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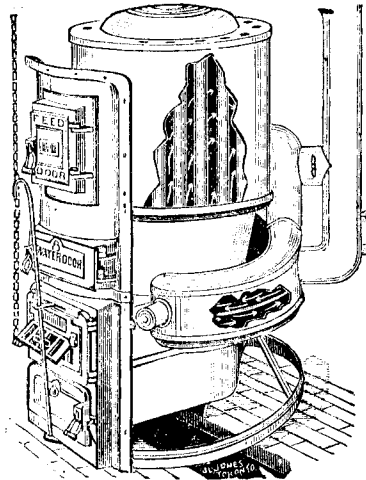
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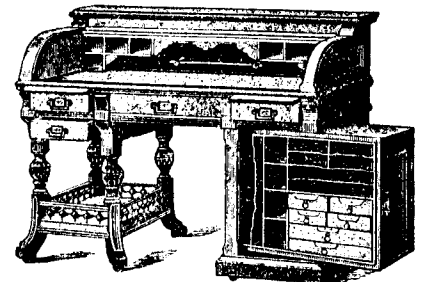
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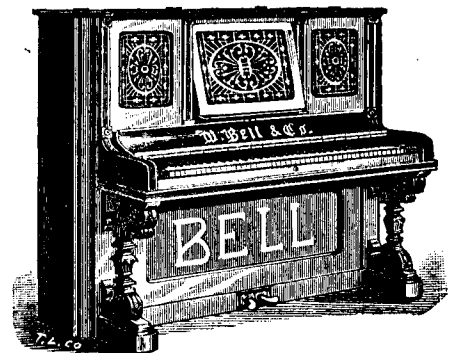
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All articles, contributions, and letters on matters pertaining to the editorial department should be addressed to the Editor, and not to any other person who may be supposed to be connected with the paper.

INCREDIBLE as such a supposition seemed before the event, the County of Lincoln has actually further disgraced itself and the Dominion by returning Mr. Rykert at the head of the poll. We are glad that the smallness of the majority marks the revolt of a large number of Conservatives against the outrage, and we sympathize with them in the chagrin and humiliation which the result must have caused them. But nothing can excuse the insensibility to moral considerations of those who have shown by their votes that in their view the lack of honour, honesty and truthfulness is no disqualification for the position of their representative in Parliament. The fact that the choice was between Mr. Rykert and a Liberal would scarcely have been a palliation of the offence against public decency even had the constituency been shut up to those alternatives. This it clearly was not, since a firm attitude on the part of a large majority of influential Conservatives at the outset would have compelled the retirement of the unworthy candidate. So far as we can see, the attempt to put the blame upon the Opposition is without reason, unless, indeed, as is alleged by some, their putting a candidate in the field was in violation of a promise expressed or implied. This seems very unlikely, as the Liberals could hardly be expected to deprive themselves of the opportunity of voting for a man of their own political faith in order to save the Conservatives from the necessity of re-electing a representative whose conduct had been declared by the unanimous voice of the Commons to be "discreditable, corrupt and scandalous." In the absence of better information it would be useless to speculate upon the character of the influences and agencies by which the result was brought about, though it seems impossible that they can have been of a legitimate kind. It may be hoped that the courts will be called on to investigate. Failing relief from that quarter, or the voluntary action of Mr. Rykert, it is pretty clear that Parliament can do no less than purge itself of the stain by prompt action at the earliest opportunity.

IT is fair to assume that the almost tumultuous outburst of popular feeling which greeted Mr. S. H. Blake's scathing reference to the Middleton affair, at the Pavilion meeting, was the spontaneous expression of honest indignation

at dishonesty and meanness in a public officer, rather than the offspring of any less worthy feeling. So regarded, the demonstration, however painful, was the outcome of a moral instinct which is healthy in itself and useful in its influence. The persons immediately affected would do well to heed it and learn how completely their usefulness in any public capacity is gone. It may seem hard that a single dishonourable act should thus count more with the public than years of faithful service, but no one can doubt that the popular impulse is right and wise. An occasional error in judgment, committed with honest intention, may be atoned for and forgotten, but a single lapse from the path of honour and rectitude for the sake of a petty, sordid gain is a permanent disqualification. This is nature's law, and though severe it is both just and salutary. Gen. Middleton denies, it appears, that he has any intention of resigning. If this, conjoined with the other fact that he has continued to address audiences, and perform various public functions as if nothing were wrong, indicates that he intends to brave public opinion and even take no notice of the verdict of the Commons, he is surely reckoning without his host. Neither the Government, Parliament nor the public can afford to have its judgments set aside in that high-handed fashion. It cannot be that the Imperial Government will come to the rescue with a sudden recall. A prompt resignation, accompanied with evidences of proper regret, might have left the Government free to consider what degree of leniency would consist with public duty. Cool disregard or disdain of Parliament leaves it no alternative, if it would not itself share the popular indignation. We spoke above of the "persons" concerned. We used the plural advisedly. It cannot be that Gen. Middleton is to be made the scape-goat for the sins of his accomplices. The Government which has, through Parliament and through the voice of its Premier, called him to account cannot pass by the cases of Mr. Hayter Reed and Mr. Benson, both of whom occupy positions of public trust which demand the strictest integrity and the most scrupulous sense of honour. Mr. Reed's position, in particular, is one of the last which should be left in the hands of any one whose reputation for delicate regard to the rights and property of those who may be to some extent in his power is not above suspicion. It is also a question whether the one who suggested and instigated the act of spoliation should not be held even more guilty than his fellows. The fact that the resignations of all three were not promptly placed in the hands of the Government is so surprising that nothing but stern action on the part of the latter can save it from a suspicion of connivance.

CANADIANS could not if they would, and would not if they could, refrain from sympathizing deeply with their brother-colonists in Newfoundland, in their present troubles. The Boards of Trade in the cities which have been visited by the Island delegates have but expressed the general feeling when they have strongly declared their earnest hope that the views of the Government and people of Newfoundland may prevail, and have adopted resolutions urging these views upon the attention of the British Government. Our readers are, no doubt, familiar with the chief points of the dispute, and we need not recapitulate them. If we set out with the assumption that Newfoundland belongs to the Newfoundlanders, all the conclusions urged by the delegates follow as a matter of course. It seems intolerable that the people of the Island should not only be denied concurrent, not to say exclusive, rights in a large portion of the fisheries on their own coasts, but should be even debarred to a considerable extent from the use of their own shores. The trouble is that according to the claim resolutely and persistently urged by France and to some extent acquiesced in, either tacitly or temporarily, by the British Government, the Island as a whole does not belong to the people of the Island, but, so far as a considerable and valuable part of the coast waters and shores is concerned, to the Newfoundlanders and the French conjointly. As in the case of our own dispute with the United States, it is a question of the interpretation of an old treaty, in the light of subsequent modifications and agreements. It is, of course, very easy and very natural for the Government and people of the Island to deny that these documents can have the meaning

claimed, when that claim deprives them both of ordinary territorial rights and of the means of livelihood nature has provided for them. But the Frenchmen stand upon their bond and that bond as contained in the declaration made by Great Britain in 1783, and re-established in 1814, unhappily goes far to sustain some of the French contentions. It provided, for instance, that the King of Great Britain should take measures "for preventing his subjects from interrupting in any manner, by their competition, the fishery of the French during the temporary exercise of it which is granted them upon the coasts of the Island; but he will, for this purpose, cause the fixed settlements which shall be formed there to be removed." There is also a complication arising out of the more recently established lobster fishing, the question being whether the fishing privileges conceded in the old treaties are fairly construed as covering the lobster business, which was not then in existence. Even this question, as will be seen on a little impartial reflection, is not so easily settled against the French claim as the Newfoundlander naturally supposes. But whatever doubts may exist as to the fair interpretation of the treaties, no one can deny that the colonists were harshly and unfairly treated by the British Government when it concluded a *modus vivendi* with France, conceding temporarily about all that the French claim, not only without the consent but even without the knowledge of the Island Government. This took place, too, notwithstanding that in the Treaty of 1857 was a clause making the consent of the Newfoundland Legislature necessary to the operation of the Treaty. And even after that consent had been refused and the Treaty rendered inoperative in consequence, it was declared in an Imperial despatch, somewhat ambiguously, we admit, "that the consent of the community of Newfoundland is regarded by her Majesty's Government as the essential preliminary to any modification of their territorial or maritime rights." But while it must be admitted that it is not so easy for the British Government to accept and enforce the Colonial view as the people of the Island may think, it is evident that their situation is one of great hardship. Not only so, it is a situation full of the elements of danger. In the present mood of both the French and the Island fishermen, a collision may any day occur which may lead to the most serious consequences. In such circumstances it seems both the duty and the interest of the Mother Country to enter at once into negotiations, and to press them to an early conclusion, looking to a final adjustment of the whole question, on terms consistent with the full recognition of the territorial rights of Newfoundland.

IS it a necessary evil of the Party System that the champions of the respective parties must defend and even laud the mistakes and faults of their leaders, equally with their best qualities and achievements? It would almost seem so. Sir John A. Macdonald is popularly credited with having said, on a memorable occasion, that he would not give a fig for the friend who would stand by him only when he was right. The friends worth having were those who would stand by him when he was wrong. It is quite likely that Sir John may never have made such a statement thus baldly, but the story suggests not unfairly the attitude which even excellent men of strong partisan feeling sometimes assume in the heat of political controversy. An illustration was afforded in the course of Mr. S. H. Blake's powerful and eloquent defence of Mr. Mowat's administration, at the Pavilion meeting the other evening. Mr. Blake is a member of a profession which should, more than any other, develop the ability to see both sides of a question, albeit it unhappily fosters also the habit of presenting one side only in the strongest possible light. But as a man of eminence in the profession, who has had also the benefit of experience in a judicial capacity, Mr. Blake might have been expected to depart from the common order of the political harangue, and have given the local Government the benefit of a discriminating as well as a powerful advocacy. The opportunity was a fine one for so doing. Both Mr. Mowat's personal qualities and his long administrative record are of such a character as to make a strong and successful defence upon their merits easy. The inevitable faults which have to some extent



marred his career are comparatively so few and, for the most part, so venial, that in the hands of so skilful an advocate they might have been fairly admitted, without endangering the success of the argument, if they did not even serve as foils to set off the more strikingly the real merits of his administration. To our thinking the effectiveness of Mr. Blake's powerful speech would scarcely have been lessened, while an excellent moral impression might have been made, had the orator felt, as well he might, that he could afford to admit frankly that such incidents as, *e.g.*, the division of the Registry Office and the appointment to the Shrievalty, were the blemishes of weakness and fallibility cropping out in a strong and upright leader, and were really to be regretted as departures from the best principles and traditions of political Reform. Mr. Blake, in a more judicial mood, could hardly deny that the circumstances of the Toronto Registry were such as afforded an admirable opportunity to a brave leader to reform the bad and indefensible system which enables a Government to reward a partisan with an office in which the amount of fees collected from the public is out of all proportion to the services rendered. To have placed the Registry Office upon a business basis and to have saved to the public or the municipality the thousands of dollars now paid without an equivalent in services rendered, would have been an act worthy of a Liberal statesman. Still less defensible, as indeed Mr. Blake evidently felt, was the appointment of the Premier's own son to one of the most remunerative offices in the gifts of the Government. Mr. Blake knows well that *nepotism* is one of the abuses which has been most persistently, and with only too good reason, charged by Liberals against the Ottawa Government, though to Sir John A. Macdonald's credit it should be said that he himself has not used his patronage for the benefit of members of his own family. The thing is wrong in principle and demoralizing in practice, and it is greatly to be regretted that Mr. Mowat should, in a moment of weakness, have set an example which can always be quoted as an offset to any similar act of another administration. Would it not have been much better in its moral and political effect, and much more in keeping with Mr. Blake's own high standards of life and conduct, had he frankly refused to apologize for Mr. Mowat's blunder, and boldly enunciated the sound principle that a Cabinet Minister should in no case use his patronage for the enrichment of his family, instead of attempting a defence the weakness of which is transparent?

THE Report of the Royal Commission on the Mineral Resources of Ontario and measures for their development is a voluminous and valuable document. Though the time—two years—consumed in its preparation may have seemed long to those who were in haste to see the results and who had no definite idea of the magnitude of the undertaking, no one can examine the volume of nearly six hundred pages now given to the public without being rather disposed to wonder that so much has been accomplished in so short a period. Admiration is increased by a detailed examination of the work. Sessions of the Commission were, we are informed, held at thirty-seven different places in the Province, from Ottawa in the east to Rat Portage in the west. One hundred and sixty-four witnesses were examined under oath, including men of all classes, whose education, experience, and pursuits have been such as to give them a knowledge of the subject, theoretical or practical, in any of its branches, conditions or relations. Mines, mining locations and works in the vicinity of places where the Commission met were examined and careful enquiry made respecting them. Other important mining districts, both in Canada and in the adjoining States of the Union, as also some of the principal schools of mines in the United States, were visited, as were also the furnaces and steel works at Pittsburg, Pa.; Chattanooga, Tenn., and Birmingham, Alabama. The *data* of the report are, therefore, "original and historical." The Commission has not followed in the footsteps of others, but has pursued the course marked out for itself, and it professes to "present no inference, opinion or statement of fact which is not warranted by the evidence, the study and observation of its members, or the testimony of the highest authorities." Evidence was not before wanting that Ontario possesses great mineral wealth, but the authentic information on that score furnished by this Report will add very materially, and it may be hoped beneficially, to the sources of knowledge of all who may be interested in gaining accurate and reliable *data* for scientific or practical purposes. The mere enumeration of the varied forms and localities in

which Ontario's stores of natural wealth are distributed in the central, eastern, northern and western parts of the Province would require more space than we have at our disposal, while the fact still remains that many districts in the vast area of the Province, as now defined, have not yet been prospected at all, and it may therefore "be reasonably presumed that only an inconsiderable portion of our mineral wealth is yet known to us."

SHOULD anyone be led to fear from the general and somewhat comprehensive view of the subject-matter of this Report outlined in the foregoing paragraph, that the Commissioners have given us an undigested and possibly indigestible mass of unclassified material, he would be doing injustice to the ability and industry displayed. The Commission was happily so constituted that it was able at the outset so to arrange its plan of operations, and so to assign various parts of the work to members specially fitted by education and mental habit to do that special work, that the result is an orderly arrangement of topics and an admirably clear presentation of results. What could be better, for instance, than the assignment of the geological part of the work and the question of organizing a bureau of mines to Dr. Bell; detailed descriptions and maps of working mines and all matters which appertain to mining engineering, together with the founding of a geological and mineralogical museum, to Mr. William Hamilton Merritt; all questions of trade in mineral products, shipping facilities, and a general enquiry into the business features of the industry to the Chairman, Mr. Charlton; and matters pertaining to mining laws and regulations, the best means of promoting the metallurgic industry, the collection and publication of mining statistics, and technical instruction in its relation to mining and metallurgy, to the Secretary, Mr. Blue, the efficient head of the Ontario Bureau of Statistics? It is to the Secretary, we presume, that we are mainly indebted for the excellent arrangement and classification of the various subjects treated of in the volume. The easier and, if we mistake not, the more usual method in preparing such reports is simply to set down the evidence collected, from various sources, at various places, and in regard to the various subjects included in the reference, in the order in which such evidence was obtained, with or without a summary or digest of the whole by way of conclusion. Mr. Blue has adopted the more laborious, but more scientific and satisfactory method of arranging the information gained in regard to each particular subject under its appropriate head, following to some extent the division of work above indicated. Thus the reader interested in a particular class of minerals, as, for instance, building materials or copper and nickel, is not left under the necessity of going through the whole mass of evidence in order to pick out that which concerns his special enquiry. Great credit is, we are sure, due to all the members of the Commission, and to the Secretary in particular, in that they have not spared toil and pains in order to make their report a model in form, as well as a rich storehouse of information, as thoroughly sifted, and as complete and exhaustive as it could well be made at this stage of provincial development.

WHEN we turn to glance at the present state and prospects of the mining industry, as indicated by the Commissioners, we find, unhappily, much less reason for satisfaction. "The evidence that Ontario possesses great mineral wealth is," as the Report both says and shows, "abundant, and is constantly increasing." But notwithstanding the extent and variety of our mineral resources, the statistics and tables presented show conclusively that in Ontario, as in the other Provinces of the Dominion, the mining industry is making slow progress. There can be no doubt, we think, that Canada is relatively to population, not to say absolutely, richer in mineral resources, than the United States. But whereas the value of the metallic and non-metallic mineral products of the United States for the year 1887 was \$542,284,225, that of the same class of products in Canada for the same year was only \$11,896,793. That is, it was nearly four times greater in the former country than in the latter, per head of population. The main cause of this difference is not far to seek. It is the want of a sufficiently accessible market for the Canadian products. The population of Canada is quite too small to warrant the carrying on of the business on the scale necessary to the best results, while access to the markets of the United States, our chief customer, is artificially obstructed by fiscal restrictions. Apart from the vexed question as to whether there is any reasonable

ground to hope for the removal of those restrictions at an early day—a question on which the Commissioners do not, of course, touch—it only remained for them to enquire as to what can be wisely done, and in what directions, to foster and stimulate the development of our mineral resources. Notwithstanding the numerous complaints heard by the Commission respecting the mining laws of the Province, they do not find, on careful enquiry, that very radical changes are demanded. Some minor changes are indicated as desirable. The special claims of the prospector and the explorer for consideration at the hands of the Government are presented. Incidentally the great damage and danger to the forest wealth of the Province from the fires kindled by prospectors are pointed out, and the need of preventive measures urged. The necessity of providing for the health and safety of miners is recognized. Probably the most useful and hopeful suggestions which the Commission has to make are those which relate to the dependence of the growth and prosperity of the mining industry upon a knowledge of the best methods and processes, and the need of more adequate provision for scientific and practical instruction of Canadians in mining and metallurgy. The Commissioners recommend for this purpose the adoption of such a scheme as that which has been tried with gratifying results in New Zealand, and which is fully explained in an appendix. However inadequate, owing to causes beyond our control, the practical results of the labours of the Commission may be to give to the development of our mining and mineral resources such impetus as could be wished, there can hardly be a doubt that material benefits, ample to justify all the trouble and expense involved, must result from the enquiry, if the Report be followed by suitable action.

ARE we never to have an end of political scandals? One becomes disgusted and almost feels as if self-respect must suffer in handling such topics, yet they cannot be passed over in silence. They stand, unhappily, more closely related to our political well-being, than many a more agreeable theme. The latest, and that which bids fair to prove the worst, the Pacaud-Whelan affair, is full of mystery as well as of evident iniquity. The only thing that seems certainly known to the public is, that large sums of money have been paid by Mr. Whelan, and doubtless by others for corrupt purposes, and that at least \$10,000 of this money was given to Mr. Pacaud and handed by him to some unknown person, as a means of securing a certain award to Mr. Whelan. Whether the unknown was a friend of the Government or of the Opposition is not yet clear, though Mr. Pacaud solemnly avows the latter. The man who could consent to become the intermediary in such a transaction must not complain if his unsupported statements are accepted with reserve, especially in the face of the emphatic denial of the Opposition leaders. All parties, at least all whose consciences are clear, must be glad that Mr. Mercier has resolved to appoint a Commission to investigate the affair of the \$10,000. If, as Mr. Whelan loudly protests, and, as seems probable from other circumstances, Mr. Mercier had no knowledge of the transaction, he can well afford to make the enquiry thorough. It is highly desirable that it should also be made exhaustive, and not limited strictly to the affair of the \$10,000. It is pretty evident from the statements of Mr. Whelan and others that the transaction in which Mr. Pacaud figures has not even the questionable distinction of being a higher peak in a mountain chain of undeveloped rascalities, if we may borrow Sir Richard Cartwright's metaphor. We earnestly hope the exploration will be thorough, and that, to use a more familiar figure, the Commission will probe the shameful business to the very bottom. Meanwhile one lesson stands out upon the face of the scandal. The money paid as bribes was mainly for electioneering purposes. The lesson thus reiterated is the necessity of adopting that feature of the British law which strictly limits election expenditures and requires an authenticated statement of accounts. So long as unlimited sums may be received and expended on behalf of rival candidates, so long will corruption attend both the getting and the expending.

