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THE WEEK.

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CURRENT TOPICS.

Mr. McCarthy very fairly and forcibly points out that Mr. Laurier's silence on the question of the threatened invasion of Manitoba's rights in respect to the direction of her own educational policy is in unfavourable contrast with the attitude of the Liberal leader on other occasions. Mr. Laurier's course in regard to this question when it is brought up in the House, as it is pretty certain to be in some form, will be watched with curious interest by both admirers and opponents. It may be said that it is almost too much to expect that he could in this matter rise above the prejudices both of race and of religious education, and that by placing himself in antagonism to the almost unanimous and overwhelmingly strong feeling of his French-Canadian supporters he would alienate his followers, destroy his influence and ruin his chances of future success. The situation is certainly one to try the strength of his principles,—or perhaps we should rather say, the clearness of his per-

ceptions, because it is only fair to suppose that he will take no stand without first having persuaded himself that it is the right one. But that Mr. Laurier is a staunch upholder of Provincial rights is manifest even from the polished but keen rebuke he administered in his recent Toronto speech to those in Ontario who are disposed to trouble themselves overmuch about financial and other matters in the Province of Quebec. He and his French-Catholic followers in the House will do well to remember that in the case of the Jesuits' Estates Act many of both political parties in the other provinces both in Parliament and in the press—though Mr. McCarthy was not of this number—while utterly at variance with the principle of that bill opposed the proposal to veto it, simply because they regarded it as within the constitutional authority of the Province. How many of our French-Catholic fellow citizens will have equal regard for the rights of Manitoba?

One great good we believe we may safely predict as the outcome of Mr. Dalton McCarthy's revolt. He has, if we mistake not, dealt a death-blow to the "gerrymander" in Canada. His frank admission of his own wrongdoing when he allowed his loyalty to his chief and his party to override his conscience in 1882, his refusal to support the iniquity of 1892, and his noble denunciation of all such dishonourable and despicable trickery for the purpose of keeping a government in power will, we cannot doubt, set many of the better class of Conservatives to thinking, as they may never have thought before, about the matter, and lead them to resolve that no blot shall ever again stain the party escutcheon. And when they can no longer count on the sanction of the rank and file of the party to endorse their crookedness, no government will dare to propose or attempt it. It is greatly to Mr. McCarthy's credit that his change of front is to so great an extent the result of moral, even more than of political or personal considerations.

From official information it appears that not less than 692,150 soldiers and sailors are to-day receiving pensions from the United States Government. It seems simply impossible that of the survivors of those who served in the war of the Rebellion thirty years ago, there can be anything approaching this number of needy men. But the question is not one of probabilities, however strong. It is undoubtedly a matter of fact within the means of knowledge of every one who is sufficiently interested to make investigation, that many of those who are thus receiving the charity of their fellow-citizens, are far removed from want. As an instance, one writer states in a newspaper of repute, that among the invalid pensioners of his State, is a member of Congress, known

to be rich and even supposed to be a millionaire, who does not hesitate to apply for and receive the dole from the public treasury. When we think again of other thousands of cases of barefaced fraud which undoubtedly exist, in which the beneficiaries were never in the war at all; when we are further informed that there are over seven hundred thousand applications which have not yet been acted upon, and that the day is probably near when not less than one hundred and fifty millions of dollars per annum will be required for pensions in the Republic, we stand aghast, not so much at the magnitude of the sum to be taken from the pockets of the people for the benefit of those, multitudes of whom are no doubt in much better circumstances than millions of the tax-payers, but at the magnitude of the moral degeneration which is evinced in such facts, and which must hereafter result from such a system. The indications afforded of an already low type of manhood as seen in such utter want of manly pride, must be humiliating to the National pride. What must be the effects of such a system upon the manliness of the next generation?

The people of the United States have within the past few weeks lost an unusually large number of citizens who had been prominent and influential in various spheres of public life, but it is doubtful whether, from the highest point of view, the death of Phillips Brooks, the renowned Boston preacher and Bishop, does not outweigh them all. The loss of him was a sensible lessening of the living forces which make for righteousness in the Republic. Rarely has the chorus of mingled lamentation and eulogy with which the death of a great and good man is heralded, been so well merited. Phillips Brooks was a prince among men and among Christians. Not more did his stately figure and majestic presence lift him above the crowd in visible form than did his unaffected greatness of soul stamp him as the superior of his fellows in all the higher attributes of Christian manhood. As a preacher, he seems to have been one of the rare spirits who could not help but testify to the great truths which he felt rather than apprehended. The glowing words of his eloquence were but the spontaneous out-gleaming of the living flame which burned within him. As a theologian, he was too broad in his sympathies to be fettered by the narrowness of man-made creed. As a Churchman he was too catholic to withhold his heartiest co-operation from any organization which named the name and did the work, no matter in how humble a sphere, of the Master whose he was and whom he served. But it would be perhaps going outside our proper sphere, were we to attempt to do justice to the life-history of this truly great and good man. It is not unlikely that there may be among our readers those who knew him personally,

or who, by familiarity with his preaching and doing, and loving sympathy with the noble type of manhood he presented, may be qualified and impelled to sketch the man and the work for the readers of *The Week*. We are sure that such a sketch could not fail to be both acceptable and, in the highest sense, useful.

The speech from the Throne read by Lord Stanley on the reassembling of Parliament is a skilfully constructed document. It would not be easy to prepare a paper of the same length, at all suited to the purpose, with a more complete absence of reference to those questions which are really of first importance in the present state of things in Canada, and are occupying the chief place in public attention. The supreme subject of tariff reform; the constant drain of population from all the older provinces; the Manitoba school question, which is even now receiving the attention of Government in a new and unprecedented mode of procedure; the evident and widespread unrest of the people and their dissatisfaction with present conditions; all these are quietly ignored and the members of Parliament are congratulated upon an increase in the volume of trade which it is pretty well known has brought with it no increase of profits save to the few, and no diffusion of general prosperity. We are well aware that it is no longer considered necessary that the speech from the Throne should foreshadow the important legislation which the Government intends to introduce during the session, and it may be that the framers of this speech intend to surprise the Houses and the country with their far-seeing and bold measures for the relief of the business tension and the imparting of new life to Canadian commerce and industry. It more probably means, however, that their policy is opportunism; that they intend to watch the currents of opinion, especially amongst their own followers; and that the question whether they shall continue the process of "marking time," which, as Mr. McCarthy says with obvious correctness, was kept up throughout the Abbott regime, or shall strike out in some new departures, will be determined by the attitude of their own private followers, and by the amount of support the Opposition leaders may be able to gain for their various propositions.

In minor matters, it is true, the Governor-General's speech promises, in one of its later paragraphs, some useful and progressive measures. That the Franchise Act stands sadly in need of improvement must have long been obvious to all fair-minded men on both sides of the House. The only serious question is whether any process of amendment less radical than that of wiping it from the statute book can free the electoral machinery from the just reproaches with which the Opposition now assails it as an unfair and partisan measure. There is also abundant room for improvement in the laws relating to the civil service, if only the changes proposed are in the right direction. If the amendment of the laws regulating the admission of evidence in criminal cases includes the admission of the testimony of the accused person, as is, we presume, the intention, we cannot doubt that the interests of justice will be thereby promoted. The exten-

sion of the ballot in elections to the North-West Territories will be but a tardy act of justice to our fellow-citizens on the prairies, while whatever tends to the simplification of the processes regulating the holding and transfer of land, whether in the West or the East, without impairing the security of ownership, will be a public benefaction.

Perhaps the most remarkable, and as we should be disposed to add, most unfortunate paragraph in the "Speech" is that referring to the controversy with the Government of the United States in the matter of the canal tolls. We have never concealed our honest conviction that our own Government was in the wrong throughout this affair, and for that reason we are glad that they have at last wisely concluded to discontinue the objectionable discrimination in favour of Canadian ports. True, they have not frankly admitted their error. Perhaps it would be too much to expect that they should do so. But "thrice is he armed who hath his quarrel just", and we may be sure, in view of the determination and persistency which the Administration has shewn in some other matters, that had they felt really assured that in maintaining their contention they were enfolded by this triple armor, they would never have consented, even for the sake of conciliation, to surrender or hold in abeyance their right to determine their own trade policy in this respect. At any rate, if the recently published abstracts of the correspondence on this question, from the American volume of "Foreign Relations", may be relied on, the Government are not wise in inviting attention to a discussion in which their Minister hardly shewed to good advantage. We say nothing of the wisdom or good taste of publicly intimating that the hastening of the completion of the Canadian canal is in consequence of this incident. There is a tinge of distrust, if not of jingoism in such an announcement, which does not harmonize well with the conciliatory spirit and intentions professed by Sir John Thompson in his recent public addresses.

The debate on the Address, which was the first crossing of swords of the session, in the Dominion Parliament, presents few salient points which have not already been commented upon almost ad nauseam. Sir John Thompson's statistics were rather severely handled by Mr. Laurier and Sir Richard Cartwright, but the manipulation of figures is evidently not the Premier's forte. It is a regrettable feature of these statistical debates that the Opposition leaders openly challenge the reliability of the census returns. One or both of the Globe's travelling commissioners, it will be remembered, did the same thing, positively declaring that after close investigation the number of industrial establishments assigned by the census to a certain town could not be found. The question is a serious one and the correctness of the census figures has been challenged in so many specific instances, that it is time the Dominion statistician came to their defence and made clear the principle on which the enumerators were instructed to proceed. Sir John Thompson took exception to Mr. Laurier's use of the last two census returns for purposes of comparison in respect to population, on the ground that the principle of enumeration was not the same in

the two cases. There is some force in this, but apparently a similar objection may be urged against the reliability of the census statistics as shewing increase in industries, for it is obvious that the last enumerators must have adopted some entirely new principle of identification or classification.

Mr. Foster's defence of the Government position was much stronger than that of the Premier, owing no doubt to the fact that he was much more at home in the statistical arena. It was satisfactory to find Mr. Foster boldly grappling with the discouraging figures of the exodus. There is undoubted truth and force in his contention that the two chief causes of the Canadian loss of population are the movement westward and the movement cityward, both of which are characteristic of the day in other countries as well as in Canada. In two particulars, however, his logic seemed somewhat at fault, or rather seemed to tell against his argument. What could be more unsatisfactory than his comparison of all Canada, East and West, in respect to loss of population, with the Eastern States, instead of comparing only those portions of Canada which were similarly situated? Again, is there not an obvious injustice in comparing the loss of population in Canada by the westward movement during the years preceding the opening up of our own North-West, with her loss from the same cause since her own North-West has been competing with so many advantages in its favour, that of the United States? His implication that the blame for the absence of an accessible Canadian North-West lay with the Government during the MacKenzie regime was decidedly unjust to Mr. MacKenzie, since that statesman, when premier, did certainly make it a part of his policy to make the prairies accessible by rail, and did build a considerable stretch of railway with that object in view. On the whole it is questionable whether it was good generalship on the part of Mr. Laurier to challenge a division on the general question of protection in a want of confidence motion and so early in the session. Such a mode of attack could only have the effect of causing the whole party force to rally to the defence of the Government. To take the worst tariff abuses in detail, with the assured help of some of the Government's supporters, must be better tactics.

That the revolution in Hawaii was prompted and engineered by resident Americans, interested in bringing about the annexation of the island with the United States, is written too plainly on the face of the movement to admit of rational doubt. It by no means follows that the Government of the Republic is in any way responsible for the affair, though the suspicious readiness of the commander of its war-ship to land a force for the preservation of order, if really approved at Washington, would be hard to reconcile with any other view. Pending further disclosures it is better to assume that the action of the zealous individuals who brought about the deposition of the Queen, and started with indecent haste for the American capital, to sue for annexation, was wholly that of impulsive and not otherwise volunteers impelled by self-interest, mingled, it may be, with a short-sighted

patriotism. True, it is stated in the press despatches that the action of the commander in question has received the official approval of the President and his Cabinet, but this may be capable of other explanation, such as the alleged need of protection for the persons and property of American citizens. It seems highly improbable that the Government would be so blind to the seriousness of the movement, or so reckless of possible consequences as to commit themselves thus hastily to a policy which must almost inevitably bring them into contact with two or three great European powers. The game could hardly be worth the candle to the United States, while the importance of preserving their treaty rights in the only coaling station available in the mid-Pacific renders it impossible for those powers to regard the coup with the indifference with which it might otherwise be viewed. For the same reasons which make it exceedingly unlikely that the Harrison Administration has committed itself to the extent indicated, it is incredible that the statement ascribed to one of the self-constituted commissioners touching the alleged favourable reply received from President-elect Cleveland to a telegraphed question concerning his attitude toward annexation can be correct. Even Republican presidents usually have a sense of responsibility which prevents them from pronouncing upon such questions, off hand, by telegraph.

Should the event prove, as is nevertheless possible, that the Hawaiian revolution so-called, was preconcerted with the advance of the American Government, it is hard to believe that the American people would sanction a policy which is so completely at variance with all their historical principles and traditions. Without hazarding a conjecture regarding the extent to which Great Britain and Germany and other maritime powers interested would go to hinder the consummation of the scheme, the American people themselves would not be slow to see all that would be involved in it. It would mark the initiation of a new and sudden departure from the old paths of peaceful progress, and the launching out of the Republic upon the stormy waters of European politics. It would introduce an era of aggression and attempted national aggrandisement, for which there could be found abundant precedents in the history of every old world nation, Great Britain not excepted, but which is diametrically opposed to what has hitherto been best in American statesmanship. It would vitiate all that is grandest in the history and influence of the great American Republic, and destroy the force of the great objection which she has hitherto set before the military nations. In such matters it is the first step that counts. Having once set aside her traditional policy and taken possession of a country separated from her shores by thousands of miles of ocean, she would have taken the fatal plunge, into a troubled sea with which it has hitherto been the pride and boast of her people that they have nothing to do. The better and more thoughtful classes in the Republic will think more than twice before consenting to take such a leap.

The not unexpected death of Mr. Blaine has removed from the arena of American politics one who, by the force of his na-

tive ability, and scarcely less by the subtlety of his methods, has long been one of its most masterly if at times rather uncertain forces. Modern history contains the names of few men of influence, who have played a prominent part in the political history of their day, concerning whom there has been room for wider differences of opinion after their departure from the stage. That he possessed an intellect of great force and keenness is perhaps the one point in regard to which admirers and detractors are pretty well agreed. Mr. Blaine was patriotic, too, after his fashion, but his patriotism was not of the lofty and generous type which commands admiration abroad as well as at home. He failed to rise to the broader cosmopolitanism which is the highest glory of statesmanship, and is yet quite compatible with the truest patriotism. Probably the greatest blemish in a character which contained many admirable qualities was that absence of perfect frankness which makes it sometimes impossible for those with whom such an one has dealings, to feel confident of his absolute sincerity. It is just possible that injustice was done Mr. Blaine in this respect, but it can hardly be denied that his political opponents in his own country, no less, perhaps even more than the representatives of foreign nations with whom he had dealings, often felt themselves impelled to be suspicious, if not of sinister motives, at least of designs which did not appear upon the surface of his words and actions. Unless we greatly misread the facts connected with some phases of his career, this very tendency to undue reticence was the chief obstacle to his attainment of the one distinction which seemed to be the ambition of his life, the Presidency. There was, it seems to us, at least one crisis in his eventful career, when perfect frankness with the people would have won him success, while hesitancy, whether natural or assumed, brought defeat. It is easy to misjudge motives, and it is quite possible that what to onlookers took on the guise of diplomacy so subtle that it over-reached itself, may have really been but the weakness of over-caution, or of native indecision. In either case, it cost him the national supremacy which the manly straightforwardness of a Phillip Brooks superadded to his own commanding talents, would almost surely have won for him.

A NEW ERA IN CANADIAN POLITICS.

The revolt of Mr. Dalton McCarthy, Col. O'Brien, and others of the old-time adherents of the Conservative party marks the beginning of a new era in Canadian politics. It emphasizes the fact that the prestige of the dead Chieftan will no longer suffice to overawe some of those who, so long as his hand was upon the helm were content to be but a too subservient crew. It proclaims that the key of the past is rusted and will not avail to open the portals of the future policy of the Canadian Dominion. The new men whom circumstances have brought to the front will be obliged to reckon on at least a heavy discount from the party loyalty of their supporters. They must needs find some more potent words to conjure with than the old policy, or even the old flag, if they are to prolong their lease of office beyond the next general election. This is

not a surprising development. It was under the circumstances inevitable, and was foreseen by many at the time of Sir John MacDonald's death. And it is desirable and right. "New occasions bring new duties," and no one whose eyes are open to what is going on about him can doubt that the new occasions have come to Canada. The almost universal discontent and depression among our people, especially among the farmers, who are and ever must be the bone and sinew of our country's strength and progress, on the one hand, and the reaction against high tariffs and protectionism which is so marked among our neighbours and so rapidly spreading among our own people, on the other, make it clear to every citizen not blinded by self-interest, or biased by partizanship, that the time has come for a reconsideration of the whole question of Canada's political future, above all of her fiscal policy.

