

This Number contains : "Pew and Pulpit in Toronto," No. IV.—The Roman Catholic Cathedral"; "Duncan Campbell Scott"; and reviews of several important New Books, by Professor Clark Murray, Rev. Herbert Symonds, and others.

VOL. XII. No. 16.

MARCH 15th, 1895.



# THE WEEK

A JOURNAL FOR MEN AND WOMEN.

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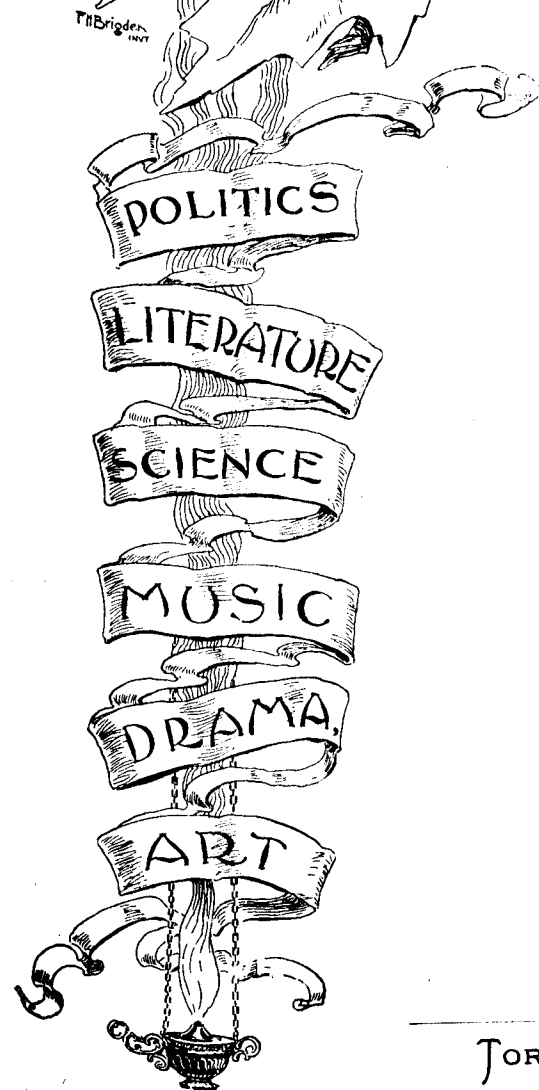
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# THE WEEK.

Vol. XII.

Toronto, Friday, March 15th, 1895.

No. 16.

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## Current Topics.

The Coming Election.

Signs of the near approach of a general election are multiplying and it would not be surprising should an announcement be made before the date of our next, or the following number. Meanwhile it is inevitable, we suppose, that diligent search should be made into the records of candidates, by their political opponents, and every effort put forth to convict this or that one of inconsistency or something worse. So far as this turning on of the search-lights has the effect of revealing blemishes in moral character, its effect may not be wholly bad, whatever we may sometimes be compelled to think of the motives of the investigator. It will be a happy day for Canada when it can be said that it is useless for any man to run for parliament who cannot show an unstained reputation. This should always be the first and greatest requirement. As to questions of consistency, the man who has never changed his mind is often near of kin to the man who has no independent mind to change; and who is consequently no wiser to-day than he was yesterday. But it is, perhaps, well that in this particular instance the battle may and should be fought upon one great and clearly defined issue. We have evidently come to a parting of the ways. Shall our commercial policy in the future be constructed on protectionist or free trade principles? That is the question. Everyone admits, apparently, that "free trade as they have it in England" is for the present out of the question. Yet it will make a vast difference in the immediate, and a radical one in the remoter, future, which of the two principles controls the tariff building of the next Minister of Finance. The question is worthy of the fullest consideration—the amplest discussion. It is for the people, the intelligent electors of Canada, not for the politicians, to decide it. They ought everywhere to be studying it with open and unbiassed minds, resolved, when the time comes, to vote every man according to his honest conviction of right. There is reason to hope that an unusually large proportion of them are doing this.

Mr. Morley's Land Bill.

The very favourable reception which seems to have been given to the Irish Secretary's Land Bill by both parties in the British Commons gives ground for the hope that, little by little, the burning question of justice to the Irish tenant in the matter of land-tenure is being settled on a just and permanent basis. It is true that Mr. Morley seems to look for no absolutely final solution in anything short of compulsory sale throughout, but this must be, he admits, the work of more than one generation. Meanwhile it may be hoped that the increasing reasonableness of owners, as the absentee landlords are compelled more and more to look into the question, instead of being content with receiving the rents wrung in many cases from the poverty of the occupants of the soil, by conscienceless agents, may perhaps render a final heroic remedy of that sort unnecessary. But it is somewhat startling to learn that even now, after all the legislation which has been enacted on the tenant's behalf by both parties, the gist of this latest bill is in the fact that it saves him from being compelled to pay rent for improvements which he himself has made. The fact that Mr. Morley's bill was allowed to pass its first reading, not only without a division, but amidst the general commendations of statesmen of both parties is a rare tribute to the undoubted honesty and ability of that model statesman. Of course there may still be a fiery ordeal for him when details are considered in Committee, or when it comes up for second reading. But the fact that the general principles of the Bill are approved, will remain, and control future legislation.

The Torrens System.

We are glad to see that the Council of the Toronto Board of Trade is again moving to bring about the general adoption of the improved system of land-transfer. A committee to whom the matter was referred by the Council have reported, through their chairman, Mr. J. Herbert Mason, in favour of the Torrens System for the whole Province. The report, which was adopted after discussion, recommends that the Lieutenant-Governor in Council and the Legislative Assembly be petitioned in favour of the change; also that proper steps be taken to obtain the co-operation of other Boards of Trade in the Province in such petition. It can hardly be doubted that the suggestion will be readily acted on by the other boards. The arguments for the completion of the reform are so cogent that there can hardly be any serious difference of opinion among intelligent business men in regard to the matter. If any are in doubt as to the merits of the new system they can hardly do better than to read what has been written from time to time by Mr. Mason and others on the subject. It is not easy to understand how any one who knows anything of the labour, expense and uncertainty often involved in the investigation of titles under the old system, can doubt that the substitution of a simple title, absolutely safe and indefeasible, for the present cumbrous and complicated processes will promote the interests of all concerned, the conveyancers perhaps excepted. Moreover, the fact that the Torrens System is in operation in the City of Toronto, the County of York, and some of the new districts of the Pro-

vince, while the rest of it retains the old method, creates an anomaly that should not be tolerated one moment longer than may be necessary.

**The Salvation  
Army Colony.**

From the intimations made by General Booth since his departure from Canada it would appear either that he is in the habit of taking rose-coloured views of things, or that some one here has been giving him more encouragement than the state of public opinion warrants. We feel quite safe in predicting that any company of colonists sent out to Canada will be, as they ought to be, carefully scrutinized, and that they will not be, as they ought not to be, allowed to settle in one unmixed community. To the better class of reformed criminals and improved paupers Canadians will offer no objection provided that they are not taxed either for their passage to Canada or their support after they come here, and provided that they are allowed to become merged as individuals in the general industrial community. A colony of such people as General Booth has in mind to send us will certainly not be encouraged and ought not to be accepted. We can better afford to leave our public lands unsettled than take the risk of burdening ourselves with such people in the mass. We strongly approve of and believe in efforts to reform and elevate the submerged tenth, but we wish to avoid placing them here under conditions which would soon submerge them again. It is a sound sociological instinct which has prompted the Toronto Trades and Labour Council to start a propaganda on the subject.

**The Block  
System.**

The coroner's jury in the Weston railway collision case has returned a very moderate finding as the result of their inquest into the cause of the death of the late Mr. F. J. Joseph. In brief, the Grand Trunk Railway is censured for not making use of what is called the "block system," in the despatching of its trains, and public opinion will endorse the censure if some effort is not made to remedy the defect. The collision near Weston was caused by a local train, which had right of way under the present rules, running into the rear end of an express train that had stuck in a snow drift ahead of it. If the system of train despatching had made it obligatory on the despatcher to hold the local train at Malton until he heard that the express had left Weston the accident could not have occurred. The evidence in the Markham accident, which was caused about the same time by negligence on the part of the company's officers, went to show that trains are run on the "block system" when a snow plough is ahead; why should the same system not be employed when one train is a short distance ahead of another? Experience has shown that in such delicate time table adjustments the allowance of any considerable degree of discretion to trainmen and local agents is fraught with danger to the public, and the safety of passengers should be the railway's first consideration.

**Germany and  
France.**

The European situation has been undergoing some remarkable modifications of late, as witness the approaches which have been made to a better understanding between Great Britain and Russia. As the time for the termination or renewal of the Dreibund approaches there are indications which make it at least doubtful whether this compact, which has had so potent an influence in European politics, will be renewed in the same form, or even with the same partners. But it seems rather too much to believe that there can be any foundation in reality for the misty reports that are gaining currency in some quarters, to the effect that the fleets of Germany and France will hobnob during the celebration of the opening of the Baltic canal. If, as now seems probable, Germany has

the grace to invite the co-operation of the French fleet on the same footing as those of other maritime nations, and, as is perhaps less probable, France accepts the invitation, that will be all that can be reasonably expected. Even that, however, would be a new departure of no little significance. It would give some ground to hope that both nations are beginning to tire of the expensive rivalry in fleets and armies, which is now imposing such crushing burdens upon the people of each country, and are looking about for a place of compromise, if not of reconciliation. It might hopefully be accepted as the prelude to a mutual reduction of armaments which, in its turn, would be a blessing to Europe, and a great gain to humanity. It would, indeed, be a marvellous thing should Emperor William's eccentricity take the form of a fit of generosity strong enough to prompt him to make a magnanimous effort to reach some mutual arrangement with reference to that part of the ceded territory which still retains its French character with the greatest tenacity. Yet, who knows? It is evident that the ambition of the Emperor and his military advisors to add immensely to the strength of the German navy has received a decided check, whether from the reluctance or the poverty of the nation. Hence it is possible that prudence may combine with nobler impulses to pre-dispose the rulers to seek some other road to national security than the arduous one of perpetual superiority in military and naval strength.

**A Hard-Won  
Victory**

At the last moment of the session of Congress, after a most determined struggle of two years' duration in the National Legislature—in some of the States it is more than half a century old—the Anti-Lottery Bill has become law in the American Republic. Our readers will remember the beginning of the national campaign, marked as it was by the noble refusal of the people of Louisiana to accept a bribe of \$31,000,000 for the renewal of the company's charter. Since that time the struggle has been persistently waged, by the Company on the one hand by a course of attempted bribery of other states and by cunning evasions of the postal laws, by the substitution of express carriage, of operations performed at sea, etc. On the other hand, the battle again for prohibitory legislation has been waged with the most unflinching persistence. As a matter of course the friends of the lottery in Congress exhausted every device to prevent its passage by fair means or foul, and came within an ace of doing so. The Bill, as finally passed and promptly signed by the President, not only prohibits the importation of lottery matter, and its shipment from State by express or other agency, but also forbids the forwarding of any mail whatever to persons engaged in the lottery business. Thus, in the words of the *Outlook*, the lottery is now an outlaw, from one end of the country to the other. The fight is now seemingly finished, yet the gambling mania is a hydra-headed monster, and there is some reason to fear that the victory may not prove so final and complete as its would-be destroyers, flushed with enthusiasm and legislative triumph, rejoice to believe. But the lottery business is henceforth distinctly unlawful, and hence in every way disreputable, which is a great advantage gained.

**An Important  
Movement.**

In reading the perpetual platform and press debates on the great tariff question, it has often appeared to us that both parties are too ready to assume that the free admission of the products of the great manufacturing establishments of older and richer countries would necessarily mean the extinction of the corresponding industries in Canada, and the permanent importation of the finished products from the Mother

Country or the United States. The disputants on both sides seem to forget that the same barrier which keeps out the products of the larger factories of other countries may be keeping out, in many cases, the factories themselves. This is certainly the case in regard to any manufactures for which the facilities of production, in the shape of cheaper and more abundant raw material, cheaper labour, cheaper power, etc., are greater in Canada than in the other countries named. A striking illustration of the tendency of such industries to follow the line of least resistance, by seeking the localities which offer the better advantages on the whole, including, of course, free access to the great markets, is just now to be seen in the removal of the great cotton factories of New England to the South. This exodus is rapidly assuming dimensions which are alarming—to the New Englanders. (It is beside the present point, but it is, nevertheless, of interest to note that the movement is bringing to bear an influence in favour of the free admission of Canadian coal to the United States which bids fair soon to become irresistible.) Hitherto though the cotton mills of the South, have been numerous they have been constructed on so small a scale, and have used machinery and methods so inferior, that they have been poorly able to compete with the great New England establishments, manufacturing on an immense scale and equipped with all the latest improvements. Of late, however, the advantages which the Southern mills possess in the shape of a better climate, cheaper material, cheaper labour, etc., have enabled them to push the Northern manufacturers so hard that the latter are, in self-defence, transferring their operations to the South. The movement has already assumed large proportions, and is still gaining momentum. Two immediate results predicted, or already taking place, are the crushing out of the small establishments in the South, and great local loss to New England. The gain to the nation will be such that the United States may make a formidable struggle for first place in the world's markets in this branch of manufacture.

#### The Unearned Increment.

A notable evolution in economic opinion is marked by an incident which happened a few days ago in the British House of Commons. A Liberal member for one of the electoral divisions of Glasgow proposed a resolution, that "no system of taxation can be equitable unless it include the direct assessment of such enhanced value of land as is due to an increase of population, wealth and growth of towns." This is practically an embodiment of the doctrine laid down fifty years ago that "the unearned increment in the value of land should belong to the community and not to the individual, and is an approach to the "single tax" advocated by Mr. Henry George and his disciples. In spite of the revolutionary character of the resolution its principle was heartily endorsed by Mr. Shaw-Lefevre, President of the Local Government Board in the Rosebery Ministry, and was, after a short debate, adopted by the House of Commons without a division. It is not at all likely that such a principle will come suddenly into operation in all urban localities, but it is exceedingly probable that steps will be taken before long to make land bear a larger share than it now does of local fiscal burdens. The matter has been forced to an issue largely by the action of the County Council of London, and it is quite evident that Sir William Harcourt is favourable to the resolution or his colleague would not have endorsed it.

#### A New Illuminant.

Scientists, economists, householders and investors are all equally interested in the announcement that a process has been discovered for the cheap production of acetylene, the simplest

of the hydro-carbon gases. Heretofore we have depended mainly for artificial light either on certain hydro-carbons produced by nature in her wonderful laboratory, such as petroleum and "natural gas," or on others produced by the destructive distillation of coal and other substances containing carbon and hydrogen. Not to speak of the inconvenience caused by increasing scarcity of natural illuminants the cost of those made artificially has in the past been a very serious addition to the expense of both house and street illumination. The discovery above referred to is important for two reasons, first that the illuminant is produced by means so simple as to be within the reach of smaller capitalists than those who have so far been engaged in the production of gas and of electricity, and, also, because the reagents made use of are abundant and cheap. The essential parts of the process are (1) the production of calcic carbide by fusing lime with any form of carbon in an electric furnace and (2) the addition of water. The result of the analysis and synthesis which take place is the combination of the calcium of the carbide with the oxygen of the water to form lime and of the carbon of the carbide with the hydrogen of the water to form acetylene. The abundance of carbon, calcium and water relieves us from dependence on coal, petroleum and natural gas, while the excessively pungent odor of acetylene greatly diminishes the danger that now attends the use of illuminating gas. The discoverer of this new process is a young Canadian, Thomas Leopold Wilson, who, like many other inventors, stumbled on the process by accident when he was trying to discover something else.

\* \* \*

#### Modern Types of Crime.

THE comparatively modern system of insurance against loss by fire and shipwreck, and its still later developments in the direction of life-assurance, have been an incalculable boon to the civilized world. Thousands in every land have thereby been saved from much poverty and suffering which would have otherwise been inevitable. Take the case of the recent conflagrations in this city, and compare the results to the individuals and to the community with what they would have been had there been no insurance companies to divide the losses among thousands or tens of thousands, instead of leaving them to fall upon the heads of the few immediately interested. Nor are the beneficent effects of the system confined to the immediate owners of the burned property. The recovery of large percentages of the losses sustained enables these to re-commence at once the restoration of the buildings destroyed. In this way the indemnity received from the insurance companies is immediately put again in circulation, and will, in a short time, find its way back, in part at least, to the pockets even of the stock and policy holders in the respective insurance companies from whom it originally came for the benefit of the insured property-owners. We do not, of course, mean to imply that there is not in every such case involved an absolute and irrecoverable loss to the community in the destruction of property which cannot be restored. But that is aside from the immediate point of view. So, too, the death of every industrious citizen is a distinct loss to the whole community, whose wealth-producing powers are reduced to the extent of his productive ability, yet the insurance policy which so often saves the widow and fatherless from penury is a most beneficent provision for reducing to the lowest dimensions the pecuniary suffering caused by the loss of the bread-winner.

