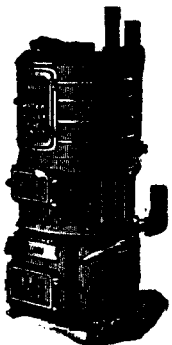


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THE WEEK.

Vol. X.

TORONTO, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 17th, 1893.

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CURRENT TOPICS.

The announcement that there is to be a revision of the voters' lists this year has again called public attention to the enormous burden which is entailed upon the country by this most cumbersome and expensive system. A significant and hopeful indication is the fact that some Conservative municipal bodies are protesting against the Act and calling for its repeal. It is to be hoped that some of the independent supporters of the Government will include this most indefensible measure in the list of Government devices which they can no longer support. A contemporary has hazarded the statement that the quarter of a million, or thereabout, of dollars which the revision will cost would suffice to compensate the revenue for the loss that would ensue from a reduction of letter postage to two cents, which would be a great boon to the country.

According to the Postmaster-General's calculation the loss would be about \$700,000. But do these figures include a reasonable allowance for the great increase in the number of letters which would result?

That the President of the Manufacturers' Association should be opposed to a reduction of the tariff would surprise no one. Mr. McNaught's arguments and figures were marshalled with a good deal of skill, but on examination they will be found to be, for the most part, familiar, and to abound with weaknesses which have been again and again pointed out. What for instance, could be more fallacious than to build an argument for protection upon the progress of the Dominion as shewn by statistics during the last ten or twelve years, without taking any account of the facts that within that period something like a hundred millions of dollars of borrowed money have been spent in the country, and the rich and boundless prairies of the Northwest made accessible by rail—neither of which facts have any necessary connection with protection? Touching the argument from statistics, we beg to commend to our readers a careful study of the last of the three extracts which are quoted by Dr. Wicksteed in another column. A reliable analysis of the statistics of Canadian industries, after all were eliminated which cannot be fairly shown to be dependent upon the protective tariff for their existence, with a view to determine as nearly as possible the relative numbers of those who pay the taxes to Government and to protected manufacturers, and those for whose benefit the taxes are paid, would, we fancy, open the eyes of a good many who may never have looked at the matter in that light.

The decision of the Ontario Government to open a summer school at Guelph for the benefit of teachers whose duty it is, or will be, to strive to interest their pupils in agricultural pursuits and in rural life generally, is a step, though but a small step, in the right direction. It is now too late in the day to cry out against practical and technical instruction in the schools. There is no ground on which state-supported public schools themselves can be defended, which cannot be shown to be equally available in favor, not only of agricultural teaching, but of general manual instruction. But such work as it is proposed to have done by teachers, with a view to create an interest in the minds of the children in the sights and sounds, the occupations and pleasures of country life, needs no defence on narrow utilitarian grounds. It is not difficult to conceive of such studies being pursued in such a manner—and that is the only right manner—as will make them highly useful from the general educational point of view. Such exercises as are contemplated are, in fact, adapted to cultivate some of the noblest faculties of the mind—faculties which have hitherto been too

much neglected, to the great loss of both individuals and the State. But why confine the experiment to the rural teachers and schools? What better service could be done for thousands of children in the city schools than to inspire them with a taste for rural life and agricultural or horticultural pursuits? To our thinking this would be a more hopeful undertaking than the attempt to check merely the exodus of the country boys.

It is not wonderful that the announcement that Ferdinand de Lesseps had been sentenced to imprisonment for five years and to pay a fine of 3,000 francs, should have created a profound sensation throughout not only France but the civilized world. The fame of the veteran engineer is world-wide. It is a thousand pities that the magnificent qualities both of genius and of courage and persistency which enabled him to conceive and carry to successful completion the Suez Canal, should have suffered so complete a moral eclipse in the closing days of the great engineer's career. Yet it seems impossible to doubt the justness of the sentence. The "swindling and breach of trust" charged against his son and his comrades in crime and disgrace, have been proved beyond possibility of doubt and it is incredible that these operations, so stupendous in extent as well as in turpitude, could have been carried on without the knowledge and co-operation of the one man whose name and fame were the powerful levers by which the whole financial structure was raised. It is happily not often that a man of great scientific reputation and ability is found lending himself to a scheme for the robbery of the public. Ambition, the crime by which "fell the angels," rather than any more sordid motive, no doubt led to his terrible downfall. None the less, France is to be congratulated if her tribunals shall make it really clear that justice in the Republic is neither blind nor a respecter of persons. That, however, cannot be said to be even yet demonstrated. Without fuller knowledge of the evidence it would be unsafe to offer an opinion, but there seems some reason to fear that the acquittal of the deputies may have given some just ground for the charges of failure of impartial justice which are now being so freely hurled against the French Government by its opponents.

Logically, the quarantining of Canadian cattle by the American Government is but the natural sequence of the action of the British Board of Agriculture. Actually there is reason to fear that it is designed partly as a measure of retaliation against the Mother Country in return for the persistent scheduling of American stock, and partly as an expression of the dislike felt for the present Canadian Government at Washington, as the latter is quite in keeping with President Harrison's recent message to Congress touching the bonding privileges accorded by treaty to Canadian rail-

roads. Without attempting to fix the responsibility for this feeling, if unhappily it exists, we may observe that these incidents suggest the extent to which it is possible for two contiguous countries, situated as these are with reference to each other, to keep up a series of petty and in many cases of damaging annoyances, deplorable in themselves and dangerous by reason of their possible culmination. Obviously it is the part of good statesmanship to cultivate mutual friendship and goodwill by a spirit of forbearance and magnanimity, for evidence of which we search in vain, on either side of the line, during these last years. This moralizing is, however, by the way. It is clear that the only way out of the difficulty, so far as the quarantine is concerned, is to convince the British Government that their fears as to the existence of contagious disease among Canadian cattle are utterly groundless. So soon as that can be done the embargo will no doubt be removed. By the way, some of our protectionists must be curiously in want of a clod to hurl against British free-trade when they are driven to represent, as one or two have done, the scheduling of Canadian cattle as a measure of protection.

The report of the conference held last November between delegates representing the Canadian and Newfoundland Governments respectively, which was laid on the table of the House the other day, is not a little disappointing. Unless our memory is seriously at fault, the impression went abroad after the close of the conference that the interchange of views had been eminently friendly and satisfactory. This is by no means borne out by the record. On the contrary, so far as can be gathered from the document, the main questions in dispute between the two Governments were left in about the same condition in which they were found. The chief if not the only obstacle in the way of a friendly and mutually satisfactory arrangement was the refusal of the Dominion representatives to promise to withdraw their objections to the ratification of the Bond-Blaine Convention by the British Government, on any conditions save the free admission of Canadian fish to the markets of the United States, a condition which it is not, of course, in the power of Newfoundland to obtain or bestow. The Newfoundland delegates repeatedly pressed the question whether, in case of the ultimate failure of the Canadian Government to obtain the desired concession from Washington, after ample time had been had for negotiations, the said Government would not then permit her smaller sister to enjoy the benefits, which to her would be very great, of an arrangement which Canada herself was unable to effect. The answer of the Canadian delegates was a refusal to give any such pledge, and an intimation that the influence of their Government would continue to be exerted with that of Great Britain to prevent the ratification of the treaty in question.

We venture to ask, in all frankness, whether the Dominion is not pursuing a dog-in-the-manger policy unworthy of her, in this affair. The representatives of Newfoundland regard the treaty in question as one of the very first importance, almost vital in fact, to the well-being of their colony. No great skill in putting one's self in the place of one's neighbour is required to show us that were the circumstances reversed, such interference with

Canadian affairs by the Island would be deemed intolerable. Does the fact that Newfoundland is the smaller colony make her rights any smaller than ours? Can there be reasons of state so weighty as to over-balance all ordinary considerations of fair play, to justify such interference with the policy of a sister colony? In view of the manner in which the Canadian delegates pressed the question of union upon the attention of those of Newfoundland it will be by no means surprising should the latter and the people of Newfoundland generally infer that the action of Canada in the matter is, at least partly, an indirect pressure to force the Island to enter the Confederation. Canadians for obvious reasons should be the last to tolerate such pressure. Mr. Bowell even went so far as to represent the question as one of great moment to the Imperial Government, as in fact "to a great extent, a matter of Imperial necessity". It must be, we suppose, that Minister Bowell was authorized to make this statement, though it is certainly an unusual thing for the British Government to make known their views and wishes in respect to a Colony in so indirect a manner. The incident gives new force to the query as to what would be permitted to the Dominion, or expected of her, in case of federation with Newfoundland, in the delicate French-shore fishery business.

TARIFF REFORM.

With the delivery of the budget speech of the Minister of Finance, which will take place too late for comment in this issue, will no doubt commence one of the most important debates ever had in the Dominion Parliament. The tone and temper of the discussion will, of course, depend largely upon the policy of the Government, as announced by the Minister. Up to the present moment the secret has been well kept, and it would be useless to hazard a guess as to whether the policy will prove to be one of concession in some important respects to what may now be safely described as a wide-spread and growing popular demand for tariff reduction, or one of masterly procrastination such as has on other occasions stood the present Government, or rather its predecessor, in so good stead. It is hardly likely, we suppose that any serious changes will be proposed for the present session. It is evident, however, that some pretty definite promises for the future will be necessary to make sure of the continued adhesion of the tariff malcontents in the party ranks.

The progress of the debate will exhibit several interesting phases of opinion among the people's representatives. There will be, in the first place, the straight protectionists, who thoroughly believe in the underlying principle of the National Policy—not as it was originally proposed and adopted, as a measure of retaliation designed to compel our neighbours over the way to grant us reciprocal trade. The party has advanced far since Sir John Macdonald announced as the motto of the Party, "Reciprocity of trade or reciprocity of tariffs." It has climbed up from that stepping-stone to the high platform of protectionism, pure and simple. That which was devised as a means to an end has now come to be prized, if not strictly as an end in itself, at least as a means to another end, radically different from that at first proposed and quite inconsistent with it. We shall hear member

after member seriously contend that the true and only way in which to make a young and comparatively poor people strong and rich and great is to surround with a high tariff wall every article of commerce which can by any possibility be produced in the country. With a touching faith in the virtue of mutual taxation as a means of growth and prosperity, and a sovereign contempt for the natural right of every free citizen to buy what he needs wherever he can procure it to best advantage, the statesmen will arrange themselves in solid phalanx against every proposal to relieve the people of any considerable portion of the burden which they may foolishly believe to be crushing them to earth, while it is in reality, according to the philosophy of these law-makers, but developing their muscle and accelerating their progress. And we see no reason to doubt that the statesmen of this class will be in the majority to an extent that will make it safe, for the present at least, for the Government to adhere substantially to the old policy.

Diametrically opposed to these will be the small but growing band of those who emphatically deny the right of any Government, or any majority, to take away the inalienable right of free citizens to buy and sell and to use their own property as they please, and who regard it as injustice and robbery to force such citizens to purchase the products of certain of their fellow-citizens, at such prices as the latter may fix, on pain of being mulcted in a heavy fine for the privilege of purchasing elsewhere those which suit them better. To these it will be open not only to denounce protectionism in every form as an unwarrantable interference with the liberty of the subject, but, to maintain, on the broadest grounds of political economy and of common-sense philosophy, the decree of beneficent and freedom-loving nature that the greatest good of the greatest number will be most surely promoted by the largest freedom of commercial intercourse. But the genuine free-traders will be in a decided though by no means hopeless minority, for the present, in the Canadian Parliament. They must console themselves with the reflection that time, and political science, and accumulating experience, are on their side.

But the issue may, in this case, be largely affected by a third body, which cannot be accurately described as a class, seeing that it lacks the cohesive force of a principle, and is but a conglomeration of individuals, having diverse views, seeking diverse ends, and held together only by the accidental bond of a common party loyalty, or a common self-interest. Some of these have had their eyes partially opened. They see men as trees walking. It will probably not be long till some of them will find peace and satisfaction in planting their feet firmly on the solid foundation of a sound economic principle. Others of them will have been led to take exception to various features of the National Policy as at present existing, while giving a general approval to it as a whole. Each one will object to the particular injustice or hardship which has come most directly under his own observation. One has discovered that it is a crying shame to compel farmers and other hard-working citizens to pay eighteen or twenty cents per gallon for an inferior quality of illuminating oil, when a superior article could be procured for less than half of the sum but for the tariff imposed to compel them to patronize a few oil-producers.

in a certain district. Another has come to see that it is an economic folly to increase the price of corn for feeding purposes by taxation when the prosperity, not to say the very existence, of a large part of the farming community depends upon their success in fattening cattle economically for the British Market. A third has at length perceived that the system of specific duties, so much in favor with our tariff-makers, is really most unfair in its operation, tending as it most clearly does to throw the heavier burden of taxation upon the poor, who are forced to be content with the cheaper qualities of goods, and to lighten it for the wealthier classes, who purchase the more expensive articles. There is no greater tariff iniquity than this. It is to be hoped that those who object to it in particular will see too clearly and too far to have their vision obscured by the fallacious plea that by purchasing the home-manufactured article the poor man in question escapes the tax, the fact evidently being that the specific duty is but a device to compel him to purchase the home-made article at the manufacturer's price. This is a species of compulsion which the wealthier and more influential classes could not be relied on to submit to. Hence the discrimination. A fourth weak-kneed protectionist has, it may be, lived in the North-West and seen with his own eyes how the farmer groans under the restraint, which, by forbidding him to buy his expensive agricultural machinery in the nearest and cheapest market, adds a heavy percentage to the hardships and privations of pioneer life on the prairies. A fifth has had his righteous soul vexed by the exactions and impositions practiced by a binding-twine monopoly, flourishing and fleecing the patient farmer, behind the sheltering aegis of the tariff. And so on, throughout a lengthening list of tariff grievances whose true character is being revealed by observation and experience.

The result will be awaited with intense interest by the burden-bearers all over the Dominion. By granting a substantial measure of immediate relief, the Government might, there is little doubt, firmly re-establish its hold on the electorate for some time to come. Failing to do this, as it probably will, having the fear of the interested and necessary manufacturers before its eyes, there is little doubt that it may rely upon the loyalty of its followers to escape serious embarrassment until it shall have gained time for further consideration, and especially for watching the course of the new Administration in the United States, whose lead it will be obliged to follow ignominiously, unless it has the courage to boldly take the initiative.

THE HOME RULE BILL.

Whatever may be the outcome of the Home Rule struggle, it cannot be doubted that the introduction of the Bill of 1893, with the magnificent speech of the veteran Premier, will take rank as an historical event of great moment. All the world listened to that speech and wondered at the marvellous vitality, physical and intellectual, of the man who, at the age of eighty-three, was able to make and deliver it. Scarcely less wonderful is the sustained enthusiasm which has enabled him to keep this great occasion before his mind and before the British people and the world, during the last seven years, as the one great object of his life, the longed-for consummation and crown of sixty years of Parliamentary service.

The outline furnished by cable is evidently meagre and defective at many points, yet no one can read it, whatever may be his views of the merits of the policy it propounds, without being struck with the wonderful genius for lucid exposition which it displays—the same genius, with its fires unabated, which used, a score or two of years ago, to impart to the dry details of a financial budget, an oratorical charm which could hold the most critical audience in the world in breathless attention for hours.

"We have arrived at the parting of the ways in our dealing with Ireland. You have to choose the one road or the other. The one leads to coercion, the other to autonomy. We reject coercion, therefore we propose autonomy." Such is Mr. Gladstone's justification of the principle of Home Rule in a nutshell. He throws upon the opponent of the measure the onus of either accepting the principle of perpetual coercion, or pointing out some third way, or via media.

Five propositions, laid down as cardinal principles, underlie the Bill: (1) Imperial unity must be conserved. (2) The essential equality of all the constituent kingdoms must be maintained. (3) The financial burdens must be fairly distributed. (4) The minority must be protected by every practicable provision. (5) The scheme must contain the essentials of a complete and final settlement of the questions at issue.

On these foundation principles, Mr. Gladstone proceeded to erect, in skeleton outline, the scheme which is embodied in the Bill to be brought down in a few days. Most of our readers will have read his speech as cabled, and have formed their own opinions as to the measure of success, or the opposite, with which these cardinal principles have been followed. In several respects in which it deviates from the Bill of 1886, the plan seems to us to have been decidedly improved. Not only is Ireland to retain her representation in the Imperial Parliament, but this representation is to be on the just basis of proportionate population, and the members are to be newly and specially elected. This strikes us as decidedly preferable to the retention of the present members, or a part of them, for the purpose. The proposed settlement of the financial difficulty by the simple process of retaining the local revenue fund has much to recommend it, though admittedly defective, theoretically, as failing to provide for increasing the contribution in case of war or other financial exigency. But in transactions between nations, as between individuals, much must often be left to the right feeling and sense of honor of the contracting parties.

