

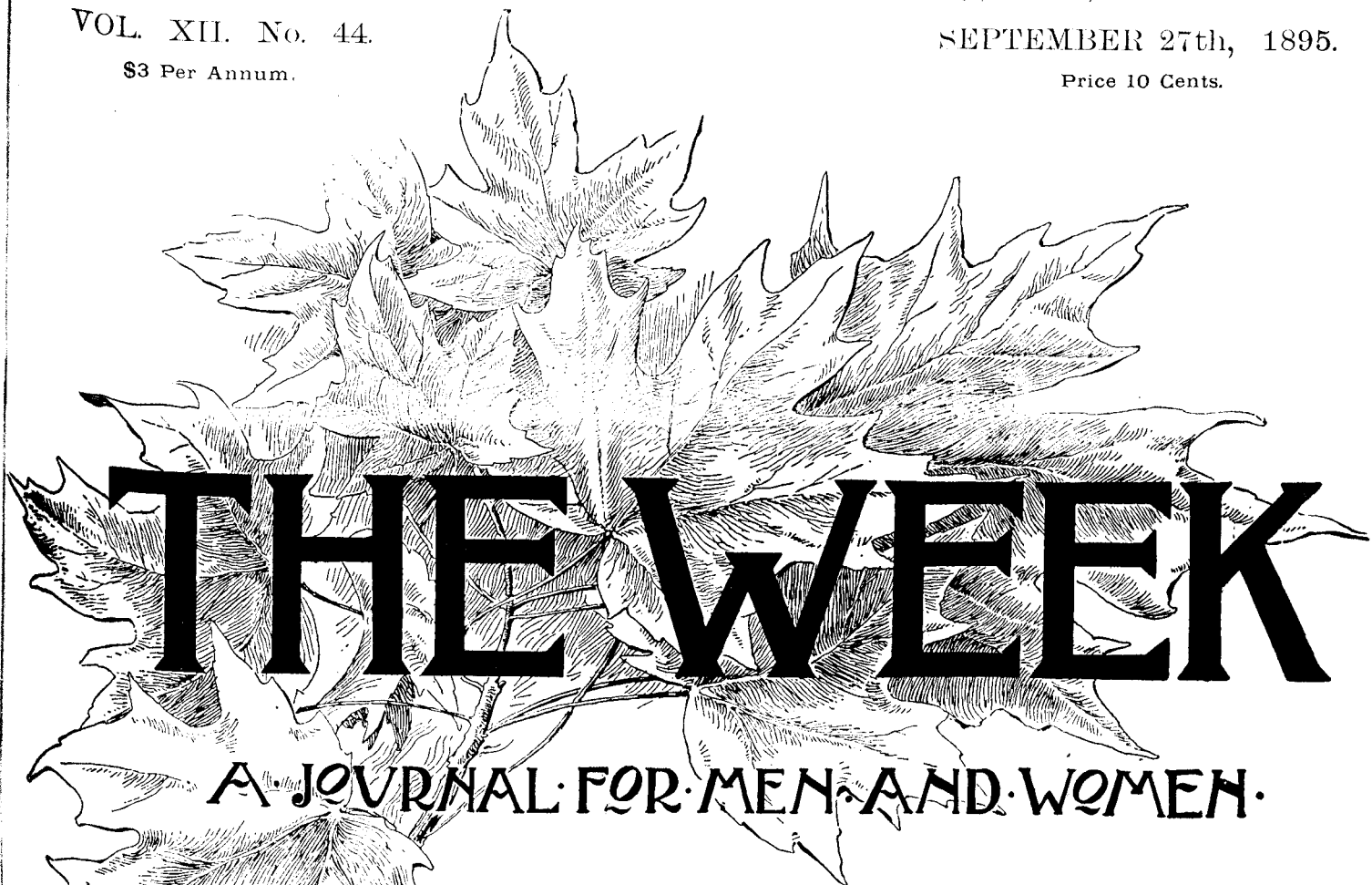
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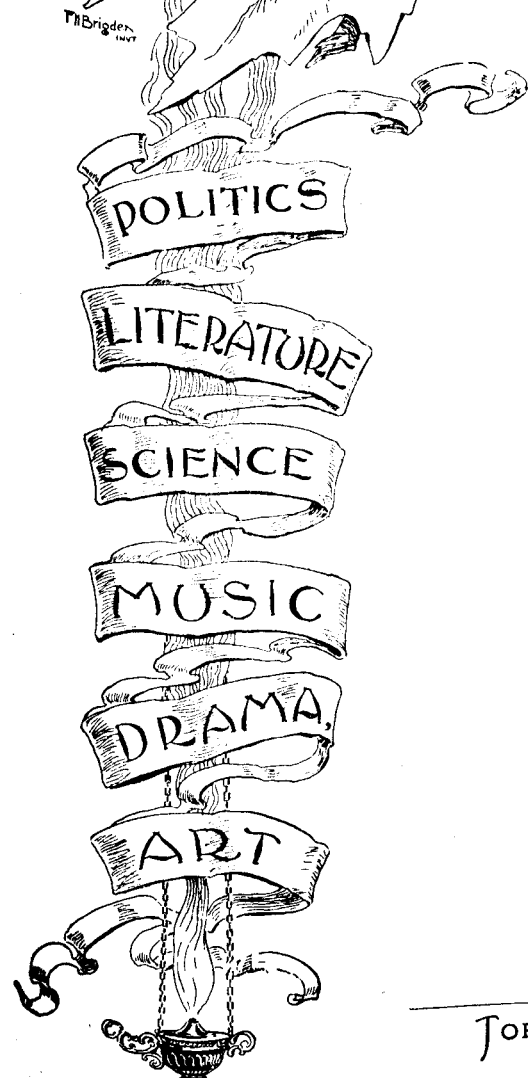
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THE WEEK.

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Toronto, Friday, September 27th, 1895.

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Current Topics.

The Chrysler Farm Monument.

Wednesday was an important day in the history of the united Counties of Stormont, Dundas, and Glengarry, especially in that part where lies the battle field of Chrysler's Farm. Here a monument was unveiled, in the presence of thousands of Canadians, which has been erected in memory of the brave men who loved their country, and fought and died for her, and of the glorious victory won by their valour over a vastly superior force. Hon. Mr. Dickey, in the course of his interesting remarks, when speaking at the unveiling, said that one of the previous speakers had referred to Chrysler's Farm as a little battle. He was of the opinion that the importance of a battle did not lie in the number of men engaged or the number of the slain. Only a small British force under the immortal Clive took part in the battle of Plassey, which settled the fate of India, and had much to do with making the history of the world. Chrysler's Farm saw the repulse of an American invasion, and decided the fate of Canada. The erection of these monuments would do much for Canadian history. In this we agree cordially with Hon. Mr. Dickey, and also with Hon. Mr. Haggart, who, in beginning his most interesting speech, said that "love of country had furnished in all ages, and in every land, a fruitful theme for poets, orators, and moralists. Many pages of history are forgotten, many have grown dim with the lapse of centuries, but the names of those great ones who had repelled the invader and freed their country from the oppressor's yoke, or who had perished in the attempt, shine with a lustre which is but enhanced by time."

The Coming of Hall Caine.

The advent of Mr. Hall Caine, the well-known novelist, is now near at hand. He comes to confer with the Government respecting the matter of Copyright. Two or three months ago he gave expression to his opinions on this question in very emphatic and unpleasant terms in the pages of the Contemporary Review. The Contemporary is generally the medium used in England for publishing articles hostile in tone to the Dominion, so Mr. Hall Caine, and those who joined in his indictment, found a ready welcome from its editor. Now that the novelist will soon be in Ottawa on his mission it is interesting to recall a few of his kind and generous remarks. It is held in Canada that it is unfair for the English to reproach Canadians for wanting to do in the matter of Copyright what they have consented to the United States doing. Mr. Hall Caine says this is very foolish indeed of Canadians and very unjust. That the United States has a great and valuable privilege is no reason at all why Canada should

have it. Besides this there is "no organization of publishers" in the Dominion; in fact it may be said "to have no publishers at all"

A mere handful of printers and booksellers (generally carrying on other trades) are all that we should have to deal with. It is impossible that they can have any real knowledge of the English book-market. Their proposals show that they are ignorant of the principles of English book publishing. A good book might go over there, be badgered about for a month, and lose its copyright after all. A month is not enough to make arrangements under such conditions; we want six months, twelve months, in fact, no limit of months at all. But Canada offers to be very good to us in its way. It proposes that if we do not arrange to copyright our book within a month, any Canadian printer shall be free to take our book without our permission and sell it at whatever price he likes, with the condition that the Canadian Government shall grant him a license to do this, and he shall undertake to pay 10 per cent. of the retail price for the benefit of the author.

Mr. Hall Caine ridicules this offer and says it is a high-handed method of settling English affairs, that Canada will soon become the literary pirate-in-chief to the whole world, and the dispenser of a copyright which is only a sham and a mockery. He concludes by saying that England must not indulge Canada in this mischievous, ill-advised, and most dangerous whim.

France and
Russia.

The presence of the Russian Minister of Foreign Affairs, and of the Russian General Dragomiroff, at the recent manœuvres of the French army, and the enthusiastic and seemingly significant toast proposed by the latter to fraternity and union in battle between the two nations, seem to have convinced some, at least, of the leading English papers that the alliance which the French have been so earnestly seeking with the great Northern power has at last been accomplished. Should this inference prove correct the union between the French Republic and the most despotic power in Europe will be one of the strangest ever formed. What would add to its singularity and detract from its strength is the fact that if the compact has actually been made it is not an offensive and defensive alliance against a common foe, but one in which each nation seeks the aid of the other against its own enemy and in aid of its own projects. Thus the bond of a common object is wanting. Russia's propelling force is ambition, that of France, revenge. The one seeks expansion southward and a free access to an open seaboard. The other burns to reclaim lost territory and to regain lost military prestige. If they have any common object it is the weakening or humiliation of Great Britain. Even in respect to this the objective goals of the two nations would not be the same, for while Russia's eyes are turned in the direction of India, those of France are feverishly fixed upon Egypt. It is doubtful if a union on the principle of "you help me here, and I will help you there," can have in it the elements of true strength. Even if it were otherwise, the alliance would be a short-sighted one, for Great Britain has but to join the Dreibund, as some of its great journals are suggesting, and the Franco-Russian alliance would find itself immediately and hopelessly overmatched. But it would be a deplorable thing were the close of the nineteenth century to see the Christian (?) powers of Europe ranged in two great groups of hostile camps with millions of men in each, armed to the teeth and waiting only the signal to send against each other the terrible instruments of modern war.

How Not To
Do It.

The voiding of the Kingston election for the Ontario Legislature affords a fresh and striking illustration of the farcical character of much of our legal and judicial pretence at putting down bribery and corruption in elections. It is clear that the purchase of votes does not really count as a crime, else it could not be condoned by an agreement between prosecuting and defending attorneys. If some one were on trial before the court for burglary, what would be thought of the Justice who would accept an agreement between the opposing counsel, and permit the prisoner to go scott free on the ground of the great expense that would be incurred were the trial to go on? Can any intelligent citizen believe that the man who buys or sells votes, or, to put it a little more strongly, the man who debauches voters by the score or the hundred, commits a lesser crime against the community and the State than the man who robs citizens of some of their personal property? We do not now stop to inquire where the chief fault lies, whether in the law, or in those who are charged with its administration, though we have no doubt that the defect is partly in the law itself. Even the Ontario Government, which is probably as nearly pure and upright as any Government now in power in Canada, is evidently not in downright earnest in its efforts to stamp out corruption. We believe it demonstrable that when it caused the existing statute for the prevention of corrupt practices at elections to be so modified that no effect should result, nobody be punished, no matter how clear the proof of bribery, unless it could be shown that the number of votes so purchased was conceivably sufficient to have changed the result of the election, it took a backward step which has done much to render all its legislation for the prevention of bribery useless for any purpose save the occasional avoidance of an election. The logical inference is that what the legislators aimed at was, not the stamping out of illegal and base practices, but simply the protection of members against the possible loss of seats, in cases in which, though their agents may have purchased votes, it cannot be proved that their success was gained by such purchase. The simple fact is that electoral corruption is the bane of our national existence. It is sapping the very foundation of all that is honourable and virtuous in our political life. And yet we care so little about the thing itself that when it is admitted that gross bribery has prevailed in a given case, our virtuous Government and its Legislators and Judiciary, deem it enough to say, "Let the candidates fight the battle again. We cannot afford to find out and punish the guilty." What is the natural inference from such a course in regard to bribery itself? Is it not that the only wrong consists in being found out?

The Coming of Mr.
Mansergh

Through the wise action of the Toronto City Council, Mr. Mansergh is, it is understood, now on his way to Canada, to give Toronto the benefit of his scientific and expert skill on the water question. Let us hope that this is the beginning of the much desired end, the settlement for a half century at least of this troublesome question. The end is worth the fee, which is certainly liberal according to Canadian standards, if only for the sake of giving the citizens rest in regard to this matter. It would be a great boon to be able to feel a few weeks hence, as we may now hope to do, that a final conclusion has been reached, and that the ghost of the disturbing water-works problem is not likely to rise again for a generation or two in the shape of a floating steel conduit, or in any other. It is quite conceivable that there may be half-a-dozen ways by which the end could be attained, possibly without much to choose between them, and it is very certain that any one

effective way will be expensive. We can never know that the method which shall at last be agreed upon is positively the only or even the very best means for overcoming the difficulty. But if we are ever to dispel the uncertainty which is doing injury every day to the city, and to enjoy the luxury, than which there is scarcely a greater, of a bountiful supply of cool, pure water in every home, we must make up our minds, once for all, and set resolutely about the permanent work. This is what we understand to be meant by the bringing of Mr. Mansergh across the ocean, and we know no better step that could have been taken to accomplish the end. Thousands of busy housewives who now wait long and anxiously for the appearance of the precious water-cart, from which they are permitted to take only one poor pitcherfull for their kettles, and thousands of labourers who go about their work with parched lips because the water-jug is empty, will pray that the decision may be prompt and the execution energetic.

The Postal Telegraph
System.

The success of the change which was adopted many years ago in England, by which the telegraph was made a part of the postal system, has naturally attracted attention in the United States, and its adoption there is being urged by some influential persons, and is probably only a question of time. In the August number of the *Arena*, Judge Walter Clark, of the North Carolina Supreme Court, has an article strenuously advocating the change. Some of the facts presented in the article are interesting and impressive. The writer claims that the adoption of the postal-telegraph system in England would result in the following advantages:—

"(1) A uniform rate of ten cents for ten words, between all points, or possibly less; (2) an increase in individual messages of at least ten for every one now sent; (3) an increase in despatches of thirty words or more for every one now sent; (4) a popularization of the telegraph for all uses, social or business; (5) an increase in the promptness of delivery, the average there being now seven to nine minutes as against two to three hours formerly; (6) no section would be destitute, but at each one of our seventy thousand post-offices there would be a telephone or a telegraph. By adopting the telephone at most post-offices, instead of the telegraph, the increase in the number of post-office employees would be inconsiderable."

Comparing the present uses of the telegraph to the nation, with those which would result from the proposed change, Judge Clark makes some striking statements and comparisons:—

"At present, owing to high rates, forty-six per cent. of all telegrams in this country are sent by speculators (who thus get an advantage over producers) and only eight per cent. are social or ordinary business messages. In Belgium, where the government rate is less than one cent per message, the social and ordinary business messages between man and man are sixty-three per cent. of the whole. . . . With the telegraphs and telephones operated by our post-office department at moderate rates, say five or even ten cents per message, a similar change would take place here. Individual and news messages would increase tenfold to thirtyfold, as elsewhere—probably more—and the monopoly now held by speculators would cease."

