

# THE WEEK:

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

Seventh Year  
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\$3.00 per Annum.  
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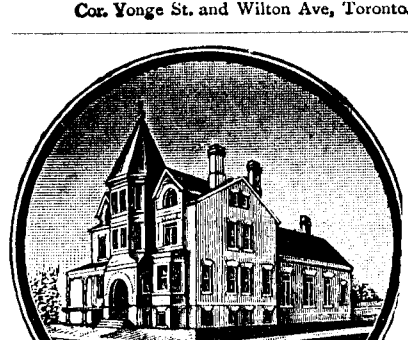
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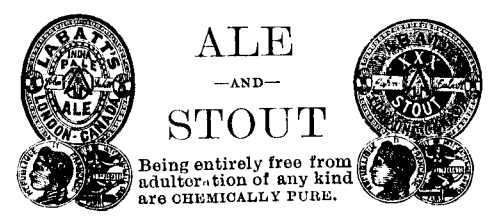
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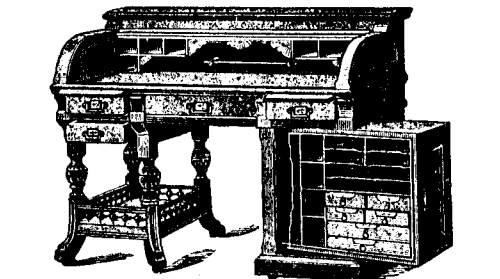


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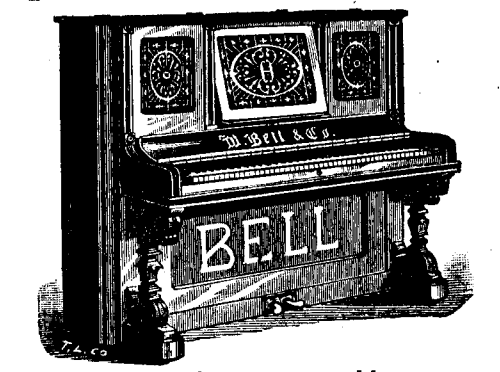
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PIANOS



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# THE WEEK.

Seventh Year.  
Vol. VII, No. 25.

TORONTO, FRIDAY, MAY 23rd, 1890.

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## THE WEEK :

AN INDEPENDENT JOURNAL OF POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND ART

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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.

THOUGH a good many bills of a practical and more or less useful character were passed during the late session of the Canadian Parliament, it cannot be said that any new legislation of a very grave or radical kind was accomplished. The revision of the tariff, mainly in the direction of higher duties, served to show how completely the Protectionist idea has superseded, in the minds of the Government leaders, that of retaliation with a view to reciprocity, which was the original motive of the National Policy. If the Protection theory be accepted, it can hardly be denied that the changes made are, for the most part, logical, and that some of them were necessary. Whether those which had the appearance of being unwisely provocative of retaliation on the part of our neighbours will be followed by any of the disastrous results predicted by Sir Richard Cartwright and others of the Opposition, remains to be seen. Politically the general effect of the increase of taxes has been to make the tariff policy, henceforth, more entirely and exclusively the great dividing line between the two political parties. The broad question of principle underlying this policy will form the chief issue during some, perhaps many, years to come, though the position of the present Opposition must be materially weakened, from the logical point of view, by the fact of its unwillingness or inability to take the real free-trade position. True, on the one hand, the Government Party will always show a lack of full faith in the economical doctrines they now profess, until they have raised their tariff to the prohibitory point on all articles capable of being produced in the Dominion. But, on the other hand, the Opposition will show an equal distrust of their own theories so long as they content themselves with fighting either for a revenue tariff, or for unrestricted reciprocity with the United States and a high tariff against the rest of the world. The proposed establishment of a bureau of labour statistics, if properly carried out, cannot fail to be of great benefit, not only to the labouring classes but to all kinds of industries in the Dominion. Accurate statistics are the indispensable condition of the knowledge needed for wise action, alike by private individuals and companies and by Parliament. The failure to pass the amended Northwest Act is to be regretted, especially if it has the effect of deferring to a later period than that proposed and decreed by Parliament the exercise of the

powers asked for, in reference to the use of a dual language in the Territories. Otherwise the postponement will be the less regrettable if it lead, as seems not improbable, to the passage of a more complete measure.

CAN it be that the Lincoln electors are about to disgrace their constituency and the Dominion by returning to Parliament, on Friday, the author of the Rykert letters, and the man who stands self-convicted, and convicted by a Parliamentary committee, of having sold his political influence for money? We refuse to believe it before the fact. And yet, since the strange defection of Mr. A. H. Pettit, the other conservative candidate, and the equally unaccountable transition of the *St. Catharines' Star*, there is danger of such a catastrophe. It is conjectured that Mr. Rykert's aim is simply to make good his boast on quitting Parliament, and to gain whatever rehabilitation his reelection might be supposed to confer, and that he purposes to escape the otherwise inevitable expulsion by again resigning before the meeting of Parliament. Should this conjecture prove correct it will make the matter all the worse for the constituency. Its sympathy with political dishonesty and baseness must needs be very deep indeed before it could lend itself to such a farce and incur all the trouble, expense and obloquy its action would entail. But we hope and expect better things from the electors of St. Catharines and the county of Lincoln, notwithstanding the partisan infatuation and seeming moral obliquity which made Mr. Rykert's return possible at the last election, when so much was already known about the most disreputable transaction of which he is now paying the penalty. Under ordinary circumstances there would be a spice of cruelty in reverting in this way to an offender after the severest punishment had been meted out, but so long as that offender not only maintains an attitude of defiance, but even seeks to make a Parliamentary riding a second time a party to his dishonour, so long will it be the duty of every journal which prizes purity in public life to denounce the culprit. After all, it is possible that the Conservative Party needs the further discipline which might be gained were Mr. Rykert to be reelected and take his seat in the House. One of the most healthful and hopeful symptoms of reaction from the low state of political morality into which Parliament has fallen has been that pressure of public opinion, in the House, and in the country, which forced those investigations into old scandals, which were the marked feature of the late session. But the work is only begun. Other charges of equal turpitude are pending, and will demand inquiry on the reassembling of Parliament. No better spur to prick the sides of an honest intent could be thought of than the presence of Mr. Rykert, to demand in person an answer to his question as to why he should be singled out for punishment, when others, equally guilty of helping themselves or their friends from the public crib, go unscathed? If the sore has been but pricked it is the more needful that it should be probed to the bottom. Health cannot be restored otherwise.

WE remarked incidentally last week that the alleged unfair treatment of Canadian architects by the Mowat Government, in connection with the construction of the new Parliament buildings, was a transaction of which we had never seen a satisfactory explanation or defence. The *Canadian Architect* for May has just come to hand with what purports to be a statement of the facts, so far as known to the public. We are bound to say that, if this narrative is substantially correct, the architects in question have good ground for complaint, and the statement put forth on behalf of the Government that Mr. Waite "secured the appointment after a fair competition, expert judges deciding that his plans were the best," merits the strong epithets which the *Architect* applies to it. Let us premise, however, that we have no sympathy with any such notions of patriotism, or protection to native talent, as would accept in any such case anything less than the very best skill available. To appoint an inferior man to any position requiring knowledge, skill or ability of a high order, because of his Canadian or Provincial birth, would be, in our opinion, not only to violate sound economic principles, but to pay a very poor compliment and do a decided injury to the Canadian institution or profession

concerned. But in this case, so far as appears, the opposite vice was committed. We have no space to give the details as set down in the *Architect*, but the gravamen of the charge is that after adopting the report of a committee of experts appointed to decide upon the merits of the plans submitted by competing architects, such report being to the effect that one of two plans should be accepted, the Government handed those two plans to Mr. Waite, himself one of the committee of experts, that he might report as to which of the two was preferable, and that, after long delay, Mr. Waite, instead of reporting in favour of either, made a report which resulted in the adoption of plans submitted by himself and in his being commissioned to erect the buildings. If it be further the fact that while the competing architects were strictly limited in regard to cost to \$500,000, or thereabout, the plans accepted without competition from Mr. Waite involve a probable expenditure of something like two millions, it is evident that a gross injustice was done to the unsuccessful competitors. Apart from that, it is hard to conceive of anything more out of taste, to put it in the mildest form, than that the expert appointed to decide between competitors, thus occupying a judicial position, should be permitted to enter himself into the competition, and that, too, after seeing the plans submitted, pronounce in favour of his own plan, and himself receive the lucrative job. Other aggravating circumstances are given by the *Architect*. If the facts are not as stated, the Government should make the corrections. In any case, Mr. Mowat owes it to his own good name and that of his colleagues to explain a transaction which certainly stands in need of explanation.

SINCE the above paragraph was written the *Globe* has come to hand with an article which is in substance a reply to the complaints noted. The explanations are only in part satisfactory. The statement that the reports of Mr. Waite and the Government architect, finally condemning the plans of the Toronto architects, would have been made public had those architects desired it, if correct, disposes of the complaints on that score, though it does not explain why the original report, recommending the adoption of one or other of the two plans referred to, was changed. The essential feature of the injustice charged, viz., that the plan accepted from Mr. Waite, without competition, involve an expenditure greatly exceeding the limit imposed upon him as upon the other architects, is certainly not greatly changed by the fact that his fees are still to be estimated on the basis of that limit. The primary design of fixing such a limit was, it may be assumed, not so much to lessen the amount of the architect's fees, as to fix a maximum of cost for the building. It is quite possible that the Toronto architects would have been able to greatly improve their plans had they understood that the limit in regard to cost was meaningless, and yet willing, in view of the magnitude of the undertaking, to accept fees computed on the sum originally named. It certainly was not setting a good business precedent to appoint an architect to prepare plans for a building the cost of which was not to exceed a certain specified sum, and then to accept at his hands plans involving twice or thrice that expense. We are bound to accept Hon. Mr. Fraser's assurance that Mr. Waite could not possibly have supposed, from anything that had passed between him and the Government, that his services would be required in case of the non-acceptance of the other plans, but there is no need to suppose that Mr. Waite was destitute of the ordinary shrewdness required to enable him to see the position in which the Government would be left, and to guess at the probable outcome. In a word, the only sound and safe principle in such a transaction is that it should be understood that under no circumstances can it be possible for the expert employed as judge in a competition of that kind, to receive the appointment himself. To admit such a possibility is not only to subject his award to suspicion, but to subject him to serious temptation. On the whole, it is, we think, to be regretted that the Government lacked the moral courage to say frankly to the Legislature that suitable buildings could not possibly be erected for the sum originally named, to ask for a much larger appropriation, and to call



for new competitive plans. The course pursued has very much the appearance of an attempt to inveigle the Legislature into a much larger expenditure than the Government dared to ask for directly. We have no doubt that the Government was right in deciding on the more costly building, but it was surely wrong in not taking the Legislature into its confidence, doubly wrong in departing from sound principles in accepting a plan without proper competition, and radically wrong in permitting the expert on whose advice the plans of other architects were rejected to profit by their rejection.

"PROVINCIAL Rights" is to be the war cry in the Quebec campaign, if we may judge from the declaration of Premier Mercier in a recent speech. With the general principle he lays down very many thoughtful Canadians will agree. The maintenance intact of Provincial autonomy is the only condition on which the Confederation can stand. Whatever views may be held by anyone in regard to the abstract superiority of a more compact organization with a more centralized authority, it is, for the Canadian Provinces, out of the question. The past history, the geographical isolation, and the peculiar individualities and idiosyncracies, so to speak, of the old Provinces, forbid the thought of amalgamation, or any closer political union than that of a pure federation. This is probably now evident to all. Recent utterances and actions of Sir John A. Macdonald himself, the staunch advocate of legislative union, seem to indicate that even he has accepted the Federal idea, and become a convert to the doctrine of Provincial Rights. Loyalty to this doctrine led the members of both political parties in almost solid phalanx into the lobby to vote against a Federal veto of the Jesuits' Estates Act. But Mr. Mercier's enunciation of a sound principle is one thing, his idea in regard to its application is quite another. Provincial autonomy must mean not only home rule for Quebec, but home rule for Ontario, and home rule for Manitoba and the Territories. When he goes on to denounce those who would deprive a large portion of the inhabitants of the country of the use of their language and their laws, his words, to have any definite meaning, must be applied to the efforts being made to free Manitoba and the North-West from the yoke imposed by the Federal authorities and the Constitution, and to give them the autonomy they rightfully demand. Any influence that may be exerted by Premier Mercier to prevent such a consummation is clearly an influence against Provincial Rights. And then, whatever a few extremists may have said in their haste and heat, we know of no party who are seeking to deprive our French fellow-citizens, in the North-West or elsewhere, of their language. There is surely a broad difference between refusing to use French as a second official language, at unnecessary trouble and cost, and seeking to deprive those whose native language it is of its use. Whatever less responsible individuals may do, Premier Mercier should not confuse things which so widely differ. He did not refer to the Separate School question, though he probably had it in mind, but it is worth while to observe that the Provincial Rights doctrine is wholly on the side of the right of Ontario to determine even that question for herself. To argue, as our local politicians do, that because Separate Schools could not be abolished without a constitutional amendment, the subject cannot be agitated as a question of local politics, is to imply that our laws are like those of the Medes and Persians, and constitutional reform impossible.

WE are glad to observe that the question of Imperial Federation is still occupying attention. From Winnipeg, from England and from far-off Australia come almost simultaneously fresh contributions to the discussion. We have not yet become convinced either of the feasibility, or of the abstract desirability, of such a federation, but we recognize it as a grand project, and a subject much better worthy of thought than many which absorb a much larger share of public attention and energy. The latest Australian writer, Mr. G. H. D. Gossip, in the *United Service Magazine*, does not convey the impression that the idea has taken as yet a very deep hold upon the Australian imagination. If the "New View" of the English writer in *Blackwood*, whose article we have not seen, is correctly resolved by the *Canadian Gazette* into the old idea of "an Imperial Council, representing in due proportion each factor in our Colonial Empire along with the Mother Country, seated in London," this writer will hardly have brought the question much nearer to a practical solution. The colonial democracy may "dearly love a lord," though we are inclined to think it depends a good deal upon the quality, but we are strongly of the opinion that some

profounder scheme will have to be devised than that of sending out some of the younger and more promising members of the House of Lords as Colonial Governors, before the adhesion of the democracy to any very costly and complicated scheme of Imperial Federation can be regarded as certain. The tone of this suggestion reminds us of that of a speech recently made, we think by an English Lord, upon the same topic, in which pains were taken to convey the hint that, under any scheme of union, the English, or British—we forget at the moment which was the word—element must always retain its position of native superiority. One of the best treatises on the subject we have yet seen, at least for Canadian uses, is the pamphlet, which has but lately reached us, containing the lecture delivered in Winnipeg last September by the Rev. G. M. Grant. We based some remarks upon the newspaper reports of the speech at the time of its delivery, but we are none the less glad to have the full speech in a form in which it can be preserved for future reference. The address is not only able—that was to be expected—but it is comprehensive, much more so than we could have expected. It would not be easy to compress more of all-round argument and answer to objection into the same compass, and preserve so attractive a form and style. The Imperial Federation League could scarcely do better than scatter this pamphlet broadcast. We have not space for criticism, nor is that our present purpose, else we should be disposed to raise a fundamental question upon Dr. Grant's first proposition. This question, which to our mind lies at the root of the whole discussion, is that suggested in the second sentence, viz.: Whether, from a Canadian point of view, it is a better and worthier ambition, and one likely to lead Canada to make more of herself for herself and for humanity, to seek development into a British or into a Canadian nationality. We may have other opportunities of recurring to this question.

AFTER passing the Senate the International Copyright Bill was lost in the United States House of Representatives by a vote of 126 to 98. A reconsideration during the present session is possible but highly improbable. The hopes of the advocates of common honesty in dealing with the intellectual property of foreign authors have thus been deferred but not destroyed. The educational process is going on, but, as the debate showed, there is still a marvellous lack of information, on the part of the great majority of the legislators in the House, to be removed. The majority seem to have been swayed mainly by the two *ad captandum* cries: first, that international copyright would mean the loss of cheap literature for the people; second, that it would create a gigantic publishing monopoly. Consequently, as the *Publishers' Weekly* puts it, "American authors must still compete with unpaid-for foreign books, and foreign authors are still denied the justice their countries grant us." Dishonest as is such treatment of foreign authors, the worst consequences are those which recoil upon the American people themselves. They will yet see this. Already great progress has been made, as is evident from the fact that this was the first time the friends of justice, after fifty years of struggle, have been able to have the question brought to a direct vote in the House of Representatives. A sure guarantee of the ultimate triumph of right is afforded in the outspoken and vigorous advocacy of almost all the journals of the better class, religious and secular. The trade journals, too, such as *The Bookseller*, *The Publishers' Weekly*, etc., are earnest in their support of the act of justice, on the grounds of self-interest as well as of international honour. Meanwhile, if it be true, as reported, that the Canadian Copyright Act, passed a year ago, has been vetoed by the Home Government, the case of the Canadian publishers is a hard one, and calls for redoubled effort on the part of all concerned, to secure the re-enactment of the measure, and the making of such representations at the Colonial office as will secure a better understanding of the Canadian position. Australia has recently shown what can be effected by earnestness and persistence in overcoming the inertia of the British Government, and Canadians, assured that they are within their rights, should show themselves no less resolute and persevering.

THE great increase in the consumption of strong drink in Great Britain, as manifested by the revenue returns for the last year, has given an impetus to the movement for the reduction of the number of public houses, which is likely to have practical results at an early day. An essential feature of the proposal which Lord Randolph

Churchill introduced a couple of weeks since, in a speech whose grasp and power seem to have won golden opinions from both sides of the House, is the clothing of the County Councils with power to determine the number of licensed houses within their respective jurisdictions. There are some indications that the Commons will be only too glad of an opportunity to shift the responsibility for the management of this delicate business to the shoulders of the local authorities, hoping thereby to rid themselves of the necessity of conciliating, or fighting, at every general election, the great political influence of the liquor interest. Mr. Goschen's Bill to enable the county councils to purchase and extinguish public house licenses has, however, features which have arrayed against it a very strong opposition. The principal of compensation is, of course, the chief battle ground of the opposing forces, though some influential leaders of opinion, who are willing to concede that the dealer whose license is extinguished without fault or allegation of fault on his part, has an equitable claim to compensation, object strenuously to the specific provisions of Mr. Goschen's Bill in that respect. Many of the religious, and probably nearly all of the total abstinence, societies take strong ground against compensation in any form. They declare it wrong in principle and sure to become mischievous in practice. Their argument is simple enough and certainly not without force. The very fact of the existence of the licensing system is an acknowledgment, they urge, that this business is peculiar, and every one who takes out a license admits in the very act that the authority which grants has power to withhold. Admit the opposite principle, say they, admit that the fact that a license is granted to an individual for this year, gives him a right to compensation in case of its refusal to him next year, and you sanction a doctrine of consequential damages which leads to the most impossible and absurd conclusions. You give to every other man who suffers indirect injury in consequence of any change of the law that may be made in the public interest, a claim for damages. It is further agreed on grounds of expediency by the friends of restriction, that to concede the principle of compensation is to make any great and rapid reduction in the number of public houses difficult if not impossible. It may be that those who thus reason have the letter of the law on their side. But it is impossible to deny that the renewal of licenses from year to year for an indefinite period has had the effect of creating a presumption that the same state of things would continue, and that those who, acting on this presumption, have invested large means in the business and made it their life-work until they have become unfitted for any other occupation, have at least a strong moral claim for compensation, when their property and their means of livelihood are both taken away at a stroke. Moreover the policy of so high handed a course is exceedingly questionable. The determined and undying opposition it would arouse—an opposition fortified by a rankling sense of injustice, on the part of a class possessing considerable political influence, would render it almost impossible to carry on successfully the work of restriction. On the other hand there are, no doubt, many in the business who would gladly quit it could they do so without ruining themselves and their families.

