

# THE WEEK

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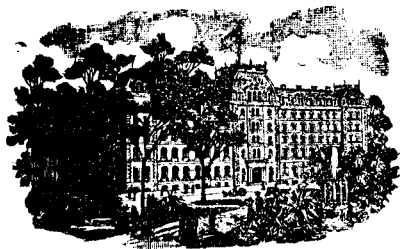
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# THE WEEK.

Vol. X.

TORONTO, FRIDAY, SEPT. 1st, 1893.

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## THE WEEK:

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## CURRENT TOPICS.

The first deportation of a Chinaman under the famous Chinese Legislation of the United States took place from San Francisco, a couple of weeks since. A Chinaman was shipped back to his native land from that port on the charge of having entered the United States contrary to the provisions of the Geary Act. We do not know what was the nature of the offence or by what authority or on what evidence the verdict was given. Whether this is the beginning of a new effort to carry out the law, or is in some degree a mere *pro forma*, with reference to the subsequent course of action, is not clear. If the former, it is certainly a small matter, for there could be no difficulty in sending thousands of Chinese in the country who are in it contrary to the pro-

visions of the Geary Act, and thousands more are coming in every week despite those provisions. It is computed that the cost of deporting each Chinaman will be about thirty-five dollars, so that anything like a literal carrying out of the law would be a very expensive matter. It is probable that next in order on the repeal list, after the Sherman Silver Act and the McKinley Tariff Act, will be the Geary Chinese Act.

The fact that, notwithstanding the powerful influence and money of the Street Railway Company and the absence of any effective check upon fraudulent voting, a considerable majority of votes was given against a Sunday car service, leaves no room for reasonable doubt as to the wishes of the majority of the citizens of Toronto in the matter. No candid person can question that had the usual safeguards against dishonest voting been available the majority in favour of the quiet Sunday would have been very much larger. Such being the case, it is to be hoped that the friends of a Sunday service will accept the verdict and suffer the matter to be in abeyance for some years to come. If otherwise, let all honourable citizens insist that when another vote is taken it shall be at such time and under such conditions as shall make it possible to use all proper means, including the closing of saloons and due punishment for bribery and impersonation, for obtaining a fair and truthful expression of the will of the citizens. Those members of the Council who are responsible for permitting an interested corporation to provide funds for the performance of a civic function, and for making possible such things as took place at the polls and elsewhere on Saturday, merit the severest reprehension of all friends of morality and should be relegated to private life at the earliest opportunity. The opportunities and temptations to chicanery and fraud in civic and political affairs are sufficient under the strictest precautions. Those who adopt unnecessary measures, giving free scope for dishonourable practices, incur a very serious responsibility.

The report of the Commission appointed to investigate the internal difficulties connected with the staff and management of Ontario Agricultural College, and the rejoinder of Professor Shaw are not edifying literature. If we accept the finding of the Commission as a full and fair report, the wonder is how such a state of affairs could

have been tolerated for so long a time, and permitted to culminate in a Government investigation. The charges of garbling, colouring and suppression of evidence so boldly made by Professor Shaw in respect to the Commission are very difficult of credence, but they are such as can scarcely be passed over in silence by those interested. The want of harmony, to speak euphemistically, existing between members of the College staff and others connected with the working of the experimental farm, as revealed by the report and no less clearly in Professor Shaw's effusion, would, if permitted to continue, destroy the efficiency of any institution. Nevertheless, it is difficult to avoid the reflection, on reading the report, that it is seldom that the fault in such cases is so nearly exclusively on the one side as it is there made to appear. Many, we dare say, may be inclined to question whether the interests of this important public institution might not be better served by a still more complete renovation of the staff than that recommended by the Commission. Be that as it may, one moral is very clearly taught, though it is one which has been so often inculcated by experience that the wonder is that a new experiment should have been necessary to demonstrate it in this case. That moral is, it is almost needless to say, the necessity of having every such institution under the management of a single head, fully responsible to the country for its efficiency, and clothed with powers commensurate with his heavy responsibility.

It is difficult to understand on what grounds Mr. Gardner and his colleagues on the British Board of Agriculture can justify their refusal of the request made on behalf of the Canadian Government, that they send veterinary experts, at the expense of Canada, to search for what Canadian veterinary surgeons have utterly failed to find—a single case of pleuro-pneumonia among Canadian cattle. The British Board may have valid reasons for their refusal, which we have been unable to think of, but in the absence of such it will be difficult to show that our cattle dealers have not been harshly, not to say unjustly, dealt with in the matter. Viewed in the fairest light in which we are able to place it, the thing looks like this: Mr. Gardner says, "We have found a case of pleuro-pneumonia amongst the cattle sent over from Canada; therefore the disease must exist in Canada; therefore we must in self-defence include

Canada in the list of countries from which living cattle cannot be admitted into Great Britain." The Canadian Government replies, "We admit the force of the reasoning but we deny the alleged fact on which it is based. There must be some mistake. Either the disease in the case referred to was not pleuro-pneumonia, or there was some error in regard to the identity of the diseased animal, or the disease must have been contracted after the animal had left the Canadian shore, for notwithstanding the utmost diligence and the most careful scrutiny by our most expert surgeons, not a single case of pleuro-pneumonia has been found in Canadian herds. We will pay the expenses of a thorough investigation, and if your experts can find such a case in all Canada, we will cheerfully recognize the justice of your decision." It is hard to conceive of a fairer offer, and the interests at stake, on the part not only of Canadian producers but of British consumers, are surely sufficiently great to warrant the Board in taking a good deal of trouble to find out the truth.

The recent furious riots between the Hindus and the Mohammedans in Bombay, give colour to the contentions of those in India and in England who ridicule the idea of granting any instalment of home rule to the natives of that vast empire. Probably it would have only been necessary for the local authorities of the City of Montreal to be stupid enough to permit of two processions, one of Orangemen, the other of Catholics, to take place in that City on the same day, half a century ago, to have supplied the opponents of home rule for Canada with an equally cogent argument against the fitness of Canadians for such a mode of government. This is, of course, comparing small things with great so far as numbers are concerned. It must be admitted, too, that there are other important elements of difference in the two cases. That anything like a sudden bestowment of political power, anything more than a very cautious and strictly tentative educational movement, would be certain to result disastrously if not tragically in India, may readily be admitted. But it is surely a needlessly dreary and pessimistic view that it must always be thus, that the future has nothing better in store for that great congeries of tribes and races than perpetual subjection to the rule of the strong arm of a benevolently despotic Power whose seat is in a far-off land, and whose genius and traditions are all in perpetual contrast with those of the warm-blooded peoples of the sunny realm. Generations, perhaps centuries, may be needed to work out the necessary changes, but there is, nevertheless, a world-wide difference between the ruler who has ultimate, even if far-off self-rule for his ideal and goal, and him who can neither see nor aspire to anything better for these great

and interesting multitudes than perpetual subjection to foreign domination. "As a man thinketh in his heart so is he," whether as ruler or subject.

When an inspired apostle enjoined upon a young fellow-labourer the duty of praying not only for all men generally but for kings and those in authority in particular, we wonder if it could have entered his mind that the question of the order in which the names of kings and other rulers should be brought before the King of kings might one day in the far-off centuries become a subject of newspaper controversy and international jealousy, on a small scale. Paul was surely short-sighted in that he did not exercise his prophetic powers and draw up a table of precedence for the use of nineteenth-century clergymen. He might thereby have saved some susceptibilities from suffering, and some of his successors, whether in the true apostolic line or not, from criticism. What a pity he did not think of it. If he had done so, by the way, and had undertaken the task, on what principle would he have proceeded. Is there in the nature of things any law by which we can determine whether it is more efficacious or more respectful to mention the names to which it is meant to do special honour first or last in order? There is, be it observed, a kind of contradiction between the order of precedence in court processions, and that of climax in literature. Which should prevail in the case in question? Might it not with all reverence for sacred things be suggested that the mind of the great and only wise Potentate, before whom the petitions in question are laid cannot, be thought of as subject to any failure of memory, such as could make it a matter of moment whether a given name should be presented first or last in the order of those for whom supplication is made, and that there is no fear of impoverishment of resources, or fatigue in bestowing benefits, such as might make the order of names important. Surely in the act of prayer and worship, if our prayers are not to degenerate into mere formalities or ceremonies, all such questions should be set aside and forgotten, as utterly out of keeping with the solemnity of the Presence into which we are ushered and the august character of the Being addressed.

Neither the reported interviews with Sir John Thompson nor the elaborate attempts of unfriendly critics to show that Canada's representatives were without weight and her interests wholly ignored in the deliberations throw much additional light upon the probable effects of the decision of the Behring Sea arbitrators. That the positions taken and the claims made by the Canadian Government and its representatives were over-ruled in several important respects goes without saying. But the same is conspicuously the fact with regard to

those of the United States. It may be hard for us to perceive that the former of these positions and claims may have been as untenable as the latter, but it is not improbable that some of them may have so appeared to impartial jurists. A good many complaints have been based on the fact that no regulations were made for the governance or restriction of the killing of seals on the Pribyloff Islands and the territorial waters surrounding them. But what proud or self-respecting people would submit to dictation from any international tribunal as to the manner in which they should carry on a sealing or any other industry on their own territory? How would Canada, for instance, take it were some similar Board of Arbitrators to undertake to regulate her fishery operations within the three-mile limit on the Atlantic coast? The two determining factors in the result seem to have been the facts that both parties were agreed upon the necessity for restrictions upon freedom of pelagic sealing if the animals were to be saved from extermination, and that any restrictions, in order to be effective to this end, must seriously diminish the number of seals taken. Whether the regulations which have been adopted are the best which could have been framed, whether they will prove unduly restrictive, or the opposite, can seemingly be determined only by actual experiment.

It was, we suppose, inevitable that it should be attempted to make party capital on one side or the other out of the Paris arbitration. The Premier was wise and statesmanlike in refusing to accept ovations on his return such as might have been conducted or construed in a partisan spirit. On the other hand, any attempts on the part of the Opposition to belittle the influence of the representatives of Canada in connection with the affair can only succeed in showing that as a colony it is impossible for the Dominion to shape the policy of the Empire. There can be no reasonable doubt that the conduct of the affair, so far as Canada's part in it was concerned, was on the whole as able and as influential as it could have been under any other management. There is, it is true, some reason to doubt the wisdom of the policy of putting forth extreme and untenable claims, on the principle that the greater the demand the larger will be the concessions, though it must be confessed that this policy has proved remarkably successful on more than one occasion in the hands of our Republican antagonists. But in so far as all parties are agreed on the substantial justice of their country's case, an international question is the last one which should be brought into the party arena, and the Canadian Opposition will, we venture to predict, be well advised if in its own interests it holds closely by the tariff and related issues, and gives the Government due credit for its partial success in the Behring Sea

As for the rest, the gravest danger of an unsatisfactory result, apart from the possible oppressiveness of the Regulations, is, it seems to us, likely to arise out of the fact that said Regulations bind no one but the subjects of the two nations. The influence of these two may be powerful enough to bring about the adhesion of other maritime powers. But, on the other hand, especially should the Regulations be found, as some think they will be, virtually prohibitive, it would not be surprising should more than one outside flag suddenly make its appearance in Behring Sea and the North Pacific, and the business of pelagic sealing be transferred to the protection of such flags. This ruse, be it observed, is quite as likely to be resorted to by American as by Canadian sealers, and the United States cannot again put forward either the mercantile clause or the special ownership claim.

### PROFIT-SHARING.

If ever the conflict between labour and capital finds a peaceful and mutually satisfactory solution, it will probably be through the universal adoption of some form of profit-sharing. What the labourer is demanding, or at least that one of his demands which appeals most powerfully to the sense of justice of the fair-minded, is a larger share of the profits of his toil. Where, as is often the case in these days of combines and monopolies, the remuneration of the wage-earner is kept down to the lowest point which the keen competition of hungry thousands makes possible, while the employing capitalist or company adds million to million from the profits of their toil, the demand for a fairer division has its basis in natural justice, and, unless we take an utterly pessimistic view of the future of our civilization, must one day prevail. Holding fast this hope, we are always glad to be able to chronicle the instances which, from time to time, come to our knowledge of cases in which some form of profit-sharing has been successfully tried and adopted. But in this, as in other matters, the employee has need to have his wits about him and beware of shams. We have, for instance, recently trumpets over a scheme which is said to have been adopted by the Illinois Central Railway, and which has been pronounced "a fair plan on business principles." The plan is thus described:

"Employees will be encouraged to invest their surplus earnings in stocks at the market quotations, payments of not less than five dollars being accepted and interest paid on them at four per cent. When the payments reach the value of a share, a certificate of stock will be issued, and the holder will be entitled to whatever dividends are declared. Of course, the stock can be sold in the market at any time. Every employee will be allowed to withdraw on demand the payments made on a

share, with interest. This plan has been previously advanced by railway companies whose stock was of doubtful value, but this is not the condition of the Illinois Central."

The first impression of many on reading this announcement will be, we dare say, that some special privilege or boon is being offered to the employees of this railway. A little examination will make it clear that the scheme carries with it no special benefit whatever. The industrious and frugal employee, who is the only one who will have surplus earnings to invest, could evidently attain precisely the same result by depositing his money in a savings bank and leaving it to accumulate until he has the price of a share of stock. By so doing he would, moreover, have two additional advantages. He need not wait until he has five dollars before depositing, and when he was ready to invest he might have the choice of whatever stocks were in the market.

Such a scheme has the advantage of holding out a direct inducement to frugality and may be of service to the employee in relieving him of trouble and responsibility in the investment of his surplus earnings. But it is not a response to his demand for a larger share of the products of his toil. It is in no proper sense a mode of profit-sharing. Were a certain amount of stock held in reserve to be sold to employees at par, when other stock was at a premium, it might have something of that character. In order to satisfy the conditions of a true system of profit-sharing, it is evident that any given scheme must provide for a direct division among the employees of a percentage of the profits of the business—either over and above the usual wage, or in lieu of the ordinary wage arrangement. The latter, providing the percentage were large enough, would be more nearly an ideal plan, as it would make the labourer a sharer in the risks and losses as well as in the profits. But as the ordinary labourer, with a family to support, could not usually afford to take any risk, he would no doubt prefer to accept a much smaller share in the profits, in order to have his wages guaranteed.

In view of the enormous waste of both time and material which is inevitable under the ordinary wage system, it can scarcely be doubted that very many employees would be gainers in the end by the operation of a wise scheme for the division of profits. Not only would it set before every workman a direct inducement to make the best use of time and material, but it could scarcely fail to create an esprit de corps which would be of great advantage to the business. It would also enable the firm adopting it to have the services of the best workmen in the country. Profit-sharing is slowly making its way. The wonder is that it does not make its way more rapidly towards universal acceptance. The vast sums annually lost by employers through "strikes" and lock-outs, would, in many cases, cover the cost of a liberal sharing of profits.

### MAZZINI.

In an age when patriotism is practised as a profession and sentiment is studied as a science, it is refreshing to review the career of a man who could be loyal without the assistance of firecrackers and brave in the absence of a band.

At the name of Mazzini visions of daggers float before the Tory eye. Was he not the arch-conspirator of the nineteenth century? Was he not the terrible revolutionist who, exiled from his own country for rebellion against foreign despotism and monarchical tyranny, established in every city of Europe secret societies of assassins to hide in dark holes and shadowy corners and stab the unsuspecting aristocrat unawares? Was he not the brain of a vast conspiracy which aimed at the overthrow of the divine institution of monarchy and the sacred oligarchy of priestcraft, which planted dynamite bombs under every throne in Europe and had its spies and agents in every land and every rank of society. If a king grew sick of overeating (as even the most divinely appointed king will do) suspicion cried, Mazzini and poison. If the masses of any country so far forgot their position as to demand liberty of speech, suspicion cried, Mazzini and anarchy. If some wretched toiler, crushed like a worm beneath the heel of privilege, ventured like a worm to turn, society, horrified at his impudence, cried, Mazzini and revolution. He was held responsible for every outrage; he was the root of riot, he was the source of sin, he was the sower of sedition, he was the parent of republicanism, the voice of revolution, the Nemesis of monarchy. How many worthy aristocrats have peered under their beds before retiring to rest to see if a representative of Mazzini was there. How many stately dames have gathered within the walls of their venerable castle and told in horror-stricken tones of the heretical purposes and fearful methods of the countrymen of Borgia, De Medici and Macchiavelli.

If the same providence which made Italy is also responsible for the existence of the Italians, it must be given credit for the possession of an infinite irony not altogether consistent with popular conceptions of the divine character. I presume, however, that within the compass of the nature of providence, there is room, if not for sin at least for satire, and that it was under the influence of this mood, or else a unique benevolence too subtle for poor humanity to appreciate, that the powers, whose function it is to fashion worlds, were constrained to ordain perpetual anarchy in an earthly paradise.

The history of Italy has been a succession of tragedies; there is hardly a spot of her soil which has not been saturated with blood. The loveliness of the land was its ruin. Its very beauty attracted barbarians from afar to feed on its fruits and luxuriate in the soft splendor of its valleys. One by one the conquerors of Europe have trampled on the land which once had Europe at its feet. Hardly had the tide of the invasion of Attila and his Huns rolled back from the ruins of the Roman Empire, than Alaric and the Goths swept down to desecrate it once again. After them Odoacer and his mercenaries held it in subjection until the mighty Theodoric, at the head of the Ostrogoths, hurled him from his throne and ruled the conquered land. Hardly had the last of the Goths been driven beyond

the Alps by the eunuch Narses, when the Lombards, under their king Alboni, swept into the unfortunate country, to be in turn conquered and supplanted by Charlemagne and his Franks. Even the Saracens invaded the country and wrested tribute from the pope. Lovely valleys and fertile fields were devastated and reduced to sterility by the fierce incursions of the Northmen and Magyars. The Carolingian kings were succeeded by a line of Italians, whose rule was practically only nominal and gave abundant opportunity for the growth of feudal and civic power. The great nobles in the provinces and the great merchants and bishops in the cities founded parties and factions, and inaugurated that bitter series of civil contentions which for many centuries filled the country with internal strife.

In 962 the crown of Italy was seized by Otto, the German, and two centuries later that foolish burlesque on ancient grandeur the Holy Roman Empire, was born. The twelfth century witnessed the beginning of the bitter struggle between the Guelphs and Ghibellines and the advent of Frederick Barbarossa, to reduce the growing power of the Italian cities. During this and the succeeding century the country was the scene of perpetual strife. When the people were not warring with some foreign power, they were engaged in bitter civil contentions, and suffering from self-inflicted wounds. The rivalries of factions, of princes, of nobles, of cities and of provinces generated unceasing wars. Remnants of the many races that had overrun the country still lingered in localities to breed contention. Perhaps the only persons who gained substantial and enduring advantages for the terrible struggles were the popes. With profound cunning and supreme selfishness they stimulated strife in the country and took advantage of the consequent confusion to add to their territories and rivet the chains of superstition on the weakened limbs of a deluded people. They were always ready to arbitrate the disputes of rival factions, and equally ready to claim a part of the disputed territory as a reward for their services. The tribulation of the people was the triumph of the priests. By the fifteenth century, Italy was divided among five leading powers—the Papacy, Naples, Milan, Florence, and Venice. The last two republics for some time managed, on account chiefly of their commercial advantages, to preserve an isolated greatness, but this was as evanescent as it was glorious, and in the succeeding centuries their power declined. The condition of Italy in the fifteenth century was aggravated by the invasion of the French, and the country became a short time later a battle ground for the rival forces of Francis I and Charles V. In the sixteenth century it became largely subject to Spain, and for the next hundred years was alternately in the possession of several European powers. At the close of the eighteenth century, this unfortunate country, which had lain at the feet of nearly every conqueror in Europe, felt upon its bleeding soil the mighty tread of the greatest of all conquerors and saw the meteoric genius of Napoleon flash like a glittering star across the horizon of its history.

