

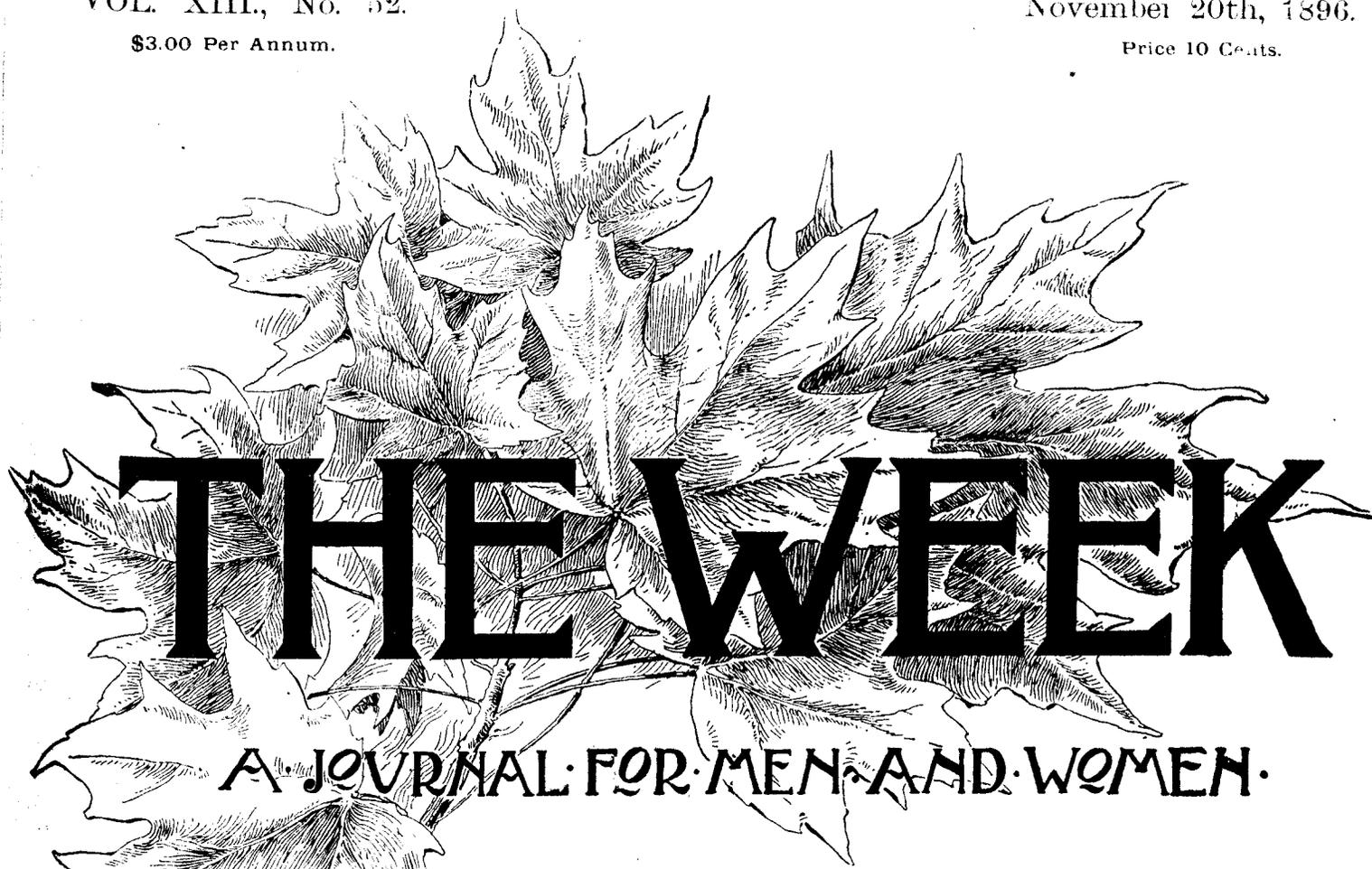
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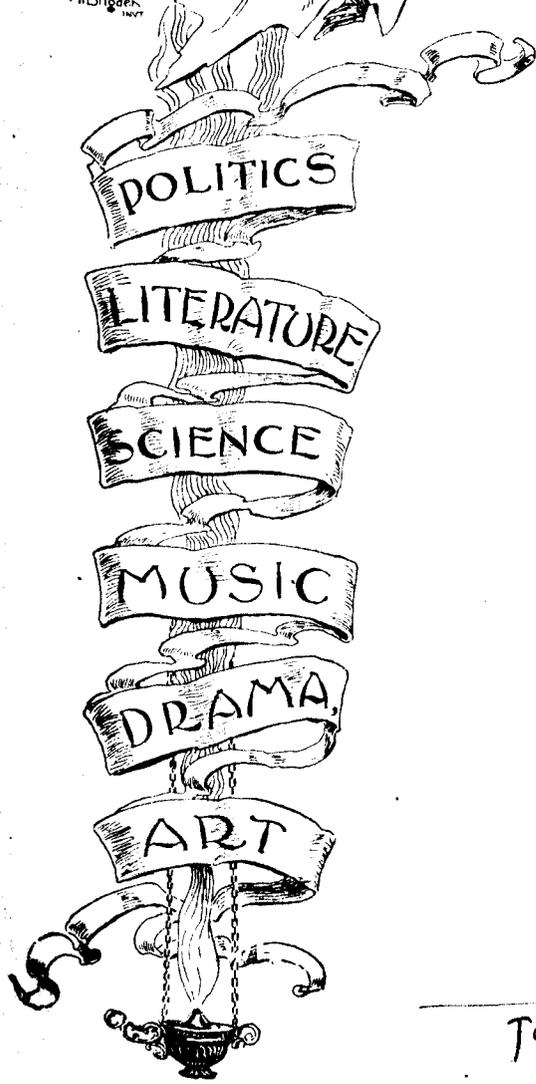
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THE WEEK

A JOURNAL FOR MEN AND WOMEN.

Fl. Bridger



Fall.

The wind has stalked adown the garden path,
And blown the lights of all the sweet flow'rs out;
From maple wood I hear his stormy shout;
The russet leaves take flight before his wrath;
In stubble-field and clover-aftermath,
The wreckage of the year is strown around;
The mottled asters lie upon the ground;—
Of all the bloom, the tyrant north-wind bath
Left only golden-rod, in saffron rows,—
And these, with bulging cheeks, he blows and
blows.
Until they glow, and mingle with the west,
When setting suns lean low upon the land,
And songless birds, in cheerless plumage dressed,
Wing south or somewhere; mute, discouraged
band.

JOHN STUART THOMSON.

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THE WEEK.

Vol. XIII.

Toronto, Friday, November 20th, 1896.

No. 52

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THE WEEK: C. BLACKETT ROBINSON, MANAGER.

Current Topics.

Immigration.

The increase of the population of the Dominion, and especially of the region west of Lake Superior, is an absolute necessity to the prosperity of the country. An enormous amount of capital has been expended on this part of the Dominion, with very little return. The net result is a railway across the plains, for which there is an insufficiency of traffic, and which is consequently forced to charge heavy rates for freight and passengers; a few scattered settlements which ought to have been continuous in order to minimize the hardships of pioneering; a number of Indians cooped up in reserves and maintained at Government expense, when they might just as well have been left to roam in freedom over the wilderness; and a costly police force, which, but for the policy of throwing open the whole country prematurely, might have been dispensed with. The withdrawal of capital for investment in land that is still non-producing has exhausted the older Provinces, while the fiscal burdens resulting from unprofitable public expenditures has had a stifling effect on almost every form of industry. The acquisition of the North-West from the Hudson Bay Company has so far proved a burden instead of a boon to Canada. Whether it will continue to do so depends on the policy to be adopted. That the people of the West are themselves fully alive to its great need is shown by the organization of a "Western Canada Immigration Association," with branches in Western Ontario, Manitoba, Assiniboia, Alberta, Saskatchewan, and British Columbia. The central office of the society is, very appropriately, established in Winnipeg, the gateway of the North-West. Such a propaganda can do much to aid the Government in promoting settlement, especially as it has adopted for its aim the principle that "every acre of land must be freed and given to the people." The treatment of speculative holders may have to be drastic, but the public interest demands that every owner shall either live on his holding or sell to some one who will do so.

The C.P.R.
Telegraph Operators.

The recent strike of telegraph operators on the Canadian Pacific Railway has terminated more pleasantly than such struggles generally do. The strike was called off on a promise by the railway management that the grievances of the men would be considered without prejudice, and now it is announced that an agreement has been arrived at, which is satisfactory to both parties. It is announced also that the employees are thoroughly loyal to the company, and such a consummation is one on which both the management and the public are to be congratulated. It would be bad for both if the telegraph operators were not keenly vigilant to prevent accidents, and their vigilance is not likely to be enhanced by a feeling of ill-will toward the great corporation which employs them.

The Queen's
Counsel Case.

The Court of Appeal for the Province of Ontario has unanimously decided that the Ontario statute which authorizes the Lieutenant-Governor to confer the title of "Queen's Counsel" is valid. This does not mean that the Governor-General has no right to confer the same title, but he does it as Vice-regal representative of the Queen. The occasion of the statute in question was a doubt as to whether the Lieutenant-Governor represents Her Majesty in her capacity of fountain of honour, and to settle the whole matter, including the right of precedence and pre-audience in the Ontario courts, the statute was passed. The judgment may be appealed, but it seems very unlikely that such a decision, which affects only the courts of this Province, will be reversed. On the other hand, a Queen's Counsel of Provincial appointment cannot, *ipso facto*, claim precedence or pre-audience in a Dominion court as against a Queen's Counsel of Vice-regal creation.

The Women's
Christian Temperance
Union.

It was announced at the Canadian convention of the W.C.T.U., held recently in Toronto, that the world's convention of the same society would be held in this city next year. The event is sure to be an interesting one, as it will bring here a large number of eminent social reformers from Great Britain and the United States. At the annual convention of the United States Union, held last week in St. Louis, a letter was read from Lady Somerset in which she says, "it is as certain as anything in this changing life can be," that she will attend the meeting in Toronto in 1897. Both in Britain and in the United States the attention of the W.C.T.U. has this year been occupied with plans for the amelioration of the unhappy lot of the persecuted Armenians. At the St. Louis convention Miss Frances Willard presided, and in her opening address she gave prominence to the same subject.

Algoma
Coal.

Owing to widespread interest in the recent report that anthracite coal had been discovered near Sudbury in the District of Algoma, Professor Coleman, of the School of Practical Science, was recently sent up to inspect the locality. His report, published in the form of a "bulletin" of the Bureau of Mines, is a careful statement of thoroughly ascertained

facts, accompanied by a few cautious conjectures. That the alleged "coal" is sufficiently carbonaceous to be used as fuel seems beyond doubt, though the conditions under which it occurs point to an origin quite different from that of ordinary anthracite. No experiment has been made on any large scale to ascertain whether it can be used economically for either smelting or the production of steam power. Only by actual exploration can it be determined whether the extent of the deposit is sufficiently great to warrant a heavy outlay of capital in exploiting it. The vein in sight "dips" so rapidly that though it is visible at a considerable height on the side of a steep hill, it disappears below under a thick bed of boulder clay. An effort should, probably will, be made to ascertain its extent by boring at some distance below the point of disappearance. It may be added that all the experts who have made tests or observations are agreed in the opinion that the deposit is bituminous, and that if it is of great extent, it will prove to be of great economic value.

The Torrens
System.

The length of time required for the Torrens system of land transfer to make its way on this continent is very surprising to those who have studied it sufficiently to know its merits. Its progress has been comparatively slow in the Province of Ontario, where it has been established as an optional system for many years, and it has just received a set-back in the State of Illinois, where a Torrens statute has been declared by the State Supreme Court to be unconstitutional. There is a prevailing impression that the slow spread of the system is due in part to the self-interest of those who make a living to some extent by title searching, but it is probably due very largely also to the ignorance and apathy of the general public. A man does not care about the title to his land until he is about to convey it, and then he has little time or inclination to put it beyond question for the benefit of future owners. A stronger public opinion, based on a keener appreciation of the evils of the present system and the effectiveness of the proposed remedy, is greatly needed, but it seems difficult to secure the necessary enlightenment.

Irish
Informers.

No amount of experience seems sufficient to convince the "force" party in Irish Nationalist movements that the British Government is able to outwit and defeat them by resorting simply to police methods of espionage. Wherever and whenever one Irish "patriot" can be found ready to conspire with other "patriots" to blow up a British building with dynamite, or assassinate a British statesman in cold blood, one of his fellow conspirators can be found ready for a consideration to give away the plot and the plotters. Want of even the honour that is proverbial among thieves is certainly not a characteristic of Irishmen as such, but it does seem to be a characteristic of the men who are heartless enough to plan wholesale destruction of innocent persons for no other apparent motive than a desire to exploit the sympathies of their compatriots so as to secure an easy living. The British Government took a hand in the conspiracy worked up in New York by Tynan, who has been sent back to America from France, and Ivory, who is still under trial in England. At the preliminary investigation of the charge on which the latter was arraigned the inevitable "British spy" appeared. Sent to America for the purpose, he wormed himself into the Irish Nationalist organizations, became possessed of their secrets, furnished the information which led to the arrest of conspirators in Paris and Glasgow, and gave evidence which led to the commitment of Ivory. It is not an extravagant

assumption that he has enough of information in reserve to make sure the conviction of the latter and a life sentence for conspiracy.

British Land
Grabbing.

Two more characteristic incidents, which have only recently come to light, illustrate admirably the chronic attitude of Great Britain toward the acquisition of new territory. Early in the late Chino-Japanese war the Chinese Government, fearing that the Island of Formosa might fall into the hands of Japan, as it has since done, offered it to Britain, and it was promptly refused by the British Government. There is good reason to believe that it would have been much better for the Formosans to come under British than it has actually been for them to come under Japanese control, but all that is now matter of history. In connection with the same war two of the other great powers sounded the British Government as to the desirability of dividing the Chinese Empire among the three of them, and they met with a prompt and emphatic refusal. It is not hard to guess what two powers they were, nor is it unreasonable to suppose that Her Majesty Queen Victoria had something to do with the peremptory tone of the declinature, as she had with the emphatic refusal of Great Britain to join France in the recognition of the independence of the Southern Confederation at a critical period of the American civil war.

Great Britain
and Russia.

Lord Salisbury, in his Mansion House speech, is reported to have repudiated the idea that there was necessarily permanent antagonism between Great Britain and Russia, and to have characterized it as "a superstition of antiquated diplomacy." This way of putting the matter is rather reassuring just now, when a good understanding with Russia seems to be the only way of stopping the Armenian massacres. But what about the Bulgarian massacres, which Russia interfered twenty years ago to prevent or to punish, and about the attitude of Lord Salisbury himself at that time toward Russia? He and his then party chief, Lord Beaconsfield, went to Berlin for the express purpose of thwarting the humane designs of the Emperor of Russia, the grandfather of the present Czar. By a great sacrifice of men and money the Russian Government had freed the Slav provinces from Turkish rule, and if the British Government had shown any disposition to co-operate with Russia it would have been put forever out of the Sultan's power to play again the part of a "great assassin." The Treaty of Berlin is a standing monument to the discredit of Lord Salisbury, and the discredit is greatly increased by the contemporary secret treaty with Turkey in virtue of which Cyprus was annexed to the British Empire.

A Question of
Veracity.

An English nobleman has undertaken in a public speech to explain away the German Emperor's telegram to President Kruger of the Transvaal, which was the occasion of the British "flying squadron" and might easily have led to a war between the two countries. He says, on the Emperor's own authority, that the despatch, properly interpreted, was simply a refusal of President Kruger's previous request for assistance. During the excitement caused by Jameson's raid, the British agent at Pretoria charged Kruger with sending such a request, and both the President and the German Foreign Minister denied that he had done so. Either they lied then, or the German Emperor is prevaricating now. The whole incident shows how eager the latter is to cultivate the good will of Great Britain, after having

flouted her so frequently and so insultingly. The Boers of South Africa will soon realize, if they are still unaware of the fact, that no foreign power will ever be permitted to interfere between them and the British influence which will ultimately and inevitably draw them into the British empire. South Africa may some day become independent, as Canada or Australia may, but the Transvaal will never become a separate independent State.

