

THE WEEK:

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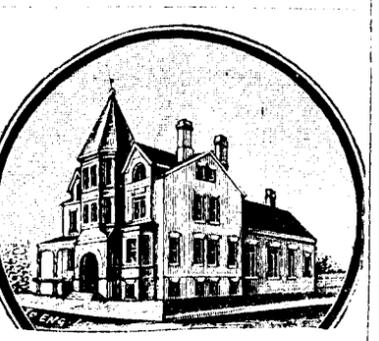
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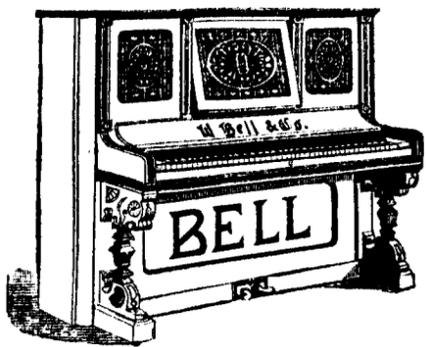
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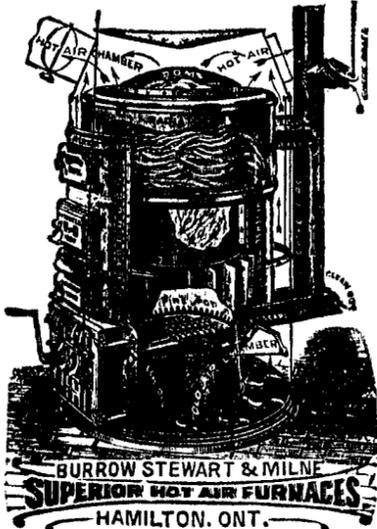
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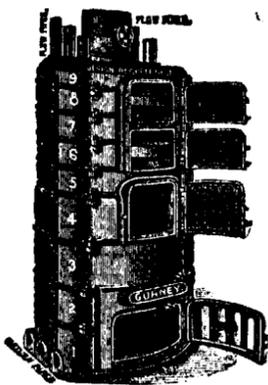
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All articles, contributions, and letters on matters pertaining to the editorial department should be addressed to the Editor, and not to any other person who may be supposed to be connected with the paper.

THE Industrial Exhibition which is now open in this city bids fair, we believe, to surpass all that have gone before it in the extent and completeness of the exhibits made in the various departments. Great credit is due to the indefatigable President and other managers to whose well-directed and untiring efforts the success of this annual exhibition is so largely due. It would not be easy to over-estimate the value for educational as well as commercial purposes of this periodical bringing together of the best that the country produces in its various lines of art and industry, for purposes of study and comparison. No one who is engaged in any kind of productive industry can fail, if he possesses an open mind and an observant eye, to gain many profitable hints from the study of what others are doing, perhaps doing very much better or more cheaply, in the same sphere. The student of natural history will find in some of the departments, as, for instance, in that set apart for fishes, a rare opportunity for viewing such a variety of living specimens as is not often brought together within the reach of a Canadian student. The same remark, with modifications, will hold true of almost every thoughtful visitor, no matter in what special line of science or of productive industry his aptitudes may lie. There can be no doubt that such exhibitions have done and are doing very much in the way of stimulating enterprise and giving fresh impulse to ingenuity and effort in almost every department of human activity.

THE fact that existing (Canadian) difficulties are discussed freely, generally, interestedly and intelligently, with a view to their solution, is no proof of threatened disintegration, but is rather an indication of healthy life and vigour." These words of a correspondent in our last issue are not only true but susceptible of a wider application than the writer probably intended. That two Canadians, separated by so vast a stretch of Canadian territory as that which unites Halifax and Edmonton, should meet in the columns of the same journal to discuss Canadian affairs is, in itself, a suggestive and hopeful incident. The affairs of a country of such magnificent

proportions are surely worth serious consideration. That there is much in the present situation that calls for free, full, earnest, dispassionate discussion will, we think, be generally admitted. We know not what "True Canadian," who takes up the cudgels so vigorously against the idea of Canadian Independence, in last issue, may think, but we have yet to find the man of intelligence and foresight who believes it possible for Canada to retain its present status for any considerable length of time. That radical change of some kind is inevitable in the near future is, unless we greatly misread the indications, the fixed impression of the great majority of Canadian thinkers. It is not strange that this should be so, and that it should give rise to a growing unrest. The Colonial relation, as a first stage in the process of national development, is natural and beneficent. As a permanent condition for five or six millions of people, having both genius and training for self-government, and possessing a country covering half a continent, it would be unnatural and humiliating. England herself would despise her degenerate sons if they were content to cherish no higher ambition. We see no reason to doubt that in the minds of many of the foremost British statesmen of past and present times, ultimate independence is regarded as the only legitimate goal of each of the great colonies, now in the higher stages of national development. To the more broad-minded and thoughtful the transition to complete self-government seems as natural and necessary, and as little to be deprecated, as the acceptance of the duties and responsibilities of manhood by the son after he has attained his majority under the parental roof.

IF argument were needed to show that the Colonial relation, as now existing between Canada and Great Britain, cannot be permanent, it would scarcely be necessary to do more than point to what takes place when one of those disputes which "True Canadian" regards as inevitable between two countries in such proximity as Canada and the United States, arises. What could be more vexatious and, may we not add, ineffective, than the present roundabout method? Canada, however aggrieved, perhaps by the mere excess of zeal of some United States subordinate official, cannot go direct to Washington for frank and manly discussion. "It is no matter," as the American journals just now are telling us with more truth than courtesy, "what Canada thinks." The remonstrance intended for the Washington administration has to be forwarded to London, there, perhaps, to be pigeon-holed for an indefinite period to await the leisure of Imperial statesmen, whose hands are more than full of matters of pressing interest nearer home, and who, at best, cannot be expected to give the time and attention necessary to a mastery of the case, in its implications and details. If they should be at times disposed to be somewhat impatient of the importunate colony, which seems so prone to get them into trouble with the great nation with which they have the strongest reasons, financial and political, for wishing to remain at peace, who could blame them? And then, what are the final results? Let the Atlantic Coast Fisheries dispute, still unsettled after long years of diplomatic correspondence; let the outrages perpetrated year after year, with the utmost *sans froid*, and with perfect impunity, upon Canadian sealers in the North Pacific, answer. Could Canadian management of the business, however unequal she might be in point of strength, have led to worse results? We are not blaming England. We are simply hinting at facts which illustrate the present working of the colonial relation and show why it is rapidly becoming intolerable. But we need not pursue the subject, for we do not believe that even "True Canadian," having very carefully studied the future destiny of Canada, will maintain that for her to continue much longer as a Colony is either possible or desirable.

ASSUMING, then, that radical change must come, what shall it be? "True Canadian" does not tell us. Annexation is out of the question. On that, all, with insignificant exceptions, seem agreed. Imperial Federation as a grand idea has many attractions, but, every effort to bring it down from the clouds, and within the limits of definite and practical conceptions, has so far failed. May

we not go further and say that every such effort has thus far but resulted in making the impracticability of the dream more apparent? We have dealt with it before and need not repeat our arguments. Suffice it to say that one of its prime, indispensable conditions, the setting up of a power or tribunal of some sort superior in authority to the British Parliament, is such a condition that its mere statement is equivalent, for every one who recalls the history, traditions, and present prestige of the British Parliament, to a *reductio ad absurdum*. What, then, remains? Independence or—nothing. The gist of the arguments so forcibly urged against Independence may be given in three words, weakness, poverty, ingratitude. Independent Canada would, unquestionably, be weak in comparison with her mighty neighbour. What then? Has no nation, in this age of civilization and Christianity, any right to exist but that measured by its military and naval strength? Are there no free and independent weak nations, dwelling in peace and safety beside stronger ones, in Christendom? Did little Switzerland go to the wall when her autonomy was threatened the other day by her great neighbour? Pushed to its logical conclusion the argument from weakness would leave room for but one nation in the world, as there can be but one absolutely the strongest. And so with the argument from comparative poverty. It is unfortunate, though perhaps, unavoidable, that Canada is so deeply in debt, but that makes all the stronger reason why she should do all in her power to attract capital and population for the development of her great resources. The idea that nothing could be done without an immense army and navy and a large and costly diplomatic service is an Old World idea. We see no reason why the New should not introduce a new and better order of things. Suppose, for instance, Canada's first act, as an independent nation, should be to enter into a treaty with the United States, providing that every dispute then existing, or afterwards arising, should be settled by arbitration in a manner definitely outlined and fixed. We have no great admiration for the character and methods of the professional politicians across the border, but we have sufficient faith in the good sense and Christian integrity of the people and the honest friendliness they would have for a kindred American nation, to believe that they would promptly enter into such an arrangement. And then what further need of costly armaments?

A WORD as to the argument from sentiment. Let us not be misunderstood. We are not, as "True Canadian" seems to imagine, urging secession, rebellion, or any other horrible crime against the Mother Country. We yield not even to our fervid correspondent in our loyalty to Great Britain, and our admiration of all that is grand and noble in her history and literature, and in the character of her people. We appreciate, too, the wise magnanimity which has characterized her colonial policy, though our historical recollections fail to supply us with an instance in which her gallant sons have stood between us and a destruction that was not threatened us on her account, not our own. Nor, though we cheerfully and gratefully acknowledge that for our cherished freedom—our liberty to think, to vote, to speak, to act—we are in a real sense indebted to the example and assistance of Britain, are we able to recall an instance in which a concession in the direction of political freedom and self-government has been granted us save at our own urgent demand, if not almost under compulsion. But let that pass. Our sin is that we deem it wise for Canadians to look forward as well as backward; and that it may be, possibly, the first duty of a "true Canadian" to be loyal to Canada. We urge no hasty movement, no rash breaking with the historic past. But realizing that the day is drawing near, in the course of events over which we have no control, when a new departure will be inevitable; realizing, too, that as an outcome both of sentiment and of lack of diplomatic and commercial liberty, Canadian prestige is lowered, and Canadian progress retarded by the disabilities inseparable from a relation of dependency, we urge that, when the day of necessary choice is fully come—whether in five years or in twenty-five—Canadians should be prepared to take the only course consistent with their own self-respect, and the brave traditions of their

race. We contemplate no severance of the bonds of affection which now bind Canadians to the land of their fathers. And, so far from such a peaceful separation, under the parental benediction, tending to still further divide the Anglo-Saxon race, we make bold to prophesy that the independence of Canada, whenever it comes, will put her in such a position as a mediator and connecting link between the two great branches of that race as will make her the most powerful influence in drawing them together, and bringing about that great reunion—in sympathy and friendship if in no closer alliance—of the whole English-speaking race, to which we confidently look forward as one of the greatest blessings which the future has in store for humanity.

SEVERAL of the French-Canadian leaders, on the side of the Government, have been making speeches of late, and it must be admitted that little fault can be found with either the tone or tenor of their utterances. Sir Hector Langevin, in Toronto, declares himself not a Provincialist, not a Quebec man, not an Ontario man, but a Dominion man. Hon. Mr. Taillon, leader of the Conservative minority in the Quebec Legislature, urges his French-Canadian countrymen to take pride in the name of Canadian, pure and simple, and to work hand-in-hand with all their other countrymen in developing the great resources of the Dominion. The Hon. J. A. Chapleau, in addressing his French-Canadian hearers at the St. Hilaire picnic, was still more pronounced on the side of nationalism as opposed to provincialism in feeling. "I am addressing," said he, "French Canadians. We are the minority in Confederation, but we should not so consider ourselves; we must not look upon ourselves as a separate nationality having right to favours. What we must ask are our rights and not favours." These are certainly broad and manly sentiments. Hon. Mr. Laurier is, it is announced, to visit Toronto, when we shall, no doubt, hear from his lips words equally re-assuring, in favour of Canadianism as opposed to sectionalism in feeling and aspiration. Words are, however, cheap, and while anxious to give to the representative men of both parties credit for sincerity in their utterances, we cannot forget that the true test of patriotism is action. Are these French leaders quite willing that their race and their religion should be placed on exactly the same footing in the Confederation as other races and religions; that they should have no special privileges or advantages of any kind? If so, no quarrel can ever arise to mar the harmony of the Confederation, for we do not suppose the most fiery member of Equal Rights Association, could ask anything more, or grant anything less than simple equality of rights and privileges. Possibly we should have to make a few exceptions, so far as the Jesuits of unhappy history are concerned.