Costs of Private and
of Government
Telegraphing.

Judge Clark's argument for the adoption of the Postal-Telegraph system is largely one of "facts and figures." Following up the weighty statements quoted in the preceding paragraph, he makes the following startling comparison of the cost of sending telegraphic messages under the present system, with those which he estimates would be incurred were the lines under Government management.

"The average telegraph rate now charged in this country, by the reports to Congress, is thirty-one cents per mes-

sage—three times the average rate in all other countries under post-office telegraph service; and experts say that our Government could probably afford, with the vast increase of business, a uniform rate of five cents, as the average cost of a message is about three cents. According to experts the telegraph plants now in use could be superseded by the Government with a superior plant at \$15,000,000, while the present corporations are strangling commerce to earn heavy dividends on a watered stock of over \$150,000,000."

With his strong indictment of the monopolistic character of the present system, we are less concerned. This monopoly is supported, he claims, by the capitalists who own the large city dailies "who fear the competition of dailies in small towns and of the weeklies, if news should become free, and its transmission cheaper, over a Government postal telegraph. It is backed by the powerful lobby which it constantly maintains at Washington, paid out of the excessive telegraphic rates still exacted in this country alone out of a long-suffering and too patient people. And not least, it is said that it distributes franks to every senator and every member of Congress. How many accept these favours and how many are influenced by them no one knows except the corporation officials, but that *they* do know may be seen from the fact that tenders of such favours have not ceased."

Mutatis mutandis, most of the above strong reasons in favour of the English system would apply with equal force in Canada. Is not the question worthy of consideration and discussion here?

The Roosevelt Regime in New York.

For some months past, ever since Mr. Theodore Roosevelt accepted the Police Commissionership of New York, that gentleman has been setting before the people of that city, and thousands of interested observers in all parts of the world, an object-lesson in the science of municipal government which is as interesting as it is instructive. The lesson could not, we suppose, have been given so graphically in any other city in Christendom, for the good and sufficient reason that in no other city could the same conditions be found. It was essential for the effective setting-forth of the lesson that there should be a city having tolerably stringent laws for the regulation of saloons and the suppression of other haunts of vice, and a large police establishment supported by the citizens for the purpose of carrying out those laws, but not seriously attempting and scarcely even pretending to do so. The laws of the city and State enacted that the saloons should be closed during Sunday, or at least a large part of it, yet the saloons were left unmolested. The fact seems to have been that, taught no doubt by the brewers, the police officers, prior to the advent of Commissioner Roosevelt, took it for granted that the laws for the regulation of city life were severe and impracticable, and therefore to be evaded with impunity, or with a measure of impunity determined by the opinions or sentiments of the police officers, or, more frequently, by the ability and willingness of the law-breaking saloon-keepers, and other parties affected, to pay liberally for the privilege of law-breaking. Mr. Roosevelt, who seems from patriotic motives to have really made a sacrifice in regard to both income and social comfort in accepting the Commissionership, at once gave all his subordinates to understand that they had nothing to do with the question of the wisdom or goodness of the laws, but that their simple duty was to enforce them as they found them. This was a surprise to all concerned, and to many, both officials and citizens, was simply visionary folly.

The Triumph of Law.

For a time the efforts of Mr. Roosevelt and his officers met with the most stubborn resistance. Not until saloon-keeper after saloon-keeper had been brought before the court and pun-

ished in an ascending scale which rapidly approached to the full rigour of the law did they become convinced that the Commissioner was really in earnest, and that the saloons and other resorts must literally be closed at the times specified, or their proprietors must take the consequences, did their scepticism give way. Our readers will no doubt remember how they at last capitulated, or rather surrendered at discretion, almost in a body. Since that time the Sunday-closing and other municipal laws have been enforced with comparatively little trouble, and with a thoroughness which would a year ago have been declared impossible by the great majority even of the law-abiding citizens. This remarkable campaign has created a distinct issue in politics, and many are waiting with anxiety or curiosity the action of the coming State Republican Convention with regard to it. Hitherto the Party could propitiate the people who were in favour of more stringent legislation by giving them, up to a certain point, the legislation they asked for, trusting to the laxity of the police and other municipal officers to preserve their popularity with the publicans by its non-enforcement. Under the new regime, which the people, now that they have had a taste of a reign of law and order, will scarcely permit to be relaxed, the question is no longer one of a Puritan vs. an "American" Sunday, but one of enforcing or repealing existing laws. In a word, Mr. Roosevelt has put the ruling politicians in the awkward predicament of having either to take the odium of repealing the laws for the restriction of the saloon traffic on Sunday, or to face the wrath of the saloon politicians and their patrons, on finding themselves deprived of the immunity they have so long enjoyed, and for which they have paid so well. Of course the position taken by Mr. Roosevelt is the only honest and logical one for executive officers, viz., that it is their business, not to modify or unmake the laws, but to carry them out as they find them.

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A Question in Economics.

WHAT are the elements which should enter as factors into the solution of the problem:—What rate of wage should be paid the workmen, skilled and unskilled, respectively, who are employed in any given work of construction, production, or other industrial undertaking? This old yet still new question is discussed at some length by a Mr. Means in the current number of *The Forum*. We are all familiar with the law which has long been supposed to rightly govern such a matter, and which has been so often formulated by writers of the Adam Smith school, from the day in which "The Wealth of Nations" saw the light until now—the law popularly known as that of Supply and Demand. According to the principle underlying that law, these two elements, demand and supply—working against and counterbalancing each other with a constant up-and-down motion, somewhat after the fashion of a child's see-saw—are the only forces to be recognized in determining the question of wage in any given case. In a word, the employer is under no obligation to pay more than the smallest wage which will serve his purpose, that is, which will suffice to obtain for him a sufficient number of workmen, capable of doing satisfactorily the required work. On the other hand, the employee has a right to demand the highest rate which the exigencies of his employer, conditioned by the necessity of procuring a certain quantity and quality of labour, may enable him to exact.

Many objections suggest themselves to this method. For instance, it effects the end by means of a constant struggle between two antagonistic forces, of which the wage deter-

mined on is the resultant. In consequence there must of necessity be a good deal of waste, that is, loss of power through friction, in the process. It is also liable to lead to extremes on either hand, which must be more or less inimical to the well-being of the whole community affected. But the crucial objections urged by the advocates of the "New Economics" are that it is destitute of all moral quality and that it leads often to the most deplorable results. It is, like all Nature's methods, pitiless, inexorable, blind, and mechanical in its operations. Whereas, it is in effect argued, the relation of employer and employed, being of necessity one of the most perpetual and universal between man and man, should be controlled, not, or at any rate, not solely, by the lower, but rather by those larger considerations which should govern the relations of human beings to each other. Among such considerations or motives, those which we call moral are certainly and distinctly of a higher order, and so more worthy of regard, than those which seek the accomplishment of selfish ends by the simplest and most direct means available, irrespective of all moral considerations. On this principle it would follow that the employer of labour is under the highest obligation to take into the account, in determining the rate of wage to be given in carrying on any enterprise with which he is connected, not only the conditions imposed by the law of supply and demand, but also the requirements of the situation as affecting the ability of the employee to maintain his family in tolerable comfort. In the technical and significant phrase which has become common, he is bound to see that those in his employ shall have a "living wage."

Acting on this principle it has of late years become common for many municipal and some national Governments to fix a minimum price to be paid all labourers in the employ of the corporation. Some go further and make the payment of this minimum a condition to be imposed in the letting of contracts or the procuring of work done by whatever method. According to Mr. Means, no less than "two hundred and fifty local governing boards in England—to say nothing of the general Government—have now adopted the principle of the 'living wage.'" It has been adopted to a certain extent, as we know, by some Canadian and American corporations. Mr. Means' article is immediately directed against the law requiring the municipality of New York to pay two dollars a day to the labourers employed to clean its streets. This he condemns, on the ground that it is neither just nor economically wise for employers, in determining what rate of wages they will pay for labour, to consider anything else than the "market rate." "As to corporations," he says, "it can only be said that their managers are required by law, and by ordinary business prudence, to conduct their affairs on business principles." This is dogmatic, but not necessarily conclusive. If it were, there would yet be room for a good deal of controversy in regard to the meaning of the phrase "business principles." It might conceivably be contended that, properly understood, the expression includes the idea of a "living wage," as essential to the stability and heartiness which tend to produce the best results.

The believers in the "New Economy" might content themselves here with saying that the question is practically settled, and so beyond the sphere of profitable discussion, in every democratic country, that is, every country in which labour has the franchise. Even in such countries the process of transition may be slow. The strength of old custom and ideas is hard to overcome. But as the labourers, and those who sympathise with them, are sure to be in the majority in every such country, and as, when they come to understand the question, they are also sure to range themselves

almost unanimously against the "demand and supply," or purely competitive principle, as the sole arbiter of the condition of themselves and their families, there is nothing further to be said, or at least no use in saying anything further, unless to quote the telling precept: "Put yourselves in their places," as the final argument with objectors.

But there is much more which might be said, did time and space permit, and the occasion call for it. One further remark, only, we will now take space to make. It is by no means so universally true as most of us have probably been accustomed to suppose that the law of supply and demand now rules, or has ruled in the past, to anything like the extent ordinarily assumed. There is, e.g., the large class of employments which we call the professions, in most of which, as The Outlook points out, the rates charged are far from conforming to the law in question, which would beget uniformity, whereas very different charges are made and cheerfully paid for the same services, according to the ability of the person responsible for the payment. Again, there are, as is well known, many establishments of various kinds, private and corporate, in which the principle of what is known as profit-sharing is employed in some form or other, but always in such a way as to modify the operation of the law of supply and demand. And there is much and accumulating testimony to show that the introduction of this "moral" element into the concern does not necessarily imply any departure from "business methods" after all, if by that expression is meant the methods which produce the best financial results on the whole and in the long run. But the best and highest argument ought to be the sufficient one, viz., that not only is man a moral being, but that all the indications go to show that the moral element in him was designed to be the controlling one in all his life and conduct. Hence, however he may try to convince himself that nature has so arranged matters that the best moral results will flow from the strict following of her un-moral laws, the individual moral element in the make-up of the man of the highest type will never be content with this reasoning. He will always feel an uncomfortable suspicion or conviction that it involves a huge fallacy somewhere, and that the moral faculty was designed to be active and predominating in every business process, rather than to be content with a mere tacit acceptance of an undesigned result.

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Canada and the Empire.

THE LONDON SPECTATOR'S OPINIONS ON COLONEL DENISON'S ARTICLE IN THE WESTMINSTER.

CANADIANS will naturally feel curious to know what is thought in England of Colonel Denison's article on "Canada and Her Relations to the Empire." The Spectator, received on Tuesday last, contains an appreciative and friendly editorial of great interest and considerable significance. We reproduce it in full:—

"In the current number of The Westminster Review there is an article on 'Canada and her Relations to the Empire,' by Colonel George T. Denison, of Toronto, which deserves to be read with much care and sympathy. Anything written by Colonel Denison on such a subject would merit close attention. He is the representative of one of the most distinguished Canadian families. He is, we believe, Commandant of the corps commonly known as the Governor-General's Body-guard, which was originally raised by one of his forefathers to aid in repelling the American invasion in 1812, and took a very honourable part in the exploits with which the name of Sir Isaac Brock, 'the hero of Upper Canada,' is so closely associated. This corps, we understand, has always been commanded by a Denison, and was engaged under such leadership in meeting the Fenian raids in 1866, and also doubtless in putting down the so-called rebellion of

1837, which was suppressed entirely by loyal Upper Canada militia. In fact, Colonel Denison is able to write as one of that great body of the Canadian people whose ancestors, to the number of one hundred thousand, left their homes and all their possessions in the revolted Colonies rather than join in rebellion against the British Crown, and who in every generation since have risked, or been ready to risk, their lives on behalf of British interests on the American Continent. There are few, indeed, among English, Scotch, or Irish families at home who can show such a record of dangers cheerfully faced for the British flag, within the past hundred and twenty years, as the descendants of the United Empire Loyalists, and there are very few among those descendants whose claim to an attentive hearing stands higher than that of the Commandant of the Governor-General's Body guard. What, then, is the purport of his message to the British public? It is that people in this country are far from being fully alive to the evidences which Canadians have repeatedly given to the intensity and earnestness of their loyalty to the British Crown; that they have often shown themselves, or allowed the British Government to appear, much more anxious to conciliate American feeling than to protect the interests of their own flesh and blood in the great Dominion over which the British flag still flies; and that they are only too likely to be led astray by unjust and prejudiced criticism of Canadian aims, institutions, and resources, such as from time to time appear in the Press on this side of the Atlantic.

"As to the past, Colonel Denison, we are afraid, has only too good a case. It can hardly be denied that in regard to the Maine boundary question, for example, the Ashburton treaty made a very bad, and a very needlessly bad, bargain from the Canadian point of view, so that the State of Maine, as any one may see, "cuts up into Canadian territory like a dog's tooth." It is true again that although under the Washington treaty England agreed to pay what might be fixed by arbitrators, and did pay the immense sum of 15,000,000 dollars for losses supposed to have been suffered by American citizens through the depredations of the 'Alabama,' no compensation was secured by Canada for the heavy losses which she suffered from the Fenian raids, although it could hardly be disputed that the Government of the United States had neglected its duty in failing to prevent those filibustering expeditions not less than her Majesty's Government had neglected its duty in allowing the 'Alabama' to escape from British waters. We are glad, however, to see that Colonel Denison appears satisfied with the firmness and consideration for Canadian rights displayed by the British Government in regard to the Behring Sea question, and we may confidently assure him that among Britons of all parties at home, there is no division of opinion or feeling as to the duty of standing firmly by our Canadian brethren in vindication of their just rights, should they be assailed from any quarter. If there has seemed to be any coolness in the past, it arose from ignorance which has passed away, and there is now not only a deep and general, but a growing sentiment of community of interest and of intimate family association with our fellow-countrymen across the Atlantic.

"That being so, we venture to hope that Colonel Denison and the people of Canada generally, will cease to attach importance from time to time to the more or less minimising reflections upon the value of Canadian loyalty from the pen of Mr. Goldwin Smith in English magazines. Mr. Smith has an admirable style, and his contributions on Transatlantic or Cisatlantic politics are very generally read with pleasure for their style, by the subscribers to several of our principal reviews and journals. But no one here, we imagine, takes seriously Mr. Goldwin Smith's views upon the desirableness of what he calls Continental Union, or admires or approves of the depreciatory tone which he adopts either with reference to the great North-Western Territory of the Dominion, or to the Imperial value of the Canadian Pacific Railway, or, least of all, with reference to a recent offer of the Canadian High Commissioner in London, on behalf of the Dominion Government, to place the Royal Canadian Regiment of Infantry at the service of the home Government in case of war. We understand the irritation which these reflections have caused in Canada, and we share it; but that very fact should prevent the Canadians from being really troubled on the subject. Mr. Smith seems to think, or suggest, that

we should abandon Canada if the United States invaded it. We are hardly even annoyed by that suggestion, because we know that it is so absurdly remote from the facts or probabilities. Our Canadian fellow-countrymen must agree with us not to be distressed by imputations which they and we alike know to be groundless. As to anti-English feeling in the United States, we hope and think that Colonel Denison takes an exaggerated view of it; and in any case we believe that a frank and firm Imperial policy is the best way of bringing about that true friendship between the great Republic and the British Empire which is so much to be desired in the best interests of mankind."

* * *

The British Major-General.