Lord Rosebery's
Speech.

The full text of Lord Rosebery's Edinburgh speech has reached America, and while it shows that his utterances were frank, it shows also that they were indiscreet. He stated that he had resigned the leadership to pave the way for unity in the Liberal party, but if that were his real reason he should have avoided public explanations and trusted to time to clear up the apparent mystery. We know something in Canada of the unpleasantness which may be caused by similar explanations under similar circumstances from a leader who has failed. The time which has elapsed since Lord Rosebery delivered his speech is very short, but it is long enough to show that he was very much "off" on the Armenian question, and that not only Mr. Gladstone, but also Lord Salisbury and Sir William Harcourt had a keener appreciation of the real character of the crisis. The truth seems to be either that Lord Rosebery was needlessly afraid of a European war, or that, like the late Lord Beaconsfield, he was affected by some kind of pro-Turkish sympathy in which the Liberals have no share. Either explanation, if correct, is enough to prove that he was an impossible Liberal leader.

Henry
George

One of the peculiarities of the late Presidential campaign was the fervour with which Henry George threw himself into it on the Democratic side. It seems strange that a propagandist who makes his sociological crusade intensely ethical should be fatuous enough to turn against himself the ethical spirit of the nation which revolted at the proposal to pay all creditors, home and foreign, in depreciated currency. Mr. George may say that he believed the United States could, without an international concert, maintain freely coined silver at a ratio of sixteen to one, but not even Mr. Bryan contended that this could be done without a preliminary commercial crash. Mr. George has further discredited himself by his persistent and senselessly sanguine predictions of Democratic success. Almost on the eve of polling day he put himself on record with the assurance that Bryan was certain to carry the State of New York. It is difficult to believe that he had so convinced himself, unless one is prepared to attribute to him a lack of insight which would lower him greatly in the general scale of intelligence. This was a good election for the advocates of the single tax to keep out of, for reasons which will be found ably stated in another part of this issue by one of their most skilful publicists.

Untrustworthy
Ironclads

An old-fashioned wooden man-of-war might be penetrated by a cannon ball, but it would never sink without some such injury. The modern ironclad has a bad habit of going down without provocation, apparently as the result of overweight and unwieldiness. One of the great war-vessels of the United States navy, the Texas, sank the other day at her dock, and investigation has brought to light some curious facts which will increase the prevalent impression that such huge structures are unseaworthy. The breaking of a sea-valve allowed the water to rush into one of her engine-rooms, but the

water-tight door between it and the next one was promptly closed. The water, from some mysterious cause, not only filled the second engine-room, but poured into the magazine, which was separated from it by a continuous bulkhead without a door opening in it. This means that the mere breaking of such a valve would undoubtedly have caused the foundering of the vessel if she had been at sea. The investigation has shown that the bulkheads are so tight that under the pressure of water they spring and cause great leaks. In the case of the Texas the water not only passed round the edges of the bulkheads, but through seams in the metal of which they are made.

The Monroe
Doctrine.

Until recently the Monroe doctrine was intended simply to prevent European nations from increasing their territorial possessions in America or from acquiring new ones; it has by the settlement of the Venezuela controversy been greatly extended in its scope. The United States having insisted that Great Britain should submit her claims to arbitration, and Great Britain having agreed to do so, the former nation becomes responsible to the latter for Venezuela's acceptance of the award, whatever it may be. This is a material extension of the original doctrine, but a great deal more is fairly implied. Should Venezuela at any time hereafter invade British Guiana, the United States will be responsible for any damage therefrom resulting, unless she is prepared to recede from her present position and allow Great Britain without protest to inflict punishment even to the extent of appropriating territory. In fact, the United States will henceforth be responsible for the way in which all the central and southern states of this continent behave themselves toward all the great powers of Europe. She must see that they keep the peace unless she is prepared to pay the damages. Whether this sudden and tremendous extension of the Monroe doctrine is or is not a good thing for the United States, it certainly is very advantageous to Great Britain. She has had chronic trouble with half-civilized and turbulent neighbours whom this self-constituted protector will now be forced to police in her interest. It may fairly be considered doubtful whether Secretary Olney read all this into his own despatches when he was writing them, or into President Cleveland's message when he was prompting it; it is doubtful, also, whether the people of the United States will not tire of their gratuitously assumed task; but there can be no doubt of the substantial advantage obtained by Great Britain in receiving such security in exchange for the mere consent to arbitrate claims which may yet be decided in her favour.

* * *

The Tariff Inquiry.

AN investigation of the working of the customs tariff of Canada has been commenced by a committee of the Dominion Executive Council, the members of which are Sir Richard Cartwright, Hon. W. S. Fielding, and Hon. William Patterson, who hold respectively the positions of Minister of Trade and Commerce, Minister of Finance, and Controller of Customs. The avowed purpose of the inquiry is to ascertain how the tariff may be safely and advantageously improved by legislation during the approaching session of Parliament, and the method resorted to is hearing statements in different cities from deputations which represent the various industries likely to be affected.

The course thus adopted is not without precedent. At all times when tariff reform has been on the tapis, deputa-

tions to the seat of Government have been the practice. Three years ago a new departure was made when small committees of the Executive Council made tours through the country for the purpose of meeting the public locally. The chief difference between the present inquiry and the one then carried on is the greater degree of change which is not unnaturally expected from an Administration the members of which are strongly pledged to fiscal reform, and to at least a partial elimination of the principle of protection from the customs tariff.

The course adopted three years ago and pursued now seems to be an eminently practical and rational one. No Minister, however able, can safely assume to be omniscient in trade matters, and the representatives of one industry are not necessarily capable of speaking with authority for others. To ask all tariff deputations to go to Ottawa is to make the acquisition of indispensable information needlessly costly and necessarily imperfect. The plan now acted on is much the better way of accomplishing the desired end—namely, to make the Ministers who have special charge of the tariff so well acquainted with the industrial and commercial condition of the country that any changes deemed by Parliament to be necessary in the general public interest shall cause as little disturbance as possible. Senator Sherman recently expressed the opinion that the work of tariff revision in the United States should be entrusted to a Commission; the Canadian method seems to be a near approach to his ideal, for it would be difficult to bring together a body of Commissioners more able to discern the real condition of the country, or more interested in arriving at safe conclusions respecting it.

There seems to be a prevalent disposition on the part of boards of trade, manufacturers, merchants, and farmers to approach this difficult subject in a spirit of moderation. If this can be maintained through the hearings and discussions of the coming months it will be a fortunate thing for the country. The problem to be solved will tax the intelligence and ingenuity of the whole business community, but its solution will be greatly facilitated by a spirit of mutual forbearance and a general desire to promote the welfare of the community at large. We have clearly arrived at a serious crisis in the management of our public affairs—a crisis made all the more serious by the uncertainty as to the policy to be adopted by the United States. Every consideration of patriotism demands that its gravity shall not be increased by petty struggles between various industries to get the better of each other.

* * *

Single Tax in the Presidential Campaign.

THE recent Presidential conflict marks a new parting of the ways. The slavery agitation, the question of reconstruction, the bloody shirt, have disappeared from American politics, and now the cleavage is on new lines, namely, democracy versus plutocracy. The silver question was merely an incident in the new formation of parties and it is unfortunate that this question was pushed to the front; for at the back of this rallying cry was a still larger problem which calls imperatively for solution.

Nowhere does history furnish a parallel to the rapidity of the growth of this continent. The opening of new territories, the construction of new railroads, the development of the steamship, the telegraph, the telephone and the postal service, the application of steam and electricity to methods of production, the growth of large towns with all the appliances of the most advanced civilization have proceeded at a rate that eclipses all past ages.

All this relates to the department of production. So ample appeared the resources of the continent, that the

development of these resources seemed to be the only question worth considering, and the subject of distribution was but little thought of. The happy-go-lucky boast that Uncle Sam could give everyone a farm kept the idea of social pressure to one side.

So long as there was abundance of cheap land on which the workmen could easily become his own employer, he would not submit to a poor share of the product of his industry; but that resource is quickly disappearing. At the same time a host of farmers find themselves struggling with mortgages signed when wheat was a dollar a bushel. The pressure is showing itself with indubitable signs in the large cities. The vast number of unemployed during some years is a necessary hotbed of discontent.

While thousands of farmers have seen themselves crowded from their homesteads to the status of tenants, while hundreds of thousands of workmen have seen employment become more precarious, there have sprung up a number of millionaires with fortunes of such rapid growth that it is difficult for the mind to grasp their extent and power. The farmer or the mechanic who found it difficult to make both ends meet might be excused for asking how it can be just that another man could procure a million or ten millions in a year.

Many people are beginning to see that "someone has blundered." How is it that the heritage of the people, the mines of coal, iron, gold, silver and copper, the oil and gas wells, the unearned increment of the vast cities, the combinations of railroads, telegraphs and other natural monopolies have all passed into the hands of a comparatively small proportion of the people?

All these are the factors that gave to the silver question its weight and backing, and unfortunately the defeat of Bryan does nothing whatever to solve these problems or to provide a remedy.

It would be difficult to furnish a better illustration than the recent contest of the inadequacy of our present method of voting on public questions. There may be half-a-dozen questions on which the voter is desirous of recording his opinion, but by a peculiar combination of circumstances, he is asked which of two things he prefers; which will he have, high protection or high silver? To thousands of voters the question presented itself in this form: "Which robbery do you vote for? Will you double the price of imports or will you double the price of silver?"

Until we allow the voter the opportunity of voting directly on any question, irrespective of party ties or party triumphs, so long will he often be compelled to vote, not for what he desires, but for what he believes to be the less of two evils.

So far as the discussion of the two parties was concerned it was singularly inconclusive. McKinley declared that legislation could not affect values and yet his whole tariff legislation had this object always in view. Bryan attributed the hard times to the appreciation of gold, but there were other values that had appreciated a hundred-fold more than gold of which he made no mention. They both professed to increase wages; but how McKinleyism could do so while Carnegie could get free access to the Italian and Hungarian labour market the apostle of protection explained not, and how Bryanism's sixteen-to-one would relieve the labourer from his present disabilities, the plucky candidate did not show.

Neither of the candidates nor their friends came anywhere near reaching the root of the matter. The movements of values that are producing the social cleavage are not by any means difficult to trace, nor does it require vast erudition for their understanding.

Steam, electricity, chemical and mechanical agencies have revolutionized the methods of production so that in many departments we can now turn out ten, a hundred or a thousand-fold the results of our great-grandfathers. Hence the marvels of cheapness in nearly all departments of production.

It is in the department of labour products that we find this tendency to greater cheapness and intenser competition; but when we come to the values of those natural opportunities, the land, the minerals, the forests, those things that cannot be increased, but for which an increased population is ever making a greater demand, there we find values advancing with leaps and bounds to figures truly fabulous. In

a century the land in some parts of New York has increased in value a hundred-thousand-fold, from \$30 per acre to \$3,000,000 per acre, a recent sale on the corner of Pine and Nassau Streets realized nearly \$2 per square inch equivalent to nearly \$12,000,000 per acre. The increase of the land value in that city last year was upwards of \$40,000,000. With Chicago increasing 100,000 in population yearly, New York 70,000 yearly, Buffalo 25,000 yearly, we have an increase of land value in these three cities alone approximating \$100,000,000 annually.

Here we have the two great movements of values, labour products ever declining, while the values of lands, mines and forests are ever advancing. While labour comes to market with its products ever cheaper, it must meet an obligation ever increasing to the claimants of unearned increment. This is the great severing force that is ever exalting one part of society into excessive fortunes and dooming industry to a despair of penury.

The currency question has nothing whatever to do with this force of cleavage. It would operate under the very best currency that men or angels could devise, and the adoption of 16 to 1, or any other number to one, would do nothing to correct it.

The atrocious doctrine of McKinleyism, that a blockade of the ports and a stoppage of trade will cure the social evils, is so utterly absurd that another generation will look back in amazement at the present-day worship of false financial gods. Forty million people standing on that piece of dirt called Britain will ruin us if we trade freely; but if they come and stand on this piece of dirt called the United States, then let the trade with them be absolutely free, the freer the better, it will be an enormous blessing. Such is the absurd contradiction of McKinleyism. It is the religion of dirt.

In the unearned values that come to the natural opportunities through the presence of population, nature furnishes a storehouse of wealth from which taxes can be equitably drawn. Their method of taxation has everything in its favour, compelling everyone to contribute according to the advantage he draws from the community. If this value is not put in the public treasury then it acts as an incentive to speculation, and effectually subjects labour to an everlasting tribute. If labour, therefore, will not have free trade, coming with its hands laden as a cornucopia of plenty, offering an exchange of enrichment for enrichment, then it must submit to a free tribute, to support the regal splendours of an Astor or a Westminster.

Neither a McKinley nor a Bryan will lead the people from the wilderness into the promised land, a Moses has yet to come.

W. A. DOUGLASS.

The Schools and Common Christianity.

THE question of religious instruction in the Public Schools is still to the front, not only in the matter of Manitoba, but also in connection with those of our own Province. The late influential deputation from the Anglican Synod to the Ontario Government is but another indication of what the writer of this article has more than once in the columns of this journal said; this question will never down until some conclusion is reached as to a common Christianity which, containing the root principles thereof, may be safely and effectually taught to the children. That the writer dreams of discovering that common Christianity so as to commend his views for general acceptance is not to be thought of for one moment; "every little helps," however, and his little he hopes to contribute. The special trend of the considerations now to be presented is this: The endeavour to find a common Christianity by the elimination of the politics and doctrines peculiar to the sects has been illustrated by the story of the Russian nobleman who, across the wide steppe, was being pursued by wolves: serfs, children, at last wife, were one by one thrown out, to stay for a little the hungry pack, and when at last alone he reached the village, even his horses left a prey, he asked, "What have I done? All gone, nothing left!" I purpose to ask whether a residuum worth retaining remains, all sectarian enrobing being thrown away. In this endeavour the patient reader is asked to remember that the enquiry is not as to a perfect representation of Christianity, but a common Chris-

tianity such as the schools may teach. A correspondent deprecates leaving out of what is named the Apostles' Creed the article, "He descended into hell," forgetting that whatever opinions may have prevailed, three centuries' work was done by the churches without it forming part of the common Christianity. There are some who see no hope of a consensus until all agree to eliminate from *baptizo* every possible meaning but "immerse." No real progress can be made in the mind of others without either a central authority at St. Peter's See, or in a church that has preserved its historic continuity. No view by others would be permitted of the Incarnation but one that recognized the subtleties of the Nicene Creed, and thus on *ad infinitum*. More truth than we are disposed to admit may lie in the following sentence from an address of the late Prof Stuart Blackie:—"I cannot be very far from the truth when I say that the teaching of the theologians consists mainly in a systematic course of unconscious sophistry, by which the students are trained to use Scripture as a repository of fencing tools to ward away any attacks that may be made on a traditional dogma, popularly accepted as infallible." Nor will I profess to leave out all traces of the personal equation, but shall minimize it to the utmost of my ability, and see if the residuum reaches the zero point.

