

THE WEEK

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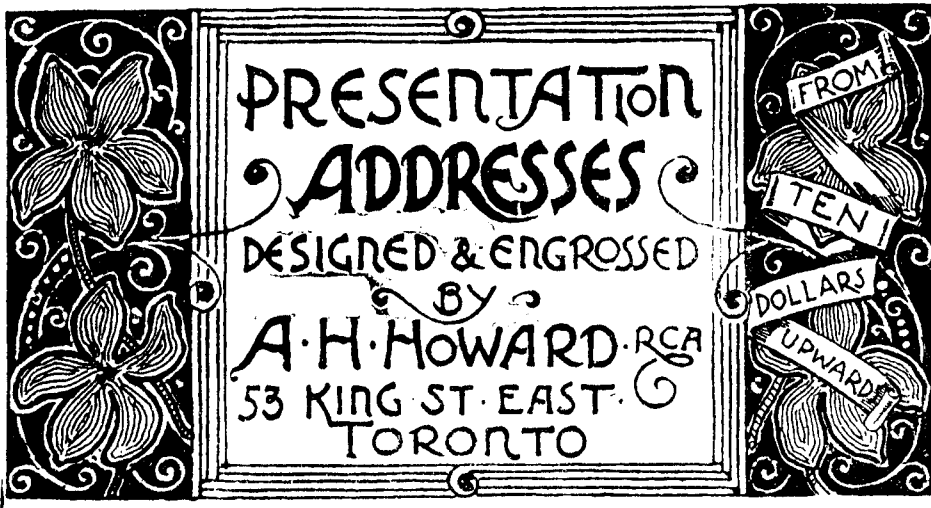
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THE WEEK.

Vol. XI.

TORONTO, FRIDAY, JAN. 5th, 1894.

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THE WEEK:

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

CURRENT TOPICS.

The exact results of the Provincial plebiscite on Prohibition cannot be known at the time we go to press, but enough is known to make it clear that the majority in favor of Prohibition is very large. Some of the surprises of the vote are that every city in the Province should have cast a decided majority for Prohibition, and that in Toronto that majority should number more than 2,500. Nor can this result be accounted for on the ground of general indifference or of inactivity, on the part of the opposing forces, for the total vote was unprecedentedly large. It is evident that the majority of the people in the Province of Ontario, as in several of the smaller Provinces, are determined that Prohibition on a provincial if not on a national scale, shall have a trial. It now remains for the Dominion and the

Ontario Governments to lose no time in obtaining an authoritative decision on the question of jurisdiction involved. Should it appear that Ontario has the right under the constitution to prohibit—a decision which we can hardly conceive possible—Sir Oliver Mowat and his colleagues will have no option but to set about preparing to enact a prohibitory law as soon as possible. Should it be found, on the other hand, that the power inheres solely in the Dominion Parliament, the situation will be less embarrassing for the Ottawa Administration, since Quebec will have to be consulted, and the issue in that Province would be very doubtful. The decision of the Supreme Court will be the next event in the series, to be awaited with interest and anxiety.

“Behold how great a forest is kindled by how small a fire!” The continued payment of an annuity of \$50,000 a year to the Duke of Edinburgh, out of the vast resources of the British treasury, may seem to many a very small matter, yet, in the hands of the Radicals it is being made to assume really serious proportions, and there is no knowing at present to what issues it may lead. The wonder is that the pride, to say nothing of the sense of justice, of a member of the Royal Family could permit the Duke to retain the annuity, upon a technicality, for one hour after he had ceased, to all intents and purposes, to be a British subject, having accepted the position of a German Prince. And if the pride of a descendant of Britain's Queen was not sufficient to determine the Duke to be no longer a pensioner of the British tax-payer, one would have supposed that that of a German Prince would have been equal to the occasion. The declaration of a leading Berlin journal that for a German Prince to accept a foreign pension is repugnant to German feeling, seems so natural that one wonders how the new Prince could place the German people in such a position. It is difficult to say whether it would be more humiliating to the Prince's German subjects, to admit that he needs the British annuity, or to know that he retains it without needing it. It is to be hoped that as a Prince the Duke may be constrained by the vehemence of opposing sentiment to reconsider the question, renounce the annuity and rely for his support upon the country to which he has transferred his loyalty and his allegiance.

Dr. Ryerson, M.P.P., is perseveringly following up, in some of the city papers, the

record of Sir Oliver Mowat and his Government in the matter of appointments. Though his information has not always proved accurate, the facts he has brought to light with reference to the practice of Nepotism are, as we have before intimated, unpleasantly suggestive. Why should the relatives of a Premier or a Cabinet Minister have so much better chance than others of obtaining a place in the public service? A still more objectionable practice is shown to be that of appointing members of the Legislature, or those who have been such, to lucrative positions in the public service. The *Globe* apologizes for the practice by saying that the fact of one's having served the Province in the Assembly should not permanently disqualify him for office. Very true, but let any one calculate the chances of an ex-member receiving such an appointment in the ordinary course, and compare the result with the number of such members who have actually been appointed within a term of years, and draw his own conclusions. The true corrective of all such abuses is the adoption of a regular scheme of appointment and promotion based on merit alone. Had Sir Oliver and his Ministers been the genuine Reformers they claim to be, such a system would have been in vogue years since, rendering both Nepotism and partisan appointments impossible. The fee system, under which a son of the Attorney-General receives a higher salary than any public functionary in the Dominion, except the Governor-General, is deservedly attacked by Dr. Ryerson. Under a thorough-going Liberal Administration, both the appointment and the method and amount of payment would have been impossible.

President Cleveland's “policy” has certainly failed to effect its main object in the Hawaiian affair, so far as that object was the restoration of the *statum quo* in Honolulu. Nevertheless it was well that it was in his heart to undo the effects of an unrighteous interference with the affairs of a petty foreign state by the Minister and the marines of the United States. His proposal to restore the Queen, or rather to give her people an opportunity to restore her, has been permanently baffled, partly by the vindictiveness, or perhaps timidity of the Queen herself, in refusing to promise an amnesty to the members of the Provisional Government and others who took part in her overthrow; partly by the evident helplessness if not indifference of the natives, in view of the superior prowess of the revolutionizing foreigners. It is

evident that the same thing will happen in Hawaii which has so often taken place among feeble and barbarous peoples when their country has been invaded by civilized foreigners for commercial purposes. The foreign element will sooner or later rule. The natives must accept their civilization or go to the wall. Even should President Cleveland replace the deposed Queen by force—which would be, to say the least, a very doubtful procedure—it is evident that the same force would have to be permanently employed to keep her on the throne. Its withdrawal would be the signal for another revolution, which would probably be quickly effected without the aid of United States marines. It is probable, therefore, that President Cleveland, having openly disavowed the act which was permitted by his predecessor—an usual and brave thing to do—will be obliged to leave the results of that act to be wrought out by the Islanders themselves, even though that means the continued dominance of the Americans and other foreigners.

The largeness of Mr. Kennedy's majority on Monday must have been scarcely less a surprise to his supporters than to his opponents. Wisely or unwisely, the citizens of Toronto evidently disapprove on general principles of third terms for mayors, and he will be a rare man indeed who shall be able in the future to overcome this popular feeling. Mayor Fleming was ill-advised when he set aside his own previous expression of opinion and challenged the popular sentiment in this respect. It would have been more pleasing as well as more dignified to have firmly declined a third nomination and have retired quietly to private life. He and his friends might then have always retained the pleasing conviction that his fellow-citizens would gladly have re-elected him had opportunity been given. This conviction would have produced a much happier sensation than the present certainty that it was far otherwise with them. But we are not of the number of those who have bitter things to say of the defeated Mayor. In many respects he rendered the city good and faithful service. We are glad to know that Mr. Kennedy possesses some qualities very desirable in the First Magistrate of a city like Toronto, which were unfortunately lacking in his predecessor. The citizens were evidently captivated by Mr. Kennedy's personality as well as satisfied with his spotless character and record. Yet it is not for the friends of the new champion to boast when he is putting on his armour. The better time to do that will be two years hence when he will be putting it off. There is reason to hope that some improvement has been made in the personnel of the Council. But many of the old, self-seeking elements are still there and no doubt they will often vex the righteous soul of the new mayor in proportion to its righteous-

ness. We can only hope that he may have the keenness of insight and the firmness of will that are necessary in order to understand and to withstand the sinister influences which will be brought to bear from many points of the compass.

The *Canadian Gazette* refers to the presentment made by the Grand Jury of Manitoba, recommending that action be taken to curtail "pernicious foreign immigration," more particularly that of "the class of youths brought to the Barnardo Home in the Province," as illustrating "the ill-informed prejudice with which some Canadians regard and seek to decry a form of emigration probably more beneficial to Canada than any other." "The Canadian people," says the *Gazette*, "spend each year hundreds and thousands of pounds to attract adult emigrants from the United Kingdom, Europe, and the United States. And they do well; for a substantial increase in her population is Canada's great need. But who will say, in the light of facts and figures within reach of all, that the failures among such adult emigrants do not far exceed two per cent., which is the record of British child emigration to Canada. Indeed, we have it on the indisputable evidence of the Minister until recently responsible for the immigration arrangements, that the percentage of failure is in Dr. Barnardo's case less than one per cent. That is to say, less than one per cent. has been added to the vicious or criminal population of Canada, and, where possible, even this one per cent. has been promptly returned to England, while the thousands that remain are growing into self-supporting and self-respecting citizens, well suited to bring Canada's waste lands into cultivation. This is no mere guess-work. Anyone who takes the trouble may, with the aid of Dr. Barnardo's records, test the figures for himself." This is, we believe, putting the subject in the right light. There can be no doubt whatever that as between the child carefully trained for months or years in a good institution and the adult picked up at random, the chances are very largely in favour of the former becoming a good and useful citizen. But so much has been and is being said in some of the papers and elsewhere derogatory to the Barnardo boys, that the *Gazette's* suggestion that the Dominion Government should institute a careful inquiry into the facts, is worthy of consideration.

The appalling dimensions of the commercial disaster which has befallen the United States are presented very vividly in some figures quoted by David A. Wells, the great American economist, in *The Forum* for January. Mr. Wells says that "probably no other country has ever incurred in so short a time such an amount of financial and industrial disturbance and disaster." Some of the particulars mentioned are the

following: The National Treasury, which but a little ago had so large a surplus that millions of dollars were given for the privilege of simply anticipating the payment of debts funded at a low rate of interest, now faces the certainty, independent of any change in the rates or methods of taxation, of an annual deficit of necessary revenue, of something like \$30,000,000. Strangely, however, Mr. Wells says nothing of the drafts made on this surplus by the Pension and Rivers and Harbours appropriations, which surely account in a large measure for the deficiency, but, being self-inflicted, can scarcely be described as due to industrial disturbance or disaster. The falling off of at least \$30,000,000 in the gross earnings of railroads, from May to October inclusive, is a less questionable proof of the magnitude of the disaster. The withdrawal between the 4th of May and the 12th of July of \$194,000,000 from the national banks alone is another striking proof of the tremendous reach of the business depression, though under the dread inspired by the operation of the Sherman Silver Bill, much of this was, no doubt, withdrawn for hoarding purposes. Mr. Wells goes on to cite other statistics, almost equally astounding, to show the extent of the calamity which has befallen the Great Republic. His argument goes on to show that these losses were due largely to the distrust inspired by the Sherman Bill itself. The one great lesson he draws from the history is that of the necessity of having the young instructed in the principles of political economy in the schools. To the widespread ignorance of these principles he attributes mainly the terrible experience through which the nation is passing.

A less imposing picture of nineteenth, almost twentieth century, royalty than that presented by recent cablegrams, of the Emperor of Germany standing on the threshold of his mansion, with his wife and family looking on from the windows, and slaughtering hundreds of almost tame partridges as they were driven before him by a detachment of soldiers, it would be hard to imagine. The gentle-souled Cowper embodied in song a noble sentiment when he declared,

"I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine
sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm."

One of the most unamiable of the Englishman's characteristics has been keenly satirized by the writer who makes his typical Englishman say to his friend, when in want of recreation, "Come, let's go out and kill something." The Englishman's fondness for killing is, however, to some extent redeemed by the fact that his shooting and hunting excursions are generally associated with active exertion in walking or riding long distances over rough ground, where the

vigorous exercise gives strength and tone, and the zest of danger is often added to the excitement of a trial of skill. But in this case the diversion of the great German monarch was destitute of almost every feature which is supposed to bring such an affair within the category of sport. The nature must be singularly destitute of sensibility, and of all the finer qualities of human nature, which could keep up the meaningless slaughter and watch the agonized flutterings of the poor birds until hundreds were sacrificed to make the pitiful holiday. And the worst of it is, that the feelings of refined ladies of his household, whom it is impossible to conceive of as witnessing the spectacle without repugnance and pain, should have been sacrificed upon the altar of his petty vanity. It would not be complimentary to the German people to suppose that their king was not distinctly lowered in their esteem and admiration by the partridge-shooting exploit. Nor could the soldiers have been delighted with the ignoble part assigned to them.

It is well that Canada has her optimists as well as her pessimists. Among the goodly company of the former may be numbered Dr. Bryce, President of Manitoba College, as witness his inaugural address before the College Literary Society, for 1893-4. Dr. Bryce's reputation as a Dominion historian gives special value to this address, its subject being "The First Quarter-Century of the Dominion." As a concise and graphic sketch of the history of Confederation, from the inception of the movement until the present date, the address is worthy of being widely read by young Canadians. Some of the more soberly critical will take exception to the intensity of the colours as here and there laid on in portraying the present condition and the future prospects of the Dominion; others will find the author's enthusiasm so contagious that the critical faculty will be kept in abeyance. It is not always easy to draw the line between a patriotic and generous enthusiasm, and a tendency to the "gush" and glorification which used to make the Fourth of July orations across the border so ridiculous. Possibly even Dr. Bryce's Pegasus might make the better speed for being held in with bit and bridle at times. But, as a whole, the address is manly and stimulating. As a sample, the following passage, though less eloquent than some, is valuable for the sober truth it contains:—

It should be to us a special duty to magnify and make desirable the independent life of the farmer, as the basis of our Canadian life. May we not find it a profitable thing to introduce into our public schools the study of agriculture and horticulture that our rising youth may be early led into this way of wisdom. What the Northwest, the developing part of Canada wants is farmers. Our fertile prairies with

their inviting acres await the great influx of European and American agriculturists. We resent the statement made lately in this city by one high in the council of the nation that our immigration has been sufficient and that we should be satisfied. Such sentiments show a want of grasp of the circumstances, and bespeak a man with soul too small for the destiny which awaits us. Let us honour farmers, for they are the true representative Canadians. Let us see that the artificial conditions by which agricultural success is hampered are removed, and let the farmer have what nature intended for him, 'A fair field and no favour.'

THE PROBLEM OF THE UNEMPLOYED.

The unemployed are ever with us. An authoritative investigation made in 1885, in Massachusetts, and covering the whole State, showed that thirty per cent. of those depending upon employment were out of work during a portion of the year averaging four months. That is to say, ten per cent. of those desiring employment were perpetually unable to obtain it. It is probable that, taking what we regard as the civilized and enlightened nations, this estimate would be rather below than above the average. Further, there is reason to fear that, whether owing to the constant increase and perfection of labour-saving machinery, or to whatever other cause or causes, the proportion of those for whom, under ordinary conditions, the world of labour has no place, is steadily increasing. What is to be done with or for these? If, as Mr. Keir Hardie forcibly put it during a recent debate in the British House of Commons, "the right to labour is the right to live" for the masses, must we come to the dark conclusion that, through no fault of their own, but owing to conditions, either natural or the outgrowth of our civilization, over which they have no control, one person of every ten of those born into the world has really no right to remain in it. One shrinks from facing, even in thought, the logical result of such a conclusion. Not only so, but most persons will simply and instinctively refuse to accept it. The alternative is, evidently, that there is something radically wrong in our political and social arrangements; that nature has made ample provisions for the wants of all in the provision she has made for the production of food and clothing and other absolute necessities of life vastly beyond the requirements of all; and that all that is needed in order to solve the problem is that her resources should be more fully utilized and the products of industry more equitably distributed. This problem of fair distribution is just now probably the largest, most pressing, and most difficult of all the problems before statesmen, philosophers, and philanthropists, for solution.

We are purposely presenting but a single aspect of the great sociological difficulty which confronts our so-called Christian civilization. We refrain from complicating

it by including the large classes of those who are too lazy or too vicious to desire to work, or the unfortunate many who are unable to do so. Nor do we write with special reference to the abnormal conditions of the present moment, under which vast multitudes besides the ordinary percentage, whatever that may be, are out of employment in the Mother Country, and in the United States. The appalling magnitude of the distress and destitution consequent on this unusual state of things forms a special problem of tremendous difficulty. But the special difficulty is calling forth special energy and effort, and, in some of the cities of the United States, at least, individual and municipal efforts are being combined on a scale of magnitude proportioned to the needs of the occasion. Every generous heart must swell with sympathy in proportion as the true state of the case is realized. But the national emergency is calling forth the national energy and generosity, and, unless seemingly well-founded expectations in regard to the return of ordinary activity fail to be realized, there is reason to hope that the term of extraordinary depression will quickly pass, and the wonted business prosperity return.

But, even with the return of average "good times" on both continents, the old problem of the unemployed tenth, more or less, will remain. What is to be done about it? Shall modern statesmanship and philanthropy prove equally and permanently unable to devise a remedy?

The primary cause of the inequality in circumstances which leaves so large a proportion even of those willing and anxious to work without the means of sustenance for themselves and their families is not far to seek. It is evidently to be found in the selfish or at least self-loving instincts of human nature. These working through the laws of competition which are so universal in their operation, enable the stronger, the more energetic, too often the more unscrupulous, to obtain more than their share both of labour and of its products. The weaker are crowded out. Yet the knowledge of the cause, or more strictly speaking, the mode, by which the result is reached does not of itself suggest the remedy, for in the first place, this cause, having its roots in the very constitution of human nature, cannot be removed by legislation, and in the second place, seeing that it supplies the great motive force which runs the vast and complicated machinery of human industry, to remove it, unless its place could be supplied by some other force equally powerful, would leave the world in a state of stagnation and decay, and the last state of the millions would be vastly worse than the first. It is true that one who accepts in honest simplicity the Sermon on the Mount, might argue with irresistible logic that in the principle of Christian altruism therein inculcated is supplied the alternative force required, and that its universal and wise application to all

business affairs would restore the balance and cure all industrial ills. But as the substitution of the higher for the lower principle is beyond the power of human legislation, this remedy is unavailable, beyond the limits within which it may be applied voluntarily by individuals and societies. It is to be deeply regretted that it has never yet been so reduced to practice by such individuals and societies as to afford the world, on any large scale, a demonstration of its superiority as a law for the regulation of the every-day affairs of life.

But is it clear, as almost all the world's great statesmen, including apparently those who now compose the British Government, have openly or tacitly affirmed, that the State, which means or should mean the concentrated political wisdom of the nation, can do nothing to promote a more equal distribution of both the opportunity for work and the products of work? How unequal this distribution is, is very strikingly brought out in an article in the December number of the *Political Science Quarterly*, by Mr. Holmes, of the National Census Bureau of the United States. According to Mr. Holmes's calculations, the sixty billions which constitute the wealth of the nation is distributed among a little more than twelve and a half millions of families as follows: One and a half millions farm-hiring families have \$200,000,000 (average wealth \$150); five million home-hiring families have \$2,500,000,000 (average wealth \$500); two and a half million families owning farms, (worth less than \$5,000) have \$6,500,000,000; two and a half million families owning homes (worth less than \$5,000) have \$8,000,000,000; while the remaining \$43,000,000,000 is owned by one and one-tenth million families. Mr. Holmes also quotes approvingly an estimate made by the *Tribune* some time since, according to which four thousand millionaires in the United States possess not less than twelve billion dollars, or about one-fifth of the total wealth of the sixty-five million citizens of the Republic. The inequality is probably somewhat less in Canada, but perhaps fully as great in England.