THE departure of General Herbert and the arrival of General Gascoigne as his successor suggest certain reflections, some of which are not very pleasant. The history of the successive British military commanders who have had to do with British America presents great contrasts. The first man of prominence was Braddock. The readers of Thackeray's "Virginians" get a not unfair description of him. Like all or nearly all who have followed him in command, he showed that he had the one constant characteristic of the English race, namely, personal courage. He had also unfortunately the bad quality of obstinate fondness for blundering, so often present. To him succeeded Wolfe who was undeniably good, just because he was unlike his contemporaries and paid attention to scientific soldiering. The next in order, Sir Guy Carleton, was a shining example of what one good man can do against apparently overwhelming odds. It is no exaggeration to say that Canada owes her British allegiance and her individual existence to Carleton. On the other hand we find at the same period Burgoyne, Gage, and Howe—three shining specimens of everything a general should not be. Gibbon says animal courage is the most common attribute of the human race, and can always be found when wanting. These three gentlemen had courage enough, but to them America owes her independence and England the loss of what might have been a noble dependency. In Canada we afterwards had Brock, who saved Upper Canada in 1812, and Sir John Colborne who pacified Lower Canada in 1837—two as good officers as any army could produce. We had unfortunately also in 1812 General Prevost, who behaved so badly at Sackett's Harbour. In 1866 for our sins we were visited with General Napier, who not only did nothing himself, but, what was worse, prevented those officers who did want to do something from doing anything at all. In 1885 we had General Middleton, who before the "fur" business had won the affection of our people by his gallantry and straightforwardness. He fell and his departure under the circumstances in which he left Canada is a subject not to be dwelt upon. During the piping times of peace we have had since the Trent affair many general officers in the Dominion. Some of them have been a very unfortunate selection. One of them at a Military Ball confided to his friends his opinion that "half of the people there would not have been allowed into his mother's kitchen." This speech was one of the things which are just as well left unsaid. It was sure to be repeated, and as he was the host was not civil. Others have failed entirely to recognize the conditions of service here. Some of them have done nothing but find fault. Some of them have told us that we are the finest nation on the face of the earth, that the material is superb, and all we need is a little polishing up which they supply by varnish. But it is not too much to say that every General who has left this country to go back to England has gone back dissatisfied. Now what is the reason of this state of things?

The officer in command of the Canadian militia has to meet two different classes of opponents. In the first place there is a strong radical element who dislike a soldier or anything savouring of "militarism." With them is united a set of half-hearted people who think this country cannot be defended, and that the militia are "no good anyway," as they express it. It is safe to say that these objectors are in a minority. They are like the usual radical—loud talking, eloquent on grievances, and theoretically willing to sacrifice anything for peace. But they do not express the true wish of the Canadian people any more than the corresponding set

of agitators in European countries represent national sentiment there. Canadians wish Canada to exist as a separate North American power, and we are ready and willing to fight for that wish, and if necessary die before we see it thwarted. People among us who think differently we can and do attend to when necessary.

But the second class of men who oppose an imperial officer are more difficult to deal with. They are some of the militia officers themselves. One reason for the opposition is the social system which exists here. There is no barrier to prevent the rawest private in the rear rank from getting a commission in the very company in which he is carrying a rifle. Out of uniform the captain may sell a pound of sugar to his private, or the sergeant may be a fellow-clerk with his colonel. This somewhat anomalous state of things is not exactly what a regular officer is accustomed to. It is not easy for him to believe that *esprit de corps* is sufficient to level social distinctions when once the uniform is put on and that the respect which discipline exacts is when deserved cheerfully given. Our people understand this system, and it answers with us well enough. Military men know that where it fails is in the vital point of not supplying officers trained in actual continued military experience. Militia officers spend a great deal of time and a large amount of money in keeping up their *corps*. Many of them study to make themselves fit to command. But however popular a successful militia officer may be with his men, however good a drill he may be on a parade ground—when it comes to manoeuvring in the field under fire then deficiencies fatally appear. Ridgeway was a very bad example of exactly this weakness. As for moving large bodies of men, which, with all the problems of commissariat and supply, constitutes the science of tactics, the average militia officer is "nowhere."

The scientific soldier knows this statement to be true.* The militia officer does not like to confess it even if he has a suspicion of its truth. Many a militia officer is even worse. He not only knows nothing but does not know he knows nothing.

It becomes the painful duty often of an officer commanding the militia if he does his duty to recognize these deficiencies and to try to cure them. The officer who has just left us, General Herbert, really tried to do that duty. His reports are those of a scientific soldier. He unfortunately fell foul of certain self-opiniative militia officers who thought they knew more than the General did. They were able to exercise political influence and thus to make the General's position very unpleasant. This feature, too, is part of our system.

It was a misfortune which England had at one time to contend with on this continent that the Imperial soldiers were not welcome guests. Before the American Revolution the presence of regular soldiers was a constant source of trouble. The Local Assemblies would not help to pay for their sustenance, and while the colonists were quite ready to let the troops fight for them, they would not put themselves out in the slightest degree to provide quarters for them, or aid them in the field. The result was a feeling of irritation on the part of the British commanders which made them possibly arbitrary and ungracious on their side. This feeling was one of the minor causes of the Revolution. The attempt of Great Britain to raise a revenue from the colonies sufficient to pay for the soldiers whom she kept in America, led to the passage of the Stamp Act and the subsequent outrages. Thus the presence of the very men who had fought the French and then the Indians, and had saved the colonies from foreign invasion and savage raids, led indirectly to the rebellion of these very colonies.

The General commanding the Canadian militia has not

* Shakespeare, who seems to have identified himself with every man's mind, expresses the same kind of feeling in *Othello* (Act I., Sc. 1). One of the grievances of Iago against Othello is that Othello appointed Cassio his Lieutenant instead of Iago himself. Iago thus describes Cassio :

"One Michael Cassio, a Florentine,

That never set a squadron in the field,
Nor the division of a battle knows
More than a spinster; unless the bookish theoretic
Wherein the togged consuls can propose
As masterly as he; mere prattle, without practice,
Is all his soldiership."

A regular officer has something of the same opinion of volunteer assistance. In the *Battle of Dorking* a staff officer gives direct expression to this dislike: "I do wish, gentlemen, you would go home. We could do much better without you."

exactly the same difficulty. His difficulty lies in having to teach our people the necessity for a high standard of discipline and equipment. In time of war the national sentiment of the people at large seconds his efforts. In time of peace he finds himself thwarted and hindered at every turn. He needs the patience of Job. He must use the *suaviter in modo* all the time. The Minister of Militia may have the desire personally to back him up, but the politicians force his hand. The Minister then has no resource left but to tell the General that his most cherished plans must be modified and the most necessary reforms postponed. No wonder then that the General loses his patience. It has been the experience of each in turn.

There is only one remedy for this evil—the education of the nation on this point. It must be brought home to them that our Canadian forces, being a portion of Imperial defence, must be organized on the same lines as the Imperial army and must submit to similar organization, training, and discipline. War is not child's play. For us, if it comes, it means every man into the ranks. The more trained soldiers we have, the better; the more complete our equipment, the more effective our efforts. An Imperial General is a necessity because he understands Imperial requirements. We must meet these requirements in every reasonable manner. Great Britain has shewn herself anxious and willing to meet us more than half way. The bulk of our people who are not politicians wish to work out this theory, but the politicians consider there is more for them in jobbing public works. The militia estimates suffer accordingly. If we could get the Militia Department and the Education Department out of politics in this country we would make a great stride in advance. Until we do, we ought to make a great many allowances for the unfortunate officers who are called by the turn of duty to see things go wrong, to be obliged to listen to the gabble of self-made Wolseleys and to have all their traditions violated by greedy politicians, and then, if they protest, be abused by venal newspapers and finally displaced by unjust clamour. General Gascoigne has a difficult part to play. In war it will be seen whether he will tread in the steps of Wolfe, Carleton, or Brock, or whether he will be found wanting like Prevost, Napier or Middleton. In peace, he will have to avoid the martinet severity of Luard and the easy flattering policy of Smythe. The British Major-General as depicted in *The Pirates of Penzance* we all know. We do not expect so perfect a cyclopaedia of military knowledge. What we have to do is to consider our own shortcomings and back up the new man against the politicians. The present condition of militia matters is very unsatisfactory and we must help the new man to try and put it right.

It may be some satisfaction to General Herbert, who is retiring, to know that thoughtful military students approve of his general line. He did make the mistake—if it is a mistake—of not stooping to conquer, of not bending when he met opposition, but his annual reports are his best monument. If we meet disaster it will not be because we have not been well warned and well advised.

Since the above lines were written the valedictory address of General Herbert has appeared. He congratulates the country on an advance in some points, of Imperial significance, namely, the C.P.R. through line between West and East, and the fortifications at Esquimalt. He also speaks in high terms of the spirit of the force itself. He takes leave of his comrades in kindly words, and he leaves behind him that good impression which is left by a man who does his duty and whose example is one to imitate and profit by.

R. E. K.

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A Note on Spoleto.

THE meagre newspaper accounts of the earthquakes at Spoleto called to my mind a day or two I spent in the old town. Leaving Perugia by train and skirting the foot of the hills bordering the Umbrina Valley, past Assisi and Spello, one reaches Spoleto in about two hours, as Italian railways are now managed. It is a quaint provincial place much frequented by tourists at certain seasons; by the more adventurous and inquisitive sort of tourists, who are attracted by its famous frescoes and the antiquity of the town. Walled, on an isolated hill, Spoleto commands the valley to the south-west; behind, a steep ascent arises to

several hundred feet, up which the inquisitive tourist goes, past the Capricine Monastery and the villas of the rural Spoletans, until he arrives at the large red cross, marking the summit, and the panorama of the valley spreads itself at his feet.

Spoletto was a famous city in its time; an important town in Roman days, and as a stronghold of the Lombard Kingdom and the seat of a Duchy it occupied an important position and proved a weighty factor in the days of the Lombard degeneracy. After the conquest by Pepin and Charlemagne, and the foundation of the temporal power of the Popes by the pious gifts of the conquerors to Stephen IV. and Adrian I., "in the dissolution of the Lombard Kingdom the inhabitants of the Duchy of Spoletto sought a refuge from the storm, shaved their heads after the Roman fashion, declared themselves servants and subjects of St. Peter, and completed by this voluntary surrender the present circle of the ecclesiastical state."

As in all the hill cities the streets are up and down; with quaint and narrow ways and unexplored corners. There are one or two hotels, one of which divides its energies between providing accommodation for "foresteri," and the sale of bric-a-brac—also to "foresteri." We turned our backs upon it, with its windows looking out upon close and narrow streets, shut in by palace walls. We chose our habitation rather in an Italian house looking out upon a bustling piazza in the people's quarters. Below us all day long the keeper of fruit stalls and sellers of watermelons drove a thriving trade. The great globes of shining green were heaped upon the pavement or cut in half, their crimson flesh exposed to tempt the passer-by in the heat of the August days. It was not a picturesque crowd but a very nonchalant one. They all seemed to have something to do which they carefully avoided doing. A running fountain and trough—I'm afraid it was only a horse trough—acted as refrigerator, and flasks of Tuscan wine, the tips of the flasks just above the surface, were ranged in it to cool. One man especially attracted our attention: a splendid animal, apparently without thought or care except that his wine should be refreshing, a fine athletic fellow with a swinging gait and easy statuesque poses; a modern representative of the antique types. After all we found none of the "stock" qualities in this piazza and the crowd; none of the particular things which go to make "copy." We only saw it from our windows as a little bit of simple, common-place life; but revealing unconsciously so much of life interest. We congratulated ourselves when we thought of the extravagant prices and blank walls of the "hôtel de luxe" made for the intelligent traveller.

The Cathedral of Spoletto stands upon one of the highest points of the town, and has an irregular piazza stretching before it, and on one side an abrupt flight of steps plunges down to the level of the street below. If one cares about historic suggestions, this same cathedral of Spoletto has many of them. The original façade is Lombard, and those strange granite beasts supporting the lintels and pillars of the porch were a part of the Lombard scheme of architectural decoration and design, and to which not even the ingenuity of Ruskin can attach a satisfactory symbolism. They are now broken and polished by the countless hands which have caressed their stony shagginess. Around the doorway is that delightful Lombard carving, free and vigorous in design, its bald forms and intricate interchange of line following a law of its own, yet with charming wilfulness. All the curves of leaf and quaint deliberativeness of animal wrought with delicate skill. I know the subtlety of the design; because I spent some fruitless hours trying to draw a part of it; fruitless in actual production for result; but I remember now the pleasure in its impossible and individual curves. The façade, as the Lombards left it, has been cut in two by an early Renaissance loggia, the delicacy of its shallow relief, its sentiment of refined selection and fastidious grace, contrasts sharply with the barbaric richness and strength of the Lombard work. There are many remnants of Roman slabs and inscriptions set into the walls, and above in the lunette is a Byzantine mosaic which has been very much restored.

Students of painting go to Spoletto to study Fra Lippo Lippi's fresco of "The Coronation of the Virgin" in the apse of the Cathedral. Fra Lippo died before it was finished, and it was completed by his friend and pupil, Fra Diamante. Truly all is vanity, and the vulgar and stupid restoration

which the fresco has undergone makes one question if the Italians are the fittest guardians of such things.

The great composition covers the half dome of the apse. It has a swinging freedom of line and grandeur of mass. The Virgin is kneeling in splendid blue robes. God the Father, wearing the triple tiara, places the crown upon her head. A magnificent sweep of rainbow glory is their footstool. And on either hand are ranged groups of angels and of saints. Fra Lippo has put into it all the strength and vigor of his original personality. Turning aside into a small chapel one comes upon the tomb of the painter who died at Spoletto. Lorenzo di Medici erected the tomb, Poliziano wrote his epitaph, and a portrait bust of Fra Lippo, who embodied in himself so much of the weakness and of the strength of the popular "humanism," leans with a certain rugged suggestiveness above the eulogies of the famous scholar.

There is an excellent specimen of a Lombard church a little way beyond the walls; but I am afraid my remembrance of the façade is but a confused mass of panels, full of quaint designs of birds and beasts of, no doubt, allegorical significance. But we had come out without our coffee and our souls longed for it. We wandered into the cloisters, and, hearing voices, we determined to knock and find out if there was a chance of coffee anywhere. We were at least sure of a courteous answer. We happened to knock at the door of the resident priest whose niece received us with pleasant graceful welcome, and we had our coffee there in the little sitting room with its prim stiffness and Italian bad taste in such matters. If they, this good priest and his niece, didn't know much about furnishing, they made up for it in their knowledge of manners. We were made to feel quite at home, and told with pleasant garrulousness of the pleasure they had in seeing and knowing occasional travellers—their one point of contact with the bustling outer world.

Towards evening we left the town by the rugged, toil-some climb up to the ancient "rocca" or fortress, and then followed a zig-zag path to the edge of the ravine and to the famous aqueduct. It still stands spanning the gorge apparently as it has always stood for twelve hundred years. It was built by one of the Lombard dukes of Spoletto, and still supplies the town with water. The brickwork is magnificent, it seems as close and solid as when first laid. The pipes are overhead; and a carriage way and footpath connect the sides of the ravine. From the centre is a glorious view of the gorge and the Umbrian valley beyond. There is a curious fascination and sense of beauty in the number of long straight piers dropping down beneath one's feet in the decorative pattern of the row of narrow connecting arches. The whole gives a feeling of constructive strength and silent endurance. It was very quiet and still there; the rush of the water through the duct is hardly heard. One or two of the townsfolk passed back and forth, and a man brought a little child who played beside him on the edge of the cliff. As the twilight began to fall the stillness of evening deepened after the garish day. A sound arose from the trees bordering the sloping banks of the ravine, close at hand, another and then another, and up and down they answered each other until all the woods were full of the song of the nightingales.

HARRIET FORD.

Toronto.

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To Quebec A wheel.—No. II.