Confessedly Christ is the foundation and centre of Christian teaching; as certainly may it be assumed that in the four gospels and the teachings of the epistles we have all that as ultimate authority must be accepted as the record of His life and work. Has Christ any central truths to teach? One fundamental truth He assumes: God. He never attempts proof of the divine personality, He reveals concerning "the Father." The Fatherhood of God is surely no barren residuum; "but not distinctively Christian," some may say. No? I do not find it in Islam, nor in Hindoo pantheism; but even should it be foreshadowed in other than purely Christian dogmatics, we may gladly recognize the witness God gave to Himself in doing good, giving rain from heaven and fruitful seasons, filling men's hearts with food and gladness; moreover:

"Though truths in manhood darkly given,
Deep seated in our mystic frame,
We yield all blessing to the name
Of Him that made them current coin."

I take the Fatherhood of God as a distinctive Christian truth.

Further, Christ takes this truth of the Fatherhood of God and applies it: "Ye are brethren"; and that brotherhood becomes broader and deeper than ever dreamt of before. The Jew was taught to love his neighbour; but neighbour was Jew written in capitals; the Roman upheld the majesty of law, and even-handed justice, but he that sought protection thereunder must needs possess the right to utter *Civis Romanus sum*; Greece claimed confederacy among Greeks, the world was barbarian. "All nations" were to be brought under discipleship to the Gospel-teaching; and in place of the enquiry "Who is my neighbour?" men are taught the rather to seek the opportunity of being neighbour to any that are needy. From this kinship, reciprocal duties spring; truthfulness, honesty, love; the law of self-sacrifice—Christ Himself being the great example—taking the place of self-seeking. From this "residuum," what lessons of mercy, purity, spirituality arise! Mere ethics, some friend impatiently exclaims. True, but is not religion ethical? Only these distinctively Christian ethics, for such I claim them to be, are not founded upon the ground of expediency, benevolence, or even the right for the right's sake; but "Be ye perfect, as your heavenly Father is perfect." That personal relation of the individual to a personal living, loving God, which must be at the root of all true religion, is the religious basis of Christian ethics, and is the ground presented by Christ. I call this distinctively Christian, and they who walk accordingly not far from the Kingdom of God. And I further submit, that be this residuum little or much in the esteem of any, we have abundant foundation therein for true character, and ample room for advanced instruction in those things that pertain to godliness.

But would you not teach the Incarnation? Some friend may say, The Incarnation would teach itself if Christ were allowed to put His own truths to the children. Let the Master speak in His own words; what else of truth the denominations have, and they all are spelling out some right principle, can be readily left for strictly denominational

treatment. We are not considering here a platform for organic unity, but fundamentals for the children.

"We would need a new qualification in candidates for teachers." Most heartily I say yea. Our present system grinds out patterns, but fails in cultivating men. There is in mind at this moment a school whose chief has high certificates so far as examinations go; whose general department is negatively correct, but whose whole bearing is small, mean, without the shadow of moral strength. In that same school is another teacher whose conscientious work and moral earnestness makes the class diligent, respectful, true; legal qualifications of the lowest. The one religiously or pettifoggingly ecclesiastical, the other free, genial, true. Which is the true educator? And this is no solitary case. The old dominies were severe, but they had character, yea, religion, and the candidate who cannot illustrate Christian ethics has no more right to be seated in the schoolmaster's chair, though all the certificates possible were in his hands, than a poor provincial who stumbles over the "hatches and the heels," and fails to count beyond a hundred.

JOHN BURTON.

A Nos Freres.

The world is full of souls with passion fraught;
Rare souls who feel the ecstasy and thrill
Of noble efforts that, by strength of will,
Would break their bonds and find what others sought.
Mysterious as the seer's impenetrable thought,
Are these, the dream-filled ones who, hoping still,
Live on and nurse their rapture-lulling thoughts until
Death seals their lids and they become as naught.

Oh, brothers, we can love thee! we can share
The crust of Pity and become your friends!
Though sundered be our ways, the journeying ends
In realms of mutual bliss beyond compare.
Dream, hope and labour till each task be done,
Then fall asleep and find thy victory won.

P. F. D. DUNN.

Letter from Paris.

ONE religion the French are ever faithful to—the cult of the dead. All-Saints' day was duly observed by decorating graves and visiting the resting places of those not dead, but gone before. The weather, on the whole, kept up well; it was mild though foggy and gloomy. The twenty-six intra and extra muros cemeteries were visited by nearly a total of half a million people. All bring some memento to deposit on a grave of a relative or as a tribute of admiration to genius or virtue. These pilgrimages are models of respectable gatherings; their members are clad in mourning costumes; if not owned by the wearer they are borrowed, or collectively hired for the day. The trade in flowers—chrysanthemums, violets, roses and immortelles—must have been enormous. For a relative or friend a bouquet is expected; for a celebrity a small bunch of violets suffice. The number on a tomb is a fair test of popular esteem. The Russians, who are ever church-going, had a memorial service for the late Czar.

At Perè La Chaise every tomb had a fresh forget-me-not. The mausoleum of Thiers had more than ordinary; Challemet-Lecours' newly made grave was covered with wreaths. That of Madame Alboni was also well strewn with souvenirs, partially so the tomb of the poet Alfred de Musset, whose memory has been these days exhumed by the nasty love letters of George Sand of 62 years ago. How dismal are such ashes of the heart made by lapse of time.

The Montmartre cemetery received over 25,000 persons; the tomb most visited was that of Marie Duplessis, more world-wide known as "The Lady of the Camellias." Close by was the sepulchre of Dumas Fils, who made her a celebrity, not thickly flowered. But Dumas was never popular, and his desiring to be dressed in a workman's garb for grave clothes alienated many of his friends. The grave of Jules Simon was not forgotten, nor were those of Berlioz and Leo Delibes. Renan's sepulchre displayed no marks of floral sympathy to attract attention. In the Montparnasse cemetery the most popular grave is that of the good and chari-

table Madame Boucicault, the founder of the great *Bon Marché* store—a poor country laundry maid, who rose to fortune by hard work and business talents, or genius, and left all her millions to assuage several phases of human misery. The tomb—query cenotaph?—of George Sand was avoided; this is a censure of her memory, due to her treatment of the poet de Musset. In the suburban graveyards the visitors also were numerous. That at Pantin displayed the vast popular pity for Madame Hayem and her seven children. This was an American lady who, having exhausted all means to exist, suffocated herself and children to escape misery. The curious, of course, did not fail to visit the "Turnip Field" at Ivry where all the guillotined are interred. The great necropolitan holiday passed off well, and citizens felt happy after their pious visitings.

The anarchists have just shown that their party is not dead, nor their doctrines exploded. A young man, aged eighteen, a scullery servant, and from the country, lost his employment, and, unable to find work, was reduced to black misery. He wandered about the streets foodless—a privation he need not have undergone; he offered his top-coat to an old clo' dealer, who refused to buy it, concluding the garment to be stolen. He was armed with a loaded six chamber revolver; close to the Bank of France a young policeman was directing a poor old beggarman the way to a night refuge. The scullery man-maid, who was behind the policeman, placed the revolver at the latter's ear; the victim spun round like a top and fell an inert mass; another policeman ran forward, but before the fiend could be disarmed he lodged a ball in his shoulder. Arrested, the assassin expressed his delight at having avenged himself on society—an act he had long contemplated executing. At his garret home a large collection of anarchic journals and pamphlets was seized—his daily literature, and whose stereotyped text and stimulant is death to the "Haves" for causing the misery of the "Have Nots." The first policeman is not expected to recover; the Prefect de Police visited him in the hospital and pinned on his shirt bosom, by this time his shroud, the decoration of the Legion of Honour, while he presented the good conduct gold medal to the other policeman. If France ever gets into a tight place with a foreign foe, her greatest danger will be at home—the enemy she leaves behind her. Perhaps Germany has to count with a like anxiety, though more disciplined.

Prince Bismarck's revelations and his justification of them place the Kaiser and his Government deeper and deeper in a fix. Germany founded the triple alliance ostensibly to protect herself against Russia, and then sold his partners by negotiating a secret treaty with the late Czar to help him against Germany's partners. In that diplomatic hedging there was no room for morality to come in. Governments will henceforth be "canny" ere they make treaties with Germany. Bismarck is concluded to have two objects in view in thus stabbing his country: to be revenged on the Kaiser who cashiered him, and next to sow distrust in France and England in their relations with Russia. Bismarck committed all sorts of treaty bigamies. It was in 1890 that the secret treaty between Russia and Germany expired; the Czar having found out Bismarck's duplicity would have nothing more to do with him, but at once set his affections on France. The Prince asserts that Russia desired the renewal of the treaty. It is now for the Russian Government to explain. All this is an odd way for maintaining the peace of Europe. Perhaps matters would be more comforting if *all* the Powers tried "splendid isolation."

The silly season is apparently yet in full bloom. Imagine leading British papers obtaining interviews with prominent Frenchmen to ascertain their views about the English scuttling out of Egypt to make room for the French. Not only would every Gaul plump for her evacuating the Nile Valley, but India, South Africa and Britain itself into the bargain. All that kind of proceeding only convinces the French that by keeping up the cry against England, she will withdraw—the very last thing she will do. Why not examine the beam in the Frenchman's own eye? Ask him why he breaks faith by not quitting Tunisia; why he fortifies Bizerta and grabs Madagascar, Tonkin, etc., but objects to England looking after herself? Why not interview Russians as to when they will quit Kars and Batoum? John Bull should organize his

counter-cries. All these matters will only be settled when the allies, if they be allied, come to grips. To keep arming—safety only that way lies. That secured, go in for the civilizations.

Chemist Berthelot is a savant, but exploded when he took up politics. He has just published a work laying down that the scientific law is metamorphosing humanity; that science only can render definite services and make men and institutions possess authority and durability. All this is the old windbagism under a new name. The scientific law does not clear away that ironclad sinner, the Sultan, nor reduce taxes, nor cure toothache, nor guarantee morality in international treaties, nor make peace between mono and bi-metallists. Can science, can philosophy, make a Juliet? Then hang up philosophy. Science, it seems, instructs the good citizen not to refuse his help to every work and task of general interest. That science was founded on a Book, the oldest known, and destined to live the longest, that ignores systems of philosophy and science laws; it simply teaches men how to live and, better still, how to die.

Dr. Toulouse is a young physician who wants to ascertain in what the brains of men of genius differ from ordinary mortals. The old methods of volume and weight do not satisfy him, since idiots have the heaviest and most voluminous brains and skulls. He will make an encyclopædic inquiry, aided by all modern plans for revealing character. He will employ the Röntgen rays, examine the marks on the hands, colour of eyes—save when artificial, and the condition of the teeth, if they be natural. He will investigate the patients' private life and the characteristics of their ancestors—though the divine William says: "We are bastards all." The five senses will be tested. Zola has submitted to all the tests, and sends the doctor a present of a dozen bottles of his this season's gherkins, pickled by his old cook. It is a capital puff for his forthcoming work; as good as if he commanded stanzas from the poet laureate to hosanna his wares.

The postal authorities have reduced the commission for money orders to one sou per every 10 frs.; that is a boon and blessing. There is luck in one sou: that coin purchases a stamp that will give you an extension of 1½ hour to post letters. If only the inland postage was reduced to 2, instead of the 3 sous! We know France, like other countries, cannot exist without bloated armaments; now Deputy Berger asserts that French art cannot exist without its bloated budget; hence the 1½ million frs. will be continued to the four subsidized theatres. There is one new play nearly brought out in France daily, and two songs. But everything in France ends in song.

Edmund de Goncourt left his relatively large fortune to found an opposition French Academy, whose members, limited to ten, were each to receive a salary of 6,000 fr. a year, plus a monthly dinner at a crack restaurant. The "Forty Immortals" only receive 1,000 fr. each a year from the State, and that calculated on their weekly attendance. Goncourt's natural heirs have turned up, artisans and farmers, who oppose the testament. They have all the chances to win, as no second academy can exist without the permission of the State, and it considers one sun in the literary firmament sufficient.

The works of the 1900 Exhibition commence to be marked out. There is plenty of money, plenty of time, and plenty of hands. What will be the history of the world by 1900? Z.

Paris, November 4th, 1896.

Canadian Literature.

THE question as to whether or not we have a Canadian literature has been vigorously and variously threshed out during the past four or five years. It is well that we understand at the outset, in the discussion of this subject, what is meant by literature. "It is," says a well-known writer, "the verbal expression of man's affections as acted upon in his relations with the material world, Society and his Creator." Literature can-

not, then, be made or unmade by favour or disfavour, nor by the *imprimatur* or condemnation of any personage or set of men. It has its immortal roots down deep in the nature of man. It is the product of the spiritual co-operating with the intellectual in man. It is very plain then that what is permanent and absolute in Canadian literature will survive though it be not praised and applauded by the literary critics of London or Boston, whose relationship with big publishing houses is so suspiciously close as to give them a right to the title of silent partners in the concerns. Yes, assuredly what is immortal in Canadian literature will live—and that is all which has a right to live—though no big drums proclaim its merits from the housetops. To say that to publish a Canadian book in London, England, will help its author financially is no doubt true, but to hold that such publication will help to establish a Canadian literature is simply absurd. Very little of the literature of to-day which is choking the shelves of our book stalls will have any permanency. Novels which deal with nothing permanent or absolute in life whose plot could be worked out in the back kitchen of any man's mind will not be known even in name twenty-five years hence. It is not necessary to mention their names in this article. Out of any twenty popular novelists of to-day you are sure to strike sixteen. Let me, however, for the purpose of continuing this point of discussion mention one. Take, for instance, the novels of E. P. Roe. How many, think you, will be elbowing their way into Public Libraries twenty-five years hence for the purpose of securing copies of the dead novelist's works? This is an age of literary madness and so universally has this *rabies* got into the blood of the people that with many so-called literary persons it is much more pardonable to be without a coat or shoes than to be without the latest ephemeral novel. "The public mind and current magazines are kept in a fever of excitement identifying and christening the offspring, now of Mrs. Humphrey Ward, now of Sara Grand, now of Mrs. Southworth. However faulty George Eliot may be regarded in her ethical teaching, the author of the "Mill on the Floss" had the merit of dealing in her novels with the permanent and absolute in life, with the eternities of things, as Carlyle would say; and though you cannot accept her altruism as the be-all and end-all of life, still you feel that you are reading the works of a woman remarkable for her profound scholarship, her psychological insight into life, her broad sympathies and sweet touches of humanity. So much for the permanent in literature.

I think it will be agreed that poetry is one of the highest co-efficients in literature. If, then, we have a Canadian literature, how large a co-efficient of it, think you, is Canadian poetry? It is true we have not yet grown any Shakespeares, any Miltons, any Spensers, any Tennysons, or any Brownings under Canadian skies. Neither have some other countries which have long since cast off their colonial apparel. If you take the poems which have been published in book form in Canada during the past five years and those which have been issued from the press of the United States during the same time I think you will find the Canadian contribution to the permanent in literature quite equal, if not greater, than that of our literary brethren across the line. The Chicago Inter-Ocean declared Campbell's "Mother" to be the best poem written in America during the past twenty years; the London Spectator placed the work of Lampman side by side with that of Longfellow; while Paul Flouret, of the Paris *Figaro*, stated in an interview in Toronto about a year ago, that the poems of several of the younger Canadian poets have been translated into French in Paris. Surely these are high tributes to the genius of Canadian literature. Still there are growlers and grumblers and pessimists because every sweet and tender lyric growing in the garden of Canadian poesy is not puffed and praised by the critics of foreign lands. Canada is all right, poetically as well as politically, if they only let her alone. A human-hearted man like the "Khan," glorifying the simple things around him, is doing more for Canadian literature than the fault-finding critics who, Cassandra-like, predict continually the passing away forever of the glory of the Maple Leaf. In literature, as in aught else, it should be ever enjoined upon Canadians:

"This above all—to thine own self be true;
And it must follow as the night the day
Thou canst not then be false to any man."

THOMAS O'HAGAN.

Vanishings.

