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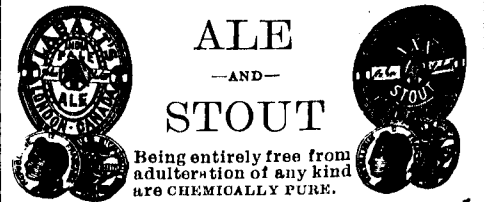
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All articles, contributions, and letters on matters pertaining to the editorial department should be addressed to the Editor, and not to any person who may be supposed to be connected with the paper.

WHAT may be regarded as the test vote of the strength of parties in the new Parliament was taken on Wednesday, 20th inst., on Mr. Cameron's motion for the second reading of his Bill to repeal the Electoral Franchise Act. It is characteristic of the system of government by party that in the House of Commons and, we may pretty safely add, in the whole country, the main interest in the vote was centred not so much on the merits or demerits of the Bill as on the cue the vote would afford to the exact size of the Government majority. Another outcome of the system, which, rightly viewed, should be still more humiliating to a people proud of their intelligence and their democratic institutions, was that no one who understands the situation can regard the vote as a true index to the convictions of the individual voters on the merits of the Franchise Act. On the contrary everyone knew from the first that the side on which the vote of each one of the rank and file should be cast was determined, not by himself from unbiased study of the question, but for him by the party leaders or the party caucus. We refer to this feature of our system of Government, time-honoured though that system is, simply as a fact which must always be taken into account in estimating parliamentary opinion as represented by a party vote. We have no wish to ignore the practical advantages of the system, or the practical difficulties that would stand in the way of any attempt to carry out a better. Regarded as a party test the result indicates a Government majority of twenty-eight to thirty. This is, as it was reasonable to expect, about a mean between the numbers predicted by the sanguine partisans on either side. Unless the revelations before the Committee of Privileges and Elections in the McGreevy enquiry should prove specially damaging to the Government, the probabilities are that it, as the winning side, will grow stronger rather than weaker with the lapse of time, though the result of the October negotiations with the United States authorities will constitute an uncertain and possibly disturbing element.

TURNING for a moment to consider Mr. Cameron's motion on its merits, we cannot conceal our conviction that the Opposition had the best of the argument, and that many of those who voted from party loyalty in favour of Sir John Thompson's amendment were privately of that opinion. The question has two distinct aspects; the one looking to the general principles on which the existing Act is based, the other to the character and workings of this particular measure. Glancing first at the latter and assuming, for argument's sake, that it is in accordance with sound constitutional principles that the Federal Parliament should prescribe the franchise of its own members, it surely does not follow that it should have the lists prepared by officials of its own appointment and printed in its own printing office, or that it should entrust the management of the elections to returning officers selected by itself and thus retain a certain power of control over the workings of the electoral machinery. If a tithing of the irregularities and frauds which are declared by the Opposition speakers to have taken place, and which were not, it was observable, indignantly denied by the Government leaders, were of actual occurrence no further proof could be needed to show that the administration of the Act lends itself readily to partisan abuses. These charges are, by the way, of too grave a character to be passed over, and if those who made them really believe them to be founded on facts they will do well to ask for a special committee to investigate them, according to Mr. Charlton's declared purpose. It is humiliating, both to the Parliament and to the Canadian people, to have such statements, impugning the sense of honour of the Government and its officers, made on the floor of the House. Members should surely be taught to feel that a serious responsibility attaches to the making of such allegations. As to the main question, that of the constitutional principle involved, there is no doubt room for difference of opinion. One's views on this point will naturally be determined by his prior views in regard to the real source of power in the Confederation. The late Hon. J. H. Gray, in his history of the Debates which preceded Confederation, takes the ground that the Crown was the source of authority in fact as well as in form, and that the powers of the Provincial Legislatures are all derivative, as flowing down to them from this fountain head. Those who take that view will logically hold that the Federal Parliament alone has a right to determine the franchise and the mode of election of its own members. Believing, as we do, on the other hand, that it is in the very nature of a voluntary confederation of self-governing states, that these states are the real fountains of the powers they surrender to the central authority, we cannot avoid the conclusion that on the provinces themselves individually should devolve the right and the responsibility of determining the qualifications and mode of election of their representatives in the general Parliament. The very fact that this principle fails to secure perfect uniformity in the qualifications of voters and in other respects is rather an argument in its favour than the opposite. The circumstances and conditions of the people in one Province differ from those in another. These differences, as determined by age and political development, by educational conditions, by racial derivations, and so forth, may constitute the very best reason why the terms of franchise in one Province should differ from those in another. Certainly the people of the provinces themselves are in the best position to judge in this matter, and it seems an undoubted hardship that those whom the people of a Province themselves declare entitled to vote should in any case be deprived of that title by the voice of the people of other provinces, or *vice versa*. At the same time no one can deny the right of the central Government and Parliament to protect themselves against unfair and partisan legislation or practices on the part of the local authorities. But surely this could be done without the former taking the whole business into their own hands, and not only subjecting the Federal principle to an unnecessary strain, but duplicating at an enormous expense the electoral machinery of the whole Dominion. Sooner or later the Dominion Franchise Act will, we venture to predict, be repealed with the consent of both parties.

EVERY high-minded Canadian must feel personally humiliated on reading the reports of debates and proceedings in the Commons, as they come to hand from morning to morning. The rancour which so often disgraced the hustings has evidently been carried into the House. The best traditions of the British and Canadian Parliaments are in danger of being forgotten. The language and tone in which certain of the leading spirits on either side speak to and of certain of their opponents are too often in deplorable contrast with those in which one gentleman, not to say statesman, might be expected to address another, whose political principles and policy he believes to be unsound and harmful, but to whom he nevertheless is bound to give credit for being as honest and patriotic as himself. It is difficult for an onlooker, however impartial, to say which side is most to blame for a state of feeling which threatens to do away with the courtesies and amenities of public life and convert the House of Commons into a political bear garden. Some of the questions of Opposition leaders have been peculiarly irritating by reason of the insinuations they convey; while the replies of some of the Ministers have been flippant if not arrogant. The accusations and denunciations which have been hurled against Ministers in respect to their alleged unfairness and misrepresentation in the conduct of the campaign, have transgressed all bounds of Parliamentary decorum. On the other hand it seems impossible to deny that the methods and arguments resorted to by the Government were in many respects the opposite of what is fair, not to say chivalrous or honourable political warfare. The manner in which the Minister of Public Works has been badgered and bullied in connection with the pending charge of maladministration, seems little short of a gross violation of one of the first principles of British fair play. On the other hand it is true that the most sympathetic friend of the accused Minister can hardly deny that it was in exceedingly bad taste for him to retain his position at the head of his department during the collection and arrangement of the documents in the custody of that department on which his accuser relies to substantiate his charges. It is certainly unreasonable and unfair to claim that a Minister is bound to resign whenever a charge of malfeasance in office is brought against him. But it is none the less true that a scrupulous delicacy of feeling would under such circumstances prompt most men to hand over the control of documents called for to some other person, with the least possible delay. A case of still greater hardship is that of Mr. Perley. Without attempting to decide the disputed question as to whether such an officer is bound by honour or by custom to resign his office, pending an investigation involving his official integrity, or whether, in the event of his not resigning, it is the duty of the Government to suspend him, we cannot but feel that such an attack as that of which Mr. Perley was the victim, and against which he could not possibly defend himself, was uncalled for, if not unjust and cruel. This will be seen the more clearly when it is remembered that it is, to say the least, quite possible that Mr. Perley is perfectly guiltless, and that it is his very consciousness of innocence that emboldens him to retain his position pending the vindication which he may know is but a question of days or weeks.

HOWEVER we may feel constrained to condemn much that is reprehensible in the language and spirit of some of the leading members of the Opposition, there is one matter of no small importance in respect to which no impartial onlooker can, it seems to us, fail to sympathize to some extent with their indignation. We refer to the part taken in the late campaign by Sir Charles Tupper, and the open avowal by Sir John Macdonald that he himself is responsible for having summoned the Canadian High Commissioner from England to take part as a red hot partisan in the struggle. That the Premier should have thought it unnecessary to attempt any explanation or defence of so extraordinary a course, and even deemed it fitting to congratulate himself upon the success of Sir Charles' canvass in his own constituency, was not calculated to allay the exasperation of his opponents. Can it be that Sir John, or any member or fair-minded supporter of the Government, fails to see that this employment of a public official in a strictly and intensely partisan work was not

only a gross violation of sound administrative principles, but also the establishing of a mischievous and demoralizing precedent? We are curious to know, and we think the Parliament and people of Canada have a right to know, on what grounds the Premier can reconcile it with his own sense of public duty. Would he not be one of the first to condemn such an act in a political opponent, were such at the head of the Government, as an open betrayal of the public trust? Has he not always approved the well understood principle of Canadian politics, that no public official should be permitted to engage actively and offensively in a party canvass? So far as we are able to see, and we have honestly striven to look at the matter on all sides, the act admits of no justification. It simply amounts to this, that the Premier takes advantage of his position as the virtual Head of the Canadian Executive to use the public funds, supplied by the taxes of the whole people without distinction of party, for the employment of a personal agent in a partisan canvass. In other words he compels his political opponents to help pay the expenses of his own agent. And so long as his majority in the House supports him the party so grossly injured has absolutely no redress. Is the country then really under personal government? We wish to speak with all respect of the veteran Premier, whom the people have kept so long at the head of the State, but we cannot conceal our conviction that in this act he has struck a serious blow at our non-partisan Civil Service. It cannot be that the more independent and broad-minded of his supporters fail to see how indefensible it is, or how the bad precedent may return some day to plague its inventors. We wish to put the matter strongly because it seems to us a case in which the independent press should speak. If there is any possible justification of this procedure we shall be grateful to any one who will point it out. We say nothing of the manner in which Sir Charles conducted his canvass, or of his epithets of which the Opposition complain, because those are but the accidents of the case. Of course, as we have before said, Sir Charles' own plea, that he came to help save the country, is but insult added to injury so far as nearly half the people of Canada are concerned.

CAREFUL readers of the debate in the Commons, so far as it has proceeded, on Mr. Jamieson's motion affirming that the country is ripe for Prohibition, must have observed that a great deal of the discussion was beside the real question at issue. Arguments from facts and statistics to show that terrible evils result from the use of intoxicating drinks may or may not be necessary to impress the minds of members with a deep sense of their political and personal responsibility to do all in their power for the suppression of those evils and of the traffic which gives rise to them. But manifestly those arguments have no bearing upon the actual question at issue. That question is not whether the use of intoxicants is the source of a very large percentage of the vice, misery and crime which afflict society. No man in his senses can deny that. Nor is the question whether, in view of all these facts, it is desirable that the manufacture, sale and use of intoxicating liquors should be totally suppressed. On that point there is much difference of opinion, but, even were all the members of the House agreed on the principle of Prohibition, it would by no means follow that the time has arrived when it is expedient to embody that principle in law and attempt to carry it out in practice. It may be said that the great number of signatures affixed to the petitions must be taken to prove that the great majority of the people demand such an Act and are ready to enforce it. But this by no means follows, as an analysis of those signatures would no doubt show. We say nothing of the great financial difficulty that would ensue from the loss of revenue, were a prohibitory law passed and put in operation, for we do not think that any financial consideration should be set over against a moral obligation. But it must be clear to everyone that the enforcement of such a law as that proposed would be a matter of enormous difficulty. How large a percentage of those whose names appear on the petitions belong to the class who could be relied on to bring personal influence and energy to bear for the enforcement of the law, especially in the cities, where the great struggle would take place? Every reasonable person must admit, as indeed the history of prohibitory legislation has amply proved, that no law of the kind can be enforced in a free and democratic country by a bare or slender majority. Nothing short of an overwhelming public sentiment in its favour

can avail. Is there at present in Canada any such overwhelming sentiment? How large a majority of those with whom it would rest, in the last stage, to say whether such a law should be carried into effect or not, can be shown to be in favour of total prohibition? Is there a majority so powerful and so much in earnest that they can be relied on to back up the officers of the law? That is the real question. The most earnest advocate of Prohibition must admit, unless wholly carried away by enthusiasm, that to pass a prohibitory law and fail to enforce it would throw back the total abstinence movement for many years and plunge the country into a state worse than the former. There is much to be said in favour of a plebiscite to determine the question, but, even should a plebiscite be resolved on, it would never do, for reasons above indicated, to let a bare majority, even of the electors, decide such a question. Nothing less than two-thirds or three-fourths of the people could warrant such a measure, or secure even a passable enforcement of it.

THE remarkable educational movement known as "University Extension" is making great strides in Great Britain and the United States. Unless we sadly misread the signs, it is bound to undergo a wonderful development in the near future. It is but in keeping with the spirit of the age that this enterprise should be laying hold on the sympathies of large-minded educators, and of the more philanthropic and public-spirited of educated men of all classes. For the first time in the history of the race, the genius of learning seems disposed to come forth from the university and college cloisters and bring the methods and opportunities for higher culture within the reach of the many. As the *Christian World* observes:—

The needs of the nation are finding a voice. Multitudes of people scattered throughout the country, eager for knowledge, keenly alive to intellectual problems, and struggling hard to educate themselves, are asking whether the Universities of the land have no duties towards them. They cannot spare either the time or the money required for a course either at the older seats of learning, or at the local colleges which have sprung up during the last twenty years. To the Universities they cannot go, the Universities must come to them.

And the Universities are responding, as never before, to the call. Few, probably, even in educated circles, are aware how much has already been done in this direction in England, where such Universities as Oxford and Cambridge, London, Durham, and Victoria have the signal, and it may pretty safely be predicted, the immortal honour of having led the van of this evolutionary—perhaps it would not be too much to say revolutionary—movement. From facts recently published in the *Quarterly Review* and elsewhere, it appears that during the last year no less than 40,000 students have availed themselves of the new opportunities thus brought within their reach. "Almost every town of importance has become an outpost of University influence." The recent visit of Professor Moulton, of Cambridge, has united with other influences to give a great impulse to this movement in the United States. The system is one well adapted to the spirit of American institutions. It has, too, within it that which cannot fail to appeal strongly to the well-known liberality in educational matters of the wealthy classes in the United States. A great work, to some extent along the same lines, has, indeed, been going on for years in the development of what is known as the Chautauqua system. But the superiority of University Extension is that it adds the presence and stimulus of the living teacher to the opportunities and inducements afforded by the carefully graded courses and examinations. Its methods are also by so much the more flexible in that they take account of the smallest instalments of real work done, inasmuch that the mechanic or the clerk who takes but a single subject for a single term may have the satisfaction and the stimulus to further exertion which come from University recognition of their work. It would be a great mistake, Prof. Moulton assures us, to jump, as many will be ready to do, to the conclusion that the work done at the outposts under this system is superficial and comparatively worthless from the scholarly point of view. Of course a good many attend the lectures who do little or nothing in the way of systematic study. Even these can hardly fail to derive a certain amount of benefit. But it is none the less true that much of the work done by those who take the prescribed studies and examinations is quite as good in quality as that of the regular college students and sometimes better. This can be readily explained in view of the greater earnestness, enthusiasm, maturity of mind

and concentration of force upon a single subject, which will often be found in the extension student. This movement may be taken, we believe, as embodying the answer of the spirit of the age to the complaint we so often hear that the masses are being over-educated and that great social and economic evils are likely to result. The answer is—and who shall dare to say it is not the true solution and the only one worthy of the new century so soon to dawn—"More education, not less." Make education universal. Why not? The two great hindrances on the side of those Universities which are alive to the importance of the movement—as, unhappily, some are not—are want of money and want of men, suitable men for lecturers. Both will be forthcoming; the former as men of wealth, touched with the "enthusiasm of humanity," come to see what magnificent opportunities for a work of the noblest philanthropy are herein set before them; the latter as students, like-minded, awake to the fact that herein are opening up avenues to a new profession of the noblest kind, one that will give ample scope for the highest educational talent, and will have the promise of unlimited opportunities for the most enduring usefulness.

AT a recent dinner of the Fair Trade League of England, speeches were made by several distinguished guests in favour of closer trade relations between Great Britain and her colonies. To us it has always seemed clear, in opposition to opinions that have been advanced by distinguished advocates of Imperial Federation, that commercial union of some kind is the indispensable, and we may add the impossible, first step in the direction of any such federation. It is, we think, characteristic of recent discussions, that the necessity of commencing, instead of ending, with the adjustment of the new trade relations is coming to be more clearly recognized. On the occasion in question, Sir James Lowther said that the object they (the Fair Trade Club and the United Empire League) had in view would be best achieved by ascertaining upon what basis the various component elements of the British Empire would entertain proposals for fiscal union. Sir Charles Tupper "was convinced that to make the union (between the Mother Country and the colonies) closer, it was necessary, as he was sure it was practicable, to make a new fiscal departure. He did not undervalue sentimental bonds, but if we wished to strengthen those bonds further measures would have to be adopted, and the tie of self-interest would have to be joined with that of sentiment." Sir Charles Tupper, by the way, is reported as having made the extraordinary statement that the fiscal policy his party had adopted in Canada was "never called in Canada, a protective policy," but this must surely be a mistake of the reporter. That is, however, aside from the point. Sir Julius Vogel said that "if they were to make their movement successful and to avoid the dilettante character which, notwithstanding Sir C. Tupper's eulogy, undoubtedly attached to the Imperial Federation League, they must by an informal convention, for discussion of otherwise, lay down the details and particulars by which an Imperial Zollverein might ultimately be established." These are important statements by men whose opinions are entitled to weight. If it would not be presumptuous in us to do so, we would commend them to the attention of those friends of Imperial Federation in our own Parliament who are said to contemplate bringing before the House a resolution in favour of the summoning of a great conference of British and colonial delegates to consider the question of closer union. What tariff reductions Canada prepared to make in favour of British manufacturers? What changes in her free trade system can the Mother Country be reasonably expected to make in return for these reductions? When these two practical questions shall have been considered and an agreement reached by representatives of the two parties concerned, the first step will have been taken in the direction of the closer political union desired.

THE subject of the last paragraph suggests reference to a somewhat remarkable extract from a private letter which appears in a late number of *Imperial Federation* under the heading "An Impartial Canadian's View." The letter shows unmistakable evidence of ability and of a thorough knowledge of Canadian affairs, and, without admitting the conclusiveness of the reasoning, we think it eminently worthy of consideration in connection with the important question of our future relations to the Mother Country. The writer, who is a resident of Ontario after expressing his gratification at the great interest which

was taken in England in the late Canadian election as contrasted with the indifference of twenty-five years ago, proceeds as follows:—

Of course, I was pleased with the result of the election as far as it went. But matters here are by no means on a solid or satisfactory basis. The "National Policy"—that system of high protective tariffs introduced by Sir John Macdonald and the Conservative party in 1879—has pressed heavily and with evil effect on the country at large. The farmers have been impoverished by it, and to-day are poorer men, and their land much lower in value, than twelve years ago. Discontent is rife among them, and they are beginning to see that they have been taxed to make rich a few weak and trashy manufacturing concerns. "Commercial Union" or "Unrestricted Reciprocity" with the States was proposed by the Opposition to cure this condition of affairs, and the specious and sophistical arguments they brought forward had undoubtedly the effect of turning a good many farmers' votes. To my mind "Commercial Union" with the States would prove utterly incapable of affording relief to our farming community. If we came under the high protective system of the States, our farmers would be ten times worse off than they are at present; they would be crushed out and farms would be abandoned by the hundred in Ontario, just as they are now in the New England States (the Commissioner of Agriculture for the State of New Hampshire reports 887 abandoned farms!).