Can it be in accordance with the design of beneficent nature that such inequalities should exist in men's ability to procure the means of existence and enjoyment which she has so bountifully provided? If not, there must be something in the structure of civil society, or in the character of its legislation, which gives undue advantage to certain individuals or classes in the struggle. If that be not so, it becomes almost self-evident that it should be the business of organized legislatures to devise some check upon the acquisitiveness of the strong, or some protection for the natural rights of the weak. Yet that is what no Legislature has as yet succeeded in doing; we might almost say has as yet attempted to do. And it must be confessed that the objections to many or all of the plans which have as yet

been suggested, such as reduction of the hours of labour, state employment for the unemployed, etc., are so many and weighty, that it is hardly surprising that no Government has as yet seen its way clear to stake its existence upon the introduction of any radical measure looking to this end. The cynically disposed might, however, retort that both governments and legislatures have not hesitated to enact much legislation, from time to time, designed to produce the opposite effect from that so manifestly needed, such as protective tariffs, charters with exclusive privileges for close corporations, combinations, etc. It is becoming increasingly evident that not only the well-being but the safety, if not the very existence, of organized society in the future, will depend very largely upon its success in devising effective legislation of the kind whose need is so plainly indicated, and now so loudly demanded by large bodies of the working people.

PARTY IN POLITICS.

Rev. Principal Grant, in his series of very independent letters on the political situation, which have appeared in the *Globe*, deplors the spirit of party. Dr. Goldwin Smith, whose influence during his long period of residence in Canada was so potent, was constantly inveighing against the evils of the party system, and laying bare the mischief wrought by faction. All good men join in this view which is undoubtedly beyond debate.

I have seen no one, however, who has undertaken to deal with the task of defining the line between what is legitimate and useful in party politics and what is hurtful. That government by party is the best system available under popular institutions is scarcely too strong a statement to make. The most legitimate lines on which to divide parties are Liberal and Conservative, because in the struggle between these two forces a just equilibrium can be obtained. One half of the community urging change, progress, reform; the other half carefully and vigorously guarding the established institutions of the country. In the struggle between two such opposing forces ably led and wisely controlled, the British system of government has sprung up and grown to the state of perfection we now see it.

It may be safely affirmed that the full stature of popular government was never attained in England until the party system made its appearance. If party were eliminated from government in Great Britain, in the United States and in Canada, is it too much to say that the intelligence of the present generation has not yet devised a substitute which would produce equally satisfactory results? Amid all the evils of party, we have to recognize that it does secure the most searching discussion of public affairs, and the keenest criticism of public men. It sustains constant interest in public matters on the part of the mass of the people and thereby secures a wider popular intelligence. Eliminate party aims and party struggles and statecraft would degenerate into a mere routine, and statesmanship would give way to an effete bureaucracy. And foolish and blind as are the deeds done in the name of party, the game of party poli-

tics makes it absolutely essential that (a) good men and able men be put at the head of the organization. The people will never long worship rascality or mediocrity; (b) and that sound and patriotic measures be advocated as the basis of the organization. The people will never long support a foolish, unpatriotic or base policy.

Granting, then, that government of the people by the people is most effectively carried on under the fierce and surging conflicts of party strife, the problem of the day is how to eliminate from this system the elements which are palpably mischievous.

Certain features of the party system are manifestly evil. When it becomes a machine in the hands of one or more leaders or bosses, then it is a danger to the state. When party discipline is so maintained that the electorate are kept strictly in party lines, then again the welfare of the community is distinctly threatened. Under the party system whole families maintain with a sort of proud tradition an unbroken history as partisans for generations. This is unquestionably bad. In the name of party, every wrong which a weak or dishonest ruler can perpetrate is upheld and sustained by blind adherents. That the wrong is defended honestly does not mitigate the evil. Blindness is almost as dangerous as wickedness. The party organization in most of the counties or constituencies in Canada has been in the same hands for generations. If you visit a constituency after twenty years' absence, some changes will of course be found. Some leading men will have died, and some few may have changed their political faith. But a party convention will muster the same men and especially the same families it did twenty years before. Political issues may have changed, leaders may have changed and the party may have gone utterly wrong in the interval, it matters not. The old party traditions have gone on and its adherents have remained serenely blind.

Illustrations could be given without number. In my own constituency, as I was driving along during an election contest, I encountered a man whom I knew to be a political opponent. I stopped to speak with him for fun. "It is no use to canvass you, Mr. L—," I remarked. "You are always the one way." "Oh yes," he replied with the utmost frankness, "I do not bother much about politics. When an election comes on I find out if there are any Tories running and if so I go and vote for them."

Not only is this a condition of things actually present in connection with our political institutions, but it is persistently glorified as something noble, loyal and laudable. The man who says, "I have voted Grit for forty years and intend to vote Grit as long as I live," is slapped enthusiastically on the back and pronounced a fine fellow—a regular brick. Yet it would be treason against nature to argue that such a line of action is wrong, absurd and fatal to good citizenship. That is apparent. But how are you to get rid of this tendency of the party system? By what process can men be made to think, and reflect, and speak and vote according to the rights of the question every time?

There is such a thing as treason to a cause—perhaps, treason to a party. When the issue is clearly defined and a man has definitely made up his mind that one view of the question is right, he is bound to stick to that view, and duty calls upon him to exert every legitimate effort to accomplish

the thing he believes in. If defeated to-day, he must have faith in the right and continue to struggle until the clearer judgment of to-morrow secures a juster verdict. The man who, for any selfish motive, deserts his cause in such a struggle, is a traitor to the cause, and merits public contempt. The man who leaves a party because he is not nominated to office in it, or because office is offered him by the other side has all the qualities which would betray an army on the field of battle. But that is very different from the man who leaves his ordinary party affiliations because he believes the policy of his party is wrong, or the leaders of his party unworthy or corrupt. An attempt is often made by the party machines to drag on and intimidate men into adherence to their party alliances, under the head of being branded as traitors because they act independently. This is one of the conspicuous evils of the party system, and no idea needs more to be thoroughly stamped out.

To sum up, therefore, we may safely agree that party government as a system is good, and works to good ends in the state.

That all the evils which grow out of it are not necessary evils but simply the abuse of it namely, party feeling run mad.

That the ideal condition of things would be to have, as now, two great opposing organizations each bidding for popular support and power. But to have, as we certainly now have not, an independent electorate which, when election day came, would vote absolutely free from party bias, and in strict accordance with the merits of the issues and parties.

As such an ideal state cannot be reached at once or soon, because the mass of the electorate cannot rise to such elevation of thought and purpose, the immediate remedy for the evils of party, is the creation and constant augmentation of an independent class of voters in every constituency who will not bow the knee to the party machine, but exercise fearlessly the right to vote as they think the interest of the country requires. Such men Canada has had in small numbers in the past, in larger numbers, thank fortune, to-day, and will have in much greater numbers, let us hope, in the future. The independent or Mugwump vote of the United States is the greatest safeguard now existing in their political institutions. It compels the nomination of worthy men, and it turns the scale against the corrupt and low-minded boss. It is the one rock of safety amid the perils which surround a pure Democracy. The same thing may be said of Canada. We have a splendid form of government, in the abstract, but under the party system it would be possible for a government to hold power forever, and violate innumerable principles of justice if there were no independent men to go to the polls. The salvation, the hope of our institutions, rests not with the two great bodies who, in the name of party, go blindly to the polls and vote by tradition, but with a small body independent of both, who, with minds too large to be the slaves of a machine, and hearts too big to sacrifice country to a shibboleth, go to the polls and vote according to the dictates of an enlightened conscience.

If this class will multiply, no one need fear that we shall be overwhelmed with the evils of party. Two or three hundred independent men in each constituency would keep the body politic in good order and perfect safety. Third party candidates

are not necessary. As a rule they do not afford the true means of advancing public virtue or genuine reform. The safeguard upon which our political institutions rest is a sound and healthy public opinion. This is the bedrock upon which popular government rests. If the heart of the people is not sound, then comes wickedness; next, anarchy or despotism—evils between which there is scarcely a choice. This public opinion, under existing conditions, must manifest itself through the agency of the independent voter. If every man is to be a partizan, and no man is to leave his party, it is quite plain that no change could ever be made. If a bad government is to be got rid of, it must be by independent votes. It obtained power by the will of a majority of the people, and it can only lose power by some of those who supported it reversing their action—that is, leaving the party.

At this time there is a tendency to glorify party action. Services to the party are made the basis of political promotion. The man who ventures to criticize the action of the party leaders is believed to have sacrificed all chances of office if his party is in power, and all prospects of office if his party shall afterwards come into power. Such a sentiment should be discouraged. In the United States there is an enormous section of the people who are prepared to stand by the principle that merit and fitness is the sole and discriminating test for public office, and not party services. Personally, I am not an admirer of Mr. Dalton McCarthy, but I do hail with satisfaction the independent stand he has taken. I do recognize it as a good thing—a splendid thing that public men of acknowledged merit should have the courage to say what they think, whether it suits the machine or not, and all good and patriotic men should take care that the independent man is not overwhelmed by the party bosses, but is so far sustained by public opinion as to secure his influence and assert his power. It will be a useful object lesson to public men of the right stamp.

I am quite aware that these views will not be appreciated by the mass of men in Canada. It is fashionable to be a party man. Perhaps I am a party man myself. Doubtless most persons think so. This much, however, I will say, that if I am a victim of prejudice, I shall strive to rise above it, and shake it off. If I am afflicted with the party blindness of the world about me, I shall aim to get light. At all events, I hope I shall never esteem it a matter of glory to proclaim myself a blindman. In so far as I can do so, I shall honestly strive to promote a spirit of independence in Canadian politics.

J. W. LONGLEY.

PARIS LETTER.

Society must be excused if it be a little off its head just now. The abominable crime of the anarchists has but deepened the fear, the dread, their merciless atrocities, engender. What next, and who next? When a man's life is threatened, he seeks whatever is within reach to defend himself; when society is attacked, it defends its existence by all means civilization places at its disposal, including measures the most repressive, and laws inspired perhaps by the spirit of Draco. The first duty is to live, and the Ten Commandments were only framed against evil-doers. The laws may not prove effective, but society can do no more. Those who voluntarily place them-

selves outside the pale of civilization, must be prepared for extermination. Though vermin multiply, they have not the less to be destroyed.

Vaillant, who committed the horrible crime in the Chamber of Deputies, is only the natural product of the unhinged and licentious times that society is passing through. He kills without knowing why, attacking with indifference those who never injured him, sparing neither age, sex, nor nationality in common massacre. And he would try and escape to chuckle over the ruin he caused, the pain and torture he inflicted, and the tears of anguish he forced to flow. Immediate suppression for him and his tribe is the final weapon society can wield. The terrible fad of an anarchist is to pose, to feel he fills the public eye, and that he will go down to posterity like Herostatus who set fire to the temple of Artemis at Ephesus. Born in 1862, Vaillant at 16 years of age underwent his first imprisonment for thieving, and he constantly contributed to that chapter of his biography. He is a mechanic and possesses a fair education; he was a spouter at all the advanced socialistic meetings, and wrote for the wild and penny awfuls. Married, he emigrated to the United States, and doubtless was initiated into the mysteries of the brutal terrorist school of Chicago Most. He abandoned his wife in the States, returned to Paris, and became a jack-of-all-trades. One Marchal, a glass engraver, pitying his poverty, shared his home with him. Result, he seduced his wife, who later became his mistress and took charge of his (Vaillant's) daughter, aged six years. He appropriated all Marchal's clothing, and gutted the house of the furniture and then left for the suburb of Choisy-le-Roi, where he founded a "philosophical society," and was nominated its president. Marchal had a dread of Vaillant, knowing him to be an anarchist. A few days ago he expressed the pleasure he would feel in going to see him decapitated. These were perhaps imprudent words, as Marchal has disappeared, to escape the apprehended vengeance of the sect.

The French Chamber of Deputies comprises 581 members; the *Salle* is an amphitheatre, with gradually rising seats, from the presidential tribune and rostrum, backwards. There are two galleries, with boxes or *loges*, to accommodate various classes of visitors and functionaries. In the second or upper tier, is a *loge* to accommodate about 15 members of the sovereign people, who do not require any ticket of admission; they represent the free public, and enter, following priority of arrival. It was in this group of 15 that Vaillant wriggled into the Chamber, and from their box cast down the home-made shell into the pit or amphitheatre where the deputies sit. The *bombe*—an old sardine box filled with explosives and shoe nails, and fired by the meeting of two timed antagonistic acids—awkwardly thrown, struck a pillar in starting, and burst in the air, instead of, as was expected, on the ground; hence, why chiefly the occupants of the galleries, 76 persons at least, were wounded.

When the flash and smash followed, then "shrieked the timid and stood still the brave!" The Speaker, M. Dupuy, by his sang-froid and presence of mind, though struck by a splinter, calmly rang his bell to retain the attention of the deputies, as if only an ordinary interruption had occurred, and quietly announced "Gentlemen, the discussion continues," and the debate on

the falsification of butter and electoral jobbing was resumed. By his courage and aplomb, M. Dupuy has secured himself a niche in history. He had a predecessor in bravery, Boissy d'Anglas. When the revolutionists in May, 1795, killed the deputy Ferand, they cut off his head, placed it on a pike, and paraded it in the Assembly, under the eyes of President d'Anglas. The latter, stern as a stoic, never quit his chair, but saluted the bleeding head of his unfortunate young colleague, with whom he had only been talking some few minutes previously. Possibly no assembly has ever equalled that of the Chamber on Saturday last, continuing a discussion in an atmosphere filled with the smoke of the explosion, and the moans and cries of the seventy wounded.

Other presence of mind was the instant closing of all the doors; the bird was thus caged, and it was no easy matter for any one, whether deputy, senator, or other, to obtain a "pass out" till he ran the gauntlet of the police magistrates. Among the first thirty individuals ordered to stand aside for unsatisfactory proof of identity, and of being suspected of throwing the *bombe* was a citizen who had "no arms." It was the streak of comedy in the grim tragedy; he was wounded, but he might have played a role, that of drawing off attention from the prime actor, or being an accomplice. The poor man was upset by the shock of the explosion and pain, and could not clearly state who he was.

As soon as Vaillant's face wounds are cured, he will be placed on his trial; he avows his crime and gloats in that fete of slaughter. His execution is certain, but the police want to come at the unknown element. Has he helpers, and where did he obtain the chemicals? The Chamber voted, *au galop*, a series of amended laws, giving the government and the police every power to deal summarily with the anarchist press, the anarchist meetings, and the manipulating of explosives for unlawful ends. Since 1877 up to the present time, the murder bill of the anarchists, over the world, amounts to forty persons. The same number of anarchists have been hanged, guillotined, electrocuted, or garroted. In Paris the anarchists have several publications and periodicals, preaching up social extermination, the preparation of explosives, and class hate. All this is now over by the sumptuary laws, voted with lightning speed. Thus, all that anarchy has obtained is, the fettering of freedom. But people must be secured in their lives or all the liberties count for nought. The duel with the French Government, representing not only France, but civilization, is now plain. The Government has no fresh weapons in its arsenal to employ.

The foe has no organization, but is yet terribly organized; he is the man insensible to every cry but that of destruction. He knows he is feared and can spread fear, hence his vanity. Isolated, he is relatively powerful. To lay him will not be easy, even with all the laws against him. He considers himself an apostle of philanthropy. His next move will be anxiously looked for. So long as he can obtain the raw materials to make the explosives, he will be tempted to utilize them. He, too, is a chemist, he is also a scientist. Then his temperament, his whole nature is saturated with false and unholy doctrines. His brain is a seat of anarchic thought. Kropotkin tells him to recognize "neither God nor master;" Stirner, to repudiate faith and law. Marx wishes to destroy capital, but not capitalists. Bakounine was opposed to

murder. But these men of light and leading are moderate in comparison with a Chamber of deputy socialists or a Barcelona regenerator. Most, of Chicago fame, demands that one-twentieth of the population of his native Germany be "removed;" Marat, in his day, only demanded the quarter of that sacrifice—500,000 heads of royalists, to ensure the tranquillity of France and the growth of the republic. Proud hon. immortal Prince Kropotkin was the "immortal father of anarchy," yet he not the less implored Napoleon III. to make him a senator.

The question of Siam is not tending to the solution the "expansionists" have in their eye. They do not, nor never did, like the "Buffer State." If the sole difficulty were but a few miles more or less wide of territory to form the neutral state, business topographers could in time reconcile conflicting interests. England has handicapped France, by her proposal not to seek advantages she herself is prepared to repudiate. To place that neutral zone under the protection of John Chinaman is a very bold stroke of policy on the part of England. It is the commencing of the entry of China, as an Asiatic factor, in the affairs of Europe, just as Asiatic Russia helps European Muscovy. England has the further advantage in keeping China grappled to her, as compared with France and Russia. She has no territorial quarrels to seek or to appease. Even if France had command of the Mekong river straight into China, her differential duties would no more lock out the carrying trade of foreigners—Germany, England and America to wit, than they have done in the case of Tonkin.

The unexpected outcry of "the country in danger," on the part of the British, must disconcert much diplomatic scheming. Whatever England may be elsewhere, she is not up to date in her situation in the Mediterranean. The proof that she intends to be so, will be equivalent to her being so. *Possunt quia posse videntur*. Those who observe the game know most about it. A wide-awake American friend of mine, who has apparently no other occupation than to study European politics, is inclined to believe that England is keeping her naval strength low in the Mediterranean relying on Italy as an ally. England, he believes, is on the wrong tack in this respect. Her best reliance, he maintains, is upon herself, for Italy, like many other states, will be guided by her temptations. England must keep in the swim of bloated armaments. My friend, who has been visiting the American college at Constantinople, and to which he intends to bequeath some money to help the poor Armenians, learned from behind the scenes that the Sultan is much surprised at the disclosures made about the "drop" in the naval strength of England. The Padichah is not a fool. Z.

Mighty is envy, always, and mighty ignorance; but you become aware of their truly Titanic grandeur only when you attempt to touch their owner's pockets.—Charles Kingsley.

Two famous Parisian prisons will shortly cease to exist. They are the Roquette, near Pere Lachaise Cemetery, and the Prison of Ste. Pelagie, with its sorrowful souvenirs of the Reign of Terror.

The longest iron railway bridge on the European Continent was opened a short time ago across the river Vistula, between Forden, in Prussian Poland, and Culmsee, in Germany. It is 1,450 yards long and cost 8,000,000 marks

THE DEATH OF THE OLD YEAR.

Miserere: toll the bell,
Let the earth send forth a knell,
For a great soul takes his flight,
None knows whither, in the night—
Miserere!

Stretched upon his snowy bier,
Dying lies the good old year;
And upon the midnight gale,
All may hear his parting wail—
Miserere!

In the old king's chequered reign,
There were mingled joy and pain;
Friends proved false, while foes were true,
Sinners many, saints—a few—
Miserere!

There were hearts that suffered wrong,
Bore it bravely, and were strong;
Hearts there were, so black within,
Satan wondered at their sin—
Miserere!

Garners full of fruitful store,
Measures pressed, and running o'er;
Famine in the streets at night,
Doing deeds too dark for light—
Miserere!

Rung the church bells for the wed,
Tolled they also for the dead;
In one home a joy was born,
From another, joy was torn—
Miserere!

Such earth's sorrow, such its sin,
All must end where they begin;
Snow which wraps the New Year's feet,
Is the Old Year's winding sheet—
Miserere!

Now his spirit goeth fast,
Midnight hour will be his last;
To your knees, earth's worn and weary—
Miserere, MISERERE.

CHARLOTTE JARVIS.

A REVIEW OF HISTORICAL WORK IN UPPER CANADA.*

BY DR. CANNIFF.