The dark has passed, and the chill Autumn morn
 Unrolls her faded glories in the fields ;
 Dead are the gilded air-hosts newly-born ;
 The fallen verdure heavy incense yields,
 Sad odor of decay ; for Summer, gay,
 Voluptuous goddess, loaded with delight,
 Grown wantonly unconstant, fled away
 Under a hoar-frost mantle yesternight.
 In one brief hour, the warm and flashing skies
 Pale in the marble dawn ; we cannot choose,
 But marvel, that hearts turn to stone, and eyes
 Brimful of passion all their lustre lose.
 Drear is the morning ; love is gone for aye,
 Love done to death in one bright peerless day.

WILLIAM T. ALLISON.

* * *

A Reminiscence.

IN the "fifties," when the fame of Jenny Lind was world-wide, a singular thing happened to a Canadian in London, England, a period when but few, compared with the present time, from the Colonies found their way to the Old Country. Strange as it may seem, and a most improbable thing, I, this Canadian, a stranger in the metropolis of the world, had the honour of sharing the applause of the audience gathered together in Exeter Hall to listen to the queen of song, Jenny Lind. It happened in this way. It was in August, 1856, on a sultry evening, with little if any stirring of the air. The ticket I held for the concert took me to a seat at the rear of the hall underneath a gallery in a row immediately in front of the passage along the rear wall. Every place was occupied ; in fact, the hall was crowded. The heat was extreme, and the faces around were red and perspiring, while a few were almost gasping for breath. A few seats removed from the passage sat two females, both of uncertain age, but certainly not in the first blush of womanhood. A young man sat beside them. There was a window just behind where I sat which some one had opened at an early period of the entertainment, and I was congratulating myself at feeling a little relief from the very gentle current of air through the open window. But, to my dismay and the seeming horror of all around, the aforesaid young man, after repeated nervous backward looks by aforesaid uncertain aged females, calmly arose, walked to the window, and deliberately closed down the raised sash. There was a general murmur of dissatisfaction and scowls and indignation rested on almost every face. The concert proceeded. The gifted songstress had warbled as no one else could, "Coming Through the Rye ;" but the pleasure of it was lost by the increased and almost unbearable heat. Faces were constantly turning to that closed window, and eyes flashed at that young man. As for myself, I had about made up my mind to leave the hall. I had been hoping that some one would reopen the window, as it was so evident that all except the three mentioned desired the window to be open. But I did not like to lose the treat I had anticipated. I cannot tell what made me resolve not to go away, but to open that window. It was true I was a stranger there and knew not what law I might be violating by running counter to the deliberate act of that young man who sat so composed beside his female companions, and I had a horror of anything like a conflict with a young man who had charge of, or was in charge of, two women so fond of torrid heat, or afraid of a summer zephyr. But I felt I must do something, and I did it ; as soon as an intermission in the concert came, I got up and calmly opened the window. Talk of becoming suddenly famous, of being a public idol, I know all about it. As soon as it was discovered what I was doing those sitting near began to cheer and before I could regain my seat it seemed as if one-half the audience were engaged in doing me honour. I hung my blushing face in confusion, then glanced to see what the young man would do ; but he manifestly thought it wise to do nothing and did so. But the gentle Jenny, now reappearing, gave us in her tender melody, which absorbed the attention of all, "Home, Sweet Home," which carried me across the broad Atlantic to my own dear home.

W. C.

On the Formation of Reading Circles in Canada.*

A RECOMMENDATION FROM THE NATIONAL COUNCIL OF WOMEN OF CANADA.

ACTING upon the seventh resolution moved at the late Annual Meeting of the National Council of Women, the Toronto Local Council takes the first opportunity of bringing before its members and friends the subject matter of the resolution for consideration, and such action as may be deemed best. The resolution reads as follows (see page 48 of National Council Report, 1896,) :—

"That a branch of the National Home Reading Union be formed for the Dominion of Canada, and that all Local Councils be recommended to form Reading Circles in their own district."

This was moved by Mrs. Drummond, the President of the Montreal Local Council, from which the resolution emanated ; and seconded by Miss Skelton, the energetic Secretary of a Canadian Branch of the National Home Reading Union which has been at work in Montreal and elsewhere in Canada for some little time.

It will be explanatory to note that the word "National" in the above connection refers to England.

Miss Skelton has kindly furnished this Council with the circulars of the English organization which relate to its objects, rewards, fees and other particulars, and a schedule of the sections under which members may enter according to the branches of study they wish to undertake ; also of the courses of reading, with the books required in each. To this schedule is appended the form of application for membership, and the scale of fees and subscriptions to the English Society, revised into Canadian currency by Miss Skelton herself, for the guidance of Canadian members. The fees are very low, and differ in the three sections. The circular issued by the Canadian Branch, which has its headquarters at 183 Mansfield St., Montreal, accompanies the others.

That the National Council has in all it does the best interests of our beloved country at heart, I am sure all who have taken the pains to acquaint themselves with its work will agree, and therefore it is with some confidence that I call the attention of this meeting to the formulary used by the National Council in the report for this year, and beg to observe a point of difference between it and the wording of the resolution. The formulary reads :—"A National Home Reading Union for the Dominion," but the resolution proposes "That a Branch of the National Home Reading Union be formed for the Dominion of Canada." You will agree with me, I think, that there is all the difference in the world between "A National Union" and a "Branch" of a Union, and I think that the first, a National Union—a Union for the Dominion—for Canada is the one that commends itself best to our judgment. In saying this I pray you acquit me of any prejudice, any narrowness, any *insularity*. I am an Englishwoman, and I know how exceedingly valuable is the guidance that can be received in all matters of literature and education from the learned men of my own country ; but I have been here many years, I know the resources of Canada both in men and methods pretty well, and I confess I think we need not become a "branch" even of an English Society, in order to carry out the excellent idea of a National Home Reading Circle.

There is another consideration also which appears important in the matter, and that is our own knowledge of our own needs. Our educational systems are different, not superior—they could scarcely be so—but they are *different* to those of other lands, and consequently the results, or perhaps I should more clearly say, the points at which we stop—our conditions of life being not the same—are different.

Such being the case, the courses of reading that would be advantageous to ourselves could not be identical with those well adapted to the people of other countries ; and the consideration and preparation of them might most properly be placed in the hands of the ablest minds among us for that careful adjustment which they deserve, and would most certainly receive.

* A paper read at an open meeting of the Toronto Local Council of Women held in the theatre of the Normal School, Monday, the 5th October, 1896.

No doubt some will object that the methods of literary culture are about the same everywhere, but let us not forget that the ladder of learning is a long one, reaching far into the ether, and that our Reading Circle idea can only deal with the lower rungs as regards the great bulk of the people, and that it is among these that we are particularly anxious to be useful, while we also help ourselves. For it must not be overlooked that the aim of the Home Reading Circle is "for the purpose of developing a taste for systematic reading among all classes of the community"; I quote from the English circular. No one will dispute that systematic reading is a most practical aim, whether the reader be a university graduate or only a simple public school pupil.

The difference in value between systematic and desultory reading is so marked as to strike the thoughtful mind at once, and forms an ample apology, if such be needed, for the formation of the Reading Circle. To have an end in view is always an incentive, and the want of an incentive is the reason why so many intelligent young minds run to waste after school days are over. The true incentive, either of the individual or the circle, should be love of knowledge, but this requires an acquaintance with the sources of knowledge that in the case of the young more particularly, cannot be presupposed. Therefore we find that the Home Reading Union gives to the faithful reader in either of the sections prescribed, a certificate. The sections are designated as *Special, General, and Young People's*. "The first is intended," so the circular informs us, "to be a complete curriculum of reading, taking the place as far as may be of a college education. In it is found a variety of subjects—History, English Literature, French, German, in fact all the subjects likely to interest an intelligent reader." The *General*—the second section—is "especially intended for working men and women, for members of the great working-class organizations, such as Co-operative Societies and Social Clubs, and also for those who require only a general knowledge of the subjects or who wish to acquire the rudiments of several subjects before proceeding to a detailed study."

The *Young People's Section*, the third and last, is intended to act as a stimulus in keeping up and extending the knowledge already acquired at school; it embraces History, Biography, Romance. But the details of each section, as stated on the membership circular, go into many and important heads. The special course has ten, among them being English History, each reading year covering a stated period, English Literature on the same basis, History of the British Colonies and Dependencies, Music—a very valuable subject of popular study to my mind and one in which Canada, as a whole, is particularly weak; and in Music I include choral and part singing as being a powerful agent in civilization as well as a delightful pursuit and recreation. The *General Course* has seven heads, among them being Economic and Social Science, Biography, History, Travel, Literature; all wide and interesting subjects, permitting of much development. In the *Young People's Section* only is distinct mention made of Poetry, although Shakespeare comes in as No. 3 of the *Special Course*. The section also includes History and Biography, Literature, Romance and Travel.

I have quoted these details in order to show that the circulars and other publications of the English Home Reading Union may well be made use of for guidance in formulating the necessary regulations for Canada. As to the formation of circles, much assistance may also be had from the same source, but it must be understood that while the Local Council recommends and highly approves of the scheme, its constitution does not admit of its undertaking such an organization on its own behalf, as will clearly appear on consulting Art. 2 of the Constitution of the National Council of the Women of Canada (*General Policy*), which reads as follows: "This Council is organized in the interest of no one propaganda, and has no power over the organizations which constitute it beyond that of suggestion and sympathy," etc., etc.

Therefore, while most heartily placing before you the recommendation from the National Council that Reading Circles be formed in every Local Council district, we can but suggest that some ladies having the welfare of themselves, their friends, and of the country at heart, should take the question up and thereby raise the intellectual status of the nation and consequently its morality and general welfare. This Council can also promise such sympathy and aid as it may have the power to give; its suggestion is contained in this paper.

In judging how far Home Reading Circles may be of use, I am happy to be able to inform you that a very useful one was inaugurated in the parish by Mrs. Cartwright Allen, wife of the rector of Millbrook, called the Half-hour Reading Club: the object as stated by the rules is, that members may be induced to read some improving book daily for half an hour consecutively. Then follow rules guiding the hours within which such reading may only be done, fees, fines, etc., and I am informed by the President that the club has proved a success not only in the improvement of the mind of its members, but also in inculcating regularity and conscientiousness. Another promising club that I heard of died simply for lack of help and guidance, but would be reorganized if these were given.

Nor have we been without many varieties of the same idea in connection with our churches, all of which have done and are doing good. The Chatauqua Circles, too, had a useful day, but are, of course, too elaborate and expensive for popular purposes. Perhaps an idea of the direction in which effort might be put forth very soon, will suggest itself from the following excerpt which deals with the kind of reading some young women are given to, and I think it will clearly be seen that guidance in such cases, and an incentive, would prove of great service. It is from the pen of Mrs. Chace Wyman, an American writer.

"One girl, in whom I was greatly interested, told me that she belonged to a circle of twelve girls who subscribed for periodicals and passed them around. She liked best to read short stories and poetry. She did not remember the names of any of the persons who wrote the poems in magazines, but she remembered the name of Longfellow. She thought what he wrote was 'lovely.' Turning over a periodical which chanced to lie on the table she came across the name of Shakespeare. I asked her if she knew who he was. She looked at me with charming, childlike hesitancy in her eyes, then timidly ventured her suggestion: 'Was he a poet?' I once asked a company of about fifty girls of the class who work in factories how many knew of Shakespeare. Six felt confident enough to raise their hands. Probably at least a dozen more knew as much as they, but did not dare raise their hands. Among the six was found the knowledge that Shakespeare was an Englishman who wrote plays. At one time, in a mill where a girl that I knew worked, and where a great many girls did not go home to dinner, one of them read love stories aloud to the others during the brief period of leisure. One taste of this girl's rather surprised me, and it might well surprise publishers who wish to suit the popular fancy. She said she did not care for the illustrations in magazines. She liked to read all those departments in journals which consist of talks with the readers, hints about behaviour, about embroidery, about dabbling in so-called 'art' matters, about house furnishing, and such things. 'I never tire reading them,' she said, and, again turning over the leaves of a magazine, she exclaimed: 'O, I love dearly to read about battles! I do! An' the history of the United States. I read all the school history I could get—just questions and answers—I thought it was so interesting.' She had never read the history of any other country for the simple reason that she had never seen a volume which treated of any history but our own."

This, of course, is United States testimony, but that a similar condition exists among ourselves is shown by the many cheap lending libraries forming part of bookstore businesses, where girls go to get food to satisfy the craving of both head and heart, often to the serious injury of both. But these same girls could easily be brought to a better understanding by some one who, having the better intellectual training, had also enough human love and sense of duty to interest herself in them.

Nor need the Reading Circle be limited to women and girls, it can and should be for men and boys also. You will at once perceive that the scheme is a large one, but the details are small enough to be manageable; for each circle, according to the English method, elects a leader out of itself, and it need be no larger than five, and receives its guidance chiefly by correspondence with the secretary of the committee which forms the general management.

In the matter of books, which are, indeed, no slight consideration, very good arrangements can be made. Many English publishers and some Canadian, issue very cheap editions of the poets, some of them as low as one penny, which, transformed, we might in Canada quote as five

cents. This question; however, need not alarm us, as it would necessarily come in for discussion among other items of organization. The English Home Reading Union offers very easy terms for books to its members, and we might, no doubt, gain much information on the subject from their secretary in Montreal.

Upon the benefits of reading I scarcely need speak before this audience, but you will, perhaps, allow me to call some of them to mind. The motto on the seal of the Board of Trustees of the Toronto Collegiate Institutes is very significant in this connection, it is "Vita sine literis mors est,"—Life without letters is death. It is a long, long time since the grand old Black Douglas cried out in his rage against the educated Southron's treacherous dealing:

"Thank heaven, never son of mine
Save Gawain, e'er could pen a line!"

But Gawain, or what he represented—the Church and learning—were the acknowledged soul of that rough time. And it is the same to-day. Mind rules; how it rules is often another thing. If the pabulum on which it feeds is bad or insufficient, it rules badly, and not only the individual but society suffers. In a reading community there will be less crudity of thought, less hasty action, less frivolity. The well-informed mind is the well-balanced mind. There would be less insanity if there were more systematic reading: the occupied mind is seldom, if ever, wholly unhappy, even under the most painful conditions.

The influence of good books on the individual can scarcely be overestimated. Mind answers to mind; true ambitions are awakened; the duties of life assume new aspects; and the cultivated intellect finds new charm in them: the human heart is touched to higher chords of existence by the wizard fingers of the poet, the romancer, the historian.

Nor can we overlook the influence brought to bear on the personality by reading: its comforting and refining influence; its civilizing and broadening influence; its healing influence:—the bow too long unbent snaps, but a merry, happy, easy book relieves the tension and the over-wrought nerves are pleasantly and beneficially relaxed and toned. And whence have sprung the great benefactors of mankind? Is it only from among the high born, the wealthy? Among those only whose conditions of life have been free from sordid cares and the privations of poverty? Are the gifts of genius and intellect confined to one class of the community? No, thank God! They are an endowment of every class: neither poverty nor rank, neither clime nor colour can claim the aristocracy of intellect as belonging to it alone. Search the ranks of the masters in the arts, the sciences; in music, language, invention; in religion, philosophy, poetry; and the brilliant stars that have illuminated the world in all ages are found scattered broadcast over the field of human life.

Let us, as Canadians, be proud and happy that our own country, our wide Dominion, can boast of some of these stars, and let us do our best to increase their number. S. A. C.

* * *

Justifiable Homicide.

Translated for THE WEEK.

"YES, Mr. President, it is true; I have killed my servant. But as true as I am standing before you I never meant to kill her. I only wanted to give her a little lesson."

"With a pistol shot!"

"Yes. I only meant to send the bullet whistling past her ear. I am a very good shot and felt sure of myself. But, unfortunately, the girl moved, the ball touched her temple, and she fell as stiff as a log."

"Are you sorry for what you have done?"

"I am sorry to have killed her, but I am not sorry to be rid of her."