OUR readers will not have forgotten the embarrassing situation which resulted some months ago from the appointment of Sir Henry Blake as Governor of Queensland, and the resolute objections taken to the appointment on behalf of that Colony, the affair resulting in a deadlock between the Home and Colonial Governments, which was only relieved by the voluntary resignation of Sir Henry Blake. This incident was followed by representations from the Governments of New South Wales and South Australia, to the effect that the Colonial Ministers interested ought to have the opportunity of expressing an opinion before the appointment of any Governor. It was also suggested that it might be desirable to limit the area of selection to "persons who have held high political office in England." In a despatch from Downing Street, dated July 8th, Lord Knutsford gives the final decision of the British Government in the matter. That decision is unfavourable to both propositions. The reasons assigned are certainly not without weight. It is pointed out that the limitation of the area of choice would have had the effect of making ineligible some of the most successful Governors who have hitherto held the positions. It is further hinted, with undoubted truth, though the fact may not be altogether gratifying to Colonial *amour propre*, that it might often be the case that persons who have held high political office in England, or have been members of the Imperial Parliament, might not be prepared "to retire from a promising public career at home in order to serve out of England for a term of years." The objections taken to consulting the Colonial authorities resolve themselves into questions of dignity touching the limitation of the Imperial prerogative, and of delicacy in regard to submitting the name of a proposed appointee for Colonial criticism. It is claimed by Lord Knutsford that the Dominion Government approves his decision, though no formal communication has been

had in regard to the matter. On the whole, it is very likely that the conclusion reached is the wisest under the circumstances. The alternatives suggested might give rise to embarrassment and possible friction. Without conceding that the Colonies have not an interest in the *personnel* of their Governors, at least equal to that of the Home Government, it must be admitted that occasions for taking exception to the choice of the Colonial Office have hitherto been very rare, and are likely to be so in the future. Moreover, in the case of a really objectionable appointment, a Colonial Government could scarcely be debarred from following the example of Queensland, and interposing a veto, which would be none the less effective for not being provided for in the Constitution.

THE time-honoured institution of trial by jury is being put upon its defence in various quarters, and will find it no easy task to maintain its right to exist. In the United States the absurd condition which makes it necessary, in cases of notoriety such as the Cronin affair, to find twelve intelligent ignoramus or nobodies to act as jurors, is fast bringing the system into undeserved contempt. In this country such occurrences as that which took place in Montreal the other day, in which a jury is said to have astonished Judge Dorion by returning a verdict in direct opposition to the facts in evidence, naturally beget distrust of the mode of administering justice under which such results are possible. Even in conservative England such an event as the Maybrick affair, in which the finding of the jury was promptly rejected by popular verdict, and virtually set aside by the action of the Home Secretary, can hardly fail to bring the question of the reliability and utility of the jury as an instrumentality for determining the value of evidence to the front for earnest discussion. And yet in each of these typical instances it is tolerably clear that the fault is not in the system itself, but in its administration. The unwisdom, in this day of newspapers and general education, of making it a *sine qua non* to a jurymen's eligibility that he must have formed no opinion on any point of a notorious case, is too obvious to need argument, and affords a curious instance of the extent to which even the most radical of peoples may be enslaved by traditional notions. The Montreal case is clearly one of the ignorant, but too common, prejudice which sets up one standard of morality for dealing with the individual and another for dealing with the Government. The mistake in judgment, if there was one, in the Maybrick case, seems to have been that of the judge, rather than that of the jury, who merely voiced his opinions. The incident may show that the British system is defectively administered, in that it does not throw the responsibility for the decision as to the fact so exclusively upon the jury as it should do, but the main bearing of the incident is certainly in favour of, rather than against, trial by jury.

ON the positive side, the arguments in support of the system of trial by jury are weighty, we do not say absolutely conclusive. The *Winnipeg Sun*, referring to a paragraph in our columns a week or two since, says that we offered "no defence for trial by jury in civil cases other than that of age, and the sentimental plea that it is a palladium of popular liberty." The first plea it thinks, rightly enough as it states the plea, entitled to no consideration; the second it pronounces a myth. If our memory serves us, we made also some reference to the educative value of trial by jury, and we are pretty sure that any one who reflects seriously upon this aspect of its influence, will admit that the plea carries considerable weight. Not only to those called upon to serve as jurors, as almost every man of respectability in town or village is pretty sure to be at some time in his life, but to all who are familiar from childhood with this popular mode of seeking and administering justice between man and man, the system affords a training in self-government, and a series of object lessons in the art of distinguishing between right and wrong, the full value of which could hardly be estimated save by comparison with a people forced to accept their law and their justice from the hands of an official class. But, owing we dare say to our own lack of clearness, the *Sun* seems to have quite misapprehended the arguments it quotes. Our first remark referred not to the age, but to the origin and history of trial by jury. Who can recall the state of subjection to the caprice and tyranny of unjust or bigoted judges which precedes, in the history of most nations, the period in which the people wrested from kings or nobles the right to be tried by juries of their peers, without a wholesome dread of any substitute which even looks in the direction of a return to

the absolutism of the individual, in the administration of justice? The right of appeal to higher courts, if carefully cherished, may, it is true, obviate any danger from this direction. But the appeal from the decision of the individual to that of the bench of justices is in itself, of the nature of the jury system. The fact that those to whom the appeal is made are learned in the law and trained to weigh evidence, but tends to make them the more reliable jury. The absolutism of the individual with all his possibilities of caprice, prejudice, passion and corruption, is the thing to be dreaded. The latitude allowed individual justices in determining sentences is, to our mind, one of the most wonderful and reprehensible features of our present judicial system. The day will come when it will appear little less than monstrous that it should so long have been left to the varying judgment and feelings of one man to say whether another man found guilty of some offence shall be sent to gaol for five days or fifty, to the penitentiary for two years or ten. So long as the right of option between judge and jury, and of appeal to a higher court is preserved, the simpler the machinery of the courts the better.

PROFESSOR J. H. MAHAFFY, whose address at Chautauqua, on the Irish Question, brought upon his devoted head hot volleys of hostile criticism from the American press, has, in the *New York Independent*, a vigorous parting shot at his assailants, on the eve of his departure for home. His general arguments against Home Rule will be, no doubt, more or less convincing according to the political and national sympathies and prejudices of his readers. Many will, we dare say, refuse to admit the force of the analogy which he seeks to establish, and which he deems "remarkably close and reasonable," between the relation of British Unionists to Irish Home Rule, and that of the United States towards certain sections of territory and special societies which are not wholly in harmony with the principles of the Union; and in regard to which the policy of the United States has been to postpone the granting of Home Rule. Without entering into that large question we cannot refrain from quoting a sentence in which Professor Mahaffy puts in a nutshell an argument which we should like to see fairly faced and answered by an intelligent Ultramontane Catholic. Professor Mahaffy is assigning reasons to justify the unwillingness of the Protestant population of Ireland to trust their liberties in the hands of an Irish Government and Parliament under the influence and control of the Roman Catholic hierarchy. He puts the matter in this way:—

The real and unanswerable argument to settle the question is this: If Roman Catholics persecute, they persecute according to the principles of their Church; if Protestants persecute, they do it against the principles of their religion. You can therefore put down the latter crime by argument, by protest, by education in liberal principles; you can only extirpate the former crime by extirpating the religion which advocates it on principle.

That this view of the tenets, or, if you please, theory of the Roman Catholic Church is true, will hardly, we suppose, be denied by anyone who accepts a Papal Syllabus as an authoritative and infallible exposition of Catholic principles. What we should like to ask—and we put the question in all candour and good faith—is, What reply has a candid and logical Catholic of the Ultramontane School to make, or what reason has he to give why a Protestant minority should not hesitate to trust their rights and liberties in the hands of a Catholic majority?

AT the date of this writing the great London strike is still in progress, as against the dock companies, though the wharfingers have conceded the advance asked. One of the peculiarities of the affair is the manner in which it has set the dock companies and the vessel owners at variance. It seems not unlikely that, whatever may be the immediate issue of the struggle, it may ultimately result in the breaking up of the monopoly of the former companies, which seems to form the stronghold of the forces of oppression whose merciless exactions have driven the poor labourers into revolt. At last accounts the half-famished strikers were still behaving admirably and thus retaining the sympathy so heartily accorded by the people of all classes. Two striking incidents of the great struggle are the active sympathy of Archbishop Manning, and the generous aid extended by the Salvation Army. This activity of the representatives of the two bodies which almost may be said to constitute the extreme links in the great chain of Christian organizations, contrasts most favourably with the comparative inaction of both the Established Church and the Nonconformists. These great

bodies seem to be letting slip a unique opportunity to regain to some extent their hold upon the lapsed masses, as fearless bestowal of substantial sympathy and aid would almost surely have enabled them to do. As it is, the ranks of Roman Catholicism on the one hand and of the Salvation Army on the other, will be likely to be largely recruited as one result of the memorable conflict.

AND so Boulanger is to have his chance in the French elections after all. The singular vacillation of the French Ministry in the matter suggests a possible apprehension of danger. It is hard to find any other explanation of the change of tactics than a growing conviction that it would be safer to let the pent-up Boulangism of the country find vent at the polls, than to run the risk of its bursting the arbitrary barriers they had set up, and making a way for itself. It is not easy to foresee the vagaries of the French populace, else one would confidently declare it impossible that any self-respecting French constituency could make the disreputable and now wholly contemptible General, its chosen representative. Should such an event occur it could be accounted for only in the words of the Public Prosecutor in his eloquent charge before the High Court, "France has fallen under a fatal spell. The populace is beside itself." Whatever may be thought of the tactics of the Government, or the impartiality of the Senatorial Court, there is no longer room to doubt the deep degradation and utter worthlessness of the man's character. As the venerable Dr. Pressensé, who, albeit one of the official judges, is a witness of undoubted probity and judgment, declares in a letter to the *Christian World*, "Never was there more overwhelming evidence of the infamous conduct of a party and its leader." "His whole history has been a living lie." "His chief weapon was lying—downright lying. His political programme varied, chameleon-like, with those to whom it was unfolded. To the Radicals, it was ultra-radical; to the Bonapartists it followed on the lines of the first Napoleon; to the Right it assumed the clerical colouring. While calling himself a Republican, he figured also as a lord-protector, another Cromwell, and to his trusty ones, his whole talk was of the blow to be struck at the palace in the Elysée." And so on through a column of eloquent denunciation. Should the populace, in its madness, trust the future of France to such a leader, the world might well despair of the French Republic.

AN English exchange gives the following as the reply of a schoolboy to a query in regard to the vexed Homeric question, after having listened to a lecture by his teacher or professor: "It is said that writing was not invented when Homer composed his poems. He must therefore have lived a good deal later." This lad, in common with a good many scholars of riper years, may be relieved to find that the ingenious theories they have devised to account for the preservation of the Iliad and the Odyssey through the ages preceding the invention of writing are likely to be rendered unnecessary by the progress of archaeological discovery. It was, for instance, announced a few weeks since in the *London Times* that Mr. Flinders Petrie, who has been exploring in the Fayûm, has discovered a series of alphabetic signs incised on pottery of the Twelfth Dynasty at Illahun, and on pottery of the Eighteenth and Nineteenth Dynasties at Tell Gurob. The styles of the two towns are, it is said, "as distinct as the periods to which they belong. The characters incised upon them have, however, this much in common, that they are neither hieroglyphic nor hieratic. In a word, they are not Egyptian, but apparently very early Cypriote or Greek. Moreover, the signs traced on the Twelfth Dynasty pottery are distinctly Cypriote, while Phœnician also is found upon the later pottery of Tell Gurob." If this discovery is confirmed it will prove that the beginnings of the alphabet were in existence and use 2,000 years before the Christian era. As this wonderful pottery is on its way to England, we may expect to have the question authoritatively settled before very long, and, if Mr. Petrie's conclusions are found valid, a great weight will have been lifted from the mind of the student of Greek, though many a learned prelection on the transmission of the Homeric poems through the long centuries which were waiting for the invention of alphabetical writing, will have been rendered worthless.