In 1805, Napoleon was crowned King of Italy. After the Congress of Vienna, the country was restored to its original position and practically became subject to Austria. The States were under the control of Austrian

princes, who exercised absolute powers and mercilessly punished all attempts at reform, independence or self-government on the part of the people. A powerful Austrian army was stationed in Lombardo-Venetia, to aid any of the princes who might need its assistance to crush and control the people; the Italians had absolutely no part in the control of their own country and were severely punished if they ventured to demand it, or even to complain of the misery generated by political despotism. The education of the people was placed in the charge of the Jesuits, who knew too well the value of ignorance as a basis of religion to deprive the people of its consolations, and, as a consequence, the Italians remained the most ignorant people in Europe. The discontent of the masses found vent in secret societies of which the greatest was the Carbonari. Several risings took place against Austrian despotism, but were suppressed with great cruelty and the leaders punished by death.

Such was the condition of Italy at the time of the birth and boyhood of Mazzini. We see him first as an enthusiastic student at Genoa, poring over the classics, reading the pages of Tacitus, wandering by the shores of the beautiful sea with Plutarch in his hand, and drinking in with pride and wonder the marvellous story of the rise and glory and achievements of the great Romans of old. One does not need to be an Italian to sympathize with the passionate indignation of the young student when he compared the ancient glory of his country with its modern degradation. Even a stranger, who, unlike himself, could claim no relationship with the immortals, could readily appreciate the deep emotion of the countryman of the Cæsars when he read of the mighty deeds of his ancestors and stood in startled wonder before the pictured glory of those days when old Rome sat enthroned upon her seven hills, crowned queen of the ancient world, and sent forth her Cæsars to conquer and her Ciceros to charm. What vision of vanished glory must have passed before the mind of the dreamer as he sat, Plutarch in hand, on some high cliff by the shores of the happy sea. Visions of the imperial eagles sweeping through distant forests, riding on stormy seas, flashing triumphant in battle, and passing through danger and darkness, conquering and to conquer through the world. Visions of Scipio on the ruins of Carthage, of Titus on the ruins of Jerusalem, of Pompey sweeping the Mediterranean of Cæsar crossing the Rubicon. Visions of the magnificent city in the days of its antique splendor, its mighty streets lined with marble statues of those that had made it glorious, its stately palaces standing in pillared beauty by the way, its mighty Forum where the destinies of innumerable nations were determined. Visions of Cicero pleading with divine eloquence in the Forum. Visions of the mighty Coliseum with its gladiatorial combats and its benches thronged with the figures of the conquerors of the world. Visions of the mighty empire which, extending on all sides of the imperial city, held in supreme subjection Gaul and German, Hun and Vandal, Jew and Egyptian, Grecian and Briton and innumerable other peoples in Europe and Africa and Asia. Visions of those all-conquering cohorts against which the bravest armies of mighty peoples dashed themselves in vain, for the destruction of which the prayers of the Druid to the gnarled god of the forest, of the Jew to the veiled presence of Jehovah, of the Greek to the supreme power of Jove, of the

Egyptian to the might of Osiris, were all offered up in vain. Visions of the imperial mistress of war supreme over all men and all their gods, and holding them all at her feet.

Such were the pictures that rose before the eye of the student Mazzini when his mind dwelt on the past, but sadly different was the scene he saw when, rising from his dreams, he looked around him. He saw his country subject to a foreign power, his countrymen denied freedom of speech, freedom of thought and freedom of action. He saw them bowed down, humiliated and scorned. He saw the armed soldiers of Austria in his city and hardly dared even to whisper the love that filled his heart for Italy, the hatred he felt for her foes. He heard of frequent rebellions of his hot-tempered countrymen against the government, and sometimes saw their dead bodies dragged through the streets or hanging on the scaffold. As the Italians were denied all freedom of speech in public, they naturally were forced to form secret societies for the purpose of meeting together and devising means for the liberation of their country. The bluff, open-minded Briton may sneer at the "under-hand" methods of these patriots, but he should not forget the fact that this method of warfare was forced upon the people by the despotism which forbade and punished every other form of assembly. There was no other alternative open. The patriots must meet in secret or not meet at all.

In the year 1829 Mazzini allied himself with the Carbonari feeling, however distrustful of their methods he might be, that in the ranks of that society alone would he find the opportunity which he desired to assist in the liberation of his country. But the government were too familiar with the methods and too fearful of the purposes of this famous organization to neglect submitting it to a severe and perpetual scrutiny, and Mazzini soon found to his cost that not even the rigid formula of the secret ritual, or the severe rites of initiation, were adequate to protect the society from the intrusion of spies. It is not unlikely that secret agents of the government were present in every lodge of the conspirators and the most guarded and reticent patriot was in perpetual danger of betrayal. A short time after he had joined the Carbonari, Mazzini was betrayed to the police and cast into prison at Savona. His employment here strikingly illustrated the quaint words of the poet:

"Stone walls do not a prison make  
Nor iron bars a cage."  
His body was imprisoned but not his mind. It was while confined to this cell that he formulated his future methods of political procedure. It was there that he saw, as in a vision, the picture of a great united Italy, free from coercion, free from division, and free from the curse of oppression; there he dreamt that beautiful dream, which came also to Dante in his Night, which has for many weary centuries been the inspiration and the joy of the poets and patriots of the stricken land—the dream of a nation awakening from its sleep, casting its fetters from its limbs and rising again to those sublime proportions, which made it once the pride and glory of the world. When we think of how the lonely prisoner filled his cell with golden visions, and how, though his cell was fettered, his mind held the past, the present and the future at its command, and saw all nations, lands and ages, unfolded in a mighty panorama before it, we begin to realize

the truths of Ingersoll's remarks in his famous "Arraignment of the Church." "Surely it is a joy to know that all the cruel ingenuity of bigotry can devise no prison, no lock, no cell, in which for one instant to confine a thought, that ideas cannot be dislocated by racks, nor crushed in iron boots, nor burned with fire. Surely it is sublime to think that the brain is a castle and that within its curious bastions and winding halls, the soul in spite of all worlds and all beings, is the supreme sovereign of itself." On his release from prison, Mazzini organized the "Young Italy Association." The purpose of this society was to achieve the liberty and union of the provinces of Italy and establish that country as an independent nation under a republican form of government. The aspirations of the patriots were not confined to the redemption of their own country. They wished to establish in Italy a model nation, an example to the other nations of Europe, a type on which the democrats of Europe would see the ideal to which they might bring their own nations to conform. Mazzini was essentially an idealist. He aspired to liberate the continent from the despotism of feudal institutions, and establish a new and happier era of popular government, fraternity, union and peace. To the realization of this ideal his life was henceforth consecrated, and till the day of his death he toiled and suffered, fought, wrote, exhorted, plotted and suffered, that his dream might be written in indelible characters on the face of the land that he loved. The reward of his early exertions was a sentence of perpetual banishment, and from the year 1832 he was an outlaw from Italy. Henceforth for many years his life was spent in hiding. To all but his most intimate associates his whereabouts was generally unknown. Despite the secrecy of his life, his energy never ceased. In some mysterious way he seemed to communicate with all parts of his own country and of Europe and to organize and direct that remarkable succession of conspiracies and agitations and of revolutionary ideas which made him the terror of all governments and the idol of all republicans. He wrote incessantly and poured the hot lava of inspiration from his own mind into the minds of his followers and the agitators of Europe. Though under the ban of the law, his writings were extensively circulated and secretly read. They throbbed with a passionate eloquence and spoke with irresistible logic, breeding at the same time conviction in the minds and passion in the hearts of their readers. He organized an invasion of Savoy in 1834, but owing to the impossibility of personally supervising its arrangement and execution, and also owing to the incapacity and treachery of its immediate leaders, it failed. Failure, however, was the last thing to discourage Mazzini, and in the same year he organized "The Young Europe Association," a society for the liberation of the people of Germany, Italy and Poland. He wrote "The Pact of Fraternity" to furnish a soul for the new organization, and in it communicated a new and exalted political creed. Switzerland, which, for a short time, had furnished him a place of refuge, soon followed the example of Italy and France, and banished him. He fled to London where he lived for some time in poverty. Yet even here he toiled and planned by day and night for the freedom and union of Italy.

When not engaged in directing the revolu-

tionists in Europe and toiling for a living by writing for English reviews, he devoted himself to teaching his Italian countrymen in London the literature and history of their native land. There are few more sublime pictures than that of the unfortunate Italian exile, gathering the poverty-stricken Italians of London around him and teaching them to know and love the beautiful land of their fathers.

The discontent in Italy burst into revolution in Lombardy in 1848, and Mazzini returned to that country to assist Garibaldi in leading and directing the forces of the revolutionists. Attempts on the part of the King of Sardinia to bribe him by the offer of the position of Prime Minister of a new state of Piedmont-Lombardy, he rejected with scorn. He struggled bravely against the powerful forces of government, and even after the surrender of Milan, still toiled and schemed to maintain the contest in the Alps. Failing in this, he went to Tuscany. His vast popularity with his countrymen was amply evidenced by the passionate and enthusiastic welcome he received at Leghorn and other places where he was recognized. He was elected a deputy to the Republican Congress at Rome, and he and Arnellini and Saffi were appointed a triumvirate with powers to govern the city as they pleased. From a political point of view, Mazzini was at this time probably at the summit of his greatness. He was the idol of the Romans, and practically the absolute head of an Italian Republic. But his position, however exalted it might appear, was in reality far from enviable; the forces at his disposal were weak and undisciplined, the fortifications of the city were of small strength. His camp was filled with spies and many of his supporters lacked only the opportunity to become traitors. A strong French army was marching against the city to replace the Pope on his throne. What a Napoleon, an Alexander or a Caesar would have done under circumstances like these, it is difficult to say. It is possible, perhaps they might by some supreme expedient of genius, have overcome the manifold difficulties about them, defeated the French, marched swiftly on their other foes and routed them, established the new Republic on a firm basis, organized a powerful army, reconquer all Italy, defeated or conciliated Austria and France and re-established by force of genius the Republic of Italy. To accomplish such a tremendous task as this required, however, a genius and military capacity of so supreme a quality as is rarely given to man. Mazzini, brave, noble, eloquent, as he proved himself to be, was not a Caesar. After a short and stubborn resistance, the French entered Rome and replaced the Pope on his beloved throne. The triumvirs resigned and left the city and Mazzini returned to London. Again he had failed to liberate Italy, but he did not despair of her freedom. He organized the Society of the Friends of Italy and also the European Society, and busied himself contriving new plots and seeking new schemes to destroy foreign influence and monarchy in Italy. He planned and organized risings in Mantua, Genoa, Leghorn and Milan. When the heroic Garibaldi undertook his famous expedition against Sicily and Naples, Mazzini spared no exertion to furnish it with all available essentials of success. When the army of the patriots were dispersed at Aspromonte, the profound indignation of Mazzini at the conduct of the King prompted him to a violent

and eloquent attack on the Sardinian monarchy. The reply to this was a sentence of death. The convention of September 1860, the crowning triumph of the genius of Cavour was denounced by Mazzini as an unworthy compromise. In 1869 he was banished for a second time from Switzerland, where he had taken refuge, and the next year he was arrested and cast into prison at Gaeta. On his liberation he lived for a time at Lugano, and on March, 1872, his weary, tortured life came to a close, and he breathed his last at Pisa and was buried in the land he had loved far better than life.

Such is the story of Mazzini, and a sadder, sweeter, grander life than his was never lived by man. I have given the bare outline of events, but who can tell the secret history of his thought and life, who can picture in cold type the terrible strength of that passion which could survive a thousand failures and see hope in the darkest night. Who can measure the might of that devotion at whose bidding he gladly, lovingly, laid down his peace, his prosperity, his rest, his life, upon the consecrated altar of an almost hopeless cause. The secret history of the life of Mazzini has never been written. We read of the events, the revolution, the conspiracies, the visible evidences of his activity, but we know nothing of the terrible toil, the planning and scheming and contriving which brought these things to pass; nothing of the strange meetings in dark cellars; the gatherings in hidden places, the meetings in strange caves by lonely Italian shores; the assembling in mountain gorges of those ostracized conspirators, to whom the slightest revelation of their activity meant death. We know nothing of the spinning, the weaving, and winding of the mysterious web of giant conspiracies of the secret language of signs and symbols by which the rebels communicated in public; the fierce, swift councils held in lonely corners by the light of some dimly burning fire. Of these we know nothing, nor do we know anything of that internal, mental strife, that nameless sorrow with which the hunted patriot, driven from land to land, banished from the presence of light by the blood-hounds of the monarchs of Europe, looked down on the wrecks of shattered hopes, and mourned in secret tribulation the death of cherished dreams. To build, to weave, to scheme, to elaborate a plot, to see it budding into form beneath his subtle hands and then to learn that it had failed through treachery of friends or force of foes, this was the repeated experience of Mazzini. Who shall tell of the strength of that love which could outlive the death of many hopes, who can record the tempests of his thought or tell of the doubt he defeated, the sins he smote, the cares he conquered.

Mazzini was not the only weaver of plots for the liberation of Italy. In another and higher sphere a giant mind laid other and deeper plans whose fruit was the freedom and union of Italy. I shall not attempt in this short sketch to describe the character or follow in its intricate and winding ways the profound policy of one who was probably the greatest statesman of his generation. To Cavour must be given the supreme credit for the union and freedom of Italy. He was more patient, more cautious, calmer, less scrupulous, than Mazzini or Garibaldi. He was willing to take liberty in fractions, to fight for a little at a time, to temporize, to compromise, to acquiesce, to

adapt himself to circumstances, until by so doing he was enabled to attain a power by which he could control circumstances and adapt them in time to his will. Instead of alienating the government by expressing his opinions, he conciliated it by concealing them. Having thus won the confidence of the ruling powers, he mounted upon it to office. He never attempted the impossible. He wasted no strength where it would be ineffectual. While Mazzini, banished for his imprudence, sought to undermine the foundations of the fortress, and Garibaldi battered at its walls, Cavour remained inside and, mixed with its defenders, learnt their secrets, studied their methods, won their confidence, became their leader, and, having thus obtained control of the fortress, handed it over to freedom. What his real opinions were no man knows, for he loved them too well to express them. He was probably as great a patriot as Mazzini, but he knew the times and seasons too well to sow seeds on frozen ground. His profound plots, his deep intrigues, his consummate diplomacy, created those complications which forced Austria to withdraw from Italy. By masking his patriotism he preserved it for future use. He had his agents in every state in Italy and every court in Europe. He scorned no means of attaining his ends, played on the animosities of individuals and the rivalries of nations, and used all manner of instruments, from Garibaldi to the ladies of the court. He critically estimated to what degree of weakness his opponents must be reduced before a blow would be effectual. While the hot-headed patriots made fruitless attacks on the army of Austria and tried by force of arms to drive it from the country, Cavour looked deeper than they. He knew that the army was only an instrument obedient to orders. Who gave the orders? Certain men in Vienna. Who were these men, what were their motives, what their character, to what influences were they susceptible, what was the weakness of each? This was his business to find, and having found, to use for Italy. He knew that the forces of the Italians were not sufficiently powerful in themselves to drive the Austrians from Italy, but he also knew that, however weak his countrymen might be alone, they became formidable as auxiliaries of other powers. He must form an alliance with France or some other nation. Seeing that the energies of the revolutionists were divided, he determined to unite them. What were the influences antagonistic to union? Each king and each state was subject to some controlling influences. In one it was ambition, in another avarice, in another a woman, in another a priest. He must have spies in each court, agents in every palace; statesmen, sweethearts and valets all must serve his ends and receive their instructions from him, and so he wove his webs. At the same time he weakened the temporal power of the Pope. He outwitted the rulers of a Church which was represented at every court and in many royal households of Europe. He mastered with their own weapons, and in the very centre of their power, the keenest masters of intrigue in Europe. He undermined the papal power, conquered the Jesuits with their own subtle weapons, foiled Antonelli, and with the most perfect courtesy ruined Romanism in Italy, where it is now only a name.

But while to Cavour is conceded the immediate credit for the union and liberation of Italy, to Mazzini there must also be conceded the honour of having awakened in the hearts

of his countrymen that passionate patriotism and fearless courage in the expression of their convictions, which, if it did not in itself cause the destruction of Austrian power in Italy, was at least instrumental in proving to the Austrians that they could only retain the country at a vast expenditure of blood and money. Had the repeated revolts which Mazzini instigated and organized not convinced Austria of the difficulty of ruling the country, it is possible that, despite the efforts of Cavour, she might have attempted the task for half a century longer. Towards the union of Italy Mazzini also contributed in no small degree. He united the people in a common cause, before Cavour united them in a common country. He found that sentiment of loyalty to Italy, without which its union could never have been consummated, and which, far more than any constitutions or statutes found an enduring basis of union. He made them Italians in heart before they became Italians in fact. He organized branches of his society in every state, he taught the same holy lesson to all and in the heart of each he planted a blossom from the everlasting flower of his faith.

He was a poet-politician and around him there has been long the halo of romance. He early dreamt a beautiful dream and waking to a tortured day kept ever before his love-lit eyes the perfect picture of his pure ideal. He often failed but never faltered. In darkest night or dreariest day, when the fires of hope burnt low and the picture of his idolized country stretched bleeding on her cross, rose darkly before his weary eyes, he still stretched out his hands to save her, revived her with his tears, fed her with his blood. His life was the life of a martyr. Not only did he suffer sorrow, poverty, pain and loss in person, but every blow that fell on Italy pierced him to his heart. He was one with his country and whenever she suffered he sighed, feeling her pains repeated in himself. His fidelity was perfect, no power could weaken his faith, though all were tried. The glitter of gold, the promise of peace, the power of princes, the danger of death, the wiles of priests, the edicts of Governments, failure, poverty, exile, all failed to shake his allegiance to republicanism his deathless love of Italy.

He was worthy of the Romans of old, worthy, of Regulus, worthy of Cato, worthy of Gracchus, worthy of Brutus. When in the capital of the new Italy another pantheon arises and the statues of noble Romans are replaced upon the pedestals from which the impious hand of the conqueror had cast them down, they will not stand alone. By the side of Regulus, and in the companionship of Gracchus, fit associate alike of Cato and of Cicero, there will stand the pictured bust of the patriot Mazzini, and if any ask the reason of his presence there it will be told to them that he was the man whose ever flowing tears and bleeding heart so fertilized the soil of Italy that it brought forth men like the men that it bore of old, who, standing by his side, freed their country and prepared for Italy a future worthy of her skies.

