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ON the first of July the Act passed by the Ontario Legislature at last session, forbidding the sale of tobacco in any form to boys under eighteen years of age, came into operation. This bit of prohibitory legislation has called forth a good many sneers, as if in enacting it the Government and Legislature were transgressing the bounds of their proper sphere and entering the domain of morals. And yet, we suppose, a good many of those who denounce the Act in question as injudicious coddling, would not hesitate to approve the legislation by the same body which puts the practice of medicine in the Province into the hands of a close corporation of doctors, and authorizes them to say virtually what physicians the people of the Province may and may not employ; nay, which even empowers this self-interested body to prohibit, under severe penalties, any medical man, no matter what his qualifications, from practising the healing art in Ontario, until he has first obtained the gracious permission of this legalized guild. Surely those who approve the latter act and condemn the former, strain out the gnat and swallow the camel, with a vengeance. We should, in our simplicity, have supposed that the adult citizens of this intelligent and well-educated community might be safely left to the exercise of their own discretion in the choice of their medical advisers, and that on the other hand, it was quite within the province of our legislators to protect the minors of the country, especially those who through orphanage or some other misfortune are without natural protectors, from the greed of those who would make a gain out of the sale to them of a drug which unquestionably tends to produce both physical and moral deterioration when used in tender years. We have doubts about the wisdom of some of the provisions of the Act in question, but we see no reason to doubt that the man whose own moral sense will not deter him from selling tobacco to children, should be firmly restrained by the strong arm of the law.

SUCH a duel as that which took place on the floor of Parliament, on Tuesday of last week, between Sir Richard Cartwright and Sir John Thompson, is not a pleasant topic for journalistic comment. We most devoutly wish there were no necessity for handling so distasteful a theme. But the statements made in the course of that contest in the art of invective, and which are thereby sent forth to all the world, or to all that part of the world which is interested in Canadian politics, are of

so grave a nature; if true, they reflect so seriously upon Canadian politics and character; if false, they recoil so destructively upon the heads of those who made them, that we cannot deem it consistent with the duty of an independent journal to pass them by. That both speeches were exceedingly able in their way is undeniable. Assume Sir Richard Cartwright's charges to be true, or to have a substantial basis of truth, and what follows? That for the last ten years the Government of Canada has been sustained and its party majorities secured by a system of organized fraud; that the public funds have been systematically used in subsidizing railways, erecting public buildings, and other public works, not with reference solely to the needs of the country, but to promote the interests of the Party in Power; that in return for Legislative and Departmental favours conferred at the public expense, railway promoters, manufacturers, and contractors have contributed large sums of money which have been used by the Government or its agents in bribing electors; that the constituencies have been outrageously "gerrymandered" for the purpose of creating artificial Government majorities; that a Franchise Act has been passed and manipulated for the same purpose; that investigations demanded by the Opposition for the purpose of unveiling specific cases of corruption have been refused or turned aside by ineffective substitutes; and that, as a result of the persistent and systematic use of these and similar corrupt methods, the public conscience has become so deadened and debauched that the clearest evidence of the grossest corruption no longer avails to arouse popular indignation. As at once the confirmation and the culmination of the whole series of alleged infamies, Sir Richard Cartwright points to the documents recently published in the *Globe*. These documents, he maintains, have proved "the existence of a great corruption fund, and the expenditure of that fund corruptly in a number of constituencies sufficient to change the fate of parties," the late Premier and the whole Government being privy to the transaction, while an investigation has been refused, or worse than a refusal, a sham trial has been granted.

THAT Sir Richard Cartwright's attack was made in the spirit of partisanship goes without saying. His well-earned reputation for bitterness of speech was amply sustained throughout this remarkable indictment. But the great question for the people of Canada is, "Are these things true?" Disapproval of the accuser, or of his modes of speech, should not be permitted for a moment to obscure this great issue. If one-half the allegations made have a foundation in fact, the bitterness may well be excused, if it be not even justified. If one-half be true, every honest Canadian ought to bow his head in shame and then rise up in indignation and demand such an investigation as would probe the whole matter to the bottom. Whether and to what extent these tremendous charges are based on fact is not for us to say. That there is far too much of electoral corruption in the country is admitted and deplored by all honest men in both parties. That the corruption is not all on the Government side the records of the election courts have made painfully clear. But of course the kind and degree of corruption charged by Sir Richard are in their very nature such as only the Party in Power could be guilty of. Should not the people sift the evidence and judge righteous judgment? Sir John Thompson's answer was remarkably clever of its kind as was to be expected, for there is no abler man in the Canadian Parliament. But was it satisfactory? It certainly did not answer, in the sense of refuting, the charges. But then could any satisfactory answer in that sense be given to the charges, even if they were wholly baseless? The truth or falsity of such allegations is a question of fact. It could not in any case be settled by argument, but only by evidence. It is, then, unreasonable and unfair to claim inability to refute them on the spot as a proof of their truth. But just here is, it strikes us, the failure on the part of Sir John and his colleagues. The only way in which such charges can possibly be disproved is by evidence. Would it not be natural and becoming for a Government conscious of innocence, or fully resolved not to spare the guilty, to say promptly,

when such charges as those brought by Mr. Edgar were formulated, "You shall have the tribunal of your choice. We challenge investigation before any court. Bring your evidence and prove your charges, or stand convicted of the basest slander." That the tribunal which the Government has established is estopped by the terms of the reference from enquiring into the most serious part of Mr. Edgar's charges, we have before shown, and Mr. Laurier made clear. It is a deplorable fact that nearly or quite one-half of the people of Canada sincerely believe not only that the Government shirked investigation of this part of the charges; but that the substance of Sir Richard's indictment is true. What will the Government or the people do about it? There are elements of serious danger in the situation.

MR. HUGHES did well to call the attention of the House of Commons and of the country to the abuse of the franking privilege. Mr. Laurier hardly displayed his usual acumen in saying that in order to be consistent, Mr. Hughes should have moved for the abolition of the privilege. It is illogical to argue from the abuse of a privilege against the thing itself. Such an argument suggests the ready rejoinder that the privilege is supposed to be used under a sense of honour, and that it is hardly supposable that an "honourable" member should have on the list of his intimate friends those who would tempt him to do violence to his sense of honour, even in a trifling matter, for the sake of saving them the petty cost of a few stamps. If, however, the fact be, as Mr. Laurier intimated, that none of the members are in a position to throw stones, it is evident that the sooner the franking privilege is abolished the better. The matter may seem to be a small one, but nothing is really small which involves the double temptation for a member of the House to abuse a privilege, and for friends out of the House to make themselves small for a postage stamp. As a matter of fact we suppose it is pretty well known that the franking privilege is often very grossly abused. It is to be hoped, therefore, that some one will at the next session act on Mr. Fraser's suggestion, and move for the removal of the temptation out of the way of the weak. Moreover, the fewer the privileges and the more business-like the Parliamentary arrangements the better on general principles.

THE Dominion Senate is just about to have the opportunity of a lifetime. Circumstances have put it into its power to show unmistakably that it is not the mere party registering machine which it is so often and so contemptuously alleged to be by its detractors. Its chance will come when Senator Boulton rises to move the resolution of which he has given notice, providing for the reference of the constitutional question raised by Mr. Davies in the House of Commons, to the Supreme Court for decision. That question is, it will be remembered, whether Parliament is competent to perform the function of making the decennial redistributions directly, by the use of its own party machinery, or is bound by the Constitution simply to affirm the principle in accordance with which the redistribution is to be made, and to transfer the responsibility for the carrying out of that principle in an impartial and non-partisan manner to some suitable agency. That the question is one of real and serious difficulty is evident from the fact that leading lawyers on both sides of the House have expressed their opinions strongly in support of the latter view. The Senate may never again have so good an opportunity to discharge in a fearless spirit its proper duty as a revising Chamber, and thus to demonstrate its usefulness as an important part of the legislative machinery. Will it prove itself equal to the occasion? [The opportunity has come and gone. Senator Boulton's motion was negatived by a majority of 35 to 7. We fear the Senate has yet to demonstrate its usefulness.]

SIR CHARLES TUPPER'S motion before the Congress of Chambers of Commerce in London, approving slight preferential duties, not exceeding five per cent., within the Empire, was voted down by a majority of 78 to 34 on a vote by delegates, and subsequently by a majority of 57 to 33, on a vote by chambers. The latter result

appears to be much more favourable to the motion than the first, but as 19 of the chambers voting were from Canada, and most of the others, no doubt, from other protectionist colonies, it is probably no less emphatic than the former as a declaration on the part of Great Britain herself against any retrogression from her settled policy of free trade. At first thought, it is true, the majority seems smaller than might have been expected, and some of the Canadian delegates are said to have been encouraged rather than otherwise in consequence, and to have expressed their belief that the system of preferential duties will yet be adopted. Whether the vote affords any real basis for such an expectation depends quite as much upon the *personnel* of the majority as upon its size. How many of the British delegates and chambers voted in favour of the system of preferential duties? That is the crucial question. The Mother Country is not at all likely to permit the colonies to determine her fiscal policy for her. If any considerable number of the British delegates voted approval of the principle, even in the very diluted form in which it was presented at the last in Sir Charles Tupper's motion, there is some ground for its colonial advocates to hope for its ultimate success. But if, as we suspect, the minority was composed almost exclusively of colonial delegates having protectionist proclivities, and actuated by selfish motives, their votes count for little so far as any indication they may be supposed to give of a change of opinion in the direction of preferential tariffs is concerned. In any case it is clear that the day when the preferential policy can prevail is too far in the distance to suffice for the needs of Canada in the present crisis of her affairs. She cannot afford to wait for it.

A MEAGRE cablegram informs us that after the defeat of Sir Charles Tupper's motion above referred to and the passing of Mr. Medley's resolution to the effect that a fiscal union between Great Britain and her colonies by preferential duties, being based upon protection, would be politically dangerous and commercially disastrous, while the arrangement that would best conduce to intimate commercial union would be for the self-governing colonies to adopt, as closely as circumstances will permit, the non-protection policy of Great Britain, a motion moved by Sir Charles Tupper, seconded by a Jamaica delegate, in favour of general free trade throughout the Empire, "was carried unanimously amid continuous cheering." This seems very like a step in the right direction, though in the absence of fuller details its exact meaning can hardly be determined with certainty. It must mean in some sense a lowering of duties on the part of the protectionist colonies, and is so far a hopeful omen. If it means, as is likely, a reduction only to countries within the Empire, it involves the principle of discrimination against foreign nations. This would almost certainly fail to receive the approval of the British Government, as it would conflict with treaty engagements and provoke foreign retaliation. But it is refreshing to find Sir Charles Tupper, who has probably done more than any other living man to fasten the shackles of protectionism upon Canadian commerce, moving for the reduction of tariffs on any principle. From a reduction of duties within the Empire to a reduction, without such limitation, upon those articles which we import mainly from Great Britain is but a step. The difference in result would not be very great, and all the possible complications and dangers arising out of the preferential feature of the proposal so heartily endorsed by the Congress would be avoided. There is no question of Imperial taxation of the food of her people in the interests of colonies, which in their turn tax British manufactures without regard to the interests of Great Britain, in such a proposal. It is hardly to be supposed that Sir Charles Tupper, as the accredited representative of the Canadian Government in England, would have made or supported such a motion without the sanction of his Government. It is not more supposable that the Canadian Government would sanction such a motion without being prepared to give it effect in legislation. It is true that in the shape we suggest, the policy would be virtually that proposed in the resolution moved in behalf of the Canadian Opposition a few weeks since and rejected by the Government. But the Government may well say that they wished to test the possibility of obtaining the preferential tax in favour of colonial products before committing themselves to the broader policy. It is devoutly to be hoped that in this successful motion of Sir Charles Tupper is to be found the key to the Finance Minister's somewhat oracular utterances in his budget speech a few months since.

DEMOCRATIC Canadians are sometimes disposed to wonder, perhaps to smile, at the fondness of their elder brothers across the ocean for having some scion of nobility, and if possible of royalty, associated with every great charitable institution and enterprise. This may be a national weakness which we, on this side of the Atlantic, have outgrown. Nevertheless the fact remains that many of the noblest charities in the world have been brought into being and are doing their great works of mercy under the patronage of a royal name. A new and most deserving charity is that now being founded under the patronage of H.R.H. the Duke of York, to be called the "Albert Edward Sailors' Rest." In this way it is proposed that his brother's memory shall be associated with great East London and its vast docks. A most valuable Institute at the Millwall docks is to be opened on July 14th by H.R.H. the Duchess of Teck. The Board of the British and Foreign Sailors' Society hope also to strengthen their stations at the large Victoria and Albert docks and at Shadwell, and to develop these Rests and Institutes at other needed centres. But to be able to do this, in view of recent extensions in Russia, South America, and other parts, they ask that the "Memorial Fund" shall be not less than *ten thousand pounds*. This Society is doing a noble work in many parts of the world and is worthy of the most liberal aid of all friends of the sailor everywhere. As illustrations of its operations it is stated that in the port of Rio de Janeiro a brave young agent of the Society has just fallen a victim to yellow fever at the early age of twenty-two, after heroically ministering to British and Foreign seamen. The benefit of such Institutes abroad is seen in a report just received from Her Majesty's Minister, the chairman of the committee at Monte Video, that from April to December, 1891, 2,605 naval seamen slept in the small Sailors' Home paying their way, while 3,840 made use of it during these nine months, and at the same time 3,368 meals and 962 beds were given to distressed merchant seamen. The Society has worked in London for seventy-four years. Seamen of all nations and from all ports visit this great seaport. To East London, its poorest district, came last year (including ships from foreign countries, British possessions, coastwise and repeated voyages) a fleet of 50,951 vessels of 13,141,455 tons. An expert reckons that on board of this fleet there would be 690,335 seamen. These men are scattered over a vast area and cannot possibly be reached by a central institution. Contributions to this fund will not only help in reaching this vast aggregation of the world's sailors and ministering to their needs, but will strengthen the hands of the Society for extending its operations in all parts of the world where the miseries of sick and suffering sailors appeal especially for its helpful ministrations. Aid for the "Memorial Fund" will come from many lands, but the Directors hope that not less than one thousand pounds will be received from Canada. In view of the fact that Canadian sailors are to be found everywhere, and that our merchant marine takes a high rank in point of strength among those of the seafaring nations, it is to be hoped that this expectation will be speedily realized. Contributions from Canada may be sent to the Hon. Sir Charles Tupper, High Commissioner, London.

THE results of the British elections, so far as known at the time we are writing, bid fair to confirm Mr. Gladstone's confident predictions of a decisive Liberal victory. Of that, however, our readers will be much better able to judge when these lines are before them than we are at this moment. But whether in victory or defeat, Mr. Gladstone will still stand out before his admirers as one of the most remarkable instances of extraordinary powers exhibited in extreme old age which the world has ever seen. Almost any one of his speeches might be quoted by way of illustration, but in two special cases of which records are to hand his wonderful intellectual breadth and acumen have been shown in a striking manner. We refer to his interview, a few weeks since, with a deputation from the London Trades Council, on the question of a legal eight-hours labour day, and his more recent reply to the speeches made at the great Ulster demonstration. In the former case the masterly way in which he drew out the views and arguments of the shrewd men who led in the conversational discussion, while by an occasional observation or question he led them to see their own inconsistencies, or set before them the consequences to which their principles and proposals would logically lead, but from which they would themselves be among the first to recoil, sets in a clear light his wonderful power to grasp a large

question in all its length and breadth, and to forecast its issues. Whether and to what extent his replies to the Ulster Protestants may be regarded as disposing of the grounds of their objections and fears, is a matter in regard to which opinions may differ. But there is scarcely room for difference of opinion as to the effectiveness of his answers considered simply in relation to the speeches actually made on the occasion referred to. To illustrate would require too much space, but one has only to read from both sides to see how much he gets the better in the argument regarded merely as argument. We are often disposed to think that there is in these days a good deal of undue hero worship, and that many of the men who are held up to view as a species of intellectual giants are not nearly so exceptional in height as their admirers would have us believe. But one can hardly follow the course of Mr. Gladstone from year to year without feeling that here at least is one man who does actually tower as an intellectual colossus above his fellows.

IN the absence of fuller information it is impossible to judge whether the owners of the steamer *Coquillan*, which has been seized by a United States revenue cutter for alleged violation of the revenue laws, have any just ground for complaint or not. If the vessel is guiltless, as is said to be alleged, of any infraction of law, there is no doubt that redress will be had on due representation and proof of the facts. If, on the other hand, there has been violation either of the revenue laws, or of the *modus vivendi*, there is nothing for the owner to do but submit to the penalty. It would be very unwise for our authorities to become excited about the affair, or to commit themselves in any way until full enquiry has been made. It is in the least likely that after agreeing to settle all the outstanding difficulties by arbitration, the two nations will permit any new difficulty to arise out of a matter in which the question of right and wrong is one of simple fact. The only sound and safe principle for our Government to act upon is to put itself always in the right and then maintain its position. Had it been careful to do this in the matter of the canal tolls, it is probable that it might have saved itself and the country the humiliation of having to reconsider and retrace its steps, as it now will probably have to do. We can well believe that the British Government will not attempt to sustain it in any course which violates even the spirit of the Washington Treaty.