But there is another and most important side to the shield. Human depravity here, as in other matters, can turn the blessing into a curse. The possibility of insurance, whether of property or of life, constitutes a temptation

which the result proves many to be too weak or too vicious to resist. It is not necessary to assume the guilt of those who are now under suspicion, or whose trials are going on before the courts, in order to make this clear. Every man of weak morals who insures an unprofitable vessel or an unsalable house, or who stands to profit by the death of some friend or relative whose life is heavily insured, is subjected thereby to a hideous temptation which facts unhappily prove too many unable to bear. It is startling to think how many thousands there are to-day, even in Canada, who would be directly and largely the gainers in the money which is so dear to many hearts, by the wrecking of a vessel, the burning of a building, or the death of a relative. How many wives are there who are daily struggling with poverty and worn down with toil, to whom the death of a husband or other relative would mean a sudden transition to a position of comparative ease. How many an avaricious man, whose little soul may be burning with the thought of the ready money which would be his without toil or effort of his own, should accident set fire to a well-insured building, or, more horrible still, sweep away someone whose life is insured in his favour?

Happily we are able to console ourselves with the reflection that the number of those who can, by any stretch of the most uncharitable imagination, be conceived of as permitting such thoughts even to glance into their minds, much less as listening for an instant to the evil suggestion, is comparatively small. And yet is there not some reason to fear that it is not so very small as we are accustomed to suppose. We are prone to believe, in accordance with the old maxim, that "murder will out," and arson, or other great crimes as well. Can we be sure of this? It is one of the assumptions which in the very nature of the case can never be proved. The known fact is that now and then a crime, which the culprit had persuaded himself could never be known, is brought to light through some shortsightedness on the part of the criminal, or some inadvertent word or act. From these cases we are led to conclude that a nemesis follows the criminal and is almost sure to bring about his conviction sooner or later. But would it not be just as logical to draw the opposite inference and reason that if so many such hidden crimes of this kind are brought to light there must be a still larger number which are never discovered, perhaps never even suspected.

Be that as it may, the number of detected crimes of the most horrible character which are known to have been committed, and to be constantly perpetrated, in connection with insurance policies, is large enough to make the matter worthy of the most serious thought and investigation. What can be done to counteract this diabolical tendency which converts a most beneficent provision into an occasion for the most appalling crime? Cannot the insurance societies, in their own interests as well as in those of the public, devise some better safeguards? We have no remedy of our own to propose further than the greatest watchfulness on the part of the managers of such companies. Why should a life-assurance policy be granted in any case in favour of others than those directly dependent upon the life assured? Is not every transaction, of the Hyam and Henderson type, suspicious on its very face? Would it not be better for all concerned that the volume of business done by these societies should be materially decreased than that such facilities should be afforded for fraud and crime?

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The Chinese are known to have built several fine suspension bridges before the opening of the Christian era. One built in the year 69 A.D., is still in excellent condition.

## The Toronto Public Library.

THERE is a little blue book of some thirty pages published in Toronto in the first month of each year which, for those who take the trouble to read it, contains information very different from, and much more interesting than, that of its more pretentious and political compeers. We refer to the Annual Report of the Public Library. Whether or not it is placed upon the shelves of the institution of which it gives an account and is thus accessible to those whom it most concerns, frequenters of the Library will know; but in any case it can be strongly recommended to such frequenters as telling them in brief and intelligible form what has been done for their edification and comfort during the preceding twelve months.

The eleventh and last report, that of the chairman for 1894, Mr. Miles Vokes, tells us that there are now in the Central Library and its four Branches in all 89,248 books, of which 8,000 are pamphlets; of this number the Central contains nearly 77,000, and the Branches the rest. The number of ticket-holders who use these ninety-thousand books is 42,788; to which must be added readers who make use of the Reference Reading Room without tickets, and, as we are told this room is, in the afternoon, often full, this latter addition must be no small one. These two classes of readers read—or, shall we say, asked for—in the past year more than half a million volumes, of which it is pleasant to know that less than half were novels: as a matter of fact the percentage of fiction read was 46—which shows a steady if gradual decrease of light reading indulged in by the people, the percentages for the last half dozen years being

In	In	In	In	In	In
1889	1890	1891	1892	1893	1894
56.3	55.4	53.1	52.6	47.5	46.0

That is, a drop of more than ten per cent., which seems to bear out the assertion of librarians that free libraries do tend to wean people from the lighter to the heavier kind of books. During the same period we find that magazine reading, as might have been expected, has largely increased, being only 3.3 per cent. six years ago and 12 per cent. now. More children too read now, as also might have been expected: the proportion of juvenile to adult reading increasing by 4.7 per cent. in the same period. Otherwise, the percentages of the various classes of books remain on the whole almost stationary, and we are not a little surprised to see that under the heading "Arts"—which we presume comprises works on technology as well as works on the fine arts—the increase has been only one-tenth of one per cent., large as must have been the output by publishers of such reading matter. But probably the artisan or the mechanic relies more upon his brains than upon his books; yet could he be persuaded to combine the two it would be to his advantage. The skilled labourer does not seem yet to have learned the value of a free library. The reading of theology has declined one-fifth of one per cent.; poetry remains stationary at four-fifths of one per cent.; but theology headed poetry last year by more than a thousand volumes.

For the housing of these ninety thousand books and for the accomodating of their readers the cost (exclusive of interest on debentures and building fund) was \$30,758.18; but of this sum \$1,762.25 was spent in fitting up a new Board Room, a room devoted to books or works of art, and the winter reading room for the unemployed; so that the year's expenses may be put down at about \$29,000, of which about \$12,000 went in salaries. Between seven and eight thousand post-cards were sent out for overdue books, and the fines brought in no less than \$1,005.59, figures which seem to show that procrastination is the thief of money as well as time.

To the readers of the Library perhaps not the least interesting page of the report will be that giving a list of "the more important books added during the year;" for, if we are not mistaken, with the exception of their burial in that—to most people—repellent of catalogues the "Card Catalogue," the titles of these are not anywhere else visible to the searcher for new books of reference. A weekly list of new books for the shelves of the Circulating Department appears in the daily newspapers; but what important additions are made to the Reference Department it is given only to the gods and the authorities to know.

On the whole, then, our Public Library seems to be flourishing. Mr. Vokes tells us that "all reasonable economy has been practised," and that "the public are taking a deeper interest in the Library," also that "the chief librarian, the secretary, and other assistants and employees have performed their duties in every way satisfactory to the Board." For the maintenance of our Library our ratepayers have paid during the last twelve months \$30,000. They will be glad to know of the prosperous condition of the institution as set forth by Mr. Vokes's statistical and financial statements. Of its unseen and unknown benefits to readers, scholars, and writers no statements could inform us; but the ultimate value of these, both direct and indirect, near and remote, could it be expressed in dollars and cents, must be far in excess of \$30,000. Accordingly we may conclude that our Library is a paying concern.

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### Instruments.

I heard musicians play;  
And harp and viol, cornet, and bassoon,  
And deep sweet strings gave forth their harmony,  
Trying their best to say  
All that the master wrote; yet when the croon  
Of the last wailing chord had slowly stopt,  
The players, all unfeeling, spoke of beer,  
And with a ghastly leer  
Retailled the latest scandal; music dropt.

Thereat I marvelled sore,  
For heaven seemed opened by their minstrelsy;  
Strange that they entered not, but were content  
With opening its door,

Leaving it wide open for others and for me.  
"It is their way," said Hans, my artist friend,  
And to his studio eager led the way  
Where on his easel lay  
His latest landscape; ah! you know the end?

For, while with entranced eye  
I saw his work transfigured—reacht at once,  
A meaning that he never knew at all,  
Hans spoke of technique dry,  
And as to nature seemed a hopeless dunce,  
Described his work with details not a few,  
As though the scene it pictured was mere naught,  
A mere effect just caught  
To show his skill on—anything would do.

And so I marvelled more,  
Yet thought: "Perhaps this is the way of things  
In this strange-ordered earth. The player knows  
Little beyond his score

Nor hears the harmonies he sweetly sings  
Through others' being; while the painter's eye  
Is blind to beauty that his friend may see."

And so the poet, he  
Not for himself writes songs that do not die.

BERNARD McEVROY.

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### Press Opinion of "The Week."

Under its new management, THE WEEK is making good its engagements and is now a periodical of which Canada has reason to be proud. If we do not always agree with its editorial utterances, we gladly recognize the ability with which it is conducted, and the value of the contributions that make its pages instructive and attractive. The Very Rev. Principal Grant, "Fidelis" (Miss Machar), Dr. S. E. Dawson, the Rev. F. G. Scott, Dr. J. G. Bourinot, Mr. W. W. Campbell, Mr. W. D. Lighthall, Dr. Goldwin Smith, Mr. William Houston and others of our first writers are among the contributors.—*Montreal Gazette.*

## Pew and Pulpit in Toronto.—IV.

AT ST. MICHAEL'S ROMAN CATHOLIC CATHEDRAL.

IF I had gone to early Sunday morning Mass at St. Michael's I should have seen a large number of my fellow-citizens engaged in their religious duties. But I do not get up so early on Sunday morning as most devout Catholics do, and consequently seven o'clock mass was out of the question. Come with me, therefore, on this snowy, March morning of the Second Sunday in Lent, and let us be at church at the more lenient time of half past ten, when the second service for the day begins. Everybody knows that St. Michael's is a notable and lofty example of decorated gothic, the tall spire of which is a pretty object from many points of view. All do not know, perhaps, that within the past few years the church has been greatly beautified and improved. The addition of a clerestory has made it much lighter. It has been repewed in light oak, and its new internal decorations are of a very rich and ornate order, with glories of color and diapers and arabesques of silver and gold gleaming here and there among pillared vistas and beautiful carved work.

At twenty minutes past ten we arrived at the corner of Bond and Shuter streets, and entering the vestibule of the church, my companion, a true son of the church, dipped his fingers in the holy water and crossed himself. Then he put some small silver coins into a plate held by a verger, and asked for a seat. Another verger took us in hand, and guiding us up the long, middle aisle, placed us in a pew which was not only tolerably near to the pulpit, but which from its central position afforded a good view of the altar ceremonies. There was not a very large congregation present, it seemed, but then the church is very large, and an assembly, that in a smaller place would look crowded, looks there somewhat sparsely distributed. I must say that so far as I have observed the services of the Catholic church, their note is one of reverence. Everyone bent the knee as they came up the central aisle, and each worshipper entering seemed to become at once immersed in prayer. If there had been any display of fashionable millinery there, which, of course, was out of the question in Lent, it would have excited no eager attention. On the whole I am inclined to think that Catholic churches afford a more unpromising theatre for those who have a passion "to be seen of men" than those of any other faith. There are those who say that Catholics feel, when they enter a church, that they are seen of God, but these are not the ultra-Protestants. It cannot be denied, however, that as the result of early teaching, and by common consent, the church is held to be a sacred place, in which, for a time, there can be, for all, retirement from the world's rush and communion with the unseen. There is so much in this that is in consonance with religious traditions that one cannot wonder at the influence it still retains, even in this age when reverence is at a discount, and the bump of veneration is being gradually eliminated from our *fin de siècle* youngsters. Even to these, and to some as careless as they, there comes, sometimes, a dim recognition of the poverty of a life that has forsaken God. Coming into a church such as this these waifs and strays of life's ocean might well bring to mind the lessons of their childhood, and think of the patriarch who said: "Surely the Lord is in this place . . . this is none other but the house of God and this is the gate of heaven."

My task, however, is not so much to moralize as to describe. There are no cushions on the seats of the low-backed oak pews at St. Michael's, but all of them are provided with kneeling boards. The spacious area of the chancel or sanctuary was before us, and, at the east end of it, where there was a raised part, ascended by several steps, the grand altar. Above the altar rose a fine stained window, its complicated stone tracery filled with beautiful pictured glass, representing the Crucifixion. The sanctuary occupies the end of the nave of the church; it is divided from the side-aisles by partitions of carved oak, and from the auditorium in the front by the communion rail. The separation of the sanctuary from the rest of the interior is also more noticeable because of the pillars of the nave which form a long and noble avenue, up which the eye of the spectator is naturally directed, sometimes catching glimpses of painting or carved figures

upon the walls of the side aisles, or wandering up to the pointed arches above which the light, softened by stained glass, comes through the clerestory windows.

As we sit looking towards the sanctuary, we see, at the end, the grand altar—not a very high or grand one as Catholic altars go—but artistic and tasteful. Its reredos, like the rest of the appointments of this part of the church, is of carved oak, with pinnacles that rise nearly to the base of the high east window. Most of its glories are, however,—as this is the season of Lent—veiled in purple. On the plain altar cloth of this colour is embroidered in white a cross and a crown of thorns, and issuing from the cross are effulgent rays, as if to illuminate the world. On the right of the chancel ascend several tiers of long seats, and to these comes, while we wait, one of the Christian Brothers, attired in cassock and bands, and falls immediately to reverent prayer. Then, after a while, on either side of the altar, boys come filing in, there must have been fifty or more; little, clean, perfectly behaved boys, and after them bigger ones; perhaps their ages range from ten to fifteen. They are attired in black cassocks with a short-sleeved white garment of lace or net, and they look very well favoured and cared for. They are attended by one or two more of the Christian Brothers, and proceeding to the communion rail, the two streams join and turn, and in very orderly fashion the boys take their places in the ranged seats, which, as has been indicated, run longitudinally with the side of the sanctuary. Meanwhile two or three acolytes have been attending to duties at the altar. Presently the celebrant priest comes in with a purple vestment embroidered in gold on his shoulders, and the service is begun, after preliminary private prayer, by the priest perambulating the church with the holy water, while the "Asperges Me Hyssoppo" is sung. Only a form, it may be said, but surely an impressive and suitable one. "Purge me with hyssop and I shall be clean; wash me and I shall be whiter than snow"—are words that do not fail to appeal to the human consciousness. Then, returning to the altar, the priest sings prayers in Latin, and the smoke of incense rises from the censer.

By and by the Father who is to preach comes in from the vestry and ascends the stair of a pulpit that stands well forward on the right hand side of the chancel. There is another pulpit on the other side; but this is not occupied. Father Ryan, the preacher, is a stout, rosy, wholesome and healthy-looking ecclesiastic of about sixty years. There is nothing specially sacerdotal about his face; he might pass for a country gentleman of the best sort. In his countenance and *tout ensemble* there are the indications of a well-balanced nature. He is not the mere enthusiastic devotee who at once gives you the sensation that he belongs to a class apart and must regard things in a special way that is altogether different from the ordinary. On the contrary he looks very human but very decided. When he speaks his voice is firm and not unctuous; he has no elocutionary tricks. You have the feeling, as you listen to him, that he is a serious, faithful, good, unassuming man whom you could trust. That he possesses an alert and trained mind and earnest religious feeling you soon have evidence. He first of all makes the announcements for the day, of coming services and meetings. There is to be one in connection with the St. Nicholas Home for boys, and he takes the opportunity of saying something about the importance of training boys properly, mentioning in the course of his remarks that the Governor General had, during the preceding week, thought it worth his while to spend some of his time in helping forward the work of the Boys' Brigade. He also refers to the efforts of Archbishop Walsh in a similar direction, and says that at last that prelate sees his way to the establishment of an industrial school for boys. He (Father Ryan) knows something of the work carried on at the St. Nicholas Home, for it has been his duty to visit the home week by week for some years, to give the boys instruction in their religious duties, and he can vouch for it as a suitable object for the usual liberality of that congregation. These remarks, and the announcements, were given in an easy conversational tone which at once attracted attention and held it—there was nothing stilted or *ex-cathedra* about them. This naturalness of delivery struck me all the way through as being of a sort that many clergymen might well emulate.