MR. PETRIE'S excavations have brought other long-buried wonders to light. Half a mile from the pyramid of Illahun he came upon a Christian cemetery of the fifth and sixth centuries. The rich garments of the pious Copts buried there are described as being, from the extreme

dryness of the spot, "still quite sound and even wearable." Below the cemetery were found the foundation deposits of Userthesen II., about B.C. 2960. Close to the temple are the remains of a town of the same period, evidently built at one time, and originally, it is supposed, intended for the architects and workmen employed upon the pyramid. It was here that the pottery with the alphabetic signs was found. Here also dozens of invaluable papyri were revealed. Of some of these Mr. Petrie writes: "They are apparently accounts, all in ruled columns and lines, exquisitely neat and in a beautifully clear hand, many of the entries being in red. I have flatted and laid under press seven square feet of sheets and fragments, all of the Twelfth Dynasty." But the most remarkable of the relics of the ancient civilization, or at least those which come home to us with most of the freshness and pathos of a living and personal interest, were those turned up at Tell Gurob, five or six miles from Illahun. Here the head cases of mummies were found to be made of many layers of papyri plastered together. "Separated by soaking," says the account before us, "these papyri have been made to tell their story, sometimes trivial, sometimes pathetic, after the lapse of countless ages. One is a letter from a youth at college, telling his father of his progress, and saying that he now understands mensuration and can draw a plan of a house; another from a royal goose-herd, who states that he cannot supply twelve geese for King Ptolemy's festival." How these revelations of the common feelings and wants of humanity bridge the chasms of scores of centuries and bring back to us the real life of those actors on the stage of a world so long past that it is hard, without such assistance, to conceive of it as peopled with beings of like wants and feelings with ourselves.

OUR SCHOOL BOOKS.

IT is one of the misfortunes incident to popular agitation that superficial grievances receive ready attention, whilst those which are deeper and more serious too often evade notice. Whatever may be thought of the grievance connected with the incorporation and endowment of the Jesuits, it is absolutely unimportant in comparison with the fairness and accuracy of our school books; and we believe there is good reason to think that some of these are seriously infected with Roman misrepresentations of various incidents in the past history of the English people.

Attention was drawn to this subject at the recent meeting of the Anglican Synod of Toronto, by Provost Body, of Trinity College, and our Roman Catholic contemporary, *United Canada*, has poured out the vials of its wrath upon Anglicans generally, and more particularly upon the Synod of Toronto and the Provost of Trinity College, as persons who are resolved to circulate false notions respecting the position of the Church in the middle ages. It certainly is a melancholy spectacle to see a great Church, like the Church of Rome, descending to the grossest misrepresentations; but it is, if possible, more humiliating when these misrepresentations are so conspicuously false. It would not be easy to find a better example of the absolute necessity of watching over these school books, from which the children of the country receive their first impressions and their first opinions, which in all cases are the hardest to dislodge, than the statements of *United Canada* in commenting upon the action of the Synod of Toronto.

The Public Schools, says *United Canada*, are supposed to be unsectarian, and on this ground they are to be "forced upon all classes of citizens, regardless of creed or conscientious scruples." This is a little too strong. Even the opponents of the Separate Schools have never advocated the suppression of denominational schools unsupported by rates. But it seems the Synod of Toronto has a depth of wickedness far beyond the badness of the ordinary opponent of Separate Schools. "The Synod of Toronto desires that the false and fraudulent notion that the Church of England, as by law established at this day, is identical with the Catholic Church of the days of *Magna Charta*, wrung from King John by the nobility of England, with Stephen Langton the Catholic Archbishop of Canterbury, by God's grace and the appointment of the Holy Roman See at their head." We are sorry that this sentence has no end, but we are not responsible.

Whence all this ire? Provost Body pointed out that the History of England used in the Public Schools omitted an important word in its account of *Magna Charta*, inasmuch as it spoke of the Church having its rights, instead of the Anglican Church. Did the Provost, for one moment, mean to imply that the present Church of England exactly resembled the Church under King John? Certainly not,

any more than the Church of the beginning of the thirteenth century was identical with that under Ethelbert at the end of the sixth century. But just as the Church of John's reign was historically continuous and identical with the Church of the time of Ethelbert, so the English Church of the reign of Victoria is the historical descendant of the Church under John. There never was any break. The Church was the Church of England before the Reformation, and it was the same, and bore the same name, after the Reformation. When Mary, during her short reign, brought back her people to the Roman obedience, she had no thought of abolishing a Protestant Church and setting up a new Catholic one in its place, she merely acknowledged an authority over the Church which her two predecessors had disowned. When Elizabeth again threw off the papal supremacy, the Church was neither more nor less the Church of England than it had been before. It was the new Roman Catholic Church in England that was a fresh and foreign introduction, not the Reformed Church.

We can quite understand that these facts are unpleasant for members of the Church of Rome. It has been, for long, the tendency in that communion to destroy the national character of churches. The Gallican liberties, so long defended by some of the best and noblest of the clergy of France, have utterly perished, and it is the same with every Church which owns the Papal power. Ultramontanism has triumphed "all along the line," and it is unpleasant to be reminded by history that this has not always been the case. But veracious history cannot ignore it; and it is a simple fact that *Magna Charta* provided for the rights of the Anglican Church, and not of the Church at large.

The article in question has a very ingenious way of suggesting that we are indebted to the Bishop of Rome for the granting of *Magna Charta*. It was wrung from King John by the Barons. Stephen Langton was at the head of them; and Stephen Langton was appointed by the Pope. Can anything be clearer, then, than this, that England owes the maintenance of her liberties to the See of Rome? What are the facts? Stephen Langton was forced upon the diocese of Canterbury by the Pope against the will of the King and the Chapter. It is quite true, therefore, that England owes the appointment of that great Archbishop to the Pope of Rome. But what part had the Roman Bishop in *Magna Charta*? We need go to no "heretical" history for information on this subject. So far was Stephen Langton the representative of the Pope in extorting the Charter from King John, so far was Innocent from sustaining the action of the great Archbishop, that he actually professed to annul the Charter on the ground that England was a fief of the Holy See. All this may be read in the pages of the conscientious Lingard, himself a zealous member of the Church of Rome, yet a man who was so fair and candid that he would not even question the validity of Anglican orders.

United Canada declares: "That if the history complained of be amended as the Synod petitioned, it will teach historical falsehood and be grossly offensive to that love of the truth which the Catholic Church, the Church which won the great Charter, inculcates and diffuses among the young in her charge." We ask our readers to consider these words in the light of the facts which we have plainly stated, and to judge for themselves whether the writer of that article is in a position to condemn any person or community as guilty of falsehood or misrepresentation. It is of no use giving railing for railing; but when we hear the disciples of the Jesuit Fathers complaining of the want of straightforwardness on the part of their ecclesiastical opponents, we cannot help remembering the Gracchi complaining of sedition.

The article in question makes much of the inconsistency of a certain class of persons who, at one time profess to be Protestants, at another time to be Catholics. We are not concerned to defend the inconsistencies of individuals or of communities; but it is only fair to remember that language is a very indefinite medium of communication. If people will define the terms which they employ, and stick to the meaning so defined, we have no right to quarrel with them. Now, the terms Catholic and Protestant are of wide application. The name Protestant, for example, which was connected with the Protest presented at the Diet of Spires, has not been adopted by all the Reformed Churches. The Church of Rome herself seems to hide her own catholicity by calling herself Roman; and it is difficult to understand in what sense she is Catholic. Certainly the supremacy of the Roman Bishop has never been conceded by the whole Church. This is a simple historical fact, and no Councils or Bulls can get over it. But enough has been said on this point.

We are as anxious as Roman Catholics can be that no injustice should be done to them in our historical textbooks. No good can come from any misrepresentation of history; any such attempt to mislead ultimately proves to be what some persons regard as worse than a crime, a mistake. It is sure, in the long run, to recoil upon the head of its perpetrator.

INAUGURATION OF THE WILLIAMS MEMORIAL.

Port Hope, Sept. 4th, 1889.

UPLIFTED over crowded city marts—

With drawn sword voicing loud the "Forward men!"
Which led his gallant charge in Batoche glen—
He stands—all that a noble deed imparts
Of inspiration and of glory starts
From out dead bronze to rapturous life again,
And bids one moment of the past remain
For aye emblazoned in Canadian hearts.

Loyal and brave, *sans peur et sans reproche*—

Held in the heart's core of his more than friend,
Whose souls twin brothers were, each bound to each—
His birthplace hails her "Hero of Batoche,"
And bends her peaceful brows that Fame may blend
A double wreath, a double love to reach.

Port Hope.

REN.

LETTERS FROM MICHILIMACHINAC.—III.

TO evolve an entire Cosmos from a five minutes' experience is supposed to be a characteristic of the sex. At least so I am told, as, these notes perused before they attain to the dignity of print, my remarks on the approximation to English standards of dress and decorum among our cousins seem to cause a quiet consternation. Friction on this subject is inevitable. "How," says the American girl, "do you accuse us of being non-original in dress, we who have out-married Englishwomen all over the place? Englishwomen are dowdy, their own chroniclers admit it. There is no getting over that fact. They buy good materials and then do not know how to use them, nor, when they are made up, how to put them on."

Gently, my fair friend. Do nothing rashly, for your life. You are generalizing now. Are all Englishwomen dowdy? Are all American women well dressed? Is there truth, absolute truth, in either proposition? Take up your Whateley and learn of him. Learn moderation. Some Americans are well-dressed, some—alas, many, Englishwomen are dowdy. But the little tale produced at luncheon of Miss —, who after having been in training for several weeks in the matter of Ye Backward Bow, to be made when retiring from the Drawing-room, forgot all about it when she espied the dowdiness of the Royal Party and turned her back upon them—that little tale might have given rise to very great friction indeed had many admirers of Alexandra been present. Does that gracious lady, or does she not, dress as well as the average American woman? But what are we doing at the Court of St. James' when we ought to be investigating the precincts of the Astor House? I should have said before this that this very interesting building is genuinely old, having little of the modern hotel about it. I will not say just how old, for I observe my learned friend in the blue flannels approaching, and it would be quite in his line to coolly look over my shoulder and expatiate on the shoddy pretensions of these letters. But the ceiling of the dining-room is excessively and quaintly low, the windows have the small and numerous panes of a hundred years back, and the present ball-room might, if not whitewashed and painted into dreary monotone, reveal a row of timbers overhead that were probably hewn out by hand from the forests of Old Mackinaw. This immense room was at one time the storing place for all the furs amassed by that rich and influential monopoly, the old American Fur Company.

The history of the Company is not devoid of interest, and readers of Washington Irving will remember the picturesque and stirring pages of "Astoria." But who reads Washington Irving to-day? Clearly not the rising generation, for a lady librarian of whom I have lately heard was once asked for Washington's "Life of Irving," and upon searching her catalogues and not finding such a work intimated to the inquirer that she had two or three "Lives of Washington." Would those do? No, they wouldn't do, nor would a small brochure on the "Life and Career of Henry Irving."

The founder of the Company was John Jacob Astor, a German, who, arriving in New York in the year 1784 commenced work in a bakery, followed in the toy-shop line, and lastly trafficked for small furs in the country towns. In 1809 he obtained a charter incorporating the "American Fur Company" with a capital of a million, and in 1811 Mr. Astor bought out the Association of British Merchants known as the Mackinac Company, then a healthy rival in the fur trade. From this time onward the American Fur Company came steadily to the front, till in 1842 it declined and died a natural death. Ramsey Crooks, of whom I often think, picturing him as an astute Scotchman with a strong Greenock accent, was the right hand of the Company for many years, and the Company's books contain, neatly copied out in faded ink, many of his business letters. Yes—Ramsey Crooks, consumer of good old Scotch whiskey, I see you fighting your way

among the Canadian *engagés*, the *voyageurs* brought up from Montreal, the fierce and wily Indians, your jealous associates, your exacting superiors—I see the long low-raftered hall heaped up knee-deep with skins of bear and marten, lynx, fox and buffalo—and I hear the winter winds shrieking around the walls of the isolated Agency and realize what it must have been to have lived in that region at that date. Was it not La Salle who, in 1680, walked from the Fort named *Broken Heart*, where Peoria now is, to Fort Frontenac, now known as Kingston, Ontario? The dauntless spirit of Tonty, Hennepin, Marquette and La Salle—will it ever be seen again on these gleaming shores of Huron, and upon the perched rock of the modern U. S. Fort?