TO what limit is the "public taste for surgical horrors" to grow in these days of exaggerated admiration for everything that masquerades under the name of science? The London *Zoöpholist* tells of a doll shop in Chelsea with the attractive inscription, "Dolly's Hospital, amputations performed daily," also of a hand-bill which has been sent it from Dover announcing a series of enchanting spectacles, at some hall in that town, among which are the following: "Cremation of a Woman!" "Vivisection of a Man!" A letter authenticated by the name of a well-known lady of Philadelphia, lately appeared in the Worcester, (Mass.) *Telegram*, stating that the rage for vivisection experiments is showing itself everywhere, and relating an almost incredible incident which had recently come under her notice, of a boy of fourteen who had been observed by his mother to be seeking for the kitten of the house, and who was eventually discovered to have taken it to school, where it was "vivisected in connection with the physiological lesson before a class of little boys." Somewhat akin to the foregoing is the practice now becoming common in many of our schools, of encouraging boys of scientific proclivities to form collections of birds, insects and other small specimens from the animal kingdom. These, stuffed, impaled on pins, or preserved in alcohol, according to kind, are praised and exhibited, until the ambition to have the largest collection becomes a ruling

passion with some of the more successful. This practice is, of course, not without important educational advantages, in so far as it tends to cultivate the powers of observation and comparison, a class of faculties often almost totally neglected in schools of the old order. If such pursuits can be encouraged without developing the tendency to cruelty which too often seems inherent in the boy nature, if the young naturalist can be taught to do the necessary killing quickly, and as far as possible painlessly, as a regrettable means to a higher end, the thing may, perhaps, be defensible as an educational method. Even so, for the healthful cultivation of both the perceptive faculties and the finer and nobler sentiments, it can certainly bear no comparison with the work of those parents and teachers who can elicit the higher curiosity which delights in the study of the animal, and, we had almost added, the vegetable creation, as it appears in life rather than in death. There is surely a more exquisite delight in observing the growth and efflorescence of plants in field and forest and garden, than in any study of those pressed and lifeless remains which make up the collections of the botanist. There can be no comparison between the gratified curiosity or vanity of the faunist in the collection and preparation of the specimens in his show-case, and the joy of the true lover of nature, whose faith it is that

Every flower  
Enjoys the air it breathes,

and to whose keen insight the least motion of every bird seems "a thrill of pleasure."

WHATEVER value may be attached by those who pride themselves on being above the influence of mere "sentiment" to the considerations mentioned in the latter part of the above paragraph, it can scarcely be denied that the higher utility of vivisection experiments in the schools is open to question. Many, indeed, are prepared to go much farther, and question the higher utility of the practice in any case. It is a singular fact that, whereas one of the chief benefits formerly ascribed to the inductive, or modern "scientific" method was that it tended to deliver the intellect and judgment from the thralldom of "authority" and set them free to do their independent work in the light of ascertained facts, the present tendencies of science are to hand us over, bound hand and foot, to the dogmatism of scientific masters. The "exaggerated deference paid in medical education to the principle of authority," of which a reviewer in the *Academy* recently spoke, finds its counterpart in most other departments of scientific research. To such an extent is this the case that even the great newspapers, while on the *qui vive* to catch up and circulate the most extravagant and absurd stories of physiological discoveries and feats of surgical skill, keep their columns fast closed, not only against the common-sense objections of lay critics, but even against the refutations of sceptical scientific authorities. A striking illustration is afforded in an absurdly exaggerated statement which was lately going the rounds, to the effect that, out of a total of about 9,000 persons bitten by rabid animals, who have been treated at the Pasteur Institute in Paris since its establishment, the difference between the actual number of deaths, and the number that would have occurred according to the ascertained percentage without this treatment, shows that M. Pasteur has been the means of saving about 1,200 lives! Widely heralded as has been this imaginary triumph of the Pasteurian inoculation, very few of the newspapers, indeed, have taken the trouble to insert the careful analyses of such statistics which have been made by competent critics, and which seem to demonstrate that both *data* and conclusion are unscientific and unreliable. Nor have we seen in any Canadian journal the following which is obviously a much fairer test of the efficacy of M. Pasteur's method, and which is given by Dr. Lutaud, Editor of the *Journal de Médecine de Paris*, in a late number of that publication. Referring to certain tables giving name and address and other particulars, in regard to every one of the patients enumerated, Dr. Lutaud says:—

Thus the total of deaths following upon the application of the anti-rabic treatments during the first four years of its application, amounts in France to 90. If to this number be added the total of those persons who were not treated and who have died from hydrophobia, we arrive at the number of 154 deaths, an average of 38 per annum, a larger number than that which obtained before the introduction of M. Pasteur's method.

The limits of a paragraph will not permit us to adduce other testimony of a similar character, or that which is more to our purpose, though on this score testimony is hardly needed, to show the degradation of the sensibilities and

moral sentiments which is threatened by the rapid spread of the mania for experiments on living animals in physiological laboratories.

CANADIAN POETS AND POETRY.

CANADIAN poetry is racy of the soil. It has within it the life and national aspirations of our people. It voices the past—the heroism of our fathers in the wilderness, the growth of Canadian manhood, the deeds of each battlefield, the hope and promise which are fast ripening into the heritage of a nation. Canadian poetry is prophetic in its inspiration. In it we read the larger life of our future. It has caught up, too, the sounds and hues of Canadian skies, Canadian lakes, Canadian streams and forests. While acknowledging a loyalty to the mother land, it sings the birthright of a new nation in notes that greet the stars. History has been its handmaid. The seaport of St. Malo gave to Canada not only a discoverer in the person of the chivalrous and intrepid Jacques Cartier, but it furnished a fitting theme for one of our finest Canadian ballads:—

In the sea port of St. Malo, 'twas a smiling morn in May,  
When the Commodore Jacques Cartier to the westward sailed away;  
In the crowded old Cathedral all the town were on their knees,  
For the safe return of kinsmen from the undiscovered seas;  
And every autumn blast that swept o'er pinnacle and pier,  
Filled manly hearts with sorrow and gentle hearts with fear.

The victory which, upon the Plains of Abraham, snatched the Bourbon lilies from the brow of New France, robbed not the French Celt in Canada of his love and devotion to letters. The glory of a Molière, of a Chateaubriand, of a Béranger, has found worthy expression in the poetic heart of a Fréchette, a Le May, a Cremazie. Quebec to-day has a literature indigenous, yet true to Canadian nationality. No people of our country are more attached, more loyal in deed, to the British crown than the French-Canadians. Not a single poet of Quebec ever strikes a note of disloyalty, a note of murmur, in his song. May we not safely measure the heart of a people by the spirit of its inspiration? When did Ireland cease to sing against British misrule? Not even in the dark days of 1848, when "she lay like a corpse upon a dissecting table." And to-day the stirring lays of T. D. Sullivan, M.P., the poet-editor of the *Dublin Nation*, are nerving the heart and hand of the Irish people in their struggle for freedom. True, we have a dual language in Canada, but this duality does not in any way impair our united allegiance to the mother country. Let Louis Honoré Fréchette, the poet-laureate of French Canada, speak for his fellow-countrymen in his patriotic poem, "Le Drapeau Anglais":—

Regarde, me disait mon père,  
Ce drapeau vaillamment porté;  
Il a fait ton pays prospère,  
Et respecte la liberté.

C'est le drapeau de l'Angleterre;  
Sans tache sur le firmament,  
Presque à tous les points de la terre  
Il flotte glorieusement.

Où, sur un huitième du globe  
C'est l'étendard officiel;  
Mais le coin d'azur qu'il dérobe  
Nulle part n'obscurcit le ciel.

Il brille sur tous les rivages;  
Il a semé tous les progrès  
Au bout des mers les plus sauvages  
Comme aux plus lointaines forêts.

Laissant partout sa fière empreinte  
Aux plus faroces nations,  
Il a porté la flamme sainte  
De nos civilisations.

Devant l'esprit humain en marche  
Mainte fois son pli rayonna,  
Comme la colombe de l'arche,  
Ou comme l'éclair du Sina.

And Le May, kindly, warm-hearted, gifted Le May, thus pours out his heart in chivalrous sentiments towards England's Queen:—

O Reine, comme au jour d'un splendeur suprême  
Ou ton front virginal ceignit le diadème,  
Tu vois, dans leurs transports tes sujets à genoux.  
Dans mille accents divers et sous toutes les zones  
L'hosanna retentit, des fers jusques aux trônes.  
Arabes belliqueux drapés dans leurs burnous,  
Noirs chasseurs du Birman aux brûlantes épaules,  
Colons de l'Amérique et Rajahs de Nagpou.  
Au levant, au ponant, au nord, jusques aux pôles,  
Toux ceux que tu conquis t'acclament en ce jour.

Béni soit le Seigneur des longs jours qu'il t'accorde!  
Depuis un demi-siècle, au vent de la discorde  
Plus d'un trône superbe a croulé: mais le tien,  
Ferme comme le roc où respandit le phare,  
Pendant qu'ailleurs, hélas! la royauté s'effare,  
Dans l'amour de ton peuple a trouvé son soutien.  
Ton sceptre est un rameau qui fleurit sans cesse.  
Tous les peuples l'ont vu s'avancer triomphant.  
On acclame avec joie, on le craint sans bassesse:  
La lyre le célèbre et le fer le défend.

Take, again, that stirring lyric, "Empire First," composed by John Talon-Lespérance, who writes with equal grace and facility in either the French or English language. Is there another Canadian song charged with such loyalty, or equal to it in patriotism? Mark the strong appeal in its lines:—

Shall we break the plight of youth,  
And pledge us to an alien love?  
No! We hold our faith and truth  
Trusting to the God above.  
Stand Canadians, firmly stand,  
Round the flag of fatherland.

Britain bore us in her flank,  
Britain nursed us at our birth,  
Britain reared us to our rank  
Mid the nations of the earth.  
Stand Canadians, etc.

In the hour of pain and dread,  
In the gathering of the storm,  
Britain raised above our head  
Her broad shield and sheltering arm.  
Stand Canadians, etc.

O triune kingdom of the brave,  
O sea-girt island of the free,  
O empire of the land and wave,  
Our hearts, our hands are all for thee.  
Stand Canadians, etc.

The same inspired heart that gave us "Empire First" teaches us also in verse to be Canadians above all—to sink foreign titles, and cleave to our betrothed land:—

Whether from England's fields of bloom  
Or Erin's vales of emerald green,  
Whether from Scotland's hills of broom  
Or France's vine-clad cape serene—  
United on St. Lawrence brink  
Stand we together man to man,  
And all these foreign titles sink  
Into one name—Canadian!

But, perhaps, the foremost name to-day in Canadian song is that of Charles George Douglas Roberts, Professor of English Literature in King's College, Windsor, Nova Scotia. Professor Roberts is in verse a true representative of "The New Nationality." He loves his country fervently, and delights to paint the richness and beauty of its scenery. There is a manly dignity in his personal character which eminently fits him for the leadership in Canadian letters. He has, too, that sympathy with nature which we find in all true poets. Though Roberts is but a few years older than our young Dominion, he has taken the lead in singing of its national life and hope. His "Canada" and "Ode for the Canadian Confederacy" stir the heart like a trumpet, and kindle the fire of patriotism in the breasts of all true Canadians. We feel the glory of future years upon our brow as we read the following patriotic lines:—

O Child of Nations, giant-limbed,  
Who stand'st among the nations now  
Unheeded, unadorned, unhymned,  
With unanointed brow—

How long the ignoble sloth, how long  
The trust in greatness not thine own?  
Surely the Lion's brood is strong  
To front the world alone!

How long the indolence ere thou dare  
Achieve thy destiny, seize thy fame?  
Ere our proud eyes behold thee bear  
A nation's franchise, nation's name?

The Saxon force, the Celtic fire,  
These are thy manhood's heritage!  
Why rest with babes and slaves? Seek higher  
The place of race and age.

A recent writer has said that in Canadian poetry you may catch something of the crack of the hunter's rifle, the echo of the pioneer's axe, the rushing of brown rivers, and the sweep of birch and paddle. The poetry of Canada is a record of toil and heroism in field and forest. Canadians truly recognize the knighthood of brain and hand. The pioneer who blazed our trees, and converted Canadian wildernesses into smiling gardens, is our prince and nobleman; nay, more, he is, in the person of Alexander McLachlan, a prince of Canadian poets—human-hearted, natural and strong.

McLachlan is called the Burns of Canada. He has lived in the country, communed there with Nature, and drawn his inspiration from settler and soil. Here is something with the right ring in it from our Canadian Burns. It is entitled, "Acres of Your Own":—

Here's the road to independence!  
Who would bow and dance attendance?  
Who with e'er a spark of pride,  
While the bush is wild and wide,  
Would be but a hanger-on,  
Begging favours from a throne,  
While beneath yon smiling sun  
Farms by labour can be won?  
Up! be stirring, be alive,  
Get upon a farm and thrive!  
He's a king upon a throne  
Who has acres of his own!

Though the cabin's walls are bare  
What of that if love be there?  
What, although your back is bent,  
There are none to hound for rent;  
What tho' you must chip and plough,  
None dare ask, "What doest thou?"  
What tho' homespun be your coat,  
Kings might envy you your lot!  
Up! be stirring, be alive,  
Get upon a farm and thrive!  
He's a king upon a throne  
Who has acres of his own!

Honest labour thou wouldst shirk—  
Thou art far too good to work?  
Such gentility's a fudge,  
True men all must toil and drudge.  
Nature's true nobility  
Scorns such mock gentility;  
Fools but talk of blood and birth—  
Every man must prove his worth!  
Up! be stirring, be alive,  
Get upon a farm and thrive!  
He's a king upon a throne  
Who has acres of his own!

I would like to pay a tribute to the genius of Canadian poets who have sung of Canadian fields of fame—a Chateauguay, a Queenston Heights—but the heroic in Canadian poetry would require a separate paper. Our country in its life is yet young. He who turns the first page of the twentieth century need not be surprised should he find the name of a Canadian poet occupying a first place in the English world of letters. THOMAS O'HAGAN.

Ottawa, May 14, 1890.

A MAN'S nature, Bacon tells us, runs either to herbs or weeds; therefore he should seasonably water the one and destroy the other.



## LONDON LETTER.

AN old man stands at the creaking entrance-gate to the Waterloo panorama, an old man dressed in a queer, tight, red tunic and grey gaiters and odd-shaped head-piece. He is like a Gilbray caricature come to life. He has round stooping shoulders and knotted hands (the top of one finger was shot away, he tells you, at Quatre Bras), and his eyes, from which the colour has faded long and long ago, look out dimly from his weatherbeaten face framed in whiskers which still possess something of the roll in fashion fifty years back. Sometimes a shy little lad comes up to shake hands, and mechanically the old soldier clasps the small fingers without much interest in the ceremony. Or an inquisitive elder will address a loud remark which is answered in a low voice flavoured with a country accent delightful to hear. But for the most part of the time this queer figure stands by the Commissionaire who takes up the shillings, and, leaning on his stick, examines as much of the horizon as can be seen through the open doors, over the tall Victoria Street houses, and pays scant attention to the company who come pouring in all day long. So, after listening to the thunder of the guns that June Sunday at Waterloo, to-day he is content to hear the singing of the fiddles in the orchestra at his back, and, so long as he is left in peace by the staring, gaping crowd, does not regret at all (I think) the change from the free life among the Cornish lanes to the restraint of the busy streets of Westminster.

A little fly-leaf (reprinted from Tit-Bits), which tells all about Mr. James Davey, this old soldier, is put into your hands as you come into the hall of the panorama. In the paper you find that he was born in 1795 at Carhar-rack in Cornwall, that, being a member of the Falmouth volunteer corps, he volunteered for the war in 1815, joining the 23rd Welsh Fusiliers, and that he was paid off in a lump sum of £200 eighteen months afterwards. For seventy years he worked in the mines. His children are all dead, his wife is partially imbecile, and is in Truro workhouse. He himself having no pension is now dependent on charity. He can walk, this man of 95, twenty miles a day at least without fatigue. "I eat a great deal of bread and butter (he told the writer of the fly-leaf), I like the butter in May month, because the herbs are at their best, and as the cows chew the herbs I get the benefit in the butter, or the new milk which also does me good. Herb beer is my favourite drink, as I do not touch intoxicating liquors now. I eat plenty of cabbage and other vegetables, but very little animal food. Meal is also part of my diet, and oranges, and other fruits when I can afford them. I was once a heavy smoker, sometimes consuming as much as seven ounces of tobacco in a week; but three years ago, after a terrible struggle, I managed to conquer the habit, and also my liking for intoxicating liquors—in which, however, I had never indulged to excess. I had to pray twenty times before I felt that I was no longer a slave to tobacco, but after offering up three prayers I felt the master of intoxicants. I was converted to religion in 1814 at Gwennap Pit (the famous amphitheatre where John Wesley, the founder of Methodism, often harangued the multitude) under the preaching of 'Thundering Aimes,' so called because of his powerful ministrations. There was a great revival on that occasion and over 2,000 persons were converted before leaving the Pit. The revival extended throughout the country, and lasted nine months."

Mr. Davey is the only living relic that the management has been able to secure. But the glass cases are full of suggestive material for all manner of romance, from the boyish letter dated on Waterloo day from the camp, in which the writer says he is hoarse with cheering, to the silver watch smashed by a bullet. There is so much to see, indeed, that the panorama upstairs hardly seems an attraction. One is glad to leave the pictured soldiers and the great battle field (confusing enough to a civilian) with its air of unreality, for the Hall where the Fusilier moves briskly about (there are two Waterloo officers still living, they tell you, but this Fusilier is the only private), and where letters from the Great Duke and memorials of every sort of value once belonging to the dead braves are skilfully gathered together. If the Cornishman with the stooping shoulders—by his face he might be taken for a man of sixty or so—chooses to talk to you, so much the better. It is not often he takes any notice of the crowd. And I suppose if one were burdened with the weight of near a hundred years one would be stolid and motionless, too. As I look at him I think that is how the people took their life in Mr. Besant's "Inner House." To be forgotten by Death, to be exempt from the universal law, would you choose that? We work in gangs, like convicts. Could you pluck up heart to go on with the old, old routine if you were left solitary—if the chains that once bound you all together were broken about your feet, and the others, your friends, had escaped into freedom? Go to, Mr. James Davey, of Truro, Cornwall, you are not to be envied; even if you possess the Great Secret of which Mr. Besant's Arch-Physician was the guard, indeed you are not to be envied. Rather, (if only we could choose) let us hope to bid good-bye in the evening of the day, as the sun is sinking, and the light is on the faces near by and one hears the sound of the work about us. But not in the black, lonely, quiet night—anything but that.

Sunset and evening star,  
And one clear call for me!  
And may there be no moaning of the bar  
When I put out to sea.

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,  
Too full for sound and foam.  
When that which drew from out the boundless deep  
Turns again home.

Was there ever anything more beautiful than this song of Tennyson's? Whenever one comes across it one stays to read it again with fresh pleasure, though, indeed, one knows it by heart. I wonder if the Latin translation of the Master of Trinity has already reached you in Canada.

Vesper adest; adsit; solem mox stella sequetur;  
Tum mihi, nec surda, vox sonet aure, "Redi";  
Absit aquae gemitus sileatur ad ostia portus,  
Cum portu excedens solus in alta vehor.  
Lenis, ut in somno, pleni maris affluat aestus,  
Sic tamen ut spuma vis strepitumque vacet,  
Ex infinito cum vita exorta profundo  
Divinam repetit, prodiit unde, domum.  
Vesper adest; dubiae jam lucis ab aede sonabit  
Naenia, tum noctis nigrior umbra cadet:  
Absit amicorum vox lugubris ire vetantum,  
Cum mea se terra solvit itura ratis.  
Nam licet hos ultra fines terraeque claustra  
Tractibus immensis aequora vasta ferant,  
Spes mihi Rectoris praesentem agnoscere vultum  
Ut primum ignotas experiemur aquas.