OTHER nations will naturally follow with some curiosity and interest the future course of the Washington Administration in its treatment of Captain Borup, the *attaché* of the American Legation in Paris, who has been recalled at the request of the French Government, on the charge of having procured plans and descriptions of French fortifications for illegal purposes from a clerk in the Naval Department. Mr. Coolidge, the American Minister to France, seems to have acted with a commendable sense of honour in frankly admitting the turpitude of Captain Borup's act and promptly requesting his recall by his own Government. A Washington despatch, which sounds in some respects as if it might have been inspired, as it purports to be, from high sources, defends Captain Borup against the charge of having sold the information surreptitiously gained to Germany or Italy, saying that no officer in the service is more respected than he, and then proceeds in the following curious strain:—

They (the authorities of the Washington War Department) are not surprised that he should have gained the displeasure of some of the French war office authorities, for his success in obtaining many of the military secrets which the French Government guards so jealously has naturally caused him to be watched with suspicion, but our officials would never believe for one moment that he would play the part of a spy for some other Government. If he has, in the opinion of the French authorities, overstepped the bounds of propriety in securing information, the officials here feel satisfied that his action has been entirely in the interest of his own Government. There may be some question whether a military *attaché* ought to go on collecting the military secrets of other Governments. Individuals may disagree on this point, but generally speaking military people go on the theory that everything is fair in preparation for as well as in war. This is startling doctrine, but quite in harmony with Captain Borup's alleged admission that he had paid for secret official documents, and his attempted self-justification on the astounding plea that in doing so he was but following the practice of all military *attachés*. Things would surely have come to a deplorable pass if it were true that the military officers attached to all legations at foreign capitals felt it their duty to act the part of spies, using

every means, however contemptible, to obtain possession of the secrets which the Government to which they were accredited were guarding with jealous care. If Captain Borup's views of what is manly and honourable, with which the despatch above quoted seems disposed to agree, were true in fact, we should fain hope that the number of military men in the service of any self-respecting nation who would accept appointment on such terms would be very small. We should also be slow to credit Captain Borup's denial that he had sold the information so dishonourably gained to other nations unfriendly to the one whose interests were thus betrayed, for the man who would consent to act as military *attaché* on such conditions, even at the request of his own Government, and who could bribe a servant of the nation whose hospitality he enjoyed to betray his country, would scarcely be the man who could be relied on to refuse to part with the secrets thus gained to anybody, for a sufficient consideration.

HISTORY records many instances in which statesmen and politicians have fallen from positions of great power and influence, in which their presence had come to be supposed indispensable, only to find that the nation and the world could get on remarkably well without them. But there are perhaps few cases in which the deposed citizen has himself chafed so violently under the discovery as has Prince Bismarck. It can hardly be said that the man who for a time filled the eye of all Europe, and who was and is the acknowledged founder of the united German Empire, has played either a nobly dignified or an unselfishly patriotic part in retirement. But his recent utterances with reference to the alleged mental attitude of the German authorities, and especially of himself as Chancellor of the Empire, towards Austria, bear away the palm for passionate recklessness even from anything he himself has previously said or done. Those words are likely to rankle long in the minds of the Austrian Emperor and Government, if they do not even seriously affect the stability of the Dreibund. The statement that as Chancellor of Germany he (Bismarck) always held Austria in such a position that the alliance with her could be cast off at pleasure, was by no means complimentary to himself as a man of truth and honour. But then we do not remember that Bismarck at the height of his power ever made much pretension to lofty principles of conduct. To consolidate and extend the German Empire was avowedly his ruling principle. No one ever supposed that he was or would be very scrupulous in regard to the methods by which this end was to be reached. To other peoples—especially to those so far removed from the scene of action as we in Canada—the chief interest in the present struggle between Bismarck and the “Young Man” who sits on the throne of his grandfather, centres in the opportunity presented for studying the character of the once great Chancellor. The object-lesson is instructive as showing how much mere singleness of purpose, under the sway of a will never “puzzled” by dread of moral consequences, or disturbed by insurrections of any kind in “the little state” of the inner man, may do to supply the strength and assure the success which we sometimes delight to think attainable only as the outcome of great mental and moral qualities. True, the success in this case proves to be but temporary, while the character supposed to be so strong fails to exhibit either loftiness or dignity in the hour of personal disappointment and adversity. In its more practical relations it may pretty safely be said that the Austrian incident removes the last hope which the fiery young Emperor has hitherto been vainly cherishing, of a reconciliation with his former chief adviser, apart at least from his full restoration to his former position of political absolutism—a condition which is probably now impossible of fulfilment, even were William himself disposed to give way. The German Empire may not be growing very fast in the direction of democracy, but it has, there can be little doubt, outgrown Bismarckism.

THE POLITICAL SITUATION—II.

WHY did the bye-elections last winter go in favour of the Government? This is an interesting question. Sir John A. Macdonald was dead; the census returns had astounded even the most ardent friends of the National Policy; the Langevin-McGreevy investigation had disgusted every man with honourable instincts in the country; Haggart was discredited; Chapleau smirched; the civil service shown to be rotten, and signs of general exposure and lack of confidence everywhere manifest. And yet constituency after constituency was carried for the Government, which could never be captured when Sir

John Macdonald was at his palm, and the fortunes of the Tory party looked brightest.

None of us is quite wise enough to state in oracular terms the exact cause of this remarkable result. The most that can be done is to think over it, study it and form the best opinion possible. Different persons will reach different conclusions, and from the general consensus something near the truth can be obtained. This much is clear, nothing is to be gained by looking at the matter with partisan prejudice. The most fatuous of all forms of folly is self-deception. Let us get at the truth, if we can, and see what is the matter with the Canadian people. It is quite likely that several circumstances combined to bring about such a result, and these should be dealt with in detail, taking, as far as possible, the minor ones first. Let it be premised, however, that every one of the reasons given below is firmly believed by some persons to be individually and solely the reason for the result. It is most likely, however, that the truth will be found in the aggregate.

1. The Quebec exposures. Many good people would put this down as the main reason for the revolution at the bye-elections; I put it down as least important. It is quite true that the country was greatly shocked at the Baie des Chaleurs transaction, and that it came to light at exactly the wrong moment. It is equally true that it afforded a comfortable excuse for every Tory in Canada to continue his support of a corrupt Government at Ottawa. But, after all, it was only a convenience, not a necessity. No intelligent or high-minded man in Canada wanted to see his country purged of corruption at Ottawa any the less because it was manifest there had been crookedness in Quebec. It is very opportune to the average Tory, when worried by references to the Langevin-McGreevy-Chapleau-Haggart exposures, to get over the whole business by saying: “Oh, but look at Quebec!” But that class of man would have voted Tory anyway, and, if the Quebec business had not occurred, he would have satisfied his conscience and answered his monitors by some other excuse equally meritorious, if not equally effective.

Besides, justice compels me to say that nothing was disclosed in connection with the Baie Chaleurs matter which directly affected Mr. Mercier or any of his colleagues. Mr. Pacaud made a haul, it is true, but he was not entrusted with any responsibility by the people, and it was his affair solely if he made clever bargains with contractors. Mr. Mercier is now a fallen Minister, and no one exists who is willing to risk a word in his behalf, though ready enough to bask in his favour a very short time ago; but this much may be said, and this is the record which history will make of his fall: “He fell because he was dismissed from office, and thereby lost the semblance of power. To accomplish this, a partisan Lieut.-Governor had to violate the Constitution. If the election had taken place with Mr. Mercier at the head of the Government, he would have triumphantly won, which puts a quietus on the apotheosis of Quebec morals, which has recently been proclaimed. If Lord Stanley should take the same course in reference to his Ministers they would be annihilated equally effectively. Corruption was condemned in Quebec because there was a Lieut.-Governor to dismiss a Ministry; corruption is condoned at Ottawa because there is not.”

2. Another cause of the Liberal defeat was lack of organization and general preparation. The Franchise Act imposes enormous labour and responsibility, but, if a party expect to win, this labour and expense must be performed and incurred. It is idle, when defeated, to say that it was done by stuffing the electoral lists. With eternal vigilance stuffing becomes practically impossible. In many constituencies in Ontario there has been for several years a very conspicuous lack of careful and systematic political work. It is not pretended that organization can completely overcome the results of policy, but it is a fact that in the game of practical politics scores of close constituencies can be changed from one side to the other simply and solely as the result of machine work in the way of ward committees and general care in matters of detail. It will be admitted that the series of defeats sustained last February and March opened the eyes of many leading Liberals to the fact that much that is essential to party success had been left undone, and too much left to chance. To defeat a Government under the conditions which now prevail, it is essentially necessary that the work begin early. Information in detail should be disseminated down to the very ranks and to the remotest districts. Interest in public affairs should be evoked by frequent discussion of the issues of the hour, and all the forces of each constituency should be called into play by all the arts and ingenuity of which practised politicians are capable. It is just in this that the Liberals of Canada have been lacking for some time past. Too much is left to the last moment. The announcement of dissolution finds half the constituencies utterly unprepared, and some instant shift has to be made and a blind chance taken, rather than a careful combination which has the elements of success.

3. The third cause of the Liberal losses in the bye-elections in Ontario was a sort of reaction against the policy of Unrestricted Reciprocity. This will be keenly disputed by the Liberal leaders, but it has nevertheless a measure of truth in it. Not, indeed, that the people, as a whole, had any less desire to secure a large measure of free commercial intercourse with the United States, nor any diminished confidence in its advantages. But the publication of Mr. Blake's letter and a more general apprehension of the question led many persons who were at first

simply concerned in getting the enlarged trade, to realize that it involved many things of grave importance, and there was a manifest sense of alarm and a disposition to pause for further light. When the subject is fully considered it will be discovered that all these great problems have, sooner or later, to be faced and decided, and probably the judgment of the country will be with the Liberal policy; but in February, 1892, the sentiment was in favour of a halt, and this told adversely in the elections.

4. Now we come to some of the really potent factors in the result. The Tory party and the large industrial interests got fully alarmed a year ago. The Government majority was small; Sir John Macdonald was dead; the scandals looked bad; the impression was general that the Government was doomed; the special interests that were created by, and exist upon the favour of, the Government, trembled when the hour of judgment was at hand; the united band of office-holders, who have been flourishing at the expense of the public, felt the heavens falling. It was a moment for a last desperate rally. The bye-elections must be carried if money and intrigue could do it. As a consequence we saw a combination of forces upon constituency after constituency that was unexampled even in this age when corruption is chronic. An organized brigade, with funds *galore*, went from county to county and stayed there until the election was safely over. There was no even contest in such circumstances. Such influences cannot be offset by a few large public meetings at which abstract questions of public policy are discussed. Just at this stage in our history it unfortunately happens that the worst means are the most effective. The Liberal party went into the bye-elections with nothing but the issues in their favour, and hence were bound to be beaten.

5. Another enormous factor was the overshadowing power of patronage. The Government was in and had a working majority; hence the general impression was that the true policy was to keep solid with the Government if anything was to be got. This has become so completely a recognized feature in our political institutions that no one now seems to regard it as an outrageous and abominable blot upon popular government. At this moment there is not a constituency in Great Britain where a candidate would dare to mount the hustings and say to the people: “Support me because I am in sympathy with the Government, and can therefore get favours; my opponent cannot, because he is in opposition.” Such a statement would drive a candidate in disgrace and contempt from the hustings. I am told on good authority that at a bye-election in England, on one occasion, a Government candidate ventured to suggest that it would be better to have a representative of the party in power elected. The result was electric. He was hooted from the platform and withdrawn as a candidate within twenty-four hours. There would indeed be hope of Canada if such a condition of things existed here. But unfortunately it is just the reverse. It is only the candidate that can and does promise Government spoils who has any reasonable chance of winning. At the last bye-election in the County of Queen's, N.S., the most vital question was the securing of a railway for the county. Mr. Morine, the Government candidate, upon every platform declared that he was the candidate of Sir John Thompson, and that he was authorized to say that a railway subsidy would be granted in the event of his being returned. And he as often declared that the only hope the people had of obtaining a dollar of Government assistance for a railway was by returning a member to support the Government. Was there any outbreak of popular indignation at this? Not a bit of it. It was regarded as most clever electioneering. Mr. Forbes' majority was considerably reduced, and he would have been defeated if tremendous efforts had not been made on his behalf in sections where the railway was not the burning question.

The test of the power of this patronage is very easy to find. If a general election were to take place to-morrow in Canada, with the present Government in power, it is not too much to say that impartial onlookers would regard the chances of success in their favour. But if, for any reason, Lord Stanley should get into difficulty with his advisers and as a result call in Mr. Laurier, who doubts that the new Government would sweep the country from end to end? The issues would be the same, but the difference can only be accounted for in the power of patronage. Need it be argued that this is an utterly vicious condition of things? That it is subversive of every principle of popular government, and inconsistent with any lofty national instincts. It is simply abominable, low and infamous, and the sooner men of honour and principle begin to seriously reflect upon it, and become satisfied of the necessity of a reform, the better it will be for the well-being of the country.

If this is pessimism then the Founder of the Christian religion was a pessimist when He drove the money-changers out of the temple and when He thundered his denunciations against the Scribes, Pharisees and Hypocrites. If we are to look on sweetly when the basest ideas of public life are canonized, the lowest methods applauded, and every sound principle of ethics ignored in the government of the country, and close our lips from fear of being anathematized as pessimists, then, indeed, the pathway to reform is a steep and rugged one.

There is yet another cause which contributed to the success of the Government in the bye-elections, but the consideration of that must be reserved for another occasion.

A LITERARY BENEFACTOR.

THERE are few more interesting figures in literary history than Joseph Cottle, the Bristol bookseller; his genuine and deep love for the best interests in literature, together with the valuable assistance he rendered to two prominent men of letters, Coleridge and Southey, deserves a fuller acknowledgment than perhaps has been given him. Mrs. Humphry Ward has recently drawn for us a forcible picture of the literary bookseller in the Manchester life of David Grieve; but we fear that the literary bookseller is a celebrity of the past: he is fast dying out, and now we have our books sold to us in the same manner as our grocer supplies us with our tea and sugar; and the bookseller looks upon his wares as so much stock which he is desirous of getting rid of at a good profit without any special appreciation within him of the books themselves, or much knowledge of their contents. Of the more famous of literary booksellers the names of John Murray and Daniel Macmillan will occur to many. Although both these men were the founders of celebrated publishing houses, they began their careers as booksellers, pure and simple.

The brilliance of the literary gatherings in John Murray's drawing-room, in Albemarle Street, with the romantic and handsome figure of Lord Byron, come into our minds when we think of John Murray. The figures of Kingsley, the Hares and Frederic Denison Maurice are before us when we turn to Daniel Macmillan.

Joseph Cottle is connected with a very important era in literary history, and when we turn to him we are confronted with the magnificent genius of Samuel Taylor Coleridge, the versatility of Robert Southey and the new poetic ideas of William Wordsworth.

Joseph Cottle seems to have spent the greater part of his useful life in helping and befriending poor authors. The constant "God bless you's" and expressions of affectionate endearment showered upon him by Coleridge and Southey, in their letters, prove how frequently he rendered them very substantial pecuniary help.

Perhaps the following letter from Southey expresses in the language of sincere gratitude the kind of thanks which Cottle was constantly receiving; he had paid Southey fifty guineas for his "Joan of Arc," and at the time of retiring from the business of bookseller Cottle had returned the copyrights both of this and other volumes of his poems. This is Southey's reply:—

"Wednesday Evening, Greta Hall, April 28, 1808.

"My dear Cottle,

"What you say of my copyrights affects me very much. Dear Cottle, set your heart at rest on that subject. It ought to be at rest.

"They were yours, fairly bought and fairly sold. You bought them on the chance of their success, what no London bookseller would have done; and had they not been bought they could not have been published at all. Nay, if you had not published 'Joan of Arc,' the poem never would have existed; nor should I, in all probability, ever have obtained that reputation which is the capital on which I subsist, nor that power which enables me to support it.

"But this is not all. Do you suppose, Cottle, that I have forgotten those true and most essential acts of friendship which you showed me when I stood most in need of them? Your house was my house when I had no other. The very money with which I bought my wedding ring and had paid my marriage fees was supplied by you. It was with your sisters that I left my Edith during my six months' absence; and for the six months after my return it was from you that I received, week by week, the little on which we lived till I was enabled to live by other means. It is not the settling of one cash account that can cancel obligations like these. You are in the habit of preserving your letters, and if you were not, I would entreat you to preserve this, that it might be seen hereafter. Sure I am that there never was a more generous, nor a kinder heart than yours; and you will believe me when I add that there does not live that man upon earth whom I remember with more gratitude and more affection. My heart throbs and my eyes burn with these recollections.

"Good night, my dear old friend and benefactor.

"ROBERT SOUTHEY."

In the autumn of 1798 the "Lyrical Ballads" were published by Joseph Cottle in one volume, consisting of twenty-three poems, "The Ancient Mariner" and two others being Coleridge's contribution; the remaining twenty were Wordsworth's. Cottle had paid Wordsworth thirty guineas for the copyright; it is remarkable how quick he was to discern the genius of Wordsworth; he thus writes of his first meeting with him:—

"A visit to Mr. Coleridge at Stowey had been the means of my introduction to Mr. Wordsworth who read me many of his lyrical pieces, when I immediately perceived in them extraordinary merit, and advised him to publish them, expressing a belief that they would be well received. I further said he should be at no risk; that I would give him the same sum that I had given Mr. Coleridge and Mr. Southey, and that it would be a gratifying circumstance to me, to have been the publisher of the first volume of three such poets as Southey, Coleridge and Wordsworth; such a distinction might never again occur to a provincial seller."

The "Lyrical Ballads," as we know, were by no means well received, but met with bitter and hostile criticism;

the sale of the first edition which consisted of 500 copies duodecimo was exceedingly slow, and eventually Cottle was forced to part with the greater part of the edition to a London bookseller. When he eventually gave up business and transferred all his copyrights to the Longmans, the copyright of the "Lyrical Ballads" was "reckoned as nothing"! Here again the generous impulses of this noble-spirited man obliges him to present the copyright to Wordsworth.

It is, however, to Coleridge that Cottle was the staunchest and best friend during the whole of his changeable literary life. He acted the part of general counsellor and guide; we see him constantly supplying Coleridge with sums of money, aiding him in his numerous projections, procuring subscribers for the short lived "Watchman"; subscribers for "Coleridge's Lectures at Bristol," and contributing his practical common sense to every important event connected with the poet's life; that common sense in everyday practical affairs which poor Coleridge so sadly lacked. Two days after Coleridge's marriage we find our worthy bookseller despatching the following useful articles necessary even for a poet's abode to the cottage at Clevedon whither Coleridge and his wife had repaired:—

"A riddle slice; a candle box; two ventilators; two glasses for the wash-hand-stand; one tin dust-pan; one small tin tea-kettle; one pair of candlesticks; one carpet brush; one flour dredge; three tin extinguishers; two mats; a pair of slippers; a cheese toaster; two large tin spoons; a Bible; a keg of porter; coffee, raisins, currants, catsup, nutmegs, allspice, cinnamon, rice, ginger and mace."

From the smallest to the highest acts of kindly help Cottle's hand is present, until we reach the melancholy episode in Coleridge's life, when this great genius had become a slave to the deadly power of opium. Then the good, tender-hearted Bristol citizen writes to his friend imploring him to give up the use of this pernicious drug, pouring forth in the language of a sincere and deeply-interested friend his pleading words, as though he felt it his greatest duty in life to frustrate the possibility of a man of marvellous genius becoming a wreck, a disappointment to all who were conscious of Coleridge's great powers. In a letter of considerable length he concludes with the words:—

"My dear Coleridge, be wise before it is too late! I do hope to see you a renovated man! and that you will still burst your inglorious fetters, and justify the best hopes of your friends."