The announcements over, Father Ryan read the gospel and epistle for the day. The gospel referred to the Trans-

figuration, and a few words of it he took for his text: "He was transfigured before them." Briefly referring to the special circumstances of the transfiguration, when Peter and James and John were "taken to a high mountain apart," he preached an eloquent and telling sermon on the transformation effected by the Christian life, especially adapting his remarks to the season of Lent. On this occasion he said our Lord permitted the divinity which always pervaded His nature to stream through the tabernacle of His flesh. Had he not by the miraculous exercise of His power subdued His glory while He walked here on earth, He would always have appeared in this transfigured state. It was what was natural to Him. During His life on earth the heart of our Lord was always in heaven. The taking of the disciples to a "high mountain" was emblematical of those holy seasons of devout meditation and prayer which were enjoined upon us by the church, and those who obeyed the teaching of such occasions were in a manner transfigured by the glory of the Lord. They knew that some of them had, during the present season, endeavoured to recollect themselves, and that very morning his heart had been cheered and gladdened by the presence, in that church, of a large number of men and boys who had come to finish up the forty hours of sacred exercises in which they had been engaged. Their faces and their demeanour showed that their conversation had been in heaven. Peter, James and John had been taken by the Fathers to represent faith, hope and charity and with some remarks on the exercise of these graces the half-hour sermon came to a conclusion. It was very attentively listened to.

Then—the preacher having retired—came the censuring of the priest, the attendants and the congregation, and the celebration of the Mass. The organ at St. Michael's is placed at the west end of the church in a high gallery, and the responses to the singing by the choir there were sung by the vested schoolboys in the chancel. It is unnecessary to describe the ceremonial of the Mass. There were but six lighted candles on the altar, and it was not very ornate, for in the weeks of Lent the services of the church are subdued and sombre. But the great human interest of the rite was there, which is, perhaps, that it affords to large numbers of people their chief opportunity of somewhat realizing the presence of their Maker.

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### To "The Doggrel Bard."

SIR,—

If the man you were abusing entertained  
An animus at all approaching yours,  
I have very little doubt he'd feel constrained  
To retaliate and kick you out of doors.

You seem to take advantage of the fact  
That you'll hardly find another so forbearing,  
To vent your paltry spleen behind his back,  
And give your wretched, doggrel rhyme an airing.

Whether its true or false is not in point;  
Such libel in *this* paper is misplaced.  
Truly, the times are badly out of joint,  
To stand such gross ill-breeding and bad taste!

X.Y.Z.

The Doggrel Bard replies to X.Y.Z., having been favoured with a proof:

Oh, sir! refrain  
From contention vain  
Nor let your fury wax so hotly;  
You're a trifle hard  
On a doggrel bard;  
*Some* license is always allowed to motley.

You miss the point  
When you shriek "Aroint  
Thee, witch!" or "Get thee behind me, Satan!"  
Put a cigarette out  
With a water-spout!  
Crush nine-years-old with a treatise in Latin!

Such a slinging of ink  
Would make one think  
You can't tell folly from what is serious.  
A "Pickwickian sense"  
Need give no offence,  
But your violence somewhat tends to weary us.

THE DOGGREL BARD.



## Anglo-Saxon, or a Blended Race?

THE heroic patience in suffering of the late Alexander III., king of Russia, and the lamentable death at Peterhof of Rubenstein, king of virtuosos, irresistibly draw attention to that vast kingdom beyond the Gulf of Finland. The question presents itself, what part is Russia to play in the future progress of civilization? Indeed, are not many peoples to contribute their efforts, their blood and their literature to mankind in general, in a manner more efficacious than has obtained in the past? Will not emigration and the mixing of nationalities operate in the future to an extent never before conceived of?

The Anglo-Saxon has so far performed the lion's share of pioneer work in opening up the globe. Vast regions lay unexplored and he was the first to see the opportunity. An additional impulse consisted in the fact that his home territory was contracted. But we can hardly expect that the same conditions will remain for all time. The past is not always the picture of the future. It has never seriously been, and it should not be contended that the Saxon possesses all the qualities which go to civilize and educate men. Some of the finer and æsthetic properties of mind he lacks and perhaps never will gain, because they are not to his taste, or of his habit. Nevertheless they are important and their value is to be appreciated, for the fine arts are the title deeds of civilization.

In music, which Wagner calls the "consummate art," the Anglo-Saxon's achievements are inferior. All the world's composers in this day go to Berlin, Paris, and Rome; and London must hire, if she would profit by their services. Germany has a hold upon future civilization with her "Council of Immortals," Bach, Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, and Wagner, the "Shakespeare of music." France has won her guerdon of respect and influence through the works of Gluck, Cherubini, Gounod and Hector Berlioz; while Italy contests the world-field with Germany, boasting as her champions, of Palestrina, the "Swan of Pesaro," Rossini, Donizetti, and the bold, nervous Verdi. Hungary is teaching America through Dr. Antonin Dvorak's National Conservatory, and long ago she electrified the musical public with the genius of her endowed son, Frantz Liszt.

In the painter's art the Saxon must also concede to others. His achievements in this field are local only. Ambitious art students hie to Munich, where the praises ring of Piloty, Max, Defregger and Wilhelm Kaulbach; to Rome, sacred with the dust and canvases of the old masters and frequented of the new; and to Paris where Breton, Bouguereau, Cabanel, Jean Corot, Gérôme, Meissonier and Greville's peasant, Jean Francois Millet, teach the art world from the walls of the salons.

The schools of Leipsic, Berlin and Heidelberg are the cynosure of attention among philosophers, and draw the honour pupils of the universities of the United States and Canada, while in science, Koch and Pasteur have won for their respective countries pilgrims from every nation.

The State railroads of Hungary and Prussia excite admiration and despair on this continent at their economic construction and management, affording, also, to the public the best facilities at lowest cost. Municipal government in Europe is superior to that on this continent, while the Prussian state inspection of food staples assures a protection to the common people seldom afforded in Cis-Atlantic states or provinces. From these observations it is evident that Germany, France and Italy still exercise, as in the past, a large share of influence upon the civilization of the globe.

Owing to the rapidly increasing native population of India the Saxon control there is minimized more and more to moral suasion; and without sufferance it would become an extreme burden, if not an impossibility. The natives are showing an aptitude for education, and shrewdness is their first nature. With a population of half a billion in the twentieth century India's opportunities should be as many as her power will be vast. Her Anglo-Saxon tutorship will be of untold benefit to her in encouraging ambition in her sons and making them more practical. She should light up the east with another sun of science and literature, and with Japan's aid break up the dark conservatism of China. These surely are not vain hopes or impossibilities, for who can be sure that the world's course in the future will slacken instead of waxing more speedy?

In South America progress is slow. The Spaniard has missed many of his opportunities and dissipated his power. The French and German traders are disputing the ground with the Anglo-Saxon, but prejudice is somewhat in favour of a neutral, like the United States. The Pan-American Conference at Washington within the last few years has some significance in this consideration.

Australia's vast plains must open up to the emigrant, and where will he come from? The productiveness of old Britain is not inexhaustible. The steppes of Russia are already overburdened with one hundred and ten millions. The land has only lately been scourged with famine. Either want or oppression might within a decade drive ten millions of these "sons of Anak" to find homes across the far waters. They cannot all come to America, and if the earth is the Lord's, He has graciously given the fulness thereof to the peoples. The narrow selfishness of the nations in the past cannot and will not obtain in the future.

Governments extended past geographical barriers are a great difficulty and not always of the greatest advantage. If a local fauna and a local flora theory has not been popular, the tendency, at all events, is practically to local government.

There are three principles which in practice belong distinctively to the nineteenth century. They are emigration, education, and the extension of the suffrage. Civilization, like the progress of the sun, has been westward, and such has been the path of the emigrants. Since 1820 twenty millions of foreign born have been immigrants into the United States. The great majority of these were Germans, Irish, Italians, and Norwegians. It is safe to state that a large majority of the United States people are either foreign born or of foreign descent. The population of that nation doubles in less than thirty years, so that in the middle of the twentieth century there should be upon their census rolls two hundred and fifty millions of people, comparatively few of whom are of Saxon blood. The same conditions will obtain more or less in Canada, except that here, and of our people sojourning in the United States, we have already a Frank element of over half. That the emigrant comes to these shores without education is the more promising, because he comes without prejudices that cannot be uprooted. It is noticeable that they readily fall in with the system of education and their aptness is in no respect inferior. It is significant that new strains are becoming apparent in the Western race. The promise is one of literary achievement, as well as of physical strength. Desires that more blending might occur are everywhere expressed, and it is not one of the impossibilities, while, indeed, it is one of the necessities. And this education, which itself is only in germ, must among its other precepts teach harmony and destroy prejudices. The suffrage puts into the hands of an enlightened people power to exercise their wills. The wills of the voting, and moral suasion of the non-voting proportions of a population of two hundred and fifty millions cannot lightly perish from the earth. May their hearts be as warm as their wills are great. The blending of the various factors will tell on the features and constitutions of the people. The towering size of the Russians will be apparent. Already the average height is on the increase. The strong hearts of the Saxons can well be made service of, for there is a woful increase in cardiac diseases. The sharp and handsome physiognomies of the Spaniard and Italian will be enhanced by the keen eye of the Frank. And of no small importance will be the wealth of hair of the German and the Pole, "for long hair is a glory," as well as a protection in our northern and western climes!

Anglo-Saxon literature reached its zenith in the golden Elizabethan days, but there will be a new, a golden western literature, as also a golden eastern literature, which will be India's. From India to America will be the span of the earth! Into the character of this western literature will be woven the bold grandeur of the Russian and the savour of his virility; the philosophic spirit of the German and his love of classic form; the wise conservatism of the Saxon and his impatience with fruitless experiment; the naiveté and wit of the Frank; and the richness and sparkling gayety of the Italian.

JOHN STUART THOMPSON.

Montreal, Que.

## Song of the Skater.

Sliding, gliding,  
Faster and faster,  
The glare ice scratching  
As onward we go ;  
Guiding, providing  
'Gainst all disaster,  
Length of slide matching  
Track clear of snow.

Whirling, twirling,  
Quicker and quicker,  
New figures cutting  
Out, one by one—  
List to their skirling,  
As the skates flicker,  
Opening and shutting  
On work well done.

Reeling, wheeling  
Round the sharp corner,  
Forward then dashing  
On a new track ;

Haughtily feeling  
Scorn of the scorner,  
For weaklings gnashing  
Their teeth at our back.

Here we go rollicking,  
Three, four together,  
Arm in arm linking,  
Marking good time ;  
Jolly our frolicking,  
Spite of the tether,  
Clinking skates, thinking  
That care is a crime.

Left right, left right !  
Easy now, easy !  
Slower and slower,  
And all in line ;  
Fine sight, fine night,  
Though somewhat breezy,  
Vote of thanks throw her,  
Pale Miss Moonshine !

J. CAWDOR BELL.

\* \* \*

## Duncan Campbell Scott.

THE following selections from "The Magic House" are made not at all as a basis for criticism, but rather to reveal by their own voice something of the tendencies and aspirations of the writer. It is a misplaced sentiment which demands that the work of our poets should be distinctively Canadian, for a narrow provincialism would be the inevitable result. There are no tariff restrictions upon our thought, therefore let us go forth into the world's great harvest field and reap our portion. Thus assured of freedom of utterance, circumstances of time and place will prove no limitation, but will the rather add their due appropriate flavour. For a poet worthy of the name would never divest himself, even if he had the power, of the associations that have woven themselves into his nature from the hours of his childhood. Hence the legends of our own young country even are dear to us, and dearer to us are our forests, fields, and streams, because they are not young, but retain in their perennial freshness something of primeval awe, infused with the delightful sense that they have subsisted in their strength and beauty untarnished since the birth of time. If our antique and hoary forests lack the glory of old romance that floods, like golden light in leafy glades, the Ardennes of another world, they bear for us another perhaps more sacred charm, the inalienable majesty of nature undefiled.

Perhaps Lampman of all our writers has most successfully represented distinctive and striking features of our landscape, in its broader aspects and in exquisite detail ; and he is criticized, with what justice each must for himself decide, for being over-balanced in that direction. Yet it is almost invidious to place one upon a summit, when the judgment needs must waver. Campbell, Roberts, Scott and Carman, not to mention others of lesser fame, are all imbued with fervent devotion to Nature, and all gifted in their various ways to give voice to their devotion. None certainly is more subtle, or delicately imaginative than Mr. Scott. Verses from "The First Snow" and "A Night In June," will serve as illustrations:

Along the horizons' faded shrunken lines,  
Veiling the gloomy borders of the night,  
Hung the great snow clouds washed with pallid gold ;  
And stealing from his covert in the pines,  
The wind encouraged to a stinging flight  
Dropped in the hollow conquered by the cold.

Then a light cloud rose up for hardihood,  
Trailing a veil of snow that whirled and broke,  
Blown softly like a shroud of steam or smoke,  
Sallied across a knoll where maples stood,  
Charged over broken country for a rood,  
Then seeing the night withdrew his force and fled,  
Leaving the ground with snow-flakes thinly spread,  
And traces of the skirmish in the wood.

\* \* \* \* \*

The world is heated seven times,  
The sky is close above the lawn,  
An oven when the coals are drawn.

There is no stir of air at all,  
Only at times an inward breeze  
Turns back a pale leaf in the trees.

Here the syninga's rich perfume  
Covers the tulip's red retreat,  
A burning pool of scent and heat.

The pallid lightning wavers dim  
Between the trees, then deep and tense  
The darkness settles more intense.

A hawk lies panting in the grass,  
Or plunges upward through the air,  
The lightning shows him whirling there.

A bird calls madly from the eaves,  
Then stops, the silence all at once  
Disturbed, falls dead again and stuns.

A redder lightning flits about,  
But in the north a storm is rolled  
That splits the gloom with vivid gold ;

Dead silence, then a little sound,  
The distance chokes the thunder down,  
It shudders faintly in the town.

A fountain plashing in the dark  
Keeps up a mimmic dropping strain ;  
Ah ! God, if it were really rain !

"In The Country Churchyard," a poem replete with strong and earnest feeling, contains the following among many beautiful verses :

This spot has never known the heat of toil,  
Save when the angel with the mighty spade  
Has turned the sod and built the house of shade ;  
But here old chance is guardian of the soil,  
Green leaf and grey,  
The barrows blossom with the tangled spoil,  
And God's own weeds are fair in God's own way.

Sweet flowers may gather in the ferny wood :  
Hepaticas the morning stars of spring ;  
The bloodroots with their milder ministering,  
Like planets in the lonelier solitude ;  
And that white throng  
Which shakes the dingles with a starry brood,  
And tells the robin his forgotten song.

These flowers may rise amid the dewy fern,  
They may not root within this antique wall,  
The dead have chosen for their coronal,  
No buds that flaunt of life and flare and burn ;  
They have agreed  
To choose a beauty puritan and stern,  
The universal grass, the homely weed.

This is the paradise of common things,  
The scourged and trampled here find peace to grow,  
The frost to furrow and the wind to sow,  
And now they keep  
A crown reflowering on the tombs of kings,  
Who earned their triumph and have claimed their sleep.

\* \* \* \* \*

The following sonnet is stamped with the same earnestness, and a like fulness of thought :

I thought of death beside the lonely sea,  
That went beyond the limit of my sight,  
Seeming the image of his mastery,  
The semblance of his huge and gloomy might.

But firm beneath the sea went the great earth,  
With sober bulk and adamantine hold,  
The water but a mantle for her girth,  
That played about her splendour fold on fold.

And life seemed like this dear familiar shore,  
That stretched from the wet sands' last wavy crease,  
Beneath the sea's remote and sombre roar,  
To inland stillness and the wilds of peace.

Death seems triumphant only here and there ;  
Life is the sovereign presence everywhere.

The above quotations by no means represent all the phases of Mr. Scott's work. But their excellence indicates the excellence of all. We make no extravagant plea for this poet. Recognizing his limitations we also appreciate his growth. Although probably better known in the past as a prose writer he has of late won for himself in verse a steady and growing reputation. He is excellently equipped for poetry. An imagination revealed in such poems as "The Magic House" and "The Reed-Player" is combined with and sustained by a keen perceptive faculty, and an exquisite and original sense of rhythm. Let the following lines express their own music, and notice particularly the music of the last. The poem is the longest in the book and bears the title "By The Willow Spring" :

This pool is quiet as oblivion,  
Hidden securely from the flooding sun ;  
Its crystal placid surface here receives  
The wan grey underlight of the willow leaves.