Mr. Gladstone's frank admission of the great difficulty to be met with in carrying out the principle of local autonomy, arising from the fact that Ireland is not united, points directly to the rock upon which there is the greatest danger of shipwreck. As he truly said, were Ireland united all opposition to the measure would vanish like a shadow. But were Ireland united there would perhaps be no demand or necessity for a Home Rule Bill. The reprobable Col. Saunderson emphasized the fact that the Irish people are not united, and used a familiar figure of rhetoric with a good deal of effect, when he protested that he would not resort to a threat, at the same time that he declared that unless the whole country is blind, it cannot ignore the demonstration of the Ulster Unionists last summer. The weak-

ness of the position of Col. Saunderson and the Ulster Unionists is, however, that their opposition is directed against the principle of majority rule, which is equivalent to a determination to have either minority rule or outside rule. It is obvious, moreover, that if the majority are convinced that Home Rule is just and right, it would be pusillanimous to be deterred by the threats of a minority.

THE RECIPROCITY CONFERENCE.

Probably the most important matter which has come under the consideration of the House of Commons, during its present session in Ottawa, is the subject of the Conference which was held about two years ago between the representatives of the Dominion Government and those of the Administration at Washington on the question of reciprocity between the United States and Canada. Unusual importance is attached to the matter from the following considerations:—

The Government of Canada carried the last general election mainly by the avowal of their intention to use every possible effort to accomplish such a treaty; and their appeal to the electors on this pledge involved the belief on their part that they had reasonable grounds for the expectation that they would be able to accomplish what they proposed.

That the representations with reference to what transpired at the Conference as given to the press and to the public by the United States and Canadian members of the Conference vary so materially as to demand the promptest explanation which can be obtained from authentic and official (if any) records of the actual proceedings.

It would appear from a late speech of Sir John Thompson in the House of Commons, that there is in the possession of the Government a full and complete record of all the proceedings at the Conference, but there is an objection to laying the record before Parliament until a certain formality has been gone through of obtaining the consent of the Imperial Government, under and through whom the Canadian representatives were acting. Sir John claims that his Government cannot be charged with any blame on account of the delay which has been or may yet be incurred in the production of the report of the proceedings at the Conference, because, until now, the papers have not been formally or properly asked for. On the other hand, some members of the Opposition assert that they have been wilfully kept in ignorance of the existence of such an official record. Granting, as Sir John Thompson contends, that the consent of the British Government must be obtained before the whole of the papers connected with this Conference can be submitted to Parliament; grant also that no regular, formal demand has been made for the production of these papers, it is difficult to discover any reasonable justification for the delay which has occurred in furnishing the fullest possible authentic information on this very important subject. The members of the Canadian Government must be aware that the policy of reciprocity with the United States is generally considered the most important question which affects the public interest; that they themselves were charged by the people with the task of employing every possible effort towards the successful accomplishment of a fair and honorable treaty. They are aware that there is a very general feeling of dissatis-

faction as to the uncertainty which exists as to the true history of all that transpired at the Conference.

Under such circumstances it might have been expected that the Canadian Government would, of its own accord, have, at the earliest possible opportunity, obtained the consent of the British Government to lay the whole of the papers before Parliament, so that the House and the people should be in a position to judge as to whether the Canadian or American version of what transpired is the truthful version. Not only this, but that the House and the people should be enabled to determine whether the Canadian Government had displayed that sincerity and earnestness in their dealings with this question which might be expected from a Government specially entrusted with this particular duty. Further, in view of the general indifference or hostility manifested so generally by the press and politicians of the United States with respect to reciprocity with Canada, did the Canadian Government present to the conference such facts relating to the commerce between the two countries as, in their own judgment, previously justified them in appealing to the electors for authority to deal with the question and in assuring the people of a fair prospect of success? The production of the necessary papers, which it is to be hoped will not now be much longer delayed, will enable the country to judge whether the Government has performed its whole duty on this all-important subject with that zeal, ability and discretion which entitle them to claim the continued confidence of their supporters. A little tinkering with the tariff now will not absolve them from condemnation if it shall appear that they have proved incapable or remiss in the performance of the special duty with which they were intrusted and which they professed themselves to be capable of accomplishing. If, on the other hand, it shall be shown that the propositions for reciprocity submitted by the Canadian Government were of such a fair and reasonable character as might have been expected to meet with acceptance by the United States administration, but were rejected by the latter through an over-reaching or arrogant disposition to exact unreasonable concessions, the Government at Ottawa will undoubtedly not only confirm but greatly strengthen the very large measure of popular support which they now enjoy.

Toronto.

ROBERT H. LAWDER.

PARIS LETTER.

The impression is, that unless death demands him, Dr. Herz will be extradited on the charge of swindling and receiving money for illegal purposes. He cannot plead politics, as the most curious circumstance about Panamism is, that the scandals benefit no political party, save the revolutionists, whom the police look after. Individual notorieties are hit, but the Assize court and the General elections will correct their misdeeds. The Republic will wash herself clear of all the filth, and be all the better after the operation; her confidence was misplaced, abused; she will change the scene and the men. Herz will have to show what work, labor, or value he gave for his millions; and the Bow Street magistrate will decide if the funds of a public company were to be accepted for the settlement of shady transactions. This must involve the production of the voucher

payments by the Canal Co., and the same class of documents by Dr. Herz, as to what he did with his pull at the millions.

The grand interest in the scandals has subsided: the main lines of the frauds are known: the chief culpables of the venalities are in the hands of justice, and the 650,000 victimized shareholders feel satisfied. Those who have disloyally aided to suck the Company's Cash box dry, must refund their swindlings, no matter how they may have arranged to place the loot. The negative result of the analyses of the remains of de Reinach, has not disappointed opinion: the chemists discovered no poison, but decline to say that he was not poisoned. However the six distinguished toxicologists during their researches discovered a wholly unknown poison, and one which is the product of death itself, as the same mysterious agent has been recognized in other corpses submitted to examination.

Deputy Pontois emits a very ingenious idea; for the completion of the Panama Canal; the founding of a Central Rural Bank for the use of Agricultural Syndicates; the providing of Pensions for Aged Labor, and succour for the victims of industry accidents. He proposes the constitution of a National Institute of Finance, with a capital of 5½ millions of francs, say in 10 million shares of 520 fr., each to be controlled, but not managed, by the State. The amount of the share to be collected during ten years, at the rate of one franc per week. One half the capital will be lodged with the State to feed the Pension Fund, and annually redeem the moiety of the shares, so that in one hundred years the Shares will be paid off. No persons will be allowed to have more than ten shares, as a rule, which must be held in their name so as to check speculation. None will be allocated to foreigners. The other moiety of the Capital will be manipulated by the Institute—500 millions for the Rural Bank; 600 millions to complete the Panama canal; the rest for cheap housings for the poor, the abolition of the fees of law courts—free justice; the redemption of the other half of the shares till their total extinction in a century, etc. The earnings of the Canal and the other industrial enterprises, will be divided between the shareholders, but in the case of Panama the victims will receive 40 per cent of the net profits till wholly indemnified. This combination of the Popular and the savings banks, would succeed if favored by the state, but not otherwise. The only dark spot in the movement for completing the Canal is, what role does the United States, if any, intend to fill toward an extension of the concession by the government of Colombia, to the old Company?

A fresh source of trouble in workshops and manufactories has been caused, due to the coming into operation of the new law limiting the hours and conditions of work for women and children. The amelioration is not unanimously accepted as a benefit, but the advocates of shorter hours welcome the law, as it will lessen the number of the unemployed. The law has necessitated the creation of a staff of inspectors, a new department, etc., involving an addition to the budget of 648,000 francs yearly. It is calculated, that the 22,000 women and children compelled to work less, and so submit to reduced earnings, would have their complaints nullified, were the 648,000 francs distributed for their relief.

Startling news for the pious and the pilgrims: as the enormous structure of the Cath-

edral of the Sacre Cœur, erected on Montmartre, approaches completion, the military authorities find it becomes too conspicuous an object for long range artillery, and would attract an enemy's fire with disastrous results in that important quarter of Paris. The free-thinkers urge the municipal council to purchase the building, convert it into an hospital, and fly the red cross flag from the steeple.

There is no more hard working and inoffensive body of public servants in all France, than the national teachers. They abstain from all political and social complications. Imagine then the consternation of the schoolmasters of Finisterre a short time ago, when a local journal accused them of being only an army of police spies; 227 teachers belonging to the region, at once took an action against the journal, which was fined 300 francs and costs, plus damages of 100 francs to each of the maligned. It is a most righteous judgment, as the reckless manner French newspapers calumniate, requires a check. The Panama scandal illustrate the extent of the iniquity.

Necessity is the mother of invention: a young man respectably dressed hailed a cab, and ordered to be driven to a railway terminus. After some time he called to the cab man to pull up; he got out, and entered an upholstery shop with a newspaper bundle in his arms. Odd, reasoned cabby, my fare had no baggage when he jumped in; getting down, he glanced inside the vehicle, then rushed into the shop, and seized the young man by the collar; cause: ripping open the curtains, and packing up the hair to sell.

Quite a delightful change has taken place in the weather: the cold snap was excessively severe while it lasted. Never were the streets of Paris so long in an unwalkable condition: the snow, thaw, and frost, keep together like liberty, equality, and fraternity, so pick-axes, shovels, india-rubberscrapers, and brooms were useless. While the evil lasted it gave a good amount of day and night work to the unemployed—wages doubled for the latter. There is still a great deal of real misery, because the stagnation of business is very general. It is a curious fact that now, when so many firms have had to reduce hands, they are resolved for the future to keep to a smaller, but permanent, volume of affairs, with diminished revenue, rather than be subjected to the periodical disturbing, and weary ebbs and flows in business.

Shakespeare is not wholly lost yet for France. A short time ago the suburb of Ar-genteuil, celebrated for its special brand of cholera producing wine, rooted up a discarded epitaph slab, containing the name of the immortal bard, they so concluded, because the deceased had the same name, only he was a soldier of the allies slain during the 1814-5 sieges of Paris. Now, however, a spirit or Theosophic periodical announces, the true Shakespeare has become a contributor to its columns, and that he is prepared to explain any puzzling passages in his dramas. If Robert Browning would only be as condescending, though he has but recently "crossed the bar?"

The picture-season endemic has opened: the first show of paintings includes only lady contributors. This is like placing women and children in front of the insurgents during a revolution. Be it so: the exhibits are next to wholly bad; all mechanical bread-earning work. A few days ago along with a friend, I looked into the public auction mart, to notice how paintings were bought up, for in hard times, these are the class of articles to be first sent to the hammer. For 1,000 francs you could purchase a cart load of oil paintings, whose rich framings alone, represented ten times that sum—What time and talent wasted! what life-careers wrecked! why not go in for a trade?

WORK FOR THE WORKLESS.

"Stick to the unemployed, John; in work lies our salvation!" This touching exhortation, addressed to John Burns by a convict in Pentonville prison, has, he says, rung in his ears ever since, as a stimulus to further efforts for this most unhappy class. He takes it as some measure a text for his recent article on the subject of Work for the Unemployed (in the Nineteenth Century, for December), in conjunction with Carlyle's well-known remark that "The man able to work, willing to work, and unable to obtain work,—is one of the saddest sights which fortune's inequality produces under the sun." His paper is full of practical suggestions for solving the great problem of "the unemployed" on a thorough and business basis; and notwithstanding a lack of sympathy with what he calls the "palliatives" of Christian philanthropists, who labour for the moral and spiritual, as well as the material uplifting of individuals,—natural, no doubt from his points of view,—his suggestions should be carefully studied by all who desire to promote a radical cure for this festering sore on our modern civilization.

For the condition of the unemployed seems to present an anomaly on what we have been accustomed to regard as the Divine law of labour,—an apparent contradiction to the Christian's faith that, for every human being, there is a post of usefulness in the great human family. But for the labourer who has but his hands, and can find nothing for them to do, wherewith to earn the daily bread for himself and his family,—what seems left save to beg or steal, or sit down and die,—if he do not in desperation, as some have done, go and hang himself?

Few of us, perhaps, are inclined to welcome enthusiastically our long, cold winters; but let any one with a little imagination try to think what it means for the unskilled labourer who has four or it may be five months before him during which he can expect no regular work, only a chance job now and then, if he be fortunate enough to secure that! Other people—most of them, at any rate—find their work go on as usual; perhaps they are even busier in winter. And, besides the regular work that keeps the wolf from the door and robs the dreary months of half their tedium, most other people have their cosy homes, with all their home comforts, books, papers, abounding interests, to make them forget the external dreariness; if, indeed, warmly wrapped up to face the weather, they do not find in the bracing cold an actually pleasurable stimulus! But how about the day-labourer, who has toiled cheerfully, perhaps, all summer, for the maintenance of himself and his family, and who, despite all that is said of the "thriftlessness" of our labouring classes would have had to practise a somewhat heroic self-denial, in order to be able to lay by any adequate store against the idle days of frost and snow? For, considering the average pay of the day-labourer, and the average size of his family, added to his liability to be laid up by accident or illness during the "shining hours," which he, like the bee, must improve unceasingly, or come to grief, it is no great wonder if he does not find them sufficient to provide for the whole year. And if, as often happens, he has been laid up for some weeks, winter of course finds him quite unprovided for its demands on his slender means. As the short,

cold days come on, when larger supplies of fuel, food and light are absolutely necessary for health and comfort, he has to face them without any prospect of work and pay. Month after month of semi-starvation must drag itself by, while he sits in his poverty-stricken home, generally too pervious to the winter blast, with his depressed wife and ill-clad, hungry children, or wearily pace the streets in the vain search for work, happy if he may by any chance pick up an odd job. What wonder if, heart sick and despondent, he falls an easy victim to the first prevalent epidemic; or, if he escape physical disease, becomes a prey to the attractions of the saloon, in which for a few cents he can find at least temporary comfort and forgetfulness of his misery?

These are no fancy pictures, but actual experiences of many a working man in Canada, not only in this present winter, but every winter to a greater or less extent, in all our large cities. Every year there is the same dismal monotony of distress, which weighs heavily on the hearts and sympathies of those who try by the poor palliative of a little charitable assistance, to bridge the winter's "Slough of Despond" caused by the almost entire suspension of out-door work for men.

Of course there are the women and children left; and to their credit be it said that, in general, they do what they can. But this is very precarious and uncertain. I observe that an optimistic friend, who seems to know but little of how "the other half of the world lives," scouts at the very idea of "child-labour" in Ontario. Now I happen to know a good deal about a good many poor families in a city which, I believe, is much like other Canadian cities and towns, and I know that in few of these families is there a boy over ten, who in winter is not set to some kind of work—if it is only that of going for an hour or two to "do chores" for some one who can pay him a little for so doing—or if nothing else offers, at least to try his luck at selling papers. I have known a little boy, only seven years old, obliged to be out in the cold, dark evenings, for hours, trying to sell papers, because neither father nor mother could procure work! Again and again I have known the Factory Act contravened by sending children under age to work, because of the sad necessity of the family; and as to the wives and mothers, I know of no case in which any healthy woman has shown unwillingness to take any work she was able to do. On the contrary, there are always far more applicants for woman's work in winter than there is work to do. Our optimistic friend, aforesaid, refers to some difficulty experienced in securing a competent charwoman, and to the necessity of giving her a good breakfast and dinner, as an illustration of "this high standard of living among the lower classes"! It is possible he may not have known where to look for the right kind of charwoman, and may have stumbled on a small capitalist, in her way, who may have been indifferent as to whether she got a job or not. But I could match his one case by many cases of women who, at this present writing, are only too anxious to secure such work, or any! And have seen in Toronto as well as in Montreal, numbers of poor women trooping weekly into the Industrial Homes, where charitable ladies give out plain sewing—women with hunger-pinched faces, glad to earn their fifty cents a week, by needlework, for their destitute families. The difficulty, indeed, usually is, how to provide

enough of this kind of work, and to dispose of it after it is done. Certainly, of workers there is always an "Embarras de richesses."

But now, as to the dollar a day for washing and ironing from eight till six, and the "hot breakfast and dinner thrown in," as an evidence of this high standard of living. Our friend, being of the masculine gender, does not seem to know, what every intelligent woman knows, that washing and ironing for a whole day is very exhausting work, and also that it is "skilled labour," since no one can be a good laundress without much training and experience. It is about as hard work in its way as that for which an ordinary unskilled labouring man usually gets his dollar a day, at least; and why should not the labouring woman, especially the skilled labouring woman, be as worthy of her hire as the labouring man? A dollar may seem a good deal to give for a day's washing. But our friend, if he stood in the laundress' place, would not find it a great deal to get, especially if the earnings of two or three days a week had to be the whole support of a family! As to her not arriving in our friend's kitchen till eight, did it ever occur to him how the previous hour or two had been spent? If, as is likely, she was the mother of a family, she had in all probability several small children to care for and provide with breakfast, before leaving them for the day; and then to plod some distance, perhaps through snow or slush or mud, to the house where she has to work. Is it much wonder if she may not arrive till eight o'clock, or if she is ready enough for the "hot breakfast" when she gets there? As for the "hot dinner" she needs that too; for the work of a laundress is exhausting, especially to any one not as a rule well fed; and, during the trying winter months, many of these poor women and their children live for weeks at a time on little more than bread and tea! The charwoman, with her long day's steady muscular exertion, needs a good deal more nourishment than the average man or woman engaged in light sedentary occupations; just as our furnaces need a double supply of coal when they have to produce a double quantity of heat. The work of the laundry would inevitably suffer, if the laundress did not have her two good meals, the provision of which is simply a necessary bit of household economy.