Thus Cottle seems to have constituted himself the keeper of men of genius. In Mr. J. M. Barrie's delightful book, "A Widow in Thrums," there is an amusing chapter entitled "A Home for Geniuses," in which we are reminded of the fact that poets and philosophers are not always capable of looking after the mundane affairs of the world they live in, and that it might be well to keep them together in a sort of private asylum, where they could be properly cared for and allowed to supply the nation with their brainwork!

There have been many men of the Coleridge and Leigh Hunt type who needed the practical sagacity and kindness of such as Joseph Cottle to steer them in their voyage on the sea of life, act and think for them, and control that vein of madness which seems to be the special prerogative of genius. For this useful life may we be truly thankful, and when we think of the great names of Samuel Taylor Coleridge, Robert Southey, Hannah More, Charles Lloyd, Robert Hall, John Foster, Charles Lamb, Thomas Poole, and the Bristol literary circle, may we never forget the kindly figure of the Bristol bookseller and literary benefactor, Joseph Cottle! CHARLES F. NEWCOMBE.

THE ENCHANTRESS.

(Salvelinus Fontilanus.)

HER beauty spot, ruff, powdered hair,
In fashion of a time forgot,
When, captive to that witching snare—
Her beauty spot.

Thro' minuet and gay gavotte
The gallants bend, with roguish air
Smile down on me, who love her not.

Elusive nymph, my mistress fair,
Who flees me to her crystal groat
Coily to hide the dimples rare
Her beauty spot.

SAMUEL M. BAYLIS.

THERE are cases in which a man would be ashamed not to have been imposed upon. There is a confidence necessary to human intercourse, and without which men are more often injured by their own suspicions than they would be by the perfidy of others.—Burke.

No man oppresses thee, O free and independent franchiser! But does not this stupid porter pot oppress thee? No son of Adam can bid thee come or go; but this absurd pot of heavy wet, this can and does! Thou art the thrall, not of Cedric the Saxon, but of thy own brutal appetites and this scoured dish of liquor. And thou pratest of thy liberty thou entire blockhead.—Carlyle.

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TWO KNAPSACKS:

A NOVEL OF CANADIAN SUMMER LIFE.

BY J. CAWDOR BELL.

CHAPTER IX.—(Continued).

THE schoolmaster could have boxed that sentry's ears, I have slapped his face, have caned him within an inch of his life; for there was a light in an upper window, and he knew that bright eyes were looking down through the slats of the closed green shutters, and that sharp ears had caught the sound of the obnoxious words. He could detect the accents of a voice, which he knew so well, pleading the cause of silence with another that trembled with suppressed laughter as it made ineffectual promises to be quiet. The two clergymen also heard the friendly altercation at the window, so still was everything else, and chuckled as they filed past the legal sentry, now on the broad grin. The Captain and Mr. Terry were above taking notice of such trifles, for they were eagerly persuading each other to take just the least drop before going out into the heavy night dews. No sooner had the five entered the guard-room than the Squire re-formed them and marched them off to relieve the old sentries. The lawyer's place was taken by the dominie, Toner's by the Captain, that of Sylvanus by Perrowne, that of Timotheus by Errol, and Rufus' post of honour by the veteran, who would accept no other. There was a sixth guard in the person of Muggins, who kept his master company and behaved with the greatest propriety and silence. Sylvanus and Timotheus, Rufus and Ben had a separate guard-house of their own in the kitchen, where Mrs. Carmichael, who could not sleep because of her apprehensions of evil to some unknown defender, furnished them with bread and cheese and innocuous hot elderberry wine and cold cider. After partaking plentifully of the refreshments, Sylvanus and Ben lit their pipes, and the latter communicated to the company the story of his woes in the case of Serlizer. Sylvanus related his adventure in capturing Tryphosa, which caused Timotheus to move into a corner with Rufus and declare, solemnly and in a low tone, that "Ef Sylvanus warn't my brother and older'n me, and the next thing t' engaged to Trypheeny, I'd be shaved an' shampooed ef I wouldn't bust his old cocconut open." Rufus, however, replied that girls had no business to be about in war times, unless it was to nurse the sick and wounded, which was only done in hospitals, thus justifying Sylvanus' action as a pure matter of military duty, and reconciling Timotheus to the slight put upon his lady love.

The Squire and Coristine were alone in the guard-room, save when Mrs. Carmichael put her head in to ask after the welfare of the party, especially of the older members.

"Grandfather knows campaigning and can take care of himself," the Squire answered; "and the Captain's used to out-door life; but there's the minister now, pur man! Weel, weel, Marjorie, when I gang the roonds, I'll see if he needs onything."

Then the pair chatted away, chiefly about the Grinstun man, whom Carruthers came to regard in the light of a spy. Though surrounded on every side by suspicious circumstances, there was nothing definite against him, the nearest evidence to a conviction being the geological or mineralogical expressions which the unguarded dilapidated farmer on the way to the Beaver River had coupled with his name, and his own admissions to the spurious Miss Du Plessis.

"Maister Coristine," said the Squire, "gin I thoct you deevil, seen' it's Monday mornin' the noo, was at the foundation o' this ploy, I'd think naething o' spendin' five thousand to pit an end til's tricks."

"All right, Squire; I think I'll go into criminal law, and work it up for you."

"What's yon? I maun gang out, for I hear Mr. Wilkinson calling me."

The lawyer accompanied him to the door. Nash was at the gate to report that he had seen small parties and single individuals, some distance off the road on both sides of the house, whose actions were more than suspicious. Had they carried firearms larger than pistols he would have been sure to detect the gleam of steel. He was sorry now he had drawn the fire of the waggon on himself, and thus given the miscreants to understand that their plot was known. Still, they were at it, and meant mischief. As he could do no further good patrolling the road, he would put up his horse, and help the Squire to guard the house and outbuildings. Hardly was his horse in the stable, and himself in the guard-room, than Mr. Errol's voice, and then the dominie's, were heard challenging loudly. The Squire flew to the minister, and Nash to Wilkinson. A stout but elastic figure, so far as the step went, was coming along the road from the right, whistling "The Girl I left behind Me." As it came near, the whistling stopped, and Rawdon, with knapsack on back and staff in hand, appeared before the astonished eyes of the sentinels. He started at the sight of the minister's carbine. "Wy, Mr. Herl," he said, "wot the dooce are you a doin' of at this time o' night? Are you lookin' for night 'awks or howls hafter the chickins, or did you think I was a wistlin' bear. And you too, Squire! I thought the Hinjins was all killed hout. Blowed if there haint hold Favosites Wilkinsonia, and a man as looks like Chisholm! Are you campin' out, 'avin' summer midnight manoevers for the fun o' the thing?"

Nash went back to the house. "If it's a fair question, Mr. Rawdon," said the Squire, "where are you going at this time of night?"

"Fair enough, Squire; I'm bound for Collinwood to catch the mornin' train. Bye, bye! no time to lose." Off trudged the Grinstun man, once more whistling, but this time his tune was "It's no use a knockin' at the door."

The Squire, the detective, and the lawyer held a council of war.

"Pity we hadn't arrested that chap," remarked Mr. Nash.

"Couldn't do it," said Coristine; there is no warrant for his arrest, no definite charge against him. A justice of the peace can't issue one on mere suspicion, nor can he institute martial law, which would of course cover the case."

"If what Maister Nash has seen be as he thinks," added the Squire, "it's as weel we laid nae han' on him, for it would just hae preceipitated matters, and hae brocht the haill o' thae Lake Settlement deevils doon upon us. D'ye think Rawdon's gaun to Collingwood, Nash?"

"Not a bit of it. I believe he came past here, openly and dressed as he was, for three reasons. First, he wants to prove an alibi for himself, whatever happens. Second, he wanted to see how we are guarded, and by that loud whistling has informed his confederates not far off that it is useless to try the house from the front. Thirdly, he has circled round to take command of the villains that fired on me out of the waggon we couldn't find."

"What's to be done then?" asked the Squire and the lawyer in a breath.

"We must watch the means of access from the left to the right. You see, there are bushes, young willows and alders, all along the bank of the creek, behind which they can steal towards that ferny hollow under the birches, and, from thence, either make for the bit of bush Mr. Terry is guarding, or creep behind the scattered boulders towards the fence. Your shrubberies about the house and live hedges and little meadow copses are very pretty and picturesque, Squire, but a bare house on the top of a treeless hill would be infinitely better to stand a siege."

"Aye, aye, Nash; but I'm no gaun tae cut doon my bonnie trees an' busses for a wheen murderin' vagabones."

"Well, I'll get a gun from one of the men in the kitchen, and explore the hillside below the Captain."

Having secured Ben Toner's gun, the best of the lot, the detective walked down the garden to the gate, where he found Perrowne vainly endeavouring to comfort Muggins. The poor dog did not even whine, but shivered as he stood, otherwise paralyzed with abject terror.

"Crouch down by the fence," whispered the detective in the parson's ear, and at once crouched down beside him.

"Do you see that moving object coming up the hill from the birches? By Jove! there's another crawling behind it. What is it?"

"It's an animal of some sawrt," answered Perrowne.

"That accounts for your dog's fear. It isn't a bear, is it? There may be some about after early berries."

"Now, it's not a bear, though I've been towld dawgs are very much afraid of bears."

Just then the animal keeled over, and immediately there followed the report of a rifle. The crawler behind the beast slid back into the hollow and disappeared. Then, from the left of the house came a volley that woke the echoes all round; it was the explosion of the Captain's blunderbuss. The detective ran along the fence to Mr. Terry's beat, and found the veteran reloading his rifle from the muzzle. "Keep your post, Mr. Terry," he cried, "while I run and see what it is you have bagged. I imagine your son-in-law will look after the Captain." Mr. Nash ran down the hill, closely followed by the lawyer, who had come out to see the fun. All the bedroom windows were lit up, and eager eyes strained to learn the cause of the firing, while the remaining sentinels prepared for action. The animal shot was a large bloodhound, in life a dangerous brute with horrid, cruel-looking fangs, but now in the agonies of death. The detective drew his long dagger-like knife, and drove it into the creature's heart. Then, while Coristine lifted it by the two hind legs, he took a grasp of its collar, and they carried the trophy of the veteran's rifle on to the lawn in front of the house. There they learned that the Captain, being half asleep with no chance of an enemy in sight, dreamt his ship had been saluted coming into port on a holiday, and, as in duty bound, returned the salute. The blunderbuss had not exploded; it always made that grand, booming, rattling, diffusive sort of a report. The dead hound's collar was examined, and was discovered to bear the initials A. R. "Who is A. R.?" asked the Squire; and Mr. Nash replied: "He is no doubt my affianced bridegroom, Haltamont Rawdon."

It was two o'clock in the morning; so the guard was relieved, and the former sentries returned to their posts; but the Squire noticed, with a frown, that, just as the relief arrived at Mr. Errol's beat, a female form clothed in black darted round the stables towards the kitchen door. Also, he saw that the minister had a most unmilitary muffer, in the shape of a lady's cloud, round his neck, which he certainly had not when he went on duty. His high respect for the reverend gentleman hindered any outward expression of his combined amusement and annoyance. Muggins came back with Mr. Perrowne, but obstinately refused to go near the dead hound.

"Do you think he has ever seen it before?" asked the detective.

"I shouldn't be at all surprised," replied the clergyman.

"I lawst Muggins, you know, at Tossorontio, and there was a man there at the time, a short man in a pea-jacket or cowl, down't you know, who had a big dawg. When Muggins disappeared, I thought the big dawg might have killed him. But now I think the man with the pea-cowl saved him from the big dawg, and that's how Muggins came to go after him. What do you imagine that beast was after, coming up the hill towards Muggins?"

"I think he was coming to overpower you, Mr. Perrowne, and bring all our forces to your aid, while the fellow behind him slipped in and fired the house or did some similar mischief."

"I tell you, Mr. Nash, he'd have had my two barrels first, and I'm a pretty fair shot, down't you know? But, look here, it's dry work mounting guard, so I'll have another pull at the tankard."

The Squire came in from guard mounting, somewhat fatigued. He had been on the stretch mentally and physically ever since the Captain's arrival. "You had better go to bed, grandfather, and take Thomas with you," he said to the veteran.

"Not a wink this blissid noight, Squoire," replied Mr. Terry; "the smill av the powther has put new loife into my owld carcass. The Captin can go iv he plazes."

"Avast, there! I say, messmate," growled Captain Thomas, "I don't run this mill, but my youngster's here under hatches, and I'm a goin' to keep watch on, watch off, along of any other man. I don't think that o'yours is half up to the mark, Mr. Terry."

"Oi was thinkin' 'twas a bit wake mysilf," replied the old soldier, filling up his glass, and handing the decanter to his neighbour, who likewise improved the occasion.

"Oim' suppawsin now, sorr," continued the veteran, addressing the dominie, "that this is yer first apparence on shinty."

"You are right, Mr. Terry, in your supposition."

"An', sorr, it's a credit to yeez to be shtandin' an' facin' the iminy wid divel a thing in yer hand but a pish-till. Oi moind a big shtrippin' liftinant av ours was called Breasel, an' sid he was discinded from the great Breasel Breck av Oirish hishty. Wan noight he was slapin', whin four nagurs av Injuns kim into his tint, an' picked the sword an' pishtils and the uniform aff the bid he was on. Thin he woke up, an' him havin' sorra a thing to difind himself wid but a good Oirish tongue in his hid. But it's Tipperary the liftinant foired at the haythens, an' it moight ha' been grape an' canister, for they dhropped the plundher and ran for loife, all but wan that got howlt av an anhevis drawin' plashter the liftinant had for a bile an the back av his neck, an' wasn't usin' at the toime. Someways the plashter got on to his nakid chist an' gripped him, an' he was that wake wid froight, the other nagurs had to carry him away. Afther that the Injuns called Breasel by the name of Shupay, a worrud that in their spache manes the divil—savin' yer prisence, Mish-ter Wilkinson."

"One time the Susan Thomas was at Belle Ewart loadin' on lumber," growled the Captain. "Sylvanus heerd as how the Mushrats, that's the folks across on t'other side of the bay, was a comin' over to fasten him and me down in the hold and paint the schooner. They was a goin' to paint her The Spotted Dog, than which there's no meaner kind o' fish. So, I bid Sylvanus pile a great heap of useless, green, heavy, barky slabs on top o' the good lumber; then we took the occasion of a little wind, and stood her out to anchor a little ways from the dock. Sure enough, when night come, the Mushrats came a hollerin' and yellin'. Unfortnitly I'd left the salutin' blunderbuss here at home, and hadn't but one pike-pole aboard. 'How many boat loads of 'em is there, Sylvanus?' I says. 'Two,' says he. 'All right,' says I, 'that's one apiece. Take off your coat, and roll up your shirt sleeves, Sylvanus,' says I, 'for you're a goin' to have heavy work slab heavin'!' On they come to board us, one on each side. 'Fire out them or'nary useless slabs, Sylvanus,' says I. 'But there's a boat with a lot of men in it,' says he, a-chucklin' like an ijut. Hope I haven't given the pass word away, John? Well, I said: 'Fire out the slabs, and let the men get out o' the way.' And he began firing, and I kept my side a-goin', and the slabs fell flat and heavy and fast, knockin' six at a shot, till they cussed and swore, and hollered and yelled murder, and that was the last we two saw of the Mushrats and the paintin' of the Susan Thomas."

Subdued but hearty laughter followed these stories, and, when the Captain ended, the veteran pushed the decanter towards him, remarking: "A good shtory is a foine thing, Captin, dear, but it makes ye just a throifle dhroy." The Captain responded, and told Mr. Terry that he was neglecting himself, an omission which that gentleman proceeded to rectify. Mr. Errol, with his muffling cloud still round his neck, was asleep in an easy chair. In his sleep he dreamt, the dream ending in an audible smack of his lips, and the exclamation: "Very many thanks, ma'am; the toddy's warm and comfortin'." When his own voice aroused him, he was astonished to witness the extreme mirth of all parties, and was hardly convinced when it was attributed to the stories of the veteran and the Captain. The Squire, though amused, was resolved to have a word with his widowed sister.

The lawyer paced up and down in the cool night, trying to combine two things which do not necessarily go

together, warmth and wakefulness. Everything was so quiet, that he seemed to hear Timotheus and Sylvanus pacing about rapidly like himself, when suddenly a little spark of fire appeared at the far end of the verandah towards the stables. Cautiously, under cover of bushes, he approached the spot, but saw nothing, although he smelt fire. Then he knelt down and peered under the flower-laden structure. The light was there, growing. In a moment it became a flame, and, as he rushed to the spot, a lad fell into his arms. Clutching his collar with his left hand in spite of kicks and scratches, he hauled his prisoner back to the verandah, and, thrusting in his right arm beneath the floor, drew out the blazing rags and threw them on the gravel walk or on the grass until he was sure that not one remained. Some watcher at the front window had alarmed the guard-room, for out tumbled its occupants, and the lad was secured by Nash, and handed over to the Captain and Mr. Errol. Calling to Toner to keep an eye on the whole front, the detective, taking in the situation, hastened to the stables along with the lawyer, while the Squire and Mr. Perrowne went round the back way on the same errand. No guard was visible, and there was fire in two places, both happily outside sheds, one abutting on the garden fence, the other farther to the right. The Squire went for water-pails, while Nash and the veteran followed the course of the incendiaries towards the bush guarded by Rufus. But the lawyer and the parson, seizing stout poles, which were apparently Tryphena's clothes props, knocked the blazing sheds to pieces with them, and scattered the burning boards over the ground. Before the water came, the report of a rifle, a fowling piece, and of several pistol shots, rang through the air. No more signs of fire were discovered, so the water was poured upon the still burning boards, and the firemen waited for the report of the pursuers. While thus waiting, they heard a groan, and, going to the place whence it proceeded, discovered Timotheus, with a gag plaster on his mouth and an ugly wound on the back of his head, lying close to the garden fence below the fired shed. Some water on his face revived him, and at the same time moistened the plaster, but as it would not come off, Coristine cut it open with his penknife between the lips of the sufferer. Even then he could hardly articulate, yet managed to ask if all was safe and to thank his deliverers. He was helped into the house, and delivered over to the awakened and dressed Tryphena and Tryphosa, the latter behaving very badly and laughing in a most unfeeling way at the comical appearance cut by her humble swain. When Tryphena removed the plaster, and Tryphosa, returning to duty with an effort, bathed his head, the wounded sentry felt almost himself again, and gaused he must ha' looked a purty queer pictur. Soon after, Rufus staggered into the kitchen in a similar condition, and his affectionate sisters had to turn their attention to the Baby. These were all the casualties on the part of the garrison, and, overpowered though the two sentries had been, their arms had not been taken by the enemy.