He has redeemed this century from the charge of mediocrity of sentiment. His beautiful, blameless life consecrated to the service of a dream, will prove to the posterity at the present generation was not wholly destitute of heroism. He has robbed antiquity of its monopoly of the heroic. A beautiful dreamer,

he proved to the world, that the things which are dreamt can be, that into the darkness of dust the glory of spirit can flow. Over the bowed figure of a toil-worn generation, over the wrecks of shattered faiths, the palsied forms of senile sentiments, the smouldering fires of smitten hopes, his spirit passed like a fresh breath of life, and they awoke. Like the opening anthem of a great drama, like the music of an unfolding world, like the perfect voice of an angel incarnate proclaiming a new heaven and a new earth, we hear again his passionate words to the republicans of Europe:

“From our cross of sorrow and persecution, we men of exile, representatives in heart and faith of the enslaved millions of men, proclaim the religion of a new epoch. Let not the hateful cry of reaction be heard upon your lips, but hearken to the sweet and solemn words of the days that are to be. Have faith, O ye who suffer for a noble cause, apostles of a truth the world comprehends not, warriors in a sacred fight whom ignorance calls rebels. To-morrow, perhaps, the world, now incredulous, will bow before you in holy enthusiasm—the sublime cry of Galileo, ‘Eppur si muove’ will float above the ages. Child of Humanity, raise thy brow to the sun of God and read upon the heavens, Faith and action. The future is ours.”

ETHELBERT F. H. CROSS

#### AUTUMN SUNSET.

Across the wheatfields o'er the western hill,  
The blood-red sun is sinking; crimson bright  
Along the valley floods the sunset light,  
And then reflected from below, until  
The whole wide sky the sunset colors fill,—  
And on old woodlands far along the right  
Steals down the deeper glades the approach-  
ing night  
And down the vale where glides the glimmer-  
ing rill.

Along the west the fields of ripening grain  
Stretch over dale and upland, hill and plain,  
And, tossing plumed heads of golden green,  
Drink the rich pure nectar drops that run  
From out the upturned goblet of the sun,  
And mix their golden with its crimson sheen.

JAMES T. SHOTWELL.

Strathroy.

#### A WONDER IN THE COLOUR WORLD.

From the “Universum.”

If we examine the palette of an artist of the present day, with its many gradations and shades of colour, some the product of nature, some the result of chemical discoveries, and then reflect on the assertion of many old writers that the Greek artists in the height of their fame used only four simple colours, we shall be driven to one or other of the following conclusions.

We shall be convinced either that the assertion is false, or that the painting of the Greeks was not deserving of the fame it acquired.

Pliny declares, in the thirty-fifth book of his *Natural History*, which is commonly received as the oldest book of dialogues in existence, that Apelles, the Raphael of Greece, who boasted that he surpassed all other artists in that beauty which the Greeks called grace, as well as the famous painters Echiion, Melanthius and Nicomachus, painted their immortal works with only four colours. He even mentions the colours—white, yellow, red and atramentum, which seems to have been a deep brownish black. Many learned men, however,



to whom the Latin of Pliny has not a sufficiently classical savour, reject with his literary style all his carefully collected items of information and declare them untrustworthy. The four simple colours of Apelles seem almost childish to one who knows how many shades of colour are now considered necessary for a picture in any degree important and true to nature. How could Apelles with such limited material have produced works which have kept alive his fame as a painter to the present day.

Or was the work of this old painter and his companions not really of such importance as the praise of their contemporaries would lead us to suppose?

One of the most famous of the paintings of Apelles was the Anadyomene. When Augustus set up this picture, then about three hundred years old, in the temple of Cæsar, his father, at Rome, it was already showing signs of decay, and the under side of the wooden panel was in want of repair. But no artist had the courage to undertake the work of restoration. This reluctance on the part of the Roman painters is a striking testimony to the excellence of the Greek artists, and to the extended down by Greek poets from one generation to another. At last nothing remained of the many paintings of antiquity but the many written testimonies to her value. Diligent students of antiquity have constructed from these scattered allusions a system of ancient art, as shown both in individual cases and collectively, and this system according to the point of view of the critic, is overwhelmed with favourable or adverse criticism. And yet there is absolutely nothing to lead to a fair judgment, not the smallest fragment of one of these pictures now in existence. We ask again, how is it possible that artists whose works acquired unbounded fame, should as Pliny asserts, have only understood the use of four colours.

Equally incredible, it seems to us, is the statement commonly circulated in girls' schools and kindred institutions, that antique painting as a class was simply decorative art and consisted either in wall-painting *al fresco* or *encaustic*, and in the painting of vases. Now, is it possible that the Greek nation who attained such a pitch of perfection in the arts of building, dramatic poetry, gymnastic exercises, and dancing, should in painting alone have been a barbarous people, with hands unskilled in the use of the brush and perceptive faculties undeveloped towards colours.

Certain learned people have in all seriousness advanced the theory that the old Greeks were blue blind, that is, that they never received the blue colour, with its kindred tones green and violet, as such.

The first to advance the theory of the Greek non-comprehension of colours was Gladstone, who, in 1858, on the strength of his literary researches, seeks to prove that at the time of the origin of the Homeric poems, only light-absorbing colours, red and yellow, were distinctly mentioned, whilst the terms used for green, blue and violet were doubtful. The term used for green corresponded with the idea of pallour, *chloros*. Blue and black as well as violet were usually designated by *kyaneos*. Homer calls the hair of Hector *kyaneos*, and the old philosophers, Pythagoras, Timæus Socrus, and Empedocles, admitted only four primary colours, black, white, red and yellow. When Darwinism arose

with its strong tendency to assert what was as yet unproved, the theory was put forth that the older nations could at first only distinguish between light and dark, that they then acquired the faculty of distinguishing red and yellow as colours, and at a later period light green. Blue and violet were the last to be comprehended, so that if the correctness of this theory were proved, it would now be clearly established that the ancestors of the Greek nation were blue blind.

But nevertheless the Greeks were not blue blind. None of the precious stones of antiquity possessed so great a value as the sapphire of the Bible, the lapis lazuli, whose value consists neither in its hardness nor its play of colour, but in its deep dark blue. The triglyphs of the Doric temples were painted with blue, which was also found on the footstool of the Olympian Zeus. And further, the beautiful clay figures found in the ruins at Tanagra show traces of blue colouring, and in the antique, life size marble figures, dug up by Schliemann, and now in the Central Museum at Athens, I have not only found that the eyes were painted, but have also detected in the folds of the drapery traces of strong blue colour.

It is an obvious truth that no nation would make use of a colour for ornamental purposes, if it only appeared to them as a dull gray, and even the assertion that Homer was blue blind loses its point since experts have decided that the *Odyssey* was a hundred years later than the *Iliad*, and was therefore not composed by Homer. \*It would be almost too extraordinary a coincidence if both poets had suffered from one and the same defect of eyesight.

But there is, according to Ernest Krause, a satisfactory explanation of the fact that Homer, who, as Pliny remarks, says very little about painting and colours in general, leaves blue and green unmentioned. This explanation is based on a fundamental axiom of mankind. It is this, "a self-evident fact need not be specially emphasized." It must not be forgotten that the ancient writings were for the most part written under an ever blue heaven in the midst of an ever green nature, and there would hence have been no force in continually repeating these words. If we often speak of a blue sky, it is because with us the expression is one indicative of admiration, because the sky, as we see it, is by no means always blue. And yet we ourselves are accustomed, in referring to the sky in fair weather, to speak not of a blue, but of a clear sky, and the dark blue sky of a starry winter night, we do not generally call blue, but starlit. These are only a few of the counter proofs, which show clearly that the Greeks were in full possession of that perfect eyesight of which the scholars would have robbed them. It was a difficult task to convince their detractors, still more difficult to refute the theory that the Greeks were not great painters. This opinion also was deduced from the writings of ancient authors and defied all criticism.

Mention is frequently made by old writers of the portrait painting of the Greeks, but scholars judging only by the wall decorations at Pompeii, and by the painting on vases, have decided that these portraits must necessarily have lacked both beauty and resemblance. The

\*The author here seems to have forgotten that the theory of blue blindness applies to the Greeks as a nation, and not to Homer alone. This objection therefore loses its force.—Tran's note.

matter was finally settled to their satisfaction, Greek painting was condemned, and the ancient writers were put down as wilful inventors and boasters.

Who was to decide in such a contest? Clearly the pictures alone could settle such a question. But these have entirely vanished—neither Athens, nor yet Rome, who bought or stole all the finest paintings of ancient Greece, have a single specimen left of one of them.

Then a wonderful thing came to pass.

That which seemed the most impossible became possible, ancient portraits were brought to light, by which it could be seen how the ancients painted their portraits, how they handled their colour, how they worked both with war and distemper.

The wonderful land of Egypt, whose dryness is so effectual a barrier against decay and corruption, has preserved the precious treasures for almost 2,000 years. When, a few years ago, I visited the museum of Balak in Cairo, Brugsch Pacha had the kindness to draw the attention of my companion, Fritz Paulsen, the portrait painter, and myself to a thin slip of wood, which we instantly recognized as a fragment of a portrait. It displayed a small portion of the brow, the eye, and one side of the cheek of a portrait. "That eye was painted by a master," was our decision after a careful examination. "So it is," said Brugsch Pacha, "that in the unanimous judgment of any artists who have seen and examined this fragment, the eye, the delicate carnation of the cheek, all show that ancient painting stood on a much higher level than experts generally allow."

That Greek influence had been at work was clearly shown by this painted tablet, for it differed essentially from similar representations produced during the 1,000 years of the Pharaoh dynasty. At that time this fragment was, as far as I knew, the only classical testimony to antique Greek painting in existence, for the heads to be found in the Louvre, which are ascribed to the time of Hadrian, have been heavily coated with an opaque varnish which quite hides the technique. Latterly in Fajum over 100 portraits have been discovered which date from the first century after Christ, and even earlier. The greater number of these portraits are in the possession of the Viennese picture dealer Graf, and were on exhibition three years ago. A smaller collection is in the museum at Berlin. These portraits are connected with the worship of the dead. The ancient Egyptians depicted the face of the corpse on the head of the mummy. The Greeks who found their way into Egypt and interchanged their culture and customs with those of the Egyptians, adopted this practice, but they substituted for the daubed and gilded wooden marks, all more or less conventional in style, painted portraits of the dead. It was unlikely that the Greeks would be satisfied with this unpleasing and unnatural form of reproduction of the dead, when from old time their own nation had been famed for its skill in portrait painting. With them the faithful representations of the person depicted was considered the one essential of a praiseworthy portrait, and not technical skill or the careful choice of colours. Plutarch, in his biography of Cimon, has told us what was required in a portrait, during the first century after the birth of Christ: "We require of painters who are about to represent charming and beautiful persons, that they should neither set aside,

nor too clearly depict the slight defects which may be found in them, since in the latter case, a displeasing, in the former an unfaithful portrait would be the result."

Brugsch Pacha, a short while ago, made a valuable discovery at Hawara in Fajum, the results of which have been made over to the Egyptian Museum in Berlin. Amongst the relics are mummies with the portraits attached. It stirred us strangely as we thought "Here in this gold-decked winding sheet lies a corpse, preserved undecayed by Egyptian Art. But the living man, who hoped after death to be re-united with his mortal body, gazes at us here in this portrait, with great eyes fixing us as if he were alive. And death snatched them all away, the child, the young wife, and the bearded man in the fulness of his strength, and these life-like portraits tell the tale."

To judge from these paintings, which are not apparently the works of the greatest masters the art of painting among the early Greeks must have been as great and splendid as poets and authors have declared it to be. The late Egyptian discoveries have decided the question against the scholars, and in favour of the love of art and truth of the Ancient Greeks.

But the art of Apelles still remains unexplained. How could he with four colours have taken captive the beauty loving and instructed mind of the Greeks? Or can it be that the authors testified falsely? It seems impossible with such simple materials to reach the variety of colours which the reproduction of nature demands.

And yet it is possible. A technical wonder of modern times but exemplifies this.

We are now in a condition with only three colours to reproduce in colour paintings which contain all the tones of the modern palette. This discovery, the climax of the work of many students, was brought to its present pitch of perfection by Herr Ulrich, the chromo-lithographer, and Dr. E. Vogel, the photo-chemist, and has created the greatest excitement in professional circles. Albert of Munich had, for many years, been occupied in taking photographic impressions in colours, but his experiments had no practical results. When, a short while ago, I was told that in the publishing house of Wagner at Berlin, photographic reproduction printed in only three colours were on exhibition, I expected to see similar attempts to those already produced by Albert. Who can describe my astonishment when I beheld perfect reproductions of water colours, oil paintings, and etchings.

Only three colours, a chrome yellow, a madder red, and a cobalt blue, are required to give every necessary shade of colour, from the deepest black to the tenderest shade of the most finely broken tone. If a master like Adolf Mengel finds nothing to criticise in the reproduction of his water colours, it is a sufficient test of the new experiment of photographing in colour. Now that it has once been done, it is easy to explain the manner in which this miracle is performed. Three photographic impressions are taken of the picture to be produced; the first is affected only by the yellow, the second by the red, and the third by the blue rays of light, so that each of the plates prepared from these negatives has a colour of its own. The first prints yellow, the second red, the third blue, and the three when printed together reproduce the complete scheme of colour.

But one thing must be borne in mind, that there should be neither more nor less blue, red and yellow, than there is in the original, for if one colour predominate unduly, the impression will not be a success. To obtain the necessary accuracy, many experiments in photography were made with sensitized plates; as well as in physics on the subject of the special analysis. The desired result has been attained, and a complete revolution in printing in colours is inevitable, for that which before required a month's tedious labour and necessitate the expenditure of twenty or more lithographic plates, can be executed by the new method in eight days, and requires only three plates. Dr. Virchow takes the greatest interest in this new process, as the diminution of the cost of printing in colours will be a tremendous advantage in ethnographic and medical works. The interest of publishing firms are thus largely affected by the success of the discovery.

We are thus brought back once more to the three simple colours, yellow, red and blue. The paper on which the photographic is printed provides the white. Appelles and Pliny are justified—the most wonderful results can certainly be produced with four colours. The only difficulty about it, is to know how it is done.

LOIS SAUNDERS.

### TRYING FOR FLUKES.

This pretty contradiction in terms describe a stroke not recognized, if not unknown in the game of billiards. When the balls are in such a position that scoring is well-nigh impossible, a player will sometimes strike his ball with all the force at his command, in the hope that before its erratic flight has ceased some happy and unlooked for contact may occur. Occasionally the striker succeeds but more frequently the ball goes careering over the cushion to some distant corner of the room. This is not of course speaking of professional players but rather of idle youths amusing themselves on a wet afternoon. Yet it is not a little remarkable how common this style of play is in the actual affairs of life, and how many fortunes and reputations are ruined through this same custom of trying for flukes. Indeed it would be well if the earnestness of the professional billiard player, or even of the prize fighter were applied more commonly to business methods.

If this be true of private risks, where disaster affects but a man and his family, or at worst a comparatively small circle of friends, how much more reprehensible is the policy, if applied to public affairs. Politics are so inextricably mixed up with business now a-days that it is only right that at least the highest care demanded in business should be displayed in state matters.

The business man does not decide a difficult question by the toss of a coin; nor should the statesman consign his uncertainties to the arbitration of chance. If there is one question that requires immediate and decisive treatment more than another, at the present time, it is the Manitoba School question. Neither party seems inclined to meet it directly, though both apparently trust to score some advantage from it by the means of flukes. There are difficulties, it is true, in the way of action, but it is impossible to see how they will be removed by being deferred. Some-

body's toes will have to be crushed, as they have been before; but no one would be so foolish as to wreck a party merely to spare his own feelings. Discipline is meant for times of trial, and years of sacrificed preferences and convictions are not to be idly wasted because a test more severe than usual is proposed. Meantime we look in vain for any enlightenment from our leaders: neither party is in hurry to say that wrong has been done or what principles of justice have been violated. "This is the function of the wise, not to expound to us what is what." The Conservatives are engaged in getting opinions: they would like to know just what everybody thinks about it, including the Privy Council and the Supreme Court. Students of the Greek Tragedy may remember a certain play, where a murder is being committed out of sight of the audience and the shrieks of the victim already rend the air. A number of old, but not impotent men, composing the chorus, hear the cries and realize what is being done. They do not, as one might expect, throw aside the light curtain of the house and rush in to the rescue; but they continue to stand without, discussing in dignified language the best plan of action. Such, in some degree, is the conduct of the Ministry: We have a question dangerous in its potentiality rather than in itself, and whose obvious cure is action, yet the time is frittered away in discussion. A firm rather than an ingenious handling is required: but the thing is treated with neglect, and neglect is the one thing dangerous.

The position of the Opposition is almost equally vague. If, says Mr. Laurier, wrong is being done, we shall right it. There is a certain ring about this, but it amounts to very little. Mr. Laurier ought to be able to tell us whether this wrong is being done or not. Statesmen, who have a cause at heart, do not speak in "ifs." Mr. Gladstone never, that we remember, introduced his speeches about Turkish atrocities by an "if"; and he has been far less hypothetical, if possible, about Ireland. The fact is, "if" leaves one free to either course of action, and it is only human to make facts fit one's inclination; moreover, if there is any doubt about the matter, the great mass of English-speaking electors would vote in a body to support the Manitoba Government; for there can be no doubt their sympathies are with it. But they wish not to give the French the slightest ground to complain of injustice: because if a quarrel once began, there is no telling where it might end.

Theoretically speaking, every voter is presumed to have an opinion on all questions coming before Parliament, and to declare his opinion through his representative. Now the ordinary voter has quite enough to do, what with tariffs and markets and the like, to keep his mind occupied, and he does not feel particularly inclined to get up the merits of what seems a local dispute in Manitoba. The primary question is—will it affect me?—and if it will not, the voter cannot muster any great excitement over it. The people of Ontario only remotely, and those of British Columbia and the Maritime Provinces in a far less degree, care much about the affairs of Manitoba. So that, while there are so many questions that do interest them, they would feel not a little indebted to the Ministry, if it could be possibly manage to settle the Manitoba question and have done with it.

In deciding a question of this sort, indeed

## PARIS LETTER.

in any question of race difference, there are two methods of proceeding. One is that adopted by dogs, who take hold of a disputed possession, and bite off, each as much as it is able: and there is the method supposed to pertain to rational, and more particularly, Christian beings, of ascertaining how far each party is in the right. Canadians have everything to gain and nothing to lose in sticking to the latter. We are living in Canada in a position of some difficulty—a position which is trying, certainly, for the French portion of the community, if not for all. The French, perhaps more than we, have an innate craving for patriotism and desire to see waving above them a flag to which their hearts, as well as their lips, can be loyal. We can scarcely ever expect them to feel a real affection for the English flag, and if there be any that we can ask them to join with us in reverencing, it must be that of Canada. It is not unnatural that any peculiar exhibitions of national or religious fervour on the one side should be resented on the other. If French Nationalism was an offence to the English, are the doctrines of Orange and Imperial Federation Societies any less a stumbling-block to the French? The English-speaking community should not be condemned in what they allow, that is if we accept the present condition of things. If, on the other hand, we want to Anglicise Canada, it is open to us to do so. We have only to abolish the French language and time will do the rest. We are probably strong enough to do it alone: but we can always fall back on the United States, if necessary, and annex ourselves in self defence. Racially speaking annexation is the trump card of the English against French aggression; and, though it may never be necessary to play it, it is well to remember we have it in reserve.