THE corporation of Trinity University, at a recent meeting, adopted a resolution protesting in vigorous terms against the re-establishment of the Medical Faculty of the Provincial University, as an act of injustice to all the independent medical colleges in the Province. The argument underlying the protest is that the Legislature of Canada having in 1853 abolished the medical department of the University on the express ground that it was not in

accordance with sound political economy for the Government to aid in educating men for lucrative professions, and various teaching medical corporations having since that date, and in consequence of that action, been established and equipped at great expense, and having attained to great efficiency and success, it is now unfair and unjust that the University of Toronto, sustained by public funds, should occupy the position of a body eagerly competing with the independent medical colleges which have thus been created. It is impossible to deny that there is a good deal of force in the argument. The wonder is that the protest was not made at an earlier date, and that all the independent medical colleges in the Province did not heartily unite in making it. The main question, however, it seems to us, resolves itself into that of the soundness of the view affirmed by the Legislature in 1853. If the principle be admitted—and it is not easy to gainsay it—that it is no part of the business of the State to aid in educating men for lucrative professions, all the rest follows as a matter of logic. But will not that principle carry us a great deal farther? What is a very large part even of the ordinary Arts work of the University but, in effect, a course of instruction to aid in preparing men for lucrative professions, such as those of law, medicine and theology? And why not as well prepare them for lucrative professions as for lives of learned leisure, or for positions requiring superior intelligence and influence in any private sphere or business pursuit? The principle in question will thus be found to take a very wide sweep in its application. Followed to its logical results, it would probably be found to forbid the use of the money of the whole people to furnish educational advantages of any kind, such as can, in the nature of things, be used only by the few and not by the whole tax-paying population. It is, therefore, pretty clear either that the principle in question is unsound or that all public funds given for the support of colleges and universities are misappropriated. It is, perhaps, not necessary that we should now make a choice between the two horns of the dilemma.

THERE is some reason to fear that the negotiations for the settlement of the Behring Sea question are not progressing as rapidly as could be desired. Without accepting the statements of doubtful Washington despatches, we may conclude that no permanent agreement can now be reached in time to govern this season's operations. That being the case, it must be obvious to both parties that it is highly desirable that some *modus vivendi* should be arranged pending further enquiries and negotiations. The fact that no such *modus vivendi* has been authoritatively announced gives colour to the rumour that none has been agreed on. The extreme reticence of both the British and the Canadian Governments is not reassuring. If, as is generally believed on both sides of the line, the American Government has abandoned, if, indeed, it ever seriously advanced, the absurd *mare clausum* contention, it is incredible that that Government can, as alleged, have again sent its cruisers to pursue the same course as in previous years in the waters in question. It would be an incomprehensible and intolerable weakness on the part of the British Government to permit such treatment of Canadian vessels during another season. If the British and Canadian Governments are convinced that a rigid police surveillance of Behring Sea, or any portion of it, is necessary for the preservation of the seal fishery, and it has been found convenient to let the American Government continue to perform that service unaided, the least they can do, surely, is to make a distinct announcement of the fact, accompanied with such explanations as may enable Canadian sealers to avoid trespassing on the forbidden grounds. But to permit the United States Government to rule the open sea with a high hand, in defiance of international law, and to capture and plunder Canadian vessels at its own sweet will, as hitherto, would certainly go far to convince Canadians of the uselessness of expecting protection from the Mother Country against any aggressive action it may please her powerful and capricious neighbour to take.

THE return of a large majority of Government supporters, in the Nova Scotia local elections, did not, we suppose, greatly surprise even the friends of the Opposition, however deeply they may regret the fact. As we have before pointed out, the issues were local in a remarkable degree. They did not involve any important principle even in provincial politics. The question, as presented in the campaign, was very largely one of the management and distribution of local funds. The Government had been liberal in the matter of expenditure for roads and

bridges, and for schools. The Opposition could hardly outbid them in this respect. Mr. Fielding, the Premier, is a man not only of exceptional ability, but of good reputation, and, as the event seems to prove, extremely popular. The Attorney-General, Mr. Longley, is pretty well known to readers of THE WEEK, as one who wields a ready pen, and is frank and courageous to an unusual degree in the expression of his rather radical opinions. He is the kind of politician to make strong opponents, as well as strong supporters, but his personal reputation is, we believe, without stain. Indeed, the record of the administration, as a whole, is, so far as we are aware, free from serious reproach. Their liberal policy in road matters, especially during the past year or two, was, it is true, characterized by the Opposition as wholesale bribery. Whether funds for this purpose were voted beyond the means of the Province, and whether the apportionments were made solely with a view to the wants of the constituencies, are questions which we have no means of deciding. It is clear, however, that the system, like that of the Dominion Government in regard to railway and other subsidies, is thoroughly bad. It lends itself readily to gross abuse. It undoubtedly can be made by both Dominion and Local Governments a most potent means of retaining office. If the distribution of public moneys in the constituencies must continue to be a function of Government and Parliament, it is one which should be performed through the agency of non-partisan boards or commissions. The remoter provinces are particularly susceptible to corrupt influences through such means by reason of their feebleness in those larger questions of politics and policy which agitate the more central provinces. From the party point of view the course of Nova Scotia is certainly remarkable, especially when we remember the tenacity with which her people adhere to the old party names and traditions. They all claim to be either Liberals or Conservatives. Yet they so use the franchise that a pronounced Conservative victory in a Dominion election is preceded and followed by still more pronounced Liberal triumphs in local elections. How will her future historians explain the enigma?

THE report of the Select Committee of the House of Lords on the Sweating System does not contain any very revolutionary or sweeping proposals. No one, of course, expected that, though it is possible that had the report prepared by the Chairman of the Committee, Lord Dunraven, who has given much time and thought to the subject, been adopted, something more worthy to take the name of action might have been forthcoming. As it is, Lord Dunraven's draft report was rejected, and the public know nothing of its contents. The report adopted and submitted was prepared by Lord Derby. Though somewhat pessimistic and helpless in its tone when the question of doing something is touched, it contains a good deal of valuable information and some wise practical suggestions, especially in the direction of sanitary reform, which may prove useful. The *Times* observes that the Committee endeavoured, without much success, to extract from the principal witnesses a clear explanation of what is meant by "sweating." That no clear definition was forthcoming is not surprising. It is impossible in the nature of things to draw mathematical lines in moral planes. Sweating means "very hard work for very poor pay, in deplorably bad sanitary conditions." The Committee found it very clearly proved that the earnings of the lowest classes of workers are barely sufficient to keep body and soul together, and that their lives are one dreary round of almost ceaseless toil, hard and often unhealthy. The Committee express admiration of the courage with which the sufferers endure their lot, the absence of attempts on their part to excite pity by exaggeration, and the "almost unbounded charity" they display towards each other. The *Times* thinks it may be doubted whether this courage is not rather insensibility, but insensibility will not explain the state of feeling which leads to "unbounded charity." The *Times* dwells upon the difficulty of helping the unskilled poor, arising out of their refusal to respond to the ordinary incentives to effort. But it may fairly be questioned whether this is not at least quite as much a consequence as a cause of their low condition. Whether it be the one or the other, it surely affords a very strong argument in favour of outside intervention with a view to raise them to a higher level of ambition and energy, rather than against attempting any interference. The report does not find that machinery, or division of labour, or even the influx of foreign labour, is chiefly responsible for the deplorable state of affairs. The main causes of the evils in question it finds to be "the inefficiency of many of the lower class of workers, early

marriages, and the tendency of the residuum of the population in large towns to form a helpless community, together with a low standard of life and an excessive supply of unskilled labour," an explanation which, by the way, is about as satisfactory as the famous answer to the question, Why does the poppy induce sleep? "Because it has a soporific tendency." The Committee point out the many and serious difficulties which stand in the way of any effort to improve the condition of these wretched citizens by legislation, but a resolute reforming statesmanship would no doubt find many of these difficulties vanish into thin air when grappled with, as has been the case in a hundred somewhat similar instances. The old politico-economic dread of interfering with the laws of competition is sensibly present in the report, though the Committee are in favour of extension and amendment of the Factory Acts, unmindful, apparently, that those very Acts, now so universally admired because of their proved beneficent effects, involve, in slightly disguised form, the very principle of State interference which is strongly deprecated by many theorists.

#### MR. GLADSTONE ON RUSSIA.

MR. GLADSTONE is getting to be a little trying to his most ardent admirers and most devoted followers. His most unfortunate habit of seeing everything through the medium of his present political views has the effect of distorting his vision to such an extent that it is difficult to believe that he means what he says. We must not, however, forget the admonition of Mr. Forster, who said of Mr. Gladstone that "the honourable gentleman could convince other people of most things, but he could convince himself of anything." Assuming this theory, we must deal as charitably as possible with the facts before us.

Some of our readers may, perhaps, remember the "Bulgarian atrocities" committed by the Turks at the outbreak of the Russo-Turkish war. Many persons believed that Mr. Gladstone was trying to make political capital out of the subject; but this was not our belief. We believed then, and we believe now, that the case as put by Mr. Gladstone was not overstated, and that, in exposing the cruelties of the Turks, he was doing service to humanity.

But humanity is humanity everywhere, and cruelty is cruelty wherever committed; and those who remembered the eloquent denunciations of Bulgarian atrocities expected that Mr. Gladstone would be the first to lift his indignant and eloquent voice against the atrocities of Russian officials and soldiers at Yakoutsck. And what does Mr. Gladstone say to this? He is not yet sufficiently convinced—the evidence is insufficient—and we must wait. But Mr. Marvin, who has done such good work in making known the true nature of Russian doings in Central Asia, ventures to ask whether Mr. Gladstone has not as good evidence as he had of the Bulgarian doings? It is the old story of the lawyer, who found that his dog had done the injury to a neighbour, and not the neighbour's dog to him: "The case being altered, it alters the case."

Now, it is really worth while to go back and compare the subjects of Mr. Gladstone's diverse judgments. The Bulgarians were hardly worse governed than the Russians are; and, at the time of the Bulgarian slaughters, there had been risings and preparations for rebellion which had certainly been fostered by Russia. Now, we do not plead that such a state of things justified the atrocities committed; but the case was far worse than anything which has occurred in Russia, as a provocation of the Government.

Most of these Siberian exiles have not even thought of conspiring against the government of the Czar; most of them have perhaps cherished liberal sentiments, some few of them have given utterance to them, still fewer have joined secret political societies. And for this they are sent into exile with no charge proved—in many cases with no charge alleged against them. But the massacre of Yakoutsck is one of the very worst of many of the horrible things done by the officials of the Russian Government against men and women, some of whom are absolutely innocent, none of whom are guilty of crime.

This "atrocious" has now been proved by a series of independent testimonies, which not only verify the general outline of the occurrence, but furnish us with most of the details. It appears, therefore, that Mr. Gladstone can no longer urge that there is insufficient proof of the alleged massacre, and therefore he takes another line of argument, and one so surprising—we had almost said so shameful—that we believe it will be read with shame and indignation by every man who has the honour of the Empire at heart.



Here is the report as it comes to us through the ocean telegraph:—

"Mr. Gladstone, speaking at Lowestoft yesterday, said the English public conscience had been greatly shocked by the reports of Russian prisoners being ruthlessly shot without the form of a trial, and by the fact that these outrages passed without the reprobation of the Russian Government. He had been asked why he did not denounce these outrages in the House of Commons, but he felt a scruple about asking the Government to take steps unless he could see the way to a favourable result. He desired to see the law applied in his own land whenever cruelty and oppression were found. He would be glad if the Government was in a position to expostulate with Russia, but he feared Russia might retort that a country whose police ruthlessly shot innocent Irish citizens engaged in a public meeting was hardly in a position to dictate how another country should treat its convicts."

This is truly scandalous, and beyond anything which the supposed exigencies of party policy could by any stretch of tolerance be allowed to justify. Mr. Gladstone dares to suggest that the putting down of an unlawful meeting, a meeting convoked for unlawful purposes, for the sake of plundering and persecuting and killing those who were loyal to the British Crown, that the putting down of such a meeting, and the accidental killing of two or three persons, is to be compared with the butchery of mostly unresisting men and women, men and women who, for the most part, had no power of resistance, and who were guilty of no fault but the inability to obey contradictory orders received from those who had charge of them!

The force of party could no further go. This is that Mr. Gladstone who once spoke of Mr. Parnell's wading through rapine and bloodshed to the destruction of the Empire; and now—not because Mr. Parnell has changed his policy or his methods, but because it has suited Mr. Gladstone to go into political partnership with him now—this Mr. Gladstone must declare that an English Government which does what he did and defended himself is to be put in the same category with the ruffianism of the Russian Government which banishes, flogs, kills by blows, and hangs men and women who dare to say that the voice of the people should be heard, and some who are only suspected of saying or of thinking this.

We consider that Mr. Gladstone owes a humble apology to the whole people of England for these atrocious statements. They were made, not in the heat of speech, but calmly and deliberately, for we find them repeated, in very nearly the same terms, in a letter addressed to a committee formed for the purpose of protesting against the treatment of political prisoners in Russia. It is, therefore, a deliberate offence committed against the whole of the British nation.

These words are not too strong; for, if the Government of England has permitted the subjects of the Empire to be treated in the manner implied by Mr. Gladstone, and if they have not been impeached in the House of Commons, then the Parliament of England is morally responsible for the crime of which Mr. Gladstone accuses the Government. Nay, more, the people of England are themselves the criminals, for not only are they represented by their chosen delegates in Parliament, but they have themselves uttered no protest against the alleged outrage. Mr. Gladstone will not apologize. He will probably explain, and we know what that means; but the people of England will also know.

#### PARIS LETTER.

THE advanced republican deputies are taking up, in the sense of forcing parliament to handle, the grievances of the labour-world. One of the first Gordian knots is the right of the workmen to syndicate. Employers, according to M. Clemenceau, are dead against that unionism; they dismiss every artisan who belongs to such an association. He adds that the campaign between employers and employed has opened, and that they are the former who have let slip the dogs of war. Evidently M. Clemenceau, now that the incubus of Boulangism is removed from the Republic, intends to lead the labour party.

The labour problem in France is complicated by special difficulties. The workmen have not the patience to allow their unionism to grow; they are not self-sacrificing enough to subscribe funds; and the men selected to govern and guide guilds are those who are proficient in gab, accomplished in pose, but barren in common sense. In France, too, the multitude of artisans who work in their own homes as chamber capitalists and back-room employers is a formidable barrier against co-operation for production; while co-operation for consumption has to encounter social habits where the working families group and contract at a tavern for their board. But it is not the less desirable to insert in the French Code the liberal labour laws of other countries. Then parliament could no longer be indicted for legislative indifference to working-class interests.

M. Jules Ferry is a very able, but above all a plucky, man. Unfortunately it seems to be in France an axiom that political freshmen are as much a necessity as hot rolls with *café-au-lait*, and new plays for theatres. Thiers, Gambetta, Ferry—all have been used, and cast aside like sucked oranges. M. Ferry has delivered an address before the Students' Association. It is rather in the vein of the lamentations of Jeremiah; he feels the sting of public indifference and the tooth of national ingratitude. However, he counsels the rising intellect of France to expect these shuntings aside in life, while not foregoing the illusions of youth. He is a freethinker, so urges them not to despair, because the problems of human destiny are not resolved; as their solution lies not in faith, which is undemonstrable, but in love—perhaps Buddhism.

The question of Colonial expansion appears to be on the tapis once more. Lord Salisbury is suspected of negotiating transactions with Turkey respecting Egypt and Cyprus, by which France would be placed in the alternative of keeping or quitting Tunisia, as the balance of power in the Mediterranean would be raised; while Turkey in certain contingencies would aid an Anglo-Egyptian advance to Equatorial Africa. Then the trips of the king of the Belgians to England are construed as relating to something between an alliance and an amalgamation of the interests of Belgian Congo with those of the British East Africa Company—both nations being favourable to free trading. Germany will not renounce her Colonial ambition; but reading between the lines intends that it shall not be limitless. It may be accepted as a foregone conclusion that France will take it out of the king of Dahomey by protecting him, and frame that portion of West Africa with her southern bulging Algerian Empire. In France there are two clearly defined parties on the Colonial question; one that would grab land where it can be grabbed, and the other that would concentrate all Colonial efforts on Algeria and the formation there of a Colonial army.

The second or Secessionist Picture Show, or *Salon*, at the Champ de Mars, is exceptionally rich in good exhibits. Among the 1,409 objects exhibited 911 are paintings. Of the latter 30 are first-class; the remainder like similar balances at every picture exhibition. At the Champs Elysees Show young talent—besides an important sprinkling of the "old masters" of the period—predominate; at the Champ de Mars, ripe talent, that is, artists of established reputation, figure prominently. M. Meissonier sends but one work, "October, 1806." It is for German visitors to add, with the mind's eye, the date of the month—fourteenth—and discover that the battle scene is that of Jena, which the bridge outside over the Seine immortalizes. Jena was the Prussians' Sedan; they lost 20,000 prisoners, a score of generals, 60 standards and 300 cannons—the latter being utilized for the column of the Vendôme. There is Napoleon on the battlefield amidst all the circumstance of war; the homogeneity of the scene is superb; the figures microscopically accurate, displaying a fine appreciation of colour and light, with a noble sense of space, dignity of line, full of delicate, free and firm touches and harmonious relationships of colours and tones to each other, and all exquisitely finished.

M. Carolus-Duran sends eight pictures, all gems, over which the visitor lounges with a loving joy. The likenesses are of incontestable beauty; the costumes, fine in colour, harmoniously brilliant and pure. They are solid, true painting. What freedom, firmness, and ease! How the silks shine, the velvets reflect; how glossy the furs are; what delicate carnation tints of the flesh. One of the portraits, that of an old gentleman, is absolutely perfection.

M. Frappa in his six pictures has a capital portrait of ex-Minister of Justice Thévénat; full of courageous energy and resolute decision; just the temperament that knocked Boulangism on the head. M. John Lewis Brown, a Frenchman with an English name, has a dozen of his charming little pictures of hunting and military scenes, full of light and colour, of sunshine and of space.

M. Colin has ten pictures; scenes from real life, truthfully painted, and harmoniously coloured. The "Fontaine de San Pedro" is a collection of handsome Spanish young women round a well. M. Dagnan Bouveret sends three pictures, all capital, but his best is an "Algerian Cemetery," an exquisite reality, full of sentiment and style. Last year he was accorded the medal of honour for his "Bretonnes au Pardon." M. Gervex likes subjects of contemporary life, all actual incidents, demanding air, light, and simple sympathy. The editorial sanctum of the *Republique Française* Gambetta's journal, is very true. M. Reinach there is forging fetters for the press, and M. Spuller, racking his brains how to get the English out of Egypt. M. H. Moore has eleven carefully painted scenes from Japanese life, of which his "Musiciens" is full of expression and rich colouring.