The Squire went forward to see after the welfare of his father-in-law, and found Mr. Terry carrying his own rifle and the gun of Sylvanus, while the said Pilgrim helped the detective to carry a groaning mass of humanity towards the kitchen hospital.

"Oi tuk my man this toime, Squire," said Mr. Terry, gleefully; Oi wuz marcifil wid the crathur and aimed for the legs av' im. It's a foine nate little howl this swate roife has dhilled in his shkin, an' niver a bone shtplit nor a big blood viessel tapped, glory be, say Oi!"

It appeared, on examination of the parties, that Ben Toner and Sylvanus had indulged in a prolonged talk at the point where their beats met, during which a party of six, including the two prisoners, creeping up silently through the bush, prostrated Rufus with the blow of a bludgeon on the back of the head. Then, they advanced and repeated the operation on Timotheus, after which three of them, with cotton cloths soaked in oil, fired the sheds and the verandah. But for the lawyer's discovery of the spark under the latter, the fire might have been beyond control in a few minutes, and the end of the murderous gang accomplished. The whole household was roused; indeed, save in the case of the children, it can hardly be said to have been asleep. Mrs. Carruthers descended, and, sending Tryphosa to look after her young family, helped her father to bind up the wound of the grizzled incendiary, who refused to give any account of himself. "I know him," said the detective to the Squire; "his name is Newcome and he's a bad lot." Soon the Captain and Mr. Errol brought their prisoner in. The hospital and guard-room was the winter kitchen of the house, a spacious apartment almost unused during the summer months. When the lad was brought into it, he seemed to recognize the place with his dull big grey eyes, and spoke the first words he had uttered since his capture. "Bread and meat for Monty." "Why," said Tryphena, "it's the ijut boy." "So it is," ejaculated Mrs. Carruthers, "What is your name, Monty?" With an idiotic smile on his face, but no light in those poor eyes, he answered: "Monty Rawn, and mother's in the water place." Mrs. Carruthers explained that the lad had been often in the kitchen in winter, and that she had told Tryphena to feed him well and be kind to him, so that it is no wonder he recognized the scene of his former enjoyment. "Puir laddie," said the Squire, "he's no' responsible, but the born deevil that set him on should be hanged, drawn, and quartered."

"Squire," answered Mr. Errol, "I'm aye on the side o' mairey, but to yon I say Amen."

"Come, come!" Carruthers cried hastily, regaining his natural speech; "we must take off these haverals, Sylvanus and Toner, and bring them in to guard the prisoners. They are not fit for sentry duty." Leaving the Captain and the veteran as temporary guards, he sallied forth, followed by the lawyer and the two parsons.

To the Squire's great delight, he found the dominie walking up and down the front of the house, humming "A charge to keep I have." "Mr. Wilkinson," he said, "you're a pairfe' treasure," and that so loud that the schoolmaster was sure it was heard by the occupants of the window over the porch. He marched along with redoubled pride and devotion. Mr. Perrowne took Toner's place, and the lawyer that of Sylvanus. Carruthers marched the two haverals to the kitchen, and placed the prisoners in their charge, after roundly abusing them for talking on guard. This set free the Captain and Mr. Terry, who were posted together by the outbuildings, although the veteran was very anxious to go down to the bush for the purpose of potting the Lake Settlement haythens. There being no post for the minister, he was appointed hospital chaplain and commander of the prisoners' guard. Mr. Nash, carrying Ben's gun, was investigating the strip of bush and the clump of birches down the hill for traces of the enemy. While so doing, two pistol bullets flew past his head and compelled him to seek the cover of a tree trunk. Finding he could do nothing in the imperfect light, he retired gradually towards the sentries, and aided them in their weary watch. At length, as daylight was coming in, and affording a pretext for the fair occupants of the front room, whose windows hailed the beams of the rising sun, to leave their seclusion and mingle with the wakeful ones below, the sound of wheels was heard coming along the road to the left. Hurriedly, the detective became Mr. Chisholm, and joined the dominie at the gate. There were three men in the waggon, and one of them was the Grinstun man, as cheerful as ever. What was in the waggon could not be seen, as it was covered over with buffalo robes and tarpaulin, but the detective could have sworn he saw it move, and give forth a sound not unlike a groan. Mr. Rawdon jumped down, telling a certain Jones of truculent countenance to drive on, as he guessed he'd walk the rest of the way this fine morning. The waggon drove off accordingly and at a rapid rate, while the working geologist accosted the sentinels.

"Wy, wot's hup 'ere, gents? 'Ere you hare on guard yet, and Jones there tells me 'ee 'eard shots fired has 'ee was comin' along slowly. I 'ope there hain't no gang o' city burglars bin tryin' hany o' their larks on the Squire. We don't want none o' that sort hout in rural parts."

The dominie and the detective declined to satisfy him, but the former said:—

"I thought you had pressing business at Collingwood, Mr. Rawdon?"

"So I 'ad, and stand to lose two or three 'undred dollars by missin' the mornin' train. But, wen I got quite a step on the road, all of a sudding I remembers my hoffer to Miss Do Please-us, and 'er hanswer as was to be hat the Post Hoffice before ten. So I turned back, hand, lucky for me, fell in with Jones and 'is man takin' 'ome some things from town. But, come! tell a man can't you? 'As there bin any burglary or hanythink, any haccident, anybody 'urt? I've got an hour and more to spare, if I can be of any 'elp."

"I don't think we need trouble you, Rawdon," said the false Chisholm. "Your suspicions are correct so far, that an attempt has been made to fire the Squire's house, but by whom is a mystery, for there is no man more respected in the neighbourhood."

"Respected! I should say 'ee is. Fire 'is 'ouse! O Lor! wot a bloomin' shame! Really, I must go hin, if it's honly for a hinstant to hexpress my feelins of hindignation to the Carrutherses."

The Grinstun man entered the gate, which was just what the detective did not want. However, he held it open for him, saying: "You'll find the Squire in his office talking to Nash, but I don't suppose he'll mind being interrupted for a minute. Mrs. Carruthers is in the kitchen, and you'll likely meet an old acquaintance of yours there, Mr. Perrowne of Tossorontio."

Rawdon drew back. Nash he knew: Mr. Perrowne, of Tossorontio, he did not; but the unknown to men of his stamp is often more dreaded than the known. He wouldn't intrude upon his friends just now, while everything must be upset. Playfully, he asked Favosites Wilkinson to remind Miss Do Please-us of that hoffer and the hanswer before ten, and straightway resumed his journey in the direction of the Lake Settlement.

"Of all the impudent blackguards that I have met in the course of my experience, that fellow takes the cake," said the detective, removing his disguise.

"What about Jones and the waggon?" asked the dominie.

"The waggon is the one I saw when patrolling. Jones and his man are two of the ruffians who were in it. Old Newcome, here, is a third. The boy—by-the-bye, what a wonderful inspiration that was of yours to give us Idiot and Boy for passwords—well, the boy must have come from some other quarter. But there's either one or two wounded men under these buffaloes and bits of canvas, for I hit one in the waggon and sent the contents of Ben's gun after another down the hill. They both

squealed. Men of that kind almost always squeal when they're hit. The impudence of that fellow Rawdon! Don't forget Miss Du Plessis' letter; that's our card now. Never in all my life have I met with such colossal cheek!"

The Squire came out and dismissed the guard. The parson and the lawyer strolled in together after Wilkinson and Nash. Coristine remarked: "The sunshine is a glorious birth, as my friend Wilkinson would say."

"Yes," answered Perrowne; "it brings to memory one verse of Holy Writ: 'Truly the light is sweet, and a pleasant thing it is for the eyes to behold the sun.' The words are very simple, but beautiful in their simplicity. People are apt to say there's no dogma in them, and that's why they are so acceptable to all. But that's a mistake. They contain a double dogma; for they make a dogmatic statement about light, and another about the relation of the sun to the human eye. In the Church we down't get much training in dogma, outside of the dogma of the Church, and a little in the Articles and the Catechism. Sow Mr. Errol often flores me with his texts. But I down't bear him any malice, you know, nor any malice to dogma, so long as it's the dogma of the Holy Scriptures; because that is just like the verse I quoted, it says what is true of a thing in itself, or in its relation to man. To reject that sort of dogma is to reject the truth."

"Still," replied the lawyer, "a man in a burning desert, or who had been sunstruck, might curse the sun."

"Very true; but you know how wrong is the motto *ex uno disce omnes*. Believe that, and we are all scoundrels, because your Grinstun man was once under this roof."

"There are, however, many ecclesiastical dogmas professedly taken from the Bible, against which good men, and earnest seekers after truth, rebel."

"Of course! Mr. Errol says—I do wish he were a Churchman, he is such a thoughtful, clever fellow—he says prejudice, imperfect induction, a wrong application of deductive logic, and one-sided interpretation, down't you know, literal, figurative, and all that sort of thing, are causes of false dogmatic assertions."

"My friend Wilkinson, who is a long way past me in these matters, thinks the dogmatists forget that Revelation was a gradual thing, that the ages it came to were like classes in a graded school, and each class got only as much as it could understand, both mentally and morally; and as, of course, it was able to express."

"Yes; Errol says the same, but with exceptions; because the prophets said a howle lot of things they didn't understand. But, my dear fellow, whatever is the matter with your hands and face? You're burnt, you pore sowl, and never said a word about it. Come on here, I say; come on!"

Mr. Perrowne laid hold on the lawyer's arm, and dragged him into the hall. "Miss Marjorie!" he called; "hi! Miss Carmichael, come along here, quick, I beg of you, please." The lady invoked came running out of the breakfast room, looking very pretty in her fright. "Look here, Miss Marjorie, at our pore friend's hands and face, all got by saving you ladies from being burnt alive."

Miss Carmichael exhibited great concern, and took the patient, who insisted his wounds were nothing to make a fuss over, into the work room, setting him down, with the pressure of her two hands on his broad shoulders, in a comfortable chair between a sewing machine and a small table. Then she brought warm water, and sponged the hands, anointed the wounds with some home-made preparation, and clothed them in a pair of her uncle's kid gloves, which were so large and baggy that she had to sit down and laugh at her victim, who felt very happy and very foolish. Finally she found that Mr. Errol, whose hands were more shapely, had an old pair of gloves in his pocket. So the Squire's were taken off, and the discovery made that the hands needed more washing, soaping, and anointing. Coristine said his ring, a very handsome one, hurt him; would Miss Carmichael please take it off and keep it for him? Miss Carmichael removed the obnoxious ring, and did not know where to put it, but, in the meantime, to prevent its being lost, slipped it on to one of her own fingers, which almost paralyzed the lawyer with joy. He could have sat there forever; but the gong sounded for prayers, and he accompanied his nurse into the dining-room. There the whole household was assembled, even to the idiot Monty, with the exception of Tryphena, engaged in culinary duties, and Sylvanus, who mounted guard over the wounded Newcome. Ben Toner also was absent, having ridden off to summon Dr. Halbert. Mr. Perrowne, at the Squire's request, read the chapter for the day, and the minister offered a prayer, brief but fervent, returning thanks for the deliverance of the past night, and imploring help in every time of need, after which the entire company, Mr. Terry included, joined in the Lord's Prayer. Adjourning to the breakfast room, the events of the night were discussed over the porridge, the hot rolls and coffee and the other good things provided. Mr. Terry had been induced to desert the kitchen for once, and he and Coristine were the heroes of the hour. The lawyer put in a good word for the parson, and the Squire for Wilkinson, so that Miss Du Plessis and the other ladies were compelled to smile on both gentlemen. While the dominie blushed, the Captain settled his eye on him. "I told him when he was aboard the *Susan Thomas* that, with all his innercent sort of looks, he was a sly dog, with his questions about an old man's pretty niece. I knowed I'd see him in Flanders makin' up to the gals, the sly dog!

Got set down right beam on to their weather ports every time, even when he wasn't told to go on watch at all, the sly dog. Wilkinson is his name; it'll be Will-kiss-em some day, ha! ha! ha! the sly dog!"

The schoolmaster was dreadfully uncomfortable, and his lady teacher hardly less so. It was a blessed relief when a buggy drove up to the gate, and Mrs. Carruthers, having left her sister-in-law in charge while she went out to meet its occupants, returned shortly with the doctor and his blooming daughter, who, as a friend of the family, insisted on accompanying him to offer her services if she could be of use.

"Come, Doctor!" said the Squire, rising with the rest of the party to greet him and his companion; "the patients are in no immediate danger, so you and Miss Fanny must sit down and help us with breakfast."

Miss Fanny was nothing loath to do so, after an invigorating drive, and in the company of such a number of eligible bachelors as was rarely seen in Flanders. She had a word for Mr. Errol, for the detective, for the lawyer and the dominie, but to Wilkinson's great relief she finally pitched upon Mr. Perrowne and held him captive. Then Wilkinson improved the time with Miss Du Plessis, using as his excuse the letter or note she was to send to Rawdon declining his offer for the present, which the schoolmaster expressed his desire personally to take to the office. Breakfast over, the doctor inspected his patients, Newcome, Rufus, and Timotheus. The two latter he dismissed as all the better of a little blood letting, recommending lots of cold water applied externally. The case of the incendiary was more serious, but not likely to be fatal.

(To be continued.)

THE ARCHIC MAN—IV.

ON each side of all the residential streets in Ottawa, trees grow and shade the footwalks, and the quiver of their leaves and the songs of birds from their branches delight the ear, while the rich green on every hand soothes the eye. One hardly ever tires of the early morning walk before breakfast around the Parliamentary buildings, with the noble prospect up the river, over the Chaudière Falls which foam and roar forever, or across to the old Laurentian hills. But for a change you may walk up Bank or Metcalfe Streets and get into Stewarton.

The other morning Senator Pembina, from Athabasca, a man over seventy-six years of age, with a keen intellect, full of anecdote, his conversation rich with the spoils of curious out-of-the-way reading and two others, one of whom was the sage McKnom, started for a walk and we turned our steps towards Bank Street. The Senator told us a witticism of one Larry Doyle. A well-known tailor disappeared. Six months afterwards, when a deep well was being cleaned out, the body of the tailor was found, and when people expressed their surprise that the neighbours who had thence been drinking water did not get typhoid fever, Doyle said: "What I'm surprised at is that they did not have a stitch in their side."

"When," asked the Senator, "shall we get away from here?"

"Sometime in July—perhaps not before August. It all depends on how long the Opposition will debate Redistribution. It is curious to note the virtue able men attach to an exact representation of numbers."

McKnom: "You are all a pack of fools. Suppose you could so arrange that every vote in the community should have its exact proportional weight in choosing the great representative which meets every year in those buildings, what difference would it make and what good would it do? You would boast that now you had a machine to express with the utmost nicety the people's will. The people's will about what?"

"About the representative of the nation."

McKnom: "But does it make any difference to the country whether Brown or Jones or Smellfungus or Smellbungus represents North Hogsback if all of them are on the same plane intellectually and morally and hold the same opinions?"

Senator Pembina (laughing): "None whatever. Sterne satirized Smollett under the name of Smellfungus. Smollett had grown dyspeptic, and in his continental tour taken for the good of his health found nothing to please him."

McKnom: "Suppose the god of these gentry 'Rep by Pop' has full sway and is glorified, and the enlightened voters of Hogsback can rejoice that they will vote for a constituency of 23,000 and that every constituency in the Dominion numbers 23,000, no more and no less. An election is on. Will the Hogsback voters proceed to choose the best man they can find to represent them? You know they will do nothing of the kind; that they will not choose their candidate at all. What would happen is this. One little clique would put up a man on the Conservative; another ditto on the Liberal side. The Hogsback voters must choose one or the other. In fact, all the say they have is whether they will send a vote to Ottawa for the one party or the other. Now let us get rid of party names and the disturbing passions they excite, and adopt Swift's nomenclature, the Bigendians and the Littlendians. Suppose the Bigendians are in power and Hogsback determines to support the Government, and they send to Ottawa, not Smellfungus, who is a Littlendian, but Smellbungus. Meanwhile the neighbouring County of Dogsback, where Smellfungus has property and where he

has a powerful family connection, elects that gentleman. The political knowledge, in fact the political, scientific, historical, literary, theological knowledge of both gentlemen is small, at least, in comparison with their party passions and the vast ambition which with his election has sprung up like Jonah's gourd in the breast of each. The laudable desire to become a statesman possesses both; both simultaneously determine to study Bourinot and Todd. The great idea which is the ruling star in the breast of Smellfungus is how he may do most harm to the Bigendians, and he thinks the best way to effect this is to find fault with, denounce, misrepresent, malign everything the atrocious, dishonest, corrupt Bigendians do; on the other hand, Smellfungus thinks it his duty to support by speech and vote whatever the Bigendian administration proposes. That is what he is there for. Is it any wonder if Smellfungus comes to regard his guardian friend Smellfungus as an unscrupulous reptile; or that the latter should in due time consider the former a slavish supporter of a set of political bandits, never of course giving a thought to his own slavery? The political virtue of each is precisely the same, but what each considers loyalty in himself he baptizes villainy in the other. It is quite clear, sir," said McKnom, turning to the Senator, "that neither of the two honourable gentlemen is an archic man."

The Senator: "But they are, as you describe them, very good party men, and that is all their constituents expect of them."

McKnom: "Precisely; but, don't you see that in our system, therefore, all that could make, I won't say archic men, but *men*—MEN—of them is put aside. First of all, the postulate of intellectual manhood, the desire for truth; next, sincerity; necessarily, therefore, all use that is not abuse of reason; and that Hogsback or Dogsback might just as well and better send to Parliament an automaton, which could be placed in a chair, and when the division came would, by the movement of a spring, be made to rise at the proper time. If a speech should be considered necessary, a phonograph could be placed in the machine, and a page set the electric contrivance going, and Hogsback or Dogsback be duly heard from."