He then proceeds to give with clearness and force the familiar argument that profitable trade with the United States is impossible for Canadian farmers, because that country already produces a vast deal more of such commodities than it can consume, and consequently exports agricultural produce in great quantities. He then proceeds as follows:—

In order to restore this country to a sound condition, we must get back to true principles. The false doctrines taught during the last twelve years must be unlearned. The people must be made to see that taxation is an injury and not a benefit; they must be made to see that our prosperity depends on trade, that we can only trade with the country that needs our produce, and that that country is England. To do all this, however, is a Herculean work, and there does not appear to be any Hercules ready to undertake it. If the Liberal party here had come out and declared for free trade with England—instead of the stupid and disloyal union with the States—I believe they would have carried the country. Or if the Conservatives had declared for a large reduction of the tariff, the Government majority would have been increased instead of diminished. But our public men here are not learned in political science, and they are learning political economy by practical experiments—a most dangerous thing for the country. The elections have brought out how strong the loyalty of the Canadians is; they have also shown how much the country has been strained by the high taxation of the National Policy. The danger is that if this strain continues the people may be wrongly persuaded into the belief that relief can only be had through Commercial Union with the States—and that means Annexation.

MR. GOSCHEN'S promised Free School Bill has aroused a discussion in England, the earnestness and seriousness of which can best be understood by reading some of the long and laboured articles in the leading periodicals which have lately come to hand. We, on this side the ocean, have been so long familiar with the practical workings of the free school system that we have almost forgotten that any other is possible. A proposal to return to the old method of payment of fees in the public schools would be greeted with derision by nineteen of every twenty of the tax-paying citizens. Under these circumstances it is hard to realize that in the Mother Country—so far in advance of us in many respects—the proposal to relieve compulsory education of its most burdensome feature by remitting the parents' fees at the cost of the nation, has been received with something approaching dismay by a large and influential class. To the old-fashioned English Tory, a *genus* which is still by no means extinct, the proposal seems fraught with danger, as well as injustice. It is regarded as a long step in the direction of the much-dreaded Socialism. It is, evident, however, that the scheme, emanating as it does from an approved Conservative Government, will not be seriously opposed in its main features. Nevertheless the advent of the Bill will be awaited with great interest and anxiety by both parties. In the meantime Ireland still, as usual, bars the way, and, if we may judge by the slow progress of the Land Bill, is likely to do so for some weeks to come. In fact, it seems scarcely likely that the Education Bill can be got through this session. Its principle will, probably, be accepted by both parties. Indeed, the Liberals could not, without much inconsistency, oppose it, seeing that it is one of their own fore-shadowed measures. But the subordinate features and details of the Bill, however carefully arranged, are pretty

certain to give rise to almost endless discussion. The great battle will be fought over the question of the Voluntary or Denominational Schools, and the closely connected question of local control. It is pretty evident that the Government intends to make these schools sharers in the public bounty, by relieving their pupils of fees, and at the same time to leave them as at present in the hands of the Church authorities. This feature of the Bill will, no doubt, be resolutely opposed by the Liberals, as inconsistent both with religious liberty and with sound political principles. They will contend that public control is the corollary of public support. To this the *Spectator* replies, not without considerable force, that not local but national control is the corollary of national support, and that for this the Government will provide. Still the inherent injustice of a system under which large numbers of parents whose taxes aid in supporting the schools will be deprived of all the advantages of free education for their children, save on the condition of having them educated in denominational schools, is, one would suppose, too obvious to need much argument. Present indications are, however, that the Liberals will be forced to accept the Bill with this sectarian appendage, and that they will do so with the avowed expectation of being in a position at some early day to remove the appendage and remedy the alleged injustice.

THE best benefactor of the poor is not the man or woman who bestows charity most freely, but rather the one who best helps them to help themselves. And this help, it is obvious, may be rendered no less effectively by teaching a better economy in the use of the incomes already earned, than by opening the way to larger incomes. One of the most common observations of those who have made it their business to go among the struggling poor is that an enormous waste of food material often accompanies and in a measure accounts for their poverty. This waste, it may be assumed, is not so much the result of carelessness, though it may often seem so to the superficial observer, as of want of knowledge or want of skill in the choice and preparation of food. Hence the man who can come forward and show the industrious poor, as well as those who, though they may have a competency, are yet not averse to taking lessons in economy, that they are every day paying twice as much for food and four times as much for fuel as is necessary, and set before them clearly the remedy, deserves to be ranked as a great public benefactor. Such a man, according to the verdict of the *New York World*, is Edward Atkinson, of Boston, U. S., the inventor of the "Aladdin" oven. This novel cooking machine consists of an exterior oven of non-conducting wood-pulp, resting upon a stand over a large Rochester lamp, which cooks the food. The heat is regulated by simply turning the circular wick higher or lower. The oven proper is a sheet-iron box placed within and resting on the bottom of the wood-pulp oven. There is a space of two inches on each side between the outer and inner ovens. The inner one has a tight-fitting iron door and a ventilator on top. The heat from the lamp enters the outer oven through a round hole in its bottom, and fills the space between the two boxes. As the ventilator is not large enough to carry off the heat as fast as generated, it remains there, and a steady temperature of 400 degrees can be maintained as long as necessary. The *World* heard of the invention, sent to Boston for one of the stoves, put it in charge of a skilful and experienced cook and had its capacity tested. The results were astonishing and gratifying. Space would fail us to describe these experiments in detail. From one learn all. With five cents worth of oil, a dinner of five courses, consisting of soup, fish, steak, roast and the inevitable pie, with vegetables and other accompaniments in ample variety all in their places, was cooked. The dinner was served to ten people, who found it sufficient in quantity and excellent in quality. The total cost of the meal was \$1.45, or about fourteen cents each. This requires explanation. Granting the cheapness of the five cents' worth of oil which was the fuel, how could the oven lessen so amazingly the cost of the beef and other articles of food? Herein lies the secret of its alleged success. The peculiar merit claimed for the oven is that the coarsest and toughest meats cooked by it become juicy and tender as the choicest cuts of the best qualities, under ordinary treatment. Both steak and roast were specially selected for coarseness, leanness, toughness and cheapness, and both were so transformed by this wonder-working arrangement that they came out juicy, "tender as a spring chicken" (genuine), and with a flavour beyond criticism. Mr. Atkinson claims

to have invented this oven for the benefit of the poor, and to have demonstrated with it his pet theory that the average mortal cannot eat more than twenty-five cents worth of food a day, and that whatever is spent in addition to that amount is wasted. The *World* vouches for the perfect success of the series of experiments conducted at its expense. Its statements are worth summarizing for their very suggestiveness in regard to the mistakes and wastes of the present and the possibilities of the future. We shall no doubt hear more of the "Aladdin Oven."

OTTAWA LETTER.

"LOYALTY before all" has been the unanimous cry in the Capital for some days past; and, though this virtue has many phases of development in the thoughts and actions of our countrymen, there is yet one in which the politician, the civil servant, the business man—Conservatives and Grits—all agree in finding an opportunity for doing nothing, and doing that thoroughly. The politicians certainly had the best of it, as all those who desired to do so were able to leave the city on Friday evening to recover from the labours of the past week, and drink Her Majesty's health far from the spot where they agree to differ as to the management of her Dominion.

The Prohibitionists, one might imagine, have taken their pleasure even so little sadly, compared to their brethren who do not refuse to "look on the wine when it is red," for, on this occasion, the most popular and widespread expression of loyalty is naturally to drink something. And after their recent protest it is probable that even a bumper of currant wine, such as figured at Miss Pecksniff's banquet, might savour of backsliding. But, whether they drink to her or not, it is certain that Canadians are second to none of the Queen's subjects in unswerving devotion to her, and that of a very personal kind, considering how many of them have never seen or are likely to see her. It is the combined simplicity and force of character she has always displayed that knits her so closely to the hearts of her people; the simplicity which has never left her since, as a mere girl, she began her reign; and the force has gone on increasing, so that now, though advanced in years, she directs the actions of her own family, and in all matters connected with them there is no appeal from her decision. She has also kept herself so completely "in touch" with all movements, political, philanthropic or social in her Empire that, in spite of her fondness for a retired life, she may be said to live with, as well as for, her people. In a felicitous speech at the recent Academy Banquet, in London, Sir Arthur Sullivan spoke of the depth of feeling stirred by the first bar of "God Save the Queen," and it is a strong testimony to our national sentiment that he especially observed this, "during a visit to that greater Britain beyond the seas."

The chief political excitement of the past week has been the first Division taken in the new Parliament on Mr. Cameron's Bill for a repeal of the Franchise Act, which resulted in a substantial majority for the Government, and this taken with the victory in Algoma will reduce the flourish of trumpets with which the Opposition heralded the beginning of the session to a long drawn note which can hardly be expected under the circumstances to be one of "linked sweetness." The Minister of Justice performed his favourite operation of crushing the life out of his opponents' arguments with even more than his usual success, and after a really creditable maiden speech from Mr. Desjardins on the same lines, came the call for a Division, pending which the usual informalities took place and the singing members proved that they have neither left their voices nor their energy behind them in the Provinces. On the second Division the assured position of the Government was even more conclusive, the majority being twenty-nine. The announcement of these figures was received with such enthusiasm that Dr. Weldon's happy thought of starting the National Anthem probably came at the right moment to remind both victors and vanquished that there was, in spite of all, one strain in which they could join free from party strife.

Two ex-speakers of the House of Commons have been enrolled as Privy Councillors since the last issue of THE WEEK, and Mr. Bergeron, who, though one of the younger members, has a thorough knowledge of the texture and business of the House, is now Chairman of Committees, which post includes the Deputy Speakership.

The opening of the "Lady Stanley Institute for Trained Nurses" by His Excellency the Governor-General, provided for a want that has for some time past been felt in Ottawa, and the successful progress of this work will no doubt be followed with the same generous interest as has marked its inauguration. The first idea of the institution originated with Her Excellency Lady Stanley, and, having the immediate co-operation of Lady Macdonald and many persons of wealth and position in the Capital, it was speedily carried into effect. Funds were immediately forthcoming and a suitable sight obtained without difficulty, on which a very handsome and commodious building now stands. The Institute starts on its career not only free from debt, but with a surplus of \$1,500. There is no doubt that the Protestant Hospital will derive great benefit from the near neighbourhood of the new Institute and that in many other ways a wide field of usefulness lies before it. As was well said by Sheriff Sweetland: "It would be a lasting monument to the memory of Her Excellency,

long after she had left Canada where she was loved and esteemed."

The Governor-General's Foot-Guards have been drilling assiduously of late to prepare for their expedition to Peterborough, where a review was held yesterday in connection with the 57th Battalion under Lt.-Col. Rogers. The regiment presents a very smart appearance this season. Major Todd is keeping them well up to their work and the trooping of the colours on Parliament Hill the other evening might have won commendation from the "great Duke" himself.

The Philharmonic Society of Ottawa which was re-organized only a short time ago gave its first concert under the new *regime* last week, and the performance was not only satisfactory in itself, but gives promise of still better things in the future. There is no reason why the Capital should continue, as it undoubtedly has done, to lag behind other cities of the Dominion in musical culture and progress. The reason is not far to seek; nor is the remedy for this state of things. The saying that "a little knowledge is a dangerous thing" is perhaps more applicable to music than to either of the sister arts. In these days when the power and resources of music are every day more widely acknowledged, there should be no stopping short at mediocrity, and in these days there is no excuse for it. We have done with the futilities of a past generation when young ladies and gentlemen were taught to play and sing "a little," and the fetish of conventionalism no longer prevents talent from developing wherever it exists. That it does exist amongst us is an undoubted fact, and as musical culture has this year started on a more satisfactory basis than for many years past, it only behooves those who would excel to remember that though they have many years before them, and the time of study and probation seems long, yet art is longer still.

No progress has yet been made in the McGreevy case, although during the debate last week there were several ill-advised and personal attacks from some of the Opposition members on those concerned in it. They seem unable to remember the humane and common-sense law of our land which ordains that a man is presumably innocent until he is proved guilty, and that no amount of invective can alter or expedite the course of procedure in this matter. Really the only relief from the general severity and gloom of the Parliamentary sittings has been the announcement of the Estimates, which promise a reduction of \$5,000,000 for the coming year in expenditure, and assures us of a comfortable surplus for the present one. This is all very well as long as the heads of Departments do not relapse into the comfortable state of mind described by Dickens, who made one of his impecunious characters arrange what he called "a margin" beyond his liabilities, and then spent up to that amount—a piece of financial fatuity not wholly unknown in the very best regulated buildings.

The cricket season has opened under favourable auspices. The home team scored successes on Saturday against an eleven from Toronto, and yesterday against the R. M. C. And the lacrosse and baseball players of the Capital also distinguished themselves yesterday before large numbers of spectators. Now that fine weather seems really to have set in at last, and the Tennis Club season which was opened the other day by a brilliant "At Home" will be as successful as last year. Ministerial dinners are now the order of the day, or rather of the evening, and in the present temperature may be enjoyable functions. But the mercury is wont to rise suddenly and capriciously at this time of year, and when it stands at 80° in the shade some, at any rate, of the younger generation will long for the time when, free from the trammels of broadcloth, they can clothe themselves in white—not samite, but the modern equivalent for it—and smoke the pipe of peace "far from the madding crowd." X.

A FRENCH FETE AT ANGLLET.

OVERHEAD, a cloudless sky; behind you, the dark waves of the Bay of Biscay; a long white road stretches in front, flanked by charming villas, with balconies and towers. Village peasants in holiday costume pour along the highway, hence to Anglet; red trousered soldiers, white capped bonnets; laughing fisher-boys, smiling maidens. Every face you meet is animated and bright, even the dogs here take their pleasure gaily! Now and again, come priests strolling arm in arm, with wide brimmed black hats, white severe bands. Every one salutes them as they pass along the roadway; little girls drop curtseys, *Chars à banc*, heavy laden, tear along the route; whips crack; wheels creak; dust flies in all directions. A few cavaliers, *en grande tenue*, ride past with curvetting horses, and jingling bridles; barrows, piled high with gorgeous flowers, roll along the crowded highway. Bunting and tricolours hang out of window, pretty girls' faces appear among them; repartee goes on briskly with the soldiers grouped below. As you round street corners, on your way to the fête, you hear, continually, snatches of songs trolled loudly forth, with jubilant chorus; young boys whistle Boulangist airs; labourers shout the Marseillaise. Presently an enclosed space comes into sight, full of white tents, booths, gipsy wag-gons. On one of these, yellow with red wheels, a dark-eyed Spanish girl, in bright dress, stands singing; a little crowd has gathered around her: the "patter" to English ears is quite unintelligible. As she sings, she gesticulates,

laughs, smiles: throws a flower here, a well-timed jest there. Opposite to her, almost touching her waggon, an improvised stage is drawing great crowds. "A lottery mesdames, messieurs, attention, big prizes, fifteen centimes only"! The prizes are all set out, flower decked; the lottery is conducted by means of pendulums. Each pendulum (of which there are nine or ten) has underneath it a distinguishing number; all the pendulums are set in motion simultaneously; the first three to stop announce the winning number. All lottery buyers are provided with three cards on which also single numbers are printed. He or she possessing the happy combination forthwith proceeds to choose a prize. To do this, a lucky bag is brought into use, with tickets containing the names of the prizes; one is drawn forth—the article claimed—a hair-brush, mirror, jug, whip, water-bottle, set of china vases. A bell rings, the lottery is now completed the crowd disperses, a new one soon collects; many competitors with disappointed faces, set to work to court fate again. Several stands for money lotteries exist; race horses, *rouge et noir*, an arrow set in motion by a spring, dice, with six throws for a lucky number; or a ball swiftly revolving in a numbered groove. Bets also are rapidly made by bystanders, and evoke considerable mirth. Then as in English fairs of the same kind, there are merry-go rounds to the sound of a brass band; lions and tigers bestridden by children; shows of all kinds; stalls for sweets, gilded gingerbread, barley sugar in immense sticks, chocolate of every variety and kind.

Periodically a line of soldiers, arm in arm, march past, singing with considerable gusto. Waggon arrive frequently, laden with country peasants; two wheeled cabriolets, filled with excursionists; men, children and women, too, dressed in the picturesque Basque costume. The horses, for the most part, adorned head and crop with blue nets covered by woollen pompons. Officers with swords clanking and bright spurs march about everywhere, surrounded by their families; acrobats here and there in wonderful costumes give performances on the horizontal bar. But what strikes the Englishman more than ought else are the patriotic songs at every corner of the fair.

Wedding parties, with gaily trimmed equipage, seem to make it their special rendezvous; and sit round the outdoor cafés by the bye, shouting with laughter, singing gaily, smoking.

As the air grows chill, and the night draws on, lights come out one by one; flaring jets illuminate *cafés chantants*, and glare above the patrons of lottery and roulette.

Presently the moon shines on the horizon: a red ball of glowing fire on the evening sky; the gas lamps of Bayonne gleam in the distance; here and there, windows of Anglet are illuminated. One by one, carriages and pedestrians pass away streaming from the enclosure, homeward bound. The Lighthouse with its brilliant red beams puts an end to the evening's dissipation.

E. K. PEARCE.

A MICMAC HIGHWAY.

In joy and gladness on ye go!
My country's pleasant streams;
And oft through scenes as fair ye flow
As bless the poet's dreams.

—Joseph Howe.

