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THE WEEK.

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THE WEEK:

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CONTENTS OF CURRENT NUMBER.

TOPICS—	PAGE
The Engineership	531
Commercial Fallacies	531
An Important Anniversary	531
Annexation Denounced	531
Party Government in Canada	531
Voting Railway Subsidies	532
The Manitoba Elections	532
Industrial Co-operation	532
Labour Contests in the United States	532
The War with the Pinkertons	532
Political Movements in Belgium	533
THE DOMINION EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION: The First Meeting in Montreal	533
AUSTRALIAN LETTER	534
THE ARCHIE MAN—V	534
THE CHILDREN OF THE LIGHT. (Poem)	535
TWO KNAPSACKS: A Novel of Canadian Summer Life	536
PARIS LETTER	538
LIFE. (Poem)	538
THE MELCHIOR SKETCHES	538
FORCE AND ENERGY	539
THE RAMBLER	540
TOO SOON. (Poem)	540
CORRESPONDENCE—	
The Canadian Question	540
ART NOTES	540
MUSIC AND THE DRAMA	540
OUR LIBRARY TABLE	541
LITERARY AND PERSONAL GOSSIP	541
PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED	541
CHESS	543

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IT is comforting to know that at last Toronto has an engineer presumably competent and endowed with the authority and the responsibility requisite for the proper discharge of the duties of that important position. All parties, even those who would have preferred that a tried and faithful servant had not been passed over, will, no doubt, unite in giving Mr. Keating a fair chance and all the aid in their power. That the present demands of the position are sufficient to test the strength and efficiency of the ablest man is beyond question. In addition to all the duties that will devolve upon him in connection with the carrying on of the large operations to which the city is already committed, there are the still larger problems arising out of the unsanitary condition of the water front, Ashbridge's Bay, etc., to which his earnest attention should at once be given. If he can find the best means of purifying these great sources of danger and nuisance, and can succeed in getting his plan adopted and successfully carried out, he will deserve to be enrolled high on the list of civic benefactors, and will have earned the gratitude of posterity as well as of the citizens of to-day. We sincerely hope that this summer will not be allowed to pass away without some effective means having been adopted to deliver us from the sore reproach of that polluted cesspool into which we have turned the clear waters that laved the shores of our beautiful bay when Governor Simcoe pitched his tent upon them. Had the centennial celebration been held in this city instead of at Niagara, the orators of the occasion might have found a fruitful theme for indignant denunciation in the foul state to which the city of which we are so proud has reduced the beautiful harbour which should be one of the chief delights of its citizens.

THE fallacy of reasoning from the sequences, we do not say the effects, of a given fiscal policy, e.g., a highly protective tariff, in the United States, to the results of a similar policy in Canada, is obvious on the slightest reflection and has often been pointed out. And yet that same fallacy is perpetually recurring in the arguments of the advocates of prohibitive tariffs or Government bounties for Canada. For instance, we have several times of late met with something like the following: If the United

States with a population of sixty-five millions can give profitable employment to 269 blast furnaces, with a yearly output of over nine millions of tons of pig iron, surely Canada with nearly five millions of population can afford profitable employment for one such furnace, with a capacity for a yearly output of, say, 35,000 tons. Now, we do not say that a blast furnace, situated in a central locality like Toronto, might not find within a practicable and paying distance a market for the product of a furnace of that capacity, though the fact that no shrewd capitalist with an eye to the main chance, on either side of the border, has taken advantage of the opportunity to make a profitable investment rather favours an opposite conclusion. But it is clear that any one who wishes to ascertain the exact force and value of the above argument must not fail to take account of some very material differences in the conditions. He must remember, for instance, that, according to good Canadian authorities, the five millions of Canadians are scattered over a territory larger than that occupied by our sixty-five millions of neighbours. Of course, no one needs to be told that in the marketing of so heavy a commodity as pig iron accessibility is quite as important a consideration as numbers in determining the value, or the possibility, of a given market. From this point of view, no one with a map of Canada before him, and some knowledge of the physical features of the country, can fail to perceive how grossly misleading it would be to count upon the people of Cape Breton or British Columbia, or even those of parts of the Dominion much less distant, as among the possible consumers of the product of a blast furnace in Toronto.

IT was a happy thought which led the Pioneer and Historical Association of Ontario to prepare so fitting a celebration of the establishment of responsible, or rather of constitutional, government in Upper Canada, as that which took place on the 16th inst., at Niagara-on-the-Lake. The division of the old Province of Quebec into the two Provinces of Upper and Lower Canada, the advent of Col. Simcoe, and his proclamation subdividing the Upper Province into counties, with a view to the choosing of representatives and the formation of a Legislative Assembly, were events of the first importance, in the evolution of the largest and wealthiest Province of the Dominion. The arrival and settlement of the Loyalists who formed the nucleus of the small population to whom Simcoe's memorable proclamation was issued, was one of the most picturesque incidents in Canadian history. There are, indeed, few events in the history of any nation which appeal more powerfully to the imaginations and to the loyal sentiments of the descendants of the pioneers. Though the constitution which was thus established afterwards lent itself to serious abuses, and had to be amended through long years of fierce political strife, it nevertheless was in a true historical sense the origin and the palladium of the liberties we now enjoy. As was to be expected on such an occasion, the speeches were full to the brim of patriotic Canadian sentiment, and aimed at supplanting any incipient political unrest with feelings of gratitude that we have so goodly a heritage, and so free and flexible a system of machinery for self-government.

THE addresses of the principal speakers at the Niagara centennial celebration, and notably that of Sir Oliver Mowat, bore unmistakable evidence that the tendency to a policy of "drift," to which we alluded last week, is more or less clearly perceived. Indeed, some might fear lest some of these loyal orators may, by protesting too much, throw suspicion, not upon their own sincerity, but upon the loyalty of the fellow-citizens whom they think it necessary to ply with arguments so cogent and copious against casting in their lot with their great southern neighbour. Be that as it may, the speeches, and especially that of Ontario's Premier, are well worth being read by all Canadians who wish to count the cost of so revolutionary a change in our political relations. If we might venture a word of criticism, we should say that the most

effective passages in Sir Oliver's speech, considered as an appeal to the young Canadians for whom it seems to have been specially intended, were those in which he held up before them the ideal of a future Canadian nationality as the goal of their ambition. In these remarks Sir Oliver recognized a distinction which the other speakers, like the great majority of those who deliver loyal addresses to young Canadians, seem unable to conceive, between loyalty to their own country as citizens, and loyalty to the Empire as colonists. It is useless and unwise to ignore this distinction. The feeling which is its outcome is already strong in the breasts of thousands of native Canadians, and it must, in the nature of things, grow stronger with every passing year. No matter with what sentiments of admiration and even of affection the young man, born and nurtured on Canadian soil, may turn to the mighty nation whose flag waves over his native land, he knows and feels that in the eyes of the people of Great Britain he is but a colonist, and that the term carries with it to their ears a connotation of inferiority. He feels, too, the difficulty, the impossibility, of being passionately loyal—and loyalty itself is a passion—to an empire scattered over the surface of the globe, and embracing peoples of all races and all degrees of civilization. We feel sure, therefore, that the best, not to say the only effective way in which the as yet feeble plant of Canadian patriotism can be developed into a sturdy tree, to live and grow through centuries, is to foster the hope and purpose of Canadian nationality. Let this idea be kept prominent, even if its realization is set at some distance in the future, and Canadian patriotism has something to think about, to look forward to, to feed and grow strong upon. We will only venture to add that there is some room to question the cogency of Sir Oliver's logic when he argues in effect that the young people of Canada must wait until the spirit of Canadianism has been developed through the medium of common loyalty to the Empire, before we can venture to trust it and act upon it. This is much like urging one to propagate the maple by cultivating the oak. Modern science has taught us that in order to develop any given organ or faculty we must call that organ or faculty itself into play and strengthen it by exercise and use.

AS our readers well know, we are no admirers of government by party. The fact that it is so commonly if not uniformly resorted to wherever the people govern themselves, or are supposed to do so, may be regarded as but one of the many proofs of the incompetence of the human family, under present conditions, to work together wisely for the promotion of their own best interests. But accepting party government as for the time being a necessary evil, it is clearly desirable that it should be intelligently administered, with a view to the nearest approach possible to the ideal of true self-government, viz.: government of the people, by the people, for the people. The *Globe*, the chief organ of the Liberal party in Ontario, has of late had several articles the design of which seems to have been to show, as they certainly have shown, that the system as at present administered in Canada falls very far short of this goal. We have had, in short, for some years past, instead of government by the party, government of the party, by the leaders. And, to make the matter worse, neither these leaders nor the parliamentary delegates who choose and follow them have been, strictly speaking, chosen by the party. The *Globe* and the other papers which have from time to time pointed out the same anomalous condition of things, do well in seeking to bring about a change. The evil equally affects both parties. It is but a short time since the Conservatives had, in the case of the Toronto local election, a striking illustration of the working of the method under which the choice of candidates is usurped by self-appointed leaders or factions, and the rights of the party limited to the poor choice of voting for the candidate of the caucus, in whom they may have no confidence, voting for the candidate of the party to whose policy they are opposed, or not voting at all. The same thing occurs in regard even to the fundamental and vital business of determining the policy of the party. No one can say that the present leading planks in the plat-

form of either party, in Dominion politics, were chosen and laid down, in any real and true sense, by the majority of the people who constitute the party. We venture to say that it is by no means certain at the present moment that the majority of the members of the Liberal party in Canada really approve of the policy of unrestricted reciprocity, which is the watchword of those who undertake to speak in their name at Ottawa, or that the majority of the members of the Conservative party really approve of the continuance of the "National policy" under existing circumstances. We believe that the holding of periodical conventions of delegates freely chosen by the rank and file of the respective parties, and full, fearless discussion of the great questions of Canadian politics, would have an excellent effect both in the political education of the people, and in the purification of the political atmosphere at Ottawa. We hope, therefore, that the *Globe* may be successful in its attempt to bring about such a convention of the party it represents, at an early day.

THOUGH no new legislation or other event of a particularly startling character marked the session of the Dominion Parliament which closed a few days since, a thoughtful and disinterested student of political methods, had such been present in the Commons throughout the session, would have found much food for reflection. It is hard to conceive that such an one would have been greatly enamoured of Canadian methods of self-government. On the contrary he would have seen much that could hardly have impressed him favourably with the political capacity or shrewdness of the Canadian people. What may we suppose such an observer would have thought of the way in which the by no means superabundant revenues derived from high taxation are distributed by party majorities under the direction and at the instance of the Department of Public Works? Passing by the strange capriciousness with which the grants are made for public buildings and other structures, on which we have before had occasion to comment, suppose such a person to have been present during the passing of the supplementary estimates, what would he have thought of the way in which millions were voted as railway subsidies, in the last days of the session? A prominent member of the Government, at a time previous to the commencement of the Canadian Pacific Railway, is said to have declared that the building of that road would suffice to keep a Government in power for ten—or was it twenty?—years. Events have since amply justified the sagacity of the remark. Had our observer been present to note the process of voting subsidies to projected railways, as it was carried on two or three weeks since in the House, he might with far less foresight have concluded that no Government need ever be defeated at the polls under the system which now obtains. Is there any other Parliament under the sun which distributes money in this free and easy way amongst the constituencies? We are not intimating that the policy of giving liberal grants to encourage railway building is in itself an unwise one, though there is perhaps cause to doubt its wisdom. But is there a single reader of this paper who believes either that the subsidies as now given are bestowed solely on public and patriotic grounds, or that political favouritism, in the shape of gratitude for party benefits either past or to come, has not very much to do with the selection of the favoured enterprises and localities? If not, what ought we as Canadians to think of ourselves, of our moral and political principles, and of our fitness for self-government?

IT is not easy for an on-looker to discern any broad question of policy at issue in the Manitoba elections, which are to take place on Saturday. At the outset it was generally supposed that the two parties were widely separated by their views in regard to the burning question of a public *versus* a separate school system. But the declaration of the Opposition in regard to this matter, made a few weeks since, does not seem to differ perceptibly from that of the Government party. The declaration was as follows:—

The Opposition hereby declare:—

- (1) That they are in favour of one uniform system of public schools for the Province.
- (2) That they are ready and willing to loyally carry out the present School Act—should it be held by the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council of Great Britain to be within the legislative power of the Province.
- (3) That in the event of such School Act being held by the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council of Great

Britain to be beyond the legislative power of the Province, then they will endeavour to secure such amendments to the "British North America Act" and the "Manitoba Act" as will place educational matters wholly within the legislative power of the Province of Manitoba without appeal to Governor-General in Council or the Parliament of Canada.

This platform, which their opponents declare to be a total change of base, reduces the contest to the dimensions of little more than a local and personal struggle, seeing that on railway and other questions the parties do not seem to be very widely separated. Such being the case, it is highly probable that the Government, having all the influence and prestige which accrue to the party in power, will win by a large majority. Perhaps the only thing which could make this result doubtful would be the prevalence of a disposition to believe the very serious charges of corruption, which the Opposition, or some of its members, supported by the *Free Press*, have brought against the Government. But as these charges have been vehemently denied and the accusers have not ventured to formulate them when challenged to do so, it does not seem likely that they will materially affect the result.

BRADSTREETS had, a week or two since, an interesting article upon the present state and prospects of industrial co-operation, as shown at the twenty-fourth annual meeting of the Co-operative Congress which was held a few weeks since in Rochdale, the birth-place of modern co-operation in England. It must be admitted that the co-operative movement, which at one time promised to have so powerful an influence in determining the future of industry, has not made such progress as its more sanguine promoters hoped for a few years ago. Yet the statistics laid before the Congress show that a steady advance is being made. The figures showed that the number of societies furnishing returns had risen from 1,554 to 1,624 during the year, and that the membership had gone up from 1,117,055 to 1,191,369, the share capital from £12,261,952 to £13,258,482, the amount of sales from £43,200,319 to £48,571,786, the amount of profits from £4,170,938 to £4,774,030, and the amount of investments from £6,296,964 to £6,541,587. The weakness of the movement seems to be that thus far little has been effected in the way of co-operative production, the figures quoted referring mainly to co-operative distribution. The ideal success of co-operation will have been reached only when the co-operative stores fulfil in a much larger degree their original purpose by becoming agencies for the distribution of goods made by workmen on the co-operative principle. Hitherto only a small portion of the commodities they handle are manufactured by the co-operators. Of course the slowness with which the real goal of the movement is being approached is easily understood, in view, on the one hand, of the constant and rapid increase in the amount of capital required, under present day conditions, for the enormously expensive machinery and the minute subdivisions of labour, which are essential conditions of successful manufacturing; and in view, on the other hand, of the equally absolute necessity for large experience and thorough commercial education in the management. Still some progress is being made in this direction. Mr. Mitchell, President of the Congress, denied that co-operative production had been a failure, even in Great Britain, though it seems to have been more successful in France. The English and Scotch wholesale societies had, he said, put something like £500,000 into production, and the profits of both societies far exceeded any loss they had sustained. When we read that establishments such as the Carnegie works at Homestead, Pa., can pay their workmen at rates ranging from \$2.50 to \$7 or \$8 per day, and yet enable their owners to buy baronial castles and live like lords of the manor in England or Scotland, the wonder grows that the labour which produces such results has never yet reached the point of organization and solidarity at which it could do the whole business and reap the whole profits. It has but to demonstrate its ability and integrity in order to have at its disposal all the capital it could use to advantage.

A PHASE of the old contest between Labour and Capital which presents some new features is seen in the fierce contests which have taken place at Homestead, Penn., and in Idaho, within the last week or two. The struggle at Homestead seems to have been precipitated by a proposed reduction in the scale of wages, affecting a few hundreds of the two thousand or more workmen employed

in the vast Carnegie works in that place. The lockout was the result of the inability of the representatives of the Unions and those of the Company to agree upon the general scale for the next year, but so far as we can gather from the somewhat meagre and in some respects contradictory statements given to the public, the chief difficulty has arisen out of the decision of the Company to cut down the prices paid for certain classes of piece-work. The reason given for the reduction is said to be that the Company, by putting in improved machinery at a very heavy expense, has made it possible for the workmen to produce a much larger product than formerly with the same expenditure of time and labour. This brings up, as the *Christian Union* points out, the question whether the entire advantage of the increased productiveness of labour through improved machinery shall go to the employers. This issue is, however, complicated with two others of great moment to the workmen, viz., those growing, first, out of the determination of the Company to refuse to recognize the unions or their officers and to deal henceforth with their workmen only as individuals; and, second, out of the employment of the Pinkerton men for the protection of the works. Neither of these three questions is so easily settled on the basis of obvious right and justice as one might at first suppose. It is easy and sounds plausible to say that the proprietors of a mill or factory have a right to employ those whom they please and with whom they can make terms to work for them, without being accountable to any union or society of any kind. But, on the other hand, it is undeniable that every non-union man who enters into the employ of such a Company is directly indebted to the determined and persistent struggles of organized labour in a large measure for the comparatively good wages and many other advantages which he is enabled to enjoy. It is therefore but natural and fair that the unions should use all legitimate means to prevent those who hold aloof from the struggles from participating in the fruits of victory. Just what means are legitimate is not so easy to decide off-hand.

SOME of the papers, notably the *New York Independent*, have a short and easy way of settling the principle involved in the deplorable conflict between the Unionist workmen and the Pinkerton forces, which resulted in the killing and wounding of a number of men on each side. It is purely a question, say these journals, of the rights of property, and the protection of the rights of property lies at the very base of our civilization. The immensely valuable establishments at Homestead are the property of the Carnegie Company, and the Company has a right to defend it against all comers. This is fundamental. Deny or refuse to recognize this right of property and of its owners to defend it with an armed force if necessary, and you strike at the root of all law and order. Two remarks may be made which, as it seems to us, at least materially modify this view. In the first place, granting the extremest view of the right of property, it by no means follows that there is not a right and a wrong way of protecting it. Is it not the duty of the organized society, that is of the State, to protect the individual in his right of property? Failing to do this, should not the State become responsible for damages. To throw upon the individual or the Company the responsibility of protecting their own property, or even to permit them to protect it by means of an armed force, ready to take the lives of any who threaten it, is surely to abdicate the functions of an organized society and to throw back upon the individual a responsibility of which it is one of the first objects of the State to relieve him. The existence and operations of the Pinkerton agency have long been a blot upon organized government in the United States. It may even be questioned whether the right of the citizens of a given community to prevent the landing on the shores of an armed force not authorized or directed by the State or National Authorities, is not just as good as that of an individual or private corporation to employ such a force, without authority from the Government, for the protection of its property. If, as seems probable, the tragic fight at Homestead has the effect of leading to a Congressional enquiry into the nature and operations of this Pinkerton agency, whose minions are so naturally hated by those with whom they come into contact, one good result will have followed from the outbreak. In regard to the second point, one needs to speak with much caution and reserve. But is it, after all, quite so clear that the sole and absolute right of ownership and control in a great corporation, like the Carnegie works, inheres in the individuals composing that

Company, and that the labour which has produced the capital in the first place, and without which the property would be utterly valueless, has no right whatever to any voice in regard to its management or control? And has the public, that is, the State, which has given the Company corporate existence, no duty in the matter of seeing that the rights of labour as well as those of capital are respected?