Now the fact, of which I have actual personal knowledge, that in winter there are more women seeking work—work of the hardest drudgery and involving the whole day's absence from their own little families,—than there are people needing such work to be done, is itself an evidence of the bitter poverty which, every winter, overwhelms our labouring class. For many of these poor women have husbands,—husbands whose strong arms should be amply sufficient to maintain their families, if they could but find work for those arms to do. But, beyond a rare chance of a stray cord of wood to cut, or a little ice-cutting or street-cleaning after a snow-storm, what can they find? "My husband walked five miles this forenoon looking for a bit of work,"—said one poor woman this very day, taking thankfully a little coarse sewing to do, in default of something better. And this has to go on, month after month, among those "lower classes" who, we are sometimes told, are so superfluously comfortable!

And the very circumstance that so many women are obliged to seek work which takes

them away from home and from their children, is in itself an evil, as any thoughtful mother will understand. I know of not a few families in which the enforced absence of an industrious, hardworking mother has been the means of sowing the seeds of both physical and moral evil. Some children, now in our reformatories for juvenile crime, might have grown up as honest and promising as their playmates, but for the mother's frequent absence from home to earn the daily bread. In Britain, one of the things aimed at by industrial reformers is that the wives and mothers should not have to go out to earn their living; on the principle, recognized readily enough in the higher strata of society—though there less de rigueur than where all the household work has to be done by the mother—that the care of a family is sufficient to fill a mother's life, without exhausting outside work. Thus, inconvenient as it might prove to many of us, there can be no doubt that it would be far better for society as a whole if charwomen were much less abundant than they are. But so long as there is no work for the labouring man in winter, so long must the labouring woman toil to supply the lack; happy if she can but earn enough to keep the family warmed and fed. That too many cannot—all our charitable societies know full well. Let the Relief Committee in connection with the Toronto House of Industry, with their hundreds of cords of wood and thousands of loaves weekly distributed, and the benevolent ladies who work in the Industrial Rooms, testify what they know in this particular.

This evil is steadily assuming larger proportions by means of the numbers of shiftless and thriftless English families every year lured out to Canada by optimistic and misleading representations of the prosperity of our "lower classes," only to swell this already overwhelming tide of misery from lack of winter work. They are burdens on all our charitable organizations. Sometimes the men drift off to the United States, leaving their families to be cared for by the charitable; sometimes, as in a number of cases I know of, after the family have had an "assisted passage" from England, the man is "assisted" back again, in the hope that he may, in course of time, be able to send money to bring back his family, which, of course, in such cases is left a burden on the community. Other such families drag on a miserable existence for a time, till perhaps the whole family is divided between our prisons and charitable institutions. Others, who get on better, swell the ranks of the improvident who live well so long as they have anything to live on, and then fall back into the starving, unemployed "submerged tenth."

Now, while it is unpatriotic to draw unduly dark pictures of Canadian life, it is surely not less so to promote real misery by fancy pictures of imaginary prosperity. And this is done whenever such pictures conduce, as they too often do, to the immigration of the unskilled labour, which settles down, a hopeless mass of poverty, in our towns and cities. And as it is more patriotic to increase our real prosperity than to make us seem more prosperous than we really are, it is the duty of every patriotic Canadian to face the situation, not to ignore it, and to see whether any radical remedy can be devised for the yearly mass of misery from want of work. John Burns suggests several remedies for this in Britain, some of which would be impracticable in our more rigorous climate. He suggests such legislation as would

shorten the working day, which, of course, would tend to divide the total amount of work to be done, among a great number of people. Another remedy which he suggests is that of carrying on municipal works, civic improvements, etc., during the winter months. Our rigorous winters, of course, interpose serious difficulties in the way of carrying on almost any kind of outdoor work. Yet "where there's a will there's a way," and perhaps some shrewd and enterprising city council might find out the way to carry on some needed improvements during the winter, if it were only in the way of keeping our streets as clear and clean as they ought to be, to correspond with our advancing civilization in other respects. Why should not our streets, as a whole, be kept in a state of perfect smoothness and good order, at the expense of the city, and through the labours of the otherwise unemployed, who, if they do not get their maintenance at the public expense for public work done, and in a way that presses equally on all, must get it at the expense, of the more charitable, in a way that presses most unequally on them! Another suggestion of Mr. Burns—still more practicable among us—is that all cleaning, painting, etc., in public buildings at least, should be done during the idle winter months, instead of being crowded into the few busy weeks of spring, when there is more to be done than there are hands to do it.

Such suggestions are certainly most pressing on our consideration, if we reflect that carelessness as to this problem will certainly and surely sap the independence of that great working-class, whose self-reliance and prosperity are the very cornerstones of our national well-being.

FIDELIS.

INSTITUTE FOR DEAF, DUMB AND BLIND, HALIFAX.

No drop but serves the slowly lifting tide,
No dew but has an errand to some flower,
No smallest star but sheds some helpful ray,
And man by man, each giving to all the rest,
Make the firm bulwark of the country's power;
There is no better way.

In the northern end of Halifax, and running parallel on the hill are three streets—Lockman, Brunswick, and Gottingen. The names being a reminder of the German settlers, who were at one time a very strong and influential element in that part of the city. Gottingen, the uppermost of these streets, extends from Fort Needham on the outskirts, to the citadel in the centre of the city. It is a street that bears largely the impress of the broad arrow. The military hospital grounds, Admiralty house and the fine Wellington barracks take up large areas along side it in Imperial property. Soldiers are continually passing to and fro, their gay uniforms giving a touch of color and brightness to the scene. The military bands discourse sweet music; and of a summer evening when the ships of war lie at their moorings in the spacious harbour below, notes of "linked sweetness long drawn out" come floating up, and through the open windows of the school room, in a large, brown building where many children are busy with their evening lessons. Not a muscle changes in the earnest faces, and not one heart beats with a responsive thrill to the stirring sounds. It is as naught to them. For alas! These bright faced little ones are deaf and dumb—the children of silence.

The institution for the deaf and dumb extends from numbers 239 to 249 on Gottingen street and was originally the home of a wealthy Halifax merchant. The main building with its massive fluted columns brings to mind Oliver Wendell Holmes' description of a colonial house in his native town. "A square fronted edifice that stood back from the vulgar highway, with folded arms as it were. A social fortress of the time with a glacis before it in the shape of a long, broad gravel walk." Wings north and south have been added to the main building and these again added to as the needs of the household increased.

The school began in a very humble way, two pupils taught by a Mr. W. Gray, in a little back room of a house on Argyle street. More pupils came and a larger room was taken, and in 1857 a third room was made to the house on Gottingen street, where it is still held.

In the month of July, 1857, Mr. J. Scott Hutton, of Edinburgh, was appointed principal, a position he occupied with only a break of a few years, until his death in February, 1891. Mr. Hutton had a wonderful gift for this strange work; which in comparison with other teaching it is strange indeed. Besides the every day cares and routine of class work, his pen and brain were ever busy in the interests of the deaf, and as a writer in this special line of literature Mr. Hutton has acquired a reputation far beyond the sphere of his labours. The directors have again been fortunate in the choice of a principal. Mr. James Fearon of Belfast, Ireland, taking up with zeal and ability the work which death bade Mr. Hutton lay aside.

Work among the deaf is perhaps the most arduous and responsible of all branches of the teaching profession. The mind of a little deaf child is like a blank sheet and with the teacher more than any other person, rests the responsibility for the writing on the sheet, the seed sowing of character.

The teachers reside in the institution and in this way come to have a more thorough knowledge of their pupils than if only there during the six teaching hours of the day.

Children are admitted to the school at the age of eight years, some few special cases younger. Many of them come from pleasant homes and have all the sweet and dainty ways of children who have been loved and cared for. Others again are but the waifs and strays of society—children who have run riot in the household from which they came, and the training and education of whom parents and guardians are only too glad to give over to the officers of the institution, very often adding remarks such as these: "She is a very bad child," "We can do nothing with her at home." or "This little boy has an ungovernable temper and gets into frightful rages," "We never cross him." And with children who have in misdeeds taken kindness been allowed their own way, in everything, comes the tug of war, the teachers' patience and ingenuity being taxed severely before these untrained little ones, are brought step by step, into habits of order and obedience.

Very few persons outside of those engaged in the work have any idea of the ignorance of a "new pupil," or of the difficulties that beset a little deaf child in

the acquisition of language, and the slow, and labourious methods by which it is acquired, either manually, by spelling on the fingers, or orally, by articulation and lip reading. An ordinarily bright hearing child of four years has a far greater knowledge of words and their use than a deaf child who has been two years at school. The education of a hearing child begins upon its mother's knee. It hears the conversation going on around it, and unconsciously repeats and uses what it hears. Every object, action and incident of daily life forms material for instruction. The sun shining, the rain falling, the opening flowers, the singing of the birds; and as these occur and attract the hearing child's attention the mother or nurse is ever at hand to give words for their expression. The little deaf child is shut out from all this. It has never heard its mother's voice telling of the wonderful things about it, or soothing with tender words its childish woes and passions.

As far as possible the natural method is followed in the primary classes, the pupils being given language as little hearing children get it, the names of a few familiar objects being first given, and then afterwards combined into short sentences. The verb *want* is one of the first taught, and a child soon gets an idea of the importance of language, when it finds that by spelling to the teacher, "I want cake" or "candy" or a pencil," its wishes are gratified. Primary teachers find the straightest road to their pupil's mind is through their stomachs, the words *pie*, *meat*, *cake*, having a far greater interest than *slate*, *desk* or *chair*. The following is a typical lesson in the first year class: Miss — fetched an apple. It was red. It was soft. It smelt nice. Nellie peeled the apple. Peter cut the apple in six pieces. The knife was dull. He wiped it. He shut it. He put it in his pocket. Nellie gave Peter and Louisa pieces of apple. She kept a piece for herself. Harold gave Maria and Fred pieces of apple. He kept a piece for himself. Maria opened the window. She threw the peelings away. We ate the apple. We liked it. It was good. The commands "Peel the apple," etc., were given in the present form by the teacher, and the past form was learned by the pupils. About seventy verbs, the personal pronouns, names of the common articles of food, clothing and furniture; a great many of the adjectives in common use; a few prepositions and connectives were taught in lessons similar to the foregoing. Frequent visits to the kitchen, laundry, parlor and garden always provides fresh material for instruction. To a casual observer the amount of work done may seem small, but those who are acquainted with the true inwardness of it know the many weary attempts, trials and corrections before the little fingers, and pencils, and brains were able to use for themselves this limited amount of the "Queen's English." The pronouns, verbs and articles are stumbling blocks to deaf children; just as they are to a foreigner beginning the study of English; and as progress is made the idiomatic expressions and exceptions of our puzzling language have to be met and conquered. The goal of visitors to the institution is the oral class-room, and to some it seems to border on the marvelous that children who have never heard

their own voices or the voices of their instructors, readily answer questions asked them and hazard remarks in the same manner as hearing children. And considering the great disadvantages under which they labour, the voices and articulation are not at all unpleasant or indistinct.

An erroneous idea in regard to deaf and dumb children is that dumbness is due to defect in the organs of speech. This is rarely the case, the inability to speak being due to deafness alone. They have never heard the sounds of language and are therefore unable to imitate them. Even with persons who lose their hearing in middle life, there is nearly always a change in the modulation of the voice, and as the deafness increases it either becomes a mere whisper or is pitched in so high a tone that it resembles a scream.

The amount of work to be done the first year in an oral class is stupendous. Control of the vocal organs; drilling on sounds and the combinations of sounds; and an understanding of the simple language used, have all to be mastered. The child watches the position of the teacher's tongue, lips and muscles of the face, and with one hand on the teacher's throat and the other in the same position on his own, he feels the movements of the vocal chords, sees the positions of the organs of speech and by seeing and feeling, produces sounds similar to those made by the teacher. In the advance classes the subjects for study are about the same as those already indicated, only far greater stress is laid on composition. Indeed, all the subjects are directed to an end, and that is, to give the pupils an easy command of written or spoken language. Besides the merely intellectual education, the spiritual, moral, and physical education has to be attended to as well. The very discipline of the regularly ordered lives of the children is a great help in forming character. Obedience, punctuality, habits of personal cleanliness and neatness, good behaviour and politeness are imparted and as their school days pass they become grounded in principles that will make them good and useful members of society. "No rock so hard but that a little wave may beat admission in a thousand years," and no child so wayward that the influence of gentle firmness, unwearied patience and enduring love can fail to bring to submission.

Deaf children are very imitative and the primary classes in particular, are but mirrors of their teachers. If the teacher comes to the class with a sad face or apathetic manner, within fifteen minutes every member of the class is more or less affected in the same way. They follow deeds not words, and a teacher might talk for hours on the duties of kindness and patience, but if the pupils see that the teacher is impatient or unkind, the teaching is but as the idle wind. They are also very sensitive, especially to ridicule. One act of thoughtless laughter at an absurd mistake or at ignorant behaviour may cut to the heart some sensitive little one, and spoil the influence for good of that day's session.

On Friday afternoons the advanced classes go to the Victoria Art School; and on Saturday afternoons, which are half holidays, a walk to the park, the North West Arm, or the beautiful city gardens is thoroughly enjoyed. The girls are instructed in house work, crocheting, knitting, sewing and fancy needle work. They

are industrious and quick to learn and their work wherever exhibited is generally much admired.

A very interesting pupil of the institution was William Henlin, of St. George Bay, Newfoundland, who is deaf and dumb and blind. Take it home to yourself if you can the isolation of a life deprived of sight, of hearing, and of speech.

For the blind there is always someone with whom they can converse about the busy life going on around them and who will tell them of this beautiful world. To the deaf, although cut off from hearing and speech, the page of nature is open for their bright eyes to see and when educated they can draw from the stories of books knowledge to suit their wants.

"But being blind and deaf together, and by fault of being deaf being dumb as well, what words can describe the desolation of the state, the blank void of isolation, cut-off—apart—shut in. A soul without communion with other souls, alive and yet dead."

Willie Henlin came to the institution in 1882. He was then ten years old, very strong and with a most ungovernable temper. Woe to the boy or girl who angered him or disturbed his long fits of brooding melancholy. When hungry he opened his mouth and worked his jaws, and made appropriate signs when thirsty or cold. The financial needs of the institution were the obstacle to his having special instruction, but one of the teachers whose life has been devoted to the interests of the deaf, made him her particular care, and though already handicapped by the duties of a very large class she yet found time to train the little rays of light in his beclouded mind. The first word he learned to spell was *apple*. He was very fond of this fruit and for a time with every new word he learned an apple was given to him as a reward. In spelling he uses equally well the one hand, and two hand alphabet. In spelling to him the two hand alphabet is used, one of his hands and one of the speller's jointly forming the letters: for instance the tip of the speller's forefinger touching the tip of Willie's thumb forms the letter *A*. And through the darkness and silence of this slow process he has worked his way to light. He can now read and write. The Braille system used by the blind, and by means of a grooved slate translate the Braille into ordinary writing. To see his penmanship, so firm and legible, none would believe that no ray of light had ever pierced those sightless eyeballs or that no instructive sound had ever entered his sealed ears. In January, 1892, after being at the institution for the deaf eight years he was transferred to the school for the blind, to learn a trade. He is being taught cane work and is delighted with the fact of being able to help himself.

The institution is undenominational, and although there have been Roman Catholic and Protestant children of denominations educated at it, there has never been a case in the history of the institution, of a pupil changing his or her religion. The Roman Catholic children go to St. Patrick's church, the Protestant children of all denominations to St. George's Episcopal church, the reason being that the children are able to follow the liturgy and feel that there is a portion of the service in which they join even when debarred from the songs of praise and the sermon.

The institution is governed by a Board of Directors, comprising both Roman Catholic and Protestant representatives, who give a great deal of valuable time to their charge, and have the welfare and best interests of the deaf at heart. By the Act of the Provincial Legislature of April 19th., 1884, any Nova Scotia deaf, or deaf mute child, of sound mind, between the ages of eight and eighteen, is entitled to free admission to this institution on the order of the Warden of the Municipality to which the child's parents belong.

The institution has also been generously remembered in the bequests of philanthropic citizens, and at Christmas time the little ones are always the recipients of gifts from fathers and mothers whose children are not of God's afflicted.

