firmly, that when not staying in the house his daily visits were expected.

How it was all managed Nellie did not exactly know; a visit, a long sporting talk with her father, a stroll through the old beechwood, and an expressed wish to paint there; and lo and behold! that audacious youth was in full possession of the field.

Thus it was that happy autumn days had set in for Nellie—days spent in contented idleness near the artist's easel, or in exploring the turns of the lazy little river in a dilapidated old punt, which Smith had repaired for her. There is no profession in the world so convenient for love-making as that of an artist, and this was a fact thoroughly realized by Oswald Smith, as he posed Nellie as a dairymaid in the meadows, or the ferryman's daughter in the old punt.

There was none to ask or care how and why this mysterious youth had followed in Nellie's wake to the old home, and free from criticism or comment the two spent their days in a fairly good imitation of an Arcadian romance. Old nurse Bridget was the only one who had not made friends with the newcomer. Propitiate her as he might, with smiles and gifts, Smith never succeeded in softening her watchful and disapproving eye, and sullen scowl.

One frosty September evening Nellie was amusing herself concocting some savoury dish of mushrooms, over the great wood-fire that filled all the kitchen with its glow, and Smith was amusing himself by helping her.

The brown and yellow heads were occasionally very near together as they bent over their task, and their low stream of talk flowed on, heedless of the fact that old Bridget's hawk eyes watched them, and that her comings and goings never took her very far from the hearth.

And yet Nellie's chatter consisted only of reminiscences of their voyage, which could have had but little interest for her.

"And do you remember," said the girl, "the day that I told the story of the Desterres' treasure? How strange it was that you should guess the curse! Tell me; did it just come into your head like a flash, or had you been thinking it out?"

Old Bridget now stood just behind the kneeling figure of the girl, with her eyes fixed on the American's handsome, bronzed face.

How busy he seemed shoving in some stray embers from the fire, as he answered carelessly: "One can hardly tell how such ideas come."

"Do you know, it is such a strange thing," and Nellie's voice sounded more earnest, "for the last two nights I have dreamt that the treasure was really still hidden here, and it seemed to me that in my sleep I knew quite well where it was, though as soon as I woke up I forgot it again; and last night—" she hesitated and laughed uneasily—"last night I actually awoke and found myself standing with my hand on the front door! Now wouldn't it be a wonderful thing, if to-night, the mystic third night, I were to—"

Crash! a clumsy movement of the old servant towards one of her saucepans had overturned poor Nellie's savoury mess of mushrooms into the depths of the fire.

"Oh, Bridget! How could you be so stupid," she cried.

"And the partridge for the master's supper spoilt!" wailed Bridget, adding though, in a coaxing tone:—

"If Mr. Smith would just kindly bring in the lamp that I lighted in the parlour, so that I could see to get the bits together—"

The young man had no sooner left the kitchen than a fierce grip was laid upon the girl's shoulder.

"Miss Nellie! Miss Nellie! Are ye mad to go talking of the Treasure like that to a stranger? Who knows but what he's followed you here just for that?"

But Bridget shrank back before the blaze of wrath on the fair girlish face.

"You are a wicked old woman!" Nellie panted. "You are just like a witch with your secrets and your treasures! As though he cared a fig for such rubbish! But I hate you for thinking such wicked things of him!"

And like a flash she was gone from the room, while the old woman crouched by the fire, muttering "He's come for no good, for no good!"

CHAPTER IV.

The September full moon shone out of a cloudless sky over the neglected Desterres fields and the dark woodlands that shut them in from the world, striking out only a stray sparkle from some lily pad in the still pools of the river, but many a silver flash where it rippled among the stones. Though it was September, the air was soft and dry, with a sensuous charm in the night scents, and doubtless it was due to the witchery of the night that, though the hour was long past midnight, Oswald Smith, instead of sleeping the sleep of the just, in bed, was perched in the boughs of a twisted old apple-tree, not far from the door of the Camperdown cottage.

An artist, is, by the outside world, supposed to be able to hold communings with nature at any hour, so perhaps Mr. Smith felt that in indulging in a midnight moonlight reverie without even a pipe to keep him company, he was doing the proper artistic thing.

It was strange though that his usually cheery face should wear a gloomy scowl, and that he should mutter to himself:—

"What a beast I feel! My poor little darling, what will she think of me? Will she look at me as she did when she said, 'to the descendants of that wicked brother?' No matter, she shall break the spell!"

And with the optimism of his strong nature, "the young man's fancy, lightly turned to thoughts of love."

What was that low sound that broke the silence of the night? Was it some night-bird, or water rat, or was it the creaking of the door of the old house?

What was that white figure that appeared from the shadow of the doorway, and that came down the grassy pathway, swiftly and steadily, as though borne onward by some irresistible impulse?

Oswald Smith thought that the fierce throbbing of his heart might be heard, as the girl came straight towards him.

She wore a long white dressing-gown, and he could see her bare white ankles gleaming above her slippers. Her eyes were wide open, and fixed in a stare; her hands were stretched out before her with a groping movement. She was evidently walking in her sleep. Was it true then? Could it, in all the weird possibilities of our natures, be, that the curse of finding the hidden treasure was anything save the merest old wives' fables?

Was the solution of the family history to be worked out to-night, when he, the great-grandson of the rebel Desterres, was watching the descendant of the Royalist brother, under the mysterious spell of that old curse, seeking out that treasure? It was a strange position that he now found himself in—not alone his midnight perch in the apple-tree, but his introduction as Mr. Smith to his connections—but like many positions that we find ourselves in, many thoughts and impulses of his life that had seemed totally extinct had had their share in placing him in it.

Nursery tales told by his mother at the fireside; boyish talks, when the traitor Desterres, who had stolen the family treasure, formed the giant against whom each youthful knight errant would break a lance; and the feat of seeking and tracking out to its hiding-place that treasure was planned over and over again. All these nearly forgotten dreams of boyhood, had helped to decide that wild and visionary impulse that had come over him in the South Kensington drawing-room, to follow that fair Desterres girl to her old family home, and see what would come of it. And what had come of it? He had learned to love the girl, and could see no joy in the future, unless she were to be his wife; and yet he had made himself known to her under a false name, had shown his interest in all that foolish talk of the lost treasure, so that when she came to know his real name, she could hardly look on him save with suspicion—had by that same talk so excited her sensitive nature, that now in her sleep she had come out on that quest in the midnight woods; and he, with the insight that love gives, had been so sure that she would come, that he could pass the night hours in nothing save watching! What a fool's part he had played all along! But all the same, in the midst of his disgust at his own folly, his pulses quickened madly, both at the joy of her mere presence, and at the thought that now he would know if there were any foundation for the family tradition of the curse. A few steps before it reached the apple-tree, the path turned towards the woods, and Nellie, following it, had her back now turned to him. For a moment, he hesitated, then sprang down, and followed her.

On into the flickering shadow of the beechwood she went, down the stately avenue that her great-grandfather had planted, now overgrown, and nearly returned into forest again.

Two days ago there had been a mighty storm, and more than one great tree lay prostrate. The first of these she stepped lightly over, but at the second, she seemed to stumble and fall, and as she did not rise, Oswald sprang quickly to her side.

The sight that met his eyes was a strange one. Crouching by the roots of the fallen tree, Nellie's hands were plunged into a mass of gold coin, that, held together by lumps of clay, had rolled from the upturned roots.

A diamond necklace, still half imbedded, flashed up its rays to the moon, whose light sought out the gold scattered on the grass, and the gold of that bowed head. A horrible dread sent a deathlike shudder over Oswald; could her death be the climax of the curse?

Putting his strong arms around the girl, he raised her, heart-sick to see how cold and white she was.

"Nellie, Nellie, my darling; come back to me, and let all the powers of darkness keep the Desterres treasure," he whispered in his anguish.

As though the magic words had aroused her, the blue eyes opened. "The Desterres treasure," she murmured dreamily, then seeing the moonlit forest around her, Oswald's haggard face bending over her, she cried wildly, "Oh, what does it mean?"

"Hush, darling, hush. I will take care of you," and he soothed her like a child.

"Oh, look at this!" and she raised her hand full of gold pieces. "Have I really found it, and for whom?" and she looked up at him with a faint smile, "I wish it were for you," she said gently.

Oswald was seated on the fallen tree, still half supporting her, and as she spoke, he tightened his arm around her, while his other hand rested on the loose yellow hair "Give me this gold, Nellie, and I want nothing else. Give me this best Desterres treasure and break the spell."

"Break the spell!" Pale in the moonlight, she wrenched herself away from him, and faced him, half kneeling. "Break the spell in giving yourself to your cousin Oswald Desterres, who came to look for gold, and who found you." Her face was hidden by her hands. "You came for the gold, and not for me. Old Bridget was right," she moaned.

Oswald's heart sank, was he to lose her after all? Sturdily he fought, though.

"Old Bridget was wrong. Let your father have all that is found; though, by right, half of it is ours. Only give me yourself, and I can win you enough gold by my work." She raised her head, and her whole soul seemed to question him through her eyes. "Nellie, Nellie," he cried with a supreme effort, "for God's sake, don't ruin our two lives for that wretched stuff."

The doubt was gone, there was no questioning in those blue eyes raised to his, only trustful love; and with great joy and reverence he took her into his arms. Tenderly he carried her back, so that the briars and bushes might not hurt her feet. And as they went through the silent moonlit forest, he penitently told the tale of how his boyish visions of seeking for the lost treasure had been awakened in Mr. Carter's drawing-room that May Sunday afternoon, into the wild freak of following her to Halifax, under another name. A freak which he had bitterly repented, ever since those first days of shipboard had taught him to love her.

"You must forgive me," he ended, "for hatred of the traitor Desterres was the creed of my childhood."

"And hatred of the rebel Desterres was mine."

"Two hates must make one love," he whispered, as he bent his face to the one so near his own.

And so the spell was broken, for on her wedding day Nellie wore the famous diamond necklace, and if a certain percentage of the store of guineas was turned into whiskey and water before the old Colonel yielded his grasp on them, and on all things earthly, there were still enough of them left to furnish one of the most charming studios in London, where the fashionable portrait painter, Desterres, received his aristocratic sitters.

SITTING BULL.

THE redman's chief ye have slaved and smitten;
Him ye have slain, and have slain his braves.
The sky with the fire-tongues of war is litten;
The land is heavy with new-made graves.
In hollow and plain and on red hearths lying
Mothers and babes have grown cold in death.
From hamlet and farm are the people flying
From horror of war and its scorching breath.

Whose is the hand that this fire hath litten?
Ye are to blame for the sin of this.
Like a beast of the fields ye the savage have smitten,
Ye made him a slave in the land was his.
Him ye have starved,—it is written and spoken,—
Him ye have goaded and humbled and smit:
Ye are to blame for the hearts that are broken,
The flame-swept home and the dead in it.

Montreal, Dec. 23, 1890.

ARTHUR WEIR.

EVERY man is not the proper champion for truth, or fit to take up the gauntlet in the cause of verity; many, from ignorance of these maxims, have too rashly charged the troops of error, and remain as trophies unto the enemies of truth. A man may be in possession of truth as of a city, and yet be forced to surrender.—*Sir Thomas Browne.*

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND SUBWAY.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—This question of "Efficient Communication" has been quite a bone of contention ever since we entered Confederation. The first attempt to remedy the difficulty was in putting on the steamer *Albert*, a flat-bottomed river boat, which, under any circumstances of our winter crossing, was unfit for the purpose. She soon became a laughing stock, and was withdrawn. The next attempt was the *Northern Light*, a wooden boat built at Quebec, as an adjunct to the "Quebec Towing Company," for early and late winter service in the St. Lawrence. She did better, but it soon became apparent she was fast becoming unsafe, and had not sufficient capacity for freight. The Local Government from time to time during the past seventeen years have remonstrated with the Federal Government with regard to the unfulfilment of this portion of the Terms of Confederation. Receiving no satisfactory answers to these remonstrances, the Legislature, by a joint memorial, commissioned the P. E. I. Government to send a delegation to the foot of the Throne, which was done. The first of these memorials is dated 1883, and it stated: That "Cut off, as they always were for nearly five months of the year from all communication with the mainland, except by a most uncertain and dangerous route, a promise of continuous communication with the Intercolonial Railway and the railways of the Dominion was indeed a strong inducement to them to surrender their self-government and unite with Canada. They naturally expected that, within a reasonable time, they would possess uninterrupted communication at all seasons of the year with the rest of Canada and of the world—that they would enjoy equal facilities for intercourse with the other provinces as those provinces enjoy between themselves, and would participate in all the benefits arising from the Intercolonial Railway, and other Public works upon the mainland, from which they had previously been debarred for a great portion of the year."

"The inconvenience and loss which they have suffered in consequence of the failure of the Federal Government to provide them with the efficient communication promised are incalculable, while the disappointment to their expectations has not tended to enhance, in their estimation, the value of a connection with the Dominion, but, on the contrary, has awakened a feeling of discontent, which, though a matter of regret, is not unnatural under the circumstances."

"Were it only the transport of freight and merchandise that has stopped during the winter season, they would have good reason to complain of being precluded from the benefits of the Intercolonial and other railways which their more fortunate neighbours on the mainland enjoy; but their complaint, as well, is that in direct violation of the compact upon which they entered the Confederation, no efficient and continuous means of steam communication have been provided whereby mails and passengers can be transported to the mainland. The derangement of business consequent upon the irregularity of the mail service, when, for ten days at times, no communication whatever is had with the rest of Canada, exercises a most prejudicial effect upon their interests. The hardships of travelling which only the strong and robust are able to endure, and the dangers attendant upon the present mode, are other disadvantages from which they suffer most acutely."

After a lapse of two years they say in their memorial of 1885: "The Address of last session imposed upon the Provincial Government the duty, in the event of a favourable answer not being accorded thereto without delay of invoking the interference of Her Majesty the Queen, to obtain that justice which the Island has been so long denied. While it is a subject of deep regret that the Dominion Government have not seen fit to take any action in the matter therein pressed upon their notice, the Council in committee feel that no alternative is left them than to lay at the foot of the Throne a statement of the grievances so long endured, and ask of her Majesty, as one of the contracting parties to the Articles of Confederation, that she will be graciously pleased to secure to Prince Edward Island that redress which has so repeatedly been sought, but which has not yet been obtained?"