THE English from the Mother Land and the New England States, who settled the deserted Acadian farms along the Cobequid Bay and the Shubenacadie River seemed to have had but little sentiment for that other race, with other customs and language, whose patient industry had added so much of beauty and wealth to their possessions. It may be they remembered with hatred the evil deeds of La Loutre and Cope towards their countrymen. Or, perhaps they were haunted by the uncomfortable feeling that followed wrong-doing, in which no personal part had been taken, but the odium of which still clung about their homesteads. They desired to forget. And in a few years the Acadian settlements and farms were known only by English names. The only Acadian name now used being that of the village of Noel, on the south shore of Cobequid Bay. But the Micmac was still a power in the land; he hunted the moose and caribou in the neighbouring forests, and guided his birch-bark canoe on the treacherous tidal rivers. The names of their three great highways from the interior to the sea—the rivers Shubenacadie, Musquodoboit and Stewiacke are the names of to-day. The river Shubenacadie, the most important of the three, is divided from the streams flowing into the Atlantic by a narrow portage. It connects a chain of lakes, runs north some fifty miles, and empties into the head waters of the Bay of Fundy. Before the time of railroads in Nova Scotia, a canal was started to connect Bedford Basin and Cobequid Bay by way of the river Shubenacadie. The canal was to be navigable for ships, which were to be taken a short distance overland on somewhat the same principle as the ship railway now in construction at Chignecto. Some of the massive masonry is yet standing, a memento of the disastrous undertaking, and an occasional pleasure party of canoes from Halifax to the bay, the only craft which glide upon its waters. The name Shubenacadie at one time applied to all the valleys drained by the river Shubenacadie. Now the name belongs only to the river, the station on the Inter-colonial Railway and the adjoining farms. Two miles

from Shubenacadie station, on the Hants County side of the river, was the headquarters of the powerful Micmac, who, in 1745, numbered two hundred and fifty warriors on the Shubenacadie. A remnant of the tribe are now living on the Government reservation, a few miles from the river. They are thriftless and uneducated, and, for the most part, very poor; excepting two or three who act as guides for English sportsmen. Hospitality to the Indian was never grudged in the writer's household, and at Christmas time it was not unusual to see six or seven Indians wrapping themselves in fur rugs and blankets preparatory to a night's repose on the kitchen floor. The time of the Indian visits were red-letter evenings for the children. We were allowed, as a special privilege, one hour each evening in the kitchen. The old chief, Louis Paul, and other members of his family were fascinating story tellers, and we would listen with breathless interest to legends of Glooscap and his mighty deeds at Minas, and Spencer's Island, and would follow with delight the hunter's adventures through field and forest. Another Indian we always hailed with delight was Williams, who often accompanied the Earl of Dunraven on hunting expeditions. Some years ago that gentleman contributed an article to the *Fortnightly Review*, in which he spoke of Williams and the pleasure the party round the camp-fire had taken in his stories. We read the reference to Williams, who, swelling with pride, exclaimed: "Me big man now! Me bigger than any man in this place! Me in big paper across the water!" Two names have come down through the mists of one hundred and fifty years in connection with the river—that of the fierce and wily savage, Jean Baptiste Cope, chief of the Micmacs; and that of their missionary, the equally wily, but polished gentleman, Abbé Louis Joseph La Loutre, Vicar-General of Canada; priest, politician, diplomatist. What a busy, restless life was his! He seems to have subdued savages, guided guileless Acadians, counselled clergymen and governed governors. He was sent by the Society of Foreign Missions, in Paris, to Canada in 1737. Three years later he settled at the Indian headquarters on the Shubenacadie, built a chapel and began his grandly successful mission to the Micmacs. From this point, also, the Indian warriors, reinforced by allies who came from Minas and Chignecto in canoes, started their terrible raids on the defenceless English. The scalps were secured, and for these "services to religion and the State" La Loutre paid Cope and his braves large sums of money. After the capture of Beau Lejour, La Loutre fled to Quebec. He was severely censured by the Bishop for getting the Acadians into serious trouble, and then deserting them. He sailed for France in disgrace. His ship was captured by an English frigate and La Loutre taken a prisoner to England, where he remained for eight years in Elizabeth Castle, Jersey. He was sent back to France at the conclusion of the peace of 1763. All that remains of the Acadian hamlet and La Loutre's great rallying ground are a few willow and elm trees and some mouldering heaps of earth to mark their graves—a sad, short, unwritten history. On this elm-shaded spot he mustered savages to attack Annapolis, Dartmouth, Canso and the English along the Atlantic coast, or started the fleet-footed Indian to Quebec with intercepted British despatches. At one time we hear of him with hostile savages on the St. John; then at Louisbourg signalling French ships. A little later at Grand Pré, administering the solemn rites of his Church and encouraging his followers to resist the English. Again we find him in Cumberland engaged in the seemingly peaceful occupation of dyke building. A good deal of English prejudice tempers our judgment of Father La Loutre. Hatred of the English was a matter of conscience with him. There is no doubt but that he was responsible for a great deal of the trouble that befel the unfortunate Acadians. He must have had great personal magnetism to control so completely the fierce savage and the educated courtier. He was clever, wily and unscrupulous, with unbounded energy and perseverance and an indomitable will. In the closing scene of his career in Acadie, when we look to see him act the hero, he quits the scene an ignominious coward. La Loutre and the Acadians gone, no presents coming from Quebec and the rapid increase of the English, decided the Indians on a friendly course, and they soon became good subjects of King George. The high hill at the junction of the Stewiacke and the Shubenacadie Rivers was a great strategic point in the troubled early days of the English occupancy. Here, in 1760, they constructed a fort, which, although long since dismantled and the site almost obliterated, gives its name to one of the most beautiful farms in the Province. The first owner of Fort Ellis Farm was Admiral Cochran, who imported stock from England, and with his nephew, afterwards the brilliant, dashing Lord Dundonald, spent much of his time at the Shubenacadie. Another member of the aristocracy who chose, for reasons unknown, to bury himself "far from the madding crowd," was Sir John Oldmixon, Baronet. Occasionally Sir John would renounce the charms of solitude, and walk to Halifax on snow-shoes to attend a ball or levee at Government House. The Earl of Egmont also received large grants of land near the Shubenacadie. At the close of the American war the population was largely augmented by disbanded soldiers and several officers of the 84th Regiment. For the last ten or twelve miles of its course the Shubenacadie flows between precipitous banks of red sandstone sixty or seventy feet high, the many curves in the river making bold bluffs against which the tide rolls in great whirlpools. The river was the high-

way to Halifax for the settlers of the southern part of Colchester, Cumberland and Hants Counties, and a very dangerous highway it often proved to the voyager unaccustomed to the great rush of water in the tidal rivers of the Bay of Fundy. Drowning accidents were very numerous, and even now, with the accumulated knowledge of one hundred and fifty years, a summer rarely passes in which there is not mourning over the sudden taking away of loved ones. A boat meeting the resistless rush of the incoming tide is like a straw on its foaming surface, and unless managed by a boatman who knows all the ins and outs of the river, it is sure to be swamped. Experience is a good teacher, and boatmen who know the river well always refuse to cross when the tide is running in. This occasions a delay of from one to three hours, according to the wind and state of the tide. Maitland, at the river's mouth, is a pretty village extensively engaged in ship-building. Maitland ships and captains are to be found the world over. The poet Longfellow has immortalized the country round Grand Pré, and Whittier, in the charming poem "Marguerite," gives an equally beautiful description of a day at Minas Basin, on the Cobequid:—

But her soul went back to its child-time; she saw the sun o'erflow
With gold the Basin of Minas and set over Gaspereau.

The low, bare flats at ebb tide, the rush of the sea at flood
Through inlet and creek and river, from dyke to upland wood.

The gulls in the red of morning, the fish-hawks rise and fall,
The drift of the fog in moonshine, over the dark coast wall.

Selma, Maitland, N. S. CHRISTINA R. FRAME.

Shall grand old England perish? Nay!
Her myriad sons shall round her stand,
And, back to back, shall guard for aye,
In freedom's cause, her sacred strand.

Should ancient foes, who deemed he slept,
Essay to strike that lion old,
Let them beware the vigil kept
By Britain's offspring brave and bold.

They who would doubt the lion's might
Forget his sons the wide world o'er,
Who, swift to battle for the right,
Would fight as they have fought before.

No! Britain dies not. Many a day
Her red-cross flag shall proudly fly
O'er new-born states that own her sway
And help to shape her destiny.

From Canada, O Queen, receive
The loyal greetings of this day;
Not traitors we, but, we believe,
Thine Empire's safest, surest stay.

We love the land our fathers made,
We treasure up its glorious past,
And, 'neath that flag's endearing shade
We mean to dwell while time shall last.

A. F. CHAMBERLAIN.

Clark University, Worcester, Mass.,
May 24, 1891.

DR. GOLDWIN SMITH ON THE BRITISH
ARISTOCRACY.

PART SECOND.

THE distinguished lecturer, was not satisfied upon the occasion already referred to with differing from the dictum of Mr. Lecky, the English historian, that prominent men who "have sought to gain their ends by setting the poor against the rich, and planting in the nation deadly seeds of class animosities and cupidities, may well learn to look with tolerance and with modesty upon the England of the past," but went even further and actually claimed that Canada is being made the last foothold in the New World of the aristocracy of the Old. The only object of such a statement must be the creation of discontent with British connection. The Canadian people are democratic, and rightly so, because in a new country there is no room for privileged classes, and no persons fitted by leisure and wealth and tradition to uphold aristocratic institutions, whilst it may be claimed that the people of England are equally democratic in spirit—though not in form. They recognize in the institutions which they know to be the product of centuries of development, a true system of freedom and an honest reflex of the feelings of a great democracy. Mr. Disraeli probably embodied this sentiment when he wrote many years ago in a letter to Lord Lyndhurst: "If neither ancient ages nor the more recent experience of our newer time can supply us with a parallel instance of a free Government, founded on the broadest basis of popular rights, yet combining with democratic liberty, aristocratic security and monarchical convenience; if the refined spirit of Greece—if the great Roman soul—if the brilliant genius of feudal Italy—alike failed in realizing this great result, let us cling with increased devotion to the matchless creation of our ancestors, and honour with still deeper feelings of gratitude and veneration the English Constitution. . . . Having made us equal, it has kept us free. If it has united equality with freedom, so also it has connected freedom with glory."

But Dr. Goldwin Smith does not belong to such a school of thought. He follows the dead past of insular narrowness wherein dwelt John Bright and Richard Cobden, the latter of whom once said that "the colonial system, with all its dazzling appeals to the passions of the people, can never be got rid of except by the indirect process of Free Trade, which will gradually and imperceptibly loosen the bonds which unite our colonies to us by a mistaken notion of self-interest," (12th April, 1842). The protection which had been hitherto given colonial as well as home products in the British market was eventually removed; steps were taken looking to colonial independence, and, for the time being, the Manchester school of vestry politicians held supreme sway. As Mr. Disraeli said twenty-five years afterwards: "There has been no effort so continuous, so subtle, supported with so much energy, and carried on with so much ability and acumen as the attempts of Liberalism to effect the disintegration of the Empire." This indeed is the school of thought which Dr. Goldwin Smith represents in Canada with such distinguished literary ability, and it is to the achievement of separation that he apparently devotes all the power of his facile pen and vehement political advocacy. We cannot, therefore, be altogether surprised at his attack upon a portion of the British Constitution; his attempt to persuade a section of our people to look upon the House of Lords as an abode of political abomination; and his efforts to inspire belief in the wild assertion that some of our statesmen are endeavouring to transplant the aristocratic system to this Dominion.

The latter charge is of a nature to make the average Canadian smile and to wonder why the bestowal of knighthood as a mark of honour and an appreciation of past services by the Sovereign of Canada or her representative should be considered a revival of feudalism any more than the fact of military titles being rather numerous in the United States, the home, as Max O'Rell puts it, of "Sixty millions of people, mostly colonels" should indicate the existence of a wide-spread fire-eating and jingo spirit, amongst its population. The idea of the Governor-General being the centre of this aristocratic leaven, which is in time to permeate the whole mass, was rather amusingly described by the Marquis of Lorne in an article a couple of years since. "He no more inoculates Canadians with aristocratic ideas, as feared by the Professor on account of the knighting of some eminent men, than the Professor himself might be inoculated with vanities were his admiring lady friends to present him with a new silk gown or a pair of gold spectacles." The Governor-General has a far more important function. He represents to Canadians an historic past and the continuity of a national greatness descending through the centuries: he embodies in himself the unity of a common Empire and the sentiment of a common allegiance to Crown and Constitution: he is the living link between the old land and the new—between British freedom and Canadian liberty: between democracy, of the British type, and its development on this northern part of the Continent. Lord Lytton, when at the Colonial office, in one of his despatches gave Sir George Bowen certain instructions regarding his duties as an Australian Governor in the early days of the southern colonies, which serves to illustrate the position of the Queen's representative: "Do your best always to keep up the pride in the Mother Country. Throughout all Australia there is a sympathy with the ideal of a gentleman. This gives a moral aristocracy. Sustain it by showing the store set on integrity, honour and civilized manners—not by preferences of birth which belong to old countries." Surely, Dr. Goldwin Smith, who thinks so much of "moral unity," can have no objection to the promotion of a "moral or ideal aristocracy" based upon conduct and character?

Now permit me to say a few words as to the position held in this country by Dr. Goldwin Smith. As a public man appearing before the people from time to time, not in the guise of a student, but as a vigorous advocate of certain measures, a virulent critic of certain leaders, and a violent opponent of certain political policies, he must be considered as personally liable to criticism—whether harsh or friendly. Consequently when the former Regius Professor of History at Oxford appears in the press of the Empire and the Republic or upon the platforms of the Dominion, urging certain views, posing as a prophetic spirit, regarding the coming union of the peoples on this Continent, whilst dwelling at length upon alleged historic tendencies and the interpretation of historic events, we have a right to criticize his statements and to express our opinions regarding the exponent of such views. Especially is this the case when the gentleman in question has publicly and repeatedly defamed the character and services of our greatest statesman, a man whom the people and our Sovereign have alike delighted to honour, and who holds upon this Continent and in his peculiar sphere the position of peer to Cavour, Bismarck, or Sir Henry Parkes, as an embodiment of the Imperial and National forces of the age. It thus becomes plain, that when Dr. Goldwin Smith, presuming upon his reputation as an historian and a brilliant rhetorical writer, descends to attacks upon the institutions of his Motherland, the reputations of Canadian statesmen and the very basis of our national life and sentiment, we certainly have the privilege of turning to the past and trying to discover whether this facile writer has always held that high reputation as an historian, which we in this new land have unhesitatingly conferred upon him. In England, a Professor of History at Oxford, no matter how brilliant he might be would meet his equals in literary lore and historical acumen; while, on coming to this country, he might be, very justly, the leading writer of his day, and a guide and mentor to younger aspirants. We find, indeed, that the publication of Professor Smith's "Lectures on Modern History," delivered at Oxford, in 1859-61, did not meet with a unanimously favourable reception, and I have been somewhat interested in meeting with the following paragraphs regarding his different historical writings in two elaborate studies which may be found in the *Westminster* and *North British Reviews* of the period.

"The fact is that his theory of history is built upon the assumption of a postulate which has been denied by the greatest intellects and by ages of metaphysicians, moralists and theologians. . . . Unfortunately, nervous English is not philosophical acumen. That is not the ultimate test of truth. And, above all, very decided principles are not the same thing as candour or temper. . . . What we complain of is, that a philosophical question should be treated with the animus of a theological partisan."—(*Westminster Review*, October, 1861.)

"These lectures, which should have contained at least a tolerably satisfactory discussion of the various aspects of which the question essentially consists, are deficient alike in close analytic skill, and in that comprehensive handling which one might naturally have expected from so high an authority as an Oxford Professor. . . . He is not a profound reasoner, though a very vigorous one. Admirable little bits of writing occasionally turn up in these lectures, but they are frequently marred by

AN ODE FOR THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY.

VICTORIA, queen of many lands,
A nation's loyal greeting take,
That stretches from Pacific sands
To where th' Atlantic surges break.

Five millions of thy subjects hail
Another year's auspicious close,
That sees in harmony prevail
The thistle, shamrock and the rose;

And o'er thy ever-wid'ning realm
Sees love nor loyalty abate;
Still patriot statesmen hold the helm
And safely guide the ship of State.

O Queen of Britain, whose proud flag
Floats over continent and sea,
Believe us that we do not lag
Behind the rest in love of thee.

Deem not that 'mid thy sons of Ind,
By storied stream and sacred fane,
Thou canst a warmer welcome find,
A people's deeper love obtain.

Australia's sons no recreants prove,
No traitors to their Mother-land;
Still stronger grows that nation's love,
Whose heritage is Afric's strand.

We, in this northern clime, no less,
Are bound to thee by ties most dear,
And hope that Providence may bless
Thee more with each revolving year.

For the same fate that haply forms
The giant of the Austral seas,
The nation by the Cape of Storms,
Moulds our Canadian destinies.

O, Mother-land across the sea,
A thousand years have come and gone
Since Egbert saved thy liberty,
And welded Britain into one.

Through that long past thy glories shine,
Thy flag has never yet been furled,
Still nations kindle at thy shrine
The light of freedom for the world.

Where'er has rung the tyrant's knell,
Where'er secure doth freedom smile,
Unnumbered millions wish the well,
Thou little sea-girt northern isle.

Nor these alone, for thou hast been
The hope of all of those that strive,
In fastnesses and wilds of sin,
To keep the lamp of truth alive.

Thy boast has been to help and save
The poor, the weak and the oppressed,
To strike the tyrant, free the slave,
And aid the triumph of the best.

Should we, thy sons, less grateful be,
Than those whom ties less strong compel?
No! all the more we honour thee,
Who 'neath thy kindly sceptre dwell.

too much rhetoric, by too great an anxiety to say something impressive when nothing really impressive can be said. They are exceedingly rash besides. . . The Professor, himself, is one of the rudest critics a man can have."—(*North British Review, August, 1862.*)

Surely, in view of these criticisms by such respected literary authorities, we are justified in not placing implicit confidence in Dr. Goldwin Smith's version of the historic British aristocracy, or in his analysis of national tendencies and forces. Horace Walpole tells a story of trying to amuse his father, upon one occasion, by reading to him, and chancing to indicate a partiality for history, Sir Robert said, with his accustomed decision, "Read me anything but history, for history must be false." While not following such a view to the same extent, one cannot but consider it warranted in some degree by the attempts that are made from time to time to twist history for the purpose of furthering some political or personal end. Let the shades of British greatness reward Dr. Goldwin Smith for his vigorous onslaught upon the past, and the Russells, Pitts, Cavendishes and Stanleys of history, with the great names of Clyde and Lawrence, Melbourne or Palmerston, Byron or Lytton, Collingwood and Duncan shed historic comment upon his mistaken statements. The general view at present entertained by many in the Old Land cannot, indeed, be better expressed than by a quotation from a speech of Sir Robert Peel at Glasgow in 1837.

"I avow to you, moreover, that I mean to support in its full integrity the authority of the House of Lords, as an essential, indispensable condition of the continual existence of the mixed form of Government under which we live—as tantamount, in short, to the maintenance of the British Constitution."

These words really contain the secret of Dr. Smith's attack upon aristocracy, as well as upon loyalty. He wishes to sever our relationship with the Mother Land and unite this Dominion to the American Republic, and consequently any discontent which he can create regarding British institutions, or misunderstanding of the principles of Canadian loyalty, will be so many more nails in the hoped for coffin of British connection.