At present, however, the French are our fellow-citizens, and have rights like ourselves, defined and established by law. It is our duty as citizens to maintain them literally and honorably as they exist. There is a crying desire in some quarters to demonstrate our patriotism in some way; to wave the Union Jack or carry a medal or go about the streets shouting, Hurrah for Canada! But real patriotism may be shown in little things as well as great. If we are told to wash in Jordan, we must not turn sullenly away and swagger about the great things we would do, had we the chance. Our Jordan may simply be to live peaceably with our neighbours.

It is to be hoped, then, that the Government will make a speedy settlement of this difficulty, and trust no longer to hap-hazard or experiment. Nothing can be gained by delay, and the effort of hot-headed orators may occasion new and unnecessary difficulties. The pressing question of the day is not whether English-speaking or French-speaking shall be masters. Canada has room and to spare for both. The real question is how to support and increase our existing population. Equal taxation, economical administration and the rehabilitation of public life, are matters more worthy of the tongues and pens of those to whom, whether in office or not, the destiny of Canada is for the time committed.

F. W. FRITH.

Be what it may, let the first whisper of the internal monitor be listened to as an oracle, as the still small voice which Elijah heard when he wrapped his face in his mantle, recognizing it to be the voice of God.—Robert Hall.

A good deal of scandal has been worked off within the past few days, and which has been aided by the arrival of a fresh scandal, affecting the official and parliamentary world. First, as to the forgeries of the British Embassy, that no one seriously believed in. The trial failed to unmask the organizer of the plot to "destroy" both Clemenceau and Rochefort, with the Marquis of Dufferin thrown in. Though the trial lasted seventeen hours, it was not a little "rushed"; when delicate incidents were approached, they were cut short. Clemenceau confounded his accusers, the conspirators—a sad lot, and the verdict corroborated that already rendered by the Chamber of Deputies. Clemenceau's speech—he defended himself—was very able; he is the best politically baited man in France. *Le Petit Journal*, the leading Anglophobian paper—nearly all the French journals have now that phobism on the brain, and consider hatred of the Anglo-Saxon as the trade mark of patriotism, though it was not thus in 1870-71—does not come well out of the affair; it was up to date in the plot, and its owner, Marinoni, the printing machine maker, supplied the funds. He ought to have been the last man to act so. Having knowingly forged, no credence can be attached to the denials or denunciations of the conspirators. But as one paper sensibly remarks, why did Ministers, fully aware the documents were forged, allow them to be read in Parliament, as they reflected on England, still in amicable relations with France—vide the last Queen's Speech—or did not warn the Chamber beforehand of the mare's nest. What was to be gained by not pulling up the conspirators on the threshold of their concocted game?

The wicked pal in the conspiracy is the Marquis de Morès, whose father, the Duc de Vallombrosa, has had him, though aged 30, to be legally declared a minor. He is one of those noisy spouters who claim to alone represent French patriotism, and to accord diplomas in that virtue to public men—Clemenceau to wit. His grand dasas are, denouncing the latter for borrowing money—that he repaid—from Cornelius Herz, and acting as chief licitor with Drumont, for the extermination of the Jews—Rothschilds not excepted. Now Clemenceau made known, for the first time, that De Morès had loaned 20,000 fr. from Herz! and the Marquis confesses the charge to be true. But more, the borrower, and his anti-Semitic colleague, Drumont, did not hesitate to call on Herz, who is an Israelite, to negotiate the 20,000 fr., and that was granted to extricate De Morès from being posted in his club as unable to pay his gambling debts. And these were the Bayards of French patriotism. Happily the French have other standard bearers.

"Panamaism" has been "resuscitated"; such was duly expected during the elections. The will-o-the-wisp "Arton," that no police could find—they always arrived a few minutes late, like the dragoons in the Grande Duchesse, is the text of Dupas's pamphlet. Arton is after Herz, the man who knows most about the corrupted of Panama. Who is Dupas? He was a kind of general secretary and inspector attached to the secret police department of the Home Office. He is no longer in the employment of the Government, has been "relieved of his functions," and in reply pours a broadside into the authorities by publishing a pam-

phlet setting forth that he was ordered to find Arton—and did so, but "not to arrest him." That may help to explain why Arton has been allowed to enjoy full liberty. Even granting for the revelations the usual *cum grano salis* of a removed official, they are not the less startlingly curious. But they will be no surprise for the public, who had long made up their mind, that keeping Arton out of the way was the quickest plan to wind up Panamaism. The present Premier has had nothing to do with the Arton business, and M. Ribot states he gave strict orders to have him caught. But who issued the command to only arrest him in the Pickwickian sense? M. Dupuy says he was hardly installed Prime Minister, then he sent for the Prefect de Police Loze. "Do you know where Arton is?" "No," replied the Prefect, adding, "Have you really the intention to arrest him?" "Yes, and that he be at once captured." Arton is as usual doing tourist.

The electioneering continues to be flat, stale, and unprofitable. No animation, all hum-drum and indifference; only one candidate out of the 1,500 was nearly lynched, and before even he commenced to speak. One press man has issued his address to represent starving journalists; he appeals to his confrères to send him to Parliament; that will secure him at least 25 fr. a day, so that the draft will be honored if it cannot be benefited. Why are the proceedings in the Senate always as calm as a summer sea, asks a philosophical elector? Because the Senators must be at least 40 years of age. Insist then, he adds, that all deputies be of a like commencing age, and even the "Mother Parliament" will be put to blush, and no false teeth, scarf-pins, and eye-glasses remain to be picked up from the floor after a dynamitic discussion. Four influential electors called on their deputy for orders to be present in the Chamber; they received the morsels of card board. Said the chief visitor, "Will there be any boxing to-day in the Chamber?" "I do not think so," said the deputy glancing at the order of the day, "it will be a purely business seance." "Well," continued the local big gun, with a sly wink, "could you not arrange to have a shy at the speaker yourself; "I and my friends—your supporters, have come to Paris to amuse ourselves, and a parliamentary row would be our greatest delight"?

If the Comte de Paris makes no sign to guide the French during the elections, that is no reason why other pretenders should go without their cakes and ale. So thinks Charles XIth of France. But who is this Charles? He is a square built Dutchman, as fat and cosy looking as a Portuguese. You will not find him in the Almanach de Gotha; but he claims to be the direct descendant of Louis XVII, Duc of Normandy, who did not die in the Temple prison after his papa and mamma were executed, but, escaping to Holland, took the name of Nauendorff, and became a watch-maker—the latter a proof of good sense. He has two sons studying law in a lyceum at Lille, so the dynasty promises not to run out. His Majesty is ready to occupy the throne of his ancestors when the French wish to invite him thereto. His credo is the Syllabus, by that he will be guided. How can he expect the reigning Pope to help him, when his Holiness has given his vote to the Third Republic? Pius IX is dead, but not Leon XIII. Charles is small, rubicund and inclined to appoplexy, but his court physician chains him to low diet. He is a widower,

but like other French Charleses, has found an Ægira, who reads the newspapers for him, answers his letters and looks after his civil list which, like that of Prince Victor Napoleon, is made up by friends. He resides in a cottage at Breda, cultivates big pears—no tulips—for the London market, and passes his spare moments in a neighboring café playing dominoes, and sipping that democratic nectar—sugar and water. One fact is clear, he has quite as good a chance of ascending the French throne as any of his rivals—to whom and all the reigning houses he sends his card every New Year's day—from "Your Cousin, Charles XI." Always polite, French monarchy.

There is an agitation on foot for the unification of salaries in all branches of the Civil Service in France, just as there is unity of remuneration in the army and navy. The hardest worked and best educated clerks are those only paid half the salaries in other departments. The agitators demand only "two eights" in the form of equal pay and equal working hours. Mental anxiety is alike.

The Zurich Socialist Congress is still distant from the realization of its ambition; if it has not retrograded, it has not advanced. The French and English are the only delegates that have not the appearance of working men; they appear to be half and half bourgeois, rather a disqualification, one would think. Madame Aveling, the daughter of Karl Marx, belongs to the aristocracy of Socialism by her toilette, at least, which is a reflection, in point of equality, on the plain cotton gowns of the real workmen's wives. She is a good looking lady, and immensely clever, since she is to translate into either of the three official languages of the Congress—English, German and French—the orators who address the meeting in any other tongue. The anarchists were not treated with brotherly love; it was agreed, that every speaker should orate from his seat—say, as in the House of Commons, or in the American Chamber—"take the floor." An elevated rostrum is contrary to equality; French Socialist deputies ought to keep this in mind, though the existing arrangement secures them from being pulled about when excitement runs high. In France Socialism has not yet solved any social difficulty; since it has become a fashionable science, it has only sundered, not brought together masters and men. Perhaps it has inspired the former with prudence and the latter, not to be too exigent. Let both interests move on moderate lines. Z.

LE COUCHE.

The sleeping babe, wrapt in unconscious bliss,  
The sleeping child, a-dreaming childish dreams,  
In bed are happiest; and the schoolboy fagged,  
His mind, in sleep, runs riot through his  
themes.

Love's bright expanding vision, in the youth,  
Brings also troubles—secret in his breast;  
Some rival swain, or fortune's barrier rude,  
Oppress by day—at night disturb his rest.  
Connubial love and joys reciprocal,  
Or lectures, bickering, jealousy and hate;  
Are manhood's portion in this checkered scene  
Of good and evil—portioned as our fate.  
Sickness o'ertakes, man helplessly must languish,  
And who like woman tends his bed of anguish.

BYRON R. NICHOLSON.

Quebec, August, '93.

Cheerfulness is like money well expended in charity; the more we dispense of it, the greater our possession.—Victor Hugo.

THE CRITIC.

Mr. Richard Le Gallienne has been at the pains of editing that perhaps most curious of books, the "Liber Amoris" of William Hazlitt.

It is a little book which, though covering less than three hundred sexdecimo pages, including the editor's long introduction and appendices, will set many a reader thinking. The editing itself is noteworthy as typical of modern methods, in its scrupulous accuracy (though the *Athenæum* has already caught Mr. Le Gallienne tripping more than once), its punctilious carefulness in all the lesser matters of the law, its almost distracting observance of italics, and parentheses, and square brackets, and authorities, and acknowledgments, and its religious "followings" of the "text of the original," even to misspellings—all highly significant of these "scientific" times. In bibliopæic matters, too, the book is typical, but in another way: its rough paper with uncut edges, and its severely plain yet neat binding point to a reactionary taste which tries to turn its back upon nineteenth century scientific primness and look towards eighteenth century artistic disarray.

But it is the "Liber Amoris" itself that gives us pause. Its editor admits that "it is but as a literary curiosity, a document of nympholepsy, a biographical appendix, that the 'Liber Amoris' has any value," and "any reader . . . who has not previously made Hazlitt's acquaintance" he "begs . . . in justice to a fine writer to acquire his other books at once." Mr. Le Gallienne is right; him who should judge Rousseau only by the "Confessions," or Carlyle only by the "Reminiscences" as edited by Mr. Froude, we should at once remind of the "Contract Social," "Emile," and "La Nouvelle Héloïse," of "Sartor," "The French Revolution," and the "Essays." The worst of it is, when once the "Confessions" or the "Reminiscences" or this "Liber Amoris" has been read it cannot be forgotten, and our impressions of the writer are for ever afterwards different; the intellectual penetration or power we still admit, but the man, the man as a whole, has lost something of his theretofore unquestioned potency. And so we read such books with extreme sadness. Some form of idolatry seems instinct in human nature: with a certain order of mind the object of worship is concrete "a hero right worthy to be worshipped," or "a thing of beauty" which is to be "a joy for ever;" with another and perhaps higher order, it is abstract—a creed or a conviction, political or social. And when Dagon falls, though we reinstate him we remember that he fell, and perhaps we see the fracture he received in his fall. Who is to blame, the idol, the overthrower, or the devotee? Perhaps most the devotee for forgetting the frailty of human nature and judging of a man's morals and emotions by his reasoning powers only.

The "Liber Amoris" as a "book," that is as a portion of the thing called "literature," should never have been published. Not only does it sin against that general law of Goethe that a thing should be excellent or it not to exist, but it also sins against that other general law of all art which DeQuincey sums up as "passion under control." Passion assuredly there is in abundance in this "book of love," but of

control there is absolutely none. Nor has it plot, nor has it depth of thought, nor delicacy of feeling, nor beauty of imagery, nor even has it felicity of language. Its sole reason of being is its autobiographical truthfulness, and even this interest fades when we learn that it was written by a married man, forty-four about a lodging-house keeper's daughter, "the very type of a servant girl"—after ransacking vocabularies for endearing phrases by which to address and depict her—he dethrones his whilom goddess and false calling her names anything but nice, and vanishes altogether when we learn that as Leslie Stephen tells us, "the passion was apparently soon forgotten." DeQuincey deemed the work as an "explosion of frenzy" unnecessary to "empty his overbarbened spirit." How a man of Hazlitt's critical, metaphysical and artistic tastes could publish such a worthless piece of autobiography—when the and the pitiable object of his nympholeptic passion were well known—seems inscrutable and to some the reasons will seem still more inscrutable when they remember that as biographers tell us that Hazlitt got a hundred pounds for the copyright.—And, most excusable fact of all, the work was published within a few months of the whole business of the divorce from his wife, his going by the girl, and her marriage to his lodger. What the feelings of these four persons of this drama were when the paragraphs played were published to the world, no commentator has tried to conceive.

The title of the book would lead one to expect an insight into two hearts in reign of love, and if so, there might be a melancholy and spectral excuse for its existence. But there is nothing of the sort. The pseudo-lover's heart is largely taken up with itself, and of the heart of the other it reveals nothing. Of her all we learn is she is a prepossessing servant maid who sits by the writer's knee and is kissed "by the way together." If it were a collection of her letters its posthumous publication might have been condoned. But it cannot be even so described, for the majority of the letters are to male friends of the author, and the only one to him from his beloved runs thus:

"SIR—I should not have disregarded your injunction not to send you any more letters that might come to you, had I not promised the gentleman who left the enclosed to forward it the earliest opportunity, as he said it was of consequence. Mr. P.—called the day after you left town. My mother and myself are much obliged by your kind offer of tickets for the play, but must decline accepting it. My family send their best respects, in which they are joined by  
"Yours truly,  
"S. L."

As a work of art, then, the "Liber Amoris" should be expunged from libraries. By the student of literature, and especially by the student of Hazlitt, it is right that it should be read, and Mr. Le Gallienne's edition supplies all the information necessary to any student.

With more patience men endure the losses that befall them by mere casualty than they do damages which they sustain by injustice.—Walter Scott.

The shortest and surest way to power, if possible, is strenuously to get above it, and no wonder if that proves it possible for the most part makes it so.—Southey.

GLEAMS OF MOONLIGHT.

I was sitting, yesterday, making and mending sundry garments belonging to a small but highly important member of our little household, and planning how to make both ends meet and perhaps have a little to lap over towards paying off a few back accounts, which, though neither very large nor very numerous, lay on my mind with a weight quite out of proportion to their size; when I began to feel impatient over it all, for I am always planning, and yet my schemes never come to anything. Not that my husband does not want to get rid of them too, I don't mean that; but such is his easy, happy nature that he works away, day in and day out, content to do a little—a very little at a time—while I do so want to do everything all at once.

He says that I will grow wiser as I grow older; in that case time alone will tell. I have often wondered why I could not do something towards augmenting the family income; but when I came to think of it seriously I found that to take a situation in an office I would have to neglect my little house, and worse still, my little girl; and although I am good with my needle I always find that I have plenty to do for ourselves in that line, without attempting any outside work.

Then, again, I don't paint well enough for my pictures to sell, and I am not a sufficiently good musician to give lessons. There did not seem to be anything for me to do. I looked up, and I am afraid I looked rather disconsolate too, as I said with a sigh, "I wish I could help you in some way."

"You do, sweetheart," Tom answered, "You keep Kathie and my little home bright and happy for me."

There, that was almost an echo of my own thoughts, which said, "Stick to what you can do and don't go trying impossible." Tom often has a way of treating me as if I were a child; sometimes I don't mind it, but last night it aggravated me.

"I don't care," I rejoined, snipping something at a thread, "I want to earn something. I am going to think about it when I go to bed tonight, and then I'm going to sleep on it and see if something doesn't come into my head."

Tom laughed a big laugh. "You've been thinking too much already," he said, "and sewing too much as well. Put your great beating at cribbage that you ever had in your life."

"Some people are so conceited about what they can do. Of course it would have been cowardly in the highest degree to ignore such a challenge as that, so I prepared for battle. At the end of the war I was beaten, it is true, but only by two, and that was because I forgot to count 'two for his heels,' and whenever that happens Tom always scores it to him. It is not in the rules of cribbage. The result of it all was that I forgot to think about what I could do, and went right to sleep as soon as I got into bed. But that night I had the strangest dream. "You know," I said to Tom this morning, sitting up and groping for Christie's Social Tea' biscuit to keep Kathie quiet a little longer, "it was ex-

actly like a story, and the funny part of it was that I was not in it at all, but I thought I heard some one telling it to me."

"Why don't you write it?" sleepily chuckled Tom.

"Oh, I couldn't," I promptly replied. But later on, that is, by breakfast time, I had thought it over, and as I said to him, it just seemed as if some good angel had put it into my head, so that perhaps I might earn something by it.

"But, suppose nobody will print it," he suggested. He does love to dampen me, but to-day it was no use.

"If nobody does," I answered in a tone of conviction, but with a secret sinking of the heart which I wouldn't let him see for worlds, "I shall think it was not a good angel after all, but just the opposite, who put it into my mind to waste my time over it."

Tom is much amused at the whole affair. He says he will get it typewritten for me, so that perhaps the Editor may be more inclined to read it, and jibes and jeers a little, but I don't really mind much, and I have told you all this to begin with, because if the story is not worth reading after all, you see it isn't really my story, it belongs to that person who told it to me in my dream.

It was late on a Tuesday afternoon in June when Dr. Jones ran quickly down the stone steps of a large house, situated about a mile from the village of Glenalton. He had been detained much longer than he had expected at the house of one who was at the same time his greatest benefactor and his warmest friend, and where dwelt his principal patient, to whom of late he had become a very frequent visitor, and now he walked fast to make time for a couple more visits before tea. Mrs. Elton had been the first to see merit in the young Doctor, who was not considered all he should be by the townspeople, because he quietly ignored the various treatments of his old-fashioned predecessor, to which after thirty years they had become pretty thoroughly accustomed, and brought a clever brain full of latter day learning to bear on any cases which he was lucky enough to get hold of, either on account of his good looks, or the curiosity of the citizens to find out what he was like.

One day, about six months before that of which I am speaking, he had been called hurriedly to consult with a Doctor from London on the case of the youngest child and only daughter of Major and Mrs. Elton. There, partly by his clever face and partly by the cheerful view he took of the child's condition, he inspired the latter with some degree of confidence in his judgment. It was always his plan to look at the brightest side of everything. That was his happy nature, which had not yet been shadowed by all the sorrows of others that a professional medical man feels more or less, no matter how accustomed to the sights and sounds of grief he may become.

Being in consultation with the great man from London raised him considerably in the opinions of those who had before declined to employ him, but who had preferred sending into the next parish for old Dr. Harvey, and his practice increased from that day.

Mrs. Elton had been very kind to him

and the Major had asked him to dinner. His little patient, Ethel, had made a great friend of him, and the boys voted him an awfully jolly fellow, who could beat them at racing or rowing, or almost anything, in fact, that they chose to challenge him at; for the Doctor had been a well known athlete.