In 1886, Messrs. Sullivan and Ferguson proceeded to England as delegates to lay the matter before the Imperial Government, with a view of requesting them to use their influence with the Dominion to have the Terms carried out.

They had several interviews with the then Secretary of State for the Colonies, Earl Granville. During these interviews the question of a metallic subway across the Straits of Northumberland was very freely discussed. Sir Charles Tupper shared in these discussions, and on the first of March, 1886, stated "If it can be shown that such a work is practicable, that it can be constructed for a reasonable outlay, and maintained without a large expenditure, the matter seems to be one that may fairly be placed before the Canadian Government for consideration." Then Earl Granville in his despatch to Lord Lansdowne states: "There seems to be reason for doubting whether any satisfactory communication by steamship can be regularly maintained all the year round, which makes it all the more important that the proposed metallic subway should receive a full and, if feasible,

favourable consideration on the part of the Government of the Dominion.

"The establishment of constant and speedy communication by rail would be a great advantage, both to the Province and to the Dominion, and I should suppose that the development of the traffic on the Island railroads, and the capabilities of the province generally, would produce a large direct and indirect return on the expenditure.

"It would reflect great credit on the Dominion Government, if, after connecting British Columbia with the Eastern Provinces by the Canadian Pacific Railway, it should now be able to complete its system of railway communication by an extension to Prince Edward Island."

The result of these negotiations culminated in the Government having built at Glasgow a steel steamer called the *Stanley*, which is now engaged in the service between Georgetown, Prince Edward Island, and Pictou, Nova Scotia.

This steamer was built from the model of the *Gottenburg*, which plies across the Kattegat River, between Norway and Sweden, with this difference that her mid-ship section has been lengthened sixty feet, with a view to make her carry more freight in winter, as well as be more useful in the lighthouse service in the summer.

I am satisfied the *Stanley*, and her experienced commander, Captain Finlayson, will do all that can be done. It is a terrible service for vessel and men, and I shudder for the consequences some day if anything should happen to this fine ship and her living freight.

No vessel can live long which has to be continually battling with heavy ice, no more than she could if rammed up against the cliff on which the Parliament Buildings at Ottawa are built.

But lest your readers may think I am underrating the *Stanley*, let me quote from one of our Liberal Conservative papers here, the *Examiner*, of the 5th February, 1890:—

"We publish to-day two letters from Ottawa. One was written on the twenty-fourth January, the other on the thirty-first. Both came to hand together last evening. Now the contract to afford continuous communication for mails and passengers between this province and the mainland may be judged by the officials and legislators at Ottawa from this fact: Hundreds of merchants, and thousands of men and women, of all sorts and conditions in this country, have received their letters after the same slow and irregular process as the *Examiner*. In a time of comparatively fine weather it has taken the inhabitants of Prince Edward Island just about as long to hear from their business relations and their friends in Canada, as it has taken the inhabitants of the rest of Canada to hear from Great Britain and Europe. Persons who live in other parts of Canada can hardly be expected to grapple actively with this question. We have no doubt that members of the Government fondly imagine that by providing the *Stanley* they have solved the difficulty."

When we entered Confederation, neither the I. C. R. nor C. P. R. was built, but both were calculated in our basis for Public Debt. We entered on a basis of \$48 per head for a population of 100,000, which placed to our credit \$1,800,000, out of which was taken the cost of our railway, \$3,134,735, the difference being to our credit.

It was also one of the Terms of Confederation that the Dominion Government should operate our railway. In the open water months, this railway is self-sustaining, but loses heavily in the winter.

As I stated in my former letter the total expenditure by the Dominion for this service is \$200,000 per year, and it is contended it can never be less. This sum is made up from the cost, maintenance of the *Stanley* and ice boats, subsidies to steamers for summer, telegraph subsidy and annual loss on the working of our railway.

It has recently been ascertained that there is abundance of brick clay in Prince Edward Island from which to manufacture bricks free from lime.

And it has been stated by persons competent to judge, that with the bed of shale underlying the Straits at the points indicated in my former letter, and bricks free from lime for lining, a tunnel might be built for a sum not exceeding five millions of dollars. This sum capitalized at four per cent. would not cost the Dominion one dollar more than it does at the present time.

If these facts can be verified, the Government will be put in a position to carry out the Terms of Confederation with Prince Edward Island, viz.: "Efficient steam service for the conveyance of mails and passengers to be established and maintained between the Island and the Dominion, winter and summer, thus placing the Island in continuous communication with the Intercolonial Railway and the railway system of the Dominion."

GEORGE W. HOWLAN.

Charlottetown, Dec. 16, 1890.

THE MAIR, SCHULTZ, AND LYNCH MEETING.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—In reading over the 32nd Article on "Prominent Canadians," I find that the writer states that there was a large public meeting held in the City Hall Square to welcome Messrs. Mair, Schultz and Lynch. I beg to correct this statement. The meeting was not held in the City Hall Square, but right opposite my store, 85 Front Street East. The platform was under my window and was twenty-four by fifteen feet—three inch planks. I was responsible for calling the meeting and paid the whole

expense of erecting the platform and conducting the meeting. It certainly was one of the largest and most enthusiastic meetings ever held in Toronto and if the Government or those in authority had taken the advice of the speakers and acted promptly, we should never have had a second Rebellion, and Riel would never have been hanged.

JOHN HALLAM.

Toronto, December 22, 1890.

THE LAMBETH JUDGMENT.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—In your article on the Lambeth Judgment in your last issue, there is one statement which appears to me to convey a wrong impression. You say "the making of the sign of the cross was distinctly forbidden." Now it was not the sign of the cross that was forbidden, it was the making of it ceremonially at a certain time and place, viz.: at the Absolution and the Benediction. The Archbishop in his judgment says: "The definition of a ceremony includes this action. It is a formal symbolic gesture of religious meaning, publicly made by the minister in his character of minister, rendering the delivery of language more solemn, and not merely expressing his personal devotion."

The last clause, "and not merely expressing his personal devotion," seems to me to show that the prevalent use among High Church clergymen, of the sign made *unceremonially* during the service, is lawful. This opinion is strengthened by the grounds on which the ceremony in the Bishop's case is forbidden, viz.: that the sign was not so used in the pre-reformation Church; that is to say it was forbidden on Catholic, not on Protestant grounds. May I ask you kindly to remove a possible misapprehension by inserting this letter.

FREDERICK GEORGE SCOTT.

Drummondville, Que., Dec. 19.

[OUR correspondent is quite right; nor did we imply that the using of the sign of the cross was universally condemned. The judgment simply declared that the sign of the cross was not to be used in pronouncing the Absolution or the Benediction.—ED. WEEK.]

A REVIEWER'S CHRISTMAS.

WHAT can a man ask for that is better than a glass of generous wine, a pipe, and a good book to accompany them withal? Yet a bricklayer does not turn to the laying of bricks for recreation; nor, we would hazard to say, does a poet turn to rhyme-making in the search after festivity. And, verily we, as a reviewer, would often gladly seek release from our trade in the piling up of bricks, or, for that matter, in the fashioning of sonnets that assuredly, when made, would be less symmetrical, and more harsh in tone and finish than the very bricks themselves. Cruel in a manner, then, was the Christmas morning that found us with a neglected pile of volumes for review. A goodly pile, but not attractive; a pile that in appearance yielded at most four volumes that were not calculated to plunge a man into the blues. The very courage for labour left us at the idea of the task. Our solitary dinner was despatched, then we settled down to dessert and the commencement of a red covered volume, fortified for the ordeal by the thought of a pint of such Sauterne as is suitable to the palate of a reviewer. We have envied the man who, on opening an oyster, finds a pearl; but we envy him no longer, for on Christmas Day we stumbled on two pearls at once.

Chateau Yquem, that prince of "the king of wines, the wine of kings," was not for our slim purse, and we had bought a wine of a more modest name that yet is grown on that glorious slope where cluster close together the Chateaux, Vigneau, Latour Blanche and Lafaurie.

Trembling, we opened it; but oh! the aroma as we drew the cork slowly and tenderly from the shapely neck! In an instant we were back again with our old friend Lafaurie. The sun of mid summer was dazzling on the roads; the oxen, in their white trappings and quaint head-dress, were lazily drawing the ploughs along the furrows of the vines. Latour Blanche was blinding in its whiteness among the trees, and above all was the glorious sky of France.

Surely this wine and its recollections were too good to spoil by a doubtful book, and above all by a book with such a title as "My Uncle Benjamin," and written by a man who had been *rediscovered*! *

We have had a horror of rediscoveries since Mr. Swinburne and some others rediscovered the poet Wells.

"My Uncle Benjamin" has an appendix. We skimmed it to find out that Claude Tillier, the author of our novel, was born in Clamecy, in the department of the Nièvre in 1801; that he was by turns a schoolmaster and a journalist; that he wrote "Oncle Benjamin" in 1841, and died at Nevers in 1844. Further, we learned, in the words of his biographer, a German by the way, that this book is "a charming sketch of the Nivernese manners and customs of the eighteenth century, combines the spiritual freshness of Gallic presentation with that German humour that laughs through tears, and is in this respect

* "My Uncle Benjamin." By Claude Tillier. Translated from the French by Benj. R. Tucker. Boston, Mass.: Benj. R. Tucker. 1890.

unique in French literature." Take it for what it is worth, we shall have our own say later on.

Thus did we skim the appendix and came to some of Tillier's own work and plunged *in medias res*.

"O, Monsieur Dupin, will we be burdened much longer by the public calamity of your influence? I think not. Since your last address, you have terribly fallen off. You are no longer anything but a smoking wick. There is always a certain odour of the peage about you. On the day when the miserable cry: 'Monsieur Dupin will be a peer, Monsieur Dupin is a peer,' echoes through the district like a thunderclap, there will be an end of you. You are not the man who can make a weapon out of his quill when the platform is taken from you. Your speech is good at one time and bad at another; but if your tongue should be cut out, what would remain of your person? A demonetized gold coin still retains the greater part of its value, but a depreciated *assignat*, what is that worth, Monsieur Dupin?"

Heavens! what a pamphleteer! and there are whole pages like it. Back to the beginning we went and read the appendix word by word, learning much of Tillier and hungering for much more, for rarely indeed does a man come across a character of such simplicity and beauty.

And, what of the novel? We will answer one question with another: what does it lack? Philosophy; pathos; wit; humour; characters endowed with flesh and blood by a few strokes of the pen and placed in full life before us: all this and more is here.

We will not spoil the story; others must read it for themselves. If it were but for its descriptions the book would stop the passer by. Could anything be bolder or finer than this: "from there one may enjoy a panorama worthy of a king; before him he will see the hills of Sembert with their terraces loaded with vines, and their big bald craniums with the forest of Frace on their necks. At another season of the year the view would be still finer, but I cannot revive the springtime with a breath. At their feet the town, with its thousand wavy plumes of smoke, presses between its two rivers and climbs the arid slopes of Crot Pinçon like a man pursued. Between its great gables, which, covered with dark moss, resemble pieces of crimson velvet, rises the tower of Saint Martin, invested with its turrets and decorated with its jewels of stone. This tower in itself is worth a cathedral; by its side extends the old basilica, which throws to the right and to the left, with admirable boldness, its great arch-shaped counter-forts, like a gigantic spider resting on its claws. Toward the south run, like a succession of sombre clouds, the bluish mountains of Marvan."

When we laid down our book, the lamps had long been lighted; and we had missed our evening meal. Biscuits and cheese had to be our Christmas supper, washed down, as was most fitting, by a glass or two of a certain Chateau du Vallon, a curious wine of exquisite flavour that would have rejoiced the heart of "My Uncle Benjamin."

Cruel was the fate that left us two laggard hours till bedtime. Of all our waiting books, but one could safely follow this one without palling on the palate. Again we read the never-dying tale of Troy, told once more for youngsters, and read it with the same freshness that we did years and years ago. From the carrying off of Helen even to the taking of the city we perused it page by page, and amid the rhythm of the nervous English found the ring of Homer's very words. Aye, and even when the book was closed, we fashioned in the smoke wreathes from our pipe the after-wanderings of him, who, for us, has always been the hero, the great Odysseus.*

And so to bed and dreams where echoed still
"The surge and thunder of the Odyssey."

A WRITER in *Science* says that while as yet we have discovered no way of avoiding contagion which comes to us in the air, we are just beginning to find out the extremely important fact that the air does not become contaminated with *bacteria* unless they are allowed to dry. Recent investigations, he adds, have shown a smaller number of *bacteria* in the air of a well-kept sewer than in that of a poorly ventilated school-room.

DR. G. MEYER thinks that he is able to assume, from a comparison of the records of a number of years, that the moon has an influence in lowering the height of the barometer in the months from September to January, at the time of full moon, and in raising it during the first quarter. His views are confirmed by the independent studies of Captain Seemann, of the *Deutsche Seewarte*. No effect has been perceived in the other months.—*Popular Science Monthly*.

In the "Life of Lord Houghton," just published, is to be found Carlyle's account of his last sight of Thackeray. "Poor Thackeray," he says, "I saw him not ten days ago. I was riding in the dusk, heavy of heart, along by the Serpentine and Hyde Park, when some human brother from a chariot, with a young lady in it, threw me a shower of salutations. I looked up—it was Thackeray with his daughter; the last time I was to see him in this world. He had many fine qualities, no guile or malice against any mortal; a big mass of a soul, but not strong in proportion; a beautiful vein of genius lay struggling about in him. Nobody in our day wrote, I should say, with such perfection of style."

* "The Tale of Troy." Done into English by Aubrey Stewart, M.A. London: Macmillan.

A SONG OF LABOUR.

WHEN labour has its own
Then haughty pride shall fall,
The king upon his throne
The lordling in his hall
Shall fade and wither all
Like weeds the scythe has mown,
For none shall heed their call
When labour has its own.

When land is free as air,
Then labour shall be free,
And hollow-featured care
Shall cease from sea to sea,
Then every life shall be
Earth modelled, round and fair,
The primal curse shall flee
When land is free as air.

When toilers prize a vote
Above the power of gold,
And use it to denote
The minds of freemen bold,
Then wealth shall loose its hold
On labour's strangled throat,
On earth's life-giving mould
When toilers prize a vote.

WILLIAM MCGILL.