At the same time the Professor affects unlimited "love to England"? It was on the 8th of November, 1886, that Dr. Smith, addressing an audience of loyalists in Temperance Hall, Toronto, after his return from an anti-Home Rule campaign in Great Britain, spoke as follows: "You can hardly go into the American Union without hearing a small politician trying to make a little paltry capital by abusing England and English institutions." *Bystander*, of October, 1889, writes as follows: "Congress and the State Legislatures have committed what they must all have known to be flagrant breaches of international right and courtesy, by passing resolutions of sympathy with disaffection in another and a friendly nation; not only the Fisheries Treaty, but the Extradition Treaty, has been neglected, without a pretext of honourable reason; the laws of diplomatic courtesy have been broken by the rude and abrupt dismissal of a British ambassador; an acting President of the United States has accepted a nomination in terms pledging him to impertinent interference in the affairs of a foreign country; a President-elect has signed an address justifying outrage in Ireland; a Senator, and one of the highest moral pretensions, has palliated the Phoenix Park murders; honour has been refused to the memory of John Bright, the foremost champion of the Republic in its darkest hour; while day by day the press has fed the maw of malignity with envenomed falsehood. . . . Was it worth while to rebel against George III. if the end was to be such a bondage of the national soul as this?" And it is to this country that, in his "love for England" and regard for Canada, Dr. Goldwin Smith has devoted all his intellect and power for the purpose of annexing this Dominion. So much for consistent patriotism, and a land which is free from a "corrupt and scandalous aristocracy."

Canadians as a whole do not look with pleasure upon political pessimism, and are rather inclined to draw the inspiration of hope and faith from their past history, their present surroundings and their future prospects. They look upon Britain as a noble mother of nations and free institutions; the great mass of them regard the existing connection with pride and respect; a rapidly growing number look forward to a future of closer union and increased power, coming as a reflex of the waves of national sentiment and commercial and defensive interest, which are now swelling towards the shores of federation; while on the other hand a small number of discontented politicians and disappointed leaders are turning their eyes towards the haven of rest to the South, which Dr. Smith is so constantly pointing out to them. The end is not yet, but the writer feels, with many more in this and sister nations, that a time is coming when new Englands which have risen up in other parts of the world—a Dominion of Canada, a Commonwealth of Australia, a Federated South African Empire—younger, fresher, it may be, richer and stronger than the old land—will join hand in hand for the promotion of closer union and the development of a common sentiment and national system of government. Meantime, in Canada, we may re-echo those masterly lines of Charles Roberts:—

O, strong hearts, guarding the birthright of our glory,
Worth your best blood this heritage that ye guard
These mighty streams resplendent with our story,
These iron coasts by rage of seas unjarred—
Shall not our love this rough, sweet land make sure,
Her bounds preserve inviolate though we die.

We will continue to disbelieve such representations of our

historic past, to discountenance assaults upon our regard for British institutions, and our appreciation of British connection, or of those great principles which underlie our national government, whilst resisting insidious, as well as open, attempts to undermine our allegiance or our political faith.

Toronto, May 25, 1891.

PARIS LETTER.

FATE decreed that the new Lebel army rifle should be first tried on the French themselves. It did marvels like its predecessor the Chassepot on the Garibaldians. Equally curious it is that the only grave incident in France connected with the May Labour Holiday should have had no connection with that Demonstration Day. At Fourmies near Lille where the soldiers shot ten persons and wounded over a score, the military only interfered between a body of operatives of a woollen mill on strike and another body which refused to "go out."

This year's May Labour Holiday was characterized by effervescence, more or less strong, throughout France. The reading of that manifestation barometer implies much unrest, but no immediate danger, in the camps of the working classes. When continental workmen can be disciplined to march 60,000 strong into a Hyde Park, as has just occurred in London, with the police only as spectators—their services as public peace protectors not being required—then European capitalists and employers may conclude the end of their worlds to be at hand. In the meantime they would do well not to ignore the movement and the social tendencies in the air. If they sit still like Egyptians—before the English Protectorate—the rising labour tide will sweep them away. Engineer the torrent and turn its destructive power into all-round usefulness is the word of wisdom.

In Paris the incidents of May Day consisted in the abstinence of the busy bees belonging to the true hives of industry; the real invading columns were limited to dust, as the streets were not watered, so as to avoid the horses slipping in case the cavalry were ordered to charge, the ease with which the police "ran in" the idle apprentices and Mother Carey's chickens, and the crest-fallen appearance of those personally conducted tourists, who came specially to Paris, expecting to witness a Revolution but did not. They were assured the danger was so imminent that return tickets could not be issued. I happened to be close to the Prefect of Police on the Place de la Concorde as he was issuing his crowd-dispersing orders. I am sure that he never for an instant viewed the gatherings as serious, but rather fiasco and *ennuyeux*. I will not certify that he was in a Scriptural frame of mind.

The debate on the revision of the Tariffs is taking a more business-like turn than impartial observers and foreign traders with France could have expected or hoped for. The best speakers are neither the free traders nor their Chinese wall adversaries, but the moderate protectionists. Clearly the flowing tide is with the latter. However the tug of war will be not over principles or Protean statistics, or Cassandreau predictions, but over the fixing of the actual duties. The ultra-protectionists must be commencing to mourn the hopes that leave them. They never anticipated a coalition of reprisalists, which is now a reality. Then the great railway companies by continuing to accord more favourable rates for the transport of imported than for home products will minimize the barring out tendencies of the Customs taxation and so lessen its exclusiveness.

They manage these things differently in France. While the State puts on duties, it also indirectly pays them. All the railways in the country will revert to the Government in the course of ninety-nine years from their date of opening. In the interim the national exchequer is bound to make good the difference between the earning dividend interests on the shares when these fall below the rate of five per cent. on the capital. Thus Peter is robbed to pay Paul. That complementary increment represents a big bite annually out of the budgetary receipts. The total number of interest-bearing French railway shares is thirty-four millions. The Republicans are now agitating that the Government should exercise its right and appoint one-half of the Directors on the Railway Boards—the shareholders nominating the other moiety. This would create at once eighty fat sinecures for as many dried-up politicians. The anti-Semites complain that there are too many Israelites on the Boards—there are no less than five de Rothschilds, all Barons, Directors of the Great Northern of France Railway alone. M. Drumont maintains that the Jews are as prolific as Australian rabbits. *Raison de plus* for their being employed somewhere.

This year's Salon or Picture Show in the Champs Elysées is very creditable. It presents, in point of organization, several new and commendable features. There is more air, more space for the paintings, and none are "skied." It includes 700 fewer exhibits; that severity will cause chagrin to the artists whose 3,200 contributions have been refused admission, but will also compel them to turn out better work or forsake a calling for which they have no natural qualifications. Marked advance is to be noted in landscapes; many of the subjects, the sea-pieces especially, are the outcome of not only correct observation of, but real sympathy with, nature. Bonnat who realizes it is said 500,000 frs. a year by his brush sends a good "portrait," but a poorly drawn and anæmic "Sampson and the Lion." Bongerou has two mythological scenes about

"Love and Lovers," charming in style, form and sense of colour. To relish these one must have angels on the brain and poetry in the heart. M. Renouf sends all the way from New York a picture great superficially—"Brooklyn Bridge." It has not astonished the natives; the reflection of the setting sun's rays on the river and the metal bridge is pleasing, but marred by the structure, which lacks air and wants space.

M. Vibert's "Cordon bleu" is a most attractive work; as the author has a proverbial weakness for red-colouring, his half dozen scarlet cardinals, all the embodiment of past-prandial joy must please him. The dignitaries are toasting the cook on his dinner achievements, who in return is embarrassed as to how to acknowledge the honour. Munkacsy's two paintings are not worthy of his latter day talent—a tap-room and gypsy fiddlers. He ought to "search the Scriptures" for a drama. M. Vuillefroy sustains the honour of the "animaliers." Few can equal and none surpass him in the delineation of the bovine race, whether Aragonese cattle *en route* for a fair or cows tranquilly grazing in the fat pasturages of Normandy. There is nothing woolly about the hides of his cattle; the colouring is of nature's own harmony, while the draughtsmanship is very fine. M. Gross is among the most rising of the landscape painters; he is a pupil of Messrs. Yon and Petitjean; he contributes a sea-shore scene at Havre—a fisherman's old hut, and a smiling river subject, caught on the borders of the Seine-et-Marne. In the former there is a sea, suggestive of rhythmical motion, excellent in colour, light and graceful in harmony between sea and sky. In the river scene there is a charming tenderness of colour and tone associated with firmness of touch. Among the few good exhibits in sculpture is a "Diana" by Folguière, and a daughter of the Prince of Wales by the recently deceased Chapu; but—*De mortuis nil nisi bonum.* Z.

CANADIAN FOREST FIRES: AN EXPERIENCE.

FEW have any conception of the frightful destruction caused by the ravages of fire in the pine regions of the Upper Ottawa River and its tributaries. That great heritage of wealth, bestowed on us by nature, and which would if properly conserved have been a source of valuable income to the country for many years to come, is now nearly a thing of the past and millions of bleached pines, the skeleton of a dead forest, stand as the monument of a careless and culpable negligence. The writer had an experience of a fire which destroyed part of this territory which he will never forget. There is a space of country from the Ottawa River westward to the Petawawa, a distance of from forty to fifty miles, and northward from the Manitou River to Mattawa of seventy to eighty, comprising an area of nearly four thousand square miles, that at the time I write of was an unbroken forest of green pine. Some idea of what the value of this territory, which is now a wilderness waste might have been, may be formed from the fact of the Ontario Government having obtained recently two thousand dollars per square mile for a country not nearly so well timbered as this was. Through the very centre of this mass of pine the conflagration of which I write swept.

A combination of circumstances, such as led to the destruction of Chicago, occurred in the spring of that year. A long drought was accompanied by furious gales of wind; weeks had elapsed since the snow had gone, and not a drop of rain had fallen. The timber drives on the different streams falling into the Ottawa were beginning to suffer from want of water. The men were getting disheartened at the slow progress made, and there were fears of "sticking the drive," which meant no pay for that season's work, but simply a due bill, payable for their wages on the arrival of the timber in Quebec. Flies were bad and numerous; smudges to drive them away were made along the shores of the stream and as a general thing left smouldering to flash into flame when fanned by the first wind that sprang up. The drive I was on was near the mouth of the river, where several rapids and chutes interposed, through which we had to get the timber into the Ottawa, whence it could be safely taken to Quebec that season; we had great difficulty in getting the "sticks" through the rapids and chutes for want of water. About ten miles up the stream there was a dam that held considerable water in reserve. On the morning of the fire I took a gang of men up to open the dam, which unfortunately had been built without a waste gate; it took us from four to five hours to throw out the stones and cut the logs and sheeting down sufficiently to let the water out. Some time before we got through the wind had risen and was now blowing a gale, when suddenly in the west a dark cloud loomed up and approaching rapidly soon obscured the sun, and a long low rumbling sound like distant thunder, but as continuous as the rushing of an express train over a bridge, was heard, and we had barely time to finish our job and get into our canoe, when the storm was upon us. We had a small lake to cross, then two miles of a narrow river to get through, where to be caught in the fire would be certain death from falling trees and flame, before we could reach the lake below, where we would be safe. While passing down the river we were under the black arch of the smoke cloud which kept in advance of the flame, and pieces of scorched moss and burnt limbs of trees were falling around us as thick as hail. As we shot out of the river into the lake we passed through a crowd of deer, bears, wolves, lynxes and foxes, huddled together, and swimming for life. Their mutual ferocity and fear of each

CORIN TO SYLVIUS.

GATHER roses, pink and white ;
Weave them in a coronal,
Twined with ladies' tresses bright,
Valley-lilies, champions small ;
Set mid ivy leaves so green—
Scarlet berries strew between.

Win your love to mossy nook,
Where doth spread a shady tree,
And doth wind a merry brook
Past a daisy-flowered lea ;
Crown her there your queen for aye,
All in sport and happy play.

She will pout and look aside,
Say your queen she may not be ;
Mind her not e'en if she chide,
All her thoughts you cannot see ;
Draw to yours her rosy cheek,
Kiss her first—thereafter speak.

From pink-white to crimson-red
In her cheek will change the rose ;
Her blue eye would strike you dead,
Yet her anger quickly goes ;
Cry her mercy, meekly bold,—
Then you may her waist enfold.

As the sky above the trees,
So her upward glance will shine ;
See you not from smiles like these
How her heart is wholly thine.
Gaily tripping now ye wend,
Love's own sprites your way attend.

J. H. BROWN.

STRAY THOUGHTS IN VENICE.

"Is life worth living?" is a question that answers itself readily enough in the affirmative on awakening to a fine April morning in Venice. The gladness and joy of it impregnates one through and through, and sets one's memory seeking for words to give it vent, and those words are found in Lowell's spring ode :—

Now is the high-tide of the year,
And whatever of life has ebbed away,
Comes flowing back with a rippling cheer,
To every dead ingle and creek and bay ;
Now the heart is so full that a breath overfills it ;
We are happy now because God wills it.

And as I stand on the hotel balcony and watch the clear wavelet changing from blue to green splashing up over the marble steps, it seems to me that there could be no more perfect comparison to fresh spring life and hope than the high-tide. Those marble steps somehow fascinate me. When the sea is up over them and the long green weeds wave softly, they seem to come up from blue-green depths of mystery that tell of stealthy black gondolas stealing up to midnight meetings, of sullen plunges that hide the traces of crime, of all sorts of old tales of mediæval wickedness, that furnish Venetian history with a medley like that of the curiosity shops on the Grand Canal. But in this sleepy atmosphere and during long lazy hours in the soft swing and silence of a gondola, one's sight-seeing conscience is apt to grow hardened and to tangle together fact and fiction in the most shameless fashion. In spite of the help of Mrs. Oliphant's "Makers of Venice," those same makers and heroes, doges, great captains and artists, are apt to get merged in the golden mist of romance that encircles Desdemona and Othello and Shylock. "Stageland" is the name of one of Jerome Jerome's clever sketches, and somehow the name fits itself in my fancy to Venice. Stageland—dreamland—the land where it is always afternoon—which of them is it, this wondrous place that is not country, with its absence this April day of all fresh green life, that is not town, with its fresh ripple and splash of water, its breath and light of the sea. It is perhaps the curious unreality of it all that fixes "stageland" in the mind as especially applicable to the Piazza as background to Venetian history. One sits in front of Florians in the end of the long spring afternoon, sipping one's coffee or ice, while the Besaglieri band plays, and the blue cloaked Italian officers clank up and down, smoking the longest and the thinnest of cigars, and the tourists feed the multitudinous flocks of pigeons, and dreamily in that dreamy air one seems to see that stage of the Piazza filled with its long pageant of Venice's history. All the morning, in the neighbouring Palace of the Doges, one has followed that history, and the grim, keen-faced Doges, who on those walls are so curiously intermixed with the most sacred figures, here step out of their frames and come to play their part like Irving's Louis XI. or Charles I. When one sees in the Sala del Maggior Consiglio, in the midst of the seventy-two portraits of the Doges, that black space inscribed with the traitor's name of Marino Faliero, or reads of the death of Francesco Foscari, who, after dooming his own son to torture and death, breathed his last at the sound of the great bell which announced the election of his successor, one longs to see their lives and deaths touched by Shakespeare's magic. And Caterina Cornaro, the last Queen of Cyprus, returning, widowed and childless at nineteen, to Venice to resign her royal state to her country, is she not worthy

to take place with Constance, and Ophelia, and Juliet, as one of Shakespeare's queens of tragedy. A queen, the serene sadness of whose face haunts one after seeing that sumptuous portrait of her by Titian in the Uffizzi. The very splendour of their costumes in those grand canvasses of Paul Veronese and Titian seem to take those figures more into the great halls of dreamland. What is it that makes all these men and women so shadowy and unreal? They all lived and moved and played the great pageants of their lives in this Piazza, and yet they remain shadows and do not shape themselves out in their old haunts like the great dead of Rome and Florence. In all their beautiful city there is no such spot as that stone which in the great Piazza at Florence marks the spot "where Savonarola's soul went out in fire." But there are some very real figures among the shadows, grim and fair, of Venetian history. In the library of the palace is the portrait of a shrewd resolute-faced monk in a brown Franciscan robe, and that monk is Fra Paolo Sarpi, and to all readers of Trollope's "Paul the Pope and Paul the Friar," a very real character indeed. For it was he who was the first man ever to successfully dare the terrors of a Papal interdict, and who, as Howells, I think, says: "Caught the arrows of Rome and flung them back broken and harmless." Then high up on the roof of the Doge's Palace are a line of small grated windows. These are the terrible Piombi, in one of which Silvio Pellicio, caught in the grip of the Austrians, languished out one of the martyrdoms that have helped to make the Italy of to-day a fact and not an ideal. He describes his imprisonment thus: "Words cannot tell to what a degree the air of the den I occupied was inflamed. Looking south under a leaden roof, and with a window looking on the roof of St. Mark, wholly lead, the reflection of which was terrible, I was suffocating. I had never conceived the idea of such heat. To these were added the mosquitoes, with which I was covered. Hopeless of obtaining a change of prison, temptations to suicide came over me, and I feared that I should go mad." But there is a stately grey Renaissance palace at one of the curves of the Grand Canal, marked by its dark-red gondola posts, that to me, and I fancy to many another English-speaking traveller of to-day, contains the very kernel of Venice's associations, for it was within those walls, a year ago last November, that Robert Browning looked his last on the world whose true meaning and discipline he had helped to make plainer to so many struggling souls. Who that loved his words can pass on without recalling the lines :—

Fear death ! To feel the fog in my throat,
The mist in my face,
When the snows begin, and the blasts denote
I am nearing the place.

Down to the end :—

— then a light, then thy breast
Oh, thou soul of my soul, I shall clasp thee again :
And with God be the rest.