WE spent two days in Ottawa taking notes on the different kinds of rain Canada is capable of producing. At night we were nearly shaken out of our beds by thunder storms; during the day there came everything wet from the wind-driven downpour to the all-permeating Scotch mist. When we believed the weather was clearing—sometimes even a rainbow was sent to aid in the deception—we found the sky had brightened only to give a proper setting for a sun shower. On the third morning we gazed sorrowfully at the roads and pushed our wheels down the sidewalk to the Grenville steamer. Too often this was our fate. I shall not conceal it as the wight who wrote up the Quebec trip for the wheeling guide has shamefully but awkwardly done too many times.

We never willingly used locomotive power other than our own. The times when we yielded to circumstance I chronicle with sorrow, but certainly not with apology.

The scenery along the Ottawa is very beautiful. From

wide reaches of river rise misty bluffs, and in the soft green of the hillsides are enclosed little dwellings—all doors and windows, like doll-houses. The soft hills stretch their easy lines to the long distance blue of the horizon. Natural beauty is, perhaps, even more abundant in Quebec than in Ontario.

At Long Sault portage we were introduced to an interesting type of railway. The engine was a specimen of the sort which was modern half a century ago—all top-shaped smoke-stack and fierce asthmatic puff. Two solemn old gentlemen turned out to be conductor and brakeman. We were somewhat anxious about our bicycles, for as the train pulled out a young steer seemed to be exercising unrestrained dominion in the baggage-car. However we arrived at Carillon and the Montreal boat without mishap. When I say we I include the wheels. A bicyclist becomes a centaur in time.

I must pass over the Lake of Two Mountains and the long lines of bright-coloured cottages along the river near Montreal. Even the Lachine Thrills must not be dwelt upon. We reached the city in the evening, climbed one of the narrow streets running down to the docks, and turned down the Lachine Road. We drove ourselves against the hills, for night was falling, and we had twenty-five miles to go to reach our friend's cottage at Vaudreuil. This road is famous among bicyclists. We tested it with a pace-maker.

We were well out of the city when we heard the drumming feet of an approaching trotting-horse. The sound grew loud behind us, and we raced for several hundred yards to keep the steed from passing. The pursuit grew faint at length and we thought the man with the tightened ribbons had given up. But a mile or so further, he began to draw up with us again. We slackened our speed that he might come abreast with us, and battle on fair terms. It was a fierce fight in the dusk. The pelting hoofs were between us; the foam-flecked head tossed above us; the fences were a streaky blur in the twilight. But there is no muscle which can stand against steel. After a few minutes we could lift our heads. It had been a goodly struggle.

From Lachine west riding was as bad as mud after heavy rain can make it. We fell constantly and the night was too dark to show us the holes. My friend bent his pedal so that he seemed to be alternately bow-legged and knock-kneed. Much of the time we were walking. The only good mile was as we neared St. Annes. There we received a dramatic introduction to Jean Baptiste—*et sa madame*.

We had entered a pitchy dark bit of road. The arching trees made it almost a tunnel. Beside us the St. Lawrence gurgled lugubriously among the rocks of the shore. Our chains gave out a smothered clanking. Other than this there was no sound. We were gliding along in the death-like silence when suddenly there arose the pounding and creaking of a wooden-axled cart. Then as it came in sight around a turn there smote upon our ears wail on wail, from a man with shuddering nerves, horrible cries, absolutely hopeless, such as mayhap are emitted by lost souls approaching final desolation. With this there was a kind of staccato accompaniment, a shrill and despairing gabble, yet still having the monotone of prayers. It was a most ludicrous tragedy. We held both sides of the way as we slipped by. The horse was snorting and rearing. On the cart a gaunt figure swayed and doubled in terror. A quaking bundle cowered beside it. Suddenly we understood. We had met a nation which knows not modern things. The poor wretches had encountered the supernatural in all its nameless horror. The white garments, the gliding motion, the silence of the dead broken by a clanking—we fell off our wheels and into each other's arms; and our yells bid fair to rival those now growing fainter in the shadowy distance.

The days we spent in Vaudreuil were jolly ones, and might even bear the reproach of being instructive. The French youth of the upper class is a study. He uses the English slang; indeed he speaks the whole language like a native, and prefers Anglo-Saxon oaths. His whole conversation runs on boats, especially on war canoes, the pride of every boating club. He smokes cigarettes at all times, and in the rare intervals when he is not affecting the rakishly *blase* pose, is rather gushingly tender. Stevenson has told us of the sport-loving young Belgians. They are not unlike their Canadian cousins.

When the roads had hardened we mounted for the Que-

bec run. The Montreal drives extend to the Bout de l'Isle ferry, and it goes without saying that to that place we had fine riding. The French flag floats above the *pension*, and we began to feel ourselves in a new country. The irregular boarding of the landing is not nailed, and nearly dropped us through. We found that the ferry was managed by a monopoly, and crossed when it pleased. We began to dislike the new conditions of life.

We waited long, shouted club and college yells across the broad St. Lawrence. The sun went down in a tumultuous glory of wild and mighty storm-cloud. Then the great tug came over and we pushed our wheels aboard. The centre was given up to a treadmill propelled by four horses. The outside received the waiting vehicles. A whip cracked and we churned out into the stream.

We had started in the ominous silence of approaching storm, and as we neared the other shore a sudden whiff of cold wind flattened the water, and a gust heeled the ponderous boat upon her side. The sky opened and closed in blinding lightning. Thunder came like the shattering crash of kettle-drums. Two anxious-eyed habitants strained against the tiller. The loose horses in the centre had men clinging in ludicrous frenzy to their tails, to keep them from leaping the barriers in their terror. An old Frenchwoman had unturled a curiosity in umbrellas. Its ribs were cane. It was faded to a dirty green, and torn so as to be almost past usefulness. She clung to it, crouching in a corner. We ducked under it, and it took the three of us to hold it, for the wind became a gale, and the thing was a small parachute. Thus we reached Charlemagne, and fled to the nearest *pension*.

Of that place I tell no tales. Next morning we were dragging our wheels through alternations of mud and long wet grass to Repentigny, as we thought. Every few moments the drizzle would change to a shower, and drive us into shelter. At one farm a wrinkled old Frenchman came out to the barn where we had put in, and made us come into the house. By the use of broken English and his own good example he showed us the vanity of cleaning the mud from our boots before we entered. "Pas de femme ici"—no woman here—was his conclusive argument. We talked French at him, and considered we were making a brilliant success of it until in answer to a query as to the duration of Quebec rains he replied "twenty-five years." We hurried on.

We attempted that day to go to the celebration (with dinner) of the golden wedding of a good old village couple. The houses were decked with flags and evergreen, and across canvases there was inscribed "Vous êtes le bienvenu." Yet they slammed the door upon our congratulations! So we dried ourselves in the kitchen of the Ste. Paul l'Hermite tavern, and amid a gaping brotherhood of loafers took notes on the cooking of the great French Canadian dish.

Into a greasy spider they dropped sputtering eggs, and as they harden plaster them into a floor and wall of unctuous yellowness. Then more grease and pork without suspicion of lean are added. Seasoning is considered prodigal extravagance. After being harrowed with a fork the mess is put before the miserable victim. There is no French word for it. It is "a deed without a name." All the afternoon we strove to keep it out of our minds, but it kept ever mounting up.

We trudged on to L'Assomption, and sought the railway which connects with the main line. The train was pulling out as we came in sight. We bawled after it despairingly, and it stopped. We started down the track, but the engineer said he would back up; and he brought the platform of the single car abreast of where we stood in semi-paralysis. The conductor was a very lonely looking man and desired to talk. This is truth.

How we went to evening service on Sunday with an English ladies' seminary—the language sounded good—how we joined a party of French navvies, gambling in a caboose, and broke the dreams of a station-agent with fearful warcries and bangings on the wall beneath his window—all this must be passed over. Next morning found us in Quebec, wry-necked, after doubling up on car seats, and dirty with all night grime. We close the second run and the second series of notes together. A. E. MCFARLANE.

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A highly-illustrated work on "The Life of Joseph Wolf, Artist and Naturalist," will make its appearance before long through Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co.

Library Jottings.—III.

HOW the wisdom of to-day may become the folly of the morrow is vividly impressed by a survey of the books upon a library shelf. The ninth edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica is not old, nor was any expense spared in bringing its articles fully up to date. Here is a suggestive fact. The volume which finishes the articles under the letter C was issued in 1877. The notice of Cyrus the Great bears the well known initials A. H. S. Speaking of the rise of the Persian Empire under Cyrus in its relation to Israel Prof. Sayce says: "The Jews settled in Babylonia hailed the Persians as deliverers and monotheists." In 1883 our author writes an interesting work "Fresh Lights from the Ancient Monuments," in which we read that "We must give up the belief that Cyrus was a monotheist; he was a polytheist, who, like other polytheists, adopted the gods of the country he had conquered from motives of state policy;" more startling still "that he was not a king of Persia at all, but an Elamite, and that Darius Hystaspes was the real founder of the Persian Empire." The turning up of a clay cylinder, the more exact reading of a contemporary inscription, thus overturns in a moment what has been upon imperfect induction received as genuine history and received without questioning for generations.

Ah! Gibbon; does there yet await the excavator's spade some "enrolment at the Capitol" which shall unsay some of your lofty periods, or take the sting from one of your solemn sneers? For the present the historian of the "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" maintains his pre-eminence, and still the wonder is that one hand should have so gathered together in one massive plan the history of the civilized world through those momentous centuries. We have seen genius described as capacity for work with perseverance; the sentence with which Gibbon closes his history may, by being repeated, induce some as yet undeveloped reader to form the habit of concentration and continuance which will bring him up to the stature of genius: "It was among the ruins of the capital that I first conceived the idea of a work which has amused and exercised nearly twenty years of my life, and which, however inadequate to my own wishes, I finally deliver to the curiosity and candour of the public." One can scarcely replace Gibbon on the shelf without turning up his once notorious chapters sixteen and seventeen and which provoked an entire library of hostile criticisms. Few now, certainly no scholar, be he a bishop, dean or plain presbyter, would stand aghast at such an introduction as this: "A candid but rational inquiry into the progress and establishment of Christianity may be considered as a very essential part of the history of the Roman Empire. While that great body was invaded by open violence, or undermined by slow decay, a pure and humble religion gently insinuated itself into the minds of men, grew up in silence and obscurity, derived new vigour from opposition, and finally erected the triumphant banner of the cross on the ruins of the Capitol. The theologian may indulge the pleasing task of describing religion as she descended from heaven arrayed in her native purity. A more melancholy duty is imposed upon the historian. He must discover the inevitable mixture of error and corruption which she contracted in a long residence upon earth among a weak and degenerate race of beings." Dismissing, therefore, "what were the first," the historian proceeds to consider "the secondary causes of the rapid growth of the Christian church," and marks the following: The inflexible even intolerant zeal of the Christians. The doctrine of the future life. The miraculous powers ascribed to the primitive church. The pure and austere morals of the Christians. The union and discipline of the Christian republic. These are the subjects of his fifteenth chapter. His sixteen deals with the conduct of the Roman Government towards the Christians. In describing this conduct the historian does not ignore the wrong done, but justly brings out the motives which actuated even the best of the Roman Emperors in their hostility to the Christians. Tolerant of all national religions or cults the Roman policy viewed "with the utmost jealousy and distrust, any association among its subjects; and the privileges of private corporations, though formed for the most harmless or beneficial purposes, were bestowed with a sparing hand." In brief, however mistaken the policy was, the Christians suffered on political not on religious grounds so far as the Imperial intent was

concerned. Few doubt that now, or that the sly stroke is undeserved:—"The deaths of a few eminent martyrs have been recorded with care; and from the time that Christianity was invested with the supreme power the governors of the church have been no less diligently employed in displaying the cruelty than in imitating the conduct of their Pagan adversaries." The church has been none the worse for the opportunity Gibbon gave of "seeing ourselves as others see us." We place him on the shelf for a little more dust to gather on the already dust stained edges. Of all the bitter criticisms hurled against the prince of historians this library boasts not one. In our student years we read several—they were all borrowed and returned!

Stuck in a corner to fill in a space Dean Ramsay with his Scottish Reminiscences turns up. Can we refrain from tarrying? We open; the simple beauty of Scottish phraseology is being noted, *exempli gratia*, the word linty. An emigrant speaking hopefully of his prospects in his new Canadian home, yet remembering "the banks and braes o' bonny Doon," added: "But oh, sir, there are nae linties i' the wuds." The Dean comments thereon: "The North American woods, although full of birds of beautiful plumage, it is well known, have no singing birds." Correspondence in late issues of THE WEEK has sufficiently answered that misapprehension. Meanwhile let us listen to some of those expressions that through the stern outwardness of Scottish character show gleamings of the warmth within: "My wee bit lamb;" "My ain kind dearie;" "John Anderson, my joe;" "My bonnie bird;" "Auld Lang Syne." Need we wonder that the enthusiastic Scotchman should retort to his critic, "Match me thae words i' English." As we tarry over this volume of "light reading" a few culls may be given. Time changes all. In rural districts the gathering of the congregation at church afforded opportunity for gossip and even for business, "the crack i' the Kirk yard." A once regular attendant at the Kirk was taken to task for his recent and continued absence. His reason was soon given. "There's nae need to gang to the Kirk noo, for everybody gets a newspaper." In the old hereditary estates the domestics were generally there for life. The master died and the son came into possession; he desired some change in the methods of service. One old servant thus expostulated against all innovation: "Ye needna find fault wi me, Maister Jeems, I hae been langer about th' place than yersel'." Is there not a little pawkiness in the following: A chaplain was to be chosen for the prison. Influence was powerful for a man who had proved himself to be a very indifferent preacher; a plain, straightforward member of the Board was urged to assent to the appointment, he said: "Weel, I've no objections to the man, for I understand he has preached a kirk toom (empty) already, and if he be as successful in the jail, he'll maybe preach it vawcant as weel." A laird's son was no credit to his home. "I am going to send the young laird abroad," said the father to one of his tenants. "What for?" was the response; "to see the world?" the rejoinder was suggestive, "But, Lordsake, laird, will no the world see him?" Does any one stumble over the dialect of our friends north of the Tweed: listen. A burly Scotch farmer journeyed south; he saw a young maiden reaping with a sickle in a field of oats; the following dialogue ensued:—

Lassie, are yer aits muckle booket th' year?

Sir?

I was speering gif yer aits are muckle bookit th' year?

I really do not know what you are saying, sir.

Gude—safe—us,—do ye no understand gude plain English!—are—yer—aits—muckle booket?—

The maiden runs away, the gude man in his wrath exclaiming: "Thae were naething else than a set o' ignorant poek-puddings."

Kind reader, what are you?

JOHN BURTON.

Pew and Pulpit in Toronto.—XVI.

AT ST. ANDREW'S PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, JARVIS STREET.

ST. ANDREW'S Church is a substantial stone building, at the south-east corner of Carlton and Jarvis streets, that does credit to its architect and builder, and that seems to bear in its outlines the practical and solid ideas of those by whom and for whom it was built. Its foundations were evidently laid in righteousness, and it looks calculated to last for several centuries. The interior shows a square, spacious church,

with pews of dark wood arranged in curves, and having a horseshoe gallery of considerable depth. The decoration is in quiet colours, and there is a large organ, the lower part of which, panelled in dark reddish wood, forms a back ground for the preaching platform in front of which, raised but little above the floor of the auditorium, are the choir seats and the organ keyboard. In a central position and in front of these choir seats there is a roomy and official-looking easy chair, in which the precentor, an important functionary in this church, sits in the midst of the important responsibilities of his office, which, it may be observed, he bears with dignity, force and ability. He is a genuine case of "the right man in the right place," and so far from being a mere choir-master, one thinks of him as a "chief musician" to whom psalms might be inscribed if there were psalmists in these days.