THE JOURNAL OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

SIR WALTER SCOTT was fifty-four when he began to keep his Journal. Though a very prolific writer he was not a precocious one: he was thirty-four when "The Lay of the Last Minstrel" was published, and forty-three at the time of the publication of "Waverley." In the course of eleven years after "Waverley" had made an unparalleled sensation in the reading world, he had produced "Guy Mannering" and the "Antiquary," three series of "Tales of My Landlord" and "Rob Roy," "Ivanhoe" and "The Monastery," "The Abbot" and "Kenilworth," "The Pirate" and "The Fortunes of Nigel," "Peveril of the Peak" and "Quentin Durward," "St. Ronan's Well," "Redgauntlet," and "The Tales of the Crusaders." In addition to this long list of romances, many poems and essays were written during these eleven years, and it is difficult to decide whether the quantity produced or the quality of the work is the more remarkable.

The year 1825 was one of those disastrous years during which the spirit of speculation became rampant, and men who had been cautious embarked their savings in hazardous enterprises and lost them. A member of the firm of Hurst and Robinson, a large publishing house, and the agents in London for Archibald Constable and Company, had speculated in hops to the extent of £100,000; and when the money market grew feverish, and this firm required help, none was forthcoming, the result being that the firm failed for about £300,000; the firm of Archibald and Company, being closely connected with it, failed also, the liabilities being £256,000; while the printing house of James Ballantyne and Company failed for £130,000, it being as closely connected with Messrs. Constable as the latter was with Messrs. Hurst and Robinson. Sir Walter Scott was a partner with Ballantyne, and he was personally responsible for the debts. Hurst and Robinson and Constable and Company followed the usual mercantile course, and the estate was divided among their creditors, the dividend in the case of the former being 1s. 3d., and of the latter 2s. 9d., in the pound. Sir Walter Scott undertook to discharge the liabilities of the firm to which he belonged, of which, as he wrote in his Journal, £30,000 had been incurred without his being "a party to their contraction." What gives a painful interest to his Journal is the circumstances of the catastrophe, and the struggle through the remainder of his life to become what he called "a free man." On the 16th of January, 1826, he learned his position; a few days afterwards he assigned his whole estate to trustees for the benefit of his creditors, and on the 26th there is an entry in his Journal: "Can we do nothing for creditors with the goblin drama called 'Doom of Devorgoil'?"

A more serious matter preyed upon his mind at the time when all its energies were in a state of tension. Lady Scott's health then gave him great concern. The evil fortune which had befallen him was a still more crushing blow to her. She did not comfort him when he much needed consolation. Writing before the crash had actually occurred, but when he believed it could not be averted, he says: "Another person did not afford me all the sympathy I expected, perhaps because I seemed to need little support, yet that is not her nature, which is generous and kind." When his forebodings were realized, he says:—

"A painful scene after dinner, and another after supper, endeavouring to convince these poor dear creatures (Lady Scott and Anne his younger daughter) that they must not look for miracles, but consider the misfortune as certain, and only to be lessened by patience and labour."

On the 11th of May, 1826, his professional duties obliged him to go to Edinburgh, leaving his wife at Abbotsford. Before going he wrote: "To what scene I may suddenly be recalled, it wrings my heart to think." He received a message on the 15th that his wife was

dead. His feelings at the time, on his return and at the funeral, are pathetically set forth in his Journal, and most of the passages have been quoted by Lockhart, the following being an exception. At Abbotsford on the 29th of May, he wrote:—

"To-day I leave, for Edinburgh, this house of sorrow. In the midst of such distress I have the great pleasure to see Anne regaining her health, and showing both patience and steadiness of mind. God continue this for my own sake as well as hers. Much of my future comfort must depend upon her."

It is gratifying to add that his hope was fulfilled, his daughter watching over him with care and tenderness in his declining years.

Nothing gave Sir Walter greater concern after losing his wife than the delicate health of his grandson. On the 24th of May, 1827, he wrote: "A good thought came into my head: to write stories for little Johnnie Lockhart from the history of Scotland, like those taken from the history of England." Such was the origin of the "Tales of a Grandfather," which had the warmest reception from the public of any work by him since "Ivanhoe." As Lockhart put it, Sir Walter "had solved for the first time the problem of narrating history, so as at once to excite and gratify the curiosity of youth, and please and instruct the wisest of mature minds." When revising these "Tales" for the press in January, 1828, he wrote:—

"I have made great additions to volume first and several of these 'Tales;' and I care not who knows it, I think well of them. Nay, I will hash history with anybody, be he who he will. I do not know but it would be wise to let romantic composition rest, and turn my mind to the history of England, France and Ireland, to be *de capo rot'nd*, as well as that of Scotland. Men would look at me as an author for Mr. Newbury's shop in Paul's Churchyard. I should care little for that. *Virginibus puerisque*. I would as soon compose histories for boys and girls, which may be useful, as fiction for children of a larger growth, which can at best be only idle folk's entertainment. But write what I will, or to whom I will, I am doggedly determined to write myself out of the present scrape by any labour that is fair and honest."

Sir Walter was unfaltering in his determination to work for his creditors. When offered from £1,500 to £2,000 a year to conduct a journal, he declined, writing at the time: "A large income is not my object; I must clear my debts."

When absorbed with the work in hand, and especially when he was toiling in order that his creditors might be paid, Sir Walter gave little heed to politics, and this is shown by an entry on the 18th of May, 1827:—

"Tom Campbell called, warm from his Glasgow rectorship; he is looking very well. He seemed surprised that I did not know anything about the contentions of Tories, Whigs, and Radicals in the great commercial city. I have other eggs on the spit."

One of the passages which Mr. Douglas has extracted from James Ballantyne's unpublished memoranda contains a fuller account than Lockhart supplied of the extraordinary conditions under which some of Sir Walter's best novels were produced. In his Journal he made an entry to the effect that:—

"Bishop, the composer, was very ill when he wrote 'The Chough and Crow,' and other music for 'Guy Mannering.' Singular! but I do think illness, if not too painful, unseals the mental eye, and renders the talents more acute, in the study of the fine arts at least."

There were few noteworthy men of his day whom Sir Walter did not meet. Edward Irving was one whom he saw more than once. The impression made upon him by the eccentric divine was unfavourable, and he recorded how on one occasion he went out of his way to escape encountering him. This was after dining at a party where Irving was present, and Sir Walter had entered in his Journal:—

"I could hardly keep my eyes off him while we were at the table. He put me in mind of the devil disguised as an angel of light, so ill did that horrible obliquity of vision harmonize with the dark tranquil features of his face, resembling that of our Saviour in Italian pictures, with the hair carefully arranged in the same manner. There was much real or affected simplicity in the manner in which he spoke. He rather *made play*, and spoke much across the table to the Solicitor, and seemed to be good-humoured. But he spoke with that kind of unctious which is nearly (allied) to cajolery. He boasted much of the tens of thousands that attended his ministry at the town of Annan, his native place, till he well-nigh provoked me to say he was a distinguished exception to the rule that a prophet was not esteemed in his own country. But time and place were not fitting."

Sir Walter disliked being treated as a lion, yet he was sometimes compelled to undergo the ordeal. He probably submitted with a better grace than the entries in his Journal imply, as politeness to others and consideration for them were distinguishing traits in his character. However, he indulges in many uncomplimentary references to the social hunters of lions, and he depicts several, among whom the following unnamed lady is one:—

"Miss ——— dined with us, a professed lion-huntress, who travels the country to rouse the peaceful beasts out of their lair, and insists on being hand-and-glove with all the leonine race. She is very plain, besides frightfully red-haired, and out-Lydia-ing even my poor friend Lydia White. An awful visitation! I think I see her with javelin raised, and buskined foot, a second Diana, roam-

ing the hills of Westmoreland in quest of the lakers. Would to God she were there or anywhere but here! Affectionation is a painful thing to witness, and this poor woman has the bad taste to think direct flattery is the way to make her advances to friendship and intimacy."

The foregoing entry was made on the 1st of July, 1828; that made on the following day is significant as showing the trials which Sir Walter had to bear and the spirit in which he bore them. He had often to repeat what he then said:—

"I believe I was cross yesterday. I am at any rate very ill to-day with a rheumatic headache, and a still more vile hypochondriacal affection which fills my head with pain, my heart with sadness, and my eyes with tears. I do not wonder at the awful feelings which visited men less educated and less firm than I may call myself. It is a most hang-dog sort of feeling, but it may be chased away by study or by exercise. The last I have always found most successful, but the first is the most convenient. I wrought, therefore, and endured all this afternoon. . . . I am now in such a state that I would hardly be surprised at the worst news which could be brought to me. And all this without any rational cause why to-day should be sadder than yesterday. . . . My aches at the heart terminated in a cruel aching of the head—rheumatic I suppose. But Sir Adam and Clerk came to dinner, and laughed and talked the sense of pain and oppression away. We cannot at times work ourselves into a gay humour, any more than we can tickle ourselves into a fit of laughter; foreign agency is necessary. My huntress of lions again dined with us. I have subscribed to her album, and done what was civil."

When Sir Walter visited Paris in the autumn of 1826, he recorded in his Journal on the 7th of November, that, on the return journey, he passed the night at Airaines, where he had "bad lodgings, wet wood, uncomfortable supper, damp beds, and an extravagant charge. I was never colder in my life than when I waked with the sheets clinging round me like a shroud." This was the origin of much of the illness which embittered his closing years. He suffered great pain from rheumatic attacks, and what was equally unbearable was the circumstance that his sound leg was affected, and he feared that he would be unable to walk again. Even when the attack had passed off he was in great discomfort, and he wrote: "The feeling of increasing weakness in my lame leg is a great affliction. I walk now with pain and difficulty at all times, and it sinks to my soul to think how soon I may be altogether a disabled cripple." Attacks of apoplexy endangered his life, and though he survived, yet his speech was affected and his mind impaired. He was conscious of failing health, and wrote in January, 1831, that it was confirmed he had suffered from an apoplectic seizure, that he spoke and read with embarrassment, and even his handwriting seemed to stammer. He added, "I am not solicitous about this, only if I were worthy I would pray God for a sudden death, and no interregnum between I cease to exercise reason and I cease to exist." Before this the references to his handwriting are many, and he even contemplated taking lessons for its improvement. He made the following entry in June, 1828.

"Had a note from Ballantyne complaining of my manuscript, and requesting me to read it over. I would give £1,000 if I could, but it would take me longer to read than to write. I cannot trace my *pieds de mouches* but with great labour and trouble; so e'en take your own share of the burden, my old friend, and, since I cannot read, be thankful I can write."

In his earlier days Sir Walter wrote a clear, business-like hand. The facsimile of a page of the manuscript of "Ivanhoe" was inserted in Lockhart's Life; it is painfully interesting to compare it with the facsimile of the concluding words in the Journal, being the last which Sir Walter penned. No untrained reader of manuscript can decipher them.

Before he consented to leave Scotland and try whether a visit to the sunny south might not lengthen his days, he was reduced to a state of extreme debility. He still persisted in writing, and he was engaged upon "Count Robert of Paris" when he noted, on the 16th of March, 1831, his daily round:—

"Rise at a quarter before seven; at a quarter after nine breakfast, with eggs—or in the singular number, at least; before breakfast private letters, etc.; after breakfast Mr. Laidlaw (who acted as amanuensis) comes at ten, and we write together till one. I am greatly helped by this excellent man, who takes pains to write a good hand, and supplies the want of my own fingers as far as another person can. We work seriously at the task of the day till one o'clock, when I sometimes walk—not often, however, having failed in strength, and suffering great pain even from a very short walk. Oftener I take the pony for an hour or two, and ride about the doors. The exercise is humbling enough, for I require to be lifted on horseback by two servants, and one goes with me to take care I do not fall off and break my bones, a catastrophe very like to happen. My proud promenade *à pied* or *à cheval*, as it happens, concludes at three o'clock. An hour intervenes for making up my Journal and such light work. At four comes dinner—a plate of broth or soup, much condemned by the doctors, a bit of plain meat, no liquors stronger than salt beer, and so I sit quiet to six o'clock, when Mr. Laidlaw returns, and remains with me till nine, or three quarters past, as it happens. Then I have a bowl of porridge and milk, which I eat with the appetite of a child. I forgot to say that after dinner I am allowed half

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

ART NOTES.

a glass of whisky or gin made into weak grog. I never wish for any more, nor do I in my secret soul long for cigars, though once so fond of them. About six hours per day is good working, if I can keep it."

Five weeks later he wrote that he had been ailing for several days, having had "a distinct shock of paralysis affecting both my nerves and spine."

Notwithstanding his shattered health, he persisted in working at "Count Robert of Paris" and he was shocked when his printer and publisher told him that the last volume of it would never do. He thought, moreover, that their adverse opinion would coincide with that of the public, and he admitted that it did not differ greatly from his own. He wrote to please the public, though; when he finished "Anne of Geierstein," he expressed an opinion of the public which was the reverse of flattering. He then remarks that his avowal of the carelessness he had shown would cause people to say:—

"This expresses very little respect for the public. In fact, I have very little respect for that dear *publicum* whom I am doomed to amuse, like Goody Trash in *Bartholomew Fair*, with rattles and gingerbread; and I should deal very uncandidly with those who may read my confessions were I to say I knew a public worth caring for, or capable of distinguishing the nicer beauties of composition. They weigh good and evil qualities by the pound. Get a good name and you may write trash. Get a bad one and you may write like Homer, without pleasing a single reader."

It was hoped that a sea voyage and a sojourn in Italy might alleviate his symptoms, and on the 29th of October, 1831, he embarked at Portsmouth on board the *Barham*, a frigate which by the king's commands had been placed at his disposal. Malta was the first place at which he made a stay; then he proceeded to Naples, thence by land to Rome. From Rome he went to Venice, thence through the Tyrol into Germany, sailed down the Rhine to Rotterdam, and from Rotterdam to London, where he arrived on the 13th of June, 1832. He was then very ill; as soon as he could be moved, he was conveyed to Abbotsford, where, on the 21st of September, his great spirit passed away.