The few but delightful songs of this volume create the desire for more pure lyrics, and Mr. Scott's fine appreciation of verbal melody, and his power to apprehend the subtle visitations of thought and fine emotion which are the soul and substance of that form of poetry will assuredly lead him more and more to work of a lyrical nature.

Upper Canada College

PELHAM EDGAR.

### The Latest News From Paris.

(By Our Special Correspondent.)

THE terrible winter is dying away slowly: it would undoubtedly disappear more rapidly, only some imprudent persons indulge in strong unscriptural language against the late reign of Jack Frost, who shows his displeasure by indulging in disagreeable kicks during the night. It is best not to halloo till out of the wood. There is no glacial humidity, as yet, in the air, so that explains the absence of influenza epidemic. However, so many delicate-lunged people have been carried off, that no great harvest is to be gathered by Death in using the bronchial scythe. The weak members of the population have been weeded out; what remains is good for either military service or life assurance offices.

Closely allied with the dying and the dead was the anniversary of the February 1848 Revolution, when to his astonishment, Louis Phillippe decamped as rapidly as Casimir Perier, and the republicans, to their amazement, succeeded to power, and the founding of universal suffrage. The banquet just held to keep that event green in democratic souls has been honoured by patent politicians. Senator Floquet was the biggest of the big guns present—no Panamaism was thrown in his face; a few of the Old Guard were to the fore also; the St. Helenaists of the Second Republic. The antiquaries were right in asserting that the Republic of 1848 was knocked into a cocked hat by its President, Prince Louis Napoleon III. But who made him possible? Who feathered the nest for him? The republicans themselves, by their divisions, their jealousies and their wild-cat politics; they had for their aim, to redress the wrongs, as assumed by them, of the universe, instead of attending to those of France: seeking the mole in the eye of sister nations and forgetting the beam in their own. It was the same tactics that made Boulangism possible, and had the General of Paulus, the audacity, want of scruples and the fearlessness of Louis Napoleon, he might be now a kind of "Georges I." or enjoying French leave in that haven of rest for all exiles—*perfidie albion*.

As usual, Sunday last, was rehearsal day, *in petto*, for the high jinks of Shrove Tuesday—only faces, without masks, are visible. The fun is harmless: first, it is a civic, orthodox, or patriotic duty to appear on the Boulevards to see everything—or nothing at all, which is more humorous still. Confetti replaced the throwing of flowers—the latter are still in the womb of time. The confetti that, a few years ago, when the institution was first planted in Paris, were then all white, now are of as many colours as Joseph's coat: they impart a gaiety and change to the ordinary street sweepings and kennel muck. But no serpentines, or rolls of paper streamers were allowed to connect from attics with the underneath stories, and to mix the ribbons with the branches of the trees along the Boulevards. The next day the trees became eyesores; recall for too long, a banquet hall deserted, or a sepulchre kept too long unclosed. Then, of late the trees suffer from a tuberculosis of their own. The botanical doctors have vainly endeavoured to find out the cause, and have gone through the baptismal register of the whole microbe family, to discover if it could reveal a missing link with the enemy that saps the "waving of the green" prematurely from the lindens, the shumacs, the accacias, and other arbor friends. Tuesday was a glorious day; it was a meteorological *amende honorable*; the thermometer "rose early"; the sun put on a July costume; even Pasteur himself would grant absolution to a wandering dog. There was no ambulatory *Bœuf Gras*, but plenty of them figured in the butcher shops, with sides split open, and decorated with paper ivy leaves in the form of a carcass cross, with settings of camellias, white or crimson, made from turnips. It looked

so splendid, that meat *en bloc*, that the Archbishop of Paris could not, in his heart, shake his crozier at even a vegetarian or a starvationist, who came in for a heritage, and laid out some of it on a sirloin or a filet steak. The fine weather, the dead meat show in shops—*entree libre*—acted like champagne or genuine cognac on the crowd. Even the *influenzes* crept from their cribs to have a peep into the street, and the rheumatic who toddled on sticks, and the backs of chairs' crutches, to witness the merry-making crowds, were able to return unassisted to the Torquemada arm chair, and resolved to throw physic to the dogs. Be assured there will be as great a "drop" in this week's city death statistics, as in, say, wheat.

Lord Dufferin duly delivered his annual Dr. Pangloss speech; it never does any harm; the honey comes from Kymethis itself and the flowers from the best French gardens. Even Madame Adam, who declared, when in the height of her attack of Franco-Russian fever, that his lordship was a national danger to France, cannot find fault with all the nice things he said of her country. It agreeably surprises both French and English to be assured, what neither suspected, that they are excellent friends. M. Jourdain, the Gauls ought to bear in mind, spoke prose all his life without knowing it. Had Lord Dufferin only named the exact day when the red coats would quit Egypt, he would have made the "nihilists" here as happy as an Yretat king. However, it is good to know—the Khedive and the Anglo-phobists in the land of Pharaoh will please note—that in time all the African misunderstandings between England and France will be settled. The party in France, that is in a hurry to replace the British in Egypt, believe the settlement will be the permanent settling down of *les Anglais* in that country akin to their own "rest and be thankful," in Tunisia and Chantaboum.

France has much to learn from the mother of the Latin race—Italy. The latter has been too long regarded as a Cinderella by France, instead of marching hand in hand. Italy has taken the lead of her relative in the matter of Popular Credit, the loaning of small sums to humble, but hard working *industriels*; she does not look to her Government, as the French do in everything, for help. The Italians look to themselves—the real Anglo-Saxon individualism. By the artizan and shop-keeping, etc., classes in Italy lending their savings to the local, popular banks, investing in their shares, gaining interest and good dividends, as well as taking part in the management—Italy lacks no working capital. In France, all such savings are grabbed by the State, to be utilized in revenue and budgetary combinations. The Italian popular banks are taking a new departure, which merits the attention of all farmers, sufferers or victims of agricultural depression. Signor Luzzatti, of Padua, who is identified with the popular bank successful movement, has decided to extend to small farmers, as hitherto only to artizans and tradesmen. The objection to according credit to agriculturists has been, they required at least twelve, not three months credit; in fact their trade turn-over could never be shorter than once a year. M. Luzzatti, like all prudent and conquering experimentalists, commences modestly. He has selected an agricultural syndicate; he demands the names of the members, and the amounts of the loans they require. He makes inquiries, selects the applicants, and accords them twelve months credit; collectively to the amount of 100,000 francs. The bank will draw upon the borrower for the amount demanded, at minimum of interest and expenses, at six months, the bill to be renewed for six months more. If the borrower takes shares in the bank he will participate in all the working profits, provided he holds at least 400 fr. scrip. People may say 100,000 fr. is a flea-bite, a small sum; but it represents only the beginning of a great experiment. In 1865, when the Padua Popular Bank was founded, it had only a starting capital of 27,000 fr., subscribed by 200 shareholders. After thirty years working its annual transactions to-day exceed 120,000,000 of francs. What is to prevent other peoples imitating the Lombardians—become their own bankers, mutually loaning and individually harvesting a fixed interest and a division of the general profits?

Of course France will be present at the inaugural ceremony, by the Emperor of Germany, of the Baltic Canal, which marries the Baltic with the Elbe, that is to say, the North Sea. When on board his yacht His Majesty always does chaplain duty. The Canal will be formally opened on

the 1st of June, and representatives of the navies of the world will meet in the Bay of Kiel—the Toulon of Germany that the canal unites with that other naval port, Wilhelmshafen. To cut the Jutland Peninsula is not new, and though the canal is primarily a strategetic work, rendering Germany independent of the Straits of the Sound, it will be open to commercial traffic also. The canal is 62 miles long, and 30 feet deep, with sidings at stated distances, and entrance and exit locks. England ought to have her "cross-country" canal—marry St. George's Channel with the German Ocean; a more pressing speculation than that anti-sea-sickness route, the Calais-Dover Tunnel. The meeting of the Franco-Russian fleets at Croudat will be nothing to the collection of warships to come off at Kiel. All nations send delegates to each other's autumn manœuvres; why not delegate iron-clads, swift cruisers, and torpedo-boats? Japan intends to be there. So will France. Why the latter's National Society of Artists has just decided to take part, officially, in the German Annual Picture Show, that will open at Berlin, on 1st May next. Only a few years ago a French artist would be lapidated who sent a painting to Germany; the Empress Frederick, when she paid her flying visit to Paris, received the cold shoulder from French artists. Happily we have changed all that. Sarah Bernhardt and Yvette Guilbert may yet perform in Berlin. After all, the millenium may be more than a theological consolation. Lions may yet lie down alongside lambs, without devouring them.

M. Saucy says: The French State coach has for horse, the Ministry; for driver, the Parliament, while the Press acts the part of carriage hound, to bark at both, to keep them going.

A "talisman" is not uncommon, but a "talismwoman" is a rarity. In 1849 when Marshal Bugland commanded at Lyons, among the cavalry officers who one day dined with him, was a lieutenant, whose helmet had a splendid black hair fall, superior to the ordinarily supplied decoration. The officer in question was a widower, and on the death of his wife, in accordance with her request, he cut off her jet black hair, and decorated his helmet with it in place of the usual horsehair—for good luck, often, officers in the French cavalry when they lose a favorite steed, utilize its tail for momento, decoration as well as service. Wonder if a Pasha with three tails relies on his steed for the raw material?

M. du Bois has minutely examined the marriage customs of the civilized and barbarous nations to find the general points in which they concur or radically differ. Except with civilized peoples, it is always the husband who endows the wife. But it is claimed that among Western nations the up-to-date definition of matrimony is: "A man supporting some other fellow's daughter." One trait of wedlock is common to mankind, independent of civilization—the hatred between mother-in-law and son-in-law. So violent is this with the Caffres, that rather than pronounce the name of the unpopular legal materfamilias, they give her the nickname of some revolting animal. The Polynesians deal summarily with the inconvenience; they put mother-in-law on the spit and invite all her enemies to partake of a morsel of her. That's heaping coals of fire on more than the head of your enemy.

Hard times for the Chinese—abroad as well as at home. A troupe of Celestials play in a piece "The Green Dragon," when the theatre in the rue Blanche just took fire. They were caught between the flames and the fire engine pumps; they calmly divined their fate—concluded it was a new departure of Japanism, perhaps. They are still to the fore.

Z.

### Letters to the Editor.

A NOTE FROM MR. POPE.

To the Editor of The Week:

Sir,—On page 287, vol. I., of my "Memoirs of Sir John Macdonald" there appears a letter without date, signed "A. Campbell," in support of the statement made on the preceding page that on the death of Sir Etienne Taché, in 1865, Mr. Campbell aspired to the Premiership. When first I met with this letter I not unnaturally placed that construction upon it. Further reflection, however, leads me seriously to doubt the correctness of my interpretation.

It has been suggested to me that when Mr. Campbell spoke of the "baton of leadership" he had, in his mind, not the Executive but the Legislative Council. The absence of any date and the elliptical style of the note render his meaning anything but clear, yet the more I think of it the more disposed I am to accept that interpretation as likely to be the true one. Under these circumstances it only remains for me to ask the public to consider this letter and the paragraph upon which it is founded withdrawn, and to express my regret at having misconceived Sir Alexander Campbell.

JOSEPH POPE.

Ottawa, 5th March, 1895.

### POLITICS AND BUSINESS PRINCIPLES.

To the Editor of The Week:

Sir,—In the exciting discussions at present going on throughout the country, between Conservatives and Liberals, as to the respective merits of the policy propounded by each party, it would seem as though the object aimed at, by both, was merely the destruction of the arguments set forth by the opposing faction. What should be the principal object in these discussions—the consideration of that which would conduce to the prosperity of our country—is lost sight of entirely in the heated arguments and frantic efforts made by each party in its endeavour to impress the majority. It would appear, to an observer, from the arguments adduced by both parties, that the tariff played merely a secondary or subordinate part in the great question of "how to advance our material interests?" A high tariff, for a country in which the economic condition is not favourable, means the circumscribing of the country's foreign markets, and the over-stocking of its domestic market, which results in depletion of the banks' specie reserves, exportation of debentures, abnormally high interest, curtailment of bank circulation, and general business stagnation. A low or revenue tariff means still greater invasion of the domestic market by foreign manufactures, the closing up of the country's industries, consequently a still greater efflux of the banks' specie reserves, and a greater exportation of debentures than under a high tariff, and also less circulation, higher interest, and, therefore, greater business stagnation. Either policy, when the economic condition of the country is not favourable, means the depreciation in value of the country's real and personal property, a most undesirable consummation.

It would, therefore, seem to be an economic and not a fiscal question, that we Canadians must solve if we would obtain relief from the existing depression, and enjoy that material prosperity so much coveted. The economic condition, whether favourable or unfavourable to the progress and prosperity of the people, is always indicated by the rate of interest obtaining in the country. There is no further argument necessary to prove a favourable or an adverse economic condition. The prevailing rate of interest in the country places the question beyond equivocation. To know how to bring favourable action to bear upon the rate of interest, so as to place our country on a level with the country enjoying the most favoured economic condition, is the secret that must be unravelled by Canadians before we need expect prosperity.

If THE WEEK can spare the space for a few letters at intervals, its correspondent would endeavour to place business principles in a light new to many.

CRITIC.

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### The Life of Sir John Thompson.\*

THIS work practically gives the history of Canada during our time, and should be read by all who wish to be well-informed upon the subject; and also by all who desire to contrast the straightforwardness of our ministers with the lack of that quality in those of the United States. The fact of the Governor-General volunteering to write the preface (and right well has he performed his honorary task) shows that he who so thoroughly knew our late Premier, believes that the author is well qualified to do justice to his memory.

The book vividly depicts a man of great ability, lofty principles, moral courage, and a Wellingtonian sense of duty.

"The Life and Work of the Right Hon. Sir John Thompson, P.C., K.C.M.G., Q.C., Prime Minister of Canada." By J. Castell Hopkins. With a preface by the Earl of Aberdeen, Governor-General of Canada. Bradley, Garretson & Co., Brantford, Ontario.

He also possessed in a high degree the rare gift of a judicial mind, a quality which has not been seen to an equal extent in half-a-dozen British statesmen during the last fifty years. Even on the bench few judges are distinguished by it; but in the stormy political world it is one of the rarest qualities to be met with. It is doubtful whether at the present time there is a single striking instance of it in the U. S. Congress. If there were such a man, and he could speak even moderately well, he would be "the observed of all observers," and known all over the civilized world.

Sir John Thompson—the exact reverse of an eminent British statesman—answered to the noble words of Tennyson in his Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington.

Who never sold the truth to serve the hour  
Nor paltered with Eternal God for power.

His conduct on the Riel Question is a striking proof of this. When it was said that he was gifted with a high degree of the judicial faculty, it is not meant that he was infallible. Like all other statesmen he made mistakes; but take him altogether, it may be long before we shall look upon his like again. Great statesmen like great poets are born—not made.

Sir John was born in Nova Scotia in 1844, his father being Irish, and his mother Scotch. The portrait of the former shows a thoughtful and earnest face, and doubtless it was from him that the son inherited the reasoning powers, earnestness of purpose, and judicial mind which so distinguished him.

In 1870 he married a Catholic lady. A year afterwards he joined the Roman Catholic Church; but it is clearly shown—as he thereby injured his worldly prospects—that this was after mature deliberation, and was the result of honest conviction. He subsequently entered the Local House as a Conservative, and in 1878 was appointed Attorney-General to the Nova Scotian Government. After a time he became a judge there, and, during the years that he held that position, a common practice was to devote five hours daily to the further study of law. Doubtless this faculty for work, with the object of acquiring knowledge and increasing his public usefulness, was the principal reason inducing Sir John A. to appoint him as Minister of Justice.

In 1885 Sir John Macdonald, feeling the necessity for strengthening his Cabinet in consequence of the Riel agitation, nominated him to that office. He was reluctant to accept the position, but friendly pressure was put upon him, and he ultimately, from a sense of duty, did so. As subsequently, he always worked very hard; it may be said that practically he sacrificed his life to his sense of duty. Sir John Macdonald epigrammatically observed: "The great discovery of my life was the discovery of Thompson."

#### THE RIEL QUESTION.

In 1885 the second Riel trouble began. In 1870 Riel engineered the Red River rising against the Government, and murdered an inoffensive man who had ventured to openly speak against his illegal actions. Unfortunately the Conservative Government succumbed to the influence and Parliamentary power of the French Canadians, and he was suffered to escape. There was great public indignation at such remissness, and Mr. Edward Blake, by voice and pen, strongly denounced such conduct. He went so far as to publicly state that he was willing to pay a large sum for Riel's arrest. He little thought then, that a few years afterwards he—as the leader of the Reform Party—would do his utmost to punish the Government for justicing Riel for committing not one, but many murders.