The show of sculpture is not large; there is a splendid recumbent bronze of Victor Noir, who was shot by Prince Pierre Napoleon, intended for his tomb; a truthful bust of M. Floquet, both the work of M. Dalou. M. Baffier's model for the statue to Danton is too elaborate; it is one of those productions, like the Gambetta monument in the Place du Carrousel, where the pedestal, glories and allegories drown the figure to be honoured. Z.

It is a somewhat remarkable fact that out of a total of 17,760 publications in the United States, 11,189, or two-thirds of the whole, are rated by Rowell's newspaper directory for 1890, as having an average issue of less than 1,000.

#### BEFORE AND AFTER.

METHOUGHT I stood midway on Life's strange sea  
And looked back: a dark and sin-stain'd track  
Proclaimed my early years; above, the rack  
And storm of Heaven raged unceasingly;  
Sad strewage here and there recall'd to me  
Long shipwreck'd hopes and prayers that God sent back.  
My heart was troubled and my soul was black;  
I loathed the past, from which I could not flee;  
When, lo! a spirit touch'd me, and I turn'd  
And look'd beyond—the sea was silver-bright;  
The heavenly blue was glad with golden light;  
A rainbow promised all for which I yearn'd;  
Then, never looking back, the future path I trod  
That led me unto thee, and through thee, unto God.

SAREPTA.

#### IS CONFEDERATION A SUCCESS?

THE restless feeling among men, in which so many of the modern revolutionary "isms" have had their birth, doubtless conduces to the prevalent easy manner of attacking and disposing argumentatively of settled conditions.

"Is Confederation a success?" is asked as readily, and answered in the negative as cheerfully, as though the abrogation of the existing order of things involved no greater result than the choice of a route for some holiday excursion. And yet this very Confederation was the fruit of an idea held to tenaciously by one man through many stormy years. It was adopted at last by those who had most bitterly opposed it. It was introduced by a coalition embracing the most able and the most patriotic of Canadian statesmen. It was heralded by citizens of all shades of opinion as the panacea for evils of a half century's growth, and it was entered into by the different provinces, with a full knowledge of their rights and after a full discussion of its probable effects, solemnly and gladly.

The union of Upper and Lower Canada had proved a complete failure, and yet disunion meant disaster to the English minority in Quebec. The Maritime provinces were territorially insignificant; neither they nor the other provinces could hope for separate national existence. Not one of them was willing to sever its connection with the Mother land, and yet in their condition they were a source of weakness to her rather than strength. Dimly, at first, but more clearly as the necessity for some change was pressed upon their notice, men saw that, in a union of the whole, security and growth could alone be hoped for. In such a union they desisted the promise of a future national life, the foundation of a great community stretching from ocean to ocean, the welding together of scattered masses of true metal and the ultimate establishment of a people having a common name, a common country, and a common hope.

Thus did Canadians aspire. Thus was Canada founded—the Canada of a thousand mighty lakes and noble rivers, of a continental territory, of five million true-hearted God-fearing people—and now when the most distant of the provinces has been linked to those on the other sea by an iron chain and the great scheme of Confederation has been brought from the cloudland of problem into the practical realm of fact, "Is Confederation a success?" is asked, and in the same unworthy, hope-nothing breath is uttered "I declare for commercial union with the United States."

Now, the reasons which are given for despairing of the success of Confederation are not numerous. They may be stated, shortly, as the consequences which flow from Canada's geographical position, and the presence of an antagonistic French majority in Quebec. On looking at a map of the continent one writer finds that Ontario lies, in part, between two states of the Union; another notices that the New England territories interpose a barrier between the Maritime Provinces and Quebec. From these premises and from the fact that practically only one other nation exists upon the continent, the opponents of the existing order of things base their main argument. How, they say, can provinces so situated ever succeed as partners? How can Canadians hope to escape ultimate absorption by the great country to the south of them? If that be their destiny why fight against it now? Is it not folly to divert trade from its natural channels and build up home markets at a loss both to consumers and producers? These questions the believers in Confederation are triumphantly requested to answer, and in furnishing replies to them the opponents of our present theory of existence find their main justification for the cry for commercial union with the United States.

Now, as a reason against the possibility of the success of Confederation, the geographical argument standing alone is worthless. Let us suppose the United States filled with an alien race. Can it be maintained that another nation could not preserve its national identity in the territories we occupy? The idea is preposterous. How many peoples have such a varied climate, such broad lands, such an extent of seaboard? How many nations can boast such a wealth of resources? And yet, say its enemies, Confederation can never succeed because its boundaries permit small portions of it to dip into an adjoining country? Let the Ontario man look at the map more frequently than he does, let the Nova Scotian scan it carefully, let the Lower Canadian ponder it well, and, when each of them fully realizes the vastness of the country he is privileged to call his native land, he will understand

how insignificant is the particular portion of it in which he lives, and how seriously the boundaries of that particular portion have intercepted, distorted and minimized his views concerning the whole. He will see, too, that the southward tendency of Ontario and the Maritime Provinces will, if his argument be a good one, ultimately tend to the disruption of the federation to the south of us, and that, as applied to other states, his reasoning will necessitate his explaining away the national existence of Austria, Switzerland, Germany and, in fact, almost all of the European and Asiatic countries. This is the argument that is considered strong enough to dash the hopes of patriotic Canadians, to induce the stewards of half a continent to cease their labours towards national development, and to justify the provinces in forsaking existing connections and rushing pell-mell, each for itself, into any union with the United States which that country may graciously be pleased to permit.

But, say the anti-federationists, the geographical argument must not be dissociated from the question of race. The fact that we are shielding ourselves from the embraces of brethren must not be forgotten. The people with whom we spurn amalgamation are as enlightened, as moral, as well governed as ourselves. Canadians are being blinded to their best interests by mere sentiment—the weapon of political agitators. "No reason worth a moment's consideration," says a writer, "can be given for the erection of commercial barriers upon the mere artificial and imaginary boundary lines which separate the two countries."

If memory and history were the possessions merely of those who held theories of government, and if, in presenting a scheme to a country for its acceptance, those possessions could be kept from public inspection, the world might one day find itself one vast federation. But, neither here nor elsewhere is there any river of forgetfulness from the waters of which citizens may obtain an obliterating shower-bath. And so, when the writer referred to proposes that commercial union with the United States be adopted by Canadians, he asks that human nature forswear itself.

I should be sorry to say one word which would rekindle or even call to remembrance the fires of hate and vengeance which burned widely enough not many years ago, but that those flames did blaze and that they were not wholly causeless are facts which must be taken into consideration when a theory respecting the people affected by them is advanced. Canada's ultimate destiny may be bound up with that of our brethren to the south of us who forsook the Mother land, but as long as there is a hope of maintaining our connection with her and as long as that connection is of any service to her I trust that we shall maintain it. Commercial union under a protective tariff means annexation and nothing else. It includes among its necessities an alliance with the United States and a discriminatory tariff against the land which has been our past help and which is our present protection. Low, indeed, will the flame of Canadian honour have sunk when for the sake of advantageous business relations we repudiate our obligations to the Mother land and by adopting commercial union seek prosperity with disgrace. It may be that some day the old wounds will have healed completely and that the strong British Confederation to the north will unite with the strong British Confederation to the south; but, when that day comes, I hope that room may be found in the alliance for a third partner—the mother of them both—the strong British Confederation over the sea.

There is not, I contend, one argument for commercial union which the introduction of a reciprocity treaty would not successfully meet. Whether all the benefits, for which its advocates look, would accrue is a debatable question, but such benefits as commercial union would bring can be obtained by the establishment of reciprocal trade relations. The probabilities are that the treaty abrogated in 1866, and to which is ascribed the "brightest page in the history of the Maritime Provinces," will soon be re-enacted. We are apt to forget, perhaps, that the American War furnished much of the commercial brightness of that period, and that we might not now find a great demand for any of our products except those which it were wiser, on our part, to retain. However, reciprocity would rectify the numerous absurd mistakes of the present fiscal system and its introduction would prevent the party press from using its absence as an excuse for the perpetual detraction of the country's prospects.

I have not space now to deal fully with the argument based upon prospective French nationality in Quebec. This I can say, however. He who uses this argument as a reason for despairing of the success of Confederation merely begs the question. Does the presence of the French prevent British immigration? Certainly not. What is the admitted remedy for French domination and the admitted preventive for French nationality? British immigration. Then in the name of common sense let Canadians cease wrangling, doubting and despairing and go to work. Cease the detraction of their country and begin expressing their belief in it. Cease preparing to fall to pieces and unite more closely. What Canada wants to day more than tariff changes or new connections is silence on the part of every man who fears for her future and manly outspokenness on the part of those who have the courage to hope, the bravery to dare, and the self-sacrifice to wait.

Let us Canadians, then, putting our localism, our sectionalism and our partyism second, place Canada first. Let us unite to build up our country and neither doubt it

nor decry it. Let us not remain a powerless weak-jointed collection of provinces, but let us prepare for our destiny—be it what it may—by vigorous effort, by close union, by national aspirations.

Is Confederation a success? I answer, Confederation is but formed—it will be the success we make it.

CYRIL.

### SHAKESPEARE AS A PLAYWRIGHT.

"WHEN I see one of Shakespeare's plays, it stays with me, and I feel that I want to see it again."

Such were the artless words wherein some humble follower of the master, my chance neighbour at the theatre, once summed up to me the result of a probably unfamiliar process of introspection. I venture to repeat them here as supplying an ultimate test for every exercise of the dramatic art. To the possible objection that the proposed test is too narrow may be opposed the famous instruction to the players in Hamlet, which distinctly indicates the object of the drama to be the imaging of human character, leaving its improvement to the spontaneous influence of the incidents of the play upon the mind and heart of the spectator. Should it be further objected that to relieve the drama of its oft-asserted function of moral teaching would be to make the future of the stage more barren of good, if not more conducive to evil, than many now believe it to be, it may be answered that the conclusion does not follow *a priori*, and that, before we can deduce it from experience, we must witness a reasonable number of demoralizing plays, constructed on the lines prescribed by Shakespeare. But as this answer involves the question as to what and where are the lines prescribed by Shakespeare, we are under the necessity of taking the master at his own estimate of the scope of the drama, and interpreting the professed motive by the aid of the simple commentary herein-before quoted.

Exigencies of space and plainness of exposition will be best served by restricting the proposed analysis to a single play, and, for the sake of those readers who may wish to maintain a running comparison with some modern drama that holds the stage, it will be better not to select a *magnum opus* like the "Merchant of Venice," or one of the greater tragedies.

The comedy of the "Two Gentlemen of Verona" has some claim to be ranked as the earliest of Shakespeare's plays. Unfair as it may be to take it as a measure of its author's powers, we may presume to use it with an after purpose toward those later and lesser playwrights, whose capacity for sound work is a matter of immediate concern to us, their public.

Taking up the comedy named and turning it about, we soon make note of the author's skill in the laying of his scene, whereby he scores the double point of a quickened interest in the life of a strange and distant people, and a greater freedom in directing the action of the play than if the characters were "native and to the manner born." The plot of the "Two Gentlemen" may be thus outlined: Proteus, a young patrician, suitably betrothed to Julia, yields to a sudden passion for Silvia, whom he knows to be secretly affianced to his bosom friend, Valentine. In her pursuit, he entangles himself in mesh after mesh of deceit and treachery in nearly every quarter where fidelity and truth are due. Suddenly unmasked, his penitence is as swift as was his fall. Forgiven by all, he returns contentedly to his first love, with welcome no whit lessened by her knowledge of his late baseness and ignominy.

The subject wounds our sensibilities on every side. We like not the infidelity, nor the craven abandonment of the newer love in stress of danger and disgrace, nor the "instantaneous process" of regeneration, nor the servile return to the first allegiance, nor the want of spirit in the injured maiden, nor the general rush to kill the fatted calf. Still in this world of ours, is not Proteus forever wooing the coy Julia, to desert her at sight of the statelier Silvia? Is he not forever stifling honour and conscience in pursuit of the overmastering passion? Does he not occasionally experience remorse when brought by disaster to see himself as others see him? Do not the best of us stand in need of plenteous forgiveness? Are the luckless utter strangers to it? Is not the worst of us capable of generosity if the right key of an overlaid humanity be struck? Do not these considerations warrant us in receiving such a plot as that described, so long as our instinctive disrelish be not converted to sullen disgust by a weak or coarse handling of it?

Of the leading parts, Valentine has a strong, clear intellect that perceives the limits as well as the capacities of human nature; he is frank, considerate and unselfish; he loves with an *abandon* that scorns to measure advantage with disadvantage; throughout, he is the true type and figure of a gentleman—possibly Shakespeare's youthful and stirring ideal of what he yearned for in himself. Proteus has a somewhat shallow wit, a halting spirit, a feeble will; his morals are much upon his sleeve; he loves tamely, and with calculation; he is servile, vain and avaricious. Julia is Valentine in a farthingale, less differences of sex and training; modest, gentle, confiding, generous—witheral, shrewd and resolute. Silvia is proud, coquettish, timid, self-regarding; her view of love is high; she is true to Valentine in his disgrace, but it is persecution rather than yearning that sends her in quest of him; less worthy than Julia of Valentine, she falls to him by the rule of contraries.

The condition suggested for the acceptance of the plot requires a spirited and delicate treatment of its incidents

and details, and it will be convenient to our purpose to separate spirit and delicacy so far as practicable. In the first act, Julia's scene with her maid, followed by the episode of the torn letter, wherein her archness invests the figure of Proteus with a high and romantic interest. In the second act, the dialogue of Valentine and his servant, concerning his lately-born love for Silvia; followed by the scene of the love-letter that Silvia has caused him to write for her to himself. In the third act, the dialogue of the two clowns, by which Launce's well-battered affection for a milk-maid is made to throw into relief the earthly features of the grand passions above stairs. In the fourth act, the by-play of Julia at the serenade, revealing her feelings to the audience in words that conceal them from her immediate auditor, the Host; also her trick of the two letters to make Silvia suspect Proteus of a double infidelity; again, the scene of Launce and his ill-mannered dog. In the fifth act, Julia's side-commentary upon the dialogue of Proteus and Thurio; Valentine's expressed doubt that love can survive forever in absence; lastly, the finest touch of the master's hand, Valentine's defiance to Thurio:—

Here she stands:  
Take but possession of her with a touch.  
I dare thee *but to breathe* upon my love!

Some of the foregoing examples are as obviously illustrative of delicacy as spirit, but apart from them there is an abundance of material for citation, as the following may witness. Valentine's reference, in the first act, to the controlling influence of love over the conduct of men helps Proteus with us later on, and the tender scene of the destroyed letter permits us to sympathise with Julia's devotion to Proteus in the after time when he seems so weak and worthless. In the second act, Valentine paints Proteus so glowingly that we doubt the justice of our later estimate of him, and the former so presses the charms of Silvia and his own supremacy as her lover upon his friend, that we wonder the less at the latter's infatuation. The discourtesy of Thurio in leaving the room upon the arrival of Proteus at Milan is remembered by us when the latter is hoodwinking Thurio as to the purpose of his attention to Silvia. The rude speech of Valentine to Thurio in presence of Silvia reminds us that love is stronger even than nobility of character. Julia's passionate solicitude to be again with Proteus exalts the latter with us. He is further aided, in the third act, by comparison with that whole-souled fellow, the Duke, who, upon less provocation than his, unblushingly conspires against the freedom and happiness of his daughter. Julia, in the fourth act, partially shields Proteus from our rage by putting the responsibility for his ill-conduct upon an inherent blindness and contrariness of love; her hearty sympathy with him somewhat stirs our compassion, and we find him rising in our esteem as we witness her distress lest Silvia should love him in spite of his treachery and the fealty due to Valentine. Silvia further smooths the character of Proteus by herself descending to coquet with him; wishing him "good rest" after crying out upon his double faithlessness, and granting him a "shadow" of herself, to be carried to his apartment to feed his misplaced passion upon. Proteus, tearfully and despairingly, tells us how base, ignoble and hopeless his position is, but declares that there is no help for it, and we ask ourselves if all laws and usages do not fail in presence of the blind god. Valentine, in the fifth act, forgives Proteus because he believes him sincerely, if swiftly, repentant; he emphasizes the reconciliation by an extravagant tender to his friend of his claims to Silvia; he affects mirthfulness to relieve the strain of a painful situation. Proteus accounts for his conversion by the shame that Valentine's excoriation has brought home to him; he disarms us by a homily on man's native inconstancy; he sends us to cover by asking: "In love, who respects friend?" If we have thought Julia a little unmaidenly in her following of Proteus, we do not urge it as we note how cleverly she wins him back to her side. We believe again in the inherent soundness of human nature as we see the Duke handsomely bestowing his daughter upon Valentine, and behaving like a true prince all round.

Enough has been said to vindicate both the character of the plot and its treatment by the dramatist, but there are other merits and some defects proper to be noticed. In every skilful play, dialogue or soliloquy must bear an important part in developing plot and forwarding action. In the "Two Gentlemen," the few and simple words of the opening line inform us at once of the length and strength of the friendship of Valentine and Proteus, and the lines that follow, to the entry of Speed, sketch broadly for us the characters of the two young men. The discourse of Proteus and his father, in the same act, carries us over a considerable and necessary interval of time, as witness the allusions therein to the progress of Valentine at Milan and to the ripened state of affairs between Julia and her lover. Variety and lightsomeness are indispensable adjuncts to such a play as that before us. We find them in the exuberant punning of the author, and more tastefully and effectively in the use made of the two clowns, who never obstruct the action, but sometimes (*vide* Act I., Scene 1, and Act II., Scene 1) help it along.

Though nothing spoils the enjoyment of a good story more than anticipation of a moral lying in wait behind it, there can be no objection to the moral that walks in shadow beside it and needs to be wooed in order to be won. Such morals are to be found here, as where Proteus, yielding to the first promptings of his love for



Silvia, is carried away faster and further than he could have deemed possible at the beginning; or where Valentine, stooping to an intended elopement with Silvia, is forced to pack his words with lies to his patron, her father, and afterwards to wince under chance stabs in the speech of the robbers who encounter him in exile; or where the Duke, praising Proteus for betraying his friend, is led successively to practise deceit upon Valentine and, in collusion with Proteus and Thurio, upon his daughter, being put to shame by both his accomplices in the end.

Poetic feeling in a dramatist, if subordinated to the exigencies of the stage, is not to be censured, least of all in Shakespeare, who esteemed his lyrics (*vide* 81st Sonnet) and gave no second thought to his plays. This feeling is conspicuous throughout the play under review, reaching a climax in the speech of Julia (Act II., scene 7), beginning: "The current that with gentle murmur glides." Tribute is also paid to the favourite art in the speech of the Duke (Act III., scene 2): "Ay, much is the force of heaven-bred poesy"; continued by Proteus in the lines:

For Orpheus' lute was strong with poets' sinews,  
Whose golden touch could soften steel and stones,  
Make tigers tame, and huge Leviathans  
Forsake unsounded deeps to dance on sands.

A word here as to a subtlety of mind natural to Shakespeare. If we examine carefully the simple sentence: "Except my mistress," put into the mouth of Proteus (Act II. scene 4), we find it either to be a veiled allusion to the rising tide of love for Silvia, or an effort to beat down the newly-forming desire for her. It matters not which the author meant it to be or whether he had a preference for one meaning over the other; enough, that in the hands of a capable impersonator the apparently indifferent expression could be made highly effective.