Next to the Arch Rock, I have learned to love the curious block or pyramid of stone called Sugar-Loaf Rock, that meets the eye at Point Look-Out, rising—if I may believe my guide book, my Western Murray, my Island Baedeker—285 feet above the Straits of Mackinaw from a bed of green forest leaves. Standing on the edge of the road, you look down over the tops of the highest trees, upon a carpet of purest verdure, in the very middle of which rises the cone-like gray rock that makes so curious and formidable a feature in the landscape. The view here is superb. The blue, the blue, the perfect blue of the water meeting the white line of the distant shore and not offending in the least, though it also meets this vivid green of the forest carpet—where, in all our conceptions of colour, is there room for anything more beautiful than this? The rock reminds us of Stonehenge. The plain of leaves is for a moment Salisbury Plain, but away with comparisons! There is no brighter blue, there can be no truer green, there never was a more exquisitely natural and unspoilt vision than this cool gray cone of rock stranded in the forest, lifting its cedar-trimmed sides and tip to the sky. From Sugar-Loaf we proceeded to Fort Holmes, where a raised platform afforded us another fine view of nearly the entire horizon. Here our history was tried, found wanting—indeed, I was personally ignorant of the whole affair. But what, I must ask, what strange infatuation governed the English on this continent? On Sept. 10, 1813, the hostile fleets of Great Britain and the United States, met on Lake Erie and had a battle. The British had six vessels, sixty-four guns, Commodore Barclay. The Americans had nine vessels, fifty-four guns, Commodore Oliver H. Perry. At 4 p.m. the following message was received by Gen. William H. Harrison:

"DEAR GENERAL,—We have met the enemy, and they are ours. Two ships, two brigs, one schooner, and one sloop. With esteem, etc. O. H. PERRY."

What an extraordinary despatch! And what a remarkable result for—Britannia, the pride of the Ocean! Was it not that, Englishmen were, after all only fighting other Englishmen, and is not half the fun of fighting, at least to Englishmen, the idea of having it out with somebody, another nationality, a foreign creed, or power, or organization? I imagine that the Revolutionary war was to Englishmen engaged in it, uninteresting. It was not war with a foreign principality, nor was it Civil War on their own loved soil. They never woke up to its importance, and so they lost again and again—and perhaps they deserved to lose.

The corruptions of French here are amusing. The Snow Islands turn out to be *Les Cheneaux*. Among the photograph and fancy shops, I came upon a Turk who holds a Bazaar in orthodox eastern fashion, crammed with rugs, Turkish delight, embroidered slippers, beaded caps, and stuff of all kinds. How he would have interested the old settlers on the Island, and how the modern native squaw, with her bundles of baskets, must hate him in her heart—this rival in the field, this second-cousin, only a shade or two lighter in complexion than herself, this vendor of wonderful and glistening things whose beauty surpasses that of her own manufacturing! Take heart, O Squaw, for verily there be much difference in the prices thereof, and we prefer, after all, to carry away with us articles relevant and redolent of the place, pine pillows, birch hats, and baskets, than be bullied into buying what our Japanese shops can give us at home for less money. But the mental attitude of the squaw towards her Oriental rival is worth thinking about. Has she any conception whatever of his origin, his home, the value and artistic richness of his goods? Is he only a kind of superior Indian, or inferior white man—Oracle say!

THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO WALES.

WALES is not very familiar to her Majesty. To conjure up a vision of its hills and dales and people, her memory must travel back to her girlhood days of 57 years ago, when she toured with her mother, the Duchess of Kent, from Welshpool to Anglesey. The spice of novelty with which the present visit is flavoured must be an attractive element in it. Among her more favoured Celtic subjects elsewhere the Queen is accustomed to behold a like grandeur of scenery, and to note the same passionate adherence to folk lore and folk songs as she finds in Wales, but the Welsh people have characteristics all their own—characteristics which she may have a better opportunity of observing than when she to-day drove a few miles through the valley of the Dee, and made a ceremonious halt of three minutes in the pretty village of Bala. Ere the few days' sojourn is over, her Majesty may catch some of the spirit which imbues such a full-throated Welsh chorus as "Land of my fathers" or "Men of Harlech" rising spontaneously from a Welsh crowd. She is now in the place where the

poetic form is the natural form of expressed enthusiasm, and where within almost every adult breast the bardic fire still burns. The loyalty spoken of was variously expressed, tangible alike to the ear and the eye, for loud cheers greeted her progress, and large lettered mottoes of welcome were emblazoned in many conspicuous places. Some of the latter must have been hard linguistic nuts for her Majesty to crack, for such ordinary forms of congratulation as "God save the Queen" and the like can be made to appear very formidable phrases indeed when rendered into Welsh. It would be rash to send them on a perilous voyage over the telegraph wire. It will suffice to indicate that they existed. Her Majesty seemed pleased with the general demonstration of loyalty. Her home in Wales is Palé Hall, in Merionethshire, within a stone's throw of Llandderfel station. It was here her Majesty first set her foot on Welsh soil this morning. Llandderfel was a pleasant place to alight at. The station was brightened with coloured cloth, and, as every house in the bowery, green-clad village displayed a flag of some kind, the prospect from a little distance showed the landscape dotted gaudily with those intrusive bits of colour. A huge Royal standard stood out nobly from among the trees that surround Palé Hall. An observant eye, travelling far along the valley could note many a sign of preparation for this Royal visit. Besides those bright little dots of colour—scarlet symbols of loyalty and rejoicing—one could see that every little snow-flake of a cottage had been whitewashed afresh. The Royal eyes fell upon as sweet a place as could be imagined. The clear, swift waters of the Dee go singing past the sloping lawn of Palé Hall. The green meadows are the grazing ground of scores of black and brown cattle. The slopes that rise from the river rejoice in a luxury of leafy vegetation, and high up nearer the sky are those stretches of royal purple heather which cap the summit of the Berwyn Range.

Bala, the first object of her Majesty's public attention, is four miles from Palé Hall. The town bears the impression of tourist patronage. The hotels are the most important buildings in the town—big, and suggestive of good cheer. Anglers are very common visitors. The river Dee darting out of Bala Lake sparkles along the lovely valley to which it lends its name, and forms a hunting ground which every fisherman knows. Bala was of course *en fête*, its long narrow streets a gaudy tunnel of bunting, softened here and there by festoons of heather and the big patches of ivy that have been trained on the walls of many of the houses. Bala was the gathering ground of others than anglers or tourists to-day. A depopulation of the sparsely-inhabited surrounding district began in the morning. All looked at the sky, some with foreboding and some with hope. It was curious weather all day. A mottled milky sky would sometimes open big blue eyes, but would as often close them again lazily as if in vain attempts to be bright and joyful. The hills on either side of the valley of the Dee were often sombre, but occasional bursts of sunshine would change the aspect, light up the luxuriant green foliage, and clothe their shoulders and set aglow their purple caps of heather. There was moisture in the air, though it did not positively rain. Every now and then a handful of spray, torn by the wind from the edge of some cloud overhead, would be blown into the face. A strong breeze kept the bunting in a flutter and sent a legion of snowy waves galloping over Bala. Her Majesty travelled all night to reach her destination, and every precaution was taken to ensure the safety of the Royal train. From Gosport to Basingstoke the train was in charge of Mr. Verinder, chief superintendent of the South-Western Railway; and from Basingstoke to Llandderfel it was accompanied by Mr. W. N. J. Burlinson, superintendent at Paddington, Mr. Parke, of the carriage department, and Mr. Morris, superintendent at Chester. At Beschurch, between Shrewsbury and Ruabon, fireworks were discharged as the train passed. At Chirk the train ran under an arch inscribed "Chirk, the gate of Wales, salutes her gracious Majesty with devoted loyalty." The loyalty of the people of Chirk had been previously expressed more fully in an address forwarded to Osborne for presentation to her Majesty. At Llangollen the engine was changed for a fresh one, under the charge of Mr. Armstrong, of Wolverhampton. The train arrived at Llandderfel station at 8 o'clock, simultaneously with a flood of morning sunshine. The journey through North Wales was leisurely taken. Until within a dozen miles from the destination all the blinds were drawn. The Royal train consisted of 15 carriages and an engine, which bore a gilded crown. Her Majesty was accompanied by the Princess Beatrice, Prince Henry of Battenburg, and Princess Alice of Hesse; Lady Churchill and the Hon. Harriett Phipps, ladies-in-waiting; Sir Henry Ponsonby, Sir John M'Neill, and Major Bigge, equerries-in-waiting, and Dr. Reid. Mr. Raikes, Postmaster-General, was also in attendance on her Majesty. She was received by the Lord Lieutenant of Merionethshire (Captain P. D. Pryce), the High Sheriff (Mr. A. H. Wood), Colonel Evans Lloyd (Deputy Lieutenant of Merionethshire), and Mr. R. J. Price, of Rhiwlas. Mrs. P. D. Pryce presented a floral emblem, in the shape of the harp of Wales, to the Queen. Her Majesty seemed somewhat fatigued by her long journey, and leaned heavily on her stick. A crowd of country folks cheered the Queen as she drove from the station through a triumphal arch of purple heather, and away to Palé Hall. This mansion, it may be mentioned, has been lent by the owner, Mr. Henry Beyer Robertson, for the use of her Majesty during her stay in North Wales.

After an eight hours' rest her Majesty again ap-

peared in public. Shortly after four o'clock she left Palé Hall and drove along the banks of the Dee to Bala. Before leaving she was presented with a hazel walking stick, on the gold ferrule of which was an inscription stating that it was the gift of the people of Llandderfel. Every inch of standing room on each side of the barricaded street of the town was crowded. An awning had been flung across the street near the Lion Hotel, and under that the privileged people were seated. Her Majesty was late in arriving, and the expectancy of the crowd was not unmingled with apprehension, for the clouds were becoming blacker, and the peculiar dashes of moisture which the wind carried into the people's faces, began more and more to resemble a real shower of rain. The waiting crowd consisted of a number of deputy-lieutenants of the county, with scarlet coats and plumed cocked hats, a guard of honour composed of men of the 2nd Volunteer Battalion of the Royal Welsh Fusiliers, a number of prettily-dressed ladies, mostly in white; members of the Reception Committee distinguished by rosettes, a great band of Sunday-school children, and the united choirs of the Bala district elevated on a temporary gallery erected against the Lion Hotel. The crowd was animated with the full spirit of the mottoes fixed on the awning—namely, "Gallant Little Wales is true to thee," and "The heart of Wales is glad to-day." Several times they burst spontaneously into "Land of my fathers." At ten minutes to five o'clock the scarlet-coated outriders of the Queen came prancing bravely along, and a loud cheer started by the Sunday-school children was raised when she made her appearance. Her Majesty, seated with the Princess Beatrice, Prince Henry of Battenburg and Princess Alice of Hesse, had the fresh bloom of a rather cold ride on her cheeks, and looked remarkably well. The business of the ceremony was commenced the moment the Royal carriage stopped. The Lord-Lieutenant presented the following gentlemen: Mr. W. R. M. Wynne (chairman of Quarter Sessions), Dr. E. Jones (chairman of the County Council), Mr. H. J. Revelley (the oldest magistrate in the county), Mr. W. E. Oakley, Mr. John Vaughan, Mr. Owen Slauey Wynne, Major A. Passingham, Mr. E. Gilliat-Jones, Mr. A. K. Pryce, Mr. Edmond Watkin, and Mr. W. Durant Gibbings (honorary secretary of the Reception Committee). Each of the three Royal ladies in the carriage was presented with a beautiful bouquet, and a tiny damsel advanced to Prince Henry of Battenburg with the gift of a buttonhole. Mrs. Price of Rhiwlas presented her Majesty with a painting of Bala Lake by Mr. Pettitt on behalf of the ladies of Bala, and the Lord-Lieutenant handed an address from the people of the town to their sovereign.