We are at church in time to see the earlier members of the large congregation that worships at St. Andrew's begin to come in by twos and threes. Presently also comes in the lady organist, and sedately takes her seat in front of the keyboard. It is perceptible by her demeanour that she discharges in no thoughtless way the duties of her office, and that she feels that she is a servant of the sanctuary. She possesses a firm touch, great taste, and there is a calm earnest force about her playing which is to the highest degree satisfactory. As an organist, she knows the value of the pedals. Noisy and obtrusive display, either vocal or instrumental, there is none at this church. The singing is good and massive, from first to last you feel that it is a religious exercise, and are not once reminded of the concert-room. When the members of the choir come in they fill the score or so of chairs.

The gallery on Sunday mornings is not so full as at the evening service, still it contains a goodly number of people. The body of the church is well filled, and towards eleven o'clock the ushers need their perceptive faculties in finding vacant seats for strangers. Rev. G. M. Milligan, D.D., comes in on time. He is attired in gown and bands, a man of perhaps forty-five years old, has brown hair with some spring in it, and a beard and mustache that do not appear to be streaked with gray. Rather under than over the middle stature—not much either way; his manner calm, dignified and self-possessed, not self-conscious, remembering too well the high responsibilities of his office to think of himself, one who can be absorbed in the greatness of the themes whereof he speaks so that they dominate him and he becomes a voice—the voice of a prophet to denounce, to warn or to plead—this is the opinion I have formed of Dr. Milligan after hearing him a few times. He has the fire of the Celt, his discourses frequently have a force about them that rises to eloquence, and his discourses, which are delivered entirely without notes, are such as to rivet the attention. You may disagree with what he says, you may sometimes think that his tones are louder and more emphatic than the occasion calls for, but you cannot doubt his supreme earnestness; and the occasional pounding of the Bible, or even the stamp of the foot, are but the ebullitions of the spirit with which he is filled. Sometimes you are inclined to call him a "joints and marrow" preacher, his word is quick and powerful like a two-edged sword, and even rather careless people may rejoice in him as a development of consecrated genuineness. Those who remember what a hot Sunday the 22nd September was; how the glowing sun seemed to bring up waves of sweltering heat from the very ground and roll them along over church-going mortals; how it came in at the church windows, opened for a breath of air, and changed the worshippers into impromptu Turkish bathers who were fain to use fans and long for "Greenland's icy mountains," will comprehend the extent of Dr. Milligan's Boanerges-like energy when I say that even on that calorific occasion he was continuously undaunted and energetic. His strong voice rang through the building, and all his movements were full of nervous vigour. No climatic conditions can subdue him, the moist heat of Jamaica would only inspire him, and the fire within him would thaw arctic snows.

He began the service quietly with a short prayer. Then came a hymn, sung to a sonorous chorale. There was another prayer and two readings of the scripture with appropriate comments. The one thing you are sure of from the time you hear Dr. Milligan begin, is that he means what he says. There is a slight, decided movement of the head, after emphatic sentences, which seems to betoken certainty,

and that there is no more to be said. His comments on the scriptures are instructive, they are not made for the sake of commenting. His prayers are free from the fatal glibness of use and wont. He struggles against the repetition of familiar sentences, sometimes to the extent of hesitating for a word or a phrase, or the finishing of a phrase. I have frequently heard what is called extempore prayer degenerate into mere mechanical repetition—it is difficult for aged ministers to escape this, and they might almost as well take to a form of prayer at once. Their minds have run in certain prescribed channels so often that it is difficult to avoid getting into ruts. The whole matter is one of such difficulty that it may be presumed that those who think about it can only long for some earnest, simple, sincere utterance on which the soul may rise to a higher region without any thought of style or construction of sentences. It may be that men with the prophetic gift have the power of communicating their spirit to those around them so that hearers do not merely say, "That was a beautiful prayer," but they really pray.

If the lasting impression made by a sermon is any test of excellence in preaching, and I think it is, Dr. Milligan is an able preacher. "The words of the wise are as goads and as nails fastened in a sure place." Dr. Milligan hammers home the special truth he is talking about by repeated blows. By the time he gets to the end of his sermon it has been driven into you so that the thought remains for a week or two, or sometimes longer. I find that as a rule people do not remember sermons at all, and that it is generally safe to wager that a man will not be able to remember, on Wednesday, within the space of ten minutes, the sermon he heard on Sunday, so as to give an intelligible outline of it. The minister of St. Andrew's sketches his subject, so to speak, with a heavy broad line. In this preliminary work he displays much judgment, and though it is done in an easy and free fashion he lays out his ground with some exactitude. It is like the "argument" at the beginning of a serious poem, it defines the scope of the proposed effort. It has not, however, the dryness of a preface, and there is nothing perfunctory about it. Sentences apparently thrown out at random as by the free easy-sweeping hand of a facile painter gradually "block out" the subject. They are frequently striking and pointed sentences, and as they are apparently not written or memorised, but come hot from the mind of the speaker at first hand, they at once arrest attention. The sermon proper is not an essay, prepared in the quiet of the study and read off, nor can the most effective preaching in my opinion ever be done in that way. Pulpit essay reading never moved the world and never will. There is a foundation for the important place that is given in many denominations to the "gift of the gab" as it is sometimes colloquially called. The danger is that facility of speech is frequently not backed up with any depth of thought. Where there is a capacity for easy talking, combined with mental power and judgment, inventiveness—sometimes called originality—and comparative fullness of knowledge, then all that is necessary is the consecrating fire—the lips touched with the live coal—the inspiration that is properly called divine. I think it is because these conditions are largely filled at St. Andrew's, that the church is so well attended and that people come away with serious and thoughtful faces. They may say sometimes, "We have heard strange things to-day," there may be minor features that would be taken exception to by a fastidious taste, but nevertheless there is that about the ministration that makes a deep impression upon even the case hardened.

J. R. N.

At Street Corners.

THE principal topic of conversation during the past week has been the advent of Sir Henry Irving and Miss Terry. People have been asking each other whether they were going, if they had been, and what they thought of it, with a good deal of interest. There is usually so little going on that is out of the common, that the coming of two such stars cannot but make a large sized ripple among the habitues of the corners.

A good many people wonder at the sparse attendance during the first two nights. Was it because Faust has been overdone in Toronto, or did it arise from the fact that people were rather frightened of the high prices likely to

prevail and so made no attempt to go in their thousands to the box office? It has been whispered about that all the seats in the house were sold for those two nights, but I don't believe it. If they were somebody got bitten and he well deserved it. The exploiting of places on the occasion of the visit of a great artist is one of the least legitimate methods of making money. On the present occasion there was so much previous talk about the money it was necessary to pay to secure a decent seat, that many moderate people made up their minds that they would have none of it and give the theatre a wide berth even if "S'Enry" brought the Angel Gabriel along in his troupe.

The angel "S'Enry" did bring along was, in the opinion of the Johnnies, who pronounce the great actor's name in that particular way, and in the opinion of many others, Miss Ellen Terry, especially after seeing her in more than one of the presentations during the present week. During their third visit to the United States Mr. Irving and Miss Terry, by special desire of the War Department, gave the "Merchant of Venice" at the West Point Military Academy without scenery or stage accessories of any kind. There was no electric light and there was no stage make-up, but I understand these ornaments of the stage produced a very deep impression. "Terry" does not depend upon anything but her own bright particular self. She would be charming and magnetic even in a country railway station at three o'clock in the morning or any dingy prosaic place usually unlit by glamour of any kind.

Down at the golf-links—perhaps *up* at the "goff" links, I should say—I refer to the grounds of the Toronto Golf Club; I saw Mr. G. W. Yarker, who still retains the agility of youth, make a succession of capital drives. He was playing with Mr. Hunter, of Niagara Falls, another seasoned and accurate player, who, though middle-aged, will never fall into the sere and yellow leaf, and it was invigorating to follow the play of the two veterans. Mr. Hunter won seven holes and Mr. Yarker six. The remaining five were even, and a nicer bit of play was never witnessed on the ground.

The citizens of Dunville appear to have given Mr. Geo. Wilson and his charming bride a rousing send-off on the occasion of their recent wedding. They turned out in their night—the aforesaid citizens, not the happy pair—and made the welkin ring with cheers and explosions of various kinds. It says something in the Bible about "making a joyful noise," and after Dunville on the 18th I know just what the phrase means. The spontaneity and heartiness of the ovation were most charming and satisfactory.

Somebody has been writing to the papers about the Melba Concert. He wants it more "calm and classical," and cannot abide that the unscientific and common crowd shall hear what they like. He may depend upon it, however, that the managers of concert companies can gauge the tastes of our people to a very fine degree. As a matter of fact a too classical programme would mean a very thin house. So I am told by the most practical people, I do not know anything about music myself.

I hear that Sir Henry Irving and Miss Terry were at Col. Czowski's one afternoon this week.

A man who sat next to me at the Faust performance enumerated several city men whom he would like to see made up as Mephisto. He said that such a character would be natural to them. But if I should mention names "the fat would be in the fire."

DIAGENES.

Parisian Affairs.

A GOOD deal of effort is being made to turn aside the attention of the country from the mortal sufferings of the Madagascar expedition. A mere looker-on can well paint the miseries of the poor soldiers, when the heat they have to support exceeds the grilling degrees of temperature at Paris, plus the marsh fevers and the absence of suitable food. And to think that if the campaign be not terminated by the close of the month, the usual deluges will set in for six

months! That implies a catastrophe, and will provoke serious consequences when the Chambers meet, still aggravated by the millions voted—and unvoted—in sheer loss. The expedition has demonstrated the utter inutility of the great island for European colonization. Were it of any value, England would ere now have taken it.

Naturally the Lord Mayor's visit to Paris, to the French, to President Faure, could only be reciprocated in the spirit that dictated the trip. But the precise end of the journey to Paris is not very clear. Politically, it can have no importance, and it is doubtful if it will serve as a peg on which diplomacy can invite M. Faure to come and visit Queen Victoria, and to accept the freedom of the city of London. A law would have to be voted, authorizing the President to quit France; now that would bring the Anglo-phobists to measure their influence at once, and if they carried the day, the situation towards England would be awkward. The President is expected to be present at the coronation of the Czar, and permission to attend the ceremony will be accorded, *nem. con.* He will there meet Emperor William, and something might come out of their chat across the walnuts and wine. But England will make a great mistake by attempting anything like forcing her love upon the French. Then the usual yarns of declarations of amity, and the customary flummery might be curtailed. Both sides only laugh at the innocent inutility. Let the two peoples display virility in their mutual relations: the most perfect independence; the resolve, never to abandon their rights, and to arrange all dissensions in a business manner, with cool heads and invariable courtesy. It would be well, also, that each nation was permeated with the idea that neither is absolutely necessary for the other's march in life. Too much importance must not be attached to the wild journals; the French know, and none better than the Anglophobists, that England holds the trump card by her freedom to join the triple alliance, should circumstances create that necessity. At Bordeaux, the Lord Mayor will mix with a different stratum of the French, who know the English character, who make millions upon millions with English merchants, and who are all notoriously free traders.

Those institutions of peace, the autumn manœuvres, have brought M. Faure to Langres, the headquarters of the sham battles, where he spares his strength not in visiting the arrangements for the troops being made perfectly comfortable, and leaving as usual donations for the local institutions. The soldiers suffer from the heat as a matter of course, and the number of men falling out of the ranks is high. Still another evil: the supply of water in parts of the region where the tactical operations take place is not only short, but where it exists is of a questionable quality. In war, an enemy will never advance unless assured of a supply of water. No one can question a French soldier, unless through or by the permission of his officers; now President Faure, in mixing with the regiments, invariably demanded that authorization.

While on the subject of water supply, the municipal council has issued a decree, that the artificial reservoirs have become so low that for three weeks the citizens must be prepared to consume water from the Seine. This means turning on typhus fever, dysentery, even cholera. And the river never smelt more offensively than now. It is awful to look at the too many streams of black filth pouring into the Seine as you sail on the river boat, and to think that will enter into the water for your coffee or your tea. To drink Seine water unless first boiled, would be attempting suicide. Of all the drinks to quench Sahara thirsts none so excellent as cold boiled water flavoured with a small lump of sugar.

Day professional schools do not appear to be a general success, but are pre-eminently so when that knowledge is given at evening schools; hence, why the French Government is intending to expend more millions annually on evening schools. After attaining thirteen years of age no child can be compelled to go to school; the factory or the workshop claims him. But his education is incomplete. The recent Congresses of Pedagogues at Havre and Bordeaux threw floods of light on the necessity of evening schools. Holland affords a striking proof of the failure of day and the success of evening technical instruction. Torbecke, in 1863, as Dutch Premier, had a law voted establishing day professional schools to impart instruction in subjects between the programmes of the primary and the superior schools, or

colleges. It was obligatory to teach such in every town having 10,000 inhabitants. In 1874 only five of these schools existed, attended by a total of 317 pupils of which 119 belonged to the working classes. In 1892 only one out of the four day professional schools existed—result, failure. Quite different the case of the evening technical schools; they number thirty-seven, are attended by 5,000 pupils. The course of study extends from two to six years, following its character. Fine arts, technical sciences, mechanical trades, are taught, so that young men, instead of spending their evenings in cafés, can learn a profession, obtain a diploma, and secure employment. Rotterdam has an evening school with 1,014 pupils, taught by fifty-five professors, and the municipality grants it an annual endowment of 103,000 frs.; in smaller towns the subvention is 8,000 frs. Pupils pay an annual fee of 5 to 10 frs. so that they can feel the education is not gratuitous. And the highest order of workmanship is taught. There are evening schools from October to April for young gardeners and farmers.

Perhaps it is the hot weather that has caused the anarchists to reappear. Every fellow now convicted is certain to be guillotined. Why the two attempts upon Baron de Rothschild is a mystery. It shows the utter ignorance of the fanatics of destruction. Rothschild takes his promenade on the Boulevard daily, like any citizen, with a friend or two, the plainest dressed of individuals and the mildest mannered of men.

The Rev. Père Hyacinthe Loyson is engaged writing a work on the "Union of all the Christian Churches." He expects to succeed where His Holiness and the Archbishop of Canterbury have failed. Mr. Stead ought to consult his pythoness "Julia," when the ex-Carmelite will have accomplished his good work.

Private letters are being shown which makes the Stokes tragedy still more barbaric. It is only surprising that the King of the Belgians did not at once recall Major Lothaire to return to Belgium and explain why he illegally hanged a British subject. Note, that Germany is, perhaps, severer on Belgium than England for the savage act. Be certain that the two powers will put an end to King Leopold's crank of colonial expansion, and the slaying of white men. His Majesty is said not to possess a *sou*, the Congo speculation has cleared him out. But he can sell or pawn—"exiled" kings, following Daudet, are common customers with "my uncle"—his several services of plate to raise the indemnity for the daughters of Stokes.

The Germans were witty at the outbreak of the 1870 war. A journal gave this puzzle: "What is the difference between Napoleon I. and Napoleon III.?" The former had "genie," the latter "Eugénie." Also the following despatch from St. Helena, by Sir Hudson Low, to a Berlin journal: "Have directed all to be swept and dusted; the apartments are ready."

Z.

Recent Fiction.*

THE novels of which the list is given below cannot all be fairly described as "recent" fiction. "Ormond" was written not long after the Battle of Waterloo. It is one of a series of novels which are being re-published by Bell & Sons. The edition is one *de luxe*, and is beautifully illustrated. The general "get up" is more than satisfactory. Those who have leisure to read the books which delighted our grandmothers can amply satisfy their wish. We have nothing but praise for these volumes of this edition.

Conan Doyle in his Stark Munro letters tells the story

* "The Egoist." By George Meredith. Bell's Indian and Colonial Library London and Bombay: George Bell and Sons. 1895. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co., Ltd.