"You always treated your servant well. You gave her liberal wages and were prompt in payment. For some mere flea bite to —"

"It was not *one* flea bite, Mr. President. I succumbed at last to a formidable battalion of fleas. I am, thank heaven, sufficiently master of myself to retain my serenity

when *one* flea bites me. Even ten fleas might attack me without seriously exciting me. But a hundred thousand fleas, it is too much."

"I am sorry I used this metaphorical expression, for it seems to have launched you on a sea of explanation which have absolutely no meaning. What have you to say in your defence?"

"Mr. President, my servant was an Alsatian."

"That is no excuse."

"If you interrupt me I shall find it difficult to defend myself, Mr. President."

"Well, go on."

"My servant was an Alsatian. She was a native of Bischwiller, in the neighbourhood of Strasburg. (She took advantage of this fact to wear the most eccentric headgear, but let that pass.) She was three years in my service. May those three years be deducted from my term in Purgatory."

"No trifling, if you please."

"I am a Christian, Mr. President, and this fearful event makes me think of the future life in spite of myself."

"All right, go on."

"Well, she was three years in my service. I have never seen such a terrible creature. She spent her time in constant assaults upon the furniture, she broke the glasses, overturned the inkstands on the cloths, smashed the pictures, and crippled all the arm chairs. When it rained she opened the drawing room windows to let out the microbes. She spent hours drinking at the coal merchant's, and telling all our family affairs to her friends. She was no more stupid than the next one, but she was gifted with extraordinary phlegm, and with an unbounding capacity for being disobliging. If you asked her to get a bottle of sherry, she would say: 'What cherry—there is no cherry wine.' And whatever you asked for, she always repeated your sentence with a bewildered air. Very often she would let fall whole piles of plates, and if one escaped, she would say triumphantly: 'O well, here is one that is not broken, that is a good thing.' Every day there was fresh slaughter. I was in a constant state of nervous excitement."

"Let us get to the crime."

"It is no crime, Mr. President; it is simply justifiable homicide."

"Well, go on."

"Well, on the day, or rather evening (for it was in the evening) in question, my sister came to dine at my house with her little girl, a child three and a half years old. (We were to have asparagus for the first time that season.) Towards seven o'clock we sat down to table and I then noticed that the little girl was not comfortably placed. Her nose was on a level with her plate. I called the servant.

"Josephine," I said, "the child is not high enough; go and get the Brun, and we will put it under her."

"The broom—what broom?"

"I did not say broom. It is not a broom I am asking for, it is the Brun, the great directory; there are two of them in my office."

She came back in a few minutes with a large red book about half an inch thick.

"Why, no," said I, "that is not it. I asked you for Brun, the great book full of addresses. The name Brun is printed on the back. It is bound in gray canvas, and you know it perfectly well, for you lent it to the grocer only the other day. Come, do make haste; I want to seat the little girl on it; you see yourself she is a great deal too low on that chair."

She went off full trot, making the furniture tremble as she passed. She was five minutes gone, but she came back empty-handed.

"Well, where is the book?" I cried, purple with rage.

"I forgot to ask you."

"What? What? What have you forgotten?"

"Did you want the directory for Paris, or for the departments?"

At these words I became perfectly furious. I drew my revolver, and fired . . . and now, I ask you, Mr. President, in all seriousness, what would you have done in my place?"

"I should have done the same," said he.

LOIS SAUNDERS.

(From the French of George Aurioi in *La Lecture Illustrée*.)

"Dear Hope is Dead."

Dear Hope is dead: and nevermore my sight
 In this gray town her tender face shall meet
 Wherein she dwelt with me when life was sweet;
 And from these walls that held her presence bright,
 The glory that they wore hath taken flight;
 And nevermore shall pass her shining feet
 Across the shadows of this dreary street
 That once her coming made a path of light;
 But when the sunset floods the Western skies
 Towards which it leads, I dream she hath but fled,
 And sits supreme in some still land afar
 Where I shall meet again her radiant eyes;—
 That my lost Hope, who seemeth to be dead,
 Abides for me in some immortal star.

GERTRUDE BARTLETT.

* * *

Letters to the Editor.

THE APOSTLES' CREED.

SIR,—“Fredk. Thos. Dibb, Priest,” whom I suppose to be a presbyter of the Church of England, writes in THE WEEK of October 30th, “It is not a wise thing to begin tinkering with the Apostles’ Creed,” asserting that it is the “faith once delivered to the saints” for which Jude tells us earnestly to contend. Now the Church of England implies in her sixth “article” that everything, not excepting the so-called Apostles’ Creed, should be brought to the touchstone of scripture, and whatsoever cannot abide that test “forms no part of our common Christianity.” Brought to that test, the Creed will be found faulty in its first statement, as Mr. Dibbs virtually admits it is inaccurate in regard to Christ’s descent into hades. While it is true that God made the earth, and all things, it is not correct to allege that the Father is the “Maker of heaven and earth.” Christ was the working member of the Trinity from the beginning. Not satisfied with the general statement that all things were made by Jesus Christ “and without Him was not anything made that was made,” John goes into particulars, and says more explicitly, “the world was made by Him.” The writer of the epistle to the Hebrews says of the Son, “by whom also He made the worlds.” Paul, in writing to the Ephesians, states that God “created all things by Jesus Christ.” The fact is, that neither the Rev. John Burton nor anyone now on the earth can justly be accused of beginning to “tinker with the Apostles’ Creed.” That has been done by the “schoolmen” from age to age, and if the Apostles ever saw it they would not now recognize it as a compendium of “the faith once delivered to the saints.”

G. H. HALEN.

THE POPE AND ANGLICAN ORDERS.

SIR,—In your issue of October 3rd you spoke of “applicants for the Pope’s opinion,” and of Protestant clergy who had “put themselves in a position to be snubbed.” I should have written sooner but understood that one in higher position than myself was to point out the error. As no such communication, however, has appeared, will you allow me to state (I can prove it if gainsaid) that there have been no applicants for the Pope’s opinion from the Anglican Church. The whole question was raised at Rome by Roman Catholics who were seriously alarmed by the favourable conclusions respecting English ordinations expressed by the Abbes Portal and Duchesne and other eminent Roman Catholics who had made a study of the question.

When the question was raised Lord Halifax exerted himself strongly to avert an adverse decision, and the Rev. Mr. Lacey and Father Puller accepted the invitation, extended by prominent Roman ecclesiastics, to visit Rome for the same purpose.

The desire to prevent the erection of a new barrier to re-union was, I think most will agree, a natural and right one; but these gentlemen have severally assured us that they did not apply to the Pope for a decision, or take any steps which could be construed into such an application. The enquiry was already on foot before they held any communication with Rome. Their efforts failed, but the victory won by English Romanists will, I believe, be more disastrous to them than a defeat. It is already evident that it has failed to disturb the confidence of English priests in the validity of their Orders.

ENGLISH CATHOLIC.

THE DECLINE AND FALL OF THE VERNACULAR.

SIR,—Has it ever occurred to you what a wide field of remunerative employment might be opened up for the impecunious scions of aristocratic British houses who are so numerous in all our towns and cities, if only some one would suggest a way?

Now I propose to make that suggestion, and trust that it will be quickly acted upon. We all—at any rate the most of us—know the valiant attempts made by our gilded youths and fashionable maidens, and matrons, too, for that matter, to acquire the English accent, and we know also how often—how invariably, the vernacular crops up at an unguarded moment. And even when all the *R*’s have been carefully expunged, and the *A*’s are broadened in the way which is “so delightfully English, you know,” and the vulgar, round *O* is given that delicate softening which it is impossible to describe on paper; even then, I say, there is a lack of finish, a something, which proclaims the fact that the speaker is a Canadian.

Then think of the state of nervous anxiety these people must be in all the time, lest they make a slip. How much waste of valuable energy might be saved if the Education Department, in the exercise of that paternal care for the youth of this land for which it is famous, would provide a duly accredited teacher of the English accent in our Public and High Schools, and then, when our boys and girls grow up, they would feel themselves duly equipped for entering that society which smiles indulgently on grammatical inaccuracy and eccentricity of pronunciation, provided they are dressed in a becoming English garb.

And besides obtaining these Government positions, an English man or woman could easily fill his or her purse by giving private lessons to those who, by age or circumstances, are prevented attending school.

Wealthy parvenus would, I feel sure, gladly exchange their dollars for some of the “reel bong-tong pronounciation,” which it would require no previous preparation on the part of their British instructors to give them.

ALBION.

Art Notes.

MR. GEORGE BRUENECH has good reason to be proud of the result of his two weeks’ exhibition, which has just closed at the Matthews’ Gallery, Yonge St., Toronto. About \$1,000 are the proceeds of what Mr. Matthews calls the best sale in his gallery for the past three years. We may fairly say that no Canadian artist has of late made greater strides towards the mastery of his art than this successful exhibitor. Among the throng of visitors to the gallery none seemed more interested and genuinely pleased than our distinguished water-colourist, Mr. Lucius R. O’Brien, whose repeated visits and hearty congratulations to his brother artist were a tribute and commendation of unquestionable worth. The pluck and enterprise which led a Canadian to spend months of study on the mountain slopes and glacial waters of the Norwegian Fjords and even to enter the Arctic Circle from love of his art could not fail of due appreciation and pronounced results. Two of Mr. Bruenech’s pictures were accepted for the last exhibition at the Royal Academy, London, England. His own exhibition in London was well attended and most favourably noticed by the press. That at Christiania was noteworthy, and this just closed in Toronto has proved that an artist may have the reputation in his own country which is said to be denied to a prophet. On entering the gallery one was struck by the extraordinary results of light and shade produced by the midnight sun. Mountain peaks bathed in roseate light, their reflection gleaming like fire in the ruffled waters of the Fjord, and the sombre shadow of the mountain side intensifying the effect. It is needful to remember that the light of the midnight sun in Norway lingers for about two hours above the horizon and that the effective transference of these noble scenes to canvas meant midnight work on the lonely Fjords from about eleven o’clock at night till three in the morning. In achieving distinction, under such trying conditions, Mr. Bruenech has, as expressed of him by a notable Canadian artist and critic, “acquired a mastery of the art of colour.” In other words, within his scope, the ideal representation of nature under normal or abnormal conditions

is adequately and felicitously imparted to the onlooker. There is a poetic element in the treatment of this artist, which dignifies his work. Feeling, undoubted feeling, he has. Sound intuition, delicate perception, refined and graceful delineation, add their quota to the skilled touch and well-chosen colour. There is, too, a breadth of view and versatility which come from foreign travel, studying art under new conditions, and mingling with foreign craftsmen. This is well seen in that fine representation of "The Houses of Parliament, Westminster (evening)," which the Hon. Mr. Speaker Edgar has chosen as a fit contribution to the House of Commons Gallery, Ottawa. Mr. Bruenech has proved that Canadians cannot only well occupy their own ground but are capable of acquitting themselves admirably under changed conditions and foreign competition.

* * *

Music.

A GOOD story is told on Colonel Mapleson by Ardit, the veteran conductor, in his recently-published memoirs, and it may be especially apropos to quote it now that after so long an absence the gallant Colonel is back in America. "I remember a good story of Mapleson," says the author, "which opportunely recurs to me at this moment. A certain tenor who had made his debut under Mapleson's management came to him one day in a towering rage, flourishing a daily paper in his hand, and complaining bitterly of the manner in which his singing had been criticized by that journal. 'It's shameful,' cried the infuriated singer, 'to have been maligned in this fashion. You, Mapleson, I know, have the greatest influence with all the newspapers in London; can't you get this contradicted, or at least an apology tendered to me for this unpardonable insult? Not being known in London makes it all the harder for me, because nobody will care to hear me sing now. I am simply ruined.' . . . Mapleson at first assumed a pained expression, and looked thoughtful for a moment. Then a happy thought occurred to him, as it always did on such occasions. 'Let me see what paper it is in,' said he. The tenor then tore asunder the opening page of the Daily Telegraph, and thrust it into Mapleson's hands. 'Good gracious!' said Mapleson; 'why, my dear boy, you're as safe as a trivet; I feared at first the notice might have appeared in an important paper, but nobody ever reads the Daily Telegraph, so you need not be in the least alarmed!'"

On his return to New York from a trip to Canada, Commodore Wessell, senior member of the well-known musical firm, was interviewed regarding his experiences and observations. He was very enthusiastic over the flourishing condition of business in the leading Canadian factories which he had visited, and also over the improvement which he had found in the highest grades of instruments. He said that the Canadian piano manufacturer was displaying remarkable inventive skill, and is fully convinced of the importance of producing an instrument of fine quality and absolute durability. He had the pleasure of examining several leading makes of uprights, and especially of grands, and had found these pianos to possess those characteristics which appeal to the most critical musician or expert.

Rafaele Vitali, a singer, well known in his day, who has just died in Italy, had a curious experience during the course of his career. One evening at Rome, while he was singing in "Louisa Miller," he was suddenly struck with a lowering of the voice, which made it impossible for him to finish his role. In one moment he had been changed from a tenor into a baritone and for the rest of his career he sang in this latter capacity.

California boasts of a lady bagpipe player, whose age is eighteen, and who is of pure Scottish descent. She is tall and fair, slight in build, and carries herself with the proverbial stateliness of the Highland piper, marching to the tune she plays. She is of unusual proficiency.

The organ which was presented to the London Foundling Hospital in 1750 by Handel is being renovated. The great composer played at the dedication, the crush being so great that gentlemen were requested "to come without their swords and ladies without their hoops."

A singer named Solak, of Budapest, lately gave a concert twelve hours long, during which time he never ceased to sing. He got through 250 songs and still survives.

Rumour hath it that Madame Adelina Patti has written the words and music of a romantic, one-act opera, and that it will have its first presentation at her Welsh castle.

Verdi will write no more for the theatre. He is putting the finishing touches to a grand oratorio, something in the style of Mendelssohn's "Elijah."

There is a movement on foot, and, in fact, a man is at present in London, to bring Adelina Patti again to this country next season.

Paderewski occupied his time during a recent holiday in the south of France by composing a pianoforte piece.

Paderewski, contrary to a report which had gained some credence, is "enjoying perfect health."

M. Max Bendix, it is said, has permanently severed his connection with the Chicago Orchestra.

Marchesi says the best voices come from America, Australia and Austria.

Madame Albani commenced her Canadian tour at Halifax this week.

An opera was produced by Handel before he was fifteen.

Mr. Plunkett Greene will return to America next April. Chevalier was born in 1862.

Walter Damrosch will write a comic opera.

Li Hung Chang has an aversion to music.

* * *

The Drama.

ONE night recently, the President and Mrs. Cleveland attended a performance of "The Geisha" at Daly's Theatre in New York. The distinguished visitors entered their box without arousing applause, enjoyed the musical comedy without exciting comment, and left the theatre without receiving any attention from the management, performers or audience. Things are arranged differently in England. If the ruler of that country could be persuaded to visit the theatre it would be a great occasion for everybody. The streets would be lined with spectators assembled to see the royal equipage pass, the auditorium would be especially decorated, everybody in the auditorium would remain standing until the royal party were seated, the band would play the national anthem, the actors, freshly furnished with new costumes, would display their finest art, and the manager would consider his fortune as good as made. At most of the theatres in London a royal box is set apart, with a private entrance from the street. Queen Victoria is a great patron of the play, although she never goes to the theatre. The theatre comes to her. The average receipts of the theatre are carefully computed, and the manager is given a sum equal to that which he loses by closing his house for the night. Thus for her enjoyment of the play the Queen pays from \$1,000 to \$1,500. Yet the manager always loses money by this favour of royalty, for traditions of the stage compel him to give his actors double salaries on the night they perform before the Court. If, as sometimes happens, the Queen desires to be entertained by a troupe composed of single members of the company the players are paid according to this fixed rate—\$50 for a leading lady or leading man, \$25 for light comedians, low comedians and "heavy men," and \$15 for general utility people.