In 1870 Riel, through ecclesiastical influence, received a handsome sum of money to quit Canada; but having spent it, he returned to the North-West in 1885 to play the same game over again. His case is an object-lesson anent sham-liberalism. Had he been hanged in 1870 as he deserved to be, the blood and treasure wasted in 1885 would have been saved; the Reform Party would not have been injured by its leader whitewashing crime; Mr. Blake might still be holding his old post, and the Irish nationalists have one Jonah the less.

All unbiassed accounts agree that Riel was a clever schemer, and utterly unscrupulous. When he had nearly excited the half-breeds to the insurrectionary point, he offered

(to use a trade expression) to "sell out" his dupes, which offer was indignantly spurned by the Government. We are assured by a R. C. dignitary that he ultimately came down to \$15,000. But our Government acted like the Americans during the reign of the French Director. One or more of the latter wished the Americans to give bribes in order to facilitate negotiations anent French illegal captures. The spirited reply was, "Millions for defence but not a dollar for bribery." So with us in Canada.

During Riel's second insurrection two Catholic missionaries were murdered by the half-breeds for endeavouring to prevent crime. They were martyrs in the truest sense of the word. Those priests in Ireland who encourage illegalities should ponder over the lives of such God-fearing men.

All know that our volunteers nobly did their duty in putting down the insurrection. Riel himself carefully kept out of reach of bullets. He was tried and found guilty. All sorts of people were examined as to his sanity; including gaolers, doctors, and priests, in fact all who were in a position to judge. They were unanimous that he was quite sane. Meanwhile a storm was raised by designing men in Quebec, and French Canadians blindly believed that Riel was to be hanged solely to please the Orangemen. A French Canadian minister unfortunately had led his friends to hope that the sentence would not be carried out, and it was largely owing to the resolute attitude of Sir John Thompson that justice was done. Had Riel been reprieved Sir John would have resigned.

In order to give Riel every chance the Government remitted the case to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, but they unanimously held that the law ought to take its course. It would be the negation of all Government to say to criminals: "Heads you win and tails you shall get off." The result would be anarchy.

Great pressure had been put upon the French Conservative M.P.'s, and also upon those of that nationality who were in the Cabinet, and it was generally believed that the position of the Government had become very precarious. The unfortunate idea then occurred to some Ontarian Liberals, that if they moved a vote of censure and could get the discontented French Conservatives to join them, that the Government would be ousted and the Reformers come into office. It was a dishonourable action, and the result illustrated the old proverb that "honesty is the best policy."

While the storm was gathering in 1885, Sir John Macdonald sought to strengthen his Cabinet. It was known that Judge Thompson was an able, hardworking man, eminently straightforward, and of great moral courage; and as a R. C. might be better able to influence co-religionists than misled by the racial-religious cry. He was accordingly offered the leading position of Minister of Justice and as previously stated he ultimately accepted the post.

Sir John Thompson was not what is commonly understood as an orator. What is called oratory is often, so to speak, mere gold-leaf oratory. The gold-beater takes a small piece of gold and hammers it out until it covers hundreds of square feet, but though it covers such a great space yet it is only the original tiny bit of gold. There is thin-spun oratory and real oratory. Many years ago the writer read a great speech, delivered by Gladstone. All know that he is believed to be the greatest British orator of our time. The oration took about an hour to deliver, but the sum total was, that sugar was cheaper than it had been; which simple fact might have been stated in a single sentence. Sir John's oratory was very different. He only spoke when he had really something to say, and what he did say was clear and to the purpose.

All knew that on the Riel Question the Government would have to meet the skilful oratory of Mr. Edward Blake—a great lawyer and clever man—and that if he was to be properly answered it must be by another great lawyer—one who could clearly expose errors in fact and faults in reasoning.

In March 1886 Mr. Landry (acting as was understood at the instance of Messrs. Blake and Edgar) moved in the House of Commons "that this House feels it its duty to express its deepest regret that the sentence of death passed upon Louis Riel, convicted of high treason, was allowed to be carried into execution."

To adapt from the poet's words "Peace has its 'General Macks' as well as war." It is not the duty of the leader of a great party to steer the ship upon the rocks; but this was done with the result that the Reformers came to grief, and that in 1887 Mr. Blake felt compelled to resign the leadership.

Mr. Laurier, the present leader of the Reformers—a highly gifted gentleman—had, unfortunately for the future of his party, publicly stated his willingness under certain conditions, to shoulder a musket on behalf of the half-breeds; in plain English to fight against his native country. He charged that the execution of Riel was a sacrifice to passion and revenge. Sir Hector Langevin, the nominal leader of the French Conservatives, explained how Riel—as all the Catholic missionaries testified—had deceived the half-breeds.

Mr. Blake (forgetting his speeches, etc., anent the Red River rising in 1870) made an able speech contending—in opposition to all the evidence—that Riel was insane and ought only to have been imprisoned for life. Then Sir John Thompson made his maiden speech and did battle for Canada against her opponents. It was a great success, and illustrated the words of Prince Hal, "mark how a plain tale shall put you down." He cited Mr. Gladstone's firm conduct with respect to the Fenians, the so-called Manchester martyrs, who were hanged for murdering Constable Brett. He went painstakingly into the Riel case, quoting all sorts of facts and evidence, and thoroughly justified the Government's action. His maiden speech gave general satisfaction and placed him in the front rank of public speakers.

The division was a great success for the Government, and was one that Canadians will always regard with pride; such a number of Reformers having preferred their country to their party. It is an auspicious and ennobling fact when politicians act thus. Twenty-four of them, more than a fourth of their number, voted for their country and the Government. Among them were found the Hon. Alexander Mackenzie, who quitted his sick bed when a traitor to Canada was championed, also Sir Richard Cartwright, and the majority of their leading men. The Government was sustained by 146, and the anti-Canadians only numbered 52, showing an unprecedented majority of 94. Mr. Edgar, who voted with the minority, was blamed at the time, by Reformers, for starting the intrigue with the discontented French Conservatives, which resulted so disastrously for his party.

The author has not given the details but the following table will show the voting :

	Total No. of Members.	Votes for Motion.	Votes Against It.
Ontario.....	92	18	65
Quebec.....	65	28	36
New Brunswick.....	16	1	14
Nova Scotia.....	21	4	17
Prince Edward Island.....	6	1	4
Manitoba.....	5	0	4
British Columbia.....	6	0	6
	211	52	146

Several members were sick or were paired. Including three French-speaking members from outside Quebec; 26 of that nationality voted against the motion.

#### SIR JOHN'S SUBSEQUENT CAREER.

The Riel intrigue is so important to those who would understand our history, and has taken up so much space, that the rest of his patriotic labors can only be glanced at.

The next general election gave the Government a handsome majority. The Reformers had expected to sweep Quebec, but the two parties were about equally balanced there.

In September, 1888, he was knighted. The question of the assenting by the Governor-General to the Quebec Jesuits Estates Act, which action Sir John supported, would require an article of itself. Much of the opposition to it was caused by the heedless manner in which the Act had been drawn by the Quebec Government. Sir John did not defend the manner in which the preamble was drawn, and in which a power (that of the Pope), which did not exist, seemed to be recognized; but he stated that in the history of the scores of Canadian statutes disallowed in England, there was not one instance of a preamble being considered as a reason for such action. An overwhelming majority of the Reformers approved of the conduct of the Government; the votes being 188 to 13.

His greatest work, however, was the New Criminal Code of 1892. Canada, under his leadership, led the way among the English-speaking nations in enacting a comprehensive code of criminal law.

In November, 1892, he became Premier, and up till his premature death he continued his old habit of excessive work, which was the remote cause of his unlooked-for decease.

He was the greatest statesman that Canada has produced. He lacked the personal magnetism, adroitness and diplomatic geniality of Sir John Macdonald; but he had other gifts which the latter lacked. The first was an exceptionally clever politician-statesman; the other was a creative, far-seeing one. Such as he build up empires.

Those who aspire to shine in politics should study his life and imitate his noble and unselfish patriotism.

All patriotic Canadians who wish to understand the true inwardness of our recent history, and the great contrast between our statesmen and those of the U.S., should read this portrait-illustrated book. It would be an evil day for us to be ruled by the tricksters exposed during the various negotiations between the two countries.

In conclusion, to quote Tennyson's glorious words,

Let his great example stand,  
And keep the soldier firm, the statesman pure  
Till in all lands and through all human story,  
The path of duty be the way to glory.

\* \* \*

#### Recent Fiction.\*

WE have all, long ere this, had the honour of being introduced—in the realms of fiction if not of fact—to the New Woman, the woman who votes, who smokes, who carries a latch key, and who in general wears, if not the trousers, at least the knickerbockers. Not that all which things might not be quite charmingly done by a woman by no means "new" in the accepted meaning of the word. But the nose of the New Woman has been quite put out of joint by "the woman who did," as she has been described for us by Mr. Grant Allen in his book of that name. The New Woman is simply not in it compared with the "woman who did." The "woman who did" is simply out of sight. There are some of us who are devoutly thankful that she is!

Mr. Grant Allen is a very clever man. And he is as versatile as he is clever. He is a metaphysician, a botanist, a zoologist, a mathematician, a novelist, and a poet; though there are believed to be metaphysicians, botanists, zoologists, mathematicians, novelists, and poets, each of whom question his claims to these titles respectively. This, however, is neither here nor there. What we are at present concerned with, is the fact that Mr. Grant Allen has invented and depicted a personage who has simply totally eclipsed the favourite heroine of the day, and that in the favourite heroine's favourite rôle. Let us quote some of her sentiments. Of course she "wouldn't be dependent on any man"—she "made up her mind to find out the Truth for herself about everything" (truly a large resolve). Marriage to her has "sprung from vile slavery," is "reared and buttressed on unseen horrors," and is "sustained by unholy sacrifices;" it is "a malignant thing," an "unholy thing," "full of all evils," a "shame," a "surrender," a "treason to her sex." That, perhaps, is enough. From all this it is evident that "The Woman Who Did"—and, by the way, the book ought to be called "The Woman Who Didn't," for she did everything but marry—is a powerful argument for marriage veiled in the history of a woman who, on principle, disbelieved in it. The book is inscribed thus: "To my dear wife, to whom I have dedicated my twenty happiest years, I dedicate also this brief memorial of a less fortunate love." The inscription, however, is not the only clue to Mr. Allen's motive in writing the tale. The extravagance of the terms in which the heroine scouts the idea of monogamy, her

\* "The Woman Who Did." By Grant Allen. Boston: Roberts Brothers; London: John Lane. 1895.

\* "The Heir of Fairmount Grange." By Agnes Maule Machar. London: Digby, Long & Co. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co., Ltd. 1895.

deplorable life, her tragic end, and the pitiable plight in which her perverse principles land her young and beautiful daughter—all point to the same conclusion.

And yet, and yet, the tone of the book is so peculiar, the mysogamist's martyrdom is painted in such pathetic colours, free-love is so eloquently preached, the sanctity of the marriage tie is so glibly scorned, the responsibilities of maternity and paternity so lightly tossed aside, the "purity" and "sweetness" of the sinner are so ardently insisted upon, that the reader falls to wondering whether after all this is really the best possible way in which to stem the tide already so rapidly flowing towards the loosening of all matrimonial obligations. Mr. Grant Allen has really this time been a little too clever; the dull-witted will entirely miss his point; will skip the dedication, gloat over the sentimental passages (with which the book profusely abounds) and see in the degradation and downfall of "the woman who did" a noble self-sacrifice where they ought to see an ignoble perversion. It is a pity that this popular author has followed the too popular trick of upholding right by bedecking wrong. It is, surely, not the highest form of teaching. Carlyle did not describe alluring shams; or Thackeray delightful snobs; or Dickens loveable hypocrites. Yet what are we to think of Mr. Hardy's Tess, of Mr. Moore's Esther Waters, of Mr. Hall Caine's Kitty Cregeen, of Mr. Wilde's Dorian Grey,—and of Mr. Grant Allen's Herminia?

A short time ago we announced that a new book by our esteemed contributor Miss Machar would shortly appear from an English House, and from the enterprising firm of Canadian publishers Messrs. Copp, Clark & Co. The advance sheets are before us, and it is with a great deal of pleasure that we undertake to say a word in its praise. Miss Machar has in this romance, "The Heir of Fairmount Grange," once more used her pen to enrich her country's literature, and to extol the beauties of her native land. We have had a sequence of books from her during the past five or six years that show her to be not only a clever writer but an enthusiastic patriot in the best sense of the word. "Stories from New France" was a condensation of the heroic deeds of the founders of Canada; "Marjorie's Canadian Winter" gave to the world a richly-coloured picture of the present and past of Canada in happy union; and "Down the River to the Sea" is for the tourist a guide-book, and for him who is too poor to travel an imaginative journey.

In "The Heir of Fairmount Grange" she has once more touched on her favourite themes. The scene opens in England. The initial chapter is a fine piece of character sketching. The men and women in it are created with great truth and felicity, and are allowed to reveal themselves by their conversations; from the moment they speak they are ours, we know them, and cannot help enjoying their utterances. The question of entail is the central point of the opening plot. The heroine, just as she is entering on what she thinks will be a happy life, finds that a rightful heir is alive, that she must give up the property that has been her home, and on which she hoped, with an Englishwoman's love of country, to spend the rest of her days. Ethel Howard, the heroine, is a woman not unlike Nora Blanchard of Miss Machar's well-known novel "Roland Graeme"; she has all of that heroine's austere purity, straightforwardness, and unswerving adherence to the voice of duty. When the story opens she is in love, or rather thinks she is, with a young fellow, a tutor, who has had an eye to the Grange while wooing Ethel. When he learns that she is poorer than even his poor self, he deserts her with a heartlessly polished apology, that stabs the deeper because of the veneer of sincerity with which he adorns his words.

The scene is now about to shift to Canada. The Grange, England, friends, all only burden Ethel's spirit; she must leave her native land. She has friends across the water; to these she will go. Jack Howard, the rightful heir, is a noble wreck, and Ethel's exquisitely pure beauty so touches him that his better nature is aroused. He thinks that with her he might live a noble life. He proposes. Of course Ethel's acceptance of him is utterly out of the question, and this is only another reason urging her to break away from all her English ties. She departs for Canada. The scene is shifted to the ocean. The narrow world of an ocean steamship brings her in contact with several people who are to have a strange and unexpected influence on her life. Among them is a Mr.

Stuart, a Scottish Canadian, a noble specimen of manhood—perhaps a little too noble. Miss Machar is most felicitous in her treatment of ocean life, and the entire portion of the book taken up with the voyage to the New World is done with the skill of one who has experienced the charm of one of these delightful enforced rests in life, an ocean voyage.

On board ship we are introduced to perhaps the most finely drawn character in the book, Kavanagh, a young man fresh from his college, with that enthusiasm for his books, for his Browning and his Shelley, that may be a bore to his friends, but that will keep his mind alive for years to come.

The ship arrives at Quebec, our historical and much-talked-of and much-written-about city. Its surroundings and points of interest are thoroughly investigated. The scene shifts down the St. Lawrence. The Saguenay, with its awful, mysterious grandeur, unfolds itself to the eyes of the enchanted heroine. After this much sight-seeing she is glad to rest amid the picturesque slopes of Murray Bay, to watch the steamers pass and repass, to drink in health and vigor and forgetfulness from the salt sea-breezes.

We leave the denouncement for the reader to discover. The book is interesting for its plot, but particularly interesting for its Canadian enthusiasm, for its love of our institutions, and of our scenery.

\* \* \*

### The Comparative Study of Religions.\*

THE spirit of critical investigation, so widely spread in our century, has found one of its most interesting and, we venture to say, most profitable fields of exercise in the study of the great religions of the world. More particularly is this true of those religions that have been born in India or adopted by the Hindoos, a people so fertile in religious speculation that Principal Grant tells us that "Hindooism may be regarded as a reservoir into which have run all the varied religious ideas which the mind of man is capable of elaborating. The early labours of the English pioneers in the study of the Vedas—Colebrooke, Jones, Wilson and others—have been almost forgotten since the appearance of Max Müller in the field, to whom the late F. D. Maurice made the following interesting reference about 1847: "I understand that a young German, now in London, whose knowledge of Sanscrit is profound, and his industry *plus quam Germanica* has it in contemplation to publish and translate all the Vedas. English money, it is to be hoped, will not be wanting when the other and more indispensable requisite is supplied by a foreigner." English money was forthcoming, and we no longer think of Max Müller as a foreigner. The results of a host of workers in the fields of Egyptian, Babylonian, Chinese, Arabian, and other religions have been popularized in the volumes of the Hibbert Lectures—the works of De Saussaye, Tiele, Matheson, and many others—and a widespread interest in the subject has been aroused amongst general readers as well as theologians and philosophers.