In assuming the chairmanship of the Historical Section of the Canadian Institute for the current year, I have thought it might be well to take a brief survey of the past, with respect to the efforts which have been made by workers in the field of Upper Canadian history, and a prospective glance at the future, indicating the lines on which work should be pursued by the Society.

It is not creditable to those responsible to have to say that we of Canada are far behind the several neighboring States in the matter of collecting and publishing the historical material thickly scattered over the Province, or to be found in by-places abroad—material constantly perishing for want of a due appreciation by those who chance to have it in possession. No people—no nation can be truly great who do not cherish and revere the memories of their forefathers and carefully preserve the annals and chronicles of their lives and doings, especially when those forefathers laid the foundation of a rich and prosperous nation; and I claim that such is Canada to-day, notwithstanding all that may be said and is said in disparagement of our country, and in complaints of our slow growth in population.

A full and faithful history of the founders and builders of Upper Canada is yet to

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be written, and I speak not only of those who first came into the wilderness as refugees from a land where rebellion had triumphed, the land of their birth or adoption; where their goods had been destroyed and land confiscated because they were loyal to the flag under which they had been born and under which they had prospered—I refer not alone to those noble United Empire Loyalists who were the very first to enter the wild forests of this Province, but as well to the brave-hearted sons and daughters of the several fatherlands across the sea, who subsequently, during the closing years of the last and early part of the present centuries came into the country, and who equally with the first pioneers helped to build up this Dominion. The descendants of both classes of these pioneers form the common stock of Canadians to-day.

How little is known about all these fathers of our country individually, about the circumstances attending their voyages and their travels through trackless woods, and by treacherous waterways; of the uncertainties of settlement, of the days and years of struggle to conquer the obstacles which beset their way, and the eventual success which crowned the labors of many of them and of the failures of others.

How little is known about the organization of the several municipalities, the gradual development of the country in the formation of various institutions, the introduction of schools, the beginning, the growth and development of the several learned professions—in a word, all that is comprehended in the firm establishment of law, order and good government, all of which we have to-day, and which are, at least, equal to what exist in any other country.

It is to gather up and preserve all that can be obtained relating to these events that historical societies are founded, and it is for this historical section to consider in what way it can carry on the important purpose of its existence. As a section of the Canadian Institute, which holds so high a position among kindred associations of the world, something more may reasonably be expected of us than merely holding periodical meetings at which a few may attend to listen to often valuable papers. And it may here be remarked that it is a source of regret and astonishment that so little interest is taken in this subject by the people of Toronto. Before the organization of the present historical section there were at least two historical societies in existence here; but their life was a feeble one and they soon died of inanition. But the failures of the past must not deter nor discourage us; rather let us form a determination to succeed in our work. And our work should be not only to give life to historical research by this society, but to open a correspondence with kindred associations with the view to have concerted action and effort, and thereby create an interest in the matter with the general public. The country is old enough and the people sufficiently educated to warrant the belief that united action of this kind can be aroused to carry on historical work to some purpose. During the first years of our Province the struggles of the settlers naturally engrossed all their time and energy; but now it is otherwise.

It is not intended to ignore the fact that already something has been done. Workers in the field of historical research have appeared from time to time and valuable material collected and some of it published in book form and in pamphlets, also in

magazines; but much more of it is stored away awaiting the action of a government as generous as those of the adjacent States have shown themselves to be, in publishing historical matter.

In prosecuting the work of the section it is desirable that papers submitted should mainly relate to our own country, although papers on other cognate subjects will be welcomed. The burden of my plea is to have gathered up and preserved everything bearing on the settlement and development of Upper Canada, and of pioneer life. One source of information no longer is available. The pioneers to the third and fourth generations have passed away—from whose lips much might have been learned respecting early days. Fortunately something was done on this line. Some years prior to Confederation, the Canadian Government appointed a commission, of which Mr. Coventry, of Cobourg, was one, and J. P. Merritt, of St. Catharines, another, to visit among the older settlers and take from them such accounts of their family as they might be able to give. The result of their work, known as the Coventry papers, is now to be found in the Archives Department at Ottawa. And, in passing, I wish to say a word in praise of the work carried on by Mr. Douglas Brymner, the archivist. This department was established in 1872 by Act of Parliament and an appropriation granted. Mr. Brymner was appointed as chief officer, and has continued the work of collecting, arranging and classifying such historical material as came within his reach, relating to the history of the Dominion. Most interesting and valuable reports have been from time to time issued by him. Here, at least, credit is due to the Dominion Government, in the first place, and to Mr. Brymner, in the second place, for the intellectual vigor and rare wisdom with which he has prosecuted his work. But the field cultivated by Mr. Brymner is apart from the ground which historical societies should aim to cultivate, rather it is the function of his office to receive the fruit of the labor of the societies and arrange and classify it for the use of historians. The work done by Messrs. Coventry and Merritt was begun too late and discontinued too soon—too late to learn from the earliest pioneers who had passed away, and what they knew had mostly been buried with them; and the work was discontinued too soon as only a comparatively few memoirs were obtained.

But if this source of information exists no longer, other sources remain. It is known that not a little valuable historical matter, in the form of letters, public and private, diaries, written and printed documents, and rare old newspapers are to be found here and there, perhaps regarded as rubbish, and which is every day liable to destruction. To find these out, collect them and place them in safe keeping is our first duty, and then to have them classified and published for use.

As already stated, historical societies have not, as a general thing, flourished in the past. The following from the preface of the work on the "Settlement of Upper Canada" affords an instance of futile effort to establish a Provincial Historical Society: "In the year 1861 a meeting was convened at the Education Office, Toronto, with the view of establishing an Historical Society for Upper Canada. The result of that meeting was the appointment of a committee to frame a constitution and by-laws, and take the necessary steps to organize

the proposed society, and to report three weeks thereafter. The committee consisted of the Hon. W. H. Merritt, Rev. Dr. Ryerson, Col. Jarvis, Mr. A. De Grassi, Mr. J. P. Merritt, J. J. Hodgins, Dr. Canniff and Mr. Coventry. For reasons unknown to the writer, this committee never even met. The following year the writer received a printed circular respecting an "Historical Society for Upper Canada," which had been established at St. Catharines, of which Col. John Clarke, of Port Dalhousie, was President; Hon. Wm. H. Merritt, Vice-President, and George Coventry, of Cobourg, Secretary. The honorary members were: Chief Justice Sir John Beverly Robinson, Bart.; Col. Jarvis, Toronto; Dr. Canniff; Henry Eccles, Q.C.; Wm. H. Kittson, Esq., Hamilton; Henry Ruttan, Esq., Cobourg; The Venerable Lord Bishop of Toronto; Alfo De Grassi, Esq., Toronto; J. P. Merritt, St. Catharines; Thomas C. Keefer, Esq., Yorkville; Hon. George S. Boulton, Cobourg; David Burn, Esq., Cobourg.

This society for some years manifested a good deal of energy; but it never attained to provincial distinction. However, a good deal of local work was accomplished.

Mr. Merritt has done a good deal in the interest of Upper Canadian history and has in his possession a large amount of matter, printed and in writing, some of which I have had the opportunity of looking over, and as a true, patriotic Canadian, he will, doubtless, see to its preservation and proper disposal.

Fortunately we have in our own public, and in a few private libraries, a number of books, some large, many small, chiefly narrative and statistical, published from time to time, and giving valuable information relating to the early years of the country; but these are mostly by individuals travelling through or sojourning in the country, each work bearing the impress of personal bias, or containing statements derived from prejudiced informants, and consequently defective and often misleading. Yet we are thankful to have these works, for notwithstanding their imperfections, they supply much that is useful for historic purposes. But to obtain a correct account of the inner life of a community, the historian must belong to the community and be imbued with the feeling, the longings and the aspirations of the people—one who knows by experience the struggles, the hardships, the disappointments and the hard-won success of the people in the various walks of life. Of such labours in the field of historical research, this province has had comparatively few, and they appeared in the field at a comparatively late date. These remarks apply more particularly to the several settlements which took place from time to time under somewhat different circumstances.

We have at the present time a number of Pioneer and Historical Societies in this province, more or less flourishing. At their periodical meetings are produced from time to time memoirs and papers on past events of no little interest and value, but it is to be feared these productions are not always preserved. Many papers of historic value have been read before the York Pioneer Association, but, if I am correctly informed, no action is taken by the Society to preserve them. This is very unfortunate, as the Transactions of the York Pioneers, if published yearly, would form a substantial addition to the historical lore of the country.

The individual labours of the venerable and accomplished President of the York Pioneers, the Rev. Dr. Scadding, are well

known, and we have the fruit of his pen preserved, I trust entirely, in books, magazine articles and pamphlet form. The society would do well to have all these collected into one volume. Besides the York Pioneers, we have the historical societies of Wentworth, Simcoe, Peel, Grenville, Lundy's Lane, U. E. Loyalist Society of the Bay of Quinte and one recently organized in Kingston. Of these, two at least have given proof of activity by publishing papers of not only local but general interest. To what extent the other organizations have issued publications, I am not prepared to say.

The Pioneer and Historical Association of the Province of Ontario was organized at Toronto, Sept. 4, 1888. The membership, the constitution says, shall consist of delegates from all the various Pioneer Societies of the Province, of such as are now in existence, and of those that may in the future be formed. "Its object shall be to unite the various Pioneer and Historical Societies of the Province in one central head, or organization, thereby the better to promote intercourse and union of all such societies, for the better preservation of historical and other records and memorials of the Province for the forming of new societies for such purposes, and for the promoting and extending the influence and benefits thereof." It was under the auspices of this association that the celebration of 1892, in commemoration of the 100th anniversary of the establishment of the Province of Upper Canada took place. The association meets annually, and ought to be the means of promoting historical work throughout the Province, and it is to be hoped that it will enter upon an active state of existence.

There remains to be mentioned the important work which has been and is being done under the auspices of the Toronto Public Library by Mr. James Bain, jr., chief librarian. It is all the more noteworthy because it is not as a general thing one of the functions of a public library. The value of this work will be in a measure understood when it is stated that the library has a splendid store of Canadian works in the form of books, pamphlets, magazines and newspapers—so extensive, I am informed by Mr. Bain, that the collection is larger than that of any other library in the Dominion. Of unprinted historical material Mr. Bain has collected a large and most valuable stock. In view of the apathy manifested by the Provincial Government it is a matter for sincere thankfulness that the Toronto Public Library has become in a way an archive department. Of the matter acquired by Mr. Bain, may be mentioned the papers of D. W. Smith, the first Surveyor-General of U. C., which were purchased in London some years ago. These have been arranged and classified, making 25 volumes of most valuable material accessible to the historical student. The Jarvis papers which belonged to Wm. Jarvis, secretary to Lieut.-Governor Simcoe, and to Samuel Peter Jarvis, who was Superintendent of Indian Affairs for many years, equally valuable, number about 1,000. The Powell papers, left by Wm. Dummer Powell, the earliest of which bear date 1775, when he was at Boston, and down to 1829, during which period he was Attorney at Quebec and member of the Land Board (1789), and afterward Judge and Chief Justice of Upper Canada—these to the number of some 5,000 are safely preserved for future use. Other important MSS. are likewise in the possession of the library.

Before concluding the subject I desire to recall the fact that in the time of the Hon. John Sanfield Macdonald's administration, I had a number of interviews with the Provincial Secretary, afterwards Sir Mathew Crooks Cameron, on this matter and communicated to him the following memorandum: "Referring to our conversation of a few days ago, I beg to submit the following statements. It is desirable in the public interest that as full an account as possible should be obtained and preserved of the settlement of the individual counties and townships of the Province, especially those first settled. It is a matter of public importance to have within reach of all an account of the organization of the several municipalities, the origin of different institutions, etc., and as time passes there will be an ever increasing desire to possess this information. Having bestowed a good deal of time and labor, and expended a good deal of money in preparing a history of some of the first townships settled, I have positive knowledge that no one can carry out such a work without suffering financial loss. With respect to the older townships, the sources of information for a history are every day diminishing by the death of the immediate descendants of the pioneers, who have received correct information from their fathers, and by the destruction of papers and documents relating to those early days. To carry out the proposed work it would be necessary to visit the different localities, examine the township records, and visit individuals likely to possess papers or information. Documents and old newspapers could be collected and deposited in the Education Department. Attention would be directed to the oldest townships first and from year to year those settled at a later date could be attended to. Unless Government aid be afforded there is every probability that the matter will be unattended to, until time has swept away the sources of information. Many of the American States have recognized the importance of this subject by supplying aid and directing the pursuit of historical lore." The statement submitted to the Government 20 odd years ago is respectfully submitted to the Government of to-day. Although much time has been lost, and doubtless much material of historical value has irretrievably perished, it is not too late to enter upon the work.

I have reason to believe that had the Sanfield Macdonald Government remained in power another year something would have been accomplished in the matter. Later on, when Mr. Adam Crooks was in office, I brought the subject to his attention, and endeavored to enlist the assistance of other members of Parliament. In a letter received from Dr. Baxter, afterwards the Speaker, dated March 1, 1874, he says: "Mr. Crooks has been so busy that as yet I have not had an opportunity of talking the Historical matter over with him; but will take earliest opportunity of doing so. I will urge Mr. Crooks to do something if he can possibly see his way clear. The demand is one that should not be overlooked."

Although this looked encouraging nothing ever came of it, perhaps in consequence of the failure of Mr. Crooks' health.

After the recent experience we have had with the Government of the Province, it must be admitted the outlook is not immediately encouraging—so far as obtaining a grant goes—to conduct historical work. But we must not lose heart; and I beg to submit to the section the proposition that a

scheme be matured by which the several municipalities of the Province may be induced to take action in the matter of collecting local historical facts, and in doing so we may be greatly aided by the communications of Dr. Tuorburn, of Ottawa.

In conclusion, I wish to make a plea to this historical section, and through it to the public, on behalf of the establishment of a public museum of historical relics. In this utilitarian day it seems difficult to arouse sufficient interest to effect this object. "It is all sentiment and of no practical use," says one. "It is all nonsense," cries the money grubber. But "man does not live by bread alone," even in the present day. Surely the thoughtful, intelligent man must see that relics of early days afford valuable object lessons, apart from any feeling of sentiment and reverence for the past. I cannot now enlarge on this subject; but in Toronto, I know, there are many interesting relics which might be procured, if a safe and suitable place existed where they could be lodged for public exhibition. And the place which seems well adapted for the purpose is a portion of the former Upper Canada College building.

I may mention that in this building, across the hall, under lock and key is a room containing a large number of most interesting relics, the gift of Capt. Shane, of the County of Norfolk. Any one who has seen them must have felt that it was a reproach to allow them to remain thus concealed from public view.

Permit me as a last word—last though not least—respecting my much esteemed predecessor in office as chairman, Mr. J. C. Hamilton, L.L.D. He has indeed been an earnest and successful worker in the cause we have at heart. He has been in truth the life and soul of the section, and it is a distinct loss to have him no longer chairman. His services to Canadian history have not been limited to his duties as chairman of this section; but by his pen he has done much to advance the public interest in Canadian history, in the press and by published works. I am glad to know that Mr. Hamilton will not cease to be an active member, and I look to him for necessary assistance in the responsible duties you have placed upon my humble self. And I wish to offer my best thanks for the honor you have conferred upon me in making me your chairman, trusting you will all give me your hearty support.

WOOD-PATHS IN WINTER.

Wood-paths, one can scarce follow them, their beaten ways are snow drifted, yet the trees and the juniper bushes help to direct you, and one trudges on with perhaps a thought for the vanished summer and a wonder: where are the flowers? the hepaticas, the gold violets and blue. There are berries still on some bushes, scarlet berries; leaves too on trees, bleached leaves of beeches hung bright like fretted silver against the dark boughs of pines and firs. Autumn has deserted her palace, its silken hangings of scarlet and gold are fallen, and the winds sweeping the almost bare walls break at times among the white leaves with shivery sounds, sad like the haunting voices of departed days. Gone, too, is the gold from the white columns, the fair white trees of the north, the Canadian birches. Canadian! How prone one ever is to repeat that dear word. Canadian land and sky and water—not that they are altogether unlike those

of other countries, only one cares to imagine them so and know them forever—Canadian.

At present Bunny is lord of the mountain, his footprints are legion in a light fall of snow over the white snow-crust, and here and there on the hillside are traces of mad frolics, and, too, occasionally one sees a bare patch of crust and lines of ploughed snow where Bunny has had a grand slide in his wild racings among the trees and the bushes. Take up a trail some fine day for amusement, with perhaps a hope that you may find a rabbit at the end of it. It is like attempting to put salt on a bird's tail. Sooner or later you give it up. The trail crosses and is crossed by many another, with once in a while a loop and a deplorable tangle. "Br'er" Rabbit has given you a Chinese puzzle. However, the following of trails is at all times more or less interesting, even to take up one on a sandy beach in the summer time, to find presently, perhaps, a dead lizard. One wonders what caused it to die, and why just there.

Bunny is not alone on the mountain. There are also a few squirrels, partridges, woodpeckers, numerous chickadees, and other inoffensive creatures. For the partridge, a word or two. He is a prime favorite in your bowers. You always enjoy coming across him, his starting suddenly from your path, perhaps but a yard ahead of you, his rapid whirl off among the trees. A-wig, you admire his plump grey body, he is such a comfortable-looking fellow. Then, too, you find him in the heart of the winter, with always an atmosphere of sunlight about him, hinting of the merry spring days, May days when the swamplands are wild with his drumming—ah! those are days. Thought on thought brings you again to the present, and you think probably of the thousand things that beneath the snow await the coming of the sun. There are blossoms somewhere and wild black bees, incense and song and innumerable exquisite creations hidden away in darkness. And here, pull away this loose bark from this wreck of a tree; there! you have a mourning-cloak; dead? No, only apparently lifeless in a cold sleep. It has crept in there for the winter; that is where the early butterflies come from, those you see in the woods in the springtime, from under the bark of old trees and out of hollows. Take it home, warm it, it will soon fly; give it a pine bough, some blossoms and some sugar and water, you have cheated it with a belief that the sun has already come.

HELEN M. MERRILL.

Picton, December, 1893.

CASTLE ASKEW: A TALE OF SIXTY-SIX.

CHAPTER I.

There was certainly nothing aggressive in the outer appearance of Castle Askew that bright May afternoon. Polly, standing in the orchard and gazing dreamily through the branches at the blue, far-away mountains, felt the peaceful influence of her surroundings, and for a moment wished that she had had no hand in the warlike preparations going on within.

"Paw says there'll be goar and bloodshed, if they do come," she said thoughtfully, "an' I most wish I hadn't loaded Jim's old musket and put that steel trap in the hedge. P'raps I'd better take—" Here the little girl paused as she caught sight of a bent form hobbling up the front path.

"Old Wingley's one of our best retainers," chuckled Polly, "I'll just go'n see what he's heard now!"

And off she ran, reaching the kitchen just as the old man entered.

The masculine inmates of the room were occupied in a manner which showed their minds to be bent on preparing for "goar and bloodshed."

Near the open fireplace sat the nominal master of the house, polishing an ancient musket and occasionally raising his benevolent countenance from the work to answer with an easy drawl some snappish remark of his wife.

On this special occasion the good woman's ire against the "shiflessness of men folks," roused by the spectacle of her husband and sons working within doors at their fire-arms, was increased by the presence of "Joe," a notorious idler of the neighborhood.

This person, leaning back in his chair with crossed legs and slouched hat low on his forehead, was critically examining the rusty sword held in his hand.

Near him stood a tall, manly-looking youth, whose blue eyes were scanning the make of his new revolver; while, sprawled on the floor, lay Jim, the harum-scarum younger brother, engaged in polishing a rifle.

At the entrance of the new-comer, the host, after a hearty "Good day," added jocosely,

"Wal, Mr. Winley, how be you gittin' on with the Fenians?"