And so the work goes on quietly, patiently, earnestly, one set of pupils going out into the busy world to make positions for themselves; another set filling their places in the school; The same care and patience is constantly required and constantly exercised. How sweet to those who teach and those who learn is the blessed promise: "But at evening time it shall be light. Then the eyes of the blind shall be opened and the ears of the deaf shall be unstopped and the tongue of the dumb sing."

CHRISTINA ROSS FRAME.

LEFT BEHIND.

The sun rode down the glowing west,
Empurpling all the stream below;
The woods in green and gold were dressed;
The parting sun was loth to go.

And as he went he pondered long
The peaceful beauty of the scene;
How sweet the robin's evensong;
How fair the woods in living green.

Yet ceased the robin's song full soon;
The rose-flushed stream grew dull and grey,
And black, beneath the rising moon,
All colourless the woodland lay!

The sun rode on and never knew
The beauty that he loved was gone;
He mourned the bright, enchanting view;
It could not live—his smile withdrawn.

Without him, all the brightness fled,
For he it was who made it fair;
Love's sunshine gone—all nature dead,
Must sink to darkness and despair!

FIDELIS.

PRINCE BISMARCK AS A LOVER OF MUSIC.

"I thank you from the bottom of my heart for the honour you have done me, an honour which I feel is rather an acknowledgment of my political, than of my musical achievements. Much is said at the present day of the pressure of overwork in our schools; at the time when I was attending school it was still greater, and I have often regretted that musical studies were necessarily set aside. There is a sensible connection between politics and music, since in both the end in view is to produce harmony, and in politics it is certainly true that there are many notes to be written down. The notes which I have written down were intended to produce harmony in a more material realm than that of music, and where this harmony was already in existence they sought to preserve and establish it. If my

work as a composer and writer of notes in German history has succeeded, then the aim of my life so far as it concerns the public is attained."

These words were spoken by Prince Bismarck on July 19th, at Kissingen, in the presence of a large number of Franconian and Thuringian singers, who, eager to offer a greeting of song to the venerable Chancellor, had assembled in the salon of the well-known Baths. Many a German song rang forth that day from the throats of the unwearied band of singers to the evident pleasure of the old hero, who listened to the stirring strains with the deepest attention. He concluded his address of thanks and farewell with these words "In former days as a minister I was often described as unmusical, and even as a hater of music, but this was never the case. Certainly, I never had the time to frequent theatres and concerts, but I always tried to have good music frequently performed at my own house, in spite of the property which politics possesses of casting all other interests into the background. Now I am the more rejoiced to be able to bring home the neglected one." The old chancellor by these remarkable words has settled the question once for all, of his attitude toward music, and it may not be without interest to the friendly reader to hear a few more particulars from the life of the "greatest of the German people" which bear on this subject. A musical education in the fullest sense of the word, Bismarck never had, nor was he ever a performer on any instrument. But this did not prevent him from hearing good music, whenever it was possible, or from eagerly welcoming into the circle of his friends all those who excelled in the musical art. Pre-eminently first in this goodly company, stands Robert Von Kendel, who filled the post of German ambassador at Rome till 1887, and who as early as 1863 had been appointed by Bismarck, Assistant Minister of Foreign Affairs. This statesman, who is well known for his sympathy in every scientific and artistic movement, was a passionate devotee of music and especially noted for his complete mastery of the piano. The Prince used often to join Von Kendel's family circle, and listen eagerly, while his friend, seated at the piano, interpreted in his masterly way, to a hushed and attentive audience, the harmonies of the great composer. One evening, so the story goes, shortly before the outbreak of the Prusso-Austrian war of 1866, Von Kendel was playing the Trauer Marsch from Beethoven's sonata in A. b, major. Bismarck had listened with close attention, and when the music ceased, a momentary silence fell on the company. Bismarck at last broke the spell with the words "It is indeed a fine thing to die as a hero." He left the room strongly moved, and a few days after followed the declaration of war with Austria.

It is not to be wondered at that Beethoven should be Bismarck's favourite composer, for the characters of the two men have much in common. In one of the most beautiful of Bismarck's letters, written from Frankfort to M— on July 3rd 1851, amongst many other fine passages the following sentence occurs: "It seems to me as if I was looking on a fine September day across the yellowing landscape; strong and gay, yet with a touch of sadness, something of home-sickness, of longing for forest, sea, and moor—everything is mingled with sunset and Beethoven." Is there not in

these few words a strikingly original touch, and one highly characteristic of the great master of music.

With the modern German music which has reached its highest point of expression in Richard Wagner, Bismarck does not seem to have much sympathy, probably because he had not sufficient time to become accustomed to this latest phase in the world of harmony. But this notwithstanding, there was a close intimacy between himself and many of the chief performers at Bayreuth. Scaria, whose early death was an irreparable loss to the band of Wagner's musicians, was a frequent and welcome visitor at Bismarck's house, and often delighted the old warrior with the fulness and melody of his magnificent bass. But the Prince would never listen to anything of Wagner's. Scaria generally sang simple airs, or the sweet and harmonious songs of the earlier composers.

Even the popular comic song found a welcome with Bismarck, but it was no less a personage than Karl Helmerding who was accustomed to cheer the heart of the old chancellor, when worn out with work and politics, by his matchless rendering of merry songs and couplets. This famous comic singer, who was the very opposite of Scaria, was for twenty years the pride and attraction of the Wallmer Theatre at Berlin.

In later days Hans Von Bülow, the great interpreter of Beethoven was often with Bismarck at Friedrichsruhe, and it will be remembered that Von Bülow's Heroic Symphony was dedicated to the name of Bismarck, as the composer announced in his fine speech at the Concert of the Berlin Philharmonic.

Since the Prince's retirement, to a great extent, from public life, he has made every effort, as he said "to bring home the neglected one," and has honoured many great masters of their art with his invitations. Quite lately he received as his guests the celebrated singer Etelka Gerster, and the pianist Sally Lieblich. May the founder of the German Empire preserve his enjoyment of music to his latest day.

LOIS SAUNDERS.

Translated from the "Neue Musik Zeitung."

THE CRITIC.

Mr. F. W. H. Myers often treats us to some of the most startling, yet some of the most readable, of magazine articles. Long ago he gave us one on Virgil which probably no one who read forgot, and who does not remember his "Marcus Aurelius"? Of late, however, his strain has not been of quite so high a mood. Phantasms, and multiple personality, and the interaction of material and spiritual worlds, and other such psychical researches, have—we cannot say "drowsed his soul," for they seem to have stimulated it into novel paths of inquiry very effectually, but, let us say, have given a very decided bias to the manner in which he now deals with strains of higher mood.

The January number of the Nineteenth Century contains a remarkable example of this in the form of an article with the tempting title "Modern Poets and the Meaning of Life." That is a large subject and an interesting one; and not too large for Mr. Myers to have treated in the most interesting manner. But as it is, one wishes the writer had taken it up before he took up psychical research, for with him now the phrase "meaning of life" is largely coloured.

not to say narrowed, by his later speculations, and he is a little apt to rank the modern poet by, in his words, "what he has achieved in the intuition, discovery and promulgation of fundamental cosmic law." It was not thus he measured Virgil. Of such cosmic laws, he goes on to show, we have three: the uniformity of nature, the indestructibility of matter and energy, and evolution. To which Wordsworth and Tennyson added a fourth: moral evolution. The point, however, of Mr. Myers's laudation of Wordsworth and Tennyson is rather because they "realized with extraordinary intuition, and promulgated with commanding genius, the interpenetration of the spiritual and material worlds." One could almost imagine oneself to be reading from "Symptomata" or "Scientific Religion." One thinks one sees here the influence of "science," of that unpraiseworthy eagerness to factor, analyse, resolve into component elements, define, formulate—unpraiseworthy, that is, when it intrudes itself upon the sacred precincts of poetry, whose office is the exact opposite of this, namely to imagine, to suggest, to feel, to believe, to hope. Why could not Mr. Myers have left each of us to explain for himself, or to rest satisfied in the impossibility of perfect explanation, those wonderful lines of Wordsworth:

If thou would'st hear the Nameless, and wilt dive

Into the Temple-cave of thine own self,
There, brooding by the central altar, thou
May'st haply learn the Nameless hath a voice,
By which thou wilt abide, if thou be wise,
As if thou knewest, tho' thou canst not know.

Or those tremendous lines of Tennyson:

For I have learned
To look on nature, not as in the hour
Of thoughtless youth; but hearing oftentimes
The still, sad music of humanity,
Nor harsh, nor grating, though of ample power
To chasten and subdue. And I have felt
A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean, and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man;
A motion and a spirit that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things.

Perhaps these do realize and promulgate the interpenetration of the spiritual and material worlds; but what is interpenetration, and what is spirit, and what is matter, and what, if any, is the dividing line between them?

From their intuition of these four cosmic laws, Mr. Myers goes on to explain, his two great modern poets, Wordsworth and Tennyson, but Tennyson in particular, saw that "it must be progress and not joy which is man's goal, * * * endless advance by endless effort, and, if need be, by endless pain." And over this dictum this zealous writer waxes warm and eloquent. "Here surely," he exclaims, "is the answer to that despair of man's moral vitality which 'weeps that no loves endure;' to that 'gran rifiuto' of Life and Progress which craves only 'the sleep eternal in an eternal night.' 'Eld and death' have not hushed at least this song; but from the great old age of this grave and more solemnly triumphant; and Death, 'whose truer name is Onward,' is discerned auspicious and anear. The lesson of Evolution, as this Evolutionist delivers it to us, is 'Lay hold on Life! For Life the Universe is making; help thou that life to be!'"

It may be a question irrelevant, even foolish, but we put down Mr. Myers's article and we feel inclined to ask, And what assuagement to the heart-ache do these four fundamental cosmic laws and this interpenetration of the spiritual and material worlds afford? What is it the human heart wants? Art cries beauty, and tries to depict her; Philosophy cries truth, and tries to define it; Religion cries good, and tries to embody it; and numberless lesser voices in the wilderness cry power, or gold, or ceaseless work—which is a narcotic, or excitement—which is an intoxicant; and a many-toned changeful siren with sweetly saddening music cries love. And one pursues a phantom, and another clasps a shadow, and a third cloaks his eyes with a transparent veil, or steeps his senses in floods that will not drown. In every heart is a void no thing create can fill. It is real, this craving. External objects may not exist, 'things-in-themselves' may be chimeræ, space and time, boundlessness and eternity, may be figments of the mind, but this painful dash against the individual self consciousness against its cage is a real and a terrible truth.

However, it is not fair to load Mr. Myers with a problem he did not intend to attack, despite his simulated joy over the formulation of a goal for this same craving human heart.

WORLD-WORSHIP.

The heedless world turns its great ear away
From where the street-musicians patient play,
And strive to strike a sound within its ear.
And yet the world's great ear is strained to hear

The low, soft lilt of one, who sings alone
Beneath his loved one's window; and his moan
Is long because she will not listen there;
But for the listening world, what doth he care?

ARTHUR J. STRINGER.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE MANITOBA SCHOOL LAW QUESTION.

To the Editor of The Week:

SIR,—Your article in your last number on the question arising out of sub-section 3 of section 93 of the B. N. A. Act, which you cite, appears to me to be intended as an answer to a letter I sent you but did not ask you to insert, believing that the conviction I expressed, that the right to appeal, and the power of the Governor in Council and of the Dominion Parliament to grant relief as therein provided, were indisputable, though their right to use it or not, as they might think best for the welfare and good government of Canada, and in such manner as they might think best adapted for that purpose, was also beyond question. But as in your last number you deny this power, I ask you kindly to allow me to repeat the reasons why I think you are in error. I admit that the cited provision of the B. N. A. Act does not prevent the Manitoba Legislature from repealing its own Act, under which for years the Catholics enjoyed the right of having Separate Schools; but such repeal is the very act of which the Catholics complain, and is the act of a provincial authority and the only Act which could annul or impair the right it had given, or require the application of the relief contemplated by the B. N. A. Act: for anything contrary to such right, done by any other authority would have been illegal, and so remediable by process of law; and the amendment of the said repealing act under the powers given by the B. N. A. Act, is the only way in which the contemplated relief can be given. It will only be given if the Governor in Council thinks fit to recommend it and Parliament to act upon the recommendation.

I am, Sir, very truly yours,
Ottawa, February 13th, 1893.

FREE TRADE OR PROTECTION

To the Editor of The Week:

Sir.—Your influential journal, keeping an independent course in politics (the only via media for those to tread who like myself, when at rest, sit on the cross-benches), must yield me something of its valuable space at this critical juncture, when the Budget is in course of active preparation for early delivery.

It is recognised that Canada will be the next field of battle between the forces of Free Trade arrayed against those of Protection. At the next General Elections the opposing war cries will be Protection! and Free Trade! The farmer will then fight for his very existence against the manufacturer. The great classes outside these interests, namely those of the professional, artistic, public, trade and transport services, will have then to decide what shall be the future National Policy of Canada. Whether Free Trade or Protection:—the welfare and encouragement of the country or the town,—the peasant or artisan,—full barns or tall chimneys,—agriculture or mechanics,—the farmer or cotton spinner.

Permit me to ask your readers to study attentively the following citations, drawn from the experience of two nations who have tried both the Free Trade and Protective policies. The first (a) is from the article "Free Trade" in the Encyclopaedia Britannica, written by Thorold Rogers, Professor of Political Economy, University of Oxford. The second (b) is taken from "The Weekly Examiner," of San Francisco, California, dated 25th February, 1892. The third quotation (c) comes from the Almanac for 1892, published by the New York World newspaper.

These extracts shew that in the opinion of the writers the Protective system has proved to be in England and the United States unnatural, immoral, absurd and unjust. To prove that such has been or has not been the case in Canada, I leave to wiser and more independent heads than that belonging to.

RICHARD J. WICKSTEED.

Ottawa, February 11, 1893.

(a) "The traditions of legislation are too firmly fixed, and the benefits of free trade experienced during the past thirty years are so generally admitted, that the advocacy of the exploded theory of protection is looked upon as a harmless whim which has no chance of popularity (in England)."

"As the origin of protective enactments was a desire that a nation should profit by the losses of another nation and as the extension of this feeling is the primary motive of war, so a permanent or persistent division of international interests, with the object of sustaining municipal or rather particular interests, is a fruitful source of international difficulties."

"Wars for the monopoly of trade and production have done nothing but mischief, have not been varied by any worthy purpose, have been, as Adam Smith described with honest energy and undeniable truth, mean and malignant. Not much better is the temper which carries on a future war against the general industry and the general good of mankind under the spurious name of a patriotic protection. But it must be admitted that no tendency of civilized societies is so inveterate, because none is defended with more ingenious and unconscious sophistry, and none appears to be more necessary for the maintenance of existing interests."

"The protective system of continental Europe is the source and the strength of European socialism, and is responsible for its fallacies and its excesses."

"Still the country which adopts free trade has a great advantage over such countries as adopt protection, even in its commercial intercourse with them."

"There is but little difficulty in shewing that the best interests of the whole human race are consulted when the fullest freedom is given to the exchange of products, however much the process is hindered by passion or self interest, and however great may be the practical hindrances in the way of a principle which few men have the hardihood to deny in the abstract."

W.

(b) DO TAXES MEAN WEALTH?

"The plain, rational way to find out what is the best practical policy for a million of men to pursue is to see what policy a handful of intelligent human beings would adopt for their own best interests under any given conditions. It is palpable nonsense to argue that a nation can prosper with its teeming millions employed in complex industries, on a certain line of economic policy, when the same policy applied to a small collection of feeble colonists would be ruinous.

The artificial hothouse scheme of domestic manufacturers would never be tolerated where a dozen people were trying to pluck the means of an honest livelihood from the soil or from other branches of human industry. What is true in their case is equally true of the same policy on a big scale, the only difference being that the burdens multiply with the application of protective laws as the country grows, until the poor consumer's nose is kept to the grindstone in supporting a lot of wet-nursed industries that suck his financial life like vampire.

The crowning iniquity of the protection idea is that the protected classes, like animals that have once tasted blood, or like the devotees of stimulants, are forever demanding more. Their greed grows with what it feeds on till the bounties of to-day are spurned by the appetite of to-morrow. By way of illustration, the average tariff tax to-day is 15 per cent. higher than that during the darkest days of the war when the Government had tremendous burdens to meet. If unchecked there is practically no limit to this greed."

(c) WHOM PROTECTION PROTECTS.

"The Secretary of the Treasury, in preparing his annual report of 1886, applied to Worthington C. Ford, chief of the Bureau of statistics of the state department, E. B. Elliott, the United States Government actuary, and Professor Simon Newcomb, superintendent of the Nautical Almanac, Navy Department, severally, for an estimate of the number of persons in the United States engaged in gainful occupations, classified as those who cannot be subjected to foreign competition and those who can in part be subjected to foreign competition.