In Latin or English how fine these lines are! And how vastly superior are they in their simplicity and music to Pope's often quoted "Vital Spark." Wordsworth used to repeat, and say he envied Mrs. Barbauld's charming well-known ode written when she was seventy, the ode of which Thackeray was so fond, which Rogers used so frequently to quote, and which Mme. D'Arblay declared she said over to herself every night after her prayers. Still of the many Swan-Songs of which one's memory is full, there are none, surely, that come near to Tennyson's touching verses. Only to have written these is sufficient to make the name of young Mr. Tennyson, as Gandish calls the poet in Mr. Lang's amusing "Old Friends" famous amongst us.

It is not often that one recommends enthusiastically to other people the stories and books that please one's self. It is dangerous to do so, and, like giving a letter of introduction, is something that should be well thought over before attempting. But it is impossible to resist in the case of one of Mr. Kipling's latest sketches "The Man Who Was," which you will find in *Macmillan's Magazine* for April. If you know of anything better, anything that comes within a mile of these few pages for dramatic power, show it me. It is not only that Mr. Kipling has been lucky in finding a gold mine, it is that he works the raw material into something rich and rare, with consummate skill. No cherrystone carving is this. Every stroke is bold, every touch tells. Faultless it is not, of course, but the extraordinary qualities possessed by this extraordinary young writer of five-and-twenty are in themselves sufficient to condone any roughness of manner and faults of taste. Is it too much to say that, as a story-teller, Mr. Kipling stands absolutely alone? I think not. Wait till you have read "The Man Who Was."  
WALTER POWELL.

## A PRAYER.

If love of me doth drag him down,  
Narrow and cramp his soul,  
Rob him of life's intended crown,  
Make part serve for the whole—

Hold back from that high destiny  
That means all great endeavour,—  
Let him from that weak love be free,  
And cast me forth forever!

MATTHEW RICHEY KNIGHT.

Benton, N.B.

## SPIRITUAL INFLUENCE.

THE opinion, we are aware, is widely entertained, and it has even been embodied in decisions of the courts, if we mistake not, that an ecclesiastic is amenable to the law if he brings spiritual penalties or terrors to bear in order to influence an elector in the exercise of his franchise.

This opinion we cannot share, for the following reasons: That the State cannot interfere in such a matter without virtually pronouncing the ecclesiastical teaching concerned in the case to be false, which it is not in a position to do. The Church claims to be the minister of sacred and unseen things, of things appertaining to another, and much more important, sphere of existence than the present. Does the State object to this claim? By no means. Every day of her life the Church collects money for work done—the effect of which is understood to lie in another world. If a private individual claimed to have power to diminish the sufferings of departed spirits and collected money from persons employing his services for that purpose, he might possibly be interfered with by the law; but the efficacy of the Church's ministrations is so far recognized that there is no thought of interference with her proceedings in a similar line. When, therefore, a bishop instructs his people—those who recognize his authority—how they are to act in a certain political matter if they wish to avoid sin and its penalties, there are certainly no *prima facie* grounds for impugning the correctness of his teaching; and if his teaching is correct, if the act that he indicates as sinful is sinful, surely it would be a strange kind of tyranny that would debar him from uttering, and the believer from accepting, a true statement of the very greatest importance. On the theory, therefore, that such teaching is true, interference is not justifiable. On the

theory that it is false, and that the State has means of determining its falsity, interference would be justifiable; but when has that position been taken? When has the State, or when have the law courts ever said: "We know that what ecclesiastical authority has indicated as sin is not sin?" When have they ever said: "We know that sin is a wholly unreal thing, and that to talk of it at all is only to impose on people?" Never.

But it may be said that neither of these is the true position of the State in reference to these matters—that what it says in effect is: "We do not know whether what is indicated as sin is sin or not; neither do we care; but we forbid any one to characterize or treat as sin any exercise whatever of civil rights." That position might be taken in words, but it would not be a logical or a very sincere one: not a logical one since it predicates action upon ignorance of what, admittedly, may be a very serious factor in the question; not a sincere one since, while professing ignorance of a certain thing, it really treats that thing with contempt. A really unknown quantity never can be a negligible quantity; and conversely any quantity which we treat as negligible must, to justify such treatment, be known to us as of no practical account.

Moreover we do not believe in protecting people against their own intellectual convictions. The Church exercises sway only over those who believe in her. The State in interfering between the Church and its adherents virtually affirms that the latter are not capable of forming sound opinions or of asserting their intellectual liberty—an assumption which ought not to be made. The adherents of every church must be prepared—seeing that their connection with the Church is wholly voluntary, and can be dissolved at a moment's notice—to accept the natural consequences of their membership. Cases have occurred of course in which church members have appealed to the civil courts against the action of the church authorities; and the civil courts will always be open to those who hold that their civil or contract rights have been infringed. What we do not believe in is an anticipation by the State of complaints on the part of the faithful, and the forcing on the latter of a protection for which they have not asked. We call this interference from one point of view with religious liberty and, from another point of view, with religious responsibility. Neither should be interfered with. Every citizen, on the contrary, should be made to feel, first, that he is free to choose his own religion and to have it administered to him and for him without any restraint from the civil power; secondly, that the State is not going to interfere to get him out of any difficulty he may have with the authorities of his Church, unless he has some ground of civil action against them, and is himself prepared to bring his case into the courts.

The powers which the Church claims to exercise were not derived from the State; they rest on the convictions of individual citizens. Destroy the belief that the Church is the interpreter and minister of spiritual things, and the whole institution collapses and vanishes like a ruptured bubble. But while that belief lasts it is ridiculous for the State to come forward and seek to interfere with the natural relation thus created between priest and people. One could understand a community, in which the secular principle had been carried very far, refusing to admit to full citizenship persons who declared that their most important convictions related to another and super-sensible world, and that they recognized a certain set of men as their guides and directors in all that related to that other world including many lines of action in which this world's interests were implicated. It is conceivable, we say, that such persons might be excluded from citizenship in a secular State; but where the State is not secularist, but recognizes religion in a hundred ways, no one, on account of his religion, can rightly be excluded from citizenship; nor can the State rightly interfere between the individual and his spiritual guides. Everything is best tested when left to work out its natural and full results; and, if there is anything hurtful in the authority claimed and exercised by a priesthood, it is not well that any mitigations arbitrarily imposed from without should disguise the fact. Religious responsibility is the natural complement of religious liberty.

Ottawa, May, 1890.

W. D. LE SUEUR.

## PARIS LETTER.

THE Mesrouze plan of vine culture is attracting a good deal of attention. The author claims to produce 880 gallons of wine per acre on lands of an inferior quality; in 1888, he produced as many as 1,144 gallons. The vines are thirteen feet apart, and the distance between each row three feet. The stems of the vine are trained to run along parallel galvanized wires. But the whole system consists in leaving two eyes of each season's new wood; thus the old wood, by this pruning, lengthens along the wire proportionally and can rejoin the branches of another vine. The branches are tied, of course, down to the wire. The power of a trunk is thus concentrated at the extremity of the wire's branches. The vines can be placed at 40 or 100 feet apart, following vigour and productiveness; so that in the course of a dozen years bad stems can be extirpated, and an acre of vineyard which had 1,120 vines reduced to 160, without diminishing the yield of grapes. About 5,000 yards of wire will be required per acre. M. Mesrouze has thus cultivated his vineyards for eight years; the system is, in a word, long *versus* short pruning. How often ought a vineyard to be scarified in a year, for the eight-share scarifier has replaced the plough? Some

proprietors pride themselves on having never stirred the soil for twenty years. Generally a scarifying in autumn and another in spring will suffice. Grapes were sold in Champagne last autumn on foot at 36 sous per lb. That was equivalent to 840frs. per twenty-two gallons in the wine-press, or, for 154 gallons per acre, the very respectable sum of 5,880frs. For the grower's sake, it is to be hoped the figures are correct.

Professor Petermann, again, not only urges farmers to embark in potato culture, but to select varieties of tubers richest in fecula. In ordinary potatoes 13 per cent. of fecula is the average; the professor analysed 310 varieties of tubers, and only seven yielded a percentage of 20 per cent. The variety, "Kornblume," very generally grown in Germany, gave as high as 24 per cent. M. Paulsen, a noted potato farmer, affirms that a manure highly nitrogenous is what the potato needs, and that phosphoric acid is injurious for the development of fecula. M. Paul Genay, of Lorraine, another authority, states that sufficient attention is not given to the nature of the soil and the variety of tuber suited thereto. On heavy land, a variety failed that proved most prolific on a lighter soil. He has also observed that when a potato has found the soil best adapted for its growth it is better able to struggle against disease. He counsels farmers to follow his success; essay several varieties of tubers, and so find out the kind best suited to the soil.

In Austria and Germany "wood wool," prepared from beech and fir, is becoming more extensively employed for litter. The wood is shaven by machinery into delicate thread-ribbons, when it can absorb once to twice its own volume of water. The manure, when the shavings are employed for bedding, is good; the "wool" is, however, dear, and can never be profitably utilized, save where straw is not obtainable.

In several parts of Hungary, where the breweries keep many head of cattle, the manure, finding no employment, has accumulated in banks thirty-three feet high and covering twenty-five acres, as at Temesvar. These banks are now being utilized; the manure is made into bricks and dried in the air like turf. Next, the bricks are coarsely ground in a mill, and any stones, nails, etc., removed; then the matter is passed through a finer mill, the powder placed in sacks and sent off in all directions. The product is called "ox manure." One firm sold 20,000 tons last year, and employs 1,500 hands; the works extend over ninety acres, are intersected by Decanville railways and lighted up by electricity. Analysis reveals that the manure contains three per cent. of nitrogen, two of potash, two and a half of soluble phosphoric acid and as much more partly soluble.

As tobacco culture is extending, Dr. Mayer of Wageningen has published the result of his experiments as to the best manures for the plant. He ranks Chili saltpetre first, and admits that the powder Scorie Thomas is also excellent. Stable manure ought to be applied in the preceding autumn, not in the spring. Manure affects the combustibility of tobacco, and the spring manuring reduces that much desired quality. In Holland, only sixty per cent. of the leaves of the upper part of the tobacco plant, till lately, could be utilized; now, by attention to manurings, all the leaves are valuable for the market.

Professor Hamberg, of Stockholm, examines the influences of forests on the climate of Sweden, as revealed by the records of the sixteen meteorological stations, established in open plain, in forests proper, and in open cultivated spaces in the forests. Let it be stated at the outset that no sufficient data have been collected to enable the question of the influence of forests in the production of rain to be handled. During spring and winter there was no sensible difference between the temperature under the trees and that in the open plain, save that it was a little higher during the night in the forest. The forest produces no warmth; but it is a little cooler during summer nights than the plain. Contrary to the general opinion, the variations of temperature are less under trees than in the open. Forests protect vegetation against the entrance of cold currents of air; but they in no way affect the humidity of the atmosphere. Since 1876, observations show that, when the air was most dry, there was not the slightest difference in the hygrometric condition of the forest and plain atmospheres.

Paris consumes daily on an average 1,000 oxen, which yield, on being slaughtered, over 4,000 gallons of blood. A company has been formed to work up this blood into a paste or cake, preserved in air-tight cans, for the feeding of poultry.

M. Freudeureich has repeatedly received complaints from Swiss dairy farmers upon the losses they sustained from the swelling of their cheeses, and their becoming covered with holes, and this, despite every care and cleanliness in preparation. Observing that the udders of some of the cows were inflamed, sore in a word, he found the inflammation was caused by bacteria or microbes, and these infected the milk. He prepared bacteria, and inoculated one of three cheeses made from milk of a healthy cow. Some cheeses were also made from the milk of a sore udder cow. The latter's cheeses were all inflamed; the artificially prepared microbes were introduced into one of the healthy cheeses, and it, in due course, became swollen, the other two remaining quite sound. Z.

THE smallest Shetland pony in the world was recently landed at the port of Boston, by the steamship *Hindoo*, from Hull, Eng. He is but thirty-one inches in height, and is five years old.

## THE RAMBLER.

WHEN a noted English art critic and lecturer gave us here, some months ago, in Canada, a dissertation on the canons of modern art, I remember wishing that art, and art alone, might have formed the subject matter of his discourse. But as to many lecturers who fear the purely instructive there is always something fascinating in the merely amusing as well, I suppose none can blame Mr. Henry Blackburn for having yielded to that most entrancing of temptations—the opportunity of raising a laugh.

Mr. Blackburn is by no means the original sinner. I can recollect some stray ghosts of long-defunct jokes that burst from that charnel-house of saturnine speculation—the mouth of the late Mr. Matthew Arnold. Henry George, the beneficent Jackson Wray, even Bret Harte, each has his little quiver of jokes with which to electrify a possibly sleepy and invariably a mixed audience. The special joke, however, in which Mr. Blackburn made his hearers his own, and which "told" as not even jokes can always tell, was the presentation of two female figures, one draped according to artistic designs by Alma Tadema, the other clothed, in the latest Parisian manner, after Worth, or Pingat, I have forgotten which, and it does not much matter, although I believe that Worth, while the original of all these men, has never shown himself so creative and daring as Felix, Pingat, or even Mangas-Barou. The vision of these two widely contrasting styles of female apparel was, and would be anywhere, I take it, received with applause and laughter by the men, and with a sort of recreant shame by the ladies present. It is very probable that in many a fair brain the conception of an artistic Greek robe or a Venetian dinner-dress completely blotted out the remainder of the lecture, and resolutions were taken to discard before luncheon the next day what is so often called the absurd, unhealthy, inconvenient, uncomfortable, and atrociously-ugly modern dress. While these devotees of fashion are at perfect liberty to do as they like, and as a few seventeenth-century minds in England are no doubt sincere in wishing them to do, I cannot refrain from directing the attention of my readers to this very interesting subject of the empirics of dress—in other words, the origin, meaning, use, and need of dress. And if before I have hardly got into my subject you glean that I stand in defence of this much-abused thing, modern dress—or, as Carlyle would have put it, Frock-Coat-Basqueism—all I can say is you need read no farther than you like, but drop me in aesthetic grief at the next full stop. Mr. Blackburn was, of course, only following a lead that had been given first of all indirectly by Ruskin; later on, taken up, amplified, and made comprehensible to the multitude by the modern Renaissance school in England, and very easily attributable to the enormous spread of information among the masses, and the comparative ease with which can be obtained pictures and books, in themselves valuable indications of costume and decoration.

Of Mr. Oscar Wilde's influence on modern dress I will only say that, while it lasted, it was probably as sincere as anyone's, but partook too much of the nature of a violent revolutionary force to be either permanent or sound. In short, all these attempts to unsettle pre-existing habits and ideas of dress have long ago found their natural level, while at the same time they are eagerly recognized by the thinking mind as signs, indeed, of better times, of the close of an era of positivism and ignorance, of the beginning of an era of wisdom, beauty and fitness, and a happy eclecticism.

But while we may regard these dispositions to reformation from Carlyle and Watts down to Wilde, Habberton, Liberty and Company, with a sympathy which proves us in harmony with our modern surroundings, I think we shall all agree that they are only healthy, desirable and noble impulses when they are proved to be utterly devoid of tyranny. The moment I can accuse, and rightly accuse, the advocate of any cause of pushing that cause simply because he believes in it and not because he knows it to be intrinsically right, I must of necessity distrust him, and not even harbour an admiration of his sincerity. There is a class of people ever ready to cry: "It does not matter what a man believes, so long as he is sincere about believing it," and this class, *more suo*, is certain to be tyrannical in direct ratio to the strength of its unproven opinions. So tyranny, which can be found in most assertions; is plentifully abundant in all remarks, lectures, articles on dress. And, what is tyranny for one side is tyranny for the other. "Must I always get myself up in this clinging gown that falls between my feet and trips me up on the stairs?" says the stout active lady, the Cornelia of the household, to her daughter, fair, lissome, tall, exquisitely uncomfortable in a Directoire waist up under her arms, and shoes with heels six inches high. "You must" says the high priest of London artistic circles. "The gown is a beautiful one, its lines drape well, the colour is harmonious, and you look well enough in it and of course you are comfortable, you must be. The style of the gown is Venetian; time, Anno Domini, 1500." Of course Cornelia is comfortable. As for Saxon Enid, her daughter, the same authority condemns her to Directoire waists and flaring hats, though a week ago she walked her country lanes in a suit of blue serge and a sailor hat of straw. Conversely, I have seen the woman of genius, erratic, a trifle artificial, thin, dark-eyed and unconventional, moving heaven and earth and a Duke Street, Grosvenor Square dress-maker to shape her a tailor-made costume in which

the gods have decreed she shall look like one of Tennyson's

Live chattels, mincers of each other's fame,  
Whose brains are in their hands and in their heels,  
But fit to flaunt, to dress, to dance, to thrum,  
To tramp, to scream, to burnish and to scour,  
Forever slaves at home and fools abroad.

It is tyranny for any one to say what every one shall do or think or declare or eat or drink or—wear. It is tyranny which, overlooking all phases save one, all periods save one, and all necessities save one, attempts to legislate for the one phase, period, or necessity that appears to be super-important and altogether significant. And it is just as clear a case of tyranny to demand that you and I shall patronize the leading modes of the present day, with their complicated and paradoxical features, extravagances, and occasional absurdities, in defiance of all other styles of dress, as to demand, with the artists, high-art modistes, and decorators, that we must go back exclusively to the Middle Ages, or the Homeric period, in order to appear gracefully and comfortably in our little world. So, having got rid of the idea of tyranny, I think we may fairly assume that there is something to be said on both sides—for the cause of beauty, grace, mediæval draping and colouring, as well as for the cause of plain modern garments, so-called. Both are divisions of dress. Dress, no longer despicable, is recognized by us to be emblematic. "Not of want only," says Carlyle, "but of a manifold cunning victory over want." From aprons, which are "defences against injury to cleanliness, to safety, to modesty, sometimes to roguery," we have come through ages of "floods of silver buttons, or rather silver shells, from throat to shoe, wherewith these same welt-gowns are buttoned"; have seen arrive and disappear the "womankind hoop-petticoats"; have witnessed the analogous male vanity of "doublets of fustian under which lie multiple ruffs of cloth, pasted together with batter"; have seen like vanities in Kaleigh mantles, Essex slashes and galoons, Bacon bucklers, and Stuart wigs, cornuted shoes, and silver girdles; have, in fact, watched the evolution of modern dress from all these diverse and complicated patterns. Thinkers who accept the manifest and important half-truths of evolution in other matters will surely not demur when I assert that modern dress is the result of evolutionary forces. Dress, be it always remembered, is not an arbitrary creation, neither is it accidental. In these days nothing is held to be accidental, and very little can be proved to be arbitrary. Dress is race. Dress is more than individual caprice or national leaning, though here and there the whim of a court lady or the necessity of a burgomaster have undoubtedly created fashions. But fashions are not dress. Dress, again, is race, is climate, is national colour, is brains, or want of brains, is character, or loss of it, is so bound up with the wants of souls and bodies of men, women, and children that it is practically impossible to consider of it apart from these intimate ethnological, and sociological connections. The strongest proof of the evolution of modern dress is in the fact that what you and I understand it to be—namely, Frock-Coat-Basqueism, which is as good and as Carlyleian an equivalent as we can possibly get—has spread, like the terse and vigorous modern languages, all over the inhabited earth; so that, while it is a comparatively novel thing to find a Frenchman at home in his *quartier* in Paris habited like a Greek or a Japanese, or an Englishman dining with his wife and children in his snowy Albanian tunic, or with a yataghan stuck in his suspenders, it is by no means difficult to encounter native Chinese, Greeks, and Turks who have adopted modern costumes—namely, coat and trousers and the irreproachable starched front of European circles. In fact, it is a platitude of the most inexcusable to affirm that wherever European culture, religion, civilization in general goes, European costume goes too. As dress is race, brains, character, being, nationality, it is bound to spread, to travel, to be disseminated, even to the very ends of the earth.

## IMPERIAL INDIA—VI.

## REFORMS AND RESULTS.

THE destiny of India depends mainly upon the nature of the reforms introduced from time to time by the British Government, and the ability of the native character to adapt itself to the changes thus brought about. Should the aim of the agitators, who are now leaving the shores of Hindostan to begin a "Home Rule" campaign in England, be successful, and the extremely delicate nature of Indian questions become the shuttle-cock of English parties, the prospects of the future would indeed be dark. It is to be hoped that Mr. Gladstone's wise words upon the subject, when he wrote in reply to a recent inquiry: "It would be a great mistake to carry the representative system of government *per saltum* into countries where the conditions of its application would be novel, and therefore quite uncertain. Long consideration and tentative effort seem best adapted for such cases," will be widely read and followed.