For the purposes of the former class, we know of no work which can compare with Principal Grant's "Religions of the World," published at such a moderate price that every reader can afford to purchase a copy for himself. His attitude towards great historic faiths is the truly Christian attitude of sympathy and charity. Principal Grant is not one of those who think that Christianity is exalted by the abuse of other faiths. His love of the truth is so sincere, and his conviction as to the real superiority of Christianity and its essential difference from all other religions is so firm, that he is no more afraid of acknowledging the good in them than a sun-worshipper might be of admitting that the moon gives some light. "The writer of this little volume," says he in the preface, "believes that Jesus is 'the way, the truth, and the life,' and that His religion is the absolute religion. Therefore he believes it to be right and wise to call attention to the excellent features of other religions rather than to their defects, to the good rather than to the bad fruit which they have borne; in a word, to treat them as a rich man should treat his poorer brothers, drawing near to and touching them, getting on common ground, and then sharing with them his rich inheritance."

The method adopted is not only extremely interesting

\* "The Religions of the World." By G. M. Grant, D.D., Principal Queen's University, Canada. Toronto: Methodist Book and Publishing House. London: Adam & Charles Black. 1894.

but valuable to the divinity student, and to the general reader who has not the leisure to devote much time to this study. Two sections are given to each religion. The first is expository and the second critical. Thus we have a chapter on "Mohammedanism" followed by a second on "The Cause of the Success and of the Decadence of Mohammedanism." In a similar way Confucianism, Hinduism, and Buddhism are treated. This method enables the author, whilst extremely liberal in his praise of the good, to point out the innate defects of each religion, and to accurately indicate its inferiority to Christianity. The author adopts the Bishop of Ripon's permanent elements of a perfect religion, viz: Dependence, Fellowship and Progress, corresponding to the revelation of God: the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost. His application of the test supplied by this analysis to Confucianism is one of the most instructive passages in his instructive book.

To praise the author's style would be unnecessary and impertinent. But it is surprising to find in a book so condensed, such a number of illuminating passages, with one or two examples of which we must bring this notice to a close. Here, for example, is one on Revelation and Reason: "According to Ultramontaniam, revelation is the opposite of reason, and reason must bow in helpless submission before divine oracles, without presuming to understand them. According to Rationalism, revelation is simply a natural evolution of reason. According to Christianity, revelation is the complement of reason." (p. 5). The following is a hint on missionary tactics: "All societies must be influenced from within. Attacks from without make them more impervious than they were before. Proselytism detaches individuals, who as a rule are worth little, but it arrests internal development. Prophetism gains individuals, who become centres of force, and it thus initiates movements which may be delayed or defeated, but cannot be destroyed." (p. 11). Here again is a sentence calculated to bring a blush of shame to every Christian brow: "Organized Mohammedanism will remain until organized Christendom reflects the Spirit of Christ." (p. 41). "Progress is possible only to people who believe that the God that inspired holy men of old inspires men still, who believe that He is a living God, and the God of the living, and who always hear His voice saying, 'Speak unto the people that they go forward.'" (p. 76). "When a religion is defective at the root, the evil can be seen in every branch." Here finally is a comforting consideration for doubting hearts: "Scepticism and unbelief are only stages that mark the halting places of the human spirit in its search after God, the pauses of a religious people, while new and wider religious forms are being prepared." (p. 84).

Ashburnham.

HERBERT SYMONDS.

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#### Dr. Watson's New Book.\*

THIS book must be welcome to all who take an interest in the higher thought of the world. It must be specially welcome to Canadians as exhibiting the kind of philosophical teaching which is within the reach of university students in the Dominion. Dr. Watson is one of those effective writers who keep us from forgetting that there is a sphere of human knowledge, which claims the old name of philosophy. The special sciences have in our century accomplished such brilliant achievements as to dazzle the general intelligence of the world. Intellectual workers are therefore nearly all becoming specialists, many of them with scarcely any outlook either of intelligence or of sympathy beyond the range of their specialty. It is well, therefore, to receive at times a vigorous reminder, like the volume before us, that the special sciences are merely fragmentary parts of truth, and that even they cannot be understood in their full significance till they are construed in connection with the universal system, of which they are abstractions.

Such a philosophical construction is the aim of Professor Watson's work. This fact is not so prominently obtruded by the title, as it might and, perhaps, ought to have been. Primarily the book is designed to furnish an outline of philosophy, and, as the preface explains, the criticism of the three authors named in the title is subservient to this

primary object. Other authors also, especially Darwin, and still more prominently Kant, are brought under review. The book is, therefore, in no sense merely or mainly a critique of Comte, Mill and Spencer. It is, what the second part of the title professes, an outline of philosophy. Some critics may perhaps object that, as such, the work would with greater fitness have given an independent exposition of the author's own views, untrammelled by any continuous critique of others. But it may be questioned whether he would have made his exposition so clear, if he had not placed his own views, as he has done, in direct contrast to those of an opposite philosophical system. Antithesis is still an effective figure of speech.

It is, then, as an outline of philosophy that the book appeals to its readers, and I certainly do not know any work in English which can be compared with it for the purpose it is intended to serve. Beginning with a statement of the problem of philosophy, which is elucidated by a chapter on the philosophy of Auguste Comte, Professor Watson proceeds to a philosophical construction of each of the special sciences, and he closes with the philosophy of the absolute, that is, of religion and art. The opening definition of the problem of philosophy brings us at once face to face with those various forms of philosophical scepticism which relegate the problem into the region of insolubilities. The whole aim of the author is to lift us out of this philosophy of despair. His leading doctrine is "that we are capable of knowing reality as it actually is, and that reality when so known is absolutely rational." The opposite doctrine is shown to involve an intrinsic contradiction. The very assertion, that reality is something which cannot be known, implies that we know what we are speaking about, and, therefore, that we know what reality is. Not only is this general doctrine elucidated with admirable clearness in the opening chapters, but it is illustrated in luminous and interesting details drawn from the different sciences. The general aspects, under which existence is presented in the sciences, are shown to be adequate and true as long as our view is limited to the field which each science traverses, but to be wholly inadequate and untrue when assumed to be complete in themselves.

In the illustration of this general theme there are many points which it would be interesting to notice, if they could be explained within the limits of a brief review like the present. But I am tempted to refer specially to the analysis of the idea of *cause*, connected with a critique of the analysis which Mr. Mill has embodied in his theory of Induction. Special interest will probably also be felt in the exposition of what constitutes a  *motive*  in human action. Even if we may trace in this exposition the line of thought in which we have been already led by Professor Green's "Prolegomena to Ethics," I shall not be surprised if many readers find that the drift of Green's theory becomes more luminous in the briefer and pithier explanations of Dr. Watson. But I am by no means inclined to regard this exposition as merely a reproduction of Green's thought. Professor Watson indeed modestly describes himself as adopting the philosophical creed which has been represented in recent English literature most prominently by Professor Green and the Master of Balliol. But neither of these writers, with all their eminent services to philosophical literature, has shown such a complete mastery of Idealism in all its bearings as this Outline of Professor Watson's; and to me the book, small though it be, seems a substantial addition to the higher thought of the world.

J. CLARK MURRAY.

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#### Dictionary of National Biography.\*

THE fortieth volume of this great dictionary had some names of the very first rank, such as Newton, Newman, and others. Its successor is singularly lacking in such names, although that of Daniel O'Connell may, in some degree, make amends; and there are a good many Englishmen commemorated whom we should not like to be forgotten, and of whom we have adequate memorials in this volume. First comes the name of Nichols, and therewith a surprising number of printers; for although some readers may remember one such (and probably most will not remember that one), there are few who will remember three generations. Under

\* "Comte, Mill and Spencer: An Outline of Philosophy." By John Watson, LL.D., Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Queen's College, Kingston, Canada. Glasgow: James Maclehose & Sons. New York: Macmillan & Co. 1895.

\* "Dictionary of National Biography." Edited by Sidney Lee. Vol. XLI. Nichols—O'Dugan. Price \$3.65. New York: Macmillan. Toronto: Copp, Clark Co. 1895.



Nicholson a large number of more or less illustrious persons are enumerated and described, artists, scholars, theologians, and soldiers, and poor, insane Margaret, who attempted the life of George III., and gave his Majesty an opportunity of showing the royal metal he was made of. Then comes the name of Nicol, and of Nicolay, and Nicoll, and Nicolls; and one Nightingale, for happily that one whom we know best has not yet passed over to the majority.

Passing over some other names, we come to the Nobles, among whom we specially note one of Carlyle's favorite aversions, "our reverend imbecile friend, Mark Noble," author of the "Protectoral House of Cromwell," a book of some value, in spite of "a mass of error." Mr. Goodwin, the author of the article, says: "Noble's writings are those of an imperfectly educated, vulgar-minded man. His ignorance of English grammar and composition renders his books hard to read and unintelligible, while the moral reflections with which they abound are puerile." So much for our "reverend imbecile friend."

Under the name of Norris we have a good many persons somewhat illustrious; but at one article we make pause, that on John Norris, of Bemerton. There are other persons of that name, probably more widely known; for example, Sir John Norris, of the reign of good Queen Bess; and it is possible that few of our readers have ever heard of our John, the Neo-Platonist, the one distinguished member of that school that Oxford produced, while Cambridge gave us Henry More, and Cudworth, and John Smith. No fewer than 23 publications of Norris are mentioned here; but many of them are short, and are found in the later volumes of collected essays and poems. If our readers have never seen Norris's works, let them try his "Ideal World" or his sermons on the Beatitudes. This article is by Mr. Leslie Stephen.

The Norths are numerous, some eminent, some illustrious, with two Brownlows, four Dudleys, a Francis, two Fredericks three Rogers, and all of these considerable men, the first of them illustrious in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. Passing on we come to one, not long gone from us, well known and well beloved, Sir Stafford Northcote, first Earl of Iddesleigh, "perhaps the most pure-minded politician that has taken part in English life since Lord Althorp"—a testimony credible to all who have only seen him and heard him speak. Leaving a number of Nortons and others behind us, we come to Nowells, who remind us that we might have paused for a moment at the name of Baptist Noel, who once seemed likely to make almost a schism in the English church, but who merely carried over, in his own person, an "honorable and reverend" to the Baptists, a *rara avis* in that excellent community, which boasted a greater in Robert Hall.

Nugent, Oakley, Ockley, and many others pass along, and we wish we could note them more at length; but we must hold at Titus Oates, "perjurer," as he is here described, perhaps the man who is of all men mentioned in this volume the least worthy of being commemorated. Yet his life may point a moral. The only thing which is, in any way, creditable to him, is the manner in which he bore his punishment. He certainly was a most brazen-faced villain, although he had a certain theatrical kind of ability. "He was a most consummate cheat, blasphemous, vicious, perjured, impudent, and saucy, foul-mouthed wretch, and were it not for the truth of history and the great emotions of the public he was the cause of, not fit to be remembered." So says Roger North, and so say we.

We must pass over a number of O'Briens, even William Smith of that family, a small kind of rebel, as well as a number of O'Connors, including the not very large chartist, Feargus, and many other eminent persons, and draw attention to the admirable article on the great Liberator, Daniel O'Connell, to whom Mr. Robert Dunlop has done justice in thirty-six well written columns, the longest article in the volume, and one of the best. It is carefully and candidly done; and here is the end of it: "His position in history is unique. Few other men have possessed his personal influence, and no other man has used such influence with greater moderation or self-abnegation. The statute book contains little evidence of his influence in his lifetime, but he recreated national feeling in Ireland; and as long as his physical vigour was maintained, kept alive among his countrymen faith in the efficacy of constitutional agitation." We think we have shown that this volume like its predecessors, is not only valuable as a book of reference, but a treasury of good reading.

## BRIEFER NOTICES.

*Popular Scientific Lectures.* By Professor Ernest Mach, of the University of Prague. Translated by T. J. McCormack. (Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Company, 1895.)—This little book of 313 pages, with forty-four cuts, is a translation of the German book by Professor Mach, containing twelve of his popular lectures. It is always pleasing to read or hear of successful efforts to popularise science. There is no more important work for the scientist to do, than that of creating among all classes of people a wider and more general interest in scientific subjects. Excess of technicality, together with a want of adaptability, stand in the way of the spread of scientific knowledge. The labors of many a teacher and author have proved comparatively useless because of his failure to express himself in simple, clear, intelligible language. Professor Mach is one of the few who have succeeded in making science interesting to the general public. It is true that, at times, his efforts to catch the popular ear seem somewhat strained or overdone. But, better that, far better than the opposite defect. In passing, it may also be observed, that there is some room for improvement in the translation made by Mr. McCormack, as, for example, in the following extracts: "It is not different here than in practical life;" "It is not different with ladies' hats than with butterflies;" "They fight the battle not differently than do the Ichthyosaurus and the horse;" "To form his judgments by a different standard than that of the petty human;" "Science once stood in a different relation to poetry than at present." However, this looseness does not detract greatly from the value of the book. One of the lectures is upon "The Fibres of Corti." The author points out the function of these elastic fibres of the internal ear, and shows that, being of unequal length, they must be of unequal elasticity, and, consequently, pitched to different notes. The cockle of the internal ear, is, therefore, a kind of pianoforte, which probably explains how the ear possesses the power of following the individual voices of a symphony, and is sometimes capable of picking out the single constituent tonal parts, not only of a harmony, but also the wildest clash of music. Treating of the economical nature of physical inquiry, Prof. Mach says that physiology will reveal to us the true elements of the world. "Far greater than the mutual support of physics and chemistry will be that which natural science and psychology will render each other; and the results that shall spring from this union, will, in all likelihood, far outstrip those of the modern mechanical physics." In his lecture on "Why Man has Two Eyes" he demonstrates that it is by the joint action of the two eyes we form judgments of distances and also of the forms of bodies. Prof. Mach is particularly strong in his advocacy of the study of modern science, placing mathematics, chemistry, physics and natural sciences together, and regarding these branches as essentially similar in the education of man. He is emphatically of the opinion that the Latin and Greek languages receive too much attention in the European schools and colleges. Other subjects dealt with are: The forms of liquids, velocity of light, symmetry, conservation of energy, transformation and adaptation in scientific thought, and the causes of harmony.

\* \* \*  
While I Listened.

The master played in the organ loft;  
And down the old cathedral nave  
There undulated wave on wave  
Of Schumann's Canon in Si; and oft

Fine melodies from the fugue would break,  
And hide among the arches high;  
A more secluded place to die  
Than in men's hearts, which earth's passions shake.

Then Guilman's funeral march sobbed deep;  
Dark weeded chords and muffled notes;  
Anon, Beethoven's music floats  
In air, and sorrow is lulled to sleep.

The player turned now to Mendelssohn;  
Where art and fancy both combine,  
In numbers resonant and fine,  
To waft the soul to Euterpe's throne.

The measures clomb to final shrill;  
From wall to wall the organ blast  
Pleaded loud and long; till, list! at last,  
The dying strains whisper'd "Peace! be still!"

Montreal, Que.

JOHN STUART THOMSON,

## Literary Notes.

Mrs. Humphrey Ward's new novel, "The Story of Bessie Costrell," will be published as a serial on both sides of the Atlantic, and will be issued in book form in May by Macmillan & Co.

Miss Yonge has finished a new story, entitled "A Long Vacation." It will be published as a serial and then issued by Macmillan & Co. in style uniform with the rest of her works.

Fiske's "History of the United States" for schools contains a very interesting illustration showing the evolution of the United States flag. It gives Washington's coat-of-arms consisting of stars and bars, the British Union Jack, the flag used by Washington at Cambridge in 1776, and the flag finally adopted by Congress in 1777.

A picturesque portrait of Joseph Brout appears in Fiske's "History of the United States." The author says of him: "He was well-educated and a devout member of the Episcopal Church. He translated the prayer book and parts of the New Testament into the Mohawk language. This combination in him of missionary and war-chief was quite curious."