Each of these statistical experts made a report:—Mr. Ford stated that the total number of persons engaged in gainful occupations in the United States, according to the census of 1880, was 17,392,099, divided as follows; Agriculture 7,670,493; manufactures, mechanics and mining, 3,837,112; professional and personal, 4,074,238; trade and transportation 1,810,256. Setting aside the last two classes as not being subject to foreign competition, Mr. Ford arrived at the following result:—

Population of the U. S. in gainful occupations not subject to competition 16,564,914. Population, etc., subject to competition 827,184. The percentage being 4.7 per cent.

Mr. Elliott by a different process reached the conclusion that the number of persons who were directly subjected in part to foreign competition was 825,000, or about 4 $\frac{3}{4}$ per cent.

Professor Newcomb reported that his estimate of the persons subject to foreign competition was 905,585, or 5 2-10 per cent. of the industrial population, concluding with the observation:—"If trade were entirely free, the fraction of our industrial population injuriously subject to foreign competition would not exceed 7 per cent." In other words, 93 per cent. of the people are taxed to protect and enrich 7 per cent."

PROFESSOR SAYCE AND BIBLICAL CRITICISM.

To the Editor of The Week:

Sir,—In your issue of Jan. 20th I observe a quotation from some unspecified writing of Prof. Sayce, which might very easily be misunderstood. As disconnected scraps of his views on Bible criticism are being printed in a good many papers just now, it may be worth while to devote a few lines to a statement of his position in regard to Biblical criticism.

Prof. Sayce is primarily an archaeologist,

not a critic. Archaeology is naturally conservative, as criticism is radical, and therefore some measure of prejudice may be expected in the one case equally with the other. Nevertheless it is a great mistake to suppose that Prof. Sayce is not in substantial agreement with the moderate critical standpoint as expounded by Profs. Darwin, Dillmann and Delitzsch—at least this seems the natural inference to draw from his own words in the *Expository Times* for Jan., where he says, "If Dillmann, Delitzsch and Brown (of Union Seminary New York) are to be classed among the 'Higher Critics, I, too, must belong to the same category'—He admits that the 'Old Testament must be judged by the same course of criticism as the records of other ancient nations', and implies that his objections are to the 'abuse and not the use of the Higher Criticism'.

Prof. Sayce has recently made a considerable flourish of trumpets over certain archaeological discoveries of profound interest which completely dissipate the objections lodged by certain critics against the historical truth of the narrative of Gen. xiv. Unfortunately he involved in one sweeping condemnation the representatives of the "Higher Criticism"—whereas Ewald, the greatest Old Testament scholar of the century, and a brilliant critic, Dillmann and Delitzsch, the authors of the two leading commentaries on Genesis, Kittell, Baudissin, Brown, and Diestel, all "Higher Critics" not only admitted but contended for the truth of the narrative before monumental discoveries came to their aid. (Cf. *Ex. Times*, Nov. 1892.)

Should some of your readers derive from this divinity of critics, materials for satire or jest, let them first remember that uniformity is far from reigning in the ranks of the conservative school. Prof. Green has not budged an inch from the old position. The Bishop of Gloucester offers us "Rectified Traditionalism," and Principal Cave is a "Higher Critic" as far as the book of Genesis is concerned.

Yours, etc.,

Ashburnham. HERBERT SYMONDS.

THE IRISH CHURCH IN 1834 AND 1892.

To the Editor of The Week:

Sir,—The public are familiar with the utterances of Bishop Nulty, Archbishop Walsh, and many other Irish ecclesiastics who claim a right to dictate to their flocks on political questions. Let us compare their conduct with that of the Irish Bishops in 1834.

Discussions having arisen as to the propriety or impropriety of R. C. clergymen interfering in political matters and thus unintentionally increasing strife among an excitable race, a meeting of the R. C. Bishops and Archbishops was convened at the Parochial House, Marlborough Street Dublin, on the 28th of January 1834, at which the late Archbishop Murray presided. The following resolution was unanimously adopted:—

"Resolved—That whilst we do not intend to interfere with the civil rights of those entrusted to our care, yet as guardians of religion, justly apprehending that its general interest, as well as the honour of the priesthood, would be compromised by a deviation from the line of conduct which we marked out for ourselves, and impressed upon the minds of our clergy, in our pastoral address of the year 1830; we do hereby pledge ourselves on our return to our respective dioceses, to remind our clergy of the instructions we then addressed to them, and to recommend to them most earnestly to avoid in future any allusion at their altars to political subjects, and carefully to refrain from connecting themselves with political clubs—acting as chairmen or secretaries at political meetings, or making or seconding resolutions on such occasions; in order that we exhibit ourselves in all things in the character of our sacred calling 'as ministers of Christ and dispensers of the mysteries of God'. Signed—D. Murray, Archbishop."

This resolution was circulated again after the passing of Mr. Gladstone's Land Act of 1881, the late Cardinal Mc Cabe who succeeded

Cardinal Cullen being also strongly opposed to priests overstepping the limits of propriety.

In March 1886, the *London Tablet*, leading R. C. journal in the United Kingdom, quoted as follows from a speech of the late Cardinal Cullen, the Primate of Ireland who died in 1878: "I must admit then that I do not like this new movement for what is called Home Rule, for of this I am convinced that the first future attack on the liberty of the Church and on the interests of religion will come from a native parliament if ever we have one. I have now a twenty five years' most intimate acquaintance with Ireland and her politics, and of this I am convinced that the moving spring in this new agitation in Ireland, is the spirit of the revolution so authoritatively condemned by the Holy See. France was once a Catholic as Ireland. I for one can never advocate this revolutionary movement, as I believe it to be, for Home Rule."

The hierarchy in 1834 inculcated "peace on earth" and required the clergy to "exhibit themselves in all things as ministers of Christ." What would they have said could they have foreseen that 58 years afterwards, priests, not satisfied with spiritual denunciations, would in several instances actually descend to physical force, and so act as to cause clerical candidates in North and South Meath to be unseated?

If the Church deals thus with Roman Catholics who refuse to vote for its parliamentary candidates how would it treat the Protestant minority if Home Rule is granted? Intelligent and moderate Catholics—who prefer the welfare of their church as a whole to victories in local squabbles—and who strongly object to the Irish Church posing as an object-lesson to the ruling anti-clericals in France and Italy—comparing 1834 with 1892, can truly exclaim with Shakespeare "Oh what a fall was there my countrymen!" "Then you and I and all of us fell down!"

Yours etc.,

FAIRPLAY RADICAL.

A NEW NAME FOR THE UNITED STATES.

To the Editor of "The Week":

Sir,—I have noticed that the inhabitants of only a part, of only one, of the continents of America arrogate to themselves the name of Americans, to the exclusion, and too often without the protest, of others equally entitled to the appellation. The people to whom I refer find the name "Yankee" objectionable, and claim that it is inapplicable, except to a few and the world at large is at a loss for a name which would be at once distinctive and acceptable. I venture, as modestly as I may, to suggest the word "Unistat," as containing in itself the elements of the phrase, "pertaining to," or "citizen of the United States of America," and as one suitable for use, both as a noun and as an adjective.

If the Unistat press would recommend the Unistat people to call themselves Unistats a long felt want would be filled and much circumlocution and heartburning avoided.

Yours, etc., J. F.

CANADA UNDER PROTECTION.

To the Editor of "The Week":

Sir,—It occurred to me that now this country has clearly arrived at a most critical time in her history, you may be willing to admit the views of one whose business experience with, and in, Canada covers nearly half a century. To further preface my remarks, allow me to say I am British born, and wish that wherever I live I may be under the British flag. When I first visited this country (35 years ago), and during many subsequent trips, I found the expense of living quite moderate, as compared to what it is now, and I have no hesitation in stating the deliberate opinion that the serious stress and strain on householders now-a-days is traceable nearly altogether to the abominable and heartless tyranny of the present tariff. The community, all over our loved Dominion, is, happily, roused over the question, after supinely sitting under its worse than feudal oppressions for years back.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

THE NORDICA CONCERT IN THE PAVILION.

The concert given by the Nordica Concert Company in the Pavilion Music Hall, on Friday evening, the 10th inst., was attended by a large and enthusiastic audience. The company was composed of the following artists: Mme. Lillian Nordica, Soprano; Mme. Scalchi, Contralto; Miss Louise Engel, Mezzo Contralto; Signor Del Puente, Baritone; Herr Emil Fischer, Bass; and Mr. Isidore Luckstone, Pianist. The concert in all respects was a notable one, and it is not often that music lovers of Toronto, have the opportunity afforded them of hearing such a combination of eminent artists. Mme. Nordica is one of the most delightful and finished singers now before the public in any country, having a voice of the purest quality, and under absolute control and a magnificent figure. Her rendering of the "Palonaise" from Ambrose Thomas' "Mignon," was a perfect bit of vocalization, and she was gracious enough to sing an encore number to satisfy her charmed hearers. Mme. Scalchi is well known in Toronto; she has a voice of magnificent calibre, wonderfully deep and rich, and she created, as she always does, a profound impression. Her number was an aria from Rossini's Semiramide, and it is needless to repeat what has been so often said regarding her interpretations; in this instance the "Aria" was nobly sung, and of course the inevitable encore number followed. Herr Emile Fischer is new to Toronto. He sang four numbers (counting encore songs), in a style of great purity, with no mannerisms, to mar the artistic effect. His voice is really immense in volume, and the quality rich and warm. Signor Campanini is still singing admirably, although so many years before the public, and proved himself the perfect artist. Sig. Del Puente, has a baritone voice of exquisite quality and sang the aria Figaro, from "Barbiere de Viglia" (Rossini) delightfully. The Quintette which closed the first part of the programme, from Donizetti's "Lucia de Lammermoor" was superbly given, and it is questionable if such ensemble has ever been heard before in Toronto. With such singing, the music sounded sensuously lovely, and the fate of poor Donizetti, living the last two years of his life under the hallucination that he was dead, was vigorously recalled to mind, on hearing so charming a bit of his music, as that chosen above from one of his most beautiful and successful operas. The second part of the programme was taken up by giving in concert form excerpts from Mascagni's "Cavaliere Rusticana." Space will not permit reviewing at length the performance; it will be sufficient to say that the artists acquitted themselves admirably and the interpretation was all that could be desired. It was a pity that an efficient orchestra could not have been a part of the Concert Company's outfit, for the accompaniments played on the piano sounded strangely thin and shallow. The pianist, Mr. Luckstone, is an excellent accompanist, but we regret being unable to say anything regarding the performance of his solo number, Liszt's 6th Rhapsody, as we were unfortunately somewhat late. The thanks of Toronto people are due to the enterprising firm of I. Suckling & Sons, for again providing so rich a treat, and we hope they will continue catering to the musical wants of this city.

THE DUFF OPERA COMPANY AT THE ACADEMY.

The performance of "Cavaliere Rusticana" by the above Opera Company, at the Academy of Music, on the evening of Feb. 7th, was in many respects one of merit. The choruses were exceedingly well rendered, and the voices were fresh and musical, although the balance between the parts was not always the best. The soloists were, Miss Helen Bertram, who sang the difficult part of "Santuzza," Miss Villa Knox, as "Lola"; Miss Helen Von Doenhoff, as "Lucia"; Mr. Charles Bassett, as "Turridu"; and Mr. William Schuster, as "Alfio." Miss Bertram is an exceed-

ordinated to the chief point of interest—in this case the roses. These are given with great purity of colour and delicacy of texture.

Mr. Challoner's color is always so fresh, his work so spontaneous and unlaboured, as to always give pleasure (whether or not this is a correct test may be called in question though with most it is the sole test), and his two pictures "Old English Tavern" and "Where the Mistletoe Grows" are no exceptions. The hazy purples in the latter are simply delicious.

Mr. Reid is represented in the oils by "A Catskill Village," a bit of out-of-doors rendered somewhat after the impressionist manner in a strong noon light. He has also a pastel "Late Afternoon" showing late sunshine and lengthening shadows and two figures at work. "The Sheep Pasture" in water colour has a good deal the effect of a pastel.

Mr. Grier has three, "La Canne d'ivoire"—an interior with a woman's figure standing with one hand resting on a tall ivory cane, the whole very warm and rich in colour. The portrait of S. H. Blake is unfinished and gives no fair idea of this artist's capacity beyond power. "Spirit of Twilight" is a shadowy figure against a hill-side in the twilight, a belt of trees shewing against the sky on the high horizon.

In "Shimmering Heat" Mr. Manley has caught the effect of a hot midsummer's day and fixed it on his canvas. "The House among the Poplars" and "Midsummer Days" each give a phase of nature; the latter is large and effective. The colour is pure and the touch free. Perhaps "Autumn Scatters the Leaves Again" shews the tenderest feeling, along with the good qualities possessed by the others. Mr. Manley's work is so good that we hope he will not confine himself to water colours.

Miss Tully's "Anticipation" is well named; it is the face of a beautiful woman expressive of eager expectancy, well and strongly rendered. Her "Crossing the Sands" is the figure of a fisherwoman returning home; the clouds have broken at sunset, and sky, sea, sands and the distant city shew the beautiful purples, grays and yellows of the place and time. Although evidently not out of door work it is a beautiful bit of colour and sentiment. Miss Tully has another head in Pastel fully equal to these two.

Mr. O'Brien has six water colours, some of Canadian subjects and others English, all shewing the careful finish and fidelity to nature that are among his characteristics. "Kicking Horse Pass" is a fine rendering of a grand subject. "On the Humber" any one familiar with the scene will recognize. "Carrying Oats" is a sunshiny farm scene, the loaded wagon on its way home. Perhaps the finest of all is "St. Ann by the Sea," the wave-washed rocks and rolling water are given with great delicacy and purity of colour.

Mr. Bell-Smith showed two oils "Sunset in Holland" and "Evening," and among the water colours "Tintern Abbey" and "London Bridge." The Abbey was a fine representation of an interesting subject, but it was in "London Bridge" that the artist has almost surpassed himself. One could scarcely imagine so prosaic a subject so poetically treated. In the purple distance lie tower and bridge, in the fore ground the beautiful green of the water, while the coloured sails give all requisite colour, and even part of a steamer loses its too utilitarian look in that atmosphere.

Mr. T. Mower Martin is announced to give a lecture on the 24th inst., in London, before the Art Association of that place.

Donald: "Have ye seen John MacKillup this while back?" Dugald: "Och, yes, he askit me to his hoose the ither nicht, but I knew there wud be nothing but boosin', and I don't like boosin'." Donald: "So you didn't go?" Dugald: "I said I wudn't go! but I thocht better o't, and I just went. But, wud ye believe it? Curse a thing had he but the cup o' tea. Och! I never saw John behave half as bad in all his life—niver, niver!"—Fun.

About eight years ago, on behalf of certain Nova Scotian political supporters, and others interested in Tory protection, Sir Charles Tupper, the then Finance Minister at Ottawa, quadrupled the duties on imported iron, and to-day the following rates are exacted: 53 per cent. on cast of British bar iron, and over 70 per cent. on cast pipes and common pig iron. The "Herald," of Montreal, in a recent able leading article on "Where the National Policy Pinches the Farmer," puts the tariff on iron manufactures as from 20 per cent. to 85 per cent., but the public will find my figures correct. I could inform you, sir, and your readers, of worse instances of the shameful impositions through the Custom House, (fancy on soap, such as Pears's, of London, over £51. 6s. 8d. per ton!); but will draw my remarks to a conclusion by naming one dire result of the iron duties.

Not only is our marine trade crippled and freights to Europe made higher for our grain and cattle shippers by the lesser number of steamers coming out, but our splendid lines of Steamships are actually jeopardized on their passages out for want of proper weight, owing to the Tory, next to prohibitive tariff, on iron! These facts are indisputable.

Yours faithfully,
AN ENGLISHMAN.

STARLIGHT.

God swings his censor wide to-night,
And the pale red coals fall out
To burn on the azure tapestry
That hangs the world about.

Slow-drifting float the gray-white clouds
Of incense-smoke; they hide
His face and hand. But still we know
God swings his censor wide.

CHARLES M. RYAN.

ART NOTES.

Very dainty were the invitations issued by the Palette Club for their exhibition at Mr. O'Brien's last Friday and Saturday. Towards the close of each afternoon the rooms were quite crowded, so that those who had come in the forenoon, or early in the afternoon had decidedly the best of it.

The oils were by themselves while the water-colours were arranged in Mr. O'Brien's studio—a most delightful setting for the good work displayed.

Mr. Forbes has a marine picture shewing a rough sea, gray rocks and sky.

Mr. Patterson has beside his oil, two portraits in charcoal both shewing the strength and good drawing evident in his other exhibit.

Some of Mr. Thompson's sketches give a clue to his mastery of his subjects, shewing as they do his close observation and accuracy. We regret he has nothing further for this exhibition.

Mr. Patterson has a head "Fascination" shewing fine colour and drawing, but by the uninitiated, of whom there is always a majority, its good qualities will be unappreciated for its lack of finish.

Mr. Jacobi has "Waterfall at Moisis," characterized by the careful finish and attention to detail always to be seen in his work. The veteran artist was himself present on the first afternoon.