The two most important events in this connection during recent years have been the Ilbert Bill, and the development of the national Congress. The measure which has become so generally known as the Ilbert Bill was introduced by a gentleman of that name into the Council in 1883, and proposed to "modify the existing law, and remove the present bar upon the investment of native magistrates in the interior, with powers over European British subjects," and to "remove from the code at once, and completely, every judicial disqualification which is



based merely upon race distinctions." Such a wholesale proposal naturally aroused the most vehement opposition. Nearly the entire English-speaking population of India, and most of the experienced governors and administrators, as well as the Chambers of Commerce at Calcutta, Madras, and Bombay urged their objections most strenuously.

It was argued that such legislation proposed to give jurisdiction to a class admittedly inefficient, apt to be partial, and whose judgments would not be accepted as satisfactory; that the natives did not care for the concession, except as a stepping-stone to further demands; and, as a matter of fact, have themselves often shown a marked distrust towards native judges, and (according to Sir Julian Goldsmid) where they have had the option, they have even elected, in the majority of cases, to be tried by an Englishman in preference.

Moreover, it was claimed that a serious danger would be created for those Englishmen who are scattered far and wide throughout India, and very frequently isolated from their fellow-countrymen; exposed even now to false criminal charges supported by evidence which only a Hindoo long practised in lying knows how to fabricate, and which the most unprejudiced and experienced English judge finds difficulty in sifting. Then it was urged that such a policy would discourage English settlers, and check the investment of capital in the interior. It was pointed out that special tribunals for the trial of Englishmen exist in China, Japan, Turkey, Egypt, etc. Why, therefore, should they not be allowed in India, a country where more peculiar customs and diverse races were to be found, than in almost any other part of the world? Military authorities asserted that such jurisdiction exerted over their men would render their regiments uncontrollable, while Englishwomen pointed out that they would be brought under the power of tribunals, totally unable to comprehend European ideas and customs with regard to women.

Though this measure did not become law, it is of immense importance as being one of the main causes of the growth of the agitation amongst the Hindoos of to-day for electoral institutions. Baron Von Hübner who published a most valuable work some four years ago, giving a foreigner's view of the internal and external policy of the British Empire, deals with British rule in India as follows:—"The wisdom and the courage of a few directing statesmen, the bravery and the discipline of an army composed of a small number of Englishmen, and a large number of natives led by heroes, and lastly, and I will venture to say, principally, the devotion, the intelligence, the courage, the perseverance, and the skill, combined with an integrity proof against all temptation, of a handful of officials and magistrates who govern and administer the Indian Empire."

Such is the position at present—and before passing on to consider the aims of the Hindoo Congress it would be well to remember the warning of Mr. Howard Vincent, M.P., when he writes that "those who believe in the possibility of the British holding India and its trade of seventy-five millions sterling a year by the affections alone of the Indian peoples, seek to lead their countrymen into a bottomless pit of national degradation and individual ruin."

The Fifth National Indian Congress which met at Bombay, in December, 1889, was a most curious gathering. The 2000 delegates who came from every part of India and spoke many languages, who differed in race and religion had apparently but one common object, and that was to make certain suggestions and elaborate certain demands which the Congress considered just, with reference to the future government of the country. The movement seems to be essentially a Hindoo one, composed, as it is, of an advanced section of agitators who are the artificial product of our colleges and universities, and who by being fitted for such a life are unfitted, in a country like India, for anything else. These men with their followers constituted the bulk of the Congress. The ryots who do not care for politics, who have no time for anything but the labour necessary to obtain a livelihood, and who form the bulk of the native population, were not represented; the workmen of the towns were not to be seen amongst its members; the native Hindoo aristocracy have held aloof, and even Sir Madhava Rao, one of their most eminent leaders, has recently instructed the Congress to take his name off the committees. The Parsees have altogether refused to join the movement and the 40 million Mohammedans are not only refusing to assist but have formed a Patriotic Anti-Congress League, and are circulating a petition against the proposals of the Congress for presentation to the Queen-Empress.

What, then, are these proposals? A few are said to be reasonable, such as the modification in the Arms Act; the complete separation of the judicial and executive branches of the administration; and the complaint against the recent increase of the Salt tax. A demand for more technical instruction, followed by a recommendation for extension of the trial by jury system, and a settlement of the land revenue, were all carried, but were merely subsidiary to the main proposition—which embodied a vigorous demand for the establishment of the representative principle in the Government of India. Not satisfied, however, with urging the principle and looking to gradual development and selected electorates to bring about the full consummation of their aims, the Congress insisted upon the propriety of at once adopting a system of special electoral colleges chosen by universal suffrage, on the one man, one vote basis, whose nominees were to fill half the seats on the Viceroy's Legislative Council and on each of the Provincial Councils, with a final appeal to a standing committee of

the House of Commons if they should happen to be checked or silenced. Such a wild scheme formulated and urged by a handful of Baboos and advanced thinkers and agitators amongst the Hindoos could have no other effect, if successful, than the centralizing of all power in the hands of these very men; alienating the loyalty of the powerful and wealthy classes of the community and bringing Indian questions into the melting pot of English political life. Though led by an erratic Englishman in India named Hume, and officered in England by men like Bradlaugh, it seems probable that the movement and proposals personified by these Congresses will altogether fail to commend itself to the sober, staid judgment of the British people.

The present policy of the Indian Government would seem to be eminently fitted to the exigencies of the case, and Lord Dufferin's warning should be carefully heeded when men of the stamp of Lord Ripon are liable to obtain control of the administration of our great eastern empire. To his policy in favouring the Ilbert bill may be traced the rise of the present agitation. For the future I believe the best plan to be the gradual adjustment of reforms to the capacity of the people to properly use and appreciate them, coupled with the vigorous maintenance of a central authority sufficient to enable the administration to control all matters bearing upon Imperial affairs, both foreign and those connected with the internal administration. This idea is embodied in a communication addressed to the Bombay Government in 1882, in which the following statement occurs:—"The Governor-General in council has no hesitation in stating his conviction that the only reasonable plan open to the government is to induce the people themselves, to undertake as far as may be the management of their own affairs and to develop or create, if need be, a capacity for self-help in respect of all matters that have not, for imperial reasons, to be retained in the hands of the representatives of government."

This is the policy outlined by Lord Lawrence, carried on during Lord Mayo's all too brief administration, and not departed from except during Lord Ripon's tenure of power. If coupled with this gradual extension of municipal and provincial power were to be joined the adoption of a system of liberal treatment towards native officers, it would have an excellent and enduring effect upon the loyalty and contentment of the masses. Sir Charles Brownlow, writing on this latter subject in 1877, said:—"To raise the condition and character of the native officer and to make his position such as to make his interests identical with our own and to insure his loyalty in the day of trial, the present scale of pay and rewards open to him should be increased and graduated upwards so as to suit the widely differing classes to whom we give commissions." Lord Ellenborough, writing in 1859, after the terrible mutiny which shook British supremacy to its roots, said:—"If we desire to retain the empire we have acquired, we must conciliate those who are the natural leaders of the people, . . . by bringing the first gentlemen in the country into the army. It is entirely in accordance with all Eastern feelings to make military service the great road to honour and to power."

Sir W. W. Hunter, one of the best known writers on Indian subjects has stated that "sooner or later the native aristocracy of India must under certain conditions be admitted as commissioned officers in the British army," while Lord Napier of Magdala and Sir Henry Lawrence have urged a similar conciliatory policy.

In composing these fragmentary articles upon our great Indian Empire it has occurred more than once to the writer that the possession of India has been a marked benefit to England and may prove of similar service to us if we in the future draw closer the bonds of union between ourselves and the mother country, thus receiving a share in the government of that great dependency. The connection has undoubtedly broadened the sphere of British thought and action, widened the patriotic tendencies of the people, and lessened the danger arising from that isolation which has formed a not unimportant part in the politics of the "tight little island." It has given England many great men and developed many mighty minds; has produced consuls equal to those of Imperial Rome and military leaders who have helped to preserve, in other parts of the world, the freedom and welfare of entire continents. The time is also coming when influenced by the powers of European culture added to the genius of an oriental imagination, poets and writers, will appear who may prove the peers of the greatest men of the past. There can be no doubt that the citizens of the British Empire have in India a tremendous, and in some ways an enviable, task before them. To preserve the peace between two or three hundred millions of people; to harmonize the interests of ambitious rulers, great states, and weaker nationalities; to mediate between every species of religious sect and oriental prejudice, bigotry and ignorance; to raise the material prosperity of the masses, and improve their mental condition as well as increase the educational facilities within their reach; to pit European intelligence and science against the terrible natural calamities of flood and famine and drought which are common to that great region; to raise the standard of justice and administration; to hold, in honour and integrity of purpose the wealthiest empire in the East and to show all other nations how a strong race should in this age of the world rule the weaker ones committed to its charge.

Canadians may well feel a sentiment of pride in that mighty empire, a feeling which they have the right to

share in common with all other British subjects, and which it may be hoped will long be preserved to them and their descendants. Let me say in conclusion with Sir Edwin Arnold, if in spirit only:—

India, farewell; I shall not see again  
Thy shining shores, thy people of the sun,  
Gentle, soft-mannered, by a kind word won,  
To such quick kindness.

Toronto.

J. CASTELL HOPKINS.

### EN ROUTE.

By town and hamlet, field and wood,  
Past glimpses of empurpled hills,  
O'er many a broad, sun-smitten flood,  
And many a myriad tinkling rills,  
The train swings on and brings us twain  
Each minute nearer by a mile—  
Swings on, till moments scarce remain  
To keep me sundered from thy smile.

Embowered among the emerald trees,  
I see the village church spires gleam,  
I see neat homesteads front the breeze,  
Calm as a maiden's morning dream;  
And still the engine draws us twain  
Each minute nearer by a mile  
And fewer moments yet remain  
To keep me sundered from thy smile.

The wheat fields shimmer in the sun,  
The cattle in the meadows browse,  
Nor raise their heads as past we run,  
The lithe-limbed steeds and patient cows  
And still the engine draws us twain  
Each minute nearer by a mile  
Till scarce a moment doth remain  
To keep me sundered from thy smile.

On, on; yet, maugre all our speed,  
Night rides above us on the wind;  
Stars sparkle in the sky's broad mead,  
And homeward plods each toil-worn hind;  
And still the engine brings us twain  
Each minute nearer by a mile  
Until my heart is home again  
And I am basking in thy smile.

Detroit.

ARTHUR WEIR.

### CORRESPONDENCE.

DR. O'REILLY'S MISREPRESENTATIONS.

To the Editor of THE WEEK :

SIR,—In the *Irish Canadian* for May 1st (the R. C. organ in Ontario), there is a report of a lecture delivered in this city on April 28th by the Rev. Dr. Charles O'Reilly of Detroit. He is the Treasurer of the American branch of the National League. It was delivered for the purpose of raising additional funds. This is the same gentleman whose name appears as the Treasurer of the Clan-na-Gael in the proceedings before the Parnell Commission. He has made several gross mis-statements, which show how the people on this side of the Atlantic are deceived. I propose to refute one or two of them.

It is well known that there are not three daily papers in America that dare or will publish the truth about Ireland—hence the expression, "The Conspiracy of Silence." Fishing for the solid Catholic vote (numbering in Ontario 16 per cent.) explains this. The impending election in Ontario is the reason why, although two different persons—well-known correspondents—sought to expose Dr. O'Reilly's mis-statements, their letters were refused by two leading Toronto dailies. The reverend lecturer solemnly assured his hearers that the following is the dietary for "first-class misdemeanants" in Ireland: Breakfast: eight ounces of bread with water; Dinner: three ounces of oatmeal, and three ounces of Indian meal as porridge—with water (see, also, report in the *Globe*); Supper: eight ounces of bread, with water. "And this with daily regularity." This is a total of 154 solid ounces per week. Criminals suffered much worse. As Prince Hal said of Falstaff, "Mark how a plain tale shall set him down."

See the Parliamentary Return—Prison Rules in Ireland, August 7, 1888, price ten pence. Published by Eyre and Spottiswoode, London; Adam Black, Edinburgh, and Hodges and Company, Grafton Street, Dublin. Page seven, "Rules for misdemeanants of the first division." Dr. O'Reilly stated that they are cruelly treated. On payment of a small sum they may occupy a room "especially fitted and furnished with suitable bedding and other articles in addition to those furnished for ordinary cells." They may, at their own cost, "have the use of private furniture, suitable to their ordinary habits." They are permitted "to supply their own food, but not to have, daily, more than one pint of beer, or half a pint of wine." Page eight: Such prisoner may have, "at his own expense, books, newspapers, etc., other than those furnished by the prison." If they desire it, "such persons may be permitted to work, and may follow their respective trades and professions. If they find their own implements and food they are to receive the whole of their earnings." Page thirty: Dietary for "misdemeanants of the first division, who do not maintain themselves"—Breakfast: bread,



eight ounces; tea or cocoa, one pint, or, if preferred by the prisoner, one and a half pints of porridge, and three fourths of a pint of new milk. Dinner: on five days, three ounces of cooked beef without bone (page thirty-one, all meat to be weighed without the bone), six ounces of bread and eight ounces of potatoes. On Wednesdays and Fridays, sixteen ounces of bread and one pint of vegetable soup. Supper, daily: eight ounces of bread and one pint of tea or cocoa. Total, 229 ounces of solid food per week, or forty-eight per cent. more than what Dr. O'Reilly tries to make us believe. And instead of the Doctor's water they have tea and cocoa. Page thirty-one: as substitutes for potatoes (all weighed after cooking), cabbages, parsnips, turnips, carrots, or rice, steamed till tender. As substitutes for beef (all to be weighed without bone), cooked salt meat, six ounces; cooked fresh fish, eight ounces; cooked salt fish, twelve ounces. Page thirty-two, number three: hard-labour class, the lowest class. Daily breakfast: three and a half ounces of oatmeal, and three and a half ounces of Indian meal, together, seven ounces made into porridge, and one pint of milk. Dinner, Sunday: one pint of meat soup, four ounces of meat without bone, and sixteen ounces of potatoes; four other days, sixteen ounces of bread, and one pint of vegetable soup; two days, eight ounces of bread, and sixteen ounces of potatoes. Supper, daily: ten ounces of bread and one pint of cocoa, making a total of 251 ounces of solid food per week, and seven pints of milk, seven pints of cocoa, and five pints of soup. Therefore, number three class gets sixty-two per cent. more solid food than Dr. O'Reilly states that the first class gets, yet he actually states that the dietary of the third class was worse than his imaginary number one, that is, that they got less than 154 ounces per week. Hospital diet, page thirty-three: The medical officer has a list of twenty-eight different articles, from which he can add "as extras or substitutes," including beer, wine, beef-tea, poultry, mutton, arrow-root, eggs, jelly, coffee, fruit, etc., etc.

Practically, the inmates of Irish prison-hospitals are better fed and cared for than the honest labouring poor of Toronto, when sick at their own homes. Dr. O'Reilly has, therefore, kept back from the public that first-class misdemeanants, when they don't provide their own food, have, in addition to what he states, the following articles of food, namely, beef, potatoes, vegetable soup, tea, cocoa, and new milk, besides occasional substitutes for potatoes. This is a sample of how the people on this side of the Atlantic are deceived on Irish questions. As the plain-speaking Yankee farmer put it, "Give the exact facts and you knock the bottom out of Irish grievances." When Church dignitaries teach thus, can we wonder at the following case of gross ignorance?

Some years ago several well-dressed and apparently intelligent Canadian-Irish were, in my hearing, lamenting over the imaginary wrongs of Ireland. Said number one, "They (the British Government) won't let them have manufactures in Ireland." Number two replied, "There are gold mines in Ireland, sir, that they (the British Government) won't let them work." In the Separate Schools the Roman Catholics are taught departures from historical truth almost as bad as these. Who taught these men such falsehoods?

IRISH EVICTIONS.

Several years ago I asked influential authorities in the Old Country, when evictions were reported, to take care that the rents, acreages, and arrears should also be made known. This is now being done. Irish patriots in America have continually dinned into the ears of the credulous that farmers have had to pay exorbitant rents, and were evicted when only owing a few months' rent. These falsehoods are generally believed on this side of the Atlantic. In the London Times, of April 19th, there is an account of thirteen evictions on the Ponsonby estate, the tenants having been forbidden at their peril by the Plan of Campaign leaders either to pay what they owe or to accept the landlord's liberal offer to keep possession on paying one year's rent on account. Dr. O'Reilly seeks to obtain subscriptions towards supporting and helping these non-paying tenants, after the Pope, speaking *ex cathedra*, has solemnly stated to the R. C. Irish that it is wrong to withhold payment of lawful debts. Of course, we Protestants did not require his Holiness to tell us this. It would occupy too much space to give each case in detail. The average size of the farms was about forty-one statute acres; the average rent, 11s. 2d., or \$2.69 per acre, and the average arrears of rent, six years. One tenant renting seventy-four acres actually owed ten years' rent.

We must bear in mind that the yields per acre in Ireland, and also the prices obtained are higher than here. The average value of the produce per statute acre in Ireland is about one half more than is the case in Ontario. For instance, hay not only fetches a higher price but the average yield there is two and a quarter Canadian tons per statute acre against one and a half in Ontario. Take the case of an Ontario hundred-acre farm, producing \$2,000 (two thousand dollars) per annum. Would such a farm be rented for \$2.69 per acre? Has such a case ever been known? Have any of your readers ever heard of cases in America where landlords have suffered tenants to get behind from four to ten years? Here, we should say of such landlords that they were victimized, and that their tenants were rogues, but in Ireland they call such landlords rogues, and such tenants victims of oppression. Truly,

In the Isle of Saints—alias St. Peter's pence,  
All things are possible but common sense.

Is it not a great sin to encourage such tenants to refuse to pay their lawful debts, more especially to threaten with outrage such as are willing to pay?

FAIRPLAY RADICAL.

Toronto, May 10.

IMPOVERISHED CANADA.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—As I stated in a previous letter, which you published in your issue of the 25th ult., that "it is the difficulty bankers have in furnishing specie, when 'exchange' is scarce, to their creditor accounts—the importers—that makes them (the bankers) cautious—importers about over-importing." If foreign debts could be paid with our bank-notes, there would be an end to these presumptuous lectures so gratuitously read to importers; but bank-notes are not money, and, therefore, are of no use to pay foreign debts. All foreign debts, exceeding the amount paid for by exports, have to be paid in money—in specie. Bank-notes are nothing more than the promises of the banks to pay; and, instead of our Banking Act making the banks responsible for the payment of their own notes, it shifts the responsibility on to the shoulders of depositors, and to the property of the bank debtors. From this cause alone, fifteen to twenty millions of capital are driven into bankruptcy, in Canada, every year. If the banks were made directly responsible by the Act compelling them to carry sufficient specie reserves to protect their depositors' money, they (the banks) would have to weed out a number of the shaky importing accounts they are now carrying. In that way imports would be limited to the requirements of the country; and values, in consequence, would be steadied and maintained.