Her Majesty handed back the following reply: I thank you for your loyal and dutiful address. It gives me great satisfaction to meet my subjects who live in this beautiful and interesting part of my dominions. I receive with pleasure your assurances of devotion to my throne and person, and I pray God that you and your children may never cease to enjoy all the blessings of happiness and prosperity in all the circumstances of your lives.

The ceremony lasted about three minutes, and when it finished and the Queen—who had never left the carriage—drove away, the choir sang the National Anthem in Welsh. Her Majesty and suite drove along to Sir Watkin Williams Wynn's shooting box of Glanlyn, on the shores of Bala Lake, and remained there for some time.

PARIS LETTER.

IT will be a happy time when the season of ceremonies shall have terminated. The translation of the remains of War-Minister Carnot—grand-dad of the President—of Marceau, Baudin, and La Tour d'Auvergne, to the Pantheon, was very solemn. This concentration of dead republicans in the incipient lay Westminster Abbey was lugubrious and cold. It lacked religious surroundings to augment the effect of the proceedings, and some sacred orator who could take patriotism for his text. The environment was not in harmony. Then the act had around it a political atmosphere. The Parisians would be only too happy to place in the same mortuary rendezvous the *restes* of that popular sinner, Henri IV. The last heard of them was at the ransacking of the royal sepulchres of St. Denis, when the republicans were in need of the leaden coffins to convert into balls to shoot royalists. The body of Henri IV. was found to be as intact as that of Turenne's. It was left for some days standing upright against a pillar in the nave of the cathedral. The Duc de Portales claims to have some of the royal bones. He ought to surrender them. A public re-interment of the relics might detach many monarchs from the electoral coalition against the Republic.

The inauguration of the new Sorbonne was an international ceremony, as indeed, it historically deserved to be. Representative students from the universities of Europe attended; only professors were invited from Germany, because at the late fêtes of Heidelberg, only French professors were asked. The old Sorbonne was erected on the site of the original humble building that Robert of Sorbon—the latter a small village in the Ardennes—constructed in 1250. Robert was a simple Doctor of Theology, and an honorary chaplain of King St. Louis. He grouped around him a few other theological doctors, lay professors, and poor students from every part of the world. In time, other colleges became affiliated. It was a *sine qua non*, that students and teachers were to speak only Latin. This was necessary in order to avoid converting the Sorbonne into a Tower of Babel. Students had classical Latin for

their studies, but a slang or dog-Latin for their out-door life; thus they spoke when in the streets, when they rowed the watchmen, and even when they solicited food, for they were all poor. They dwelt in the neighbourhood of the now Pantheon, and from speaking Latin, that part of the city, sacred to collegians, has ever since retained the name of the Quartier Latin.

If the Sorbonne had been from an early date the school for theology, it was not its cradle. Theology was born with the school men; it flourished from the ninth century with Lefranc, St. Anseleme, Abelard, and Albert le Grand. As the university of scholastic theology, it shared the religious and political passions of the times. It was the Sorbonne condemned Joan of Arc as a heretic; it sustained the Guises in their massacres of the Huguenots. It was monarchal Bourbon under Marie de Medicis, Louis XIII., Richelieu—its great patron and protector, and who is interred in its church—and Louis XIV. Under the latter it was Gallican against the Church of Rome. It was revolutionary under Etienne Marcel, and in due course, Burgundian, English, Spanish, Italian, and, as observed, even Gallican. From the days of Bossuet and Fenelon, scholastic theology was transferred to the Vatican, but the Sorbonne not the less maintained its right, from the sixteenth century, to condemn every new doctrine, discovery, science and truth, from Ramus and Descartes down to the Encyclopædist. Since, it has been the chairs for Guizot, Cousin, Jouffroy, Simon, etc. It is the University of France, modernized by the Third Republic, where the examinations are held for the conferring of degrees.

It was only natural that the Third Republic should have lodged the reformed University in an edifice worthy of the nineteenth century, that which has been done. The new building is the purest specimen of the modern style of architecture. The atrium or grand vestibule alone is worthy of a pilgrimage; no less than eighteen halls or salles open upon it; the statues and paintings of ancient and modern worthies are gems of art. It was this pile of architecture that President Carnot and a galaxy of intellectualists have just inaugurated, having for chorus delegates from the various European universities, who applauded and cheered as only stalwart youth can rejoice in presence of a temple erected to all the sciences, and where all nationalists can worship—free. After the welcome accorded to M. Carnot, the next warm reception was given to Jules Ferry, not as a politician, but as the author of university reform. The next that came in for a *Viva* was M. Goblet, who laid the foundation stone of the building. It is right to add that Paris has a Catholic University, but its *alumni* must pass the curriculum of the Sorbonne to obtain their official degrees, without which the professions and several state employments are closed to them.

The Exhibition continues to be the grand centre of amusement, and will maintain this character during the current month. The evidence is apparent that it is in the autumn of its success. No one appears to be actually fatigued with its many wonders; indeed the show has this special feature about it, that it can be re-seen without provoking satiety. This is due to the matchless variety of its splendours. I observe that more attention is being paid to the studying of its contents, to the serious examination of the exhibits. This may be due to the arrival of a new stratum of visitors bent on business, or to surfeited pleasure folks seeking a change in useful knowledge.

Politicians have some up-hill work trying to beat the big drum to catch hearers. They will be attended to in due season. *A demain les affaires serieuses.* At present let the ball proceed. Besides, there is no hurry on the part of the electors; they will not be readily caught on this occasion to dance to the piping of the charmers. Electioneering chaff is out of season. New men only are in favour; how far they may be republican or monarchal the elections only can tell. But the republican form of government runs no greater danger than to be freed from the grip of extreme politicians, with philosophical treatises, in place of political facts, for programme.

General Boulanger has issued his defence in advance, to the indictment of the High Court. It is considered to be an able document. But politics enter now into everything, so that charge and reply do not create any marked sensation. It is at the general elections all these differences must be decided.

The death of Felix Pyat is no loss for republicanism, nor even for his own party, that of the Commune. His escapes from death and arrest are the most astonishing parts of his career. Apart from his political heresies, he was a man of ability, but his talent belonged to the past generation.

MONTREAL LETTER.

TWO British war frigates, the *Pylades* and the *Tourmaline*, with the admiral's flag floating at the masthead, are anchored in the harbour. A few gentlemen met betimes and agreed to ask the Council to nominate a committee to act in harmony with the citizens as a reception nucleus. The mayor, the present acting-mayor, and some of our aldermen were appointed for this purpose, and an enthusiastic and influential meeting of citizens was called in order to supply their quota. Sir Donald Smith presided. It was suggested that owing to the heat a ball was out of the question, but that an evening garden party on St. Helen's Island, with illuminations and platforms for open-air dancing, might take its place. A telegram was sent to Ottawa asking permission for a salute of guns. Representatives from the leading railways were asked to

join the committees to arrange for cheap excursions, in order that the country people might have an opportunity of inspecting the frigates. The annual inspection of the fire brigade was "put upon the list," and a formal public reception to the officers of the ship in the City Hall. Meantime the request sent to Ottawa was refused, as Montreal is not a saluting station, and before the customary wire-pulling was performed the *Pylades* arrived. Better late than never, the salute of fifteen guns was fired, but the unintentional surprise interfered with much of the official programme. Admiral Watson, with his wife and daughter, are on board, and the ships are to be here for a week. The men have engaged themselves for a couple of nautical concerts in aid of the hospitals.

Sister Therese, the distinguished Superior of Longue Pointe Asylum, has returned from a European inspection of institutions similar to that over which she presides. Preparations for rejoicings in her honour had been made. The avenues and portals were gaily decorated, and illuminations, with fireworks, enlivened the grounds in the evening. The asylum band played, and refreshments were provided for the patients, many of whom strolled about enjoying the scene. During her absence Sister Therese visited thirty asylums in Britain, France, Belgium, Italy and the United States, and an abundant harvest of improvements is now expected as the result. Longue Pointe Asylum, for the inexpensive maintenance of a large number of patients, may hold its own with any. But it is only an Asylum. It is not a Hospital for the Insane. It is not aggressive. It lays no plans to cure. It is not in touch with advancing science. It is to be hoped that this departure from old cut-and-dry routine will breathe life into dead bones. Most of our public institutions are languishing from the same dead routine. The Art Association has commendably struck out by sending its secretary abroad. The Road Committee is despatching its chairman. The Council has just welcomed the return of its City Surveyor, and is contemplating a similar reviving power upon the Deputy-Surveyor. The heads of our public schools and colleges must go next. It is monstrous to imagine that men can remain capable for their positions who shut themselves up in their own theories and blind themselves to all but their own horizon.

The insidious growth of Sunday performances has attracted the patriarchal attention of the Archbishop of Montreal. Entertainments at Sohmer Park, at which there are instrumental music, tickets of admission, balloon ascensions, and all the other features of an enterprising business speculation, have struck His Grace as especially obnoxious. An official warning to his flock brought out the manager of the Sunday show in self-defence, who sent an invitation to Monseigneur to be present and see for himself, and intimated in no very private or intimidated manner that he would take legal proceedings against His Grace if he persisted in even hinting the barest suggestion of a caution. The Archbishop explains that he intended no special reference, but felt himself bound to check the advance of the tendency to secularity instead of a more serious mood of mind on Sundays. But His Grace said it was impossible for him to go to the Park. Why? If his sacred office prevents a clergyman from mingling among the pastimes and entertainments of his people, either his office is too sacred or the entertainment is too unsacred for the attainment of the object he is supposed to have at heart. And if that object be the regeneration of their whole life, how is that to be accomplished by his standing by in holy disgust?

The epidemic at Point St. Charles threatens to become a plague. The Health Committee is paralysed, if it ever had any vigour worthy of the word. The inhabitants have held an indignation meeting and recorded votes of censure upon it, as well as upon the Road Committee. The City Improvement Association has visited the Point and reports a shocking state of affairs. The Committee have held special meetings; they have no funds; they voted themselves funds. They propose and second that some steps ought to be taken, that disinfectants by the ton should be sent out. They brush their hats and go home. Meantime the people sicken and die. Those who can, take their departure in time. They scold and say they may as well live on promises as die on them. The policemen stand about with note-books in their hands. Of public spirit we have none—not one particle anywhere, except that which has a chance of a bow-bow on a war-frigate, and a champagne whitewashing, a hob-nob with a "notability," or a smile from a "power."

The frequent occurrence of cases of men and women endeavouring unsuccessfully to conquer sickness and work for themselves has suggested to a few philanthropic minds the need of a home for incurables. As many of these cases, however, appear to arise among the immigrant classes, it seems rather an opportunity of enforcing more rigorous laws about the *able-bodied* clause of our immigration system.

The Protestant Board of School Commissioners have made a new regulation about the purchase of school books. They can no longer be procured from the teachers or at the schools, but from dealers in the city.

Within the last two weeks 4,000 animals have been killed at the Western Abattoir. Of these 24 were confiscated as unfit for food.

We have in all about 50,000 householders who use water. Of these a little more than half have paid their yearly rates. Even in the event of one or two thousand more who may include themselves in the latter list, it is probable that about 20,000 inhabitants of Montreal will not pay at all. The honest people must then of course,

pay not only for themselves but for the dishonest. High time for a few more official trips to Europe.

The Art Association is inaugurating a course of instruction in Water-Colour Drawing during the months of September and October. The class will meet four days in the week, and will study from nature when the weather permits. Mr. J. M. Barnsley has been engaged as master.

An effort is to be made to recover to the city the control of the Hotel Dieu Hospital, as by declining to receive small-pox and typhoid fever patients the hospital is considered as having failed to fulfil the objects for which it was instituted.

VILLE MARIE.

ON THE RECENT ADDITION TO BROWNING SOCIETY LORE.