"Ormond: A Tale." By Maria Edgeworth. Illustrated by Carl Schloesser, with an introduction by Anne Thackeray Ritchie. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. 1895. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co., Ltd.

"When Love is Done: A Novel." By Ethel Davis. Boston: Estes & Lauriat. 1895.

"The Stark Munro Letters: Being a series of sixteen letters written by J. Stark Munro, M.B., to his friend and former fellow-student, Herbert Swanborough, of Lowell, Massachusetts, during the years 1881-1884." Edited and arranged by A. Conan Doyle, author of "Micah Clarke," etc., etc. London: Longmans, Green & Co. 1895. Longman's Colonial Library.

"The Red, Red Wine." J. Jackson Wray. Toronto: Wm. Briggs.

of the struggles of a young medical man. There is that mixture of free thinking ideas with peculiar physical theories which seems to be a feature of certain modern novels. The tragic end of the writer of the letters is the close of a career which could not have been a success if the writer had persevered in his notions. There is a good deal of humour in many of the incidents, and the half-quack half-crazy friend of Munro is a distinct creation. Like all Conan Doyle's books it is well worth reading.

Many people find it very difficult to read "George Meredith." Some of his books are so involved in language and sentiment that it is hard to make them out. An Egoist is a man abominable to meet at any time; a man whom other men have a strong disposition to kick. Therefore, possibly, all the more agreeable to flighty or impressionable women. How such a man was treated by a woman who was neither flighty nor hysterical can be seen in these pages.

"When Love is Done" is the ordinary New England story, neither better nor worse than the average. Boston seems inclined to spread a flood of milk and water over this Continent—the product of a lymphatic school board trained generation. Such a system of training chokes off originality and brings all minds down to the same square and rule. Better have the rocks and roughnesses of the mountain peaks with their pure air and healthy atmosphere than the dull level of an unending plain.

This work can scarcely be called a story, rather a collection of incidents, whose tragic character is due to intemperance, gathered around the town of Netherborough. The author was a Nonconformist preacher of rare gifts among the masses, in that great centre of all that is grand and mean, lofty and low, elevating and debasing, London. Brought face to face with the squalor and the crime accompanying the gin curse of that great city, he loathed the bowl and hurled his curse against its tempting power. Every incident is a shaft from the bow of the total abstainer. No one with a heart could meet the scenes opened up under such conditions as those which met Mr. Wray in his work, without revolting against the drink traffic as there developed. Nor will we say that the scenes are overdrawn, nothing can exceed the debasement that accompanies intemperance. We are persuaded, however, that the evils Mr. Wray so graphically describes are not to be permanently overcome by enforced total abstinence—nor will prohibition bring sobriety's millennium. In many instances intemperance is an effect rather than a cause, in far more instances than the superficial observer imagines; foul air, miserable dwellings, poverty, create the appetite which intensifies the misery. The open parks and ready means of access has already done much in London to counteract the curse of the gin palace; the "bicycle craze" has already lured many a youth out from the haunts of temptation to the fair fields and healthful sky. In such positive directions lies our hope of permanent reform in our drinking habits. Moreover, even normal conditions of life appear to demand what is known as stimulant, and *naturam expellas furce, tamen usque recuset*, some provision will be found for satisfying that demand. Life is not possible with constant Thou-shalt-nots, and he who would permanently establish a desirable social condition must seek to provide positive conditions of enjoyment and health. There are some well drawn characters in this book; plain, honest, godly. Aaron Brigham and his "sweet lahtle Kitty" possess deep pathos. Few "temperance" tales are more more hearty in tone and true in their representation than Mr. Jackson Wray's "Red, Red Wine."

* * *

The Gospel of Buddha. Paul Carus. (Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Co.)—While Christianity to a greater or less extent sways about twenty-six per cent. of the human family, Buddhism in one or other of its many forms directs the religious convictions of forty per cent. A system or a phase of teaching which shapes the beliefs of so large a proportion of our race must have its interest for every intelligent reader. Moreover, we are not without knowledge of movements which exalt the Buddha to an equality with Jesus of Nazareth as a religious teacher, and in Theosophy of an endeavour to transplant its mystical pantheism to our Western shores. The curiosity to know something more about this wide-spread Oriental system is not only natural, but praiseworthy. For those to whom the Buddhist Canon is a sealed book this composition gives a fair conception of

Buddhist teaching, the greater part being selections from that Canon, arranged in the manner of Scripture text books, with which our evangelists and self-elected teachers are in many cases too familiar. We need not grudge Buddhism its meed of admiration, nor refuse to find therein, rays from the true light which, as St. John wrote, lighteth every man coming into the world. "That which is most needed is a loving heart," is a precept which surely our Christ would readily own as His own, and there is a kinship between "I was born into the world as the king of truth for the salvation of the world," and the answer given before the Roman Pilate to his doubting enquiry: "Art thou a king then?" But if no other difference may be found this would suffice to keep the Christian under the shadow of the Cross:

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

But this is not all. You search the parables in this gospel of Buddha in vain for anything approaching in pathos and keen analysis of character the story of the Prodigal Son and his elder brother, with the father's large throbbing heart of forgiveness; nor can the perfection of Nirvane where "the ridge-pool of care has been shattered and the end of craving been reached" for a moment compare with the spirit of that declaration: "He that would save his life shall lose it, but whosoever shall lose his life for My sake, the same shall save it." Not for Nirvane with its absolute quiet do our western souls long:

"'Tis life, whereof our nerves are scant,
O life, not death, for which we pant;
More life, and fuller, that we want."

Buddhist philosophy may do for the dreamer, its high morality can only become current coin, and our aspirations be satisfied as we sit at His feet and learn who said: "Because I live, ye shall live also."

Centennial, St Andrews, Niagara. Janet Carnochan. (Toronto: Wm. Briggs.)—This is the fourth centennial celebration which has been held in the unpretentious town of Niagara, once Newark, and reminds us that Canada is gathering up its records of the past. The existing record of St. Andrew's (Presbyterian) Church reach back to 1794. This volume is a pretty souvenir of the centennial celebration; otherwise there are few features of more than local and present interest

Letters to the Editor.

THE B.N.A. ACT AND COPYRIGHT.

SIR,—I have just been reading your article on the Copyright question in your last number, September 20th. You speak of the change that the B.N.A. Act has brought about in the relation of Canada to the Home Government, and of the right of the Canadian Parliament to Legislate on copyright. May I ask you what is the change you allude to, and if now, Canada has, on any matter that may affect the interests of England, or of any class of English subjects abroad or in England, a more exclusive right of Legislation than it had before Confederation?

Ottawa, Sept. 23rd., 1895.

[As we intend to deal fully with the subject of Copyright in our next issue, we postpone any reply to this letter. We are much obliged to our distinguished correspondent for his attention to our remarks, and we trust to satisfy him that while, perhaps, our sentence ran more loosely than it should in a technically legal point of view, it was nevertheless, substantially correct.—ED. WEEK.]

THE WEEK'S YANKEEPHOBIA.

SIR,—An American would judge from the last issue of THE WEEK that Canadians were preparing for war with them. The issue in question fairly bristles with Yankeephobia. I should be very sorry to have Colonel Denison's article and your comments thereon accepted by anyone outside the Dominion as a true exposition of the feelings of Canadians or of even any considerable portion of us. I believe THE

WEEK is conscientious in its adoption and advocacy of Colonel Denison's views—that it is not merely trying to please what it believes to be public opinion. But as one of the thousands of Canadians, who while giving Colonel Denison credit for his undoubted patriotism, do not take any serious notice of, nor entertain a particle of sympathy with his jingoism and his hostility of everything American, I desire to express sincere regret that a representative paper like THE WEEK should have taken its present position.

I am a Canadian by birth and am proud of being a British subject, but I should be ashamed to allow that to prevent me from duly respecting the great people who are our nearest neighbours. The American Republic is essentially British; its founders were noble sons of Old England. Let me quote Tennyson's "England and America in 1782."

—Strong mother of a Lion-line,
Be proud of those strong sons of thine
Who wrenched their rights from thee!
What wonder, if in noble heat
Those men thine arms withstood,
Retaught the lesson thou hadst taught,
And in thy spirit with thee fought
Who sprang from English blood!

Are the customs, the literature, the language of the United States anything but British in character? For that if for no other reason we should cultivate a friendly spirit towards them.

If, mistakenly the American people have been taught in the past to remember bitterly the incidents which led to and occurred during the American revolution and to hate England and the British, what of it? If in 1812 they unjustly invaded our country and were valorously repelled and defeated by us, what of that now? Are we to forever irritate the old wounds that they may not heal? And has the British race never given any offence to the United States since the revolution?

Excluding many of the Irish—who are just as pronouncedly anti-British in Britain as they are in America—the American people are becoming more and more friendly towards us. Colonel Denison may say that the Americans who express such an opinion and who are called Anglomaniacs are not representative, and I reply that because those individuals by their education and the intercourse they have had with the British people have lost their bigotry we may safely expect like results from thousands more. Do not we Canadians who spend some portion of our time on the other side of the line and who yearly meet with American visitors to our cities and homes, find that such intercourse tends to a sweeping away of any race prejudices? Do we not find ourselves discussing with these visitors the history of our two countries and frankly owning to the mistakes we have made in the past? Are we then, when our friends have returned to their homes, to resume our old hostility?

If the predominant American spirit be unfriendly to us, should we not set them a good example?

Colonel Denison apparently does not think that friendliness with the republic to our South is compatible with a due veneration of the traditions of our race. I would commend to his attention the recent action of the German veterans who assembled in Alsace-Lorraine and while celebrating their victories did not neglect to decorate the graves of their enemies who had fallen in 1870. I do not overlook that the general belief is that Germany and France are bitterly hostile yet, but how much of that is due to the fostering care of militarism whose existence largely depends upon the perpetuation of that enmity?

We Canadians are not of different race and language like Germany and France, nor have we suffered at each other's hands anything like those two nations have and consequently we should be far in advance of them in our spirit of forgiveness and friendship.

Placed as we are, in contact with the United States over the whole stretch of our land, interested in each other's literature, sending to each other every year many from our families; drawn into contact daily in business and pleasure, the tendency must be towards increased mutual respect and friendship if there is any improvement in us.

Such I sincerely hope will be the case—such I shall always try to further.

R. J. DILWORTH.

Toronto, Sept. 24th, 1895.

[Mr. Dilworth is quite right in believing that THE WEEK "is conscientious in its adoption and advocacy of

Colonel Denison's views"—so far as they were adopted and advocated. The attitude of the United States towards Canada on nearly all matters of international concern can only be accounted for or apologized for on the grounds that the Washington Government is, as a rule, mentally and morally below the level of the people. We hope it is true that the people of the United States are growing more friendly to Canada. There are signs of it in spite of the fact that their political acts and their newspapers would suggest the contrary. We maintain that Canada has set them an excellent example of friendliness. We have so industriously set it, and with such little effect, that we have come to regard it as a case of love's labour being lost, so far as politics is concerned.—EDITOR THE WEEK.]

EDUCATIONAL APPOINTMENTS.

SIR,—In your issue of September 13th "Audi Alteram Partem" says: "In fact the whole question of advertising faculty positions is a debatable one." With this view, I, for one, should be quite willing to agree, but it must be remembered that, unlike most of "the great universities of the United States," the University of Toronto is a public institution, and not a private corporation. The Government of the day has the immediate power of appointing, and alone can be held responsible for the character of the appointments made. Even as a matter of policy, then, it seems to me that it would be better for the Government to advertise the positions it is about to fill. Of course, good faith must be the necessary accompaniment of the advertisement, for what "protection" there can be in advertising after the appointment has been made, I fail to see. Dishonest and dishonourable are not too strong terms to apply to such proceeding. Again, not only do considerations of expediency show that advertising *in good faith* is the proper course for the Government to pursue, but, if my memory serves me aright, the University regulations referred to by Mr. B. E. Walker and Mr. Dale, in their correspondence last spring, ordain that positions shall be advertised as they are established or fall vacant. Moreover, the custom has been to advertise positions in the University of Toronto and University College, and, so far as I know, the custom has been departed from only three times, viz., when the lecturers in Latin, French, German, and Italian and Spanish were being made associate professors in 1892, when lecturers in various subjects were appointed four years ago, and when instructions in French, German, and Italian and Spanish were appointed this year.

Your correspondent again says that instructorships, and, I suppose he might add, lectureships, "are invariably and properly filled on the nomination of the professor of the department." Here I take issue with him. As he himself says, instructorships are a new sort of position, so it cannot be that they are "invariably" filled in the manner indicated. Indeed, unless I am entirely in the wrong, no instructors have been appointed before this year. Fellows were appointed upon the nomination of the head of the department, and, having regard to the study side of fellowships this was quite proper. But fellowships in the University of Toronto have, ever since their institution in 1883, been a cheap method of getting instructors, and it has been for some time past a matter of notoriety, that, with a very few notable exceptions the temporary teachers obtained in this way, were such as would not have been tolerated in a well conducted High or Public School. Hence, the change to instructors. Instructors, according to the regulations, are appointed upon probation, and, if their performance of their duties has been satisfactory, they become permanent members of the staff; they begin on a salary of \$700, and at the end of their probation are entitled to \$1,000. Having regard to the unsatisfactory teaching done by fellows, who were appointed upon the nomination of professors, it does not seem "proper" that instructors should be so appointed, all the more that, as I have pointed out, they are to become permanent members of the staff. Of course, it would be folly for the Government to appoint to these positions men who could not work in harmony with their superior officers, but consultation with the professors concerned and with the President of the University would obviate that difficulty. Besides, advertising in good faith would probably bring in applications from schoolmasters possessed of teaching ability of a high order, who would be glad to obtain positions of comparative leisure in which they would have opportunity to prosecute their

studies. Nothing I have said about teaching power is to be taken as applying to the gentlemen who have just been appointed to instructorships, for I do not know them well enough to know what sort of teachers they are. Their knowledge, however, is beyond criticism.

Lastly, to come to the professorship in mineralogy. As was pointed out in your editorial, the salary for this position is provided by a part of the moneys derived from the city's lease of the Queen's Park. Now, if no appointment is made, or if the professorship is degraded to a lectureship, because of the retiring allowance "Audi Alteram Partem" leads one to infer has been given the late occupant of the position, it is just possible that there may be trouble with the city. That, of course, depends upon the exact wording of the agreement, and can be settled only by lawyers. It is not a pleasant thing to suspect people of bad intentions, but there has been too much cause in the past for finding fault, not only with the manner of appointing, but with the appointments themselves, and the happy selection of Professor Fletcher to fill the chair in Latin is not enough of itself to make one feel sure that the Government may not have a serious relapse into its old evil ways. Private information states that arrangements have been made for the carrying on of the work in mineralogy during the coming session by a gentleman, to whom it has been commonly reported for a few years past the succession had been promised. There are at least two well authenticated cases within the last ten years of men being appointed to lectureships and subsequently raised to professorships, and both of these cases caused serious trouble. It is to be hoped, therefore, that the rumours which have ascribed the present action to politico-ecclesiastical considerations are unfounded.

"Audi Alteram Partem" rightly deplores the lack of "means of recording the facts of University administration." Seeing that the Government, albeit to the regret of graduates, has taken the ground that University professors are civil servants, it would be fitting, under the circumstances, that notice of resignations, establishment of professorships and the like, intention to appoint, and appointments themselves should appear in the Government's official organ, the Ontario Gazette. If I may, I would suggest also that THE WEEK might ask the authorities of Toronto and the other Universities to instruct the Registrar and Bursar to furnish it from time to time with reports of meetings of Senate, the Board of Trustees, and the Councils, and such other items of information as one sees now and again in The Academy and The Athenæum.