"By Jiminy, this is the wust time I've seen sence thirty-seven," answered the old man emphatically, as he seated himself, and placing his cane between his knees, folded his hands upon its head. "The critters is gittin' funder and funder along, an' 'twon't be long now afore they're acrost the line. I've knowed suthin' was goin' to happen fer a long spell back, from the way things was actin'. Now that ar fence o' mine was moved three or four feet t'other night, and by Jiminy, they wa'n't no marks fer to show who done it!"

Here Jim, who was still on the floor, laughed softly to himself, and Joe, glancing sideways from under his hat, inquired laconically,

"Witches, wa'n't it?"

Mr. Wingley was a firm believer in witches, but fearing that he had no sympathizers present, at once changed the subject, making some remark upon the threatened Fenian invasion.

After boasting many times how little he was "feared o' the critters," the old man began for the hundredth time a story of his prowess in thirty-seven, when he was suddenly interrupted by the appearance of two more castle "retainers"—a Frenchman answering to the name of Cleophas Chevreuil, or "Cliphos" for short, who worked on the farm, and his wife, Marie Louise.

The man's rotund figure was clad in blue jean, he had staring black eyes, and his face, usually vacant and stolid in expression, just now bore traces of much excitement.

"Dey've gadder on the camp roun' Sant Alban!" he burst forth; "a man on de road, she's tole me jus' now she ben work on de State, and two tree tousan' pass by dere las' wik!"

"My man she come scare, don't it?" said Marie Louise with a soft laugh, as she settled herself in a rocking-chair, interrupting two or three exclamations called forth by Cliphos' thrilling news.

She was fat, amiable and untidy, and to Mrs. Stebbins' eyes the personification of laziness—a fault which the mistress of the mansion could not endure.

After listening for some moments to the idle discussion going on around her, the good woman's nerves and temper gave way together, and she turned to her husband with a sharp

"Lysander Stebbins, be you agoin' to set there all day tinkerin' at them tools? It's a pity the Fenians wouldn't come and scare some folks onto their feet. I'd jest like to go'n tell 'em what a lot o' smart men there is here!"

"Wal, p'r'aps you'd better go, mother," answered her spouse in his most serene drawl; "fer if they once see you they wouldn't dast to come no further, and it might save the Castle a sight of ammunition."

"The Castle! Anybody'd think you owned the hull of Canada to hear you talk, Mr. Stebbins! I don't see how folks can set in the house sech good plantin' weather," she went on, with a withering glance; "Cliphos had ought to be at them potatoes this minit, and as for you two boys—" here Mrs. Stebbins was interrupted by the sudden departure of Cliphos, whose mistress' words had recalled him to his duty; at the same moment Harry, the blue-eyed young man, laying aside the revolver, took up his hat with a laughing

"There, mother, I'm ready for any direful deed, and will finish those potatoes instanter. It was rather too bad to leave them so long."

The mother's features relaxed into a smile as she glanced up at her tall son and in softened tones bade him wait till she could go with him "as far as the spring."

"For Marie Louise is waiting to say something."

Marie Louise was waiting to say something, and leaning contentedly back in the chair, proceeded to unfold her errand.

"I s'pose my man she don't tole you Hestare Heel an' his hole hant come brack from de State nex' wik, an' live on de brick house. My man an' me goin' to live wid it, an' I want know you can spare it my man for help fix de house?"

"Esther Hill comin' back!"

Mrs. Stebbins' tone was one of pleased astonishment. "Well, I'm glad to hear it. And her aunt too. They hadn't ought to come if Finians is round, but Cliphos can go'n help get ready for 'em es well es not."

In her own surprise at the Frenchwoman's announcement, Mrs. Stebbins did not observe Harry's start and change of color at Esther's name, nor his unusual silence when, after having left the kitchen, she wondered how "Esther could have that shifless, good-for-nothing Marie Louise and Cliphos around her."

"She used to be a nice girl," the mother continued, "but p'r'aps she's got spilte among her fine city folks."

The last remark was wornwood to Harry. His heart had bounded strangely on hearing that the schoolmate whom he used to like so well (country boys rarely say "love") was about to return to her native town. But what nonsense! Of course, she had been among "fine city folks" so long, she would have nothing to say to a country bumpkin like himself.

At this point in the young man's meditations, his hoe cut so savagely into a wayside thistle that his mother asked if he were thinking of Fenians.

There was a moment's pause, and then Harry answered with averted face and rather shaky voice:

"No, mother, I was only wishing I could have had a few more years at school," and, hurrying on, was in a moment among the potatoes, working with extraordinary vigor.

The mother's keen eyes moistened as she stooped for a drink from the spring, saying to herself, "I believe he's thinkin' of Esther. She might be proud to have him anyway, specially if she knowed how he give up his lawyerin' bizness to come and help his paw. I hope he won't fret himself sick about her."

Apparently there was little danger of this, for Harry just then began to whistle, and as Mrs. Stebbins turned to retrace her steps, he called in cheerful tones—

"Please have supper early, mother, for I'm hungry enough to eat a dozen Fenians now."

After the "wimmen folks" had left the kitchen, Mr. Wingley, with a very mysterious air, beckoned his host nearer and informed him in low tones how he and his "old woman" had seen a man skulking near their place the night before, and in the morning had discovered some "Finnians' papers," evidently dropped by the aforesaid man—a recital which, from his heightened color and confused manner, seemed to cause Jim Stebbins some uneasiness.

"It was darn queer anyway, Mr. Wingley," he said, trying to appear unconcerned. "I s'pose you saved the papers, didn't you?"

"By Jiminy, no, I didn't!" answered Mr. Wingley. "The old woman got to slickin' up, and afore noon she'd shoved 'em into the fire. If it hadn't been for that, I'd a brought 'em up fur to show ye."

After a further discussion of the mysterious circumstance and many ominous prophecies concerning the same, Mr. Wingley departed for his supper, colliding at the gate with Polly, who was hurrying home from accompanying Marie Louise "a piece."

Spying her father in the porch, Polly an up to him with an excited

"Oh, paw, I met Mr. Green down here, and he sez its all true 'bout the Finnians! They're coming acrost the line and lots of folks is runnin' away. We won't go, will we? I'm goin' to stay and fight anyway!"

The father, with a laugh, assured his firm little daughter that she might stay if the rest did.

"And perhaps we'll be busseeged, jest as they are in histries," went on Polly eagerly, her black eyes dilating at the thought. "And this will be just like a real castle, when I only named it Castle Askew in fun."

It was true that Miss Polly had bestowed this name upon the house, because, as she expressed it,

"Things was always gettin' lost, the doors won't stay on their hinges, the curtains won't stay up unless we put 'em up askew, and even the hens don't know what roost to go to, and alwus git on crooked when they do go!"

There was nothing "askew" in the workmanship of the building itself, however, for the old stone farm-house appeared as firm and solid as the rocks of the mountain towering above.

With its broad meadows, capacious barns and pleasant orchards, occupying as it did a prominent position on the mountain's eastern slope, Castle Askew and surroundings were far from unsightly; and when, standing on the front porch in the early

morning, one beheld the mist roll away from the valley, as the sun rose slowly over the shoulder of a hilly giant beyond, glorifying both the nearer scene and the blue peaks of "Yankeeland" in the distance, he felt that there were few spots more beautiful than this secluded nook of southern Canada.

That night, long after the "chores" were done and darkness had fallen, a boyish figure emerged stealthily from the shadow of the cedar hedge, which bordered the front yard at Castle Askew, and walking rapidly down the road did not pause until, a quarter of a mile distant, a huge tree standing alone by the roadside was neared.

A few rods from this the lad stood still and gave a low whistle, but being at once answered in kind, he again hurried on and in a moment mingled with the group of men or boys who had been concealed in the shadow of the tree.

After a few low-spoken sentences, the members of the party, one after the other, leaped the rail fence which separated the highway from a half-cleared pasture and made their way between blackened stumps and over decayed logs to the edge of the forest.

Here one of the mysterious band—who were neither cut-throats, robbers nor yet members of the Fenian force—produced a tin lantern from a hollow log, lighted it, and preceded his companions through the dusky wood to a small clearing, whose well-worn turf and convenient resting-places showed its frequent use as a rendezvous.

Here the youths, who were all possessed of frank, honest faces, just now glowing with animal spirits and mischief, seated themselves, and one of the number said, addressing their leader:

"D'you have a hard time gittin' away, Jim?"

"Gol-darned hard!" answered Jim with a laugh. "I thought paw 'nd Cliphos 'ud talk Finnians all night. I'll tell you what, boys," he continued more earnestly, "we've got to be a little more careful. Old Wingley seen Georg last night and come up to tell us to-day. The papers was all right, though, fer 'by Jiminy' they most scart the old man to death."

Here there was a general laugh at Mr. Wingley's expense, and one of the boys exclaimed thoughtlessly,

"I wish we could all git after him some night and make him think 'twas Finnians. Wouldn't it be fun to see the old cuss run?"

"Jim," said another abruptly, "hurry up 'nd tell us that 'kampain' you said you'd got planned."

"Darn it all, I ain't had no time," answered Jim, " 'nd Harry's so strait-laced I don't dast to tell him nothin', or he might jine in 'nd help. Seems to me 'twould be a good plan to wait till paw and Harry go to court 'bout that sheep bizness next week, 'nd after they're gone jest surround the house about midnight 'nd scare 'em up a little. How'd that do?"

The foolish youngsters all agreeing to this bold scheme, the next thing in order was to perfect their plans, and long after the hour that should have seen them sleeping they were still in the woods, concocting plots, composing "Finnian" documents, and between times "swapping" jack-knives or taking a turn at cards.

Truly the owners of Castle Askew and their surrounding nobility were possessed of promising scions.

CHAPTER II.

As time wore on, excitement in the

neighborhood increased. Day after day, tidings of Fenian raids on the border brought fresh terror to our friends; and mysterious documents, purporting to be written by Fenians, were often found in the vicinity of the Wingley mansion, and served to keep its owners in a continual fever of excitement and suspense.

Though none of the marauders had been seen near, all felt that they were but biding their time for a united onslaught, and that a crisis was at hand; and sure enough one was at hand which rendered a certain day and night forever memorable in the annals of Castle Askew.

The excitement of the day for Harry began when, during his morning ride to the post-office, he saw a carriage containing an elderly woman, a young girl, and Cliphos, who acted as driver, turn in at the gateway of a brick house standing at the half-mile corner.

As Cliphos had asked half a day off, that he might meet "Meer Hestare an' his hant" at the depot, Harry at once recognized the newcomers, and rode slowly forward, hoping to get a glimpse at the girl's face.

Suddenly one of Cliphos' horses, shying at something near the road, frightened his mate, and a runaway would have been inevitable had not Harry galloped to the rescue.

When, after quieting the horses, the young man hastened to assist Esther in alighting, her instant recognition of himself, and cordial thanks caused our hero's pulse to quicken alarmingly; and during the remainder of his journey he could see only a fair face with clear gray eyes, and hear only the sweet tones of the owner's voice.

On reaching the village, Harry was brought down to earth by the excitement everywhere prevailing. Fenian alarms were rife, chief among them being a story that the invaders were to attack the place at nightfall; and many of the inhabitants having secured their valuables, were preparing to flee farther northward.

The ride home was enlivened by the appearance of many wondrous vehicles, laden with household utensils, and driven by backwoodsmen seeking a place of safety. A few of these hailed Harry, asking if they might stop "to his place;" and they gladly heard the pleasant assent; for in spite of its mistress' sharp tongue, Castle Askew was known as a most hospitable house, and the Stebbins' family was universally liked.

To-day, it seemed as if all the unprotected women and old men for miles about had determined to seek refuge at the castle, for by noon the yard was full of teams, and the house well populated by their owners.

There was Aunt Marthy Ann Hoskins, who had come "acrost the line from Jay, and brung along two 'r three kiverl'ds and a risin' o' bread to save it from the the pesky critters." Grandma Stebbins, who had had "Nelse" drive her over to see how Lysander's folks was gittin' along; Uncle Rashe Stollicker, a meek little bent-over man, who was of a serious turn of mind, but who "couldn't enjy religion, 'cause the old woman acted so;" and beside him the aforesaid "old woman" sitting bolt upright in the wagon, clutching an ancient eight-day clock, and glaring right and left as if defying any Fenian in existence.

Behind these came Mr. Bræson, an old country-man living near Uncle Rashe whom

he (Mr. Breeson) was always trying to convert to the theory that Sir John Franklin would have been found had not "helectricity drew 'im hup to the North Pole and there held him."

Mr. Breeson, also, frequently confided to Uncle Rashe that he "allus liked to go awistin' where the wittles flowed fresly," and perhaps for this reason as much as any other, he had made the present trip.

After dinner, the male members of the "Company" and family—excepting Jim, who, for some days had been away helping relatives about "spring's work"—assembled in the yard; Harry and his father to prepare the team for their journey to court, and the remainder of the party to smoke, discuss Fenians and exchange harrowing tales of war.

"I jined the milishy when I wa'n't nothin' but a youngster in thirty-seven, an' ketch'd the rheumatiz an' ha'n't never got over it sence," said Uncle Rashe, plaintively adding—"Ef it wa'n't fer that, I'd leave the old woman an' jine now, an' help clean these ere Irish reskils out."

"It's a werry foolish idee for 'em to try to take Canady," said Mr. Breeson, in solemn tones, "werry foolish, I says. But its a kind o' lectricity hin the hatmosfeer what draws 'em hup here. A kind o' lectricity, that's what it har!"

By this remark as well as by his Franklin theory, it will be noted that Mr. Breeson was a thinker far in advance of his generation.

"Dat's so, dey dun know sontings," chimed in Cliphos, who had returned to his work at noon. "If dey tenk dey take it me, it fite come like z: dev! It don't fraid—b'gosh look dar!" he broke off, pointing towards the road, "Hole Winglee run heem leg off!"

Mr. Wingley was coming at the top of his speed, evidently in a state of excitement, waving a paper as he ran.

"Jest look at that ar!" he gasped, handing the paper to Mr. Stebbins, and sinking exhausted upon a log.

The others crowded around to examine the document, and, wondering, read the following announcement:—

"BEWARE! WHEN THREE METEORS FLASH OVER THE NEAREST WOODS AT MID-NIGHT, BE READY TO PART WITH YOUR LIVES! LIBERTY FOR IRELAND, AND DEATH TO THE HERETICS!"

Harry was the only member of the group who smiled on hearing the direful threat. He could believe it to be nothing but a silly hoax, and for a moment suspected Jim as the author, but as the latter had been so long absent, and, ere leaving, had been careful to keep his dark doings secret, Harry dismissed the thought.

"If Fenians were going to attack the place they would hardly take such pains to inform us," he said, lightly addressing the dismayed group, who, with the exception of Mr. Stebbins, senior, had evidently taken the matter in frightened earnest.

"I dunno Harry, you better not laugh," said Uncle Rashe, shaking his head, and Mr. Wingley added, tremulously,

"If ye won't go 'way Harry, I'll git the old woman and stay up with ye and show ye how to fight the critters."

Seeing the old man's anxiety for his presence, and thinking besides of the women indoors, Harry consented, though rather unwillingly, to remain at home.

"Such nonsense!" he exclaimed, impatiently, as he helped his father hitch the old

horse to the wagon—"Even supposing there's anything to that ridiculous 'warning,' how do we know *what* mid-night is meant?"

"Wal, Harry, I guess you didn't notice them figures for the day of the month which they'd sot, an it's to-night on a corner of the paper. I hadn't orter go, but I'm obleeged to, and its best for you to stay."

And after calling Polly for a good-bye kiss, giving many injunctions to take care of themselves and the "stock" and promising to be home early in the morning, Mr. Stebbins clattered over the hill and disappeared.

Everybody found it hard to settle themselves to work after his departure.

The old men placed in readiness every available weapon, and made a pretence of chopping wood and helping about the "chores," but as twilight drew near it was noticeable that they flocked into the house.

Joe, alone, who, as usual, was on hand, seemed entirely undisturbed.

Harry at work in the corn-field, thought many times during the afternoon of Esther with her aunt and Marie Louise alone in the big house, and feeling that Cliphos should be with them, dismissed him at night with the milking but half done.

To his surprise and displeasure, on bringing the milk to the house at dusk, he found Cliphos comfortably ensconced in an easy chair in the kitchen.

"Dey tell it dey's goin' stay over on Misser Green's to-night," he said in answer to Harry's remonstrances; and though Harry pressed the question, fearing that the Frenchman's indolence and cowardice had led him to invent this excuse, he still returned the same answer.

"If you walks 'ome hevery night, you gets many a chance to ride, eh, Cliphos?" enquired Mr. Breeson.

"Bah non!" answered Cliphos, shaking his head dolefully. "Lots folks pass it, but dey no want see it; turn its head on todder end!"

There is little need to relate the earlier events of the evening; how everybody, especially the older people, trying to appear unconcerned, fidgeted and worried incessantly; and Grandma Stebbins at last declaring that the Fenians might come if they was a mind to, she was going to bed, departed to her slumbers. Soon after the lights were turned down, the inmates of the big kitchen gathered closer, and in silence and darkness waited the mysterious Fenian signals.

Harry, standing with his mother and Polly directly before a window which faced the nearest wood, waited incredulously; and it was with a thrill of surprise and excitement that he beheld, just at midnight, three lights rise above the tree tops in quick succession, and disappear.

The sight almost demoralized his brave corps of assistants; and when, a short time later, the faint light of a waning moon discovered to the watchers' view, several dark figures stealing up to the hedge, each and every doughty warrior, excepting Harry and Joe, beat an ignominious retreat.

Mr. Wingley was suddenly "took" with a violent pain, and declared he must go and find some "kyan pepper"; Uncle Rashe felt his "rheumatiz" come on so dreadfully, that he was obliged to stagger to a far corner of the room, and sit down. Mr. Breeson, "thinkin' as 'ow 'e heard the hanimals a bellerin'," made a feint of departing to

them; while poor Cliphos, dropping his sword with a clatter, bolted into Grandma Stebbins' bedroom, nearly upsetting the old lady, who had been poking her night-capped head through the doorway, in her endeavors to see if the Fenians had come.

She was quite convinced by Cliphos' onslaught that they had come, and her screams of "Lord ha' massay!" accompanied by like exclamations from Mrs. Wingley and Aunt Marthy Ann, groans from the elderly warriors, very loud and irreverent French prayers from Cliphos and giggles from Polly, made a pandemonium which Harry and his mother strove to quiet, fearing, as they did, an assault from the men outside.

If our friends could have heard the chuckles just then, proceeding from the hedge, they would have been more at ease; but not being able to do so, and feeling sure that Fenians were in ambush near, ready at any moment to attack the house, Harry remained at his post, prepared to act on the defensive.

In the meantime, the inmates of the brick mansion, who had not gone "hover on Misser Green's," were undergoing much trouble and alarm.

As dusk drew near, they looked anxiously for Cliphos' appearance, but looked, as we know, in vain.

Finding he did not come, the city aunt's nervousness increased, and for an hour she paced the floor bemoaning the fate that brought her to Canada to be murdered along with two girls by Fenians.

At last, when from an upper window she beheld the three signal lights, the old lady's terror overmastered her; and declaring that she could not and would not stay longer there, and was going up to Lysander Stebbins, at once, she bade Esther and Marie Louise prepare to accompany her.

Esther, in vain, endeavored to dissuade her aunt, pointing out their far greater danger from Fenian molestation in leaving the house, than in remaining quietly indoors, hence the two were obliged to make ready.

The lonely midnight walk was rather terrifying, and the three women clung closely together, their hearts many times throbbing hurriedly when on hearing some slight noise they imagined a host of desperadoes in pursuit.

Though no one molested them, it was with great relief that our travellers saw the dark outlines of Castle Askew, and as they neared the gate, Esther turned to her companion with the words, "Now we are safe," on her lips. They were not uttered, however, for as she turned, the moon, which a moment after passed under a cloud, revealed a glimmer of steel and outlines of crouching figures in the hedge.

Marie Louise saw them at the same time, but the aunt did not, and though almost too terrified to move, her companions forced themselves to walk forward so calmly as not to arouse her suspicions of danger.