In so saying we do not forget that Mr. McCarthy showed dissatisfaction with some features of his party's policy even before the great force of Sir John MacDonald's personality was taken out of Canadian public life, though it is probably not too much to say that had Sir John Thompson been in Sir John's place at an earlier period, Mr. McCarthy's final break with the party would have come earlier. His restlessness was, even in the days of the old leader, partly, no doubt, the outcome of the struggle between conscience and personal and party loyalty, in the bosom of an honest man. Partly, we fear, it may have been due to a less worthy influence, unconsciously begotten of intense partisan feeling of another kind which we may call semi-religious conviction—we hesitate to use the word prejudice. To this feeling on his part and that of others the abortive "Equal Rights" agitation was in a large measure due. Nor are we disposed to attach overmuch importance, so far as any direct results are concerned, to the new stand which Mr. McCarthy has now so boldly taken. Without disparagement of his acknowledged ability, it must be said that there is a weakening admixture of the personal element in the affair. His new departure is not sufficiently broad-based upon a clear political or economic principle to enable him to gather about him on the cross benches the nucleus of a powerful new party. As a protest against political meanness and trickery, and a testimony in favour of scrupulous honour and integrity in the administration of the greatest of all popular trusts, the position he has now taken, even tardily, is worthy of all praise. But political morality, though it is the very foundation stone of all true statesmanship and all genuine patriotism, cannot become the peculiar possession of any national party, much less be made the basis of a party policy. The question of provincial rights, in connection with the Separate schools and dual language questions in Manitoba and the North-West may it is true, yet become an issue in Canadian politics in a way which will cause it to mark a plane of cleavage between two new parties, reconstructed out of the elements of the old ones. But let us hope that better counsels may prevail and the country be spared a struggle which, assuming as it would most certainly do, a religious aspect, would be sure to be

fought with the proverbial bitterness of all religious controversies, and, while it could have but one issue, would inevitably leave behind it wounds which would be sources of weakness and soreness that would be disastrous to national peace and prosperity for long years to come.

It is to be regretted, we think, that Mr. McCarthy, while so clearly seeing that the "National Policy" which he helped to frame and bind upon the neck of the country, has outlived the usefulness which he anticipated for it and supposes it to have had, and is becoming an intolerable and crushing burden upon farmers and consumers generally, still regards the faults of that policy as merely those of degree, rather than of underlying principle. The difference between his position and that of his old colleagues is by no means wide enough to warrant the attempt to make it the rallying cry of a serious revolt. Had he been able to take a more radical position, had his eyes been opened to perceive that the underlying principle of protectionism is politically unjust and immoral; were he prepared to maintain that it is really an outrage upon the rights of a free citizen for the Government to take more from him in taxes than is absolutely necessary for the economical carrying on of the business of administration; that to compel him, under penalty of heavy tariff is, if possible even a worse outrage to fines, to purchase his goods in a dearer instead of a cheaper market, in other words, to pay tribute for the support or enrichment of a fellow-citizen, he would have been enabled to take his stand upon a principle broad enough to form the central plank of a broad platform. More than that, he would have placed himself on the right side of the most important question in Canadian politics, not to say in modern statesmanship. We do not despair that he and many others of the old Conservative party may soon be driven by the combined force of the irresistible logic of political science and the facts of observation and experience to range themselves, as Col. Boulton has done, unmistakably on the side of commercial freedom. Has it never occurred to Mr. McCarthy, in the course of his advocacy of "Equal Rights" for all classes of citizens, that the taxing of one man's purchases for the benefit of another man's business, is as gross a violation of the principle of equal rights, as any of the measures he so justly and eloquently denounces?

THE ARGUMENT FOR BI-METALLISM.

For nearly twenty years, commencing about the year 1873, there has existed with greater or less intensity throughout the commercial world in Europe and America, a condition of discomfort which differs from former periods of depression in its apparent permanence. At the same time there has been an immense expansion of the volume of business; so that, while profits are at a minimum, the turnover is enormously greater. A continuous fall in prices, not only of commodities but of property of all kinds, has inaugurated a process of centralization by which the larger are swallowing up the smaller concerns only to be themselves absorbed by still greater aggregations of capital. The smaller manufacturers, as well as the in-

dependent freeholders of commerce, maintain their ground with increasing difficulty; and, as large corporations multiply, the class of dependent wage-earners must increase. The man of business who, by his personal activity and skill, might pay a good rate of interest on the borrowed capital supplementing his own, is succumbing to the continuous fall in prices which steadily wipes out his margins; much as the tenant farmer has been losing while the value of land excepting in large cities has been falling. Capital is abundant, interest was never lower, farming land is cheaper than ever, but, in the face of a continuous fall in prices, with no prospect of a check, the borrowers and users of capital and managers of land can see little promise of profit.

This process, until it is consummated by a revaluation of all property in material things, must continue to cause uneasiness. The laws of political economy work their dispassionate course, like the laws of physical science and their effects extend from class to class heedless of individuals. The fall in interest pinches smaller investors who are not consoled by a fall in prices for the loss of half their incomes and the peril of the rest. The large capitalist may suffer at the outset by the shrinkage but he is not ruined and his surplus of saving over his living may be profitably re-invested in the wreckage of smaller fortunes. The salient characteristic of modern business is the elimination of men of moderate means, but such a class has always been considered to be the cement of society. To build up that class has been the aim of every great political thinker from the time of Moses. In our day it is the main barrier against an exaggerated socialism which is advancing with very rapid strides in consequence of the widening gulf between the rich and poor.

Many writers on political science have dwelt with much satisfaction upon what they call the abolition of the "middleman" man, but it is a question whether the working classes have benefited much by it. The condition of the working classes has improved; but the very rich and the poor are now as never before coming face to face, and labour unions and strikes show that the working classes think they do not enjoy their fair proportion of the increased economy in distribution and production, while the fall in prices is compelling a resort to lock-outs for reduction of wages. The wide diffusion of education, both by the multiplication of schools and colleges and the universal permeation of newspapers, tends to increase the discontent of the working classes when they compare their condition with the occasionally ostentatious luxury of the very rich. It is not sufficient for them that they are better fed or clothed than before for the improvement of their condition lags far behind the awakening and increasing needs of a progressive civilization.

Many of the vicissitudes of modern commerce are due to the substitution of currency for money. This has now reached its utmost conceivable development; for trade is now carried on with the smallest possible amount of real money. Bank notes, cheques, drafts, bills, telegraphic orders, cable transfers, and a thousand other devices are carrying on the exchanges of commodities with credit money;

so that, by this substitution, the steadily diminishing supply of gold has passed almost unnoticed and it passes without remark that the reserves of that metal have not increased in proportion to the immensely expanded volume of the world's business. All this mass of currency consists of promises of various sorts to do that which it is absurdly impossible ever to do—namely, to pay all obligations in gold. Hence in England the inflow or outflow of a few millions of the specie of the Bank of England reserve is a subject of profound interest, and the support of a large banking firm is a matter of national importance. A reference to a table in "Fenn on the Funds," for 1889, will show that while the national stock of coin and bullion in the Bank of England from 1884 to 1886 increased 43 per cent., the proportion of total reserve to total liabilities has fallen from 58 per cent. to 41 per cent. It is somewhat paradoxical in an age of materialism and scepticism that the basis of all finance is faith—faith that the continually decreasing volume of gold can liquidate the continually expanding volume of obligations convertible on demand; which reason demonstrates to be impossible.

The function of credit, or commercial faith, is that it acts as capital and economises real money. The economy, however, accrues disproportionately to those who already have large means; for they only have a reputation of wealth and obtain the additional power of credit capital. So while the amount of gold may grow less, capital may continue to increase in the hands of those who control the springs of credit. Some such idea as this is at the bottom of the conviction of the working-classes that their material advantages have not increased "pari passu" with those of the richer classes. It should also be remarked of credit currency that, being based on faith, its volume is subject to the passions of men unconsciously acting, as in seasons of "boom" or panic, or consciously under the influence of interested motives. These alterations fall most heavily on those whose margins beyond their living are small.

This stupendous mass of credit currency being based upon the opinion that it can, at will, be liquidated in money, the fact results that real money is still, as it always has been, the measure of the value of all other property. In this quality resides the chief value of the precious metals; for, from the dawn of history, men have concurred to employ silver and gold for that purpose. Inconvertible paper money will raise prices locally and fitfully where it is legal tender; but an addition to the world's stock of real money raises prices universally; for the benefit of its stimulating properties flow from class to class and from nation to nation; all sharing a profit until equilibrium is reached. This is not a theory only, but a fact in history shown by the effect of every addition to the stock of the world's metallic wealth whether by the gold of the early American discoveries, by the added silver of the mines of Potosi, or by the more recent gold of California and Australia. In like manner the subtraction of one-half of the world's metallic wealth, through the cancellation of the exchangeable value and the debt paying power of silver, must cause a loss which will not be confined to the silver kings of Nevada or the ryots of

India but which will spread from class to class and land to land until the property of the whole civilized world has been brought to an equilibrium of shrunken values as measured in terms of money. Writers upon monetary questions in discussing the antecedent causes of the panics which from time to time have desolated the mercantile world have been unanimous in pointing out that these financial whirlwinds have invariably been preceded by great cancellations of values by wars, famines or conflagrations, the baleful effects of which were not immediately apparent because credit currency for a time concealed the vacuum. No destruction of value so great as this projected destruction of half the world's metallic wealth has ever occurred in the records of history; for silver is wealth because it is the enduring and universal acceptance of both the precious metals which has made them of permanent value as the only secure basis of the huge fabric of credit and the universal tools wherewith to carry on the exchanges of trade.

It is very improbable that such a protracted period of commercial "malaise" happens only by accident to coincide with persistent efforts to demonetize and thus write off the value of one-half the world's real money. It is much more likely that all these symptoms are closely connected. The depression in prices is not local but universal in Europe and America. It commenced with the fall of silver in 1873, when Germany took the final step of throwing out silver money and buying gold to replace it. Up to that period 66 per cent. of the coin in circulation in Germany was of silver, estimated to amount to \$375,000,000; of which \$145,000,000 was thrown on the market before the great increase in the production of silver which did not take place until six years later. The cost was great; but, by the aid of the war indemnity, the change was possible. It has, however, never been shown what Germany gained by it. She sold silver in an artificially depressed market and bought gold at a high price, but France could spare nearly all her gold and was nevertheless able to return, after the war, to specie payments; for she retained the double standard and silver was sufficient for her purposes. The finances of France in spite of the immense indemnity paid, are, at least, as sound as those of Germany, for no commercial revulsion occurred there as in Germany and it does not appear that the French people have suffered inconvenience in any way. In fact the silver using people have not suffered from commercial crises and seem to be in a better condition than others; for Mr. Bagehot pointed out, in his evidence before the House of Commons Silver Commission, that, in India, although the rupee had fallen in value as measured in gold, prices had not risen but, while the English officials in India and English exporters of cotton goods from Lancashire were suffering because they were obliged to change into gold the silver prices realized in order to make their remittances to England, Indian manufacturers, whose whole interest lay in that country were greatly assisted in the competition for the trade of Asia as the English manufactures were oppressed by the whole weight of the premium on gold.

The only serious reason adduced for the adoption of a universal gold standard

is the difficulty of maintaining a staple ratio between the two metals. This has always existed, but it was never serious until the recent onslaught against silver; for bi-metallism is no new thing. That has existed for centuries and was the normal condition of the currencies of Europe until recent times; nor were disastrous consequences ever attributed to it. England stood alone on a single standard of gold; for Portugal and Turkey need not be taken into account. Germany and the northern nations had a silver standard, while France and the Latin union, and the United States before the war, were bi-metallic countries with a double standard. The inconveniences of the varying exchanges is a surface inconvenience familiar for centuries to all bankers. It does not call for so desperately revolutionary a remedy as an attempt at the destruction of one-half of the world's property in the precious metals; and more especially not, in the face of the constant expansion of the inverted pyramid of credit currency which is reared upon the diminishing bulk of the other half. The silver certificates of the United States represent real money actually existing in the Treasury, available still throughout more than one-half the world in exchange for all the necessities of life and for all the raw materials necessary for manufactures. They came in fortunately, to prevent the utter collapse which the gradual withdrawal of the national paper currency was inevitably bringing on. Let it be granted that, in the existing artificially depressed state of the silver market those certificates are not at par value with gold; the specie on which they rest would make them more widely useful on an emergency than any legal tender credit currency, for although the national currency of the United States based upon the national credit was as sound as any currency can be supposed to be it could never be externally available, while, to quote again from Mr. Bagehot's evidence, "silver is the normal currency of the world." From 1851 to 1872 it was the fall in gold which disturbed the old ratio of 1 to 15 1-2, and Belgium and Holland, in premature alarm demonetized their gold coins; because the production of gold was then quadrupled, while the annual supply of silver was, if anything, growing less. The present output of silver is not greater in proportion nor more likely to continue; but, instead of allowing it to flow freely over all lands to work a similar beneficent revival of profitable trade like that effected by the new gold, immense effort is being put forth to check its passing into circulation. What difference can there be in the effect upon the general business of the world of the increase of one metal now than of the other then? Bagehot, who advocated the gold standard for England, did so because it suited the circumstances of domestic English trade; but he feared a general change. The present conditions of English home commerce may be best suited by a gold standard, but it does not follow that English finance would gain by a universal adoption of the English standard of money because English trade lies chiefly with the silver using nations. The present disturbance of the exchanges is mainly the result of the present agitation against silver. It is worthy of careful note that, from the year 1679 to the year of the demonetization of silver by Germany, the

ratio between the two metals oscillated very slowly within the limits of 1 to 15 and 1 to 16; that was the extreme limit of variation during two hundred years; but the heroic surgery of Germany, which cured a limp by cutting off a leg, and the obstinate attempt to discredit that which since the time of Abraham, has fulfilled the function of money has packed into twenty years more disturbances of the exchanges than are shown in all the previous records of history. A progressive nation needs an expanding currency and specie is the only safe basis for expansion. If Germany, with the war indemnity in hand, found the task difficult and costly, how ruinous will it be if the other western nations attempt to throw out silver? There is not gold enough in the world for such a task and the present rate of

production has fallen off twenty-five per cent.

It is then clear that, from time beyond record, the precious metals—silver and gold—have been the ultimate measure of all other things. Not two distinct measures but one composite measure throughout the world. If owing to local circumstances the use of one prevails temporarily over the other in any one country the exchanges nevertheless equalize prices by the automatic operations of natural laws; but when legislators enhance the purchasing value of gold by cancelling that of silver they disturb prices violently and legislate values from the pockets of one class into those of another. For prices have been adjusted, throughout the ages, to the total sum of the precious metals, and, if one of them be eliminated, the total values of all other real property must shrink to the reduced measure; for the two sides of an equation must be equal. Then loans for long periods must become heavier to a proportionate amount, for two bushels of wheat will count in liquidation for one bushel, and two yards of cloth for one yard. The produce of the farm and factory will not pay the mortgage, the margin of the farmer is swept away and the fixed capital of the manufacturer is reduced to half its value. In process of time the new level will be reached and all property will have settled down to a new measure of value; but a continuous contraction is like the scarcity of the seven lean years of Egypt, it changes the tenure even of the land. Hewers of wood and drawers of water will continue in all conditions of society to exist; for those who do the disagreeable work of the world will always receive enough to keep themselves alive; the poor will always be with us, but the foundations of society will be more unstable because of the absence of gradations. In the meanwhile much money will be lost but the longest purses will win in the end; until perhaps the working classes get enough sense to stop their foolish strikes and learn to fight their battles at the ballot boxes.

This tendency to the concentration of property is too much overlooked by economists who are chiefly concerned with the aggregation of wealth, heedless of its distribution; while it is historically true that the permanence of society depends upon the latter rather than the former. Aristotle demonstrates this (*Politics* Bk iv, chap. ii), but in fact all the great politicians insist upon it; and Lord Bacon expresses their thought in a sentence: "Good policy is to be used that the treasures

"and monies in a state be not gathered into a few hands, for otherwise a state may have great stock and still starve; and money is like muck, not good except "it be spread."

The distress which the depressed value of silver is working among the English in India has raised a movement in England to force upon India a gold standard; the more urgently as the fall in the rupee is acting as a protective tariff against the Lancashire cottons. The change is withstood by the more experienced Indian officials because of its stupendous injustice which, in the case of India, is palpable, although the injustice is the same in principle in Europe, but being much less in degree it is not so manifest. For in India all obligations whatever have always been valued in silver alone, whether taxes which are permanently fixed upon the land, or rents, or private obligations. If these are now exacted in gold the natives will be ruined; for they are poor and the margin upon which they live is very slender. The preference for silver, based upon their history and traditions, is even stronger than the English preference for gold. Their hoarded treasures are in silver and a Mongol invasion would cause less disaster than a change of standard.