Houghton, Millin & Co., of Boston, New York and Chicago, will shortly publish as number 73 of their Riverside series a selection from Tennyson's poems, including "Enoch Arden," "The Day Dream," "The Talking Oak," "Sea Dreams," "Ulysses," "Crossing the Bar," and others of his best-known and most popular works. The volume will be sold in paper cover for fifteen cents.

A volume of "Essays and Studies," by Mr. J. Churton Collins, has just been published by Macmillan & Co. The essays, which are mainly from the London *Quarterly Review*, have all been revised and enlarged for this collection. Mr. Collins is well-known to many Canadians in connection with his work in the cause of literature under the "University Extension" system. In this respect he stands on a footing in Oxford not inferior to that secured in Cambridge by Dr. Moulton.

A verbatim report of the admirable speech delivered by N. F. Davin, M.P., at the Canadian Press Association banquet in this city a few weeks ago has been published in pamphlet form. Some fine sentences will bear quotation. Speaking of the late Sir John Thompson, he said: "Ten years ago to the mass of the Canadian people he was unknown; to-day he is among the most renowned of Canadian statesmen. Commencing life as a reporter, he becomes Prime Minister of Canada and a member of the Privy Council of the Empire. Born in a Haligonian cottage, he dies in Windsor Castle, the guest of his Queen, and the associate and colleague of the foremost men of the time. Rocked in a fifty cent cradle, one of the great battle ships of England is his bier and the cannon of the Empire booms the requiem of nations over his fall."

John Fiske, the well-known publicist of the United States, was in his childhood a literary prodigy. Before he was eight years old he had read the whole of Shakespeare and a good deal of Milton, Bunyan and Pope. He began Latin at eight and Greek at nine, and within a few years had read a great deal in both languages, besides taking a severe course in higher mathematics. At fifteen he could read Plato and Herodotus at sight, and was beginning German. Within the next year he was keeping his diary in Spanish, and was reading French, Italian and Portuguese. He began Hebrew at seventeen, and Sanskrit the year after. He averaged twelve hours' study daily twelve months in the year before he was sixteen, and afterwards nearly fifteen hours daily, working with persistent energy; yet he maintained the most robust health, and entered with enthusiasm into out-of-door life.

A cable message from England conveys the gratifying intelligence that the London *Speaker*, in reviewing the recently published volume of poems of Frederick George Scott (Drummondville, P.Q.), "My Lattice Window, and Other Poems," printed in full "Samson," one of the strongest in the col-

lection, declaring it "the best American poem published in years." This is enviable distinction for a Canadian. "My Lattice" was published by Mr. William Briggs last December, and has created no little attention. There is a tribute to the general excellence of the collection in the fact that scarcely two of the critics agree as to which of the poems is the finest. The author is yet a young man, and there is no reason to suppose that his best work has been done. His fellow-Canadians will view with pride his progress up the ladder of fame, towards the top of which this flattering notice of the *Speaker* has given him a perceptible lift. It may be added that "Samson" made its first public appearance in THE WEEK of 26th Jan., 1893.

\* \* \*  
Music.

The production of Gaul's Cantata "Una," by the Toronto Festival Chorus, under Mr. Torrington's direction, on the evening of March 7th, in the Massey Hall, was attended by a large audience, who showed their appreciation of the performance by frequent applause. As nearly everyone knows, the Festival Chorus grew out of the defunct Philharmonic Society, and is similar in material and strength to that long existing organization, and possesses perhaps all its virtues, which have been so often extolled in years past. The Chorus on the occasion above referred to contained about 225 voices, which were not, however, very well balanced, neither was the body of tone so voluminous and rich as one would naturally expect in a chorus of that size. The orchestra numbered in the neighbourhood of forty-five players, and did pretty well considering everything. The music of "Una" is pleasant and flowing, and is less angular and stiff than a great deal of music emanating from the English school of composition, although one can scarcely speak of it as a school, for it does not contain any great distinctive features, unless it be a want of spontaneity, freshness and originality. Indeed, this is not to be wondered at, when one considers the mathematical, unpractical and distressingly dry and artistic laws which govern and control them in their earlier theoretic studies, harmony and counterpoint. So we find the music of the Englishman—with some few exceptions—often learned but painfully dry; their imagination becomes blunted by their own methods. Still, as I have already remarked, "Una" contains some effective, graceful, melodious writing, and it received a very praiseworthy performance. Mrs. Harrison, soprano, Mrs. Wickstrom, contralto, Mr. Walter H. Robinson, tenor, and Mr. Fred Warrington, baritone, were the soloists, and each sustained their parts admirably. Mrs. Harrison's voice is pleasing and flexible, but has not the depth and richness one would desire. Her stage appearance is very favourable, however, and her manner is both natural and happy. Mrs. Wickstrom made a good impression, her voice being elastic, and full of expressiveness. Mr. Warrington sang with a robustness and finish, which was eminently satisfactory. I have not heard him sing better for some years. Mr. Robinson also did himself much credit, and sang in a fervent and genuinely musical manner. His voice is a good one, and he uses it with discrimination and care. Mr. Torrington conducted with his usual skill, but I cannot favour his habitual custom of stopping the chorus, as in a rehearsal. The effect of such a procedure is always dampening on the spirits of the audience, and at a concert serves no helpful or artistic purpose. The thanks of the public are due him for his untiring energy and zeal, as once more displayed in the production of "Una."

The second Chamber Concert given by the Beethoven Trio, in St. George's Hall, on the evening of March 5th, attracted a goodly number of genuine music lovers, who were enthusiastically demonstrative in expressing their appreciation and enjoyment of the various numbers. Perhaps less enthusiasm would have prevented the concert from being so lengthy, for so many encores were given to satisfy the demands of the audience, that the hour was very late before the close. In view of this fact, it would perhaps be well for the management to begin promptly at 8 o'clock, and not

allow the concert exceed (encores and all) two hours in length. Better have people crave for more, than to saturate them too freely, and they will be sure to come back again. Of course it is not always easy to keep within this limit, but speaking for myself, I confess to a feeling of weariness when I have sat still on a hard seat and listened attentively to music for an hour and three-quarters, or two hours. My senses become blunted, and I want a change. The trio consists of Mr. H. M. Field, piano; Mr. H. Klingensfeld, violin; and Mr. Rudolf Ruth, cello, and these artists gave most finished performances of Beethoven's Trio No. 1, and two movements from Schubert's Trio in E flat op. 100, which was repeated by special request. The tone balance in these numbers was admirable, and the interpretation all that could be desired. Each of the artists contributed a solo, Mr. Klingensfeld a Hungarian Dance, by Brahms—Joachim, and Wagner's "Prize Song," from the Meistersingers, arranged by Wilhelm. The latter number was played with much breadth and style; in fact I have never heard Mr. Klingensfeld to better advantage. His tone was round and rich, almost appealing. Mr. Ruth must have been happy. His playing was imbued with such spirit and freedom, and his technic remarkable for accuracy and ease. Poppers "Dance of the Elves" was whirled off at a very rapid pace, and with almost faultless intonation, and Schumann's "Evening Song" was played with much repose and refinement of feeling. Mr. Field's solos were Liszt's consolation in D flat, and the same composers robust and brilliant Polonaise in E. The latter number was played in a very impassioned and glowing manner, Mr. Field's superb execution overcoming all technical difficulties with apparent ease. His tone is immense, and yet he never causes the strings to jangle or produce an unmusical sound. The Consolation was played with tenderness, but I did not care so much for its interpretation as a whole, although the Polonaise gave me positive pleasure. Mr. Pier Delasac sang Verdi's "Infelice," Bohm's "Calm is the Night," and Mrs. Blackstock's effective song, "My Queen." He was in splendid voice, and sang with his usual excellent success, being obliged, as were also the other soloists, to give encore numbers. The next recital takes place on Thursday, March 21st, at 8.15 p.m. W. O. FORSYTH.

Miss Mabel DeGeer, of Uxbridge, and a pupil of Mr. Walter H. Robinson, has been appointed to the position of leading soprano in McCaul St. Methodist Church.

The coming of the celebrated Thomas Orchestra, of Chicago, on the 22nd inst., is being looked forward to by our citizens with the most pleasurable anticipations. There is not the slightest doubt but that an immense audience will assemble in the Massey Hall to hear this concert, which will probably be the best of the entire season. Subscriber's list is at Nordheimers.

A piano recital by pupils of Mr. Field was given in the Hall of the College of Music one evening last week when those taking part, the Misses Mary Mara, Gunther, Birnie and Topping, proved themselves again to be rising young artists, they having an admirable style. Some pupils of Miss Reynolds assisted.

Mr. Klingensfeld's newly formed orchestra will give its first concert in Association Hall on the evening of April 2nd. We understand that a good programme is being prepared, and that an especially good concert will be given. Miss Florence Marshal, Pianiste; Mr. Paul, Cello, and a Vocalist will assist.

\* \* \*  
Art Notes.

In speaking, last week, of the Slade and its Professor, I was reminded of the etcher, William Strang, one of the most remarkable products of the School. Amongst the traditions of the Slade is the story that Strang's first efforts as a draughtsman were so feeble that he was recommended to discontinue his studies; but some of that sturdy, Scotch determination, which his face and figure indicate, must have displayed itself at this period of discouragement; and, step by step, he won his way in the School, until he was acknow-

ledged by masters and pupils to be the man amongst us who could draw. The position of the Slade in the days of which I speak was somewhat anomalous. Legros had revived the methods of chalk-drawing which were in vogue at the time of Michael Angelo and Leonardo da Vinci. The style was admirably simple. There was broad generalization: on one side of the figure was light, on the other, shade: accidental reflections which would disturb the large, general effect were ignored. The materials used were *Michalet* paper and natural Italian chalk; *i. e.*, chalk, straight from the quarries, cut into narrow sticks. The shading was done diagonally, downwards, from right to left. Strang drew from the nude in the method described until he attained a mastery which was the wonder and envy of his admiring followers; and the sureness of stroke which he acquired was the foundation for his subsequent success as an etcher. The Slade was, as I have said, a school for the doctrines of the Italian *Renaissance*; and Strang has been spoken of as a "belated old master." In the etching class of the school his early efforts were somewhat reminiscent of Millet, but he gradually imported into his work that awesome and gloomy quality which is so distinctively his own. Concurrently with his development as an etcher of subject plates, he established his fame as a master of the art of drawing a simple and masterly portrait in copper-plate. The sombre character of his subjects has often surprised me, for the physical "fitness" of the man would not, one would think, predispose him to morbidness. Perhaps his early discouragements account for it; or his long residence in the suicidal precincts of the University College. It was of this dreary region (once a gay one) that Ruskin spoke, in his rhetorical way, when, in describing the vanities of the last century he said they culminated "in pumps and periwigs, Gower Street and Gaspar Poussin."

Strang's etching, "The Sower," although unlike Millet's great picture in every detail of composition and treatment, yet indicates, to my mind, the influence of the Frenchman; an influence, which, at one time, was undoubtedly discernible in the work of the young etcher. The figure in this powerful design is an old man—a sort of old Saint Jerome; or a prophet, who, in the intervals of general denunciation, occupies himself with husbandry—this august personage strides impressively, in a manner more suggestive of approaching death than the sower of life, across a featureless landscape which is a fitting background, an appropriate generalization of rural nature. "The Salvation Army" was the theme for one melancholy plate; the gruesome "Coffin Maker" followed, with a whole series of sad designs, which, during the brief existence of the Society of Painter Etchers, were the thoughtful, deep undertones of an exhibition which was mainly composed of brilliant, airy trifles.

W. WYLY GRIER.

Personal.

It has been reported that A. W. Ross, M.P. for Lisgar, Man., is to be appointed postmaster of Winnipeg.

Rev. Dr. Parsons, of Knox Church, in this city, has announced that the spire, recently destroyed by fire, will be rebuilt on account of its interest as an historic landmark.

His Holiness, the Pope, has given the world another proof of his good sense in expressing to the leader of the Austrian Anti-Semitic party his disapproval of "class and racial hatreds."

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The Hon. Dr. Montague has been selected as the Conservative candidate for the electoral district of Welland and Monck, which is represented in the present House of Commons by two members.

The Rev. J. W. Annis, pastor of one of the Methodist Churches in London, died a few days ago of brain disease. He held a deservedly high position in Canadian Methodism, and will be much missed.

Sir Charles Tupper, the High Commissioner for Canada, was summoned to Westminster a few days ago to attend a private meeting of members of the Ministry. It is supposed that the subject of conference was the Behring Sea fisheries claims.

At a late meeting of the University College Literary and Scientific Society, a vote of thanks was unanimously tendered to Vice-Chancellor Mulock for his generous offer of \$100 as a subscription to meet the expense of the recent *Conversaizone*.

Li Hung Chang's ascendancy in the administration of Chinese affairs seems to be again complete. Probably the result of the war would have been different if he had not been deposed. He has to an exceptional extent the confidence of western statesmen.

The Associated Press has been informed by the Colonial office in London that there is no truth in the report that Major-General Herbert is about to resign the command of the Canadian militia in consequence of disagreements with the Canadian Government.

It has been announced that in order to avoid the necessity of resigning the Prime Ministership Lord Rosebery has been constrained by his physicians to take a month's rest. The belief seems to be general that this is but a prelude to his retirement from office.

In connection with the coming biography of the late Sir John Thompson the statement has been made public that when Mr. Dalton McCarthy was read out of the Ministerial party some months ago this treatment of him was the result of instructions given by the late Premier himself.

In reply to a deputation of temperance workers on the one hand and to one of brewers on the other Sir Oliver Mowat has announced that the Ontario Government will not propose any modification of the present Provincial License Law until the question of jurisdiction as to prohibition of the liquor traffic is settled by the Imperial Privy Council.

Sir Edward Arnold, in the London *Telegraph*, recently called attention to the fact that with the coming of the new year Mr. Gladstone's age would be 14 years greater than the united ages of five European sovereigns—the new Czar, aged 27, the eight-year-old King of Spain, the 10-year-old King of Servia, the six-year-old Queen of Holland, and the 20-year-old Khedive of Egypt.

In the first party division in the new Legislative Assembly the Mowat Government had a majority of 38, the Patrons voting solidly with the Ministry. The vote was taken on an amendment to the motion to go into Committee of Supply, the declaration in the amendment being to the effect that there should be a change made in the manner of remunerating registrars and other county officials.

The *Globe* of this city published a few days ago a cable despatch from Hon. Edward Blake, Chancellor of the University, stating that the published imputation on him touching University patronage was "wholly false." This has reference, no doubt, to the insinuation that he sought to have his son-in-law, the Rev. G. M. Wong, appointed to a lectureship in History with a view to his early promotion to a professorship in the same subject.

Mr. G. W. Smalley, who has acted for many years as the London correspondent of the New York *Tribune* is about to return to New York to act there as the correspondent of the London *Times*. He gives as his reason for this step that he desires to live in the United States after his long exile, and that his experience in London has taught him how "American life ought to be represented in

order to interest the British public." This journalistic new departure will be watched with interest for some time to come.

Lady Florence Dixie, President of the "British Ladies' Football Club," writes strongly to the Pall Mall *Gazette* in advocacy of football as a feminine recreation—not the Rugby Union game, of course. The Club has fifty members, practices daily, and will soon give a public match if grounds can be procured on which to play it. The Surrey County Cricket Club has refused the use of those under its control.

The Speaker of the British House of Commons, Sir Arthur Wellesley Peel, has intimated to the leaders of the Liberal and Conservative parties in that chamber his intention to resign. He has filled the position so long and so well that it will be difficult to replace him in it. Sir Julian Goldsmid is said to be the favourite candidate, as Mr. Leonard Courtenay has incurred the dislike of the Radicals by his methods of promoting unionism.

Whatever the decision of the Dominion Privy Council may be in the Manitoba School case, there can be no two opinions about the ability with which the arguments pro and con were presented by Mr. Ewart and Mr. McCarthy, the counsel for the minority and the majority respectively. The application to the Council as a quasi-judicial body was novel, but for all future applications the precedent set in the treatment of it was quite appropriate.

Thomas Leopold Wilson, a young man who has made himself famous by the discovery of a cheap method of making a powerful illuminating gas from the decomposition of water, is a native of Princeton in Oxford County, Ontario, where he was born in 1860. He was educated in the Hamilton Collegiate Institute, and at the age of twenty-one he went to New York where he has lived ever since. He is already known as the inventor of an electrical lamp, of an aluminum process, of a new kind of cannon, and of other scientific appliances which have made him wealthy and distinguished. To all appearance he will rank with Edison and Bell among successful Canadian inventors.