And with that soul of his soul, and his God, he is now at rest, having played his part like a man in his life-long battle against the low aims and the many insidious forms of modern unbelief. The palace is now the home of his son, the well-known sculptor, and in the altar niche of what was once the chapel are inscribed in golden letters the words of the tablet that the Italians have placed to mark the house in Florence where Mrs. Browning died. I had half dreaded the sight of St. Mark's, for fear that in this second visit there might be some disillusionment to disturb the place that it had held in my memory. But I need not have feared. That complex and fantastic beauty of the real can hold its own, even against the idealized recollection. When I saw once more the glittering façade shining across the piazza, it momentarily crossed my mind that I had thought it larger, but the same satisfied sense of beauty and perfection which that sight had given before quickly returned. The feeling is not the awe that is produced by the great and sombre Gothic domes of Milan and the North—it is the sense of perfect satisfaction and content with what the eye beholds. The multiplicity of ornament that clusters over every inch in carved marble and in shining mosaic does not bewilder ; it only hints at the rich pleasures of study to come, while the harmony of the whole sinks into one's very being. But why try to write of what Ruskin, Lord Lindsey and Symonds have described over and over again? Why should one try to add to what is perhaps some of the finest prose writings in the English language—Ruskin's description of St. Mark's? I have never been an admirer of Ruskin. I have seen too much of the yoke laid by him on the shoulders of enthusiastic South Kensington art students—a yoke of theoretical knowledge only to be got free from in the brisk, workmanlike atmosphere of a Paris studio. But all prejudice against Ruskin's many fads must fade before his charming descriptions of the nooks and corners of Venice—before the deep thought and intense spirituality of his words on the interior of St. Mark's. And surely no one can enter that interior quite carelessly—no one can leave it without one graver thought. It is such an embodiment of the spirit of worship that no one whose faith in their God is not entirely wrecked can stand there without being joined in spirit to the dead who in faith planned and wrought and prayed within these walls. "Let my prayer be set forth in Thy sight as the incense, and let the lifting up of my hands be an evening sacrifice" are the words that seem to rise from one's heart whilst sitting there for a quiet moment, as the afternoon sun makes long blue lines on the incense laden air and lights up the dull gold of some shadowed arch showing out its story of martyred

other was banished for the time being by the red terror behind them. On reaching the lake we passed out of the belt of fire and got a side view of the tempest of flame and smoke as it swept away to the eastward. The flames curled over the tallest pines upwards of a hundred feet, and great billows of smoke, blue, black, purple and blood red in colour, rolled up to the sky. The wind came in hot gusts and struck in thuds upon the water round us and scourged it into vaporous spray like snow drifts. The canoe we were in, a long racer, urged by fifteen pair of strong arms, flew down the lake, yet quick as we sped the fiery tempest to the left of us went quicker, and when we reached the camp at the foot of the lake the fire had rolled away ahead of us to the north and east out to the Ottawa. The wind fell with the sun, and the night was calm and still. To the north of the camp was a small bare hill ; after dark I went to the top and looked over the great fire-swept plain to the north and east ; a veil of thin white smoke rose slowly, interspersed with innumerable pillars of fire, the burning trunks of dry unfallen pines. The sight was weird and spectral in the extreme ; it looked as if the roof had been lifted off Tophet and a glimpse given of that region, over the dark entrance of which the Florentine Seer saw written : "Abandon hope all ye who enter here." If the deep stillness had been broken by the wail of the lost, rising up with the dim clouds of white smoke, the resemblance would have been complete.

The lumber depot and farm belonging to our lumbering firm was situated twenty-five miles up the river, in the very centre of this conflagration. Five days after the fire the men who had been left there for the summer came down ; they had nothing with them but the clothes they wore ; everything they said had been destroyed at the depot including all the buildings, supplies, horses, cattle, (except one yoke). During the fire the men had to go into the middle of the farm, a clearing of over two hundred acres and lie down on their faces in the ploughed ground to save their lives. One of them, an old soldier, who had been through the Peninsular War under Wellington who had helped to hurl the Gallic legions back from Busacos blood-stained heights and had marched "red war shod" over thousands of his slain comrades through that terrible breach into the city of Badajoz, told me that as he lay face on the earth, and the fiery tempest swept over him, the experience was the most terrible he had ever had. They had to dig up the seed potatoes for food until such time as the woods were fit to travel in, so that they could get down. I took a canoe and several men and went up to the farm ; everything had been destroyed. One solitary yoke of cattle were wandering disconsolately through the clearing ; they had saved themselves by lying down in a small pond in a creek which ran through the farm. The pigs were dead ; the fowls scattered all round where the buildings had once been, scorched to death ; the horses were found near the edge of the clearing, also burnt. Five yoke of cattle were in the woods when the fire swept past, and had not been seen by the men before they left. On the second day's search I found fresh cattle tracks from a large lake, some distance from the farm. On following the tracks I found the cattle roaming about in the burnt woods in search of food ; I drove them into the clearing where vegetation was sufficiently advanced to sustain life. With the instinct of their kind they had heard the approach of the fiery tempest and made for the lake, where they must have been in the water five or six hours before they could with safety go ashore. I sent the canoe back by river and with one man walked down fifteen miles by land ; never saw I such a scene of desolation ; the very soil was burnt up ; nothing but sand, stones, and black charred trunks of trees were left. The small creeks were choked with ashes and dead fish. No cry of beast or song of bird, or sound of living thing, was heard in all that distance ; it seemed as if the day of doom foretold by the Seers of Eld, for this earth, had come and gone, and we were the first of the new beings who had appeared on its blackened, scorched and blasted surface. Several days after this terrible and devastating fire, the people of the city of Montreal were astonished when they got up in the morning to find the streets covered with a layer of fine white ashes. Some of their Savants attributed the phenomenon to an eruption of a volcano in the moon. Had they been where I had been they would have found a complete solution of the mystery. The fine white ashes rising to an immense height in the atmosphere had been carried nearly three hundred miles before they fell, and surprised the dwellers in Mount Royale city. Some idea of the force and fury and terrible destruction caused by this conflagration may be formed from the fact that it swept over a section of country covered with pine forty miles in length and twenty in width, in about five hours. What living thing could escape death and destruction if caught in the path of this fiery cyclone. The forests of Canada are one of her great sources of wealth ; no summer passes without its forest fires. The yearly loss of precious timber, the destruction of the settlers' property and risk of life goes on. The cities and towns are protected by water works and firemen. But what have our legislators done and what are they doing to stem and stay this terrible foe of the outlying districts of our common country? He who has felt the scorching flame and seen the awful destruction of life and property which it causes can justly sound the note of warning to his fellow countrymen.

RANGER.

HE was one of those men who possess almost every gift except the gift of the power to use them.—C. Kingsley.

saint or Old Testament patriarch. One may go up into the galleries that run round the arches of the church; one may study those dusky shining gold background mosaics day after day, and yet there is always some new saintly figure or grand angel form, some fresh mystic symbol to discover. To quote Ruskin, as one needs must do sooner or later: "Under foot and over head a continual succession of crowded imagery, one picture passing into another as in a dream; the passions and the pleasures of human life symbolized together, and the mystery of its redemption; for the mazes of interwoven lines and changeful pictures lead always at last to the cross, lifted and carved in every place and upon every stone." It was sitting there, in one of those dark corners, on Sunday afternoon, while the vesper music sounded from the choir, that the thought came to my mind—what an embodiment of the *Te Deum* those pictured walls are. "We praise Thee, Oh God!" For eight hundred years they have testified to man's worship of God. "To Thee all angels cry aloud." "The goodly fellowship of the prophets—the noble army of martyrs—the Holy Church throughout all the world"—all these, angels and archangels; prophets, patriarchs and martyrs, are they not all pictured there, teaching and recalling to every passer by the great truths of Christianity? Those innumerable frescoes set me thinking of the part played in Christian teaching by painting and sculpture. Their part is certainly not a completed one, for I have never loitered about the porticos or nave of the church without seeing some group of Venetians engrossed in studying them. Bronzed, handsome sailors or fishermen; Venetian girls, their bare heads piled high with fantastic little cones of smooth black or reddish hair, their big brown shawls held in loose folds round them—they all stand and stare at, and discuss in whispers, the history of Moses or Joseph, the martyrdom of St. Peter and St. Paul, the *Via Dolorosa* of our Lord. What do they think of it all, I wonder? What meaning is conveyed to them by those dim, stiff figures—those angel hosts? They must, at all events, have been familiar to them all their lives, and still have the full force of early association. Watching them I think with a sigh of many a fine fresco hidden by whitewash in English village churches; of many a blank white wall in our Canadian churches that might have been teaching its own lesson to tired childish eyes through the length of many a long, dry sermon. But, to return to St. Mark's. It is wonderful in what a familiar fashion they come and go—these Venetian folk—in their great beautiful church! Familiar, but not irreverent; for, to eyes used to Roman churches and functions, there is a wonderful change in reverence and earnestness, both in the people who kneel to pray and in the priest who stands before the altar. There is also another change from Rome. The Blessed Virgin and St. Peter are not, in St. Mark's, among the most prominent objects of worship. If, at the beginning and at the end of their devotions, the people press their foreheads and lips to an image, it is to the feet of the crucified, not to the foot of St. Peter, and, as Ruskin says: "Although in the recesses of the aisles and chapels, when the mist of the incense hangs heavily, we may see continually a figure traced in faint lines upon the marble, a woman standing with her eyes raised to heaven and with the inscription above her, 'Mother of God,' she is not here the presiding deity. It is the cross that is first seen and always, burning in the centre of the temple; and every dome and hollow of its roof has the figure of Christ in the utmost height of it, raised in power or returning in judgment."

ALICE JONES.

THE VOYAGEURS AND COUREURS DE BOIS.*

I WOULD direct your attention to a class of men who, through the successive crisis of our history, have borne no slight part in its development, namely, the voyageurs and coureurs de bois. The memorials of primitive colonial life are replete with romantic interest, and few figures are more picturesque than that of the voyageur. Though a thorn in the side of princes and rulers, this hardy French bushranger had his uses. His life had a dark and ugly side; sometimes brutally savage, oftener marked with daredevil courage and a reckless, thoughtless gaiety. His memory will always be associated with the great world of the woods.

It was not until the beginning of the eighteenth century, after the firm administration of Frontenac had secured peace with the Indians, that the colony to that time restricted to the three small towns, Quebec, Montreal and Three Rivers, began gradually to develop. By the forest paths of the New World intrepid explorers pushed forward, enlarging the possessions of France; a chain of forts sprang up in the valley of the Mississippi and on the shores of Lake Champlain, destined to bind Canada with Louisiana and isolate the English colonies lining the Atlantic seaboard. The colony maintained its existence by means of the beaver trade and out of this traffic rose an evil baneful to the growth and morals of Canada. The beaver skins produced an effect akin to gold in our own day, and the deepest recesses of the forest were invaded by these seekers after gain. All the most active portion of the colony took to the woods and escaped from the control of priests, councils and intendants. There were many reasons to account for this; the profits were great and the trade was accompanied by a fascinating element of

peril and adventure. The government of the priestly rulers was so rigid that it is scarcely to be wondered at if persons of a trivial or frivolous character were sorely tempted to escape from its severity. Then, the poverty of the early settlers was extreme. Charlevoix describes the young Canadian seigniors "as gentlemen thoroughly versed in the most elegant and agreeable arts of spending money, but greatly at a loss how to obtain it"; and again he says, "there is a great deal of hunting and shooting, for many Canadian gentlemen are almost destitute of any other means of living at their ease." As *lettres de cachet* became common, many young men of noble birth were sent out to New France and when there were left destitute of resources and had to make their way to the best of their ability. The only careers open to these youths were the army and the fur trade. Many wild and mournful tales are related of them, and it must be admitted that some of these reckless young gallants have furnished numerous grand types of incarnate will and energy.

As a proposed remedy for the universal penury of the impecunious upper classes, a privilege called *congé* was given to poor families among the nobility, permitting them to trade at retail without losing their rank. Licenses were issued for the forest trade. Their number was limited to twenty-five and the privileges which they conferred varied at different periods. These licenses were sometimes sold for the profit of the Government, but frequently they were given to the widows of officers and other needy persons, to the hospitals, or to favourites, or retainers of the Government. Those who were unable to make use of these privileges sold them to voyageurs and merchants at a price varying from 1,000 to 18,000 francs. They were valid for a year and a-half; each canoe man had a share in the profits which were often very large.

The more youthful and vigorous portion of the male population traded with the Indians beyond the limits of the most remote settlement. Many were in league with the authorities who denounced the abuse, while secretly favouring that portion of it in which they were themselves interested. It was no wonder that a year or two of forest wandering spoiled men for civilization. There was a jovial liberty in the freedom of the woods. The voyageur liked the wilderness because there he was emancipated from restraint. He enjoyed lounging around the camp fire and the license of Indian villages. As the sea becomes the sailor's natural element, so the secrets of woodcraft became familiar to these hardy Frenchmen. They formed alliances with the savages; learnt their various idioms; in many cases adopted their tastes, habits and modes of warfare. We read descriptions of coureurs de bois decked out in savage finery, greased, painted and feathered like their Indian comrades, practising the same cruelties, delighting in the same excesses. The western fur trade was ennobled by a fascinating element of danger and adventure. In this pursuit the gentlemen rovers discovered the Rooky Mountains, explored the Mississippi, founded Detroit, St. Louis and New Orleans. Under such leaders as Du Lhut, the coureurs de bois built forts of palisades at various points throughout the west and north-west. They had a post of this sort at Detroit sometime before its permanent settlement, as well as others on Lake Superior and in the valley of the Mississippi. They occupied such stations as suited their purpose, and then abandoned them to the next comer. The Jesuit Carheil, in a letter to the Intendant, Champigny, gives a description of life at these outlying forest posts or transient stations which is decidedly more startling than edifying. Michillimackinac was, however, the voyageurs chief resort, and from thence they would set out two or three together to roam for hundreds of miles through the endless meshwork of interlocking lakes and rivers which seams the northern wilderness.

"Saint Castin, Du Lhut, de La Durantaye, La Motte Cardillac, Iberville, Bienville, La Verendrye, are names that stand conspicuous on the page of half savage romance that refreshes the hard and practical annals of American civilization," says Parkman. Anyone who would form a just estimate of the perils and privations which many of these men encountered should read a statement of his services and sufferings, presented by La Verendrye, who, while in search of the Pacific, discovered the North-West, presented to the Minister of the Marine, dated October, 1744, published in "Margry's Collection of Documents" (vol. VI.), or La Verendrye's Journal, 1738-9, published in Report of the Canadian Archives, 1889; or again the Journal of Jacques Repentigny Legardeur St. Pierre of his expedition for the discovery of the Western Sea in 1750-52, to be found in the Report of the Canadian Archives for 1886.

The rulers of New France soon became alarmed at this premature scattering of the forces. In 1728, de Maurepas, Minister of Marine, wrote to Dupuis, then Intendant of Canada: "The settlers of New France are of a different mind from those of New England. They want to push on without troubling themselves about the settlement of the interior, because they earn more and are more independent when they are farther away."

One edict after another was directed against the bush-rangers; at the same time severity was hazardous. The offenders might be driven over to the English, or converted into lawless banditti, renegades to civilization and the faith. In this case neither threats nor blandishments proved of much avail. More than once the colony presented the extraordinary spectacle of the greater part of its young men turned into forest outlaws. We read of

seigniories abandoned; farms turning again into fields; wives and children left in destitution. The exodus of the coureurs de bois would assume at times the character of an organized movement. The famous du Lhut is said to have made a combination of all the young men in Canada to follow him into the woods. The Intendant, Duchesneau, reported that 800 men out of a population of less than 10,000 souls had vanished into the dim recesses of the forest. The king ordered that any person going into the woods without a license should be whipped and branded for a first offence, and sent for life to the galleys for a second. The order was easily given; the difficulty consisted in enforcing it. Duchesneau writes: "The disobedience of the coureurs de bois has reached a point that everybody contravenes the king's interdictions; that there is no longer any concealment, and that parties are collecting with astonishing insolence to go and trade in the Indian country. I have done all in my power to prevent this evil which may cause the ruin of the colony. I have enacted ordinances against the coureurs de bois; against gentlemen and others who harbour them, and even against those who have any knowledge of them and will not inform the local judges. All has been in vain, inasmuch as some of the most considerable families are interested in them, and the Governor lets them, and even shares their profits."

"You are aware, Monseigneur," writes Dénonville some years later, "that the coureurs de bois are a great evil, but you are not aware how great this evil is. It deprives the country of its most effective men; makes them indocile, debauched and incapable of discipline, and turns them into pretended nobles, wearing the sword and decked out with lace, both they and their relations, who all affect to be gentlemen and ladies. As for cultivating the soil they will not hear of it. This, along with the scattered condition of the settlements, causes their children to be as unruly as Indians, being brought up in the same manner." In another despatch he enlarges on their vagabond and careless ways; their indifference to marriage, and the mischief caused by their example; describes how on their return from the woods they swagger like lords, spend all their gains in dress and drunken revelry, and despise the peasants, whose daughters they will not deign to marry, though they are peasants themselves.

Even after the Conquest, it was considered quite the correct thing for every young man to make a voyage to "the pays d'en haut" before he settled in life.

"One is so happy when one returns from these trips," an intending voyageur is reported to have said. "There is so much to tell. These adventures provide one with stories for the remainder of one's life."

The route followed in going up to Fort William was to start from Lachine—Lake Ontario was left at what is now called the River Humber; the portage passed, Holland River led to Lake Simcoe. At the end of the lake the River Severn conducted the party to Matchedash Bay and finally they passed through Lakes Huron and Superior. The large canoes would hold four tons of merchandise, and required twelve men to manage them; they would carry twenty persons, each having his provisions for the voyage and what was termed his "drigail," a word signifying furniture, arms, baggage, etc., whatever might form a troublesome burden. The voyageurs were also provided with smaller canoes, called *canots du nord*, for the purpose of navigating the shallow rivers and streams of the North-West.

These lovers of forest life were very like children in many of their ideas; they had many forms and ceremonies peculiar to themselves, which they enjoyed with boyish exhilaration. Before starting on their travels they often danced the *Ronde des Voyageurs*. The voyageurs ranged themselves around in a circle; in the centre were placed two bags about six feet apart; on these, facing each other, were seated two singers, one young, the other old, each with an empty kettle under his arm. The young man in his shirt sleeves, a cock's feather in his cap, wearing a jaunty air, first sang a lively song. The older man's costume denoted the fact that he was starting on a journey. He was wrapped in his blue coat with a particular coloured sash; his *sac-an-feu* made of beaver or muskrat skin, decorated with embroidery or ribbons, holding his pipe, supply of tobacco and stone and tinder, was worn at the side, passed into the belt beside the sheathed knife. The man of experience sang a graver strain, describing the difficulties and dangers which the party might likely be obliged to encounter. All the voyageurs holding hands began to dance, the singers beating time upon their kettles like tambourines. They danced round three times; then, the ceremony was repeated. The chorus was that still known among the Canadians as "*La Jolie Bergère*."

When the voyageurs reached *Pointe-au-Baptême*, a little beyond Les Joachims, new recruits were obliged to submit to a ceremony which they styled "baptism of the pays d'en haut," lots were drawn and the individual upon whom the lot fell submitted to the rite for all his comrades. A god-father and god-mother were selected. The former dressed his charge in grotesque imitation of a baby, using a blanket as a shawl and a sheet of tarpaulin for a skirt; the latter tossed the pretended infant in his brawny arms, pinched him to make him cry out, delivered orations and exhortations over him with a guileless candour sufficient to provoke the patience of a saint. If the neophyte retaliated, or exhibited evidences of temper, he was likely to have a bad time of it. Finally, he was immersed in the river. New recruits were called

* Paper read before the Mosaic Club, Montreal.

mangeurs du lard, because until they became accustomed to the sagmity of Indian corn and the buffalo pemmican, which formed the voyageur's chief fare, they often regretted the comforts they had left at home. In order to test their pluck, temper and good-faith, innumerable pranks were played upon the new members of the company. If these fell short of what was expected of them, their companions endeavoured to frighten and disgust them, with the object of forcing them to abandon the expedition. The canoes mounting, often met those coming down; on these occasions exchanges were frequently effected between the crews, and the whole party was keenly interested in the subject. In the perils of the wilderness, comfort, happiness, even life itself, often depended upon those who were thrown into such close connection.