All those who can remember the hopelessness of the business outlook which preceded the gold discoveries of California know how the inflow of gold armed with new life and hope the business energy of the world. God was not demonetized, although the proportion of its production to that of silver was as 76 to 23—although the usual product of five years was rolled into one. As the production of gold is falling off the production of silver will probably fall off also. It has fallen off in Nevada 75 per cent. since 1878, in Arizona 66 per cent. since 1882 and in New Mexico 50 per cent. since 1885 and although the product of Colorado, Utah, and Idaho has increased there is no probability that it will keep up at the present rate. Meanwhile the crusade against silver is disturbing society and if it goes on to its logical conclusion creditors will receive besides their interest double their principal in food, clothing and land; for land is valuable only for its products and farm lands would not fetch 30 per cent. of their value 20 years ago.

Some such thoughts as these are at the bottom of the widespread acceptance of the silver certificate among the middle classes of the United States. The phrase "dollar of our fathers" concisely expresses the fact that, until very recent years, the silver dollar was the basis of American trade and that the mass of the people regret it was meddled with. The popularity of the silver certificate expresses also the survival of the doctrine expressed in the constitution, though obscured in the exigencies of civil war, that nothing but silver and gold should be legal tender; and these certificates represent actual concrete specie, as no other issue ever did. The outcry that they are not honest money is met by the belief that the depression in silver is artificial and that to enhance by law the value of the contract dollar is as wrong as to diminish it; one is as honest as the other and one phase is as sincere as the other. The mine owners no doubt agitate in their own interest and, if they were alone concerned the ques-

tion would excite little attention. The interests at stake are far wider—they extend over the world and affect the property of all; for the legislative meddling with the world's money metals is raising the question whether it is more honest to exact one hundred and twenty-five cents or to tender seventy cents for one dollar of debt.

The monetary convention had an additional discouragement in the resolution of Austro-Hungary to adopt a single gold standard. That country is gathering up gold preparatory to discontinuing paper issue and to throwing out silver. On the other hand the state of trade in the gold countries as shown by recent reports of English boards of trade will afford abundant practical evidence of the evils of the progress of contraction. Many dangers which were matters of theory have now taken shape and are forcing the attention of statesmen. More plainly than ever is appearing the necessity of widening the basis of the credit currency if trade is to continue to expand and of steadying the values of property by the compensating action of a composite measure instead of resting everything upon the varying production of one single substance. The problem before the actual workers in business is how to permit the new silver to flow out over the world as did the new gold forty years ago and to fix upon the normal ratio between the two metals. That cannot be so great as the present panic stricken market would indicate but would probably be a ratio of 1 to 18; for the renewed coinage of silver would necessarily raise its price. Such a grave question as this cannot be settled by calling the bi-metallists "faddists". That is not a fad which has lasted from the earliest records of history until a few years ago. The epithet is more applicable to their opponents. The evils which called for inquiry by a Royal Commission must have been real evils. The members of that commission were eminent both in position and in mental power. From the detailed nature of their inquiries, the breadth of their survey and the careful deliberations of their conclusions their report is entitled to the greatest possible respect, yet Mr. Giffen, the arch-inquisitor and supreme dogmatist of monometallism, is not abashed in proclaiming it "a scandal of the first magnitude that they should have talked seriously, even for a moment, of the possibility of a fixed price between gold and silver." Such a fixed price existed even in England until 1816 and all over the continent of Europe until 1873. Then Germany made the "mistake of substituting gold for silver" (to borrow Mr. Giffen's words) and the silver panic set in. The Bland Coinage Bill, as the same authority admits, prevented in the United States a much more severe pressure for gold. "Bi-metallism," says Mr. Giffen, "is protection". There the "faddist" shows, for the phrase he seems to think so crushing does not count for much out of England. It is trade and not gold which England seeks and, as the report of the Royal Commission points out, the silver using countries will trade with other silver-countries. Mr. Giffen thinks that the adoption of bi-metallism would be for the advantage of other countries and nations, he thinks, are not philanthropic; but, so far, it seems that the gold countries

suffer the most, for it is only the English in India who are inconvenienced by the fall in silver. The philanthropy which so earnestly preaches free trade might not inconsistently go a little farther to benefit the nations.

After all, what is the chief end to be aimed at, is it not to build once more the prosperity of trade? The difficulty of maintaining an exact ratio between gold and silver may or may not be great; but it is not of the essence of the question. To quote from Mr. Giffen, "the benefits of great facility of exchange may be greatly exaggerated." He attaches little importance to the steadiness of the exchanges for he adds that "foreign trade after all is only a fraction of the business of great countries." Let only the currency of a country be of real money and its abundance need never cause alarm—there can be no panics or crisis for such a currency is not based upon faith. Then if the gift of an increase in the volume of money be utilized as in past years, the perennial truth of Hume's maxim will again be seen: "We shall find that in every kingdom into which money begins to flow in greater abundance than formerly, everything takes a new face; labour and industry gain life; the merchant becomes more enterprising, the manufacturer more diligent and skilful, and even the farmer follows his plough with greater alacrity and attention."

S. E. DAWSON.

VILLAGE LIFE IN THE HARZ MOUNTAINS.

It is a great charm in travelling to find ourselves among an honest and simple people, whose manners have not been corrupted by a cosmopolitan flood of tourists. Such an ideal place is the Harz Mountains in Germany. True, the German people flock there every summer, but they travel with true German economy, in a manner quite different from the prodigal American. And thus we have all the facilities of modern travel while spared the evil effects that it often produces. We see the German people here in a truly representative way, and have a good chance of studying their character. To one who has lived in a great city there is something delightfully attractive about a Harz village. The red-tiled houses built in a quaint old style, often with curious inscriptions carved above the doors, showing that the original inhabitant lived there some five hundred years ago, combined with the Conservative element on all sides give the suggestion of perfect rest and peace for the weary traveller. We notice at once how clearly defined the limits of the village are: all the houses are compressed into a small space, and we see no straggling houses warning us that a village is near; for the farmers do not live upon their farms as in America. The streets are very narrow and as the houses are built high on each side, are sometimes unpleasantly damp. It is a very rare thing to see an all brick house, for this is contrary to principles of frugality. Instead of this a framework is first built of beams interlacing in a peculiar way, which is then filled up with poor bricks, thus making a cheap, but patched-looking house. Many of the tiny cottages are covered with grape vines and the old cobbler working at his open window has only to reach out his hand to pluck the great bunches of grapes.

Generally there are a few large, fine houses, sometimes the country places of rich Germans, and often we find living here old pensioned officers who have come hither to spend the quiet evening of life. An air of peace pervades everything, and the great busy world seems no longer to exist. The lovely gardens blooming with Mareschal Niel and Gloire de Dijon roses, and all kinds of sweetest flowers, have the magic power of the lotus and make us feel we would wish to remain here forever. And what are the people like? The men are generally fair-haired and blue-eyed, which combination harmonizes delightfully with their large light-blue smocks. The women are all bare-headed, many with their shapely arms bare, and all wearing very short dresses. Everyone knows everyone else and on every side one hears the cheerful "Guten Tag!" The postman, the butcher boy and the sewing machine agent all receive the same cordial greeting at each house. This excessive, and, as we may say, democratic cordiality is a feature of daily life. When a man enters a shop he removes his hat, and at once enters into conversation with the salesman. To go out without buying anything is an unpardonable breach of etiquette. The Greek idea that the tradesman is a public servant has not yet penetrated thus far. And this same hospitality they extend to strangers. In fact, the unusual interest they take in a foreigner is at times trying. When one is questioned minutely by a complete stranger regarding one's age, family antecedents and other private matters, it is apt to become just a trifle tedious, however kindly meant these questions may be. But this, I suppose, is to be attributed to the charming simplicity of the people, whose life revolves with ever the same unchanging flow, so that even a conversation with a stranger, being somewhat of a rarity, is greatly enjoyed. Especially if a stranger comes from America is he a great treat, for unfortunately the ideas concerning our country have been to a large extent obtained from wildly exaggerated sources, and to the German peasant America is yet practically undiscovered. A guileless boy requested me to send him a piece of bear's meat from Toronto; he thought they existed there in their primitive strength. The same simplicity is shown in the way they cling to old superstitious beliefs. The Harz Mountains are notably a stronghold of legend, and the peasants sturdily maintain the truth of the fantastic stories, such as the dance of the witches and all the infernal powers on the Brocken, on the night of May the first. One of the loveliest spots in the Harz is called the "Rosztrapper," a great gorge which the peasants say a princess, pursued by giants, leapt over with her horse; and in proof of this, they point out the shape of a horseshoe in the rock, whence the name of the spot.

Let us now glance at the life of one of these Harz villagers. Setting aside the few grandees and men in authority we will watch how the ordinary people live. At once we notice the extreme economy that pervades every detail of life. And although the wife does not hold a very high position, nevertheless her part in the management of the house is very considerable. For housekeeping is here a veritable science and everything moves under fixed rules and with great precision. Every penny is used to the best advantage. And among many of the best educated Germans we hear the cry, "Let our wives be good housekeepers, this is enough." It is certainly strange that when the part of the house-wife is so impor-

tant, she should occupy such a subordinate position as she does. The wife ever gladly looks on her husband as lord and master, and is most happy when she obeys. Hand in hand with economy goes moderation in pleasure, and the Harz villagers' recreation is most modest. Women and men alike work from dawn till dark and so of necessity, pleasure must be a secondary thought. Sunday is only to a certain extent observed, as regards rest from labour. The man who takes a holiday on Sunday afternoon wends his way to his favorite beer-garden, perhaps a walk of half an hour from his house. Here he is sure to find some of his friends with whom he sits, and calling for his glass of beer spends the rest of the afternoon there in lazy and contented bliss. There may be a dance going on, but the hard-working man is only an onlooker. Rather strange for Sunday, of course, but we must take into consideration what German ideas are on such a subject, and that pleasure which they regard as innocent is innocent they hold, on all days alike. And besides the German religion is so excessively humanitarian. One of the great events of the year takes place on a Sunday, that is the so-called "Fest." It practically corresponds to a country fair and has all the essentials such as gingerbread stalls, shooting galleries and so on. It is a general re-union of old and young, and all take part in the dancing which, continuing all Sunday afternoon and night, breaks up at six o'clock on Monday morning; then the maidens go home and attend to domestic duties till twelve o'clock, when they all return to the dance. But Sunday is the "first night," so to speak, and one sees then the middle-aged woman persuading her little child by means of a piece of gingerbread to stand still for a few moments and hold her parasol and her husband's hat while they join the merry dance and their thoughts fly back to a happy "Fest" on a memorable Sunday twenty years ago. Mingling with the people is often to be seen the old pastor of the village, who is as a father to his flock. Rather strange for Sunday, of course. "But," says the old pastor, "the pleasure in itself is innocent, and my children must work all week, so Sunday is their only day for recreation." As the German cannot exist without music, there is a good supply at the "Fest," as on every other great occasion, notably at the "Jahrmart" another species of Country Fair, which differs from the "Fest" in that the latter takes place generally all on one spot on the village green, while a "Jahrmart" is stretched out on all sides. We are made aware of its presence by the music of some dozen organ-grinders who break loose upon the village at 5 o'clock in the morning. The next striking feature is the occupation of all available space by travelling tradesmen, who go the round of all these fairs. Every imaginable article is for sale, and the country people flock in to invest in clothing, confectionery and jewellery. It lasts about a week and then the confectioner packs up his cakes that have seen so many Fairs that they are quite *blasé*, and moves on to the next village Fair to parade the merits of cake "baked especially for the occasion." Accompanying all this there are on the public green the stock amusements, such as the merry-go-round, so arranged that in its revolutions it produces strange and wonderful melodies, so that during the week there is a carnival of music. All is carried on in a very orderly way, showing the power these people have of entering into simple

pleasure with their whole hearts, yet preserving order and moderation. Their everyday pleasures are naturally slight and by no means varied. A great event is an open air concert when the family indulges in a little dissipation, the older children accompanying the father and mother as a great treat. Such a concert takes place generally in the garden of a hotel. The little party go early and choose a good table, numbers of which are scattered through the garden, order some refreshments, the parents beer for themselves and perhaps one cup of coffee for the children. There they sit for two or three hours listening to the music, and watching the different scenes about them, here a noisy party of students, here two veterans, each content with a single glass of beer, but thinking as they watch the students of the palmy days gone by when the twentieth glass was a trifle.

There may be a hall used as a theatre, but only in the more important places, and performances are few and far between, and naturally looked forward to. There is always a certain amount of "Upper Ten" in these villages, generally headed by the military, if there be any, if not, by the faculty of the "gymnasium." But such a set is naturally small, and all the rest are much like a large family. And thus life rolls quietly along for these people, who live apart from the world, devoted to their fatherland and Emperor, and not concerning themselves much about anything else. A. A. MACDONALD.

THE DEATH OF THE POET.

At morn, my masters, cradled in the mist
The day awoke to life, yet scarce to life
So deep a gloom lay over all the world.
The very winds that waited on its birth
Spoke low, as those who stand about and wait
The end of one who swiftly nears the end;
And as it stepped adown the eastern hills,
Within the vale that leads afar to night,
It found all weeping and disconsolate.
A veil of tears, my son, in which it stepped,
Aye, masters, men have long time called it so.
It seemed a multitude was gathered there,
With all their gaze fixed on the single form
Of one who walked alone, as in old days
Weak mortals watched the struggles of the gods
Who joined the combat 'neath the walls of
Troy.

Fearless he looked before where lay a sea
Wide, dark and dreamless as the void of space,
Sunlets, without a star; and as he walked
The wail of those who watched him rose and
fell

As lost winds rise and fall on unknown seas.
Some were in plumed armour; some were
dressed

In rustic garb of simple countrymen,
And maids and matrons wept amid that throng
Where all were bowed as weighed upon with
woe.

Upon the hills that closed the valley in
There stood apart another multitude
That looked with stricken faces in the vale.
And then the wonder grew upon me so
At this so strange and sorrowful a sight,
I turned to one who stood apart and said:
"My friend, who is this man and who are
they
That watching him thus spend themselves in
tears?"

And who are they that stand upon the hills?"
He raised his glance to mine and made reply:
"He is our sweetest singer come at length
Down to the edge of life, for yonder strand
Whereon the waves of that dark ocean roll
Within the shadow, is the verge of time,
And they who watch him thus within the vale
Are children of his mighty brain and heart
Whom he himself created. Look, the one,
Strong, brave and dauntless, with his lance in
rest,

And on his face the light, is Galahad.
The one so like a lily is Elaine,
And he whose heart is like a heavenly flame,
Whose beauty is the radiance of the pure,
Whose shield is blazoned with a cross of gold,
Who rides the nearest after him they mourn
And always has been nearest to his heart,
Is Arthur, Engalnds' first and purest knight ;
There at the end, borne to the ground with
grief,
Is (Guinevere, the gentle Arthur's Queen,
Who lost the poet's love because she erred
And was not pure as he had made her fair.
The others are not less his children too,
Gereth, Lynette, the Princess, Launcelot,
And all the numerous, bright, imagined train
That mourn, refusing to be comforted,
Because he nears the limit of the world
And goes to join the friend whose death he
sang.

Those who thus weep for him upon the hills
Are they who knew his children and himself,
And from them drew an inspiration pure
Which filled to overflow their lesser lives
With such great strength of purpose high and
fixed

As raised them to a fellowship with God."
He ceased, and as I watched the scene with
awe,

Slow onward, steadfastly, with weary feet,
He made his way down to the dark-rimmed
sea

Where break the formless waves upon the
strand

With noise, like whispers spoken in the dark.
A ship lay anchored there amid the gloom,
No pinnacle, but a tall and stately ship,
As built to bear across the gathered flood
A mighty spirit. Those upon the land
Stood still with baited breath in reverence
And even forgot to weep as, filled with awe,
They listened for the last thing he would say,
The gloom was great, but as he stood erect
Upon the lofty deck, his eye fixed strong
Upon the density that lay before,
The moonlight broke the cloud and bathed his
brow,

Serene and calm, in gentle silvery light,
While from his lips there fell these words of
faith :

"I hope to see my pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar."

Hamilton. STUART LIVINGSTON.

CHRISTIAN UNITY IN TORONTO.