FITZGERALD, safe in Pluto's realm, thy shade
Fears not the noble rage thy words have made;
And now thou hast a rightful claim to boast
To any other literary ghost
That thy rash pen hath tempted from his lair
Of tangled words and sentence-building rare,
The Poet-Prophet of Obscurity,
In order that he might inflict on thee
Twelve lines pure English, though not undefiled,
Twelve lines of plain, ungarlished, vulgar spite.
Alas! that demi-gods can be beguiled
From senseless rant to language coarse and trite.
He should have built word-puzzles to the end,
Which fools adore and strive to comprehend,
And veiled his face, like Moses, with such lining,
Till all averred they saw the hidden shining.
But now with hasty blow his own hands tear
The mask and show the poor impostor there.
Thus vaunted, puff-ball heroes fade away,
And mingle with the dust of common clay.

WILLIAM MCGILL.

TENNYSON'S SPIRITUAL SERVICE TO HIS GENERATION.

TENNYSON'S eightieth birthday, which came last month, has called out many appreciative words regarding his poetry. These find their appropriateness in the fact that, although not addressed to the aged poet, they are spoken as it were in his presence, and audible to him so far as it pleases him to have them so. This makes them an informal acknowledgment of moral help and intellectual pleasure received from the work of the long career now closing. Each sincere and hearty word may be regarded as expressing in some true sense the feeling of many of Tennyson's readers, and to reveal the personal relation in which they stand towards the poet who has touched their life with the fire of his own. "He gave the people of his best," is his own account of the work he was called to do. It is for the people to say before he leaves them that they appreciate the gift.

We wish to take such part in this pleasant service of acknowledgment as belongs to us, and believe that we speak for many of our readers when we express our sense of the value of Tennyson's work in one of its functions, in our view its highest one, its enlarging and quickening influence upon the spiritual life of his generation.

Every true poet does a spiritual work of some sort, and is a benefactor in doing it. The kindled imagination, the clearer perception of ends higher than carnal ones, the more vivid sense of an ideal world which poetry always gives those who feel its influence, make the spirit richer. But poetry has nobler benefits than these to confer. It can lend itself to moral forces, and so become a factor in the renovation and perfection of character. It can do this by vividly presenting moral and spiritual truth to the imagination, thus teaching by object lesson the beauty and the controlling power of goodness. The greatest poetry has thus taught religion and morals. God's being and the moral order seem more real to men since Dante, Shakespeare and Milton have written. Right motives have more power in the world than if the "Inferno," "Macbeth," and "Paradise Lost" had not been.

Poetry may also help moral forces (unless the poet's gift be the dramatic one, and that of the supreme order) by the poet's sympathy with and rapt utterance of the highest ethical truths. It is true that his work and that of the preacher are distinct. Poetry is more than the inculcation of religion and morals in glowing verse. The Hebrew prophets may perhaps be called great poets. But it is not as prophets that they are called so. A prosaic mind might prophesy. Poetry is art. Its immediate end is not persuasion but representation.

The poet professes, not to persuade men to do or be something, but to help them to see something. He puts his story into music to remind those who read it that it addresses, not the executive faculties with which men earn their bread, but the imagination. Nevertheless the story which he tells may contain ethical facts, and he may show in telling it such sympathy with goodness as may make it seem winsome. Milton's "Comus," for example, is exquisite poetry, and poetry aglow with moral feeling. The delight which a healthy mind feels in its imaginative beauty must be accompanied with sympathy with the moral feeling it breathes. The Spirit's closing words:

Mortals, that would follow me,
Love virtue; she alone is free;
She can teach you how to climb
Higher than the spherie chime;
Or, if virtue feeble were,
Heav'n itself would stoop to her,

are perceived to be the noblest truth in being recognized as the highest poetry.

Tennyson is entitled to a place among those poets whose work is directly linked with moral and spiritual forces. His imagination is like Spenser's in its elevation and purity, although, of course, not comparable in wealth and force to that of the "poet's poet." Its home is among spiritual things. Its congenial task is that of clothing truth and beauty with shining form. When its artistic purpose requires it to set forth wickedness, it gives it its proper blackness. The "Idyls of the King" is an exquisite work of art, and it is also a high moral achievement. King Arthur's purity and tenderness set off against the foil of Guinevere's sin is a contribution to English manhood as well as to English literature. We do not say that Tennyson takes a higher rank among poets from the fact that his genius allies itself so readily to ethical truth. It is perhaps true that a greater imagination obeying a more earthly spirit would write greater poetry than his. It is certainly true that Tennyson's genius has, because of its moral elevation, served higher ends than those of art, high as these are, and that this nobler usefulness does not lessen at all its artistic value.

We have to point out another and yet more valuable spiritual service which a poet may render to his age, and to give our reason for thinking that this, too, has been given by the English Laureate. The poet may help the spiritual life of his time by giving expression to its truest thought and its deepest feeling. He may feel in his heart that truth which God has given it to express, he may live in it and by it until it fully possesses him, and demands expression. Then he may let it command his poetic faculty for its fit utterance, and so give it, closed in artistic beauty, to the world. So he will interpret to the best life of his time the movement of God's spirit in it. He will help it come more quickly and fully into the lesson which this movement gives, and do better the work for which the divine teaching is a preparation. If an age has a poet doing this work for it, some of his words will link themselves to its questioning as though expressing its perplexity and yearning, and others of them will seem to announce its spiritual discoveries and to carry, too, the joy those discoveries brought. We think that Tennyson did this service to his generation in his "In Memoriam." This is, of all his poems, that which has most deeply impressed the English and American mind. Competent observers of contemporaneous intellectual life believe that it did more than any of them to make him famous. Mr. Gladstone said in the *Quarterly Review* in 1859: "By the time 'In Memoriam' had sunk into the public mind Mr. Tennyson had taken his rank as our then first living poet." Another writer said in the same *Review* in 1884: "There is no question that Lord Tennyson first earned his great fame by his 'In Memoriam.'"

It cannot be justly said that the poet's subsequent works have added nothing to his fame, for they have illustrated other phases of his genius and so enlarged the public conception of it. But it is certain that none of them, not even the "Idylls of the King," has been as warmly received as was "In Memoriam." Nor has any penetrated the mind of our time so deeply. A sufficient proof of this may be found in the comparative number of extracts from it in any good dictionary of quotations, and especially in the character of these extracts. They greatly outnumber those from any other poem, and have a still greater superiority in weight. The thoughts which the poet has put into the mind of his time are chiefly found here.

These quotations remind us that it was by its thought that "In Memoriam" won the poet's renown. His gifts had been fully revealed in his earlier works. "Dora," "Locksley Hall," "The Dream of Fair Women," "The Death of King Arthur," "The Princess," are worthy of him. The melody of his verse, his power to see and show the beauty and suggestiveness of nature, his lyric emotion, his historic imagination, are all adequately represented in them. One would not be very rash in saying that some of these poems are more perfect art and more likely to be read in the next century than "In Memoriam." Evidently the greater fame of the latter is due to the greater interest its content had for the mind of the time. We find it explained in these words, which Frederick Robertson (a critic rarely competent to say what literature touched the better thought of his day) wrote about it soon after it appeared: "It is the most precious work published this century—written in memory of his friend, Arthur Hallam, and exhibiting the manifold phases through which the spirit passes, of rebellion, darkness, doubt, through the awful questions about personal identity hereafter, reunion, and the uncertainty whether Love be indeed the law of the universe, on to placid trust, even cheerfulness, and the deep conviction—all is well. . . . To me it has been the richest treasure I have ever had."

Plainly it was the meaning of the poem which gave it its surpassing power. Men read it and loved it, because it met a deep spiritual want. To see how it did this we must see the underlying truth which the poem expresses. Its teachings blend in the declaration that the heart of man finds a revelation of God in its deepest experiences. The poet's great sorrow is lifted out of egotism by being set forth in its larger aspects. His intellectual force and artistic skill unite in making all those experiences of pain and doubt and conflict which he presents seem to be not so much revelations of what came to him, as, to use Robertson's words, "phases through which the spirit passes."

A prominent feature of the experience thus delineated is the consciousness it awakes in the soul of its own dignity, and a yearning for assurance that life is ordered to

match that consciousness. Love is a mockery if it be a thing of to-day. It promises immortality every moment of its life, and if immortality be a dream its life is one long lie. A world so made as to vindicate the right of love in its nobler forms to be and to rule is a world shaped by goodness for ends whose worthiness a future life will reveal. So when love is broken, the soul must ask what life is and whether there be a God. If its question be such as an unselfish affection begets, a love that found and chiefly cared for goodness in that which is lost, it will find God answering it. Sooner or later the conviction will come that the soul's conscious greatness was God's declaration that it was made for immortality. The deep sorrow which caused it to ask after God will appear to have been the earthquake and the storm, preceding and predicting God's own voice in the soul. This deeper phase of the experience which bereavement begets has its due place in the representation given in "In Memoriam." We are made to feel always that the great grief endured is teaching the soul to find itself and God. At the beginning of the sorrow comes the question:

Who shall so forecast the years
Or find in loss a gain to match?
Or reach a hand through time to catch
The far-off interest of tears.

When the first numbness of grief has passed, the craving for immortality and permanence of love awakens.

My own dim life should teach me this,
That life shall live forevermore,
Else earth is darkness at the core,
And dust and ashes all that is.

What then were God to such as I?
'Twere hardly worth my while to choose
Of things all mortal, or to use
A little patience ere I die.

The distressing doubt of a future life speaks in the passionate words:

No monster then, a dream,
A discord. Dragons of the prime,
That tare each other in their slime,
Were mellow music matched with him.

The moral strength which belief in the friend's immortality of friendship gives—

I count it crime
To mourn for any over much;
I the divided half of such
A friendship as had mastered Time;
Which masters Time indeed, and is
Eternal, separate from fears.

At last the deep sense of God's presence in the heart, forever banishing the doubt begotten of sorrow—

A warmth within the breast would melt
The freezing reason's colder part,
And like a man in wrath the heart
Stood up and answered, I have felt.

No, like a child in doubt and fear;
But that blind clamour made me wise;
Then was I as a child that cries,
But, crying, knows his father near.

And growing out of this new faith in God the peaceful trust that love rules all. I—

hear at times a sentinel
Who moves about from place to place,
And whispers to the worlds of space,
In the deep night, that all is well.

So the poet shows us the soul awakened by sorrow to hear God's voice in its heart, and to know itself immortal. The burden of the poem is that the heart of man receives a personal disclosure of the divine life. Its especial power over the mind of the time is due to the inherent attractiveness of this truth. Men have found the conviction into which life was leading them expressed in it with noble beauty. So they have pondered it, until the music of its verse became the music of their faith. They have given its author a better tribute than praise—the gratitude and reverence due to one both poet and prophet.—*Andover Review.*

AN ARTIST'S LETTERS FROM THE ROCKIES—II.

BANFF, the National Park of Canada, is a subject on which the patriotic Canadian may descant with any amount of enthusiasm without any fear that the beauties and advantages of the place itself will not warrant his national pride.

It is one of the disadvantages of having so vast a country for a home that the magnificent distances take a long while to get over, and Banff is five days' long journey from Toronto and Montreal, otherwise the building lots which a paternal government leases to applicants for an average rental of thirty dollars or so would soon be all taken up and picturesque summer homes, after the Swiss chalet style, would spring up in all directions; along the banks of the Bow, and the foot hills of Sulphur Mountain, on the slope of Tunnel Hill and at the base of Rundle Peaks, the cottages and bungalows of the summer tourist would appear, while the camper would erect his tent on all the unoccupied lands around. As it is, all summer long visitors are arriving and departing after visiting the springs, the mountain drives, the caves, the devil's lake, and the numerous places of interest; but do not get time to really know the place before they are whirled away to the Frazer Canyon and the Glacier as places that are down on their list to be seen. As I sketch the falls of the Bow I see these flying visitors come down with the latest tackle and devices to catch the river trout, generally without success, as the Bow is a river to be studied with an angler's care, and time must be given to it; or while I am

painting away at the Snowy Bow Range I see them with guns approaching the Vermilion lakes in hopes of duck and possibly expecting mountain sheep and goats to be wandering on the beautiful green meadows round the lakes at the base of the Sawbacks; but the ducks are frightened away by constant shooting and the mountain sheep that used to be so plentiful are mostly destroyed by marauding Indians long before the season when sportsmen are allowed to shoot them.