The more weight we attach to the evidences of an early creation of the "Two Gentlemen" the less can we imagine that the author should presume to depart from the conventional rule of five acts for every dramatic work, but an arrangement into four acts would have given the piece a better movement and finish. Whether in five or four acts, the second and third scenes, Act II., might with advantage appear as the last two scenes of Act I., and the last scene of Act II. would be improved by changing it to a soliloquy by Julia at Milan and putting it immediately before or after the soliloquy by Proteus at the beginning of Act IV. The last act of the play is sketchy and hurried, particularly in the final scene, and the violence offered by Proteus to Silvia seems forced and unnatural, though it has a secondary use in keeping up the guilt of Proteus and so helping to explain his horror and shame when awakened by Valentine's eloquent denunciation.

From the foregoing exposition, the following would seem to be a brief but fair statement of Shakespeare's method of realizing his own conception of the aim of the drama, so far as that method can be gathered from a single and somewhat immature example. The plot may be essentially attractive or the reverse, but it must be so reasonable as to appeal to common feeling and experience, and, if fundamentally repellent, the disagreeable features must be masked by a spirited and delicate handling of details. The scene should be laid far enough away, in point of time or place, to touch the historical or ethnical springs of our curiosity and to allow scope to the dramatist for a free, artistic treatment of his subject. The leading characters should be types rather than imitations or fancies, and vivified by qualities and habits that set them either above or below the average level of the "madding crowd." The action must be continuous and consistent, but carried on with liberal variation of scene, character and incident, so that the audience may be kept alert and the author spared from tedious explanation or reminiscence. Underplots are to be charily used and always in visible aid of the principal movement and end. The main cause of the action and event should be early and plainly indicated, and thenceforward the action should move briskly and steadily to a natural climax, from which height it should as briskly and steadily descend to the catastrophe. As soon as the smoke of the explosion has lifted, the dramatist must group his characters as skill and taste may order, and then, with a word or two suggestive of the future of the leading personages, ring down the curtain.

This is Shakespeare's act, lamed and maimed, perhaps, in the telling; but, even so, capable of yielding us some degree of instruction and entertainment when applied to his own works, or to such modern plays as may come respectively before us for perusal or observation.

CHARLES F. BENJAMIN.

ENCOURAGED, no doubt, by the success of the bridge across the Forth, engineers are now considering the equally great scheme of a bridge across the Bosphorus, thus connecting Europe and Asia, and their present and future railway systems. The Turkish newspaper, *Hakikat*, gives some particulars of this project *apropos* of an offer by a French syndicate to build a bridge of 800 metres in length and 70 metres high between Roumeli and Anatoli Hissar. The striking feature of the bridge would be that it would consist of one span, and thus, although of much shorter length than the Forth Bridge, it is described as a greater work, because its single span exceeds in length by one-half the longest span of the Forth Bridge. The Anatolian Railway, it is thought, will make the construction of such a bridge a necessary and feasible undertaking before many years.

## THE SEASONS.

NORTH-WEST TERRITORIES.

### I.

How fares the world? the winter slowly dies;  
Breathes from the south a wraith of summer air,  
That brings to mind a dream of warmer skies,  
To tell the world it need not yet despair.  
Life stirs through all the budded willows, breaks  
Pale-hued and passionless where windflowers grow,  
Faint heralds of the glory Flora shakes  
From her full hands, when summer breezes blow.  
High overhead the wild birds wing their flight  
Towards the lingering snows,  
And, like a silver sword blade in the light,  
The winding river flows.

### II.

Midsummer, and the scented morning, wet  
With fragrant dew drops, where the zephyr's lull  
A thousand roses, and the violet  
Gleams in the eyeless socket of a skull  
Of some slain bison of the countless horde  
That shook the plain, all gone beyond recall;  
The lily on the flower-sprinkled sward  
Has seen them and blooms on above their fall.  
So fall the mighty, and their bones are thrown  
Broadcast to moulder, all their power vain;  
Good deeds live on, and, ever freshly sown,  
Spring forth to bloom again.

### III.

Harvest full garnered, and a deep wood round  
A sapphire lake set in a lonely land,  
Where autumn in her lavish wealth hath bound  
The gold and ruby of her wedding band.  
Yet is her radiance mortal; for, alas!  
The choicest fruits are sweetest when they fall.  
Spring, summer, autumn change and fade and pass,  
And universal winter withers all;  
For all her beauty in the passing time  
Is marked with winter's breath,  
And, like a beauty dying in her prime,  
She robes herself for death.

### IV.

A wild, white land, that like a troubled sea  
Runs into bitter ridges, where the snow,  
High-heaped in pallid billows silently  
Breaks into soundless surf when tempest blow;  
Where the soft-footed wolf slides sidelong by,  
Gaunt-ribbed and lank with care,  
Watching the passer with suspicious eye  
Before he seeks his lair;  
A wide clear sky, wherein the jewelled stars,  
In frosty radiance gleaming,  
Pale into milder splendour where the bars  
Of northern lights are streaming.

BASIL TEMPEST.

## THE ASCERTAINMENT OF ENGLISH.

THE word that is habitually used by the true Westerner as an equivalent for "unnecessary" is *needless*; but as applied by him it has a peculiar significance of its own that cannot be exactly rendered by any other word in the English language.

*Needless*, rather than unnecessary, is the adjective that I think applicable to the article by Mr. Charles Mackay under the above caption in the January number of the *Nineteenth Century*. Not that there is not much truth in it, but because the truth, as distinguished from hyper-criticism and chimerical fancy, is of so very elementary a nature that it is familiar to boys and girls in our public schools; while the absence of all logical sequence is no less remarkable than in a would-be purist. Mr. Mackay's faulty and graceless English is curious.

Mr. Mackay's proposal for the "ascertainment" of English is presented to us as a modern adaptation and improvement on a scheme of Dean Swift's. He proposes that the standard of correct English should be definitely determined by a "high functionary," or Minister of Education—an official censor of language and grammar. After explaining that the purpose of his paper is "to treat of the purity and preservation of literary English, and to leave undiscussed, and with slight mention, the colloquial parlance of the multitude," he goes on to give examples of the solecisms and errors of speech that would call for the intervention of the official censor. But Mr. Mackay must either have a curiously illogical mind or else must include under the category of "literary English" the most miscellaneous collection of matter, since his article is largely devoted to enforcing the novel discovery that educated gentlemen should not write "toothsome" for "dainty," "lengthy" for "long" (e.g. a long ride) "vet" for "veterinary surgeon," "perks" for "perquisites," and other similar and equally well recognized atrocities. The expression "wholesale murder" may be objectionable, though, perhaps, not absolutely indefensible; but the purist who objects to the defilement of the English language by the introduction, in place of "many essentially native words," of "weaker words from the classic languages of Greece and Rome," and who, consequently, would expunge such words as *virtue*, *honour*, *religion*, *glory*, etc., in favour of their Anglo-equivalents, must have little regard for con-

sistency to suggest "indiscriminate massacre" as an improvement on "wholesale murder." Again in the matter of spelling it is difficult to see on what principle Mr. Mackay can urge that we should write "plow" for "plough," "du" for "do," "caw" for "cough," and at the same time refuse to write "nee" for "knee," which he gives as an example of the length to which "the fanatics of phoneticism" would go. There is nothing to object to in the spelling of "plough," "cough," etc., except on phonetic principles, and the fanatics have this advantage over Mr. Mackay that they are ready to carry out their principles to their logical conclusion. "Logical consequences are the beacons of wise men, but the scarecrows of fools."

Surely it did not require a magazine article to teach us the lesson that in the words "plough," "through," "enough," etc., the same letters have different sounds; that in "literary English" we should not use an intransitive verb as a transitive, or *vices versa*; or, when meaning a sailor, write "a person of the naval persuasion." Are these mistakes so common in "literary English" that the authority of a "Minister of Education" is required to correct them, and to provide for the "ascertainment" of the language in respect to them, and similar errors?

So far as many of the matters touched on by Mr. Mackay are concerned, it must be remembered that the *usage of good authors* is, at the present time at least, the only standard of correct English; and when we find an expression stamped as currency by Thackeray and Leigh Hunt, we may perhaps be justified in preferring their usage to Mr. Mackay's authority, or even to the authority of his Minister of Education.

As examples of hyper-criticism, what Minister of Education would be foolish enough to alter the spelling and pronunciation of *gooseberry*, simply because it is derived from *gorseberry*—as well insist that *fox glove* be spelt *folks-glove* (if the pretty derivation from *folk*—or *fairy*—*glove* be correct). Fancy the outcry among all well-regulated children against the monster who would change Cinderella's slipper of *glass* into a *white-fur* shoe, and what on earth has this to do with the "ascertainment of ENGLISH?" With what fine scorn Mr. Mackay treats the expression "a ship swims," as if a ship were a duck or swan! but, surely, in many instances *swim* is quite the appropriate word to use in speaking of a ship, just as it is possible, under certain circumstances, to be in perfect good taste and yet speak of a swan *sailing*; unless indeed all simile, metaphor, and allusion are to be banished from the language. It is a wonder that Mr. Mackay doesn't quarrel with sailors for using the feminine personal pronoun when speaking of a ship—a neuter noun.

In quoting some expressions of the English of one of his "imperfectly educated young women," Mr. Mackay is very felicitous in presenting them as "specimen bricks of the literary edifice" (Anglice "a novel"). It is indeed just as if one were to exhibit half-a-dozen bricks from some large building, and ask us to judge from them of its architectural defects. Torn from their surroundings some of the expressions certainly seem rather crude—but even "an apricot sunset" is conceivable, while "velvet-coated stags" would clearly be appropriate in many a piece of description. The *gossamer-dressed* September morning, *gold misted* moon, *crisp* afternoon, etc., are all unusual, but it seems quite possible to use everyone of these expressions, if suitable to the context, without offending against any of the canons of literary English. In fact, may not the legal rule, *Noscitur a sociis*, be applied to expressions in "literary English" as a criterion of their propriety, and must not the style of the language be adapted to the exigencies of the subject matter?

Perhaps it is unfortunate that the "high functionary" "whose duty it would be to suppress the gabble of the multitude" was not in existence to revise Mr. Mackay's article before it appeared in print, for in that case we might have been spared the exhibition of a critic, complacently sneering at "the modernizing touch of the democratic school boards," and the "imperfect education among labouring classes," himself composing sentences that even the most imperfect education of the school boards would be ashamed to father.

It may well be doubted whether any boy or girl who had been "taught to handle the tools of knowledge," unless painfully stupid and unteachable, could be guilty of producing such a sentence as the following: "In our School Board era when the new generations are being taught to handle the tools of knowledge, to read, to write, and to cast accounts, and boys and girls think themselves educated because these tools of education are put within their reach, although the skill and the power to use them to advantage are not given them, or are possible to be acquired by them, in the fierce competition for bare existence, consequent on the excess of population and the overcrowded state of the labour market in our narrow islands, a revival of the project of Dean Swift might have a more favourable chance of acceptance by the State than it had in his day."

What can one think of the critic who, as an example of a gross error and solecism of speech, cites the expression a ship *swims* (instead of *floats*), and himself provides us with such flowers of rhetoric as "our noble speech promises to become the predominant, though not perhaps the only language, of the civilization of the coming centuries, and is already heard like the morning drum-beat of British power in every part of the globe . . . it floats upon the wings of a widely pervading literature, and of a still more pervading commerce to the uttermost ends of the earth?" And what expert in syntax can unravel the mystery of the



remainder of this same sentence—"And will inevitably be the speech, more or less preserved in its purity, or corrupted by ignorance, carelessness, or the imitative perversity of the semi-educated multitude, of the young and mighty nations, now in their adolescence or early maturity, which have arisen or are arising in North America, South Africa, New Zealand, and every country where seed can grow, or man can thrive, to take the place of such old grandfathers of civilization as the English, French, Italian and German languages of the sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth centuries."

We would hardly expect a critic of language, whose range extends from the penny-a-liner of the most trashy journals to the works of Thackeray and Leigh Hunt, to adopt so clumsy a device for the avoidance of tautology as to refer to his imaginary "grammarian" who "had had the ordering of the English language" as *the same high functionary*, or to speak of the majority of the people as *the great bulk of the community*. Nor has the gentleman who proposes to present a few of the specimen bricks of the literary edifice of some unhappy authoress any very obvious advantages of culture over the "vulgar who speak of a woman as one of the *feminine persuasion*."

The only reason I have for supposing that Mr. Mackay is not familiar with Messrs. Abbott and Seeley's little book entitled "English Lessons for English People" is the intrinsic evidence offered by his article in the *Nineteenth Century*, but I would suggest that if "English Lessons for English People" or books of the same class, were placed in the hands of all teachers of English in English schools a much more practical step towards the "ascertainment" of English would be attained, than could ever be accomplished by the chimerical scheme suggested by Mr. Mackay.

C. C. McCaul.

Lethbridge, N.-W. T., April, 1890.

WHO CAN SAY?

I TOLD her first down in the meadow land,  
Where, children, we had wandered hand in hand,  
Many a day:  
I spoke no word—how did she understand?  
Who can say?

I was weary, and I sank to rest,  
Even as a child might, on my darling's breast,  
Amidst the hay;  
Our eyes had met, and meeting we were blest:  
Brown and blue,  
Which were true?  
Who could say?

At evening church we nestled side by side;  
She was my first love, she would be my bride  
Some day;  
The love of eighteen summers must abide  
Alway—

But worldly wisdom comes as man grows old;  
We met again, and, lo! our hands were cold,  
Even as clay:  
She sold herself for title, I for gold.  
Neither true;  
Which the falser, I or you?  
Who can say? X.

THE RAMBLER.

I THINK that it is always pleasant to be taken notice of. I have so enjoyed the reading of three letters suggested by my remarks last week on the subject of dress. One is signed "Cornelia" and assures me that I am in the right about the discomforts of so-called aesthetic gowns, Cornelia evidently having experienced to the full the very sensations I with difficulty essayed to paint. Says this lady, "I have three handsome tea-gowns and I don't look well in any of them. After all a stout person must fall back upon black." Yes, dear madam, but remember—always dull black if you please. Not lustrous black. Try both and then tell me which you prefer. You will soon discover why if you study the point a little. Then I have before me a very candid epistle from a young married lady who confesses that she is a fright in anything but plain, neat, modern dress, "gray with linen collar and cuffs! I assure you anything else makes me look *provinciale*. This reign of puffed sleeves, surplice waists, of sashes, of monster hats is very inimical to me." Of course the third letter is from a man, who affirms that I know nothing whatever of my subject, and who takes four pages and a half to militate against fashionable female attire. I understand. I pity him. I will reply to him at some future date, when he is cooler. Nothing will move me, however. I still maintain the inherent sense of much of our so-called modern costume and apparelling of ourselves. And I am of opinion that much of what I said last week with regard to the dissemination of our present style of attire will doubtless be accorded me even by the very wildest dreamers of the present day, the Cimabue Browns, the radical artists, the hangers-on at studios, the friends of Mr. Whistler, the contributors to *Woman's World*.

So much then is true. With infinite concern and genuine consternation does many an artist, painter, sculptor, poet, dress designer, deprecate this sad multiplication of all that is ugly. For to them it is really ugly. There

is no humbug about them. They at least are unaffected and natural, and do deeply deplore the miserable straight up-and-down, black and white, whitey-brown and altogether abominable lines and folds they are frequently called upon to depict in whatever particular medium they individually work. The sculptor's cry, as written down by his magazine friends—and meet it is, I recollect, that one may write and write about sculpture, yet never be any the wiser—is all against these hateful bronze frock-coats, these dreadful marble boots, these little blobs of buttons, these stiff imprisoning collars, these terra-cotta waistcoats, this bristling hair, this rugged hand, this vulgar pin, this plebeian watchchain, these Birmingham and Brummagem finger-rings and cuff-studs. So the typical modern sculptor. To such a one I would only say this. There is a recent very delightful, valuable and interesting publication issued by Charles Scribner's Sons and entitled the "Thackeray Letters." If you turn over its pages, to which everything that is admirable in typography has contributed, you will find a little more than half-way through a reproduction of a statue of the wise and gifted novelist by Boehm, the justly celebrated sculptor. Now, William Makepeace Thackeray was a typical Englishman, if ever there was one. More than that, he was a typical modern Englishman, with the soot of London and the gaslight of Paris always upon him, the one showing up the other. His letters—these letters I am referring to—reveal his character to us in its simplicity, its directness, its half-morbid, half-excitabile, religious and amiable leanings.

He lived to make a name—a splendid name, second only in English literature to that of his friend Dickens,—and was probably at the time of the creation of this statue at the very zenith of his fame. Here was a great chance for the artist. A man of genius, a man of his age, a man among men, a representative mind, a keen intellect, an unrivalled author, beside whom the Balzac of the French, the Melting, Richardson and even Scott of earlier English fame already appeared to lessen and wax dim. Now how did Boehm represent him? I will tell you and I wish that there were at my disposal some convenient apparatus of screen and focussed light by which you could all see what I see in my mind's eye, Horatio. He is represented as standing on a small and perfectly plain pedestal in a natural and simple attitude. He wears an ordinary suit of clothes, a capacious necktie, coat well open in front displaying a portly frame and watch chain, his hands are in his trousers' pockets—both of them—and his spectacles are on his nose! All the same I can conceive nothing finer than this very statue. It is true as life, it is so forcible, real, emphatic, vivid, natural, unadorned, unaffected, honest, a bit imperious, a trifle cynical, but—Thackeray—to the life. It has seized upon the individual air with which this man wore his clothes and embodies for us, though clad in modern costume, what this great modern was.

But was there no other course open to the sculptor? Oh! yes. He might have conceived of him in some literary pose for instance, forefinger of the right hand upon his brow, forefinger of the left upon an open volume, with "Vanity F—" written across it, might have clad him in University robes or a massive coat with a great fur collar, discarded the spectacles, erased the watch-chain, evolved a prig and blotted out—Thackeray. Or, still worse, in his contempt for Frock-Coat-Basqueism, he might have hidden his portly British form beneath flowing draperies of "lissome samite, white as thorn in May," given him a Napoleon-before-Waterloo kind of expression, made him lift his right hand towards heaven and put his left in his bosom—in short created a positive apotheosis of conceited vulgarity. But this Mr. Boehm did not do. Nor does any sculptor do it worthy of his name and fame. No two men wear their clothes alike, even these much abused modern clothes. Any man who possesses any individuality at all wears his clothes in his own way and makes them his own clothes. The patient, wise and trained sculptor will go to work to ascertain whether his subject has this gift of individuality and in what degree, and work accordingly.

I am glad to see that current feeling and criticism, at least in the *Fortnightly*, are in favour of Swinburne as the probable and fit successor to the Laureate. I do not, personally, see for a moment, how it can be otherwise; but all minds are not soundly critical. I cannot imagine Mr. Alfred Austin or Mr. Aubrey De Vere as wearing the green leaf, "greener from the brows" of the great poet we all love.

I see the *Dominion Illustrated* accords Mr. Mercer Adam praise for Professor Goldwin Smith's recent classical translations. This is even unusual stupidity; an act of inadvertence of which the editor is, no doubt, by this time, fully aware.

TOTEMS are defined by Mr. J. G. Fraser as "a class of material objects which a savage regards with superstitious respect, believing that there exists between him and every member of the class an intimate and altogether special relation." They are tribal emblems, family symbols, signals of nationality, expressions of religion, bonds of union, and regulators of marriage-laws and of the social institutions. The systems of totems exists among most primitive peoples, and in similar forms with the North American Indians, Australians, South Africans, Arabs, hill tribes of India, Polynesians, and many other peoples.

SPARKS FROM THE ANVIL.

Sparks from the anvil! sunlight gilds the plain!  
Gentles! the Blacksmith is at work again.