The recent joint meeting of the Ministerial Association and the Anglican Clerical Association for the discussion of Christian Unity was in many respects a great success. There was a large attendance on both sides, the spirit of harmony and peace prevailed, whilst the expression of widely divergent views was received with a courtesy that would have vastly astonished a fifth century bishop had he been there to see. The paper read by the Provost of Trinity College was pervaded with a genuine unction, which must have deeply impressed the meeting, and attuned the minds of his hearers to the proper pitch necessary to the discussion of topics of such momentous import.

That the public is year by year growing more interested in the subject is manifest from the frequent references to it in the secular press, and by the excellent reports of the present meeting in the Toronto papers, especially in *The Globe*. Indeed the laity are beginning to take the matter into their own hands, as the recent article in *The Week*, by "Fidelis" clearly shows. The movement is common to all denominations and classes of the community. The High Churchman and the Low Churchman, the dogmatic theologian and the practical layman are agreed that if it even had a mission, sectarianism has accomplished it and that in many ways the

present divisions are a hindrance to the cause of Christianity. Indeed, it is probable that in not a few cases the explicit unbelief often based upon, or supported by the discordant voices of those "who profess and call themselves Christians" and the general uncertainty amounting to implicit unbelief, of whose existence within the churches the clergy are only too well aware, have largely contributed to moderate "the din of battle" and to cause men to lay greater emphasis upon common faith and less upon minor differences. As Dr. Langtry well said, "It is a suicidal thing that we should be found in this condition (arrayed in hostile camps) when the great enemy of all righteousness is manifestly marshalling his forces on every field, if not for a final assault, yet for the most subtle, cunningly devised, widespread and perilous attack that has ever been made upon the faith of the Gospel."

The preliminary question as to the desirableness of some bond of unity, being then practically settled, the question as to the way in which it can be realized next demands attention. The famous Lambeth articles, have been very freely discussed in America, with the result that of the four propositions, three could be almost universally accepted, whilst the fourth "the historic Episcopate" alone blocks the way. It may well seem to many that this difficult question is insoluble. The High Churchmen say it belongs to the "esse" of the church. The Low Churchman to the "bene esse". The Bishop of Gloucester and the Bishop of Winchester both Low Churchmen, have recently spoken adversely to any yielding or compromising of Anglican principles in this respect. But those who consider the wonderful progress that has been made in the last 40 or 50 years, will not despair that time will furnish a solution even of this problem.—The subject of the constitution of the Christian Church and especially of the ministry, absorbed the attention of the late meeting.—Dr. Langtry again enunciated the views which he has so often expounded in letters and sermons. Whilst the Principal of Wycliffe College is we suppose for once in perfect accord with Dr. Langtry in saying that: "The root or fundamental question is, what really is the Church of Jesus Christ?" Should the meeting result in a newspaper correspondence, it would be well for the disputants to stick closely to some such broad question as this and write with a view to making clear their various positions, rather than with controversial intent.

It must be confessed that the meeting made no contribution to the solution of the questions they discussed. Dr. Grant showed the uncompromising attitude of the Baptists, and the Anglicans reiterated the absolute necessity of the Episcopate—nor is this surprising. The subject of the Ministry is really one for experts, men who have given years of careful study to the Bible and early church history. And as every one knows, there is a considerable disagreement between the authorities. All have the same facts but very different conclusions are drawn from them. In the Anglican Church alone there are three distinct views, viz.: Those of the High, the Low and the Broad Church schools. Within the last few years each of these has been expounded by a master hand, viz. Mr. Love, the Dean of Norwich, and the late lamented Dr. Hatch, respectively. The

two former have brought down to date the old views of their respective parties, but Dr. Hatch made a decidedly new contribution to the subject; and all further helpful discussion must take into account the new facts and interpretations which he advanced to explain the development of the ministry in the early days of the Church. Outside of the Anglican Church contributions have been made to the subject by Rev. Dr. Cunningham, Rev. Dr. Rigg, and others. There is, therefore, a danger lest in confining the discussion of unity to what might be called its doctrinal aspects the results should be a barren interchange of the various views of the Ministry. Would it not, therefore, be well that at the next meeting more practical subjects should be brought forward. It is scarcely possible to doubt that in a large city like Toronto the really unanimous action of the clergy would have beneficial effects in the spheres of temperance, social and charitable reform. Why should not standing committees be formed, consisting of members of the Ministerial and Clerical associations for the purpose of arranging meetings from time to time for the discussion of special topics and to act as an executive for carrying out any resolutions that might be passed. It does not appear to me that either the Baptists, or High Anglicans would in the least degree be compromising their principles by such action. Nor if the proceedings of such service were carefully drawn up and agreed upon by all, does it seem impossible that some united demonstration of the spirit of unity now prevailing should be made. A public service of this kind in Toronto would convince all the world of the sincerity of our motives, and would largely tend to soften the occasional asperities of denominationalism of necessity more obvious and painful in small towns and country districts.

Asbburnham.

HERBERT SYMONDS.

PARIS LETTER.

The trial of the Panama Canal ex-directors will last nearly three weeks. The indictment, limited to two counts, fraud and abuse of confidence, represents a mass of documents weighing 22 cwts., and now for the first time given to publicity. The journals have thus an immense stock of scandals and surprises wherein to pick and choose. Their investigations must secure the revelation of the innermost history of the leviathan swindle and its ricochet corruptions. As the public prosecutor is in possession of documents establishing the culpability of the accused, the latter's defence is to blurt out all the villainies, make a clean breast of the iniquities and rely for absolution on the fact that the Suez Canal enterprise had been conducted on the same lines of soaping and misrepresentation as has been that of the Panama scheme. The present trial is independent of that the accused in question must undergo for bribery and corruption of legislators and public functionaries.

France has thus anything but a pleasant year before her. The name Panama now suggests the Lernean Hydra, the Beast of the Apocalypse. At its mention women make the sign of the cross and children hide. The country has made up its mind that come weal, come woe, it will penetrate to the lowest depths of Panamism. However, circumspection is necessary, lest in the rage for purification France may be

ruined. It is not the form of government that is culpable but those that administer it; it is not a new constitution that is required but new men. However, there is a tendency for the best men to hold aloof till the tornado has swept by. The worst evil of the situation is the mistrust which reigns and the absence of confidence in public men. No one concludes that the whole story of Panama can be known till Dr. Herz and Aaron Arton, who as well as the deceased Baron de Reinach, are Frankfort Jews and intimate pals, have spoken. Arton is most dreaded; it is he who holds the proofs of the corruptibility of the 192 Deputies and Senators, while Dr. Herz has evidence of a more varied battalion of bribed patriots. It is this Damocles' sword which weighs on the national conscience. It is said that Arton handed to Boulanger the list of the names, with accompanying proofs, of the legislators and public men whose consciences he had purchased with the Panama Canal Company's money. "With that, General, your fortune is made," said Arton. The General at once returned the terrible damnatory papers, which Arton possesses still; and though he now passes as an Englishman and his residence is not a mystery, he has still been asked by several political parties to dispose of the documents at his own price.

No one can tell what will be the upshot of Panamaism or when it will end, since the "Purists," who have organized the campaign, intend to expose the history of other financial institutions. That would next to kill France, by destroying confidence in the state. Already many persons are placing their cash, following that unquestionable authority M. Leroy-Beaulieu, in English securities, in American preference railway shares and on deposit in British banks. The Funds having fallen below par, the conversion of the 4½ stock into 3 per cent. scrip cannot be effected and this means a loss of 150 or 200 million francs for the current year's budget, the latter for the expired year has not yet been voted. There is nothing serious to be apprehended from the across-the-frontier wind-bagism of the pretenders. If the latter wish to try their 'prentice hand at a Strasbourg or a Boulogne dash for the throne of France, they will quickly discover their costly blunder. Meriting more watchfulness, and above all resolution on the part of the authorities, are the movements of the extremists and the multitude of unemployed and those "ready for anything." Napoleon I. said all revolution commenced with the belly and evolution shows that the mouth was the first organ developed. The would-be insurgents prattle too much about their intentions, as if a revolution could be organized to break out on a certain day and at a fixed hour. An emeute is always on the cards; as to its drifting into an insurrection that depends on the firmness and resolution of the Ministry. Now, the existence of the latter, is at the mercy of the incidents of each parliamentary day. Panamaism has irritated the masses, and supplied grist to the leaders of Socialism and those who demand the replacement of the present Parliamentary Republic by a Constituant Assembly. Many reflective minds also commence to think there is something wrong in the working of universal suffrage, that sends an inferior class of men to the Chamber and allows voters to be influenced, not by the high wants and grave interests of the nation but by parochial claims and individual calculations. So long as an

elector can utilize his vote for his self-interest and the Deputy can trade with his in Panamaism, representative government becomes only an organized hypocrisy.

There is one agitation on foot that it is hoped may succeed, though the odds are against it, the compelling those who may be convicted of bribery and corruption to be made responsible to the last farthing of their estate for having robbed the Canal Company's exchequer. Dr. Herz has purchased, in the name of his wife, property out of his pickings. But the law can compel the receivers to show where they obtained the money to make their investment. The attempt will be made to seize the fortunes bequeathed by Baron de Reinach to his children. Curiosity is excited to know the number of Panama shares the Lesseps family purchased but above all, how much cash they invested in the "death-agony loan," as the last issue of Canal shares has been called. M. Tower Eiffel is accused of "receiving stolen moneys," by pocketing for his contracts some eighteen million francs over and above the fullest professional profits. M. Eiffel's defence is: "My accounts have been certified as correct, so I have nothing more to say."

The hospitals on the Isthmus devoured 38 million francs; the doctors and apothecaries cost 28 million francs; nothing is recorded for the undertakers, yet they were kept busy, as 90 per cent. of the hospital patients died. Only think of 13½ million francs being paid for "the domestics of the employes" on the Canal works. A Pullman car for the use of the director when railing across the Isthmus cost 200,000 francs.

The accused sit in the new court house in luxurious arm chairs, ranged like onions on a string, in front of their counsel. The latter are the cream of the Bar and receive a retaining fee each of 2,000 francs a day. "Maitre," that is the official title, Du Buit is counsel for the ex-Grand Francais and his son; he is a redoubtable adversary. "Me." Martini is a lawyer, hail fellow well met outside the court, but at the bar he "pleads with his teeth," it is said, from his manner of tearing to morsels the arguments of opposite counsel. "Me." Waldeck-Rousseau, ex-Home Minister, is honey-tongued and can almost persuade against one's will.

The leader of this legal galaxy and chosen by common consent, is M. Barboux; he is 58 years of age, small, frail and possessing a flute voice. He is the son of a registrar of a court of bankruptcy. He may be said to have been unknown till 1870, and since, his talent has so developed that he is the first letter in the first line of his profession. No important trial takes place without his holding a brief; the latest and best known was that he held for Mr. Deacon, who shot the seducer of his wife. He has the reputation of producing surprises during a trial, and he is believed to have been supplied with a good stock of these for the present case. His professional duties, though onerous and occupying nearly all his time, never interfere with his morning walk, solitary and in a lonely alley of the Bois de Boulogne. If the occasion be tempting, he will not hesitate to pull out his note-book and begin to sketch.

Never were suicides so numerous; parents making away with their own and their children's lives; cause, misery and declining further to take part in the struggle for life.

The Bonapartists have had a flare-up on the occasion of the annual memorial mass for Na-

oleon III.. Most members of the party showed at the gathering; the "old gang" has been well thinned by death. Madame Rouher, the wife of the Emperor's premier, drew up a Bonapartist Litany, and recited every day: "Saint Napoleon III., pray for us!"

M. Champion advises readers of Voltaire, who may be shocked at his ideas, to "turn over the page," and they will find the exact contrary of what he has expressed.

A bridal party went a few days ago to enjoy the wedding banquet two miles from one of the suburbs, intending to return to the village for the winding up ball. When the party decided upon returning, the carriages and horses had been stolen.

In Brussels, the cost per kilometre for a tram-car, worked by electricity is 9 sous and by horse 18 sous.

The government declined to decorate Madame Adelina Patti with the Legion of Honor, as the claims of the Gran' Sara were first.

Anthropological Professor Wilhelm, of Nancy, says: Large ears in man imply health and honesty; short ears lunacy, and long ears criminality. Alas!—poor Neddy! Z.

THE CRITIC.

Mr. Morley Roberts has been working as a dock-laborer in order to "gather materials" for his next novel; Sir Edwin Arnold flies to Japan for a drama; Miss Sara Jeannette Duncan tells us Eurasia has yet to be depicted;—everybody seems to be flying through the length and breadth of the habitable globe to "gather materials." Even poor Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson (peace and comfort come to his latter days!) in the remoteness of his Apian home, gave us some Samoan ballads;—yet "The Wrecker," and "David Balfour" show that he at least, true artist that he is, knows that no outlandish materials are needed for the art of fiction.

And truly they are not "needed." What would Scott have said if some one had recommended as excellent "material" for one of the series of "Waverley," let us say, the Ainu of Japan—if, that is, they have not already been utilized (significant term!)? Would Dickens have thanked fervently any well-wisher who had suggested his substituting the Kurumbas of Mysore (dwellers in mud hovels, eaters of roots and shunners of civilized men—these, at least, are at present safe from the restless pen of the writer of fiction) for his Pickwicks and his Pecksniffs? And Thackeray, is it to be imagined that Thackeray would have jumped at a project of inweaving into some immortal story of love and hate the manners and customs of the Maori or the rites and traditions of a tribe of Boesjesmen?

A story of love and hate, surely after all that is the essence of a novel. We discuss realism and romanticism, we differ hotly upon the need or needlessness of a plot, we discourse endlessly about manners and methods and aims and means and what-not, but after all is it not the human heart that is the true "material" of the novelist, the human heart with its hopes so hard to extinguish, its cravings so impossible to appease, its half joys, its inarticulate cries; the human heart that is much the same whether it beats under a shooting-jacket or a frock coat, or, for that matter, under only the Homeric "hairy breast" of an African savage? It is men and women that move and

speaking and acting in Shakespeare's plays; it was the men and women that lived to the left and right of him that Balzac put in his *Comédie Humaine*.

Yes, but, we shall be told, Shakespeare portrayed Greeks and Romans, Dickens crossed the Atlantic for character, Thackeray—

Let it be granted; but were not they men and women first and Greeks or Romans or Americans afterwards? And it does not appear that our great writers of fiction put so very much stress upon the setting in which they placed their personages. The characters were the first thing; the background was a secondary thing. When a man has written half a dozen "David Copperfields," or "Vanity Fairs," or "Adam Bedes," then perhaps he might legitimately and complacently communicate to the "Athenæum" the wholly unimportant information that "the scene of his next venture in fiction" was to be placed in Uganda or the Behring Sea. These little matters are the non-essentials. Do we dwell upon the curtains or furniture in Sir Joshua's portraits, or the figures in Turner's foregrounds?

It is not the best of signs, this curiosity about non-essentials. With all the talk and all the print about schools and tendencies in fiction, no one probably would hesitate to admit that the essential thing, the object matter of the art of the novelist was, after all, nothing more and certainly nothing less than human passion, and that the true scene of every work of fiction, shift it as we may, is the town of "Man's-Soul."

It cannot be too often insisted upon that this town of "Man's-Soul" is, with all its internecine strife, all its intra-mural and extra-mural struggles, the true and proper scene of the novelist's creations. Neither is it a narrow one. If the human heart is in one sense much the same all the world over, each individual heart differs from all others, and we get that "variety in unity which makes all nature interesting and all study of nature profoundly attractive." And the variety is infinite, and the passion, we have been told, is infinite too. What need, then, to go to the uttermost parts of the sea to gather materials? The materials to be gathered can only be those of place and time. It is not a good sign this. The more valuable the gem the less store do we place by its setting.

CORRESPONDENCE.

SEPARATE SCHOOLS.

To the Editor of the Week:

Sir,—There is a remarkable article on "Elementary Education," in the *Contemporary Review* for December. It is a sign of the times. The author, Archdeacon Wilson is well known as a strong political and religious Liberal. He was head master of the Clifton college; and is an exponent of the "higher criticism," so much so that one bishop says he ought to be consistent and follow Mr. Stopford Brooke out of the Anglican church.

Yet he makes the following plea for Separate schools. Our Liberals, as usual, are a generation behind the times, and echo cries of the last generation in England.

"One of the broad principles of Liberalism . . . There must be no disability for conscience' sake."

Let us take the case of the Roman Catholics in any English town where there is a school board. They pay the rate like other people, but they get no share in it. Why? Because they say it is contrary to their principles to send their children

to a school in which definite religious instruction in the special articles of their faith is withheld. They, therefore, pay the rates in silence, and subscribe for their own schools, and educate in those schools some of the most backward and irregular of our population in part at their own expense. They help by their rates to educate our Protestant children in the board schools, and we do not help to educate theirs. Why? Because they are Roman Catholics. But it is not contrary to the principles of Liberalism to refuse to a section of ratepayers a share of their own money because they are Roman Catholics if they accept all other conditions? I shall have to go to school again and learn my A B C of Liberalism if this is Liberalism. We all respect the Roman Catholics for the sacrifices they make to retain their schools here and in the colonies; and be it well observed, that in the United States and the colonies the Roman Catholic schools are growing fast. They are unjustly treated by us and we are all beginning to feel ashamed of it. They are held to be disqualified from receiving any grant from the educational rate to which they subscribe, simply because they are Roman Catholics.