About these Indians, it is time some action was taken to preserve what little game is left, as it will not be long before a few bones or horns will be all that will be left to tell that sheep and deer inhabited these mountains. I have seen several horns of the caribou lying about, and one pair of moose horns were found at the foot of the Cascade mountains, but the animals themselves are never now seen here. In searching for new subjects for pictures I travel many miles along the Indian trails, and find their lodge poles in all the many little enclosed prairies lying like little parks in the valleys between the mountains. From these places, where the Indians camp, miles and miles of mountain sides can be scanned for sheep, deer and goats; and, especially, now so many square miles of the timber has been burnt over. Once marked they are easily destroyed by these astute hunters without regard to season or their own requirements. The late Mr. Whitcher, park ranger here, told me that the Indians came through Banff with seventy skins of young mountain sheep just about lambing time, the skins being so tender that they were of no use whatever. This kind of slaughter would soon depopulate a range of mountains of these animals, who have enough to do to escape the numerous fires, not to mention the timber wolves, which are very large, and the pumas and lynxes.

These Indian trails I find everywhere round Banff and as far as the Kicking Horse Pass, while farther back horse droppings betray their presence in the wildest places I have yet seen. By the way, although the Indian, like Torquemada, has for his motto, "Kill, Kill," still he might not be so relentless if he could not sell his mutton to the white settler, but when the bill of fare of the hotel here by the bridge contains mountain sheep in August it seems that the Indian is not the only one to blame. There seems to be no remedy but to keep the Indians on their own reserves or at least to keep them out of the National Park altogether.

To return to Banff, if this be the wilderness with its straight, well-made roads, its picturesque Swiss buildings, its hot springs and caves, and its beautiful river and mountains, then, as Omar Khayyam says, "the wilderness were Paradise." I did not mention its hotels, although the C. P. R. hotel is a wonderful specimen of Canadian enterprise, and, contrasted with the surrounding rugged mountains, its modern appliances of civilization seem enhanced; and at night, while travelling home through devious ways on a mountain side or an Indian trail, its electric lights shining miles off in the distance seem like an enchanted palace which will vanish when you rub your eyes. One thing that to some extent dispels the charm of the village itself is the prevailing smell of pigs which assails the visitor very unpleasantly. It seems that this unparlike animal is kept in quantities to consume the refuse from the hotels; but surely he need not be kept so near the centre of the village, close to the stores and the school house. Take it all in all there is only one thing I could desire to happen to Banff, and that is that some enchanter could move it to about one hundred miles from Toronto; and one thing more, that he would give it a Canadian name instead of a Scotch one.

THOS. MOWER MARTIN.

BILL BERESFORD AND HIS VICTORIA CROSS.

SOME fifteen years ago the prevailing opinion regarding the brothers Beresford—Lord Charles and Lord William—probably was that they were both more or less crazy. Their father, the fourth Marquis of Waterford, was a clergyman. It is not alleged that this circumstance contributed to intensify the impression; and in point of fact the clerical marquis was a sedate, well-ordered divine, who was a dean, and no doubt might have been a bishop had he aspired to that dignity. But their uncle, the third Lord Waterford, had earned by sedulous exertion the title of "the mad marquis." He rode his horse over tollgates by lantern light, distinguished himself in miscellaneous pugilistic encounters, made and won the wildest wagers, and finally broke his neck in the hunting field. It was supposed that the spirit of this ancestor had revived in his madcap nephews. Lord Charles—far better known as "Charlie"—was a midshipman who appeared to live for larks. Lord William—whom all his world knew as "Bill"—was a lieutenant in a lancer regiment who in the hunting field and in steeplechase riding had broken pretty well every bone in his body, and some of them several times over. Men who knew the brothers well realized that behind their madcap daring and their wild recklessness lay a capacity for earnest work when the opportunity should offer. It should be said that their eccentricities were never sullied by taint of anything gross or dishonourable; it lay in no man's mouth to say that a Beresford ever did a coarse, a shabby, or an ungenerous thing.

People had grown to comprehend that Charles Beresford was something other than a merry-andrew, before that critical moment of the bombardment of Alexandria, when he laid his little *Condor* right under the guns of a hostile

battery, and not less by skill than by daring contributed materially to the successful issue. Since then he has served as a minister of the crown, and now, when he speaks from his place in Parliament, is listened to as a leading practical authority on naval reforms. William has three medals for as many campaigns; has won the Victoria Cross by the deed of splendid valour I am about to relate; was the sole and most efficient staff officer to a brigade composed of uniquely heterogeneous elements out of which good work could be got only by a rare combination of tact, firmness and veritable leadership; and is now fulfilling adequately the important duties of Military Secretary to the Viceroy of India. Under these circumstances people have now for some time left off regarding the brothers Beresford as crazy.

Lord Charles I only know; Bill—I won't call him Lord William any more—has been my comrade *per mare et terras* for more years than either he or I care to reckon. I met him first on a night march in the autumn manoeuvres on Salisbury Plain in August, 1872. He was then a "galloper" to the general commanding the cavalry brigade. General and brigade had lost their way in the darkness, and Bill got the order to go and find it. He was riding a violent, cross-grained mare, which resented being forced to leave the other horses. I gave him a lead for a little way. As I turned, his mare reared straight on end; I knew it, dark as it was, because her fore-foot touched my shoulder. Then there was a thud on the short thick grass carpeting the chalk of the great plain. The brute had "come over" on Bill. There was a groan, but it was from the mare as she fell heavily, not from her rider. He was out from under her somehow before she began to struggle, was in the saddle as she scrambled to her feet, gave her the spur, and forced the cowed brute at a gallop out into the darkness.

Bill next day went off up country to his billet; and not long after I joined Wood's force up in Zululand. I found Bill too busy to do more than give me a hurried hand-shake. He was Buller's only staff officer, and the force Buller commanded, about a thousand strong, was the strangest congeries imaginable. It consisted of broken gentlemen, of runagate sailors, of fugitives from justice, of the scum of the South African towns, of stolid Africans, of Boers whom the Zulus had driven from their farms. Almost every European nationality was represented; there were a few Americans, some good, some bad; a Greaser; a Chilian; several Australians; and a couple of Canadian voyageurs from somewhere in the Arctic regions. There were Frenchmen who could not speak a word of English, and Channel Islanders whose *patois* neither Englishmen nor Frenchmen could fully understand. One and all were volunteers, recruited for the campaign at the pay of five shillings a day. What added to the complication was that the force comprised a dozen or more sub-commands, each originally, and still to some extent, a separate and distinct unit. There were "Baker's Horse," and "D'Arcy's Horse," and "Beddington's Horse," and "Ferreira's Horse," and so on; each body asserting a certain distinctive independence. Beresford had to arrange all details, keep the duty rosters, inspect the daily parades and the reconnaissance detachments, accompany the latter, lead them if there was any fighting, restrain the rash, hearten the funkies, and be in everything Buller's right-hand man. The volunteer officers, some zealous, some sluggish, some cantankerous, were, as regarded any knowledge of duty, for the most part quite useless.

The campaign, on which almost at its outset had fallen the shadow of the poor Prince Imperial's hapless fate, dragged sluggishly along, till at length, as on the 1st of June, the column wound down into the valley from the bluff of Etongani, there lay stretched out beyond the silver sparkle of the river among the trees, the broad plain on whose bosom lay the royal Kraal of Ulundi, encircled by its satellites. Over the green face of the great flat there flitted what, seen through the heat-haze, seemed dark shadows, but which the field glass revealed as the *impis* of Cetewayo practising their manoeuvres. There are times when the keenest fighting man is not sorry that between his enemy and himself there lies a distance of ten miles. Whether in the spirit or only in the stupid deed, those Zulus were quixotic in the chivalry of their manner of fighting. At Isandlwana only had they been *rusés*. At Kambula, at Ginghilovo, they had marched straight up into the eye of our fire; at Ulundi they held their hands while we scrambled in dislocation through the broken ground that was the vestibule to the plain; waited with calm patience till our square was methodically formed and locked up; then, after the short hesitation that seemed to ask that question, "Are you quite ready now, gentlemen?" they came at us with surpassing valiantness and a noble ardour, as over the fire-swept plain sped the whirlwind of their converging attack. There were cynics in our force who smiled grimly and quoted Bosquet's historical sneer as they watched the evolutions of the *impis* in the hazy distance. Magnificent in their swift precision these evolutions certainly were; but it was not war that the Zulu braves should be wheeling and massing and deploying away there on the plain, instead of taking us at a disadvantage as the long, baggage-cumbered column painfully toiled through the dense bush that filled the valley for which we had forsaken the bare upland of the veldt.

The arrangements were simple; and there was no delay

down by the Umvaloosi bank; where the accelerated fire from the Zulus in the *koppie* over against them whistled over the heads of the horsemen; over whom too screamed the shells from the guns in front of the laager that were being thrown in among the crags where the Zulus lurked. The spray of the Umvaloosi dashed from the horse-hoofs of the irregulars as they forded the river on the right of the *koppie*, and then bending to the left round it took it in reverse. The Zulus who had been holding it had not cared much for the shell fire, ensconced among the rocks as they were, but were quick to notice the risk they ran of being cut off by the movement of the horsemen, and made a bolt of it. Beresford's fellows galloped hard to intercept them, Bill well in front, sending his chestnut along as if he were "finishing" in front of the stand at Sandown. The Zulu induna, bringing up the rear of his fleeing detachment, turned on the lone man who had so outridden his followers. A big man, even for a Zulu, the ring round his head proved him a veteran. The muscles rippled on his glistening black shoulders as he compacted himself behind his huge flecked shield of cowhide, marking his distance for the thrust of the gleaming assegai held at arm's length over the great swart head of him. Bill steadied his horse a trifle, just as he was wont to do before the take off for a big fence; within striking distance he made him swerve a bit to the left—he had been heading straight for the Zulu, as if he meant to ride him down. The spear flashed out like the head of a cobra as it strikes; the sabre carried at "point one" clashed with it, and seemed to curl round it; the spear-head was struck aside; the horseman delivered "point two" with all the vigour of his arm, his strong seat, and the impetus of his galloping horse; and lo! in the twinkling of an eye, the sabre's point was through the shield, and half its length buried in the Zulu's broad chest. The brave induna was a dead man before he dropped; the sword drawing out of his heart as he fell backward. His assegai now stands in the corner of Bill's mother's drawing-room.—Archibald Forbes.

IN THE TWILIGHT.

He.—FADES day's last smile, and now the eve,
In dusk-gray sandals, slowly comes
Athwart yon hills, the clouds receive
The glory that her touch benumbs—
Her soothing touch, the thicket hums,
The low wind whispers in the trees;
And careless we of fate's decrees,
This day's wine drunken to the lees.

She.—O, sunny day of gold and blue!—
Day sent by love for love's dear sake,
Where love doth reign forever true
The kind fates still such days re-make,
The magic spell no fate dare break.
Then rest we here while on the earth,
Through thickening summer dusk look forth
The stars, our hearts too full for mirth.

He.—Ah! might we stay forever so,
As in some dim Arabian tale;
Would time forever onward flow
And leave us this musk-scented vale.
Let stars and planets ever sail
Through strange sky-spaces out of thought,
Here at this roadside heeding nought,
But love's new life, how rich our lot!

She.—A sadness in thy vein doth blend
With the soft brooding, murmuring night,
That hints e'en true love may have end;
Ah! never spreads he wings for flight,
He ever lives in his own right,
And smiles at death who fain would slay:
Death's earnest is for him but play,
He heeds no corpse nor sodden clay.

He.—So hopes my own heart, heart of mine,
Yet down the ages of our earth
Behold a never-ending line
Of shadow-lovers spring to birth—
Such men and maids of noble worth,
Such falcon eyes, such cheeks of rose,
Such fears, fulfilments, passion-throes—
And now o'er all time's portals close.

JOHN HENRY BROWN.

THE CENTENARY OF THE BASTILLE.