The last words that he ever penned were written in his Journal at Rome in the April before his death. Mr. Douglas has given a facsimile of them in the preface to the Journal, the final and incomplete sentence running, "We slept reasonably, but on the next morning,"

Many of the latter entries in the Journal betray little trace of Sir Walter's mental and physical debility. The following, which was one written at sea, on the 30th of November, 1831, is in the style of his better days, and it will serve as a specimen:—

"The wind continues unaccommodating all night, and we see nothing, although we promised ourselves to have seen Gibraltar, or at least Tangiers, this morning, though we are disappointed of both. Tangiers reminded me of an old antiquarian friend, Auriol Hay Drummond, who is consul there. Certainly, if a human voice could have made its hail heard through a league or two of contending wind and wave, it must have been Auriol Drummond's. I remember him at a dinner given by some of his friends when he left Edinburgh, where he discharged a noble part, 'self-pulling, like Captain Crowe, "for dear life, for dear life," against the whole boat's crew,' speaking, that is, against thirty members of a drunken company, and maintaining the predominance. . . . I loved him dearly; he had high spirits, a zealous faith, good-humour, and enthusiasm, and it grieves me that I must pass within ten miles of him and leave him unsaluted; for, mercy-aged, what a yell of gratitude would there be! I would put up with a good rough gale which would force us into Tangiers, and keep us there for a week; but the wind is only in gentle opposition, like a well-drilled spouse. Gibraltar we shall see this evening; Tangiers becomes out of the question."

A better knowledge of Sir Walter is gained from his Journal than from Lockhart's voluminous Life. He places himself before the reader without disguise, and he has no reason to hesitate. He possessed a finely-balanced mind. In the height of prosperity and the depth of adversity he bore himself with philosophic calm. He had neither envy nor jealousy in his disposition, nothing pleasing him better than the successes of others. His fund of information was enormous, and he may be said to have known nearly everything except his own merits. He thought it possible that his works might be read by two generations. That he had taken his place among the immortals never entered his mind, and he was honestly amused, as well as utterly sceptical, when told that his fame would endure.—*W. Fraser Rae, in Temple Bar for December.*

I DOUBT if ever there was a man who was not gratified by being told that he was liked by the women.—*Dr. Johnson.*

In the Charity Hospital in New York a portion of a living dog's foreleg has been grafted on to a boy's leg to take the place of a bone which is wanting. The boy and the dog lie side by side in one of the hospital cots. In ten or twelve days, if the dog's limb unites with the boy's the operation will be complete, and the last links of flesh by which the dog is connected with the boy will be cut. The dog is a black spaniel, and was encased in a plaster of Paris cast under anæsthetics.

FOR five hundred years Christian art has steadily developed itself. The schools of France, Germany and Flanders had arisen and become perfected during the time religion had been the animating and directing influence. The result we can all estimate in their national collections, not only in grandeur, but in amount, for, whether the artists worked single-handed or with few or many pupils, equal credit is their due. Now all was to be changed: the bulwark principle of "Truth with Beauty" to be broken down, solemnity to give place to familiarity, and natural feeling to artificiality. The finding in Italy of the remains of old pagan art, with its earthly beauty, fascinated everybody, and led to a frenzied desire to obliterate all the work of their Christian ancestors. Art was at once stripped of its dignity, propriety and clothing, and as soon as the Renaissance fell into less gigantic hands than those of Michael Angelo and Raphael, the seeds of decadence sown under their influence sprang up a plentiful crop of irreverence, profanity and luxury. An artist's mistress became his ideal for the Madonna, not in feature-type only, but in character and expression, and his ascetic art dream brought down to the level of a voluptuous commonplace. If this spirit of the Renaissance could have been confined to the country of its birth, it might have served as a warning to all artists; but the noxious seed was wafted as the good seed had been before, and took root everywhere, and was nurtured and grew, and poisoned the air until true principles in art and architecture sickened and died. A few, of course, protested by brush, graver or chisel; but so few, that on looking back the art historian only sees them as stones marking distance. In the track of this art decadence followed a whirlwind of iconoclasm, differing now and again in strength and form; sometimes a puritanic acidity, quoting one-half of the "Written Word" as texts for destroying the art of the other half; at others an indifference which let treasures tumble to pieces or rot; or it was a demoniacal fury, seeking only devastation; but whether by force or neglect, destruction of Christian art was the inevitable result of the Renaissance. Turning to England, for example, what a wreck was left after the storm had passed, any old man can tell; cathedrals mere shows of the remnants of their glory, parish churches whitewashed all over inside as the most economical way of hiding their pictures, elaborate encaustic tiles split by the sinking of the ground and upgrowth of weeds, stained glass remaining in almost every parish church in fragments sufficient to point sadly to what was lost forever with its religious and local historic interest.—*John Hardman Powell, in the Catholic Review.*

MUSIC AND DRAMA.

DURING the carnival season, so near at hand, no fewer than forty-nine Italian theatres will be without opera. This, for Italy, is something unusual.

THE great composer, Verdi, has left his home and St. Agata, and after passing a few days at Milan he has repaired to Genoa, where, according to his custom, he will pass the winter.

JEAN GIRARD, a Belgian lad twelve years old, has made a highly successful debut as a violoncellist in London. Some critics speak of him in terms of extravagant praise, and all agree that he can reckon upon a great future.

A SEVERE attack of bronchitis recently gave cause for anxiety as to the condition of M. Gounod. He went to a chateau in the environs of Pont l'Evêque, and by careful nursing and abstaining from work became convalescent.

THE COMTESSE DE MIRANDA (Christine Nilsson) is still in Paris, where she has been laid up owing to an accident which happened to her as she was getting into a railway carriage at the Gare de Lyon, some weeks ago, to start for Switzerland.

"It is certain," writes a foreign critic, "that the later waltz writers give to their small *genre* an unprecedented musical charm and life. It is necessary to examine the older dance music to realize fully what Strauss and Lanner made out of it. How astonishingly dry and insignificant are even Mozart's 'German' and Beethoven's 'Country' dances in comparison!"

FOR some time past the Princess of Wales has been practising on the philomèle, a stringed instrument very much in shape like a violin, but much more comfortably handled, and producing an equally agreeable sound. This instrument was in use among the ancient Greeks, and under the influence of the Princess it is more than likely it will become popular, especially as Princess Louise and other members of the Royal family have taken lessons and have proved themselves apt pupils.

IF love gives wit to fools it undoubtedly takes it from wits.—*Alphonse Karr.*

Mlle. BONHEUR's love and loving study of animals have given her strange control over them. It is now several years since she gave to the Jardin des Plantes a beautiful lion and lioness, which to this day recognize her if she approaches their cage, and thrust their heads against the bars for the touch of her sympathetic little fingers.

THE STORY HOUR; A book for the Home and the Kindergarten. By Kate Douglas Wiggin and Nora A. Smith. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin and Company.

These gifted ladies have woven a garland of beautiful and improving stories for little folks, which will thrill them with delight and suggest good things for them to think about.

TIMOTHY'S QUEST; A Story for Anybody, Young or Old, Who Cares to Read It. By Kate Douglas Wiggin. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin and Company.

This is a good story, well told. The lessons it teaches are much more commonly understood than practised. It is the aim of the authoress to stir in the heart those feelings of brotherly kindness and charity which come to the surface at the festal season, but which ought to prevail all the year round.

THE CHILDREN OF THE CASTLE. By Mrs. Molesworth. Illustrated by Walter Crane. London and New York: Macmillan and Company.

Mrs. Molesworth's stories for children are always ingenious, entertaining and thoroughly wholesome. Her resources are apparently inexhaustible, and each new book from her busy pen seems to surpass its predecessors in attractiveness. In "The Children of the Castle" the best elements of a good story for children are very happily combined, and the youngest reader can hardly fail to apprehend the signification of Princess Forget-me-not and Forget-me-not Land.

NUTBROWN ROGER AND I. A Romance of the Highway. By J. H. Yoxall. Illustrated. London: Blackie and Son; Toronto: The J. E. Bryant Company.

A century ago the highwayman was encircled by a halo of romance; now he is only a common-place vulgar character to whom the ordinary policeman is a terror. It was different at the time this story is laid. After all Nutbrown Roger and his boy friend were not real highwaymen. They were, on the whole, rather estimable people, who found themselves in peculiar circumstances. The story, admirably written, is full of exciting adventure, which terminates happily for all except the villains, who come to no good end. The interest of the reader is held without a break till the last page is reached.

CAPTAIN JANUARY. By Laura E. Richards. Boston: Estes and Lauriat.

This little story of sixty-four pages—this Lighthouse Idyll—will, if we are not greatly mistaken, make a reputation for its author. A more perfect piece of work of its kind we have not seen for many a day. It takes rank with "The Luck of Roaring Camp" and "The Outcasts of Poker Flat." Captain January and Bob Peet and "Star" "Bright Star," "Blossom"—the brilliant little ten-year-old heroine of the story—are veritable creations that will not soon pass away and be forgotten. The book is sent out on its simple merits, very neatly printed in antique binding, but without ornament or illustration. It is admirably suited for illustration and worthy of the illustrator's best art. We congratulate Miss (or Mrs.) Richards on what we cannot help thinking will prove a very successful story.

THE SCRIPTURAL DOCTRINE OF SACRIFICE. By Alfred Cave, D.D. New Edition. Price, 10s. 6d. T. and T. Clarke.

To all who study the history of the human race, and not merely to those who are interested in its religious history, the subject of sacrifices is of primary importance. There is no phenomenon more constant throughout all history, and there is none more profoundly significant. We can truly affirm that we do not know a better book on the subject than this of Dr. Cave. And, in saying this, we do not mean merely that we agree with the writer's opinions, although we do think that he is right in most of his results. But this is a secondary matter in such a work. What we require in a book of this kind is a thorough knowledge not merely of the original, authoritative documents, but of the literature of the subject, together with a certain firmness of grasp and a power of lucid exposition. We find all these qualifications in the author of the volume before us.

The first edition of the treatise was published in 1877, and since that time it has been widely circulated and deeply studied. The author has now subjected the whole to a careful revision. In regard to the earlier part of the book, on the subject of the Old Testament sacrifices, there has been little change made, although here there are some changes and additions which are not unimportant. In the New Testament portion, in which the theological treatment of the subject becomes of greater importance, there is more alteration. Throughout the whole volume, however, there is evidence of very careful revision.

Up to the time of the publication of Dr. Cave's work, the treatises most commonly in use were those of Bähr and Kurtz. Bähr, however, has never been translated; but neither of these works will be found so well adapted to students among ourselves as this book of Dr. Cave's. It is admirably complete, careful, and accurate.

LUCILE AND HER FRIENDS; A Story for Girls. By Hattie Tyne Griswold. Illustrated. Chicago: Belford-Clarke Company.

In the first chapter we are introduced to Lucile Layton and her three friends, "the picked four" of a large school, as they are about to leave it forever; and we are made pretty thoroughly acquainted with their personal appearance and characteristics. "The picked four" are certainly superior girls, although their conversation is, at times, somewhat provincial; but we would hesitate to accept them as representative of the average "American girl" just emancipated from school. There is plenty of fun and much clever talk in the book, and it is not lacking in suggestiveness of serious purpose. In fact it is far superior to many books for girls that come under our notice from time to time; and if there is anything to which we would be disposed to take exception it is the celerity with which the girls all become happily "engaged" without, apparently, much consideration for the opinion of their parents in the matter.

DESTINY; or, A Commonplace Life. By Mrs. R. C. Nelson. New York: John B. Alden.

This is not a treatise; it is a story. "Destiny," the somewhat striking title of the book, does not mean "fate" or whatever the dictionaries may give as the signification of the word; it is the name of a girl. Destiny or Desty, as she was commonly called, was the second child of James Dunlap, a farmer in rather embarrassed circumstances. When the story opens he had just buried his wife and was left with five young children, the oldest of whom was a boy of fifteen. Destiny assumed the mother's place, and the story tells how patiently and faithfully she bore her burden so bravely taken up. This is the author's second book, the success of the first having encouraged her to make another attempt. Destiny, though weighted with many trivial details and tiresome conversations, is doubtless a fair representation of the daily life with which it professes to deal, and the lessons it teaches are clearly indicated and vigorously enforced.

THE THEOTETUS OF PLATO. Translated by S. W. Dyde, D. Sc. Kingston: Wm. Bailie. 1890.

No student of philosophy, ancient or modern, can safely ignore the writings of the great founder of the Academy, "the divine Plato," as the leaders of the Renaissance reverently named him; and it would be difficult to name a treatise with which that study could be more fitly begun than the Theotetus. Belonging, as is generally agreed, to the second literary and philosophical period of Plato, it helps to connect his teaching with that of his master, Socrates. If we would know Plato in all his glory, we must go to the Republic; but we shall be helped on our way by this less ambitious treatise. Dr. Dyde, of Queen's University, has done good service to students by preparing this excellent translation which will be almost as useful to those who study the Greek, as to those who can read only an English version. We have compared it with the Greek, and with other translations, and can honestly recommend it as the best we have seen. An admirable feature in the book is the frequent introduction of Greek words and phrases in parenthesis. These are a help to the Greek scholar and no hindrance to others.

LIFE OF ARTHUR SCHOPENHAUER. By Professor Wm. Wallace. Price 35 cents. London: Walter Scott; Toronto: W. J. Gage and Company. 1890.

Although the philosophical work of Schopenhauer can hardly be said to have a place in the development of modern philosophy; yet he is, to a certain extent, a not illegitimate outcome of the system of Kant, and he is, in some respects, a representative man. As the high priest of Pessimism, he is the expression of a sentiment which has become widely spread in an age of materialism: and it is of some importance to trace the rise and diffusion of a spirit which bodes so ill for any age in which it becomes anything like a ruling sentiment. Schopenhauer's pessimism was, doubtless, in part, the outcome of the spirit of the age to which he belonged; but it was also, in no small measure, the product of his own individuality, of his own mental and physical constitution, and of the circumstances in which he lived. The volume now before us is of no great bulk, but it gives all concerning the man, his history and his teaching which the ordinary reader will require; whilst the student of philosophy will find sufficient guidance in the way of introduction to the writings of Schopenhauer. We are familiar with Professor Wallace's previous work in the same field. But we think he has never done any work of the kind better than this sketch of Schopenhauer. It is more readable and more complete than his book on Kant.

THE HEROES OF THE NATIONS; Gustavus Adolphus and the Struggle of Protestantism for Existence. By C. R. L. Fletcher, M.A. London and New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

This is a most interesting contribution to the series of lives of great men which is being issued by this publishing house. The life of Gustavus Adolphus has so much to attract the attention of all classes of readers that this volume is sure to have an extensive sale. The high character of the great Swedish king, his manliness, his kindness

of heart, his extraordinary military genius would cause his career to be generally studied, even if the important influence he exercised upon the great struggle between Protestantism and Roman Catholicism in the Thirty Years' War did not bring the work of his life to the attention of every student of European history.