This is contrary, in my judgment, to the first principles of Liberalism and fair play as interpreted by all parties.

But what is true of Roman Catholicism is just as true of the Church of England and Wesleyism. Where, in a town, side by side with board schools, there are elementary schools connected with any church, under government inspection, recognized as supplying the educational needs of the place, and receiving a grant, I cannot see under what principles of justice they are excluded from a share of the rates because they teach, and the parents of their children desire denominational education. Why should the Wesleyan or the church of England artisan pay his rates, and yet have to subscribe, as he and his friends must in most cases subscribe, to support his denominational school unless he consents to sacrifice his religious preferences and give up the denominational education which is, in his judgment, the really desirable education for his children. It is a religious disability.

It is indefensible in principle

W. F. STOCKLEY.

Jan. 8th, 1893.

THE BALANCE OF TRADE.

To the Editor of The Week:

Sir,—Mr. Crerar's homily on money and barter, in *The Week* of the 6th January, has really no bearing on the question at issue between us. I am, and have been throughout, just as ready as he is to admit that trade is simply barter or exchange; I only ask to have taken into the account our modern system of credit which enables us to give, as pledge, in exchange for goods the labor of future generations.

The essential difference between us has been that he contends that the wealth of a country is most correctly measured by what it imports or consumes; while I hold that what is produced is the real measure, and that the surplus of production over consumption which results in an excess of exports over imports indicates an accumulation of wealth, or a diminution of liability. I am pleased to see that Mr. Crerar now practically admits the correctness of my contention, that all excess of imports over exports, not paid for out of the earnings of those engaged in the carrying trade, become a liability that has to be provided for out of the future earnings of the people. To cover his retreat he adds "profits," but he should know that in legitimate trade there are no profits that are not also earnings. The gains of the merchant are as much the reward of his labor, skill, enterprise and capital, as are the dividends of the shipowner, or the wages of the engineer, sailor or pilot; and were all included, or meant to be included, by me in "the cost of distribution or the earnings of the world's carriers."

But it should be borne in mind that these earnings or "profits" are seldom all

on one side. If we purchase foreign goods with our share of them, we have to give goods to other trading nations for their share; so that when trading with a country like the United States, where the cost of transportation is trifling, and where at least one half of the earnings or profits go to the foreign trader, the volume of trade from the respective countries is not an unfair measure of the benefit resulting to each from the exchange. The market that is the hardest to find, and which we are most anxious to secure, is the one in which to sell, not the one in which to buy. And as the Americans have heretofore been able to sell much more in Canada than we have been able to sell in the United States, it is but fair to conclude that our market has been of greater value to them than theirs has been to us.

There are, of course, other aspects in which trade may be viewed that affect the relative advantage to the parties trading. If, for instance, one party imports raw material such as timber, ore, or other product the finishing of which will largely increase its value; while the other takes in exchange the finished product, such as furniture, carriages, watches, clocks and musical instruments, which begin to deteriorate as soon as they reach the consumer; the country importing the raw material will derive the greater benefit from the exchange.

And, again, the tendency of every commercial system is to draw the wealth of the district, or nation, or group of nations composing such system to, at most, a very few central points. The wealth of France is largely centred in Paris; the union of Germany has caused the wealth of that empire to accumulate so rapidly in Berlin that, notwithstanding the comparatively slow progress made in Europe, that city has increased in population more rapidly during the last fifty years, than the city of New York; while the principal cities of the annexed provinces have made but slight advances. Ireland has been depleted to swell the wealth of England; and the same is true, though to a less extent, of Scotland and Wales; while little Belgium with an independent commercial system has been able to fully maintain her relative position. In the United States more than half of the wealth of the whole country is centred in five or six cities; and, it is said—and, we believe, truly—that there is enough wealth on one square mile of the island of Manhattan to purchase the whole South from the Potomac to the Rio Grande.

Is it then surprising, notwithstanding the alleged beauties of free trade, that some of our people prefer building up a Canadian system, rather than that their country should become the outside fringe of a continental one that is so rapidly drawing the life blood to the centres, none of which are, or are likely to be, on Canadian soil?

ADAM HARKNESS.

ART NOTES.

There will probably be issued within the next few weeks invitations to an exhibit of the Palette Club. This club has been recently formed, and will, as some advertisements say, "fill a long felt want." Their exhibitions will necessarily be small and in consequence the work will be of a high order. The regular annual exhibition has its place, and shows increasingly good work each year; but owing to the amount of space at its disposal, pictures are sometimes hung which are below what ought to be our standard.

There are evidently other reasons for not hanging pictures than lack of merit. Three artists, two French and one American, have recently had work refused for the Chicago exposition because their pictures were too large. In the case of the two first mentioned, each has received medals at different times; and the picture of the third had been accepted when it was found to exceed the limit, which is three metres in height by four in width, or within a fraction of nine feet by thirteen. Although this certainly seems large enough it would yet shut out several of the world's finest pictures.

Previous to the present exhibition in Philadelphia of pictures to be sent to Chicago, there was a display of the Pre-Raphaelite school, chiefly by Blake, Burne-Jones, and Rossetti. Of course the papers spoke highly of many of them, but the general public certainly did not appreciate these merits to the full. As the Academy is open on Sunday the public is far more general than it would otherwise be, indeed the postman who is on that beat regularly calls for and distributes a large number of the free tickets which are the only requisite for admittance. A friend writing from there says, "Alas! I thought them all execrable. The blessed damozels had long, lanky necks, flat angular figures, disheveled hair, and funny nightgowns for costume (when they had any.) Then all these queer looking creatures chose to put themselves into stiff stained-glass attitudes, so how could they expect to be admired?" One must certainly know the *raison d'être* of the pre-Raphaelite movement to do justice to the work of some, at least of its exponents.

A very interesting series of articles on French art have been appearing in Scribner's monthly by Brownwell. The latest on "Realism in French Art" is especially good. Although his meaning is rather involved, at times, it is quite worth the study required to get at it. Towards the close the writer deals with the Impressionists, their work, methods and limitations. He says, "A theory of technic is not a philosophy, however systematic it may be. It is a mechanical, not an intellectual point of view." This, he believes, is where the impressionist fails; in his work we do not discern, as in the great pictures, "the attitude of the painter towards life and the world in general."

A still newer movement is that of the Neo-Impressionists, who have been giving an exhibition lately in Paris, the work mainly of five artists. The new system has created quite a sensation among the older Impressionists.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

THE TORONTO ORCHESTRAL SCHOOL.

The Toronto Orchestral School will give their second concert this season in the Pavilion on Monday evening, Feb. 13.—Mr. H. F. Torrington will be the conductor, and a pleasing light programme is being prepared.

The talented writer and poetess, Mrs. J. W. F. Harrison (Seranus), has an interesting article in the January number of *The Dominion Illustrated Monthly* on "Choir and Choir Singing in Toronto." The subject is treated in a careful way, the several choirs which are regarded among the best, being mentioned, and the class of music presented by them to the congregations. Excellent portraits (among which are those of Miss Dallas, Mrs. Bradley, W. E. Fairclough, F. Warrington and Masters Fred J. Lewis Harrison, and Francis Otway White) adorn the article.

Moriz Rosenthal, whom somebody has called the "pianistic whirlwind" has been playing in Vienna and Berlin with extraordinary success, in fact no pianist on the continent is so highly spoken of at the present time as he is not only as a brilliant player, but as an interpreter as well. Mascagni's opera, "I Rantzani," which received its first performance in Milan last month, has not been dealt kindly with by the German and French critics, who went specially to Italy in order to hear the new work, nor by the Italian critics either, all agreeing that Mascagni has written too rapidly, and has only endeavoured to attain temporary glory, and that too from the masses. If this be true it is to be regretted, for Mascagni has unusual talent, although it may not always be accompanied by study, severe self-criticism, and high aspirations, which are indispensable if the highest niche in fame's ladder is to be reached.

We have received the following communication:
To the Musical Editor of The Week:
Sir,—I notice a paragraph in The Globe which speaks of a manuscript copy

of "Noel" by Liszt, which Mr. F. Boscovitz of this city is said to have in his possession, a present from the deceased maestro. Being somewhat of a crank on relics I would be much interested to see the document. Perhaps Mr. Boscovitz would not object to display it in the Messrs. Nordheimers' windows. I am also somewhat of a lover of music and was particularly interested in hearing the composition. I have heard considerable of Liszt's music by different piano thumpers who have visited us, and have dabbled a little in his works myself. This "Noel" of Mr. Boscovitz's, however, must represent a different epoch in Liszt's creative period than any I have yet heard. It smacks very much of some other composer whom I might mention, but who could hardly have exerted an influence on so great a music-maker as Liszt. Perhaps Mr. Boscovitz could explain matters. I know there are many amateurs and professionals who would like a little light. Or, if you have heard "Noel," Mr. Editor, perhaps you could enlighten us somewhat?—Yours truly
"DIOGENES."

In reply to our correspondent's letter above, would say, that we have on two different occasions heard Mr. Boscovitz play the "Noel" transcription which the programme stated was written by Liszt, and were somewhat startled by the commonplace character of the entire arrangement, so thoroughly unlike the works of Liszt with which we are acquainted. If Liszt really did make the arrangement, it must have been shortly before his death which took place in Bayreuth in July 1886, for he was not in the habit of choosing songs written by English composers to form the basis of his usually magnificent orchestral and brilliant arrangements. So, leaving out of question his original creations, the beautiful songs of Germany, Hungary and Italy furnished him with abundant material to exercise his supreme gifts, as an arranger of showy pieces for the piano. We, too, would be exceedingly interested in seeing the original manuscript, which Mr. Boscovitz maintains is his property; which privilege no doubt Mr. Boscovitz will grant.

MR. TRIPP'S PIANO RECITAL.

Mr. J. D. A. Tripp gave his second piano recital in St. George's Hall last Wednesday evening, the 25th inst., when he played the following numbers: Bach-Italian Concerto (1st movement); Beethoven—Sonata, op. 31, No. 3; Chopin—two preludes, two studies; Schumann—Warum; Godard—Le Cavalier Fantastique; Liszt Love's Dream, No. 8; Moskowski—Valse No. 30 F. op. 17; Rubenstein—Turkish March" from Beethoven's Ruins of Athens. Mr. Tripp is a brilliant and skillful pianist, having a supple, and beautiful technic, which he uses to advantage inasmuch as his playing is full of tonal contrasts, with abundant power, and so regulated that the various grades of tones from fortissimo to pianissimo, are artistically effected. The entire programme was well performed. Mr. Tripp had the assistance of Madame d'Auria, who always interests and delights her hearers, and who on this occasion sang most charmingly the following songs:—Delibes—"Oh, Thou Cruel Sea"; Godard—"Who Gave You Your Sweet Eyes?" and a beautiful song composed by her husband, Signor F. d'Auria, entitled "Morn, Noon, and Night."

THE PAVILION.

One of the chief musical events of the season will take place on Friday evening, Feb. 10, in the Pavilion Music Hall, when the following famous artists will appear: Mme. Nordica, Mme. Scalchi, Signor Campanini, Signor Del Peunte, Miss Helen Dudley Campbell, and Mr. Emil Fischer. Fragments from Mascagni's "Cavaleria Rusticana" will be given as well as other selections. Messrs. I. Suckling & Sons are managing the concert here, and we hope will have a repetition of their usual good success.

"Kleiser's Star Course" should attract large and cultured audiences. The sub-

scribers' list at Nordheimers' is, we understand, well filled. Of Robert Nourse, who will open the Course on February 16th with "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," the Boston Herald says: "A large audience greeted Robert Nourse, alias Dr. Henry Jekyll, yesterday afternoon in the auditorium. Without preface he plunged "in medias res" at once, giving first in outline the story of Jekyll and Hyde. Mr. Nourse, in his dramatic impersonation of the transformation scene, was strikingly realistic. There before the audience was the veritable, gibbering, fiendish Hyde. But the next moment Dr. Jekyll stood there. The audience applauded to the echo. Then followed the death scene, which is beyond description."

LIBRARY TABLE.

POLITICAL ECONOMY AND ETHICS. By Professor James Gibson Hume, A. M., Ph. D. Toronto: J. E. Bryant Co. 1892.

Although it has been customary to keep apart the two subjects here united, we think that Professor Hume has done well to unite them; and this is quite in accordance with the spirit in which Political Economy is now being taught on both sides of the Atlantic. It was a good idea to lead up to the connexion by tracing the past history of Political Economy, and showing as it were, that the Ethical principal had to be recognized more frankly. The lecture is well written and if it suffers at all it is from compression.

DAIRYING FOR PROFIT, or the Poor Man's Cow. By Mr. E. M. Jones. Montreal: J. Lovell and Son. 1892.

This is a very valuable pamphlet. In all departments of human activity there are theorists and there are practical people; and there are some who combine both qualities. Among this class is Mrs. Chilin Jones of Brockville, the author of this publication. The contents were originally put forth in a Montreal paper, and in the form attracted so much attention and interest that they have been collected and published as a book, every kind of information is here given as to the choosing of a cow, the feeding of the cow, the process of milking and skimming and churning and salting, and all the other mysteries of that business. The fact that Mrs. Jones has obtained many prizes for her cows and for her butter will be one of the best recommendations of her book.

LETTERS TO A YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER, By Marie Hansen-Taylor (Mrs. Bayard Taylor). New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Toronto: William Briggs. 1892.

In a series of twenty-four letters dealing with a variety of matters coming within the scope of good housekeeping, Mrs. Taylor gives to her readers the benefit of a by no means small observation, experience and study. At the outset she says, "I require of you, my pupil, from the start that, being a housekeeper, you devote each day some of your best thinking to the bill of fare and the meals to be served." The 219 pages of this well-filled volume, with the helpful table of contents and index, show not only that its authoress is thoroughly up in her subject, but that she is well able clearly and attractively to impart to others what she has no doubt laboriously and perseveringly by herself acquired. The memory of Bayard Taylor is by no means dishonored by the literary service which his widow has rendered to the art of good living.

THE LITTLE DINNER, By Christine Terhune Herrick. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Toronto: William Briggs. 1892.

Miss Herrick has found an attractive name for her useful and attractive book. The subject matter is indicated in the title. Perhaps no better explanation of the aim of the authoress could be given than that embodied in her own words: "Better, far better, is it (for the hostess) to ask her friends, no matter what may be their wealth or style of living, to a simple, well-cooked meal that she may enjoy in singleness of heart than to wear herself out and go beyond her means in the endeavor to serve a dinner of many courses." Another

very sensible remark worthy of quotation as well as of general acceptance is the following: "One cardinal principle should govern the giver of small dinners; she should ask only such guests as will be in the highest sense of the word worth while." We cannot deal with the details of this excellent and serviceable handbook, which has been most thoughtfully and ably prepared. To all young housekeepers it must prove a ready and invaluable aid. Miss Herrick well deserves the thanks of the multitude of readers of her own sex to whom her book cannot fail to prove a welcome boon.

DON ORSINO. By F. Marion Crawford. New York: Macmillan and Co. Toronto: Copp, Clark and Co. 1892.

This latest work of Marion Crawford is practically a continuation of "Sarcinesca." In the present volume the novelist is dealing with modern Romans in a modern Rome but he has by no means shaken himself free from the old-time associations of the Saracinescas. Don Orsino himself is a modern of the moderns. Ambitious but lacking a motive-power in his life, he has a penchant for two fascinating women older than himself and almost succeeds in persuading both of them that he is love. The woman upon whom the whole interest of the story is centred is very powerfully drawn. Maria Consuelo sacrifices herself from Don Orsino and marries Don Ferice to save the former from ruin. Don Ferice is a speculator at a time when the craving for building had seized upon so many wealthy citizens of Rome. He secures a certain power over Don Orsino and it is to prevent his using it that the tragic marriage of Maria Consuelo takes place. The subordinate characters are admirable, more especially the quondam penniless Zouave, Anastase Gouache, who is now a celebrated portrait painter. On the whole admirers of Mr Crawford's novels (and who does not admire them?) will discover in "Don Orsino" a careful and elaborate study of modern Rome; a story of deep psychological interest told with all that restraint which is indispensable to the artist.

PERIODICALS.