The meeting called in the public hall of the Education Department to hear the address of Mr. W. A. Smith, the founder of the organization known as "The Boy's Brigade," was an exceptionally representative one, including Catholics as well as Protestants of all denominations. Lord Aberdeen presided, and of other public men there were present Lieut-Governor Kirkpatrick, Hon. G. W. Ross, Hon. J. M. Gibson, Hon. Wm. Harty, Hon. G. W. Allan and G. R. R. Cockburn, M.P. The audience was made up largely of clergymen and educationists. Bishop Sweetman and the Rev. Father O'Reilly expressed the opinion that the "Church Boys' Brigade," and the "Roman Catholic Boys' Brigade," respectively, might well be amalgamated with the general organization.

\* \* \* \* \*  
ICE.

When winter scourged the meadow and the hill,  
And in the witered leafage worked his will,  
The water shrank and shuddered, and stood still,  
Then built himself a magic house of glass,  
Irised with memories of flowers and grass,  
Wherein to sit and watch the fury pass.  
—CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS in *Lippinco's Magazine*.

\* \* \* \* \*  
The *Globe*: The man who has been made rich by the National Policy and the owner of the industry which cannot get along without protection are now discreetly silent.

The architect who was appointed to examine the condition of the public buildings in Athens and its neighbourhood has reported that some of them, including the Parthenon and the Temple of Theseus, are in great danger of falling to ruin, and an appeal will be made to the civilized world for contributions to aid in preserving them from destruction.

## The Editor's Experience.

A SUFFERER FOR SEVERAL YEARS FROM  
ACUTE DYSPEPSIA.

Food Distressed Him and it Began to Have  
a Weakening Effect on the Heart—Many  
Remedies Failed Before a Cure Was  
Found.

From the *Canso, N.S., Breeze.*

While newspaper men are called upon in their capacity as publishers to print from week to week words of praise spoken in favour of proprietary medicines, it is not often that the editor himself feels it his duty to say a good word on behalf of any of these preparations. And yet, if a newspaper has actually found benefit from the use of a proprietary medicine, why should he not make it known to his readers, and thus perhaps point out to some of them the road to renewed health. The editor of the *Breeze* believes it his duty to say a few words of praise in favour of a remedy that has proved an inestimable boon to him, and to say them without any solicitation on the part of the proprietors of the medicine, who, as a matter of fact, had no reason to know that he was ailing or was using their medicine. For several years the editor of the *Breeze* had been subject to that distressing complaint, dyspepsia, and only those who have been similarly troubled can know how much misery this trouble entails. He had but very little appetite, and what he did eat caused an unpleasant feeling of fullness, and made him feel languid and heavy, often causing intense pain in the stomach only relieved by vomiting up the food which he had taken. He was also troubled with palpitation of the heart, brought on no doubt by the dyspepsia. Numerous remedies alleged to cure dyspepsia were tried, but without success, and the trouble was approaching a chronic state. At the suggestion of a friend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills were tried and relief soon followed their use, and after a few boxes had been taken the editor was able to assert positively that he had been cured of his dyspepsia by this remedy that has proved so great a blessing to mankind. To any one troubled with this complaint he would strongly recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. To newspaper men particularly they will be found just the thing to impart health and vigour to the whole system and enable them to pursue their work free from that tired, despondent feeling so prevalent among the craft. The editor of the *Breeze* firmly believes that what they have done for him they will do for others, and he gives them his hearty and unsolicited endorsement.

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\* \* \*

The work of excavating a ship canal of twenty feet in depth through the waters of the great lakes between Chicago, Duluth and Buffalo, which was begun in 1893, is now more than two-third completed. The work is divide into eight sections. The first four sections include the excavation needed in the Sault Ste Marie River, through which there will be a channel twenty-one feet in width. The remaining four sections will complete the channel from the foot of Lake Huron to deep water at the head of Lake Erie.

A movement has been inaugurated in England for the total abolition of menageries, zoological gardens and other animal prisons upon the ground of cruelty to animals. The Westminster *Gazette* in opposing the plan says: "Extremists are always ready to ride an idea to death. To obtain nature wild creatures, whether two-legged or four-legged, is, in general, a piece of cruelty that, besides much else, is perfectly useless, but that is not to say that the bird catcher should be suppressed."

## Public Opinion.

Montreal Herald: The Liberal party is armed for the fray and its glove thrown down. The Tories seem to be in no hurry to take it up.

Hamilton Times: The only solution of the public schools problem is the complete secularization of the schools. It is not the duty of the state to provide religious instruction; it is the duty of the state to provide secular instruction.

Hamilton Spectator: As individuals, Americans will probably compare favourably, in point of honesty, with any other people in the world; but the United States Government is the meanest and most dishonest and dishonourable Government in the world.

Halifax Chronicle: National policy organs, which are prone to indulge in braggadocio as to the the outcome of the approaching general election, should not fail to recall Rev. Principal Grant's famous deliverance a few months after the last general election: "The national policy has won its last victory."

Quebec Chronicle: Economy in the Provinces is becoming the order of the day. Not long ago, New Brunswick abolished her Government House, and now Manitoba is determined to dispense with the luxury, leaving to the Lieutenant Governor the privilege of maintaining himself on the salary provided by law.

Halifax Chronicle: If the removal of tariff barriers between Canada and Cape Colony will lead to a "tremendous increase in trade," why not remove, or at least materially lower, the tariff barriers between Canada and all other countries and have a "tremendous increase of trade" all round?—just the thing for which Canada has been vainly sighing ever since 1878.

Ottawa Citizen: If Mr. Haycock's statements upon other matters are no more reliable than his assertion that Mr. Angers cannot speak English they are worth very little. The assumption that a man must be a practical farmer to be at the head of the department of Agriculture is like arguing that no one but a type-setter is competent to publish a newspaper.

Ottawa Citizen: Mr. Ewart has made out a strong case certainly, whether as regards historical facts adduced, the legislation of Parliament, or the application of the interpretation of that legislation by the Imperial Privy Council's judicial advisers. After reading it no one can doubt that Parliament, when Manitoba was created, meant to secure separate schools to the minority, whether it might be Protestant or Roman Catholic.

Montreal Herald: The Government may refuse absolutely to interpose; or it may declare absolutely for the application of a remedy. But to be of value, the latter declaration must take the form of a statute, which would leave no room for doubt as to the final disposition of the matter, and on which the Government and the Opposition, Conservatives and Liberals alike, all fastened by their votes to fixed and definite declarations, could be judged.

La Minerve: The Catholic Conservative leaders believe in the Catholic doctrine concerning public instruction and openly profess their creed; they have solemnly promised to obtain full justice for the Manitoba minority, and they will succeed. Their task is full of difficulties of every kind; all that they need is that public confidence may not be refused them. It is not Mr. Laurier's neutral school that they are trying to establish, but the Catholic school, and no other.

Victoria (B.C.) Colonist: Canadian Liberal journalists and politicians know quite as well as those of Great Britain that the causes of the depression are difficult to understand, and explain, and that they are operating over the whole area of civilization, but they have neither the candor nor the manliness to say so fairly and openly. They meanly and dishonestly try to make political capital out of the hard times by endeavouring to lead the people to believe that the Government has, in some way, brought them on.

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An English surgeon treats wounds by the application of gases and medicated vapors, of which oxygen is the most important.

Watercress grown in sewer-polluted water may cause typhoid.

Public Opinion.

Hamilton Herald: As a matter of fact the Government does not know what to do or how to do it, and it seems to be no nearer a conclusion now than when it first began to think about it.

London Advertiser: Give the manufacturer free raw material and collect no more taxes than are necessary to run the country and we will all be better off, the monopolist alone excepted.

Kingston News: The productions of Canada and South Africa are so dissimilar that if tariff barriers were removed and adequate transit facilities secured the commerce which would arise could not but be extensive and highly profitable.

Mail and Empire: In a word, the Premier led Mr. Haycock, and Mr. Haycock, following Sir Oliver, voted want of confidence in the leading plank of the Patron platform in order that he might express confidence in the Government. Under the circumstances the Liberal politicians have good reason to be enthusiastic.

La Presse: What has taken place in Manitoba, it cannot be repeated too often nor too loud, is a stain on the British flag, a stain that cannot be wiped away nor even concealed by hypocritically covering it with the principle of provincial autonomy. It is an act of oppression, a refusal of justice, a violation of all liberties, rendered more intricate by a spoliation that nothing can legitimize.

Montreal Gazette: Mr. Laurier does not denounce the corruption of his party friends from which he profited politically. Mr. Tarte, whose name is inextricably mixed up in the very worst of the corrupt dealings that brought disgrace on Quebec, goes about the country with Mr. Laurier unrebuked, speaks from the same platform and is sent on confidential missions to his associates by the Liberal leader.

Montreal Gazette: Has the National Policy made you rich, asks the *Globe*. When the National Policy began its work Canadians carried \$86,000,000 of insurance on their lives. At the end of fourteen years they carried \$280,000,000. Under the National Policy a good many people managed to make provision for their families who did not do so under free trade. The National Policy evidently made them comfortable.

Vancouver World: No town in the Dominion is better situated for an industrial centre than New Westminster. The fault that it is not to-day the "hub" in this respect of British Columbia does not lie with it or its people. The restrictions are such as to stifle trade and dwarf progress and commercial prosperity. Practical, instead of theoretical politics appeal to the citizens of New Westminster in the present emergency, and the necessities of the country will be considered before blind partyism.

Vancouver News-Advertiser: Of course enthusiasm in a political meeting sometimes supplies the place of knowledge or good judgment, and it may have been so with our good friends at the Capital. But when they launch their boats on the broad and oftentimes stormy sea of Dominion politics, it is, perhaps, prudent to have both an experienced pilot and accurate charts to ensure safe navigation. Evidently both are lacking when "the Liberal party of Victoria in meeting assembled" passed that resolution that Cabinet representation was this Province's "undoubted right."

\* \* \*

The proposed overland route from America to Europe, via the Trans-Siberian Railway, is one of the biggest enterprises of the century, and is progressing at such a rapid rate that the Russian Government is looking forward to its completion in 1901. The western and central portions, reaching down to Irkutsk at the foot of the Baikal, and the extreme eastern portion from Vladivostok are to be ready for use between 1896 and 1898, and the Government is pushing on with the Baikal connections, so as to get them finished by the same date, if possible.

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Lord Kelvin holds that the internal heat of the earth has nothing to do with climates. The earth, he says, might be of the temperature of white hot iron 2,000 feet below the surface, or at the freezing point 50 feet below without at all affecting a climate.

A very recent summary of the accidents caused by the earthquakes in Italy during last month reveals the fact that more than twenty villages are in ruins, 500 persons seriously wounded, 40,000 homeless, and 86 have been killed or have died from consequent shock or illness.

Experiments are being made in France to concentrate wine into tablets for transportation. After the grapes are pressed the juice is pumped into an apparatus where it is evaporated and the vapor condensed. When it has the consistency of a sirup it is mixed with the grape pulp, producing a marmalade that contains 80 per cent. of grape sugar. To make wine the cakes are mixed with the right proportion of water.

According to *Cassier's Magazine*, the smallest generator of electrical or mechanical energy in the world is a battery constructed by one of the electricians of the Boston Telephone Company, consisting of an ordinary glass bead, through which two wires, one of copper and the other of iron, are looped and twisted so as to prevent their coming in contact. The wires act as electrodes, and a drop of acidulated water in the bead causes a current to flow. It has been used in signaling to a distance of nearly two hundred miles.

### THE NORTH AMERICAN LIFE, OF TORONTO, ONT.

A company which can show as a result of its work for the year 1894 increases in every department tending to its progress and solidity may safely be classed as a highly successful company. On reference to the last annual report of the North American Life of Toronto, just published, it is found that the new business was the largest in the history of the Company, the addition to premium income exceeded that of any former year, the interest receipts showed a large increase and were well paid. The insurance in force showed a gratifying increase, thereby indicating that the terminations had been moderate, a very important feature, proving that the Company's business is conducted in a progressive, yet conservative, manner. The assets amount to \$1,987,446, of which the large sum of \$244,510 represents the addition to the reserve fund, which now amounts to \$1,564,020. After making full provision on the most conservative basis for every liability, there remains the sum of \$338,216 as net surplus.

An independent report was made by a leading consulting actuary, which is published in full by the Company, and should prove exceptionally useful to its agency staff. Among other things, he says:

The valuation of your assets and the determination of your liabilities have been conducted conservatively, and they show a clear surplus of \$338,216.75. This surplus fund shows beyond any question the absolute security you are enabled to offer to policy-holders during even the severest of monetary depressions. The profits you are in a position to earn are very largely in excess of what can be earned by companies debarred from privileges of being able to invest their assets in Canadian securities.

Undoubtedly, the North American Life Assurance Company has attained that degree of solidity which can best be understood by comparison with any of the large companies. In all essentials—especially those of acquired surplus and surplus-earning power—it is not excelled to-day by any other company.

Everyone familiar with insurance business in Canada is aware that the North American Life has been well officered and has an excellent directorate, but its great success is undoubtedly due to the skilful management of William McCabe, F.I.A., the managing director of the Company, who is well known as an actuary and a leading insurance expert.—*Spectator*, New York, February 14th, 1895.

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Cropping dogs' ears is likely to become less common in England. Two persons who performed the operation have been sent to jail and an owner fined for the offence by a Police Magistrate, and now the Prince of Wales writes that "it would give him much pleasure to hear that owners of dogs had agreed to abandon such an objectionable fashion," and declaring that in his kennels cropping has never been allowed.

If your father is a Belgian, your mother Dutch, and you were born in France, where are you to live? That is the problem which presents itself to a man who was arrested at Saint Denis the other day for disobeying an order of expulsion. He has been expelled from Belgium for being a Frenchman, from Holland for being a Belgian, and now he has to leave France because, whatever he may be, he is not a Frenchman. Really, parents should be more careful.

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Tailor: If that's the case, it won't be done.

Teacher: Now, Teddie, you may tell us when the days are longest. Teddie: When we have to carry coal instead of goin' skatin'.

Mr. Goodly: My little man, do you know this is Sunday? Little Man: Well, what would I be havin' my skates along with me for if I didn't?

Professor: Here, young ladies, you observe a tobacco plant. One of the Young Ladies: Ah, how very interesting professor. Pray, how long will it be before the cigars are ripe?

"Woman," said the sentimental boarder, who is unmarried, of course, "woman is the sweetest fruit of civilization." "Yes," assented the cheerful man, "she does make a great jam at the bargain counter."

Bank Clerk: This check, madam, isn't filled in. Madam: Isn't what? Bank Clerk: It has your husband's name signed to it, but does not state how much money you want. Madam: Oh, is that all? Well, I'll take all there is.

Clara: I hear your father has forbidden Mr. Higgins calling on you. Cora: No, you are mistaken. Clara: Did he not tell him last night never to darken his parlor again? Cora: He did, but that referred to his turning down the lamp.

A lady had been looking for a friend for a long time without success. Finally she came upon her in an unexpected place. "Well," she exclaimed, "I've been on a perfect wild-goose chase all day long; but, thank goodness, I've found you at last."

The youngest member of the family had witnessed a hail storm for the first time. A few days later a shower of rain began to fall during dinner. The same youngster tried hard to get her mother's attention, which she did finally by patting her upon the cheek and exclaiming: Stop talking. I want to listen, and see, it is raining hard water.

"I guess my hat's my own! I paid for it!" snapped the young woman at the matinee, turning round and addressing the two men who were making audible remarks about her towering head-dress; "and I paid for my seat, too!" "But you didn't pay for all the space between your seat and the ceiling, my dear young lady," mildly observed the elder of the two men.

Biffers: Do you think bicycle riding conducive to health? Whiffers: Most assuredly. My health has improved wonderfully. Biffers: But you don't ride a bicycle. Whiffers: Who said I did! Biffers: But you said bicycle riding improved your health. Whiffers: Yes, got so much exercise, you know. Biffers: Exercise? How? Whiffers: Dodging the bicycles, of course.

### CUT IT SHORT.

When you write a merry jest,  
Cut it short;  
It will be too long at best—  
Cut it short;  
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Editors don't like to swear;  
Treat your poem like your hair—  
Cut it short.

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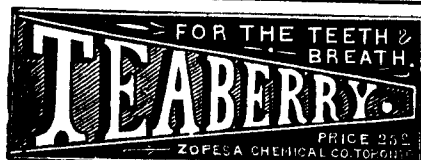


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