The Senator: "Upon my honour, I think this would be a great improvement. That phonograph is a wonderful thing. When a debate came up on any question, the people of Hogsback or Dogsback could get a good orator to make a speech into the phonograph and send the cylinder down, and then they would have their exact sentiments uttered to the House in good language and an agreeable voice, and the country would be saved immense sums. Business, too, would gain in despatch. A Parliament of automata phonographically vocalized is, I have no doubt, the Parliament of the future."

McKnom: "Why, Senator, you have seized my idea. When Jerusalem is the seat of the great panmundane Parliament, that Parliament will be phonographic. Look at the advantages. Suppose Dogsback should think a Government measure worthy of support, its machine representative would rise with the Government men, and *vice versa*. Take the possibility that the Bigendians should bring forward something that the Bigendians of Hogsback disapproved of; then Hogsback would have its machine representative not only vote as it pleased, but speak as it pleased, for the pure mechanism would have this great advantage over the human mechanism, it would not only have the power of standing up to vote and a voice in debate, but it would have no stomach, no palate, no private aims, no dreams of the treasury bench, nor yet the humbler smugger, but sager ambition for a collectorship or a post-mastership: it would have no brothers or sons or nephews or cousins to billet on the public service; it would be free from all the passions; and dinners and wines, and flattery and female blandishments would appeal to it in vain."

The Senator: "Whoever kept the restaurant would fare badly, and the Ottawa shopkeepers and the official dinners at Government House."

McKnom: "I grant you the restaurant and the shopkeepers would, but the official dinners could be kept up; the automata for the constituencies invited to any given official dinner could be sent down in evening dress, and placed in their seats; they could stand up when His Excellency gave 'The Queen,' and, dinner over, just as now, be packed off."

The Senator laughed, and said: "McKnom, I would advise you to keep such theories to yourself. If they get abroad, the members of Parliament and the hotel-keepers of Ottawa and society will combine and gibbet you."

McKnom: "My wishes neither are to live nor die, as that great Greek verse says, but to do both alike commendably. But, would not my members of pure machinery have over them some of the serene glory with which Aristotle crowned Law, the outcome of reason as embodied in the social organism, the public conscience of the community made articulate? They would have a severe impartiality free from human prejudice and passion. The great thinkers described Law as *nous aneu orexeos*."

"Translate, McKnom," I said, "I have forgotten any little Greek I ever knew."

McKnom: "'Reason without desire.' Would not my new scheme be politics without the passions—at least within the walls of the Commons? There is another advantage, which I forgot to state. The new style of member could not read the newspapers or read blue books, and they would have no ears."

The Senator: "If they should have, I hope they will

not be as long as those of some members I have known, na! ha! ha!"

McKnom: "But I fear my reform is a long way off. Now, I will take the extravagant hypothesis that Hogsback or Dogsback should take it into their respective heads to choose their candidate for themselves, where is the fit man?"

"But," I said, "if they have not a fit man in the riding they can go outside."

McKnom: "You know very well that is the last thing they would do. You are fully aware of the sentiment in favour of a local man, and that men who, if they want a roadster or a trotter or a runner, will not care where he comes from, when they want a member of Parliament—a statesman—will have nothing to do with a candidate unless he lives in their midst."

"That is not quite so," I ventured to interpose.
McKnom: "And if it is not, where will they get him? Your boasted Public School system, combined with your party system, have struck the country with atrophy. The intellectual life of the country is so tightly laced it cannot bring forth a great man. Your perfect vote-machine could only operate on the material to hand, and you would have a House of Commons no better and no worse than you have to-day."

"But," I said, "don't you under-rate the House of Commons? This debate on Redistribution is one of the best I have listened to. You don't agree with the *Globe* that the House of Commons is deteriorating?"

McKnom: "Indeed I do not. It is the best House of Commons I remember. And I grant you the speeches made by Thompson and Laurier, Mills and Weldon, Davies and Dickey, and Cockburn and Bennett showed great ability and subtlety of argument. But a good debate and a few good speeches don't affect my argument. This talk about 'rep by pop' makes me sick. What you want is a full, rich national life, in which reason is arbiter and guide—reason in its two-fold supremacy, rational thought and rational speech—and the expression of this in Parliament. Instead what have you? Two hostile parties, each torn by factions, conflicting 'interests' and conflicting 'elements'; and when a Prime Minister goes to make a Cabinet, the people of Canada won't leave him free to take the best men he can. The elements and interests—ethnic and geographical and religious considerations—must be duly weighed. Hence we have sometimes seen a Government somewhat like that man who has been on exhibition at the Electric Park: with powerful head and arms, but withered and deformed in the lower part of the trunk and the extremities."

We had now arrived at the bridge which crosses an arm of the canal, and the Senator said: "Ruthless change has been at work here. A year or two ago you had a nice, rustic bridge here; but this is certainly more useful. By the way," turning to me, "I read your account of what Mr. McKnom said about Greek life as a subject of study for the politician. I should think English life would yield him more."

McKnom: "No, Senator; Greek life teaches what English life—certainly, modern English life—will not: that the moral and intellectual well-being of the citizen should rank first in the mind of the statesman. Wealth, power, trade, material comfort—all these are secondary to that. A people, if it is to be worthy of living, must have a disinterested love for what is noble. There is an intrinsic excellence in one kind of life as compared with another. But the people all over this Continent are yet in that backward stage they can only honour something purely material—power, official position, wealth. A man with the brains of an ostrich and the education of a sweep—a Bill Sykes or an Artful Dodger who has made a vast fortune—such would be honoured more to-day in Canada than Michael Angelo poor; or an Edmund Burke, or a Thackeray, living amongst us. There is a curious want of intellectual self-respect in Canada. We will not believe that anything first-class can be produced or abide here. Thus one great incentive to excellence is absent. Wealth only is honoured; there is no honour for pure intellectual excellence in any direction. No wonder men do not strive after it, and that the result of all our magnificent educational machinery is so poor."

Senator Pembina: "I read, McKnom, what you said about the archic woman. You illustrated her power, for you were inspired; never have you spoken so well; there was—pardon me—a special grace about your speech on that occasion—a certain exalted glow—"

McKnom: "Senator!"—and he lifted an inhibitory finger. As we walked back to town, McKnom at times broke into indignant eloquence, and the Senator told some good stories, amongst them a reply of Sir John Macdonald to one of the "honourable gentlemen," who remonstrated with him respecting an appointment he was about to make to the Canadian House of Lords: "I believe," said the old statesman, "you actually think I ought to appoint only gentlemen to the Senate!"

NICHOLAS FLOOD DAVIN.

MORAL beauty comprises two distinct elements, equally but diversely beautiful: justice and charity, respect and love of men. He who expresses in his conduct justice and charity accomplishes the most beautiful of all works. The good man is, in his way, the greatest of all artists.—*Victor Cousin*.

A THUNDER-STORM.

THE leaden clouds have hid the summer sky,
Still is the lake, as death's pale pulseless face;
No ripple far or near the eye can trace,
The hills arrayed in blackest wrath on high
Are fain to grasp the floods that struggle by.
Silent the trees: in each glad woodland place
The birds forget to trill with joyous grace,
But trembling wait for the wild storm's mad cry.

Now bursts the storm; the vivid lightnings dart,
The clouds swoop down and drop great beads of rain,
The thunders clash—the winds leap from their caves;
Trees groan and shriek, with anguish rent apart;
The lake to fury stung, in livid pain
Lashes the shore with angry, foaming waves.
Stratford, Ont. T. G. MARQUIS.

PARIS LETTER.

THE running for the Grand Prix attracted 800,000 persons to the race-course and the surrounding grounds, but there was an absence of the upper ten of the horsey world, due to the contest including no English horse and so lacking the spice of international rivalry. As the animals entered were not superlatively excellent, and the value of the prize 251,000 frs. attractive, a "Sir Hugo" might have easily won. The ground was hard, the day warm, but the torrid temperature was fanned by agreeable northern zephyrs. An English jockey as a matter of course rode the winner, "Reuil," and it was the common remark that the triumph of the day was for Tom Lane's jockeyship, and not that of the horse; his coolness, judgment and energy, were masterly. If England does not send horses she supplies the winning jocks. Lane received a fee of 10,000 frs. for riding, and the ex-King of Servia, who won nearly 100,000 frs., presented a bank note of 1,000 frs. to the jockey. Not a single sporting journal or writer named the winner, or even set him down for a place. Where be the prophets?

The continued drought commences to cause much anxiety; Parisians have the fact brought home to them by the exorbitant prices asked for vegetables and fruit. The fields in the arable zone round the city are either burned to a brown colour, or the soil is in full nakedness, being as dry as a box of coal ashes. The wheat fields are coming into ear; the stems vary from twelve to eighteen inches high, appear to be ashamed of their dwarfishness, and are not even plentiful; the bald spots are numerous in the cornfields. As for grass it is next to invisible, and farmers count upon an "aftermath"; lucern, which is generally thirty inches high, has not exceeded the length of a hand. It appears that the truffle crop is seriously compromised, so gourmands must be ready to put on sack-cloth and ashes.

The pedestrian race from Paris to Belfort, 312 miles, continues to excite much attention. It is the first big foot-race that ever came off in France. The winner, Ramogé, tramped the distance in 101 hours; both England and America beat this record in 1882. Rowell walked 105 miles in 13 hours, and in 1888 Littlewood, of New York, did 654 miles in 144 hours. In this Belfort race, of the 880 who started, one-third finished up in the course of 118 hours; the average loss in weight experienced by the competitors varied from one to sixteen pounds, and the reduction in stature by the consolidation of the cartilages of the joints and spine, from one to two and a-half inches. The latter is a well-known phenomenon and commonly resorted to by conscripts, who, when they desire to bring their stature below the required military standard, indulge in an uninterrupted walk of twelve or twenty-four hours. Ramogé, who won the blue ribbon plus 4,000 frs., is a clerk of a racing stud at Chantilly, and was in his day a valet; he is the son of a labourer, aged thirty-five, married and father of a family; he leads a sedentary life, and the longest walk he ever took was thirty miles; he started in his ordinary clothes, attributes much of his success to his old shoes several times cobbled, and to a dogged resolution to succeed. The second best was a butcher's boy, who threw down his basket and entered the lists; the third was a navy, who was tramping to Belfort for work. No professional or trained pedestrian took a marked place. One man brought his dog and gun with him; the dog suffered much, slept in walking, and when most fatigued found a filip in its master firing off his gun. The diet of the competitors was meat, eggs, tea and coffee; this is just the regimen the furniture removal men patronize; laced boots were tabooed, the well-known straw sandals, "espadrille," worn by the Spanish soldiers and the Chinese, but with a thin leather sole, proved best for walking; few cases of blistered feet occurred, due to rubbing the feet with tallow, after a preliminary frictioning with brandy.

The first storey of the Eiffel Tower has been partly fitted up as a Vaudeville theatre; it is a cool retreat on a sultry evening from the leaden canopy atmosphere of the city; the theatre works in with a restaurant, where a questionable dinner is supplied for twenty frs.—that which will kill off customers. There is no means of getting home, save on shanks' pony, when the theatre closes, and between eleven and twelve the neighbourhood of the Champ de Mars ought to be avoided. The play represented is "Paris en l'air," full of drolleries, wit and

humorous songs. One actor calls upon a spectator to take off his hat, as he is wearing it out of place and inconveniences the ladies; point-blank refusal; the spectator cannot be chucked out; the actor whispers to the leader of the orchestra, who strikes up the "Russian Hymn," when old ginger, with a smile, instantly removes his hat. If that compliment does not decide the Muscovites to help in restoring Alsace, nothing short of another loan will do so. The Eiffel Tower has been utilized by the engineers for night-signalling to the military posts for thirty miles round Paris.

If the visit of the Grand Duke Constantine to President Carnot at Nancy has knocked the bottom out of the meeting of the two emperors at Kiel, Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria is admitted to have substantially scored, by his visit to Queen Victoria and London, with its immediate fruits, the permission of the Sultan to allow the Bulgarian railways running powers across Macedonia, and to connect with the port of Salonica.

M. G. Tarde, in his "Etudes Sociales," says universal suffrage is a farce in France, where the population of 38,000,000 has only 10,000,000 of voters, and but 8,000,000 vote. It is abominable, he maintains, that a gamin just fledged twenty-one can neutralize by his vote the bulletin of M. Pasteur, but his body is at the service of his country also to stop an enemy's bullet, and, as the convention told Lavoisier when France was invaded, the Republic had no need of chemists. M. Tarde would give the head of a family, the bread-winner, three, four, five and ten votes, proportionate to those depending on him; this would induce men to marry and have large families, and thus destroy celibacy, that curse of democracy.

Astronomer Jansson reiterates that aërial navigation will be as common in the next century as railways are in the present.

Victor Hugo allowed his beard to grow in December, 1851, to enable him to escape from France after the coup d'état; he never shaved afterwards.

Alexander Dumas *fits* makes 300,000 frs. a year by copyright fees for his own and his father's literary productions.

A FAMOUS CANADIAN ROAD.

WHILE the railway has to a great extent diminished the importance of our great carriage roads, still they retain no small part of their former usefulness; and have perhaps a greater wealth of associations. Since time immemorial, there has been a road parallel with, and on the west side of, the Red River of the North, running from where it empties into Lake Winnipeg in a line almost due south to the point where the Assiniboine joins it, in the present city of Winnipeg. From this point the trail branched south, west and east, connecting the homes of the Crees with the plains roved over by the Assiniboines and Sioux. It is of the first part of this road that the present article will deal.

Leaving Lake Winnipeg we are in the heart of the St. Peter's Indian reserve, where seventeen hundred Salteaux and Swampy Crees are making an earnest attempt to solve their part of the Indian problem by learning how to force nature to give them a living. There is here the stone church of St. Peter's, erected by the Church Missionary Society many years ago, where Archdeacon Cowley laboured for near half a century. This was the home of Chief Peguis, the friend of the settlers and Hudson Bay Company in the troublous times before the amalgamation with the North-West Company.

We emerge from the reserve into the thriving town of West Selkirk with its marine-like smell of fish and its piles of lumber from the pineries around the lake. This is the terminus of the Winnipeg and Selkirk branch of the O.P.R., and from here the H. B. Co. ship their annual supplies by steamer for their forts about the lake and along the lower Saskatchewan. With its lumbering and fishing and freighting, Winnipeg's lakeport is a busy little town in summer. To the west but still in full view from the road is the Manitoba Asylum for the Insane, showing that the Prairie Province is not behind her sisters in her care of the unfortunate.

Proceeding through a park-like country, with the open prairie on our right and the Red River on our left, we pass Lower Fort Garry, a reminder of the romantic past. While the Upper Fort (at Winnipeg) has been demolished, Lower Fort Garry stands to-day just as it did, save for the softening hand of time, half a century ago. There is the quadrangle enclosed by stone walls, with round towers loop-holed for musketry at the four corners; the heavy iron-sheeted gate now constantly open, the Factor's residence inside, with its low-reaching roofs and broad verandahs, covered with climbing plants; the stone storehouses and stables—a piece of ancient history preserved for our time. Strange changes have come over the land since these stones were laid, and the old fort has lent its aid in history-making by being in turns, fortress, penitentiary and commercial depot. Before Stony Mountain Penitentiary was built the fort was used as the North-West Penitentiary, with the late Col. Bedson as its head. It now derives its chief importance from the fact that the H. B. Co. shipments from West Selkirk are made through its books.

This historic spot left behind the road winds through a wooded country with settlers' houses, an occasional church and schoolhouse, until we reach the C. M. S. Mission (formerly, now a regular parish) of St. Andrew's, where is

a large stone church, which in ante-boom days was the finest ecclesiastical building in the province outside of Winnipeg. The river is here much more rapid and shallow; the rapids at St. Andrew's being the fly in Winnipeg's pot of ointment, as very high lake steamers coming up to the city except in very high water.

Shortly after passing St. Andrew's we leave the woods and emerge into the plain; the river here having but a narrow fringe of trees. On our left we pass Marchmont Farm with its famous herd of shorthorn cattle; while on our right against the western skyline rises up, twelve miles away, the low ridge of Stony Mountain, crowned with its unvalled penitentiary, a widely read object-lesson to would-be criminals. The farms are now continuous, and there is scarcely a piece of unbroken prairie between this point and Winnipeg. We are now abreast of St. Paul's, commonly called the Middle Church from its being the middle point where the early missionary took service on his Sunday journey from Winnipeg to St. Andrew's. Here is the Rupert's Land Indian School with its fields of grain and pasture and its little settlement of houses and workshops clustering around the main building.

Kildonan Presbyterian Church with its massive stone walls and tiny spire is next passed with its accompanying manse and little village. Those church walls have heard the angry clatter of musket and side arms as the royalist opponents of Riel in 1869-70, bivouaced within and about it. Nor must we overlook that two-storied frame building, the birth-place of the present majestic Manitoba College, and beside it the little stone school, successor to one of the first attempts of a public school in all this land between Lake Superior and the Pacific. Kildonan is still a prominent feature in the landscape when we cross Inkster's Bridge and reach historic Sevenoaks with its monument commemorating the battle between the H. B. and N. W. Cos. in 1816, when Governor Semple and twenty men were killed. We pass the rifle butts and under the shadow of St. John's College (Episcopal), one of the oldest colleges composing Manitoba University and presided over by Bishop Machray, the Chancellor of the University. On the left is historic St. John's, with the old frame college, its odd, square tower rising above the trees and Bishop's Court, picturesque in ivy, in whose sheltered garden the Metropolitan of Rupert's Land watches his apple trees and tender vegetables; St. John's with the houses of the professors and the deanery; and with its central attraction the quaint little stone cathedral of St. John's looking out from among the green of the trees and the granite of the monuments; monuments that mark the resting place of the most famous men of the province from Governor Semple onward—the Westminster Abbey of the Great Lone Land.