The editor of The Methodist Magazine continues the interesting question of "What Egypt Can Teach Us," in the February number. "The Morning Stars Sang Together" is the name of rather a pretty hymn by Amy Parkinson. The Rev. Samuel P. Rose contributes a paper upon "Tennyson's Indebtedness to The Bible." "Iconoclasm in Nineteenth Century Literature" is the title of a short but really interesting paper by W. A. Quayle, D. D. A valuable contribution from the pen of Dr. Daniel Clark appears in this number, entitled "Specimen Literature of the Insane."

"One Life for Two: A Story of Womanly Sacrifice" is the title of a short and pathetic story which commences the February Quiver. "The Last of the Weavers: A Walk through Spitalfields" is the subject of a paper from the pen of G. Holden Pike. J. R. Eastwood is the author of some pretty verses entitled "The Wishing Well." S. Southall Bone's "The Manager of Manston Mills" is continued in this number, as is also "The Wilful Willoughbys" by Evelyn Everett Green. John Stuart Blackie contributes a poem on "Old Age." A. Q. C. tells a story in three chapters, entitled "Taken by the Enemy."

"Some Old Parliamentary Hands," by Alfred F. Robbins, is the first of a series of papers in Cassell's Magazine entitled "In Parliament Assembled." The February number contains many other good things, amongst which may be mentioned the continuation of "Richard Jenkins, Master." "Mr. Meakin's Looking-glass" is an amusing short story. "Students, Day at The National Gallery" is the title of a most interesting sketch from the pen of Francis A. Gerrard. "A Romance of Man" is continued in this number as is also "How a Wilderness Became a Garden." Mary Hampden's "The Veasey-Bridge Election" is bright and readable.

There is yet another poem bearing the simple title "Tennyson" in the February Californian, by John Vance Cheney. "On the Columbia" is an interesting descriptive paper from the pen of Laura B. Starr. Edward Everett Hale, John Boyle O'Reilly, Thomas Wentworth Higginson and William Dean Howells are discussed under the heading "Men of Letters," by James Realf, Jr. Estelle Thompson contributes some musical lines on "An Apricot Orchard in January." "Two Valentines" is the name of a short story by Nellie Blessing Eyster which is followed by an interesting paper on "The Social and Political Conditions of Utah" by G. L. Browne.

Under the heading of "Temperance Reform" the Contemporary contains two papers, the first from the pen of W. S. Caine, M. P., entitled "The Attitude of the Advanced Party," "The Deadlock," by George Wyndham, M. P., is the name of the second; the latter contains a Note by the Bishop of Chester. "Pessimism" says the Rev. S. A. Alexander in an article on "Pessimism and Progress," "has had its day. Thought and emotion are taking a brighter colour under the morning light of the coming century." Mary Darmesteter contributes a long and interesting paper on "The Mediaeval Country House." "The English Parliament" is the subject of an article from the pen of Justin McCarthy, M. P. E. R. L. Gould brings a good number to a close with a paper entitled "The Social Condition of Labour."

The familiar signature, E. B. Lanin, is attached to the opening paper of The Contemporary Review for February. The writer concludes his study of "The Tsar Alexander III" with these pessimistic words: "The judgment of the historian who weighs motives as well as acts will be indulgent to the man; but what must be the feelings of his people who, having analysed the principles and examined the conduct of the monarch, descry nothing in either calculated

to dart
A beam of hope athwart the future
years?"

"The Financial Aspect of Home Rule" is discussed by J. J. Clancy, M. P. M. de Blowitz contributes an article on "Journalism as a Profession." In the writer's opinion the only remedy for the existing condition of journalism is the foundation of a school of journalism, at which each "pupil would undergo a graduating examination, and" where "if he failed in any way to satisfy his instructors, he would remain another year."

LITERARY AND PERSONAL.

Tait, Sons & Co., New York, have secured the American rights to Paul Bourget's novel, "Cosmopolis," many of the characters in which are American.

Mr. Andrew Lang has a volume of Homeric essays nearly ready at Messrs. Longman's. A volume of verses by Mr. W. H. Mallock is now in the press.

A volume containing the complete works of Emily Bronte will be issued in the "Bookman's Library" in the spring. The poems will appear in the order in which they were written in the MS. book of verse.

The Messrs. Macmillan & Co. have in preparation for immediate issue a collected edition of the poems of William Watson, including his recently published Lachrymæ Musarum. A limited edition will also be printed upon Dickinson and Co's English hand-made paper.

"The announcement of Bishop Brooks's death," says the London Times, "will be read with deep regret in the wide circle of his friends in England. Since the death of Beecher he has held unchallenged the title of the most popular preacher in America."

The report that Robert Louis Stevenson is dying, which has been attributed to Mr. Leigh Lynch, Samoan Commissioner to the World's Fair, who arrived in San Fran-

cisco on Jan. 19, is confidently denied by the novelist's friends in England, and by his American publishers, the Messrs. Scribner.

D. C. Heath & Co., Boston, have added to their series of English Classics, "Select Speeches of Daniel Webster," edited, with notes, by Prof. A. J. George. This book is intended as a companion volume to "Burke's American Orations," which was prepared by the same editor and published a year ago.

Macmillan & Co. will bring out "The Survivals of Christianity: Studies in the Theology of the Divine Immanence," by Dr. Charles James Wood, who compares Christian doctrines with those of other religions and with the various forms which Christian doctrines have assumed in the several stages of their historical development.

The Cassell Publishing Co. are about to issue a new edition of the works of William Hale White, author of "Mark Ruthenford," and translator of the "Ethics" of Spinoza; "On Sledge and Horseback to the Outcast Siberian Lepers," by Kate Marsden; a "Diary of the Salisbury Parliament, 1886-1892," by Henry W. Lucy, with designs by Harry Furniss; A volume of essays by Zola, "The Experimental Novel."

The late Mrs. Lamb's Magazine of American History has passed into the hands of the National History Company, of 133 Nassau street, which publishes the National Magazine. Beginning with the February number the two journals will be united under the name of the older one (which is now in its twenty-ninth volume) with Gen. James Grant Wilson as editor. The magazine will be enlarged and the price reduced.

Harper & Brothers have nearly ready several works of fiction which will commend themselves to all novel readers. Among them are William Black's new novel, "Wolfenberg"; a volume of short stories of Southern life, entitled "A Golden Wedding, and Other Stories," by Ruth Meryn Stuart; "Katharine North," by Maria Louise Pool, author of "Roweny in Boston"; a new tale by David Christie Murray, entitled "Time's Revenges"; and "From One Generation to Another," by Henry Seton Merriman.

Charles J. Billson, in the Westminster Review, writing of the origin of the English Novel, says:—This "Morte d'Arthur" of Thomas Malory, which was printed by Caxton at Westminster just 407 years ago, may be regarded as the first of English novels, and it is almost painful to think of how many of its successors this first novel has survived! Only the other day fourteen of its twenty-one parts were reprinted in the series of Camelot Classics, and are, I have no doubt, as popular as ever. For indeed its author is right in calling this first great English novel "a noble and joyous book."

In a sketch that has recently been printed of a living literary man, we are told that "it is his custom to write about six thousand words every day." There is no man in all the world who can write every day six thousand words that are worth reading or one-half that number. For a good solid day's work of a man of thought and knowledge, one thousand words are sufficient, and if on any one day he writes twice that number he should take a rest the next day. We are not speaking of copyists or shorthand reporters, but of men who think with all their soul as they write with all their power.—New York Sun.

Mr. Marion Crawford is quoted as saying of Mr. Rudyard Kipling's familiarity with Indian life: "It seems to me we might all leave this field to him. He knows India as no one else knows it, and no one else can picture it so perfectly as he."

There is an interesting note on Mr. William Watson in the Academy of Jan. 14, to the effect that two or three books of his may shortly be expected—a new edition of "The Prince's Quest"; a collection

of prose, mostly literary criticisms contributed to the National Review; and perhaps a poem of some length, entitled "The Eloping Angels," which he wrote about two months ago.

Marion Crawford is evidently utilizing his social opportunities during his present American visit for a study of American women, and in the next issue of The Ladies' Home Journal he will give the results of his observations and describe "The American Woman" as she appears to him after an absence of ten years; in what respects she has changed, and whether she has improved in her dress, manners and tendencies.

The Critic of Jan. 21 prints a picture of the house which Rudyard Kipling is putting up near the home of the Balestiers at Brattleboro, Vermont. It is to be of shingles and moss-covered stones. The foundation walls are already in place. The birth-place of the little Kipling daughter, born the other day, is a tiny farmer's house near the new building, which is to be called "Crow's Nest." Mr. Kipling has chosen a beautiful site for his American home, and a good architect (Mr. Henry Rutgers Marshall of New York) to build it.

The Canadian Institute offer the following programme of papers for February: On Saturday, 4th, "Hindrances to American Art," by Mr. W. A. Sherwood; on Saturday, 11th, "New Trails in the Rockies, from the Saskatchewan to the Athabasca," by Prof. A. P. Coleman, Ph. D.; on Saturday, 18th, "The Breaking of the Conduit," by Mr. Levi J. Clark; and on Saturday, 25th, "Traders and Trade Routes in Canada, 1760-1800. (Second Paper)," by Captain Ernest Cruikshank, Fort Erie. In the Natural History (Biological) Section: On Monday, 6th, "The Protection given by the Danaoidae to other Butterflies," by Mr. E. V. Rippon; and on Monday, 20th, "Notes on Game Birds of Toronto, about 1850," by Mr. John Maughan.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling's new house at Brattleboro, Vt., is to be ninety feet long, two stories in height, will cost about ten thousand dollars and is to be called "Crow's Nest." The Critic says: "Nothing has been constructed yet except the foundation walls. These are built of stone from the old fences on the place; each stone was carefully selected as to colour, the moss left clinging to it, adding greatly to its picturesque effect. The upper part of the house will be built of shingles stained a soft green, which will melt into the hues of the hillside and give the house the effect of having grown into the landscape rather than of having been built into it. Mr. Kipling will make this his winter as well as his summer home, descending into New York only when imperative business calls. He may leave it for tours abroad, but Vermont will be his home. At Brattleboro his child was born, and on the Brattleboro hillside will his household gods hold sway. Where the home is, there the heart is also; so far from being "down on America," Mr. Kipling has evinced his affection for the country in the most emphatic way.

Among the papers of the late Professor James De Mill, author of "The Dodge Club," "Cord and Crease," "A Strange Manuscript Found in a Copper Cylinder," was found a M.S. poem of over a thousand lines, entitled "Behind the Veil." The poem is a finished piece of work, the best this extremely facile writer ever did. The subject is a vision of the unseen world, somewhat in the manner of Richter's "Dream on the Universe." The verse is flowing and sonorous. It is proposed to print this poem as a thin quarto, about 11 x 8, bound in rich brown cloth, with fillet and title stamped on the side in gold. The paper used will be heavy, cream-colored, mill-finish. The page will have wide margins, and will be provided with the author's own marginal analyses. No plates will be made and, as soon as the edition is worked off, the type will be distributed. Every effort will be made to have the book perfect in all details of manufacture. An etching of the author, with a reproduction of his autograph to face

the title, is being prepared by G. A. Reid, Esq., of Toronto. For the first edition, the proofs will be selected and signed by the artist. It is proposed to issue the work in two editions: the first a limited edition of one hundred copies, numbered and countersigned by the editor, with proof etchings; the second an ordinary edition of three hundred copies. Dr. Archibald MacMechan, Professor of English at Dalhousie College, will edit the poem. The book will be published for and on account of Mrs. DeMill. The price for the first edition will be Five Dollars; for the second edition Two Dollars and a Half. Messrs. T. C. Allen & Co., Halifax, N. S., will have the business management.

READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

THE PSYCHOLOGICAL ROMANCE.

The gross realism of the last twenty years with which France has been smitten—why, I do not know, for nothing is more contrary to her genius was not very good, no, it was a rare thing for it to be good; nevertheless it was an obstruction toward finding the romantic novel good. That consequence was a hard one. I know some who were grievously afflicted by it. There are writers who, through reaction, have given an inferior artistic tone to their works, but to whom, at least, belongs the credit of having been different from the realists. But low realism has had a still more serious effect. It has not only been an obstruction toward finding the romantic novel good, but it has forced it to change its character somewhat. It has forced it to become distorted, affected. It has forced it to become forced, and this as a matter of course. The romantic novel has its own realism, its solid ground, its true foundation, by means of which it also becomes scientific. Now, in order to emulate the realistic novel, the romantic novel has become psychological with more diligence, devotion, pedantry, conscience and attention to detail than was necessary. It has greatly applied itself. It has worked with a magnifying glass. It has not been contented with splitting a hair into four. It has devoted itself to anatomy, to analysis. "Would it please you, Mademoiselle," said Thomas Diafoirus, "to assist at the dissection of a woman?" That is what the romantic novel has done. It has used a pick-ax. It has studied its authors. It has turned Spinoza into a prescription. In a word, it has been scientific. They have prepared themselves to write novels for the ladies by making an aggregation of philosophy. The extinction of the fires of realism will free the romantic novel from these too-exaggerated studies of science. It will remain psychological, without doubt, and it could scarcely cease to be so; but it will have a style broader, easier, more liberal; less pedantic, bookish, and technical. It will be the romantic novel, the true romantic novel. For, if we are not deceived, the romantic novel does not consist in placing young girls on romantic horses in chromo landscapes, for keepsakes. That is the conventional novel, the sentimental novel, or to speak more plainly, the superannuated novel; it is not the romantic novel. The romantic novel consists in painting, truthfully and logically, characters who have romantic souls; this is the sum and substance of the whole matter. And such characters are not less true than others. They are simply more rare, and yet not more rare than those who do not resemble them at all, and whom I should almost call exceptional. At least half of us have romantic souls, or if you prefer, we have all of us half of a romantic soul, and that amounts to almost the same thing. To paint men and women who act romantically, that is, under the influence of the half of their soul which is romantic, which, at a certain given moment, exercises undue influence over the other half, is just as legitimate as to paint human beings who act under the incitement of self-interest or according to the suggestions of instinct. You tell me that I am defining the romantic

novel and not the psychological novel. Pardon me! I call the psychological romance the romantic romance, because, in order to paint the romantic parts of the soul, it is necessary to have more analytical penetration, more of the faculty of moral observation, than to paint the other parts. I call the psychological novel the romantic novel, because the romantic novel, written without psychological talent, is bad. There are such and I speak of them here, because they are execrable. In a word, the psychological romance is the romantic novel which is well done.—Translated for Public Opinion from the French of M. Emile Faguet, in the Paris Revue Bleue.

THE EVER PRESENT CONFLICT.

This new form of the struggle for existence was ascertained long ago by scholars and ignored by the great public. It is incontestable that besides the universal conflict of species against species, of man against animals, of animals against the plants, and plants against the animals—in a word, of all the world against all the world—there is also a furious struggle between the different parts of our own organism. The constant battles between the cellules are even more dramatic than those which people wage among themselves. Recall that example of the giraffe, given by M. Lamarck, as a proof of the changes which operate in our organism. How did this animal come by its long neck and legs? The ancestors of that animal, obliged to gather the leaves of high trees, developed, or if you prefer, strengthened those organs. But what happened in the organism, when certain parts were developed beyond measure? Was it to the detriment of the rest of the organism? How was that curious process of transformation accomplished? About ten years ago a German scientist, Mr. Roux, tried to solve this problem. He at first supposed that the afflux of the blood in those parts which found themselves unusually active sufficed to explain their exaggerated development. After abandoning that hypothesis, which did not agree with the simple fact that in the case of an abnormal increase of the organs, there was no increase of the corresponding blood vessels, Mr. Roux reached the conclusion that the numerous cellules which make up an organ find themselves in an incessant state of war for place and nourishment. This theory, attempting to explain the internal war of the organism, and through that the problem of the transformation of the organs, has been carefully studied by the scientists who have succeeded Mr. Roux, and Mr. Metchnikoff shows us, in the Revue Scientifique, what has been accomplished in that direction. We study for instance, the formation of a fly, a butterfly or a starfish. We find that all of these animals, after leaving the egg, reach a perfect state accompanied by a formation of new organs and a disappearance of the old parts. How did that occur? It was simply a war between the cellules, the result of which was a victory of the stronger elements over these more feeble. The organism of a great majority of the animals incloses a multitude of cellules which resemble the simplest creatures, as the amoebae, and which are capable of devouring solid bodies, and consequently even many cellules of the organism of which they form a part. There cellules are called phagocytes. There are numerous examples of the voracity of the phagocytes. The spleen and

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Gents.—I have used your MINARD'S OINIMENT in my family for a number of years for various cases of sickness, and more particularly in a severe attack of la grippe which I contracted last winter, and I firmly believe that it was the means of saving my life.