Harry during this time had caught sight of their forms at the gates, and with a slight exclamation bent forward and noiselessly raised the window. Yes, surely somebody was advancing stealthily along the path.

Harry waited until the supposed Fenians were within a few paces, and then, raised his revolver, calling loudly:

"Halt, or I fire!"

Taken by surprise, thinking only in her terror of the men behind, and of how she could warn the sleeping house of their pres-

ence, Esther involuntarily took a step forward and raised the stick she carried, with a whispered "Hush!"

The action and words might have been her last, had she not been suddenly pushed aside by Marie Louise. There was a click, a report, a shriek, and the next instant the faithful Frenchwoman lay bleeding at Esther's feet.

At the sound of women's screams there was a second of amazed silence within. Then, Harry, crying, "What have I done?" sprang to the door, and rushed madly out.

His mother followed, bidding Joe come with a light, and in a moment had joined the group outside, where Esther and Harry were on their knees by the wounded woman's side.

With Joe's help she was carried in and laid gently upon a couch in the kitchen, and as Esther noted the expression of one face bending over poor Marie Louise, she felt that none of the horror-struck group was more to be pitied than its owner.

Forgetting that the darkness rendered the women's forms indistinguishable from those of the men, and that Esther's step and action—her whisper being unheard—afforded him every reason to fear an attack, Harry, in his shame and misery, felt himself a very Cain.

When, between her sobs, Esther told of the Frenchwoman's noble self-sacrifice in receiving the bullet aimed at herself, and Mrs. Stebbins, bending over the couch, said with a choke in her voice:

"Yes, the poor critter's gin her life fer you. I can't never say nothing against her any more."

Harry broke down, and with quivering lips that tried to murmur, "God forgive me and save her," hurried from the house to saddle his fleetest horse.

With so much tumult within, the outsiders had been half forgotten, but as Harry went down the steps, he caught sight of his brother clad in a nondescript uniform peeping in at the window, and a light broke over him.

"Jim, it was you then," he said, sadly, and walked on without a word of reproach for the thoughtless prank which had caused so much trouble.

The inmates of the Castle kitchen soon recovered from their astonishment, at Marie Louise's appearance, but the fright of the aunts and uncles was only increased, for the catastrophe not having been explained to them, they were sure Fenians had fired the shot.

Mr. Wingley revived sufficiently to suggest from his corner that the door be again fastened, "for, by Jiminy, they can shoot rite in!"

Joe, muttering, "The d—n coward!" closed the door and stood with his back to it, grimly regarding Cliphos, who, bandanna in hand, was staring stupidly at his wife's recumbent figure.

"Ma waf it keek some bucket, don't it?" he asked at length of Esther in a tone so at variance with his funny words, that in all her grief the young girl could not refrain from smiling.

It must not be supposed that during this time the injured woman had been neglected. Everything possible was done to ease her pain, but all to no purpose, and everyone felt relieved when Harry arrived with the doctor.

He at once removed Marie Louise to an inner room, examined the injury to her shoulder, and at last informed those anxiously waiting outside that she would recover.

At the same moment, glimmerings of light appeared in the east, Uncle Lysander's voice was heard calling cheerfully: "Come boys, time to get up the cows!" and the night of terror was ended at Castle Askew.

Just here we may as well inform the reader that no real Fenians ever appeared at the Castle, though local history abounds with tales of their exploits near the scene of our story; and though not many miles from there, a skirmish took place between Canadian militia and the invaders, in which one poor Irish lad paid with his life the penalty of misguided zeal.

Mr. Wingley, now almost a centenarian, still firmly believes, as do Mr. Breeson and Uncle Rashe, that on that memorable night a bloodthirsty band of Fenians surrounded the Castle, and only by chance refrained from destroying the inmates.

Though he can say very little of his bravery on that occasion, the old man is sure to inform us, "By Jiminy, if I hadn't ben took sick, the reskils wouldn't a got away so easy!"

Polly, mistress of a happy home near her birthplace, often speaks laughingly of the siege of Castle Askew, and wishes that she had left her steel trap in the hedge to welcome the "Finnians"; remarks which, when uttered in Jim's presence, always cause him to look rather sheepish, for he has long ago given up boyish tricks, and as a dutiful son, kind husband, and owner of many broad acres, is much respected.

In the outskirts of our Queen City stands a fine stone mansion surrounded by trees, whose master and mistress have always a warm welcome for the prosperous looking French couple who come, occasionally, to inquire after the welfare of "Meesis Hestare, and Haree."

A pleasant chat with Cliphos and Marie Louise, who tell all the home news, invariably leads Harry and his wife into reminiscences, and as the former says tenderly, "Esther, *ma chere*, it was your look of pity that miserable night, that gave me courage to ask for your dear self, and made a man of me," the wife answers with a smile:

"Then, setting aside the wound of my poor Marie Louise, I can never be thankful enough for the 'siege' of Castle Askew."

Montreal.

SARAH C. THOMAS.

THE REVOLUTION IN BRAZIL.

At last writing, firing against unhappy Nitheroy had just been begun. It continued far into the night.

Monday, 9th October, held a big surprise in the declaration of Fort Villegaignon in favor of Mello and the fleet. Under Saldana de Gama, this fort had maintained a neutral position for thirty-two days, and had the Government not tried to break up this position, it might have remained so until the end. It is reported that the Government having refused to pay the garrison of the fort, Mello did so, and in British gold! Now it will be said that England is prime mover in the revolt. With Villegaignon, Mello gains to his side Admiral Saldana de Gama, who is admittedly the ablest naval officer of the day in Brazil; he also gets seven hundred marines and sailors, the cruiser *Liberdade*, the training brig *Alfredes Marinheiro*, the Ilha das Cobras and its fortifications and docks, shops, etc., lying right in front of and perfectly commanding the Marine Arsenal and the Alfandega or Custom House. Then last, but not by any means least, the Ilha das Encadas, the naval college there, and its cadets, who at

the beginning of the revolt were spoken of by Admiral Gama, as "the sole hope of the future Brazilian navy." Most of the offices and business houses closed early on this day, in consequence of a notice sent around by the British legation, that hostilities might be renewed at any moment.

Those papers that are allowed to say anything on the subject, speak of the defection of Villegaignon as of no account. It is in reality a most tremendous blow against the Vice President. The moral effect, too, must be taken into account. Launches were seen all day busy transferring men from the fort to those ships which were short manned. The walls have been further protected by sand bags, and everything prepared for fighting. Should the forts of the bar fire on Villegaignon, it is quite possible that the city will suffer to some extent, for surely there never was a worse display of gunnery than that made by Santa Cruz, Lage and Sao Joao, and Villegaignon being in line with these forts and the city, it is quite possible that the shot will go over the fort and fall into Rio itself. Save us from our so-called friends.

The British vessels here are the *Sirius*, 3,600 tons, 9,000 h.p., two 6 in., six 5 in. guns, 2nd class cruiser, Captain Lang; *Beagle*, 1,170 tons, 2,000 h.p., sloop, Capt. Neeld; *Racer*, 970 tons, sloop. Many rumors are current about more ships ordered out, but it is stated on pretty good authority that no more are coming.

An incident occurred on the 9th Oct. at about 12 o'clock, which has not served to quiet the fears of those who doubt the ability of the Government to keep order. At the Gloria market, which for the time being is used as a barrack, two battalions of the National Guard are quartered, and for some reason or other they quarrelled. Rifles and bayonets were immediately resorted to as weapons, and for some time a very brisk row went on. The *Paiz* and other papers say that only six were wounded, one mortally. It is, however, pretty certain that at least twenty men were killed. When I passed the place at three o'clock, there were five litters with wounded men in them; the dead had already been removed in two carts belonging to the corps of firemen.

Some hundreds of men have been killed since the 6th September, yet the papers say that hardly a man has been even wounded! How do they account for the Custom House flagging having been slippery with blood on the day following the firing on that place (26th Sept.), and how do they account for the field hospitals being full of wounded men? It is curious, but none the less true, that all the regular line regiments are strictly confined to barracks, while the National Guard, composed of men impressed on the street, is doing all the dangerous guard duty along the water front. Some batteries of regular artillery are in readiness with their guns in position, but the only attempt to move infantry was made on the 25th Sept., and resulted in a signal failure, for the men refused to embark for the Ilha das Cobras. Had Mello quietly allowed them to cross, he would have had the services of perhaps 2,000 extra men.

The 10th October opened calm, but before mid-day nearly every place was closed and the city empty of people. The reason for this was that the fighting ships were taking up firing positions, and flying the red flag, which is used to give the signal for action. Fort Villegaignon was also active

and showing the red flag, while the movement of launches belonging to the insurgents was incessant. Everything was apparently ready at about 2.30 p.m., but owing to a sailing vessel crossing the bar at that time, the firing did not begin until 4.45, by which time all was clear again.

The ball was opened by two shots from the cruiser *Guanabaria*, followed almost immediately by Villegaignon and the *Aquidaban*. Then the forts opened, and from that time until seven o'clock the firing was very heavy.

Many shots hit Santa Cruz, and a couple of shells which were seen to fall into that holy place must have made its garrison feel uncommonly ill. Lagé and Villegaignon were also hit, the former badly; the *Aquidaban* was struck once, and it is reported that a big gun in Sao Joao was disabled by a shot from Villegaignon. What the loss in the forts amounts to, no one can tell. The papers are dumb.

The practice all round showed a great improvement when compared with previous efforts. The shooting from Villegaignon was at times very good, as also was the firing of the *Traiano*.

This is the biggest artillery duel which has taken place so far, and was really worth seeing. The day was dull, and at times the ships and forts were almost hidden in mist and the dense clouds of their own smoke. As night drew on and darkness fell, the scene was magnificent, but terrible. The darkness of night and the canopy of smoke, broken every instant by the flashes of the guns and bursting of the time shells, the sharp rattle of the smaller guns and the deep crash of the heavy ones, the howling and shrieking of the shells, and the whistling of the solid shot as they sped on their errands of death and destruction—all helped to impress on the mind the bombardment of the forts on the 10th of October, 1893.

During the hottest part of the firing, a sailing vessel came to the mouth of the harbor, right in the field of fire, and anchored. It is not known if she was struck. Some days ago the rigging of the *Beagle* was very much cut up by the fire of the shore batteries.

Wednesday the 11th passed quietly, in spite of the fact that renewed fighting was expected. At 12.30 on Thursday morning, the 12th, the sound of heavy artillery was heard, and on looking out it was seen that Santa Cruz was firing seaward, every now and then being answered by some vessel outside. The firing lasted over an hour.

The 11th was a public holiday to commemorate the anniversary of the discovery of America. The *Traiano* fired the customary salute. It was again expected that a new engagement would be begun, but owing to the foginess nothing happened. At 9.45 p.m. Santa Cruz again opened fire on some vessel outside, while the search lights from the Gloria Hill and the *Aquidaban* made very pretty play. It seems that the night previous, one of the merchant steamers attached to the fleet succeeded in quietly passing out! It is said to have been the *Meteoro*—at any rate she is not in her place now. The sea-going torpedo boat *Marcilio Dias* is reported to have entered safely. This does not say much for the vigilance of the forts.

The *Cidadi do Rio* has published a manifesto from the officers and men in Villegaignon, giving their reasons for joining the fleet.

They make the statement that the bread supplied from shore was poisoned,

and they offer to submit it for proof at any time. A government which can descend to such a villainous proceeding cannot possibly last long. A Brazilian was heard to remark, "I did not think we could go back to the time of Catherine de Medicis."

The *Illustrated London News* and *Graphic* of Sept 23rd have the most absurd accounts of Brazil. In the *News* the picture of the Ouvidor is tolerably true to life. It represents the Ouvidor where the Rua Goncaloes Dias crosses it. It is nearly always crowded there. The building on the left with the ladies on the balcony is a famous hotel known as the *Provencaux*; the corner building with the name Crashley & Co. on it, is a well-known fruit and confectionery shop. Crashley's is away down the street on the opposite side. The artist who made the sketch put Crashley's name on as an advertisement. Just near this corner, on the right hand side, is the Café Londres, a favorite resort of Englishmen. Away at the back of the picture, on the left may be noticed a church tower—this is almost directly opposite the church of the Lapa dos Mercadoirs, which was so badly smashed up by a shell from the *Aquidaban* on the 25th Sept. Nearly every flag pole shown in the picture has now got a foreign flag hanging from it. France, Germany, England, Spain, Portugal—even Uncle Sam—all are represented. At the corner shown in the sketch can always be found several flower, and one or more news boys, who are quite as capable as any in crying the names of the papers they have to sell—and they are numerous.

The picture very well represents a fine day scene in the Ouvidor—the crowds of well-dressed civilians, other crowds or knots of politicians, who here discuss the political news of the day, still other groups of officers of the army and navy—the latter "fulfilling the glorious destiny of the Brazilian navy," while their ships lie rotting out in the harbor.

Then the ladies—of all sizes, from the 4 foot 6 inch slip of a girl to the 6 foot woman—and of all colours from fair, yellow-haired beauties, to the jet black, crinkly, curly-haired negress—many dressed in a style which to European eyes is more suitable to the ball-room than the street, but which, when seen on the Ouvidor, seems just the proper thing.

The mode of carrying luggage, as shown in the sketch, is almost universal here (boxes should not exceed 150 lbs., as the carriage object to carrying more).

Meanwhile the revolution in our midst is engaging our attention, the Government forces in Rio Grande do Sul are receiving particular attentions at the hands of Generals Gumersindo, Saraiva and Salgado, who have been everywhere victorious, and have driven the Government troops so hard that it is said they are now making a last stand in the city of Porto Alegre itself. Many hundreds of men have been killed. Some days ago the *Republica* and the *Pallas* took possession of Desterro, the capital of Santa Catherina, and the entire state has declared against Floriano. It is said that a Provisional Government has been established; as yet it is not confirmed. It is probably true, as the Government controls the telegraph absolutely and allows nothing to pass without being fiscalized.

On Saturday, 14th October, at about 3.10 in the morning, heavy firing took place, but owing to the darkness of the night, nothing could be distinguished. From that time sleep was impossible, the constant roll

of the artillery preventing it. At some time between 6 and 7 o'clock, Villegaignon started into the combat with surprising vigor. Santa Cruz, Sao Joao and Lagé immediately responded. Then the *Aquidaban*, *Traiano*, and *Savary* opened fire, and the row became hellish. At nine o'clock firing was still being maintained with unabated vigor, and the roar did not cease until nearly eleven o'clock. Santa Cruz, Sao Joao and Lagé were hit many times and must have felt badly. Lagé hoisted a signal of distress and ceased fire for a long time. Villegaignon was also hit many times, and the papers say that a couple of guns were upset. The ships seemed to have escaped quite clear.

The firing at 3 a.m. was at a steamer called the *Uramis* belonging to the Frigorifica Company, which ran the gauntlet of the forts, and received some slight damage. The French S.S. *Sata Fe* met her outside, repairing—one of her boilers is said to be hurt.

Sunday, 15th October, was as quiet as possible—no stir in the air or sea. On Monday there was firing—heavy at that—going on against Nictheroy all the morning.

It is said that everything is in first rate order on Mello's ships. They have plenty of coal, plenty of food and plenty of ammunition. What more do they want? It seems as if they must win.

The President is doing a most outrageous thing. In spite of his promise to the Diplomatic Corps that he would dismantle his batteries on the various hills, he has simply hidden his guns, or withdrawn them for the moment.

On the 16th a pit was being prepared directly in front of the Santa Casa da Misericordia, and in this, it is said, is to be placed a six-inch gun. If this is true, the Diplomatic Corps will not interfere in a friendly way any longer, but will let the guns of the fleet deal with Floriano, his perfidy and Rio itself. If this gun opens fire, God help the Santa Casa and its 1,500 sick. The guns on Villegaignon will be forced to reply, and—well, it is not nice to think of the result.

The firing of Saturday was the fiercest we have had yet—if the next duel is as much fiercer in proportion as each of the former ones has been in comparison with the one immediately preceding it, it ought to be something tremendous.

Estado do Sitio was again declared on Saturday. This time the conditions are most rigorous and it is likely they will be enforced without mercy.

On the 16th, besides the bombardment of Nictheroy, some firing took place between the ships and Santa Cruz. Santa Cruz, Lagé and Sao Joao kept up a constant and very heavy fire against Villegaignon, which did not reply. A very great number of shells fell into the latter place.

On the 17th there was a renewal of the operations of the day before. Villegaignon fired some shots at Santa Cruz and succeeded in dropping them inside. The way Villegaignon was pounded was terrible to witness. Only close night put an end to the cannonade.

One shell from Santa Cruz came into the city and wounded a Portuguese, besides doing some damage to the buildings in the Marine Arsenal. On the 18th all was quiet. It was reported to-day that the Commandante of Santa Cruz was killed by the bursting of a shell which fell into the fort. In the early morning the S. S. *Es-*

pranca succeeded in running the passage between the forts and got safely away to sea. This is a report; the Government papers do not say anything about the matter—they are probably ashamed to do so.

On the 16th a new attempt was made to blow up the *Aquidaban* by a clockwork torpedo. It failed to reach. To-day all is quiet.

C. B.

Rio de Janeiro, October 19th.

AT THE HOSPITAL.

When night wraps earth close in her deepest fold

Of darkness, and her corridors grow still,
Hours of sweet sleep steal in with peace to fill
Poor helpless souls whom days in tortures hold;

Till one by one forgets the pain untold
That tried the heart to vanquish, till the will
Would in its madness pray to God to kill
The spirit's withering house of writhing mould.

Should some worn soul from quiet slumber wake

Feeling those darts Disease, Death's son, will throw

For sin's remembrance and avengement's sake
To rouse the senses to the thro' and thro' and thro'
Of agony intense; then oft-times, Nurse,
Thy skill and kindness conquers nature's curse.

SAREPTA.

ART NOTES.

Mr. Wylie Grier has returned from a protracted stay in England, during which he has been at work on a new picture. We understand that after he has executed several portraits that are awaiting him here, he will return to England to finish his uncompleted work.

Scribner's Magazine for 1894 will publish a series of special frontispieces, selected by Philip Gilbert Hamerton from contemporary art, and accompanied with a brief article by Mr. Hamerton and a portrait of the artist. Manet's "Fifer" opens the series in the January issue.

A group of our Toronto artists have been giving an exhibition of some of their best work in London, West, and quite a number of sales made, one of the most important of these being a replica of Mr. G. A. Reid's "Lullaby," somewhat smaller than the original. This same exhibition (minus the sales) is now open in Hamilton and is well attended.

None of us can fail to feel disappointment that the annual exhibition of the Royal Canadian Academy will be held in Ottawa this year, about the end of March or beginning of April. In the ordinary course of events it was Toronto's turn, as it has been held in both Ottawa and Montreal since it was last here in 1891. However, there are most excellent reasons for the change, we believe, and there is every prospect for a brilliant affair all through.

The *Chicago Times* tells us that "the slowness with which the various art departments at the Fair installed their exhibits is almost equalled by the slowness with which they are withdrawing them. The British, German, Austrian, Italian and Dutch galleries have not a painting left unpacked. They are daily vacating, and the Columbian museum is taking possession of the galleries as they empty. Totem poles, canoes, and hideous Indian idols are taking the place of civilized art. About sixty British works are being packed off to the Midwinter Fair at San Francisco. Russia and Spain still have many pictures on their walls and so has the United States."

The following is selected from a very excellent article by Mr. Charles M. Fairbanks in the *Chatouqua* for December: "Art is essentially a matter of taste, sentiment and cultivation, and to study art is to study nature

first of all, in order to comprehend the manner and matter of the artist's expression of his theme. It is like a taste for literature that finds childish pleasure in the Rollo stories, and later is pleased to put aside those common-places for the nobler delights of, say, Thackeray. A work of art carries its special message separately to the artist and the connoisseur. Its story or sentiment may be apprehended by all who have acquired a knowledge of the language of art, but the secret of its technical beauties is fully revealed only to the trained artist himself. A painter alone may perceive the thousand and one touches and details that go to make up the complete harmony, the general effect of which, however, may impress itself upon the student even without his knowing clearly the why or wherefore.