It was doubly hard after all their kindness for him to have to bring trouble into the household, to have to tell that loving mother that her little daughter might die any minute. True, with the greatest care she might live for months, but that was small consolation when the thought was always behind it, that she might not live another hour. The child had had a weak heart from her babyhood, and when the great Doctor whom Major Elton had called in during her last alarming illness, said "heart-failure," it seemed as if they had always known that that would be the end. They bore their grief bravely with an outward cheerfulness which their spirits were far from feeling, and strove to make that last year one of unalloyed happiness to their darling, and looked forward to keeping her with them for days, when other parents plan for years of loving companionship.

This morning she had fainted suddenly, just after she had been dressed and brought down stairs, and the Major had sent hurriedly for Dr. Jones. He had gone to them at once; but although he used every means to restore consciousness it was fully an hour before the child showed any visible signs of life. Then with a quick sigh she slowly opened her eyes and seeing who was beside her, she opened her lips as well; for he it said, the little maid was an inveterate chatterbox. But the kind voice whose firm tones she had learned to obey implicitly said immediately, "Don't speak Ethel, lie perfectly still." A half an hour later she pleaded to be allowed to say something. "Well, what is it?" he asked. "Just, how do you do, Doctor dear?"

"I'm well, thank you, girlie," he smilingly responded. "Did you think that I looked otherwise, that you were so anxious to ask me that important question?"

She shook her head at him and closed her eyes again. At last she was better and he got up to go. The dreaded hour had been stayed off a little longer, though, as he had sat beside her applying one restorative after another, he had thought that surely it was not far off. His unspoken thought was also in Mrs. Elton's mind, but the only evidence she gave of it was the question, as he was leaving, "Can I do anything more?"

"Nothing," he had answered pityingly, "except humour her every whim and avoid any excitement, exertion or shock, however slight, for it would be sure to be fatal," and she had crept back again to watch beside the quiet little figure in the darkened room.

Passionately fond of drawing, Ethel's first request during all her tedious illnesses was for her scribbling book, but not that day nor the next, nor indeed till quite the end of the week did Doctor Jones allow her the coveted pencil. She never questioned his orders, though she was inclined to coax her mother into giving her the desired article.

On Saturday he brought her a little silver pencil in the shape of a screw, and

to'd her mother that because she had been so good he would commission Ethel to paint him a picture for his rooms, but only on condition that she would not work at it more than half an hour at a time till he came again. So he propped her up and left her, laughing at a parting sallie of his, with her book on her knee, her new pencil in her hand. She waited for him to get safely downstairs, then in a loud whisper she demanded her pencil box. "That thing," indicating the screw, "is well enough for ornament, mamma, and it was so kind of him to bring it," she said, selecting a stubby and much used crayon with a broad point, "but it would be no good at all to work with. Please, leave it by my bed, though, for I wouldn't like to hurt his feelings, and he might not like it, if he thought I didn't use it."

The clever fingers were already sketching an imaginary landscape. "I am going to do a half a dozen or so," she continued, "just to see which I like the best, and then I shall finish the one I choose, properly."

At the end of the half hour, two and a half were roughly sketched in, and it was sad to have to leave the third unfinished, but the laws of the Medes and Persians were mild compared with Doctor Jones' orders; so the cherished pencil had to be given up, not, however, without many sighs and doleful looks directed towards her mother, who was the unlucky enforcer of that stern person's commands.

"Never mind, Ethel," she said, laughing at her most melancholy countenance, "lie down and I will tell you a lovely story about a little boy who loved drawings and paintings just as much as you do," and soon they were deep in the life of Michael Angelo. When Mrs. Elton stopped the child's face was all aglow. "Oh mother, I wish I might learn—take lessons, you know, from somebody—and then, perhaps, some day I could paint like he did."

From that moment the thought never left her mind, and she and her mother discussed ways and means with the deepest interest, finally deciding to ask the Doctor's advice on the subject, a decision generally arrived at on any important point relating to Ethel, who promised not to fret if he refused his permission.

Her immediate danger was over; he did not call more than once or twice a week, and great was the impatience with which his next visit was waited for. "Really, Mamma, I do think he might come," protested Ethel one morning, "it's four days since he was here last. I have been downstairs every day and I am just nearly quite well again, and here I am wasting valuable time. If he doesn't come to-day, don't you think you might drive over and ask him about it?"

Mrs. Elton, always anxious to please her little girl, consented, and Ethel was satisfied. However, not long after twelve o'clock the strong, quick voice was heard in the hall and in he came.

"Why, downstairs already, girlie!" he exclaimed, "how is this?"

"Well, Doctor dear, if you had only come to see me two or three days sooner, you would have found that out before, for I have been up and down every day since Monday."

"Up and down, have you? I think that is pretty much what you are made

of, ups and downs—rather more downs than ups, though, eh?"

"Oh no," Ethel gaily answered, for she would never own herself ill, "I am very much up to-day, and if you will only say that I may have painting lessons I won't be able to get any higher."

"Painting lessons, what for?"

"Why to learn to paint, Doctor dear."

"But what do you want to learn to paint for?"

"Don't tease, please Doctor. I want to paint you such a lovely picture, and I must have some lessons, so that some day I will paint like Michael Angelo."

"Oh, is that it? Well, I don't see why not."

Ethel clasped her hands in rapture and the Doctor continued:—

"I ran up to London yesterday on business, and a painter fellow came down in the train with me, and when I asked him where he was bound for with all his paraphernalia, he said he was going to do some sketching 'round Glenallan."

"But would he give lessons?" put in Mrs. Elton.

"I can find that out," said the Doctor, "there is no one else nearer than the city."

"I suppose not; but do you know anything about him, Doctor?"

"Well no, I can't say I do. He seemed a decent enough fellow to talk to, though he does look fearfully foreign."

"Oh never mind that, please," begged Ethel. "I do want him so much. Let him come to-morrow and try if he will."

"But if he comes you must promise me to be very good and quiet, so as not to get tired and fainty again, for if you do I shall put a stop to it all."

That would be a dire punishment, so she promised, and there it was settled.

"Of course," said the Doctor in parting, "I don't know anything about the fellow, but I dare say it won't hurt to try him, as you both seem so set on it. He spoke quietly enough."

"We will be able to see in a couple of lessons," returned Mrs. Elton. "Of course I will be with Ethel all the time."

Doctor Jones nodded, said good-bye, and was off.

#### CHAPTER II.

Next day Mrs. Elton made Ethel lie in bed quietly till after lunch (a very wise precaution), so that she should not risk the chance of tiring herself before the artist came. However, by three o'clock she was all ready for him, seated in her low chair by the large drawing room window, with the table close beside her, on which were arranged all her artist tools.

She watched the gate for half an hour, chatting the while to her mother on the appearance of artists in general; and at the end of that time her patience was rewarded. A tall, dark individual opened it and came slowly up the path, looking around him as he did so.

"His hair isn't long," whispered Ethel, watching from behind the curtain, "but he can paint just as well, I suppose, if it isn't."

"I expect he can," answered her mother as the bell rang; "we shall soon find out."

Monsieur Noire was ushered into the room and stood just inside the door, with his hat in his hand, while Mrs. Elton went forward to meet him.

Ethel saw a tall, very dark complexioned man, with thick black hair and eyebrows meeting over the bridge of his nose, hard eyes, brilliant and black, which appeared to take in everything at a glance, a mouth hidden by a heavy black moustache, and a square chin.

And Monsieur Noire's quick gaze, while he was answering Mrs. Elton's questions, fastened itself upon Ethel, as if fascinated by her wonderful beauty. With her glowing eyes, a faint pink in her cheeks and her beautifully moulded features, the child was enough to delight anybody's eye but most of all an artist's.

After a few preliminaries the lesson began. He drew a chair to the table and began to question Ethel about what she could do, and after a while he set her to work on one of two little plaster tablets which he had brought with him, while she was painstakingly copying, he was sketching the fair head bending over the paper with the long hair falling on the hand that held the pencil.

He did not seem to be very communicative, contenting himself with merely answering any questions addressed to him.

Major Elton came into the room after a few words let it again, leaving the dining room door open.

Mrs. Elton asked Ethel if she felt draught.

"Permit me to close it for you, mamma," he immediately said, rising and going towards it. They neither of them saw the quick comprehensive glance at the room, the sideboard, the glass cabinet which held the boys' athletic prizes, which the Major was so proud, of the gleam in those dark eyes.

When the lesson was over he asked Mrs. Elton if he might take a sketch of the house from the south side, and on her consenting, he passed through one of the French windows opening on to the terrace and settled himself at a little distance. When they next looked for him he was gone.

"He wasn't very long over it," said Ethel.

"No, perhaps he will come and take it to-morrow," returned her mother.

"I don't like the looks of that man," said the Major to his wife after dinner. "he isn't a gentleman."

"Well, don't disappoint the little one," pleaded Mrs. Elton, "even if he isn't."

That night, going to bed, all Ethel's talk was of her lesson, her master and her painting.

"You know, Bessie," she chattered away to the nurse, "Mamma says that I get on very well with Monsieur Noire, some day she will take me to Rome to study under the great masters." "You wanted to see what effect the announcement would have upon Bessie, but all she said was, 'If you don't hold still, I can't help pulling your hair.'" "A beauty! And then: 'I wonder why some people are made with black hair and some with hair that is nearly white, like yours.' That was the next thing, with a puzzled gleam in the looking-glass.

"Don't you think Monsieur Noire wasn't look kinder if his hair wasn't black, and his eyes too? Papa says he looks wicked, but I think he only is very unhappy; and do you know, Bessie, confidentially, sometimes I feel he

looking at me, without looking at him. It is as if his eyes went into me somewhere up at my head, and went down, down till they stop somewhere here," putting her hand on her heart, "and then I think to myself, now they shan't go any further, and I look at him, and that makes him take them away."

"Don't you like him, then, dearie?" queried Bessie, well content to hear the chatter of her little mistress.

"Oh yes, I like him, and I think he draws beautifully, and after all, when one is entering on an artist's career, like I am, that is the principal thing," she finished loftily.

That apparently silenced Bessie, for she made no reply, and a moment later the wayward maiden seized the brush.

"Don't do any more, Bessie; leave it loose. I'm tired, and Mamma will be in in a moment."

"It will be that bad in the morning," protested the woman.

"Never mind, I can bear pulling much better in the morning than I can at night." Then as Bessie was putting her in bed she added, "I don't think you need carry me any more after next week, for I walked quite 'round the room to-day, and I wasn't a bit tired."

When Mrs. Elton came into the room a few minutes later, she found that the excitement of the day had begun to tell on the child, who was looking pale and limp.

"I will sleep with you to-night, darling," she said.

But contrary to her usual delighted acquiescence to such a proposal, Ethel said slowly, "Oh no, Mamma, I don't want any one in my room to-night but the dear moon. Could you just push that she can shine on me? Yes, that's nice," and she gave a little sigh of content.

"Bob told me to-day, Mamma," she continued, "that in Germany they call the dear moon 'he'. I don't think that is half as nice as thinking of her as a fair, soft, lovely lady, with long rippling golden hair."

"Just like yours," smiled the mother, in whose wistful eyes one might read the thought, that nothing could be fairer than the fair form beside her.

"Oh no," exclaimed Ethel, in tones a little shocked, "far, far more beautiful; I will paint her to-morrow, and I will think about her now so that I can see her in my eyes when I go to sleep, for I love her so. Do you think she would sit to me, Mamma?"

Mrs. Elton laughed, glad to hear her little daughter in such good spirits.

"Don't think any more now, dear, go to sleep. I will be near you and hear your softest word. Good-night, my child, God bless you."

"God bless you, Mamma dearest." That was the customary good-night, uttered by the merry voice that was so soon to be hushed.

"She is better, I may save her yet, she is young," said the mother's hopeful heart. "I wish the moon would stay on till she goes to sleep," she thought, "but it is getting cloudy."

The moon sent pale, fitful gleams into

Ethel's room, making the pattern of the curtains on the floor, and the side of the bed just came into the edge of the moonlight. Ethel put out her hand till it shone on it, and smiled when she saw how thin and white it was. She rose cautiously on her elbow, and looked out.

"Dear moon," she whispered to herself, "I would like to paint you just as you are now, with the dark clouds nearly covering you up, and yet, not liking to hide you altogether, because you are so beautiful. You lovely lady, drawing your soft, cloudy robes closer around you, with your long, silvery hair floating out across the sky, I love you so."

She lay back and fell asleep with it all plainly pictured in her mind, and presently she began to dream that she was painting it. The dark face of her master rose before her, and the sky was wild and angry. "There is no light," she cried to him, "the dear moon is gone, and I cannot paint her because all is darkness."

And he leaned forward and said to her, "No, Miss Ethel, it is no use, I will carry you up stairs, for you cannot paint the dear moon, you will never paint her, there is no more light in the world, all is darkness." And he took her up stairs in his arms, and she laid down on her bed and cried for her beautiful friend. But presently there came another gleam of moonlight.

"She has come back, I must paint her now," she joyfully thought, "lest she should go away again."

And a white figure rose slowly up from the bed, slowly, because of the weakness which made itself felt even in her sleep, and crept silently, step by step, down the wide staircase, always with the thought, "I will paint her now before she goes away again," leading her on.

She reached the bottom of the stairs, but her knees shook and her feet were cold. With the suffocating beating of her heart, brought on by unaccustomed exertion she began to wake up and became conscious of where she was. She crossed the dark hall and felt her way to the drawing-room door, and stood leaning unsteadily against the post, when a sound made her wide awake in a second.

It was the stealthy opening of the large French window leading out on the veranda, through which her master had disappeared that afternoon.

The draught swayed the potiere beside her, and a dark figure stepped into the room.

Ethel caught the door, paralyzed with terror, the poor, over-taxed, little heart gave a quick throb, and was still.

Monsieur Noire saw a white form standing in the doorway, totter, sway forwards, and sink silently to the ground.

"Curse the luck," he muttered, and crept behind the curtain and listened.

But there was no sound. No one had heard anything, but the dear moon, who began to slowly gather her sable robes about her, to cover her face and weep, for a cold little heart.

"Dead faint," he thought, "there's time enough I guess." He crossed swiftly and noiselessly to the dining room, and after a space of about ten minutes, returned with a fairly bulky bag, which he placed near the window. Then he

paused. "Shall I be sensible and go," he said to himself, "or shall I be a fool and stay?"

The sweet, bright face rose before him, and he went back and bent over her. He placed his hand on her wrist, but he could not find her pulse, then on her heart, and shook his head.

A pang shot through him as he thought of the painting lesson, and the gay voice talking to him only a few hours ago, and he raised her tenderly, and began to move towards the sofa. As he passed the window, he stopped in the band of pale moonlight, struck by her marvellous beauty, as he had been the first moment he had seen her, and the artistic side of his dark soul was deeply stirred by it.

Little white face resting on his arm, with the wide, frightened eyes looking up at him, yet not seeing him—with the wealth of golden curls falling round it, shimmering in the moonlight.

He held her close, closer still, as if he could restore from his own strangely throbbing heart the fitful vitality of which he had unwittingly robbed hers.

Then he laid her on the sofa gently. A cloud was covering the moon and he could hardly see her. "White little soul," he whispered, "I should like to kiss you, but I dare not."

Then, sharply ringing the bell which stood at the head of the sofa, he turned away. By the time he had reached the window, the faint light had gone—gone from his dark heart as it had from the landscape outside.

He seized the bag, slipped out as silently as he had come, and was lost in the darkness.

The next morning there was a paragraph in the paper, informing the people of Glenallan, that two detectives had arrived by the early train, on the track of three noted burglars, who had taken tickets for that town, disguised respectively as a nursemaid, a private gentleman, and — an artist.

SKYLIE.

ART NOTES.

The French Government has brought from M. J. P. Laurens his striking picture of St. John Chrysostom preaching before the Empress Eudoxia in the Cathedral of Constantinople, which was one of the few remarkable examples in the lately closed Salon. The Government has also purchased M. Paul Sain's "Soliel Couchant," and several other less important works. An excellent illustration of this picture is given in the September Magazine of Arts.

A resolution has been submitted to the Council of the Royal Academy, and has been discussed by it, according to which Academicians and Associates will have to limit the number of their exhibits at the annual show to six, while outsiders are not to send in more than four. This, if the resolution be adopted, will considerably lighten the labours of the committees of selection, while it may induce some artists to concentrate their energy on fewer works instead of expending them on a larger number, sometimes at the expense of execution.

The fact that Roybert this year received the medal of honor at the Salon for his picture, "Les Propos Galants," leads Mr. P. G. Hamerton to say, in the July Portfolio, that the award is surprising because the canvas runs

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

counter to the New Criticism in so many particulars as, that the theme is fairly to be called literary; the composition has been carefully studied. To use his own words, "the subject is full of costume, and it is not of the present day, the technique is strong, honest and laborious throughout, with none of those empty spaces which, in so much recent painting, seems as interesting as deserts on a map; there is no pretension of a study of values, though the values are plainly right, nor display of execution, though exceptional manual power is exhibited. . . . The cause for rejoicing in this instance is that once again the sound old principles have triumphed over the vanities and affectations that sometimes win a temporary notoriety." This is rather hard on the new school.

The beauties of nature are to the layman a source of pleasure. He views the ocean in the serenity of a calm and peaceful evening, or in the grandeur of a tempest at noonday; the landscape, with its gray and purple mountains, its varied distance and richly colored foreground; the sunset with golden tones, and the moonlight that casts a silvery radiance o'er the scene—these are to him the emblems of poetry. The responsibility of presenting these various phases of nature for the recognition of others is not his, however. He has only to enjoy and express his feelings in a general way. With the artist it is different. He has the responsibility of rendering what he observes for the enjoyment and instruction of men. He must heed the laws which govern representation in art, and those rules that are of practical importance in the technical work. It is not sufficient for the astronomer to see; he must go through with calculations of which the mere observer knows nothing. So the artist, with powers of his own, must give to the people the results of aesthetic knowledge derived from his observation.—Darius Cobb, in Kate Field's Washington.

In a criticism on the exhibition of the Society of Portrait Painters, in the London Spectator, D. S. M. makes some very good points, as the following extract shows: "But while there is a sharp distinction between the man who makes a picture as well as a likeness, and the man who only makes a likeness, there is among the former a difference of procedure. With some the logic of picture-making is more in evidence, with others it works less consciously, more implicitly. It is as in writing; one story-teller will make out the scheme of his story before he realizes his characters; he approaches it from the side of plot. Another will let the conception of a character develop a story. Mr. Sargent seems to have the latter bias. Where he does succeed in making a picture, it is by merit of concentration on the subject before him. He comes with no preconceived scheme, he imposes nothing; it is life that fires him and carries him through. As he proceeds, his picture sense does awake and become active; but seldom very fully conscious and effective. Accidental, blind parts remain that the self-suggested scheme of the subject should have, in the end, extruded. Mr. Guthrie goes to work in a very different way. You can see that every colour and space in his picture was plotted and considered; that his sitter was the occasion rather than the instigation of a scheme; and if the bias of Mr. Sargent is towards rendering an accidental effect of life whose redeeming merit is its liveliness and keenness of expression, Mr. Guthrie's is towards imposing a scheme, instead of allowing the scheme to grow. His drawing is less keen, the character less convincing, but the picture is more coherent. He has learned the lesson of Mr. Whistler in making every portrait an 'arrangement.' As he gains in mastery of form and expression, there is every reason to hope that he will come nearer really great work like that painter's portrait of his mother, in which the arrangement is so much a part and means of expression that the sense of conscious contrivance passes over into recognition of an inevitable thing. Mr. Guthrie's colour this year is much fresher, and in the portrait of the lady in grey there is nothing of that unpleasant greenness which seem to cling to his painting of flesh."