THE elections which took place a few weeks since in the little Kingdom of Belgium seem to have been the prelude to important constitutional changes, which, as a stage in the political development of a nation whose population is about the same as that of our own Dominion, can hardly fail to be one of some interest to Canadians. There are peculiar features in Belgian politics which make them somewhat of a puzzle to outsiders. The division of parties is one of these. These parties are known, not as Liberals and Conservatives, but as Liberals and Catholics, or, as the former prefer to say, Liberals and Clericals. It is evident, however, that the plane of cleavage between the two does not by any means correspond with that marked by these terms, else, in view of the overwhelming preponderance of adherents of the Roman Catholic faith, the anti-clerical Opposition would be in a hopelessly small minority. So far is this from being the case that the Liberals have obtained, they claim, a following of sixty-four out of one hundred and fifty-two members in the new Chamber, and one of thirty out of seventy-six in the new Senate. Though even these most favourable figures leave them still in the minority, they indicate a very material gain as compared with the state of parties before the election. The two great measures before the people in the contest were the extension of the franchise and the substitution of the Referendum for the power of veto now possessed by the King. And yet, strange to say, these do not seem to have been distinctive party questions, for we are told that there are Catholics who strongly advocate universal suffrage, and Liberals who are much opposed to it. Still more undecided is the attitude of parties towards the Referendum, which is said to be desired by both the King and the Government, while the people are greatly divided in regard to it. Some of these anomalies appear less strange when we remember that, notwithstanding her constitutional system of government and the remarkable respect for the popular will shown by the King, Belgium's present franchise is probably more restricted than that of any other country in Europe, that is to say, the proportion of those possessing full citizenship to the whole population is smaller. There is, too, an educational as well as an income limitation. Evidently a change from this state of things to universal suffrage would be a tremendous leap, from which the timid may well shrink. Probably the broadest and most fundamental principle at issue between the two parties is the ubiquitous one of religious *versus* secular schools. The marked increase in the strength of the Liberals is due largely to the partial healing of a division in their own ranks, so that it is not easy to determine whether or to what extent it indicates a reaction in favour of their secular school policy. The Liberals succeeded on a former occasion, when in power, in establishing a public and secular school system, but the overwhelming numbers and influence of the Catholics enabled them to circumvent the law and compel its repeal by a kind of passive resistance. They submitted to the law, paid their public school taxes, and at the same time established voluntary schools in every parish, and, under powerful clerical pressure, no doubt, sent their children to the latter, thus starving out the former through want of pupils. A greater or less extension of the suffrage is now pretty sure to be had. What effect it will have upon the future of the country remains to be seen.

THE DOMINION EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION.

THE FIRST MEETING IN MONTREAL, JULY, 1892.

AN early week in July has seen the gathering of teachers of all the Provinces of the Dominion, and of both languages and varied religions of which the above heading gives the title. Many enthusiastic educators and loyal Canadians have for some years desired to hold such a gathering. The large meeting of the American Association of Teachers in Toronto in 1891 was the last incitement which caused the desire of these enthusiasts to become a fact. The immense distances of the Dominion are a constant difficulty in the way of collective enterprise. The difficulty is felt in all unions, whether ecclesiastical, educational or political, which attempt to speak for or to work for the

whole of Canada. It is a matter of congratulation that in Montreal at the recent meeting were found representatives of the French and of the English systems of education, principals of universities and primary teachers who had just won their diplomas, training college superintendents and Ministers of education. No school of educators, no class of educators was unrepresented. The first great function was a meeting of welcome, in which addresses were offered by the educators in Quebec to those who had come into the Province. The veteran Sir J. W. Dawson naturally led the way; he was ably seconded by the Hon. G. Ouimet, who gave a resumé of the Quebec dual system of education, by the experienced Chancellor of Bishop's College, Lennoxville, now President of the Council of Public Instruction, by Principal Adams, of Lennoxville, and by the Chairman of the Associations of Roman Catholic and of Protestant teachers for Quebec. At the same meeting addresses in reply were given, first by the President, the Hon. G. W. Ross, Minister of Education for Ontario. His speech was particularly vigorous, and he sounded a noble keynote as to the possibility of unifying the Dominion, both educationally and in patriotic feeling, by the aid of the potent army of 20,000 teachers represented in the Convention. Very excellent replies also were given by the Superintendents of Education of New Brunswick (Dr. Inch) and of Nova Scotia (Dr. Mackay). Some amusement was created by the claim made playfully by these Maritime representatives of having sent out from their coasts in a "missionary spirit" some of the most successful of the educators of Canada, such men as Dawson and Grant. On Tuesday night a very enjoyable conversation was held in the noble Peter Redpath Museum. Here the troops of teachers and their friends promenaded to the strains of music for some pleasant hours, the hosts on the occasion being the authorities of McGill. During a brief interspace short informal addresses were given by Sir W. Dawson, Hon. G. W. Ross and Dr. Robins of the Normal School in Montreal, in which a hopeful note was apparent. The three working days of the Convention were Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, 6th, 7th and 8th July. Each morning saw the Association in aggregate assembly in the great hall of the High School, and papers were read on subjects of general interest. Dr. Mackay of Halifax read a very solid and suggestive paper on the "True Scope and Function of the High School." On Thursday two papers were given, one by Dr. Warfield, President of Lafayette College, Easton, Pennsylvania, on "The Relation of the School to the University," and another by Mr. G. U. Hay, head master of the Victoria High School, St. John, N. B., on "Ideal School Discipline and How to Secure It." The ideal of mutual respect and fellow work was well described and dwelt upon as the true relation between teacher and taught, and a fine and true distinction was drawn between a teacher and a "lesson-hearer." There were three papers on Friday morning; the first by Abbé Verreau, of the Jacques Cartier Normal School, Montreal, with the title "Aperçu historique de l'enseignement en Canada depuis le commencement jusqu'à présent." The second was on "The Education of Juvenile Offenders," by Donald J. McKinnon, of the Victoria Industrial School, Toronto, and the third on "Psychology in its Relation to the Art of Teaching," by John Seth, M.A., of Dalhousie College, Halifax.

Each paper was followed by a discussion, in which each speaker was limited to five minutes. It was a pleasing feature that on every occasion there was not wanting a regular and speedy succession of speakers. The discussions were often bright and animated and never bitter. Such a variety in subject as already indicated, such variety in language even, and the variety in locality represented by the readers of papers cannot fail to show the manifold interest of the meeting. The papers all showed thoroughness of grasp, earnestness of purpose, candour of disposition and docility of heart; the spirit and tone of dogmatism was conspicuously and agreeably absent, and the spirit of mutual interdependence was very apparent. In the afternoons of Wednesday and Thursday the Association divided itself into four sections, all equally attractive to the general educator, so that everyone felt inclined to divide himself into four parts so that one might listen in each section. There was a Kindergarten Section, a Public School Section, a Normal Training and Inspection Section and a Higher Education Section. The Kindergarten was apparently the favourite section, so far as attendance goes. There is a certain fascination in the subject itself, the training of the infant mind in its opening intelligence possesses a special charm, and the exponents of the system of Froebel seem to have such a tender persuasiveness and a gentle directness and a true loftiness of purpose that we are delighted and inspired by their earnest deliverances. The Kindergarten has before it a great future, and we hope to see its use more widely distributed; its advocates and illustrators in Montreal showed its varied aspects advantageously. In the absence of Mrs. Hughes, Mr. J. L. Hughes spoke of the Kindergarten as a natural method of education. Miss E. Boulton gave one of her very interesting and illustrative "Morning Talks in the Kindergarten." On the Thursday Miss Caroline Hart gave an admirable discussion on the "Relationship of the Kindergarten to Art," and a very pleasing paper on the "Social Aspects of the Kindergarten" was read by Mrs. S. Harriman, of Halifax.

In the Public School Section the energetic and enthusiastic captain of the Montreal High School Cadet Corps, Mr. Macaulay, read a paper on "Physical Culture in the Public Schools," which produced an animated discussion.

"Temperance Teaching" was advocated by Mrs. Noyes, "Preparation for Industrial Pursuits" was treated by Dr. Mackay, and the "Study of Form" brought up the veteran Principal Robins.

The Normal School Section presented a group of very thoughtful faces. We have heard the saying, "Quis custodiet custodes," so we may say "Quis docebit doctores." Here in this group we saw the trainers and teachers and inspectors of teachers. Here was perhaps the backbone of the Association, though perhaps the universities may claim to be at once the foundation as well as the summit of our educational system, yet we could not but feel the vital importance of the Training Section. And the men looked like trained men, and like men capable of training others. We notice that the papers read were all by university men, thus showing that there is no real discrepancy between our contention as regards universities and our statement as regards trainers. Mr. Ballard, of Hamilton, spoke of "Training and Inspection for City Schools"; Mr. Carter, of St. John, N. B., discussed the question, "What Should a County Inspector See and Do in His Inspection of a School?" Mr. J. B. Calkin, of Truro, N. S., read a paper on the question, "Should the Academic and Professional Training of Teachers be Combined?" and Mr. MacCabe, of Ottawa, discussed "How the Normal School is to Develop Practical Skill in Teaching."

The discussions here were admirable. Dr. T. Wesley Mills, of Montreal, and Mr. Carlyle, from Ontario, contributing most suggestive commentaries on the matters brought before the Section. Dr. Mills' final analysis of success in teaching as due to the individuality of the teacher being well received.

The last, but certainly not least, Section was that devoted to Higher Education, including Universities and High Schools. Professor John Cox here gave one of his bright and suggestive talks on the aim and place of "University Extension" amongst educational movements. Each of the subjects taken up would easily give us scope for commentary. But the barest outline of the Convention's proceedings would be interesting to those engaged in or sympathizing with the work of an educator. Mr. William Houston gave a paper on the place of English in a High School course, and he claimed a corner-stone position for that language. Dr. Adams read a paper on "A Common Matriculation Standard for the Dominion," pleading for the establishment of a passport system at least. Dr. Eaton brought forward the subject of the pronunciation of Latin, and Mr. Stratton, of Hamilton, brought forward the place of classics in a High School course. A good educational exhibition formed part of the attractions of the meeting. On Wednesday evening Mr. Ross gave a noble address on "Educational Problems," and Inspector Hughes read a thoughtful paper on the "Duty of the State in Reference to Education." It is pleasing to find that, though all cannot agree on what religious education is or how it is to be given, yet all seem agreed upon the paramount importance of the highest moral training, and insist that education should be permeated by religious feeling and be inspired by the religious instinct. It was felt that the work of the educator was one "fraught with immortal issues."

Principal Grant gave one of his discursive, animated and patriotic addresses on the subject "Universities and University Extension in Canada," while Dr. Warfield, who is at once a graduate of Princeton and of Oxford, gave an illustrated lecture on Oxford. An address by Sir William Dawson on Friday night concluded what has not inappropriately been termed the first meeting of the Educational Parliament of Canada. So far as one person can grasp the tendency or express the tone of such a representative gathering, we should say that the session was wisely conservative on main issues, that the spirit of earnest search after greater light was apparent, that men and women were seeking to build their future achievements on the wise and historic foundations of the past, learning from experience not empirically, that the theories of doctrinaires were at a discount and that Canadian teachers appear to be marching harmoniously towards a great and noble goal, making haste deliberately and learning how best to spend themselves for the good of the coming generation. And further that no section speaking geographically nor any section of the educational army could claim pre-eminence. All are equally essential to the perfect working of the whole. So with physical, mental and moral education, as one of the speaker's said: "It is a Trinity in Unity."

Let us boldly trust that the future of the Dominion Association of Teachers as well as the Dominion itself may prove but an expansion of this note of Unity—*E multis unum.* LENNOXVICANUS.

It would be hard to find a better illustration of the effect of excessive zeal for orthodoxy than that of the case lately published in connection with the probate of a will in New York. A wealthy member of one of the minor Presbyterian bodies was so outraged by his son's accepting an honoured pulpit in another branch of the same denomination that he cut him off with ten dollars. He then evened up the financial injustice by bequeathing to his children two or three hundred thousand. Sectarian zeal is one of those abnormal passions which assume the most grotesque and unaccountable forms imaginable. But this case affords surely a strange psychological study for the student of faith and ethics.—*Chicago Interior.*

AUSTRALIAN LETTER.

AS I hear from Mr. O. A. Howland that considerable interest is felt in your city as to what is commonly called Proportional Representation and that the merits of the Cumulative vote, which may include Mr. Tuckerman's graduated-value-vote, as compared with the Single Transferable Vote of Hare, so warmly advocated by Stuart Mill, have been discussed at the Canadian Institute recently, it may be helpful to the public to hear of a movement in an Australian colony which has brought the latter to the front and gives good hope of its being carried. The matter has been so personal to myself, that I may lay myself open to the charge of egotism, but at the same time it has been because I laid hold of opportunities presented to me, and because I have received from the public such thoughtful hearing and from the newspaper press of this colony fair reporting and intelligent support and criticism that public attention has been thoroughly aroused to the justice of the plea for representation of minorities, while it has been by experiment that the bugbears of difficulty for the voter, and uncertainty in the method of allocating contingent votes, have been shown to be quite imaginary. It is more than thirty years since I first read a paper by J. S. Mill on Equal Representation, and was led to adopt the views of Mr. Hare. On every possible opportunity since, I have written, generally in the correspondence columns of our local papers, recommending the adoption of the single transferable vote. I think that Hare's complete scheme is on too vast a basis for the ordinary elector, but I have protested against the popular cry for narrowing constituencies down to one-member districts, because in these there is merely a duel fought between representatives of two great parties, and while life daily becomes more and more complex, and all sorts of social and ethical questions are connected with politics, this bringing down the voice of the myriad-minded people to two issues only, is contrary to the progress of natural evolution. But all that I and other few who think with me have done in the way of public enlightenment has been but small up to a very recent date. It has been said that politics in Australia are not bad enough to justify so radical a change. It should take its initiative in America where the need is the sorest, where party is the bane of political life, and where the most demoralizing tools and weapons of party warfare are shamelessly used. Up to the present time, too, we have had no sharply defined parties. There have always been a Ministry who wanted to keep in office and an Opposition who desired to oust them and take their places, but nothing like the strong combatants in England or in America.

Latterly, however, labour has become strongly organized, and with our manhood suffrage is becoming more and more triumphant at the polls, especially in the city and suburban constituencies, and in Australia the cities are far more powerful in numbers than in Canada. A gigantic strike which was, though not successful, most disastrous to many interests, and which may be repeated on a larger scale at any moment, led to more and closer organization on the part of capitalists and employers small and great, to oppose the wage-earners, who, under the rules of the New Unionism, can stop shearing and handling and shipment if their demands are not met. The cry of both parties was for single-member constituencies, out of which both parties expected to profit, but it appears to me that the desideratum was such reconstruction of all Australian electoral districts, that at least six members might be chosen and that not by the unjust and irrational *scrutin de liste* which allows each elector to vote for all the candidates required, thus giving to a numerical majority however small the power to return all six, but by the single transferable vote which utilizes the surplus votes given to popular men, and the otherwise wasted votes of those who cannot command the quota required for return. This excellent result can be attained by allowing the voter to mark what he would like done with his vote in either of these contingencies, and marking the names of candidates with the figures 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, in the order of his preference. Mr. Goldwin Smith, in his "Canada and the Canadian Question," says that the evils of party, which no man alive has painted in more forcible terms, and which in your fair Dominion are showing many of the ugliest features which they have developed in the United States, would be immensely lessened if the constituencies were not so narrow. "The Hare plan of a national instead of a district ticket would immensely raise the character of the representation if it could be worked, but it assumes a level of intelligence in the mass of the people above what is likely to be attained for many a generation to come." It has been my task to prove that such a modification of Hare's scheme as I have indicated, is not at all beyond the capacity of the average Australian elector. If a man can read at all and make figures, it is as easy for him and much more interesting to mark the order of his preference as to mark his Hobson's choice with a single cross. It has been by spoken address that I have called the attention of ordinary men and women to the justice of the reform, and it has been by making them vote for six men out of twelve by figures that they have been convinced that there is no difficulty for the voter. It has been by setting some of these hearers to be scrutineers that they have seen that the counting is quite simple and very interesting. I have done more by speaking for three months than by writing for thirty years, and I have now enlisted converts who are as convinced as I am of the wide-reaching

results of the just representation of the people who will carry the thing on to victory. It is of no use to speak to party leaders or party newspapers where parties have hardened into machines. They speak of the poor illiterate voter! and how there are too many informal votes already! That poor ignorant voter has been trotted out long enough as a bar to justice. He was denied the protection of the ballot and used to be driven with others of his kind to the poll like sheep lest he should not be able to read a ballot-paper. The illiterate voter is a vanishing quantity in politics where free education is so wisely given as in Australia and Canada. Then the uncertainty in allocating the contingent votes, that is said to put the reform out of the sphere of practical politics—I have heard this said scores of times; why, the uncertainty is perhaps for the party leaders who do not know whether people who would vote Liberal or Conservative when only that choice was offered, will not now with their first vote seek to bring in a temperance candidate, or one to whom single tax or some such fad was dearer than the old party banner. No doubt the same element of uncertainty was a serious drawback to party leaders to the introduction of the ballot. With the secret ballot, known on your side of the world as the Australian ballot, a great check has been given to bribery and corrupt influence, but so long as there is a mere majority representation, and there is a narrow fringe of indifferent wavering or corruptible voters who may turn the scale either way, money will always have power. Payment may be by results. It may be understood that a man will spend a thousand pounds in the district if he is returned, and he is returned. What cuts the ground from under the feet of both the individual briber and the political machine disposing of the election funds of the party, is the substitution of the co-operative principle for the competitive; making every man's vote count for one man, but no man's vote neutralizing the votes of any other man.

Our newspaper, the *Advertiser*, thoroughly endorses the reform and says "Effective voting has come to South Australia to stay." The other Adelaide daily, the *Register*, took exceptions to the workableness of the method which was even more valuable to the progress of the cause.