On the question of granting retiring allowances to professors much might be said, but, in the case of Professor Chapman, it would be ungenerous to make adverse comment. Generally speaking, it should be clearly understood that no gratuity is to be allowed, and that all members of the staff must make suitable provisions for themselves and their families out of their earnings as other people do whose salary is no larger than the average University salary. And in order that this provision may be the better made, the absurd regulation by which a percentage of every man's salary is retained by the University till resignation, dismissal, or death comes, should be abolished forthwith. Most men, as a rule, can find a better investment for their money than that offered by this so-called retiring allowance scheme. Rou.

RELIGION IN SCHOOLS

SIR,—The School War continues and waxes hotter, *vires acquirit eundo*, especially as to Manitoba. In the other Provinces of the Dominion it seems to turn mainly on the question whether Public Schools shall teach religion, and if they do, then how and to what extent? Some think they should be limited to reading portions of scripture without note or comment—and some to the use of the Lord's prayer; but even this is objected to as savouring of *dogma*, without which it is impossible to teach religion, and about which men have always differed and sometimes fought. In the latest number of the Westminster Review there is a very able and kindly article by a Mr. Ford, holding this view, and contending with unanswerable arguments for the teaching of ethics or morality, which our children cannot be taught too early though it cannot be too strongly pressed on their attention at every age. Mr. Ford is right; and holding with him that morality is the foundation of every quality tending to make a good and useful citizen, I think we should say: Let the last six of the ten commandments be read, marked, learned and

inwardly digested by every pupil, and explained and commented on by their teachers, as laws and rules to be observed and obeyed by men of every religious creed, or of no creed, and with them, and as a commentary showing their agreement with the laws of the Dominion, let the corresponding provisions of our criminal code be in like manner taught and learnt, explained and enforced on their attention, with the punishments and disgrace incurred by their violation. Let the children see that the commandments and the code must be observed and obeyed by them in order to their being good citizens and honest men and women. No Canadian of any Province, Catholic or Protestant, or of any race or creed can object to such teaching for his children. Let them have it.

W.

Ottawa, Sept. 23rd, 1895.

"R. E. K." ON SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

SIR,—It is with exceedingly great pleasure I have perused the excellent article on the "Signs of the Times," which appeared in THE WEEK on the 6th inst. Anybody who follows, as carefully as "R. E. K." does, the shaping of continental politics, cannot fail to arrive at a similar conclusion. There are anxious times ahead for European nations, including England, and woe to the country that has not fully realized the gravity of the situation and has ignored the danger signal. My own dear, beloved Germany, the envy of her cousins across the channel, I am glad to say, is always doing, never ceasing to keep her house in order, and anybody who has followed the celebrations commemorating the victories of 1870-71 must be impressed with the enthusiasm that pervaded all sections of the German people, the highest and most noble of all sentiments, the deep-seated love of national loyalty, though a writer in THE WEEK, of the same date, comes to the rash conclusion that generosity and chivalry are not German virtues. I have no patience with writers of that class and if the writer signing himself "Z" would make himself known, he would no doubt be classed by his own countrymen as wanting in loyalty to his own native land, a class of men unfortunately too numerous at the present time, who will wave the old flag perhaps and shout themselves hoarse, but who will never be found in the front ranks, when real, hard work is to be performed. My countrymen fully appreciate the danger that is lurking to the west of them. You say the French are bound to reconquer Alsace and Lorraine.

Is't Alsace? Proud Lorraine, that gem
Wrenched from the Imperial Diadem
By wiles which princely treachery planned?

Let them try it. Talk about Roman Legions, rest assured an army will go forth to cross the Rhine, such as the world has never beheld before. The French will have to meet a united Germany, not the Germany of 1870, and still further, a generation that will prove itself worthy sons of noble sires. They may have internal difficulties, but let the tocsin be sounded from across the Vosges Mountains, and "Ein Volk in Waffen wird auferstehen." Germans have enjoyed the benefits derived from a united empire, nor have they rested upon their laurels and are ever advancing on the high road of industry, literature, science, and all those high attributes that assist in the moulding of a noble race. May God be with us in the coming struggle and bless, as he has done in the past, a deeply religious but freeminded people.

Where German hymns to God are sung
There, gallant brother, take thy stand!
That is the German's Fatherland!!

"Mit Gott für König and Vaterland," that is our warcry,
and a German fears God and nobody else.

32 Wilcox Street, Toronto.

H. J. BÖHME.

THE CANADIAN FLAG.

SIR,—Mr. H. Spencer Howell points out in his communication to THE WEEK of the 20th of September that one beneficial consequence of the discussion of an appropriate device for the flag of the Dominion has been to awaken a spirit of patriotism. All must agree in this view, and in the acceptance of the statement we must recognize that the discussion has not been entirely vain and idle. There has been, indeed, a general interest taken in the subject and even the frivolous minded cannot fail to see that, if the Dominion must possess some distinctive emblem on the national flag to

distinguish Canadian vessels when at sea, such emblem should be wisely chosen.

The proposition has been much discussed in the Canadian press and some of us believed that the last word regarding it had been said some weeks back. From the silence which of late has been observed, the thought crossed the minds of not a few that the forest leaf, that "emblem dear" to Mr. Howell and others who think with him, had passed "the summer of its life," that the beaver had disappeared to hibernate in its winter lair, and that the Star of the North Pole, if it had not set under the Canadian horizon, had at least ceased to exercise its magnetic power. Those who entertained such thoughts are in error, for the last number of THE WEEK has developed a new bursting forth of the maple leaf in all its pristine verdure.

Mr. H. Spencer Howell and Mr. George S. Hodgins must have seen in the abnormal hot weather which we have experienced in the days of our early autumn some hope of the perfect re-vivification of the floral emblem so dear to them. I venture to suggest to these gentlemen and to such of your readers whose tastes and sentiments are in harmony with their views, to refer to the Halifax Herald of August 10th. That paper professes to speak for the Maritime Provinces, and in so doing it gives the most exhaustive survey of the subject I have met. I beg leave to enclose the article in question and I have marked several passages directly bearing on the points at issue. These are well worthy of attention beyond the Maritime Provinces where the Herald is chiefly read. As they are of too great a length for quotation *in extenso*, I ask permission to be allowed to give the following extracts simply to clear away some misconceptions which appear to exist:—

"There are those who persistently, and, to our minds, unreasonably, advocate the placing of the maple leaf on the British flag, claiming that it is the distinctive Canadian emblem. In a previous article we controverted this claim. We denied that the maple leaf had long been identified with Canada, meaning Canada in its present sense, which is, of course, the only sense in which we must now regard it. The maple leaf is no more an emblem of the Dominion than is the mayflower, and placing it on the Canadian flag would be absolutely meaningless. It may have won the popular heart in Ontario, and possibly the sons of Ontario may have carried affection for it to other parts of Canada, but with us it represents nothing more than does the leaf of the elm or the oak, or the birch, or of any other of the thousand and one trees that grow. . . . The advocates of a maple leaf do not seem to recognize that such an emblem only symbolizes weakness and decay; they regard summer beauty as everything and overlook the fact that a floral decoration is not at home "in the battle and the breeze," that storm and tempest, so familiar to us seafaring people, is not the place for a fragile leaf or wreath of leaves. . . . Nova Scotians offer no objections to their fellow subjects in another province adopting any emblem which they may prefer. In Ontario they have come to show a preference for the maple leaf, but the maple leaf is not the emblem of Nova Scotia, and, as the chief Maritime Province, we dissent from a proposal which ignores our own cherished emblem and would force us to accept that of another province as the national emblem on the flag of the Dominion. On behalf of Nova Scotia we claim that the mayflower has an equal right with the maple leaf to appear on the national flag; but while we make the claim we frankly own that neither the mayflower nor the maple leaf are suitable for the purpose. Canada is a maritime nation—the chief practical use of flags is at sea, and floral emblems are totally out of place on the "briny deep." If it had been otherwise, we would probably have had the Rose, the Thistle, and the Shamrock, in place of the Union Jack, on the British ensign,—in all likelihood the Union Jack would never have been designed."

There is one point on which, however much we differ in other respects, all who have written on the subject of the flag are of one mind. Indeed I will venture to say the opinion is universal or almost universal that the heraldic arms on the field of the red ensign should disappear from it. If we fail to agree on a common emblem to take its place the loss will not, according to my way of thinking be serious. In a previous letter, which appeared in THE WEEK of June 7th, I expressed my individual preference for the British ensign "pure and simple," at the same time I ventured to submit what seemed to me a suitable and appropriate design, which might be placed on the flag, if it be desirable to add any emblem to symbolize the Canadian Confederacy. My views remain unchanged, in my humble opinion the British ensign is good enough for any country on the face of the globe. The British ensign happily is our flag as much as Queen Victoria is our sovereign. We will, indeed, look far and wait long before we make a change in either case, which will satisfy in a greater degree our feelings of national pride and, what is of higher account, of national honour.

Ottawa, Sept 24th, 1895.

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Art Notes.

Italy, as I suggested last week, is no longer the training school for the painters of the world; and one reads with complacent pity of the pains to which our ancestors were put to reach what has ceased to be the Mecca of the student. Reynolds counted himself very lucky when his friend, the Admiral, asked him to sail across the perilous Bay of Biscay, and thence to the Mediterranean; whereas to-day we think it a hardship to cross the channel and take the train to Paris. There was no half-hearted study in those old days as Reynolds' history will show. The young painters were few. They were men of marked genius, and they had the quality inseparable from genius—the capacity for taking pains. The admirable "Discourses" of the first President of the Academy indicate that he studied with extraordinary diligence the works of the old masters—their spirit, their style, technique, and the minute details of method. How much more superficial is the student of to-day! He has a fair academic knowledge of the proportions of the human figure; and he can paint a bit—as they understand painting in the schools—and he imagines that he knows more than Giorgione, who sometimes drew a trifle amiss; and could instruct Titian who was guilty of the round-about method of "glazing."

The student of music looks upon Italy—so I understand—much as the young painter does. Germany is his shrine, and Italy is to him the tomb of an obsolete class of music, wherein the aria—a sweetly cloying melody—dominates an obvious and simply harmonized accompaniment. He knows more about the science of his art than Verdi. He has

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wandered in those labyrinthine mazes of modern harmony from which one extricates oneself without the guiding voice of melody; and he despises the tune-making schools. But, for my part, the painting and sculpture of Italy has always seemed to me immeasurably superior to its music; but, of course, I am not conspicuously qualified to judge of its performances in the latter art. Be this as it may, since the inspired days of Grecian sculpture, no country but Italy has as unquestionably held supremacy in the fine arts. During a period of about three centuries, from Cimabue and Giotto down to the decadence under the inflated academicism of Giulio Romano and the Carracci, and the sentimentality of Carlo Dolce and Guido Reni, Italy was the acknowledged leader in the art of design.

Ruskin insisted so fiercely upon this fact that he was led to belittle the art of other countries. He was never quite just to Holland, nor to England (before Turner), nor to Spain. The towering figure of Velasquez seems to have escaped him, and Vandyke he sneered at as the painter of "gentlemanly flimsiness." If I were to attempt to indicate in brief form the relative merits of the schools I should certainly be inclined to lay stress on the masterly realism of Holland, with such men in the ranks as Hals, Rembrandt, and the consummately clever, if less significant, Terbourgh and Teniers. I should place Durer, as a designer in black and white, above any of the Italians; and, with Velasquez as its only representative (for I agree with his verdict on Murillo), I should rank Spain in the forefront of portraiture. In short, I should recommend the student who has time and money at his command to learn his science in Paris, and then to make a tour to the Hague, Rome, Venice and Madrid; and should urge him strongly to return to our English National Gallery and see if there is not something to be learned from Gainsborough, Reynolds, Crome, Turner and De Wint; but I was forgetting, the De Wints are at the South Kensington Museum.

E. WYLY GRIER.

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REV. FATHER BUTLER'S INTERESTING EXPERIENCE

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Caledonia, N.S., Gold Hunter.

Faith leads many to believe, yet when one has experienced anything and has reason to rejoice, it is far stronger proof than faith without reasonable proof. About four miles from Caledonia, along a pleasant road, passing by numerous farms, lives Rev. T. J. Butler, the parish priest of this district. Reports having come to the ears of our reporter about a wonderful cure effected by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, he called on Mr. Butler to seek information on the subjects. Mr. Butler spoke in very high terms of the Pink Pill, and said they had saved him untold suffering, and perhaps saved his life. The reverend gentleman felt a little hesitancy at giving a public testimonial at first, but after our reporter remarked that if one was really grateful for a remarkable cure, he thought it was his duty to give it publicity for humanity's sake, he cheerfully consented. His story in his own words is as follows:—"I was led to take Pink Pills through reading the testimonials in the papers. I was troubled with an abscess in my side and had tried many different medicines without avail. I took medical advice on the subject, and was told I would have to undergo an operation to cure it which would cost me about \$100. At last I determined to try Pink Pills, but without a great feeling of faith of their curing me. One box helped me and I resolved to take a three months course and give them a fair trial. I did so, and to-day I am completely cured of the abscess in my side through using Pink Pills, and I always recommend friends of mine to use Pink Pills for diseases of the blood. As Father Butler is well known throughout this country his statement is a clincher to the many wonderful tes-

timonials that have appeared in the Gold Hunter from time to time. On enquiring at the stores of J. E. Cushing and N. F. Douglas, it was found that Pink Pills have a sale second to none. Mr. Cushing is being asked if he knew of any cures effected by them, replied that he heard a great many personally say Pink Pills had helped them wonderfully. If given a fair and thorough trial Pink Pills are a certain cure for all diseases of the blood and nerves, such 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, diseases depending on humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. Pink Pills gives 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. Sold by all dealers or sent by mail, postpaid, at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N.Y. Beware of imitations and substitutes alleged to be "just as good."

The September Reviews.

In the Nineteenth Century the post of honour is given to the Hon. Mr. Justice Ameer Ali, who, in an ably written paper, controverts the article on "Islam" in the last issue of The Quarterly. He speaks with horror of the Armenian incidents, and points out that it is the Turk rather than the Mahomedan who has earned the indignation of civilized mankind. Sir Alfred Lyall follows with a paper on "Permanent Dominion in Asia." It is written with great literary charm and deep thought. He shows that there are various forces and circumstances which are tending to check the advancement of European predominance in Asia. The third article is on "The Romantic and Contemporary plays of Thomas Heywood," by Algernon Swinburne. Anything on the Elizabethan dramatists by Mr. Swinburne is always welcome. He praises the plays of Heywood for their unpretentious elevation in treatment of character. Our men of affairs will read with interest Captain Lugard's paper on "New British Markets." He deals with tropical Africa. What he has to say of the effect of Mohammedanism on the negro is most interesting. The effect is to raise him a little above the chaos and the superstition of the pagan, but there arrests development and leaves him with no higher aspiration the victim of bigotry and exclusion, the scourge of non-Mohammedan humanity. Other articles are "Africanists in Council," by A. Silva White; "The Kutho-Daw," by Prof. Max Müller; and "The Present Condition of Russia," by Prince Kropotkin.

The Contemporary opens with an anonymous article on "Macedonia and the Macedonians." The writer regrets that the problem of Turkish rule in Macedonia was not settled at the Congress of Berlin, and on the lines suggested by the Treaty of San Stefano. This treaty would have emancipated all the Christians who inhabit the extensive territory that lies between the Black Sea and the Adriatic to the south of the independent Balkan States and to the north of what is still the Turkish Empire, raising them to the level of an autonomous principality tributary to the Porte, and thus practically resuscitating the Great Bulgarian Kingdom of eight hundred years ago. Mr. W. T. Stead contributes a paper on "Jingoism in America," in which he quotes many of the politicians of the United States to show how firm a hold the Munroe doctrine has taken on the minds of the people. August Weisman discusses "Heredity;" Vernon Lee "Literary Construction;" and Cayo Riccio "Crispi's Administration;" and Laird Clowes "A Scheme of Electoral Reform." "The Church's Opportunity," by Canon Barnett, will interest Churchmen in Canada. Herbert Spencer discourses learnedly of "Biographer, Historian, and Man of Letters."