Mr. John Hare, the English comedian, who appears at the Grand next week, has been discussing the actor's profession with a reporter of the Montreal Herald. Mr. Hare declared that characterization was an art, and that, like music or literature, it demanded a right temperament, an inclination, bent of mind, a fund of talent and natural genius. "Without this necessary stock in trade," said Mr. Hare, "the actor is an impossibility. And even granted this capital—the artistic nature which must be inborn and

cannot be induced or acquired—nothing will dispense its possessor of immense labour in its exploitation. What some people call the inspiration of the moment I heartily distrust. Genius is essentially sane, and subject to the laws of sanity. It does not break free from all rule, but is tractable and grows from strength to strength with ripening experience. There is a legend of some grand passion which comes upon the actor in the evening and transforms the character he has not taken the pains to bring before his mind's eye in moments of solitary reflection into something sublime and wonderful. Robson, they tell me, was this order of man—an artist who never became his part until he was rapt with the glamour of the footlights. I remember Robson well, and I tell you plainly I don't believe it. Jefferson, Irving, Coquelin, Got, students every man of them, have relied on study, not on the chance excitement of the moment, which, though it may stimulate an actor to a great and successful effort, is much more likely to lead him astray from the paths of probability and nature."

"Schloss Kronberg," a historical drama written by King Oscar II. of Sweden and Norway, has been translated into German by authority of the royal author, and will be performed at the Berliner Theatre with the permission of the King. He wrote the drama many years ago, when still in his teens, and in the original it forms part of a poetic cycle, published under the title of "Souvenirs of the Swedish Navy."

A son of the late Sir Morell Mackenzie, the famous throat specialist of London, has joined the ranks of theatrical managers, and is about to build a large play-house in Swansea, Wales. Mr. H. Morell is the oldest son of the late physician. Educated at Harrow and Cambridge, he originally intended to take up law, but later on became a journalist, then wrote a melodrama, which has been given nightly for three years, and finally tried his luck as an actor himself.

Conscientiousness is one of the characteristics of the Paris dramatic critic. Fouquier recently declined to review the performance of a new play in the *Figaro* the morning after its production because no dress rehearsal had been given for the benefit of the press, and he did not consider it possible to write a satisfactory criticism after the play.

Gustavo Salvini, the second son of Tomasso Salvini, has been acting at Naples with great success in "The Merchant of Venice" and a psychological play called "Trionfo," by a new author, Roberto Bracco.

The child born recently to Caroline Miskel Hoyt died within an hour of its birth. Mrs. Hoyt has recovered from the shock, and will return to the board next month.

Sir Henry Irving is proud in possession of a ring given by Henry Ward Beecher to Ellen Terry, and by her presented to Sir Henry upon his entrance into knighthood.

A dramatic version of Mrs. Hodgson Burnett's "Lady of Quality" is said to be ready, but there is great difficulty in finding an actress capable of playing the heroine.

It is reported that a syndicate with a capital of £11,000 has been formed to produce the play founded on Marie Corelli's novel, "The Sorrows of Satan."

A Night Thought.

William Henry, in *The Spectator*.

As in the night I lie awake,
My thoughts their flight full often take
To the old village churchyard near,
Where sleeps the friend I held most dear.
And if the moon with gaze steadfast
Move through the rays the sun does cast,
And all the lamps of heaven shine
To guide her on her way divine,
I almost envy him who lies
So still beneath those peaceful skies.
But if dark clouds be overhead—
Dark as men's days when faith has fled—
And moon and stars are nigh shut out,
Like Hope by Unbelief and Doubt,
I sadly think how dank and drear
His mossgrown grave must then appear,
And many a sigh heave for his sake,
As in the night I lie awake.

John Galt as a Novelist.*—III.

THE success of "The Annals," "The Ayrshire Legatees," and "The Provost" roused the restless energy of Galt to more ambitious hopes. Creditable and acceptable to the public as these had proved themselves, they were not in the accepted sense of the term novels. No plot or adventurous part had been attempted, and no doubt Galt felt that they could not grow in favour with another generation. Besides this his mind was ever restless, seeking something new and attempting lines of work that he had not the patience to work to a successful issue or which were beyond his gifts. To produce a tale with larger possibilities of development or character, to pass beyond the mere chronicling of parochial incidents into the great centres of life and motion, to involve the creatures of fancy in some of the webs which entangle the lives of men, to picture scenes of daring and to give wing to the imagination and live in the fields of romance, is an ambition not unknown to the hearts of writers of fiction. As yet the author of "Waverley" had kept secret his identity, and his ready pen made the world wonder more with each succeeding year. In the early days of 1822 appeared "The Fortunes of Nigel," one of the very best in the front rank of the "Waverley" novels. The adventures of the Scot in London, his successes, and the pictures of court and fashionable life in the reign of the accomplished James was, and still is, one of the most popular and widely read of any of his great romances. Whether its success fired the heart of Galt it is impossible to say, but the plan of Sir Andrew Wylie published in this year bears a strong resemblance in purpose to Nigel. There is certainly enough in its similarity to accept the idea that it was influenced by its forerunner. Andrew Wylie is an Ayrshire lad of humble origin, whose education was confined to the slender advantages of a parish school. While yet a mere child, he entered the law office of the village writer, and after a year's apprenticeship, through the influence of relatives in London, is articulated to a London solicitor. By chance he meets a nobleman who, first amused at his uncouth manners and strange speech, afterwards becomes attached to him, eagerly seeking his advice in domestic affairs. Through a most wonderful series of improbable events and by reason of a superhuman power never given unto mortal before, Andrew Wylie in a few short years is admitted into the most exclusive society of England, and with a necromantic art suddenly acquired succeeds in mending characters hopelessly shattered, restores conjugal felicity to those who have separated forever, and with legerdemain neatness takes up the threads of ruined fortunes to give in return a full measure of coveted wealth. He becomes, in short, the fashion. Duchesses, Peers, Ministers of the Crown, and even Royalty smile upon him. He is forced to become a member of parliament, enormous wealth is showered upon him, and the dignity of knighthood is laid upon him as tribute to his most distinguished abilities. In person he is described as an ugly, ill-favoured dwarf, with the manners of a boorish rustic, and with the tongue of a rude and vulgar clown. This, in short, is the material out of which Galt sought to make an attractive and brilliant narrative. That he could have contemplated his hero with any feeling but that of disgust is beyond comprehension. But Galt seems to have had a deep and affectionate regard for the character. Not only does he glory in the strange antics and coarse buffoonery of "Wheelie," but he is never in an enjoyable mood until his pet is before the scenes to approve of the conduct of other characters.

The opening chapters show Galt at his best. As soon as he takes his hero to London and attempts to involve him in the delicate offices of intrigue and fashionable life of diplomacy, his limitations become manifest. For Galt is wholly lost in descriptions of fashionable life and character. Passages of great beauty and power in descriptions of nature lie hidden in the mass of dull and spiritless pages of Sir Andrew Wylie, but the incongruous characters and wholly unnatural scenes not only rob them of all effect but lend colour to the charge that it is at best the worst constructed and most farcical attempt ever produced to picture the gallantries and lives of the fashionable world. To pass from that life which Galt never understood to official procedure which, as a barrister, he must have known, we are confronted with an exhi-

* Works of John Galt. Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood & Sons.

bition of perversion that is altogether incomprehensible. Not less than sixty pages are devoted to a murder trial scene. Murder trials at best are not good subjects for the novelist. Once the imagination is permitted to play upon the scene it grows riotous and refuses to listen to the rulings of the court or to the sane remarks of counsel. We have never read of or listened to a murder trial where one seated on the bench beside the judge was permitted to make a defence for a prisoner. The case proceeds until the real culprit is unearthed.

"At this crisis an agitated howl of horror suddenly rose from the crowd assembled around the Court House. The judge started from his seat; and the jury, as if actuated by some sublime impulse, proclaimed the gipsies innocent." A most startling and indecorous *denouement*, yet so far from the truth in the procedure of an English law court that one's sense of the fitness of things is saved that shock it would otherwise feel were such a scene ever possible.

The discriminating hand of Mr. Blackwood must have directed Galt's ambition back to familiar ground, for we are assured that the fond author could see no fault in his hero "Wheelie" and never ceased to regard him with a large measure of affection. In 1823 "The Entail" appeared with its many characters well confined in their native district. That Galt made a distinct advance in the pretensions of his work is manifest from his larger grouping of characters and an adherence to a plan of development in their tendencies. Consistent as his aim was, it was far too extensive in its scope to give the results of the plan. To portray three generations in a single novel, to keep in lively contrast the characters, the differing manners, customs and advances of each generation and to weld them, as it were, into an harmonious whole is well-nigh impossible if the unwritten laws of the artist are to be observed. Galt's disregard of plot perhaps saves it from a fate which would befall it in the hands of one who depended on dramatic effects to save it. But that love of minuteness of detail so charming and effective in "The Annals," that dwelling upon slight incident and insisting on its growth to large results, and above all that particularity in depicting character makes "The Entail" the greatest of all Galt's works. It contains the history of three generations of the family of Walkinshaw of Kittlestonheugh. We trace the career of Claud Walkinshaw from his childhood through all the penury and privations of his youth and readily understand the growth of a greed for money becoming more pronounced as its power is understood. This cupidity, if it has a redeeming feature to save its character, is represented in a desire to preserve a family name and to restore the property which had been lost to it by ill-starred venture. Galt knew how strongly the Scottish character could be influenced in a matter of family pride, and in representing a name as sunk in poverty he intensified the characteristic of the race by forwarding a scion of the family to restore to his name the lands of his ancestors. In all the details which Galt brings to his service he is careful to employ everything even to the abject servitude of the youth to accomplish the end in view. We may smile at the petty meannesses, at the greed, and the miserable expedients used by the humble restorer, but he appeals to our softer side in his devotion to what he considers his duty and privilege. As he grows into manhood, and wealth and position are attained, his sordid self-seeking nature creates disgust. With what a consistent vein does Galt lead him along through the various stages of life showing with the growth of years the wretched increase of greed, insatiable and abominable? The human heart is laid bare with all its fine instincts and noble aspirations deadened, restless and fevered with a growing desire that is never to be satisfied, yet knowing full well that even if satiety were granted contentment could not be won. The hopeless battling with conscience and the arraignment of all the forces of darkness to effect peace, end in the routing of the stronghold so patiently guarded. Old age with its palsied front, though assisted by wealth and position, falls before the slow yet strengthening power of remorse and the pitiful cry of the victim tells how merciless and fearful is the scourging. Broken hearted with sorrows multiplied and ever increasing, without the love of kindred or the hope of Heaven, the poor old man yields and seeks in penitence the peace that pride denied him. His wanderings about trying to do good, to right the wrongs of other years, and to shed a little sunshine into the dark corners of life is an earnest of the change that is upon him. In the secret

workings of the soul, in the moving thoughts of the mind as revealed in the character of Claud Walkinshaw, Galt shows a power and clearness of intention that is incomparable. Throughout the whole range of fiction there is no scene more powerful and affecting than the dawning and development of remorse in the heart of the Laird of Grippy.

Not less faithful is Galt's work upon the other characters of "The Entail." The Leddy Grippy is as real a personage as moves in the flesh, and we do not doubt Mr. Crockett when he says that the Earl of Blessington declared after reading "The Entail" that he was quite sure "that the name of Leddy Grippy must be on his visiting list somewhere, if he could only find it." The amusing Mrs. Eadie, with her high-falutin' language and manners, feeling herself "unsphered in the region of spirits and moving amidst marvels and mysteries sublimer than the faculties of ordinary mortals could explore," is a character who gives entertainment by her unqualified spirit of patience in the art of voluntary opinion. The strange and unaccountable differences of the Laird and Leddy Grippy in their regard for their children and the effect of their manifest preference for different members is well wrought out in the development of the characters of their sons, Charles and Walter. Strong and vigorous are the Rev. Dr. Denholm and Mr. Keelevin, the writer.

"The Entail" contains Galt's best descriptions of scenery and most beautiful pictures of nature. In transcribing rural quiet and the more glorious beauty of mountain and sea and river he is very close to Nature and speaks of her with a deeper warmth than in any work in the series. The scene of fading day in the golden sunset of autumn, with the gathered corn and fruits and the merry voices of young people; the dark hills of Ross touched here and there by heath blossomed foxglove and the silent lake that winds round their craggy feet, the wild and lonely coast of mountainous Jura and the bleak, forbidding shores of the Mull, call from Galt some of his best efforts in descriptions of scenery. Yet in this department Galt too often displays a want of elaboration in the sketching and grouping of details without which the scene becomes colourless and ineffective.

"The Last of the Lairds," which is the final volume of the present series, was given to the public in 1836, and is the most conspicuous of all Galt's books as an illustration of his strength and weakness. Inferior in design to "The Entail" and wanting in the consistency of method used in "The Annals" and "The Provost," it nevertheless contains passages of as great beauty as are found in "The Annals," and scenes as strong and well wrought as in "The Provost." Yet, as a whole, it falls immeasurably below all of his other books, excepting, perhaps, Sir Andrew Wylie. As a picture of decaying gentility and the usurpation of power by newly acquired wealth, it makes no appeal to us unless it be to our risibility. One would have thought that with a subject so full of suggestive material a most charming idealization of a country laird could have been produced. But Galt's Laird is a brainless, poverty-stricken and ignorant rustic, a sort of butt for the neighbourhood. He has not even the poor art of spelling with correctness, and his attempt to write an autobiography in the hope of its sale to a publisher for a sum sufficient to redeem his estates seems a needless and ridiculous beginning to the tale. With such a subject as an impoverished Scotch laird for a hero, it would have proved a more fitting development of his character to have surrounded him with some of the dignity and circumstance of a consequential order. Why Galt pictured the Laird as a half imbecile, and what good effect in character drawing he could have had in view by so doing, is past comprehension. Had he been represented as a strong willed and unfortunate mortal whose estates had come to him encumbered to maintain ancestral pride, we could have recognized the purity and truth of the creation. But Galt's love for low comedy, as we have already seen in Sir Andrew Wylie, made him forget too often those laws of proportion by which all literary work must be judged. Yet, despite its numerous faults, there is much in "The Last of the Lairds" that is worth reading, and we are forced to laughter at many of the incidents in the untoward career of the luckless Laird. The love episode with Bonnie Annie Daisie is in Galt's happiest and best vein marred, as it is, in a feeble attempt to make merriment by the artifice of bad spelling.

In some of Galt's letters we find that his intention was to present a picture of the life of West Country county folk, a sort of social history of the period of people of consequence

in a Scotch shire. In this his production may have all the qualities of fidelity, yet it is doubtful if so many characters of the kind could be found in any neighbourhood. The most pronounced personage by far is Mrs. Sooracks, a thorough-paced nuisance and bore, as Galt intended she should be. One can hardly escape the perennial presence and ceaseless chatter of this meddlesome busybody for a chapter, and amusing as she often is, she nevertheless continues to weary one with her startling gossip and silly reflections. Her character is not even redeemed by her solicitude for the Misses Minnygaff's matrimonial hopes, nor does she rise in our estimation after the Laird's marriage, when to save his estates from sacrifice she volunteers the office of puffer at the auction, and makes "Auldbiggings" yield a handsome figure to the Laird. The Nabob Rupces is interesting merely as a contrast, neither well drawn or necessary to the general purposes of the story. The Misses Minnygaff are a pair of weather-beaten and aristocratic old maids whose asperity is presumably due to an involuntary celibacy. Dr. Lounlaus is a well-mannered and "discreet" minister of the conventional type, and Dominie Tansie is a slender sketch of the philosophic schoolmaster whose sagest reflections are confined to discussions on the weather.