The challenge of uncertainty thrown out by the *Register* was first taken up at a small test election conducted in private, and though only 164 voting papers were filled up, it appeared as if no other order in which the fifteen surplus votes could have been taken could have affected the result. The minus votes there could be no question about. When I next addressed an audience at Port Adelaide I proposed a public test election, and a committee carried it out admirably. There was a desire to exclude politics, though I rather wished the principle of antagonism to come into play, and this committee fixed on twelve poets for election of six. It was done at the ordinary polling-places in two large suburban municipalities belonging to different electoral districts. There were 1,423 votes polled, and only six were informal though lumpers and working men voted in large numbers. The counting was done twice over by different scrutineers and taken in quite different order, and the result was the same. Shakespeare was the only poet who had a surplus. The quota to secure return was Sir John Lubbock's mathematical quota. We divided the voting papers by one number more than the number of representatives required, that is by seven. The quotient was 203; we added one, making 204. If each of six men got 204 votes, there could be only 199 left for any other, and the scrutineers saw that it was right to have this reminder. It absorbed the informal votes, and also a large number that could not be counted at the fag-end, for when first Shakespeare's surplus was distributed, and then as that only had returned Tennyson and Byron, the men lowest on the poll who could not possibly reach the quota had their voting papers cancelled one after another, and the votes distributed according to the contingent votes. The first man on the list who needed the vote and who could use it, had it credited to him. Out of all those 1,423 votes there was only one absolutely wasted. The elector had voted for three poets not sufficiently popular to obtain a quota. Every other voter had one or more whom he approved of. Some had six, a thing which might happen in the case of poets, but which could not occur when political opponents are in the field. The objection made by the *Register* that a test election for poets may come out differently from one for politicians will be answered by more test elections with twelve candidates—four each for Capital and Labour—which are our parties, one for single tax, which is a strong party here, this colony of South Australia being the only community in which there is a tax for the general revenue on unimproved land values of one halfpenny in the pound assessed value, but which the single taxers want to increase—one for temperance and local option, one for Woman's Suffrage, and one for Catholic and Home Rule. I have arranged for a series of lectures, and after each there will be a voting and a counting, and after the aggregate becomes large enough, the ballots from all these different polling-places will be taken together and gone through by representative scrutineers. Thus we hope to reach the people, and when the people want a thing they are sure to get it. It is rather a curious thing for an elderly woman to take up, but I felt it a sort of legacy from my friends Rowland Hill, Thomas Hare and John Stuart Mill to carry on the work which they began. It is not as bringing in such or such men into Parliament, or as aiding in the carrying out of such and such measures that I feel the thing like a div-

ine mission, but because I believe that effective voting will be the effectual means of moralizing politics, and making the parties of labour and of capital see that their interests are not antagonistic but common, and letting the parties of progress and of order recognize each other's value in the body politic. In Denmark the plan has long been in operation for the upper house elections—and two Swiss cantons, Ticino and Neuchâtel, one Italian speaking and one French speaking—have recently adopted it, but not in its best form. The referendum has probably emphasized the discrepancy between majority representation in separated districts and the real voice of the people. The transferable vote is also in use in the new Kingdom of Servia. I hoped for the initiation of the reform among English-speaking communities either in an Australian colony or in a smaller American State. South Australia has never been afraid of new things. Indeed the Conservative press in the other more populous colonies are fond of calling this colony "the happy hunting ground of the faddists," the *corpus vile* on which all sorts of experiments are tried. It is the most democratic of the colonies, for there is neither plural nor dual vote as in the three eastern colonies. New Zealand has the one man, one vote like us for the lower house, but it has a nominated Upper House while ours is elective. This handful of people constructed the overland telegraph which lets all Australasia feel the pulse of the old world day by day. It was here that the first separation was made between church and state, here was devised the real property act copied all over Australasia and envied and admired in England, and here has been operative for seven years the most just and most moralizing method of taxing land—that is on its unimproved value. When the faddists bring down such noble game, long may South Australia continue to be their happy hunting ground.

This temper of my fellow colonists gives me the strongest hopes that here will be initiated this great reform. I have been reproached with taking but slender interest in the Woman's Suffrage movement. I had three reasons for this: First, because I wished to be absolutely disinterested in my advocacy of Effective Voting; second, because I think my reform should come first, and I rather dread the influx of so many new voters without representation of minorities, and a majority representation of women would not be any better than a majority representation of men; and thirdly, because the votes of most men, and those often the best of them, are under present conditions ineffective, being either lost in an unrepresented majority or going to swell a useless majority for a man with whom they have little sympathy. When by a change in the electoral machinery, votes are made effective no one will have greater pleasure in exercising it than your contributor,

CATHERINE HELEN SPENCE.

Adelaide, South Australia, June 10, 1892.

THE ARCHIC MAN—V.

ON Wednesday morning at half-past five (this was the Wednesday morning prior to prorogation), the Senator, McKnom and the writer started for a walk. How fresh, how bright, how glad everything was! and the little birds so full of gaiety and joy!

"To know how to rule—to know how to obey—that," said our sage, "is the complete ruler of men—to rule and to be ruled."

"Aye," said the Senator, "and add to rule oneself. Some years ago I was travelling from Boston to Halifax, and three men, who would have attracted attention anywhere by reason of their strong physical characteristics, came into the train and sat near me. The one who sat by the window was so closely cropped that I thought he must be either an escaped lunatic or fresh from Sing Sing, so in order to lead him to converse I said: 'Had you not better put down the window, lest you catch cold?' He replied he had no fear. He said: 'I am coming from fighting the California Pet, and, as he was a gouger and one of his tricks was to catch his opponent by the top-knot and gouge his eyes, I had to get my head shaved.' Finding they were prize-fighters, full of the fight between Heenan and Sayers, which was then impending, I entered into conversation with them respecting the noble art. The man who had been fighting the California Pet showed me how hard and rough the skin on his hands was, and he said he had brought this about by washing them in pomegranate bark, and that he wanted his hands thus hardened because of the extreme roughness of the skin of his late opponent. He said training was much worse than the fight, and that so irksome was it he sometimes felt as if he could kill his trainer. The training often brought them very low. One of the parts of his training was to carry a gun in the morning across a ploughed field to strengthen his legs, and then for hours pound a bag stuffed with straw to strengthen his arms. We know how the ancient athletes trained and were temperate in all things, and I suppose your ruling man—or, as you call him, your 'archic man'—should go through a course of moral and intellectual gymnastics."

McKnom: "Certainly; he should be trained especially in logic, but, like Cicero and Burke, he should take all knowledge for his province. Some people, however, get so low in moral and intellectual value that almost any kind of man can rule them. Let a man have power with its command of the loaves and fishes, and the self-consecrated slaves cringe to the accidental leader. A democracy is

easily ruled, and readily submits to a tyranny. In fact, the multitude have no idea of liberty. Make the mass free, and they proceed to erect a tyrant over them—either a king or a wire-puller or an organization, with as much persistency as the Jews set up idols as fast as they were destroyed. Dear to the average man is his calf, and it does not need to be of gold. The burden of personal identity, of complete self-reliance, is too great for most men to bear, just as to think consecutively on one subject for five minutes would be for the average man worse torture than to suffer suspension by the ears from tenter hooks for the same time."

"I remember," I said, "Coleridge makes a remark something like that in his 'Table Talk,' or is it in his 'Aids to Reflection'?"

McKnom: "I don't care who says it, it is true."

The Senator: "But, will not the multitude run after mere position, apart from mercenary motives altogether? Don't you remember Greville's remark on William IV. just after he became king, that he seemed a good kind of man who had, for sixty-four years, gone through town and country unnoticed, but who now could not stir but he was mobbed by enthusiastic crowds, not merely plebian, but aristocratic?"

McKnom: "Yes, man is naturally an idolator and slave. But what is provoking about him is that while he readily admires mean things and submits to base authority, he resents genuine authority such as truth and mental power give."

"Just as," I remarked, "the Jews turned away from the living God—from the divine, to idols of wood and stone."

McKnom: "Precisely."

The Senator: "But is there not, Mr. McKnom, an inconsistency in your teaching? You have been laying it down that the archaic man—the ruler—is born and not made; that he has qualities which naturally assert command, and challenge obedience and following; and now you tell us how men will readily submit to, cringe, flatter, follow those who have none of these qualities."

McKnom: "Let me take the illustration of my friend here—Jehovah and Israel. When did Israel turn away from their God, their strength, their deliverer? Was it not when there was little danger, and they were full of bread and prosperous, and their foolish hearts were darkened, and grossly desired some visible symbol of divinity? In piping times of peace the intellectual poplar, the moral basswood, clothed with the insignia of power, that is enough for the coarse-hearted crowd; but let dangers arise, and then, fear purifying heart and vision, they will, like Israel to Jehovah, turn to the born ruler. Besides, there is something you forget. We live in a democratic country, in which, of course, one main postulate of life is that all men are equal. It is a blasphemous lie—a denial of God. Has God made all the stars the same size? Nay, the Apostle tells us that one star differs from another in glory. Men can be equal before the law, but absolutely equal they cannot be and, as a fact, are not. A community of moral and intellectual beings absolutely equal could not exist; it would perish in internecine strife; it would afford no scope for the noblest human virtues; love could not bloom in its desert and dreary monotony, and the efforts of the intellect would be abortive or utterly barren. But still we declare we are all equal; we are all lords and gentlemen and ladies of high degree; all intellectual powers; and though we have a dim idea we are not all artists—and therefore heartily despise the artist, whether of brush or pen or tongue—yet we believe we are all statesmen—all of us equal, at a moment's notice to govern a kingdom—to govern this great Dominion. Don't you see that if we look out for men of exceptional intellectual eminence to govern us, we admit that we ourselves are not fit to govern; and this would deal a deadly blow to our smug, silly, recking vanity."

The Senator: "You have certainly put your point very strongly. You dare not utter such sentiments if you were a politician. Then you would have to flatter the multitude. 'Free and independent,' you know. Ha, ha!"

"It is not," I said, "only the multitude. Don't you remember what Dean Swift makes one of his characters write to a Minister of the Crown: 'If I do not get a colonelcy for myself and a company for my son, I'm d— if I don't vote according to my conscience.' But I have had men say to myself that unless they got a certain thing they would never cast a Conservative vote again; though I am happy to say it was not in my own constituency."

McKnom: "Sad, unutterably sad, it is to think of the paltry per centage of the voters who realize their privilege or are worthy of the franchise. Closely connected with that grossness of heart of which I have been speaking is the despair of capacity which belongs to the multitude—learned and unlearned. Thus during Sir John Macdonald's time it was thought if he went nobody could fill the bill. But, who would have thought that the man to successfully lead the Conservative hosts would be found in one who had comparatively little training?"

The Senator: "I remember what was said when he took the Premiership by those who are enthusiastic now."

McKnom: "Another result of this grossness of heart—this want of discernment—is that a blight falls on the growth of great men. 'I am inclined,' says de Tocqueville, speaking of America, 'to attribute the singular paucity of distinguished political characters to the ever-

increasing activity of the despotism of the majority.' Worse than the despotism of a few, or even of one, and he says elsewhere: 'Democratic republics extend the practice of currying favour with the many.' Again: 'In the immense crowds which throng the avenues of power in the United States I found very few men who displayed any of that manly candour and masculine independence of opinion which frequently distinguished the Americans of former times, and which constitutes the leading features in distinguished characters, wherever they may be found.' And once again: 'I hold it to be an impious and an execrable maxim that, politically speaking, a people has a right to do whatsoever it pleases. . . . When I see that the right and means of absolute command are conferred on a people, or upon a king, upon an aristocracy or a democracy, a monarchy or a republic, I recognize the germ tyranny.'

The Senator: "Does it not come to this, that, as old Sir John said, man must be governed by force or fraud?"

"I knew Sir John well," I remarked, "but never knew him to lay down so vile a proposition."

McKnom: "It is only true of a degraded people. A free people, free in soul as in civil condition, can be governed by thought—by law—by mind without passion—the highest state of man. But men abuse everything. Witness the press, once the shield of liberty, now itself often an unscrupulous tyrant; and though popular government is but of yesterday, yet already men have learned to reconcile the form and methods of self-government with real despotism, and the evils which belong to courts—the intrigue, the nepotism, the exaltation of incapacity and incompetence, the strangulation of the popular will, the dissipation of public wealth, sudden fortunes founded in infamy and raised by fraud—reappear where there are neither crowns nor thrones."

"Do you not think," I asked, "that defective logical faculty is often as much the cause of the folly of the people as the grossness of heart of which you speak?"

McKnom: "Quite as often, and its aberrations frequently take an amiable form, namely, reasoning from private decorum to public capacity. England has had asses in the highest positions, and you will remember that when Spencer Perceval was Prime Minister and his incapacity was pointed out, his friends replied that he was a good father and a faithful husband. The answer was obvious, that a good father and a faithful husband might be, and in fact, in his case, was, a bad statesman, and the Rev. Sidney Smith wittily said he would prefer he was unfaithful to Mrs. Perceval and whipt the little Percevals if he saved his country. I heard last Sunday the Rev. Mr. Gorman preach at Grace Church, and he fell into the fallacy that there is some connection between social virtue and talents for public service, and he mentioned with approval the act of the Athenians in giving the command of the Sicilian expedition to Nicias and not to Alcibiades. Nicias was a man of correct life; Alcibiades a profligate; but Nicias was a bad general and Alcibiades was a good one and a man of genius. It was a dreadful dilemma. But there can be no doubt the wiser course was to have given the command to Alcibiades, that is, if the expedition was to be undertaken at all. It would have been a good job for the Athenians if Nicias, instead of being a respectable citizen, had been an abandoned man, because then his virtues would not have imposed on their judgment to trust their fate and the fate of their empire to his incapacity. I say the Athenians were in a grave dilemma, because in a man of genius we pardon weakness, not vice, and Alcibiades was vicious."

"Does not this," I asked, "raise the whole question how far private character is in issue in public life?"

McKnom: "Logically speaking, no account should be taken of it, unless so far as it enhances or injures the public qualification."

"I think a politician should live more correctly than a bishop, if he is to be at peace."

McKnom (joining the Senator in a laugh): "Yes, for the bishop's frock will cover them. If we lived ninety years ago, or thereabouts, we might regret the relations of Nelson with Lady Hamilton and condemn him for his cruelty to his wife, but it would be madness not to use the hero to win Copenhagen, the Nile—Trafalgar. And Wellington in the Peninsula was guilty of even worse conduct, but should we have been wise to have deprived of command the future hero of Waterloo? But a public man must not obtrude vice so as to ask us to openly condone it. Nor even weaknesses. We have no right, however, to follow him to his hearth. Have you (turning to me) sent notes of our conversations to Madame Lalage?"

"Yes."

"Then let us meet at her place on Saturday night, and I will take up this subject of the weaknesses of the archaic man."

NICHOLAS FLOOD DAVIN.

BETWEEN the ages of twenty and forty, prisoners die of consumption much more rapidly than people outside of confinement; but whether this is owing to the confinement or to the previous lives of the convict is not clear. Few criminals of any kind live to be old men.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

THE cold in a cavern in France is so great, no matter how warm the external atmosphere may be, the visitor cannot prolong his stay without inconvenience unless wrapped in winter clothing. There are not less than a score of these natural ice houses in France, and probably half as many in Italy.—Philadelphia Ledger.

THE CHILDREN OF THE LIGHT.

I CROSSED the market-place of death,
The shambles-place of shame and night,
The mists came down and caught my breath,
A shadow floated by my side,
"Where are the true of heart," I cried,
"Where are the children of the light?"

I heard the iron roar of hate,
The under-throb of miseries throe,
I felt the biting frosts of fate
Across the moors of human woe;
I saw sad phantoms come and go,
That shadow still moved at my side,
Across the mad throb of the night,
"Where are the holy ones," I cried,
"Where are the children of the light?"

I saw strange deeds of evil dooms,
And knew mid haunts of human strife,
Pale phantoms worn at sorrow's looms,
Weaving the spectre webs of life;
Lone, hungry eyes on every side,
Haunting the streets of evil blight,
"Where are the morning hearts!" I cried,
"Where are the children of the light?"

I saw youth use its strength for lust,
I saw age hideous in its woe,
God's angels groping in the dust,
For bestial baubles, past me go.
I heard the sons of darkness vaunt
Their brutal strength in hellish glee,
I saw the withered face of want
Go past with haggard misery.
Great, towering greed with power did ride,
With law and force to left and right,
"Where are the true of heart?" I cried,
"Where are the children of the light?"

Above the misery and the sin,
The loves and hates, the hopes and fears,
That great, sad market-place within,
A sweet, weird music filled mine ears.
It was the magic lute of life,
Played by some sorcerer divine,
That whirled my senses to sweet strife,
And set my blood like running wine;
Till all that place a wonder turned,
The agony, the love-drawn breath,
Into mine inmost senses burned,
The ecstasy of life and death.
The laugh, the tear, the love that sighed,
Came through the murk-mists of the night,
"Where are the holy ones?" I cried,
"Where are the children of the light?"

Poor innocence all clothed in rags,
Sat blinking in the market-place,
Cant and hypocrisy, two hags,
Went by with mock of holy face;
Sect strove with sect across the dark,
And juggled for securer place,
Each cried, "Ours only is the ark,
We only know God face to face."
A myriad jargon voices hissed,
"The truth ye seek is here or here,"
And over above them in the mist,
In purple gleam of amethyst,
The dread word "self" was written clear.
The whole world's ill moaned at my side,
All my shrunk soul was filled with night,
And to the great, dread dark I cried,
"Where are the children of the light?"

Where are the holier ones of old?
The high priests of the days of yore,
Who never schemed nor bought nor sold
With precious jewels of God's lore;
Where are the gentle and austere,
The children of the ages' youth,
The souls like brooklets running clear,
With music of the world's glad truth;
Where are the warriors of to-day,
The strong-armed batlers for the right,
The smiters of the evil way,
"Where are the children of the light?"

"O spirits of the dark," I cried,
"O good or evil, if you hear,
Where do the true and faithful bide,
Where are the holy and sincere?"
All sin and weakness soul can dream,
In this dread market-place I see,
And nothing hidden in its gleam,
But hath its counterpart in me.
Lord of the blackness, we are naught
But dust-motes blown across the dark,
Where are the ones our hearts have sought?
Where are the keepers of the ark?
Where do the mighty spirits bide
Who see across the mists of night?
"Where are the morning hearts?" I cried,
"Where are the children of the light?"

Ottawa. WILLIAM WILFRED CAMPBELL.

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TWO KNAPSACKS:

A NOVEL OF CANADIAN SUMMER LIFE.

BY J. CAWDOR BELL.

CHAPTER X.—(Continued).

THERE was no visible cart track to the lakes. If Rawdon's whiskey mill, as Ben called it, was really somewhere among them, there must of necessity have been a road tapping their shores at some point, for an extensive business employing so many men could hardly exist without a means of easy transportation. To the neighbourhood of the Lakes Settlement, however, this road was a mystery. The party halted at a log house by the side of the road proper, and Mr. Perrowne, who claimed Richards as a parishioner, asked his wife if he and his friends could have the use of her boat. Mrs. Richards gave the required permission very graciously, and the excursionists struck into the bush path which led to Lake No. 1, or Richards' Lake. The bush had once been underbrushed, perhaps a long time back by the Indians who generally made for water; but the underbrush was now replaced by a dense growth of Canadian yew, commonly called Ground Hemlock, the crimson berry of which is one of the prettiest objects in the vegetable world. It, and other shrubs and small saplings, encroached on the narrow path, and, in places, almost obliterated it. The land rose into a ridge a short distance from the water, so that it was invisible until the crest was reached. Then, a dark circular lake, seemingly altogether shut in by the elsewhere dense forest, made its appearance. There were remains of a log shelter near the shore on the left, and, between it and the somewhat muddy beach, Toner lit a fire of drift wood to drive away the flies which followed the party out of the bush. The punt was soon discovered moored to a stake, a punt with three seats flush with the gunwales, one each fore and aft, and one in the centre.