C. I. LAQUE

Sydney, C. B.

liver of man and the higher animals is almost constantly filled with all sorts of bodies, and particularly with red and white globules of blood. All these elements undergo a complete transformation in the interior of the phagocytes, which finish by appropriating them and completely governing them. And since the weak red globules thus disappear, thanks to the phagocytes, and their place is immediately taken by the younger and more active globules, the blood is strengthened. What is still more curious is that the phagocytes attack not only by preference, but almost exclusively, the feeble cellules. What a well organized police! As soon as a cellule shows any weakness whatever, it becomes the prey of the phagocytes, and to their honor be it said they exercise a control, not only over the blood, but also over the muscular vessels. We have, in this bundle, besides the fibrin substance, a species called sarcoplasma, partly allied to these same phagocytes. They very energetically watch over the activity of the muscles. As soon as the fibrils do not manifest sufficient strength, the sarcoplasma, the disguised phagocyte, hastens to devour them. The nervous system itself also possesses phagocytes, which watch over the regular functions of the cellules and the nervous fibres, and it is very probable that the tissues, known under the name of neuroglie, play the role of the phagocytes in the nervous centre. But besides all the varieties of phagocytes particular to each organ, there exists a mass common to the entire organism. These are the white globules of blood, which are active wherever they find a place to satisfy their voracious appetite. The beneficent influence of this battle becomes more and more apparent. Everyone knows examples where the body, after a long illness, particularly typhoid fever, is regenerated in a most remarkable manner. The convalescent individual becomes stronger and more vigorous than before his illness. Here is the key to the enigma. The phagocytes, stimulated by the heat of the fever, devour the weak cellules, which are no longer able to maintain a warfare, and in their place most unexpectedly appear new cellules, young and strong. But there are cases where the phagocytes destroy the most essential parts in such a way that the organism is no longer able to replace them. Their greed leads them to the destruction of delicate elements which cannot be rebuilt. It is in this manner that, in diseases of the central nervous system, the cellules become so weakened that they end by being devoured by the phagocytes. The organism suffers an irreparable loss, and frequently succumbs entirely. However, justice must be rendered to the white globules of blood, the sarcoplasmas and the phagocytes. True, they sometimes do wrong, but more often they are true benefactors of the system. Their function is not entirely ideal, but what would you have? We others, lords of creation, are not more perfect. Let us, however, console ourselves. As soon as human science has unravelled the mysteries of the phagocytarian apparatus, it will begin to take in hand the cause of its activity. They will then be able to increase the good and diminish the bad. The matter becomes more easy as we already know certain elements which act on their activity in a marvellous manner. Thus, heat renders them stronger, while cold and quinine weaken them. Then let us wait patiently. —Translated for Public Opinion from the French of Dr. A. de Neuville, in the Paris Revue des Revues.

A RETORT COURTEOUS.

Lord Burghersh, afterwards Earl of Westmorland, . . . was a great patron of the Arts, and I have seen assembled at his hospitable board dukes, Excellencies, and counts, all intermingled with musicians, poets, philosophers, and artists—which was a novelty to the 'sedate' and formal Prussian aristocracy. Simultaneously with his Excellency von Humboldt was announced at a dinner party Herr Taglioni, Director of the Ballet. It was very amusing, but somewhat bizarre in formal

German society, but the manners of Lord Westmorland were so captivating that nothing was taken ill from him. I recollect on one occasion an English gentleman called to see Lord Westmorland on particular business. He was at breakfast, and, receiving him with his usual urbanity, asked the object of his visit. The gentleman said that he felt somewhat aggrieved that he had brought an official letter of introduction to him from the Foreign Office, and having learnt that his lordship had given a great dinner the night before was surprised and hurt at receiving no invitation. Lord Westmorland exclaimed, with his usual heartiness, 'God bless me, sir, I am really quite distressed. I think I received the letter of which you speak. I will send for it.' Accordingly the letter was brought to him, and on reading it he said to the stranger, 'Ah! I thought so. There sir, is the letter, but there is no mention of dinner in it,' on which the gentleman rose, and backed out of the room in confusion.—From Reminiscences of Lord Loftus. Cassell & Co.

UNDER EXCITEMENT.

How much will the skin of a grizzly have shrunk three years after the shot was fired that laid him low? Look at the trophy on your study floor and answer fairly. Measured in the excitement of the chase, it seemed to be ten feet long, but now you can almost compass the distance from head to tail at a single step. Perhaps the same experience may be realized upon critical examination of the giant brook trout of the records. We mean the red-spotted fontinalis, and not one of its black-spotted western cousins. C. T. Richardson has recently mentioned the male weighing 12½ lbs. which was caught in 1867 by Fish Commissioner Henry O. Stanley, Joseph Lamb and others while collecting eggs in one of the Rangeley lakes. He referred also to a brook trout taken in a pond at Mt. Vernon, Me., nearly a half century ago, which weighed upwards of 20 lbs. The first one was the fish recorded by the late Mr. Page and was said to weigh 10 lbs. three days after its capture. It is possible, but hardly probable, that any authentic brook trout larger than the 12½ lb. specimen caught by Seth Green and weighed by the late Dr. P. R. Hoy has ever been brought to the scales. The trout captured by Mr. Stanley was 30 inches long and 18 inches in circumference. Dr. Hoy told us the weight of the Seth Green trout, but could not recall its measurements. We recall the fact that Charles Hallock has mentioned a brook trout of 17 lbs., but it is not sure that he really identified the fish as a veritable fontinalis. It may be that some of the supposed brook trout of unusual size are really lake trout, which is the largest species of its genus, and is reputed to reach 6 feet in length with the weight of 90 lbs.—Forest and Stream.

TEACH GIRLS HOW TO USE MONEY.

Would it not be wise if some exercises in the mysteries of money were added to the curriculum of every girl's studies? A boy finds it all out by actual contact with the public as soon as he is out and a part of it; but a girl may become a mature woman, shrinking then through the habit of long protection, and be thrown on the mercies of the world with her money to fall the prey to the first cheat and cozen. She is taught at school the spectre of the stars, and the map of Mars; what pity that she should not be instructed in the workings of life on the planet where she lives! That a knowledge of the nature and meaning and care of money should be made a part of every girl's education is growing more and more evident in this age of enlargement and prosperity, which puts money into the hands of so many women. And in the coming century, the woman's century, as it is already called, in which so many women will be workers and earners of money, it is all the more important, in order that they may be neither handicapped nor too far outstripped, that they should be well instructed as to business movements and investments, that they may be directed in the right way before they set out to earn.—Harper's Bazar.

ANOTHER LONDON MIRACLE. AN ODDFELLOW'S LODGE PASSES A RESOLUTION OF THANKS.

The Extraordinary Case of Mr. E. F. Carrothers—
—Utterly Helpless for three Years—Pronounced
Permanently Disabled by His Lodge Doctor—
Restored to Health and Strength and Again
Working at His Trade—A Story Fraught With
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Loyal Perseverance Lodge, No. 118.
London, Nov. 22, 1892.

To the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company:
Gentlemen: I have much pleasure in forwarding you a vote of thanks passed by a resolution of the above lodge, thanking you for the good your valuable medicine Pink Pills, has done for our brother, E. F. Carrothers, who for three and a half years was almost helpless from locomotor ataxia and given up by our doctor as incurable, and who is now, we are happy to say, by the use of your Pink Pills, able to follow his employment.

Trusting that your valuable medicine may be the means of curing many sufferers and be a blessing to them as it was to our brother, I am yours truly, on behalf of the lodge,

ED. GILLETT, Secretary.

521 Phillip street, London, Ont.

This is to certify that the above facts are a true statement.

E. F. CARROTHERS.

The above is self-explanatory, but in order to lay the facts of this extraordinary case more fully before the public an Advertiser reporter proceeded to investigate it. It was his pleasure and duty some time since to record the remarkable cure of Mr. E. J. Powell, of South London, wrought by the medicine known as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. It was a striking story of release from life-long affliction, but it was even surpassed by the miraculous experience of Mr. E. F. Carrothers of 103 William st. Mr. Carrothers is an uncle of Alderman R. A. Carrothers, and by virtue of long residence and personal qualities is well and favourably known throughout the city. He is a carpenter and joiner by trade, and a good workman. His friends and acquaintances are aware that a healthier and more robust man never walked the streets of London until a few years ago, when he was suddenly stricken with what is generally supposed to be paralysis. They heard with regret that he had been pronounced incurable, and as he was unable to leave the house only occasional callers saw him again during his long spell of total disability. Within the last few months they have been agreeably surprised to see him around again plying his vocation and apparently as vigorous as of yore. Inquiry and explanation naturally followed, and it is now widely known in the city to what agency Mr. Carrothers owes his magical restoration to health and strength.

A TALK WITH MR. CARROTHERS.

The other evening the reporter called upon Mr. Carrothers and found him seated by the fireside in the bosom of his family, looking hale, hearty and happy. Upon learning his visitor's errand he said he

was only too happy out of the depths of his gratitude to relate the circumstances of his affliction and his wonderful cure.

"I had always been a strong, healthy man," he said, "until this stroke laid me low. I hardly knew what sickness meant. It was three years ago last April when the attack came. I went to bed apparently in my usual health one night and awoke about five o'clock in the morning as my watch at the head of the bed told me. I dozed off again, and on waking the second time attempted to rise. I could not move. Every nerve and muscle of my body seemed to be paralyzed. I lay like a log. At first I was speechless but managed after a time to articulate feebly and not very audibly my wish that a physician be sent for. Dr. Moorehouse came and placed a mustard plaster across my bowels, telling me to lie quiet for a few days. I did so because I could not do anything else.

"As I was entitled to the services of the lodge physician, Dr. Pingel, I sent for him. He gave me some medicine that relieved the excruciating pain in my head. He brought another doctor with him (I don't know his name) and they subjected me to a regular course of treatment, by which I was suspended from a support around my neck. I asked the doctor what the matter was, but as he evidently wished to spare my feelings he did not tell me directly, nor did Mr. Gillett, the secretary of the lodge, whom I also asked. I inferred that there was something they did not wish me to know.

"I had now been about a year in the same condition. Sometimes I was able to get out of bed, but never out of doors. At other times I was unable to feed myself. I had absolutely no control over my muscles. If I attempted to touch or pick up anything, my arm would usually stray apparently of its own volition, in an entirely different direction. I was more helpless than an infant, and I suffered a great deal. The doctor commenced the injection of some compound into my arm and leg, but a kind of abscess gathered in each and it had to be lanced. This was very painful. A quart of matter of a greenish colour came out. I seemed to get stronger in general health, but my paralysis remained the same. In December, 1891, after two years and eight months of this helplessness, I was given up by the doctors as hopeless. The grand master of the order, who had come to London to look into my case, and the secretary of Perseverance Lodge, called to see me and informed me of this. I had given up all hope myself, so the blow fell lighter. The lodge had all this time been paying my weekly sick dues, and I understood that after the doctor's certificate of my hopelessness had been handed in they made arrangements to continue giving me permanent aid.

"And now as to the remedy which proved my earthly salvation: A next door neighbour one day sent me in a label off a Dr. Williams' Pink Pills box. I read it, and acting on a whim, and not with any real expectation of benefit, gave my little girl 50 cents to buy a box. The very first box made me more cheerful; it seemed to brace me up and I began to feel a glimmer of hope. With the second and third box the improvement continued, and felt more than delighted to find that I was com-

mencing to recover the use of my limbs. I felt more delighted to find that I was commencing to recover the use of my limbs. Through a friend I got a dozen boxes and the lodge added half a dozen more. I kept on taking the Pink Pills, and I gained steadily; so that I am now what you see me to-day. Yes, I am capable of earning my living as before. I am working at my trade in London West at present and walk over there (a distance of nearly two miles from the house) and return every day."

"You are naturally thankful for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills then?" interpolated the reporter.

"Thankful!" echoed Mr. Carrothers. "I can't find words to express my gratitude. You can image a man in my position, always strong and healthy before stricken down that way, with a family dependent upon him; and after giving up all hope of being anything but a useless burden, to be restored this way to strength and happiness—haven't I reason to be thankful, and my family too?" And there was no mistaking the sincerity of the utterance. "I believe Dr. Williams' Pink Pills can cure anything that any medicine on earth can," he continued. "I know of other cases in this city where they have succeeded when doctors have failed. Well, good night." And the reporter left to call on Mr. Ed. Gillett, the secretary of Perseverance Lodge, who lives a couple of blocks further south at 521 Phillip street.

MR. GILLETT'S STATEMENT.

"There is nothing that can give me greater pleasure," said Bro. Gillett, "than to say a good word for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I tell you they saved the lodge a good deal of money in Bro. Carrothers' case, and there is not a member of Perseverance who won't say the same thing. We had paid out over \$400 to our sick brother, and of course it was a big drain on our finances. We asked the lodge physician, Dr. Pingel, to examine him so that we would know whether he was going to get better or not. The doctor informed us that he was incurable, and gave us a certificate to that effect."

Mr. Gillett opened his secretaire and extracted the document referred to from the lodge records. It read as follows:

Dr. Pingel, Office, 354 Dundas street,
London, Dec. 2, 1891.

Bro. Gillett:

Dear Sir,—At your request I carefully examined Bro. Carrothers, of Perseverance C. O. O. F., M. U., who has been unable to perform any labour for several years, and find him suffering from the results of cerebral hemorrhage (extravasation of blood into brain). As no improvement has taken place for some eighteen months, I have no hesitation in pronouncing him permanently disabled.

Yours fraternally,
A. R. Pingel.

"After that," said Mr. Gillett, "we sent for Grand Master Collins, to consider what we should do. We then learned that Bro. Carrothers had commenced taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and they were doing him good. So we decided to furnish him with a supply and await developments. You know the result. He is better now and at work again. The lodge unanimously moved a vote of thanks to the proprietors of Pink Pills, and it was forwarded to them.

"I have known Bro. Carrothers for

years. He was always until his last illness a strong, healthy man; and it seemed strange that he should be stricken down so. He had a terrible siege of it. You see the knife (pointing to one on the table); well, if he tried to pick it up he couldn't do it to save his life. He was completely paralyzed."

Turning to the lodge records again, Mr. Gillett produced a book and showed the reporter the entries made week after week for three years and over of the payments made to Bro. Carrothers as sick benefits. The worthy secretary intimated that any other information desired he would cheerfully furnish, but the reporter had had enough to convince him and left.

Dr. Pingel was next visited at his office. He remembered the case of Mr. Carrothers well, and had heard that he was better.

"You considered him beyond help, doctor?"

"Yes; any physician, under the circumstances, would have pronounced the same opinion. His recovery is certainly remarkable."

"Do you attribute it to the Pink Pills?"

"I do not doubt that they were the means of his cure, since Mr. Carrothers says it was by using them he became well again. Yes; there seems to be virtue in the medicine, judging by this case."

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

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

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

Hot water applied to a bruise will allay pain and prevent discolouration. It has superseded medical "eye waters" in the treatment of inflamed and aching eyes.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Remarks the Chicago Standard: Gladstone entered public life at twenty-three; Bismarck at thirty-two. It is an interesting coincidence, that each, at the beginning of his career, spoke in opposition to the civil emancipation of the Jews; while subsequently a Jew became Gladstone's chief rival, and another Bismarck's banker, without whose aid the military and ultra-constitutional movements of 1862-6 in Prussia could not have been carried through.

It is reported in the Journal de Jardin d'Acclimatation that eight or ten days before the appearance of cholera in Hamburg last summer, all the sparrows and other birds left the town and suburbs and did not return until the plague had completely disappeared. The same thing happened in Marseilles and Toulon in 1884 a day or two before the cholera visited those towns. Similar migrations have been noticed in different parts of Italy, Austria and Russia, always some days before the appearance of cholera.

In China there is no such thing as the periodic press. The only newspaper published in the empire, the Tzin Boo, is the imperial organ, and is devoted principally to the publishing of official nominations. It only incidentally prints any news, and this is wholly untrustworthy, being usually entirely false. Chinese journalism proper consists of posters, handbills, circulars and little political pamphlets, of which a number are printed from time to time, and the country is usually deluged with them on the eve of the sanguinary movements of which the Europeans are commonly the victims.

The world's submarine cables now measure about 143,011 nautical miles, in 1,168 sections. Different governments control 833 sections, or 13,383 miles, France claiming 3,269 miles, Great Britain 1,599, Germany 1,579, and Italy 1,027 miles. The remaining 335 cables, aggregating 129, 628 miles are owned by private companies. This great length of cable has been nearly all made on the banks of the

"August Flower"

Mrs. Sarah M. Black of Seneca, Mo., during the past two years has been affected with Neuralgia of the Head, Stomach and Womb, and writes: "My food did not seem to strengthen me at all and my appetite was very variable. My face was yellow, my head dull, and I had such pains in my left side. In the morning when I got up I would have a flow of mucus in the mouth, and a bad, bitter taste. Sometimes my breath became short, and I had such queer, tumbling, palpitating sensations around the heart. I ached all day under the shoulder blades, in the left side, and down the back of my limbs. It seemed to be worse in the wet, cold weather of Winter and Spring; and whenever the spells came on, my feet and hands would turn cold, and I could get no sleep at all. I tried everywhere, and got no relief before using August Flower. Then the change came. It has done me a wonderful deal of good during the time I have taken it and is working a complete cure."