The dramatic season opened in Toronto on Monday by the presentation of "Held in Slavery," at the Academy of Music; and of "The Police Patrol" at Jacob and Sparrow's Opera House. Both pieces were well received; and Monday being a civic holiday, were well patronized. The first mentioned is a nautical comedy-drama and well put on: "The Police Patrol" a realistic melodrama, is also well mounted. The new songs introduced in the latter are a feature.

Colonel Henry Mapleson and his wife, Laura Schimed Mapleson, will head an opera troupe, which proposes to make an extended tour in Canada and the United States, beginning at Toronto early in this month. Their repertoire will contain an opera called "The Royal Joker," by J. P. Frazer, who is a Detroit lady at present studying at Leipzig. The scene of this opera is laid in Egypt, and the piece itself is said to be after the style of "The Mikado." It is also reported that the next venture for the Savoy, Gilbert and Sullivan propose to produce, is to have its locale in the country of the Pharaohs.

Mr. Frank Vincent writes from London in the Musical Courier, that Mr. Frederic H. Cowen has agreed to conduct the first part of the programs at the Covent Garden promenade concerts on the condition that only classical music shall be played during this part. Considerable speculation is rife as to the probable success of an arrangement of this kind, as high class music does not lend itself to such environments as naturally constitute a promenade concert. People come to be amused and enlivened, not educated or deeply touched. The orchestra is composed of 100 performers, and will be conducted in the second part by Mr. G. H. Botjeman. One novelty every evening will be a new vocal waltz and new vocal polka sung by Mr. Steadman's choir of boys and girls. Mr. George Grossmith is spending part of his holidays in preparing entertainments for his provincial tour, commencing August 28, and his American tour in January next. He will stay in America until May, returning to London for the "season." Mr. Grossmith was highly pleased with his visit to America and speaks in the highest terms of the people he met. Mrs. Belle Cole and Miss Esther Palliser have organized a concert tour for the provinces to commence in October and close at Christmas. This will not interfere with their work at the great festivals this fall. They will be assisted by Mr. Braxton Smith, tenor; Mr. Foli, bass; Mr. Frederick Dawson, pianist; Mr. Elkan Kosman, violinist; Mr. Sydney Brooks, violoncellist, while Mr. Ben Davies will assist at some of the concerts. Mrs. Belle Cole has nearly perfected her arrangements for an extensive tour reaching around the globe. She leaves London in March next, and after visiting the principal cities of Australia will go on to San Francisco and make a tour of the United States.

A repetition performance of Sullivan's "Golden Legend" was given at the Crystal Palace in aid of the Mansion House Fund for the sufferers from the Victoria. The prices of admission, ranging from five shillings downwards, attracted an immense audience. The chorus and orchestra were in full force, and the soloists were the same as on June 24, except that Mr Henschel's place was taken by Mr. Andrew Black. The entire rendition was fully up to the high standard established on the former occasion. The above fund benefited by this charity £169 7s. or about \$846.75, certainly not a large figure, considering that the soloists gave their services. At one of the late Crystal Palace concerts Mr. and Mrs. Louis Mantell, from Belfast, attracted much attention by their duet singing, which was so successful that Mr. August Manns immediately re-engaged them. Their voices, which are both high and of rare quality, and cultivation, were most effective in their rendering of "A Night in Venice" (Lucatoni) and the "Barcarola" (Gounod). Their most artistic singing has been much appreciated at a number of other concerts here this season. Mr. Mantell is a brother of the well-known actor, Mr. Robert Mantell, and they anticipate a trip to

America in the near future. Miss Anna L. Morse, of Chicago, who studied under Mrs. La Grange, of Paris, for the past two years, has been winning laurels in London during the season just ended. She has a high, full and sympathetic soprano voice of excellent timbre, and sings with charming naturalness of manner. She made a profound impression at Mrs. La Grange's last annual matinee when she sang the aria "Charmant oiseau, qui me l'ombrage," from "La Perle du Brésil" (David), with such dramatic feeling and expression as to surprise all present. Miss Morse has returned to Chicago and will undoubtedly take a high place among the singers there. One of the principal medals given by the Royal Academy of Music this year was won by Miss Mary Thomas from Kansas. She was born in 1870, and showed considerable musical talent at an early age. Her first instruction was given by her father, who was a musician, and Mrs. Clara Novello Davies; afterwards she continued at the Royal Academy. She bids fair to become one of the great singers of the day. Miss Nancy MacIntosh, from Cleveland, Ohio, has been engaged to take the leading rôle in the new Gilbert-Sullivan opera that is to come out at the Savoy in the autumn. Miss MacIntosh has already sung in many of the principal concerts here, and proves as successful an actress as she has a singer; she will certainly prove a valuable acquisition to the Savoy Company. The brilliant season of grand opera that London has seen for years was brought to a close by the performance of "Faust" on July 29. The Nordica and the De Reszkés gave an impression of this immortal work that was in every way a crowning point to the departing season. After the National Anthem was sung the audience still remained, enthusiastically applauding until Sir Augustus Harris approached and received this token of hearty appreciation that certainly is due him for his work in enabling the British public to hear all of the best operas interpreted by the greatest foreign artists.

Mr. Henry Russell has started a fund for the presentation of a memorial to Sir Augustus Harris, which shall convey in lasting form the appreciation of English musicians for the service he has rendered music in Great Britain.

Mascagni has left England after a sojourn here both musically and socially. He remains modest in his bearing, grateful for all attention bestowed upon him in spite of all the praise he constantly receives. He promises to return to London and give out for the first time in public his new opera "Vestilia." Sir Augustus Harris' provincial operatic tour will commence in Edinburgh on September 11. The company is a strong one and will give the following operas: "Parsifal," "Cavalleria," "L'Amico Fritz," "Rantzau," "Faust," "Roméo," "Phileas," "Carmen," "Orfeo" and "Les Huguenots." Another novelty of Mr. Farley Sinkin's tour enade concerts will be Saint-Saëns' "Samson et Dalila," performed as an oratorio. Mrs. Sanz will take the part of "Dalila." Saint-Saëns has promised to come over and conduct the first performance.

LIBRARY TABLE.

THE REFUGEES: A TALE OF TWO CENTURIES. By A. Conan Doyle. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1893.

Those who have read "Micah Clark" and other historical novels of the modern Sir Walter Scott, will look forward with mingled pleasure and apprehension to this last effort of his pen. It is a pleasure, because they are sure of finding much to interest and instruct; with apprehension because of its bold attempt to picture Canadian life and scenery under the régime of a Huguenot story, and as a writer, and aims at the greatest accuracy in all his scenes and even in his minor details. Occasionally he trips in the Canadian part.



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the book, which is unnecessarily long. Indeed, the 366 closely printed octavo pages of the American edition might have been profitably reduced in number. Nevertheless, "The Revelation" keeps up the high reputation of its author, and the publishers are to be congratulated on the production of an elegant piece of book work.

**WHAT IS INSPIRATION?** By John De Witt, D.D., LL.D., Litt. D. etc. New York: Anson D. F. Randolph & Company.

This very timely contribution to theological science is a handsome octavo volume of some 200 pages, the work of a scholar whose attainments, Christian character, and venerable years entitle him to respectful attention. Dr. De Witt, on the vexed question which he undertakes to explain, holds substantially the same view as that of Professor Briggs in the American, and Professor Campbell in the Canadian Presbyterian Church. His object is apologetic and very far from destructive. His language is clear and precise and his tone reverent and uncontroversial. No one could be the worse for reading his work, and most readers would be much improved by its perusal. Holding strictly by the inspiration of the whole Scriptures, the professor in the Seminary of New Brunswick is not afraid to set forth the inaccuracies which characterize them, and to point out the necessary human co-efficient in Revelation. The immoral acts of Old Testament times he does not scruple to characterize as such, even though they appear to have prophetic sanction. Thus the learned author makes Jesus Christ the touchstone of moral revelation in the knowledge of God and as the example for men. The publishers have successfully performed their part in the production of this admirable treatise.

**LEIF'S HOUSE IN VINELAND.** By Eben Norton Horsford; and **GRAVES OF THE NORTHMEN.** By Cornelia Horsford. Boston: Darnell & Upham. 1893.

This quarto bound volume of 40 pages and many illustrative maps and cuts, is Miss Horsford's graceful memorial of her distinguished father, who closed his eyes on the first day of the Columbian year. Professor Horsford's learned treatises on the Norsemen in America are well known and highly appreciated by those who have made a study of them. The latest addition, though brief in comparison with some of its predecessors, is of equal interest, and is remarkable for that definiteness with which it sets forth the relics of the Columbian discoverers of America. Miss Horsford, whose own original work has all the lamented father, says in the preface: "The Landfall of Leif Erikson," stated that his next paper would trace the connection between the Northmen and the graves of the Western Continent. At one time I expected to carry out his intention, but I have since decided that it would be best to publish the following paper first, and with it a complete account of the investigations I myself made this spring, as the latter may serve to connect the two papers by showing the probable movements of the Northmen in this country from the time Leif Erikson discovered Vineland to the arrival of the Europeans at the end of the fifteenth century." We shall be glad to see more of Miss Horsford's excellent work.

**THE HALLOWED DAY.** By the Rev. George Coley, author of "The Unanswerable Word," etc. New York: The Baker & Taylor Co., 740-742 Broadway. This is an excellent and practical work upon the subject of the utmost importance to the individual and to communities. It is known as the "Barnstable College Fletcher Prize Essay for 1892," and was awarded the prize of one hundred dollars under the provisions of the will of the late Hon. Richard Fletcher for an original essay on some subject calculated to increase the efficiency of Christianity in

Christian countries, and recommend its acceptance to the heathen nations of the world." The subject of the Sabbath was chosen as the one to be treated on this occasion, and this book is the result. The subject matter is arranged under the head of parts and chapters, and a good idea of the scope of the book may be obtained by a reference to these headings of the parts. The first is the "Right Observance of the Lord's Day"; the second, "Reasons for the Right Observance of the Lord's Day"; third, "Application of the Principles that Govern the Observance of the Lord's Day." It may be said that the writer is permitted to assume the perpetual obligation of the Sabbath. The book is written in an easy and forcible style and there is in it a happy combination of principles and arguments, abundantly fortified by facts gathered from wide and recent sources, and by the testimony of men entitled to speak on the subject. The conclusions arrived at as to the proper observance of the Sabbath are very different from those which have been proclaimed with so much zeal and assurance on Toronto platforms lately by advocates of Sunday street cars. A very high encomium is passed in it upon the manner of Toronto's observance of the Sabbath, and could this book have been read widely by our citizens before the vote had been taken, we should not have had much fear as to the result of the vote. We can cordially commend it as an excellent book upon the subject and wish for it a wide circulation.

PERIODICALS.

The safety of the Indian Empire is the determining test by which the policy of England must be shaped. That that safety stands more secure while the powers of Russia and France are at a distance, that it will be seriously imperiled by their nearer advent, that it might even be endangered by their common impact, are propositions which the Hon. George N. Curzon, M.P., in the August number of *The Nineteenth Century*, ably establishes, under the caption of "India between Two Fires." Other articles there are in this excellent number, of equal import and interest, which we hope will be widely read: such as "The Crisis in Indo-China," by Demetrius C. Boulger; "Evolution in Professor Huxley," by Professor St. George Mivart; "The Future of Education," by Professor Mahaffy; "My Stay in the Highlands," by Lady Catherine Milnes Gaskell; "Recent Science," by Prince Krapotkin, and seven or eight more.

The leading article in Harper's Magazine for September is "A General Election in England," by Richard Harding Davis, who describes his experiences as the companion of a Conservative candidate during the exciting campaign which returned the present Parliament. The article is illustrated from ten drawings by W. Hathrell. Readers of "The Refugees," will be interested in an article on Dr. A. Conan Doyle's hero, Duluth, by William McLennan, which appears under the title "A Gentleman of the Royal Guard," and is illustrated by Reinhart. Two articles of biographical and historical interest are "Texas," by ex Senator Samuel Bell Maxey, and "Edward Emerson Barnard," the director of the Lick Observatory, by S. W. Burnham. Both are illustrated. "The Letters of James Russell Lowell" by Charles Eliot Norton, contains some of the characteristic correspondence of the poet during his college days and through the war period. "An Albert Dürer Town," by Elizabeth Robins Pennell, is a description of Rocamadour, illustrated by Joseph Pennell. In "Down Love Lane" Thomas A. Janvier describes the Chelsea and Paisley of Old New York. The illustrations are by W. A. Rogers. Col. T. A. Dodge's series on Oriental riders is continued by an illustrated paper on the "Riders of Egypt" and their mounts. Another article of general interest in the number is "The Diplomacy and Law of the Isthmian Canals," by Sidney Webster, which exhibits some of the disadvantages to the United States of a ship canal between the Atlantic and the

Pacific. The fiction includes, besides instalments of "The Handsome Humes," and "Horace Chase," two short stories, "Gabriel, and the Lost Millions of Perote," by Maurice Kingsley, and "The General's Sword," by Robert C. V. Myers. The "Editor's Drawer" also contains a short story, "Her Sympathetic Editor," by Thomas Nelson Page, making up an acceptable number.

The Canadian Magazine for August is a good number. The leading story it contains "The Backsliding of Elder Pletus," by W. T. James, is illustrated, and gives a graphic picture, evidently from personal acquaintance, of the inside life of the Shaker community at South Union, Kentucky. "Accused by the Dead," by E. MacG. Lawson, is original and striking in plot and treatment. In "Sir John Thompson and his Critics," J. L. P. O'Hanly, C.E., makes a vigorous defence of the Canadian premier against the attacks made on that gentleman on account of his religious beliefs. "Political Lessons from the Times of Cicero," by Edward Meek, is an article of interest to the politician and thinker of the present day. "Referendum and Plebiscite," by Hon. G. W. Ross, Ontario's Minister of Education, deals with a question of increasing interest to Canadians, and will no doubt provoke a reply. In "A Canadian in New York," Elgin Myers, Q.C., reviews the history of Mr. Erasmus Wiman in a very one-sided fashion. To write of this man as a Canadian is absurd. Under the peculiar caption, "The Ethics of Tillage," Dr. P. H. Bryce writes, pleasantly and thoughtfully, a eulogy of farm life. Mr. J. L. Payne's facile pen treats of the "Displacement of Young Men" by young women, and fears for the future of society. "Concerning Criticism" by Helen A. Hicks, is a discussion of the standards of criticism. Geo. B. Brooks contributes, from his personal experience, a valuable article in "A Chapter from the North West Rebellion," and E. Stewart, D.L.S., "A Camp Experience." Illustrated articles, likewise from personal experience, are A. H. Morrison's "Mountain March," giving pictures of scenes in the Himalayas, and H. Spencer Howell's article on Hawaii. In "Upper Canada College," an illustrated article by W. Allan Neilson, the present and past of the famous Toronto school, is interestingly treated. Several excellent poetic contributions and other matter complete this number of a magazine, which should be in the hands of every Canadian.

The only White House mistress to permit the opening of its parlors and conservatories to the public, regardless of days, was Mrs Patterson, the daughter of President Johnson, who is at present living in Tennessee, and of whom a pleasant sketch, with portrait, is given in the September *Ladies' Home Journal*. Mrs Jefferson Davis contributes to the same number a sketch of the widow of Stonewall Jackson, and Alice Graham McCollin writes of "The Blind Reader at Washington," Mrs. Patti Lyle Collins, the clever woman who is the presiding genius of the Dead Letter Office. "Women's Rights and Wrongs" are discussed for the first time in print by the Rev. T. De Witt Talmage over his signature, and John Lambert Payne contributes an essay on "What is Written in a Woman's Face." Mrs Burton Kingsland has an article on "The Conduct of a Guest," while Robert J. Burdette is happy in his dissertation on "The Six-Fingered Man." Palmer Cox gives a page of his imitable "Brownies," as they disport themselves in Holland. "When Choosing a Home" by Agnes Bailey Ormsbee, and "Furnishing a Moderate Home," by Helen Jay, are both good articles, following close in interest on Miss Maria Parloa's paper on "Opening the Winter Home." Mrs. Lyman Abbott writes of "The Girl in the Church," and Ruth Ashmore on "Girls and the Use of Money." Miss Hooper discusses "The New Colors and Materials," as they will be worn this autumn and winter, and Mrs Mallon advises the woman of forty how to dress. The little girls are remembered in a daintily-illustrated page of fashions entitled "Dressing Our Little Women," and Miss Scovil contributes a paper on that most serious of problems, "The Punishment of Children." Eben E. Rexford

gives "A Chapter on Bulls," and Nancy Mann Waddle an illustrated page on ferns, entitled "Nature's Lace Work." The fiction of the number consists of a short story "A Gentle Matchmaker," by Kate Tannatt Woods, and the continuation of Mr. Howells' story "The Coast of Bohemia." Altogether this September Journal, with its seashore cover by W. St. John Harper and its attractive table of contents, is up to the mark.

The Century Magazine for September contains the first part of a notable novelette by Bret Harte, a Scotch story called "The Heir of the McHulishes." Its humor reminds the reader of the author's most famous sketches. The hero is an American claimant for a large Scotch estate. The plot is most ingeniously handled, and American and Scotch types are humorously contrasted. Miss Sarah Orne Jewett contributes a sketch of New England country life,—"The Hilton's Holiday." Two of Miss Grace King's Balcony Stories, which are illustrated, "Grandmother's Grandmother" and "The Old Lady's Restoration," impart the charm of New Orleans life and character to the number. Mrs. Norman Cutter, a new writer, contributes a dramatic Mexican story entitled "Six Bulls to Die." Mrs. Mary Hartwell Catherwood completes her Indian romance, "The White Islander," and the posthumous novel by Wolcott Balestier, "Benefits Forgot," reaches a climax, and will be concluded in the October number. Several papers lend biographical interest to the number. "Phillips Brooks's Letters from India" reveal the great preacher as a genial traveler of the widest interests and of the heartiest human sympathies. The chapter of "Leaves from the Autobiography of Salvini" describes his South American tours, his first visit to New York and his early experiences in Paris and London. The narrative of the actor's conquering tour of the world is described and is interspersed with comments on the great dramas, particularly Shakespeare's, which must prove of interest to the whole English-reading world. In "A Glance at Daniel Webster" Mellen Chamberlain sums up the power and influence of the great debater from the point of view of to-day, while the physical characteristics of Webster are strongly pictured in the frontispiece taken from a daguerreotype of about 1850, not long before Webster's death. A sketch, with portrait, of William J. Stillman is contributed by Wendell Phillips Garrison. Readers of the August number will not have forgotten Mr. Stillman's charming paper on the Adirondack outing of Emerson, Lowell, and other literary companions. As correspondent of the London Times, and as a contributor on art subjects to foreign and American periodicals, Mr. Stillman is an American who has wielded strong influence on the current thought of his time. Of literary interest are the profusely illustrated articles "The Taormina Note-Book," by Professor George E. Woodberry, the poet, in which he describes his sojourn among the Sicilian scenes around Mount Etna, and Mrs. Oliphant's essay on Defoe, "The Author of 'Robinson Crusoe,'" although the latter contains nothing new. "Sights at the Fair" is an account of humorous incidents at the "White City" by Gustav Kobbé, illustrated by Castaigne, whose pictures of the Fair ground published in the May Century will not have been forgotten. In this article the artist shows his versatility in several vigorous sketches of American types. Miss Annie Russell describes how "A Woman in the African Diggings" endured the hardships of a trip to the gold-fields of the Orange Free State, and dug a competency out of her claim. This energetic woman had one advantage over the men, for when the luck was slow she raised "the dust" by selling pastry to the miners. Senator Henry Cabot Lodge contributes a paper on "The Census Immigration." Other subjects of public interest, discussed in "Topics of the Time," are "Idleness and Crime" as a result of the discrimination against American boys in trades; "A Word Further as to Gold and Silver;" and in "Open Letters" "The Use and Abuse of Executive Clemency," by Charles Robinson; a de-

scription of "Our New National Forest Reserves," by Miss E. R. Scidmore; and "Christianity Outside the Churches," by the Rev. Dr. Wm. Chauncy Langdon, besides other interesting matter, making a number well up to the standard.