"O, I say," cried Mr. Perrowne, "look at that lovely little island out there! See, you can hardly see it because of the black shadows. What a place to fish! and here we are without a single rod."

"Ain't no need to trouble about rods," remarked Ben; "I kin cut you half-a-dozen in two shakes of a dead lamb's tail."

"And I've got three hooked lines," added the lawyer, producing part of his Beaver River purchase from his breast pocket. The dominie did not wish to trust himself in a doubtful craft with Coristine again, and he distrusted the Captain, save on the *Susan Thomas*. His former success in fishing, and his present pleasant relations with Perrowne, prompted him to join that gentleman in practising the gentle art. But what about bait? The question having been put to Toner, who returned with three springy saplings, and worms having been suggested, that veteran fisherman told Mr. Perrowne that he might as well look for a gold mine as for worms in new land. When, however, some envelopes were produced from various pockets, he proceeded to fill them with grasshoppers and locusts. He also excavated a little pond near the shore, and gathered a collection of caddice worms from the shallow border of the lake, after which he found an old bait tin in the log shelter, that he filled with water, into which he transferred the pond's inhabitants for transportation. "Ef them baiuts don't suit, they's a heap o' little frawgs in the grass of that there island," he finally remarked, before unmooring the scow. Then the dominie and Mr. Perrowne got on board with their rods, lines, and bait, and were poled and paddled by Ben over to their isle of beauty. Their lines were in the water, and a bass was on each hook, before the scow returned to the shore.

Now the Captain took command of the craft, occupying the entire stern thwart; while Ben, with his gun resting on the floor and pointing its muzzles out over the bow, held that end of the vessel. The commander would not allow the passengers who sat amidships to do any work, but said they might talk or sing if they had a mind to. Then the lawyer sang:—

The floatin' scow oh ole Virginny
I've toiled for many a day,
Workin' among de oyster beds,
To me it was but play.

When he ended, Mr. Errol gave the company "Flow gently, Sweet Afton, among thy green braes," and Coristine wondered much if "My Mary" that occurs in the song had any reference to a Marjorie, one who, as he said inwardly,

Shall never be thine,
But mine, but mine, so I fondly swear,
For ever and ever mine!

After Mr. Errol's effort, which won applause from the Captain, the lawyer waved his handkerchief as a farewell sign to the busy fishermen, for, just at that moment, the apparently land-locked shore opened, and a narrow channel between cliffs came into view. The second lake, into which they soon glided, was more beautiful than the first. A few jays and woodpeckers were flying about, and Toner was anxious to have a shot at a golden woodpecker, which he called a Highholder, and which sat unconcernedly on a limb within splendid range. Mr. Errol dissuaded him, saying he had heard that the report of a gun was carried through all the channels to the very end by the echoes, and reverberated there like the noise of thunder; after last night, they had better be as quiet as possible. To take

his mind off the disappointment, Coristine asked Ben if he could sing and paddle too. He guessed he could, as paddling wasn't taking his breath away any. So Ben was pressed to sing, and at once assumed a lugubrious air, that reminded the lawyer of The Crew. The song was about a dying youth, who is asked what he will give in legacy to his mother, his sister, and various other relatives. He is liberal to all, till his lady-love's name is mentioned, and, for some unknown reason, excites his indignation. The tune was not the same as The Crew's copyright.

"What will you give your sweetheart, my comfort and my joy?
What will you give your sweetheart, my darling boy?"
"Oh! a gallows to hang on!
Mother, make my bed soft;
I've a pain in my chest;
I want to lay down."

The last line was sung in a very solemn and affecting monotone. Coristine had to pretend to be deeply moved, to turn round facing the Captain, and chew first his moustache and then half of his pocket handkerchief. "Eh, Ben," said the graver minister, "I'm afraid that was no' a very Christian spirit to die in."

"No, your raiverence," replied the singer, "but ef I hadn't a knowed it was old man Newcome as took Serlizer away, I'd be cant-hooked and pike-poled ef I wouldn't ha' sung jest them words, that's ef I had a pain in my chaist and wanted to lay down." When they reached the third lake, through a channel similar to the last, the Captain said sternly: "I'm in command of this vessel, and expect orders to be obeyed. No more singin' nor laughin' out nor loud talkin'. Doctor says it's as much as life's worth to go beyond it. You've heerd orders; now mind 'em." Everything was silent, save the soft dip of the paddles in the water; the quiet was painfully oppressive. Ugly thoughts of bad men mingled with a sense of the natural beauty of the scene. Toner in the bow silently pointed to a square artificial-looking white object at the entrance to the next channel, which was the limit of the voyage. At last the punt came up to it, and its occupants found the channel barred by a heavy grating, that passed down into the water. Above it was a notice in the usual form, indicating the prosecution of trespassers, and signed by order of the proprietor, Miss Du Plessis, with the name of John Carruthers, J.P. "The villain!" ejaculated Mr. Errol. "John has neither been here nor sent here. It's a forgery, an impudent forgery."

"Let us take it down and carry it back with us," said the lawyer.

"Na, na, my lad; we maun just wait till we come in force."

"Time to 'bout ship," growled the Captain.

"Hush!" whispered the minister, "I hear a voice, a woman's voice."

"Come on!" said the lawyer, jumping ashore; "will you come, Ben?"

"Don't ask me that, Doctor, I dassent," replied Toner, shivering with superstitious fear.

"Let me go with him," said the minister to the Captain; "we'll not be a minute away."

"Look sharp, then!" growled Mr. Thomas. "Are you loaded?"

The two explorers looked to their revolvers, and then climbed the bank, which was no easy task, as it was a mass of felled timber and dead brush; but the notes of a woman's voice led them on, and, at last, they found themselves on the shore of the fourth lake. They saw nothing, so they crouched down listening for the voice.

"Steve, Stevy dear, wake up and let us go away. Oh, why are you sleeping when every moment is precious? He will come, Stevy, I know he will, and kill you, dear!" The voice was very near. Simultaneously the intruders looked up the bank, and, at the foot of a standing hemlock, saw a woman, with gray hair hanging loose over her shoulders, who knelt by a recumbent figure. "Steve, dear brother," she continued, "do wake up! You used to be so good and sensible." Coristine crept nearer behind some bushes till he was within a very short distance of the pair. With a white, sad face, trembling in every limb, he came back as silently to the minister, and whispered: "It's poor Nash, and she calls him brother; Mr. Errol, he's murdered, he's dead." The warm-hearted Errol, who had come out to look after the detective's safety, at once became a hero.

"Bide you there, Coristine," he said, "bide there till I call you." Then he arose and went to the spot, but the woman, though he was in full view, took no notice of him. He stooped and touched her. For a moment she shrank, then looked up and saw it was not the person she dreaded. "Matilda Nagle," whispered the minister, "we must get poor Stevie away from here." Then he saw that her intellect was gone; no wonder that she was the mother of an idiot boy. "Oh, I am so glad you have come, Mr. Inglis," she cried, softly; "won't you try and wake Stevy, perhaps he will mind you better than me." The minister brushed the tears from his eyes, and strove to keep the sobs out of his voice. "I have a friend here and will call him," he said, "and we will carry Stevie away to the boat, and all go home together." So he called Coristine, and they picked the dead man up, the dead man from whose smooth, girl-like face the disguise had been torn away, and bore him painfully but tenderly over the rough fallen timber safely to the other side, the woman following. Ben shivered, as he saw the strange procession come down the hill, but, like the Captain, he uttered neither word nor cry. The bearers propped the dead man up against the middle thwart with the face towards the bow, and then set

the woman down beside the Captain, who said: "Come along, my dear, and we'll see you both safely home." The old man's honest face won the poor sister's confidence, as she took her seat beside him and left her Stevy to the care of the minister and Coristine. With all their might and main paddled the Captain and Ben. Joyfully, all the company saw stretch after stretch of the lake behind them, until, at last, they passed the fishermen and landed on the shore. The minister and the lawyer laid their coats upon the boards of the log shelter, and placed their burden upon them. "Let him sleep a bit," said Mr. Errol to the mad woman; "let him sleep, and you help my friend to get a few flowers to take home with him." So Coristine took his candle-box from the floor of the punt, and, with his strange companion, gathered the skullcaps and loose-strifes and sundews that grew by the shore. She knew the flowers and where to find them, and filled the lawyer's improvised vasculum almost to overflowing with many a new specimen. He only took them to humour her, for what cared he for all the flowers that bloom when death, and such a death, was but a few yards away.

Ben Toner brought the fishers back with two good strings of fish; but, when they heard the story, they threw them into the lake. Ben was a handy man. He cut down two stout poles, and with leather wood bark constructed a litter, light but strong. On this the sleeping detective was laid, and while Mr. Errol and the Captain stumbled through the ground hemlock on either side of the now cheerful mad woman, the other four carried their ghastly load, with scalding tears streaming from every eye. "S'haylp me," said Ben to the lawyer, "ef I don't hunt the man as killed him till he dies or me." After a painful journey they reached the Richards' house, and Richards was at home. Mr. Perrowne told him all about it, and the brave fellow answered:—

"Bring it in here, passon; we've a place to put it in where it'll be safe till they send for it. I ain't scared, not I. You know my four boys in your club; they've all got guns and can use 'em, and I've got mine to boot." So, they left the body there, and persuaded the sister to come with them on their six mile walk home. It was seven o'clock before they had accomplished half the journey, and had been met by the representatives of an anxious household, the Squire and his father-in-law, the latter with rifle in hand, prepared for action. The first joy at beholding them safe and sound was damped by the news they brought. As soon as Carruthers could recover himself he spoke to the weird woman and invited her to come and rest at Bridesdale. Then he hastened on ahead to warn his wife and sister, and make arrangements for the reception of the strange visitor. When the party arrived at the house they found a large company, young and old, assembled to meet them, for, in addition to the doctor and his daughter, there was Mrs. Du Plessis with her daughter on one side, and, in all its soldierly dignity, the tall form of Colonel Morton on the other. The lawyer also noticed the ebon countenance of Mr. Maguffin peering over the palings in the direction of the stables. Matilda Nagle was hurried away to the back of the house by Mrs. Carruthers and her sister-in-law, there to find her idiot boy, to partake of necessary food provided by the compassionate Tryphena, and, for a time, altogether to forget the sad tragedy of the day. Tryphosa prepared tea for the truants in the breakfast room, and, after the formalities of introduction and reacquaintance had been gone through, Miss Carmichael poured out tea for the five, while Tryphosa did the same for Ben in the kitchen. The Captain told how Mr. Errol and the lawyer braved the terrors of the barred-in lakes, which appalled the stout heart of big Ben Toner. The two heroes hastened to put all the credit on one another's shoulders, in which, so far as one person's estimation was concerned, the minister triumphed, for, through the tears that shimmered in her eyes, Coristine could see that the presiding goddess was proud of him, and, with all his simple-heartedness, he knew that such pride has its origin in possession.

CHAPTER XI.

Old Man Newcome's Escape, Arrest and Conveyance Home—The Colonel's Plan of Campaign—He Takes Command—Maguffin's Capture by Messrs. Hill and Hislop—The Richards' Aid Enlisted—Squire as Colonel, and Mr. Terry, Sergeant-Major—The Skirmish—Harding Murdered—Wilkinson and Errol Improving the Time—The Young Incendiary—Mr. Hill Crushes Maguffin.

EVERYBODY grieved for the offaking of the detective. In the front of the house, the Squire and the minister, who knew his history, were most affected; in the back, Ben Toner was the corypheus of grief. An old man on a couch in an adjoining room heard the news, and, little thinking that his deposition and confession were safe in the Squire's possession along with many other documents, rejoiced thereat, and conceived a heroic project. At first, he thought of enlisting the idiot boy, but had to give up the idea; for the boy was happy with those whom he knew, and obstinately refused to go near the old reprobate. Sylvanus no longer watched him; he was basking in the smiles of Tryphena, and, at the same time, amusing Monty. There was a passage from the room he was in to the back of the main hallway, which led into the open air, independently of the summer kitchen. His coat was gone and his hat, both his boots were removed, and his wounded leg was bandaged, but he was a tough old criminal, and a bare back rider from a boy. He slipped off the couch, and helped himself along by the wall, thankful that his boots were off and he could move quietly. Still, simple

Sylvanus, taken in by the good old man who loved to have the Bible read to him, neglected his duty. Newcome gained the hall, the porch, the open air, and, at last, could hardly believe his good luck to find himself in the stable unperceived. What a lot of horses were there with nobody to look after them! He saw one that suited him, a handsome beast he had seen in Collingwood, the travelling powers of which he knew. To that stall he went, and braced himself against the partition for a spring, after he had loosed the halter, and slipped on a bit and bridle. He backed his steed out, turned in the passage way and made for the door. Another moment and he would be free. No horse in the stable, even if saddled and bridled, would be able to overtake him, once he was on the road. But, at the door he met an obstacle in the shape of a mountain of straw, that caused the horse to back. The desperate man dug his knees into the flanks of the beast, and urged it on. Down went the straw mountain, and the luckless Timotheus beneath it, and Newcome rained a few exultant curses on him, as he forced his steed; when a well-dressed negro sprang up from nowhere, and, seizing the rein nearest him, spoke to the intelligent animal, and backed it to one side. In a moment Timotheus wriggled himself unhurt out of the litter, and, by main force, pulled the escaped prisoner down; while Mr. Maguffin remarked that "hoss thieves ain't pumculiah ter no part of the habitable yeth."

Newcome squirmed and fought as well as he was able, but to no avail. Timotheus was simple and he was clumsy, but he was no weakling. Maguffin led the horse back into the stable, spread his litter, and replaced the bridle on the wall. Then he came out quite unruffled, and asked Timotheus if he would like him to use his new boots on the prisoner, to which that worthy replied with a grin: "I guess I've pooty nigh parlyzed his laigs to stop his wrastlin' tricks aready." Sylvanus, in a lucid moment, remembered his charge, and found the bird had flown. He came out to look for his Bible-loving friend, dreading the Captain's wrath, and great was his relief when he found him a victim in the strong arms of his brother. "Here, Sylvanus, you hold him, so's the Square'll think 't was you as cotched him," said the unselfish Timotheus. So Sylvanus, nothing loath, seized the hypocrite, and Timotheus went for the Squire, while Maguffin looked calmly on, occasionally glancing at his heavy-soled new boots, as if regretting that there was no immediate call for their services. The Squire was angry, for he had been kind to the old sinner; but he saw that the prisoner was an element of weakness in the house. What was to hinder him escaping again, committing murder, setting the place on fire? He called up Toner. "Ben," he said, "how long would it take you to convey Newcome to his home in a farm waggon with a good team?" "Ef the teeum's smart, I guais an houer 'ud do," answered the prospective son-in-law of the victim. Accordingly a springless waggon was produced, some straw thrown in, and Newcome securely bound with ropes, lying flat on his back, with his own coat and a sack or two put under his head for a pillow. "Timotheus," continued Mr. Carruthers, "you had better go with Ben. Take your guns, both of you, and bring them back as quick as you can." Off started the ambulance, at first gently and humanely. When out of sight of the house, Toner grinned at Timotheus, and Timotheus grinned back at Ben. "It can't be haylped, Timotheus," remarked the latter in a low tone, "we're bound to git back airly, ef they's moer guyard mountin' to be did. So here goes, Serlizer or no Serlizer." The horses were pretty fresh, and they tore along, enjoying the fun, and answering with their heels to every playful flick of the whip. The road was rough and hilly; the jolting almost threw the occupants of the box seat off the waggon that had no springs. Old man Newcome groaned, and implored Ben, for the sake of Serlizer, to go easy or leave him on the roadside to die. "Ef you don't laike my teamin'," said Toner, in a simulated huff, "I'll quit. Here, Timotheus, you had ought to know them hosses better'n me." Timotheus took the reins, and cried: "Gerlang, we ain't no time ter lose; rattle the brinstun an' merlasses old malufecture over the stones, he's ony a firebug as nobody owns." The delight of The Crew's brother in getting off this new and improved version of an ancient couplet made him reckless. He and Ben jumped into the air like shuttlecocks, and seemed to like it. "I heern say," remarked Toner, while moving momentarily skywards, "I heern tayll as this here joltin' beats all the piulls and pads as ever was made for the livyer."

"Yaas," cheerfully responded Timotheus, coming down with a sounding bump; "myuns is like what the doctor out our way said to fayther wunst. Says he, 'Saul, your livyer's tawpidd.' So's myun, Ben; it's most tarble tawpidd. Gerlang, yer lazy, good fer nawthun brutes; poor old man Newcome won't get home this blessed night, the way yer a goin'."

The waggon reached the Newcome shanty. The old man was unbound and lifted out into his own bed. Strong as he was, he had fainted, which his charioteers were not sorry to see. "He's had an accident, Miss Newcome," said Ben to the man's wife; "but he'll soon be all right." Fortunately, the doctor had done his duty well, and the shaking had failed to loosen the bandages over the wound. The drivers got into the waggon again and drove home more gently, exchanging a few words with each other; one being: "Guais old man Newcome's out o' mischief fer one night."

While Bridesdale was being delivered from the pre-

sence of one unwelcome guest, the welcome ones of the front were discussing with the Squire the programme for the night. He had made out a warrant for the arrest of Rawdon, should he again have the hardihood to turn up, and otherwise proposed to repeat the guards of the night before. While the excursionists were at tea, the colonel and Mr. Terry had been walking about with an object in view; and the latter gentleman informed his son-in-law that "the cornel has a shplindid oiday in his moind." Colonel Morton was requested to favour the company with it, and proceeded to do so. "From what infohmation I have had fuhnished me by my fellow-soldieh, Mr. Tehhy, I pehsume you have pehmitted the attacking fohee to select its own basis of opehations, and have yohselves stood almost entihely on the defensive. With a small fohee, this is vely often the only couhse to puhsee. But, as I now undehtand from reeliabie infohmation brought in, the enemy's fohee of seventeen is reduced by four, while that of the gahhison is augmented by three—the doctor, myself and my sehvant. Ah, no; I fohgot you have had one sad casualty, as my niece infohms me, in the fall of Mr. Nash; which leaves the strength of the gahhison fohteem, as against thihteen of the assailants. My friend, Mr. Wilkinson, infohms me that a small detachement of five men, well ahmed, holds a foht some six miles in the dihection of the enemy. Now, gentlemen of the council of wah, can we not obtain that this friendly out-post make a divehision in conceht with the offensive pahnt of our ahmy? Send a scout with instyuctions foh them to occupy the wood neah their foht, and, eitheh with blank or ball cahtyidge—as you, Genehal Cahhuthers, may dihect—meet the enemy as ouah troops dyive them back, and thus pehvent them seeking the coveh of the trees against us. This being done, send a scout, mounted if possible, to guahd against attack from the left; post pistol sentinels round the buildings, and fohm the rest of the available fohee into an attacking pahy occupying the strategic point examined by Mr. Tehhy and me: I allude to the plantation to the reah of the right wing. Just as soon as the enemy comes up to occupy that position, chahge them like bulldogs and drive them as fah as possible towahds the road, and at last bring them undeht the guns of our friendly foht. That, I think, is bettah than losing heahht by watching all night long and endangehing the safety of the ladies. Such, gentlemen, is my humble counsel."