There are some scenes in "The Last of the Lairds" which exhibit Galt's skill both as a master of description and a painstaking writer. In the narration of the burning of the ship at sea there is an elaboration and vividness of picture that produces a most direct and thrilling realization of the horrors of that lurid scene. Sweetly pathetic are the Laird's reflections when he learns that he must quit the home of his ancestors, that he must leave even the very trees he had proudly planted and watched to maturity and turn his back upon the familiar scenes endeared to him by memories long since hallowed. The garden walk and the pathways and the hedgerows speak to his simple heart and the ruin that encompasses him, for the cruel hearts of men are more easy to bear up against than the thought that his eye shall never look upon the spot he had learned to love since a child.

The secret of Galt's charm lies in an almost faultless reproduction of character, in a vividness of presentation of scenes and incidents, in a power of producing effects out of small events and in a simplicity of treatment. His methods for the most part are natural and spontaneous, with their virtues and faults well blended, and although exception may be taken to his too rigid adherence to his idea of the real as distinguished from the ideal, it must be admitted that in such instances he fails to impose upon us. His faults are for that reason manifest. There can be no doubt that in his pictures of Ayrshire life, Galt felt the limitations of the material at hand. That these creations have outlived his more ambitious hopes and are to-day as fresh and full of interest as they were more than half a century ago, prove that the quality of his work has the property of genius within it. That genius can be understood by those who can appreciate the economy he was forced to observe in dealing with material necessarily wanting in the great features of life which go to create and sustain human interest in a story. The strength of his work does not depend on the great leading passions of mortals. There is no lovmaking, no jealousies, no tragedy with which to awaken the emotions common to our natures. He relies on methods wholly apart from these and insists upon the commonplace and ordinary to their exclusion. His best work has an old-time flavour of ease and quiet which died, it is said, "when railways superseded stage-coaches, when men began to wear turn-down collars and slang took its place in ordinary language."

HOWARD J. DUNCAN.

Recent Fiction.*

ALTHOUGH the author of "One of the Visconti" has written several other works, this is the first we have had the pleasure of reading. There are not many characters in it and not many incidents; but the characters are so well contrasted, the incidents so well manipulated, and the de-

* "One of the Visconti." A Novelette. By Eva Wilder Brodhead. (Ivory Series.) New York: Charles Scribner's Sons Toronto: William Briggs. 75 cents.

* "Young Lochinvar." A Tale of the Border Country. By J. E. Muddock. London: Chatto & Windus. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

nouement so artfully reached that the story certainly deserves the pretty black and white dress the publishers have given it. It tells of the marriage, estrangement and reconciliation of one couple, the unexpected and somewhat paradoxical engagement of another pair who were perpetually quarrelling, and the happy understanding between a young Kentucky lawyer and "One of the Visconti." It gives us glimpses of Gibraltar and Algiers, with fuller views of Naples and the ruins of Pompeii and some slight sketches of Neapolitan life. There is humour, too, in the book, although it is not of a pronounced sort. Gentle Mrs. Cabell's self-delusions about her strong-mindedness, her far-sightedness and her invincible determination are very amusing; and Miss McClaren, the new woman, who thinks the United States the greatest country on earth, is humorously offset by Mr. Dodd, whose interest in his native land is a financial one only and who declares "One really cannot live in America, you know."

Everybody knows Lady Heron's song on "Marmion," and everybody will admit that there is ample suggestion in it for a stirring, romantic story. This story Mr. Muddock has essayed to make and readers generally will be disposed to admit that he has succeeded very well. Most of the persons mentioned in the song figure in the story. We have no Fenwicks, indeed, but we have Johnstones, a very turbulent family, and old Johnstone is almost as much the hero of the story as "Young Lochinvar." Lochinvar is young, handsome, and, for the times, accomplished; but while undoubtedly "dauntless in war," he was anything but "faithful in love." The very day after publicly plighting his troth to Cecilia Johnstone he falls in love at first sight with Helen Græme, of Netherby—the "fair Helen" of the song—who, to further complicate matters, is plighted to Musgrave, a gentleman of wealth and family on the English side of the Border, and it must be added that he was neither "a laggard in love" nor "a dastard in war," as represented in the song. It would not do to tell the whole story or even to outline it, but we may say that the elopement, or abduction, was carried out very much as described in "Marmion":

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
When they reached the hall-door, and the charger stood near,
So light to the croup the fair lady he swung,
So light to the saddle before her he sprung!
"She is won! we are gone over bank, bush and scaur,
They have fleet steeds that follow," quoth Young Lochinvar.

We can cordially commend "Young Lochinvar" as an entertaining and, it appears to us, a faithful representation of Border life in the rude times when "Bluff King Hal" reigned in England.

BRIEFER NOTICES.

A Daily Thought for a Daily Endeavour. Compiled by Eleanor Amerman Sutphen and Eliza Polhemus Sutphen. (New York: The Baker & Taylor Co.)—Here is a book of hope, wisdom, good cheer. Each page gives the reader, first a text of Scripture, then selections in prose or verse from writers as old as Epictetus, and as new as Edward W. Bok. There are names of note lacking in the index, and unknown names many times appearing. Since the world began wisdom has had many children. Tastes differ and allowance must be made for personal preference. Compilers and authors as well by courtesy have "the right of way." The body needs its daily bath. The soul should likewise be freshened each new morning. What a spur this motive gives to a new day's resolve. "Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's, thy God's and truth's."

Demeter. The Death of Enone. The Spinster's Sweet Arts. The poetical works of Alfred Lord Tennyson. "The People's Edition." (London and New York: Macmillan & Co., Ltd. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co., Ltd. 1896.)—One looks at and lingers lovingly over the pages of those dainty little volumes. Regret that the master hand will never again touch for us the lyre, gives place to pleasure—at reading our favourite poems, old and new—as from time to time they appear in this compact and convenient edition. Type, paper, and binding all are excellent. This is well named "The People's Edition."

Periodicals.

The Educational Record of the Province of Quebec for October reproduces the address to students delivered by A. W. Kneeland at the closing exercises of McGill Normal School.

The Canada Educational Monthly for November contains Prof. Glover's address at the recent Convocation of Queen's University, Kingston; "The Truck System at the Nova Scotia Collieries;" the conclusion of "National Patriotism," by W. Irwin; "The Social Mission of the Public School," by Pres. Hyde, of Bowdoin College, and many other excellent contributed and selected articles.

The Osark, a sprightly monthly magazine conducted by the students of the Arkansas Industrial University, has a paper by Prof. E. F. Shannon entitled "Down the St. Lawrence," in which he gives an interesting account of a holiday trip from the Falls to Quebec. Prof. Shannon has many pleasant things to say about the Ancient Capital, Montreal, and our own city of Toronto.

The current number of the University of Toronto Quarterly contains "Some Aspects of Greek Ethics," by Prof. Maurice Hutton; "The Dawn of Romanticism in French Literature," by Malcolm W. Wallace, '96; "The Pollination of Flowers," by H. M. E. Evans, '97; "The Fourth Dimension," by A. Kirschmann, Ph.D; "History and Growth of the Differential Calculus," by Miss A. Lick, and "Electrical Resistance," by W. Reuben Carr, '96.

The frontispiece of Music for November is a portrait of Rafael Joseffy. The principal articles are: "The Relation of Music to Life," by Mrs. J. V. Cheney; "Music in the Work of the Church," by Rev. W. B. Chamberlain; "The Common Sense of Piano Teaching," by Ernest Liebling; "The Permanent Element in Music," by W. S. B. Matthews; "Music as an Educator," by P. C. Hayden, and "Subsidized Opera in America," by Karleton Hackett. There is a portrait and sketch of Madame Henson, formerly of Chicago, but now of London, Eng., and a portrait of Carlos Gomez, the Brazilian composer who died last month.

Two papers of the greatest interest to students of sociology appear in the November Annals of the American Academy. They are the "Relation of Sociology to Psychology," by Professor S. M. Patten, and "A Neglected Chapter in the Life of Comte," by Mr. W. H. Schoff. In the department of Sociological Notes in this number the following topics are discussed: "The Report of the British Committee on the Safety of Employes in Dangerous Trades;" "The Association for the Protection of Tenants in Frankfurt;" "The Musée Social of Paris;" "The Mobility of Labour," and "Insurance against Non-employment in Cologne." (Philadelphia)

The Contemporary for November opens with a paper by E. J. Dillon on "Russia and Europe," in which, among other things, the writer shows that "Russia's oft-repeated desire for peace is genuine. For her policy, unlike our own, is based upon what Sidney Smith used to term long views of things, not on the maxim that sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." In "Two Archbishops," Dean Farrar appreciatively writes of the late Archbishops Magee and Benson. Mr. A. T. Quiller-Couch reviews Barrie's "Sentimental Tommy" very favourably; William O'Brien contributes a chapter on the dissension in the Irish Home Rule party in "Was Parnell Badly Treated;" and in "Travels in Armenia" J. Theodore Bent gives much interesting information and shows clearly the superiority of Russian to Turkish rule. H. D. Trail, in his article on Sir William Harcourt, says that while Sir William cannot be regarded as a great orator, he has shown again and again that he is "a parliamentary strategist and tactician of the first force;" that he is "a leader who can really lead;" and that "there is an ever-growing conviction among his party that he is the only one of their leaders who can."

"England and the Continental Alliances," by Francis de Pressensé, is the leading paper in the Nineteenth Century for November. The Right Hon. Sir John Grant, M.P., writes on "The Voluntary Schools;" S. F. Van Oss on "The Westralian Mining Boom;" Robert Young on "Commercial Morality in Japan;" Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Webb on "Arbitration in Labour Disputes;" S. P. Cockerell on "Lord Leighton's Drawings," and George Fottrell on "Land Purchase in Ireland." A. C. Swinburne, Ouida, W. S. Lilly, Mrs. Birchenough, and Sir Wemyss Reed contribute reviews of "Noticeable Books;" Mrs. Besant tells of "The Conditions of Life After Death," and Mrs. Blyth gives a second instalment of "Sketches Made in Germany." In "The Modern Babel" Prof. Mahaffy shows that "the civilized world is undergoing a terrible waste of time and labour in the now compulsory acquiring of many languages," and expresses the conviction that English, in spite of many obstacles, "will gain the victory and become the world language." These articles by no means exhaust the contents of this excellent number.

The National Review for November deals mostly with political questions, foreign, domestic, and colonial. After "Episodes of the Month" we have "The Church and the Unionist Party," by a Layman; "Lord Rosebery's Resignation," by A Conservative M.P.; "The Value of Constantinople," by Spencer Wilkinson; "The Government's Opportunity"—an article dealing with the English "School Question"—by J. R. Diggle; "The Principles of Local Taxation," by Edwin Connan; "The American Elections of 1896," by Moreton Frewen; "The Metropolitan Water Question," by the Hon. Lionel Holland, M.P., and some other articles of domestic interest. Prof. J. B. Bury writes on "Homeric Warfare;" H. W. Wilson on "Trafalgar and Today;" and in "The Functions of a Governor-General," Sir Charles Hibbert Tupper recapitulates the arguments, with which we are familiar, to show that Lord Aberdeen acted unconstitutionally and in a partizan manner at the time of the recent change of Government. "Lord Aberdeen," Sir Hibbert says, "finds himself at the head of the Liberal Government in Canada."

A good deal of attention is devoted to Lord Rosebery in the November Fortnightly. The opening article is "Lord Rosebery's Second Thoughts," by Diplomaticus, and another, towards the end of the number, is "Lord Rosebery's Resignation," by Edward Dicey. Other political articles are "The Cyprus Convention," by T. Gibson Bowles, M.P.; "England, Russia and France," by T. H. G. Escott; "The Conquest of the Soudan," by Major A. Griffiths, and "The Struggle Before Us," a very pessimistic and anti-Russian article by H. W. Wilson. "Russia," he says, "never recoils but for a fresh spring; she never ceases the advance of the sap, but to resort to the mine; like Athens of old she knows no defeat. Enormous, unconquerable, barbarous, consumed with a fierce ambition, she, who cannot rule herself, marches and will march to the Empire of the world. No democracy sways her policy; no search-light of Parliamentary criticism plays upon the designs of her agents or reveals the secrets of her heart. A veil of obscurity and dissimulation hides from us her aims and objects. She can make ready in the dark. And this is the Power which is plotting the conquest of Europe and our overthrow." Among the literary articles is an able and appreciative paper on the late William Morris, by Mackenzie Bell.

* * *

Among the features of special distinction in the Christmas Scribner's the following are announced: Attractive printing in gold and colors, shown on the special cover design, and the twelve pages of illustrations by Oliver Herford; nine complete short stories, most of them illustrated; an article on the late "Sir John Millais," with twenty pages of pictures, most of them chosen by himself in the last weeks of his life; and poems elaborately illustrated by Will Low, McCarter, and the Misses Cowles.

Literary and Personal.

Prof. C. G. D. Roberts has two books in the hands of Lamson, Wolfe & Co., Boston. A "History of Canada" and a new volume of poems, "A Book of the Native."

Sir Casimir Gzowski has been appointed Administrator of the Province of Ontario, pending the return of Lieut.-Gov. Kirkpatrick from a two months' sojourn in England. The ordinary custom of appointing the Chief Justice of the Province has been in this instance departed from.

Apropos of Mr. J. Macdonald Oxley's "Baffling the Blockade" and "Making his Way," recently published by Messrs. Nelson, the British Weekly says: "As a writer for boys Mr. Oxley is behind Mr. Henty and not within a thousand miles of Mr. Ballantyne, but his later books show a decided advance, and in descriptions of sea adventures he has few rivals."

Mr. R. K. Kernighan, more popularly known as "The Khan," has collected his poems and they will be published shortly by the Spectator Printing Co., Hamilton. The merit of Mr. Kernighan's verse has been long recognized and we are very glad to learn that the many fugitive pieces that have delighted the readers of various papers during the past ten or twelve years are soon to be submitted to the public in permanent form. Mr. Kernighan writes poetry as the bird sings—because he cannot help it; and his verse has all the varying charm of humour, pathos and naturalness.

The Critic of Nov. 14 contains an excellent account of the dinner given by the Aldine Club of New York on Nov. 5, in honour of Mr. James M. Barrie and Dr. W. Robertson Nicoll. Portraits of these two gentlemen accompany the article, and there is a picture of "the cottage in Thrums," Mr. Barrie's old home in Kirriemuir. As was fitting, a Scotch tone pervaded the whole evening, pots of heather and rowan-berries being eclipsed only by the pibroch of the official piper of the St. Andrew's Society and the haggis of the menu. The speakers of the evening were, besides the guests, Mr. Hamilton W. Mabie, who presided; Mr. Charles Dudley Warner, Mr. W. D. Howells, Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, Mr. Thos. Nelson Page, Mr. George W. Cable, Mr. John Reid and the Rev. Dr. Henry van Dyke.

When Mrs. Cotes, better known as Miss Sarah Jeannette Duncan, who has just finished a sequel to her "An American Girl in London" under the title of "An American Girl Abroad," was last in England she spent most of her time at Oxford. Her husband, who holds a responsible position in India, was "in residence" for some degree. The fun of it was that the university authorities refused to take any account of Mr. Cotes' age and position, and treated him exactly like any other undergraduate, so that when Mrs. Cotes wished to attend any of the functions of the London season to which her literary position gave her the entree, she had to go alone, because Mr. Cotes was not allowed to spend the night down from Oxford.—Rochester Union.

The Christmas number of Harper's will contain part third of "The Martian," with six illustrations from the author's drawings. An article on "President Kruger" will be contributed by Poultney Bigelow, and Dr. William Jacques will describe the process of obtaining electricity direct from coal. W. D. Howells will give personal recollections of the Autocrat of the Breakfast Table in the article entitled "Oliver Wendell Holmes." Two well-illustrated papers will be those entitled "Wild Ducks and Tame Decoys," by Hamblen Sears, and "How the Law got into the Chaparral," by Frederic Remington. In "A Middle English Nativity" John Corbin will describe miracle-plays performed by strolling actors, in which the English drama had its beginning. There will be six short stories, a "Christmas Carol," etc. The number will be bound in an ornamental cover especially designed in colours by Howard Pyle.