No freeman I, save I can walk my civic space  
And look my conscience (and my tailor) in the face.

Place Vice's happiness in either eye,  
And should I see one whit the less? Not I.

Shorn of all *mufti* Pessimism  
Stands forth confess'd as Atheism.

How we admire the Fire-King on his throne—  
So be the conflagration's not our own.

Loth to admit this,—yet 'tis very clear  
What we style *Virtue* is more often *Fear*.

To warm a Scottish audience one has but to turn  
To Ayrshire's ploughman, or the field of Bannockburn.

Your radical would give his ears to be  
A scion of the aristocracy.

I sneer at titles. Oh, how different, had but Fate  
Attach'd me to an earldom, or a marquise.

More poverty is not disgrace. I tumble into sin  
When wealthy neighbours meet my gaze and *ENVY* "rubs it in."

The man who reaches Wealth and Happiness  
Styles his fair goal "well merited success;"  
He, who against the pricks has run amuck,  
Dubs his deserts as "my infernal luck."

The average *prima donna's* warbling notes  
A suffering public thirty years endures;  
Fifteen of these she's up to concert pitch,  
The latter half, alas! are "farewell tours."

To rear and train a child are favourite topics  
With spinsters who ne'er hush'd an infant's cry,  
Nor heard man's language—well *within the tropics*—  
Blending at midnight with "Bye, Baby! Bye!"

Health and his soul should be man's chief concern,  
And, these secured, adornment has its turn;  
Revers'd by most—stretch'd on the social rack,  
Man cheats his stomach to adorn his back.

The turncoat who is now a Grit, erstwhile a Blue,  
Rails most ferociously against the azure hue,  
Just as fair yester's close-communication Calvinist  
Turn'd Anglican—is your extremest Ritualist.

Angry at *Grip*? Impossible! Why should I be?  
*Grip's* knocks are honest. What is manly can't hurt me,  
The Blacksmith is a Bruiser, and ev'ry schoolboy knows  
Good bruisers smile when *taking* as when *dealing* blows.

Charles Stuart! did thy public acts  
But match thy private ones,  
The White Isle ne'er had number'd thee  
Amongst her hapless sons.

Gaze on the martyr'd Stuart! he  
Whom Vandyck lov'd to paint,  
In public life a Liar—midst  
Domestic scenes a Saint.

And Thou! our England's Oliver!  
Who, spite malignant spleen,  
Didst awe the tyrant Spaniard,—aye!  
And crafty Mazarin.

Thy Englishman remembers, but  
As a disorder'd dream,  
The foul Star-Chamber's infamy—  
The torture-chamber's scream.

Ye pirate hordes of Barbary!  
Yon Crescent pales before  
The star of Him whose valour swept  
The field of Marston Moor.

In distant valleys Liberty  
Is no mere sounding name,  
Since Vaudois *chosen* worship 'neath  
Theegis of that fame

Whose lightest accent, utter'd in  
Our Cromwell's island-home,  
Reverberates in thunders 'midst  
The Seven Hills of Rome.

The gleam of Civic Virtue's light  
Circles thy morion'd head,  
The voice of Sovereign Statesmanship  
Blends with the jack-spurr'd tread.

What though thy bones yon profligates  
On Tyburn's gallows swing,  
The Heart of England *now* goes forth  
To England's Uncrown'd King.

From childhood's mirthful hour till falls Life's curtain we  
Shall find *Uncertainty's* the only *Certainty*.

O'er Baby number *One* enthusiasm's strongly stirr'd,—  
When future prattlers come, a chasten'd sorrow's quite the word

Oh, "Staircase\*-wit!" unborn until too late to please,  
Heaven might be scaled with our belated repartees.

Silent the anvil! Shadows veil the plain,  
Gentles! a fair good night—we meet again.

THE BLACKSMITH.

\* "Staircase-wit" is the term Parisians use for repartee that is born too late for effect—that which only occurs to us when we have left the drawing-room.

## BASS FISHING ON RIDEAU LAKE.

I HAD reached forty without having cast a line, an unusual experience in this country among men who have any means or leisure. When a boy, armed with hook and line and limber rod, cut from the bushes, and with a worm for bait, I essayed to lure the trout and other small fishes from a stream near my paternal home. I would angle for hours, noting in the clear water whole swarms of little fish surrounding my hook and nibbling the bait at will. Terrible jerks made I, but to no purpose. Weary and vexed at ill luck I was induced to surrender my rod to a little darky boy about half my size, who would forthwith begin pulling up the fishes by the dozen. I took a violent dislike for fishing. It was clearly not an intellectual diversion. It seemed unworthy of a man possessing any mental endowments.

Then came college life, the study for a profession and its pursuit. Laborious literary labours were interlarded, and thus the years passed. Boyhood gradually merged into manhood and youth crept along until the gray hairs and thin patch and the rude awakening of the fortieth birthday gave solemn warning that the vernal equinox was passed and life would know no more the odours of its first spring. During all these busy years, entirely absorbed in the pursuit of knowledge, fame and fortune, I looked with pity upon the deluded mortals who were wasting their time and energies on any such paltry and purposeless pastime as fishing. Among the mere pleasure-loving crowd I regarded these excursions as the fitting complement of an aimless life; but when I saw strong-minded men, possessing brains and ability and advancing rapidly in business, professional practice and public life, deliberately collecting together an elaborate kit and gear and starting out on a fishing excursion, I could not help feeling that they were the victims of a mild form of insanity.

This bit of very unimportant autobiography is given merely as a prelude to a narrative—a sort of quiet and sombre background for the little picture that is to follow.

During the summer of 1889 I was urged by a friend residing near Brockville, Ont., to come for a visit, and among other inducements offered was a week's fishing on the Rideau Lakes. He had just discovered the beauties of this region and its merits, and had erected a hotel on one of the numerous islands, with the intention of making the place a favourite summer resort. If my dear friend could have known of the good-natured contempt that such a proposition awakened in my mind I fear his invitation would not have been given. But, to shorten matters, I was finally induced to go to Brockville for a little visit, but with many misgivings and painful anticipations of boredom. Out of good nature, and to avoid the appearance of churlishness, I also consented to go to the lake one Tuesday afternoon, spend the night at the hotel, and the next day start for home. With secret cunning I inwardly reflected that this would preclude the possibility of protracted boredom.

Off we started one Tuesday afternoon late in August. The day was beautiful. We took the new line of railway from Brockville—the Brockville, Westport and Sault Ste. Marie—and in a short time were at Westport, a little town situated at the head waters of the Rideau system of lakes. It was now dusk, and entering one of those charming little steam yachts that are so common along the St. Lawrence and its tributary waters we had a pleasant sail of ten miles and then landed at Long Island, and were soon made comfortable in the hotel—one of the model summer structures of the period, built, as usual of boards nailed to a frail framework—no shingles without and no plaster within. As you lie on a very comfortable bed, moonlight or sunlight works away in through little apertures in the wooden walls, and your fellow guest in the room above makes his presence felt on the board floor over your head a trifle more distinctly than if he were in your own room. Broad verandahs of course surround the house, and it is altogether an ideal summer lodging. I spent my first night in the deliberate pursuit of absolute rest and pleasure, it having been determined before retiring that we were to be up at 5.30 in order to indulge in one fishing tour before I took my departure. I accepted this as a compromise, and felt an inward sense of pride and self-complacency at this tribute to my good nature and self-sacrifice.

The morning broke radiantly clear, as only an August morning in Ontario can break. There was not a cloud in the sky, but the sun's brilliant rays were tempered by a thin, dreamy haze, which so often lends a subdued charm to the beauties of an early autumn morning. I did not need to be awakened; and, taking a hasty bath and throwing on my clothes, I stepped out on the verandah. The scene was truly superb. Long Island stands in the centre of the lake, and all about and in every direction are smaller islands covered with rich foliage, and here and there are newly-built summer cottages that wealthy persons have erected. These are the advance guard of numbers which will appear when the beauties and advantages of the place become better known. My host soon appeared, together with the genial Dr. M., who accompanied us on the tour. Turning to the water's edge, I saw the boatman already at work making the preparations necessary for the fishing excursion. Presently the rods were brought forth, and reels adjusted, the lines prepared and the hooks attached.

I was presented with the gear that I was to use and started with the rest of the party for the boats, feeling certain every moment that I would either break the rod by some blundering or contrive to get the hook neatly

imbedded either in my clothes or flesh; but we got safely on board the boats. My host and I occupied one, the doctor and his friend the other. Each boat was admirably fitted up with all conveniences. Two heavily-cushioned seats were prepared for the fishers, while the boatman sat in the bow and rowed, and had, in addition, the care of a kettle of live minnows, our bait, and a landing net, which was to contain the many trophies of our prowess. Thus it was that for the first time in my life I started on a fishing excursion. The boatman gave his first pull at the oars. "What a piece of hopeless idiocy," thought I, "and for grown-up men!" My hope-respect was well nigh extinguished, and the minutes were counted until it should be safely over and I once more back to sensible pursuits and among rational beings.

We soon reached the "fishing ground." Massie—that was our boatman's name, and he was a thorough expert—dropped his oars. The tin can was opened, a bright and lively minnow was fastened to the end of my hook, and, following the example of my host, with a sigh of self-contempt I threw the line out. I saw it sink into the water, and as Massie said it was deep and we should require thirty or forty feet of line, I began mechanically to pay it out. The click of the revolving reel was the only sound that broke the impressive silence of the sun-illuminated waters. Thus sat we, my friend's line on one side of the boat, my own on the other, and I smiled to myself as I recalled the epigrammatic definition of fishing by some cynic: "A fish at one end of the line and a fool at the other," the only thing wanting, in my thought, being the fish.

Aye! What was that? Heigho! Something tugging at my hook. Quick as a flash I was upon my feet. "You've struck him," cries Massie, perfectly cool. How could a person be cool in such a case as the thought that darted through my brain. How can I describe everything that was crowded into that one moment? The little rod in an instant was bent and the whole hidden depths of the lake seemed to be in commotion. Instinct instantly taught me to keep the line taut, and so I began furiously to wind up the reel. I had at least forty feet out, a few feet had been wound in, when the enemy made a plunge, and to save my rod the line was paid out again. Then I began to reel in once more. I just held him and slowly wound in the line. Soon, at a little distance from the boat, I saw him—a perfect beauty! His next move was towards the surface, and with a sudden dash he leaped out of the water and into the air. My! Now I feared I should lose him. I kept a steady grip and he passed through the acrobatic ordeal without escaping me.

I resumed my work of taking in line. He tugged away gallantly and then made a dive under the boat; but, with an instinct years of education could not have instilled, I instantly adjusted the rod to the changed conditions. My foe was evidently getting tired of the struggle. Click! went the winding reel. He was drawing near the surface. Again I could see him at a nearer view.

"A beauty!" exclaimed Massie, as he seized the landing net. Click! went the reel, but who could repeat the wild monologue I kept up during this intoxicating performance? Every second was bringing him nearer the surface. The landing net was already in the water and near to the struggling beauty. I gave him a little tip and Massie dexterously got beneath him. In a flash I saw him safely landed, and gave forth a shout that echoed to the remotest recesses of this isle-studded lake.

Thus was landed my first fish—a beautiful fat black bass weighing four pounds! Oh, what a revolution! How life had changed in five short minutes! The cold cynic of forty winters—where was he? Gone! and in his place stood an enthusiast, his eyes beaming, his heart palpitating with delight, his pulse dancing, and his whole soul alive with rapture. What cared he for law or politics? What matter it that constituents might grumble, newspapers rave, and opponents inveigh? Begone, vain world! What are all the dreams of ambition, the yearnings for power, the thirst for fame? Did he not recall the well-worn lines of—*I think—Oliver Wendell Holmes?*

Ah, what are the treasures we perish to win  
Compared with the trout we first caught with a pin?

To veteran fisherman all this will, no doubt, seem turgid and ridiculous; but, perchance, memory will enable them to go back to the sunny hours of childhood when they felt the ecstasy of the first fish. Multiply these sensations in a man of forty and then be charitable.

The morning wore quickly away, and this bass was not my sole trophy. Again and again the delightful sensation of a tug at the end of the line was repeated, and one after another, a fine collection of black bass was safely deposited in the tin drawer which was fitted up as a receptacle in our boat. My host is an experienced fisherman, an enthusiast, and has always been regarded as both expert and lucky. But, by one of those concatenations of events that no fellow can understand, though he diligently dangled his line, he got nothing, while I was keeping Massie continually employed with his landing net and the fastening of fresh minnows on my hooks.

Eight o'clock came and we started for home and breakfast. We reached the little landing cove almost simultaneously with the doctor and his companion. They had had some luck, and got a few small ones, but nothing compared to mine; and as we walked up to the hotel, Massie bearing before us my pan of stunning big fish, there was not a prouder or happier man in the Dominion of Canada.

And what an appetite for breakfast! How delightful the fresh air of the morning; how uplifting was the beautiful scenery; how exhilarating the captivating sport! All the cares and worries of life seemed to have been thrown aside by a complete rejuvenation taken place. My heart was light, my spirits were buoyant. Ah, Mr. Brown-Séguard, methinks your elixir of life will prove an ephemeral renewer of youth beside the never-failing joy of a summer holiday, heightened by the exhilarating charms of fishing sport.

After a satisfactory breakfast and a composing pipe, seated on the verandah, in the most comfortable of chairs, my host reminded me that the time was approaching when we should have to take the steam yacht for Smith's Falls in order to catch the train for Halifax.

"I am afraid it will be inconvenient for you to leave to-day," I timidly and insinuatingly suggested. "I know you do not want to lose the whole day's sport."

I thought I saw a wicked smile pass around as I glanced at the faces of the company.

"I see it," said my genial host. "You want to stay another day! By all means. You have not half seen the place. Stop until to-morrow."

He had hit the idea completely. The individual who once counted the minutes that should bring an escape from boredom was now enthusiastically looking forward with consuming eagerness to more of the unspeakable delights of the rod and line. And let it be said here that not the next day nor the day following saw my departure from this interesting spot. Once the sweets of sporting life were tasted, no few hours would suffice to satisfy my growing appetite for more.

I rapidly overcame my long-cherished belief that to abandon my post of duty in the thick of business affairs for a single day would un hinge the whole machinery of the universe. Indeed one morning's success with rod and reel converted me from an elderly, serious, plodding worldly worker into a modified savage, content to let men come and go at their own sweet will, while I enjoy the keen thrill of playing a frisky black bass through the clear waters of that Canadian lake. How many men—and among them men of wealth—there are, who live devoid of a true knowledge of the real joys of existence, and probably shorten their days by reason of an inexorable sense of the supreme necessity of their personal attention to all the details of their affairs. If once the door could be opened and they could be induced to look in upon the feast that nature spreads for the weary and overworn in so many places on this great continent of ours, with its lakes and rivers, its forests and its streams, they would soon begin to partake, life would be sweeter as well as longer, and they would presently discover how marvellously well the world manages to wag along without the personal superintendence of any of us.

The trip to Smith's Falls having been abandoned by unanimous consent, of course another fishing excursion was in order. Other grounds were visited. My host and I were companions as before, and once more luck perched upon my rod. My friend managed to secure one fish while I succeeded in getting a half dozen, and back we came to luncheon. We fished with excellent luck in the afternoon until the shades of night began to fall. At last we wound up our reels and prepared to return to the hotel. The sun was down. The day had been clear and warm. As the sun departed and the twilight began to deepen into dusk came the delicious coolness of an August evening. There was scarce a breath of wind and the whole surface of the lake was like one vast mirror. Far as the eye could see were lovely vistas of island and water in every direction, the foliage reaching to the very edge of the lake.

As I lay back in the cushioned seat, the whole scene seemed the most beautiful and uplifting I had ever beheld. Supreme quiet and peace rested over the whole lake, save when broken by the weird echoes of the distant loon. Long Island is divided by an inlet on both sides. Entering either north or south by a narrow passage, one presently opens out into a beautiful little lake within the island completely overshadowed with a luxuriant growth of hardwood. Once upon the bosom of this little inland lake in the gloaming of a summer twilight the scene is beyond description. The mirror-like surface is darkened by the shades of night, and from its unruffled surface is reflected everything near of earth and sky with such perfection that it is impossible even on the most intent observation of material objects, to determine whether you are gliding through water or sky. Everything is unreal and mystic, and all the early dreams of fairy land seem realized.

Suddenly from the tall maples above our heads came the plaintive notes of a whippoorwill. It was the first time I had ever heard the strains of this love-fabled bird, and amid such surroundings and under such influences, is it any wonder that rooms of the heart, long closed and locked with rusty keys, were opened, and the soft and delicious impulses known only when love plays upon the tender chords of youth came back for the moment in great torrents of sentiment? I could not but recall then and there the old song of the whippoorwill, that I had always cherished, but which now filled me with its meaning as never before:

It is said that whatever sweet feelings  
May be throbbing within a fond heart,  
When listening to whippoorwill's singing  
For twelvemonth will never depart.  
Oh, then we will meet in the woodland,  
Far away from the hurrying throng,  
And whisper our love to each other  
When we hear the first whippoorwill's song.



But let me not drift into sentiment. It is well sometimes to have the soul stirred up a bit, and these reflections were the wholesome results of a first day's fishing. Amid these happy dreams the boat glided along, and soon we were at the landing-place. With an appetite not etherealized by the beauties and glories of the scene we were soon partaking of a substantial dinner. Not, indeed, a formal affair, with courses of dainties designed to tempt a cloyed appetite, but a toothsome collection of substantials, fresh bass caught by our own hand, served hot and sweetened by that most effective of sauces—a healthy appetite, born of outdoor exercise, freedom from care and the uplifting influences of nature. This, indeed, was living! This was getting out of one's self—out of the ruts of monotonous routine and restoring tone to body and mind.

After dinner how delightful the pipe tasted as we again seated ourselves on the verandah to enliven an hour with tale and gossip, and how soon, nature having free scope to assert herself, we felt a sweet drowsiness which told us that bed was the place for us all—not after midnight and with nightcaps and other noxious inventions, but early in the evening, the system all aglow with health. We arranged for another tour at half-past five next morning, and soon we were all in bed, and with a delightful sense of healthy exhaustion the world and consciousness began to fade out of sight.

That sleep was undisturbed by restless dreams; but in the balmy slumbers of the night came to me pleasant sensations of a tug at the line. In visions I was holding the rod once more, and felt what the fishermen so long for and starts with delight in finding—the rapturous tug at the hook which indicates a bite, and, in many cases a capture. Here was the enthusiast of a day completely carried away with the sport, and continuing the happy exercise in dreams. But what sportsman who has whipped a stream all day for salmon and been rewarded by landing a thirty-pounder before the day was over, has not gone over the exciting scenes in the silent watches of the night? It was as the scarred veteran of a hundred fights recalls the stirring incidents of some infantry charge when the enemy's stronghold was stormed, and the old flag was planted on the deserted battlements of the foe amid the battle's roar and his comrades' cheers.