"Hark till him, now, jantlemen; pay attintion till him, all av yeez," exclaimed Mr. Terry; "fer 'tis the wurrud av a sowldjer and an offisher."

"Assume command, Colonel, if you please. We are all ready to obey orders," said the Squire. "Is that not the case, friends?"

To this the whole company answered "Yes," and Colonel Morton at once gave his commands.

The garrison was paraded on the lawn, its armament strengthened by two rifles borrowed in the neighbourhood, of which the Squire carried one and the lawyer the other. The post office had been cleared out of its complete stock of powder and shot by Carruthers, early in the morning, to the no little disgust of the Gristun man when he went for his mail. "Volunteehs foh the foht, foh mounted patyol, foh plantation picket—three!" called out the colonel. Perrowne volunteered for the first, as likely to have most influence with the Richards. "Blank cartridge," said the Squire, as he rode away amid much waving of handkerchiefs. "Oim yer picket, cornel," said Mr. Terry, stepping out of the ranks with his rifle at the shoulder in true military fashion. "Ef it's a gennelman wot knows riden, sah, and kin fiah a pistol or revolvah, I respectfully dedecates my feeble servishes," volunteered Mr. Maguffin, who mounted and patrolled poor Nash's beat, with a revolver handy; while the veteran ran at a regular double to the far end of the strip of bush. "The Squiah had bettah take the field, as he knows the ground and I do not," said the colonel; "I will command the gahhison. I shall want the captain, the doctah, Mr. Wilkinson and Mr. Ehol—four. My deah sistah-in-law can shoot; and so, I believe, can Miss Halbeht, so we are seven."

"There's Wordsworth for you, Wilks, my boy," Coristine remarked, nudging his right hand man.

"Corry, my dear fellow, whatever induced you to take that gun?" answered the dominie, apprehensive for his friend's safety in the field.

"It's no gun, Wilks; it's a rifle. If I only get a sight at Gristuns, I'll commit justifiable homicide. Then I wish the Squire would punish me by sending me down here for thirty days."

"The gahhison will take three paces to the fyont; quick, mahch!" commanded the colonel.

The four came out in pretty straggling order, and the two ladies named fell in beside them.

"Now, Squiah, I leave yoah command of five men, which Mr. Pehhowne will soon augment to six, and Mr. Tehhy to seven, in yoah hands. If I have no fultheh need of a mounted patyol, my sehvant will join the gahhison."

The colonel then left to post his sentries, which he did so judiciously that three were enough, namely, the doctor, the minister and the dominie. The ladies kept watch by turns on the front of the house. Soon a voice was heard at the gate calling for Colonel Morton. The colonel answered the summons in person. It was Maguffin dismounted, and behind him came two men, honest farmers apparently, one of whom led the coloured man's horse, while the other held his fowling piece at the port, ready for action in Maguffin's rear.

"Maguffin," said the colonel, sternly, "consideh youhself undeht ahhest, suh."

"I doan need ter hab ter, sah; that's jess wot I is this bressid minit."

"Good evening!" said the two farmers, amiably, and the colonel returned the salutation. "Good evening, gentlemen! but I feah you have made a mistake in ahhesting my sehvant."

"When a naygur on a fine beast gallops down on two quiet folk, and orders them to go back, disperse, and surrinder, and them coming to see after the safety of their children and friends, the only one thing to do, if you have your guns along, is to arrest the naygur."

"Do I undehtand, Maguffin, that you ordehed these wothy people to go back, dispehse, and subhendah without any wahhant?"

"And presinted his pistil, too," continued the tall man, who had already spoken, and who was the coloured man's guard.

"Have you no answah, Maguffin?"

"I fought, Cunnell, I was ter patterole this heah road and repawt all the folkses I see on or off'n it."

"Yes, repoh to me, as youh officah, suh."

"Oh, I fought yoh meant to repawt em wif a revolvah, sah."

"I suppose, gentlemen, you will let my sehvant go, when I say I deplohe his foolish mistake, and apologize foh his insolence?"

"To be shure, sir," replied the guard; "give the man his horse, Annerew."

Maguffin remounted, and, receiving more minute instructions from his master, returned to his patrol duty.

"We're just coming in to help the Squire, and me to look after my childer, Tryphena and Tryphosa and Baby Rufus. When the Baby didn't come back this mornin', I said to his mother, 'Persis' says I, 'I must go and see the boy.' So here I am. My name is Hill, sir, Henry Cooke Hill, and this is my neighbour, and some day, perhaps, Rufus's father-in-law, Annerew Hislop"—then in an undertone—"a very dacent man, sir, though a Sesayder."

"Is that the case?" asked the colonel with eagerness, advancing towards Andrew. "Were you on ouah side, suh, in the wahah?"

"Naw, naw, surr, I'm no sodjer, but a humble maimber o' the pure gospel Secession kirk. As the fufty-fufth parryphrase says:—

With heavenly wappons I have foht
The battles o' the Lord."

"Ah yes, pahdon me my mistake. Come in, gentlemen; the Squiah will be happy to see you."

Maguffin's captors entered, were warmly greeted by their friends in hall and kitchen, par took of a hasty supper, and were ready for the engagement of the night.

Perrowne, who was a good rider, soon made his appearance, reporting that the Richards were only too glad to make the desired repulse of the evil crew from their neighbourhood, and, as members formerly of a volunteer company, understood something of military tactics. The parson also reported that he had nearly fallen in with the advancing attacking force of, he should say, twenty men; but, sighting them ahead, he advanced slowly until he saw them move solidly to his left into the fields, with the evident intention of coming at the house through the strip of bush. The villains could not be far off. "Now, Squiah," said the colonel, "hasten, suh, to join Mr. Tehhy; a few minutes make all the diffehnce in case of an attack."

The Squire had now nine men under his command, including his father-in-law, for Ben and Timotheus were safely back, having passed the formidable Maguffin. The other six were Sylvanus and Rufus, Messrs. Hill, Hislop, Perrowne, and Coristine. All were armed with loaded guns and rifles; the carbine and the blunderbuss remained to guard the house. Rapidly they reached the bush which hid them from view, and rejoiced the veteran's heart with their array.

"Now, grandfather," said Carruthers, "you must get us all into shape."

"Well now, we'll make belave this is a bittillion, an' you're cornel, an' Oim sargint-major. It's ten shtrong we are, an' there's three roifes an' two double barrels anyhow. You git in the rare, Cornel an' Mishter Coristine an' Mishter Parrowne an' Ben Toner; the rist av yeez shstay where yeez are, till I say 'Extind!' thin, tin paces apart for the front rank, an' tin for the rare rank; but the rare alternatin' wid the front. Whin Oi say, 'Front rank!' that rank'll diliver it's foire, an' go on wid it's loadin' behind a three, moind! an' so on wid the rare. By the powers, here the varmint come. Shiddy min, listhen till me an' be quiet—Extind!"

(To be continued.)

THE elephant's sense of smell is so delicate that when in a wild state it can scent an enemy at a distance of 1,000 yards, and the nerves of its trunk are so sensitive that the smallest substance can be discovered and picked up by its tiny proboscis.—*Rochester Democrat and Chronicle.*

THE English Board of Trade has just decided that the commercial unit of electricity, formerly known as the "Board of Trade Unit," is hereafter to be called a "kelvin." The unit itself is one kilowatt hour, that is, 1,000 watt hours, and its new name is the present title of the well-known Sir William Thomson, now Lord Kelvin.—*Electrical World.*

PARIS LETTER.

THE French do not want any kind of home fighting, and so condemn the revival of Jew baiting. Two classes in France, and very numerous to boot, detest the descendants of Father Abraham; the religious Gentiles, on account of the conduct of Judas Iscariot, and the irreligionists, because of their prosperity. That double vein is being worked by M. Drumont, who commenced his journalistic life on a Jewish newspaper, and the Marquis de Morès, an aristocratic anarchist. M. Drumont is, in presence of semiticism, a veritable Gentile dervish; he publishes a daily paper, the *Libre Parole*, which is a diurnal pamphlet against Judaism; its sale is estimated at 70,000 copies daily, and so it is a power. He vies with Russia in clearing the Jews out of his native land; he objects to their conversion to Catholicism; once a Jew ever a Jew. The leopard cannot change its spots. He is less tolerant than the Czar, who recognizes that the Jew once received into the Greek Church becomes a man and a brother.

The individual who finances M. Drumont's paper is said to be the same who two years ago ran an evening sheet to defend the House of Israel, if so he "would botanize on his mother's grave." The Marquis de Morès is undergoing preventive arrest for killing, in lawful combat, his antagonist the Jewish captain, Mayer, whose death has been unanimously deplored, and whose imposing funeral has been a protestation against the new departure to stir up religious war. He is wealthy, having married the daughter of Mr. Hoffman, the New York banker; he is himself a minor or ward, in the eyes of the law, his family being his tutors, though he is 30 years of age. This step has been taken to prevent the Marquis running through his own property, by expenditure in new inventions and discoveries; deprived of occupation over electric novelties and balloon navigation, he seems to have betaken to militant politics. During the Boulangist craze he organized the "Shillelah Phalanx" in the interest of the "brav général," and was clapped into prison the better to be kept quiet.

It is likely the same course will be now adopted; he cannot count upon leniency from the powers that be, as he keeps them in all round hot water. Duelling is a homicidal offence in the code, but the law is not put in force to punish the transgressors, as all classes resort to pistols and swords, the latter as a rule anything but dangerous, and stopped when first blood is drawn or the few balls exchanged. The consternation at the death of Captain Mayer illustrates the hollowness of French duels. Captain Foa, who is dying to fight de Morès, has no faith in the use of pistols; they are not serious; he questions if they be really loaded, and suspects them "to be only syringes." The naked sword is a reality, and, despite all precautions taken by the seconds to avoid danger, a mortal thrust may be given. M. Floquet, though fat, sixty, and innocent of fencing, ran Boulanger through the neck, and the poet, Clovis Hughes, who never handled a foil till face to face with his antagonist, an able fencer, spitted and killed him instantly, and his wife shot her calumniator. No Frenchman would act as seconds where adversaries have resolved to kill. A duel is to test bravery, not to destroy life. So long as duelling is only viewed as a means for posing it will never be put down in France. It is suggested that the courts ought to inflict the full penalty on all engaged in duels—two years imprisonment, with the option of the Bèrenger clause—left free on promising never to recommence, and in case of recidivism immediate arrest and double the original punishment.

Even the well wishers of Captain Borup, and of the United States whom he represented here as military secretary, regret the charge preferred against that gentleman, of suborning an employé of the Ministry of Marine to purloin official documents. Before hearing his defence the French journals have denounced him as doubly dyed in guilt. It is an awkward incident for the debut of the new Minister, Mr. Coolidge. Captain Borup emphatically denies having sold abstracted documents to the Italian and German Governments, but claims the right to obtain such information, by hook or by crook, for his own Government, that is his *raison d'être* as an attaché; those attachés without sin are invited to throw a stone at him. Putting aside ethics, usage, and custom, if the captain allowed himself to be caught hand in the sack, he is evidently not fit for his post. Talleyrand would never have committed such a blunder.

If I might go again to witness a competition between barrel organ grinders, I should like never to hear their music. Theophile Gautier held that music was only dear noise, and Victor Hugo would have none of it whether cheap or costly. If the Chicago Big Fair does not include barrel organ competitions among all its raree-exhibits, it will have omitted an originality from its omnibus programme. There are about forty-five organ manufacturers in Paris of high and low degree, turning out every form of musical pipe combination, and more or less ingenious systems for laying on wind. Whether to benefit the trade or those who depend for their daily bread on turning instrumental handles, was the motive of the organ contest on Sunday last at La Chapelle, the neighbour of Belleville, I cannot state. It was the patronal fête of the quartier; ten gastronomists under the ægis of the local mayor had the "happy thought" to invite the ambulatory organ players to a general competition,

guaranteeing them 5frs. for the day, plus prizes ranging from 2 to 5 frs. extra.

Since the Pedestrian Derby, Paris to Belfort, every boot and shoe-maker's shop worth its salt, displays a pair of boots, covered with dust, worn, and in holes, alleged to having been worn by a prize winner, and, of course, the out-put of the shop. It is akin to the system adopted by the butchers during Smithfield cattle show week, at the commencement of Lent, when the carcass of a stalled ox, decorated with ribbons, paper roses, and turnip camellias, is suspended in the shop, and a card sets forth the animal had scored the prix d'honneur. And there are three times the number of butchers thus provisioned as there were fat cattle sent to the show.

News from the region of Dahomey: The king of Porto Novo, Tofia by name, according to Deputy Roux, has two palaces, one for winter in the town, and the other for summer, in a neighbouring forest. He is 40 years of age, but looks sixty, passes his day sitting on a red sofa. At his feet, stretched on the ground, lie his ten Ministers, all possessing streaming white beards. Tofia wears two cotton caps, a red over a white one, and a kind of bathing dress in white cotton with red stripes; on his feet sandals. The visitor, on being introduced, is helped to beer, and in return must affectionately enquire after his Majesty's 400 wives. He takes no interest in maritime matters. Like his terrible neighbour, King Bèhauzin, he is bound never to look at the sea. He fears to be taken prisoner by the King of Dahomey, and consequently asks if the French will be able to conquer him. The timid go to Lagos, relying on British protection. Tofia likes to show the collection of heads of his Dahomeyan visitors and prisoners; when the white man retires the king presents him with a cow and baskets of pigeons, fearing he might starve ere he reached home. There are several English and German commercial firms at Porto Novo.

Worth remembering: a German physiologist has discovered that the habit of italicizing words is a symptom of insanity. No writer desires to be "luny." Z.

LIFE.

THAT which most

We long for we should strive for, and for me
The sweetest wisdom is to look on life—
That tragic, comic, never-ending play;
That picture rich in colour; that high music,
Crossed by a thousand discords; that strange web,
Where piteous histories of defeat and loss
And gorgeous pageants of proud-stepping triumph
Are curiously inwoven; where so oft
The loser is the gainer, and who wins
Is covered with disaster; that stone sculpture,
For though the thing which we call life seems fluid,
Still hurrying to and fro as chance directs,
'Tis an effect in marble wrought by Fate,
Thus might it be thus only.—This to see,
And, studying, wonder at for me is wisdom.

J. H. BROWN.

THE MELCHIOR SKETCHES.

MR. CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER gently rallies the disciples of a realistic fiction when he declares that there is more local colour to be got out of a dialect than from anything else which can be acquired. He discovers in the work of the local-colour hunters a painfully apparent straining after unfamiliar effects, and covertly admonishes them to look into their own hearts before they write.

Just how far this hobby can be safely ridden seems to be a knowledge restricted to that happy few whose genius is able to bring out and fix the beauty of the commonplace. Dialect in fiction is the bodily medium of a soul. It must be controlled by one who knows the common life of the folk into whose mouth he puts it as he knows his own heart; otherwise it is dead, and we can only ask that it be buried out of our sight. Included in a familiarity with the various romantic conditions of life in the New World, it forms one of the distinctive features of American literature. The peculiarities of the Yankee dialect have had their place in fiction these many years; Mr. Harrison has familiarized Negro-English to us; Bret Harte tells the wondrous tale of the West; George W. Cable has immortalized the old Creole days and dialect, and the Tennessee mountains have their prophet in Miss Murfree.

And now comes Mr. Wm. McLennan to enlist our sympathies on behalf of the Canadian-French country. It is an almost unexplored field, rich in materials for the story-teller. Canada has not had a history of French occupation dating farther back than the colonization of New England, without being influenced by many traditions and many still existing evidences of that early struggle. The establishment of seigniories in reward for military service, the half barbarous splendour of an aristocracy bent on maintaining in a new country the luxuries of an old one, the final conquest of New France, with the removal of many families of high rank and the privilege granted those who remained of retaining their Church and civil laws, have imparted a peculiar flavour to the life of a British colony. A self-governing people, we

have a relic as well as the memory of feudal tenure. It has left us the remnant of an old-world aristocracy, and a figure unique in history—the Canadian habitant, with his barbarous dialect, mediæval superstitions and quaint drollery. This same habitant has been, apparently, proof against modern influences. He goes on without complaint, stolid and industrious, "the sheep of the priest," paying the seigneur's tax, and content while a *barbote* or a potato remains in the pot. And when the pinch of poverty grows too keen, when soul and body refuse to keep company any longer on such meagre terms, he has the alternative of going to the States, changing his French name for its English equivalent, and becoming "an American."

Mr. McLennan has refined on this well-known type. The one clearly defined character in his series of sketches is Melchior, who tells his tales in the "h'Anglish" he has learned from Marie, with, we can easily imagine, such slight deviations from the truth as the narrator's desire for effect renders necessary. He is shrewd and humorous with the adventurous spirit of the old *voyageurs*, and a freshness of imagination that has never been dulled by too intimate a knowledge of other men's thoughts. A shanty-man, hunter and trapper by profession, a *bleu* in politics, with a child's recollection of the rebellion of 1837, familiar with the tricks of open voting, winning his Irish sweetheart by saving her life, Melchior's reminiscences come to us as vivid and vigorous as if they were really autobiographical. "*La Messe de Minuit*," the first of the series, is an original and artistic version of the legend which Longfellow has perpetuated in King Robert of Sicily. In it the author has succeeded in being picturesque in spite of his unpromising medium. "P't' Baroneh" is weird and grewsome enough to have been written by Mr. Frank Millet himself. In "*Dè Littl' Modder*" a true pathos shows itself, triumphing over the *patois*.

"An' de day h'after *les troupes* pass bad news was come from St. Eustache, an' de littl' modder she take me an' go down on de village, an' h'all de people was do noddin' but go h'on de church, an' say de prayer, an' make de *voeux*, and w'en de news come dat de h'Anglish was kill h'all *les patriotes* some de people was take h'all dey can carry an' run 'way far 'ide h'on de woods; 'an on de church dey was cry an' say de prayer h'out loud, an' h'only de *curé* was dere for say somet'ing. W'at 'I was say 'I'll don' know, but de women don' cry no more, an' w'en de dark come, me an' de littl' modder go back 'ome.