One would imagine, from reading the comments of the press on the Banking Act now before Parliament, that there were no interests involved but those of the different banks. "The banks are mostly satisfied with the new Bill, excepting one or two of the stronger ones," and such like remarks appear to be the substance of what the press has to say on the most momentous question affecting the interests of the Canadian people. Are all the industrial classes of Canada—the farmers, the lumbermen, the miners, the merchants, the manufacturers and artisans—to stand quietly by and allow the perpetuation of a law that has already demoralised and well-nigh ruined every industrial and material interest of one of the most favoured, and, at the same time, one of the richest in natural resources, of all the countries on the face of the globe? As I have previously stated bank-notes are not money, but merely the promises of the banks to pay, and the public by accepting the notes become the creditors of the banks. The Banking Act insures the payment of the notes by making them a first lien on the assets of the banks, including the money of depositors, and by making shareholders liable for double the amount of their shares. In that way depositors' money and all the assets of the banks' debtors are jeopardised and in danger of being annihilated simply to make good what the Banking Act should never have allowed to become bad or even risky. The public, as creditors—being both note-holders and depositors—have a perfect right to insist upon the protection of their interests. It is no excuse whatever to say that depositors are voluntary creditors, and, therefore, have themselves to blame if they happen to lose through the failure of the bank in which their money was. Solvent firms that allow their property to be endangered through a weakness in the Banking Act have themselves to blame if they have not the temerity to demand their just rights. It is the duty of our legislators to see that the interests of the public and the capital of the country are conserved by being adequately protected. All our industrial interests, at present, are well-nigh ruined by the exhaustion of the country's specie, through over-stocking the country with imports. This course necessitates double and treble rates for money, placing our industries at a great disadvantage with the industries of other countries that have money at half or one-third the cost Canadians have to pay, which completely shuts our our manufactures from foreign markets, where they come into competition with goods manufactured under a much lower rate of interest. For this reason our markets are very much circumscribed, and exports necessarily small, and stagnation and the customary "closing for repairs" very prevalent with us. Our farmers are in the same boat with the rest of us; they find it next to impossible, after supplying the necessary wants of their families, to pay the high rates of interest on their mortgages from the reduced values of their products in consequence of the chronic scarcity of money in circulation. Not only are their products lessened in value but their farms depreciate also through the exhaustion of the country's specie, caused by our banking system aiding foreign at the expense of native industries. These high rates for money do not even benefit the banks to the extent one would naturally suppose, for they encourage immense risks, and consequently the banks' losses are enormous, and it is the mercantile and industrial interests that have to suffer. We must not allow ourselves to be bled to death, our industries and businesses ruined, simply for the purpose of aiding the speculative mania of our bankers and swelling the profits of foreign manufacturers.

MERCHANT.

May 10, 1890.

PRINCE JEROME NAPOLEON is busily engaged in preparing his memoirs of the Second Empire.

APPLE-TREE INN.

(From the German of Uhland.)

How splendid was that inn of mine,  
Where yesterday I tarried!  
A golden apple was the sign,  
Which on a bough was carried.

It was the good old apple-tree  
By whom I was attended;  
With pleasant face and blossoms free,  
His kindness was blended.

To this good house, half hid in green,  
Came many guests with laughter;  
They ate and drank with jest between,  
And sang their sweetest after.

I found a couch already spread,  
Upon the grassy meadow;  
My host himself had made my bed,  
Beneath his grateful shadow.

And when I ask him what's to pay,  
He shakes with leafy laughter;  
All blessings on him every day,  
From cellar up to rafter!

G. F.

MISTER.

WHEN one reflects upon the subject for a moment, it certainly appears to be one of the most curious evidences of the artificiality of our social relations, that a prefix of some sort is necessary in addressing our most intimate friends. That a person's name is not enough of a title by which to mention him, that there is any disrespect in speaking to him by that name alone, and that, in short, a name is to receive the same deference which we accord to the individual himself, all mark a society that has reached almost the climax of artificial cultivation.

How purely a matter of modern usage this custom is we may very easily discover by remembering the fact that the ancient civilizations, though they attained to a degree of social refinement fully equal to any that the nineteenth century can boast, never marked the intercourse of social equals by any such remarkable custom. The humblest Roman of free birth, whether addressing his life-long friend, or saluting a Caesar clothed in purple and with all the legions of the empire at his back, would think no prefix necessary, nor dream that its absence testified a lack of deference. The usage of antiquity was based on the very natural notion, that a man's name was given in order that he might be called by it; and that no especial mark of respect was to be shown to it more than to his boots or the knocker on his door.

The origin of our modern titles of courtesy, such as "Mr.," "Mrs.," "Miss," "Sir" and "Madam" is therefore interesting, for it really may be held to mark the growth of the purely modern notion of personal dignity as an attribute of all members of civilized society.

The first signs of a courtesy-title are seen in the early centuries of the present era at Rome, and perhaps earlier in Greece. Under the Roman emperors, the word which ordinarily denoted "the master of a household" (*dominus*) began to take on a special usage and to be applied as a mark of personal respect. Thus, the Emperor Claudius, who endeavoured to make himself popular after the fashion of England's merry monarch, at the expense of his official dignity, was accustomed to invite the rabble promiscuously to a sort of imperial "free-and-easy," at which, after gorging himself with food and wine, the emperor always went to sleep with his mouth open until wakened by some of his loyal subjects, who playfully thrust a feather down his throat. In receiving these motley guests, Suetonius tells that the imperial host, in order to make them feel quite at home and willing to treat him as an equal, invariably shook hands with all who came, and furthermore addressed each man as *dominus* or "sir." So in the plays of Seneca, we find *dominus* occasionally used in the same way. But this usage was only irregularly followed; and no general custom was established, for *dominus* was still used in other senses; in fact, often as a pet word between lovers, so that the amatory poets, such as Ovid, Tibullus and Catullus employ both *dominus* and its feminine *domina* in such a way that we can only render it by "sweetheart."

It is only after the Western Empire ended and the Latin language fell among thieves, so to speak, that the modern usage begins to appear. What had been before merely a casual tribute of respect, now becomes a necessary one in addressing persons of rank. A lady, the wife of a knight, or the *chatelaine* of a castle, becomes *mea domina*, then *mea domna*, then *madonna* and *madame*. For an unmarried lady the mediæval Latinists coined the diminutive *dominicella* which appears as the French *demoiselle* in *mademoiselle*, though it is curious that this word like the English "Miss," was at first a term of reproach, more especially when used by Englishmen.

The title first given to men of rank was based on the same word. A gentleman was *domino*, and then *domno*—the latter still surviving in the Spanish *don* and the Portuguese *dom*. Then, curiously enough, both the masculine and the feminine forms blended, so that *dame* meant either

"lord" or "lady." In fact, the modern French exclamation "Dame!" is really "Lord!" and not as some amateur philologists suppose, "Our Lady!" But about the twelfth century, *dame*, as a male title, began to give way to another—the Latin *senior*, used precisely as the Saxons and Danes used the words *jarl*, *eorl* and *ealdor* or "elder." *Senior* has survived in what is practically its original form, in the Spanish *señor*, the Portuguese *senhor*, the Italian *signor* and the French *seigneur*. Mutilated, it is the French *sieur* in *monsieur*, and, of course, our "sir." The English "sir," however, was not exclusively a mere form of address. It is used in Shakespeare as the equivalent of our "gentleman," as "in the election of a sir."

Again, it was for some time a clerical title like our "Reverend;" and also a university title applied to any one who had taken the degree of Bachelor of Arts at Oxford or Cambridge; so that "Sir John White" might mean either John White, Knight; or "the Rev. John White," or "John White, B.A." By Shakespeare's time, however, the modern practice had become established, so that from 1630 on, it was restricted to the two meanings which it now possesses.

"Master" and "mistress," from the Latin, respectively *magister* and the Low Latin *magistrissa*, are very old in English as titles of address, "Master" (under the form "meister") is found in the Old English Homilies and used precisely like the French *Maître*, as an appellation of one who was respectable but plebeian; and so was retained as the title of a commoner. That Master is in reality the lowest title of courtesy possible is marked by the distinction which the English make between "Mr." and "Esquire," the latter being legally recognized as belonging to him who is rated by the law as subject to a tax from which a plain "Mr." is exempt, and having the privilege of bearing arms. In fact, *esquire* is the Low Latin *scutarius*, "a shield-bearer," and hence a gentleman.

It would be interesting to know just how and when "Master" began to be pronounced "Mister." It is written on the abbreviated form, "Mr.," on the title page of the first folio edition of Shakespeare's plays published in 1623, and must have been much older than that. The pronunciation "Mister," as Professor Skeat ingeniously suggests, probably arose from the analogy of the feminine form, "Mistress." "Mistress" was long used of both married and unmarried women; but out of it the modern "Miss" develops—at first, however, in a somewhat disreputable sense, like "hussy" or "minx." Minx, by the way, ought not to have a contemptuous meaning, for it is the same as the French *mignonne*, and should be a term of endearment, but like the other form "minion," it gets its sinister sense from the Italian word. "Miss" is first definitely mentioned as a term of reproach in "Evelyn's Diary," and it was only some fifty years later that it became respectable.

It is perhaps worth mentioning that the European custom of showing respect to names is surpassed by only one nation—the Chinese. A Chinese gentleman, in his oriental courtesy, thinks that even the ordinary pronouns "you" and "he" are too familiar to be applied carelessly to persons with whom he has only a slight acquaintance; and so he employs a number of awkward but very deferential expressions to avoid their use. Moreover, the Chinese, in order to show respect to persons of distinction, or to the dead, never pronounce their real name at all, but give them another, so that every-day use may not profane their sacred appellations. Thus, while we Caucasians speak familiarly enough of Confucius (Khong-fu-tsé), a Chinese will only mention him as Sian-Sing or some other name which testifies to the respect in which the Master is held, by shielding from wear and tear the title by which his parents knew him.—*Home Journal*.

### THE PHYSIQUE OF EUROPEAN ARMIES.

IT seems that so far as statistics are available, or may be accepted as a guide, there is a general tendency on the Continent towards physical improvement. At any rate, there are no such serious indications in the opposite direction as those which have caused natural disquietude in this country. The fact has to be faced that, while the physique of the English army is deteriorating under influences easily detected, the material from which foreign armies are drawn is on the whole becoming better and more vigorous; and this—be it remembered—has come about in spite of tremendous wars in which every Continental power of the first rank has sacrificed much of the flower of its youth. I do not know how such a result can be satisfactorily explained if we disregard the remarkable part played by military training in promoting the development of the body, and the generally received doctrine that acquired physical conditions are transmitted from generation to generation. Bearing in mind the important influence which, as is very easily seen, a man's employment exerts upon his body, strengthening whatever powers are brought into use, and weakening those which are neglected or interfered with, it seems little short of a truism that a system of exercises which makes an equal but not an excessive call upon every organ and every muscle cannot but improve both in health and strength.

If there were any room for doubt on this score, evidence is not wanting of the extraordinary effect of a course of gymnastics regularly continued for only a few months. Mr. Maclaren has given some valuable statistics of the measurements and weights of a detachment of non-commissioned officers sent to him to be qualified as

military gymnastic instructors. The men ranged in age from 19 to 28 years, in height from 5 feet 5 inches to 5 feet 11½ inches, and in weight from 9 stone 2 pounds to 12 stone 6 pounds; so that various types were represented. After less than eight months' training, they were found to have gained, on the average, 10 pounds in weight, 2½ inches in girth of chest, ¾ inches in the size of the fore-arm, 1¼ inches in that of the upper-arm, while there was in every case a slight increase of height. One man, 28 years of age, had grown from 5 feet 7¼ inches to 5 feet 8½ inches; his weight had increased from 10 stone 10 pounds to 11 stone 9 pounds, and he measured 40 inches instead of 37 inches round the chest, 11½ inches instead of 10½ inches round the fore arm, and 13¼ inches instead of 12½ inches round the upper arm. Another man, aged 24 years, had grown from 5 feet 8¼ inches to 5 feet 9¼ inches, and weighed 11 stone 6 pounds instead of 10 stone 8 pounds, while his chest had expanded from 35 inches to 40 inches (a gain of no less than 5 inches), and the fore-arm and upper arm had gained 1 inch and 1¼ inches respectively. A third pupil aged 28 years, had added 16 pounds to his weight, with corresponding developments of arm and chest; the smallest gains of each kind were 5 pounds in weight, 1 inch in chest, ¼ inch in the fore-arm and 1 inch in the upper arm. We are told that the muscular additions to the arms and shoulders and the expansion of the chest produced a ludicrous and embarrassing result; for, before the fourth month was out, several of the men could not get into their jackets and tunics without assistance, and when they had got them on they could not make them meet down the middle by a hand's breadth. In a month more they could not get into them at all, and were obliged to go to and from the gymnasium in their great-coats until new clothing could be procured. It is impossible to estimate the advantage gained by these men from the expansion of their chests, and the additional scope thereby given to their hearts and lungs. According to Dr. Lagneau, gymnastic exercises are one of the surest means of diminishing the frequency of phthisis. And, as Mr. Maclaren justly observes, "before this addition could be made to the chest, every spot and joint of the frame must have been improved also, every organ within the body must have been proportionately strengthened."

The statistics given by Drs. Chassagne and Dally show that 76 per cent. of the pupils at Joinville gained, on the average, 1 inch in girth of chest in the course of five months' instruction. In twelve cases the increase reached two inches, and in two cases it was as much as 3 inches. Similar observations by Dr. Abel in Germany disclosed an increase of from 1 to 2 inches in the chests of three-fourths of the men examined. It is true that several of the weaker men, both in France and Germany, were found to have made no progress, or even to have lost ground; but any risk on this account can no doubt be obviated by proper medical supervision, care being taken that no man's strength or stamina is overtaxed. I do not here dwell on the concurrent advantages of the mental discipline so closely associated with regular physical training. That men subjected to such training, whether in a gymnasium, or in a boat, or on the parade-ground, gain conspicuously in courage, self-confidence, presence of mind, and general moral tone, will be readily admitted by those who have had any experience in the subject. But I am disposed, for the present, to let the case rest purely on physical grounds. Amid the growing anxiety of our rulers and philosophers to enforce the cultivation of the mind, the body is in serious danger of being altogether neglected. Unless the Anglo-Saxon is content to abandon the proud position among mankind bequeathed to him by his fathers, it is surely high time that our present system of compulsory education should be supplemented by some measure for preventing further deterioration of physique.

At present physical education is practically confined to the upper and middle classes, with the result shown by the figures I have quoted. The remarkable increase in the height of English ladies, which has attended their recent admission to the benefits of active exercise in the open air, is another piece of evidence in the same direction. How long will it be before public opinion determines to extend similar advantages to the labouring and industrial classes, who already form more than eighty-five per cent. of the community, and who are notoriously multiplying at an exceptional rate? Until this question has been answered, it is futile to enter into the wider question whether, the need for physical training being admitted, it would not be as well that men should at the same time become fitted to be defenders of their country. In old times, to bear arms was regarded as a duty owed by every individual to his king or to the state. Now the situation is reversed, and it is the state which performs a duty to the individual in requiring him to submit himself to such physical discipline as is imposed by military service.

In suggesting that the Englishman is physically on the decline, I am not unmindful of the charge of unpatriotism hurled by M. Boudin against the French writers who, a few years before the Franco-German war, ventured on similar statements as regards their countrymen. But, if there are good reasons for believing that, in spite of the depletion caused by long wars which England has escaped, the Continental armies are every year recruited with better and more vigorous material, and that this improvement may fairly be ascribed to the salutary influence of universal military training, then it would seem that we should at once set about that physical education of the masses which the decay of agriculture and the unhealthier conditions of life now render necessary.—*Fortnightly Review*.

### RECENT FICTION.

SINCE no writer of English fiction at the present day can, except by the very midsummer madness of myopic criticism, be for a moment considered as ranking with the great masters of the last generation, it is evident that whatever interest there lies for us in contemporary novels must be sought for, not in their portrayal of character or situation upon the absolute terms of art, but in their points of incidental excellence, whether of style, theme, or tendency. This is a fact which is coming to be generally recognized; and most careful readers of the modern product frankly admit that what attracts them is either some quaintness or suggestiveness of language, the exposition of some social or intellectual problem, or the selection of some special field in which the writer is prepared to present interesting information, more or less obviously disguised in fictive garb. No one, for example, could seriously maintain the ingenious Mr. Howells, or the picturesque Mr. Crawford, or the solemn Mrs. Ward, to be a writer of great fiction in the sense in which Charles Dickens, or Sir Walter Scott, or George Eliot was such. But we are none the less attracted by the humour of the one, the novelty or the earnest purpose of the others. And to our mind the most promising field for the clever but mediocre novelist of the present uncreative age is that which we have taken Mr. Crawford to illustrate—the field of special and unfamiliar information. It was really the glimpse of Indian life, and not the vagaries of Ram Lal and his astral body, that set us all to reading "Mr. Isaacs;" it was the treatment of German life (in the students' "corps" and the ancestral legend-haunted castle) that made "Griffenstein" attractive to us, and it is interest in the social and political condition of New Italy that makes us anxiously await another volume about the doings of the Saracinesca family. The substitution of mere knowledge for creative ability doubtless marks for us a decadent epoch in literature; but we may console ourselves by the reflection that there are, after all, enough really good novels left us from the past to fill up as large a share of the average existence as should reasonably be devoted to that sort of entertainment.

These remarks are not, however, designed to introduce any new novel by Mr. Crawford, for, strange to say, although it is at least six months since that familiar name has greeted us from the title page of a volume just from the press, we have seen no reason to expect that its owner is about to bestow upon the public any fresh product of his industry. But they are suggested to us by the perusal of two recently published stories which deal with certain important phases of American history, and which illuminate, with singular clearness, the periods and the scenes which they represent. We refer to Mrs. Catherwood's "The Story of Tonty" and Mrs. Austin's "Standish of Standish," two of the most conscientious and sympathetic studies in historical fiction that have come to us for examination in late years.

In the "Story of Tonty" Mrs. Catherwood has emphasized the success made by her "Romance of Dollard." The history of La Salle and his lieutenant, beginning in Montreal, and ending, tragically enough, by the Mississippi shore, is one which offers many elements of romantic interest, and the author has told it in a strong fascinating way. La Salle, quite as much as Tonty, is the historical hero of her work, and both figures stand out in very human distinctness. There is a great wealth of material for the novelist in these annals of New France and of the western territory, which was an unexplored wilderness two centuries ago, and Mrs. Catherwood has exhibited a remarkable talent for making use of it for the purposes of fiction.

Mr. Stockton's story of "The Great War Syndicate" is a variation upon a well-worn theme. War is declared between Great Britain and the United States, and our government does not know how to meet the enemy, being entirely unprepared for anything of the sort. At this point a syndicate of capitalists comes forward, offers to carry on the war for the government, and makes a contract to that effect. Victory is speedily assured us, for the syndicate controls a secret force more suggestive of the Keely motor than of anything else, and quite as deadly as the "vril" of "The Coming Race." Armed with this mysterious power, the war-ships of the syndicate sail forth, and speedily reduce England to subjection. The warfare described by Mr. Stockton is unparalleled by anything in recorded history, for the reason that it is waged from beginning to end without loss of life. At least, there is only one life lost, and that is by accident. But if Mr. Stockton has no tale of murder grim and great to tell us, he blows up a few vessels and fortified places by means of his new force, and contrives to make his story generally exciting.

The reputation made by Miss French (we believe that the personality of the lady who signs herself "Octave Thanet" is now an open secret) as a writer of realistic sketches of life in the Southwest is more than confirmed by her story of "Expiation," her first full-fledged novel. The work is sustained in interest, strong and virile enough to warrant the use of a masculine *nom de guerre*. We should no more suspect it, from internal evidence, to be the work of a woman than we suspected that to be the case with the author of "Where the Battle was Fought." "Expiation" is a story of Arkansas in the days of the guerrillas and the closing months of the late war. There is a little more of the element of dialect than we can accept with unalloyed pleasure, but this deepens the general impression of faithfulness to fact, which is the net result of the



perusal of this remarkable story. It is in something more than the hackneyed sense of the terms that we may speak of the characters in this story as well drawn and vital, of the situations as interesting, and of the scenes as graphically described. And the reflective or contemplative passages of the book have the charm of a poetic instinct and the grace of a finished style.

It is undoubtedly true, as Mr. Arlo Bates confesses, that without the Freiherr de la Motte Fouqué's "Undine" for a precedent, the story of "Albrecht" would never have been conceived. But it is equally true that the story is a charming and graceful piece of imaginative work, showing us, among other things, that realism does not yet have everything its own way with our novelists. In Mr. Bates' story the soulless mortal is a man, not a woman, a *kobold*, not an *undine*, and his marriage with the maiden of his choice, in furnishing him with a soul, endangers that of his wife. But in the end the powers of darkness are subdued. The scene of the romance is fittingly placed in the Black Forest at the time of Karl the Great.