We are now in the city of Winnipeg, and our road has become Main Street. There are factories and stores and hotels, and we cross the C.P.R., with its station full of a most cosmopolitan crowd of travellers, and we are in the heart of the city. On our right is the City Hall, on the left the Post Office; back to the right, and parallel with our course, is Princess Street with its blocks of substantial wholesale houses, and further back still are Manitoba (Presbyterian) and Wesley (Methodist) Colleges, factors of our provincial university. Farther on we pass the N.P. station and hotel, and on our right the solid block of the Hudson Bay Company's building. On the same side, and standing somewhat back, is the old stone gateway—all that remains—of famous Upper Fort Garry. Looking over it we see the flag flying on Government House, with the straightings of the Parliament Buildings, and the bastions of Fort Osborne, the present military post, looming up between. Before us is the Assiniboine, its journey to the Red almost finished; and across the latter river to the left are seen the towers of St. Boniface, which Whittier has immortalized in his "Red River Voyager." Across the Assiniboine may be seen the Queen Anne and Elizabethan houses of Fort Rouge, one of the fashionable residence quarters of the city. We have reached the end of our journey, and we turn back and look at the tall buildings of the city, full of life and throb and energy, and wonder at the change that has passed over this land in the past quarter of a century. The distance we have traversed is under thirty miles, and yet how full of history is it crowded! In the words of Lieut.-Governor Schultz, in unveiling the Sevenoaks monument: "I have said that this road, whether as Indian trail or King's highway, in old or more recent times, is indeed historic. Over it, in the dim past which antedates even Indian tradition, must have passed those aboriginal inhabitants whose interesting sepulchral remains near St. Andrew's Rapids and elsewhere, excite wonder and stimulate conjecture, and show them to have been a race superior in many respects to those which succeeded them. Over this road and near this spot must have passed the war parties of the Assiniboines in their futile effort to oppose with arrow, tomahawk and spear, the invading northern and eastern Cree, who had doubtless when similarly armed envied in vain the warlike 'Stony' his possession of what was later known as the Image and White Horse Plains, with their countless herds of Bison; and when the earlier possession of fire-arms gave the Cree the ascendancy he sought, and that dread scourge, the smallpox, had thinned the Assiniboine ranks, it must have been along this great trail they retreated towards the blue hills of Brandon and to the upper waters of the river which still bears their name. La Verandrye, the first white man who looked on this fair land, must have seen this spot and passed by this

trail; and while it was yet a bridle path or cart track, and long before it was known, as it afterwards became, the King's Highway, men who were great in their day and generation, and are deservedly still remembered for their important discoveries and their administrative abilities, have trodden the path which lies at our feet. Over it has passed discoverer, courier, missionary, Arctic voyager, chief, warrior and medicine man, governor, factor, judge, councillor and tomahawk; along it have been carried wampum and comander; message of peace and war. It has heard the rumble of artillery and the steady march of the Sixth of the Line, the Royal Canadian and 60th Rifles; and along its course the hard-pressed founders of the Selkirk Settlement alternately struggled southwards in search of food, or hurried northward for safety with steps of fear. Over it have travelled the pioneer priests, ministers and bishops of the Roman Catholic, Anglican, Presbyterian and Wesleyan Churches. The governors of the Hudson Bay Company have, as well as the lieutenants of the governors of the Dominion of Canada, all passed this way. Truly this is an historic place."

IOTA NORTH.

THE RAMBLER.

EXAMINATION papers are most likely just now on many pedagogic tables with answers more or less depressing, not to say, depraved. The Divinity student who announced that St. Paul was brought up at the feet of Gamaliel, a mountain in Judæa, will be present in full force. There was another, still more dense, or clever, just as you care to take him, who, upon being asked to quote a text, took a very long time to think of one. Finally he said he did know one: "Judas went and hanged himself."

"Quite right," said the examiner, approvingly. "Can you mention another?"

The student gazed steadily at his persecutor for a few seconds and then replied: "Go thou and do likewise."

Truly the agonies of *viva voce* are very great. Mankind—that section which bothers itself at all about examinations—may be divided into two classes: those who come out strong in *viva voce* exams, and those who prefer the written test. These stories remind one of the scholar who in writing out the classic line

In Heaven yept Euphrosyne,

rendered it as follows:—

In Heaven she crept and *frone her kerker*.

Then there was the "classic" who gave for "Galli clamabant quia jugum Germanum exuerant," the astonishing assertion that the "cocks were crowing because they had laid a German egg." Upon disapproval the examinee said: "Well, *gallus* is a cock, *clamare* means to call, *jugum* is a yolk, and *exuere* to lay aside.

Lastly, there was another Divinity student who was asked what the Israelites did in Egypt. "They murmured," was the reply. "What did they do before leaving Egypt?" asked the examiner. "They murmured," replied the victim for the second time. "That is rather a vague answer Mr. —. Perhaps you can tell me what they did after crossing the Red Sea." "They murmured then."

Whether this was repeated because the student lost his head or from excessive "cheek" I do not know, but I can well conjure up the exasperation of the examiner.

However, so long as the fledgling apes not the airs of the pedant we may forgive him much. Of all types of scholars surely the world—the busy matter-of-fact world that dines and manages banks and sells shares and builds and laughs—hates the pedant the most, and especially the flighty pedant. This is no contradiction of terms; there can be such a thing as flighty or frivolous pedantry, although we are mostly familiar with the heavier kind. Good advice to young writers might run—be careful to write only of what you know and know intimately. It is better to write intelligently and correctly upon a simple subject than weakly and irrelevantly upon a complex one. It is better not to show all you know. It is better even to refrain from displaying a small share of your prized erudition, for there will always be some specialist who will read your effusion and smile. Perhaps, as I am in a pessimistic vein, it would be still better to not write at all, since as Beatrice remarks to Benedick "nobody marks you." That this is an age of over-production appears to have been keenly felt by Rubinstein. A more dismal book than his "Conversation about Music" I cannot remember having seen. A virtuoso of world-wide fame, a composer long and famously received—one would have thought the *summum bonum* had been reached by such a one at least. But the Melancholia of Albert Durer's great picture has touched the reflective Russian on the lip, and henceforth he thinks as she does. It is fortunate however for the world that this attitude of complacent resignation to the modern mode, this veneration only for the past, this half-modern, half-bitter disgust at life and art, has come late in the day, else were the shelves of music stores and libraries poorer by a good deal than they are. The *maestro* is half inclined to think we have too much music, and I agree with him.

Some remarks of mine about "clipping" have offended a sensitive correspondent who thinks—dear soul—I mean the *Harper's Bazar* and *Ladies' Pictorial* kind of thing,

taking me to task for non-appreciation of the dailies and otherwise giving me a gentle push. The dailies—oh! we are quite satisfied with them. Here is a Saturday supplement with "cribs" from *Cornhill*, *Gentleman's Magazine*, *Times*, *Black and White*, *Review of Reviews*. What I mean is a different thing—the systematized reference to what is best in the purely literary periodicals with occasional extracts lengthy enough to give one a good idea of the whole. My correspondent understands me now, perhaps, better.

A SERENADE.

Oh sweet, my sweet, may perfect rest
Unto your sleep belong;
May holy dreams and visions blest
Around your slumbers throng,
And angels stand with outspread wings
To guard your soul from hurtful things,
And shield your life from wrong.

My darling, in your sleep to-night
I pray your dreams may be
Fair and bright, and sweet and light,
And beautiful and free,
Till night shall melt away in morn
And I shall greet the day new-born
That brings you, love, to me.

O, hours of darkness, speed apace!
O, morning, tremble through
The slowly-fading night, and chase
The shadows from the blue
Of night's chill sky, and let again
Abiding Love's all potent reign
Its daily course pursue.

Brandon, Man. A. MELBOURNE THOMPSON.

ART NOTES.

CLOSE OF THE SPRING EXHIBITION OF THE ONTARIO SOCIETY OF ARTISTS.

THIS event took place on Saturday, the 25th ult., and the pictures have since then been gradually dispersing to their purchasers or those who were fortunate enough to obtain prizes in the Art Union. The gallery will remain open until September. Though the financial results are still far from such as the enterprise and outlay expended would fairly warrant, still this year is a decided advance upon previous years. Sales have been more encouraging, and the daily attendance has proved a decided increase in public interest. So far all is well, but there is still room for greater encouragement for our local patrons, and it is not too much to say that the daily attendance would require to be multiplied by ten before the community could be held free from a charge of indifference to the deserving efforts made by this Society to cultivate the growth of art in its midst. It has been suggested that were the artists of Canada to make an effort to obtain the co-operation of their brethren at home, inducing contributions from men of note, as is done in Australia, a great awakening would take place. As we now have very fair exhibition galleries in Montreal and Ottawa, and an excellent one in Toronto, why cannot something of the kind be done by the profession which would eclipse any effort of private dealers? In these days of facile travel the well-to-do classes are generally more or less familiar with the great exhibitions of the world, and what is required to attract and to satisfy them seems to be an exhibition national in character and of such excellence as will bear comparison favourably with any elsewhere. We look to those who have this matter at heart to move in this direction.

WHERE SOME OF OUR ARTISTS WILL SPEND THE SUMMER.

MR. T. M. MARTIN purposes a visit to the United States; Mr. O'Brien will seek subjects near home; Mr. Manly is across the Lake among the historic battle-fields of Canada; Mr. M. Matthews and Mr. Forshaw Day again go to the Rocky Mountains and the Pacific Coast; Mr. Verner has started for England; Mr. T. H. Wilkinson is in the western part of the Province; Mr. Gagen goes to the coast of Maine for a short vacation; Mr. Blatchley goes to British Columbia; Mr. and Mrs. George Reid are in the Catskills, where they are building a summer studio; Mr. Bell-Smith is shortly expected home from Europe; Mr. Carl Ahrens has gone to Eastern Canada; Mr. Brymner is now in the Rockies, and Professor Coleman started for that region last week; Mr. Forbes is again invited to England to execute some important portraits; Mr. J. W. L. Forster's studio will remain open through July; Mr. Bruenech will replenish his canvas in Muskoka; Mr. Knowles and Mr. Challener are still in Europe.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

TORONTO VOCAL SOCIETY.

AT the annual general meeting of the Toronto Vocal Society, held last week, it was announced by the Hon. Sec.-Treas., Mr. J. N. Sutherland, that "Mr. W. Edgar Buck, who has so ably wielded the baton for this Society during the past two years, has, for reasons expressed in his letter upon the subject, resigned the musical Directorship of the Society." It was also stated that the Com-

mittee had appointed Mr. Schuch as Mr. Buck's successor for the coming season.

HASLAM VOCAL SOCIETY.

MR. W. ELLIOT HASLAM has unfortunately, owing to protracted illness, resigned the conductorship of the Haslam Vocal Society; his successor is not yet announced.

MUSICAL AT-HOMES.

THE musical elements contained in the closing exercises of "Cootherstone House," Toronto, were excellently prepared and carried out, reflecting great credit upon both instructors and performers, making Wednesday, June 29th, a red letter day in the annals of this successful Institution. Mr. J. L. Blaikie in distributing the prizes made several happy and appropriate remarks. Rev. Thos. DesBarres presented a special prize for Theology; Mrs. W. Edgar Buck also gave two prizes to her most deserving pupils in French conversation. Several pupils of the principal, Miss Jopling, and her talented sisters, received rewards for proficiency in music and drawing; the latter were presented by Mr. Jopling, recently of Paris, being pictures in water-colours from his own brush. A large and fashionable assemblage witnessed the exercises.

THAT extensive establishment on College Street, Bishop Strachan's School, sustained its well-earned reputation at the final exercises of the season on Wednesday, June 28th, in the presence of a large gathering. The instrumental music department was efficiently represented by the students under Mr. J. W. F. Harrison, and the vocal class did great credit to Miss Emma Patrick, their instructress, in their singing of the cantata "Pearl," by Harraden. An advanced pupil in solo singing of Mr. W. Edgar Buck, whose name appeared on the programme for a vocal selection, was prevented from appearing on the platform owing to recent indisposition. The students of this favourite College owe much of their proficiency to the assiduous care of Miss Grier, the principal, and her able staff of assisting teachers. Rev. Dr. Davies presented an additional prize for the best recitation. The prizes were duly distributed in order of merit, with appropriate eulogies, and gave every satisfaction.

MR. G. S. LAYARD, in his new interesting life of Charles Keene, one of *Punch's* great artists in black and white, tells us the draughtsman greatly loved music, read it well at sight, and belonged to sundry well-trained choirs. But strangely his chief musical affection lay with the bagpipes. He insisted there was no instrument like it. He knew every type of the instrument, and was learned in all kinds of bagpipe lore. Such a curious fascination for "the old instrument of Gaul" has not been uncommon, although Southerners for the most part escape the fascination, whatever it is. Mr. Layard mentions that Keene's persistent practice in his lodgings of this strident instrument was the source of a good deal of difficulty with his landlady. Doubtless he had pity for her as an ungenerate Southerner.

THE second performance was given recently of M. Mascagni's "L'Amico Fritz," with the same cast and with equal success to that which attended its recent production. Undoubtedly the chief merit of the work lies in the happy manner in which the music accentuates and carries out the idyllic character of the story. Viewed apart from the text, the scoring is often thin and poor, but it is always appropriate to the occasion it illustrates. The work, moreover, is an advance on "Cavalleria Rusticana," inasmuch as the composer seems to have written independently of Italian traditional forms, and to have been entirely actuated by a desire to fulfil the dramatic exigencies of the text. The most important numbers in the first act are *Suzel's* expressive little song as she presents *Fritz* with her birthday offering of flowers, and a weird song sung by the gipsy youth *Bepps*. The second act contains two duets between *Suzel* and *Fritz*, and the Rabbi *David* and *Suzel* respectively, which form the most charming numbers in the opera; and the third act contains a fine tenor air for *Fritz* and an expressive love duet. Many other beauties will be revealed to those who give the work more than a single hearing, which it certainly deserves.

FROM the *Musical News* we gather the following interesting information: The Princess Karadja, in her pleasant and readable book, "Etincelles," remarks that "not to be able to play the piano is a talent as charming as it is rare." Certainly the facilities and educational advantages of modern life open the way to the abuse of many good things. But there is another side to this notion—one of the many brilliant "Flashes" in the Princess Karadja's entertaining book—there can be no objection to everyone possessing the charming talent of being "able to play the piano," any more than there can be no objection to everyone being able to write a letter. The real objection lies in the fact that most people play the piano badly, and as a rider one may add, many who try to play the favourite keyboard instrument would be doing better with some other instrument. Dr. Johnson heard a lady play a piece of music he was informed was "difficult," and he had the blunt frankness to say he wished it had been "impossible." The keynote of the matter might be expressed in the paraphrase "not to attempt to play the piano upon slender qualifications and attainments is a talent as charming as it is rare." To know and to do that which is possible for us to do, and to avoid that which is impossible, is to possess artistic judgment of a very high order.

WE learn from *Sport, Music and Drama* that two ladies by the uninterestingly Teutonic names of Mrs. Wach and Mrs. Benke were among the attendants at a recent service at Westminster Abbey. Dr. Bridge selected for the anthem of the occasion Mendelssohn's "Hear My Prayer," because the two ladies were the surviving daughters of the composer. They expressed to him their appreciation of the performance, and especially of the singing of the choir-boy who took the solo in the well-known composition. The greatest triumphs of Mendelssohn were won in England, where his oratorio of "Elijah," written for one of the Birmingham festivals of half a century ago, ranks second in popularity to-day only to Handel's "Messiah." Also from the same source, that Sir Arthur Sullivan a few days ago celebrated his fiftieth birthday, receiving hearty congratulations and floral tributes from many friends. The reports of his health are, however, disquieting. He does not seem to recover from his long illness as rapidly as was hoped; and an American musician who recently visited him in London utters a gloomy prediction to the effect that he will never be a well man again. The musical world will hope that this prediction will be falsified. Arthur Sullivan has founded a new school of light operatic music, after having won recognition as a solid and dignified composer for the Church. He is the leading English composer of the century, and has the warmest wishes of everyone for his speedy and complete recovery.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

IMPERIA: A STORY FROM THE COURT OF AUSTRIA. By Octavia Hensel. Buffalo: Charles Wells Moulton. 1892.

A pretentious but very inferior work. The plot is involved and obscure, and the story is simply impossible, although the author alleges that it is a true one, told as she herself learned it. Apart altogether from its defective literary workmanship, it is a story that can do no possible good, and one in which, we think, no intelligent reader could find any interest.

THE ERL QUEEN. By Nataly von Eschstruth. Translated by Emily S. Howard. Illustrated. New York: Worthington Company. Paper, 75 cts.

This is a thoroughly good story—one that we can commend without hesitation to our readers. There is a liveliness in the dialogue, a colour in the descriptions and a sprightliness in the narrative that we do not always find in German novels. The translation, too, seems to be admirably done. Sir Arthur Helps somewhere says: "Women are always more literal than men in their rendering of anything that is before them, and they would make the most accurate translators in the world." In this case we cannot speak of the accuracy of the translation, but the English is excellent.

HAZELL'S ANNUAL FOR 1892. London: Hazell, Watson and Viney, and Hodder and Stoughton. Toronto: Williamson and Company.

This is the seventh year of issue of this exceedingly useful compilation. It may, in large measure, claim to be, as its title page represents, "A cyclopaedic record of men and topics of the day, containing above 3,500 concise and explanatory articles, on every topic of current political, social, biographical and general interest referred to by the press and in daily conversation." Of course one cannot expect infallibility in such a work, and the Canadian reader will be surprised to find Ottawa awarded a population of 118,403, and Toronto of 86,445. Then under biography we should have liked to have found mention of the Hon. Edward Blake, one of the greatest living Canadians. Take, however, such headings as "Art," "Astronomy," "Germany," "Literature," or "Trade," and one may see at a glance the pains taken, the labour expended, and the great amount of useful information comprised within the 726 closely-printed pages of this invaluable handbook.

GRANIA: THE STORY OF AN ISLAND. By the Hon. Emily Lawless. New York and London: Macmillan and Company. 1892.

ON the bleak and gloomy canvas of the Islands of Aran in Galway Bay, off the coast of Ireland, the author of this novel has drawn a masterly picture from apparently most unpromising material. Indeed the work we have already had from the same deft hand proves its possessor to have a touch quite out of the common. Amid scenes of poverty and wretchedness, which invest the story with a pervading gloom, the lives and characters of the poor and uncouth fisherfolk who eke out a wretched subsistence from the troublous sea, which is but poorly supplemented by the barren island rocks on which they exist, are described with a power and pathos which give to the story the spirit and movement of life. This is a story, indeed. It is a tale of living beings, struggling to live where life seems almost impossible. In this remote corner of the world, and from amidst these sad surroundings, we see the glow of human love, the fire of human hate and the ebb and flow of circumstance—in lives, it may be, far removed from our ken, but that nevertheless impress upon us their power. The strong yet gentle hand which has written for us in these pages the fortunes of Grania O'Malley, Murdough Blake and Shan Daly may justly claim to be

that of perhaps the first exponent in fiction of Irish life and character of to-day. It is a faithful picture of life, and land, and sea; intense in its interest, pathetic in its surroundings and dramatic in its close. To those who are not familiar with the works of the Hon. Emily Lawless, we heartily commend this volume which appears in the excellent dollar series of Macmillan and Company. We might add that the accompanying map of the Aran Islands adds to the interest of the story.