Mr. Watson has rendered well three moods of nature, or rather three aspects of the same mood. The wind-driven clouds, the wet landscape, the threatening sky, all bespeak one familiar with his subject and a close student of nature: the only draw back being a certain lack of softness of atmosphere.

Mrs. Reid has two "Still Life," flowers, and "October Sunshine," a quiet lovely bit of out-of-doors autumn colour. The grouping in the larger of the others is the work of one who never fails to make delightful combinations, and always keeps the surroundings sub-

ingly clever artist; and sang with a great deal of dramatic intensity, and with splendid judgment. Miss Villa Knox sang and acted the part of the Village Coquette in a style well adapted to the part, and has a voice of very pleasing quality of tone, being well cultivated, and is moreover a remarkably pretty woman, having a face and figure, which should go far toward winning her fame. Messrs. Basset and Schuster sustained their parts splendidly, and were awarded full recognition for their excellent work. The Opera is an impassioned and intensely dramatic work, vigorous and healthy in tone, and improves on acquaintance. It is scarcely any wonder that Mascagni should leap into fame with such work so beautiful and tragic, and we hope his later works will be worthy of the same acknowledgment. We would suggest that Opera Companies coming here to perform works of the importance of "Cavaliere Rusticana," bring a few good players not obtainable here, such as oboe, clarinet, and horn players, for it is an outrage on musical taste to have a tinkling piano used to fill in parts of the score not supplied by instruments in the orchestra.

Mr. A. S. Vogt and his splendid choir repeated with singular success the Cantata "The Holy City" produced some weeks ago in Association Hall, and which at that time was reviewed at length in these columns—on Thursday evening, Feb'y 9th, in Jarvis St. Baptist Church. Although the night was stormy, a large audience assembled, as anything Mr. Vogt provides is always of the best. A miscellaneous programme took up part of the evening, when the talented organist played one or two solos, and several songs were sung, among which was an exceedingly interesting and effective one with cello obligato, entitled "Abide with me" by A. M. Read, of St. Catharines. Mr. Reid is a clever harmonist, and the one or two works of his composition which we have seen disclose the scholarly musician.

THE TORONTO ORCHESTRAL SCHOOL.

The above organization gave a concert in the Pavilion on Monday evening last, to a well filled hall of admirers. There were 75 players in the orchestra, chiefly young Misses from twelve to sixteen years of age, and considering everything they gave a very creditably showing. Of course many of them are new amateurs, or beginners we might say, and judging from the quality of tone, should be studiously engaged in practising technique, scales, etc., for many moons to come, before feverishly attempting to play, or being allowed to play in any orchestra. The idea of the school is a good one—viz.: to develop a taste for orchestral music among the people, and to build up a native orchestra in the city. We question if the end aimed at will be consummated if all kinds of players are allowed to enter without any examination as to their technical ability. Mr. Welsman played de Beriot's "Scene de Ballet" with a good deal of fluency, although he was handicapped by its difficulty. He, however, has excellent talent and should become with study a valued player. Miss Halliday is likewise a talented performer; she played on the violincello a couple of pretty trifles with good taste and expression and her intonation was very good indeed. The remainder of the soloists were greeted with applause, particularly Mr. Shaw, who has a tenor voice of considerable purity. It is needless to say that Mr. Torrington's energy was again shown on this occasion, and he deserves credit for his untiring vigour and enthusiasm.

In a paragraph referring to the two great artists, Arthur Friedheim and Rafael Joseffy in our last issue we were made to say by the printer that "They have once appeared in public this season;" it should have been: "They have not once to our knowledge appeared in public this season."

A ladies quartette has been formed in Toronto composed of the following artists: Mme. d'Auria, first soprano; Mrs. Scrimger Massie,

2nd soprano; Miss Edith Miller, first alto, and Mrs. D. E. Cameron, 2nd alto; with Sig. d'Auria musical director and accompanist. They will give a concert soon in Association Hall, and great interest is being manifested in their debut. Competent soloists will assist and the concert will undoubtedly be one of unusual merit.

LIBRARY TABLE.

INDIAN CLUBS. By G. T. B. Cobbett, and A. F. Jenkin, with illustrations. London: George Bell & Sons, 1893.

This is another excellent contribution to the popular and instructive "All England Series," many volumes of which have already been favourably noticed in our columns. The publishers of these capital handbooks have been fortunate in securing contributors who are not only well-known experts in the subjects with which they have dealt, but who also have the happy faculty of writing upon them both clearly and concisely. It is surprising to find so much information compressed within the covers of this tiny manual. Recreative sport is being treated now-a-days as an exact science and the devotee of the "Club" will here find the mysteries of his art propounded and illustrated, in a way that will remind him of the diagrams and propositions of Euclid.

STUDENT AND SINGER: The Reminiscences of Charles Santley. New York and London: Macmillan & Co.

It is now many years ago since we had the gratification of hearing Mr. Santley's superb baritone voice, on the occasion of his first visit to Toronto. We had never heard "Hearts of Oak" and other fine old English ballads sung with such finish, expression and power before; nor do we ever expect to again. The impression made upon us by Mr. Santley's singing was most agreeable, and it is our pleasure to add after having read Mr. Santley's reminiscences that it is one of the most enjoyable books we have seen for many a day. A manly, straightforward story of the author's life is what is here given us. The life of an English lad, with no advantage of wealth or position, possessed of a fine natural voice, of a desire to excel, and the indomitable pluck and perseverance of his race—grappling with and overcoming obstacles, and at last achieving the distinction of becoming one of the most deservedly popular singers of his day. It is safe to say that there is not a dull or uninteresting page in the 358 which the volume contains. Very interesting to the ordinary reader, and especially instructive to those who are students of vocalism, are the pages dealing with the method of Santley's Italian master Gaetano Nava, and the observations of the author on vocal instruction. He says: "I hope to let fall hints occasionally, from which young people may derive advantage. I have, however, no intention of obtruding a method of singing on those who deem it worth their while to read these memoirs." Many and valuable are the hints given, and they cannot fail to benefit those who may avail themselves of them. The exhaustive, thorough and intelligent method of Nava contributed greatly to Santley's success and gratefully he acknowledges it when he says "that I had the good fortune to enjoy his friendship and profit by his tuition is one of the many boons for which I thank God." One of the chief charms of this book is the absence of artificiality and the frank, manly and outspoken expression of its author's views and opinions. Fresh, free and vivid are the descriptions of Italian life, character and scenery—as they appeared to the eye of the young English student. As might be expected, many anecdotes are told of contemporaries of the author, and some of the greatest names known to modern opera add their quota to the entertainment of his readers. We cannot better close our notice than by giving the author's reference to those artists whom he deemed to be the "high peaks" of "the mountain range" of

his profession: "My peaks are Viardot, Garcia, Jenny Lind, Miolan, Carvalho, Alboni, Mario, Giorgio, Ronconi, Luigi Lablance, Sims Reeves, and Staudigl. I have sung with all except Lablance and Staudigl; with the first three ladies only in concerts, with Alboni, Mario, Reeves, and Ronconi, both in the concert room and theatre. Of these the Everest and Aconcagua were Ronconi and Viardot, vocally and his—fronically; neither of them possessing charm of voice or personal appearance, both the charm of genius, which overtops all others. Mario was handsome, and the best proportioned man I ever knew; he was a genius, but was more limited than the other two; Viardot and Ronconi were thoroughly at home, both in tragedy and comedy. Donna Anna or Papagena, Iago or Papagena—always great. Mario was great in 'Les Huguenots,' 'Le Prophete' and 'I Puritani,' 'Un Ballo in Maschera,' and in numerous operas; but he was a failure in 'Othello,' and 'Don Giovanni' and I personally, never thought his Faust a good performance for him. He was dreadfully lazy, and a very slow study. Viardot used to say of him that he began to have some notion what his part in an opera was about, when everybody else concerned was soaked with theirs.

PERIODICALS.

Book Chat, that bright little vade-mecum of the bibliophile is improving. The comments in the February number on "Some Recent French Books," are piquant and critical. Current Readings contain selections from "God's Fool," by Maarten Maartens; "Socialism from Genesis to Revelation," by Rev. T. A. Sprague; and from "The Youth of Frederick the Great" by Professor Ernest Lavisse. The notes are as full and interesting as usual.

As long as sport attracts, Outing will be read, especially if the contents of future numbers are as pleasing as are those of the February number. Mr. Charles Gordon Rogers, of Ottawa, we believe, has a bright, clever short story entitled "Which Miss Charteris," which is creditable to its author both in plot and narrative. "Ice Yachting" is a timely contribution by Colonel C. L. Morton. "Shi Running"; "Spearing through the Ice"; "Roping Elk in the Rockies"; "Lenz's 'World Tour Awheel'; and many other interesting articles will attract its readers, as well as poems, notes, etc.

The Overland Monthly for February has its usual compliment of Western subjects. "Intercollegiate Football on the Pacific Coast" is fully treated by Phil Weaver, Jr.; the article is well illustrated. "Among the Diggers of Thirty Years Ago," by Helen M. Carpenter, is another attractive illustrated article. This number has a representation of a picture by Millet entitled "The Man with a Hoe," which is owned in California; a very striking picture it is. Poems, short stories and other contributions make up a good number of the Overland.

Julien Gordon supplies the completed story for the February number of Lippincott. Its title is "The First Flight." Some very aristocratic people are to be met with in the narrative. In the journalist series John Russell Young writes of some prominent journalists of the past in the United States. Herman F. Wolf keeps up the interest in the athletic series by his short but competent article on Wrestling. Karl Blind states that the question of Russia's further advance towards India is a very serious one. Other interesting material including tales, poems, etc., complete the number.

Thomas A. Jauvier commences the February issue of The Century with the first part of a most agreeable contribution entitled "An Embassy to Provence." Grace King is the author of two pleasant sketches under the heading of "Balcony Stories" Mrs. Burton Harrison continues her "Sweet Bells out of Tune" in this number. "Stray Leaves from a Whaler's Log" is the name of a very interesting contribution from the pen of James

Temple Brown. Saint-Saens writes a good paper upon "Franz Liszt," which is followed by the continuation of Wolcott Balestier's "Benefits Forgot." "From Dawn to Sunrise" is the title of a poem by Esther Bernon Carpenter. Henry Van Dyke's "The Voice of Tennyson" is well worth reading.

The "Bookman" supplies its literary readers with what they want and what its apt and faithful name leads them to seek, good news of good books. The February number opened for us, as no doubt it did to every other Borrower who received it, at the contribution. "George Borrow, &c.," by Francis Hinds Groome, and it did not open in vain. Such reminiscences of our old favourite, and the weird, romantic race, for whom he had such a warm affection, will always be acceptable. Every department of the Bookman is good and fruitful reading, thought inspiring and thought-proceeding.

A portrait of the late Rutherford B. Hayes forms the frontispiece of the Review of Reviews, for February. Many and varied are the matters of interest presented to the readers of this deservedly popular periodical. The chief contribution to the number is a character sketch of the late Jay Gould, from the graphic pen of W. T. Stead. All who were interested in the noted millionaire will find this article excellent reading. Max West follows it with a contribution on "The Gould Millions and the Inheritance Tax." Somewhat akin are the succeeding pages on "American Millionaires and their Public Gifts." The usual quota of portraits enlivens this number.

The Hon. William M. Springer begins the February number of The North American Review with an article entitled "How to Revise the Tariff." The Dean of St. Paul's points out in this number some changes in the Church of England. Madame Adam discusses the Criminal Law of France. That timely subject Free Coinage, is treated from different standpoints by the Hon. R. P. Bland, J. H. Rhoades, and A Depositor in a Savings Bank. The Countess of Malmesbury has a short sketch article on "Wild Stag Hunting in Devon and Somerset." Senator John T. Morgan favours government aid to the Nicaragua Canal. Senator H. C. Hansbrough questions the soundness of the policy of suspending immigration to the United States. "Europe at the World's Fair" is the general heading of two articles by the British and French commissioners respectively in the same number.

In the opening article of the Andover for January-February, on the New Orthodoxy and the Old, Mr. George A. Gordon says that between the two there are differences and oppositions that are radical, the writer also points out agreements as well. A posthumous article from the pen of the late Chas. Worcester Clark, on the subject "Applied Christianity, who shall apply it first?" follows. "Is it, in truth, too much to hope for a Christianity so thoroughgoing that its principles shall permeate our public life and our industrial relations, and, in place of the antagonism of class to class, render possible the co-operation of all?" is the significant last interrogative of the writer. N. S. Burton discusses "Religious Instruction in the Public Schools," "Browning's Philosophy of Art," is gracefully treated by D. Dorchester, Jr., who affirms his belief that both the subjective and objective poet were combined in Browning. This number contains other interesting and instructive matter.

The thoughtful face of the late Charles Darwin is presented in the frontispiece of the February Arena. Kinza M. Hirai opens the number with an article on "Religious Thought in Japan." "The time is not far distant when the Syntheticism or Japanism is to be realized," is the hopeful conclusion of the writer. Very hopeful also is the paper of Professor J. R. Buchana, entitled "The New Education and Character Building," which is well worth reading. Dr. J. W. Rolfe has an interesting contribution on Shakespeare. "A great deal remains to be done in this country before political equality can become anything more than a mere figure of speech." Says Mr. W. D. McCrackan in his article on "Proportional Representa-

tion." The Rev. J. W. Chadwick discusses "The New Old Testament." Rabbi Solomon Schindler devotes himself to the large question of "Compulsory National Arbitration," and other writers add their quota to a good number.

An oration delivered at the first convocation of the University of Chicago, by Professor Herman E. Von Holst, is published as the opening article of the Educational Review for February. In his able address the learned Professor forcibly presents "The Needs of Universities in the United States," and argues that the list of knotty problems which the American people are imperatively called upon to solve is far from being exhausted. The relations of literature and philology are temperately treated by Oliver F. Emerson. By far the most attractive portion of the number is that containing the inaugural lecture of Mr. Froude as Regius professor of modern history at Oxford. How amusing is the comment of the editor on Professor Froude. He says: "Now that Arnold and Lowell are gone, Froude alone remains of the great masters of English prose." A little further on the editor casually mentions Goldwin Smith as a predecessor of Froude in office. Does he seriously mean to class Lowell as a master of English prose above Goldwin Smith? The peacocky self complacency of some United States editors and writers is to say the least very dull.

LITERARY AND PERSONAL.

"The Story of the Atlantic Telegraph," by Dr. Henry M. Field, is to be reissued by the Scribners in a revised edition from new plates. The recent death of Cyrus W. Field recalls attention to the great international enterprise with which his name will be forever associated; and the story of the great achievement, written by the brother of the chief actor in it, is complete, and authentic, and reads like a tale of adventure.

A good story is going the round about a poet who was asked by a stranger, to whom he had just been introduced, who was the poet of the day, the questioner explaining that he had been out of the way of hearing about such things for a few weeks past. 'There is but one poet now,' was the response; 'it is I.' On further inquiry it appeared that the poet who thus arrogated to himself an exclusive title had as yet published nothing, but had a book in the press!

The Reverend Frederick E. J. Lloyd, of Charlottetown, is now engaged on a short history of Prince Edward Island, which is to be read at the next meeting of the Royal Society of Canada and be published in its transactions. The Royal Society is doing an invaluable work in encouraging historic research in all parts of the Dominion. Monographs, like those on Cape Breton, the Boesticks of Newfoundland, the Old Forts of Acadia, and the French Voyages to North American Waters, are extremely useful to the student and interesting to the general reader as well.

A contemporary has the following item: Richard Harding Davis, editor of Harper's Weekly, and author of 'Gallegher,'—the best American short story writer, whose pen has something of the delicacy and flexibility of Thomas Hardy's, is another muscular litterateur. Everyone in New York is familiar with his arrest of the bunco-steerer who was tempted by his decidedly English appearance to try the confidence trick upon him. Though he looks the typical well-bred Englishman, Mr. Davis is American on both sides, his father being Mr. Clark Davis, a well-known Philadelphia editor, and his mother Rebecca Harding Davis.

It is said of Mark Twain is an immense admirer of Browning, and that he even feels inclined to place him before Shakespeare. He has lectured before Browning societies, and on one occasion recited Browning's famous episode in which the Arab chief, pursuing a robber who had

stolen his favourite mare, tells him how to make her go faster rather than have the mortification of seeing her caught by any other horse. At the conclusion he had himself the mortification of being asked if he had written it; for it must be confessed that he applies much the same monotonous drawl to the interpretation of 'Ferishtah's Fancy' and 'The Jumping Frog.' Mark Twain is said to be haunted by the idea that he will one day be reduced to beggary.

Mr. Murray has issued this week a second edition of Lord Houghton's 'Stray Verses,' prefaced by a fourteen-line poem, 'To the Memory of Alfred, Lord Tennyson, to whom these verses were first dedicated. It begins:

He loved the light,—the sun that faded down
In watery gleams on distant fen and wold,
Or touched his Surrey brakes with autumn gold,
Or laughed from lapping wave to island town;

and ends pathetically with:
No more: for him the Light of lights at last
Has dawned, and orbs into the perfect day.