"An' dat night she don' put me on de bed. She sit on de fire an' she 'ol' me on 'er knee, an' on de mornin', w'en de light jus' begin, we 'ear de noise like de 'orses on de road, an' w'en dey come on our 'ouse dey turn in, 'an we wait, 'an den de knock come on de door, 'an de door was h'open, an' dere was de Captain Lawless wid 'es cap on 'es 'an'.

"An' 'e 'ol' de door h'open, an' den two soldier come on de 'ouse, an' dey carry somet'ing, an' de captain don' say noddin', jus' make de sign wid 'es 'ead, an' de soldier move h'over on de bed; and de Captain stan' dere 'gains' de wall like de man w'at was tire hou't, an' 'es face was like de face of de h'ol' man.

"An' w'en de soldier go h'out he shut de door sof, and come h'over on de littl' modder, 'an 'I'll be 'fraid den 'an 'ide my face on 'er dress, 'an 'I'll 'ear 'eem say, "My poor Josephte, you 'av save me de livine, an' 'I'll only be h'able for save your dead."

"An' den de Captain he go h'out, and we 'ear de sleigh, an' de 'orses go h'off slow, slow, down de road, an' bymby everyt'ing was quiet some more—an' me, an' de littl' modder was lef' alone."

It was interesting to compare this dialect with the Creole *patois* as it appears in Cable's tales of the South. The two authors have been likened to each other as having adapted similar literary methods in dealing with closely related subjects, but the Southerner has immeasurable advantages in picturesqueness of dialect, and in the charmed atmosphere of a glory departed through which his figures appear. The prodigal abundance of a tropical climate produces gentler, more careless, self-indulgent natures than could our stern land where all existence is a struggle, and a gay and winsome fancy unburdened with regret for yesterday or anxiety for tomorrow springs up there as swiftly and luxuriantly as the tropical vegetation. The borrowing, volatile Narcisse is a true child of Louisiana as Melchior is of French Canada. It seems, too, that the Creole dialect has been formed somewhat on the lines of Negro-English.

"Consuming chi'og'aphy," Narcisse says, "I 'avè discovered one thing to a maul cettainty, and that is if I 'ave something to 'ite to a young lady, I always diguise my chi'og'aphy. Ha-ah! I 'ave learn that! You will be axtonish' to see in 'ow many diff'n fawm' I can make my 'au'-a'-iting to appeah. That paz thoo my fam'ly, in fact. My hant, she's got a honcle w'at use' to be cluck in a bank, w'at could make the si'natu'e of the pwsiden' as well as of the cashieh, with that so absolute puffegion, that they tu'un him out of the bank! Yessheh. You will pe'haps believe me with difficulty, Misoo Itchlin, but I assu' you I can tell if a man 'as a fine chi'og'aphy aw no, by juz lookin' upon his liniment. Do you know that Benjamin Fwanklin 'ote a v'ey fine chi'og'aphy, in fact? Also Voltaire. Yessheh. An' Napoleon Bonaparte. Lawd By'on muz 'ave 'ad a beauchezouz chi'og'aphy. 'Tis impossible not to be, with that face. He is my favo'ite poet, that

Lawd By'on. Moze people pwefeh 'im to Shakspeare, in fact. Well, you muz go? I am ve'y 'appy to meck yo' acquaintanze, Mistoo Itchlin, seh, I am so'y Doctah Seveeah is not theh pwesently. The negs time you call, Mistoo Itchlin, you muz not be too much aztonizh to fine me gone from yeh. Yessch. He's got to haugment me at the en' of that month, an' we 'ave to-day the fifteenth mawch. Do you smoke, Mistoo Itchlin? I smoke lawgely in that weatheh. I feel ve'y sultwy to-day."

And then the author's summing up of this character who carried his folly on the surface and his good sense at the bottom:—

Farewell, Byronic youth! You are not made of so frail a stuff as you have seemed. You shall thirst by day and hunger by night. You shall keep vigil on the sands of the Gulf and on the banks of the Potomac. You shall grow brown, but prettier. You shall shiver in loathsom tatters, yet keep your grace, your courtesy, your joyousness. You shall ditch and lie down in ditches, and shall sing your saucy songs of defiance in the face of the foe, so blackened with powder and dust and smoke that your mother in heaven would not know her child. And you shall borrow to your heart's content, chickens, hogs, rails, milk, buttermilk, sweet potatoes, what not: and shall learn the American songs, and by the camp-fires of Shenadoah sing, "The years creep slowly by, Lorena," to messmates with shaded eyes, and "Her bright smile haunts me still." Ah, boy! there's an old woman still living in the Rue Casa Calvo—your bright smile haunts her still. And there shall be blood on your sword, and blood—twice—thrice—on your brow. Your captain shall die in your arms; and you shall lead charge after charge, and shall step up from rank to rank, and all at once, one day, just in the final onset, with the cheer on your lips, and your red sword waving high, with but one lightning stroke of agony, down, down you shall go in the death of your dearest choice.

Mr. McLennan's sketches which have appeared in *Harper's Magazine* are, of course, only the first prospecting in a new field. Everything remains to be done. A story written in dialect is almost always at a disadvantage with the general reader, and it is not the least merit of this "new star in the Canadian literary galaxy" that he has made so unpromising an instrument the vehicle of quaint and delightful narrative. We cannot speak too fair of this art or the artists.

Who help mankind along,
More by their fascinating lies,
Than all the learning of the wise.

LUKE HOUGH.

FORCE AND ENERGY.

"FIDELIS" in her article, some time since in THE WEEK, on Mr. Grant Allen's career as a writer on literature and science, tells us that his work with the above title was commented on very unfavourably by some scientists. This is true enough. Indeed, no work by him was subjected to such a scathing fire of adverse criticism, and that, too, it must be admitted, by some who, by reason of their own achievements as physicists, had earned at least a quasi right to speak on this particular subject—the dynamics of the universe. Still it may be that those who wrote opposingly had never fully mastered the theory on which they so fiercely animadverted; and inasmuch as this work was that of one who did not belong to the special guild of physicists, and as his terrible heresy had been accepted by many, as his opponents inform us, as a very "gospel" of scientific truth, a necessity lay on them to consign it to their Index Expurgatorius and himself to the pains and penalties of all the unorthodox. Still, it may happen to him, as in a former case where an adverse, but conscientious, critic, having pronounced an unfavourable sentence on a book of his, afterwards recalled it and even pronounced a verdict in his favour. But why multiply instances that look hopeward—from Harvey who lost many patients in consequence of his great work on the circulation of the blood, and whom many of his contemporaries regarded therefore as a crank; up to Newlands on the Periodic Law; and many others? And is it impossible that Grant Allen's work on "force and energy" may not also, on a reconsideration of the subject, have a verdict yet recorded in its favour? But, meanwhile, let what I have to urge be regarded only in the light of a plea for getting him a hearing. And here let me say that one very able critic, though himself profoundly disbelieving Mr. Allen's theory, allows that "Mr. Allen is unusually well qualified in many respects for the work he has undertaken," and adds, "we can safely assure our readers that they will find Mr. Allen's book pleasant and profitable reading, which is very much more than can be said of most theories of the universe." His theory, however, was put forth by him only "in a tentative way . . . for wiser heads to accept or reject." Not being himself, in any special sense, a physicist, he takes the facts and experiments of others—the *dissecta membra*—as he finds them scattered throughout the works of such men, and endeavours to endow them with such an informing principle as may build them up into unity so that they may all gather round a great central or root idea, to govern and explain them all. And let me add—and of course I am a quite unprejudiced person—that Mr. Grant Allen has considerable insight into the workings of the world, and a rare power of bringing under the dominion of some pregnant principle or law

so many of the outlying and seemingly unrelated provinces of nature.

Mr. Allen's contention, then, is this, that Force and Energy, in ceaseless antagonism, are the two great powers that divide between them the empire of the *All* that force binds together, whereas energy separates. It is deeply important, thinks Mr. Allen, to keep this clearly before the mind, that *Force* is that which draws things together and holds them so; whereas *Energy* is that which separates things and keeps them separate; and he maintains that to the *forces* belong gravitation, cohesion and chemical and electrical affinity; whereas heat, light and electricity are *energies*. Every substance that stands *separate* from another has energy, whether it be a weight lifted from the earth, or molecules separated from their cohesions, or atoms in a state of singleness, or electrical units as in the Leyden jar, whereas *force* combines masses, molecules, atoms, and electrical units, and when so combined (like a weight on the ground) they have parted with their energies as such. Let this be kept steadily before the mind. It will help to clarify it. Great mistakes have been made through not regarding energy as *separative* power. To the definition given to energy by physicists as "the power of doing work," Grant Allen strongly objects, believing that thereby "the concept of the two great powers that divide the universe have not been realized and assimilated in all their *separation and antagonism*;" for (apart from anything else) "the practical consideration of energy, as that which performs work, overlies thus the theoretical consideration of it as *separative* power." But, indeed, "if we look closely into the matter, we shall see," says he, "that force is just as much requisite for the performance of work as is energy. In a single-action steam engine, the gravitation which pulls down the piston when it reaches the dead point, is as necessary as the heat that elevated it to that point: and the attractive force of chemical affinity which draws together the atoms of carbon and oxygen, is as necessary as the energy of passive separation which before divided them. . . . In short, in every case it is the *interaction of the two powers* which performs the work."

Now, to show how far this inadequate view of energy has been wholly misleading, I quote the following. Professor Tyndall says: "I have seen the wild stone-avalanches of the Alps, which smoke and thunder down the declivities with a vehemence almost sufficient to stun the observer. I have also seen snow-flakes descending so softly as not to hurt the fragile spangles of which they were composed; yet to produce, from *aqueous vapour*, a quantity which a child could carry of that tender material, demands an *exertion of energy* competent to gather up the shattered blocks of the largest stone-avalanche I have ever seen, and pitch them to twice the height from which they fell."

Now, "anyone," thinks Mr. Allen, "who reads over this passage carefully will see that it expresses the exact opposite to the real fact. The aqueous vapour, in its *uncondensed* state, did indeed possess the amount of energy which Professor Tyndall mentions; but this energy was not *exerted* in the formation of the snow; on the contrary, it was *liberated* (as heat), and turned loose upon space. To raise the snow to aqueous vapour would require a fresh integration of the same enormous amount of *energy*. It is in the production of the vapour, therefore, not of the snow, that energy is exerted. *Force* turns vapour into water, and then into ice, when energy is liberated. Energy turns the ice back again into water." This, however, Mr. Allen expressly states, he regards merely in the light of a "slip" of this truly admirable physicist. Indeed, it seems almost a shame to have to disagree with one who has done so much and has done it so well; a shame, too, to say anything that might seem to spoil this singularly beautiful and poetic passage; but he who has written so much and so charmingly may well afford to lose a single paragraph out of multitudes of similar ones. Still, truth is greater than any man. Perhaps he may think even this one not lost; for I can fancy him smiling at my temerity and ignorance. Of course, I know how he may still explain the phenomenon. But energy is *separative* power—separates and keeps separate; while force is *aggregative*—draws things together and holds them together. All particles and aggregates of particles, when apart, are kept apart by an energy or separative power. Energy, as heat-motion, finding the ice particles bound firmly together by cohesive force, drives them apart. A further increase of energy, as in the case of fire under a boiler, would force them still further apart—*i. e.*, into steam—and these particles thus driven apart would, if there were no force to control their movements, keep on in their course (as first projected) throughout space. Or, if it were possible to bring them to rest, or to poise them in space, they would so remain *in statu quo* for ever if some energy or force did not otherwise compel them.

Indeed, Professor Tyndall tells us himself, with his usual force and lucidity, that the greater the amount of heat (energy) we impart to a body the wider the amplitude of the atomic oscillation, but "that by the force of *cohesion* particles are held together, while by the force (energy) of heat they are pushed asunder. So far, so right; and had this great physicist held the theory, so simple and cogent, that the powers of the universe are of two kinds, *forces and energies*—that force causes aggregative motion and resists separation, whereas *energy* causes separative motion, and, when things are separate, is that which keeps them so, he could hardly have fallen into

what, it appears to me, is the above great mistake. Yet how near he came to this theory of force and energy! "I draw up a weight" says he, "with a string. . . the weight suspended now is just as motionless as when it rested on the floor, but by introducing a *space between* the floor and it (molar separation), *I entirely change the condition* of the weight. By raising it I have conferred on it a motion-producing power so that *it can fall*, and in its descent can turn a machine. It has no energy as it hangs there dead and motionless; but energy is *possible* to it" (as, I add, to all bodies and particles in a state of separation), and we may in fact call it "possible" or "potential energy" in contradistinction to dynamical or *kinetic* energy; that is the energy of a body *in the act* of falling (kinetic energy). This potential energy is derived from *the pull of gravity*, but which pull has not yet eventuated in motion. "Thus are there the two modes of energy, the potential and the kinetic. "Potential energy," writes Mr. Allen, "is equivalent to actual or statical separation. Any mass, molecule, atom, or electrical unit, in a state of separation from other masses, molecules, atoms, or electrical units, possesses potential energy"—*energy in posse*. Here, say, is a bar of steel. The two powers of attraction and repulsion reside in the bar. But *the bar* is neutral, *i. e.*, the one magnetism balances and neutralizes the other, and there can consequently be no display of energy, *for there is no separation*. The bar is in the position of a stone on the ground. But magnetize the bar, *i. e.*, separate its positive and negative magnetisms, and then it is in a position to manifest its energies, in the same way as the stone lifted into the air can. They are then both in a state of potential energy. As Professor Tyndall says, "the act of magnetization consists in the forcible *separation* of two powers which exist in the steel before it was magnetized;" separation here, as everywhere, constituting all the difference. Phosphorus burns in the air. Why this? Because the oxygen of the air rushes attractively to combine with the phosphorus. The oxygen, as an uncombined atom, *i. e.*, when in a condition of separateness, falls into the embrace of the phosphorus—*itself* in its uncombined separate state also, and therefore both of them, being in a potential-energy-mood of readiness to unite, do unite.

Let us suppose that a cube of iron, lifted to a great height by some energy, say by steam, or a pulley, or any other energy, falls on a similar cube of iron on the ground, what would be the result when it had squarely struck the mass of iron beneath it? Would not the result be the conversion of its molar energy into the molecular energy of the particles of the two iron cubes, and in exact equivalence? In other words—for motion never ceases—the motion of the iron mass would, when arrested, be exchanged for the fearful motion-agitation of the several molecules of the iron, or, as heat is a mode of motion, would be changed into heat; or, as Mr. Allen states it, "at the moment of contact, all the motion of the fall, or aggregative molar kinetic energy, is changed into heat or separative molecular kinetic energy. *There is just as much separateness at last as at first*, only when the iron was at its height the separation was molar; and when the iron from above crashed with the iron on the ground the separation was molecular or heat-motion. And the formula which tells us how many heat-units were generated by the fall of the cube of iron through so many feet, is the formula for the equivalence of molar separation for molecular separation. While the really aggregative power of force was causing these bodies to combine, the energy of their motion *represented for a while* their original separateness, and was finally transformed into a similar separateness between other bodies. So that the energy of kinesis is a mere transferential mode from one kind of separation to another"—a mere incident of the transference—the only way, in fact, in which the potential energy could reach the kinetic stage, or that the molar separation could come to be molecular separation.

But "what is motion?" writes Mr. Allen, and he answers thus: "Divesting our minds of all *concrete* associations, and looking at the phenomenon in itself, we arrive at the following unfamiliar conclusion: Motion is *the mode by which energy* (or separation) is transferred from one portion of matter to another, and ultimately from matter to the ethereal medium. . . . A ball fired upward, a weight carried to a height, an atom disengaged from a compound, show us motion as equivalent to separation." Again: "every motion originates in an aggregation, whether it be through the fall of a body at a height, or the heating of coal in an engine, or the oxidation of food in an animal body," while "free bodies can only be kept from aggregating by a continuous movement." Thus the planets, shot off from the condensing and rotating nebula by centrifugal energy, would have gone on travelling forever, with the speed first communicated to them, in a straight line throughout space (subject to slight retardation owing to the tenuous ether) but were deflected from this course by the force of gravitation, which, if there were no such thing as energy, would have drawn them in a straight line into the powerfully attractive sun. But thus acted on by two powerful agents in a line at right angles each to each, they had to effect a compromise by proceeding in a course that bisected the right angle of each, and so took a mediate course—tangential and, so, orbital.

Thus it is that Force and Energy, acting antagonistically, keep the world in a state of harmonious adjustment and healthy activity.

And so, only a few weeks since, said Mr. Nicola Tesla, in his Royal Institution lectures, when narrating the wonders and the expected wonders of electricity, "this is not unexpected, as all the force and heat in the universe is due to the falling together of lifted weights, and the same result is produced whether these weights have been lifted apart by chemical energy and rest in the form of oxygen and hydrogen ready to combine chemically, or in the form of mechanical energy of moving molecules directed by the electric current."

Thus what was written by Grant Allen a few years since is confirmed by this marvellous electrician—by his words of explanation and his great doings, the wonder of the whole scientific world. J. A. ALLEN.

THE RAMBLER.

THE *Saturday Review* not very long ago, having nothing else to abuse or satirize, vented its withering remarks upon "The Modern Dog," as follows: "Every vice of the age reflects itself in him. He is self-conscious, affected, communicative, gushing, the victim of ennui; he thirsts for excitement, for society, for public notice. From room to room he speeds, looking for that in which he finds most society and is most brought forward. He is vain of his accomplishments, and delights in begging, in refusing or accepting, bits of cake 'from Mr. Gladstone,' in 'giving three cheers for the Queen,' in saying 'William.' Mr. Romanes mentions a dog in Dumfries who could say 'William.' Nobody ever heard of a cat who attempted anything of that sort. It is told of a dog living in a small country house that when the local magnate had other magnates staying with him that dog would go away and desert his master for the more diverting and distinguished society. The dog is all expression. He communicates every one of his numerous emotions. He is so vain that a large and, it must be admitted, handsome collie has been known to contemplate himself all day in a mirror. The dog must always be 'in evidence.' How much of his acknowledged gallantry in saving life and attacking robbers is due to a mere desire to see his name in the papers can never be certainly discovered. In fact, he is bitten with all the sentimentality and effusiveness of the period. Even his friends, even Miss Frances Power Cobbe, will admit, on reflection, that the dog has been thus degraded by associating with mankind." Granting the smartness of the writing, it is very little more relevant than the abuse levelled at children, who most naturally and childishly answer the Editor's Box and similarly appear in print. So long as the tone and contents of the little letter or essay be healthy and natural, why should such an act be looked upon as criminal? The "atrocious little prigs" at least gain some experience in the difficult art of letter-writing which they can utilize afterwards. Many parents know to their cost that bright hardy girls of thirteen and fourteen and boys of an earlier age can not indite a respectable letter home when away at school or during holidays. They often sigh as they look at the school bills and wonder when the results of fair abilities and moderate application will commence to show. Self-consciousness is certainly one of the vices of the age, but I believe that we shall find, if we ask, many of these "correspondents" of tender years doing it more for the fun of the thing and to see what kind of answer or criticism they will get, than from mere reflection of grown-up posing. A diary is dangerous stuff maybe in some hands; too many diaries have been carefully compiled with a view to the public. But still, the habit of methodical statement of important facts and ideas might not come amiss to certain children, and even insure a love and affinity for system, concentration and accuracy. So that I think a good deal of "smart" nonsense is being written about the unfortunate children who, subscribing to a child's paper and being asked to write little letters or essays upon simple themes, have done so from purely innocent reasons—grossly misunderstood. The labour of composition is usually very great in childhood. I have vivid recollections of the first letter I had to write. I may have scribbled letters before, but they were not officially commanded. This one, which I had to write, cost me tears and a full hour's vacant, helpless staring at the blank paper. Years have passed since then, but I still suffer from many a *mauvais quart d'heure* when called upon to write letters. Perhaps if in early youth I had corresponded with *Babyland* or *St. Nicholas*, this would not be the case.