The author has given us a most readable account, showing the careful training the young king received at the hand of his able tutor, John Skytle, a man of great learning, who had travelled extensively and had acquired a thorough knowledge of men and affairs. On reaching man's estate the king knew a good deal of seven languages and could converse fluently in five.

In 1611, Gustavus Adolphus, then between sixteen and seventeen years of age, took part in the war with Denmark. The sword in the boy's hand woke in him the Viking spirit of his race, and throughout his life that spirit had a great influence upon all his actions. His wars in Europe were conducted with great military skill, although the author of this book not being a soldier has not made the military genius the striking feature—as it should be made—of any account of the great captain's life. The boldness of the king of a country containing a population of about a million and a-half of inhabitants in entering upon a foreign war against nearly all Southern Europe is well shown in the description of his marches and victories from Livonia in the east to Munich and Memmingen in the south. Over all Europe for some years he was the central figure and the hope of the Protestant cause, while he was the greatest military reformer of the age. Although Mr. Fletcher does not mention it, Gustavus originated the idea of clothing the soldiers in uniform dresses according to the divisions to which they belonged. Up to his period the soldiers were clad in every variety of costume that individual caprice dictated. He also reduced the size of the regiments, and relied more upon freedom of action and rapidity of movement than upon clumsy and unwieldy strength. He reduced the depth of the rank of the infantry from twelve to six, and separated the pikemen from the musketeers, and made many other reforms, some of which are followed to the present time. The tragedy of his death in the last terrible fight at Lutzen is well told, while an epilogue continues the history for a few years. The book is profusely illustrated, well printed on good paper, and has a number of most useful plans and maps.

THE sportsman's favourite magazine, *Outing*, for January, comes to us replete with literary, sportsmanlike and artistic attractiveness, within and without. We congratulate the publishers and contributors on their great success in providing a magazine at once pure and healthful in its tone, and dealing with sport on its proper basis of manly recreation, and recreative adventure. We must have the "corpore sano" as well as the "mens sana." The contributors of the clever and entertaining articles in *Outing*, and, we may venture to add, the majority of their readers, happily combine both.

THE opening paper of *The Atlantic Monthly* for January is "Noto: An unexplored corner of Japan," by Mr. Percival Lowell. Mr. Lowell's courier and servant was a Jap of resource, who had varied accomplishments, such as making plum blossoms out of paper, and a string telephone out of his head, besides being a dabbler with pots and pans. Another paper is by Cleveland Abbe on "A New University Course—being Terrestrial Physics." F. R. Stockton continues the house of Martha. Charles W. Clark contributes a paper on "Compulsory Arbitration." Professor Royce discusses Hegel. Adolph Cohn, Boulangerism. We thought that discussion was closed. There are a number of other readable articles.

In the January number of *Scribner's* the article that will prove specially attractive to the reader is Henry M. Stanley's "The Pigmies of the Great African Forest." He says kindly words of these diminutive denizens of the vast woody expanse, and describes their modes of life in a graphic manner. Sir Edwin Arnold's "Japonica," in which he describes the Japanese people, is very interesting. Other papers sure to receive attention are "Impressions of Australia," by Josiah Royce; "Modern Fire Appliances," by John R. Spears; and "The Rothenburg Festival Play," by E. H. Lockwood. A class of readers will be interested in a paper by James Dwight on "Court Tennis." The serial story "Jerry," the several short stories, and the poetry of the number, are all of a high order of excellence. The beauty of the illustrations deserves special mention.

A NEW serial by Kate Eyre opens the January number of *Cassell's Family Magazine*. It is called "A Sharp Experience." "Sea Bells," which follows, is the story of a party of yachting girls. "A Chapter of Accidents" should be called two chapters of accidents. "German Pottery" is the subject of an article well illustrated and of much interest. An amusing article is "Gentlemen of the Jury!" Another serial story is begun in this number; it is called "The Temptation of Dulce Carruthers," and it makes a good beginning. The article on "Home-made Christmas Gifts" is timely. Following the Fashion Letter is an amusing poem called "Lucky!" by J. F. Sullivan. Then there are short stories and poems that we have not mentioned and a "Gatherer" full of the new things under the sun.

THE *Methodist Magazine* begins its 33rd volume enlarged, and more copiously illustrated than ever. The Black Forest is described with pen and pencil by the

Editor and Mr. Algernon Blackwood. Lord Brassey describes the return voyage of the *Sunbeam*. The Rev. Mr. Bond narrates the journey from Baalbec to Beyrout, and Sidon. Rev. M. R. Knight begins a series on the Canadian poets, with a monograph on Arthur John Lockhart. An able paper by the Rev. W. Arthur, M.A., is that called "The Mission of Methodism in Purifying and Elevating Society." In the new department of Popular Science are two papers—one on "The Wonders of a Celestial Journey," and the other "The Former Level of the Upper Lakes," with an engraving. A thrilling Irish story of the Siege of Derry, by James E. Ellis, is given, and other interesting matter complete the number.

THE first number of *The Quiver* for the new year is a good number. A striking frontispiece, "A Roman Holiday," has an accompanying poem. "Overlooked Neighbours" is a paper with a novel idea, for it is a plea "for the rich and lonely," in which the writer sets forth that many people find it much pleasanter to visit the poor, as they are less nervous, and, consequently, less irritable than the rich, and have a nice, comfortable way of appreciating one's kindness. "God in the Book of Nature" tells us something about flies. "The Perfect Work of Patience," by the Rev. Geo. Brooks, is filled with food for thought, and "The Character of Job" is an amplification of the same subject. "An Old-World Scene in Modern Babylon" gives a capital idea for a children's "home." "Fairy Gold, or Bank Bullion" is suggestive reading, and "Father William and His Dog" is good. "St. Paul's Praise of Love" is Sunday reading, as are also "The Message of the Paving Stones" and the "Short Arrows." Besides these we have fiction in short stories and serials, poetry and music.

In the January *St. Nicholas* Charles Dudley Warner has "A Talk about Reading," which is delivered with all the earnestness of a true humourist when talking of graver matters. The Pratt Institute, Brooklyn's "Great Industrial School," is fully described by a well-informed writer, and explained by the artistic illustrations of Mr. Wiles. One of the pleasant surprises which the Editor of *St. Nicholas* is fond of offering to subscribers is an unannounced little fanciful serial, "Elie's Visit to Cloudland," by Frances V. Austen, with just the sort of pictures that children like, and plenty of them, too. Andrew Lang continues his "Story of the Golden Fleece"; J. T. Trowbridge and Noah Brooks vigorously carry on their serials, and Mrs. Jamison's "Lady Jane" promises the conclusion in the next number. Of the more temporary attractions, there is a Christmas story by Roswell Smith, illustrated by George Inness, Jr.; a poem by Celia Thaxter; funny pictures by Bensen; a short but complete article on Michael Angelo by Alexander Black, illustrated by the frontispiece—the statue of the artist by Zocchi; a jingle with humorous illustrations by Brenon, and other contributions, perhaps not inferior in merit to some of those named.

THE twenty-fifth volume of the *Magazine of American History* is opened with a most attractive January number. The leading illustrated paper is "John Ericsson, the Builder of the *Monitor*," and one of the very best portraits extant of the great inventor forms the frontispiece to the new volume. The second article following, "The Bladensburg Duelling Ground," near Washington, written by Milton T. Adkins, is also illustrated. Colonel Charles C. Jones, Jr., contributes a paper on "Dr. Lyman Hall, Governor of Georgia in 1783, and signer of the Declaration of Independence;" Hon. Charles Aldrich, of Iowa, writes of the "Eloquence of Andrew Johnson;" Hon. James Phinney Baxter, President of the Maine Historical Society, contributes "Isaac Jogues, A.D. 1636," an historic poem; Orrin B. Hallam gives the reader an ably-written history of the "Original Treasury Accounting Office"; and we have the first part of "Count de Fersen's Private Letters to his Father, 1780-1781." Among the shorter papers, "The United States Flag," by J. Madison Drake, and "Capital Punishment in 1749," by Bauman L. Belden, are specially interesting. The several departments are well sustained.

In the January number of *The North American Review*, Gen. Nelson A. Miles deals with the future of the Indian problem, and reiterates the view which he expressed in this magazine thirteen years ago. The distinguished historian, W. E. H. Lecky, writes luminously of "Ireland in the Light of History." Mr. Lecky's opinion of the unfitness of the Irish people for self-government is presented in this article with admirable clearness and force. The Hon. Henry Cabot Lodge deals with immigration. Madame Adam finds a congenial topic in "The Dowries of Women in France." Mr. Donnelly's theory that Bacon wrote the Shakespeare plays and concealed a cipher in them is vigorously contested by Dr. William J. Rolfe, the well-known Shakespearean scholar, who points out a multitude of Donnelly's inconsistencies and mistakes. Admiral Luce, U. S. N., writes on "How Shall We Man Our Ships?" and Dr. John S. Billings, Surgeon United States Army, on "Vital Statistics of the Jews." Some "Reminiscences of American Hotels" are set forth by Max O'Rell with his usual vivaciousness. Erastus Wiman returns to the question, "Can We Coerce Canada?" A political union he regards as out of the question, at least for this generation—and well he may. "The Late Financial Crisis" is discussed by Henry Clews in a vigorous way. Notes and Comments are full and attractive, and appear in larger type than heretofore.

LITERARY AND PERSONAL GOSSIP.

THE WEEK is sincerely grateful for the warm and kindly greetings which it is receiving from representative and popular journals—the established exponents of progressive public opinion—throughout Canada. In our respective spheres it is our aim and duty to exalt the tone of Canadian thought, to advance Canadian interests, and, above all, to uphold our country's honour. In finance, politics, literature, in all the varied walks of journalistic life, we can not only build up our common cause, but we can also aid and cheer one another by that which costs but little, though it often accomplishes much, a kindly word.

THE prospectus of the *Overland Monthly*, for 1891, promises an advance all along the line.

MR. F. T. PALGRAVE has just been re-elected to the Oxford Chair of Poetry for a second term of five years.

MR. GRANT ALLEN is to contribute a series of scientific articles to *Great Thoughts* commencing with the New Year.

LADY VIOLET GREVILLE and Mr. W. Davenport Adams have been appointed joint-editors of *Life*. The gentleman is also the responsible manager of the paper.

AN ardent tree planter is Joaquin Miller, who has already set out more than twenty thousand trees in the vicinity of his home, "The Heights," near Oakland, Cal.

Free Russia, the organ of the English "Society of Friends of Russian Freedom," presents a cheap and available means of information on a subject which is arousing the eager interest of all lovers of civilized freedom.

The *Monist* for January will be a very attractive number. Professor Charles Pierce will unfold his new philosophy in "The Architecture of Theories." There will be other able articles by well known writers.

HARPER AND BROTHERS have nearly ready for publication an "Elementary Latin Dictionary," by Charlton T. Lewis, Ph.D. The work is substantially an abridgment of Dr. Lewis' larger work published about a year ago.

D. LOTHROP COMPANY announce as among the first books of 1891 to appear early in January: "Miss Dee Dunmore Bryant," by Pansy; "Ways and Means," by Rev. F. E. Clark, D.D., and "A Modern Exodus," by Faye Huntington.

VICTORIEN SARDOU, the French playwright, is entering his sixtieth year in robust and vigorous health. He has never been ill, and attributes his immunity from disease to the fact that he takes eight hours' sleep every night and is never bothered by his digestion.

A LETTER of James Russell Lowell to the University of Pennsylvania, explaining that illness prevents him keeping certain lecture engagements, calls to mind that this distinguished poet and diplomat is full seventy-two years old, and looks back, and not forward, to the best work of his life.

PROFESSOR SCHURMAN of Cornell has had in mind for some time the publication of a philosophical magazine, to be in America what *Mind* is in England. The trustees have voted a subsidy for the carrying out of this plan, and next year the *Philosophical Review* will be published under the editorship of Professor Schurman.

CARDINAL GIBBONS, Dr. Mary Jacobi, Dr. Osler (physician in chief of Johns Hopkins Hospital), Miss Thomas (Dean of Bryn Mawr), and Dr. Folsom, of Boston, all take part in a most interesting series of Open Letters to be published in the *February Century*, on the opening of the Johns Hopkins Medical School to women.

WE wish to express our pleasure with that bright and clever monthly paper, *Wives and Daughters*, conducted by Mrs. John Cameron and Miss Ethelwyn Wetherald. It is a credit to Canadian journalism, and if purity of tone, literary excellence and general interest count for anything in Canada—and we think they do—*Wives and Daughters* will have a long, useful, and, may we add, profitable existence.

If a novelist feels played out, all he has to do, according to a contemporary, is to buy a plot. There are persons, it says, "gifted with no faculty of writing who for a small sum are prepared to contrive you all the involutions and evolutions of a story, with a full complement of heroes, villains, lovers, heavy fathers, scheming mothers, and all the rest of it." They are much too modest, however, to wish to pose as collaborators.

In *The Forum* for January, Dr. Austin Flint, of New York, will publish an article on "The Revolution in Medicine." Dr. Flint explains the method not only of Dr. Koch's treatment for consumption, but the probable early extension of a similar system of treatment to most of the other diseases that are caused by bacilli, such as diphtheria, typhoid fever, and measles. This is perhaps the first comprehensive and philosophical explanation that has been made for lay readers of the practical applications of the results of bacteriology.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

- Alcock, C. W. Association Football. 30c. London: George Bell & Sons.
- Bell, Ernest. M.A. Athletic Sports. Vol. III. \$1.25. London: George Bell & Sons.
- Green, R. F. Solo Whist. 30c. London: George Bell & Sons.
- Onnet, Georges. Countess Sarah. Toronto: William Bryce.
- Uakes, Christopher. The Canadian Senator. 30c. Toronto: The National Publishing Co.

READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

SUNSET BY THE SEA.

ALONG the ocean's distant line
A fringe of snowy lace extends;
The calm blue billows have a sign
Of farewell as the sun descends.

Long tongues of water lap the sands—
Decked in gay pebbly filligree;
And o'er the vernal meadow lands,
The wind brings twilight from the sea.

The golden glimmer in the sky
Is mirrored in the waves below;
And many a richly gleaming dye
Is folded in their ebb and flow.

The heavy clouds scud o'er the vault,
As if the blushing sun to hide;
While lagging vapours slyly halt,
Then journey downward toward the tide.