Then there is the ineffable something that constitutes art and differentiates it from a photographic reproduction: has the picture that? It is not easy to say what that something is which the individuality and soul of the artist impart to his work in interpreting nature according to his mood and point of view. It is to painting what the orator's or actor's facial expression and vocal intonation are in the interpretation of written words."

Of Bouguereau, the great French painter, of whom, by the way, the modern young artist, who admires slap-dash and strives after impressionism, is apt to speak slightly or patronisingly, a writer in the Christmas number of the *Century* gives a slight sketch: The workshop of another creator, the most popular painter in the world, Bouguereau, is only twenty feet from that of Laurens, just across the driveway. "Entrez," cries a voice. On the left in the studio stand two patrons; on the right a young aspirant with his picture, come for the master's friendly criticism. In the midst is the robust and genial Bouguereau, working steadily with pencil and paper, a charming young Italian girl kneeling close before him, clad in a peplum and holding a basket. He goes straight on with his work, keeping up a running fire of conversation, satisfying and gratifying all his visitors at once. "Do you like that pose? I have put models into every pose in the world, I believe—except that of the 'Night' of Michel Angelo. I can't get that pose; nobody can take it. Is it hard to find good models? Yes, for the face; fine forms are common enough. We find one model with good arms, another with fine legs; but good faces are rare, very rare." Naturally, at this you inspect the face of the little figure with the basket, and you see that this time the artist has indeed found his beautiful face, and you see also whence it came. There are the features immortalized by Raphael in his Florentine Madonnas—a Tuscan maiden is before you. Eugénie Lucchese is her name, fourteen years her age, Lucca her city, as her name implies; and you perceive with delight that Bouguereau has discovered what you or I, mere travellers and observers, have also found out, namely, that the true celestial loveliness—beauty's very self, if you will—shines forth in the faces of the little maids of the country towns of Tuscany. Study the most excellent works of Bouguereau as well as the most exquisite of Raphael with this key. They will repay the trouble. Be not hasty, O critic, in judging of the most abused painter of to-day. Do you think he paints for popularity or for money? Ask him what is required to make an artist. In answering you he lets you see clearly his own mainspring of action. "Have an ideal of perfect beauty and reach it or break your neck"

The aim of all intellectual training for the mass of the people should be to cultivate common sense.—J. Stuart Mill.

There is no Christian duty that is not to be seasoned and set off with cheerfulness, which in a thousand outward and intermitting crosses may yet be done well as in this vale of tears.—Milton.

Even the wisdom of God hath not suggested more pressing motives, more powerful incentives to charity than these, that we shall be judged by it at the last dreadful day.—Atterbury.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

Adolf Brodsky, the first violinist of the New York Symphony Orchestra, has resigned.

Mr. J. D. A. Tripp will give a piano recital on the evening of Jan. 22nd, in Association Hall, assisted by Miss Norah Clench, violinist, and Mr. Pier Delasco, basso.

Mr. Kuchenmeister, the violinist, has appeared in public several times recently, and has in each instance won the applause of the audience by his excellent playing.

Max Vogrich, the New York composer of "Staccato Caprice" fame, has had an opera recently produced in Leipzig with splendid success, the critics speaking very highly of its musical and dramatic character, and of the brilliancy of its orchestration.

The University Glee Club, under the direction of their new leader, Mr. Walter H. Robinson, have been giving a series of concerts in eastern cities and towns, to large audiences who were most demonstrative in expressing their appreciation of the boys' singing.

Mr. W. E. Fairclough's fourth organ recital of the second series, will take place to-morrow afternoon, Jan. 6th, in All Saints Church. A splendid programme has been prepared from works of Bach, Raff, Mendelssohn, Dudley Buck, Dubois and others. Mr. H. W. Webster will sing.

We are pleased to learn that Sig. Leonardo Vegara, the well-known voice specialist, intends to produce with his pupils in the near future, Weber's beautiful and romantic opera "Der Freischutz." Sig. Vegara deserves the highest praise for his ambition in this direction, and we hope he will receive every encouragement from the public. The date of the production will shortly be announced.

Gade's Cantata, "Christmas Eve," received its first performance in this city by the excellent choir of the Church of the Redeemer, on Tuesday evening the 26th ult. The work is Mendelssohnian in character, as indeed are most of the works by this composer, but are always musical, charming, tender and full of poetic and spiritual charm. Mr. Walter H. Robinson, the choirmaster, can be congratulated on the manner of its production, which was most praiseworthy and artistic.

Mr. Percy G. Lapey, of Buffalo, gave a song recital on Saturday evening, Dec. 30th, in the Hall of the College of Music to a large audience. Mr. Lapey is a pupil of Mr. Henry Jacobsen, formerly of this city (but now of Buffalo), and has a baritone voice of great purity and richness, which he uses in the most artistic manner. His numbers comprised songs by Schubert, Lassen, Brahms, Schumann, Jensen, Colyn, Wilson G. Smith (the Cleveland composer), Chaminade and Jacobsen, truly a varied and delightful programme. His manner of singing is refined and imbued with much warmth, and his phrasing showed not only talent on his part, but genuine voice cultivation, which reflected the highest credit on his teacher. Jacobsen's "After Song" is full of expression and should become popular with good vocalists.

The recent convention of the Canadian Society of Musicians held last week in this city, was unfortunately attended with some disappointment owing to the illness of some who were to take part. Mr. Louis C. Elson, of Boston, who was to have lectured, was unable to be present, owing to the above mentioned cause, and Mr. Tripp was likewise detained from playing his promised recital. However, excellent substitutes were obtained, and those present had no cause for complaint. Mr. Vogt's essay on Richard Wagner, and Mr. Augers' essay on church music were listened to with much pleasure and profit, although they were not freely discussed. Absence prevented us from speaking of individual performances, but from the well known character of such artists as Mr. Harry M. Field, Mrs. d'Auria, Mr. Ruth, Mr. Klingensfeld, Miss Hillary and others, the musical portion of the proceedings would doubtless be interesting to a high degree.

Mr. Edward Baxter Perry, the blind pianist and lecturer, charmed and delighted everybody with his superb playing of a difficult programme. Henri Marteau will play as previously stated, in the Pavilion Music Hall on Monday evening next the 8th inst.

LIBRARY TABLE.

Of the young folks' favorite, *St. Nicholas*, who dare say aught but praise. The two bright bound volumes for '93 will spread their red and gold covers in thousands of happy homes on this continent and in foreign lands, and hundreds of thousands of happy children will lovingly feast upon their intellectual dainties. Song and story and illustration from pen and pencil of many of the world's most gifted writers and artists fill its delightful pages. Fun abounds—instruction is by no means lacking. We know of no publication the world over at all comparable with *St. Nicholas* as the literary happy land of children. For them, the '93 volume is truly a treasure house of delight.

The last bound volume of the *Century* magazine is one of the best objects lessons of the great strides in advance made in the departments of periodic literature and magazine illustration. Though from time to time we have noticed the successive monthly numbers in our columns, the grouping of the numbers and illustrations makes a complete and charming *tout ensemble* of some 960 pages and 320 illustrations, which form a volume of delightful entertainment and instruction at once purifying, informing and elevating to the home and individual. No better evidence of the distinction to which American magazine publication has attained can be afforded than found in the pages of Vol. XLVI. of the *Century*.

WINDFALLS OF OBSERVATION. By Edward Sandford Martin. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons. Toronto: William Briggs. 1893. \$1.25.

Mr. Martin says on his title page that his windfalls of observation have been here "gathered for the edification of the young and the solace of others." Though it is our regret that we may no longer be classed with the former, it is our pleasure to have been by his extremely sensible, clever and good humored essays solaced with the latter. When one has thought well and clearly on a variety of subjects it is quite natural and proper that he should hand on to others the result of his observation and reflection. It is thus the world is made wiser and better and mental and moral stimulus and refreshment are provided, here and there, along the wayside of life as welcome boons for the weary wayfarers thereon. Mr. Martin writes philosophically in these old-fashioned, narrow pages on some twenty-one subjects and there is a freshness and freedom in his style which are quite engaging. However, you soon realize that there is even more in what is said than in the manner of saying it, and the reading is all the more enjoyable for the vein of unforced humour with which it is seasoned, as in the mild form of polygamy deferentially suggested as a solution of difficulties incident to divorce, and by which "sisters who were co-heiresses might unite upon a single husband, thereby keeping the undivided estate in the family. Dear girl friends might absolutely refuse to be separated, and decline to marry any man who had not room in his heart and his house for both." In another vein our author writes thus charmingly of some Christmas sentiments: "After all, little children do it best. They are the superlative receivers, and it is because they are that we delight to give them things. They are frankly and delightfully appreciative. Obligations sit as lightly on them as air. They value their gifts simply by the pleasure they get out of them, and prefer a rag baby to the deed of a brick house. They take a jumping jack from Mary, the laundress, and a jewelled pin from Aunt Melinda Cræsus without the least distinction of happy approval. The nearer we get to their guilelessness, the nearer we approach perfection in receiving and in all the Christmas

attributes besides." But our readers will have to gather from the windfalls themselves the full bouquet from which we have but culled for them one or two tiny flowers.

CATALOGUE OF THE LIBRARY OF KING'S COLLEGE, WINDSOR, NOVA SCOTIA. With occasional annotations. By Harry Piers. Halifax, N. S.: N. S. Printing Co.; 1893.

A library without a good catalogue is a collection of so many sealed books. Indeed, in the case of those large public libraries in which the reader has no access to the shelves, it is difficult even with a good catalogue to unseal the books to any but those familiar with authors and titles. It was, therefore, a valuable gift to King's College, Windsor, when the late Dr. Charles Cogswell made it a bequest accompanied by the condition that the library should be catalogued and printed before the anniversary of his death. One could wish, however, that the generous donor had not so limited the time for its preparation; for, if the present reviewer may judge from past experience, it is impossible to obtain accuracy in a task of this complicated character without time for a most careful revision, both of the manuscript and of the proofs.

The task has fallen to Mr. Harry Piers, of "Stanvan," Halifax; and, to judge from both Preface and Catalogue, it could hardly have fallen into better hands. The man who knows how to make a really good catalogue is no ordinary man. Neither is this a truism. To compile an open sesame to some thousands of books argues the possession of intellectual powers of a higher order than the ordinary reader is usually apt to imagine; it requires an abundance of that thing called knowledge, and perhaps even a greater abundance of that thing called wisdom. An alphabetical list of names is not a catalogue, though to judge from the multitude of such things in existence many librarians think it is. A book may be valuable from so many points of view, from those of its age, its author, its date, its place of publication, its typography, its binding, its history, its influence, its rarity, its curiosity, and many others which only the bibliographer could define; and to the majority, if not to all of these in innumerable cases, a catalogue should be a key. When, then, we remember that a good library contains books and MSS. of every variety of character, in all sorts of languages, upon a host of different topics, we get an inkling of what a cataloguer undertakes when he proposes giving us a key to one and all. In the case of King's College Windsor, the cataloguer has accomplished his task admirably. It is very evident also that he has paid punctilious attention to minor details—in the different faced types he has chosen, for example; in keeping the pagination to the foot of the page, leaving the headings free to the hurrying eye; in the use of brackets for interpolated words and signs; in the consistency of the abbreviations.

One of the best features of the catalogue is the occasional insertion of a brief and always interesting explanatory note after the title of a work. Thus, of Linaeus's *De Emendata Structura Latini Sermonis*, Mr. Piers tells us, in small modest type, that "this work is said to contain the first Greek type used by a London printer." Of "Tracts for the Times" he says, "J. H. Newman and Dr. Pusey were the principal contributors to this series. Two numbers of vol. 6 were published, but they were afterwards suppressed." Of Stanley's edition of Æschylus (1663) he remarks that it is "an edition of great excellence." Of Stephens's edition of Anacreon (Paris: 1554) we learn that "it was printed . . . when [Stephens] was only twenty-six years of age. Quaritch bought the Sunderland copy for £10 10s., and the Beckford one for £8 8s." Of Martin Bécan, the Jesuit, (by the way, why should he be called "Becanus"?) we are told that "in 1762 the Parliament at Paris ordered all . . . [his] works to be burnt." All this shows careful research and judicious use made of such research. Indeed, even the reader who knows but little of books from a bibliophile's point of view, will find abundance of interesting reading

in this catalogue; he will learn much about the Aldine and Elzevir presses; he will find a list of all the incunabula the College possesses; he will find a most useful explanation of Latin and other names of towns (a highly commendable addition: the ordinary reader never remembers the difference between Lugdunum and Lugdunum Batavorum, and he cannot be perpetually referring to Dr. Smith, or Larousse, or Wheatley, or other works where such translations are to be found) in short, the work deserves the highest possible commendation. We can warmly recommend this catalogue as an exemplar to all university and public librarians, with the single added suggestion that, where time and means permit, all bibliographical and explanatory or historical information should be made within even larger limits that those which Mr. Harry Piers has permitted himself.

One or two insignificant points of detail might be mentioned as worthy of correction in a second edition. We notice that the Greek titles are devoid of accents (as, e. g., on page 8, line 36). There are some minute printers' errors also unnoticed in the list of *Errata*: "finess" for fineness (page iii.); "*Brucelles*" for *Brucelles* (page [xv], line 11); a space between "in" and "recognizing" (page viii., line 32); a Roman for an Italic *Ed.* (page 4, line 26), etc.; the accentuation of French words throughout (and especially on pp. 405 *et seq.*) might be revised—the ordinary Anglo-Saxon compositor requires unsleeping and tyrannical watchfulness in regard to all accentual and diacritical marks; on page iii. reference is made to "Aristotle," "Plato," and "Plutarch," why then in the same paragraph are the forms "Chrysostomus" and "Appianus" used? We notice too that the cataloguer calls the case in which the place of publication is used in Latin the genitive. Is it not usual to call it the locative? But such minutiae only deserve comment because absolute accuracy is the dearest wish of every librarian. Of the general character of the books of which this catalogue informs us and of the history of King's College and its library we have left no room to speak, much as each deserves notice; both receive attention in the Preface and Historical Introduction.

PERIODICALS.

A very pretty sonnet from the *Spectator* entitled Addison's Walk greets the eye on the first page of *Littell's Living Age*, 30th December. "The Ireland of To-day," a thoughtful paper from the *Fortnightly*, is the first prose selection. This is followed by four others, all well varied, and then comes "Memories of the Master of Balliol," from *Cornhill*. Truly Dr. Jowett's memory is dear to the English heart. And was he not a typical English scholar and gentleman?

Outing for January has a most seasonable frontispiece entitled "A Nomad of the North." A noble reindeer stands in it surrounded by Arctic atmosphere and scenery. It was suggested by C. J. C. Hynes's hunting sketch in this number. Two imaginative songs have precedence of other contributions. "The Hammock's Complaint," by Ella Wheeler Wilcox and "A Skating Song" by Charles Gordon Rogers. In short story and descriptive and sporting sketch this number should satisfy the most exacting of its readers who will find their old friends, Ed. W. Sandys, Lenz, and many another pleasing contributor.

Lippincott's for January breaks its usual rule by publishing a continued story "The Trespasser," from the versatile and vigorous pen of our own Gilbert Parker. A picturesque, remarkable pair are Gaston Belward on his good horse Saracen, and Jacques Brillon on his broncho as in their outlandish trappings they lope along an English highway—but our readers will have to follow their fortunes for themselves. The complete story of the number is N. W. French's and its title is "The Colonel." It is bright and spirited. Mrs. Sherwood has more recollections and Julian Hawthorne and others add their quota to an interesting number.

Professor E. P. Evans's paper on "The Ethics of Tribal Society" begins the *Popular Science Monthly* for January. This is a very interesting and instructive contribution and is followed by Dr. R. W. Shufeldt's readable paper on "Night Hawks and Whip-poor-wills." An important subject—one which demands most serious attention—is that dealt with by L. C. Loomis in his article on "Recent Railroad Disasters." Mr. Loomis uses strong—but is it not indeed warrantable language—in discussing the modern Juggernaut? "How the Sea is Sounded," Mr. G. W. Littleholes tells us with helpful illustrations. Many valuable selections and translations also appear in this excellent number of an invaluable periodical.

Annie S. Swan's magazine, *The Woman at Home*, has thus early made a record for itself. It is edited with ability and enterprise. There is a freshness and cleverness in its contributions which cannot fail to rapidly enlarge its circle of readers. The Rev. S. Baring Gould's short story "Daniel Jacobs: An Idyll of Dartmoor," begins the January number. Marie Adelaide Belloc then contributes a sketch of H.R.H. The Duchess of York. To musicians the Rev. W. A. Gray's paper "Among the Fjords with Edvard Grieg"—with its full page fac-simile of the funeral hymn sung at the death of his father, words and music in the composer's handwriting—will have exceptional interest. Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson contributes the story of "A Backwoods Childhood," and Lady Butler (painter of the Roll Call) gives a page of Confessions.

Our constant complaint against *St. Nicholas* is that we cannot find space to say all the good things we should like about each number. Take for instance the January number and begin with Rudyard Kipling's splendid story of "Mowgli's Brother" and then glance at Frank R. Stockton's fine description of St. Augustine (not the early father of but) the Florida city, and read Clifford Howard's explanation of "How Paper Money is Made," also glance at Dr. C. A. Eastman's vivid "Recollections of the Wild Life," and you have only got fairly started, and have, even at that, not mentioned some other good things by the way. It is so vexatious—but there is no room to say anything about Palmer Cox's New Brownies, Mark Twain's "Tom Sawyer Abroad," or any of the other attractive papers. It is really too bad, but we cannot help it.

Mr. T. Cole's series of papers on old Dutch Masters has precedence in the *January Century*. Frans Hals (1584-1666) is his present most interesting subject. The examples are superbly engraved. "Mark Twain" adds several droll pages to "Pudd'nhead Wilson," and H. L. Dawes tells what he knows of the Garfield-Conkling controversy. Madison Grant's paper on "The Vanishing Moose" is most interesting. Papers of exceptional literary interest are those respectively on "George Sand" and Brander Matthew's charming sketch of Andrew Lang. Grieg's article on Schumann is of course able and critical. Professor Jastrow's contribution on "The Bible and the Assyrian Monuments" is of archaeological interest. "Life in a Lighthouse" and "A Journey to the Devil's Tower" are spirited papers. Edith Thomas, Professor Roberts, Mr Aldrich and other poets well sustain their reputations in this number.

One almost expects to hear the shrill music of Edward Manet's "Fifer"—who stands with such striking verisimilitude as frontispiece for the January *Scribner*. F. Marion Crawford's vivid continued sketch of Constantinople sustains the interest of the earlier one. But we should not have omitted mention of P. G. Hamerton's critical and artistic paper on Manet's "Fifer." However, no artistic reader could possibly overlook it. Another art paper of more than passing merit is that by F. Keppel on "Sir Joshua Reynolds," with its fine examples of his work. Still allied to these papers is T. A. Cook's "Stories in Stone from Notre Dame," with its gargoyles and gorgons galore. Though so rich in art there is other excellent matter in this number. John Drew represents "The Actor" in the "Occupation" series; G. W. Cable provides

seven chapters of his strong, new novel "John March, Southerner;" the Hon. R. C. Winthrop writes of Webster's great reply to Hayne, and agreeable verse and short story abound.