In going about the world it is impossible not to see that there is a kind of infallible pope set up in many families who is none other than the family doctor. The family lawyer is, by comparison, an uninteresting and fossil sort of being, especially to women and children. But the doctor is Sir Oracle and all Molière's gibes against his order are forgotten or unknown. They are human, nevertheless. The public itself compels the doctors to have more than a touch of humbug about them. Bread pills and coloured water have frequently been reverted to by physicians desirous of ascertaining the real facts of a case. This in itself is deceit, but in the interests of science, quite legitimate. The patient who calls in a doctor thinks nothing of him unless he will physic his *dura ilia* very stiffly then and there; and the more thorough he is and the more careful and scientific in his diagnosis, the more likely he is to be set down as not knowing his business. If every great orator is formed at the expense of his hearers, it will not be too much to say that most great

doctors are formed at the expense of their patients. There are many anecdotes of negligence, absence of mind and inaccuracy which would almost frighten one into never sending for a doctor. Sir Astley Cooper once owned that his mistakes would fill a churchyard. Pleasant! The most finished and elegant doctors in the world are the

London men. In their close dark green broughams, in their richly-appointed waiting-rooms, in their correct tall hats and superb equanimity of demeanour they are a splendid class of professional men. A writer once confessed that a certain famous London practitioner called down to the country, travelled the eight miles, examined the patient for eight minutes and took his eight guineas. The elaborate and learned opinion which he gave on that occasion turned out to be completely wrong. With regard to stimulants alone, did you ever know two doctors agree?

If Florence enjoys the title of Winter City, Toronto may safely be called a Summer City of safe delights and cool pleasures. She has immunity from all extremes and is the care of some lucky star.

TOO SOON.

Your lips, all eloquent with love,
Breathed passion in my soul,
Your face with innocence divine
Beamed, and I bowed before your shrine,
And lost my heart's control.

Oh, darling, lips can never tell
How warm my passion grew;
Heaven knows, and Heaven alone can know,
That never mortal here below
Received such love as you.

Too soon, my sweet, the parting came,
Ere Love had reached its noon.
Too soon! Alas, the future days
Will teach our hearts in divers ways
We met to part too soon.

ARTHUR THOMPSON.

Brandon, Man.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE CANADIAN QUESTION.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—Your two politicians militant, Mr. Longley and Mr. Lawder, make a very pretty fight, in your number for the 15th instant, over the merits and demerits of Sir John C. Abbott's Government. Mr. Longley supports the opinion I expressed in my letter to you of the 3rd May last—"that much of the bribery, boodling and corruption, of which each of our great parties accuses the other, is due to the laxity of public opinion on these subjects," and would soon cease if society would brand them as disgraceful and those guilty of them as unfit to associate with gentlemen, as it does those guilty of the offences he mentions. I still hold the opinions expressed in my last letter, as fully as Mr. Longley does; and I agree with him in his indignant denunciation of gerrymandering. But I hold, with Mr. Lawder, that Mr. Longley is wrong in his violent attack on the National Policy, and in attributing the small increase in our population to it, and think Mr. Lawder's view far more reasonable. Nor does the smallness of the said increase seem to me so terrible as many deem it. Dr. Johnson complained rather ill-naturedly of the migration of the Scotch into England, but Scotland made no complaint about it; and in all ages the hardy inhabitants of the poorer countries, with less genial climates, have migrated largely into those more favoured by fortune and the sun. Canada may be considered as the Scotland of America, and her people may as naturally seek the richer country and milder climate south of them, as Dr. Johnson's Scotchmen did England, and they are made welcome for the same reasons. The Americans like them because they are hardy, frugal, industrious and intelligent, and, perhaps, a trifle more *biddable* than the natives, as having our touch of reverence for those in authority over them, which the natives sometimes lack; and this liking on the part of our good neighbours is a compliment to Canada, and so is their desire that she should become one of the stars in their banners, and she cannot but take both in good part, though she would resent compulsion in any shape, and objects to being *wooded* after the fashion adopted by the Romans towards the Sabine ladies. And as regards immigrants coming through or from the States, we must not forget that although we believe with Dr. Bourinot, and for the excellent reasons he gives us, that our form of Government is by far the best, Americans do not altogether share our belief that there are Wimanites even in our midst, and that the working men of Europe are not unanimous as to the great advantage of kings and lords over presidents and congresses, and when we have taken these points into consideration we may perhaps conclude that we have not done so badly as our pessimists assert.

Ottawa, July 18, 1892.

W.

ART NOTES.

THE painters of the fifteenth century are the most permanently interesting, the most truly national and the most completely satisfying of all the Flemish masters. In spite of the difference of their manner and genius, they present an ensemble of common qualities. Their painting, proceeding from miniature and illumination, is very fine in technique, very dainty, very delicate in detail, executed with light touches, severely precise drawing and infinite care. They are lovers of the beauty of nature, exquisite analysts, composed of sweet harmonies that have the charm of music, poets full of measure and discretion, who never allow mere bluster to interfere with the tranquil splendour of their mystic dream. Thus their art contrasts singularly with the seventeenth century, which was manifested in a series of theatrical and often blatant compositions, conceived with a view of the general effect, and proceeding by means of large patches of colour, violent movement, vibrating passion and often complete indifference as to details. This art—ostentatious, idealist in a materialist sense, and always on the verge at least of vulgarity—is diametrically opposed to the tender, mystic, naive, and yet most erudite and accomplished art of the earlier masters. It is a new art due to the appropriation of the taste for vast ensembles, strongly accentuated expression and boldly contrasted or blended colours, and in general of the passionate and elegant manner of the Italian masters who were famous and fashionable in the sixteenth century. After Quentin Metsys, the influence of Italy became predominant in Flemish art. By their commerce, by the Austrian dynasty, and by the very force of neighbourhood and cotermporaneity, the Flemish towns became familiar with the tastes and the products of the precocious and stupendously intelligent civilization of Italy. In ideas, in intellectual direction, in literature and in art the Italian Renaissance was puissant beyond comparison. At the end of the great fifteenth century the renown and influence of Italian taste, learning and culture were irresistible, and at the beginning of the sixteenth century the Flemish painters began to go to Florence and Rome to take lessons in art. This was the beginning of the end. Jean de Mabuse was the first to introduce Italian style into the old Flemish; Bernard van Orley and Mostert followed his example; and the period of imitation continued; until at one time it appeared as if Flemish art were destined to disappear and to effect its own suppression, in order to leave the ground clear for Italian art. However, the national Flemish genius subsisted always, although more or less latent. In the midst of all the insipid imitation of the Italian masters of the decadence, the Flemish painters retained certain national talents intact. Mostert, Mabuse, the two Pourbus, Antonis Moor, De Key, Mierevelt and Moreelse painted admirable portraits. On the other hand, *genre*, landscape and interior painting acquired a distinct and reasonable existence. Thus the national instincts persisted in spite of foreign fashions; their development was spontaneous and regular; and when the great political shock of the war of independence, begun in 1572, split the Flemish nation into two, forming, on the one hand, Protestant and republican Holland, and on the other, Catholic and legitimist Belgium, the artistic spirit became duplicated without difficulty or harm, and Antwerp and Amsterdam formed the centres of the two currents, which were personified in the highest expression by Rubens and Rembrandt, both of them great painters, but neither of them having the incomparable charm of the truly original and strongly inventive painters of preceding ages. Of this new art, consisting in the fusion of Flemish sensual realism and Italian passion, the highest expression is the work of Rubens (1567-1640). The exuberant temperament of Rubens, the stupendous animality of the man, the immensity of his genius, his prodigious facility, his incomparable great production, are marvellous phenomena, without precedent or parallel in the history of art.—Theodore Child, in *Harper's Weekly*.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

SIMS REEVES has been appointed chief professor of singing at the London Guildhall School of Music.

To the deaths in indigence of once famous singers has to be added that of Madame Rossi Caccia, who died about a fortnight since in extreme poverty. She was at one period a great favourite in Continental cities; but, strange to say, her appearance in London in 1845 proved a distinct failure.

The illness of Richard Strauss, the talented composer and conductor, continues, and he has been obliged to return to Munich in charge of his relatives. In his place Dr. Karl Muck, of Prague, will act as conductor of the "Meistersinger" at Bayreuth. The illness of Strauss is very much deplored.

FERNAND STRAUSS, well known as an author and composer, died suddenly of heart failure at the country residence of Prof. Alexander Hermann, Whitestone, L. I., recently. For many years Professor Strauss was connected with the leading theatres of France. He was a member of the Legion of Honour, and at one time was secretary to Emperor Napoleon III. For the last six years he acted as secretary to Professor Herrmann. He was born at Nice in 1823. He leaves a widow and daughter, who are in Paris.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

FIFTY POUNDS FOR A WIFE. By A. L. Glyn. New York: Henry Holt and Company. 50 cents.

A somewhat haughty story, very full of deep-laid villainous plots and designs, all happily frustrated in the end. An enthusiastic and philanthropic young man, Gerald Daubeny, rescues the heroine when a child from her brutal father by paying fifty pounds for her. After being tenderly brought up by her new friends, Winnifred's cruel parent reappears on the scene when she is at a marriageable age and obtains possession of her. She is brought through trials sufficient to kill half a dozen ordinary girls, and is once more restored to her friends by the extraordinary fact being brought to light that her tormentor is not her father after all—the real parent arriving most opportunely from Australia. Again among her friends, one would think that the poor girl might be allowed to marry her guardian in peace and quietness, but an anti-climax is reached, as the readers of this not uninteresting but decidedly sensational story will discover.

THE HAUNTED POOL (LA MARE AU DIABLE). By George Sand. Translated by Frank Hunter Potter, illustrated with fourteen etchings by Rudeaux. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company; Toronto: Hart and Riddell.

In beautiful type on beautiful paper this exquisite prose pastoral of George Sand's is made accessible to the English reader. Much thanks are due the translator, the illustrator, and the publishers for thus putting into such attractive form a little work which by its simple depiction of simple manners must and will serve as excellent antidote to many a sensational production of the modern press. It is a peculiarly opportune moment for the issue of this favourite little work of Mme. Dudevant's. And the fact that it has been issued, and issued in so taking a form, may perhaps be interpreted as showing that the taste of readers has not been altogether vitiated by the plethora of writings of a totally different stamp which weekly by hundreds everywhere make their appearance. To comment on *La Mare au Diable* as a portion of French literature is, at this date, of course wholly superfluous. We can only express pleasure at its reappearance in English in the attractive dress the publishers have designed for it.

THE GOVERNOR AND OTHER STORIES. By George A. Hibbard. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Toronto: Rev. Wm. Briggs. 1892.

Mr. Hibbard presents the reading public with six short stories in this quiet readable volume. Perhaps the opening story, which begins the title of the book, may be called the strongest of the collection which includes as well "A Deadless Drama"; "As the Sparks Fly Upward"; "A Matter of Fact"; "A Fresh Water Romance"; and "The End of the Beginning." There is an air of realism in the story of "The Governor" which sets before us the hard resolute figure of "the Governor of a pivotal state" who after a life of inordinate money-making and political success takes his first holiday "in forty years." An unmarried man, he visits his early home alone and without ceremony. Arrives there he becomes the guest of the rival and object of his envy in boyish days whose wife was his early and only love. The home of his host Joliffe is the scene of busy preparations for the marriage of Joliffe's eldest daughter. The part played by the Governor in this festive scene, the solemn reflections which it suggests to him and his tragic exit from the story are by no means badly told. The style of the writer is ambitious, his description at times exaggerated, but his stories are by no means unpleasant reading and they will be found soothing, if not exhilarating, during the hot weather.

A MONOGRAPH ON PRIVATELY ILLUSTRATED BOOKS: A PLEA FOR BIBLIOMANIA. By Daniel M. Tredwell, Lincoln Road, Flatbush, Long Island. Privately Printed. 1892.

This handsome five-hundred-paged octavo is in many ways a curiosity, but, we hasten to say, a curiosity well worth both possession and perusal. In typography, paper, and binding it is in appearance one of the chastest books we have seen for many a long day—after all it is the true bibliophile who manifests the best taste in such matters, and Mr. Daniel Tredwell is no exception to the rule. His work originated, he tells us, in a lecture delivered before the Rembrandt Club of Brooklyn in 1880. But the lecture furnishes only the initiatory chapter, to such dimensions did the work grow. Mr. Tredwell's method was to visit as many collections of books as was possible, only relying upon second-hand information when his own personal observation was out of the question. In his descriptions of libraries and of individual books there are scattered stores of knowledge of all descriptions; and what with the numerous notes, anecdotes, quotations, and portions of historic, bibliolatrous, narrative, and other matter, this monograph is a highly fascinating work. Even the style in which it is written is curiously attractive: it makes no attempt at correctness or felicity of diction: Mr. Tredwell passes from the first person singular to the first person plural in contiguous sentences with the utmost nonchalance; coins words *ad libitum*; cares nothing for the strictures of the purist; and indeed pursues his course independent of any hard and fast rules of literary accuracy. And naturally, where the

graces of scriptorial art are neither required nor sought for, this method, containing as it does a flavour of the careless ease of one whose thoughts are wholly taken up with his own hobby, and to whom, therefore, much is forgiven, forms an added charm rather than a detracting blemish. A thoroughly useful and practical feature of Mr. Tredwell's book is seen in the copious alphabetical lists of names and of books mentioned in the text. Though privately printed, the work is procurable, and every librarian, and indeed every lover of books, should put himself in possession of a copy. And to such as are not readers, but merely collectors, of books, Mr. Tredwell's monograph can be heartily recommended, not only because it deals with an interesting feature of bibliothecal history, but because it will be an ornament to any shelves—no small matter, as every bibliophile will grant.

THE *Bookman* for July has a number of interesting notes; two poems; an interesting instalment of the Carlyle sketches—this one dealing with "Emerson in England"; portraits of Augustine Birrell and Hall Caine, with accompanying articles on the one by William Watson and on the other by Raymond Blathwoyt. The usual departments are well filled.

THE *Illustrated London News* celebrates its jubilee in a manner worthy of the occasion. "Peer and Heiress," by Walter Besant, is a charming story. A. Conner Doyle contributes an interesting tale entitled "A Question of Diplomacy." The number is in all respects an excellent issue, the coloured plates "Who Are You"; "My Pretty Maid"; "Violets"; and "An April Fool," are quite captivating.

W. S. CAINE, M.P., continues his interesting work entitled "India; its Temples, its Palaces, and its People" in the July number of the *Methodist Magazine*. Amy Parkinson contributes some good lines under the title of "Best." C. B. Adams writes on "A Recent Visit to Peking"; P. H. Burton on "Co-operative Industry." The serial "A Woman's Fight With the Monster," by Julia McNair Wright, is continued in this issue. "Miracles of Missions," by Arthur T. Pierson, brings a very fair number of the *Methodist Magazine* to a close.

Poet Lore devotes its first article to Shelley, and in "Shelley's Faith: its Development and Relativity," Kinton Parkes shows that this great poet was something more than what men are accustomed to call an "atheist." William G. Kingsford comes next with "Shelley's Letters to Elizabeth Hitchener," and is followed by G. W. Alger's "In Memoriam Shelley, 1792-1892." This number also contains the last acts of "A Glove," a prose drama by Björnstjerne Björnson, while "Early Mutilators of Shakespeare," by Prof. William H. Hudson, is a paper of real interest to Shakespearian students.

THE *Magazine of Poetry* opens with a portrait of Charles Warren Stoddard, and a sketch of this gentleman from the pen of Nellie Leila Michel. T. A. H. Eyles writes a short notice on that well-known *littérateur*, Mr. Edmund Gosse. Hon. Horace P. Biddle is taken up by Eva Peters Reynolds, while John D. Ross gives a short biography of Alexander McLachlan, so well known in Canada, and who came out to farm in this country fifty-two years ago. George R. Cathcart brings the series to a close with the well-written review of Oliver Wendell Holmes' poetry. The number is well illustrated.

Blackwood's for July opens with "The Prospective Decline of Lancashire," by W. A. Abram; Andrew Lang follows with "The Jacobite Lord Ailesbury." "Why was Lord Ailesbury a Jacobite?" asks Andrew Lang, and then he answers his own question. "He was loyal, as Falstaff was cowardly, 'on instinct'—by sheer force of sentiment, of that sentiment which history can scarcely destroy, which yet wins our hearts, if not our heads, to the forlorn cause—the impossible, undesirable venture—the cause of the White Rose." The author of "Scenes From the Silent World" writes a paper entitled "The Treatment of Criminals in Modern Greece," in which he alludes to the fact that England might learn a lesson even from modern Greece. "Diana: The History of a Great Mistake" is concluded in this number. H. O. Forbes, F.R.G.S., A.L.S., contributes an interesting paper on "British New Guinea as a Colony."

THE word "Ethics" to-day covers large ground, and the *International Journal of Ethics* takes excellent advantage of the fact. The July number, for example, contains articles—and admirable ones—upon such subjects as "What Should be the Attitude of the Pulpit to the Labour Problem?" "Machiarelli's Prince," the "Ethics of the Jewish Question," "An Analysis of the Idea of Obligation," together with criticisms of such books as Rae's "Contemporary Socialism," Mr. Henry George's "The Condition of Labour," Guyan's "L'Art au Point de vue Sociologique," Mr. Knight's "The Philosophy of the Beautiful," Schultze's "Das Christenthum Christi und die Religion der Liebe." It would be interesting to discuss at length some of the topics here handled, but space forbids. Mr. Zeublin's article on the Jewish question, however, claims a word. His object is to "show the irresponsibility of the Jew for his 'peculiarities.'" What Mr. Zeublin means by "irresponsible" here is that the peculiarities of the Jew are accretions formed by environment, and the writer traverses all history to prove his point. But surely the peculiarities are anterior to history.