LITERARY AND PERSONAL.

In England, a fourth edition of the Rev. Henry van Dyke's "Poetry of Tennyson" is about to be issued.

"Montezuma's Daughter," a new novel by Rider Haggard, illustrated by Maurice Greiffenhagen, will be issued in the autumn by Longmans, Green & Co.

Mr. Dykes Campbell is busily engaged in revising the admirable memoir prefixed to his edition of Coleridge's poetry, with a view to its appearance as a separate work. It will be issued as an octavo volume in the autumn.

Anne Pratt, a distinguished botanist, has just died in England at the age of eighty-eight. Her first book was published nearly seventy years ago. Her "Flowering Plants and Ferns of Great Britain" is a standard work.

R. L. Stevenson is said to be writing the history of his family under the title of "Northern Lights." Mr. Stevenson's father and grandfather were distinguished engineers, and of course wished the future author of "Dr. Jekyll" to become a builder of light-houses.

Prof. Huxley is preparing a new edition of his works; the various subjects being arranged in order; what he has written on Darwinism, for instance, will fill one volume, and the reader of this new edition will thus be enabled clearly to gather the systematic character of the opinions of the great writer.

An East Indian edition of the "Story of the Nations" series, has been undertaken by the tutor of the Prince Gaikwar of Paroda, at the national expense. The volumes on Egypt, Persia and Turkey have already appeared in the Marathi and Grijarati tongues. It may be that the "Heroes of the Nations" series will also be translated.

The Rev. Dr. William Wright, who has spent some years in collecting material concerning the Bronte family in Ireland, will soon publish a volume entitled "The Bronte Family," some portions of which he has printed in McClure's Magazine. D. Appleton & Co. will bring out the work at an early day. Its interest and value to Bronte history are likely to be large.

Lieut. Gen. Sir Edward Bruce Hamley, who died lately, was the fourth son of Admiral William Hamley, and was born in Cornwall on the 27th of April, 1824. General Hamley wrote novels that had a considerable success forty years ago—among them "Ensign Faunce" and "Lady Lee's Widowhood," the latter of which was published with illustrations by himself. Other of his works are essays on Carlyle and Voltaire, one on Wellington's career, Shakespeare's funeral, and a collection of speeches and essays, entitled "National Defence;" also, "Our Poor Relations," a philo-zoic essay.

Several important biographical works, says the (London) Literary World, are promised in the autumn. Mr. John Murray will publish, in two volumes, the "Life and Letters" of the late Sir Richard Owen, edited and arranged by his grandson, the Rev. Richard Owen. "A Memoir of the late Mr. W. H. Smith," by Sir Herbert Maxwell, Bart., with illustrations by Herbert Railton, will be issued by Messrs. Blackwood. Messrs. MacMillan have in preparation "Chatham," by Mr. John Morley, M.P.; "Sir John Moore," by Colonel Maurice; "Simon de Montfort," by Mr. G. W. Prothero; and "Cardinal Manning," by Mr. E. S. Purcell. We also understand that Sir Henry Bessemer, the great inventor, is engaged on his autobiography.

Maarten Maartens (whose real name proved to be Van de Poorten Schwarz) is quoted as saying that his novel "God's Fool" is a "pure creation" and that when he wrote it, he had never met any human being blind and deaf and of weakened intellect, yet filled with such a sense of spiritual things. "The idea is I think, the New Testament one of the foolishness of God being wiser than men," etc., and from my point of view there are many God's fools to be found among the obscurest people of the earth; while at the same time I do not deny that there are what I might, for the want of a better word, call plenty of 'devil's fools' to be found also. But, curiously enough, some after my book came out a gentleman wrote to me from London saying that he knew of an exactly similar instance of a child being deprived of sight, hearing, and of intellectual development, and yet growing up to the full strength of physical manhood, and filled with a supersensitiveness in all things spiritual. —The Critic.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

- Boston Illustrated, 50c. Boston: Houghton Mifflin & Co.; Toronto: Williamson & Co.
- Stories from the South, paper 50c. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons; Toronto: William Briggs.
- Octave Thanet. An Adventure in Photography, \$1.50. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons; Toronto: William Briggs.
- Strong, Rev. Josiah, D.D. The New Era, 75c. New York: The Baker & Taylor Co.; Toronto: William Briggs.
- Dixon, Rev. A.C., D.D. Milk and Meat, \$1.25. New York: The Baker & Taylor Co.; Toronto: William Briggs.
- Guirey, Rev. Geo. The Hallowed Day, \$1.50. New York: The Baker & Taylor Co.; Toronto: William Briggs.
- Sullivan, T.R. Day and Night Stories, \$1.00. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons; Toronto: William Briggs.
- Putnam, Geo. I. In Blue Uniform, \$1.00. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons; Toronto: William Briggs.
- Mach. Dr. Ernst. Science of Mechanics, \$2.50. Chicago: Open Court Publishing Co.
- Dole, W. H. Not Angels Quite, 50c. Boston: Lee & Shepard.
- Johnston, Rev. Hugh. A Merchant Prince: Life of Hon. Senator Macdonald, \$1.00. Toronto: William Briggs.

READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

WHAT IS MAN MADE OF.

An interesting exhibit at the National Museum shows the physical ingredients which go to make up the average man, weighing 150 lbs. A large glass jar holds the 96 lbs. of water which his body contains. In other receptacles are 3 lbs. of white-egg, a little less than 1 lb. of pure glue—without which it would be impossible to keep body and soul together—34½ lbs. of fat, 8½ lbs. of sugar and lb. of carbonate of lime, 3 oz. of ordinary phosphate of calcium, 6 oz. of phosphate of magnesia, and a little ordinary table salt. Divided up into his primary chemical elements the same man is found to contain 97 lbs. of oxygen—enough to take up under ordinary atmospheric pressure the space of a room 10 feet long, 10 feet wide, and 10 feet high. His body also holds 15 lbs. of hydrogen, which, under the same conditions, would occupy somewhat more than two such rooms as that described. To these must be added 10 lbs. and 13 oz. of nitrogen. The carbon in the corpus of the individual referred to is represented by a foot cube of coal. It ought to be a diamond of the same size, because that is pure carbon, but the National Museum has not such a one in its possession. A row of bottles contain the other elements going to make up the man. These are 4 oz. of chlorine, 2 oz. of fluorine, 8 oz. of phosphorus, 2½ oz. of bromine, 2½ oz. of sodium, 2½ oz. of potas-

... 1-10th oz. of iron, 2 oz. of magnesium, and 3 lbs. and 13 oz. of calcium. Calcium, at present market rates, is worth 300 dols. an ounce, so that the amount of it contained in one ordinary human body has a money value of 18,300 dols. Few of our fellow-citizens realize that they are worth so much monetarily.—René Bache, in the American Analyst.

LORD TENNYSON AS A CARIET-CLEANER.

The poet, Tennyson, had his little misadventure, just as less gifted mortals do. One afternoon he called on some friends, learned that they were not at home, and decided to leave a note. The housemaid took him to the drawing-room and gave him pen, ink and paper. When signing his name to his polite little missive, Tennyson, by a jerk of the elbow, overturned the ink-bottle, and great was his dismay at seeing a large pool of ink spread rapidly over his friend's new white Persian carpet of matchless beauty. Horrified and stricken, he rang the bell. Up ran the poet. "Do please help me!" cried the servant. It happened that the milkman had just left a can of frothing milk at the door, and the intelligent housemaid saw all traces of the despoiling fluid. Accordingly she overturned a jugful upon the large black pool, and, with household and scrupling at the stain. Down went Tennyson on his hands and knees, rubbing and scrubbing with his little helpmeet. His agony of mind lest his old friend should knock at the door and suddenly appear on the scene of disaster he often described in later days, declaring that it "reached the infinite." But with such good-will did the strange couple work together that every trace of ink was removed. "Here is a five-shilling-piece, my dear you!" cried the poet, "and God send made for the door. Some weeks later reached Tennyson. He went; and the carpet was in no way alluded to on either

and on making known his errand, was given a hearty welcome. "I have not the slightest objection," said Mr. Cooper, "to bearing public testimony to the great merit of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Indeed, I believe it a duty on the part of those who experience such benefit as I have done, to make known as widely as possible, the virtues of this most remarkable remedy. For many years I suffered intensely from kidney troubles, and dyspepsia, and only those who have been similarly afflicted, can understand how great a burden life is at times. I tried all, or nearly all the remedies said to be a cure for those troubles, but in no case did I get more than temporary relief, and when a recurrence of the trouble came, it seemed to be with greater intensity than before. I suffered so long that I despaired of ever being cured, and felt that even temporary relief was worth striving for. I was continually depressed in spirits, and sometimes could not help wishing myself dead. But now, thanks to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, all that is changed and despite my years, I feel as light-hearted as a school-boy. I was first induced to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills through reading the accounts of the many marvellous cures that have appeared in the newspapers. I felt that if these wonderful pills had done so much for others, that there must be hope for me, and I was not disappointed. I had not taken them long before I felt a change for the better. It was not the feeling of temporary relief I had experienced before, my whole system seemed stronger and better. You may be sure, I continued the use of the Pink Pills, and the result is, I am today a well man. My troubles have entirely left me, and I have now much better health and strength than I have enjoyed for years before. You can, therefore, understand the feelings of gratitude I have for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I earnestly hope other sufferers will profit by my experience. I have recommended the Pink Pills to many others, and always with good results. I can tell you of one man whose body was covered with foul, mattery sores, who used Pink Pills and whose skin is now as clear and fresh as a child's. You may safely say that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a great medicine, and that their virtues cannot be too widely known."



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At this season nearly every one needs a good medicine to purify, vitalize, and enrich the blood, and Hood's Sarsaparilla is worthy your confidence. It is peculiar in that it strengthens and builds up the system, creates an appetite, and tones the digestion, while it eradicates disease. Give it a trial.

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From the Brandon, Man., Times. Recently, while a reporter of the Times was in Dr. Fleming and Sons drug establishment, a customer came in and asked for a package of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. This incident turned the conversation to this now world-known remedy, and the reporter asked whether, within their own observation, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are so remarkable a remedy they are credited with being. The reply was given with an uncertain sound. "We have sold," said a member of the firm, "during the past year, more Pink Pills by far than any other proprietary medicine. The demand is largely increasing, and from what we hear, the results have been very beneficial to those using them. Indeed, if you call upon Mr. William Cooper, who resides on 13th street, you will probably get the particulars of a very interesting

case. The Times reporter felt that he would only be giving his readers an interesting story, but might be the means of restoring out to some other sufferer the benefits of Mr. Cooper's case. With that in view, he called upon Mr. Cooper,

Mr. Cooper, whose statement is given above, is one of Brandon's most highly esteemed citizens, and his story may be implicitly relied upon by any under whose notice it may come.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a perfect blood builder and nerve restorer, curing such diseases as rheumatism, neuralgia, partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, St. Vitus dance, nervous headache, nervous prostration, the after effects of la grippe, influenza, and severe colds, diseases depending on humours in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. Pink Pills give a healthy glow to pale and sallow complexions, and are a specific for the troubles peculiar to the nervous system, and in the case of men, effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, over-work, or excesses of any nature.

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dozen or hundred, and any dealer who offers substitutes in this form is trying to defraud you, and should be avoided. The public are also cautioned against all other so-called blood builders and nerve tonics, put up in similar form, intended to deceive. Ask your dealer for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and refuse all imitations and substitutes.

These pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N. Y., and may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Co. from either address, at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50. The price at which these pills are sold, makes a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive, as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.

Oppose kindness to perverseness. The heavy sword will not cut soft silk; by using sweet words and gentleness you may lead an elephant with a hair.—Saadi.

## FRENCH SPELLING REFORM.

The French Academy has at length given its assent to a scheme for the reform of French spelling (says a *Daily News* telegram). The Duc d'Aumale was in favour of the old spelling, M. Greard (rector of the university) in favour of the new. The new rules of spelling will shortly appear in a booklet issued by the Academy with accompanying commentaries. Among the new alterations submitted to public approval are the suppression of the hyphen in compound words and the reduction to symmetry of regular plurals. The addition of the "s" is to be henceforth the uniform sign of this number. Thus voices will be spelt "vois" instead of "voix." "Paragraph" will become in the plural "alinea" instead of as now "alinea."

## JAPANESE METEOROLOGY.

Despite the humid climate of Japan, rheumatism is very rare among the natives, which is probably due to the practice of daily hot bathing.

The meteorology of Japan is exceedingly peculiar and of exceptional interest. As particular influences in the process of acclimatization may be mentioned, lessened, eliminatory activity of the lungs, increased activity of the skin, diminished cardiac circulatory power. A prolonged residence in the Japanese climate is productive of general physical relaxation, with increased susceptibility to cold. After a two years' residence in Japan, Europeans feel the necessity of wearing more substantial winter clothing, as the climate seems to have become harsher since the beginning of their sojourn. Any foreigner who permanently resides there and wishes to feel at ease must resort to the hot bathing of the natives; being in Japan, he must do as Japanese do. Europeans, on their first arrival, are very prone to rheumatism, and even perfected acclimatization does not do away with that propensity. The hot-bath habit is singularly favourable to perfect acclimatization; it and also the customary and frequent hot tea, mitigates the depressive influence of the summer kakké months, the wet season of June, July and August. Strange to say, in their national disease, beriberi, there is an entire absence of perspiration; these patients perspire only in their last agony. One should think, after that, that the Japanese would consider baths as remedial in kakké. Strange to say, it is not so; they consider it only as an essential and, for them, very pleasant part of the toilet.

In kakké the popular verdict is, and has always been, that it is detrimental. The altitudinal is their most efficient treatment. Such a treatment is always, at least in our European and American experience, a dry one; dry air. It is not so in Japan; in their mountains, even as high as 3,000 feet above the sea level, you will find an increase of humidity, due to the precipitation from the volcano peaks. Even in this heavy humidity, where they are endeavouring to cure a disease in which perspiration is suppressed, they do not give to the hot baths which are used there as much, but not more than in other not sanitary places, credit for any good accruing to the patients. And, in fact, if hot bathing contributed to the cure, such an influence would be observed at the sea-level as well as in high altitudes.

Of course, I cannot treat the question expressed here. Let me only say that, in my opinion, humidity has nothing to do, directly at least, with beriberi; it is not a climatic rheumatism. Its cause is the action of a carbonic poison in the blood and that poison cannot be eliminated through the influence of hot-water. Hot bathing, as I said, has nothing to do with it, either directly or indirectly. Indirectly humidity has, because it keeps the carbonic gases together and prevents their dispersion. The oxidizing influence of the pure air of the mountain heights has everything to do with the cure. —Albert S. Ashmead, M. D., in Science.

Duty is one and invariable. It requires no impossibilities, nor can it ever be disregarded with impunity.—Thoreau.

## PUBLIC OPINION.

The Montreal Gazette: Mr. Mercier has been on a visit to Washington. According to an interview in the Chicago Herald his visit was not an exclusively private trip. He went upon important business, which may be known some day. He saw President Cleveland and Secretary Gresham and Mr. Gresham's secretary; but he is mysteriously dark as to what transpired between them. Perhaps the ex-premier is looking to Washington for the money to help his friend Laurier in the next election which, last election, he raised by means made public by the various royal commissions which delved into the scandals of his administration.

There were 3,356 evictions in New York city last month. The coming Irish Legislature, the first thing it does, should pass a resolution of sympathy with the victims of this wholesale casting into the street of unfortunates who will not or cannot pay their rent. American Legislatures have passed resolutions of sympathy for the objects of Irish evictions who did not number as many in a year as this one American city provides in a month.

The London Free Press: Rev. J. W. Pedley, in conversation with a Winnipeg Tribune reporter, on his recent arrival there, said the city of Vancouver, commercially, was in a healthy condition. A number of new buildings are in course of erection, and the population is increasing, there being very few empty houses in the place. The corporation is proceeding with considerable improvements, including asphalt pavements, and a new line of railway was being constructed. The past month was good, one commission man having informed him that the volume of business was the best experienced for a lengthened period. The shipping interest of Vancouver is going to be of immense proportions, there being a number of the larger ocean craft constantly at the wharfs loading for the foreign markets. While the passenger traffic to and from China was not as large as anticipated, the development of trade between the two countries was wonderful, and the quantity of freight carried was something enormous. All were now looking to the cultivation of trade relations with Australia and this, it is believed, will be a great factor in the development of the several industries and resources of the province.

The Morning Chronicle, Quebec: Mr. Herbert Gardner, President of the Imperial Board of Agriculture, has notified Sir Charles Tupper's office that the British Government must decline the invitation of the Canadian authorities to institute an independent enquiry respecting the existence of pleuro-pneumonia in Canada. The same cable from which the above is drawn, however, states that Mr. Gardner submits certain suggestions in connection with any further enquiries that the Government of Canada may make in the districts from which the suspected animals came. The fact is simply this, our animals are not deemed healthy. The Imperial authorities have decided against them. The Imperial ports are closed against Canadian cattle, and pig-headed John Bull won't change his mind until he gets ready. In the meantime, Sir John Leng, the member for Dundee, says that he is still not without hope for a cancellation of the schedule for the season of 1894. He regards this as quite probable, if the Canadian cattle landed till the end of the present season prove to be free from the much dreaded disease. Towards this end, he says, the Scottish seaboard interests will continue to agitate. He states, however, that the inland Scotch farmers' clubs are now passing resolutions which are brought to the notice of the Imperial Board of Agriculture, insisting upon that body to keep closed, what these farmers call "the known gateway of the disease."

The prosperity of a country depends, not on the abundance of its revenues, nor on the strength of its fortifications, nor on the beauty of its public buildings; but it consists in the number of its cultivated citizens, in its men of education, enlightenment and character.—Luther.