And nearer to the noisy shoals
The spumy surges madly leap;
Flanked by the stronger wave that rolls
Behind, from the far sounding deep.

The pungent, salty breezes stray
Along the silent, darkling beach;
And soon the glory of the day
Night puts beyond all mortal reach.

—Leon Mead, in the *Saturday Review*.

FASTING.

IN connection with Professor Moleschott of Rome, Professor Luciani, of Florence, made a careful study of the "Hunger Virtuoso," Signor Succi, during his thirty-days' fast some two years ago. The results of their work are published in a monograph entitled "Fasting: Studies and Experiments upon Man," printed in Italian and German. According to the *Medical Record*, Signor Succi, when not starved, is a man of strong muscular frame, with little subcutaneous fat, and weighing about one hundred and forty-seven pounds. During his thirty-days' fast in Italy he lost 6,161 grams, or about thirteen pounds. During his first thirty days of fasting here he has lost considerably more. He drank at that time an average of 577.5 grams of water daily, which is about the amount he takes now. Luciani states that he had "firm muscles, a good deposit of subcutaneous fat, a very slow tissue-change, and, above all, an extraordinary force of will." The Italian professor seems to think that by voluntary exertion Succi is able to slow down the metabolic processes, just as some peculiarly endowed persons can slow down the heart. It is upon this interesting point that Luciani particularly dwells; and he finds in Signor Succi a proof of the regulating influence of the nervous system over the functions of heat-production, respiration, hepatic action, etc.—*Science*.

UNITED STATES' CIVIC GOVERNMENT.

WITHOUT the slightest exaggeration we may assert that, with very few exceptions, the city governments of the United States are the worst in Christendom—the most expensive, the most inefficient, and the most corrupt. Among our greater municipalities, we naturally look first at New York and Philadelphia. Both are admirably situated; each stands on rising ground with water on both sides; each is happy in position, in climate, in all the advantages to be desired by a great metropolis. In each, what is done by individuals is generally well and sometimes splendidly done; and in each, what is done by the corporate authorities in matters the most essential to a proper city government is either wretchedly done or left utterly undone. Everywhere are wretched wharves, foul docks, inadequate streets, and inefficient systems of sewerage, paving, and lighting. Pavements which were fairly good at the beginning have been taken up and replaced with utter carelessness, and have been prematurely worn out or ruined. Obstacles of all sorts are allowed; tangled networks of wires frequently exist in such masses overhead as to prevent access to buildings in case of fire, and almost to cut off the rays of the sun. Here and there corporations or private persons have been allowed to use the streets in such a manner as to ruin them for the general public. In wet weather many of the most important thoroughfares are covered with reeking mud; in dry weather this mud, reduced to an impalpable dust, containing the germs of almost every disease, is blown into the houses and into the nostrils of the citizens. But this is not the worst feature; the city halls of these larger towns are the acknowledged centres of the vilest corruption.—*Andrew D. White, in December Forum*.

HAPPY ACCIDENTS.

THE shot tower of modern times is said to have been the accidental result of a curious dream. A shot maker named Watts lived in Bristol, England. He plied his trade in the usual way, taking great bars of lead, pounding them into sheets of the necessary thickness, then cutting the sheets into small cubes, which he rolled in a little barrel until the corners were worn off by constant friction.

One night he dreamed that he had been at a merry-making, and that the revellers were all trying to find their way home, when it began to rain shot; beautiful globules, polished and shining, fell at his feet. Next morning remembering his dream, he wondered what would happen if molten lead were thrown down from a great height. At length he carried a ladle full of the hot metal to the steeple of St. Mary Redcliffe, and dropped it into the moat below. On descending, he found at the bottom of the shallow pool handfuls of perfect shot, superior to any he had ever manufactured. His fortune was made from that moment; he had conceived the idea of a shot tower. Argand invented the lamp which bears his name by long processes of thought, but the chimney which perfected his invention was the result of chance. One day he was busy in his workroom before the burning lamp. His little brother was amusing himself by placing a bottomless oil-flask over different articles. Suddenly he placed it on the flame of the lamp, which immediately shot up the long, circular neck of the flask with increased brilliancy. Argand took the hint, and the modern lamp-chimney was the result. The art of lithographing was perfected through accidental suggestions. A poor musician was anxious to know whether music could be etched upon stone as well as upon copper. After preparing a slab his mother asked him to make a memorandum of some clothes to be washed. Having neither pen nor paper convenient, he wrote the list on the stone with an etching preparation, intending to make a copy at his leisure. When about to clean off the stone he wondered what effect aqua-fortis would have upon it. The application of the acid made the writing stand out in relief. Inking the stone, he found he could take a perfect impression.

THE DIAMOND.

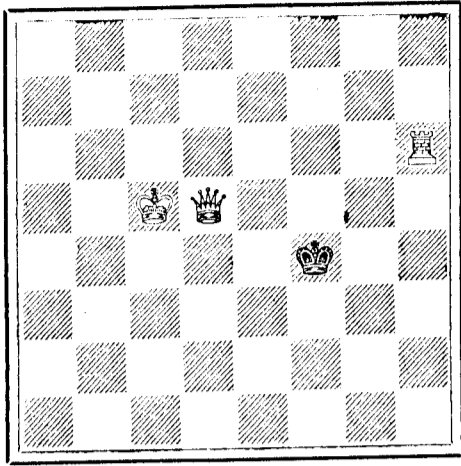
THE diamond has been so long regarded as a natural crystalline form of carbon that one remembers with surprise that this assumption rests on such slender scientific support as the similarity of atomic weight, and the property of its gaseous combustion product to cause a precipitate in baryta or lime water. As it appeared not incompatible with this knowledge that the diamond and carbon might bear the same relation to each other as nickel and cobalt, Professor Victor Meyer has suggested the further investigation of the subject. In order to obtain a derivative whose preparation entailed no loss of material and yet admitted of easy determination of its physical constants, Herr Krause led the product of combustion in oxygen gas over red-hot copper oxide and then into ammonia water, from which solution he made the neutral sodium salt. This salt was found to correspond to the chemically pure carbonate in its crystalline form, water of crystallisation, solubility in water, melting point, and electrical conductive power, so that there can remain no doubt as to the identity of the two substances.—*Scientific American*.

TRIUMPHANT SONG.

SOMEWHERE in the forties Grisi and Jenny Lind were singing in different places in London. Those who went into ecstasies over Grisi's "Norma" were the next evening enraptured with Lind's "Casta Diva." Great was the rivalry between them. Finally, the Queen, deeming it a shame that such gifted women should be separated by a mean, unworthy jealousy, requested both to appear at a court concert. Of course, they both came. The Queen warmly welcomed them together for the first time. She gave the signal for the concert to begin. Jenny Lind was the younger, and it was arranged that she should sing first. With perfect confidence in her powers she stepped forward to begin. Chancing to glance at Grisi, she saw the southern woman's malignant gaze fixed on her. The fierce look almost paralysed her. Her courage left her, her voice trembled, everything grew black before her and she almost fell. By the greatest exertion of her will, however, she managed to finish her aria. A painful silence followed its conclusion—a silence that told her of failure. She caught a triumphant expression on Grisi's face. Despite her dazed condition, she quickly realized that failure meant lost glory, disappointed hope, the destruction of happiness, grief and mortification to her family and her friends. Suddenly a soft voice, that seemed to come from heaven, whispered to her, "Sing one of your old songs in your native language." She caught at the thought like an inspiration. The accompanist was striking his final chords. She stepped up to him, asked him to rise, and took the vacant seat. Softly her fingers wandered over the keys in a loving prelude, then she sang. It was a little prayer which she had loved as a child; it belonged to her mother's repertory. She had not sung it for years. As she sang she was no longer in the presence of royalty, but singing to loving friends in her fatherland. No one present understood one word of the "prayer." Gradually the song died away and ended in a soft sob. Again there was a silence—the silence of admiring wonder. The audience sat spellbound. Jenny Lind lifted at last her sweet blue eyes to look into the scornful face that had so disconcerted her at first. There was no fierce expression now; instead a teardrop glistened on the long black lashes. After a moment, with the impulsiveness of a child of the tropics, Grisi crossed to Jenny Lind's side, placed her arm about her, and kissed her warmly, utterly regardless of the admiring audience.

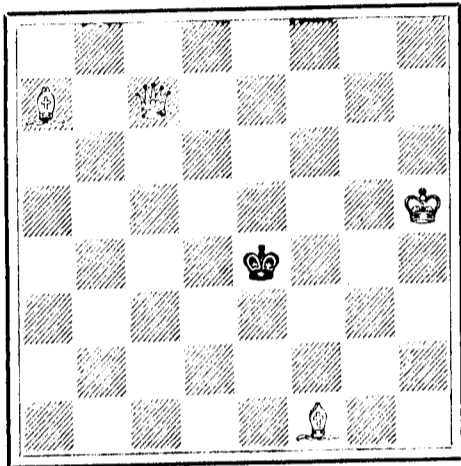
CH E S S.

PROBLEM No. 527.
From N. Y. Tribune.
BLACK.



WHITE.
White to play and mate in three moves.

PROBLEM No. 528.
From N. Y. Tribune.
BLACK.



WHITE.
White to play and mate in two moves.

SOLUTIONS TO PROBLEMS.

- | | | | |
|-----------------|------------------|------------------|------------------|
| No. 527. | | No. 528. | |
| White. | Black. | White. | Black. |
| 1. K-B 6 | 1. K x Kt at Q 3 | 1. K x Kt at Q 5 | 1. K x Kt at Q 3 |
| 2. Kt-B 4 + | 2. K moves | 2. K moves | 2. K moves |
| 3. R or B mates | | 3. R mates | |

GAME PLAYED AT TORONTO CHESS CLUB, DEC. 23rd, 1890,
between A. T. Davison of Toronto and G. S. Deeks of Chatham, Ont.
GUIOCO PIANO.

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

NOTES.

- (a) P-Q 5 was the move here.
- (b) Black takes immediate advantage of White's weak move.
- (c) P x P in passing is best.
- (d) We think here that White should have taken Kt with B then played Q-K 2, and Kt-B 3 and Black could not have saved his pawn.
- (e) Black purposely leaves his pawn to its fate for sake of an attack.
- (f) Too late now to avail.

THE selfish languor and indifference of to-day's possession is the consequence of the selfish ardour of yesterday's pursuit; the scorn and weariness which cries *vanitas vanitatum* is but the lassitude of the sick appetite palled with pleasure.—*Thackeray*.

FOR scrofula in every form Hood's Sarsaparilla is a radical, reliable remedy. It has an unequalled record of cures.

LIFE is misery to thousands of people who have the taint of scrofula in their blood. The agonies caused by the dreadful running sores and other manifestations of this disease are beyond description. There is no remedy equal to Hood's Sarsaparilla for scrofula, salt rheum, and every form of blood disease. It is reasonably sure to benefit all who give it a fair trial. Be sure to get Hood's.

TENNYSON'S PENSION.

"RICHARD MILNES," said Carlyle one day, withdrawing his pipe from his mouth, as they were seated together in the little house in Cheyne Row, "when are you going to get that pension for Alfred Tennyson?"

"My dear Carlyle," responded Milnes, "the thing is not so easy as you seem to suppose. What will my constituents say if I do get the pension for Tennyson? They know nothing about him or his poetry, and they will probably think he is some poor relation of my own, and that the whole affair is a job."

Solemn and emphatic was Carlyle's response.

"Richard Milnes, on the Day of Judgment, when the Lord asks you why you didn't get that pension for Alfred Tennyson, it will not do to lay the blame on your constituents; it is you that will be damned."—*Life and Letters of Lord Houghton by T. Wemyss Reid.*

MOST arts require long study and application, but the most useful art of all, that of pleasing, requires only desire.—*Chesterfield.*

THERE are two ways of establishing your reputation—to be praised by honest men and to be abused by rogues. It is best, however, to secure the former, because it will invariably be accompanied by the latter.—*Colton.*

WHAT A SOMERSET (PA.) COUNTY MAN THINKS OF THE INVALIDS' HOTEL AND SURGICAL INSTITUTE, LOCATED AT BUFFALO, N. Y.—W. H. Miller, of Stoyestown, Pa., who has been suffering for nearly a quarter of a century from an affection of the kidneys, resulting in the necessity for a surgical operation, after consulting and being treated by a number of our own doctors, as well as receiving the treatment and advice of some of the most eminent professional men of the land, finally became acquainted with the above institute, and their mode and means of treatment. After due correspondence with the World's Dispensary Medical Association, the proprietors of the Invalids' Hotel, he was induced to visit said institution. On arriving there and after being fully acquainted with the abundant means they possess, he lost no time in making the necessary arrangements for the required treatment. After remaining for nearly four weeks at the Invalids' Hotel, where you receive the kindest and best treatment, and where patients are loath to leave, after recovery, he returned to his family and friends a cured and happy man. In giving this to the public, Mr. Miller wishes to say that he owes the aforesaid Institute nothing but his best wishes. And the fact that his own success and great relief is due to similar testimonials from others who were successfully treated there for all manner of chronic diseases from every State and Territory of the Union, Canada, Mexico, and South America. It is a marvel of success. He further says, should this fall to the notice of any sufferers from chronic diseases, such as seem to baffle the skill of your own physician—but first and above all give your own physicians a fair and impartial trial, and all the available means offered, as Somerset County may justly feel proud of her medical men, who spare no means nor time in the treatment of all cases entrusted to their charge. And if they fail, in many cases, it will be an act of charity to point you to a place where a probable cure may be effected, which is the humble intent of the above communication. The above Association is courteous, prompt and reliable.—*Somerset (Pa.) Herald.*

Two Handsome Canadian Books for the Holidays.

MRS. HARRISON'S (Seranus) NEW BOOK

PINE, ROSE, AND FLEUR DE LIS.

A collection of Verse, consisting of Down the River, and other Poems. By S. FRANCES HARRISON (Seranus). Beautifully printed in new French-faced type. Taste-fully bound in silk finished cloth, unique design, gilt top. Price, \$1.25; also in white, red and gold, \$1.25.

"This is one of the prettiest and daintiest volumes that we have taken in our hand for many a day, and its contents are as charming as its appearance. . . . The publishers may justly be proud of this beautiful little volume."—*The Week.*

MR. SKEAT'S VOLUME OF POEMS.

THE SONG OF THE EXILE.