LITERARY AND PERSONAL GOSSIP.

SHELLEY was expelled from Oxford in 1811. The literary world is wondering if the coming centenary of the poet's birth, next month, will be honoured by the University.

A WORK on which Count Tolstoi is now engaged is called "War and Government." He contends that "war between nations is ridiculous and illogical."

MR. WALTER BESANT has written about an out-of-the-way London "Riverside Parish" for "The Poor in Great Cities" series in the August *Scribner*. The very numerous illustrations are by Hugh Thomson, and are studies from life.

MR. W. M. KINGSFORD, the well-known historian, will shortly issue a volume on the early Bibliography of the Province of Ontario. The book will be of special interest, as this year is the centennial of representative government in Canada.

MESSRS. WORTHINGTON COMPANY, 747 Broadway, New York, announce for immediate publication as No. 28 in their International Library "The Heiress," by Henri Greville; translated by Emma C. Hewitt and Julien Colmar. The same firm also announce as No. 2 in their Fair Library "The Hand of Destiny," by Ossip Schubin; translated by Mary A. Robinson.

A CURIOUS book, in which the text is neither written nor printed, but woven, has lately been published at Lyons. It is made of silk, and was published in twenty-five parts. Each part consists of two leaves, so that the entire volume contains only fifty leaves, inscribed with the service of the mass and several prayers. Both the letters and the border are in black silk on a white background.—*Boston Globe*.

THE *Midsummer Holiday Century* will contain a story by Honoré Beaugrand, of Montreal, founded upon a popular superstition among the voyageurs in the North-West. M. Beaugrand has made a special study of the folk-lore of Canada, and is now president of the Montreal branch of the American Folk-lore Society. He is the editor of *La Patrie*, the leading Liberal French paper, and a strong advocate of annexation. He is a member of the Canadian Parliament and ex mayor of Montreal.

MAURICE DE GUÉRIN'S beautiful prose poem "The Centaur," which Matthew Arnold introduced to the English-reading public a number of years ago in a delightful essay on Eugénie and Maurice de Guérin, appears in a complete and charming English version in the fiction number (August) of *Scribner's*. The translation and the introduction, which gives an outline of the brief life of the author, are by Mrs. James T. Fields. The illustrations, sure to attract special attention, are by C. Delort, the famous French painter.

MR. JAMES BAIN, Public Librarian, Toronto, we are pleased to observe, has been appointed a member of the International Committee of the American Library Association for the World's Fair at Chicago. The committee is organized for the purpose of securing the co-operation of foreign libraries in the exhibit at Chicago. The committee now stands: England, Justin Winsor; Canada, James Bain; Italy, Horace Kephart; Germany, C. H. Hull; France, Belgium and Holland, E. C. Richardson; Scandinavia, Torwald Solberg. Australia is yet to have a representative appointed.

A WEALTHY member of the Parliament of Hungary has set aside 150,000 gulden, the income from which, together with a handsome villa in Budapesth, is to be the property of the "best living Hungarian author" until his death, when the jury selected for that purpose will decide upon his successor. It is generally understood that the donor has taken this delicate way of making Moritz Yokai, the Hungarian poet, historian and statesman, comfortable for his remaining days, as there is not the least doubt that he will be the first one to benefit by this gift.

VICOMTE DE GROUCHY, formerly a member of the diplomatic corps of France, while examining the papers of a dead notary in Paris recently, found some valuable documents relating to Racine. The documents give new information regarding the poet's private life, his fortune and his library. They show that, contrary to general belief, Racine possessed a comfortable fortune. Among other things it was found that he had once loaned 20,000 francs to an impecunious prince. The papers contain a list of many books possessed by the author at the time of his death, but strange to say this list does not include a single copy of his own works. It is also said that the papers describe the house where Racine lived; something that it has been impossible to discover heretofore. The Vicomte will publish the interesting documents as soon as possible.—*New York Tribune*.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

- Burgess, Edwin H. Loyalty. 25c. New York: Anson D. F. Randolph & Co.
- Longfellow, Henry Wadsworth. Evangeline. New York: Jno. B. Alden.
- Pierson, Arthur T. The Heart of the Gospel. New York: The Baker & Taylor Co.
- Swan, Annie S. A Bachelor in Search of a Wife. Edinburgh: Olliphant, Anderson & Ferrier; Toronto: Wm. Briggs.

THE PACE THAT DOES NOT KILL.

If you want to keep pace with the crowd you must take a summer holiday. The inhabitants of Toronto are singularly fortunate in the facilities which they have at command to enjoy the advantages of travel made easy. Since the Canadian Pacific Railway entered the city absolutely nothing now is impossible. Possibly one of the most fascinating trips within the history of modern times is that which is now offered Toronto residents. It is a combination of railway and river travel which fairly baffles description. This refers to the tour through the White Mountains to the sea by way of Ottawa or Kingston. Every day trains leave Toronto at 8 a.m. and 9 p.m., with through sleepers attached to the latter, for Ottawa and Kingston direct. To those via Ottawa a charming sail down the Ottawa River is at their option. We could spend the remainder of space at our disposal describing the many points of interest, but abler pens than ours have done this before, and we will content ourselves with saying that there are few finer river sails in the world, both for scenery and enjoyment. The route via Kingston and the St. Lawrence is also well known, and as the boat passes through the Thousand Isles, past the famous shooting and fishing resorts of Clayton and Alexandria Bay to Brockville, Prescott and down the various rapids to the mighty city of Montreal, loud and long are the words of praise of this magnificent trip. But Montreal is not the final destination, and a still further panorama is unfolded to the tourist's gaze, for the Canadian Pacific Railway service is so arranged as to afford a daylight view of the magnificent White Mountain scenery. In fact every person travelling this route is thoroughly charmed with it. The enterprise of the Canadian Pacific Railway has brought it to its present state of perfection, and if you would share in the delights call on Mr. Callaway at the corner of King and Yonge Streets.

CHARACTERISTICS of Hood's Sarsaparilla: The largest sale, the most merit, the greatest cures. Try it, and realize its benefits.

MIGRATORY birds do not cross the Mediterranean at its narrowest point, but an examination of the point where they do cross has proved that this was at one time the narrowest part of the sea, thus showing the strength of inherited customs.

THE GENUINE MERIT of Hood's Sarsaparilla wins friends wherever it is fairly and honestly tried. Its proprietors are highly gratified at the letters which come entirely unsolicited from men and women in the learned professions warmly commending Hood's Sarsaparilla for what it has done for them.

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

"August Flower"

How does he feel?—He feels blue, a deep, dark, unfeeling, dyed-in-the-wool, eternal blue, and he makes everybody feel the same way—**August Flower the Remedy.**

How does he feel?—He feels a headache, generally dull and constant, but sometimes excruciating—**August Flower the Remedy.**

How does he feel?—He feels a violent hiccoughing or jumping of the stomach after a meal, raising bitter-tasting matter or what he has eaten or drunk—**August Flower the Remedy.**

How does he feel?—He feels the gradual decay of vital power; he feels miserable, melancholy, hopeless, and longs for death and peace—**August Flower the Remedy.**

How does he feel?—He feels so full after eating a meal that he can hardly walk—**August Flower the Remedy.**

G. G. GREEN, Sole Manufacturer,
Woodbury, New Jersey, U. S. A.

Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere.

AN OAKVILLE MIRACLE.

THE REMARKABLE CASE OF MR. JOHN W. CONDOR.

A Helpless Cripple for Years—Treated by the Staff of the Toronto General Hospital and Discharged as Incurable—The Story of his Miraculous Recovery as Investigated by an Empire Reporter.

Toronto Empire.

For more than a year past the readers of the *Empire* have been given the particulars of some of the most remarkable cures of the 19th century, all, or nearly all of them, in cases hitherto held by the most advanced medical scientists to be incurable. The particulars of these cases were vouched for by such leading newspapers as the *Hamilton Spectator* and *Times*, the *Halifax Herald*, *Toronto Globe*, *Le Monde*, *Montreal*; *Detroit News*, *Albany, N.Y., Journal*; *Albany Express* and others, whose reputation placed beyond question the statements made.

Recently rumours have been afloat of a remarkable case in the pretty little town of Oakville, of a young man recovering after years of helplessness and agony. The *Empire* determined to subject the case to the most rigid investigation, and accordingly detailed one of our best reporters to make a thorough and impartial investigation into the case. Acting upon these instructions our reporter went to Oakville, and called upon Mr. John W. Condor (who it was had so miraculously recovered), and had not long been in conversation with him when he was convinced that the statements made were not only true, but that "the half had not been told." The reporter found Mr. Condor at work in one of the heaviest departments of the Oakville Basket Factory, and was surprised, in the face of what he knew of the case, to be confronted by a strapping young fellow of good physique, ruddy countenance and buoyant bearing. This now ragged young man was he who had spent a great part of his days upon a sick-bed, suffering almost untold agony. When the *Empire* representative announced the purpose of his visit Mr. Condor cheerfully volunteered a statement of his case for the benefit of other sufferers. "I am," said Mr. Condor, "an Englishman by birth, and came to this country with my parents when nine years of age, and at that time was as rugged and healthy as any boy of my age. I am now 29 years of age, and it was when about 14 years old that the first twinges of inflammatory rheumatism came upon me, and during the fifteen years that intervened between that time and my recovery a few months ago, tongue can hardly tell how much I suffered. My trouble was brought on, I think, through too frequent bathing in the cold lake water. The joints of my body began to swell, the cords of my legs to tighten, and the muscles of my limbs to contract. I became a helpless cripple, confined to bed, and for three months did not leave my room. The doctor who was called in administered preparations of iodide of potassium and other remedies without any material beneficial effect. After some months of suffering I became strong enough to leave the bed but my limbs were stiffened and I was unfitted for any active vocation. I was then hampered more or less for the following nine years, when I was again forced to take to my bed. This attack was in 1886, and was a great deal more severe than the first. My feet, ankles, knees, legs, arms, shoulders and in fact all parts of my frame were affected. My joints and muscles became badly swollen, and the disease even reached my head. My face swelled to a great size. I was unable to open my mouth, my jaws being fixed together. I, of course, could eat nothing. My teeth were pried apart and liquid food poured down my throat. I lost my voice, and could only speak in husky whispers. Really, I am unable to describe the state I was in during those long, weary months. With my swollen limbs drawn by the tightening cords up to my emaciated body, and my whole frame twisted and contorted into indescribable shapes, I was nothing more than a deformed skeleton. For three long, weary months I was confined to bed, after which I was able to get up, but was a complete physical wreck, hobbling around on crutches a helpless cripple. My sufferings were continually intense, and frequently when I would be hobbling along the street I would be seized with a paroxysm of pain and would fall unconscious to the ground. During all this time I had the constant attendance of medical men, but their remedies were unavailing. All they could do was to try to build up my system by the use of tonics. In the fall of 1889 and spring of 1890 I again suffered intensely severe attacks, and at last my medical attendant, as a last resort, ordered me to the Toronto General Hospital. I entered the hospital on June 20th, 1890, and remained there until September 20th of the same year. But, notwithstanding all the care and attention bestowed upon me while in this institution, no improvement was noticeable in my condition. After using almost every available remedy the hospital doctors—of whom there was about a dozen—came to the conclusion that my case was incurable, and I was sent away, with the understanding that I might remain an outside patient. Accordingly from September, 1890, to the end of January, 1891, I went to the hospital once a week for examination and treatment. At this stage I became suddenly worse, and once more gained admission to the hospital, where I lay in a miserable suffering condition for two months or more. In the spring of 1891 I returned to Oakville, and made an attempt to do something toward my own support. I was given light work in the basket factory, but had to be conveyed to and from my place of labour in a buggy and carried from the rig to a table in the works on which I sat and performed my work. In August, 1891, I was again stricken down, and remained in an utterly helpless condition until January, 1892. At this time Mr. James, a local druggist, strongly urged me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. I was prejudiced against proprietary medicines, as I had spent nearly all I possessed on numerous highly recommended so-called remedies. I had taken

into my system large quantities of different family medicines. I had exhausted the list of liniments, but all in vain, and I was therefore reluctant to take Mr. James' advice. I, however, saw several strong testimonials as to the value of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills as a blood builder and nerve tonic, and thinking that if I could only get my blood in better condition my general state of health might be improved, I resolved to give Pink Pills a trial. With the courage born of despair I bought a box, but there was no noticeable improvement, and I thought this was like the other remedies I had used. But urged on by friends I continued taking Pink Pills, and after using seven boxes I was rewarded by noticing a decided change for the better. My appetite returned, my spirits began to rise and I had a little freer use of my muscles and limbs, the old troublesome swellings subsiding. I continued the remedy until I had used twenty-five boxes when I left off. By this time I had taken on considerable flesh, and weighed as much as 160 pounds. This was a gain of sixty pounds in a few weeks. My joints assumed their normal size, my muscles became firmer, and in fact I was a new man. By April I was able to go to work in the basket factory, and now I can work ten hours a day with any man. I often stay on duty overtime without feeling any bad effects. I play baseball in the evenings and can run bases with any of the boys. Why I feel like dancing for very joy at the relief from abject misery I suffered so long. Many a time I prayed for death to release me from my sufferings, but now that is all gone and I enjoy health as only he can who suffered agony for years. I have given you a brief outline of my sufferings, but from what I have told you can guess the depth of my gratitude for the great remedy which has restored me to health and strength."

Wishing to substantiate the truth of Mr. Condor's remarkable story the *Empire* representative called upon Mr. F. W. James, the Oakville druggist referred to above. Mr. James fully corroborated the statements of Mr. Condor. When the latter had first taken Dr. Williams' Pink Pills he was a mere skeleton—a wreck of humanity. The people of the town had long given him up for as good as dead, and would hardly believe the man's recovery until they saw him themselves. The fame of this cure is now spread throughout the section and the result is an enormous sale of Pink Pills. "I sell a dozen-and-a-half boxes of Pink Pills every day," said Mr. James, "and this is remarkable in a town the size of Oakville. And better still they give perfect satisfaction." Mr. James recalled numerous instances of remarkable cures after other remedies had failed. Mr. John Robertson, who lives midway between Oakville and Milton, who had been troubled with asthma and bronchitis for about fifteen years, has been cured by the use of Pink Pills, and this after physicians had told him there was no use doctoring further. Mr. Robertson says his appetite had failed completely, but after taking seven boxes of Pink Pills he was ready and waiting for each meal. He regards his case as a remarkable one. In fact Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are recognized as one of the greatest modern medicines—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 resulting therefrom, diseases depending upon humours in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. Pink Pills restore pale and sallow complexions to the glow of health, and are a specific for all the troubles peculiar to the female sex, while in the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of whatever nature.

The *Empire* reporter also called upon Mr. J. C. Ford, proprietor of the Oakville Basket Factory, in which Mr. Condor is employed, Mr. Ford said he knew of the pitiable condition Condor had been in for years, and he had thought he would never recover. The cure was evidently a thorough one, for Condor worked steadily at heavy labour in the mills and apparently stood it as well as the rest of the employees. Mr. Ford said he thought a great deal of the young man and was pleased at his wondrous deliverance from the grave and his restoration to vigorous health.

In order to still further verify the statements made by Mr. Condor in the above interview, the reporter on his return to Toronto examined the General Hospital records, and found therein the entries fully bearing out all Mr. Condor had said, thus leaving no doubt that his case is one of the most remarkable on record, and all the more remarkable because it had baffled the skill of the best physicians in Toronto.

These pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N. Y., and are sold in boxes (never in loose form by the dozen or hundred, and the public are cautioned against numerous imitations sold in this shape) at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, and 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.

C. C. RICHARDS & Co.

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

Bridgewater, N.S.

THREE factories in the United States consume over 300,000,000 eggs per year in making albumen paper, extensively used in photography.



Mr. Joseph Hemmerich

An old soldier, came out of the War greatly enfeebled by **Typhoid Fever**, and after being in various hospitals the doctors discharged him as incurable with **Consumption**. He has been in poor health since, until he began to take

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Immediately his cough grew looser, night sweats ceased, and he regained good general health. He cordially recommends Hood's Sarsaparilla, especially to comrades in the **G. A. R.**

For the Blood.

"Having tried Hood's Sarsaparilla I wish to state that I have found it excellent. I have used about 4 bottles and have proved the virtue of it for the blood and appetite. I have found no equal to it and cheerfully recommend it to others." F. LOACH, Engineer for W. H. Banfield, No. 80 Wellington Street West, Toronto.

Hood's Pills cure Habitual Constipation by restoring peristaltic action of the alimentary canal.

AMONG the many popular routes for water excursions in the vicinity of Toronto, none have sprung so speedily into public recognition and approval as those traversed by the steamers *Garden City* and *Lakeside*. The former vessel is well adapted to the purposes for which it was constructed—the accommodations for excursionists are unexcelled—while the latter has long been recognized as a speedy, staunch and seaworthy craft. No person confined to the city during the summer months should fail to take a trip to either St. Catharines or Grimsby Park.

DRS. CANON AND PIELICKE, assistants in Berlin hospital, claim to have discovered the bacillus of measles. "The specific bacillus was found during all stages of the disease, but the greatest number appeared when the febrile process was over. To prove the existence and development of the bacilli cultures were made in the usual manner. The size of the micro-organisms is said to differ, sometimes being about one-half of the diameter of a blood corpuscle, and at other times resembling doubled micrococci. They were detected in fourteen consecutive cases of measles."

CHEAP RATES BY THE C.P.R.—Summer is now here and with it the usual cheap travelling facilities. Particularly is this noticeable in connection with the Canadian Pacific Railway. In order to afford best possible means for reaching the coast, a through sleeper to Old Orchard Beach and the Maine Coast is attached to the Canadian Pacific Railway Montreal express every Tuesday and Friday evening. A choice of routes to Montreal and Quebec is also offered, a sleeping car being run from Toronto to Kingston every evening except Sunday, making direct connection with the Richelieu and Ontario Navigation Company's St. Lawrence steamers.

DON'T LOSE THE BABY.—Every mother knows how critical a time the second summer is, and how many little ones die during that period from Summer Complaint, Dysentery, Diarrhoea and Cholera Morbus, and how anxiously she watches, day by day, lest the dread disease snatch away the loved ones! There is no disease that comes so suddenly, or is frequently so quickly fatal, as these Bowel Complaints, and in a large majority of cases doctors and medicines seem to be of no avail. There is, however, one remedy, which in forty years of trial has never been known to fail when taken according to printed directions, and this is PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER. It is so safe and sure that no mother is justified in being without it. A bottle in the house ready for sudden sickness will often save a life. You can get the new Big Bottle for 25c.

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, etc.