Those who are fond of Margaret Deland's fiction will not skip the three chapters of her story "Philip and his Wife" which begins the *January Atlantic*. A. T. Mahan contributes a spirited sketch of Admiral Earl Howe. Of exceptional literary interest are the ten characteristic letters from Coleridge to Southey. How interesting these are their readers may judge for themselves. They were written after the return of Coleridge from Germany; the first is dated January 25th, 1800. Miss Edith M. Thomas contributes a paper of poetic charm and grace entitled "From Winter Solstice to Vernal Equinox." Mrs. Catherwood and Miss Jewett enliven the number with clever, short stories. Miss Catherwood shows excellent sense and judgment in continuing to delve in the rich mine of Canadian history for scene, subject and incident. Where Parkman led she well may follow. E. A. U. Valentine has a fine poetic picture in "Helen" and N. S. Shaler's paper on "The Transmission of Learning through the University," is thoughtful and suggestive. The fine old *Atlantic* promises well for the new year. This is really a capital number.

LITERARY AND PERSONAL.

Mr. James Bain, jr., Chief Librarian of the Toronto Public Library, has, we are glad to say, recovered from a severe attack of influenza.

The *Educational Review* begins its seventh volume with the January number. In it Dr. W. T. Harris, Commissioner on Education for N. S., and others, will have able papers.

Mr. J. Castell Hopkins is writing a series of articles on "The Influence of Englishmen in the Development of Canada: What it was, is, and should be," for *The Canadian Englishman*.

Mr. A. D. Stewart's election as Mayor of Hamilton is welcomed as that of an old and able contributor to *THE WEEK*. Mr. Stewart's literary culture is coupled with unusual ability, energy, and force of character. He will doubtless prove an exceptional chief magistrate for "Hamilton the Ambitious."

Our venerable contributor, Mr. G. W. Wicksteed, celebrated his 94th birthday on the 21st of December last. Mr. Wicksteed, who for many years was law clerk of the Dominion Parliament, was born in England on 21st Dec. 1799, and was present at the funeral of Nelson. A long, serviceable, meritorious life has Mr. Wicksteed's been. Still energetic, observant and capable, *THE WEEK* wishes him the enjoyment of many a happy year to come.

Professor Goldwin Smith's graceful translations from the Latin Poets, entitled "Bay Leaves"—a new edition of which was recently published by Macmillan & Co., and noticed in our columns of 6th Oct., has been most favourably received in scholastic and literary circles. The Copp, Clark Co., Ltd., of Toronto, have this and other recent publications of the learned Professor, for sale, as the Canadian representatives of the above well known English and American firm.

Edgar Fawcett, in an article contributed to a New York journal, protests against the assertion of some editors that this is essentially an unpoetic age and that America is producing no poets. He mentions many names in disproof, and characterizes them with great aptness of phrase. Of course he annexes our own Bliss Carman, "a singer," he says, "of lark like, unpremeditated cadences"; but, very singularly, he omits Robert Lampman Campbell, Scott and other poets of Canadian growth, who have won recognition both in Britain and the United States.

The Canadian Institute announce the following programme of papers, meetings, etc., for the ensuing month. On Saturday, 6th, The Niagara Public Library of the year 1800, Miss Janet Carnochan; Saturday 13th, The

Great Thinkers and Actors of English History in the first half of the 17th Century, Joseph A. Allen; Saturday, 20th, The Cause and Prevention of Consumption (Pulmonary Tuberculosis), E. Herbert Adams, M.D.; Emblems, H. Spencer Howell; Saturday, 27th, The Lobster, Rev. J. J. Hare, Ph.D. In the Natural History (biological) Section on Monday, 15th, Microscopical Work for 1894, Charles Armstrong. The Botanical Sub-Section meets on the 8th and 22nd at 394 Yonge street. In the Geological and Mining Section, Thursday, 25th, Interglacial Fossils from the Don Valley, Prof. A. P. Coleman, Ph.D. In the Historical Section, Thursday, 4th, A Description of some Sepulchral Pits of Indian origin lately discovered near Penetanguishene, Edward W. Bawtree, M.D.; and on Thursday, 18th, the regular monthly meeting will be held.

Our readers will be interested in the following paragraph from the *Boston Traveller*, relating to a Canadian author who is now resident in the English metropolis: "The first visit to Boston of Mr. Gilbert Parker, the young London, and, in large degree, international litterateur, was signalized by a charming reception yesterday afternoon at the residence of Mrs. J. P. Sutherland, on Commonwealth avenue. She was assisted by Mrs. Sheridan Frye and Mrs. Francis W. Galloupe. The invited guests included Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton, Rev. Dr. and Mrs. W. C. Winslow, Dr. Charles Galloupe, Mr. Courtney Thrope, Mr. Charles Follen Adams, Mr. and Mrs. Erving Winslow, and many ladies and gentlemen well recognized in Boston literature and society. Among the unique features of the occasion were the reading of extracts from Mr. Parker's writings by Mr. Thrope, and the rendering of Mr. Arthur Foote as pianist and Miss Lillian Carl Smith as vocalist, of verses from his poems set to music by the former. Mr. Parker proved a most interesting central figure and a delightful conversationalist. He will remain in Boston about ten days, and before returning to his London home will visit Mexico."

READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

LE ROI EST MORT.

Behold a dying King! the hoary year—
His garnered days are gathered in the sheaf—
The glory, and the grandeur, and the grief
Are ended now, and only death is here.

Tread lightly and let fall, perchance, a tear
For this poor King whose reign was all too brief,
Whose splendor has become a withered leaf,
A flickering candle, and a waiting bier.

But hark, the stroke is on the midnight hour
See! he is clutching, gasping, he is gone!
This infant at the door! what doth he bring?
Ring out, ring out from every town and tower!
Ring out the bells until the break of dawn,
And shout, "The King is dead! Live the King!"

—Outing for January, 1894.

SOME INCIDENTS IN MODERN WAR.

Modern science has effected a marvellous alteration in the conditions of warfare. England is at war with a savage despot in South Africa. Our irregular forces are marching on his capital, one battle and a few skirmishes have been fought, when his brother calmly strolls into the fort which is one of the bases of our operations and informs the authorities that he wishes to send a telegram to the High Commissioner. A Brazilian warship is docked at Monte Video. The insurgents arm a cruiser to attack her. When their vessel reaches Monte Video the harbour-master puts her in quarantine for a couple of days. Besides these events, the story that the Spanish ship, the *Comandante Venudito*, has so terrified the Moors with her

search lights that they dare not remain on the coast, sounds like Jules Verne's tale of the negroes who mistook a balloon for the moon and imagined that its inhabitants were gods.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

AUSTRALIAN VOLUNTEERS.

The most interesting episode in connection with the little war in Mashonaland so far has been the offer from an Australian militia regiment to take a share in it. The suggestion has been declined because the aid of the gallant Victorians is not wanted in South Africa, as things are turning out. But it was a fine and patriotic offer, and let us be grateful to the colony and the citizen-soldiers of Bendigo for it. New South Wales sent her troops to help us in the Soudan; Victoria would send them, if necessary, to Mashonaland; both, we may be sure, would be ready to take a hand in the game if the empire were seriously menaced in India or elsewhere. Even Radicalism may take comfort at this manifestation of the old British Adam in these younger Britons of the South:

"And now when first the shadow falls,
On England, and the touch of fate,
You leave your ocean-girded walls,
You answer ere your mother calls,
And meet her foemen in the gate."

—*St. James' Gazette.*

The Thomas Q. Seabrooke Opera Company presenting the "Isle of Champagne," by Chas. A. Byrne and Louis Harrison, is the attraction at the Grand during the last three nights of this week, with the usual Saturday matinee. The Opera is presented with a fine cast, new costumes and scenery. Mr. Wilson Barrett, the distinguished English author and actor, comes to us this season, supported by his splendid London Company, and will be the attraction at the Grand all next week in the following repertoire: Monday and Wednesday nights, "Claudian;" Tuesday night, "Virginus;" Wednesday matinee, "The Stranger;" Thursday night, "Hamlet;" Friday night, "Othello;" Saturday matinee, "The Silver King;" Saturday night, "Ben My Chree." The sale of seats begins to-day.

A PETERBORO MIRACLE.

BROUGHT BACK FROM THE BRINK OF THE GRAVE.

A Young Girl's Wonderful Experience—Sickly From Four Months of Age—Her Parents Did Not Think She Would Live a Month—Now a Picture of Health—A Marvellous Case. From the Peterboro Examiner.

To be dragged to the edge of the grave in the grasp of dread disease is an experience that comes once to all, but to contemplate entering the grave and mingling with its dust, to have, even in hope, bidden goodbye to life and all its sweetness, and then to be snatched from the brink of the grave and to be restored to health, strength and happiness, is an experience that few enjoy. We hear and read of such cases so well attested, that doubt finds small space for its exercise, but heretofore no case has, until now, come under our notice in Peterboro' with such directness as to "make assurance doubly sure." Such a case however exists.

Many persons have heard of the illness of Miss Amelia Ranger, who lives with her parents at 19 Parnell street. She was brought down to the very gates of death and was restored to perfect health when all human aid seemed to be unavailing. Her miraculous cure excited so much comment that a representative of the Examiner was detailed to obtain the particulars, and the result of the investigation is to verify the reports that have been current. On calling at Mr. Ranger's house the reporter

was met at the door by a bright-eyed, healthy looking young girl, who readily consented to give the particulars of her illness and cure. She remarked that her mother was absent in Montreal on a visit, and added with no little pride that she was keeping the house and doing all the work, a thing that would have been impossible a year or so ago, as she was then so ill that instead of taking care of the house she needed constant attention herself.

"I have been sickly from the time I was four months old," she said, "and as I grew up, the weakness and ill health became more pronounced. My blood was said to have turned watery. I was weak, pale and dull and could do nothing but suffer. Nothing the doctors did for me was of any use and I grew worse and worse. Father spent a farm on me, but it was of no avail, and father and mother gave me up and felt that I was going to die. I expected to die myself. I had no blood. I was as pale as a corpse and so weak I could hardly walk. My heart also gave me very much trouble and if I lifted my hands, my heart would jump until I thought I would die. About two years ago we heard of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and got a box, but as they did not seem to do me much good I didn't take any more at the time, but as I got worse and the doctor could do nothing for me, I determined to try the Pink Pills once more. This time I made up my mind that I would give them a fair trial. I got eight boxes and before the third box was done I felt better and my appetite was better. I kept on taking the pills until I had taken the eight boxes, and all the time kept growing stronger and stronger. My color returned, my heart trouble left me and my appetite was better than it had ever been before. Now I can do any work about the house, and feel strong and well all the time. It is a great change since last July when I could scarcely walk across the floor without falling. I believe Dr. Williams' Pink Pills saved me from going to the grave, and I am very thankful I took them."

There was no doubting the honesty of her conviction that Pink Pills saved her life. A younger sister corroborated what was said, remarking, "when Amelia was so bad last spring she was so pale she was almost green, and mother did not think she would live a month."

In evidence of the dangerously ill condition of Miss Ranger, a couple of neighbours were seen. Mrs. Tromb'ay said the girl was very ill, and her friends did not expect her to recover, and she had been cured by the use of Pink Pills. Another lady present also bore testimony to the hopelessly ill condition of Miss Ranger, a few months ago.

The remarkable and gratifying results following the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, in the case of Miss Ranger, show that they are unequalled as a blood builder and nerve tonic. In the case of young girls who are pale or sallow, listless, troubled with a fluttering or palpitation of the heart, weak and easily tired, no time should be lost in taking a course of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which will speedily enrich the blood, and bring a rosy glow of health to the cheeks. These pills are a positive cure for all troubles arising from a vitiated condition of the blood or a shattered nervous system, such as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effects of a gripe, that tired feeling resulting from

Be Sure

If you have made up your mind to buy Hood's Sarsaparilla do not be induced to take any other. A Boston lady, whose example is worthy imitation, tells her experience below: "In one store where I went to buy Hood's Sarsaparilla the clerk tried to induce me buy their own instead of Hood's; he told me their's would last longer; that I might take it on ten

To Get

days' trial; that if I did not like it I need not pay anything, etc. But he could not prevail on me to change. I told him I had taken Hood's Sarsaparilla, knew what it was, was satisfied with it, and did not want any other. When I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla I was feeling real miserable with dyspepsia, and so weak that at times I could hardly

Hood's

stand. I looked like a person in consumption. Hood's Sarsaparilla did me so much good that I wonder at myself sometimes, and my friends frequently speak of it." MRS. ELLA A. GOFF, 61 Terrace Street, Boston.

Sarsaparilla

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

100 Doses One Dollar



A Common Error.

Chocolate & Cocoa are by many supposed to be one and the same, only that one is a powder, (hence more easily cooked,) and the other is not.

This is wrong--
TAKE the Yolk from the Egg,
TAKE the Oil from the Olive,
What is left?

A Residue. So with COCOA.

In comparison,
COCOA is Skimmed Milk,
CHOCOLATE, Pure Cream.

<p>ASK YOUR GROCER FOR CHOCOLAT MENIER ANNUAL SALES EXCEED 88 MILLION POUNDS.</p>	<p>If he hasn't it on sale, send his name and your address to Menier, Canadian Branch, 12 & 14 St. John Street, Montreal.</p>
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nervous prostration, all diseases depending upon humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities and all forms of weakness. In the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of whatever nature.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y., and are sold in boxes (never in loose form by the dozen or hundred) at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams Medicine Company from either address. The price at which these pills are sold makes a course of treatment inexpensive as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.

SCIENCE AND POETRY.

It is now little more than a year since a great English poet passed away. There are too many historical warnings for us to venture to dogmatize as to the place that Alfred, Lord Tennyson, will hold in future ages in the world's roll of honour; but we who have faith in the achievements and real progress of this nineteenth century can, at least, recognize that no other poet has spoken so truly, so fully, and so deeply the genuine heart and aspiration of this age. The secret of Tennyson's greatness as a World-Poet is to be found, I believe, in the fact that his highest idealism of intellect was courageously and strongly informed by a broad sympathy with and profound appreciation of the work of modern science. He gives the key-note himself in two familiar lines:—

"Here about the beach I wandered,
nourishing a youth sublime
With the fairy tales of science and the
long results of time."

Competent critics have recently remarked that fifty, forty and thirty years ago Tennyson had, with profound judgment, seized just those principles of the work of the astronomer, the geologist, the chemist and the physicist which have since proved to have been the truest.

I make these remarks about Tennyson because I am aware that there is still a suspicion that Science is the enemy of Poetry. It has destroyed the hobgoblins, the genii and the bugaboos, and I believe some people dread that, if it is allowed to go on in its relentless way, they will cease to be scared by the witches in "Macbeth." With the example of Tennyson before us, however, let us not fear that the Past will lose all of its beauty by losing many of its terrors. The great poet who was so deeply imbued with the principles and methods of modern science also summoned from the Past, for us and for future ages, the shadowy court of King Arthur and that city which was built to music, and therefore never built at all, and therefore built forever.—J. C. Sutherland.

The citizens of Dijon, France, have just voted a tax for putting a railing around a tree which stands within the city limits. The tree bears a label which informs the sight-seer that it is the oldest poplar in France. The town council has a record tracing the history of the tree since the year 722 A.D. It is 122 feet in height and 45 feet in circumference at the base.—St. Louis Republic.

HOOD'S AND ONLY HOOD'S.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is carefully prepared from Sarsaparilla, Dandelion, Mandrake, Dock, Pipsissewa, Juniper berries and other well known remedies, by a peculiar combination, proportion and process, giving to Hood's Sarsaparilla curative powers not possessed by other medicines. It effects remarkable cures when other preparations fail.

Hood's Pills cure biliousness.

The gifts of nature and accomplishments of art are valuable but as they are exerted in the interests of virtue or governed by the rules of honor.—Steele.

TAKE - NOTICE.

During the year the space devoted to advertising MINARD'S LINIMENT will contain expressions of no uncertain sound from people who speak from personal experience as to the merits of this best of Household Remedies.

C. C. RICHARDS & Co.

PUBLIC OPINION.

Belleville Intelligencer: The public accounts of the Dominion for the fiscal year ended June 30th, 1893, show that the total revenue on account of consolidated fund was \$38,168,608.85 and the expenditure was \$3,6814,052.90, showing a surplus of \$1,354,555.95, which is somewhat better than Mr. Foster calculated when he was making his budget speech in March last.

Montreal Gazette: The experience of H. M.S. Resolution in the Bay of Biscay shows that it lacks stability, and under some sea conditions is unsafe. The Resolution is one of the new warships and among the most powerful. U. S. naval experts have lately discovered that many of the new vessels of the Republic's navy have the same faults as the Resolution. They who go down to sea in warships are being subjected to more perils than there seems to be necessity for.

London Free Press: That the coming fishing season will be fruitful of stirring events in that quarter of the world, is evidently within the astute contemplation of Sir Charles Dilke. The interest for Canada is two-fold. As a part of the British Empire we are concerned for the peace of the two great nations to which our people are so closely allied, and secondly, any proposal for the absorption of Newfoundland by the Dominion, while the French shore dispute remains open, will be regarded with distrust and well grounded apprehension.

Ottawa Citizen: It is undoubtedly an obstacle to the success of the Wilson Bill in Congress that its introduction is coincident with a very severe business depression, and that there is a deficit of \$40,000,000 in the national finances looming up. The public will be prone to charge these things to the administration and its policy, and this opinion will in time have its effect upon the minds of the representatives. Further, the result of the Hawaii fiasco has damaged Cleveland's prestige as he has been apparently defeated by the little knot of adventurers who have seized the government.

Guelph Mercury: It is now pretty certain that the House will not meet before the middle of February. It is rumored that Sir John Thompson was in favor of an immediate appeal to the country for a mandate to reform the tariff on lines of moderate protection. The majority of his colleagues were, however, opposed to the proposition and the matter dropped. In January, 1891, when the proclamation assembling Parliament was expected daily, Sir John Macdonald advised instant dissolution, but found every one of his colleagues opposed to it. Sir John Macdonald had his way, but Sir John Thompson is not Sir John Macdonald.

Hamilton Herald: "The cry of all Europe is bad business," said Chauncey M. Depew the other day, on his return from abroad. "Nothing like it has been known before. They all feel and look poor. While this is especially true of continental Europe, England has not escaped the prevailing epidemic." What with hard times abroad, harder times in the States and a slight business depression in Canada, every political economist in the world can find facts to fit his pet fiscal theories and smash the other fellow's theories into little pieces. In the meantime we may all hope that matters will soon mend everywhere, that work and money will be plentiful again.

In the course of a speech made in a recent case, counsel told this anecdote of a learned judge who used to sit not more than a hundred miles from the Guildhall. The case he was trying was against a railway company for the loss of a bag. After a somewhat lengthy hearing, the judge summed up to the jury thus:—"Gentlemen, the plaintiff claims damages for the loss of his bag against the company. They are always losing bags; they lost mine when I was on circuit. Consider your verdict." They did; and found it very easy to arrive at a conclusion.

SALT-RHEUM; FLESH CRACKED OIEN AND BLED!

Miss LOTTIE CLARK, River Falls, Pierce County, Wisconsin, writes:

"It gives me pleasure to express my faith in the virtue of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. Having suffered for three years from salt-rheum, and after having been unsuccessfully treated by a good physician, I began the use of the 'Discovery'.



MISS CLARK.

The humor was in my hands. I was obliged to keep a covering on them for months at a time, changing the covering morning and night. The stinging, burning and itching sensation would be so intense that at times it seemed as if I would go crazy. When I bent the fingers, the flesh would crack open and bleed. It is impossible for me to describe the intense pain and suffering which I endured night and day. After taking six bottles of the "Discovery" I was entirely cured. I cannot praise Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery enough." Sold by Dealers.

SEVEN TANGIBLE REASONS.