Chess Corner.

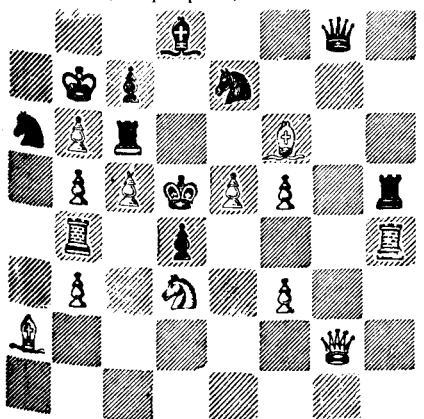
SOLUTION OF PROBLEMS.

703, Kt B5. 706, Q K2. 707, Q QR. Drawer 584, Port Hope.

Problem 708.

708, Mate in 2, by N. H. Greenway.

9 Black - 5(3b2q2Kp1n3, nPR2B3PPkPP1R



1r1p3r, 1P1N1P2, B5Q9) 14 White + 5.

708, White to play and mate in 2 moves.

Alphabet key-board table with letters 1-28 arranged in a grid.

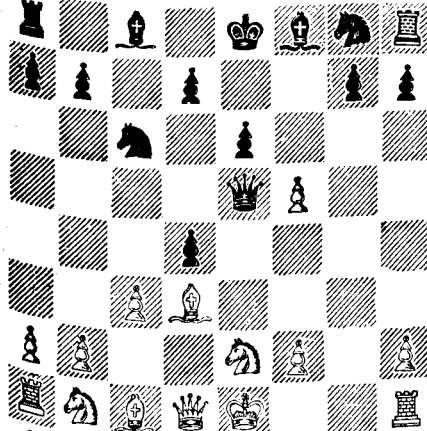
KEY-BOARD

ECHOES FROM HASTINGS.

The dashing partie, played 21 August, we present as game 708.

Chess game record table with columns for player names (Pollock, Tarrach) and moves.

15 Black + P(r1b1kbnr, pplp2pp, 2n1p7qP2.

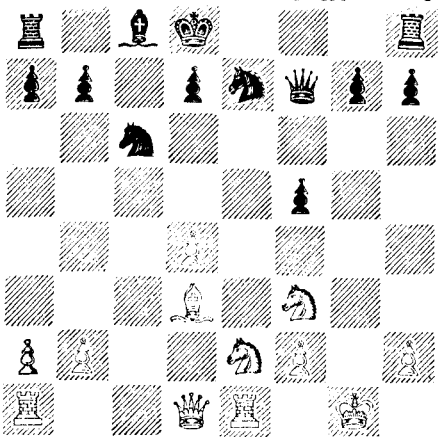


3p6PB4, PP2NPIP, RNBQK2R) White - P

Table of chess moves and piece notations (9 Castles, 10 R K sq, etc.).

13 Kt KB3 K Qsq UP 54, 14 B Kkt 5 Q B2 33y pf, 15 B xB ch Kkt xB yet 7e,

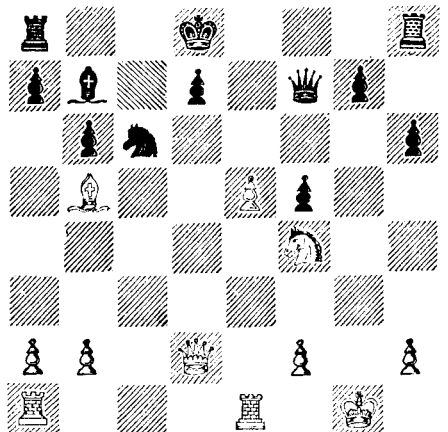
13 Black + P(r1b1k3r, pplpnpqp, 2n5, 5p 2



3 P7B1N2, PP2NPIP, R2QR1K1) White - P

16 Q Q2 P KR3 44V hr, 17 Kt K5 Kt xKt Pw mw, 18 P xKt P QKt3 Dw bk, 19 Kt B4 B Kt2 WF 3b, 20 B Kt5 Kt B3 Nt em,

Black + P(r2k3r, pb 1p1qp2pn 4p, 1B2Pp2.



5N2, 8, PPIQIPI, R3RIK1) 11 White - P

21 P K6 Q K2 wo fe, 22 Kt Kt6 Q Kt4 ch Fq ey,† 23 Q xQch P xQ Vy† ry, 24 Kt xR Kt Q5 q8 md, 25 P K7 ch Resigns oet ill.

Louder Times - The greatest chess tournament on record, with every foremost master of the day.

Illustrated London News - The general quality of the play has been good, although so far as we have seen, there has been no great game - such, for instance, as the ever-memorable Pollock vs. Weiss, in the American tournament.

The Eagle published a Pillsbury issue.

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Personal.

Dr. J. Clarence Webster, of Edinburgh University, was in Montreal last week the guest of Principal Petersen, of McGill College. Dr. Webster is Canadian by birth, belonging to Shediac, N.B. He has had a very distinguished career, carrying off many honours. He is now connected with the University of Edinburgh, succeeding the late Sir J. Y. Simpson.

Lieutenant Peary has reached St. John's, Nfld., in safety. The second twelve months of his stay in the Arctic do not appear to have been as profitable as the first. The acclimatizing of the first year did not make the men stronger for the trials of the second, and sickness among the members prevented the accomplishment of the leader's plans. Lieut. Peary, however, has done enough in the way of northern exploration to stand the comparative failure of one part of his venturesome work, and will merit the rest he is likely to take.

After a stay of several days in Winnipeg, Henry M. Stanley, the African explorer, left last Saturday for the Canadian Rockies. Mr. Stanley will spend a couple of days in the mountains, hunting and fishing with a party of gentlemen who have arranged to join him. His travelling companion west is Hon. Charles Mackintosh, governor of the North-West Territories. It is understood that Mr. Stanley has been commissioned by the King of the Belgians to report on the Canadian North-West country as a field for Belgian immigration.

Rev. Mr. Herridge and Mrs. Herridge returned to Ottawa, recently, from an extended trip abroad. While away Mr. Herridge visited Bermuda and the West India Islands before sailing for England. He thinks a good trade could be worked up between Canada and the West Indies, as the people there are very friendly toward the Canadians. In the West India Islands he met many Canadians. While in England and Scotland, Mr. Herridge visited Haddo House, the home of Lord Aberdeen, and also St. Andrew's University, one of the great historic centres of Scotland.

Sir Henry Irving and Miss Ellen Terry, and the London Lyceum Company, arrived in Toronto on Sunday morning last, and on Monday evening began a week's engagement at the Grand Opera House, opening with "Faust." The reception accorded the distinguished Knight and the ever-charming Miss Terry was most enthusiastic. "Faust" was repeated on Tuesday. "The Merchant of Venice" was produced on Wednesday, and "King Arthur" on Thursday—which is to be repeated to-night—and to-morrow "The Merchant of Venice" will be put on for the matinee, and in the evening "A Story of Waterloo" (by Conan Doyle) and "The Bells."

Through the acceptance by Professor Fletcher of the Latin Chair in University College his work in Queen's was left vacant at the beginning of the session. Queen's appoints to chairs very deliberately and no time was allowed the trustees to advertise for candidates and make a regular appointment; but as the Principal has large administrative power in connection with interim and emergency cases he offered the position to Professor Dale for the ensuing session, on the understanding that the trustees at their annual meeting next spring would not be committed but would advertise in the usual way for candidates and select a Professor next summer. Professor Dale has accepted the Principal's offer. The classes in Queen's will thus be cared for and the work proceed without disturbance. The University is to be congratulated on having secured so thoroughly competent a man for the work of the session.

Mr. E. L. Newcombe, Deputy Minister of Justice, was a passenger on board the Labrador, which arrived in Montreal on Saturday. He went over to England early in June to argue on behalf of the Dominion Government in the Ontario prohibition appeal before the Privy Council. Judgment in the case has not yet been rendered by the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council. He was also authorized by the Department of Justice to resume the negotiations which the late Sir John Thomp-

son was carrying on at the time of his death relative to the acceptance of the Copyright Act passed a couple of sessions ago by the Dominion Parliament, and which has not yet been accepted by the British Government. The publishers and authors of Great Britain objected to some of the terms of the act, and it was for this reason that the acceptance was withheld. It is understood that Mr. Newcombe has brought back with him a draft copy of an amended Copyright Act, which is agreeable to the British publishers and authors, and that he will submit it to the Minister of Justice, and that, if it is acceptable, it will be brought before the next session of Parliament.

* * *

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Two ladies entered a book-store recently and the younger asked the clerk for a book called "Favorite Prescription." The puzzled attendant was unable to comply with her request and she left the store disappointed. Inquiry elicited the fact that she had overheard a conversation between two literary ladies in which "Favorite Prescription" was mentioned with extravagant praise, and had jumped to the conclusion that it was a book. She now knows that Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a sovereign cure for the ills and "weaknesses" peculiar to women, for she has been cured by its use. Send for a free pamphlet, or remit 10 cents in stamps for Book (168 pages) on "Woman and Her Diseases." Address World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

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Literary Notes.

The next volume to appear in Macmillan & Co.'s series of "Economic Classics" will be a translation from the German of Professor Schmoller's brilliant essay on "The Mercantile System." It is the most complete survey that has yet appeared of the economic institutions and policy of the chief European countries in the period from the fourteenth to the eighteenth century.

Among the interesting announcements for the autumn is that of the preparation of an edition of "Don Quixote," done into English by Mr. George Santayana, of Harvard University. Mr. Santayana, whose volume of poems is now followed by a volume on "Esthetics," from the Scribners, will also translate anew the verse contained in the book. It will be issued in four thin folio volumes, printed on handmade paper, and with twelve full-page illustrations by a designer whom the publisher, Mr. D. B. Updike, of Boston, has not yet announced.

Josiah Flynt, who has had extended experience as an amateur tramp in this country, England and Germany, writes a paper for the October Century on "How Men Become Tramps." He gives as the principal causes or sources of vagabondage: The love of liquor; Wanderlust, or love of wandering; the county jail, owing to the promiscuous herding of boys and homeless wanderers with criminals; the tough and rough element in villages and towns, and the comparatively innocent but misguided pupils of the reform school.

A series of articles on the Public Schools of the United States will be contributed to Harper's Weekly by F. M. Hewes. They are to be statistical and comparative, giving the data in regard to attendance, pupils, teachers, salaries, curricula, expenditures, city schools and high schools. They will deal with the entire subject of public school education in the United States, and the facts in regard to the various sections will be carefully collated and compared with each other, and studied in their relation to the general status of public education in this country. They will be graphically illustrated and elucidated by means of ingenious and accurate diagrams, charts and figures. There are seven papers in all, which begin in September and continue through the autumn.

"Post-Darwinian Questions," the second part of the late Prof. George J. Romanes's great work "Darwin, and After Darwin," is announced for publication by The Open Court Publishing Company, of Chicago, on October 15th next. With the exception of the concluding chapters, the present volume was ready for publication over two years ago, but the severe and protracted illness of Professor Romanes prevented its speedy completion. On his death in 1894 the manuscript was placed in the hands of his friend, Prof. C. Lloyd Morgan, the distinguished biologist and Principal of University College, Bristol, England, who has successfully edited the work. This volume, with the first on "The Darwinian Theory," and the booklet on "Weismannism," constitutes in the opinion of all competent critics the most complete and authoritative general treatise of evolution in the English language. (Pages, 334. Price, \$1.50.) The same publishing house has also recently issued a second edition of Professor Romanes's "Thoughts on Religion."

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Lloyd Osbourne, the stepson of Robert Louis Stevens n, has written for the October Scribner an account of "Mr. Stevenson's Home-life at Vailima."

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The September Reviews.

Mr. Louis Garvin, the Socialist, opens the Fortnightly with an article on "A Party with a Future." The party with a future is the Independent Labour Party. It is possessed of "a creed competing with the parties which have only policies. . . . It is a party which unquestionably commands the emotional force of its adherents as no political movement in Great Britain has done since Chartism, and which, in the opinion of experienced observers who think its aims illusory and its methods pernicious, may ultimately play all that part which Chartism would unquestionably have played in politics under a democratic franchise." Mr. Garvin concludes by asserting that "the Labourists will do better in the General Election of 1900; and the appearance with the opening century is more than a possibility of a perhaps small but a compact party, exchanging fraternal greetings with their confreres in the German Reichstag and the French Chamber from the Socialist benches of the House of Commons." We venture to think that Mr. Garvin's prophesying will not come true. "Lord Salisbury's Triumph," by Mr. H. D. Traill, is interesting but inconclusive. He predicts that the unprecedented composition of the present Parliament will be found at the close of its career to have been the most remarkable thing about it, and that its legislative record will prove to have been much more marvellous than that of any of its predecessors. "Tudor Translations," by Professor Raleigh, is a very pleasant paper. By comparing North with Langhorne he shows how great an artist in words was North. Amongst other interesting articles may be mentioned "Thomas Huxley and Karl Vogt," by Prof. Ernst Haeckel, "Coleridge and his Critics," by N. C. Smith, and "Stambouloff's Fall," by Edward Dicey. C.B.

The Political Science Quarterly (Ginn & Co., Boston) contains some good articles. "The Gold Standard in Recent Theory," by Prof. J. B. Clark, will well repay reading. Prof. Burgess discusses the "Ideal of the American Commonwealth." He maintains that the American commonwealth is already "based upon ideal principles and has advanced many stages in an ideal development; that it has only to be freed from some crudities and excrescences, and to pursue steadily the general course towards which its history points, in order to reach the perfection of its ideal; that therefore we need no revolution of our system, which would, in fact, drive us from the line which leads to the attainment of our ideal; and that we are compelled to regard those who should favour and advise such a revolution as the enemies in principle of the American republic and of the political civilization of the world." Professor James Mavor, of Toronto University, contributes an able article on "Labour and Politics in England," which we reserve for fuller notice in our next issue, merely adding that the distinguished writer remarks that the labour movement in England is ineffectual, and that the working class does not trust its leaders and the leaders do not trust each other. They have not shown themselves possessed of any skill in parliamentary debate or in electioneering tactics. "The Study of Statistics," by Professor Mayo-Smith, is worth careful examination. The reviews in this number are very good indeed, and embrace a large number of the latest works.

From the Westminster for this month we have already made copious selections at this number contains Colonel Denison's able article on "Canada and her Relations to the Empire." Other articles are "The Cause of the Collapse," by Arthur Withy; "Thomas Henry Huxley," by Mrs. Simpson; "A Commonsense View of Agnosticism," by E. M. S.; "Democratic Ideals," by J. W. Kennedy, and "The New Minister of Education," by J. J. Davies. This Review, as well as the Nineteenth Century, Contemporary, and Fortnightly are republished in the United States by the Leonard Scott Publication Co., 231 Broadway, New York. The price of each is \$4.50 per annum.

* * *
Mr. John Morley is said to be at present busily engaged on a history of the present century. It is intended to be a very big effort, and is expected to engage his attention for several years.

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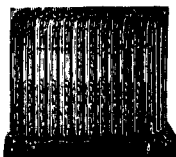
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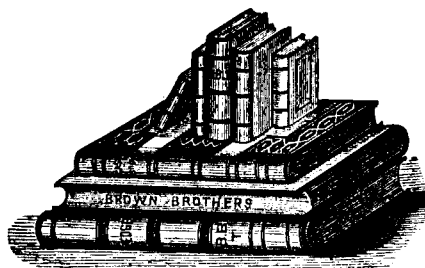
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