Visions and Miscellaneous Poems. By WILFRED S. SKEATS. Handsome crown 8vo volume, cloth, gilt top. Price, \$1.00; also in white, red and gold, \$1.00.

"The Song of the Exile" is a Canadian Epic in five cantos, and is descriptive of the wanderings of an Englishman in Canada from Quebec to the Pacific Coast. Historical incidents connected with each place are given, with notes and historical references. This makes a very suitable Canadian publication for mailing to friends in Britain.

HART & COMPANY, PUBLISHERS,
31 and 33 KING ST. WEST, TORONTO.

THE VALUE

Of Hood's Sarsaparilla as a remedy for Catarrh is daily becoming better known, as people recognize in its use the common-sense method of treating this disease. Local applications can do but little good. Catarrh is constitutional in character and therefore requires a constitutional remedy. Hood's Sarsaparilla attacks the disease at its foundation by eliminating the impurities in the blood which cause and feed it, and by restoring the affected membrane to healthy condition. A book containing full information will be sent free to all who wish it.

THOUGHT SHE HAD CONSUMPTION.

"My daughter has had catarrh for 9 years. She coughed and expectorated so much that every one thought she had consumption. I tried everything I heard of but gained no relief. I sent her to Florida in September for the winter, and there her friends advised her to use Hood's Sarsaparilla. She wrote me that she had taken three bottles and never felt so good in her life."—Mrs. MCKNIGHT, 137 Williamson St., Newport, Ky.

HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA

Sold by all druggists. \$1.00; six for \$5.00. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, LOWELL, MASS.
100 DOSES ONE DOLLAR.

WORTHINGTON CO.'S

NEW SETS OF BOOKS.

Wharton's Wits and Beaux of Society. With preface by Justin H. McCarthy, M.P. Illustrations by H. H. Browne and James Godwin. In 2 vols., 8vo, English edition, 1890, \$5.00.

An inexhaustible mine of anecdotes about Gramont, Chesterfield, St. Simon, Walpole, Selwyn, Duke of Buckingham, and others.

Wharton's The Queens of Society. With preface by Justin H. McCarthy, M.P. Illustrations by C. A. Doyle. In 2 vols., 8vo, English edition, 1890, \$5.00.

Anecdotes and gossip about Lady Montague, Mme. De Sevigne, Mme. Récarnier, Mme. De Staël, La Marquis de Maintenon, and many others.

Wilson's Noctes Ambrosianæ. By Prof. WILSON. With steel portraits, and memoirs of the authors, by R. Shelton Mackenzie, D.C.L., 6 vols., 8vo, including "Christopher North," a memoir of Prof. Wilson, from family papers and other sources, by his daughter, Mrs. Gordon. Cloth, \$9.00.

Most singular and delightful outpouring of criticism, politics and descriptions of feeling, character and scenery, of verse and prose, of eloquence, and especially of wild fun.

Napoleon. Memoirs of Life, Exile and Conversations of the Emperor Napoleon. By the Count de Las Cases, with eight steel portraits, maps and illustrations. 4 vols., 8vo, cloth, \$6.00.

Napoleon in Exile; or, A Voice from St. Helena. Opinions and reflections of Napoleon on the most important events of his life and government, in his own words. By BARRY E. O'MEARA, his late surgeon. Portrait of Napoleon, after Delarocche, and a view of St. Helena, on steel, 2 vols., 8vo, cloth, \$3.00.

Napier's Peninsular War. By W. F. P. NAPIER. With fifty-five maps, plans of battles and five portraits on steel. 5 vols., 8vo, \$7.50.

The most valuable record of that war which England waged against the power of Napoleon.

Gray. The Works of Thomas Gray, in Prose and Verse. Edited by Edmund Gosse, with portraits, fac-similes, etc. 4 vols., 8vo, cloth, gilt top, \$6.00.

"Every lover of English literature will welcome the works of Gray from the hands of an editor so accomplished as Mr. Gosse."—*London Athenæum.*

W. Heimbürg's Novels. New uniform edition. With photogravure illustrations. 8 vols., half morocco, \$10.00.

Taine (H. A.). History of English Literature. Translated by H. Van Laun, with introductory essay and notes by R. H. Stoddard, and steel and photogravure portraits by eminent engravers and artists. 4 handsome 8vo volumes, cloth, white labels, \$7.50. The same in 2 volumes, cloth, white label, \$3.75.

Browning (Elizabeth Barrett). Poems. The most satisfactory American edition issued, printed from excellent type on paper of superior quality. With introductory essay by Henry T. Tuckerman. 3 vols., 8vo, gilt tops, \$5.25.

Rotteck (Chas. Von, LL.D.). The History of the World. A general history of all nations at all times. New edition revised. Illustrated with numerous full page engravings. 4 vols. large 8vo, cloth, gilt extra, \$7.50; half morocco or half calf, \$15.00.

Old Spanish Romances. English edition, including "Don Quixote," 4 vols.; "Gil Blas," 3 vols.; "Lazarillo de Tormes," 2 vols.; "Asmodius," "Bachelor of Salamanca," "Gonzales," in all 12 vols., 8vo, cloth, \$21.00. The same 12 vols., in half rox., gilt top, \$24.00.

"This prettily printed and prettily illustrated collection of Spanish romances, deserve their welcome from all students of seventeenth century literature."—*The Times.*

NEW AND SPECIAL EDITION OF THACKERAY. Thackeray's Complete Works. New edition printed from new type. Edition de Luxe, with upwards of 1,500 illustrations printed on India paper. 20 handsome vols., 8vo, cloth, paper title, edges uncut, \$70.00.

Payne's Arabian Nights. 9 vols., vellum, English edition, \$67.50.

WORTHINGTON COMPANY,
747 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.



READY EARLY IN DECEMBER.

A TRIUMPH

Of Canadian Skill,

A MARVEL

Of Artistic and Literary Excellence,

A SOUVENIR

Unequalled in beauty and wealth of illustration.

THE

CHRISTMAS NUMBER

OF THE

DOMINION ILLUSTRATED

Will be the Most Superb Holiday Issue ever brought out in England or America.

COLOURED SUPPLEMENTS

in profusion and unsurpassed for beauty and richness of tint.

ILLUSTRATIONS

of a style unequalled for artistic design and finish.

READING MATTER

by the leading writers of Canada. FICTION of the highest and most engrossing type. POEMS—Most charming specimens of imagery. MISCELLANEOUS ARTICLES of great value and interest to all.

It will show to the world what Canadian talent can do, and no better Christmas gift can be sent to friends in all parts of the world than

The Christmas Number OF THE Dominion Illustrated

The EDITION IS LIMITED and the work cannot be reprinted.

THE SABISTON LITHO. & PUB. CO., Publishers, MONTREAL.

FOR SALE BY ALL BOOKSELLERS AND NEWSDEALERS.

Confederation Life

ORGANIZED 1871. HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO

REMEMBER, AFTER THREE YEARS

Policies are Incontestable

Free from all Restrictions as to Residence, Travel or Occupation.

PAID-UP POLICY AND CASH SURRENDER VALUE GUARANTEED IN EACH POLICY.

The New Annuity Endowment Policy

AFFORDS ABSOLUTE PROTECTION AGAINST EARLY DEATH

PROVIDES AN INCOME IN OLD AGE, AND IS A GOOD INVESTMENT.

Policies are non-forfeitable after the payment of two full annual Premiums. Profits, which are unexacted by any Company doing business in Canada, are allocated every five years from the issue of the policy, or at longer periods as may be selected by the insured.

Profits so allocated are absolute, and not liable to be reduced or recalled at any future time under any circumstances.

Participating Policy-holders are entitled to not less than 90 per cent. of the profits earned in their class and for the past seven years have actually received 5 per cent. of the profits so earned.

W. C. MACDONALD,
Actuary.

J. K. MACDONALD,
Managing Director.

CONSUMPTION SURELY CURED

TO THE EDITOR:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and Post Office Address. Respectfully, **T. A. SLOCUM,** M.C., 188 West Adelaide St., TORONTO, ONTARIO.

ELIAS ROGERS & CO. (—)
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN
COAL AND WOOD.

HEAD OFFICE:—90 KING STREET WEST.

BRANCH OFFICES:—400 Yonge Street, 765 Yonge Street, 552 Queen Street West, 44 Queen Street East
YARDS AND BRANCH OFFICES:—Esplanade East, near Berkeley Street; Esplanade foot of Princess Street; Bathurst Street, nearly opposite Front Street.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

The Cheapest and Best Medicine for Family Use in the World.

CURES AND PREVENTS

COLDS, COUGHS, SORE THROATS, INFLAMMATION, RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, HEADACHE, TOOTH-ACHE, ASTHMA, DIFFICULT BREATHING, INFLUENZA.

CURES THE WORST PAINS in from one to twenty minutes. NOT ONE HOUR after reading this advertisement need any one SUFFER WITH PAIN.

INTERNALLY.

From 30 to 60 drops in half a tumbler of water will, in a few moments, cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Nausea, Vomiting, Heartburn, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Sick Headache, Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Cholera Morbus, Colic, Flatulency, and all Internal Pains.

MALARIA

Chills and Fever, Fever and Ague Conquered.

There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure fever and ague and all other malarious, bilious and other fevers, aided by RADWAY'S PILLS, so quickly as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF. Price 25c. per bottle. Sold by druggists.

Dr. RADWAY'S

Sarsaparillian Resolvent

A SPECIFIC FOR SCROFULA.

Builds up the broken-down constitution, purifies the blood, restoring health and vigor. Sold by druggists. \$1 a bottle.

Dr. RADWAY'S PILLS

For **DYSPEPSIA** and for the cure of all the disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Constipation, Biliousness, Headache, etc. Price 25 cents.

DR. RADWAY & Co., Montreal.



ROYAL YEAST

Is Canada's Favorite Yeast Cakes. 10 years in the market without a complaint of any kind. The only Yeast which has stood the test of time and never made sour, unwholesome bread. All Grocers sell it. T. GILLET, M.F.R. TORONTO, ONT. & CHICAGO, ILL.

SCIENTIFIC BOOKS.

RACES AND PEOPLES. By Danl. G. Brinton, M.D. \$1.75.

"We strongly recommend Dr. Brinton's 'Races and Peoples.'"—*Asiatic Quarterly*. "His book is an excellent one."—*The Monist*. "A useful and really interesting work."—*Brighton (Eng.) Herald*. "This volume is most stimulating."—*The New York Times*.

THE WINNIPEG COUNTRY. By A. Rochester Fellow (S. H. Scudder). \$1.50.

FACT AND THEORY PAPERS.

- I. The Suppression of Consumption. By G. W. Hambleton. 40 cents.
 - II. The Society and the "Fad." By Ap-pton Morgan. 20 cents.
 - III. Protoplasm and Life. By C. F. Cox. 75 cents.
 - IV. The Cherokees in Pre-Columbian Times. By Cyrus Thomas. \$1.00.
 - V. The Tornado. By H. A. Hazen. \$1.00.
 - VI. Time Relations of Mental Phenomena. By Joseph Jastrow. 50 cents.
 - VII. Household Hygiene. By Mary Taylor Bissell, M.D. 75 cents.
- Others in Preparation.

PERIODICALS.

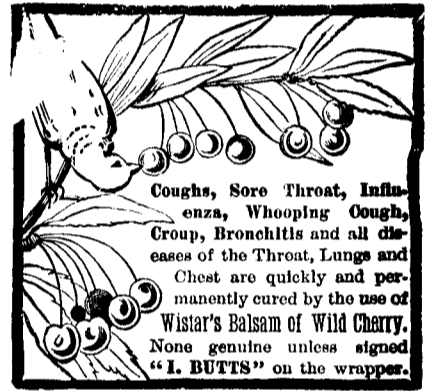
Quarterly Journal of Microscopy and Natural Science. Edited by Alfred Allen and William Spiers. \$1.75 per year.

Science (weekly). \$3.50 per year.

Among recent contributors may be named: A. Melville Bell, Joseph Jastrow, G. Stanley Hall, R. H. Thurston, H. T. Cresson, Lieut. Bradley A. Fiske, John T. Stoddard, Charles S. Minot, Jacques W. Redway, Robert H. Lamborn, Edgar Richards, H. A. Hazen, Cyrus Thomas, T. C. Chamberlin, A. E. Dolbear, W. M. Davis, John C. Branner, G. Brown Goode, Burt G. Wilder, Godfrey W. Hambleton, M.D., J. Mark Baldwin, Philip G. Gillett, James L. Howe, Daniel S. Fay, T. C. Mendenhall.

N. D. C. HODGES, Publisher,

47 LAFAYETTE PLACE, - NEW YORK.



Coughs, Sore Throat, Influenza, Whooping Cough, Croup, Bronchitis and all diseases of the Throat, Lungs and Chest are quickly and permanently cured by the use of **Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry.** None genuine unless signed "I. BUTTS" on the wrapper.

Chronic

Catarrh destroys the sense of smell and taste, consumes the cartilages of the nose, and, unless properly treated, hastens its victim into Consumption. It usually indicates a scrofulous condition of the system, and should be treated, like chronic ulcers and eruptions, through the blood. The most obstinate and dangerous forms of this disagreeable disease

Can be

cured by taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla. **I have always been more or less troubled with Scrofula, but never seriously until the spring of 1882. At that time I took a severe cold in my head, which, notwithstanding all efforts to cure grew worse, and finally became a chronic Catarrh. It was accompanied with terrible headaches, deafness, a continual coughing, and with great soreness of the lungs. My throat and stomach were so polluted with the mass of corruption from my head that Loss of Appetite, Dyspepsia, and Emaciation totally unfitted me for business. I tried many of the so-called specifics for this disease, but obtained no relief until I commenced taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla. After using two bottles of this medicine, I noticed an improvement in my condition. When I had taken six bottles all traces of Catarrh disappeared, and my health was completely restored.—A. B. Cornell, Fairfield, Iowa.

For thoroughly eradicating the poisons of Catarrh from the blood, take

Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

It will restore health and vigor to decaying and diseased tissues, when everything else fails.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Catarrh

Is usually the result of a neglected "cold in the head," which causes an inflammation of the mucous membrane of the nose. Unless arrested, this inflammation produces Catarrh which, when chronic, becomes very offensive. It is impossible to be otherwise healthy, and, at the same time, afflicted with Catarrh. When promptly treated, this disease may be

Cured

by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. **I suffered, for years, from chronic Catarrh. My appetite was very poor, and I felt miserably. None of the remedies I took afforded me any relief, until I commenced using Ayer's Sarsaparilla, of which I have now taken five bottles. The Catarrh has disappeared, and I am growing strong and stout again; my appetite has returned, and my health is fully restored.—Susan L. W. Cook, 909 Albany street, Boston Highlands, Mass.