Wherever a small remnant of the flock wandering in the forest was found, there a priest speedily made his way. Large expeditions were usually accompanied by a missionary, who often acted as a political agent as well as an emissary of the Gospel. The services were of the most primitive description. A blanket was hung up in a corner of the camp, the corners fastened down by two forks; each penitent, as he repeated his confession, placed himself on his knees before the priest. When the mass was to be celebrated, a barrel of pork or flour standing upright served as an altar; the priest hung the cross he wore at his girdle upon it. From his pocket he brought forth the vases, sacred vessels and the elements of the sacraments. The ceremony lost nothing of its solemnity from being celebrated in dim forest aisles; all the vibrating harmonies of nature joining in prayer and praise.

When a party of *coureurs de bois* returned from their roivings, Montreal was generally their ha-bouring place. "They conducted themselves," says Parkman, "much like the crew of a man-of-war paid off after a long service. As long as the beaver skins lasted they set no bounds to their riot. Every house in the place, we are told, was turned into a drinking shop. The new comers were bedizened with a strange mixture of French and Indian finery; while some of them, with instincts more thoroughly savage, stalked about the streets as naked as a Pottawatami or a Sioux. The clamour of tongues was prodigious, and gambling and drinking filled the day and the night. When, at last, they were sober again, they sought absolution of their sins; nor could the priests venture to bear too hard on their unruly penitents, lest they should break wholly with the Church, and dispense thenceforth with her sacraments."

BLANCHE L. MACDONELL.

THE RAMBLER.

THE Queen's Birthday has found us all loyal—not alone to a principle, but to an individual. The present sovereign is peculiarly dear. Firstly—she is a woman, therefore she appeals to impulses of pure chivalry among men and to all emotions of sympathy among sister women. Secondly—as this has often been styled the Woman's Century, it is a fitting and a happy coincidence that a woman should, for fifty-four years, have successfully adorned her exalted position. Thirdly—the career of Victoria as an individual has amply proved that, though not a woman of genius, she has brought to the throne better things than genius—self-control and self-forgetfulness, patience, prudence, systematic habits and a devout spirit—the things that shall rule and possess the earth when genius hath long departed from it. Recalling to mind Macaulay's estimate of poor Charles, impelled by a sad perversity to crooked and dangerous dealings, recalling the quartette of Georges, the Stuart quartette, even the indomitable character of William—Macaulay's hero and favourite, we must end by chronicling Victoria—name of happy omen, surely—in every sense the true successor of Elizabeth. The present Queen may not, it is true, go down the ages as a great romantic figure, such as Elizabeth, riding on the sands with that sharp aquiline nose of hers well in the air, or the unfortunate Mary, her life embittered by the faithlessness of a foreign love, but there will be at least no tales, no anecdotes of anything like lapses from queenship. Queen Victoria is the outcome of our century, which has made for morality, for high-mindedness, for personal responsibility, and for sustained if quiet effort, let its detractors say what they will.

The *World* says: "Lady Dufferin, who is staying with her daughter and Mr. Monro-Ferguson, is looking younger than ever, and in the best of spirits. She has presented her youngest daughter, Lady Victoria, at the first Drawing-Room. She will remain in London all the season, and Lord Dufferin will join her later."

The Queen's favourite dogs—upwards of thirty in number—have been recently photographed at the Royal Kennels, Windsor Castle. The animals are Pomeranians, collies, fox-terriers, and dachshunds.

How is it we have heard no more about Lord Lansdowne's resignation? I should think it a misfortune for so able a gentleman to throw away any chances of making his notable appointment good, but it is possible that the question of climate may be involved. Do you remember poor Macaulay writing home to his friends in July: "While London is a perfect gridiron, here am I at 13° north from the equator by a blazing wood fire with my windows

closed. My bed is heaped with blankets and my black servants are coughing round me in all directions." Then when he spent two months on the Neilgherries in a climate equable as Madeira and invigorating as Braemar, his visit coincided with the monsoon, and the rain came down in torrents so that for a month together he could not get "two hours' walking."

What can be found more delightfully English than this rattling account of a day with the Duke of Beaufort's Hounds? It is so idiomatic that we can hardly make it out, can we? Rush Mead Wood, adjoining Battlefields, was blank, and so was Beach Wood, but in the *tumpy* ground opposite a brace of foxes were disporting themselves. They cunningly lay low until the hounds and field had moved on to draw Pimpley Bottom, and then sneaked off in the direction of Langridge; but their movements did not escape the eye of "The Man in the Cart," whose vociferous "Holloa" brought everybody back. The line was across the Down, up to Mr. Snook's farm, then into the bottom, and to ground at French Bank, a well-known burrowing-place for badgers and rabbits, between Langridge and Swainswick. Such faulty *stopping*, unless it was premeditated, which I very much doubt, was not complimentary to the noble Master, after coming such a distance to thin down the vulpine species in this neighbourhood. . . . The line was up to the village; he then ran the road parallel with the Park wall, up to the Gloucester Road, crossed and still further *macadamized* for another mile until abreast of Oldfield Scrubs Farm, when he took us into the *wall country*, pointed as if for Marshfield, then bore to the left round West Littleton, and back to Dyrham, where they lost him close to the house. A very bright *scurry*, in the first part of which the scent was breast high, and hounds had the best of it. The line was quite an unusual one, and the character of the walls was new to us, viz., wide enough to jump onto and off. The sportsmen who had a long *hack on* appreciated the welcome *stirrup cup* which was kindly offered to all who needed it by the young squire. In the cover at the back of the house a fox was found, which, in spite of being headed at every point, managed to escape on the Ashwick side, ran up to the Home Farm on through Picnic Wood, out at the bottom and away for St. Catherine's Mill, to which point many of us made tracks to get over the brook, but the fox turned sharp to the left up the hill to Bannerdown, where he lay down in the scrub, but scent being very good hounds soon *hustled* him out of it, through Alderbury, and on into Rodney Wood, where they killed him. Abbott Combe was then *drawn blank*, as was also the cover in the bottom, but in Shockerwick Wood a rare good travelling fox was found, who quickly made tracks over Bannerdown, passed the back of the Rocks on to Ashwick, and though hounds touched it in Marshfield Wood, and took it at walking pace across the fosse in direction of Sewell, they really never got on terms with it again. A very good day for the country and time of year. *We were very sorry to hear that one gentleman broke his collar-bone owing to his horse falling at a bank, but we trust we were misinformed.*

If you will "take" and read it aloud as some people say, you will find that it has an exceedingly breezy effect. The italics of course are mine—the anticlimax at the end is tagged on in the jauntiest fashion.

CORRESPONDENCE.

MR. BLAKE AND OUR DESTINY.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—That Mr. Blake is within his personal right in declining at present to express more definitely than he has yet done his opinion as to the political future of Canada, it seems probable that very few thoughtful and unbiassed persons will deny. But there must be many who doubt and there probably are many who do deny that in the recent crisis he has so acted as to satisfy the requirements of patriotism. We have no right to condemn Mr. Blake for this conduct; he has merely exercised the right which everyone possesses to withdraw from the arena before the contest begins and while there is yet time for choosing another champion in his place. Nor has anyone a right to impute to him unworthy motives for so doing, and most if not all Canadians are no doubt assured that he has acted conscientiously. But those who, like myself, remember the brilliant promise of the famous Aurora speech and the hopes Mr. Blake's then utterances planted in the hearts of Canadian youth, cannot but feel disappointment that in these later days when Mr. Blake has attained an age in years and in the experience of public and private life which makes improbable though not impossible any new acquisition by him of self-reliance and of the power to subordinate personal ties to the public interest, he has shown a lack of some of the qualities needed to command their confidence. He whose abilities command their admiration and whose integrity might command their trust has told them plainly that those abilities and that integrity are not devoted to the public weal when private friendship and party associations weigh against it. Convinced that the policy of his party was dangerous to the State, his integrity made it impossible for him to support it, but his patriotism was not strong enough to make him interpose his powerful influence to save us from the threatened danger—and why? Because in his trembling balance of

right and wrong, personal friendships and partisan feeling weighed heavier than love of country. I find myself unable, though I have tried, to read his famous letter as meaning otherwise than this.

All generous souls must sympathize with Mr. Blake in the painful dilemma in which he found himself and in his present distress, gored, as he is, by both of the horns which he sought to avoid. Reproached by his own party for failing them in their time of need, and conscious of having withheld his aid from his country in what he considered a crisis of its destiny, he now stands a pathetic figure of patriotism shackled by friendship and party. Let us for our own sakes, as well as for his, judge him not too harshly. We owe him much for what he has done in the past, for many years of toil, for great sacrifices of his personal interests, for much suffering of cowardly abuse, for sacrifice of health, and, even if his integrity is its own best reward, we nevertheless owe him gratitude for what he has been even more than for what he has done—a hard-toiling public servant, untainted in the midst of chicanery and corruption, a striking example and proof to ourselves and to our children of the possibility of rectitude in our political life. If in this last crisis he has somewhat fallen short of greatness, if we must say to him that we can now admire him only as one who "could if he would" let us say to him also, in gentle tones and not without pleading:—

Could if you would! True greatness ever wills!
It lives in wholeness if it lives at all,—
And all its strength is knit with constancy.

"When you made your Aurora speech you had about the years which we have now, and you had been not long in public life, though long enough to have already won laurels and charmed us with your personality. We were young and we were just taking to our hearts the lessons of patriotism. We saw our country, in whose affairs and destiny we were beginning to take an intelligent interest, the prey of factions contending for the spoils of office and for victory for its own sake—corruption and chicanery undermining its political morality—its interests sacrificed to the exigencies of faction—its electorate hoodwinked by *ad captandum* arguments and specious promises, while few were found to stand up manfully for country before party to reform the evils of the time, and those few (all honour to them and to their memories!) lacked the authority which only exceeding great abilities and wide reputation could bestow. Your Aurora speech showed us, as we thought, our future head, guided by whom we might learn how to make our country great and our nation noble. Had you, then, persevered in the path you entered, nearly all the young men of Canada would have rallied to your aid, and to-day it would have been a broad way leading to greatness and trampled to smoothness by the feet of devoted thousands. But soon we saw that you too were in harness, strongly bitted, controlled by the party driver and in dread of the party whip. Compelled to a choice between the existing parties, and finding the party to which you had surrendered your independence opposing the National Policy, which, as first formulated, seemed to many of us wise, many of us attached ourselves to the party supporting it, and we now form no inconsiderable factor of its strength. But our eyes have been ever upon you, and many of us have thought that you have been ever in the harness, the leader of the team but not its guiding head. We have not been without hope that as you advanced in years you would advance also in a well-founded self-reliance to take the place of that excessive modesty, becoming to comparative youth, to which we attributed your self-abnegation, and which we respected while we regretted its existence in you. We have looked for the time when you would feel no longer able to sacrifice your own judgment of the public weal to the exigencies of party warfare and might so come out into the clear air of patriotism, in which you might soar to a height above the miasma of faction, and, 'purging and unscaling your long-abused sight at the fountain itself of heavenly radiance' and 'kindling your undazzled eyes at the full mid-day beam,' you might see clearly and point and lead the way to national greatness. Such a time came lately. But the miasma had enfeebled you, and the free air had not time to restore your power to soar. The eagle poised for flight; but the eagle had dwelt with the kites and owls too long. 'The whole noise of timorous and flocking birds, with those also that love the twilight, fluttered about amazed at what he meant,' and their 'envious gabble' kept him from the sun. But he is not their prisoner and he yet may soar. Every stroke of those late enfeebled wings giving them new strength will bring him nearer to the source of life, and soon the eagle may float on tireless pinions in the empyrean. What his piercing eye shall thence discern of our country's destiny we fain would know."

It is not yet too late for Mr. Blake to take the position for which he is of all men in Canada the best fitted by character, ability and education, that of a great tribune of the people, serving no faction and shackled by no ties but those of country. Had he taken that position a few months ago perhaps he would have been stronger than he is to-day. But after all it is hard to distrust a great man for his fealty to friendship, even though it have dimmed his patriotism. And for the future Mr. Blake may be free. If he will preserve his freedom he may command the confidence and support of very many of the best of his countrymen. Untrammelled by party he may soon hold the balance of power in Parliament, and in the country he may educate and prepare the nation for its destiny. We have no right to demand this service at his hands; but we may

beg for it. Never did Canada need Mr. Blake in Parliament more than now. The growing political power of an aggressive hierarchy, the Manitoba School Act, the Constitution of the North-West Territories, grave charges against a Minister of the Crown, our trade relations with our neighbours,—all these are matters of vital import to the country, and in all of them how powerful an influence for good would be unbiassed criticism born of that acute and logical mind and uttered by that eloquent voice, inspired not by the spirit of the partisan advocate but by the simple love of right! What constituency will honour itself and the country by offering Mr. Blake his election by acclamation to a seat upon the cross benches in the present Parliament?

Mr. Beith and electors of West Durham, here is your golden opportunity. Do you love your country well enough to give it a great tribune of the people? Think of this and all that it implies! Call Mr. Blake to this noble service and I believe his heart will make him answer "Here am I."

CANADENSIS.

WITH ROD AND LINE.

(VILLANELLE.)

A YEAR ago, or thereabout,
I crossed the hay-field by the brook,
With rod and line, to catch a trout.

Black-eyed Justine, with muscles stout,
And forkéd prong, the sweet hay shook,—
A year ago, or thereabout.

The Curé's pride, demure, devout;
M'ssieu' may pass—nor will she look—
With rod and line, to catch a trout.

Fence-rails between, a merry shout;
"Bes' catch you' feesh befo' you cook!"—
A year ago, or thereabout!

The streamlet's windings, in and out,
I followed far, if in some nook
With rod and line, to catch a trout.

Nor fish, nor maid with smile or pout!—
Ah! me, that I the way mistook—
A year ago, or thereabout,
With rod and line, to catch a trout!

SAMUEL M. BAYLIS.

THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD.*

NOW that the loud and jubilant chorus of praise which Sir Edwin Arnold's new poem has been welcomed is beginning to die down, critics should enquire into the purpose and merits of the much-lauded book in a calmer mood. Panegyrics and ecstasies may be allowed to sentimentalists of both sexes, but they are out of place when they creep into the verdicts of literary judges, to whom the public look for honest and well-balanced judgments. A great reputation is apt to dazzle, and the splendour of the success Sir Edwin Arnold achieved in a former poem throws a halo of glory around its successor which may invest it with fictitious value. The old canon of criticism demands that the reviewer have respect to the author's aim and method. In the light of that canon let us look dispassionately and fearlessly at the latest literary sensation.

First, as to the aim of "The Light of the World." This is not so easy to tell as one would think. Usually a preface puts the reader of a book in possession of the writer's purpose, but this book has no preface. We regret that Sir Edwin did not devote a few sentences to the explanation of his real aim and intention. Yet we are not by any means left in the dark. The very title of the poem, "The Light of the World, or the Great Consummation," is suggestive when placed alongside of the title of the earlier poem, "The Light of Asia, or the Great Renunciation," and leads to the supposition that the one is intended to supplement the other. Confirmatory proofs are supplied by the line of thought followed. Before the end of the poem is reached, the conviction forms itself in the mind of the reader that Sir Edwin has attempted a poetic study in the popular science of comparative religion. Christianity and Buddhism are contrasted in the persons, character and work of their respective founders. One of the Magi, a devout follower of Buddha, comes to Mary of Magdala and asks of her information about the life and teaching of the wonderful Babe at whose shrine he had bowed thirty-six years before. Conscious that truth has many sides, and that the roads to everlasting bliss are more than one in number, he is anxious to learn what addition the sage born at Bethlehem had made to the world's knowledge of the highest and best things. Though a Buddhist, he is no bigot. He values truth above any system, and is willing to welcome light from any source. Into this receptive mind Mary pours the store of her information concerning the Christ. By dwelling on the characteristic words and works of our Lord during His life on earth, she so revealed the superlative glory of the

Christian faith that the disciple of Buddha had to admit that in Jesus was to be found "the noon of knowledge completing what our noble Buddha said."

The poem possesses undoubted value on account of its masterly contrast of the "Light of the World" with the "Light of Asia." The poverty of Buddhism as a system of religious life and thought is put alongside of the wealth of Christianity with artistic and forceful effect. The superiority of Christianity is argued from the breadth of its humanity and of its catholicity. Buddha sought to develop the spiritual at the cost of the human. His saint must cut every tie which binds him to things bright and lovable on earth:—

Break from the sense with all its sorceries;
Forego delights, disdain what most men prize,
Life's light allurements, tender things of time,
Soft lips of love, sweet lip of little ones
Making heart's music in the house; praise, fame,
Wealth, domination.

But Christ shows how to grow into holiness without stifling natural desires or trampling under foot the beauty of life. He taught men, we are told, to see Heaven closest in the earth they walked upon, God plainest in the brother they pass on life's way, best solitudes among busy multitudes, and passions overcome when master-passion springs to serve and love and succour. This is admirable so far as it goes, and vindicates the humanity of the religion of Christ against the unnatural asceticism of the religion of Buddha.

Not less admirable is the explanation of the emphasis Christ placed upon catholicity. The gates of His kingdom stand open for all and at all times. The distinctions of earth are left outside, and are powerless to effect an entrance for their owners. The poorest beggar or the most illiterate peasant may have the faith which opens the golden gates of the Kingdom. Compared with this full and gracious catholicity, the conditions of bliss Buddha demanded of his followers look narrow, repressive, and occasionally contemptible.

If Sir Edwin Arnold meant the poem to be a contrast of Buddhism with Christianity, we have little but praise for the manner in which he carries out his purpose, but if he intended it to be a poetic version of the life of Christ our praise must be considerably modified. It may be that the success which crowned his attempt to give the world a picture of the founder of Buddhism encouraged him to the bolder endeavour of doing the same for the founder of Christianity. If that was his aim, success has not smiled on his effort this time. The picture of Christ is given once for all in words of inimitable simplicity and imperishable grandeur in the four evangelists. Even Milton in "Paradise Regained" fell far short of the standard of excellence he invoked by attempting such a theme. Where Milton failed, Sir Edwin Arnold could hardly have been expected to succeed. His style does not rise to the heights of his subject. While always fluent, easy, graceful, and occasionally felicitous in touches which genius alone could give, it lacks the forceful strength which irresistibly compels the words to carry into the mind of the reader the meaning they would convey. The Gospel narrative is followed, so far as the facts of the poem are concerned, with two or three notable exceptions, which jar harshly on the religious susceptibilities of most Bible students. We gladly note the reverence with which the poet speaks of our Lord, but here again the discerning critic must enter a protest against certain passages which reduce our Lord's divinity to a kind of glorified humanity. In a generation distinguished by the number and quality of its biographies of Christ, we do not see that there was any special need for a biography in blank verse; but since Sir Edwin Arnold has devoted his time and talents to the task, we thank him for a poem which shows the superiority of Christianity to Buddhism in passages of sustained splendour, and which portrays the perfect life with poetic appreciation of its unique words and works. Only we refuse to go into raptures over the book for the simple reason that we fail to see in it that which carries one away to new visions and ecstatic experiences. D. S.

ART NOTES.