The city of Richmond, at the time of our own civil war, is chosen for the scene of "Jack Horner." "Human blood at that time," says the writer, "was of a splendid red colour, as a hundred fields could testify. It had not yet become the languid lukewarm tide which evolves the pale emotions of a modern American novel." No great amount of blood is made to flow by the author of this story, although she has chosen to deal with the war period, but we are left in little doubt as to the nature of the fluid that courses through the arteries of the principal characters. They are all very genuine men and women, with the exception of the hero *par excellence*, and he is a very genuine baby. In fact, this modern edition of the famous nursery hero is about as adorable a bit of infant humanity as is often found in a novel, to say nothing of the cold actual world. But he could not have the story all to himself, and so he is surrounded by a number of pleasant people whose lives, during those trying years of siege, come to be strangely interesting to us, so gracefully is their story told.

Mr. William Black has so pleasant a way of telling a story, and is so beguiling a chronicler of the small-talk of the club and the drawing-room, that we are apt to forget, until we come to reflect upon it after the book is closed, how uninteresting the story is in itself, and how trivial the conversation of which it largely consists. "Prince Fortunatus" is an example of the average novel of Mr. Black's recent years. It makes us acquainted with a lot of clever and generally well-behaved people, having various degrees of interest in one another, and never plays upon our emotions beyond the point of gentle and agreeable stimulation. The hero, in the present case, is a singer of comic opera, and the romance of his life is three-fold—that is to say, he is in love, more or less simultaneously, with three women. Probably the extremely idiotic game of poker which he is described as playing on one occasion, when in a peculiarly reckless mood, may be accounted for by the distraction incident upon such a state of mind and heart as is implied in an affection thus divided. In the end he marries one of the three—he could not do more, not being a merman—and, as it can make little difference to the reader which of the three it is, the story may be said to end happily.

The muse of all perversity seems to preside over the naming of Mr. Blackmore's latest stories and of their characters, male and female. "Kit and Kitty" is sufficiently *bizarre* as a title for a serious novel, and it is peopled by such persons as Tabby Tapscott, Tony Tonks, and Donovan (famously known as "Downy") Bulwrag. But Mr. Blackmore always tells a story genially, and the season has brought few as well worth attention as this. Kit is a promising young market gardener, and Kitty is the maiden whom he loves. Just at the proper time when Kit's love affairs are running a trifle too smoothly to promise much interest, Kitty is kidnapped by the ingenious Downy Bulwrag, and the story takes a new lease of life. When it has been expanded to a suitable length, she is restored to his arms, and all ends happily. The lore of the gardener forms a substantial element in the narrative, and who, if not Mr. Blackmore, should be capable of expounding it? If we are to have no more "Lorna Doones" and "Alice Lorraines," we should at least not be ungrateful for such gentler idyls as this.

"Gobi or Shamo," further described upon the title-page as "A Story of Three Songs," is such a work of fiction as Mr. Rider Haggard and Mr. Andrew Lang might have written, had they chosen to collaborate in such a task. The story of the isolated Greek city, existing unknown all these years in the highlands of Central Asia, embodies just such an imaginative idea as that of "King Solomon's Mines," and a great deal of the incident and description is just what might have been expected of the ripe classical scholarship of the author of "Letters to Dead Authors." The gentleman who has successfully combined the diverse gifts of these two writers is Professor G. G. A. Murray, who occupies the chair of Greek in the University of Glasgow. The story which he has produced may be described as faulty in construction, but amazingly clever in detailed execution. We have not been able to discover what is meant by the mention of "three songs" in the title; as for the "Gobi or Shamo" part of it, that is cleared up by a quotation from Cornwall's "Geography"—"the great desert of Gobi or Shamo." The Greek city of which there is question in the work is represented as a relic of the invasion of the Greeks under Alexander the Great, and the story of its re-discovery by

two or three modern Englishmen is one of the most fascinating narratives that recent fiction has provided.

The literature of Spanish America, as Mr. Thomas A. Janvier points out in his brief but admirable introduction to Mr. Rollo Ogden's translation of "Maria: A South American Romance," is both rich and ancient. A *catalogue raisonné* of the books published in Mexico alone, and before the year 1600, includes one hundred and sixteen titles, and the literary production of Mexico and the other Spanish American countries has certainly kept pace since then with that of the English-speaking half of the continent. Señor Jorge Isaacs, the author of the story now translated, is a Columbian, and his fame among Spanish-Americans is probably as great as that of Mr. Howells' among Americans who speak English; so that the story was well worth translating, and Mr. Ogden appears to have done the work conscientiously. As a story, it can make little appeal to our Anglo-Saxon and somewhat jaded appetites. It is suggestive of such French romantic idyls as "Atala" and "Paul et Virginie," and neither of these stories ever excited more than a languid literary interest in English readers. But it is pretty, pathetic, and graceful, and it gives a faithful picture of refined country life in a South American republic, so that it adds materially to our vital knowledge of the world and its peoples.—*W. M. Payne, in The Dial.*

RONDEAU—VALE, SALVE!

VALE, Salve! As spring tides flow,  
The myrtle fades, the violets go,  
We miss each blossom passing hence,  
But find for spent blooms, recompense  
In the fairer flowers that blow.

Each bright day passes, who knows whence?  
Though night enthral us, dark and dense,  
We greet again the morning's glow:—  
Vale, Salve!

Hope's rim of light will surely show  
Above the blackest waves of woe;  
A later passion, sweet intense,  
Bide in the past love's residence,  
The old delights renew, and so  
Vale, Salve!

J. THOMSON WILLING.

ART NOTES.

In the list of the new Associates of the R. C. A., published in our issue of 9th instant, the name of Mr. Paul Wickson was inadvertently omitted.

THE new *Salon* Exhibition in the Champs de Mars, Paris, has proved a great success, and is said to have attracted a higher quality of pictures than the old *Salon*, which will have to take second rank this year. There is some hope, however, that a reconciliation will be effected, and the artistic forces united as a fold in future.

At the monthly meeting on Tuesday of the Ontario Society of Artists Messrs. Knowles and Cutts were introduced as new painter members and Mr. Radford as a new architect member. The arrangement to conduct the Art Department of the Industrial Exhibition and to import some famous pictures for that purpose was confirmed. Committees were appointed for the forthcoming exhibition and the prosperous condition of the Society commented upon. It is expected that the exhibition, which opens on Friday evening of this week at the Toronto Art Gallery, King St. W., will eclipse all previous efforts. A notice of this exhibition will appear next week.

In a late *Harper's Magazine* occurs a carefully written article on modern French painters with some well considered remarks on the tendency of the French Art of today. The writer points out the fact that French Art has become democratic as well as the government; that the painter of to-day seeks perpetually for living life, nature, reality and modern idea; that the tendency is to depict real, every-day life—peasants, workers at trades; and that the pictures which are the result will be a mine of wealth for the future historian and antiquary to delve in. Prominent in this field are Degas and Raffaelli, Puvion de Chavaunes, Aimé, J. C. Cazin and Dagnan Bouveret, each of whom is carving out for himself a path to fame and fortune.

THE Royal English Academy Exhibition is reputed to be equal to the average in landscapes and portraits but far below in figure pieces. The portraits of Oules, Luke Fildes, N. Herkomer, Sir John Millais, Orchardson and Pettie are spoken of as worthy of commendation, with the exception of Millais' portrait of Gladstone and his granddaughter, which is not likely to raise the reputation of the painter. Alma Tadema's "Vestiarium," representing Roman ladies dressing after the bath, is considered one of the most successful of his works. An "Auction," by Stanhope Forbes, is highly spoken of, the scene of which is laid in a Cornish village, and every head in the crowd of villagers is a separate, careful study. Vicat Cole, as usual, receives high praise for his landscapes and river scenes; and Hook for his coast scenes with fisher folk mending boats, nets, etc.

THE EXHIBITION OF THE ART STUDENTS' LEAGUE.

THERE is much to interest the lover of art in the Exhibition of the Art Students' League, lately held in the

Imperial Bank chambers, corner of Wellington street. Not that the work on the walls of the unpretentious rooms shows remarkable talent, but it is suggestive of earnestness, of carefulness, and of devotion. The greater part of the collections is in black and white, and its distinguishing feature is the genuine care that is given to the drawing. The danger that besets young students in new countries is to hurry from the discipline of drawing and design into the area of colour and sentiment. It is easy to learn some pretty tricks of colour, but to draw well there must be patience, a constant service and an austere, if loyal, discipline of eye and hand. In Canada the general public knows little of what Art is doing and perhaps cares less; and that is a pity. But the careful few are working and this Students' Exhibition displays an honest, if limited, range of work and practice. It is notable that some of the studies from the life are free and strong. Much character or unconventionality should not be expected; yet here and there were unexpected graces in outline and bright sentiment. The water-colours and oils exhibited are not striking in merit, though there is a study of a head here and an out-door scene there, that give hints of something to come. Naturally there are feeble things in the collection which were intended to be strong. It is not with them we are concerned, but with the general character of the work of these young students, who represent the growth of Art education in our midst. This work is at least encouraging, and possessing, as we do, little that ministers to the tastes and ambitions of young students, we should be prepared for less than that. TEMPLAR.

ONE can easily judge the taste and real feeling of a man by his house. Where you see only ornate furniture, and glaring carpets, and huge mirrors, you may be sure there is something vulgar in the mind. Pictures and works of art are evidences of refinement and feeling. They show a desire for something ideal, and a sympathy for something poetic. Graspings, at least, they are for something better than the humdrum acts of life blind struggles, perhaps, for light, as by plants in cellars; but still graspings and struggles after it, however unintelligent. But a room crowded and clustered merely with ormolu ornaments, nick-nacking and upholstery, is a clear indication that those who live in it are essentially trivial and commonplace.—*Conversations in a Studio.*

FIFTEEN years ago it was not unusual for examples of the Barbizon school to be brought to this country and to be taken back for want of a buyer, but the recent return of Millet's "Woman Spinning" is remarkable at this time. The picture, which shows a peasant woman spinning seated on a bank against a luminous sky with a goat in the background, is familiar to most amateurs since it was shown at the time of the Morgan sale, and again last winter at the Union League Club. It is a picture of large size, but its quality is inferior to that of many other examples in this country. This painting was sold to the late Mrs. Morgan by Messrs. Knoedler and Co. for \$17,100. At the Morgan sale it shared the fate of several other pictures, and was "bid in" for \$14,000. It has been said that these pictures would have been divided among the heirs but for a death which caused a change of plans; but, however that may be, the unsold pictures were finally brought forward again and offered at private sale. The head of the firm of Bousod, Valadon and Co. recently visited this city, bought this picture for \$9,000, and has taken it back to Paris. The difference between the \$17,100 paid to Knoedler and Co. and the \$9,000 paid by Bousod, Valadon and Co. will furnish picture-buyers food for thought.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

AT THE GRAND.

THE Kendals had no reason to complain about the audiences at the Grand last week, but as much cannot be said regarding the courtesy shown to them. It is an evil, much needing a remedy, that even with artists of the highest order people will not take the trouble to be in time, the consequence being, as we saw last week, that the greater part of the first act is merely dumb show, the dialogue, let alone the "points," being entirely lost as well to early as to late comers. The practice of being late at a performance is discourteous and selfish. If we mistake not, "Impulse," which was the play given on Thursday, 15th inst, is new to Toronto play-goers. Like a good many of the same trend, it is adapted from a French play and was originally brought out by Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, about eight years ago, and had a fair run. The central interest of the piece hangs on the love of a young Frenchman for a married woman whose husband is in active service, but who returns in time to save his wife from the seducer's toils. The pure comedy of the piece is, of course, in the hands of Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, as Captain Crichton and Mrs. Beresford with love, awkward, bashful, blundering love, as the basis. It was amusing without being farcical. Friday night, gave us the "Ironmaster" with a packed audience. This play also drawn from a French novel, it will be remembered, was produced when the Kendals were last here, and to the remembrance of it was doubtless attributable the exceptional house. Our space will only permit us to notice that the strong fourth act was most effectively played. "A Scrap of Paper," and "The Queen's Shilling," the latter one of the best plays in the Kendals' repertoire, were given on Saturday, matinee and evening respectively.

## PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

WHATEVER opinions may be held as to the measure of success attained by Mr. Torrington's excellent orchestra and chorus last Tuesday night at their "Wagner evening," no one can withhold for an instant great praise for boldness and perseverance. The audience was a poor one; nevertheless the performance was far above mediocrity, the attack and balance of the chorus being distinctly good, while the orchestra, albeit crude in the brass, especially in the overture to "Rienzi," did excellently well. Wagner's music may be said to be practically unknown in this city, though "Lohengrin" and "Die Fliegende Holländer" have been heard in Toronto. Few people take to the German master's abundant instrumentation, breadth of effect and queer intervals, at first hearing. Study, and study alone, enables the average musician to peer into the many beauties of the "Meistersinger," "Dutchman," and, still more, the "Nibelungen." The melodious chorus in the second act of "Rienzi" was charmingly given, and in the "Lohengrin" finale, Act I, Mr. Torrington achieved a great and legitimate success. In fact, nowhere, except in opera houses of great resources, could such a volume and brilliancy of tone be heard. The Bridal Chorus, too, should not be allowed to pass without mention, while the Pilgrim's Chorus from Tannhäuser was, perhaps, not quite so good. Miss Ryan sang Senta's and Elsa's music with a fair amount of dramatic expression, but was overweighed by the superabundant orchestration, a fate which attended Mr. Kaiser, the tenor, in Walter's "Prize Song," from the "Meistersinger." However, the latter redeemed himself by delivering Lohengrin's difficult farewell with fervour and brilliancy. Miss Ecclestone, Messrs. Schuch and Blight, did good service in minor parts. Mr. Blight's voice seemed too light for heavy music like the Dutchman's in the famous duet with Senta, though he acquitted himself well. We trust Mr. Torrington will give us another such night early next season.

## BLATCHFORD KAVANAGH.

THURSDAY and Friday nights of last week witnessed large attendances at the Metropolitan Church to hear the phenomenal boy treble. Master Kavanagh certainly possesses an organ of extraordinary sweetness and considerable power, and, considering his necessarily limited training, very fair executive ability. But, as might be expected, he is heard to greater advantage in songs like the "Lost Chord," "The Chorister," than in florid pieces of the nature of Haydn's "Marvellous Work." There was, in addition, a programme itself worthy of the audience, and which was greatly enjoyed. On Friday Mendelssohn's "Hear my Prayer" was given with solos by the young *primo*, who also sang "He was Despised and Rejected" from the Messiah, the solo in the "Crucifixion" air and chorus "As Pants the Hart" and Sullivan's "Chorister." A concert was arranged in the Pavilion for the Saturday afternoon.

## GEORGE KENNAN.

A REFINED audience greeted Mr. George Kennan, the Siberian traveller, in the Pavilion on the 15th inst. The subject of Mr. Kennan's lecture was "Mountains and Mountaineers of the Caucasus," describing in his own brilliant style a trip across the Caucasian Mountain range, and giving a description of the social customs and manners of the Circassians. Mr. Kennan appeared in the national costume of the mountaineers, and his narrative of the perilous ride across the great mountain range was very vivid. The trip was made in the train of a Georgian Prince, who took occasion to put Mr. Kennan's American pluck and endurance to the test. In the course of his lecture, Mr. Kennan described the struggle for independence by Schamyl, the Circassian patriot. He told how 800 patriots under the famous chief entrenched themselves on a mountain top, a mile and a half above the sea level, and resolved to fight to the death. The Russians, foiled in their attack on the one accessible side of the mountain, built ladders on the precipitous face of the mountain in the rear of the defenders, scaled the mountain at night and put the brave defenders to the sword. His description of a descent into the valley of Circassia on horseback along a bridal path was also very vivid. The audience listened spellbound as he told how his horse crawled down the zigzag road, where the rider's right shoulder grazed the wall, while his left foot in the stirrup hung over the precipice and where the slightest slip would send both over the face of the cliff. A much larger audience than that of the previous night listened to Mr. Kennan on 16th inst. His theme was "Life on the Great Siberian Road," and it gave him an opportunity to make a strong case against the inhuman administrative exile system of the Russian Government. He told the old story of keen suffering in the springless *tolegas*, in the forwarding prisons, and in the vermin-infested halting places all along the great highway leading to the mines of the Trans-Baikal, and showed how this was wantonly increased and aggravated by the callousness and neglect of the Russian officials. For instance, the money used to bury those who die from being compelled to sleep in wet clothing would buy tarpaulins for all the baggage carts of the exiles, and thus keep dry clothes for them after a day's march in the rain; but the tarpaulins are not bought. Mr. Kennan illustrates his lectures by excellent stereopticon views that aid one materially in forming an idea of the Siberian steppes and the life of the exiles. On Saturday Mr. Kennan's subject was "Russian Political Exiles." He commenced by correcting a wrong impression which prevails about Russian political exiles. Far from being as a rule men and women who desired to overthrow all authority and law, they were simply believers

in a more extended and free system of government. There was, true, a very small section of "terrorists," and the opponents of the constitutional agitators were only too glad to give the outside world the impression that all the exiles were of that order. When he had concluded his explanations, giving a brief biographical account of each of these exiles, in reply to the chairman, Mr. Kennan said that in Philadelphia an address was being signed at the rate of 1,500 or 2,000 names a day, to be forwarded to the Czar of Russia, respectfully praying that some measures might be taken to alleviate the misery of the exiles. Mr. Felix Brant was present at the lecture. Mr. Kennan went to Montreal last Monday, where he will lecture during the entire week.

MME. MODJESKA will spend three months this summer at Los Angeles, Cal. Later she will go to Europe for a further rest.

OVIDE MUSIN, the violinist, has received a cablegram from Paris notifying him of his decoration by the French Academy.

MME. ETELKA GERSTER has been heard from. She sang lately in a concert given for a local charity in Bologna, with what success is not mentioned.

A POLISH pianist, M. Paderewski, is the lion of the Paris musical season. He crams the Salle Erard whenever he plays, and he plays "Chopin" chiefly and best.

MEHUL's opera, "Joseph," has been revived at Munich under the direction of Herr Levi with striking success. Herr Max Alvary is said to have made a very strong impression in the principal part.

THE Oratory adjoining the Kensington Museum, in London, has been chosen by Jose de Navarro and Mary Anderson as the stage setting for the agreeable climax of the last act before the curtain is rung down for the last time on "Mary's" public life.

ACTORS and musicians in London complain that they lose money every time they are "commanded" to perform at Windsor Castle. The average remuneration paid to performers at the palace is ten shillings (\$2.40) apiece and each performer has to pay his expenses.

DR. HANS VON BULOW has written the following in the visitors' book at the New York Casino: "There are but two places in the world where I have found realized the dream of theatrical model-performances, Bayreuth for Wagner's musical dramas, and the Casino for Offenbach's burlesque operas."

TEN thousand dollars is now the highest recorded price for a violin. The Alard Stradivarius has passed from France to England for that sum, to go into the collection of a Scotchman. It is dated 1716. It is described in the catalogue of the South Kensington Exhibition of 1872 as the only one in a condition of perfect preservation.

AMONG the novelties promised by Augustus Harris in the course of his London, (Eng.) season of Italian opera, are Wagner's "Tristan and Isolde" and "Walkyrie," Goring Thomas' "Esmeralda," and Gluck's "Orpheus." The latter work is to be brought out expressly for Mme. Scalchi, for whom it was revived with great success last winter in Italy and Spain.

THE week before Francis Wilson and his manager, Al Canby, sailed for Europe, John Stetson made this comedian a big offer to go to Boston and play in "The Gondoliers." Mr. Stetson offered Mr. Wilson \$700 a week, but the latter declared that he wouldn't play for the next three months for the Globe Theatre. He had had no rest for so long that he insisted upon enjoying himself from now until he opens his season at the Broadway Theatre in August. Mr. Wilson has been managing himself for just one year, and before sailing for Europe he arranged his banking business and found that he had made for himself and Mr. Canby \$76,000.