The Boston Weekly Review says of Verlaine:—The best place to meet Paul Verlaine, the Parisian beggar poet, the Villon of the nineteenth century, is the Cafe Francois I., on the Boulevard St. Michel. Dressed in a long greasy coat, and a red handkerchief around his neck, like a street singer, he sits in a corner of the cafe, which he calls his "reception room," and where he is willing to receive at any time day or night, his manifold admirers; including many of the literati and artists of the modern school. Paul Verlaine, after dissipating an inherited fortune, and living an unhappy married life, has led the existence of a vagabond and pauper, assisted pecuniarily by casual admirers. When he has money, he goes from tavern to tavern, drinking one rum or absinthe after the other until his last sou is spent. Then he lies down before the entrance of a hospital, and waits until he is picked up by the officials, who know him well, and generally give him shelter for a few weeks.

Messrs. Harper, says the Bookman, apparently found Mr. Dumaurier's "Peter Ibbetson" very much to their liking, for they have commissioned him to write and illustrate a new novel, for which, we understand, they are paying twice as much as they did for its predecessor.—"We have been endeavouring," adds the same review, "to find out the exact figures as to the average American payment to English authors. The average royalty paid to a well-known novelist is ten per cent. with something to account. The highest sum we have heard of is £650. It is doubtful whether this particular venture has proved remunerative, but in some cases 15 per cent. and even more has been given. It should be observed that liberal promises do not always mean payment."—A very popular writer, we are informed, has for some time thought of becoming his own publisher, and is taking practical steps for that purpose. He will not, however, publish under his own name, nor will he confine his publications to his own books.

The Daily News says that:—A more than usually sensitive poet, M. Barracand, maddened by printer's blunders, has brought action in Paris for damages because his rhymes were spoiled. In a piece called a "Song of the Months," which was set to music by M. Weckerlin and sung by Madame Alboni, the word "gentil," (pleasing) was printed for "viril" (virile). The verses should have read thus:

"Terre qui dors, lasee,
Dans ta couche glatee,
L'hiver a fui, le jour a lui,
Eveille-toi, ma fiancee,
Sous le baiser viril
D'Avril."

(Earth which sleepest, wearied, in thy icy bed, the winter has fled, the day has shone. Awake, my betrothed, under the virile kiss of April.) Here it is evident that the word "gentil" did indeed spoil the rhyme, as the poet alleged, but for all that the

French Courts have not appraised the injury to his wounded feelings at the 5,000 francs which he claimed. It was held that in withdrawing the book as soon as the error was discovered, and in correcting the offending line, M. Durand, the publisher, had done all that could reasonably be expected of him, and the poet is poorer by the costs of the action.

READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

THE FOOD QUESTION

Whenever bread is the only food man is able to procure, it is as important that such bread should be made of the entire wheat, and that none of the dark colored gluten should be separated from the flour as may be claimed by the most enthusiastic Grahamites. It is undeniable that the very poor classes, such as abound in the east end of London, and whose nourishment is made up very largely from bread alone, would be considerably benefited if they could be induced to use whole meal bread instead of that made from white flour, which has been robbed of a considerable portion of its gluten, and for this reason this class does not get the needed amount of nitrogen in their wheat bread diet. It is only among the intelligent and well-to-do classes that entire wheat bread has found favor; and this bread has been and is a damage to this class. The well-to-do the world over habitually use a considerable portion of milk, eggs, cheese, fish, flesh and fowl. These foods furnish an ample supply of nitrogen in a form much more easily digested than the gluten of wheat; and these foods have the additional advantage of being rich in oil, a necessary element in man's dietary, and one he has insisted upon having throughout the ages. To those who are provided with flesh and animal products, in quantities sufficient to provide the needed nitrogen, bread made of fine flour is preferable because it is much more easily digested than that having a large proportion of gluten. I have elsewhere shown that all but one or two per cent of starch foods is digested in the intestines. A person provided with an ample supply of nitrogen and oil in animal products does not require the nitrogen of the gluten, which is much more difficult of digestion; and if fine flour—white bread—is eaten with such animal products the needed nitrogen is readily obtainable from the animal products, and the starch foods soon pass on to the intestines to undergo transformation into glucose; whereas if the entire wheat flour bread has been eaten, there is necessarily a considerable effort on the part of the system to separate and digest the extra amount of gluten, the need for which has already been anticipated by the animal products. This necessity on the part of the system to separate and digest an element which is not needed and not used is a very considerable strain upon the nervous system. A glance at the history of nations will supply proofs of this contention. The Chinese, Japanese and the millions in India who subsist chiefly on vegetable foods are smaller in stature, shorter lived, are weak relatively, both mentally and physically, and have accomplished far less of the world's work than the English and German nations, who have been liberally supplied with a flesh dietary and so far as England is concerned at all events, whose bread has been chiefly made of ordinary white flour. Another proof that bread and starch foods are a great strain upon the digestive powers is found in the phenomenal benefits accruing to invalids by the use of the Salisbury diet, which consists exclusively of the lean of beef or mutton and water. When these patients recover their usual health they generally return to a diet of bread and starch foods, and frequently relapse again into invalidism, to be again cured by again adopting an exclusively meat diet. The increasing favor with which a milk diet for invalids is being received by physicians of all schools is another strong evidence in favor of a nonstarch

diet. The German Spas and Continental health resorts are filled each year by tens of thousands of patients from the effete and luxurious idle class in Europe, to "undergo" a yearly "cure". These establishments insist upon a greatly diminished amount of bread, no potatoes, and a corresponding increase of meat, eggs, and milk—Dr. Emmet Densmore, in the Social Economist for December.

SPINNING-BALLAD.

Translated by Baroness Swift, from the Roumanian of Helena Varesco.

Thou took'st my hand within thine own,
and unto thee I said,
"Tis cold, alas! 'tis cold, as though I
were already dead!"
A tiny pebble once I laid, a pebble from
the stream,
Beneath my corset on my breast, until yon
stone did seem
Warm as a baby's heart to grow, e'en to
its very core!
And everywhere that pebble I upon my
bosom bore,
Glad I had made it human, while ofttimes
I'd fain believe
That when I wept it, too, with me was
wont to deeply grieve,
That in my sorrows, in my joys, it took
a loving part—
I wore it 'neath my corset, and it rest-
ed on my heart.
Thou took'st my hand into thine own,
and unto thee I said,
"Tis cold, alas! 'tis cold, as though I
were already dead!"
But woe is me! the pebble pined, far from
its native bourne,
And mourn'd, "Unto my river bed lief
would I now return,
Unto the shining sand whereon like glit-
tering gem I lay,
'Mid waves which hither, thither glide
round me in wanton play."
And warm as ever baby's heart it grew
unto its core,
You pebble, which unto the stream reluct-
antly I bore,
But cold now as its fellow-stones, I ween,
'tis grown again,
As though it ne'er for many a day upon
my breast had lain;
As in my sorrows, in my joys, it ne'er took
loving part—
I wore it 'neath my corset, and it rest-
ed on my heart.
Thou took'st my hand into thine own,
and unto thee I said,
"Tis cold, alas! 'tis cold, as though I
were already dead!"

THE VICTORIA CROSS.

Sir Colin Campbell held this decoration to be a slur upon, rather than a compliment to, military honor, and he has placed upon record his own very hostile opinions against an institution which he thought tended to demoralize the service by creating invidious distinctions amongst those who were supposed to be equal in honor and in devotion to duty. Sir William Mansfield held similar views, and he is supposed to have been the writer of the despatch in which those of Sir Colin Campbell were embodied. General Gordon lays down a very straight line of opinion regarding duty and its reward. A soldier, he says, is bound entirely to his work as a soldier; he can never do more than his duty. "A man defends a post; if he loses it, his throat is cut; why give him a Victoria Cross? And if given, why not give it to all who were with him? They equally with him defended their throats." But in commenting upon an actual case he puts the matter more tersely: "A man with another was sent out on a reconnaissance; this other was wounded, and his companion waited for him and took him on his horse, saving his life. What would we have said had he left his companion?" The hero of Khartoum, like the hero of Schiller's Wallenstein, thought that all soldiers should be noble-minded, and that in their own hearts and not in other men's opinions they should find their true honour. He could not understand the bestowal or accept-

ance of a reward for not deserting a comrade in danger. But then he would not have what he considered "duty" rewarded in any other way beyond the usual methods of pay and promotion, and he illustrated his opinion by a characteristic anecdote:—"I like that old Iron Duke, with his fearful temper. He told a friend of my father, who was bewailing his long and meritorious service, that 'he ought to be d—d glad the country had kept him so long.'" All this, however, seems inconsistent with Gordon's institution of a special decoration to reward exceptional service and merit at Khartoum.—Broad Arrow.

COLOR IN SCULPTURE

We are tending towards the emancipation of art, which frees itself from academic rules solely in order to inspire taste, and the renewal of polychromy should be received with joy as being the end of an artistic prejudice. It is impossible for me to see, in the objections raised against polychromatic sculpture, anything more than the protestation of routine. It would spoil marble to paint it? Marble could be painted with such discretion that all of its beauty would show through. I remember a bust by Gerome, where the color, applied with a light hand, slightly bronzed the hair, indicated the red of the lips, gave a little rose color to the lobe of the ear and added more life to the marble without hiding its substance. Colour need not, however, be applied to Carrara marble. Polychromy has other materials at its command. It has burnt clay and bronze, that admirable material which we may some time, perhaps, learn how to handle. It is contrary to the dignity of art to colour statues? Colour is not a simple ornament, it is a means of expression, and I cannot see that art would lose any of its dignity by increasing its resources of expression. A painted statue resembles nature too much? "Colour," says Charles Blanc, "only makes the absence of life more apparent and shocking, and that first appearance of reality becomes repulsive when we see it contradicted by the inertness of the object. We have a striking example of this in wax figures. The more they resemble nature, the more hideous they are." Doubtless. But the sculpture will be able to adopt as conventional a coloration as he likes. It is not a question of reproducing colour, it is a question of representing it, and that could be done on a relief by methods as suggested and artistic as in a picture. It is said that the polychromatic system has never yet produced a work giving a true expression of great art. I answer this by calling attention to the bas reliefs of the palace of Darius, the Egyptian monuments, the wax head at the Museum of Lille, and even if it has not yet been done, it will be. We have already finished with this fetishism of the white. Let some great artist appear who will resolutely enter upon the new way, and the work will be accomplished.—M. P. Souriau, in the Revue Scientifique.

A PLATONIC AFFECTION.

After the publication of each novel Mr. Disraeli was in the habit of receiving many congratulations from friends and literary people on the success of his works, and among others there came one from a lady of whom he knew nothing whatever who lived in the neighbourhood of Torquay. She was in the habit of writing most enthusiastic praises, almost fulsome adulation, of his great abilities, not only as a writer but as a politician. He took but little notice of her except by formal letters of thanks, and thought no more of the matter. Some time afterwards circumstances happened that took him and Mrs. Disraeli to the West of England, and they went to Torquay; then the thought struck him that he should find out who this Platonic lover could be, and in due time he discovered that she was a Miss Williams, a lady of some property, living in that neighbourhood. He deter-

mined to call and pay his respects to her. He did so, and the old lady was so thoroughly delighted that she could scarcely contain herself. At last she had obtained the object of her ambition, and had seen the great man for whom she had for years felt the deepest admiration. Mr. Disraeli prolonged his visit, and again called on her, and on his return to London forwarded her a set of his works, and continued to do so when any new publication of his appeared. Some few years afterwards the lady died, and, to his utter astonishment left him all her fortune. This amounted to over £40,000, and it enabled him to pay off the whole of the encumbrances on his estate. This great benefactress was buried at Hughenden, and lies in the same vault containing the remains of the famous author and statesman and those of his wife.

From "Echoes of Old Country Life."
By J K Fowler. Edward Arnold.

THE FOREST OF FONTAINEBLEAU.

The crossroads of La Croix de Saint Herem, where the Duke and Duchess of Berry were about to meet, is in the depths of the forest, about a league from Fontainebleau. Two superb tents had been set up there, one of which was intended for the royal family, and the other for the suite of the Duchess of Berry. The first had been carpeted, and contained an arm-chair for the King, covered with sky-blue velvet, embroidered in gold, and twelve campstools for the princes and princesses of his family.

Two carriages containing the members of her household preceded the open barouche in which sat the young Princess with the Duchess of Reggio, her lady of honor, and the Countess of La Ferronnays, her lady of the bedchamber. The Duchess of Reggio said to her; 'I must inform your Royal Highness that we are about to arrive at the Cross of Saint Herem. There you will find the royal family.' The carriage stopped in another instant. 'The King is coming forward to meet your Royal Highness,' added the lady of honor. On alighting from the carriage, the Princess was to be received according to the same etiquette as had been observed on the arrival of Queen Marie Leczinska. She was

to cross, all alone, half of a carpet spread on the grass, while the King, leading the royal family, crossed the other half. But

the Duchess found the solemn slowness of such a ceremonial tiresome. Recollecting the neutrality of the Marseilles Hotel de ville, she asked in an undertone if the carpet was neutral. Then, springing forward with one bound towards the King, she threw herself at his knees, kissed his hands, and said something which he seemed to approve. Louis XVIII. raised her, pressed her to his heart, and presented her to the Duchess of Angouleme. The Duke of Berry advanced. 'Nephew', said the King, 'it is my daughter that I give you, whom I already love like a father. Make her happy.' Then he joined their hands. The Duchess of Gontaut, a witness of the touching scene, says: 'The two spouses looked at each other. What a moment, when each sought to divine what her whole life was to be? She seemed to please him. I heard him say in a low tone to Madame de La Ferronnays: "I shall love her." The moment when Monsieur held out his arms to his young daughter-in-law, and she implored his protection and he promised it, was strikingly affecting. Monseigneur, seeing that the Princess was frightened, spoke to her in a gracious tone that reassured her. He seemed to please her. She said to me that she found him better looking than his portrait which had been sent to her at Naples.'

From The Duchess of Berry and the Court of Louis XVIII. By Imbert de Saint-Amand. Translated by Elizabeth G. Martin. (Hutchinson and Co.)

MR. SWINBURNE ON MUSIC.

The following lines have been written by Mr. Swinburne to be set to music for the opening of the new building of the Royal College of Music, which is intended to take place in the course of the coming summer. Entitled "Music, an Ode."

Was it light that spake from the darkness, or music that shone from the word
When the night was enkindled with sound of the sun or the first born bird?
Souls enthralled or entrammelled in bondage of seasons that fall and rise,
Bound fast round with the fetters of flesh, and blinded with light that dies,
Lived not surely till music spake, and the spirit of life was heard.
Music, sister of sunrise, and herald of life to be,
Smiled as dawn on the spirit of man, and the thrall was free.
Slave of nature and serf of time, the bondman of life and death,
Dumb with passionless patience that breathed but forlorn and reluctant breath,
Heard, beheld, and his soul made answer, and communed aloud with the sea.
Morning spake, and he heard: and the passionate silent noon
Kept for him not silence: and soft from the mounting moon
Fell the sound of her splendor, heard as dawn's in the breathless night,
Not of men, but of birds whose note bade man's soul quicken and leap to light;
And the song of it spake, and the light and the darkness of earth were as chords in tune.

A FLOWER-GARDEN.

A flower-garden is an ugly thing, even when best managed; it is an assembly of unfortunate beings, pampered and bloated above their natural size, stewed and heated into diseased growth; corrupted by evil communications into speckled and inharmonious colors; torn from the soil which they loved and of which they were the spirit and the glory, to glare away their term of tormented life among the mixed and incongruous essences of each other in earth that they know not, and in air that is poison to them.

The florist may delight in this; the true lover of flowers never will. He who has taken lessons from nature, who has observed the real purpose and operation of flowers; how they flush forth from the

SCROFULA

Is that impurity of the blood which produces unsightly lumps or swellings in the neck; which causes running sores on the arms, legs, or feet; which develops ulcers in the eyes, ears, or nose, often causing blindness or deafness; which is the origin of pimples, cancerous growths, or "humors;" which, fastening upon the lungs, causes consumption and death. It is the most ancient of all diseases, and very few persons are entirely free from it.

How Can It Be CURED

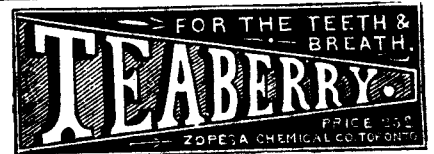
By taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, which, by the remarkable cures it has accomplished, has proven itself to be a potent and peculiar medicine for this disease. If you suffer from scrofula, try Hood's Sarsaparilla.