Day after day passed, each filled with a quota of sport and pleasure. My exceptional luck continued, and though the party was increased by fresh arrivals I still remained each day *facile princeps*—the new meteor in the piscatorial heavens. The longer I remained the more indifferent I became to all that was occurring in the outer world. Rest and renewed health were the guerdons of each day's experience. But all things must come to an end, and the time necessarily arrived when I was to take my last look at Rideau Lake and go back to newspapers, letters, telegrams and business. Thus endeth the story of my first—but I hope not last—fishing expedition, which had been postponed by the accidents of fate for forty years. Once more I am in the old routine, but with renewed vigour and energy. The prosaic now surrounds and prevails. But amid the din of duty it is pleasant to go back to such scenes as I have been describing. They brighten up one's life, and some other unfortunate old boy who like myself has not indulged in sport, because it was undignified, may be roused from his lethargy while reading these pages and become what I now am, an enthusiastic, though I hope a sensible sportsman.—*Hon. J. W. Longley, in Outing.*

#### HOW BRITISH COLONIES GOT RESPONSIBLE GOVERNMENT.

THE British Colonies which live under responsible government resting on a broad democratic franchise have been engaged for a generation and upwards in an experiment on which the United Kingdom is just entering, the experiment of disciplining these independent forces, and accustoming them for the first time to work harmoniously together. The Colonies have already solved, or tried and failed to solve, some of the problems which just now perplex statesmen at home. Free Education, the Eight Hours' System, Local Option (with or without compensation), and the One Man One Vote principle have been dealt with; some of them in a manner to amaze persons who only know democracy by the bookish theoretic. Shorter parliaments, payment of members and elective expenses, borne not by the candidates but by the State, which are already debated as necessary reforms in England, have also been tried in Australia, with more or less success.

The experience of men of the same race and education, though they happen to live in Ottawa or Melbourne, and not in Westminster, may not be without value. It will sometimes prove a persuasive example, sometimes a significant warning—for the experiment of responsible government based on a broad democracy, though singularly successful on the whole, has not escaped grave mistakes, and even serious sins against public liberty.

There is a livelier and perhaps a more intelligent interest taken in colonial affairs of late, and a few students have mastered them as sympathetically as Burke and Sheridan mastered the obscure Indian problem a hundred years ago, but I do not believe our patron, the reading public, has got much beyond the general conclusion that there are prosperous British settlements scattered over the world which they and their predecessors, by liberal expenditure and wise guidance, as they make no doubt, were good enough to establish and maintain. If an inquirer desires to know a little more, he is met on the threshold by the

difficulty that he has to grope in the dark for the history of obscure transactions, and does not know where to begin. But as the relation of colonies to the mother country must be put on a new footing if they are to be permanent, it will not be amiss to understand a little of their past relations.

I have been repeatedly invited to describe the experiment in Australia. I shrank from the task because I must speak of transactions to which I was a party, and I cannot be free from prepossessions. But as I lived nearly a quarter of a century in one of the great colonies where responsible government was initiated and developed, and, from the necessity of my position there, was a student of colonial history in general, the subject is at least not new to me. To this fourth appeal I have answered that as some one must begin I will do my best. I propose to tell, without unnecessary detail, how these distant possessions came to obtain English liberty, for this is an essential preface if the later story of colonial progress would be understood. Next, at convenient intervals, to tell what use they made of it; and finally, how far their experience may be serviceable to this country since it has adopted the same democratic franchise.

There are British colonies in Africa, America and Australia, inhabited by more than ten millions of the same birth or blood as the population of the United Kingdom, controlling a territory many times larger than Europe, who are now living under Parliamentary government. This system, as it exists in colonies, was like English liberty itself, the result of cautious experiments, and of concessions tardily made to public necessity or public danger. No great statesman at home, pondering over the interests of his troubled dependencies, proposed to tranquillise the hereditary institutions of England from the Imperial to the Colonial community. No colonist of super-colonial growth distinctly claimed this concession as of right from the beginning. In the history of human perversity, indeed, there is scarcely a chapter more marvellous, more grotesque, or more humiliating than the story how British Colonies obtained the liberty which they enjoy.

Down to the reign of George III., the doctrine prevailed on all sides that colonies existed for the benefit not of the colonists, but of the mother country. Statesmen, who were good enough to insist that they ought to be permitted to enjoy certain municipal liberties, were careful to declare that they were not entitled to employ them for the purpose of competing in any industry in which England was engaged. Spain had forbidden her subjects in Mexico, and France had forbidden her subjects in Louisiana, to plant the vine lest they should presume to make wine and interfere with the trade at home; and when some audacious colonists planted the forbidden fruit, it was immediately rooted out—and in the same maternal spirit England interdicted manufacturing enterprise in all her colonies.

Even the employment of their own funds was a luxury denied to colonists, except when distinctly acknowledged as a favour. The House of Commons, in the year 1755, declared that "the claim of right in a colonial Assembly to raise and apply public money by its own act alone is derogatory to the Crown, and to the rights of the people of Great Britain." This declaration was intended to bear fruits, and it bore some memorable ones. Nine years later the House of Commons without a dissentient voice agreed to impose a tax on the colonists of North America towards meeting the public expenditure of the Empire—that Empire which had fostered them in so singular a manner. These colonies habitually paid the cost of their civil government and of their military defence, and had quite recently aided the mother country in a protracted war with France. They declared themselves, however, willing to grant further aid provided it was granted through their own Legislature, but they denied the right of the Parliament of England to impose any tax on them. The English lawyers (says Bancroft) all maintained the right of England to tax her own colonies. It is worth remembering as an eternal lesson not to be deterred from asserting a clear right by the authority of names—it is a fact which might even disturb the supreme self-confidence of Sir James Stephen on the problems of imperial policy—that at the time this doctrine was insisted on English lawyers had Lord Mansfield at their head in one House of Parliament, and Blackstone in the other. The statesmen, who were more liberal than the lawyers, held a doctrine which will seem as insensate in our day. Lord Chatham insisted that colonists could not be taxed without their consent, but he was ready to admit that they had no right to fabricate a spade or a pickaxe without authority from the Alma Mater. The philosophers were naturally more unreasonable and wrong-headed than the statesmen. Samuel Johnson, whom Carlyle asks us to accept (very much against our will) as the foremost man then living in the island of Britain, reminded the appealing colonists that they were a race of convicts who ought to be thankful for any treatment short of hanging. Junius, the champion of popular rights in England, scoffed at their claims to self-government, and the newspapers assailed them with ferocious scorn for assuming to assert that they had any rights contrary to the interest and convenience of the mother country—an amiable theory of international rights, which some of us have reason to believe is not quite extinct at present. Ingratitude was the sin of colonists it seems; they had forgotten the State which made and maintained them. Colonel Barré, a distinguished Irish soldier, who after serving with Wolfe in Canada, now occupied a seat in the House of Commons, told that assembly his mind on this subject, in terms which are, perhaps, not yet quite out of date.

"They planted by your care!" he exclaimed. "No, your oppression planted them in America. They nourished by your intelligence! They grew by your neglect of them. They protected by your arms! They have nobly taken up arms in your defence, have exerted a valour amidst their constant and laborious industry for the defence of a country whose frontier was drenched in blood, while its interior parts yielded all its savings to your emolument. And, believe me, remember, I this day tell you so, the same spirit of freedom which actuated that people at first will accompany them still. But prudence forbids me to explain myself further."

The narrative now passes to Canada. The province of Quebec, as it was then named, had distinguished itself in the American war, by fidelity to the British Crown. Though its population was almost exclusively French by birth or descent, the territory having been ceded by France to England so recently as 1763, the Canadians refused the solicitations of the colonies in arms to unite with them in declaring their independence. Congress sent the American Ulysses, Benjamin Franklin and a popular Catholic bishop, on a mission to Quebec, but their seductive counsels proved vain, and the French Canadians, not content with neutrality, took up arms for England. When the war was over a large body of English loyalists left the United States and settled in the division of Canada, afterwards known as the Upper Province, rather than violate their allegiance by becoming citizens of the new Republic.

How these faithful subjects were cherished, how they were recompensed for their fidelity, how far the Magna Charta of the colonies barred their local rights against invasion, are themes as fruitful as a student of colonial interests can study. For a dozen years or so nothing was done for the rights of Canadians, but when France first became a Republic, and a war between England and the new democracy was imminent, the younger Pitt bestowed a constitution on the colony with great precipitation. The territory was divided into two Provinces—Lower Canada occupied by the French population, and Upper Canada colonized chiefly by the immigrant English loyalists. The Provinces were to be governed respectively by a Legislative Council nominated by the Crown, a Legislative Assembly elected by the people, and a Governor to represent the Sovereign, assisted by an Executive Council, chosen at his discretion. These gallant and faithful communities one might suppose would be *enfants gâtés* of the mother country, but the mother country preferred the discipline of Solomon, and did not spare the rod. The form of free institutions alone was established. The representatives of the people had no control over the public revenue, nor the slightest influence over the policy and patronage of the Governor and his Council. One considerable source of revenue arose from duties on trade. The Magna Charta of the colonies, as we know, provided that such duties should be spent on the colony, and by the authority of the colony; but on the pettifogging plea that the Act imposing these particular duties was passed four years before the Colonial Magna Charta, the money was expended under the direction of the Lords of the Treasury in London, and continued to be so expended in these loyal colonies for more than half a century after the right had been renounced in favour of colonies in arms. It is a rule of law that beneficial statutes extend to things not *in esse* at the time they were enacted, but the rule of law was not considered operative in colonies. If the history of human error and perversity ever comes to be written, it will hardly contain a more significant incident than this. But it had its use; the second important step in colonial liberty was gained through the contests which it naturally provoked.

The Legislative Assembly in Lower Canada was quiescent and submissive at first, but it soon came to comprehend in some degree its rights. It found itself opposed, however, by an Upper Chamber consisting of officials imported from England, and nominated for life, and whom every Governor supported, and who were in possession of all real power in the colony. The first demand for control over the public purse was met by the outraged Governor as Strafford might have met it in Ireland, by sending the leaders of the opposition to gaol. There was an annual deficit in the colonial Exchequer however, and as it had to be made up by a grant from England, the offer of the Legislative Assembly to supply the deficit by a colonial tax was a bait too tempting to be resisted, and they were permitted to buy a fragment of their rights, at the beginning of the nineteenth century, as a trading community in the Middle Ages might have bought it from a robber baron, at a fixed ransom. The concession made was that they were permitted to vote the supplies. But the official gentlemen in the Executive Council thought the most respectful and convenient manner in which they could proceed would be to vote them for a series of years together, according to the ancient and approved practice in England: that is to say, the practice under the Stuarts before the Revolution. At length it was conceded that they might be voted annually, but only in a lump sum for the service of the year, leaving the Governor and the official gentlemen aforesaid to distribute the money at their discretion.

In the contest which ensued, the Governor invariably agreed with the Upper House, and the Colonial Office commonly agreed with the Governor. The Canadians, however, had come to understand their rights, and persisted in demanding them; gaining a little from time to time by judicious pressure. They limited themselves so strictly

to constitutional ends and constitutional means, that when in the middle of their struggle, the war of 1812 broke out between England and the United States they again took up arms on the side of England. After the war, they pressed their complaints on the Imperial Parliament, from which their constitution had been derived, and at last, in 1828, a Select Committee on Canadian affairs was appointed by the House of Commons. This committee recommended that the whole of the revenue of the colony should be placed under the control of the Assembly, and that a more impartial, conciliatory, and constitutional system of government should be adopted. As the Duke of Wellington was Prime Minister at this time, it is probable that something practical would have been done to give effect to these good intentions, but a struggle with his own supporters, who were enraged with him for promising Catholic emancipation, engrossed his time, and the colonies had to wait.

When the condition of Canada was looked into, a curious and instructive spectacle presented itself. In the Upper or British Province, planted by men who had abandoned their homes rather than their allegiance, the representatives of the people were wholly without power, all authority there, as well as in the French district, residing in Legislative Councillors nominated by the Crown. These gentlemen possessed control over the Supreme Court and the entire body of functionaries, and against all remonstrance had maintained high salaries and an improvident expenditure of the public revenue. Violent partisans of their party were created judges, while, on the other hand, magistrates and militia officers were dismissed for attending meetings to petition for reform. The management of the public lands was retained by the Crown, and a million acres had been made over to a London company at an inadequate price, and the proceeds spent without the authority of the Legislature. A portion of the clergy reserves (lands originally designed for Church endowment) was sold and \$300,000 derived from the sale remitted to England. The religious feeling of the people, who were mostly Protestant Dissenters, had been wounded by the establishment of rectories with exclusive ecclesiastical privileges such as belong to the Established Church in England, and by the rejection in the Legislative Council of a measure to relieve Quakers and other Dissenters from certain penalties. And they were oppressed in common with the other province by a fiscal system established by the Imperial Parliament which, under the pretence of regulating trade, laid a heavy burden of taxation on them, and prohibited them purchasing articles of primary importance in the cheapest European or American market.

The case as respects Lower Canada was still worse. The Canadians of French descent, who were seven to one of the population, and constituted the bulk of the elected Chamber, were excluded from all authority in the colony which they had founded, and twice defended by arms. The Upper Chamber, appointed by the Crown, that is to say the Colonial Office, consisted of twenty-three members, of whom a steady majority were persons insolently hostile to the nationality and interests of the colonists. The Executive Council or *quasi* Government consisted of nine members, and was constituted in a manner that would reconcile Colonel Saunderson and, perhaps, even Mr. William Johnson to a Government in Dublin. Of the nine Ministers set over the Canadian Catholic people only two were Canadians, and only one a Catholic. Eight of these gentlemen and their families had signalized themselves by obtaining grants amounting to 63,936 acres. The public service was crowded by their dependants. Among a hundred officers there were only forty-seven Canadians, and in general they held inferior offices. The judges who administered the French law of property were nearly all selected in Westminster Hall by a potent official of the Colonial Office whom Charles Buller nicknamed Mr. Mothercountry. The public lands were squandered in jobs and favoritism; public offenders were retained in office contrary to the remonstrance of the representatives of the people, and the Legislative and Executive powers, instead of being in harmony were of necessity in constant collision. By the practice of appropriating public money without the authority of the Assembly, the Governor had raised himself above the need of satisfying it either in his measures or the persons to whom their execution was entrusted, and the Colonial Office, as far as they understood what was going on, had sanctioned it. Before lifting your hands too high in amazement at the folly of a former generation, remember, oh gracious reader! that there still exists in another British possession an institution of the same animus, known as Dublin Castle.

The reformers then in power in Westminster at length yielded to the Canadian Assemblies the control of a large portion of the public revenue, but not of the whole, as was claimed of right, and as had been recommended by the Select Committee of 1828. And they prepared to make some tentative experiment in the practice of self-government. Their task, it must be admitted, was not an easy one. They were dealing with interests and forces they imperfectly understood, and they were receiving advice from official persons who knew that their own power of monopoly depended on successfully misleading England.

In the meantime a clearer notion of what constitutes responsible government began to prevail in Canada. The colonists of French descent, to whom a free Legislature was a new phenomenon, and one scrutinized the more curiously and the more fearlessly on that account, gradually developed the idea that when a parliament was granted to them the main consequences which followed parliamentary

liberty in England were implied in the concession. Among the British colonists in Upper Canada a large party eagerly accepted this idea, which debate rendered clearer and simpler. Sometimes they strayed from the right road, and made demands for which there was no precedent in the practice of England, but they kept in view with tolerable steadiness the fundamental proposition that, having by their own choice remained under the British Crown, they were entitled to the full enjoyment of the British Constitution, and that the British Constitution lodged the control of finance and policy in the representatives of the people.

The attention of the mother country was kept alive by the attitude of the Canadian Legislatures. In Lower Canada it was peculiarly menacing. Having in 1832, on the first promise of reforms, cheerfully granted supplies for the year, they expressed their displeasure at delay by attempting in 1833 to effect them by their own power, and by a method which was *ultra vires*. To correct the accumulation of offices in the hands of the same person, which had been a constant subject of complaint, they named on the estimates the officers to whom the salary was voted, and in some cases attached conditions to the vote. Wherever responsible government exists these results are now attained without strain or contest by the influence of the House over Ministers, but there was no precedent for the manner of attaining them attempted in Quebec. The Upper Chamber rejected the Appropriation Bill founded on these votes. Next year, no reform having been yet effected, the Assembly passed a series of ninety-two resolutions, specifying their grievances, and deliberately refused supplies until grievances were redressed. The demand on which they laid most stress was that the Upper Chamber might become elective. This design was odious and alarming to a large party in England, because there was then current a proposal to make the House of Lords elective. Mr. Roebuck, who had not yet developed into a "Conservative watchdog," was demanding in pamphlets and speeches, "What is the use of a House of Lords?" and O'Connell had made a tour through England and Scotland to illustrate the same text. At length it was made plain even in Downing Street that measures must be taken to pacify the Colonies, and in 1835 Lord Gosford was despatched to Lower Canada as Governor-general, and chief of a Commission, authorized to enquire into grievances.

(To be Continued.)

#### ART NOTES.

THE annual exhibition of the Ontario Society of Artists was opened for the private view on the evening of Friday, and it is admitted on all hands to be the best collection of Canadian pictures that has been seen in Toronto, if not in Canada. Time was when landscapes with a few flowers and still life constituted a Canadian exhibition of native art, but now it is impossible to complain of the monotony of our exhibitions for figure pieces, portraits and animals call for the attention of the spectator side by side with landscapes, marine pictures, still life and flowers, and it is a noticeable feature of our picture galleries that our artists are not altogether slavish followers of the French or German school, but while learning from the art of all countries they still retain their own individuality and, with a few exceptions, give promise of founding a school of art that shall have a character and merits of its own.

Of the oil paintings in the present exhibition the one which has received the post of honour is Mr. Reid's "Mortgaging the Farm," of which we spoke in our notice of the R.C.A. exhibition at Montreal. The artist has since presented it to the National Gallery as his diploma picture. On the same wall he has a striking head of Mr. S. M. Jones, and a female head in shadow with strong light on one side, an effect which he has an evident liking for; his other picture of "The Discussion" has also received notice in these pages. Miss Tulley's portrait of a young girl with a fan is a very pleasing example of her best work. In the "Rival Schools" Mr. Forster has chosen a difficult subject, which, although wanting in breadth, contains some very good work. The expression on the faces, both of the principals and pupils, is excellent. The subject, however, would perhaps be more suitable for an illustrated paper than for a work containing so much careful study and thought as the artist has evidently bestowed upon it. He has also a good portrait on the same wall. A portrait by Mrs. McConnell, which hangs as a companion to the last named, strikes us as perhaps the strongest head in the room. This lady has also two small figures, both well drawn and painted—"Learning a New Piece" and "Preparing Dinner"—on the east wall. "An Advocate of Equal Rights," by T. Mower Martin, represents a well-known member of the race which has been seeking for equal rights for a long time. He is an old negro who, with the *Mail* to read and a glass of beer before him, looks quite contented. "Meditation," a strongly painted head, by W. Cults, is the best work this new member of the O.S.A. shows. A portrait of a gentleman in uniform, by J. C. Forbes, is quite characteristic of that artist. It is on the south wall, and is painted with careful attention to detail. A small head, by F. L. Challenger, shows promise, but is too close an imitation of Mr. Reid, in whose studio the exhibitor has been working.

Of landscapes in oil, Homer Watson shows a number, which to our mind are no improvement on the work he did in Canada. His largest on the north wall flavours of the modern French style, in which too much is left for the imagination of the spectator to fill in; two smaller ones

on the line below are more satisfactory, but perhaps the best is the "Gleam in the Lane," in the north-east corner. Mr. Bell-Smith's large oil coast scene, entitled "Dulse Gatherers," does not compare favourably with his water colours, in which medium he is so much at home; but the composition of the picture and the arrangement of the figures are excellent, as is the rendering of the wet shore and stones. T. Mower Martin has an upright picture of Mt. Sir Donald, showing the glacier, and a characteristic Muskoka Lake scene with the pines and cedars which he delights in. He has also a meadow scene, with willows and cows; but perhaps his best landscape is "Twilight in Rosedale," on the north wall, the foreground of which picture is now occupied by the house and garden of Mr. A. Cox. Mr. Cox himself has a Scotch lake scene, in the centre of the east wall, and a waterfall, "Inversnaid," over the doorway, besides some smaller scenes, in his characteristic style.