## LIBRARY TABLE.

EDWARD BURTON. By Henry Wood, author of "Natural Law in the Business World." Boston: Lee and Shepard; New York: Chas. Dillingham.

Mr. Wood has followed up his "labour" volume with another of much the same trend. But it is wider in its scope, for it embraces reflections and arguments upon sociological, theological, and ethical questions while steadily pursuing the main story of love and ambition. There is some fine delineation of character, especially that of William Tapley, who practically makes Edward Burton the man he is, and who, therefore, is in a measure the main spring of the book, though by no means the most prominent figure. The healing of Edward Burton in the earlier part of the book reads suspiciously like a specimen of "Christian science," without however the charlatan surroundings which sometimes are made to seem part of it. Burton eventually starts a magazine entitled "The Spiritual Life," part of the prospectus of which is the practical creed of "Perfectionists." "It recognizes the possibility of attaining physical and spiritual wholeness." "All sin, evil, inharmony are located in 'the mind of the flesh,' which as St. Paul says must be 'put off.'" Dr. Frustadt, a Socialist and Anarchist in disguise, supplies the sensational element of the book and the poorest part is that which concerns itself with Lord Percival, an English nobleman, who is Frustadt's, *alias* Stellmacher, pet aversion. The book is well worth reading for all sorts and conditions of men and things are discussed pungently and briefly.

THE PROPHET OF PALMYRA. Mormonism reviewed and examined in the life of its founder. With a complete history of the Mormon era. By Thomas Gregg. New York: John B. Alden.

Although much has been written about Mormonism, dependable and otherwise, yet the great majority of the public remain to-day little if at all acquainted with the origin and purposes of this exorcism on the national life of America and, it is to be feared, of Canada. Mr. Gregg has done his work in a fairly complete way and, while he cannot claim to have added much new matter to the existing stock of literature on the subject, yet what he has written is succinct and does not drag. The celebrated Nauvoo Charter and the Celestial Marriage documents are printed and there are a few plates which add to the general interest.

UP AMONG THE ICE FLOES. By J. Macdonald Oxley. Philadelphia: American Baptist Publication Company.

This is a breezy, exciting book for boys. As its title implies, it is a voyage in Arctic regions, an attempt by an individual, Captain Marling, "for his own hand" to find the Pole or at least to get as near it as possible. Halifax is the starting point and "Bluenoses," of course, are the chief actors in the narrative. Of excitement there is no lack; whaling and its attendant perils, battling with the ice, reindeer hunting, and other Arctic experiences, some of them illustrated, lend their quota of charm and information to an essentially healthy boys' book.

WE have also received from William Bryce, "Beatrice." By H. Rider Haggard; "Stanley and His Relief of Emin." By E. P. Scott.

Trinity University Review contains an obituary notice of the late Rev. Professor Boys; also a second notice of "Lux Mundi," together with editorial notes, "A Reminiscence," and "A Problem in Casuistry."

THE Canada Educational Monthly for May contains a good paper on Ruskin by A. H. Morrison, and a very practical one by J. C. Lattimore on "How a Teacher May Waste the Time of His Pupils." Other papers, together with the usual departments, make a good number.

MESSRS. ROBERT CLARK AND COMPANY, of Cincinnati, have sent us the "History of the Girtys," a concise account of the Girty brothers who played such prominent parts in the western war of the Revolution and in the Indian war of 1790-95. The volume is by Consul Butterfield and is of an historical as well as biographical nature.

"TENNYSON: AND AFTER" is an unsigned paper leading off the current *Fortnightly*, and on the face of it somewhat uncalled for, as it is not improbable that the demise of Tennyson may include that of the sinecure. T. W. Russell, M.P., criticises Mr. Balfour's Land Bill from the Unionist point of view and Horace Plunkett speaks of the success of "Woman Suffrage in Wyoming." Rudyard Kipling gives an amusing little bit of dialogue entitled "The Lamentable Comedy of Willow Wood" and "The Danish Drama of To-day" is considered by William Archer. "England's Outlook in East Africa" and "North American Fisheries Disputes" are the most interesting among the remaining papers.

Macmillan's for May has a paper by Goldwin Smith entitled "A Moral Crusader," dealing with William Lloyd Garrison's "Life, Told by his Children." "Getting Ready" is a pleasant country ramble in England by W. Warde Fowler, and Arthur Montefiore talks vividly and interestingly about "Our Boys in Florida." George Wither, an almost forgotten poet of the sixteenth century, is told of and criticised by John Fyvie and in "Some Passages in the Life of Hamish Macgregor" a son of the famous Rob Roy, the stirring times of the rebellion of 1745 are brought up. "Ronald Lester" is an unsigned sad, short story; J. D. Rees writes of "Prince Albert Victore in Travancore," while "The Cry of the Parents," and an instalment of Mrs. Oliphant's serial "Kirsteen" complete the number.

MR. EDWIN D. MEAD's addresses on the Roman Catholic Church and Public Schools have been put together in a little volume of a hundred pages, which will be published immediately by George H. Ellis, Boston. The collection includes the address given before the Woman Suffrage League in Boston during the controversy over Swinton's history, the address before the Massachusetts Schoolmasters' Club at the close of the Boston conflict, and the address before the National Educational Association at Nashville, last summer, in the debate with Bishop Keane. These addresses have already been published as separate pamphlets, and of the Nashville address nearly fifty thousand copies have been circulated. Their publication together at this time, when the struggle over the Bennett law in Wisconsin has drawn the attention of the country anew to the whole subject, is opportune. There is almost no phase of the subject which Mr. Mead does not touch in these addresses. What is chiefly worthy of remark is, that although he is the warmest defender of the public school system and the most outspoken critic of the parochial schools, he has treated the Roman Catholics with a careful justice which has won their confidence as has been done, perhaps, by no other of their critics.

THE *Contemporary Review* for May leads off with a lengthy paper of considerable Canadian interest by Sir C. Gavan Duffy: "How British Colonies got Responsible Government," in which he first tells how they came to obtain English liberty, what use they made of it and finally considers how far their experience may be useful at home



under a democratic franchise. John Rae discusses the "Betterment Tax" which has been roughly handled in the (London, Eng.) *Times*, and after showing how long it has been in existence in America concludes from experience that it is a decidedly fair provision. The tax is better known here as the "Local Improvement Assessment." Clement Scott writes prophetically about Monte Carlo's much-to-be-desired decline and the headmaster of Harrow School takes up the perpetual educational problem on "The Educational System in Public Schools." Scientists will find congenial reading in George Romanes' paper on "Weismann's Theory of Heredity" and the Rev. Benjamin Waugh pursues his mission in an article on "Baby Farming," which will be sufficiently startling to those unacquainted with that scandalous traffic. George Aitken contributes a sketch and short critique of the poet Prior's life and work, while a timely paper is that by Robert Spencer Watson on "The Peaceable Settlement of Labour Disputes." "The Race Basis in Indian Politics," by H. H. Risley and a criticism of the "Balfour's Land Purchase Bill" by Justin McCarthy make up a good number.

The current number of the *Quarterly Review* opens with a paper on "The Modern French Novel," dealing with the works of the greatest writers of French fiction, and showing their relations to one another and to one of the great intellectual movements of the century. An essay on Sophocles, the happiest of poets, summarizes not only the latest results of classical study, but examines afresh the poet's work and his place in literature. A thoughtful and appreciative paper on Browning will be read with interest by the admirers of one of the greatest minds of the time. "A Study of Buddhism" reviews not only the literature of the subject and its chief doctrines, but enquires more particularly into its present state and its future prospects. "The Viking Age" is summarized in a careful paper which is accompanied by a number of illustrations of the more remarkable of Scandinavian remains. An article on the "Beginning and the End of Life" deals with the latest biological theories concerning the origin of life and the significance of death. "St. Saviour's, Southwark" is an architectural and historical summary of an ancient English parish church, and illustrates not only a peculiar feature in English social life, but tells the story of a remarkable edifice. "The French in Italy" treats of the old French desire to gain supreme control in Italy and condenses many circumstances of curious interest in early Italian history. "The Parliamentary Position of Scotland" deals with the question of home rule for that country; and the number closes with an article on "Greater Britain," treating of the relations of the English dependencies to the mother country.

The *Edinburgh Review* for the current quarter, issued in this country by the Leonard Scott Publication Co., deals with a wide range of topics. Americans will probably turn first to the remarkable paper on "The Catholic Democracy of America" in which is shown how the Roman Catholic Church in the United States has grown "into one of the most powerful and democratic religious communities which the world has ever seen, and one which is fated to leave a lasting mark on the history of Christendom." Mr. Swinburn's lyrics are subjected to an examination and review that is not unlike some of Mr. Swinburne's own performances for plain speaking, and which will be read with great interest by all lovers of literature. An article on Lord Melbourne reviews one of the most interesting and important periods of English history. An extremely valuable paper on the "Later Roman Empire" deals with events from the fourth to the eighth centuries and presents the later days of the Roman Empire in a new light. An article on "Henri de Rohan and the Huguenot Wars" treats of some of the most exciting episodes in the rise of Protestantism in France. "The Correspondence of Princess Lieven and Earl Grey" records an interesting picture of social and political life in the first half of the century. An article on Velasquez draws a vivid picture of the life of the great Spanish painter, his early promotion to the highest offices in the gift of his sovereign, and his place in art history. A new chapter in the events which followed the French Revolution is recorded in an article on "Talleyrand and Napoleon I." The number concludes with a paper treating of "Confederation or Independence," the consolidation or dismemberment of the British Empire, a problem which is destined to occupy the attention of the world at no distant day.

LITERARY AND PERSONAL GOSSIP.

FROM London comes word that Mr. Lowell's medical advisers have "absolutely forbidden his coming to England this year."

HENRY HOLT AND COMPANY will publish at once "A Japanese Boy." By Himself. The book makes the whole Japanese daily life, and especially family life pass before the reader.

It required the genius of the London *Spectator* to review Mr. O'Brien's book in a phrase. According to that journal "it is the most pompholugopaphlasmatic novel ever written."

ARTHUR T. QUILLER COUCH is said to be the name of the author of "The Splendid Spur," and other successful novels. He is an employee of the London publishing-house of Cassell and Company.

LEA BROTHERS AND COMPANY, of Philadelphia, have in press a volume of essays by Mr. Henry C. Lea entitled

"Chapters from the Religious History of Spain," treating of subjects connected with the Inquisition.

MR. J. E. C. BODLEY has undertaken to write for Messrs. Macmillan a comprehensive work on France, following the same lines as Mr. Bryce's "American Commonwealth" and Sir Charles Dilke's "Problems of Greater Britain."

MR. ANDREW LANG, who detests being written to by literary aspirants and asked for letters of general advice, has just written a lecture on "How to Fail in Literature," in which he reviews very accurately the conscientious efforts of young writers to achieve failure.

THE complete novel for the June number of *Lippincott's Magazine* is contributed by Mary E. Stickney, and is entitled "Circumstantial Evidence." It is a natural story, charmingly told, dealing with the misunderstandings of a newly-married pair and their final reconciliation.

A CORRESPONDENT of an English paper writes that Robert Browning, during at least a part of his residence in Florence, was a Free Church Deacon. The Scotch Free Church has long maintained religious services in that city. Mr. Browning for some time held the plate for the collections.

"LEE: A Chant of Remembrance," is the title of a noble poem contributed to the June number of *Lippincott's Magazine* by Robert Burns Wilson. The unveiling of the statue of Lee at Richmond gives peculiar timeliness to the publication of this fine tribute to the character of Lee, written by one who, though a Northerner by birth, has become an adopted son of the South.

THREE prizes of fifty, thirty and twenty dollars respectively, are offered by *Public Opinion*, Washington, for the three best essays, not exceeding 2000 words, on the subject of "The Study of Current Topics as a Feature of School, Academy and College Education." The award will be made by a committee of three well-known educators. The prize essay will be published on July 5.

"THE Broughton House," a novel just issued by the Scribners, is the first work of a new writer of fiction, Mr. Bliss Perry. He is the son of Prof. A. L. Perry, of Williams College, the well-known and popular writer on political science. The novel is an artistic and vivid picture of a New England town in summer, full of incident and interesting character sketches.

MR. J. ROSE TROUP's volume, "Stanley's Rear Column," the issue of which was interdicted by Mr. Stanley's agent on the eve of publication last summer, still remains in type, and it is not improbable, in view of expected controversial matter in a portion of Mr. Stanley's forthcoming volumes, that the book will be published immediately after "Darkest Africa" has been given to the public.

MRS. MARY J. HOLMES, of Ansonia, Ct., has written a novel, and a New York publisher contemplates putting it upon the market, but hesitates to put the writer's name on the cover because it is the same as that of a well-known authoress. Mrs. Holmes is now holding consultation with different lawyers to discover whether she has or has not the right to use her name on the cover of her novel.

ANNE REEVE ALDRICH, who came before the public about a year ago by means of a volume of erotic verse entitled "The Rose of Flame," appears once more, this time as the author of a novel called "The Feet of Love." There is no doubt but that this writer possesses a good deal of talent, but her style at present is too much of the Amélie Rives order to make her popular with the best class of novel readers.

THE *Publisher's Chronicle* says that an American lady went recently into a bookseller's shop to purchase a present for her husband. "She hovered around and manifested the usual indecision, whereupon the assistant in charge, to help her out of the difficulty, suggested a set of Shakespeare. The would-be purchaser met this proposal, however, with the prompt remark: 'Oh! he read that when it first came out.'"

A VOLUME of prose poems by the late Émile Hennequin, the famous author of *La Critique Scientifique* is to be published in France, under the supervision of Mme. Hennequin. The American public has an opportunity to judge of these poems before the French, for Mme. Hennequin selected six for Mr. Stuart Merrill to translate and include in the "Pastels in Prose," recently published by Messrs. Harper and Brothers.

HENRYK SIENKIEWICZ is a Polish novelist of very high reputation, and his historical romance "With Fire and Sword," which the Macmillans were to bring out on May 17, has a fine subject for his powers of description and characterization in the Cossack war under King John Kazimir, which forms the background of his pictures of life and manners of the period. He is said to touch the springs of humour and pathos with a master hand.

*England*, the well-known Conservative political weekly, will henceforth be known as *England and the Union*. Following the example of *The Evening News and Post*, it has joined hands and amalgamated staffs with *The Union* which has been edited for three years by Mr. Philip H. Bagenal, who has taken up the sole editorship of the new paper. Mr. Bagenal is known as the author of "The American Irish" and other works on Irish revolutionary movements.

"THE Wife of the First Consul" is the name of an interesting sketch of the life and times of the Empress

Josephine, translated from the French of Imbert de Saint Amand, by Mr. T. S. Perry. It is the first of a series of books of a similar nature now in press with the Scribners. The second volume will soon be ready, and is entitled "The Happy Days of the Empress Marie Louise." A third volume will follow shortly after and has for its subject, "Marie Antoinette and the End of the Ancient Regime."

FOR half his life, Mr. John Lovell, the well-known publisher of Montreal, has contemplated a "Gazetteer and History of every County, District, Parish, Township, City, Town, and Village in the Eight Provinces, with descriptions of more than 3,000 Islands, Lakes, and Rivers in the Dominion of Canada." The expense he estimates to be so great that only a subscription, in advance, of \$150,000 will warrant his proceeding with the undertaking, and a sixth of this sum has been already pledged. There will be eight Province maps, and illustrations if paid for by persons interested.

THE lady whose real name is Olive Schreiner, but who published "A South African Farm" under the *nom de plume* of Ralph Iron, has contributed the first of two remarkable papers to the *New Review*. It is a description of Hell, to be followed, presumably, by one of Heaven. It is an exceedingly bold allegory, and the way in which God is introduced as a speaker may strike some readers as irreverent. The purpose seems to be to show that hell is a place of endless effort and consequent disappointment, mingled with deception and cruelty. We shall be more interested in Miss Schreiner's ideal of heaven.

THE Boston *Journal* describes a book-clerk's experience with Sarah Bernhardt when she was last in this country. He had "sold her quite a bill of goods," and as she was about to leave, she took his pencil and looked around for a scrap of paper, but, not finding one, picked up a handsome volume of Scott, bound in tree-calf, opened it, wrote something on a fly-leaf, calmly tore it out, handed it to the astonished salesman, smiled and went out. What she had written was a pass for two to her performance that evening! But she did it at the cost of nearly ruining one of the best sets of books in the store.

KOSSUTH has nearly ready for publication three additional volumes of his memoirs. They are said to contain, among other things, his remarks upon the policy of Napoleon III. towards the Vienna Court, and upon the endeavours of the Pope to retain the secular power, in addition to an interesting interview between Prince Bismarck and the French Ambassador, Comte de Saint Vallier. At the close of his preface Kossuth states that the Hungarian Deputy, M. Ignaz Helfy, revised the work, as he himself was painfully conscious of the fact that during his forty-one years of exile he had not kept up with the advance of the Hungarian tongue.

IN the lately published reminiscences of Colonel Davidson, there is a pleasant little glimpse of a dinner with Carlyle and Tennyson: "In the course of conversation they spoke about the difficulty of making speeches; when Tennyson said if allowed to sit he might manage it, but it was severe upon the nerves to stand up when every one else was sitting. The question was discussed as to whether they would accept titles if offered. Tennyson was disposed to decline such honours for himself, and said no title could excel the simple name of 'Thomas Carlyle.' After dinner long clay pipes were laid on the table, and a smoking parliament began. When we went upstairs, it was most interesting to hear those two men talk, and I noticed that when Carlyle was at a loss for a poetical quotation, Tennyson promptly supplied it."

THE *Publishers' Weekly* says:—"The trade will note with regret that the estate of Robert Carter finds itself constrained to close up the business with which the name of Carter has been so long and honourably associated. It was hoped, upon the death of Mr. Carter, that arrangements would be made by which the business could be carried on by his family, aided by his brother, Mr. Peter Carter, who for forty years has been intimately connected with the management of the business. But owing to the failure of the founder to make provision for the continuance of the business, and his brother being loath, at his time of life, to assume the financial responsibilities of organizing a new firm, the executors have decided to offer at private sale the entire list of plates, stock, etc. The list is said to have cost to produce more than three hundred thousand dollars."

THE MARQUIS OF LORNE has paid a graceful compliment to a deserving Canadian *litterateur* in having forwarded copies of Mr. Henry J. Morgan's (Mufti's) recent interesting monograph on the Elgin period in Canadian history to the Queen and the Prince of Wales. It will be remembered that the article in question, which first appeared in *The Citizen*, in addition to sketching the life of a prominent and estimable lady of the Queen's household, the late Hon. Mrs. Robert Bruce, gave some interesting details of her brother-in-law (Lord Elgin's) eventful political career in Canada and India. Lord Lorne was well pleased with the article, which he describes as excellently executed. Several members of the Bruce family have also written to Mr. Morgan thanking him for his interesting and sympathetic sketch. "That a time now so long ago," says Lady Thurlow, "should still be remembered in Canada, is a thing which touches us deeply, and for which we are glad to express our gratitude."—*Ottawa Citizen*.