The North American Life Insurance Company presents to the insuring public the following claims for support:

1. It is a home company with full deposit with the Government.
2. It offers security not exceeded by that of any other company.
3. It is noted for prompt payment of all just and approved claims upon maturity and satisfactory proof of death.
4. It shows a surplus of \$440,264.11 on policy-holders' account over and above reserve and death losses; and has assets including an uncalled Guarantee Fund of \$240,000, amounting to \$1,282,440.11, for the security of policy-holders.
5. Every holder of a policy for \$5,000 is entitled to act as a director of the company, on election by a majority of votes of duly qualified members, and to vote at all meetings, and every policy-holder for \$1,000 or over is entitled to one vote for each \$1,000 of his policy, at all meetings, whether annual or general.
6. Its policies are printed in clear, large type, in plain, simple language, and are as liberal in their conditions as it is possible to have them, consistent with safety and equity to the policy-holders generally. Observe the following points, viz:
 - (a) The policies are indisputable after three years from the date of issue, securing a reliable provision for one's dependents and not a lawsuit.
 - (b) Travel in any part of the world will not invalidate the policy.
 - (c) Surrender values are allowed after the policy has been in force three years, either by paid up policies or in cash; loans are made on ordinary policies after they have been in force three years.
 - (d) The age of the insured will be admitted at any time by the company on reasonable proof, but if not so admitted, any error in the age will not invalidate the policy.
7. Its premium income for last year exceeded that of any other Canadian company during the same year of its existence.

The total production of coal in Belgium in 1892 was 19,583,173 metric tons, the average value being stated at \$1.96 per ton. The total number of employees taking the average for year, was 118,578, of whom 88,806 were employed below ground, and 29,772 on the surface. It is stated that the number of women employed underground is decreasing, and it is hoped that the employment of women, except on the surface, will soon cease altogether. Wages have shown a slight decrease, the average amount paid per head last year, including all employees in and about the mines, having been \$183.74, against \$208.50 in 1892. Even with such low wages trade was not very profitable, for the average profit realized per ton was about 12 cents.

Minard's Liniment Cures Dandruff.

Professional.

DR. C. J. RODGERS,
DENTIST
Suite 5, Oddfellows' Building, Corner
Yonge and College Sts.
TORONTO.
Telephone 3904.

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ORGANIST AND CHOIRMASTER JARVIS
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Teacher of the Pianoforte and Organ at the Toronto
Conservatory of Music, Duferin House and Moulton
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MR. J. D. A. TRIPP,
CONCERT PIANIST and TEACHER,
Only Canadian pupil of the great composer and
pianist, MOSZYKOWSKI. Concert engagements and
pupils accepted.
TORONTO CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC
AND 20 SEATON ST.

MR. W. E. FAIRCLOUGH, F.C.O., ENG.
ORGANIST AND CHOIRMASTER ALL SAINTS'
CHURCH, TORONTO.
Teacher of Organ, Piano and Theory
Exceptional facilities for Organ students. Pupils
prepared for musical examinations. Harmony and
counterpoint taught by correspondence.
6 GLEN ROAD OR TORONTO COLLEGE OF MUSIC.

WO. FORSYTH,
Lessons in Piano Playing and Theory. Private
pupil of the great and eminent teachers, Prof. Martin
Krause, Dr. S. Jadassohn, of Leipzig, and Prof. Julius
Epstein of Vienna.
Applications can be made by letter or in person to
Address, 112 College Street, - TORONTO.

W. KUCHENMEISTER,
VIOLIN SOLOIST AND TEACHER,
Late a pupil of the Raff Conservatory at Frankfort-
on-Main, and of Professors H. E. Kayser, Hugo Heer-
mann and C. Bergheer, formerly a member of the
Philharmonic Orchestra at Hamburg, (Dr. Hans von
Bulow, conductor.)
Studio, Odd Fellows' Building, cor. Yonge and Colleg
Streets, Room 13, or College of Music
Residence, Corner Gerrard and Victoria Sts.
Telephone 980.

SIGNOR LEONARDO VEGARA
Of the Royal Italian Opera, Convent Garden, Lon-
don, Eng. Professor of Singing at the Loreto Abbey
and Toronto College of Music.

SINGING.
Grand Opera, Opera Comique, Oratorios, Songs
taught in English, Italian, French, German, Span-
ish. Public introduction to Operatic and Concert
Stage in United States and Europe.

VOICES TRIED FREE.
Apply to residence, 586 Spadina avenue mornings
and evenings.
City Office—Williams & Son, 143 Yonge Street and
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Fellow of the Toronto Conservatory of
Music, Organist Central Presbyterian Church. PIANO,
ORGAN AND THEORY. Toronto Conservatory of Music
and 99 Bloor Street West.

MRS. & MISS DRECHSLER-ADAMSON,
VIOLINISTS.
Will receive a limited number of pupils at
their residence, 67 BLOOR ST. EAST.

J LEWIS BROWNE,
(Organist and Choirmaster Bond St. Cong. Church)
CONCERT ORGANIST
Pupils received in Organ, Piano, Harmony and
Instrumentation. 72 SHUTER STREET.
Reception hours 3 to 5 p.m. daily.

SCIENTIFIC AND SANITARY.

The first lighthouse in the United States
was built on Little Brewster Island, Boston,
1715.

The most powerful dynamos ever construct-
ed are the 5,000 horse-power dynamos for the
Cataract Construction Company, Niagara. The
dynamos in question will provide a two-phase
alternating current, having a frequency of 25
alternations per second, and the voltage is to
be 2,000.

Propeller shafts, where they pass through
the stern of a vessel into the water, often rest
in a tube which is lined with lignum vitae.
Several attempts have been made, not with
very good success, to substitute metal for this
wooden bushing. Fresh experiments with an
alloy called "Magnolia metal," very recently
made by a British firm, are said to have result-
ed much more satisfactorily.

A clock tower which has been erected by
the Chamber of Commerce of Rouen gives the
time on three sides, and the height of the tide
on the fourth, which fronts the harbor. The
tide indicator consists essentially of a float,
which, by means of a cord and counterweight
hung on a drum, actuates a series of shafts
with bevel wheel-gearing, and moves a hand or
pointer on a dial like that of a clock, marked
with the usual figures to show the level of the
tide.—*Invention.*

For withstanding heat, the bars of a fur-
nace grate made by an English firm, Caddy &
Co., Limited, and exhibited at Chicago, are
tubular; and the air which passes through
them not only cools the metal, but itself be-
comes heated, and thus is enabled to perform
another function also; when it comes in con-
tact with the unconsumed gases and carbons,
it affords oxygen for their consumption, and
thereby reduces the smoke. The upper
face of the bar is hardened by "chilling."

An apparatus designs to report the approach
of a hostile vessel to a port in a dense fog has
been perfected in France lately. It is called
the "hydesphone," and consists of a bell
buoyed out in the sea just below the surface,
and so sensitive as to feel and telegraphically
record the vibrations of a vessel's screw a mile
off. An alarm on shore is operated by this
mechanism, and it is believed that a person famil-
iar with its workings can thereby discover the
position of an enemy's ship accurately enough
to explode a torpedo near the latter effective-
ly.

An interesting study of the horse power of
the whale has been made by the eminent anatomi-
st, Sir William Turner, of the University of
Edinburgh, Scotland, in conjunction with Mr.
John Henderson, the equally eminent Glasgow
shipbuilder. The size and dimensions of a
great whale stranded several years ago on the
shore at Longiddy furnished the necessary
data for a computation of the power necessary
to propel it at the rate of twelve miles an hour.
This whale measured 80 feet in length, 20 feet
across the flanges of the tail, and weighed 74
tons. It was calculated that 145 horse
power was necessary to attain the speed men-
tioned.

Operating lock gates electrically is proposed
by Thomas Munro, M. Inst. C.E., Superinten-
dent of the Soulanges Canal in the Province
of Quebec. Mr. Munro writes us that an elec-
tric motor transmits power through a train of
gears to a pinion which works into a rack
placed on the side of a 6 inch 1 beam. The
end of this beam is attached to the top of a
lock gate which it pushes shut or pulls open as
may be required. The operation takes about
55 seconds, and is performed with perfect ease.
It is proposed to operate two pairs of gates
and four filling and emptying sluices from one
point in the centre of the lock and upon which-
ever side may appear advisable.—*Engineering
Record.*

Thin and impure blood is made rich and
healthful by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla. It
braces up the nerves and gives renewed
strength.

THE JUDGES Of the
WORLD'S COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION
Have made the
HIGHEST AWARDS

(Medals and Diplomas) to
WALTER BAKER & CO.

On each of the following named articles:

- BREAKFAST COCOA,
- Premium No. 1, Chocolate,
- Vanilla Chocolate,
- German Sweet Chocolate,
- Cocoa Butter,

For "purity of material," "excellent flavor,"
and "uniform even composition."

WALTER BAKER & CO., DORCHESTER, MASS.

R. R. R.

**RADWAY'S
READY RELIEF.**

CURES AND PREVENTS

Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Influenza, Bron-
chitis, Pneumonia, Swelling of the Joints,
Lumbago, Inflammations, RHEUM-
ATISM NEURALGIA, Frost-
bites, Chilblains, Headache,
Toothache, Asthma,

DIFFICULT BREATHING.

CURES THE WORST PAINS in from one to twenty
minutes. NOT ONE HOUR after reading this ad-
vertisement need any one SUFFER WITH PAIN.

Radway's Ready Relief is a Sure Cure for
Every Pain, Sprains, Bruises, Pains
in the Back, Chest or Limbs.

It was the First and is the Only
PAIN REMEDY

That instantly stops the most excruciating pains,
allays inflammation and cures Congestions, whether
of the Lungs, Stomach, Bowels, or other glands or
organs, by one application.

ALL INTERNAL PAINS, Cramps in
the Bowels or Stomach, Spasms, Sour Stom-
ach, Nausea, Vomiting, Heartburn, Diarrhoea,
Colic, Flatulency, Fainting Spells, are re-
lieved instantly and quickly cured by taking
internally as directed.

There is not a remedial agent in the world that
will cure Fever and Ague and all other malarious,
bilious and other fevers, aided by RADWAY'S PILLS,
so quickly as RADWAY'S RELIEF.

25 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

RADWAY & CO.,

419 St. James Street, Montreal.

**RADWAY'S
PILLS,**

Always Reliable.

Purely Vegetable.

Possess properties the most extraordinary in
restoring health. They stimulate to healthy action
the various organs, the natural conditions of which
are so necessary for health, grapple with and
neutralize the impurities, driving them completely
out of the system.

RADWAY'S PILLS

Have long been acknowledged as the
Best Cure for

SICK HEADACHE, FEMALE COMPLAINTS, INDI-
GESTION, BILIOUSNESS, CONSTIPATION,
DYSPEPSIA, AND ALL DISORDERS
OF THE LIVER.

Price 25c. per Bottle. Sold by Druggists.

Winard's Liniment for sale everywhere.

MISCELLANEOUS.

France has had 67 queens, of whom 13, an odd number for luck, are said to have led comparatively happy lives.

In view of what Hood's Sarsaparilla has done for others, is it not reasonable to believe that it will also be of benefit to you.

The Germans have, it is said, discovered that a satisfactory kind of paper can be made from the refuse hops that have hitherto gone to waste in breweries.

Not Crude Material.

Scott's Emulsion is Cod Liver Oil perfected and is prepared upon the principle of its digestion and assimilation in the human system; hence it is given without disturbing the stomach.

Persons whose temples are fuller above the eyes than below, whose heads enlarge above the ears, are usually more gifted with musical taste than those with contrary characteristics.

EXCELS ALL OTHERS.

DEAR SIR,--Your Burdock Blood Bitters excels all other medicines that I ever used. I took it for biliousness and it has cured me altogether.

WM. WRIGHT, Wallaceburg, Ont.

The oldest ruins in the world are probably the rock-cut temples of Ipsambul or Abou Samboul, in Nubia, on the left bank of the Nile. They are over 4,000 years old.

SCRAPED WITH A RASP.

SIR,--I had such a severe cough that my throat felt as if scraped with a rasp. On taking Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup I found the first dose gave relief, and the second bottle completely cured me.

MISS A. A. DOWNEY, Manotick, Ont.

A process of forming artificial whalebone from animal hair, consisting in subjecting the hair to a softening bath, then to a bath of acetic acid, and finally placing the mass under great pressure, has been invented.

A HOME TESTIMONIAL.

GENTLEMEN,--Two years ago my husband suffered from severe indigestion, but was completely cured by two bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters. I can truly recommend it to all sufferers from this disease.

MRS. JOHN HURD, 13 Cross St., Toronto.

The Woman's Suffrage Association, of Belgium, shows by the latest census held in Europe, that among 16 European nations the female sex preponderates. It does so most strongly in Portugal and Norway; least in Belgium and France.

A POSTMASTER'S OPINION.

"I have great pleasure in certifying to the usefulness of Hagyard's Yellow Oil," writes D. Kavanagh, postmaster of Umfraville, Ont., "having used it for soreness of the throat, burns, colds, etc., I find nothing equal to it."

There are some curious superstitions concerning waves. The Arab sailors believe that the high seas of the coast of Abyssinia are enchanted, and whenever they find themselves among them they recite verses which they suppose have a tendency to subdue them.

HACKING COUGH CURED.

GENTLEMEN,--My little boy had a severe hacking cough, and could not sleep at night. I tried Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam for him and he was cured at once.

MRS. J. HACKETT, Linwood, Ont.

Mrs. Annie Clark, mother of Dr. Daniel Clark, superintendent of the Toronto Asylum for the Insane, died recently at the ripe old age of 90 years. She was 11 years of age when the battle of Waterloo was fought, and remembered having seen the wounded Highlanders returning to Scotland after the battle. She was 53 years in Canada and leaves two brothers in Ontario, one 94 and the other 82 years of age.

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, etc.

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Herter's memorial monument of Heine, with its sculptured group of the Lorelei and other figures from the poet's works, has been secured by the Arion Club of New York, and is to be erected in that city as soon as a suitable place shall be selected.

The most eccentric nest builder among birds is the common wren. A wren will build anywhere. It is recorded of one wren that it built its nest inside the body of a hawk that had been nailed to a barn door as a warning to its predatory brethren. Another wren built in the throat of a dead calf, while a third made its nest inside a big pump, and gained access to it through the spout.

"My Optician," of 159 Yonge St., is an old established firm in Toronto, having made optics a speciality, examines eyes correctly, charging only for spectacles.

At a service in memory of Francis Parkman, the historian, held at Harvard University, President Eliot made an address, in the course of which he said: "His ideal manhood was the highest and purest. It was this that made the tone of his writings so ennobling and uplifting. His life was a noble lesson to students, particularly in the steadfast sticking to duty to the very last. He never appeared in public. He did not love prominence. His influence was quiet and subtle. But his name will remain long in human memory."

TO DOWN SPOOKS.

A wealthy bachelor declared that a horrid hag had glared at him through the night. His friends laughed at him but he insisted that the house was haunted. He grew ill, complaining of extreme heaviness in the stomach, his appetite failed, he grew sallow, emaciated and despondent, believing he was going to die, the spook being a warning, and declared he could hear funeral bells ringing in his ears, and even hinted at suicide. A friend induced him to use Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and he rapidly grew well, spooks and all his distressing symptoms disappearing. A torpid liver and dyspepsia caused his suffering and the medicine cured both. The "Discovery" is the only remedy for biliousness and indigestion, or dyspepsia, so certain in its curative action as to warrant its sale on trial. A Guarantee, in print, wraps every bottle.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure constipation, biliousness and derangements of stomach, liver and bowels.

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There are 244 life-saving stations, 182 being on the Atlantic, 49 on the lakes, 12 on the Pacific and one at the Falls of the Ohio. During the last fiscal year the number of disasters to vessels within the field of the service was 427. There were on board these vessels 8,800 persons, of whom 3,542 were saved and 23 lost. Value of property imperilled was \$8,098,076 and the amount saved was \$6,442,505. The number of vessels totally lost was 88. The cost of maintenance of the service during the year was \$1,231,893.

SCROFULA ENTIRELY CURED.

DEAR SIR,--I have suffered very much from scrofula and bad blood for seven years past. Six months ago I commenced using B.B.B. internally and externally and can now say that I am entirely cured, and have been so for some time. To all sufferers I recommend B.B.B. as an excellent remedy for scrofula.

MISS A. B. TANNIER, Pictou, N.S.

The finest linen is to be found down among the dead men of Egypt--the linen in which the mummies are rolled. Professor Macalister has been discoursing about this linen to the members of the Anthropological Institute. He has the authority of a linen manufacturer for saying that there is only one specimen of linen manufactured in the United Kingdom which can be recognized as of similar structure to the Egyptian productions. In point of perfection of manufacture, that of 4,000 years ago has never been excelled.

QUIPS AND CRANKS.

"Mamma," said Mabel, "if people eat up all the toadstools, what will the toads do when they want to sit down?"

When the impecunious stranger was ejected from the tavern it was remarked by a bystander that it was something out of the ordinary.

The great Ferris wheel at Chicago Exhibition can "complete a revolution in seven minutes." Valuable this in Paris. No military required.

Is there any reason that ladies should find it easier to swim than men? Of course there is—they take to the water naturally, the little ducks they are.

Wife: Can you let me have some money, dear? I am going shopping. Husband: Great heavens, Maria! you'll ruin me. Wife (calmly): All I want is ten cents for car fare.

"So you went and proposed to her, in spite of my warnings?" "Yep." "And the result?" "The answer I got was so chilling that I fell several degrees in my own estimation."

Mrs. R. says that of all Shakspeare's plays produced at the Lyceum, she liked "Henry the Eighth" the best, because of the character of "Cardinal Bullseye," which Mr. Irving played so sweetly.

"Swimming has been much neglected in the British Navy," observed Mr. Philooly. "When there's a parliament in Dublin we'll pass a law that not a sailor shall leave terra firma till he can swim."

Mrs. Stings: Last night you came home with a story of sitting up with a sick friend. Now what excuse have you this time? Mr. Stings: To-night, my love, (hie) we all gathered (hie) round his beer.

There may be nothing in luck, but the *Memphis Commercial* would like to know why it is that one man will catch all the fish and another man, his companion, will catch all the malaria out of the same creek.

Wagley: Oh, I assure you, old chap, there's a good deal more in that Miss Pound than you have any idea of! Prigley: Indeed? And pray how have you ascertained that? Wagley: Just taken her down to supper, old man.

Little Gladys: Why is your hair so grey, mother? Mother: Because you are such a naughty child sometimes. Little Gladys: Oh, mother, what a nasty girl you must have been. Poor grannie's hair is quite white.

"Why did you shoot this man?" "In self-defense," answered the policeman. "Why, he was running away from you?" "I know it looked so. But I was afraid he was going around the block to attack me from behind."

"Any good shooting on your farm?" asked a sportsman of a farmer. "Splendid," said the agriculturist; "there's a dry-well man house in a clover meadow, a pedlar at the house, a candidate out in the barn, and two tramps in the stackyard. Climb right over the fence, young man, load both barrels and sail in."

Baron Dowes once was judge where the accused could only understand Irish, and an interpreter was accordingly sworn. The prisoner said something to the interpreter, and the latter replied. What does he say? demanded the judge. Nothing, my Lord.

How dare you say that when we all heard him? Come, sir, what was it? My Lord, said the interpreter, beginning to tremble, it had nothing to do with the case. If you don't answer, I'll commit you, sir; now what was it? Well, my Lord, you'll excuse me, but he said, Who's that ould woman, with the red bed-curtain round her, sitting up there? At which the Court roared. And what did you say? asked the Baron, looking a little uncomfortable. I said, whist, ye spalpeen! That's the ould boy that's going to hang yez!



PERFUMES



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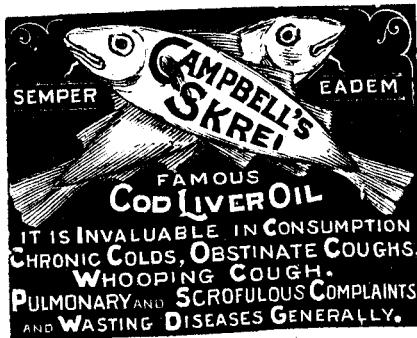
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B.B.B. EXCELS all others, having cured severe cases which were thought incurable. Mrs. Jane Vansickle, Alberton, Ont., was cured of Liver Complaint after years of suffering by using five bottles of B.B.B. She recommends it.

Minard's Liniment Relieves Neuralgia.