## THE SCREW-PROPELLER.

The invention of the screw-propeller is claimed for several persons, and lately the tenary of the birth of Joseph Hessel, who is credited by the Austrians with its invention, was celebrated in Austria by the unveiling of a monument at Mariabrunn, where he lived when a student of forestry, by the inauguration of memorial tablets in the various towns in which he stayed, and by a great commemorative festival around his statue in front of the Polytechnic Institute in Vienna. The latter was erected in 1863, six years after he had died, in poverty and neglect, at an inn at Lebach. His claim to priority in the invention of the screw-propeller is disputed in England and elsewhere, but in Vienna it is supposed to be well established by various documents and proofs which have just been published. Hessel is said to have described his idea of using the Archimedian screw for the propulsion of ships as early as 1812. Some Americans assert that the first use of the screw-propeller was by Stevens, of Hoboken, who tried twin-bladed screws in 1804. The use of the screw was, however, suggested by many writers, even by Hooke as early as 1680. —English Mechanic.

## MUSICAL DOGS.

A wonderful story of a French musician, is related by persons who profess to have been acquainted with him, and to have seen him in attendance on musical performances. He was a dog, and his name in public was Parade; whether he had a different name at home was never known. At the beginning of the Revolution, he went every day to the military parade in front of the Tuilleries Palace. He marched with the musicians, halted with them, listened knowingly to their performances, and after the parade disappeared, to return promptly at parade time the next day.

Gradually the musicians became attached to this devoted listener. They named him Parade, and one or another of them always invited him to dinner. He accepted the invitations, and was a pleasant guest. It was discovered that after dinner he always attended the theatre, where he seated himself calmly in a corner of the orchestra, and listened calmly to the music.

If a new piece was played, he noticed it instantly, and paid the strictest attention. If the piece had fine, melodious passages, he showed his joy to the accompaniment of his doggish ability; but if the piece was ordinary and uninteresting, he yawned, stared about the theatre, and unobtrusively expressed his disapproval.

Another very curious story of a musician's ear, is told of a London organ grinder's dog. The organ grinder was blind and aged, and the dog used to lead him about. One night, after a hard day's work, the old man and his faithful companion lay down to sleep with the organ beside them. They slept soundly, and when they awoke the organ was gone.

They were in despair. But the dog led the old man through the streets, where he had been accustomed to play, and persons who had given him assistance before continued to befriend him, so that the loss of the organ proved not so bad after all.

Weeks went by. One day the old man heard a hand organ played a few feet from him. It reminded him of his lost instrument, but he paid no special attention to it. Hand organs were common in London, and he heard them often.

Not so the dog. He showed signs of great excitement, barked violently, and led his master in the direction of the organ.

He sprang at the robber's throat, dragged him away from the stolen organ, and led his master eagerly up to him with expressions of recognition and delight.—Youth's Companion.

Self-made men are most always apt to be little too proud of the job.—H. W. Shaw.

SCIENTIFIC AND SANITARY.

A new vegetable is about to be introduced to the people of the United States through the Department of Agriculture. It is the root of the calla lily, which resembles somewhat in appearance the ordinary Irish tuber, with the addition of a new fibrous roots, that have nothing to do with the qualities of the article as an esculent. So prolific and palatable is the root of that plant that their propagation in many parts of the United States, where conditions are favourable, may reasonably be looked forward to as an agricultural industry of the future.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

A writer in the Scientific American recommends "Rhus Tox," as a cure for persons poisoned by handling the three-leaved ivy. He says: "A hair of the dog that bit you will cure you. Take six of the little pills at one dose, four doses the first day—morning, noon, evening and bedtime. The next day the itching will be mollified a degree. The second and third day, take three doses of six pills each dose. You will, by this time, be so free from irritation that you may carelessly take a few pills until nature heals up the sores. So soon as healing begins, be very chary of taking many of the pills, as they will, in excess of requirement, produce an intolerable, though harmless, itching over the whole body."

It is a familiar fact that persons born deaf are usually mute not from any congenital defect in the organs of speech, but from the fact that, never having heard others speak, they cannot imitate articulate utterance. It is probably true, too, that the source of some current errors of speech among those who are not esteemed deaf lies in a defect of hearing. Many persons who habitually tack on the "r" sound to words ending in "w" say that they are unable to distinguish, for example, between "law" and "lor." It is not uncommon to hear this mispronunciation from the lips of New Englanders not of Dr. Holmes's Brahmin type, but it is difficult to draw from such persons the admission of the error.—*New York Sun.*

Dr. J. G. Hopkins, of Thomasville, Ga., considers consumption contagious, and thinks that "consumptives should be forced to provide for the destruction of sputa. Whenever situated so as not to expectorate directly into a germicide or the fire, they should use some means of conveying the sputa to the germicide or the flames. If handkerchiefs or clothes are used, they should not be sent to the laundry, as human happiness and life are jeopardized through the probability of inoculation through abrasions upon the hands. These bacilli should never be allowed to dry up and impregnate the air, as is now done through ignorance of possible result. Numerous experiments by leading medical authorities have proved beyond doubt that consumption is an inoculable disease, and so rapidly is the throng of converts growing that resorts now soliciting the patronage of the quack will at some day not far distant be quarantining against him."

Muller, of Potsdam, publishes an interesting series of observations upon the brightness of the planets in different portions of their orbits. He finds that, on the whole, the brightness (excepting Jupiter) seems to be governed almost entirely by the "phase" of the planet with respect to the earth, and that none of the formulae which have been proposed by Euler, Lambert and Seeliger correspond to the facts, though Seeliger's comes nearest. In all cases the brightness of a planet when it shows "full" to the earth is greater than the formula would give. He finds that the outer planets act as if they were cloud-covered, and had atmosphere of great density, while Mars and Venus are more like the earth in this respect, and Mercury behaves almost exactly like the airless moon. He finds no traces of light variation depending upon a planet's diurnal rotation, but does find that Jupiter presents irregular, gradual changes of brightness which are as yet without explanation. Saturn, on the other hand, does nothing of the sort, but follows Seeliger's formula almost accurately.—*New York Independent.*

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gum, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse and strengthen.

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For the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver,  
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inward piles, fullness of blood in the head, acidity  
of the stomach, nausea, heartburn, disgust of food,  
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sinking or fluttering of the heart, choking or suffo-  
cating sensations when in a lying posture, dimness  
of vision, dots or webs before the sight, fever and  
dull pain in the head, deficiency of perspiration,  
yellowness of the skin and eyes, pain in the side,  
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relief, and it did not fail to cure me.  
Wm. T. Glynn, Wilfrid, Ont.



**A FULL STOMACH** ought to cause you no discomfort whatever. If it does, though—if there's any trouble after eating—take Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. They're a perfect and convenient vest-pocket remedy. One of these tiny, sugar-coated, anti-bilious granules at a dose regulates and corrects the entire system. Sick or Bilious Headaches, Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, and all derangements of the liver, stomach, and bowels are prevented, relieved, and permanently cured. They're the smallest, easiest to take, cheapest, and best. They're guaranteed to give satisfaction, or money is returned.



**R** is perfectly, permanently, positively cured by Doctor Sage's Catarrh Remedy. The proprietors of this medicine prove that by their offer. It's \$500 cash for a case of Catarrh which they cannot cure. By all druggists, 50 cents.



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 From Toronto and all Stations, West  
**On September 1st and 2nd 1893.**  
 Return Tickets will be issued to the

**WORLD'S FAIR**

Good to leave Chicago by any train up to and including September 12th,  
**At First-class Single Fare for the Round Trip.**  
 For berths in First-class or Tourist sleepers, or seats in Parlor Cars and full particulars, call on any agent of the Company.

**WEST-END BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES.**

No. 2718 St. Catharines St. West, Montreal.  
 This school, conducted by Miss Lawder and Mrs. Rice, has been well and favorably known for the past twenty years, and will be re-opened on Thursday, September 14. An efficient staff of teachers is employed, and while all the English Branches, Latin, and Mathematics are thoroughly taught, Music and French receive special attention. The number of resident pupils is limited, and every effort is made to make school life as home-like as possible. On application to Miss Lawder, at above address, circulars will be sent and further information given, if required.

**KEEPS YOU IN HEALTH.**  
**DUNN'S FRUIT SALINE.**  
**DELIGHTFULLY REFRESHING.**  
 A safeguard against infectious diseases. Sold by chemists throughout the world.  
**W.G. DUNN & CO. Works—Croydon, England.**

Minard's Liniment cures Burns, &c.

**MISCELLANEOUS.**

The coast-line of the globe is about 136,000 miles.

**A CURE FOR HEADACHE.**

Headache arises from constipation, bad blood, dyspepsia, or liver complaint. As B. B. B. cures all these complaints, it is naturally the most successful headache cur. existing. Once the cause is removed, the headache vanishes.

The more independent of accidents, the more self-subsistent, the more fraught with internal resources, the greater the character.—Lavator.

**A LETTER FROM EMERSON.**

"I have used Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, and I think it the best remedy for summer complaint. It has done a great deal of good to myself and children." Yours truly,  
 Mrs. Wm. Whitely, Emerson, Mass.

The drinking of salt water is said to be a perfect cure for sea-sickness, though it makes the drinker very miserable for a few minutes after he takes the cure.

**OFF IN PERIL.**

Lives of children are often endangered by sudden and violent attacks of cholera, cholera morbus, diarrhoea, dysentery, and bowel complaints. A reasonable and certain precaution is to keep Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry always at hand.

If you wish success in life make Perseverance your bosom friend. Experience your wise counsellor. Caution your elder brother, and Hope your guardian genius.—Addison.

**A BATTLE FOR BLOOD**

Is what Hood's Sarsaparilla vigorously fights, and it is always victorious in expelling all the foul taints and giving the vital fluid the quality and quantity of perfect health. It cures scrofula, salt rheum, boils and all other troubles caused by impure blood.

Hood's Pills cure all liver ills. 25c. Sent by mail on receipt of price by C. I. Hood & Co., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

To be able under all circumstances to practice five things constitutes perfect virtue. These five are gravity, generosity of soul, sincerity, earnestness and kindness.—Confucius.

**DYSPEPSIA CURED.**

Gentlemen,—I was troubled with dyspepsia for about four years. I noticed an advertisement of Burdock Blood Bitters, so I started to use it and soon found that there was nothing to equal it. It took just three bottles to effect a perfect cure in my case.  
 Bert. J. Reid, Wingham, Ont.

The sponge is an animal. It will shrink from the hand which tries to seize it, and, if viewed under a lens, may be seen constantly drawing in water through the innumerable canals which form its digestive organs, and having consumed the minute animalcule in the fluid, ejecting it again through some other channel.

**THE FOUR CARDINAL POINTS.**

The four cardinal points of health are the stomach, liver, bowels and blood. Wrong action in any of these produces disease. Burdock Blood Bitters acts upon the four cardinal points of health at one and the same time, to regulate, strengthen and purify, thus preserving health, and removing disease.

The number of materials out of which paper is made is gradually increasing. F. Hickman, of St. Paul Park, Minn., has been working up flax-straw into pulp successfully, and he is enlarging his plant this year. In Minnesota and the Dakotas there are 1,800,000 tons of flax-straw going to waste every year, some of which might be used in this way.

Minard's Liniment relieves Neuralgia.

**BISHOP STRACHAN SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES**

Re-opens on Wednesday, Sept. 6th

**MISS VEALS' BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES.**  
 50 and 52 Peter Street,  
 English, Mathematics, Classics, Modern Languages, Art and Music. Pupils prepared for entrance to Universities, and for the Government examinations in Art. Home care combined with discipline, and mental training.  
 Resident, Native, German and French Governesses.  
 A large staff of experienced Professors and Teachers.

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**MISS VENNOR, PRINCIPAL**  
 (Late Trebovir House, London, Eng.)  
 A thorough course of instruction will be given in English, Mathematics and Modern Languages, prepared for University examinations. "Classical" Swedish Carving will also be held twice a week.

**DUFFERIN HOUSE TORONTO.**

**MISS DUPONT'S BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES.**  
**ESTABLISHED 1872.**  
 The course of study comprises all the requisites for a thorough English education—Latin, the French Language, Music, Drawing and Painting. The best masters in the city attend the school, and the resident and foreign governesses. The House is situated in an open and healthy part of the city, with ample ground for recreation, and offering the comforts of a refined and pleasant home.  
 Terms and Circulars apply to Miss DUPONT, 196 JOHN STREET.

**ALMA COLLEGE**  
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**FOR YOUNG WOMEN.**  
 Graduating courses in literature, languages, fine art, commercial, science, elocution, and University graduates. Specialties in art and music. Certified teachers, etc. Building and appointments unsurpassed. University affiliation. Re-opens Sept. 1st. Junior and senior matriculation. Re-opens Sept. 1st.  
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 Lessons in Piano Playing and Theory, pupil of the great and eminent teachers, Prof. Krause, Dr. S. Jadassohn, of Leipzig, and Prof. Epstein of Vienna.  
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 Exceptional facilities for Organ students prepared for musical examinations. Harmonium counterpoint taught by correspondence.  
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 CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.  
 Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Works in time. Sold by druggists.

Full English Course Languages, Drawing, Painting, etc. For Program etc., apply to  
**MISS GRIER**  
 LADY PRINCIPAL  
 WYKHAM HALL TORONTO

Vertical text on the right edge of the page, partially cut off, containing various notices and advertisements.

QUIPS AND CRANKS.

"Will you have some jelly or a tart, dear?" "Jelly twice, first please."

Professor Oolite: Every stone on this shelf I got myself from the Bongor Beds. Miss Eva: What awful beds!

"Ach, Adele, I love you like—like—like—" "Well, think it over, Herr Fritz; perhaps you can tell me to-morrow!"

"I'm so nervous"—before taking Hood's Sarsaparilla. "I'm so well"—after taking Hood's. Moral—"Be sure to get Hood's."

Susceptible Youth (to Professor): There, that's my ideal of a woman what a splendid wife she would make. The Professor: Yes, that's what I thought before I married her—and she has!

Teacher: What are marsupials? Boy: Animals which have pouches in their stomachs. Teacher: And what do they have pouches for? Boy: To crawl into and conceal themselves when they are pursued.

"There is not much similarity between our ways of earning a livelihood," said the dentist to the paint manufacturer. "No," admitted the manufacturer, "there is not. I grind colours, while you cull grinders."

Young Husband: I'm just about dead from putting down this carpet. Wife: The carpet is not heavy. Y. H.: No; but I have to work in such a cramped position. Wife: Nonsense. Just imagine you are on your bicycle.

Farmer Kirby: An' ther' beant naw bluish about that ther' caw! Cattle Dealer: 'Tis no, she's all right; I warrant her sound; but I must tell you, fair and square, that she sometimes kicks when she's being milked. Farmer Kirby: Thot beant o' naw consequence. "I wife does t' milkin'."

Miss Priscilla Pipchin: I'd often heard of the power of the human eye upon ferocious animals. I fixed mine upon a lion at the Zoo, and he instantly turned his head away. The Lion (sotto voce): Well, I've seen some ugly things in my time, but this old woman's too hideous for anything!

Governor S. was a splendid lawyer, and once made an eloquent speech for a horse tender. The jury, with tears, gave a verdict of "not guilty." A friend stepped up to the Governor and said—"Jim, the danger is past; let's you steal that horse?" "Well, Tom, I don't know if I thought I took that horse, but since I heard the Governor's speech, I don't believe I did."

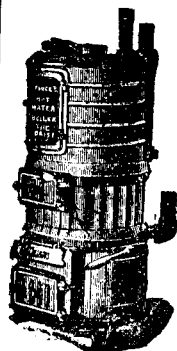
A granddaughter of Delacroix received the following curious proposal of marriage from the famous Champfleury: "Mademoiselle—if you believe, as I have heard, that an unmarried person is like the half of a pair of scissors, which is useless without the other half, I offer you my sympathies, my love and my best efforts to cut together the material of a pair of scissors, followed by a marriage three weeks later."

Talking of patent medicines—you know the old prejudice. And the doctors—some of them are between you and us. They would like you to think that what's cured thousands won't cure you. You'd believe in patent medicines if they didn't profess to cure everything—and so, between the experiments of doctors, and the experiments of patent medicines that are sold all over the world, there's money in the "stuff," and you can't always tell the prescription from the cure by what you read in the papers. So, if there's no better way to sell a remedy than to tell the truth about it, and take the risk of its doing just what it professes to do.

That's what the World's Dispensary Medical Association, of Buffalo, N. Y., does with Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. If they don't do what their makers say they'll do—you get your money back.

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For a short time only WE offer free, as a premium, to all who will cut out this advertisement and send direct to us with \$4.00, a copy of the beautiful water-colour painting entitled "Trysting Place," which makes a most exquisite holiday or wedding gift and could not be duplicated for \$10. Send 25 cents for a specimen copy of THE ART INTERCHANGE with three coloured pictures, or 75 cents for a trial three months' subscription (October, November and December), with 9 coloured pictures and six design supplements. Handsome Illustrated Catalogue sent for 2 cent stamp. Mention THE WEEK.

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Passages and berths can be secured on application to the Montreal office or any local agent. For further information apply to

H. E. MURRAY, Gen. Manager.

4 Custom House Square, Montreal.

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maintains its high standard as

### A PERFECT BEEF FOOD

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### IS A FOOD AND A TONIC COMBINED.

It contains the feeding qualities of Beef and Wheat and the tonic qualities of Hypophosphites in the form of a

### PALATABLE BEEF TEA.

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Is the solids of pure Cow's Milk so treated that when dissolved in the requisite quantity of water it yields a product that is

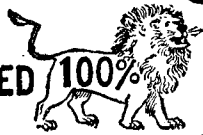
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**CAMPBELL'S SKREI**  
FAMOUS COD LIVER OIL  
IT IS INVALUABLE IN CONSUMPTION, CHRONIC COLDS, OBSTINATE COUGHS, WHOOPING COUGH, PULMONARY AND SCROFULOUS COMPLAINTS AND WASTING DISEASES GENERALLY.

**B B B CURES BAD BLOOD**

This complaint often arises from Dyspepsia as well as from Constipation, Hereditary Taint, etc. Good blood cannot be made by the Dyspeptic, and Bad Blood is a most prolific source of suffering, causing

**BOILS, PIMPLES, BLOTCHES.**

Eruptions, Sores, Skin Diseases, Scrofula, etc. Burdock Blood Bitters really cures bad blood and drives out every vestige of impure matter from a common pimple to the worst scrofulous sore. H. M. Lockwood, of Lindsay, Ont., had 53 Boils in 8 months, but was entirely cured by 3 bottles of B.B.B., and is now strong and well. Write to him.

Minard's Liniment cures Dandruff.

## BABY'S BLOOD AND SKIN

Cleansed and purified of every humor, eruptions, and disease by the celebrated

## CUTICURA REMEDIES



These great skin cures, blood purifiers, and humor removers afford immediate relief in the most torturing of Itching and Burning Eczemas and other skin, scaly, crusted, and bloody skin and scalp diseases, permit rest and sleep, and point to a permanent and economical (because most speedy) cure where the best physicians and all other remedies fail. Thousands of grateful testimonials attest their wonderful, failing, and incomparable efficacy. Sold everywhere. POTTER DRUG AND CHEM. CORP., Boston. "All About the Skin, Scalp, and Hair," mailed free.

**BABY'S** Skin and Scalp purified and beautified by CUTICURA SOAP. Absolutely pure.

**HOW MY SIDE ACHES!**  
Aching Sides and Back, Hip, Kidney, and Uterine Pains, and Rheumatism relieved in one minute by the Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster. The first and only instantaneous pain-killing, strengthening plaster.



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