G. G. GREEN, Sole Man'fr, Woodbury, N.J.

Minard's Liniment cures La Grippe.

Thames, but Italy now has a cable factory, and France will soon have two. To lay and repair the cable requires the constant service of a specially equipped fleet of thirty-seven vessels of 56,955 tons.

A large number of the Welsh people are named Jones. A gentleman who recently traveled through Wales found a whole village of Joneses. Nearly all the names of villages in Wales begin with the syllable "Llan," which means "saint" in Welsh. If this is so there must have been an astonishing number of Welsh saints. The greater part of these village names are words like the following, which are genuine names and can be found on any good map of Wales: Llanrhyddlad, Llanrhydwrys, Llangabwaladyr, Llandisillogo, Llanbchalarn, Llanbwdarnfyndd, Llangynvw.

In his "Geography of Canada," Professor Dawson remarks that while many Indian names have been preserved they have undergone a change in pronunciation. In general the Indian names are descriptive of the locality; thus Quebec means "a strait or an obstruction;" Toronto, "a tree in the water;" Winnipeg, "muddy water;" Saskatchewan, "rapid current." Niagara was originally Oniagahra, "thunder of the waters;" hence Professor Forbes and his colleagues of the Cataract Construction Company for utilising the Falls by electricity have agreed to speak of Niagara, a prettier word, which may again become the vogue in a generation which does not regard brevity as more important than euphony. Many of the Canadian towns have also risen on the site of old Indian villages, partly because the whites first called there for trade, and partly because the Indians chose their sites where lines of travel converged, or at portages and sheltered havens.

The notes that have recently appeared in Science regarding the humming-bird's food, would seem to show that the bird's taste varies with the locality. In southern New York their favourite flower is the swamp-thistle (*Cirsium muticum*.) No better place could be selected for studying the feeding-habits of the ruby throats than a spot where these flowers abound. Dr. Gibbs thinks the individual flowers of the red clover too small for the ruby throat's attention, but in the thistles the flowers are even smaller. Since it has been said that the bee gets pollen but not honey from the thistle, it would appear that the birds visit these flowers for insects. There is scarcely a flower that contains so many minute insects as a thistle head. Examine one with a lens and it will be found to contain many insects that can hardly be seen with the unaided eye. If the ruby-throat eats insects at all, these are the ones it would take; and because the larger ones remained the observer might conclude that none were eaten.—Willard N Clute, in Science.

With the melting of the snow and the disappearance of ice from the lakes and ponds, the family of baby beavers are first introduced to the wonders of nature around them. Earlier than this they can only remember the warm rest in the dark lodge. . . . The young family usually consists of three or four, and a happy time they have playing in the water and roaming about the banks in search of dainty green shrubs. It is not long however, before still higher to others. . . . As the time wears on the weather gets warmer and their bed is a tuft of soft grass. . . . From it they plunge to they are led up the stream to another pond, and the cool depths of the great lakes for refreshing baths, whilst the woods afford an endless assortment of luxuries on which the beavers fatten. There is no work to be done, and life is a round of pleasure; for dreams of the hunters are unknown to the little ones, nor do the old ones dread them at this season. Thus the summer passes, and the little beavers, now grown to kittenhood, think of the cosy lodge down stream, for the nights are chilly. Soon a start is made, and after a long journey the familiar neighbourhood is reached. Caution is now most necessary, and the young ones learn the cunning ways of the trapper, who sets great store on a fat kitten.

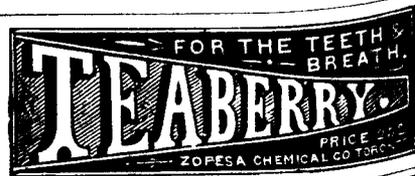
Peculiar

Peculiar in combination, proportion, and preparation of ingredients, Hood's Sarsaparilla possesses the curative value of the best known vegetable kingdom. Peculiar in its strength and economy, Hood's Sarsaparilla is the only medicine of which can truly be said, "One Hundred Doses One Dollar." Peculiar in its medicinal merits, Hood's Sarsaparilla accomplishes cures hitherto unknown, and has won for **Sarsaparilla** itself the title of "The greatest blood purifier ever discovered." Peculiar in its "good name at home,"—there is more of Hood's Sarsaparilla sold in Lowell than of all other blood purifiers. Peculiar in its phenomenal record of sales abroad, no other preparation ever attained so rapidly nor held so steadfastly the confidence of all classes of people. Peculiar in the brain-work which it represents, Hood's Sarsaparilla combines all the knowledge which modern research has developed, with many years practical experience in preparing medicines. Be sure to get only

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100 Doses One Dollar



THE GREAT WALL OF CHINA.

The scenery from the Great Wall is very fine. The wall is a dividing line between the high, rugged hills of China, which tower above us on the one hand, and the great, sandy plains of Mongolia on the other, with dim mountain-summits beyond in the far distance. Over these barren, rocky spurs and acclivities, ascending to their very summits, winding about in irregular curves and zigzags, its serried battlements clear-cut against the sky on the topmost ridges, descending into dark gullies to appear again rising on the other side, the endless line of massive stone and brick runs on and on until lost to sight behind the farthest range. And so it goes for miles and miles, eastward to the Pechili Gulf, and westward, mostly in two great, rambling lines, along the border of the Gobi Desert and Kansu, until it ends among the foot-hills of the Nan Shan range. However we may regard it, whether as a grand conception for the defence of an empire, as an engineering feat, or merely as a result of the persistent application of human labour, it is a stupendous work. No achievement of the present time compares with it in magnitude.

But it has outlived its usefulness. The powerful Tartar and Mongol hordes, whose sudden raids and invasions it was built to resist, are no more to be feared. The great Genghis and Kublai could not lead their people to gory conquest now as they did centuries ago. The Chinese civilization has endured, while the once conquering Mongols, the people who in their brightest days established an empire from the Black Sea to the China coast, and a court at Peking of such luxury and splendor as Marco Polo described, are now doomed to pass away, leaving nothing behind them but the traditions and records immediately after the congregational meet-stands as a sharp line of division between the tribes of the north and the Chinese. The latter, though repeatedly subdued, and forced to bear a foreign yoke, have shown an irrepressible vitality to rise like a phoenix, and to reassert their supremacy and the superiority of their civilization.—The Century.

Minard's Liniment is the Best.

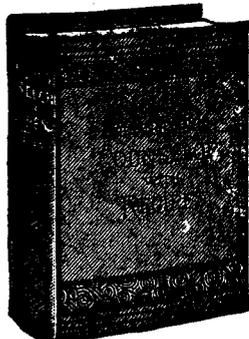


TO BRACE UP the system after "La Grippe," pneumonia, fevers, and other prostrating acute diseases; to build up needed flesh and strength, and to restore health and vigor when you feel "run-down" and used-up, the best thing in the world is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It promotes all the bodily functions, rouses every organ into healthful action, purifies and enriches the blood, and through it cleanses, repairs, and invigorates the entire system.

For the most stubborn Scrofulous, Skin or Scalp Diseases, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, and kindred ailments, the "Discovery" is the only remedy that's guaranteed. If it doesn't benefit or cure, you have your money back.

Can you think of anything more convincing than the promise that is made by the proprietors of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy? It is this: "If we can't cure your Catarrh, we'll pay you \$500 in cash."

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CATARRH

Sold by druggists or sent by mail, Soc. E. T. Hazeltine, Warren, Pa.

THE LABOUR MOVEMENT IN ENGLAND.

The attention of labour in England is chiefly concerned at present in providing for the lack of employment which is beginning to be seriously felt in many industries. The municipalities and local governing bodies will probably lend a much more sympathetic ear to the proposals to provide work for the out-of-work than they have done in previous years. The Durham miners, by seven to three on a mass vote, have declared against a legal eight hours' day. The Railway Amalgamated Association, by more than two to one, have rejected an eight hours' proposal and declared in favour of a ten hours' day and a six days' week. The Church Congress discussed the Labour Question, but no Church, Established or non-Established, has responded to the challenge of the president of the Trades Congress on the subject of unnecessary Sunday labour. The hopes of the workmen are turning more and more toward the municipalization of everything that pays. The London County Council, by a decisive majority, has voted in favour of taking over nineteen and a half miles of street railway, which at present pays 8 1-2 per cent. They intend not merely to own but to operate the line; and Mr. Burns calmly announced that they hoped to establish before long a universal penny fare, and at the same time secure their employees humane conditions of labour. It will be a great experiment—this of carrying passengers, as the post office carries letters, for a penny a piece, regardless of distance.—From the "Progress of the World," December Review of Reviews.

DR. WINDTHORST.

In the course of his long career Prince Bismarck found sturdy opponents, worthy of his steel, in two men, both of whom, if small in body, were big in brain. The one was Adolphe Thiers, the other Ludwig Windthorst. For exactly twenty years did the late leader of the Centre or Ultramontane party uphold the cause of the Catholic Church in the German Parliament. He never wavered in his opposition to the Falk Laws of 1873 and 1874, and, the last victory he gained was won only the other day when he succeeded in rejecting the compromise offered by Herr von Gossler in the matter of the Sperrgelder—the ecclesiastical pensions confiscated during the Kulturkampf—a defeat which has resulted in the Minister's resignation. Writing in Harper some few years back, Mr. Herbert Tuttle thus described Dr. Windthorst: "Puny in size, almost deformed, ugly as Socrates, he is an antagonist before whose wit the boldest Deputies tremble, and under whose assaults even the great chancellor loses his coolness and self-command." The man who, in 1869, took part in the Berlin Lay Council, the majority of which drew up an address to the German bishops, opposing the doctrine of Papal infallibility, thoroughly understood the art of driving parliamentary bargains. As a tactician he was unsurpassed. "He who tries to dupe me must rise very early in the morning," the little man once told the House, with a knowing twinkle in his eye, and the members laughed at Prince Bismarck's discomfiture. Success, it may be said, has crowned the career of the "Pearl of Meppen." The closing days of his long life were cheered by the consciousness that the struggle which he had waged so persistently and so dexterously—waged, too, in the beginning, against heavy odds, with the great Premier in the plenitude of his power—is on the eve of settlement. Starting as the chief of a small and prescribed faction, Herr Windthorst leaves the Centre the largest individual party in the Reichstag. It is now 117 strong, and its influence has been greatly increased by the resistance which, under the able leadership of its late chief, it has successfully opposed to the May Laws.—Manchester Examiner.

Minard's Liniment is the Hair Restorer.

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SCIENTIFIC AND SANITARY.

Electric search lights are being adopted by customs officers in England in order to avoid the possibility of explosion while rummaging for goods on board tank and other vessels carrying petroleum or explosives. Ruby-colored lights for the examination of imported cases of photographic negatives in a dark chamber are also to be supplied to obviate the risk of premature development.—New York World.

Women are not slow to comprehend. They're quick. They're alive, and yet it was a man who discovered the one remedy for their peculiar ailments. The man was Dr. Pierce.

The discovery was his "Favorite Prescription"—the boon to delicate women. Why go round "with one foot in the grave," suffering in silence—misunderstood—when there's a remedy at hand that isn't an experiment, but which is sold under the guarantee that if you are disappointed in any way in it, you can get your money back by applying to its makers.

We can hardly imagine a woman's not trying it. Possibly it may be true of one or two—but we doubt it. Women are ripe for it. They must have it. Think of a prescription and nine out of ten waiting for it. Carry the news home to them!

The seat of sick headache is not in the brain. Regulate the stomach and you cure it. Dr. Pierce's Pellets are the little Regulators.

It is found that a photograph can easily be made luminous in the dark by taking a white mount, and, after coating it with starch paste, sprinkle over it luminous powder, and press it down firmly to make it adhere. All that is now necessary is to make the unmounted silver print as transparent as possible by coating it on the back with castor oil, and wiping away the surplus oil. By placing this over the prepared mounting card and exposing it to daylight a luminous positive is obtained.—New York Sun.

NOW IS THE TIME.

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

The telephotoes, the instrument invented by Mr. C. V. Boughton to enable vessels at sea to communicate with each other at long distances, consists of a series of wires and electrical connections operated by a keyboard by which 106 incandescent lights are controlled and made to produce the signals of the Morse telegraph alphabet. The inventor claims that 32-candle power lamps can be seen at a distance of ten to fifteen miles. A complete instrument will be built and placed at the disposal of the United States Government to be exhibited on the model of the warship Chicago at the World's Fair.

Beware of any man who offers you an imitation article, no matter what it is, and says it is "just as good as the genuine;" they sell all kinds of "sham remedies" in this way upon the reputation of the PAIN KILLER—be sure and get the genuine made by PERRY DAVIS'. Large Bottles, popular price.

A beautiful and instructive lecture experiment, illustrative of the conditions of the heated atmosphere which give rise to the mirage, says "Nature," is described by MM. J. Mace de Lepinay and A. Perot, in their "Etude du Mirage," which appears in the "Annales de Chimie et de Physique." Water is poured into a long rectangular trough, with glass sides, and covered with a layer of alcohol about two centimeters thick, containing a trace of fluorescence. After a few hours, during which the alcohol diffuses slowly through the water, a flat beam of light is sent through the mixture at a very slight inclination to the horizon. Under these conditions a kind of garland of light is seen to traverse the liquid, due to a series of curvilinear deflections or "mirages" in the less highly refractive water below and total reflections at the upper surface of the alcohol.

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The Hartford Medical Association has adopted a resolution deprecating the so-called medical contract system. The growth of this system has been great during the last few years. In Hartford alone there are twenty societies which provide their members with medical attendance for a small annual fee, ranging from 50c to \$3. One society got the doctors to bidding against each other, and finally secured the services of a doctor in good standing for 37 1-2 cents per capita. The physicians who go into this sort of thing claim that it is remunerative, and that their connection with a society brings them outside practice.—New York Tribune.

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

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The strength of some of the spiders which build their webs in trees and other places in and around Santa Ana, Cal., is astonishing, says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. One of them had in captivity in a tree in that town not long ago a wild canary. The ends of the wings, tail and feet of the bird were bound together by some sticky substance, to which were attached the threads of the spider, which was slowly but surely drawing up the bird by an ingenious pulley arrangement. The bird hung head downward, and was so securely bound with little threads that it could not struggle, and would soon have been a prey to its great, ugly captor had not an onlooker rescued it.

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Prof. Leo Lesquereaux determined before his death that the flora that existed on portions of our continent years ago was different from that now existing, but that the existing flora partakes of the characters of the old, and so certainly was not a flora imported from some other region. In other words, the present American flora came into existence on the spot where it is now found, and it is a new creation following the old, which also came into existence here in its day and generation also. The manner of its introduction, whether by direct genesis from the old, or by special formation, was once a question, but the evolutionary view is now generally accepted.—Meehan's Monthly for December.

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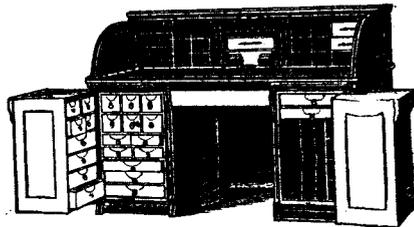
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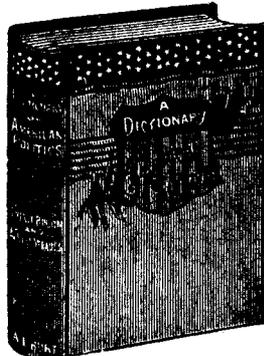
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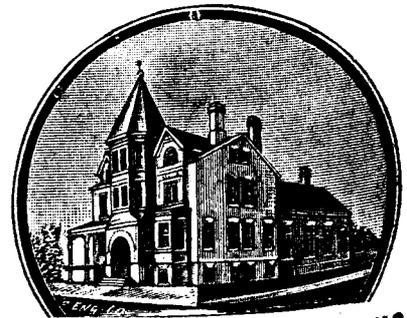
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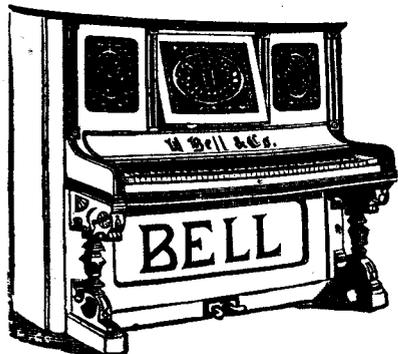
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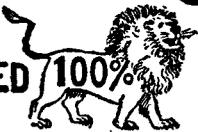


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