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Such, in brief, is the life of many thousands of laborers in the Ottawa valley, and among the many is Thos. L'obie, of 130 Head street, Chaudiere, who for twelve long years has wrought for the great lumber king, J. R. Booth, shantying in the snowy northern forests, and lifting three inch deal during the summer heats. It is not to be wondered at that in his long experience and great exposure he should contract a severe cold that in time took permanent lodging in the region of his loins and kidneys. Like many others he thought to work it off, but in vain. Soon the pains in the region of the kidneys became so intense that labor was a torture to him, and it was only the indomitable courage, born of a knowledge that others were dependent upon him, that urged him to pursue his weary round of daily toil. Every sudden movement of the body was as a thorny goad that made him wince beneath its sting. Added to this was an unusual and excessive sweating which necessitated frequent changes



of clothing, and which weakened him to such an extent that his appetite was almost entirely gone, and eventually but little food and much water was his daily fare. Many vain efforts were made by Mr. Dobie to free himself from the pains which had fastened themselves upon him, and one medicine after another was used, but without effect. Life became a burden and existence a thing almost undesirable. After many fruitless efforts he was induced to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. When three boxes were taken the change in his condition was marvellous, and his own words are: "When I had taken six boxes I was a new man and consider the cure worth hundreds of dollars." Mr. Dobie, although completely cured, continues taking Pink Pills occasionally and is very enthusiastic in his praises of what the pills have done for him. Many of his fellow workmen seeing the great change wrought in him by these famous pills have been led to give them a trial for other ailments and are unanimous in pronouncing them superior to all other medicines.

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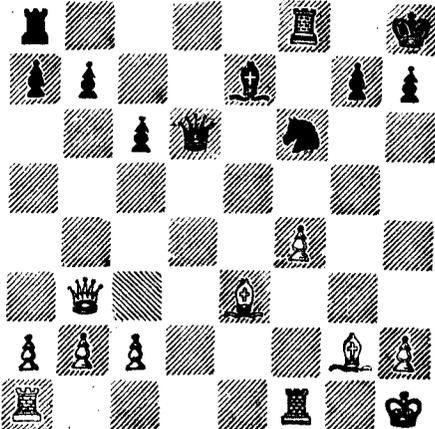
One of the most attractive instrumental concerts of the season will shortly be given by the Yunck String Quartette (now Detroit Philharmonic Club). It is expected all lovers of good music will be present. The Quartette consists of William Yunck, first violin; L. F. Schultz, second violin; H. Brueckner, viola; H. Heberlem, violoncello. Assistance will be rendered by Mr. H. M. Field, piano virtuoso, and a vocal artist. With a professional quartette like this, and the assisting artists, the house should be filled to its utmost capacity. Subscribers have first choice of seats. The book is now open at Nordheimer's. Tele. 749. Plan will be open to subscribers December 5th.

Chess.

The Magyar frightens the Yankee :

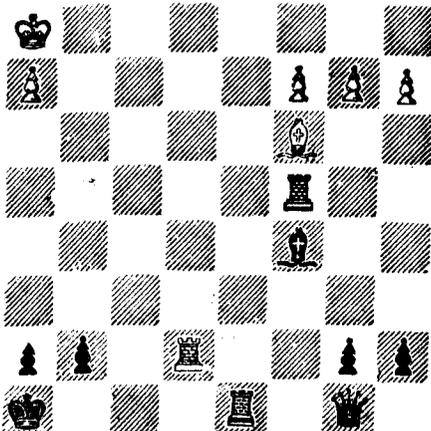
Charousek	Pillsbury	Game 761	
1 P K4	P K4	BD	GE
2 P K14	P Q4	KN	75
3 P xQP	P K5	D5	ED
4 P Q3	Kt KB3	23	ZP
5 P xP	Kt xKP	3D	PD
6 Q K2	Q xP	1B	85
7 Kt Q2	P KB4	j2	QO
8 P Kkt4	B K2	TV	RG
9 B Kt2	Q R4	JT	5e
10 P xP	Kt KB3!	VO	DP
11 Kkt B3	Castle	SM	HZ
12 Castle	Q B4 ch	AS	ew†
13 K R1	Kt B3	S11	rx
14 Kt Kt3	Q xKBP	2m	wO
15 Q KtQ4	Kt xKt	m4	x4
16 Kt xKt	Q B4	M4	Ow
17 Kt K6	B xKt	4F	zF
18 Q xB ch	K R1	B†	Z88
19 B K3?	Q Q3	sC	w6
20 Q Kt3	P B3	Pm	yx

r4r1k, pp2b1pp, 2pqln2, 8,



5P2, 1Q2B3, PPP3BP, R4R1K)

21 Q xP, Kt Q4, 22 (B Q4) Q Kt3, QR QK1	Q B2	a1	6y
21 QR Q1	QRK1	C2	hH
22 B Q2	B Q3	mU	G6
23 Q Kt3	RK2	2u	HG
24 B QB3	Kt Q4	U44	P5
25 QR4	P xB	T5	x5
26 B xKt	B xP	4455	6N
27 Q R5	R KK1	55 5	RZ
28 Q xP	B K4	14	NE
29 R Q4	Q Kt1	4V	yr
30 R QB4	R Q1	JA	Z8
31 R K1	31 R xB!, R xQ, 33 R xKR winning	5w	E6
32 Q B5	B Q3	AG	6w
33 R xR*	B xQ		



(5b2, 8, pp1R2pp, k3rlq1)

34 R xKktP	R Q8 ch	GY	81†
35 R Kt1 ch	B Q5	YS†	w4
36 B xB ch	R xB	u4†	14
37 R xR	Q KB1!!!	v4	rR

38 R Q3, Q K2, 39 P KR3, P KR4, 40 QRK K13, Q K5 ch, 41 KR K2, Q K8 ch, 42 K R2, Q K4, 43 P KR4, Q B5, 44 K Kt1, Q xP, 45 P B3, Q KB5, 46 R K15, Q K6 ch, 47 KR2 Q B6, 48 KR K3, Q K7 ch, 49 K R3, Q K3 ch, 50 KR4, Q K5 ch, 51 K xP, Q R2 ch, 52 K Kt4, Q K5 ch, draws by perpetual check.

Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. will publish to-morrow, 21st inst., Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe's "Oldtown Folks" and "Sam Lawson's Oldtown Fireside Stories" (two volumes), and "Poganuc People," and "Pink and White Tyranny." Large-paper edition, \$4.00 per volume: Riverside edition, \$1.50. They also announce for publication at the same time "Whitman: A Study," by John Burroughs; "Sister Jane: Her Friends and Acquaintances," a novel, by Joel Chandler Harris; "Governments and Parties in Continental Europe," by A. Lawrence Lowell; "Nine Love Songs and a Carol," by Kate Douglas Wiggin; "A Genuine Girl," by Jeanie Gould Lincoln; "Mornings in the College Chapel: Talks to Young Men on Personal Religion," by Professor Peabody, D.D.; "The Imperial University, and "The Imperial Christ," by John Patterson Coyle, D.D.

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Public Opinion.

Hamilton Spectator: When ladies have so very much to do: when they undertake the management of the whole of this world and some part of the next, they cannot be expected to waste enough time upon any one subject to understand the exact whys and wherefores of it.

Hamilton Herald: The Dominion W.C. T.U. will ask the Dominion Government to have the plebiscite vote on prohibition taken on the municipal voters' list. This won't do. No person should be allowed to vote on the question but those whose votes must finally decide it—that is, those who have the right to vote in Dominion elections.

Canadian Baptist (Ind.): Should the reports of Mr. Tarte's Sybaritic junketings be found to be based on fact, it is to be hoped that the same critics who so unmercifully scored members of the late Government in Parliament, will not spare a leader of their own party for doing the same things. One may refuse to spy upon a private table or to criticise a *menu*, but it will always be in order to condemn a bad example on the part of a chosen leader of the people.

The Province, B.C. (Ind.): We shall not be surprised to hear of further, possibly numerous dismissals, for it is an undoubted fact that there are men in the governmental department at Ottawa who are deliberately doing their utmost to make the Liberal Administration appear ridiculous in the eyes of the country, and are giving away information to the opponents of the Government which should never be parted with except when called for in the proper way in the House of Commons. They are also keeping back information from their chiefs, an equally treacherous and despicable act.

Shelburne Economist: Mr James McMullen, M.P., is making a commendable move to have a levelling up of the salaries of postmasters throughout the Dominion. Rural postmasters, a patient and long-suffering class who have hitherto been revelling in magnificent salaries ranging from \$10 to \$25 a year, and paying their own rent, will rejoice at this prospect of relief. Many of them would long ago have given up their offices but for the fact that to do so would deprive their neighbourhood of postal facilities. Mr. McMullen undertakes few things without making a success of them, and we fancy he will "get there" in this case.

Montreal Star (Ind.): No class division—certainly no line separating the city from the country—cuts through this tariff question. We are all consumers, and we are all producers. We must all both buy and sell in the home market: and it is pure folly to imagine that a properly distributed measure of Protection is necessary to the benefit of one section and to the loss of another. The Ministers are well advised in making a thorough investigation; and if they wear any glasses while at the task, they should be careful that they are coloured neither red nor blue but are of the purest of pure glass.

Hamilton Spectator: The London Advertiser tells of a new voting plan invented by a Londoner. The voter is supplied with ballots—one for each candidate, marked with a star in the colour chosen by the candidate. Thus the Conservative ballot might be marked in blue, the Grit in red the independent in yellow, and so on. In the secret chamber the voter selects his ballot by the colour of its mark, no matter whether or not he can read. He folds the ballot up separately, and has the chosen one deposited in the ballot box and the others put in another box supplied for the purpose. No pencil is used, and there is no chance for the voter to destroy his ballot by misplacing the mark. The scheme is a good one. But we think that the cash register machine used in some places in the State of New York on the Presidential election the other day is the most satisfactory scheme yet devised.

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Public Opinion.

Quebec Chronicle (Con.): The Hon. Senators David Mills and George A. Cox have our congratulations upon their elevation. Mr. Mills' political service and ability entitles him to the distinction, and the selection of the President of the Bank of Commerce for a similar honour, in the person of Mr. George A. Cox, is a compliment to the financial interests of the Dominion that will be duly appreciated.

Hamilton Herald (Ind): The Dominion Senate will be greatly strengthened by the acquisition of the Hon. David Mills and George A. Cox—the former, one of the ablest and most high-minded of Canadian statesmen, and the latter one of the foremost financiers in the Dominion. With a few more such men as these in the Senate, it would no longer be a subject for derision.

Ottawa Citizen (Con): The Government has made a wise selection for the Senate in the persons of Mr. David Mills and Mr. Geo. A. Cox. Mr. Mills is a learned and upright man whom the people at large respect. He is an honourable politician, and perhaps the worst charge that can be brought against him is prolixity. Mr. Cox is a man of remarkable financial and commercial gifts and will undoubtedly give great strength to the Upper Chamber in the consideration and discussion of business matters

Belleveille Intelligencer (Con): Mr. Mills has richly earned the honor conferred upon him, but how does he reconcile his acceptance of the position with his declaration in the House of Commons, some years ago, when discussing the composition of that body, and its claims to public favour and confidence? At that time he denounced the Senate as being a "Magdalen asylum for political prostitutes." Has he changed his mind or does he fill the bill? Mr. Cox is President of the Bank of Commerce, and is well known in this section of the country. He will add dignity to the position he has been called upon to fill.

Montreal Star (Ind.): Hon. David Mills and Mr. Geo. A. Cox are the kind of men which the constitution intended should be called to the Senate. Mr. Mills is an experienced public man, possessed of a remarkable store of information and a political career without a blemish. It would be a distinct loss to the country if his services should be no longer available because of the action of a single constituency. Mr. Cox is a prince of financiers and must prove to be an invaluable counsellor in the conduct of the business of the Dominion. He is typical of Toronto enterprise and will worthily represent the financial interests of Ontario.

Ottawa Journal (Ind.): The appointment of Messrs. Mills and Cox to the Senate is an indication that the Government is going to make an effort to reform the Upper Chamber, and that there is no intention of abolishing it. Mr. Cox is one of the ablest financiers in the country. His name was mentioned at one time in connection with the position of Finance Minister. As for Mr. Mills, he is one of the leading public men of Canada. His long service to the state as a Minister of the Crown and in Parliament make him eminently fitted to aid the leader of the Senate, Sir Oliver Mowat, in bringing about those reforms which he has promised in connection with that institution.

Toronto Mail and Empire (Con.): Mr. Geo. A. Cox will make an excellent Senator, and so will Mr. David Mills. The former gentleman, as a representative of the business of the country, having a large experience and vast financial interests, should, and no doubt will, do good service to the State in the position to which he has been called. The latter is a constitutional authority of great weight: he, in his turn, may be expected to give valuable aid to the Senatorial deliberations. Mr. Mills is indeed bound, as an expounder of the law and the constitution, to stand head and shoulders above all the men on the Ministerial side of the House. He has not the craft or cunning which ranks as wisdom in some quarters; but he is frank, able, and full of information.



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The great curse of this age is the demand for rapid education. Parents and teachers crowd the children through a long, hard year's work. Health is sacrificed for promotion. What is learned while a child is fatigued is soon lost, the mind's forces being equally dissipated. Vital force is required faster than it is generated. The work of to-day is done on to-morrow's credit, and the system of a child is at a loss to protect itself against disease and accident.

Those who are not able to go away for a winter to avoid cold can often make their own climate at home by short excursions to nearby regions, or by sunny rooms in their houses. A sunny room, to be used when the sun shines, is almost as good as a visit to a tropical region, and is devoid of the trials of travel. It helps to make, for a few hours at a time, a local tropical climate. An open fire also does the same thing in a lesser degree. There may be more heat wasted, but in a fire out of sight the light and its psychical stimulating force is entirely lost.—Journal of Hygiene.

How can worry be abolished? That is the question which we propose to answer. Simply drop the morbid idea that causes it and put in its place a true thought. Let go of it! If it comes back again kick it out as you would a robber entering your room. Whenever it appears drive it away. Stamp your feet on the floor. Clinch your fists if need be, but in some way oust it. Do not let it have possession of the chambers of the mind, to leave its evil effects. But do not fail to put other ideas, other thoughts in its place. If not, other and perhaps worse ideas involuntarily come in and fill the void and the last state of the person may be worse than the first.

Raising bacteria for the general market is an entirely new business which a large German firm of colour manufacturers has recently engaged in. They advertise that they will deliver, under the name of nitrazin, cultures of bacteria with which to inoculate various leguminous crops to the increase of their yield and improvement of their quality. Their stock includes pure cultivations of nodule organisms suitable to the growth of seventeen varieties of beans, clover, and other crops of the family mentioned. Each bottle is labelled according to the crop for which it is intended, of which the botanical and the German name are given. Sixty-three cents will procure enough bacteria to inoculate half an acre of land.

A remarkable discovery is narrated by Prof. Carter to the Academy of Science of Philadelphia, as being made lately near Three Tans, Montgomery county, Pa. In a sandstone quarry at that place an iron tree has been found imbedded in the rock 10 feet below the surface. The tree is about 18 feet long and 18 inches in diameter, and has been completely turned to iron ore known as brown hematite; and Prof. Carter accounts for the phenomenon by the fact that the shales and the sandstones in that neighbourhood are covered with red oxide of iron, and sometimes with brown hematite. It is presumed that the iron ore was reduced by organic matter, and that it was made soluble in water containing carbonic acid gas; then, as the water holding the iron in solution came in contact with the tree, the iron was precipitated on the latter, and there was an interchange of vegetable and mineral matter, so that the rocks were relieved of their colouring and the tree took it up.

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