I was troubled with Catarrh, and all its attendant evils, for several years. I tried various remedies, and was treated by a number of physicians, but received no benefit until I commenced taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla. A few bottles of this medicine cured me of this troublesome complaint, and completely restored my health and strength.—Jesse Boggs, Holman's Mills, Albermarle, N. C.

If you would strengthen and invigorate your system more rapidly and surely than by any other medicine, use Ayer's Sar-

aparilla. It is the safest and most reliable of all blood purifiers. No other remedy is so effective in cases of chronic Catarrh.

Sold by all Druggists. Price \$1; six bottles, \$5.

HEALTH FOR ALL!!

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS

Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the

LIVER, STOMACH, KIDNEYS AND BOWELS.

They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For children and the aged they are priceless.

Manufactured only at **THOMAS HOLLOWAY'S Establishment, 78 New Oxford St., London;** And sold by all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

N.B.—Advice gratis, at the above address, daily, between the hours of 11 and 4, or by letter.

All the year round, you may rely upon Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery to purify the blood and invigorate the system. It's not like the sarsaparillas, that are said to be good for the blood in March, April and May. The "Golden Medical Discovery" works equally well at all times, and in all cases of blood-taints, or humors, no matter what their name or nature.

It's the *cheapest* blood-purifier, sold through druggists, because you only pay for the good you get.

Your money is returned if it doesn't benefit or cure you.

Can you ask more? "Golden Medical Discovery" contains no alcohol to inebriate, and no syrup or sugar to derange digestion.

It's a concentrated vegetable extract; put up in large bottles; pleasant to the taste, and equally good for adults or children.

The "Discovery" cures all Skin, Scalp and Scrofulous affections, as Eczema, Tetter, Salt-rheum, Fever-sores, White Swellings, Hip-joint disease and kindred ailments.

IMPERIAL
CREAM TARTAR
BAKING POWDER
PUREST, STRONGEST, BEST,
 CONTAINS NO Alum, Ammonia, Lime, Phosphates, OR ANY INJURIOUS SUBSTANCE.
E. W. GILLETT, TORONTO, ONT. CHICAGO, ILL.
 MANUFACTURER OF THE CELEBRATED ROYAL PASTRY CAKES.

TAR & TOLU
 FOR ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, HOARSENESS, COUGHS AND COLDS, PNEUMONIA, WHOOPING COUGH.
 25 CENTS

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.
W. BAKER & CO.'S
Breakfast Cocoa
 Is absolutely pure and it is soluble.
No Chemicals
 are used in its preparation. It has more than three times the strength of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical, costing less than one cent a cup. It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, EASILY DIGESTED, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.
 Sold by Grocers everywhere.
W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

Stop that CHRONIC COUGH NOW!

For if you do not it may become consumptive. For Consumption, Scrofula, General Debility and Wasting Diseases, there is nothing like

SCOTT'S EMULSION

Of Pure Cod Liver Oil and HYPOPHOSPHITES Of Lime and Soda.

It is almost as palatable as milk. Far better than other so-called Emulsions. A wonderful flesh producer.

SCOTT'S EMULSION is put up in a salmon color wrapper. Be sure and get the genuine. Sold by all Dealers at 50c. and \$1.00. SCOTT & BOWNE, Belleville.

The Home Savings and Loan Company (Limited).

DIVIDEND No. 23.

Notice is hereby given that a Dividend at the rate of SEVEN PER CENT. per annum has this day been declared upon the paid up capital stock of the Company for the half year ending 31st December inst., and that the same will be payable at the Company's Office, No. 78 Church Street, Toronto, on and after the 2nd January prox.

The transfer books will be closed from the 16th to 31st December inst., both days inclusive.

By order of the Board.

JAMES MASON, Manager.

Toronto, 13th December, 1890.

H. H. DAVIDSON, V.S., V.D. W. M. DAVIDSON

WEST END VETERINARY INFIRMARY, CAB, LIVERY AND SALE STABLES.

TELEPHONE 5006. All orders will receive prompt attention.

DAVIDSON BROS.

188 STRACHAN AVE. NOTICE.—Agents for B. J. Nash & Co., London. Carriages of all kinds on hand.

THE STUDIO.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.—Weekly, with all full-page supplements, etc., \$5.00 a year in advance, or \$2.75 half yearly in advance, post paid to any part of the United States or Canada. Extra for postage to foreign countries comprised in the Postal Union, \$1.00 on yearly and 50cents on half-yearly subscriptions.

First or main edition of the month, with all full-page supplements, etc., \$3.00 a year in advance, or \$1.75 half-yearly in advance, post paid to any part of the United States or Canada. Extra for postage to foreign countries comprised in the Postal Union, 50cents on yearly and 25cts. on half yearly subscriptions.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.—Our card advertising rates will be forwarded on application.

Address all communications, and make money orders, drafts, etc., payable to

THE STUDIO PUBLISHING CO. 864 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY.

DAWES & CO.

Brewers and Maltsters, LACHINE, - P.Q.

OFFICES: 521 ST. JAMES ST., MONTREAL. 20 BUCKINGHAM ST., HALIFAX. 383 WELLINGTON ST., OTTAWA.

TO SUBSCRIBERS!

Those who wish to keep their copies of THE WEEK in good condition, and have them on hand for reference, should use a Binder. We can send by mail

A STRONG PLAIN BINDER For \$1.00. Postage prepaid.

These Binders have been made expressly for THE WEEK, and are of the best manufacture. The papers can be placed in the Binder week by week, thus keeping the file complete. Address,

OFFICE OF THE WEEK, 5 Jordan Street, Toronto

BAD LIVER AND JAUNDICE



Was troubled for years with bad liver and became yellow with jaundice. I heard about

St. Leon MINERAL WATER.

Went to the Springs and got entirely well. That is four years ago, have used the water ever since, and have the finest health I could desire. Never enjoyed life more, also my skin regained its

natural colour.

MRS. JOHN MASSI, Boxton Falls.

THE ST. LEON MINERAL WATER CO., Limited,

1014 KING STREET WEST.

Branch Office—161 Yonge St., TORONTO.



Provident Life and Live Stock Association.

CHIEF OFFICE

48 QUEEN STREET EAST, TORONTO

INCORPORATED.

A MUTUAL BENEFIT ASSOCIATION

IN THE LIFE DEPARTMENT

Indemnity provided for SICKNESS or ACCIDENT and substantial assistance in the time of bereavement.

IN THE LIVE STOCK DEPARTMENT

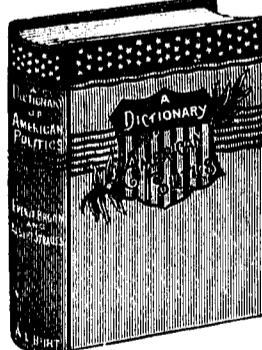
Two-thirds the loss by death of LIVE STOCK of its members through disease or accident. Also for depreciation in value for accidental injury.

Those interested send for prospectuses, etc. RELIABLE AGENTS WANTED.

WILLIAM JONES, Managing Director.

DICTIONARY OF AMERICAN POLITICS

Comprising accounts of Political Parties Men and Measures, Explanations of the Constitution, Divisions and Political workings of the Government, together with Political Phrases, familiar Names of Persons and Places, Noteworthy Sayings, etc. By EVERETT BROWN and ALBERT STRAUSS 565 pages. Cloth binding



Senator John Sherman says:—"I have to acknowledge the receipt of a copy of your 'Dictionary of American Politics.' I have looked it over, and find it a very excellent book of reference which every American family ought to have." Sent post paid on receipt of \$1.00.

OXFORD PUBLISHING CO'Y., 5 JORDAN ST., TORONTO.

COAL AND WOOD



CONGER COAL CO., Limited, General Office 6 King St. East.

"We do not see how any college or school in America can spare this magazine from its reference library for teachers and pupils. Its influence in every branch of literature and study is remarkable."—The Southern Educator.

Magazine of American History BEGINNING OF 25TH VOLUME. CONTENTS FOR JAN., 1891.

Portrait of J hn Ericsson. Frontispiece. **John Ericsson, the Builder of the Monitor, 1803-1889.** Illustrated. Mrs. Martha J. Lamb. **The Bladenburgh Duelling Ground.** Illustrated, Milton T. Adkins. **Dr. Lyman Hall, Governor of Georgia, 1783.** Signor of the Declaration of Independence. Colonel Charles C. Jones, Jr., LL.D. **Eloquence of Andrew Johnson.** Hon Charles Aldrich. **The French Army in the Revolutionary War.** Count De Fersen's private letters to his father, 1780-1781. I. Translated from the French by Miss Georgine Holmes. **The Original Treasury Accounting Office.** Orrin B. Hallam. **Isaac Jogues, A.D. 1636.** A Poem. Hon. James Phinney Baxter, President of the Maine Historical Society. **The United States Flag.** General J. Madison Drake. **Capital Punishment in 1749.** Bauman L. Belden. **Minor Topics, Notes, Queries, Replies, Societies, Book Notices.** Sold by newsdealers everywhere. Terms \$5 a year, or 50 cents a number. PUBLISHED AT

743 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY.

Every Person Reads THE EMPIRE, CANADA'S LEADING NEWSPAPER

THE EMPIRE has now the largest circulation of any morning paper published in Canada, and is therefore the BEST ADVERTISING MEDIUM in the Dominion.

THE DAILY, sent to any address in Canada, United States or Great Britain, one year for \$5.00.

THE WEEKLY, \$1.00 per year in advance.

Address all communications, **EMPIRE PRINTING & PUBLISHING CO.** TORONTO, ONT. **D. CREIGHTON,** - Manager.



THE GREAT REMEDY

By destroying all living poisonous germs in the blood,

Radam Microbe Killer

Is a sure and safe cure for all diseases of the

Throat and Lungs, Kidneys, Liver and Stomach, Female Complaints, and for all forms of Skin Diseases.

Make inquiries, no charge, convincing testimonials at hand. Ask your druggist for it, or write to

WM. RADAM MICROBE KILLER CO., LIMITED.

120 KING ST. WEST, - TORONTO, ONT. Beware of impostors. See trade mark

MUSICAL COURIER, NEW YORK

ESTABLISHED IN 1860: The most Influential and Powerful Musical Weekly in America. Contributors in all the great art centres of Europe and America.

Subscription (including postage) \$4.00 yearly in advance.

BLUMENBERG AND FLOERSIEM EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

NOTICE

Is hereby given that the Annual General Meeting of the Shareholders of the Denison Mining Company of Ontario, Limited, will be held in the office of the President, No. 209 Yonge St. Toronto, on Friday, 16th day of January, 1891, at the hour of three o'clock in the afternoon, for the purpose of electing Directors of the Company and for the transaction of such other business of the Company as may be brought before the meeting.

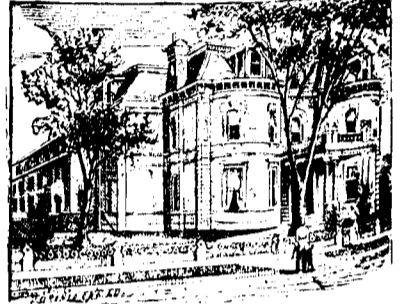
T. R. CLOUGHER, Sec.-Treas.



HUMORS of the BLOOD & SKIN Cured by Cuticura
HUMORS OF THE BLOOD, SKIN, AND Scalp, whether itching, burning, bleeding, scaly, crusted, pimply, blotchy, or copper-colored, with loss of hair, either simple, scrofulous, hereditary, or contagious, are speedily, permanently, economically, and infallibly cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES, consisting of CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Purifier and Beautifier, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier and greatest of Humors Remedies, when the best physicians and all other remedies fail. This is strong language, but true. CUTICURA REMEDIES are the only infallible blood purifiers. Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 75c.; SOAP, 35c.; RESOLVENT, \$1.50. Prepared by Potter Drug and Chemical Corporation, Boston. Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."
 Pimples, blackheads, chapped and oily skin, prevented by CUTICURA SOAP.
 Backache, kidney pains, weakness and rheumatism relieved in one minute by the CUTICURA ANTI-PAIN PLASTER. 30c.

MOULTON LADIES' COLLEGE.

... TORONTO ... (A DEPARTMENT OF MCMASTER UNIVERSITY.)



Winter Term Begins Jan. 6, '91

Art Students residing in the city admitted though not taking other courses. CHILDREN'S CLASSES Saturday morning. Application should be made early to

A. L. SMILEY, M.A., PRINCIPAL, 31 Bloor St. East, Toronto.

BISHOP STRACHAN SCHOOL

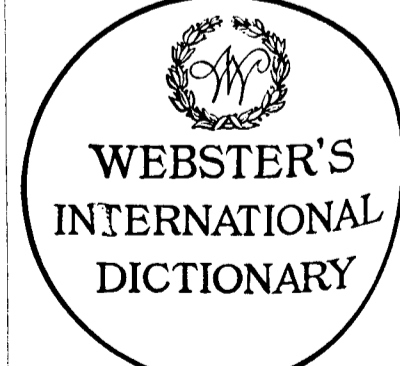
FOR YOUNG LADIES. School Re-opens Wednesday, Jan 14th, 1891.

JOHN H. R. MOLSON & BROS.

ALE AND PORTER BREWERS, No. 1006 Notre Dame St., MONTREAL,

Have always on hand the various kinds of ALE AND PORTER IN WOOD AND BOTTLE. Families Regularly Supplied.

THE NEW WEBSTER JUST PUBLISHED—ENTIRELY NEW.



The Authentic "Unabridged," comprising the issues of 1864, '79 and '84, copyrighted property of the undersigned, is now Thoroughly Revised and Enlarged, and bears the name of **Webster's International Dictionary.** Editorial work upon this revision has been in progress for over 10 Years. Not less than One Hundred paid editorial laborers have been engaged upon it. Over \$300,000 expended in its preparation before the first copy was printed. Critical comparison with any other Dictionary is invited. **GET THE BEST.** **G. & C. MERRIAM & CO.,** Publishers, Springfield, Mass., U. S. A. Sold by all Booksellers. Illustrated pamphlet free.