Of animals and still life there are some good "Roses" by Mrs. Reid and "Peonies" by Mrs. Dignam who has also a large picture of poppies with two children amusing themselves in the garden. "In an Old Man's Garden" is however Mrs. Dignam's best picture, the subdued tone of colour and quiet repose of the scene being well given.

Mr. Mower Martin's "In the Enemy's Country" represents a grouse in dangerous proximity to a mink, and in "Ah! There" he has a fox eyeing some ducks through a screen of rushes with evident evil intentions. Mr. Sherwood's dogs we have before noticed; the best is the pug, "His Lordship." He has also some grapes picturesquely arranged. Mr. Forbes has some nicely elaborated fruit pieces and carefully finished small landscapes of which, perhaps, the best is his "Sunrise," on the east wall, a very effective piece. On the same wall to the left is a clever sketch by Challenger, "Part of an Old Mansion," and higher up, "The Day is Done," by another young artist, Carl Ahrens, representing an old woman walking on the seashore in the evening. There is a good effect about this picture. Altogether the exhibition is a decided success, but the arrangements for the opening were not quite what they should have been and the want of a catalogue makes it difficult to write a criticism without some omissions.

TEMPLAR.

CHRISTIE'S rooms were crowded on a recent Saturday at the sale of water-colour drawings and sculpture by order of the executors of the late Mr. J. C. Harter, of the Cedars, Leamington, Eng. The highest price was the £1,470 given by Mr. Lucas for the famous Academy picture, "Asleep," by Sir John Millais. Landseer's "Uncle Tom and his Wife," a pair of pugs on a doorstep, exhibited at the Royal Academy, 1857, sold for £1,291 10s. Messrs. Agnew bought "The Studio," by Alma Tadema, 1867, for £483; a Mulready landscape, 1819, from the Gillott collection, for £319; William Hunt's "Negro Boy" for £63; an interior, by Edouard Frère, for £120 15s., and gave £624 15s. for the big Faed picture, "Pot Luck." Cooper's "Canterbury Meadows" was bought by M'Lean for £162 15s., and the same firm purchased David Cox's "Stepping Stones on the Conway," exhibited at Manchester, 1887, for £288 15s., and J. Linnell's "Hayfield" for £294. "A View in the Weald of Kent," by Birket Foster, sold for £157 10s.; Goodall's "Recitation of Tasso to Italian Fishermen" for £236; Jules Breton's "Interior of a Normandy Cabaret" for £640 10s.; Cooke's "Dumbarton Castle" for £409 10s., and Keeley Halswelle's "Dolce Far Niente" for £462. A sea piece, by Muller, realized £472 10s. The sculptures sold well. The total sum realized by the sale was £10,255 9s. 6d.

In a review of Continental and English painting, a writer in *The Nineteenth Century* says: "No painters have clung so closely to the models of French masters as those of the United States. Their skill is various and quite exceptional, yet in no sense national. Americans have an absolute predilection for French art. But they also think pictures a luxury only admissible into the States at an enormous custom-house duty."

In the old houses where ancestral pictures look constantly down from the walls, they seem to exercise an influence over the family; and those who have grown up among the ancestral people of Titian, Tintoretto or Vandyck cannot, I fancy, utterly fail to be gentlemen and ladies. Unconscious impressions are made which sink into the soul and alter life.—*Conversations in a Studio.*

#### MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

##### THE GILMORE PHILHARMONIC.

As far as is known the series of concerts to be given by the popular Gilmore combination in conjunction with our own Philharmonic promise to be as successful as of yore. The programmes which are published and were distributed on the "Wagner" night of the Society should attract large audiences, for the bill of fare is excellent as well as popular.

##### TORRINGTON'S ORCHESTRA.

THE second concert of this organization will be given to-night (Friday) in the Pavilion, and will include the following selections: Overture, "Rienzi," Wagner; Fackeltanz, No. 8, in C Minor, Meyerbeer; Delirien Waltz, No. 212, J. Strauss; Overture, "Tiberius," H. L. Clarke. There should be a full house.



## THE McDOWELL COMPANY.

E. A. McDOWELL occupied the Grand all last week, producing "Rosedale," "The Black Flag" and "The Private Secretary." "Rosedale" is a play of some dramatic interest and affords opportunity for a considerable amount of light comedy. It was well played all round, and it was evident that there was no "tail" to the company. Mr. Hagan made a good gypsy, and the several scenes were effectively mounted. "The Black Flag," a melodrama by Henry Pelit, of essentially English interest, was played to a thin house. It is a piece abounding in strong situations and good comedy, and is full of go from start to finish. John Buney made a good Lazarus, while the cabin boy was well played by an intelligent little lady. E. A. McDowell gave a forcible delineation of the hero, Harry Glyndon.

DR. HUBERT PARRY has chosen Milton's "L'Allegro" as the subject for his Norwich Festival cantata next autumn.

THE management of the great music festival which is to be held at Gloucester in 1892 have commissioned M. Gounod and Sir Arthur Sullivan to write new compositions for it.

A BANK cashier at Heilbronn, named Lang, finding that he has a splendid tenor voice, has abandoned his situation to study for the opera at Frankfort-on-the-Main. Several opera-houses are trying to secure him.

DUFRICHE, the renowned baritone, lately sang at the Spanish court the poem "Children," words by Boyer and music by Massenet, awakening great emotion, especially in the Queen, with reference to the recent serious illness of her son.

ON the occasion of the revival at Vienna of the "Armida" of Gluck, the critic Hirschfeld gave a *soirée* at which were executed parts of all the famous operas written upon the theme of "Armida," including Lulli's (1686), Sacchini's (1738), the chorus of demons from the "Armida" of Handel (1711), and the chorus of furies from Sarti's (1785).

"THORGRIM," the new opera written and composed expressly for the Carl Rosa Opera Company by Joseph Bennett and F. H. Cowen, was produced at Drury Lane, under the composer's direction, on Tuesday evening, April 22. The story of the new opera is founded upon an episode in the ancient Icelandic Saga, "Viglund the fair."

THE famous conductor of La Scala, Franco Faccio, is seriously affected by an incurable malady of the brain. His mental faculties have received a severe shock; that of recognition seems almost lost. The one fixed idea which dominates is the thought of his friend, the composer and poet, Arrigo Boito, for whom he calls continually, and who alone has the power to quiet him. Signor Boito, with truly paternal affection, does not leave his friend for a moment.

## LIBRARY TABLE.

POEMS. By A. C. Stewart. Toronto: Hunter, Rose and Company.

We are of opinion that the author would be more profitably employed in endeavouring to increase the commercial instead of the literary wealth of the Dominion. It is difficult to believe that the publication of such stuff is meant to be more than a bad literary joke.

AT A GIRL'S MERCY. By J. K. Ludlum. New York: Street and Smith.

A story of the War of the Rebellion. The interest centres on the refusal of a girl to forgive a man who had offered her a deadly insult, though her father's life hangs on the pardon. She holds out, and at last finds her enemy "At a Girl's Mercy."

THE POCKET ATLAS AND GAZETTEER OF CANADA. By J. G. Bartholomew. F.R.G.S. Edited by J. M. Harper, M.A., Ph.D., Quebec. Toronto: Hart and Company.

This small volume of 276 closely printed pages and 36 maps and plates gives in its combination form much more complete and detailed information about its subject than one usually finds in any general atlas or gazetteer. It is the first of a series of such dainty little volumes dealing with the principal divisions of the world, and has had the advantage of being specially revised by a well-known Canadian *litterateur*, J. M. Harper, of Quebec, whose name is familiar to readers of THE WEEK. The book is handy and exceedingly useful, gazetteer and atlas being connected by means of index letters.

AMINTA. A Modern Life Drama. By Cornelius O'Brien, D.D., Archbishop of Halifax. New York: Appletons.

A didactic poem in three books. Such is the character of this unassuming little volume of 189 pages. Aminta, the heroine, if such she may be termed, is an agnostic; Coroman, her lover, has wandered to Metz, flying from an evil past, and arrives in time to rescue Aminta from the violence of Gonzalez, a rejected suitor. Mutual love ensues. Aminta's sire, a stern old infidel, refuses to recognize Coroman's suit. Finally Coroman relinquishes his love. From Matilda, one of her maids, Aminta, in her mourning for Coroman, learns the way of the cross, and through the tale of the Prodigal Son is brought to repent-

ance. The scene then changes to Rome, whither Coroman has wended his way, after having studied Kant, Hegel, Fichte, and other like literature, in search for ultimate truth. In Rome, he is led to follow two figures to a church, and there he meets Matilda, now a nun, and Aminta, and from the supernatural loveliness and rest of the former's face realizes the vanity of seeking truth anywhere but in religion. Gonzalez has, too, sought Rome to expiate his sins in a monastery, and through his arguments and a vision of St. Agnes, Coroman is converted and enters a monastery, which seems to be the common goal of all the principal actors in the drama. The poem is very unequal, soaring sometimes to heights of passion, at other times halting, long drawn out and tedious. It is, evidently, intended as a warning against free-thought, though we cannot agree with the reverend author that it is a very real life drama. We trust it is not.

EPITOMES OF THREE SCIENCES. By H. Oldenberg, J. Jastrow, and C. H. Cornell. Chicago: Open Court Publishing Company.

Comparative Philology, Experimental Psychology, and Old Testament History are the three sciences or fields of knowledge epitomized in this book, and the three have been selected because they each have an almost direct bearing upon modern religious views. As language is of natural growth, so also is the human mind of natural growth, and the two, it will be readily seen, bear most directly upon belief. The third essay, written by one whose standpoint differs from that of the first two writers, is intended to enforce the fact that moral truths will never suffer from the most critical investigations of science. For instance, the moral truths taught in the Old Testament do not lose their value because the Old Testament ceases to be held as an "absolutely reliable and literally inspired revelation from God." Science will doubtless conflict with belief until belief is perfected. Yet belief in sound moral ideas can never be antagonized by science, though it must be admitted that before subjects of "faith" scientific criticism must necessarily halt. Indeed, true scientific criticism, as Professor Cornell remarks, carries with it its own corrective.

THE *Quiver* for June is an excellent number. A new serial begins as the old one is drawing to a close. Short papers on "Some Marvellous Works of God," describing California's wonders, and on "Restlessness," as well as a dissertation on "Old English Parochial Psalmody," with a number of very fair poems and sundry articles fill the issue.

*Belford's Magazine* for June leads off with an interesting *excursus* on "The Race Question," the solution of which is placed with the negro; Grace Channing contributes a pleasant short story; Donn Piatt discusses Robert Cummins Schenck, and Louise Chandler Moulton performs a like service for "Margaret Woods—Her Prose and Poetry." Anthony Comstock finds a congenial subject in "The Extirpation of the Crime Breeders of the Day a Public Necessity." Rossiter Johnson has a short article on Browning, while a paper of much interest is by Col. Preston Johnston, entitled "Reminiscences of Gen. Robert E. Lee." Poetry, a short story, and other papers, editorials, book reviews, and a complete novel, entitled "The Woman's Version," make up the number.

IN turning the pages of the *Nineteenth Century* for May, perhaps the article that will attract most attention is "The Story of a Conspirator," by the Duke of Argyll. It concerns itself with Wolfe Tone, the Irish agitator, who committed suicide while under sentence of death. "The Comte de Clermont" is another interesting paper by Baron Rothschild, recalling the times of the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Louis. There are three papers on the Irish Question by Messrs. Davitt, Power, and Lord Ebrington, M.P. Geo. J. Romanes has an article on "Darwin's Latest Critics," and an interesting paper on "The Newspaper Press" is signed Frederick Greenwood. Prof. Huxley writes on "Government," and the King of Sweden on "Charles XII. of Sweden." Other papers are, "Development of the Labour Movement," "England and Germany in East Africa," "The Good Time Coming," "The Art of the Painter Etcher," and "Left Leggedness."

A RATHER stern picture of Murat Halstead greets us on turning to the frontispiece of the *Cosmopolitan* for June. There is a wealth of finely illustrated articles and travel papers. A feature peculiar to American journalism is the paper, illustrated, of course, entitled, "Side Glances at American Beauty." S. G. W. Benjamin tells of what he saw regarding "Farm Life and Irrigating in Persia," while Allan Forman discusses—with his pen, not his teeth—"Soft Crabs, Canvasbacks, and Terrapin." "Reporters" find a historian in Geo. J. Mansoy, and "The Coaching Era" is a pleasant and well illustrated paper by H. C. Taylor. Lafcadio Hearn has a study of "Half-Breed Races in the West Indies," and Elizabeth Bisland gives the third stage of her "Flying Trip Round the World." Agnes Repplier, W. S. Walsh, Edward King contribute interesting articles, and Rollo Ogden gives an illustrated well written account of "Leading Writers of Modern Spain." Louise Chandler Moulton has a short story entitled "A Guest at His Fireside," and Murat Halstead's "Review of Current Events" closes an exceptionally good number.

THE robes of humility often deceive; and the shoemaker's downcast look may indicate simply a wish to find out how long the wayfarer can go without ordering a new pair of shoes.

## LITERARY AND PERSONAL GOSSIP.

MESSRS. METHUEN AND COMPANY announce "Curiosities of the Church," by Mr. William Andrews.

ALEXANDRE DUMAS has published a new volume of short articles under the title, "Nouveaux Entr'actes."

MR. THOMAS RITCHIE, of Belleville, has an able article in the *May Knox College Monthly* on "The Church and the Labour Question."

IT is announced that Mr. Weeden's work on the "Economic and Social History of New England" will not appear until autumn.

MESSRS. RIVINGTON AND COMPANY will shortly publish a new text of the "Divina Commedia," revised and edited by Mr. A. J. Butler.

"FOUR Great Teachers: Lectures on Ruskin, Carlyle, Emerson, and Browning," by Joseph Forster, is announced as in the press by Mr. George Allen.

SEVERAL critics predict for "The Master of the Magicians" a popularity like that which "Ben Hur" has enjoyed. The third edition of it is already ordered.

THE race of pigmies, discovered by Stanley in Africa, were photographed by him, and one of the pictures is reproduced in his article in the *June Scribner*.

THE *Indipendente* of Trieste says that the first number of the Roman journal, *La Nazione Italiana*, the organ of the Dante Alighieri Society, has been seized at the frontier.

THE third volume in the Riverside Science Series will be devoted to "Heat." It is written by R. H. Thurston, of Cornell University, and will be published immediately.

GRADUATES of Harvard, and all who know the rare charm of Dr. A. P. Peabody's character, will welcome a book by him, entitled "Harvard Graduates Whom I Have Known."

EX-EMPRESS EUGENIE is preparing a memorial volume containing letters of her husband and son. The proceeds of the sale of the book are to go to the fund for the relief of widows made by the war of 1870.

AN anonymous work, entitled "God in His World: An Interpretation," said to be by the editor of one of the leading American magazines, is announced as to be published immediately by Mr. Elliot Stock.

DR. CARL LUMHOLTZ is making ready to visit a remnant of the Aztecs believed to be surviving in the mountains of Northern Mexico. Dr. Lumholtz's record of this quest will, of course, be forthcoming before a great while.

MR. THOMAS A. JANVIER has made a hit with his "Aztec Treasure House," just concluded as a serial in *Harpers' Weekly*. People are beginning to compare him with Rider Haggard. The romance referred to is soon to be put between covers.

THE following new volumes of verse are announced for immediate publication by Mr. Elliot Stock: "The Proving of Gennad," a mythological romance by Landred Lewis; "Lostara," a poem by Lydia Walters; and "Songs of Siluria," by M. E. and T. S.

"WHAT'S the News?" is the title of an article by Eugene M. Camp which appears in the *June Century*, and which, by the consent of those interested, gives figures as to cost of special despatches in certain of the daily papers; paper bills, etc.

SHORTLY after Stanley's book is published a book will appear by Mr. Jephson on the same general subject. Mr. Jephson resided for nine months with Emin, and accumulated materials for a picturesque narrative. The *London Times* made him a handsome offer to publish his narrative in a series of articles in that journal, but he preferred to keep it for book form.

WE note several interesting musical announcements. Frederick J. Crowest has written a "Life of Cherubini" for Sampson, Low and Company's "Great Musicians" Series; a memoir of Jenny Lind is in preparation by Canon Scott Holland and W. S. Rockstro, founded on letters, diaries, and other original documents (Murray); and Edward Heron-Allen is preparing a bibliography of works on the violin and other instruments played with a bow in ancient and modern times (Griffith and Farran).

WE have received a letter from the well-known French Deputy, Leon Say, of which we append a translation. It is intended to correct some statements of our Paris correspondent in the issue of April 11:—

"MR. EDITOR,—Some one has sent me an article published in THE WEEK of April 11. You do me the honour to notice me and my family (in mistake) for that of the French economist, J. B. Say. I would ask leave to correct a few errors, which might harm me, as well as to serve the interests of truth.

"I am a Deputy, I possess a *modest* fortune, and I am not a manufacturer. The sugar refinery which bears my name does not belong to me—I have no interest in it. The reputation for riches which is given me through confusion of name brings upon me an innumerable quantity of demands which I am not able to satisfy. Finally, my grandfather's family (J. B. Say) have no connection with the Says of England. His grandfather was born at Nimes in France, and not in England. My grandfather's family were driven from Nimes by the persecution of Louis XIV.; they took refuge in Geneva, and returned to France about the middle of the eighteenth century. I am a Calvinist, it is true, but possess no authority in the church.

"I pray you, Mr. Editor, to receive the assurance of my deepest regard. LEON SAY."

## READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

IBSEN.

Do you fling down his book in a passion?  
 "That speech beside Shakespeare's!" Ah, but,  
 While you cavil the nut-shell's fashion,  
 Is there nothing to say of the nut?

"By the bitter taste of the kernel,  
 'Tis poison." Shall we, our feet  
 So new in the fields eternal,  
 Pronounce on bitter and sweet?

Yet bitter may purify rotten,  
 And this taste that offends the tooth  
 Be just what the world has forgotten,  
 The pungent flavour of truth.

—Katharine Lee Bates, in *Literary World*.

## THE CHANCES OF A CANADIAN LITERATURE.

MR. L. O'LOANE discusses in THE WEEK—the literary organ of Canada—the chances of Canada's attainment of a literature, and he discusses the matter, it must be said, in a way which is somewhat pessimistic and peculiar. Canada was born too late, and must be born again, according to the discouraging views of Mr. O'Loane. "Could Count Tolstoi," asks he, "write 'War and Peace,' or Ivan Turgeneff hold you as firmly as the Ancient Mariner did the wedding guest, if they lived in Canada? How could they? They could not learn war here, they could not be fired by the daily, hourly, human agonies, worse than those pictured in Dante's *Inferno*, which a Russian sees. The follies and cruelties of the great, the meannesses and sufferings of the poor; violent love, equally violent hate; jealousy, cruel as the grave, treachery—are on all sides of the 'unspeakable Russ.' The Slavonic race is scattering tragedies broadcast. We sit in the broad sunlight by day, in the glare of electric light by night; we are nice and warm in summer, and thanks to the self-feeders, and hot air, and steam, equally nice and warm in winter; we love conveniently and properly, we have mild dislikes during which we riddle the character of our pet aversion with a pea-shooter. We are even equal to triolets. We must have something strong and great within us before we can produce anything strong and great.—*Public Opinion*.