VISITORS have been numerous during the past week to the Ontario Society of Artists' exhibition, and the general opinion appears to take the form of hearty congratulation on the thorough excellence of the work presented. Commencing with the water-colour exhibit we remark four pictures by F. M. Bell-Smith, the most satisfactory of which is undoubtedly "Early Morning on the Shuswap Lake," although the sky in "A Conversation" is a careful bit of work. Miss E. M. Martin's "Lake of Bays" is better than her "Still Life." Mr. Bruenech follows with three exceedingly charming little sketches, of which the "Return of Fishing Fleet, Cornwall," is marked by rich colouring and much vividness of style. Miss Muntz gives in her "Old Shanty, Muskoka," something out of the common, and which in the upper half of the picture is highly pleasing, the effect of the yellow evening sky being admirably managed. She has failed, however, comparatively speaking, in the lower half of the sketch, with respect to the water—the streaks being rather too pronounced and regular. Mr. W. Revell sends five small studies, mostly landscape, which command attention for their carefulness and absence of pretension. Mr. L. R. O'Brien's contribution consists of two landscapes, "On Coast of Cornwall," and at "Point au Pic, Murray Bay,"

both of which are distinguished by that clearness and felicity of touch never absent from this artist's best work. We now come to Mr. C. Macdonald Manly's six pictures, and it may be said *en passant* that this painter is also somewhat of a poet, since such suggestive titles as "A World of Heather," "And the River Came Through the Wall," "And the Rain Crept Over," are among those upon the catalogue. There is promise, and more than promise, for there is already fruition, in Mr. Manly's work. His lichen-covered rocks, his foreboding, cloudy, rain-filled skies, his merly foregrounds and middle perspectives of heather, are all equally satisfactory. Perhaps the handling of a difficult subject in the "River" that comes "Through the Wall," is a trifle obscured; we might desire a little more clearness. But in the glimpses of "Salisbury" and "Canterbury" outlined against a soft English sky there is nothing left to desire. Mr. Gagen has two semi-marine sketches, one of which, "Dirty Weather, Peak's Island," comes almost near being powerful. Mr. F. McGillivray Knowles has certainly been to Percé. That wonderful rock has impressed itself upon his imagination for all time, we should say. This artist is rather unequal. The "Percé" pictures are highly creditable; "Weeding" and "Bonaventure" are too loudly coloured. With consummate care, pains and study Mr. Knowles will do still better work; he has plenty of conviction. Mr. Rolph and Mr. Fowler are both well represented. Mr. T. Mower Martin shows no fewer than ten canvases, and Mr. M. Matthews six. The head of an "Old Soldier," by Mr. Martin, is so good that it should suggest all manner of probabilities to the artist. Mr. Matthews, in striving to combat with British Columbian scenery is, in company with most people, rather overweighted. Glaciers and the Rockies require a lot of *wrestling* with, but Mr. Matthews is at least conscientious.

As there always have been people who will throw themselves over Niagara Falls so will there always be people who aspire to paint them, and the analogy goes still further since there are two kinds of suicides—physical and artistic. Mr. F. L. Foster has committed the latter. Miss Gertrude E. Spurr sends two rose studies, excellent in tone, form and shading. Nos. 71 and 87, by Arthur Cox, may be like the extraordinary places they affect to represent, but the grotesqueness of the Grand River scenery will retard genuine artistic progress on the part of the painter who chooses to devote time and brush to it. Besides, there is a marked *stippled* look about these pictures which detracts from their value; in such a multiplicity of touches even the leading outlines of rock and tree are lost. We now arrive at four portraits, the best of which is Mr. J. W. L. Forster's picture of his mother, exceedingly natural and easy. The other three, two of which are by W. Cruikshank and one by W. A. Sherwood, are, however, improvements upon the previous efforts of these gentlemen. Nos. 74 and 76 reveal at once the now fixed mannerisms of Mr. Homer Watson, who still numbers, we doubt not, many admirers of his peculiar style.

Among the oil paintings, first mention must be made, we think, of a dozen or so small canvases by Mr. J. C. Forbes, all marine studies. In conception and execution these little pictures are all excellent, and display Mr. Forbes' talent in a comparatively new direction. The best of these are "Hazy Morning," "Ocean Waves," and "Shoal Waves," 169, 162 and 91, respectively, in the catalogue. "Caeco Bay," No. 101, is a little marred by the panoramic view of the ship, while the rocks in 94, and several others, are perhaps too conscientiously depicted and rendered too much in mere photographic detail. But in the "Hazy Morning" and the two companion pictures of waves, this well-known artist has scored a new triumph, for they are among the gems of the exhibition. In "Chic" and "Scottie" Mr. Sherwood shows so much sparkle and ease that we are almost tempted to suggest to him that he should confine himself to the patient study of animal life. Mr. Forster's \$1,000 picture, "Plough Deep While Sluggards Sleep," is certainly a smooth and consistent piece of work, and is painted in admirably soft and harmonious tones. Homer Watson's English bit, entitled "Ivy Bridge, Devonshire," is of a truer green than most of his works, but there is an utter absence of touch. Who is to tell that it is ivy on the bridge? The ivy plant invariably shows, in brightest sunshine or thickest shadow, its peculiar outline of leaf, even in thick masses. F. S. Challenger, a rising artist, contributes nearly twenty canvases of varying merit. "Snowballs" are carefully drawn. "A Woman in White" is a pretty figure sketch, and "A Quiet Read," an exceedingly charming idea, cleverly carried out. Mr. F. McGillivray Knowles is very successful in his handling of water, as seen by his "Tidal Waves." Mr. T. Mower Martin cannot be congratulated upon his "Good Samaritan," although the price of \$800 is appended to it. We ought to be sorry only for the man in the foreground, whereas we are sorry for the cow, and the other men and everything in the picture. Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Reid, so well known to frequenters of our salons, contribute together upwards of fifteen pictures in which they both display their unusual gifts of technique and imagination. Perhaps No. 166, "Played Out," is as pretty a conception as Mr. Reid has yet given us, were it not for the too great haze that appears to envelop the picture. In contrast to this and to "The Last Load," also executed in the same misty fashion, there are the sharply defined head of "A Grenadier," and a capital portrait of Mr. J. E. Thompson, Spanish Vice-Consul. Carl Ahrens shows only four small

* "The Light of the World." By Sir Edwin Arnold. New York. Funk and Wagnalls.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

pictures, but they are among the best upon the walls. No. 197, "A Spring Evening," is full of poetic feeling, and is, besides, faithfully and delicately painted. Mrs. Dignam's Holland landscape has the look of a "copy." Miss F. M. Jopling's still life study is highly creditable, and might with advantage have been better hung. Miss McCormack sends two very fair studies, one of old boots, another of lemonade. In "The Wide, Wide World," Miss Muntz reveals really unusual ability in the much needed direction of figure painting. To paint with a touch at once so soft and yet so defined is no common attribute, and she should value and cultivate her power accordingly. Joseph Biehn has a character sketch, not lacking in character by any means, 196, "Old Sambo."

(To be continued.)

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

It is believed that the great actress, Janauschek, now in her sixty-fourth year, will soon retire from the stage. Her present season has closed in Pittsburg.

NEXT year being Mozart's 100th anniversary, an international exhibition of musical and theatrical works will be opened at the Rotunda, in the Prater, Vienna. Princess Paolina Metternich and the Marquis Pallas Vicini, will be its Presidents.

ROSINA VOKES in singing again the song "His 'art was True to His Poll," revived at Daly's Theatre the greatest success of her whole career as a vocalist. Her rendering of this amusing song is simply without precedent or parallel.

WHAT eminently practical people the Germans are. A Berlin cook has written a polka entitled, "Boiled eggs Polka." On the first page is the following indication: "To boil the egg, put it in hot water, play this polka in Allegro moderato time; at the last bar, take out the egg, and it will be cooked through."

DR. MACKENZIE has just completed "A Highland Ballad" for the violin; as it has been written at the suggestion of Sig. Sarasate, it is probably cast in the mould of the "Pibroch," one of the most original and effective pieces the principal of the Royal Academy of Music has produced. Dr. Mackenzie has also written two new pieces for the violin and piano, which are in course of publication.

TERESA CARRENO's career in Europe is highly satisfactory. She played last season in no less than eighty-nine concerts and forty public rehearsals and travelled all over Germany, Austria, Switzerland, Russia and Scandinavia. From the latter country she has just returned with the golden medal for art and science given to her by the King of Sweden. Carreno intends to rest this summer in Paris.

IT is rumoured, says a writer in a Colombo paper, that M. Saint Saëns, the composer, who visited Ceylon recently *incog.*, will make this island the *locale* of an opera he intends producing shortly, and that M. Louis Grezoux, who has just left for France, intends, as soon as he reaches Paris, putting in the publisher's hands a book written by himself on Ceylon, where M. Grezoux resided for four years.

MRS. KENDAL's well-known gift of always saying something peculiarly adapted to the person who is being presented to her carried her on one occasion recently to the verge of the ridiculous. It was at the reception given her at the Art Club, during her recent visit to Philadelphia, that one of the Reception Committee approached her, saying: "Oh! Mrs. Kendal; I want to present Miss Smith to you." "Ah! Miss Smith," said Mrs. Kendal, grasping her hand, "what a deliciously English name!"

MR. CURWEN has in the press a book on "The Boy's Voice," which is intended as a manual for organists, choir-masters, school and college professors, the clergy, and all who have to do with the vocal training of boys. In preparing the work the author has visited many of the cathedrals and college chapels, and has enjoyed the co-operation of organists, many of whom have written giving their opinions and mode of procedure. The work will also touch on the subjects of singing out of tune, boy altos, and the special difficulties met with in agricultural districts.

MR. J. L. TOOLE's reception on reappearing at his own theatre was as hearty as the most exacting comedian could demand, and, of course, a speech was demanded from him at the conclusion of the evening. Mr. Toole gave a cheerful account of his tour in Australia and New Zealand, which has been both a social and financial success, and referred to the "curios" which he has picked up on his travels, and which are exhibited in the box office of the theatre for the benefit of his patrons. Mr. Toole played with his accustomed spirit in H. J. Byron's "The Upper Crust," and kept the audience in continual laughter.

HENRY T. FINCK has the following in the New York *Evening Post*: To a student of dramatic music it is always an interesting task to guess what image or idea was in a composer's mind when he wrote a certain passage. Two months ago when the "Hamlet" overture was played for the first time in this country, we wrote that the oft-repeated muted horn note around which the other instruments weave weird and ghostly harmonies undoubtedly signifies the apparition of "Hamlet's" father. We have now before us a letter from Mr. Tschaiikowsky, in which he says that our conjecture was right: "L'explication que vous donnez de l'épisode ou le cor répète 12 fois sa note re en so bouché est tout-à-fait juste."

THE READER'S GUIDE TO ECONOMIC, SOCIAL AND POLITICAL SCIENCE. Edited by R. R. Bowker and George Hles. Economic Tracts, No. xxvii. New York and London: Putnams. Pp. iv., 169.

This book is an extremely good and useful classified bibliography of the subjects mentioned in the title. Its titles are from American, English, French and German publications, and are reasonably exhaustive. Other valuable features are descriptive notes of the books referred to, indices of authors, titles, and subjects, and outline courses of reading which should prove very helpful to amateur workers in economic subjects and convenient to those who are more advanced. Another novel feature is a description of the courses offered in these subjects in the leading American colleges. The latter showing, it is needless to say, is creditable in amount, and, allowing for a little rapidity of growth, equally so in thoroughness.

THE DISEASES OF PERSONALITY. By Thomas Ribot. Authorized translation. Chicago: Open Court Publishing Company. Pp. 157. 1891.

This translation gives to English readers Professor Ribot's monograph on observations of personality published in French several years ago. It is an attempt to justify a theory of mind which finds its unity and substantial existence in the brain. To this thesis the author has devoted a series of papers, earlier publications being his "Diseases of Memory" and of "Will." Apart from his theoretical position, which is certainly ahead of the date upon which he attempts to found it, the book is a useful presentation of abnormal conditions of the consciousness of self. It gives no account, of course, of the remarkable results of Pierre Janet, published last year in his "Automatisme Psychologique" note of the observations of Binet and consequently fails to shed light upon these revolutionary discoveries. The psychologist who is interested in these questions of the foundation of our mental being should supplement this monograph by the authorities mentioned, or read the brief but accurate *résumés* of them recently published in Professor James' "Principles of Psychology."

DIARY OF A PILGRIMAGE, and Six Essays. By Jerome K. Jerome. With upwards of one hundred and twenty illustrations. By G. G. Fraser. Bristol: J. W. Arrow-smith; Toronto: Hart and Company.

This delightful volume scarcely needs to be introduced to the innumerable readers of "Three Men in a Boat," by the same author. If anyone can be found who can read its pages without enjoyment, he must be of a very flinty nature and utterly devoid of humour, or its appreciation. To us it has been a joy and a refreshment. We most heartily commend it to all who wish for many a hearty laugh, or who desire literary recreation after hard work. It is the story of a trip taken by the author and his friend "B" from London to see the "Ober-Ammergau Passion Play." All the varied incidents of the journey are told with most ludicrous effect. The humour is easy, genial and unstrained. Nor is the narrative devoid of serious interest, as the story of the Passion Play is told not only with seemly gravity, but with unusual ability as well. The illustrations are captivating and clever, though the accompanying essays "Evergreen's," "Clocks," "Tea Kettles," "A Pathetic Story," "The New Utopia" and "Dreams," may prove old friends to some readers, they are none the less attractive in their new dress. Mr. Jerome is an author who does not weary the world by overproduction.

Trinity University Review for May has a graceful notice of the late Archbishop Magee, who was without doubt an orator of remarkable ability.

Poet Lore for May reminds one of the dictum that the poetry of the future will be allied to science. In its leading article, in which Harrison Allen, M.D., writes a very interesting article on "Poetry and Science" he ends by quoting Wordsworth's words: "Poetry is the breath and finer spirit of all knowledge; it is the impassioned expression which is in the countenance of all science." There are a number of Browning articles and a readable contribution by Charlotte Porter on the topic that will not down, womanhood.

The *May Westminster* has a favourable notice of Kingsford's History of Canada. Mr. T. Robertson Edwards in "The Sentiment of Nationality" sets the world right as to its erroneous views on this subject. Under "Defoe's Political Career" Mr. H. Harrison presents very clearly some phases of the life of the inimitable author of "Robinson Crusoe," with which, as he says, many historical students are unfamiliar. Defoe was in fact a most enterprising politician. The ethnologist will find interesting matter in Mr. R. Seymour Long's article on "The Early Inhabitants of Britain." They were, according to Mr. Long, "a few wandering savages of the lowest type."

The *Knowledge Annual*, 1890. From time to time we have favourably noticed the various numbers of the *Knowledge Magazine* as they have appeared. These numbers have now been comprised in one volume as an annual. The advantage of this volume is that it presents its encyclopedic matter to the reader with the freshness of to-day.

It has the usual features of an encyclopedia, but it has this added advantage, that the men and movements of the present time are described within its helpful pages. Take such timely topics as the "Farmers' Alliance," "Nationalism;" or, in biography, the explorer "Nansen;" or, in discovery, the "Aerophone," and the reader will at once see the advantage that this magazine and annual give him. Although the articles may not be lengthy, they are clear, concise and singularly accurate for such an inexpensive publication.

Macmillan's Magazine, which introduced Rudyard Kipling's best narratives to the English public, sustains its reputation for excellent judgment in short stories by two bright tales, "Samela" and "Pete Warlow's End," in the May number. The latter story, by George Flambro, is located in British Columbia, and indicates in the author considerable knowledge of the coast scenery and Indian tribes of that province. George Saintsbury, in his paper on "English War Songs," says: "But still nothing can touch the immortal Three—'Hohenlinden,' 'The Battle of the Baltic' and 'Ye Mariners of England,'" a dictum with which well-grown healthy lads, who are first-rate judges of war songs, will generally agree. Also they will applaud the great critic's opinion that Macaulay's Lays are war verse of very high quality. "For," says Mr. Saintsbury, "the test of this kind of verse is much simpler and more unerring than that of any other. If, in the case of a considerable number of persons of different ages, educations, ranks and so forth, it induces a desire to walk up and down the room, to shout, to send their fists into somebody else's face, then it is good and there is no more to be said."

In the *May Fortnightly* Mr. Moreton Frewen labours to convince British farmers that cattle diseases are not so prevalent in the States as to warrant the present scheduling of American cattle, which, if they could be imported unrestrictedly into England, would, he argues, enter largely as "stockers," by the fattening of which English graziers could make a good profit. Mr. Frewen's article is strictly in line with his private interests, which are those of a cattle rancher of the United States. The advantage of the existing British discrimination in Canada's favour is manifested incidentally by Mr. Frewen's statement that the States export but one per cent. of their cattle annually, while Canada sells three per cent. to the Mother Country. In the same number Mr. Algernon Charles Swinburne adorns a lavishly-worded article in praise of Sir Walter Scott's Journal with many picturesque anathemas against various dead and living persons from whom Mr. Swinburne happens to dissent in respect of literary matters. Lady Dilke and Florence Routledge discourse upon "Trades Unionism for Women"; Mr. Oswald Crawford discloses his curious inability to appreciate the merits of Ibsen, and E. B. Lanin exposes the methods of the Russian censure on publications. Charming short stories by Thomas Hardy and Frederick Wedmore are contained in this number, which concludes with the final chapter of George Meredith's "One of our Conquerors," a novel that has been caviare to many who have valued themselves hitherto on being able to find Mr. Meredith's tales interesting.

If there were nothing in the *Nineteenth Century* for May except Mr. Plimsoll's excellent article of "Trusts," the number should be extensively read in Canada and cited by the press of the Dominion. Mr. Plimsoll's endeavour is to excite British opinion to demand new legislation by which the formation of great monopolies on the new American plan may be prevented in the United Kingdom. Incidentally he shows how difficult, if not impossible, it is for the people of the United States to rid themselves of these organizations for robbing the consumer and grinding the face of workmen; the difficulty consisting in the fact that a Trust is not destroyed by a judicial declaration of its illegality in any State, but only put to the slight annoyance of reconstituting its machinery under the laws of some other State. There can be no doubt that the comparatively wretched condition of the farming people of the States is due to the enormous robberies of the Trusts, from which Canadian farmers are almost free. Mrs. E. Lynn Linton, a steady enemy of the sort of people who have been lumped as "short-haired women and long-haired men," is too sound a friend of her sex to view with equanimity the sad position in which the British husband has been placed by the preposterous Clitheroe judgment. In her article, "The Judicial Shock to Marriage," she deals convincingly with the new situation, which, if not changed, will give men very powerful reasons for shunning marriage; and she calls for new legislation in the interests of both sexes and in the sacred name of the family. Lieut.-Col. Henry Esdaile, of the Royal Engineers, sets forth a remarkable instance of resuscitation by oxygen, and recommends the method to humane societies as being particularly applicable in the case of drowned persons. Archibald Forbes, in "The Warfare for the Future," gives elaborate reasons for his belief that the newest weapons bestow on the defence advantages so great as to almost forbid offensive tactics and great invasions. This number of the *Nineteenth Century* is eminently readable and instructive throughout.