"Every spring my wife and children have been troubled with scrofula, my little boy, three years old, being a terrible sufferer. Last spring he was one mass of sores from head to feet. We all took Hood's Sarsaparilla, and all have been cured of the scrofula. My little boy is entirely free from sores, and all four of my children look bright and healthy."
W. B. ATHERTON, Passaic City, N. J.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

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100 Doses One Dollar



brightness of the earth's being, as the melody rises up from among the moved strings of the instrument; how the wildness of their pale colors passes over her, like the evidence of a various emotion; how the quick fire of their life and their delight grows along the green banks where the dew falls the thickets and the mists of incense pass slowly through the twilight of the leaves, and the intertwined roots make the earth tremble with strange toys at the feeling of their motion;—he who has watched this will never take away the beauty of their being to mix into mercetricious glare, or to feed into an existence of disease. And the flower-garden is as ugly in effect as it is unnatural in feeling; it will never harmonise with anything, and if people will have it, should be kept out of sight till they get into it.

From "The Poetry of Architecture".
By John Ruskin. Reprinted from Loudon's Magazine for the first time in book form.
George Allen.

FAMILAR QUOTATIONS.

Some of the most familar of "familiar quotations" are not, strictly speaking, quotations at all. I have just been reminded of this by a correspondent, who wrote to me for information as to the source of the trite quotation "kept on the even tenor of his way," popularly ascribed to Gray. My correspondent having expressed his doubts whether Gray or anybody else ever wrote the words, I have had the matter looked up. The nearest that can be found to it appears to be the following extract from the nineteenth stanza of Gray's "Elegy":—

Along the cool sequestered vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.
Doubtless this is the correct reading. But how is it that orators, preachers, journalists, and men in the street have so unanimously agreed to change "noiseless" for "even"?—Truth.

Mr. Green (who has been listening to Mr. Brown's account of a trip round the coast): "And how did you like it, Mrs. Brown?" Mrs. Brown: "Well, I didn't see much of the scenery, but the cabin was very comfortable, and the stewardess a most sympathetic woman."—Pick-me-up.

"August Flower"

For two years I suffered terribly with stomach trouble, and was for all that time under treatment by a physician. He finally, after trying everything, said stomach was about worn out, and that I would have to cease eating solid food for a time at least. I was so weak that I could not work. Finally on the recommendation of a friend who had used your preparations

with beneficial results, I procured a bottle of August Flower, and commenced using it. It seemed to do me good at once. I gained in strength and flesh rapidly; my appetite became good, and I suffered no bad effects from what I ate. I feel now like a new man, and consider that August Flower has entirely cured me of Dyspepsia in its worst form. JAMES E. DEDRICK, Saugerties, New York.

W. B. Utsey, St. George's, S. C., writes: I have used your August Flower for Dyspepsia and find it an excellent remedy.

A FRONTENAC MIRACLE.

RELIEF COMES WHEN HOPE HAS
ALMOST FLED.

An Ex-Councillor of Oso Township Tells of
His Release From Suffering—His Neigh-
bors Verify His Statements—A
Marvellous Cure That is
Now a Household
Word.

Kingston Whig

The readers of the Whig will remember that our reporter at Sharbot Lake, on two or three occasions last winter, wrote of the serious illness of Edward Botting, a well-known and respected resident of the township of Oso. Mr. Botting was so low that his friends had no hope of his recovery, and although of an energetic disposition and not the kind of a man to give up easily, he even felt himself that life was slipping from him. Later we learned that Mr. Botting's recovery was due entirely to the use of that remedy which has achieved so many marvelous cures that its name is now a household word throughout the land—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

Our reporter visited Mr. Botting at his home on the picturesque shore of Succor Lake. Mr. Botting is a very intelligent and agreeable gentleman, some seventy-five years of age, but looking and acting as smartly as a man twenty years younger. He is probably one of the best known men in this section. He was postmaster at Fermoy for fourteen years, and a councillor of the united townships of Bedford, Oso, Olden and Palmerston for ten years. He gave the Whig representative a cordial greeting, remarking that it was his favorite paper and that he had been a constant subscriber for forty-nine years. Mr. Botting readily consented to give his experience in the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, saying that he believed it was a duty he owed to humanity to let the public know what they had done for him. "It was about two years ago", said Mr. Botting, "that I first began to feel that I was not my old self. Up to that time I had been exceptionally strong and rugged. My illness first came in the form of kidney trouble, which seemed to carry with it general debility of the whole system, and none of the medicines that I took seemed to do me any good. I am not of a disposition to give up easily, and I tried to fight off the trouble and continued to go about when many another would have been in bed. Things went on in this way until about a year ago when I had a bad attack of la grippe, and the after effects of that malignant trouble brought me so low that my friends despaired of my recovery. I did not give up myself for that is not my disposition, but when I found that the remedies I tried did me no good, I must admit I was discouraged. I was troubled with severe and constant pains in the back, sensations of extreme dizziness, weakness, and was in fact in a generally used up condition. I had read frequently in the Whig of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and at last the conviction forced itself upon me that they must have some special virtue else they could not obtain such strong endorsements in all

parts of the country. The upshot was that I determined to try them and I bless the day that I came to that conclusion. Before the first box was finished I felt benefited, and I continued their use until I was as strong as ever. I have lately worked hard and find no ill effects therefrom. I consider Dr. Williams' Pink Pills the best medicine sold, and you may say I would not be without them in the house if they cost \$5 a box. All my neighbors know what Pink Pills have done for me," said Mr. Botting, "and I would just like you to ask some of them."

Your reporter acted upon the hint, and first saw Mrs. L. Kish, a daughter of Mr. Botting. Mrs. Kish said "What my father has told you is quite true. It was Pink Pills that cured him and we are very, very thankful. Father is now as smart as he was twenty years ago."

Charles Knapp, a prominent farmer, said: "I consider Mr. Botting's cure a most wonderful one and I believe he owes his life to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills." Your reporter called at John W. Knapp's but found that gentleman away from home. His wife, an estimable and intelligent lady, said "we are aware that Mr. Botting was very sick for a long time and considering his age thought it unlikely that he would recover, but he is now as smart as he was ten years ago and he ascribes it all to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

Mr. Avery, Reeve of the township of Oso, and Warden of the county of Frontenac, merchant, told your reporter that he has a large and constantly increasing sale for Pink Pills, and from all quarters has good reports of their curative qualities.

H. W. Hunt, a commissioner and school teacher, said he had known Mr. Botting for a number of years and considered him a well read and intelligent gentleman, who, if he said Pink Pills had cured him, could be depended upon, as he is a very conscientious man who would not make a statement that was not accurate.

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

These Pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N. Y., and are sold only in boxes bearing the firm's trade mark and wrapper, at 50 cts. a box or six boxes for \$2.50. Bear in mind that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are never sold in bulk, or by the dozen or hundred, and any dealer who offers substitutes in this form is trying to defraud you and should be avoided. The public are also cautioned against all other so-called blood builders and nerve tonics, no matter what name may be given them. They are all imitations whose makers hope to reap a pecuniary advantage from the wonderful reputation achieved by Dr. Williams' Pink

Pills. Ask your dealer for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and refuse all imitations and substitutes.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, from either address. The price at which these pills are sold make a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.

Bad men excuse their faults; good men will leave them.—Ben Jonson.

If you wish to reach the highest, begin at the lowest.—Publius Syrus.

The silver-leaved birch retains in its old age a soft bark; there are some such men.—Auerbach.

Don't risk dear, sweet life drinking oludted water, while there is a safe remedy offered.

(See St. Leon adv't.)

Men in general judge more from appearances than from reality. All men have eyes, but few have the gift of penetration.—Macchiavelli.

If a man meet with injustice, it is not required that he shall not be aroused to meet it; but if he is angry after he has had time to think upon it, that is sinful. The flame is not wrong but the coals are.—Beecher.

Aspiration, worthy ambition, desires for higher good for good ends,—all these indicate a soul that recognizes the beckoning hand of the good Father, who would call us homeward toward himself.—J. G. Holland.

Times of great calamity and confusion have ever been productive of the greatest minds. The purest ore is produced from the hottest furnace, and the brightest thunder bolt is elicited from the darkest storm.—Colton.

The superabundance of phrases appropriated by some pious authors to the subject of religion, and never applied to any other purpose, has not only the effect of disgusting persons of taste, but of obscuring religion itself.—Robert Hall.

FOR COLDS AND SORE THROAT.

SIRS,—We use Hagyard's Yellow Oil in our family for colds and sore throat and it is excellent. My sister had asthma since childhood but on trying Yellow Oil for it, she soon was cured.

Miss Lizzie Chapelle, Baldwin, Ont.

We are apt to rely on future prospects, and become really expensive while we are only rich in possibility. We live up to our expectations not to our possessions, and make a figure proportionable to what we may be, not what we are.—Addison.

What a desolate place would be a world without a flower. It would be a face without a smile, a feast without a welcome. Are not flowers the stars of the earth, and are not our stars the flowers of heaven?—Mrs. Balfour.

BILIOUSNESS CURED.

GENTLEMEN,—I have used Burdock Blood Bitters for biliousness and find it the best remedy for this complaint. I used several other remedies but they all failed to do me any good. However, it required only two bottles of B. B. B. to cure me completely, and I can recommend it to all. Yours truly,

Wm. ROBINSON, Wallaceburg.

Alas! if my best friend, who laid down his life for me, were to remember all the instances in which I have neglected him, and to plead them against me in judgment, where should I hide the guilty head in the day of recompense? I will pray, therefore, for blessings on my friends, even though they cease to be so, and upon my enemies, though they continue such.—Cowper.

NOW IS THE TIME.

In this the season of coughs, colds, asthma, bronchitis and other throat and lung complaints, it is well to be provided with a bottle of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup which effectually cures all such diseases, and that very promptly and pleasantly. Price 25 and 50c. Sold by all druggists.

SCIENTIFIC AND SANITARY.



EASY TO TAKE

—Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. Smallest, easiest, cheapest, best. They're tiny, sugar-coated, anti-bilious granules, a compound of refined and concentrated vegetable extracts. Without disturbance or trouble, Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, Sick and Bilious Headaches, and all derangements of the liver, stomach, and bowels are prevented, relieved, and cured. Permanently cured, too. By their mild and natural action, these little Pellets lead the system into natural ways again. Their influence lasts.

Everything catarrhal in its nature, catarrh itself, and all the troubles that come from catarrh, are perfectly and permanently cured by Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. No matter how bad your case or of how long standing, you can be cured.

Lieutenant Peary, the Arctic explorer, saw bumble bees as far north as latitude 87 deg. 37 min. in Greenland, and stated that bluebottle flies were as common that far north as they are in Philadelphia around a butcher shop. The latitude mentioned is within about 580 miles of the North Pole.—Entomological News.

Lunatics and epileptics abound in the imperial family of Austria. It is stated that with the sole exception of the Emperor himself almost every one of the archdukes and archduchesses belonging thereto, is subject, in a greater or less degree, to fits of epilepsy.—New York Medical record.

BRONCHITIS CURED.

GENTLEMEN.—I suffered four or five years from bronchitis and a severe hacking cough, and could get nothing to do me any good. A friend told me to get Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam, and I did so with good results. Two bottles cured me and I hardly know what a cold is now.

ARTHUR BYRNE, Guelph.

Aluminium horseshoes have been tried in one of the Finnish cavalry regiments. A number of horses were shod on one fore foot and one hind foot with this metal, ordinary iron shoes being used on the other feet. At the end of six weeks, during which time the animals had been moving on a hard and stony road, it was found that the aluminium shoes had worn rather better than those of iron, and not one of the former had gone to pieces.

TO-DAY,—Hood's Sarsaparilla stands at the head in the medicine world, admired in prosperity and admired in merit by thousands of would-be competitors. It has a larger sale than any other medicine. Such success could not have been won without positive merit.

Hood's Pills cure constipation by restoring the peristaltic action of the alimentary canal. They are the best family cathartic.

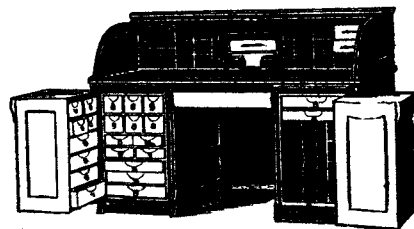
M. Ballard has conducted a number of experiments on the bread supplied to the French army, and has given the results in a paper recently read before the Academie des Sciences, Paris. He finds the soft part to contain from 38 to 49 and the crust from 16 to 25 per cent. of water. Weight for weight, there is therefore an advantage in having a bread rich in crust for army use, and he proposes that the present ration of 1,500 grammes of bread a day should consist of two loaves of 750 grammes, preferably of a long shape, and having a crust without fissures.—English Mechanic.

MAKE NO MISTAKE,—Make no mistake when buying a remedy for dyspepsia, headache, constipation or bad blood, be sure to get the kind that cures, Burdock Blood Bitters. "It is an excellent remedy for headache."—C. Blackett Robinson, Pub. Canada Presbyterian.

An ingenious method of capturing adult mosquitoes in the house is in extensive use in some localities in New Jersey. We have not seen it described in print, and mention it here in the hope that it may be new to some of our readers. It consists in nailing to the end, or rather the top, of a stick the lid of a small tin box, such as a yeast powder box. The stick must be long enough to enable the operator to reach the ceiling, and the tin cover of the box is nailed to it in an inverted position. Into this receptacle is then poured a tablespoonful of kerosene, and the mosquitoes at rest upon the ceiling are easily trapped by simply placing this kerosene cup under them and close up to the ceiling. In their endeavour to escape they fall at once into the kerosene and are killed. On the morning of September 25 the writer captured in this way seventy-five mosquitoes on the ceiling of the room which he had occupied during the night. Most of the seventy-five were filled with blood, which, we think, is a sufficient argument in favour of performing the operation before going to bed rather than after arising!—Insect Life.

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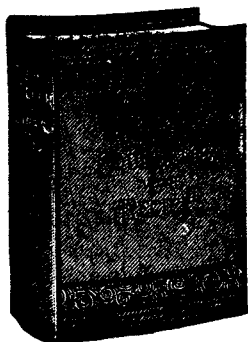
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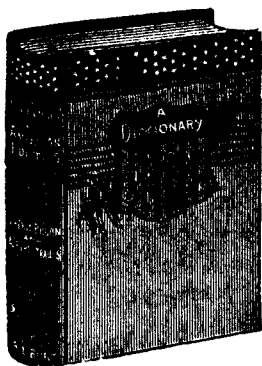
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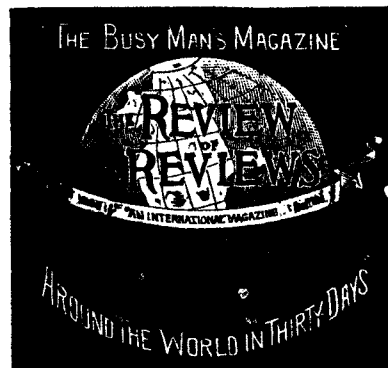
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There are braying men in the world as well as braying asses; for, what's loud and senseless talking and swearing any other than braying.—Sir Roger L'Estrange.

A man might frame and let loose a star to roll in its orbit, and yet not have done so memorable a thing before God, as he who lets go a golden-orbed thought to roll through the generations of time.—Beecher.

When one eye is extinguished, the other becomes more keen; when one hand is cut off, the other becomes more powerful; so when our reason in human things is disturbed or destroyed, our view heavenward becomes more acute and perfect.—Scott.

The best men are not those who have waited for chances but those who have taken them,—besieged the chance, conquered the chance, and made the chance their servitor.—Anon.

A man that only translates shall never be a poet; nor a painter that only copies; nor a swimmer that swims always with bladders; so people that trust wholly to others' charity, and without industry of their own, will always be poor.—Sir W. Temple.

Life is a succession of lessons which must be lived to be understood. All is riddle, and the key to a riddle is another riddle. There are as many pillows of illusion as flakes in a snow-storm. We wake from one dream into another dream.—Emerson.

Neither can we admit that definition of genius that some would propose,—“a power to accomplish all that we undertake;” for we might multiply examples to prove that this definition of genius contains more than the thing defined. Cicero failed in poetry, Pope in painting, Addison in oratory; yet it would be harsh to deny genius to these men.—Colton.

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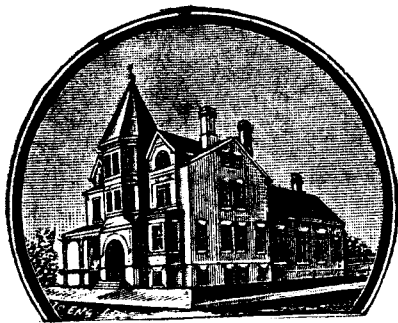
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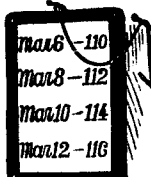
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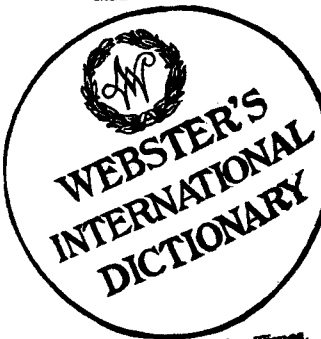
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