## FOOD AND HEALTH.

PHYSICIANS have prepared tables supposed to represent the relative digestibility of food, none of which can be regarded as infallible. That of the French doctor, Beaumont, placed among the most digestible articles pigs' feet, brains, roast mutton, and oysters. This classification of oysters and tripe, and among the least digestible food roast veal, will strike Americans as a heresy. Fowl carefully prepared is considered so digestible that it is one of the articles of food most frequently given in case of sickness, and yet thousands of stomachs rebel against it. There seems no objection to placing pigs' feet at the head of the list if they are well cooked and eaten without any of those highly spiced additions used by many cooks to render them more acceptable to the palate. Among the things generally regarded as trying to the digestion are smoked and salted meats, hash, cauliflower, with several things already mentioned. Roast meats are more digestible than boiled meats. Beef roasted or broiled is the article on whose digestibility the doctors and the human stomach are best agreed. As too great variety food is not to be commended, so the prolonged use of a single article of diet is generally to be avoided. If circumstances render it necessary that a person or a community should subsist on a uniform kind of food, potatoes, fish, and milk come the nearest to satisfying all the conditions. Neither of these species of nourishment tends specially to muscle, and yet the almost exclusive use of either is entirely consistent with a perfect state of health. Milk goes far, it must be remembered, to supply the lack of animal food. A French physician, basing his conclusions on this principle, advises that cheese be made an important part of the ration of the French army, because it is highly digestible exceedingly compact, and very nourishing. The Irish peasant who is usually witty, invariably healthy, and often handsome, shows the physical advantages resulting from the use of the potato. As to fish, it is a diet that nourishes a much larger proportion of the human race than that which has the privilege—and it is limited—of feeding on the flesh of four-footed animals. As to the relative use of meat and vegetables, it depends on an infinite variety of questions, two of the most important of which are those of labor and of climate. Near the equator the use of meat is extremely limited, principally because the system does not require it, while in high degrees of latitude its consumption is greatly increased, and the greater amount of fatty matter it contains renders it the more acceptable. In many cases the want of it is supplied by pure oil. But after all is said, aside from some general rules, the question of food remains, and must always remain, one of individual constitution and human judgment.—*San Francisco Chronicle*

WE can if we will make an interest in life for ourselves, supposing that none exists in our original circumstances. We can study for the improvement of our minds and the enrichment of our knowledge, or we can do good to those who need help—good to the poor or to the sick, to the lonely or to the sorrowful.

## THE DEATH OF DUNDEE.

HAVING concluded his arrangements, and possibly addressed the chiefs and his officers, Dundee waited till the sun, which was shining in the faces of his men, had touched the western hills in its descent. Lochiel urged him to content himself with issuing his commands, but Dundee replied that on this first occasion he must establish his character for courage, and he charged in the centre at the head of the cavalry. To the wild shout of the Highlanders, Mackay's troops replied with a cheer, but, partly from the peculiarity of their formation, it sounded broken and feeble. The strange and savage surroundings had probably also told on their imaginations: they were, moreover, in total ignorance as to the number of their opponents; and when in the gathering twilight the outlandish array advanced against them from the shadows of the hills their resolution had probably begun to give way before a blow was struck. Their fire was ineffectual, and the Highlanders, moving swiftly down the slopes, and retaining their fire till they almost reached level ground, poured in a single volley, and, throwing away their firelocks, rushed impetuously at the thin extended line with their claymores. The soldiers of Mackay had not time to fix their bayonets, and the great bulk of them broke and ran at the first charge. An English regiment showed a firm front, but it was impossible for Mackay to stay the general stampede. The stand of the Englishmen proved fatal to Dundee. He galloped towards his cavalry, and, waving his sword, signalled to them where to charge. Desultory firing was going on, and as he lifted his arm a ball struck him below the cuirass and inflicted a mortal wound. The cavalry swept past him, and the cloud of dust and smoke concealed his fall from the enemy and from the bulk of his own forces. As he was sliding down from the saddle he was caught by a soldier named Johnstone. "How goes the day?" said Dundee. "Well for King James," answered Johnstone, "but I am sorry for your lordship." "If it goes well for him it matters the less for me," said Dundee. It is uncertain whether Dundee died on the evening of the battle, July 17, 1689, or next morning. The Highlanders being engaged in plunder or in the pursuit, probably no officer or chief witnessed his death. The body was afterwards wrapped up in a pair of highland plaids, and, after being brought to the castle of Blair, was buried in the old parish church of Blair in the Athole vault. In 1889 a monument to his memory was erected in old Blair church by the Duke of Athole.—*Dictionary of National Biography*.

Truth (Lon., Eng.) supposes that a conversation was overheard by the policeman on duty in Parliament Square between the statesmen of the great statesmen there. The following is Lord Beaconsfield's reply:—

"I understand your envy, friends,  
 But you don't seem to know,  
 That 'tis to 'Humbag' as an art  
 My present fame I owe.  
 You used your talents and your skill  
 That England great might be;  
 Whilst I employed my faculties  
 To raise myself, you see.

"With what result, the scene to-day  
 Has shown to you most clearly,  
 For I, as Peel remarked, have been  
 With posies smothered nearly;  
 Though, as a fact, I never liked  
 The Primrose of the ballad,  
 Save when—as I said in 'Lothair'—  
 I ate it in a salad!"

## HOW THEY FLOGGED MADAME SIHIDA.

OF all the atrocities which have been appealing to the indignation of civilized Europe in connection with the Russian treatment of political prisoners, none is worse than the flogging to death of Madame Sihida in the prison of Ust-Kara for a revolt against the indignities of penal discipline. A fuller account of this than has yet appeared is given by Adolphe Smith in the *Universal Review*, in an article entitled "By Administrative Order:—"

There is at present in Paris a lady who knew Madame Sihida personally, and who was for some time her companion in exile. From this lady I have ascertained a few supplementary details which only paint in darker colours the drama of the Ust-Kara prison-house. Madame Sihida was not more than twenty-seven years old at the time she was flogged to death. She was the daughter of a merchant, and completed her education at the gymnasium of her native town, Taganrog. When her examinations had all been successfully passed, she became a school-teacher, and exercised her profession in the same town. In appearance she was a brunette of medium size. Her features were of a very pronounced character, though her nose was of the genus "tip-tilted;" but her large black eyes never failed to attract all whom she met by their intelligent and energetic expression. In her manners she was extremely quick and lively. Easily roused, easily agitated, her friends were wont to describe her as "a bundle of nerves." She dressed very simply, but with much neatness and good taste. Her general appearance did not belie her remarkable character. Even in Russia it would be difficult to find a more extreme idealist than Madame Sihida. She insisted on the most implicit fidelity to principle, and could tolerate no compromise; not even in the minute details of daily life. For these trifles she demanded the same

courageous consistency as in the most important moments of trial. If once a friend rendered himself culpable, in private life, of some little action, however trifling, which was not in harmony with his principles, he was at once lost in her estimation, and this in spite of a very great merit displayed in public life and in graver circumstances. Ust-Kara, where Madame Sihida was imprisoned, is the first of the villages which, taken together, constitute the gold-mining district of Kara. It is a large village boasting of three shops, and inhabited principally by Russians, who live either by agricultural pursuits or by trade. Here is the female political prison. It is a large square building, situate in the middle of fields, and therefore cannot be approached without attracting attention. As usual, the prison is surrounded by a high stockade, which forms a spacious yard. The rooms or cells are small, and they all give on to a passage. This passage is carefully closed and watched, but the doors are left open so that the prisoners are free to visit the various rooms, and make the most of each other's society. The atmosphere, or rather the small rooms, are very damp and unwholesome. The prisoners complain that there is no ambulance chest provided in this prison, though it exists in the ordinary convict goals. The service also is not done by women but by gendarmes, which is of course very unpleasant for the female prisoners. It was in this damp prison, and in a climate where the temperature, in winter, falls sometimes to 48 deg. Réaumur below zero, and 42 deg. Réaumur of cold is quite usual, that Madame Soluzeff-Kovalsky was dragged from her bed in her night-dress, and made to walk down the passage to the officer's room. Here even her slender night-garment was torn from her, and convict's robes substituted, amid the jeers of brutal soldiers or gaolers. Three times the women organized a hunger strike to obtain the removal of Masukoff, the director of the prison, who had caused this outrage to be committed. The last of these strikes, it will be remembered by those who have read the account, lasted twenty-two days. The women were only kept alive by food mechanically forced upon them. Then at last Madame Sihida, that energetic "bundle of nerves," as her friends describe her, contrived to box Masukoff's ears; and, instead of being hung as she had hoped for this offence, she was flogged to death. The Russian Government boasts that it has abolished the *knout*, but it has established in its stead the *plet*, a sort of birch, which, according to the testimony of Russian officers, quoted by Mr. George Kennan, can be made to cause death in a hundred blows. It was precisely to a hundred blows that Madame Sihida was condemned, and this in spite of the protest of the prison doctor, who refused to be present. The execution, there is good reason to believe, was illegal, since, according to law, corporal punishment should only be administered after judgment pronounced by a tribunal, and after examination and approval by a medical man. Both these conditions were wanting in the present case. Nevertheless, and at the single command of the chief director of convict prisons in Eastern Siberia, Madame Sihida was flogged. This dreadful and degrading punishment is generally administered in a manner as simple as it is brutal. The victim is stripped and thrown down on a bench, some soldiers hold the arms, others hold or sit upon the legs, while the executioner flogs the naked back from the neck down to the hips. No wonder so sensitive, nervous, and highly-strung a woman as Madame Sihida died from the shock of such inhuman treatment. Nor is it surprising that all the political prisoners who had heard of this atrocious brutality joined together in such a protest as would impress even the Russian authorities. Madame Sihida's three prison companions, Mesdames Maria Kovalskaja, Smirnizki, and Kalnujy, poisoned themselves. The thirty male political prisoners at Lower Kara also, it is known, took poison, though only two died, the authorities being able to administer emetics in time to save the rest.

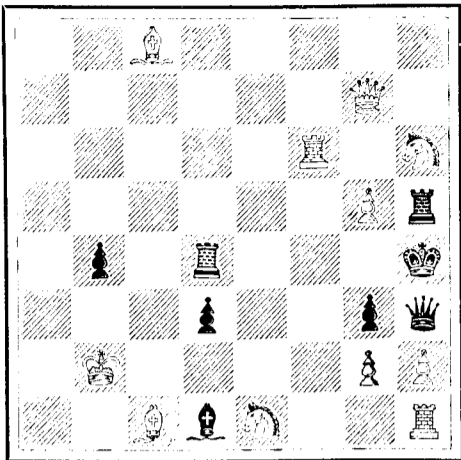
## THE "ELEPHANT MAN."

THE *British Medical Journal* publishes an elaborate account of this unfortunate personage (who died recently in the London Hospital), with engravings from photographs. He was afflicted with two terrible deformities—overgrowth of certain bones, and a severe skin disease of a disfiguring nature. Two enormous bony outgrowths developed on his forehead, the bones of the upper jaw, right arm, and both feet were of great size. The skin disease consisted of wart-like masses, quite superficial on some parts, but forming large excrescences on the back of the head and loins. The skin formed large loose flaps on the right side of the chest and the lower part of the back. The eyelids, ears, left arm and other parts remained free from the skin disease. The high masses of bone on the forehead, with the prominent nose and lip, which hung downwards, owing to overgrowth of the skin, gave an elephantine appearance to the features. The head, during the past three or four years, grew so heavy, that at length the man had great difficulty in holding it up. He slept in a crouching position, with his hands clasped over his legs, and his head on his knees. There can be no doubt that the weight of the head killed him, as stated at the inquest. The poor fellow was grateful, intelligent, and interesting. The Princess of Wales and half the celebrities in London visited him. Ever since he entered the hospital the Princess forwarded to him yearly a Christmas card with an autograph message, whilst from time to time the Prince sent him game. Lady Dorothy Neville, Mrs. Kendal, Miss Lankester, and other ladies also showed him great kindness in a very practical manner.



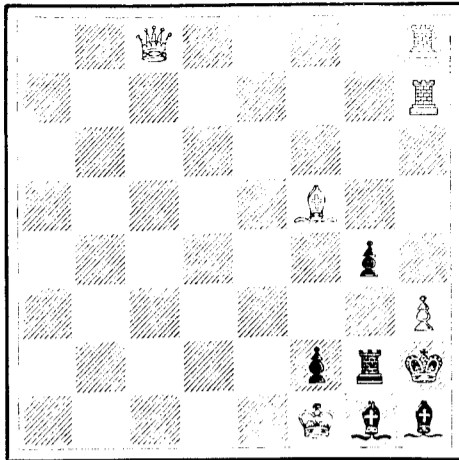
CHESSES.

PROBLEM No. 465.  
By E. J. WINTON WOOD.  
BLACK.



WHITE.  
White to play and mate in two moves.

PROBLEM No. 466  
By S. LOYD.  
BLACK.



WHITE.  
White to play and mate in three moves.

SOLUTIONS TO PROBLEMS.

No. 459.  
White.  
1. B-R 2  
2. B x P +  
3. P mates  
If 1. B moves  
2. P-Q 4 +  
3. B-B 1 mate  
This problem has another solution by 1 R-K 7 +

No. 460.  
R-B 2

A pretty example of the skill of Jacob Halpern, a professor of chess, at the Columbia C.C.I., 2nd Avenue.

EVANS GAMBIT

C.N.	HALPERN.
White.	Black.
1. P-K 4	P-K 4
2. Kt-K B 3	Kt-Q B 3
3. B-B 4	B-B 4
4. P-Kt 4	B x P
5. P-B 3	B-B 4
6. Castles	P-Q 3
7. P-Q 4	P x P
8. P x P	P-Kt 3
9. Kt-B 3	Kt-B 3 (a)
10. P-K 5	P x P
11. Q-Kt 3 (b)	Castles

And Black gives mate in two moves.

NOTES.

- (a) A liberty. It is against rule to defend with Kt-K B 3 in the Evans after taking Q P with K P.
- (b) The correct continuation is 11 B-R 3.
- (c) Here Kt-Q R 4 is much stronger.
- (d) For White could play 13 Kt x Kt (if) P x Kt. 14 Kt-Q 5, and if Q or B x Kt. 14 Q-R Q sq. with a good game.
- (e) Very pretty Chess indeed.
- (f) Q-R 3 is better, though Black ought to win then by Kt-Q 7.—*Baltimore Sunday News.*

## For Liver Disorders

And for all affections of the Stomach and Bowels, prompt relief and cure are afforded by the use of Ayer's Cathartic Pills. They easily correct slight derangements of these organs, and are of incalculable benefit in chronic cases.

I have been using Ayer's Pills, in my family, for over three years, and find in them an effective remedy for Constipation and Indigestion. We are never without these Pills in the house.—Moses Grenier, 72 Hall st., Lowell, Mass.

For years I have been subject to Constipation and Nervous Headaches, caused by Indigestion and derangement of the Liver. After taking various kinds of medicine, I have become convinced that Ayer's Pills are the best. They have never failed to relieve my bilious attacks in a short time, and I am sure my system retains its tone longer, after the use of these Pills, than has been the case with any other medicine I have tried.—H. S. Sledge, Weimar, Texas.

Ayer's Cathartic Pills are the safest and best medicine I ever used for Bowel Complaint. I have never known them fail to cure this disorder. They have been peculiarly effective, in my family, in all cases of Liver

### And Stomach Troubles.

Ayer's Pills are prompt and mild in their action; they gently stimulate the liver, and always leave the bowels in a natural condition.—Philip Caldwell, Beverly, Mass.

After sixteen hours of intense suffering with Bilious Colic, I took Ayer's Cathartic Pills. In half an hour the pain in my stomach and bowels subsided, and I quickly recovered.—R. S. Heathfield, 63 Chestnut st., Providence, R. I.

For nearly five years I was a confirmed dyspeptic. During the last three months of this time, my life was a burden to me. I had no appetite, became pale and emaciated, and was unable to work. I tried various remedies, but found no relief until I began taking Ayer's Pills. A few boxes of this medicine greatly improved my appetite, restored my liver and stomach to a healthy condition, and my food now digests perfectly.—Ernest Lewis, 43 Main st., Lewiston, N. Y.

Ayer's Pills have cured a case of Chronic Dyspepsia, here, which resisted other remedies, and had become a very serious affliction. The cure is remarkable, and has created a sensation in this locality.—S. K. Jones, M. D., Brighton, Mich.

For a number of years I was greatly troubled with Dyspepsia. I became weak, nervous, had no appetite, and there were but few kinds of food my stomach would bear. After taking a number of remedies, without obtaining relief, I began to use Ayer's Cathartic Pills, and, at the same time, commenced dieting. This treatment effected a complete cure.—Jeremiah W. Styles, Fort Madison, Iowa.

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# RADWAY'S ALWAYS RELIABLE PILLS PURELY VEGETABLE.

For the Cure of all DISORDERS OF THE STOMACH, LIVER, BOWELS, KIDNEYS, BLADDER, NERVOUS DISEASES, HEADACHE, CONSTIPATION, COSTIVENESS, COMPLAINTS PECULIAR TO FEMALES, PAINS IN THE BACK, DRAGGING FEELING, etc., INDIGESTION, BILIOUSNESS, FEVER, INFLAMMATION OF THE BOWELS, PILES, and all derangements of the internal viscera.

### DYSPEPSIA.

RADWAY'S PILLS are a cure for this complaint. They tone up the internal secretions to healthy action, restore strength to the stomach, and enable it to perform its functions. The symptoms of Dyspepsia disappear, and with them the liability to contract disease.

### PERFECT DIGESTION.

Will be accomplished by taking RADWAY'S PILLS. By so doing DYSPEPSIA, HEADACHE, FOUL STOMACH, BILIOUSNESS will be avoided, and the food that is eaten contribute its nourishing properties for the support of the natural waste and decay of the body.

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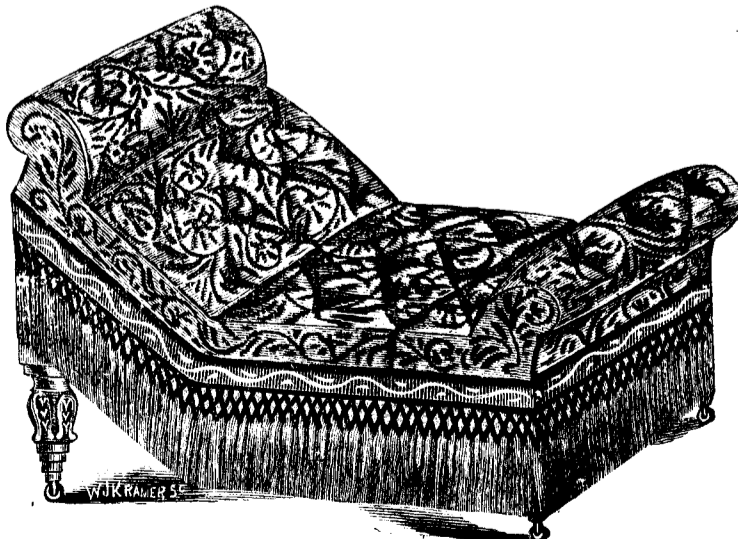
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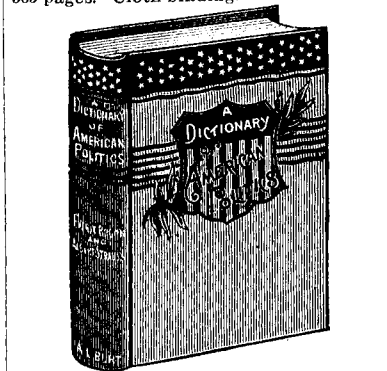
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