## SCIENTIFIC AND SANITARY.

## THE RATIONAL USE OF MEDICINE.

NOTHING indicates more clearly the modern progress of medicine than the disappearance of the bulky and disagreeable boluses, powders, draughts and mixtures which the physicians of former times administered to their patients, in many cases with but little effect, except to put an additional burden upon an already wearied and overloaded stomach. The homeopathic physicians have, at least, shown that excessive medication is unnecessary, and that no medication at all will result in an equal number of cures in a great majority of cases, while the present tendency of all schools of medicine is to limit their prescriptions, both in number and quantity, and place more reliance upon hygienic and sanitary precautions, combined with watchful and experienced nursing and care. The philosophy of prescribing what are popularly known as "medicines" is really a very simple matter. It is a well-known fact that certain substances, when taken into the system, produce certain physiological effects. Thus, opium and its alkaloids produce sleep, ipecac causes vomiting, quinine is found to have a remarkable power of controlling intermittent fevers, and so on through the list. There is really no difference between a medicine and a poison, except in the violence of its action; and, in fact, some of the most powerful poisons are found to be valuable medicinal agents when administered in minute doses. The scientific physician therefore, will not attempt to "cure" a disease by any specific remedy, but will endeavour to fully understand the cause and nature of the abnormal physiological action which is taking place in the system of his patient. As the action of medicines is very variable in different persons, and under different conditions of the disease, the necessity of skilful medical attendance, and the folly of depending upon the various widely-advertised patent medicines, are evident.—*Popular Science News.*

## COLOUR IN THE ANIMAL KINGDOM.

COLOUR in the animal kingdom is due to two causes—either to the presence of colouring matters, of pigments, or to the presence of fine sculpturing, which produces an optical effect of a certain colour. What we term metallic colours in birds—humming-birds, for example—and in butterflies, are not caused by pigments of that tint, but by fine grooves upon the feathers or scales, and thin laminae of horny substance. Very often these two causes are combined; they are, for example, in the peacock. An albino peacock is by no means a rarity; and if the tail-feathers of one be closely examined they will be seen to show a pattern like that of a damask tablecloth. This pattern is due to the fine grooves ruled upon the feathers, which are differently disposed in the rings which form the "eye"; but the blackish-brown pigment is absent, and so the grooves produce no effect of colour. Very often the colour of an animal is due to two pigments combined; for instance, the beautiful green of the iguana lizard is due to a distinct yellow and a blue pigment. But these colours can not be washed out by water, though they soon fade after death—at least the yellow does—leaving the animal of a grayish-blue colour, which is the prevailing hue of stuffed lizards. Among butterflies "mechanical colours" appear to be the rule; but the "brimstone" is an exception, for from its wings a yellow pigment can be extracted. The questions relating to the colour of animals were once only the theme of poets, but are now the property of scientists, who have built up most interesting theories to account for the nature and distribution of colour. But these theories have, for the most part, dealt with the question in reference to such intelligent groups of creatures as birds and insects, and have rather ignored worms and starfishes and crabs, and such like beings of a limited intellect, whose aesthetic sense, even of the most ardent followers of Darwin, must appear somewhat doubtful. A congregation of blue, purple, and red invertebrates living four miles below the surface of the sea can not reap much advantage from being impressed by their neighbour's gaudy attire, even if they could see it; but they can not see, for the very good reason that, for the most part, they have no eyes, and, if they had, it is too dark to see. On the other hand, even among insects and birds, the greater number are plainly coloured, and show no great difference of sex; and we must assume, therefore, that even between closely-allied species belonging, in some cases, to the same family—or it may be genus—there is an enormous gap in intellectual development if we are to accept a theory of "sexual selection." It is in reality probably necessary to disentangle, from their very intimate relationship, the two classes of colours mentioned above, before we can arrive at any useful hypothesis as to their meaning. It is very noticeable that in numerous marine creatures whose mode of life renders concealment unnecessary, "warning colours" futile, and sexual colouration impossible, the frequently brilliant colours are entirely due to pigments deposited in the skin. On the other hand, in butterflies and birds, where sexual selection and so forth is conceivable, the colours are largely produced by mechanical causes affecting the structure of the feathers or scales. In fact, it is not too much to say that nearly all, if not quite all, birds in which the two sexes show a marked disparity of colouration, owe their brilliant hues to structural peculiarities of the feathers, and not to pigments.—*Frank E. Beddard, in Blackwood's Magazine.*

ACCORDING to a recent work on longevity, published in Norway, the average duration of life in that country is 48.33 years for men, and 51.3 for women.

## READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

## TO VIOLETS.

WELCOME, maids of honour,  
You do bring  
In the spring,  
And wait upon her.

She has virgins many,  
Fresh and fair;  
Yet you are  
More sweet than any.

You're the maiden posies,  
And so graced  
To be placed  
Fore damask roses.

Yet, though thus respected,  
By-and-by  
Ye do lie,  
Poor girls, neglected.

—*Robert Herrick.*

## INTERRUPTED MEMORY.

FROM an article entitled "A Study of Consciousness," by Professor H. S. Wood, in *The Century* for May, we quote as follows:—"During the Centennial Exhibition a big, burly Scotchman was brought to the hospital unconscious from sunstroke. I plunged him into a mass of slush and water and piled great masses of ice about his head. As he gradually struggled back to consciousness, his first sensation was that he was packed away in an ice-box and doomed. When he came more fully to himself his first enquiry was, 'Who am I?' I said, 'Who are you?' This he could not answer. For four days that man lay in the hospitable, apparently perfectly rational, wondering who he was. During all this time his friends were searching, and had detectives looking for him all through Philadelphia. At last his recollection came back, and he was able to give his name." "Some years ago in one of our Southern cities a man was seized by the police and taken to a hospital, where he told the following story:—'I know nothing who I am or where I came from. All I know is that I found myself on the railroad platform a short time ago. I then drifted into a hall and heard a temperance lecture; goaded into fury by the eloquence of the speaker, I rushed out and began to smash the windows of a neighbouring drinking-saloon; a consequent attack on me by the roughs led to my arrest by the police and my being brought to the hospital. That is all I know; who I am, I cannot tell.' At the time of the publication of the report of this case the hospital authorities had not found out who the man was."

## MR. PUNCH'S DICTIONARY OF SOCIAL PHRASES.

"You are one of the few people with whom I can really enjoy a quiet talk, all to our two selves;" i.e., "I should be very sorry to introduce you to any of my set."

"What, you here?" i.e., "Wonder how the deuce this confounded cad got an invitation."

"Ah, by the way, just let me introduce you to Farrodust. You two fellows ought to know each other;" i.e., "Call that killing two bores with one stone."

"Thanks for a most delightful evening. So sorry to have to run away;" i.e., "Bored to extinction, and fairly famished. Must run down to the Club for a snack and a smoke."

"I'll look at my list when I get home;" i.e., "You don't catch me."

"Drop in any day;" i.e., "When the chances are I shan't be in."

"No party;" i.e., "Must ask him, and do it as cheaply as possible."

"Come as you are;" i.e., "Be careful to wear evening dress."

"Don't trouble to answer;" i.e., "Think it very rude if you don't."

"What! going already!" i.e., "Thank goodness! Thought she'd never move."

"What a fine child!" i.e., "Don't know whether the brat is a boy or a girl, but must say something."

## HOW MEN DIFFER PHYSICALLY.

CONSIDER two men of the same race and country. Their remote ancestry, both human and prehuman, has been the same. There is, therefore, a considerable amount of identity in the sum of the influences under which they came into existence; there are also some few other identical events in the conditions of the climate in which they live, and even in the food they feed on. On the other hand, each of the men has been subjected to a variety of influences that have affected him separately and specially. In consequence there is a certain likeness between the two men, intermediate between identity on the one hand and complete dissimilarity on the other. It is easy to express the average measure of this likeness in respect to any characteristic that admits of measurement. Stature will serve as an example: thus I found that, if any considerable number of couples of Englishmen are taken at random, the difference between the statures of the two men that compose each couple falls just as often below two inches and four-tenths as above that amount. We may express the same fact in other language by saying that it is an

even bet that the statures of two Englishmen taken at random will differ less than two inches and four-tenths. The relation between brothers is closer than this, because the number of identical influences that affect them is greater. The whole of their ancestry from their parents upward is the same. I found that the difference between couples of English and adult brothers fell as often below one inch and four-tenths as above it.—*Francis Galton in North American Review for April.*

## A TWILIGHT SONG.

*For unknown buried soldiers, North and South.*

As I sit in twilight, late, alone, by the flickering oak-flame,  
Musing on long-past war scenes—of the countless buried unknown soldiers,  
Of the vacant names, as unindented airs and seas—the unreturn'd,  
The brief truce after battle, with grim burial-squads, and the deep-filled trenches  
Of gather'd dead from all America, North, South, East, West, whence they came up,  
From wooded Maine, New England's farms, from fertile Pennsylvania, Illinois, Ohio,  
From the measureless West, Virginia, the South, the Carolinas, Texas;  
(Even here, in my room-shadows and half-lights, in the noiseless, flickering flames,  
Again I see the stalwart ranks on-filing, rising—I hear the rhythmic tramp of the armies);  
You million unwrit names, all, all—you dark bequest from all the war,  
A special verse for you—a flash of duty long neglected—your mystic roll strangely gather'd here,  
Each name recall'd by me from out the darkness and death's ashes,  
Henceforth to be, deep, deep, within my heart, recording, for many a future year,  
Your mystic roll entire of unknown names, or North or South,  
Embalm'd with love in this twilight song.

—*Walt Whitman, in The Century for May.*

## INDIAN HUMOUR.

THE Indian has a keen appreciation of humour, and is like a child in his mirthfulness. No orator can see the weak spots in his adversary's armour or silence a foolish speaker more quickly. Old Shah-bah-skong, the head chief of Mille Lac, brought all his warriors to defend Fort Ripley in 1862. The Secretary of the Interior, and the Governor and Legislature of Minnesota, promised these Indians that for this act of bravery they should have the special care of the government and never be removed. A few years later, a special agent was sent from Washington to ask the Ojibways to cede their lands and remove to a country north of Leech Lake. The agent asked my help. I said: "I know that country. I have camped on it. It is the most worthless strip of land in Minnesota. The Indians are not fools. Don't attempt this folly. You will surely come to grief." He called the Indians in counsel, and said: "My red brothers, your great father has heard how you have been wronged. He said, 'I will send them an honest man.' He looked in the North, the South, the East, and the West. When he saw me, he said, 'This is the honest man whom I will send to my red children.' Brothers, look at me! The winds of fifty-five years have blown over my head and silvered it over with grey, and in all that time I have never done wrong to any man. As your friend, I ask you to sign this treaty." Old Shah-bah-skong sprang to his feet and said: "My friend, look at me! The winds of more than fifty winters have blown over my head and silvered it over with grey; but they have not blown my brains away." That counsel was ended.—*Bishop Whipple in North American Review for April.*

## DO HEADS GROW WITH ADVANCING AGE?

SOME amusing letters have appeared in a daily contemporary in regard to an alleged steady increase in the size of Mr. Gladstone's head, which, it is said, is rendered manifest by a progressive enlargement in the size of the hat required to cover it. The correspondence exhibits an extraordinary ignorance of well-ascertained facts; for, if there is one thing which would be acknowledged by all anatomists and physiologists, it is that the nervous system, like other parts of the body, undergoes atrophy with advancing age—an atrophy that pervades every tissue, and is as apparent in the thinning of the vocal cords that alters the voice to "childish treble," as in the shrunk shanks for which the "youthful hose, well saved, are a world too wide." No reason can be assigned why the brain should escape the general change that affects the digestive and the circulatory systems alike. Its attributes and faculties attain their highest excellence at or before mid-age, and from that time forth exhibit only a steady decline. The ossification of the sutures of the cranium practically prevents increase of the volume of the brain in advanced life; and, even granting some slight increase, such increase would be compensated for by the attenuation of the cranial bones, which is well known to occur in old age. A change in form there may be, but none in size.—*London Lancet.*

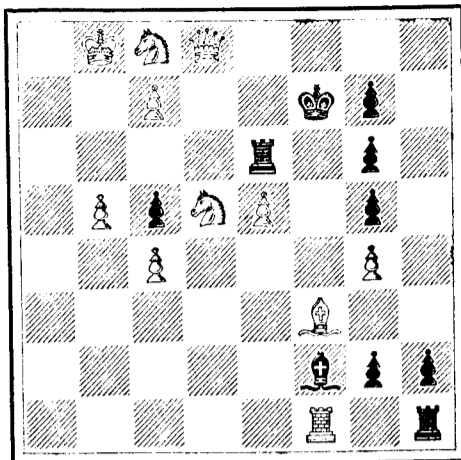
THE Paris *Temps* states that out of a total of 45,000,000 hectolitres of wine consumed in France, not 2,000,000 hectolitres were manufactured from raisins.



CHESS.

PROBLEM No. 463.

By S. LOYD.  
BLACK.

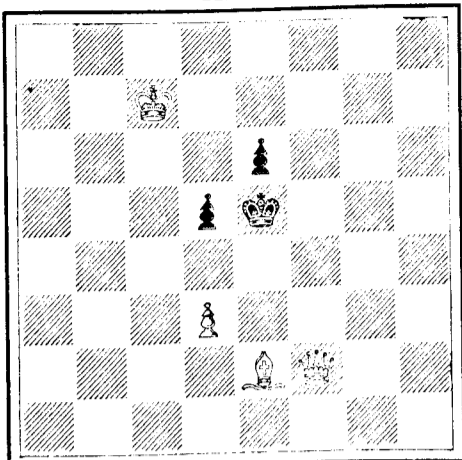


WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

PROBLEM No. 464.

By E. H. E. EDDIS, Orillia.  
BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

SOLUTIONS TO PROBLEMS.

- No. 457.
- |                  |        |
|------------------|--------|
| White.           | Black. |
| 1. Kt-R 7        | P x Q  |
| 2. B x B on B 5  | moves  |
| 3. B or Kt mates |        |
- If 1. Kt x Kt  
K moves
2. B-B 3 +  
3. B x P mate
- With other variations.

- No. 458.
- |               |        |
|---------------|--------|
| White.        | Black. |
| 1. R-K 5      | K x R  |
| 2. Q-K B 4 +  | K x Q  |
| 3. B-Q 6 mate |        |
- With other variations.

GAME BETWEEN MR. R. P. FLEMING AND MR. G. BARRY, OF MONTREAL.

HAMPE-ALLGAIER.

- |                              |                         |                              |                         |
|------------------------------|-------------------------|------------------------------|-------------------------|
| MR. R. P. FLEMING.<br>White. | MR. G. BARRY.<br>Black. | MR. R. P. FLEMING.<br>White. | MR. G. BARRY.<br>Black. |
| 1. P-K 4                     | P-K 4                   | 18. Kt x P                   | R-R 3                   |
| 2. Kt-Q B 3                  | Kt-Q B 3                | 19. Kt-B 4                   | K-Kt K 2                |
| 3. P-K B 4                   | P x P                   | 20. B-K 4                    | Q-K Kt 1                |
| 4. Kt-K B 3                  | P-K Kt 4                | 21. R-Q 3 (a)                | Q x R P                 |
| 5. P-K R 4                   | P-K 5                   | 22. R-Q R 3                  | Q-Kt 1                  |
| 6. Kt-K Kt 5                 | P-K R 3                 | 23. P-K 6 +                  | K-B (b) 1               |
| 7. Kt x P                    | K x Kt                  | 24. P-Q 5                    | Kt-K 4                  |
| 8. P-Q 4                     | P-B 6                   | 25. R-Q B 3                  | K Kt-Kt 3               |
| 9. B-B 4 +                   | K-K 1                   | 26. K Kt 1 (c)               | Kt x Kt                 |
| 10. P x P                    | P-Q 3                   | 27. B x Kt                   | B x B                   |
| 11. B-K 3                    | Kt-B 3                  | 28. Q x B                    | Q-Kt 2                  |
| 12. Q-Q 2                    | P x P                   | 29. P-Q 6                    | P-Q B 3                 |
| 13. Castles Q R              | B-K Kt 5                | 30. R-B 5!                   | Kt-Kt 3                 |
| 14. Q-R 2                    | P-K R 4                 | 31. Q-Kt 5                   | R-R 3                   |
| 15. P-K 5                    | P-Q 4                   | 32. B x Q B P!               | P x B                   |
| 16. B-Q 3                    | K Kt-Kt 1               | 33. R x P +                  | K-Kt 2 (e)              |
| 17. B-Kt 6 +                 | K-Q 2                   | 34. Q mates.                 |                         |

NOTES.

- (a) An important move; the Rook supports the Bishop; effectually prevents the Queen capturing Q B P advantageously; escapes before it is asked from P-B 7, and gets into active offensive play at the same time.
- (b) If 23. B x P White wins a piece in the combination resulting from 24. P-Q 5; Black, however, should have retired the K-K 1.
- (c) White might have proceeded more brilliantly with 26. B x Kt, 26. Kt x B; 27. R x P ch. If Black 27. K x R; 28. Kt x Kt, dis. +; if ... 27. K-Kt; 28. Kt x Kt, 28. B x B +; 29. K-Kt 1, etc.; if 27. K-Q 1; 28. Kt x Kt, B x B +; K-Kt 1, etc.
- (d) R-Kt 1 is no better.
- (e) If ... 33. K-Kt 1; 34. P-Q 7 wins.

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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

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

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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.

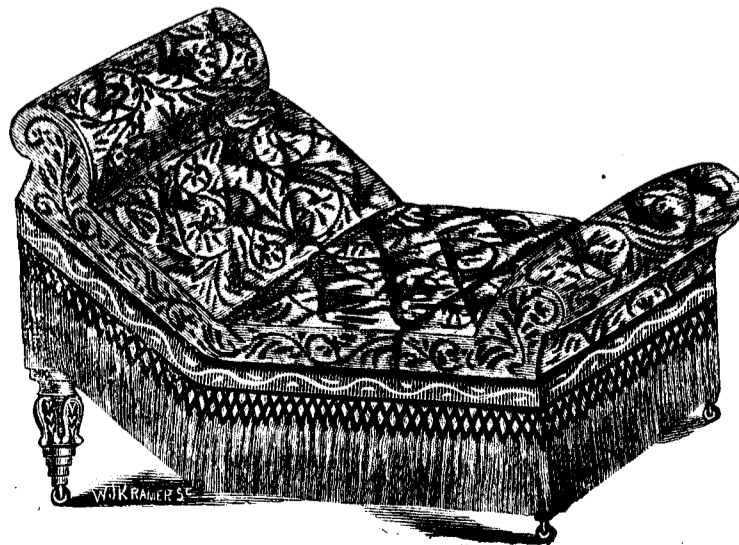
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## A BRIDE'S CONFESSION

"Yes, dear, I am married now, and George and I are keeping house in the loveliest flat on 64th St. Well, yes, we did get married somewhat suddenly. My health, you know, had for some time been very delicate, and Dr. Heavyfoot told mamma that he feared I would follow poor dear sister Belle, who died three years ago from a wasting disease. Dear George was almost crazy when mamma told him what the doctor said, and I nearly cried my eyes out, but one day I overheard that hateful Nelly Parker say to her mother, 'I think that George Blauvelt is just too lovely for anything, and when the girl he's engaged to dies, and they say she is dying of a galloping consumption, I'm going to step into her shoes and become Mrs. George Blauvelt; now just you wait and see.' This spring I noticed George seemed to be almost resigned to the idea that we should never be married, and the thought that that deceitful busy might get him after all nearly drove me crazy. One day I read the testimony of Lawyers Howe and Hummel as to the wonderfully invigorating effect of DR. CAMPBELL'S ARSENIC WAFERS, and I resolved to try what they would do for me. I commenced their use on the 4th of July. George had just sailed for Europe on business for his firm. On Sept. 18 he returned. I was, from the use of the Wafers, by that time again a well woman, and so enraptured was he with my healthy and robust appearance, so that he insisted we get married the very next day. I could not say him nay, and as you will see by my card, I am now Mrs. George Blauvelt. Do call soon and let me introduce George to you; I am sure you will like him, he is so handsome, and as good as he is handsome. Good-by; be sure not to forget."

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## Magazine of American History

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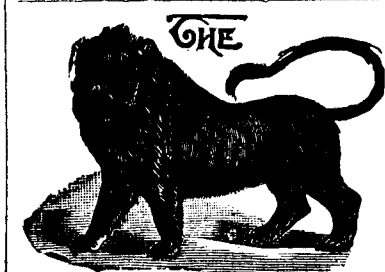
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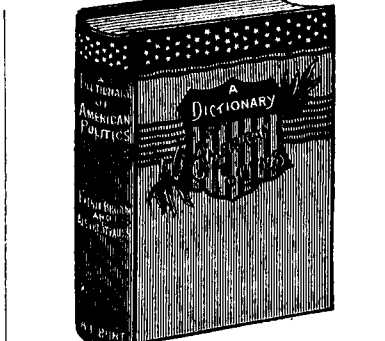
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