DEBRET'S PEERAGE, BARONETAGE, KNIGHTAGE, AND COMPANIONAGE. Illustrated with 1,400 Armorial Bearings. Royal Edition. 1892. (179th year of publication.)

DEBRET'S HOUSE OF COMMONS AND THE JUDICIAL BENCH. Illustrated with 800 Armorial Bearings. 1892. London: Dean and Son.

It may be said by some that Canada is a democratic country, and such a book as Debrett's Peerage is out of place on Canadian shelves. Those who incline to that view attach but little weight to the intimate relations which exist between one part of the British Empire and another. So long as the Dominion of Canada is part and parcel of the great British Empire, so long shall the vast amount of accurate and instructive information gathered with unusual labour and scrupulous care within the covers of this bulky yet beautiful volume prove of more than ordinary interest to Canadian readers. Though the most is made in the press of to-day of the disgraceful conduct of an occasional peer, who is unworthy of his rank and lineage, but little mention is made in contrast of the meritorious lives of the majority of the peerage, and of their salutary influence upon the State. The honours, preferences and dignities of rank in our Empire are open to Canadians as they are to Australians or other members of its world-wide possessions, and in the very preface to the volume we find reference to Baron Mount Stephen and the Baroness Macdonald. Throughout its pages we further find the name of many an honoured Canadian who, for public, judicial or other valued services to the State, has received merited distinction. It is hard to conceive anything of public utility related in any way to the classes treated that cannot be found in this volume; it in fact contains important and helpful details which are not included in any similar compilation. The latest information attainable before publication has been comprised in it. Quite apart from its ordinary use, the mass of detailed information of a biographical, historical, or even antiquarian, character with accompanying dates make the volume a most serviceable book of reference.

The companion volume supplies full and satisfactory information as to the personnel of the House of Commons and the judicial bench, and will be found an excellent aid and book of reference in that regard. In it will be found amongst other useful general matter an explanation of technical Parliamentary expressions, with brief descriptions of the duties of the higher officers of state.

A TRAMP ACROSS THE CONTINENT. By Charles F. Lummis. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Toronto: Wm. Briggs.

It is something out of the ordinary for even an enthusiastic pedestrian to walk 3,507 miles in 143 days, but then our author was "young (26), with educated muscles and full experience of the pleasures of long pedestrian tours," and "furthermore, he wished to remove from Ohio to California." Add to these inducements the remaining requisites that he "was perfectly well and a trained athlete," and "an American" who "felt ashamed to know so little of my own country as I then did and as most Americans do." So our author, in other respects suitably equipped, on the 12th of September, 1884, left Cincinnati for his tremendous tramp. This is one of those books which recall to our mind the old adage, "Truth is stranger than fiction." We wish to do justice to its writer, and, though some of the incidents recorded in it are so marvelous and thrilling as to be suggestive of romance, yet we do not forget the words of the preface which assure us that the book is "a truthful record of some of the experiences and impressions of a walk across the continent." Then, again, when we become restive and captious at the style, or inclined to resent some of the liberties with words, we bethink ourselves that the author says that what we are reading "was written in hurried moments by coal-oil lamps of country hotels, the tallow dips of section-house or ranch, the smoky pine knots of the cowboy's or the hunter's cabin, the cracking fagon of a Mexican adobe, or the snapping greasewood of my lonely campfire upon the plains; and from that vagrant body and spirit I have not tried to overcivilize it." It is indeed a graphic and spirited narrative of unique travel, and, in part, of thrilling adventure, undergone by a young man of scholastic attainments, of superb physique and indomitable will and rare pluck. There is an honest manliness of tone and kindness of disposition which make us overlook much that would otherwise seem conceited and exaggerated in the narrative. Take it all in all, it is one of the most interesting and instructive books of its class that we have met with. It takes us to out-of-the-way places, among strange races; we read of curious customs and quaint industries; the account of the greyhound "Shadow"; the broken arm and its setting by the sufferer; the perilous jump in the ground canyon of the Colorado; of the fight for life with the mad hound, and the horrors of the desert tramp, are vividly and

touchingly told. Mr. Lummis has given us a book of rare interest that will be very widely read.

THE THREE FATES. By F. Marion Crawford. London: and New York: Macmillan and Company.

Mr. Crawford's new novel has for the scene of its operations the city of New York. The author is nothing if he is not versatile, and though the change of scene and mode of life are so different under the circumstances of this tale from those with which we have been accustomed to associate Mr. Crawford's name, yet the same skill which marked his stories of the East and of sunny Italy is found here as well. We cannot help thinking that in the picture of the early life and the journalistic and literary training of George Winton Wood we may have revealed to us some phases in the author's own life. As Dickens was supposed to have offered himself to the public in David Copperfield, and other authors have in certain of their works been supposed to have taken their readers more or less within view of their own personal experiences, so one might suppose that for us, too, Mr. Crawford was lifting the veil. The story of the upbuilding of the literary life of the hero, from his beginning as a contributor of short book notices to a daily newspaper to his attainment of distinction as a successful novelist, is very interesting. The large experience, broad culture and precision of knowledge which are brought to bear upon this branch of the story make the book one of exceptional significance to all who are engaged in literary work or who aim at literary distinction. We do not remember of having read elsewhere of anyone who attained such facility of composition and rapidity of production as George Wood possessed. To prepare a plot in about an hour and to write from eight to ten hours at a time for the few weeks in which the work is completed, or to create a novel in twenty-nine days, is extraordinary work, even though done at Cupid's command. The title is taken from the three women who at different times engage George Wood's affections, and who each exercise a moulding influence on his character. He appears a fickle lover, one who, when relieved of one entanglement, soon consoled himself with another, and yet whilst each lasted satisfied that it, and it alone, would last forever. But, after all, it seems that in him literature dominated every affection and would yield place to none. Mr. Crawford has given us a novel entirely different from anything yet written by him. It, as well as its predecessors, prove him to be one of the most original and perhaps the most versatile of living novelists. The knowledge of human nature, the analysis of character, the conception of the plot, the development of the story, the novelty of the subject matter and the fine workmanship which mark it throughout cannot but add to its author's high reputation.

PRELUDES AND STUDIES. By W. J. Henderson. Longmans, Green and Company.

This book contains many thoughtful arguments upon what most people might deem mere abstruse subjects, yet are they full of the deepest interest to all musicians and those musically inclined. In the opening study of "Der Ring des Nibelungen," parts of which have appeared in the New York Times, the axiom is set forth that the reason for these music dramas gaining universal popularity is their being "great dramatic poems set to music, for which the future will award Wagner a rank as librettist equal to that which he holds in music." The primary postulate of Wagner's theory was ever "The Play's the Thing." An interestingly detailed account is then given of the origin, rise and universal power of the "Nibelungen" tribe, caused by the forging of a ring out of the golden Rhine waters by Alberich, a dwarf; as also the latter's seizing the wonderful Tarn Helm, that enabled the possessor to change his form at will. Wotan, the spouse of the Goddess of Marriage, assisted by Loge, seizes Alberich and wrests the Tarn Helm from him; Wotan then drags Der Ring off Alberich's finger, who then lays his curse upon it and disappears. The power of Wotan, which depended upon his holding all contracts inviolable, is eventually lost by his falsity. This in turn he essays to restore by making his own kith and kin to right a wrong by sinning. Here ensues the immoral blot of Wagner's libretto—the breaking of the marriage laws by Wotan's relatives, Siegmund and Sieglinde, leading to the sequels of the Nibelungen tetralogy. Mr. Henderson admits freely that Wagner is often too "talky," and consequently tiresome to many throughout his works. "The Philosophy and Humanity" of this work is dwelt upon at length, Mr. Krebhoil, the author of "Wagner as I Knew Him,"—Wagner's friend and historian—being forcefully quoted in sustentation of our author's opinionative statements. As a proof that Shakespeare and Wagner are alike in their treatment of "love at first sight," exposed in "The Flying Dutchman," "Lohengrin," "Tristan and Isolde," and the meeting between Siegmund and Sieglinde, also that of Siegfried and Brunhilde, Rosalind's description of how "your brother and my sister no sooner met but they looked, loved, sighed, asked the reason and sought the remedy" is quoted. This passion is also the theory of Goethe's "Faust," where he sings: "The woman's soul ever leadeth us upward and on." Wagner's treatment of the mythological story has been criticized by many, but his display of poetic power at all times in modernizing and adapting it is indisputably great. The publishers have issued this valuable Wagnerian guide in cloth and gilt. The book is as clear and distinct in its typography as it is

in its style and diction. Under the heading, "Comments and Commentators," Mr. Henderson takes issue with Sir Arthur Sullivan's dictum that "Wagner did not know how to make a libretto, etc.," holding that though Wagner, as in "The Flying Dutchman," wrote, at times, thin, poor stuff, yet that work was amongst the great composer's earliest; but, later on, Wagner developed great inherent qualities as a writer. Mr. Henderson next touches upon the "Evolution of Piano Music" from 1364, when Francesco Landini, a blind organist of high repute flourished in Venice, when the Monochord was the fashionable instrument, down to the modern school citing as exemplars. Von Bulow, D'Albert and Rummel (curiously excluding Liszt, Rubenstein and other virtuosi) describing the "Laying of the Foundations" of piano playing; the "Development of Technique," the "Modern Concerto," and a sketch of some living players. "Schumann's Programme—Symphony" is next referred to and cited as being "a free expression of his emotions; Schumann's sensibility, his keen subtle perception, strong sense of humour and vivid imagination rendered him incapable of writing music for music's sake only." In 1840, incited by his ardent love for Clara Wieck, he turned his attention from the piano to the oldest and most expressively flexible instrument, the human voice, composing over one hundred songs, "of which the world will never tire, they will stand as the soul-hymns of men." Schumann, while being reckoned as second to Beethoven as a symphonist, "yet surely had a great claim to a place of his own as a genius of the first order."

In the notice in our last issue of the article "Cross Currents of Canadian Politics," which appeared in the June *Westminster*, we overlooked the fact that the writer, at page 661 of the number, had used these words: "One of the most influential of these (objections)—to many minds—is the unfortunate circumstance that, through the narrow protective policy at present dominant in the United States, reciprocity would necessarily involve discrimination against Great Britain, which would seem unnatural, if not disloyal, in one of her dependencies; and further, that it would in time lead in the direction of assimilation with, and eventual absorption in, the American Republic." We cheerfully reprint the extract in simple justice to the writer of the article, and regret that it escaped our observation at the time of writing the notice referred to.

THE *Californian Illustrated* for July has an excellent article by Chas. T. Gordon on the Yosemite Valley, fully illustrated. Monterey is described by an artist with pen and pencil; "A Coaching Trip through Lake County of Northern California" is pleasant reading; "The Game Fish of the Pacific" are not neglected; "The Schools of San Francisco" are also written up in this number.

A NEW serial is begun by Arabella M. Hopkinson in the July number of *Cassell's Family Magazine* entitled "Barbara Merivale." The scene of this story is in England, and an American family is introduced to the readers. "Through an Eastern Desert on Foot" describes a tramp from Port Said across desert and up coast to Jaffa. "The Mystery of the Aurora" is a scientific paper. "What a Pretty Complexion!" is by the "Family Doctor." "Rose-Growing at Hollybush" is by a "Practical Gardener." "Chit-Chat on Dress" has illustrated letters from Paris and London. An article on "Swedish Embroidery" contains full instructions for making it.

THE July number of the *Magazine of American History* opens with an article by the editor, "The Beginnings of the City of Troy," containing among other illustrations a full-page fac-simile of the quaint old Dutch map of the province and city of New York, made about 1656. "Fort Harrison in History" is a paper by A. C. Duddleston, describing the defence against Indians by Zachary Taylor in 1812. "The Pre-Columbian Literature of America" is the title of a paper by Professor Cyrus Thomas. The Hon. S. H. M. Byers contributes a sketch of "Switzerland's Model Democracy; or, Popular Government Without Spoils," as it is styled. "President Lincoln's Portrait" forms the frontispiece of the number.

MR. JOSEPH KIRKLAND proves his knowledge of the subject by the clear and full way in which he guides the readers of the opening article in *Scribner's* for June "Among the Poor of Chicago." Professor N. S. Shaler's article on "The Depths of the Sea" is very interesting, and the illustrations increase the interest. Leroy M. Yale's "Getting Out the Fly-books" will be pleasant and seasonable reading for anglers, and many besides who would like to, but cannot, get out their fly-books. "The House Over the Way"; "The Pianner Mares," and the end of "The Wrecker" provide an ample supply of fiction. Mr. Thomas Bailey Aldrich, under the heading "White Edith," amplifies an early poem of his which was published in *Scribner's Magazine* for January, 1888. It is a venturesome step, but Mr. Aldrich has acquitted himself admirably.

MR. LAFCADIA HEARN gives an account of the methods of the Japanese landscape gardener of the old régime in the July *Atlantic Monthly*. Eben Greenough Scott contributes an analytic paper on General McClellan; Edward G. Mason has a paper on Chicago; Mr. Crawford's "Don Orsino" is well sustained; Mr. Merwin has an article on "Arabian Horses," which is well informed and will interest all lovers of the horse; Mr. Gamaliel Bradford, jr., has an essay on "The American Idealist"; "Looking Toward Salamis," by William Cranston Lawton, and Miss Vida D. Scudder's "The Prometheus Unbound of Shelley," are well

worth reading; "A Florentine Episode" is a pleasant short story by Ellen Olney Kirk; Theodore Roosevelt's "Political Assessments in the Coming Campaign" is characteristic of the writer, *i.e.*, manly and straightforward; Mr. Thomas Bailey Aldrich's poem "Unguarded Gates" is a fine poem, but rather late in the day, alas!

THE frontispiece and opening article of the July *St. Nicholas* describe an incident that is said to have occurred last year during the French celebration of the taking of the Bastille, in which two American boys figured. "The Spare Bedroom at Grandfather's" is by Mary Hallock Foote, and is a paper of reminiscences. "The Voyage of Columbus," by Royall Bascom Smithey, tells the story of the great first voyage. A poem by Emma Huntington Nason is on the branch of scarlet thorn that was "The First to Greet Columbus," and Mr. John Burroughs tells of the plant and its life-history. On revolutionary topics there are two stories; one in prose and one in verse. Jack Bennett celebrates the cleverness of "Ben Ali the Egyptian" in a comic poem. Richard and Anne Gibson, the celebrated dwarf artist and his wife, are described by Mary Shears Roberts; "What Things Befell the Squire's House" are told by Virginia Woodward Cloud, and "The Rendezvous at East Gorge" is a story of Western life by E. Vinton Blake.

"WHAT SHALL THE RATIO BE?" is discussed in the *North American Review* for July by Senator Stewart, of Nevada, Representative Springer, of Illinois, Senator Hansbrough, of North Dakota, Representative Bland, of Missouri, and Representative Dalzell, of Pennsylvania, respectively. They are of the opinion that a ratio of about 15½ to 1 will establish the parity of gold and silver. Frederick Douglas denies the need of "Lynch Law in the South"; W. H. Mallock replies to Lady Jeune's article on London Society; in "Politics and the Pulpit" Bishop Doane, of Albany, and Bishop Mallalieu, of New Orleans, argue for the discussion of politics in the pulpit when it is warranted by bad morals; Archibald Forbes treats of "Abraham Lincoln as a Strategist"; Sir J. William Dawson continues his able articles on "Prehistoric Times in Egypt and Palestine"; the Dean of St. Paul writes on "The Use of Cathedrals"; "Organized Labour in the Campaign" is by Samuel Gompers, President of the American Federation of Labour; and ex-Prime Minister Crispi has an article on "The Situation in Italy."

"A GLANCE AT THE EUROPEAN ARMIES" is the title of a paper in the *July Forum* by Col. Theodore A. Dodge. The writer complacently asserts that England "cannot claim to be a military power," and discusses the merits and demerits of other powers, such as France, Germany and Russia; "Thomas Hardy and His Novels," William Sharp discusses. Mr. Sharp forms a very high estimate of that author; he says that to him "the realism of Mr. Howells is thin and that of Mr. Henry James superficial compared with that of his author," and further says: "But Hardy brings home to the reader a sense of profound sadness. Without ever unduly obtruding himself as the theologian or the philosopher, he touches the deepest chords of spiritual life, and having wrought his subtle music therefrom, turns away with a loving, sorrowful regret at all the by-play of existence beneath such dim darkness behind, above, and beyond. Yet to speak of him as a pessimistic writer would be misleading, because inadequate. He does not preach pessimism, for he has the saving grace of having no 'ism' to support or exemplify. He is tolerant and patient, seeing at once the good and the weakness in all. In a word, the pessimism of which so many complain is a revelation rather than an exposition."

LITERARY AND PERSONAL GOSSIP.

WILL CARLETON'S latest poems, under the collective title of "City Festivals," will be published very shortly by Harper and Brothers. The volume will be handsomely illustrated and uniform in style with Mr. Carleton's earlier works.

THE forthcoming authoritative biography of John Ruskin, written by his private secretary, Mr. W. G. Collingwood, will contain, besides a large amount of new material and numerous unpublished letters, portraits and sketches by Mr. Ruskin and Mr. Arthur Severn.

LORD COLERIDGE has, we are informed, been enticed into the controversy over the handwriting of Junius. His lordship has reviewed all the evidence, carefully weighed the *pros* and *cons* in the judicial scales, and delivered a written judgment, which will shortly be published.

S. C. GRIGGS AND COMPANY, Chicago, announce a work treating of English History in an entirely novel manner, under the title of "England and its Rulers," by H. Pomeroy Brewster and George H. Humphrey, as well as a work by Samuel Jefferson, F.R.A.S., F.C.S., entitled "Columbus, an Epic Poem," which purports to give an accurate history of the great discovery in rhymed heroic verse.