MANNERS vex or soothe, corrupt or purify, exalt or debase, barbarize or refine us, by a constant, steady, uniform, insensible operation, like that of the air we breathe in.—Burke.

LITERARY AND PERSONAL GOSSIP.

WORTHINGTON COMPANY announces "The Rector of St. Luke's," by Marie Bernhard, translated by Elsie L. Lathrop.

EUGENE FIELD is writing a novel, to be entitled "The Wooing of Miss Woppit." The scenes of the story are laid among the mining camps of Red Horse Mountain.

THE Marquis of Lorne's novel, "From Sunshine to Shadow," is to be published by the Appletons. They will also bring out F. Anstey's new book, "Tourmalin's Time Cheques."

DISCUSSING art and morality in his new book, "The Coming Terror," Robert Buchanan says: "The impeccable albino of Mr. Howells is just as much tainted with Egoism as the nerve-shocking negroesque of M. Zola." Ibsen he describes as "a Zola with a wooden leg."

MACMILLAN AND COMPANY have in press, to be issued this month, "Renaissance," a volume of verse, with illustrations by Walter Crane, and "Philomythus," an Antidote against Credulity, Dr. Abbott's new book, which is devoted to a discussion of Cardinal Newman's Essay on Ecclesiastical Miracles.

SAMUEL SMILES, in a recent interview, said of his "Self-Help": "French, Germans and Russians know it well. . . . I have seen copies of it in several of the Indian dialects. The Italians have made more of it, however, than any nation on earth, I think." He believes the sale in Italy has reached eighty thousand copies at one franc each.

A VERY short time before his death Count Von Moltke answered an enquiry as to what books had exercised most influence on his mind with the following list: The Bible, the Iliad, "The Marvels of the Heavens" (Littrow), "Letters on Agricultural Chemistry" (Liebig), "War" (Clausewitz), Schiller, Goethe, Shakespeare, Walter Scott, Ranke, Treitschke and Carlyle.

THE Ottawa Citizen has the following interesting paragraph: "Lord Wolseley, now Commander-in-Chief of Her Majesty's forces in Ireland, writing to Mr. Henry J. Morgan of this city anent the appointment of Lieut. Stairs, of Halifax, to a captaincy in the Welsh Regiment, says: 'I only wish we had more Canadians in our army. They make first rate soldiers and are general favourites.'"

ON the top floor of one of the tallest buildings in upper New York toils an old man, who has probably written more poetry than any other man now living. His business is that of writing the "poetic" mottoes which one finds in the cheap candies of the day. He has been twenty years in the business, is over sixty years of age, and has accumulated a fortune. He has built fourteen city and country houses.

THE New York Times of Friday last contained a long letter by Mr. E. W. Thomson, in which the Statistics of Canada and Ontario are elaborately utilized to sustain his argument that the United States have little or no power to injure Canada by a hostile tariff. We have seen no collection of figures more clearly showing the falsity of the common assertion that the Ontario farmer is largely dependent upon his sales to the United States market.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

Howland, O. A. The New Empire. Toronto: Hart & Co.
MacDonald, Geo. There and Back. Cloth, \$1.50; paper, 50 cents.
Boston: D. Lothrop & Co.
Oxley, J. Macdonald. The Choro Boy of Camp Kippewa. Philadelphia: American Baptist Publication Society.
Smith, Goldwin, LL.D. A Trip to England. Toronto: Williamson & Co.
Alden's Cyclopedia of Universal Literature; Vol. XV.
New York: John B. Alden.
Transactions of The Canadian Institute. \$1. Toronto: Copp, Clark Co.
Smythe, Albert E. S. Poems: Grave and Gay. \$1. Toronto: Inrie & Graham.

THE Dominion Bank held its twentieth annual general meeting of stockholders in Toronto on Wednesday last. The report was of the most encouraging and satisfactory character. The success of this bank is in itself a compliment to the sound judgment and financial ability of Mr. R. H. Bethune, its shrewd and capable manager. The board of directors also contain some of the ablest and most successful business men in the community. The report shows that the profits for the year ending 30th April, 1891, over and above cost of management, bad debts, etc., were \$220,423.96. Dividends and a bonus were paid during the year amounting in all to \$165,000 and \$5,000 were carried to pension and guarantee fund; \$50,000 were added to the reserve fund. The amount of paid-up capital stock is \$1,500,000. A large amount of the assets consist of Dominion, Provincial and Municipal securities. This is indeed a good showing for one of our progressive and, may we add, conservative financial institutions. Such reports must be pleasant reading not only to stockholders, but to all who rejoice in the prosperity of our country.

It has recently been discovered that some of the deep-sea crustaceans of the Indian Ocean are highly luminous, thus furnishing what is thought to be the first positive proof that the source of light in the dark abysses of the ocean is the self-luminosity of the animal inhabitants,

DOMINION BANK

PROCEEDINGS OF
The Twentieth Annual General
Meeting

OF THE STOCKHOLDERS,

Held at the Banking House of the Institution in Toronto,
on Wednesday, May 27th, 1891.

The Annual General Meeting of the Dominion Bank was held at the Banking House of the Institution on Wednesday, May 27th, 1891.

Among those present were noticed Messrs. James Austin, Hon. Frank Smith, Major Mason, Wm. Ince, James Scott, R. S. Cassels, Anson Jones, Wilnot D. Matthews, R. H. Bethune, E. Leadlay, Aaron Ross, E. B. Osler, W. J. Baines, John Scott, John Stewart, W. T. Keily, S. Risley, W. S. Lee, G. Robertson, etc.

It was moved by Mr. W. J. Baines, seconded by Mr. E. B. Osler, that Mr. James Austin do take the chair.

Mr. W. D. Matthews moved, seconded by Mr. James Scott, and

Resolved,—That Mr. R. H. Bethune do act as Secretary.

Messrs. R. S. Cassels and Walter S. Lee were appointed Scrutineers.

The Secretary read the Report of the Directors to the shareholders, and submitted the Annual Statement of the affairs of the Bank, which is as follows:—

Balance of Profit and Loss Account, 30th April, 1890	\$6,253 02
Profits for the year ending 30th April, 1891, after deducting charges of management, etc., and making full provision for all bad and doubtful debts	220,423 96
	\$226,676 98
Dividend 5 per cent., paid 1st November, 1890.	\$75,000 00
Dividend 5 per cent., payable 1st May, 1891.	75,000 00
Bonus 1 per cent., payable 1st May, 1891.	15,000 00
Amount voted to Pension and Guarantee Fund	5,000 00
	170,000 00
	\$56,676 98
Carried to Reserve Fund	50,000 00
Balance of Profit and Loss carried forward.	\$6,676 98

JAS. AUSTIN,
President.

The usual resolutions were passed.

The scrutineers declared the following gentlemen duly elected directors for the ensuing year:—Messrs. James Austin, Wm. Ince, E. Leadlay, Wilnot D. Matthews, E. B. Osler, James Scott and Hon. Frank Smith.

At a subsequent meeting of the directors, Mr. James Austin was elected President, and the Hon. Frank Smith Vice-President for the ensuing year.

GENERAL STATEMENT.

LIABILITIES.	
Capital stock paid up.	\$1,500,000 00
Reserve Fund	\$1,350,000 00
Balance of profits carried forward.	6,676 98
Dividend No. 40, payable 1st May.	75,000 00
Bonus 1 per cent., payable 1st May.	15,000 00
Reserved for interest and exchange.	86,188 36
Rebate on Bills discounted.	27,054 25
	\$1,559,919 59
	\$3,059,919 59
Notes in circulation.	999,734 00
Deposits not bearing interest.	1,509,010 30
Deposits bearing interest.	7,067,945 21
Balances due to other Banks in Great Britain.	95,232 82
	\$9,671,922 33
	\$12,731,841 92
ASSETS.	
Specie.	\$ 203,926 17
Dominion Government Demand Notes.	772,774 00
Notes and Cheques of other Banks.	232,840 24
Balances due from other Banks in Can.	200,436 29
Balances due from other Banks in U.S.	977,726 34
Provincial Government Securities.	254,658 12
Municipal and other Debentures.	1,224,106 98
	\$3,866,468 14
Bills Discounted and Current (including advances on call).	8,544,720 19
Overdue debts secured.	33,794 49
Overdue debts not specially secured (estimated loss provided for).	90,183 64
Bank Premises.	191,875 87
Other assets not included under foregoing heads.	4,799 59
	8,865,373 78
	\$12,731,841 92

R. H. BETHUNE,
Cashier.

DOMINION BANK,
Toronto, 30th April, 1891.

"A STITCH in time saves nine," and if you take Hood's Sarsaparilla now it may save months of future possible sickness.

HAWKING and spitting, foul breath, loss of senses of taste and smell, oppressive headache, etc., are the results of catarrh. Nasal Balm offers a certain and speedy relief and permanent cure from these miseries. Thousands of testimonials speak of its wonderful merit. Try it; sold by all dealers.

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Very Important

The importance of taking a good Spring Medicine cannot be overestimated. The changing weather affects the human system in such a way that it is now in great need of and especially susceptible to the benefit to be derived from a reliable preparation like Hood's Sarsaparilla. To make your blood pure, give you a good appetite, and make you strong, this spring you should take Hood's Sarsaparilla, the best

Spring Medicine.

"Hood's Sarsaparilla is invaluable as a spring medicine; it invigorates the whole system and tones up the stomach, and since I became acquainted with Hood's Sarsaparilla I always take several bottles in the spring, and, as occasion requires, the rest of the year. L. U. GILMAN, Aurelia, Iowa.
N.B. Be sure to get

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & Co., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar.

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Colonel Carter is a fine specimen of one type of the Virginia gentleman of the passing generation. He is exquisitely courteous, recklessly hospitable, with a vivid financial imagination. The delightful story is admirably told and illustrated.

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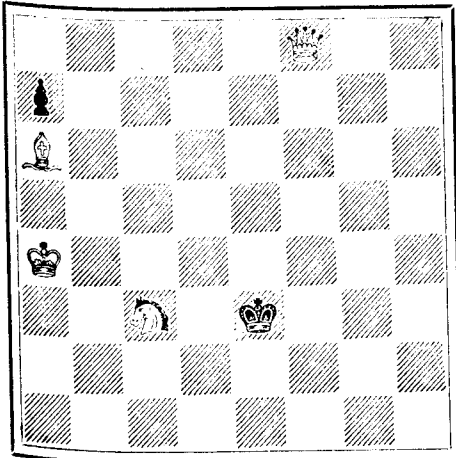
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CHESS.

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By C. E. Tuckett.
BLACK.

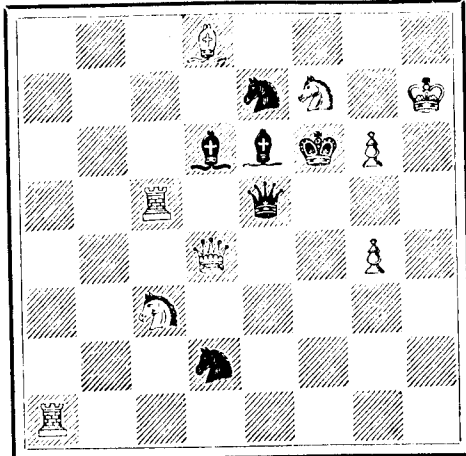


WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

PROBLEM No. 570.

By E. H. E. Eddis.
BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in two moves.

SOLUTIONS TO PROBLEMS.

- No. 569.
- | | |
|------------|---------------|
| White. | Black. |
| 1. B-K 4 | 1. K x B |
| 2. Kt-K 3 | 2. K moves |
| 3. Q mates | |
| | if 2. P moves |
| 3. Q mates | |

- No. 564.
Kt-B 5

FIRST GAME IN THE PENDING MATCH BETWEEN HERREN THEO. VON SCHEVE AND CURT VON BARDELEBEN, PLAYED AT THE "SCHILLERGARTEN," BERLIN, APRIL 6TH, 1891.

The New Orleans Times-Democrat translates the score and notes from the Deutsches Wochenschach of the 19th ult. :

QUEEN'S PAWN'S OPENING.

T. VON SCHEVE.	C. VON BARDELEBEN.	T. VON SCHEVE.	C. VON BARDELEBEN.
White.	Black.	White.	Black.
1. P-Q 4	P-Q 4	20. R-R 6	Kt-Q 1
2. K Kt-B 3	K Kt-B 2	21. B-K 5 !	Kt-B 2 (g)
3. P-B 4	P-K 3	22. B x R	K x B
4. Kt-B 3	P-K 2	23. R-R 3	P-B 4
5. B-K B 4	Castles	24. Q R-K R 1	P-Q B 5 (h)
6. P-K 3	P-Q Kt 3 (a)	25. B-K 2 (i)	P-Q Kt 4?? (j)
7. Q-B 2 (b)	P-Q R 3 (c)	26. R-R 7 +	K-B 3
8. B-Q 3	P x P	27. P-K Kt 4	P-Kt 5 (k)
9. K B x Q B P	B-Kt 2	28. R-K Kt 1	Q-K 5
10. R-Q 1	Kt-B 3? (d)	29. Q-Q R 4!	P-B 6 +
11. P-Q R 3	Kt-Q 4? (e)	30. P x B P	P x B P +
12. Kt x Kt	P x Kt	31. K-B 1	P-K B 5
13. B-Q 3	P-Kt 3	32. R x Kt + ! (f)	K x R
14. P-K R 4! (f)	P-K B 4	33. Kt-K 5 +	K-Kt +
15. B-K R 6	R-B 2	34. B-Q 3	P x P
16. P-R 5	Q-Q 3	35. B x Q	P x P
17. B-K B 4	Q-K 3	36. R-K B 1	P x B
18. P x P	P x P	37. Q-Kt 3 +	
19. K-Q 2!	R-Kt 2		And Black Resigns.

NOTES.

- (a) The point, Q B 2, is weakened by this, and White gets the attack. 6. P-Q B 4 was preferable.
- (b) An excellent move. White now threatens 8. P x P, P x P; 9. Kt-Q Kt 5!
- (c) It is questionable whether Black ought to have played 7. B-Kt 2. The following was a possible continuation thereafter: 8. P x P, P x P; 9. Kt-Q Kt 5, B-Q Kt 5 +; 10. K-Q 1, and wins the Q B P or the exchange.
- (d) Black has already a pretty confined game, and under existing conditions could do nothing better than by 10. B-Q Kt 5, though losing a move forcing the adversary to castle, in order to protect himself against the advance of P's on the K's wing.
- (e) A fresh mistake; 11. Kt-Q R 4 was somewhat better.
- (f) The initiation of the attack carried on to victory.
- (g) Necessary. After 21. B-K B 3, 22. R x P!, R x R; 23. B x K B P would have been still more rapidly decisive for White.
- (h) 24. R-K Kt would have been better.
- (i) White should have played 25. R-R 7 +.
- (j) This attempt at attack is hopeless and foolhardy. He should, perforce, have tried 25. R-K Kt; 26. R-R 7 +, K-B, by which his game would have been left in some measure defensible still.
- (k) If, instead, 27. P x K Kt P, then 28. Kt-R 2!
- (l) An elegant finish.

"August Flower"

The Hon. J. W. Fennimore is the Sheriff of Kent Co., Del., and lives at Dover, the County Seat and Capital of the State. The sheriff is a gentleman fifty-nine years of age, and this is what he says: "I have used your August Flower for several years in my family and for my own use, and found it does me more good than any other remedy. I have been troubled with what I call Sick Headache. A pain comes in the back part of my head first, and then soon a general headache until I become sick and vomit. At times, too, I have a fullness after eating, a pressure after eating at the pit of the stomach, and sourness, when food seemed to rise up in my throat and mouth. When I feel this coming on if I take a little August Flower it relieves me, and is the best remedy I have ever taken for it. For this reason I take it and recommend it to others as a great remedy for Dyspepsia, &c."

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So is Bad Blood. The difference between them is that a fact is here to stay. Bad Blood can only stay until Burdock Blood Bitters is used, then it must go. It takes facts to prove this to your satisfaction, and we give them to you every time we catch your eye. Here is one of them. Don't throw the paper down, but read this letter from Mr. Fred. Taylor, a detective of Winnipeg. We present his portrait, together with that of his little daughter, mentioned in his letter.

FATHER AND DAUGHTER.



ONE OF THE GALLANT 90TH BATT.

DEAR SIRS,—Having felt out of order for some time, and having no energy or appetite, blotches on legs, tumor on neck—arising from impure blood, doctors doing me no good, I was induced to buy some B.B.B. I was very much against patent medicines at the time, having tried so many, but after using two bottles I began to get better, and at the fourth bottle was completely well and around again. I believe in B.B.B. now, I tell you. I send you a photo of myself and little daughter, Lilly. B.B.B. cured her of nasty blisters which came out on her lips. Yours thankfully,

F. TAYLOR, 9 Stephen St., Winnipeg, Man.

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Shakespeare Anniversary Number.

POET-LORE

APRIL 15, 1891.

Shakespearean Qualities of "A King and No King." L. M. Griffiths.
Fairly-Lore: "Midsummer Night's Dream." Ethel G. Skeat.
Miranda and Ferdinand; Caliban and Ariel. Dr. W. J. Rolfe.
The Meaning of "Talents" in "A Lover's Complaint." Dr. Horace Howard Furness.
The True History of the London Shakespeare Tercentenary. Isabella Banks.
Victorian Shakespeare Commemorations. Part III. George Morley.
Musical Setting to Shakespeare's "Come Away Death." Helen A. Clarke.
"Hamlet" as a Solar Myth. Dr. Sinclair Korner.
Browning's Tribute to Shakespeare. Charlotte Porter.
A New Shakespeare Manual, etc.
Notes and News. Was Antiochus original with Shakespeare? English Influence on the Russian Stage; The Shakespeare Anniversary Plays; How Shakespeare Got His Money; The First American Edition of Shakespeare; Stratford-on-Avon in 1732.
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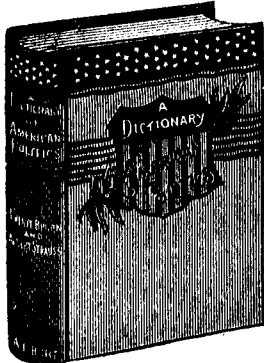
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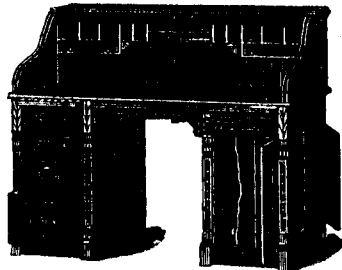
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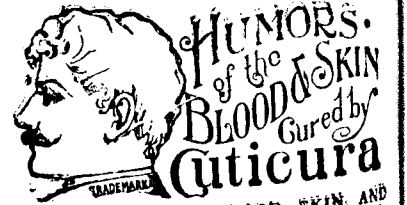
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