LORD TENNYSON, who is in exceptionally good health, has not yet left Farringford for Aldworth, said the *Athenæum* of June 4. "He is much interested in the Artillery Volunteer Corps that his son has been raising in the Isle of Wight. 'Riflemen, Form,' it will be remembered, was one of the first things to stir Englishmen to become volunteers in 1859, and it has always been a great desire of his to see the movement extend much more widely than it has done."

THE older Mr. Gladstone gets, the more work he seems to undertake, says the *London Literary World*. Some time ago he put himself down for a lecture at Oxford in October on the history of universities, and now he has booked another engagement to lecture in September, before the Oriental Congress in London in the section of "Archaic Greece and the East."

At the recent installation of the Duke of Devonshire as Chancellor of Cambridge University, Honorary degrees were bestowed on a number of eminent statesmen and scholars. The prize Greek ode was recited by Mr. Cuthbert McEvoy, Scholar of Christ's College, who has this year taken the Sir William Brown's gold medal for Greek elegiacs. Mr. McEvoy is the clever son of that able journalist Mr. Bernard McEvoy of the *Toronto Mail*.

"QUESTIONS OF FAITH AND DUTY" is an instructive little volume covering some of the most vital questions of Christian thought and conduct, and is from the pen of the Right Rev. Anthony W. Thorold, D.D., Lord Bishop of Winchester, and is published by J. B. Lippincott Company. The same firm announce a new work on astronomy, entitled "In Starry Realms." The new edition of "Chambers' Encyclopædia" is rapidly nearing completion. The IXth volume has just been issued.

MORE than half of Stephen's "Dictionary of Biography" has now been published by Messrs. Macmillan and Company; thirty out of a total of fifty volumes have already appeared. The work when completed will contain at least thirty thousand articles by writers of acknowledged eminence in their several departments. The memoirs are the result of personal research, and much information has been obtained from sources that have not been previously utilized. The same firm announce a new and extensively revised edition of Mr. Bryce's "American Commonwealth."

AN important contribution to the history of pedagogy, a comparatively new subject, says the *Speaker*, is M. Dejob's "L'Instruction publique en France et Italie au XIX^e Siècle." Perhaps the most interesting chapter is that dealing with Napoleon I.'s pedagogic experiments in Italy. With the help of Prince Eugène, it seems he brought about a moral revolution in the education of girls in Italy—a more durable change than many that he made, if it be true, as the French flatter themselves, that it aided powerfully in making the Italian women good wives and mothers. But the whole book is entertaining, for M. Dejob is in love with his subject.

THE *Boston Weekly Bulletin* says of Mr. Gosse's "Literary Gossip" of the time of the Fifteenth Louis that he notes that English ladies of quality, whether at home, in Paris, or sojourning beyond seas, had then no magazines or newspapers. If they cared to read or to dawdle over grandiloquent romances, that class of literary leaven was supplied by the French. For "Le Grand Cyprus" 100,000 crowns was paid to Mlle. de Scudéry. While he was in prison, unhappy Charles the First read Calprenède's "Cassandra." Nicely formed were the French novels of that day. A single volume could be put in a woman's pocket. Her half-spread fan could completely hide it. Some of the Gallic fiction was extended to a dozen miniature books, while during the same period English publishers issued huge clumsy folios and quartos.

MR. W. MINTO says, in the *Speaker*, that the first great "author by profession," the first man who made a living by his writings and at the same time a classic reputation, was Samuel Johnson himself. His independent and practical spirit first put the profession or trade of authorship on a sound footing, and substituted the capitalist for the patron. One of the letters recently published by Mr. Birkbeck Hill is a curious evidence of his business-like spirit. He writes to a correspondent and mentions various literary schemes suitable for "an inhabitant of Oxford." But he adds: "I impart these designs to you in confidence, that what you do not make use of yourself shall revert to me uncommunicated to any other. The schemes of a writer are his property and his revenue, and therefore they must not be made common."

THE first of five volumes of "The Poetical Works of Percy Bysshe Shelley," published under the editorship of Mr. Forman Buxton, has just appeared, constituting a notable addition to Messrs. Bell's well-known "Aldine Edition." The memoir extends to fifty-six pages, and concludes with a glowing eulogy of Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley. She had not only (writes Mr. Buxton) the mental gifts requisite for a sympathy in the poet's high aims and aspirations, not only the critical faculty to appreciate what his literary work meant, and what its place was in English literature, but her heart, which had beaten for eight years close to his, knew and acknowledged that, as Shelley the poet had been the supreme lord of song in a prosaic world, as Shelley the propagandist had been through faith the lord of hope, so Shelley the man had been, to those who hung upon him, the lord of love.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

- Booth, Chas. Pauperism and the Endowment of Old Age. \$1.25. London: Macmillan & Co.; Toronto: The Williamson Book Co.
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How much better is it to weep at joy than to joy at weeping.—*Shakespeare*.

IRRESOLUTION on the schemes of life which offer themselves to our choice, and inconstancy in pursuing them, are the greatest causes of all our unhappiness.—*Addison*.

HIGH minds are as little affected by such unworthy returns for service as the sun is by those fogs which the earth throws up between herself and his light.—*Moore*.

REV. SYLVANUS LANE

TOUCHES UPON "A MYSTERY OF MYSTERIES."

A THOUGHT FOR PEOPLE WHO ARE PREJUDICED.

Rev. Sylvanus Lane, A.M., of the Cincinnati M. E. Conference, in a voluntary testimonial accompanying a letter, says:—

Feb. 12, 1892.

"We have for years used Hood's Sarsaparilla in our family of five, and find it fully equal to all that is claimed for it. Some people are greatly prejudiced against patent medicines, but I think a patent article is better than one unworthy a patent. How the patent can hurt a medicine and not a machine is a mystery of mysteries to me."—Sylvanus Lane, pastor M. E. Church, Groesbeck, Hamilton County, Ohio. Hood's Sarsaparilla is sold by druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Prepared by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

SCIENTIFIC AND SANITARY.

The fiercely contending waters of a rocky coast-line afford a singularly favourable place for animals to find food. Every stroke of the waves rends away bits of seaweed from the rocks and grinds the fragments into bits which may be seized on by the expectant mouths. The winds drift vast quantities of organic matter from the deeper sea, which receives like treatment from the mill of the surf. The result is that the water next the shore is a rich soup or broth capable of nourishing a vast amount of animal life. On sandy shores there is no foothold for such creatures; if they were placed there the first wave would cast them into the mill, but on the firm-set rocks they can, by various most ingenious devices, manage to make avail of this chance for subsistence. One may judge how well spread is this table of the shore by taking a glass of water from the turmoil of the surf; we see that it is crowded with the debris of animals and plants, all of which is good nutrition for these marine creatures. To win security against the waves, and thus to be able to get safety and feed at this richly furnished board, the shore animals have for ages been most assiduously contriving ways of securing themselves to the rock. Thus the barnacles, whose remote ancestors were free-swimming creatures somewhat like the shrimps, began by adhering by their head-parts to floating timber or rocks not much exposed to the waves, and gradually, by one change after another, all apparently designed to the one end, have come to a nearly perfect reconciliation with the conditions which surround them. Their original form is no longer recognizable, for they are now cased in a cone formed of stony plates, and only these parts fairly anchored to the rock on which they rest. Their net-like fringe of arms can, whenever for a moment the sea is still, sweep the water about them, and when the surge is about to strike, withdrawing in their shells, which by their shape part the wave, they are perfectly protected. So, too, the limpets have converted the ordinary snail-like shell into a stout buckler, which when lifted as the wave withdraws, admits the sea water with its nutriment. As the water closes down on it the edge of the shield comes upon the surface of the rock and is held there by the short muscle which forms a large part of the animal's body. Animals and plants pay with infinite toil and pains for their chance to secure food in places where they are fairly protected against organic enemies. The surf line is by its conditions the best provisioned part of the sea; it is free from creatures which can prey upon its inhabitants, and to gain a place in it it is worth while for any creature to make many sacrifices.—*Prof. N. S. Shaler, in Scribner's Magazine.*

"August Flower"

How does he feel?—He feels cranky, and is constantly experimenting, dieting himself, adopting strange notions, and changing the cooking, the dishes, the hours, and manner of his eating—**August Flower the Remedy.**

How does he feel?—He feels at times a gnawing, voracious, insatiable appetite, wholly unaccountable, unnatural and unhealthy.—**August Flower the Remedy.**

How does he feel?—He feels no desire to go to the table and a grumbling, fault-finding, over-nicety about what is set before him when he is there—**August Flower the Remedy.**

How does he feel?—He feels after a spell of this abnormal appetite an utter abhorrence, loathing, and detestation of food; as if a mouthful would kill him—**August Flower the Remedy.**

How does he feel?—He has irregular bowels and peculiar stools—**August Flower the Remedy.** ©

Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere.

PROFESSOR VOGEL, the distinguished chemist of Berlin, says that he has perfected a process by which it will be possible for skilled operators to reproduce the natural colours of animate and inanimate objects by photography. He says that he can photograph people in natural colours as perfectly as he can reproduce pictures. He admits that he has not yet practically demonstrated his theory, because the light in Berlin has not been favourable to his experiments, but says that when the summer comes with its more brilliant light he shall do so, and has no doubt of perfect success. The subject of photographing in colours is one that has been debated very extensively during the past few years, and the general opinion has been that it is impracticable; but that, of course, does not determine it. There have been so many cases where theory has been so completely upset and overturned by the logic of facts that it is never safe to say what can or cannot be accomplished. If Professor Vogel is right and his discovery is a genuine one, the vista it opens is almost infinite, and that, too, not only in an artistic, but in a practical sense. The uses to which colour photography could be applied, if the art were perfected, are practically numberless. Illustration, for example, will become something wholly new and different, and the slow and tedious process of printing in colours will be superseded by a method which successive improvements will render as easy and simple as printing in black and white. Then, too, the exact reproduction of tints and colours will have its uses in a great variety of ways in different arts and sciences. Colour is now the despair of the painter, whether he be artist or mere copyist, but an exact reproduction of colour may lead to new discoveries in the art of combination, and open new vistas to those who are concerned more with the material than with the artistic side of painting.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

At the anniversary of the British Geological Society the retiring president, Sir Archibald Geikie, gave the annual address, which was devoted to a continuation of the subject treated of by him last year. He now dealt, according to *Nature*, with the history of volcanic action in this country from the close of the Silurian period up to older Tertiary time. The remarkable volcanic outbursts that took place in the great lakes of the Lower Old Red Sandstone were first described. From different vents over central Scotland, piles of lava and tuff, much thicker than the height of Vesuvius, were accumulated, and their remains now form the most conspicuous hill-ranges of that district. It was shown how the subterranean activity gradually lessened and died out, with only a slight revival in the far north during the time of the Upper Old Red Sandstone, and how it broke out again with great vigour at the beginning of the Carboniferous period. Sir Archibald pointed out that the Carboniferous volcanoes belonged to two distinct types and two separate epochs of eruption. The earlier series produced extensive submarine lavasheets, the remains of which now rise as broad terraced plateaux over parts of the lowlands of Scotland. The later series manifested itself chiefly in the formation of numerous cones of ashes, like the *puy*s of Auvergne, which were dotted over the lagoons and shallow seas in central Scotland, Derbyshire, Devonshire, and the south-west of Ireland. After a long quiescence, volcanic action once more reappeared in the Permian period; and numerous small vents were opened in Fife and Ayrshire, and far to the south in Devonshire. With these eruptions the long record of Palaeozoic volcanic activity closed. No trace has yet been discovered of any volcanic rocks intercalated among the Secondary formations of this country, so that the whole of the vast interval of the Mesozoic period was a prolonged time of quiescence at last when the soft clays and sands of the Lower Tertiary deposits of the south-east of England began to be laid down, a stupendous series of fissures was opened across the greater part of Scotland, the north of England, and the north of Ireland. Into these fissures lava rose, forming a notable system of parallel dykes. Along the great hollow from Antrim northwards between the outer Hebrides and the mainland of Scotland, the lava flowed out at the surface and formed the well-known basaltic plateaux of that

region. The address concluded with a summary of the more important facts in British volcanic history bearing on the investigation of the nature of volcanic action. Among these Sir Archibald laid special stress on the evidence for volcanic periods, during each of which there was a gradual change of the internal magma from a basic to an acid condition, and he pointed out how this cycle had been repeated again and again even within the same limited area of eruption. In conclusion, he dwelt on the segregation of minerals in large eruptive masses, and indicated the importance of this fact in the investigation, not only of the constitution and changes of the volcanic magma, but also of the ancient gneisses where what appear to be original structures have not yet been effaced.—*Science.*

SOME trials with solidified petroleum were made a few weeks ago at the works of the Solidified Petroleum Corporation at Hackney Wick, London, and they demonstrated that a six horse-power tubular boiler containing eighty gallons of water could be heated by sixty-two pounds of the Chenhall fuel (or solidified oil), and in 36½ minutes steam raised to indicate sixty pounds to the inch, while it took 106 pounds of coal and wood to raise steam sixty pounds in one hour's time.—*Engineering and Mining Journal.*

ENTERPRISING proprietors of large farms would do well to look into the subject of electric power to perform their farm work. Some interesting experiments have been made in this direction by the State Agricultural and Mechanical College of Alabama, at Auburn, Ala., and the electric plant is now running successfully. The power is put to various uses, such as ginning, pressing cotton, cutting up feed stuff, thrashing grain, etc. This plant is the first of its kind ever established.—*Electrical Age.*

HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA absolutely cures all diseases caused by impure blood and it builds up the whole system.

THE need for telegraphic and telephonic intercommunication between lighthouses, lightships, life-saving stations and the coast is so apparent as to require no argument. The Government should take the matter up at once and provide a complete and serviceable system of communication.—*Electrical Review.*

EVERY TESTIMONIAL in behalf of Hood's Sarsaparilla is strictly true and will bear the closest investigation. No matter where it may be from, it is as reliable and worthy your confidence as if it came from your most respected neighbour. Have you ever tried this excellent medicine?

FOR a general family cathartic we confidently recommend **Hood's Pills.** They should be in every home medicine chest.

THE SUMMER DEATH-RATE.—The greatest evidence of the dangers of Cholera Morbus, Diarrhoea, and Dysentery, is the increase in the death-rate of all the leading cities during the summer months. Men and women can not be too careful of their habits of life during the heated term, and particular attention should be paid to the diet of children. A supply of PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER should always be at hand, for it is the only medicine that can be relied on at all times as safe, sure, and speedy. A teaspoonful will cure any ordinary case; but in severe attacks it is occasionally necessary to bathe the sufferer's stomach with the PAIN KILLER. All reputable druggists have it for sale. 25c. price per large bottle.

C. C. RICHARDS & Co.

Gents.—I sprained my leg so badly that I had to be driven home in a carriage. I immediately applied MINARD'S LINIMENT freely and in 48 hours could use my leg again as well as ever. Bridgewater, N.S. JOSHUA WYNAUGHT.

MANGANINE is the name of a new alloy, consisting of copper, nickel and manganese, which has been brought into the market by a German firm as a material of great resisting power, it having a specific resistance higher than that of nickeline, which has hitherto passed as the best resisting metal.

That Tired Feeling

Prevails with its most enervating and discouraging effect in spring and early summer, when the days grow warmer and the toning effect of the cold air is gone. Hood's Sarsaparilla speedily overcomes "that tired feeling," whether caused by change of climate, season or life, by overwork or illness, and imparts a feeling of strength, comfort and self-confidence.

Editor Rowell Talks Common Sense.

"Every one living in our variable climate, particularly as we Americans live during the winter, eating meat, especially fat meat, needs something to cleanse the system and

Free a Clogged Liver

in the spring. Hood's Sarsaparilla completely fills the bill as a Spring Medicine. After taking two or three bottles I always feel a hundred per cent. better, yes, even five hundred per cent. better. The brain is clearer, the body in better condition for work, sleep is sweeter, and the little troubles of life pass by unnoticed."—A. S. ROWELL, Editor *Lancaster Gazette, Lancaster, N. H.*

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

Where other preparations fail. Be sure to get Hood's Sarsaparilla. It is Peculiar to Itself.

Hood's Pills cure liver ills, constipation, biliousness, jaundice, sick headache.

At the Royal Gardens in Edinburgh is a large insectivorous plant, of the genus *Roridula*. The plant is a native of Tasmania. It is a branching bush, with filiform leaves, more slender than those of *Drosera*, and, like the latter, furnished with glandular hairs with which it captures flies. The glandular hairs of the leaf of *Drosera* will not move on contact with inorganic matter, but they will contract upon a minute piece of fresh meat in the space of twenty seconds. The insects most abundantly captured by *Drosera* are ants.—*Popular Science News.*

RECENT experiments by Messrs. W. Thomson and F. Lewis on the action of metals on india-rubber, according to *Engineering*, show that that of copper is the most deleterious. Platinum, palladium, aluminium, and lead act only very slightly, while magnesium, zinc, cadmium, cobalt, nickel, iron, chromium, tin, arsenic, antimony, bismuth, silver and gold have no action whatever on this material. Of metallic salts, those of copper are very destructive, but nitrate of silver, manganese oxide, and several less common salts are equally so. The nitrates of iron, sodium, uranium, and ammonia have also a deleterious action, though less pronounced than in the case of the salts previously mentioned.—*Science.*

WHEN the air around us becomes condensed—shrinks into a smaller volume—it becomes heavier, puts greater pressure on the surface of the mercury, and makes it ascend in the tube; then the mercury is said to rise. When the air expands—swells into a larger volume—it becomes lighter, the pressure on the mercury is less, the mercury sinks in the tube, and the barometer is said to fall. Therefore every change of height of the quicksilver which we observe is a sign and measure of a change in the volume of air around us. Further, this change in volume tells no less upon the air inside our cases and cupboards. When the barometer falls, the air around expands into a larger volume, and the air inside the cupboard also expands and forces itself out at every minute crevice. When the barometer rises again, the air inside the cupboard, as well as outside, condenses and shrinks, and air is forced back into the cupboard to equalize the pressure; and along with the air, in goes the dust. The smaller the crevice, the stronger the jet of air, the farther goes the dirt. Witness the dirt-tracks so often seen in imperfectly framed engravings or photographs. Remember, ladies and gentlemen, whenever you see the barometer rising, that an additional charge of dust is entering your cupboards and drawers.—*From Dust and Fresh Air, by T. Pridgin Teale, in the Popular Science Monthly for June.*

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, etc.