FOR one short year it seemed as though a peaceful Revolution were possible, as if France might be established on the basis of a Constitutional Monarchy and a Parliamentary Government. The Constitution was made, a vast administrative reform was secured; the legal, financial, executive, and legislative condition of the kingdom was entirely recast; in most practical points it came forth as it since has been framed, or at least on the lines into which it has settled. Historians, and especially the caricaturists of the Revolution, have entirely ignored this vast constructive work. One short year and the 14th of July came round in 1790. Then took place the Fête of the Federation, on the day which henceforth became the birthday of the Republic—the famous gathering in the Champ de Mars. The vast amphitheatre was surrounded by 300,000 spectators, before whom the King, the Assembly, the National Guard, and some 80,000 volunteers deputed from the eighty-three departments of France, pledged themselves to

be faithful to the new order. Our great historical satirist has poured much strident ridicule of the Aristophanic kind over this memorable celebration of the first birthday of the Republic. But he who will study the story of it honestly by the light of the materials of all sorts now visible in Paris will come, I think, to feel that our modern world has never seen a more genuine, a more impressive, and a more original ceremonial. Ceremonials of any kind, perhaps, are ridiculous, useless, or, it may be, demoralizing. The future, we may conceive, may abolish coronations, installations, jubilees, birthdays, weddings, and anniversaries. But if such a thing be permitted at all to a reasonable people, the celebration of the nation's first national birthday may be suffered to pass as a national holiday. The gathering of the nation's volunteers in the sight of the people of Paris, on the first anniversary of the Fall of the Bastille, in the year *One* of modern society, was, after all, a spectacle as real, as noble, as national as the bazaar which advertising shopmen have set up in that very spot to-day as their mode of commemorating the birth of the Republic and the foundation of the New Order. When Napoleon restored the church ritual in Nôtre Dame with an exaggeration of regal pomp and ceremony, it was bitterly said that nothing was wanting to the spectacle except the spirits of the million of men who had died in order to make all that mummery impossible. And to-day, as in the Champ de Mars, we wander round the booths and shop windows which there represent the Republic of 1889, we may in imagination recall that historic site as it appeared on July 14, 1790, and may re-people it with the spirits of the 400,000 citizens who met and vowed that a new life should begin for France. This vow was kept, albeit in blood and tears.

It is that new life which on this day we yearn to see accomplished—to see burst forth from the storms and confusions that surrounded its birth and which still trouble its growth. We would glorify, not the insurrection, but the great social reforms of which the insurrection was, in part, the necessary instrument, and in part the herald and the proletariat, as the French say; of the rank and file of the people, as we say, into the position of the essential body of modern society. Down to the 14th of July, 1789, the rank and file of the people were regarded by the official directors of society—royal, noble, ecclesiastical or literary—as the servants, the serfs, the dependents, and followers of the governing orders. The capture of the Bastille made all men know that henceforward in mere physical force the rank and file of the people were the masters of modern society, and that modern society must be reorganized in their interest. The will of the people as the ultimate source of legitimate authority dates, in Europe, from the 14th of July, 1789.

In the presence of this mighty fact we will count but as the dust in the balance the anarchy, the extravagance, the havoc and bloodshed, which undoubtedly sullied that memorable day. The amazing success of that grandest of all insurrections has no doubt turned the head of revolutionists everywhere, and has led them to imitate it, sometimes with ludicrous weakness and sometimes with disgusting ferocity. Three times, it is true, since the last century, the people of Paris have again overthrown a dynasty for ever by means of successful insurrection. But three times a great insurrection has been crushed by the government in possession; and, out of Paris, a street insurrection has hardly ever yet led to any permanent success. On the three occasions when insurrections succeeded in Paris, it was by the practical mutiny of the Government troops. When a whole capital is unanimous, when its people have been goaded to madness by oppression, when the justice of its rebellion is recognized by the very instruments of the oppressive authority, when the tyrants are reduced to despair, and their very soldiers pass over to the insurgents, then insurrection succeeds, and this is the lesson of the Bastille. But when all these conditions are fulfilled insurrection is very seldom necessary, or very seldom the only resource that is left.

Still, there are rare occasions when insurrection is the only resource left: and then insurrection becomes a duty. But, as M. Laffitte has so well put it, insurrection is always an heroic remedy, a special resource held in reserve to be justified only by necessity. And then, as he also reminds us, the sacred right of insurrection in the governed implies in the ruler an equally sacred duty to use force when occasion demands. As insurrection may become the duty of the people, a *coup d'état*, or illegal acts of force, may become the duty of the ruler. When Cæsar made himself Dictator, when Cromwell made himself Protector, the use of force outside of law was just as legitimate as when the Parliament deposed Charles Stuart, or the people of Paris captured the Bastille. In each and all, the use of violence in defiance of the existing constitution was found to be the only means of reaching a great and urgent national end.

It is this great end that we honour, and not the violence or the confusion by which it was secured. For my part, what strikes me in the tale of this 14th of July is not the anarchy so much as the spontaneous instinct for organization displayed by the people; not the extent of the vengeance they wreaked, but the moderate amount of bloodshed of the day. After all, the slaughter on the King's side was not one-tenth of the slaughter which the King inflicted on the people. And what slaughter and violence there was is reduced to insignificance by the portentous results achieved. Kings and aristocracies, who have sent millions to death in unjust wars, and have desolated kingdoms in wanton ambition, are too fond of magnifying the outbreaks of an oppressed people and the crimes they may commit in the hour of madness.

And in like spirit we have sung that glorious hymn, the "Marseillaise," which has long become the national air of the French Republic. Assuredly we do not adopt as our own the words of frantic vengeance it contains, any more than we would adopt the words of our national air, words curiously silly and profane. But we honour the memory of this day, and we can chant the magnificent hymn of the Revolution, looking forward to a brighter day to come, and a yet nobler expression of far purer hopes. All things human work out their issues in suffering, in error, in failure; often too in vice and in crime. Let us look onwards from revolution and storming of Bastilles, and its devices of caps of Liberty, pikes and tricolours, to the mottoes and emblems which surround us in this place, Family—Country—Humanity—Order and Progress—Live Openly—Live for Others.—*Frederic Harrison, in Contemporary Review.*

SUMMER NIGHT—A SONNET.

On all the outer world, a holy hush,
A soul-entrancing stillness, steeped in light
Of summer moon-rise, clear and purely bright;
After a day of toil and ceaseless rush,
From pallid morn to evening's fevered flush,
Softly descends the cooling breath of night,
In soothing cadence heard, though hid from sight,
The shallow river runs with rippling gush.

In outline clear against the star-lit sky
The high-roofed barn stands dark—the silent trees
Lifting their leafy, shadowy arms on high
Quiver—as dreaming of a swaying breeze;
Cool, dewy fragrance lingers faintly nigh,
A world at peace the lonely gazer sees.

Montreal.

HELEN FAIRBAIRN.

CORRESPONDENCE.

[We regret that a letter on the Sunday question signed "B. Leviticus" did not reach us in time for publication—Ed.]

TRIAL BY JURY.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—I have read with great pleasure your article in the issue of the 23rd inst., on the abolition of Trial by Jury in civil cases in this Province, and beg leave to draw your attention to the fact that for some years it has been, and is now, the law in this Province, that nine of a jury of twelve are competent to give a verdict in a civil action, and that the system of a three-fourths majority governing is already in force here.

Hoping to have the pleasure of seeing this subject further discussed in THE WEEK. Yours truly,

Portage la Prairie, Man. VICTOR A. ROBERTSON.

WABANAKI SONGS.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—In a recent publication—"Songs of the Great Dominion"—I notice that the editor has inadvertently attributed almost the only specimens of aboriginal poetry in the book—viz., the two Wabanaki songs—to Mr. Leland, author of "The Algonquin Legends of New England; or Myths and Folklore of the Micmacs, Passamaquoddy, and Penobscot Tribes," as by reference to Mr. John Reade's essay on "Some Wabanaki Songs," which he contributed to the Royal Society of Canada (published by Dawson Brothers, Montreal, 1888) I find that the genuine author of the above-mentioned songs is Mrs. W. Wallace Brown, of Calais, Maine, who, in correspondence with Mr. Reade, writes as follows:

"I have been able to collect several songs, but only two could be properly called love-songs, and all but one have stories attached to them. The task of writing, or trying to express with English letters, the peculiar intonation of the Indian language is no trifling affair. It may print all right, but Chee-oo-nà-gamess himself could not read it."

I send this note in justice to Mrs. Brown; and Mr. Reade's scholarly and valuable papers on "Wabanaki Songs" and "Aboriginal American Poetry" ought not to be overlooked. Yours, etc., HENRY H. PITTMAN.

Amherst, N.S., Sept. 3, 1889.

ART NOTES.

DURING this month of September at the Provincial and County Fairs there will be displays of Art, the uses of which, and the methods in which they are got up, as well as the improvements possible, are subjects worthy of consideration by art associations and artists generally. As they now exist, there is no doubt that with few exceptions, such as the Industrial Exhibition of Toronto, they are but weak expositions of Canadian Art. A few copies by school girls, with such specimens of original work as beginners in the profession can be induced to send by the promise of small money prizes constitute the bulk of these displays. Such as they are however, they have their uses, and where they are large in extent as in Toronto or Ottawa they constitute perhaps the chief attraction, especially to our country cousins who throng the art galleries enjoying their annual art feast during the whole time the Exhibition is open, a fact which proves that there is a widespread interest in art in our Canadian people which only needs cultivating to provide each individual with a new sense of appreciation of the beauties of his surroundings which shall prove indeed a joy forever.

For after all, the use of art must always remain, for the masses of people who cannot expect to collect pictures and statuary, the power of appreciating the picturesque in nature, whether it be in the garden-plot surrounding the old farm house, in the dark recesses of the ancient forest, or the gorgeous displays of sunset that all may see, however uninteresting may be their surroundings.

As to the exhibitions, a suggestion has been made that the standard of them would be raised if the boards that control them would make some arrangements with such a corporation as the Ontario Society of Artists to take charge of the matter and see that the Art department more adequately represented the best art of Canada instead of the worst.

On dit that Mr. O'Brien's tour has been extended to the Continent of Europe, and that the pecuniary results of his trip home more than realized his expectations. Messrs. M. Matthews and Mower Martin are still in the Rocky Mountains, where, the smoke of the bush fires having cleared away, they are getting some new views of the more distant ranges which are at present covered with snow.

TEMPLAR.

TRUE TALE.

THERE came to a certain town in America one day a certain couple, German by extraction though English in feeling and education and named Herr and Madame Zekiel. The "Herr" looked well on the cards, and "Madame" is always preferable to "Mrs.," while Zekiel, though diminutively Biblical, was a taking name. The gentleman wore a soft brown beard, had soft brown eyes to match, had a pleasant manner and undoubted musical talent. The lady, though plain-featured, short-haired and badly dressed, gave evidence of breeding and pleased those with whom she came most in contact by her easy and self-contained poise and her skill on the piano. They were both music-teachers and they both played the piano. According to all correct traditions, when they had been "out" for a fortnight, they hired a concert-hall and advertised an invitation matinee at which they gave classical selections in a very correct manner and several charming M.S. compositions of their own before the large and fashionable audience that is always present at invitation matinee. Several critics were present, and pleasantly reported next day to the effect that in the persons of Herr and Madame Zekiel music was richer by the talented pianists than it had been previous to their appearance, and that their career henceforth would be watched with the most enthusiastic interest.

So far, so good. The matinee over, the two pianists settled down to work—i. e., to look out for pupils and for concert engagements. They advertised—of course. They got out a circular—of course. They bought a brass plate, with name, etc., engraved, and had it put on the door of the apartment house on—— Street. They called on the two leaders of society to whom they had brought letters from a German Baron at Brussels, and they attended regularly at an evangelical church in the neighbouring square, the "Herr" praying into his hat, and Madame displaying a fine ivory-backed prayer-book, with the inscription on the fly-leaf—To Minna, the friend of my childhood—Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire. Still, with all this testimony as to the credentials, character, standing and attributes of our friends, they did not—get on.

Herr Zekiel had three pupils, his wife had one. This was at the end of the first month. At the end of the second his wife had two and he lost his third through scarlet fever. So they remained just where they had been. At the end of the fourth month Herr Zekiel did indeed have a rise in the shape of two more, but these were clergyman's daughters, very poor and very cheeky, who asked for a big discount and—got it. If pupils were few, concert engagements were none. The poor professor did not know what to do. He would stroke his brown beard and look over at his wife where she sat trying to make a street dress out of an old concert one (and she was a terrible failure at sewing), and be unable to suggest a single thing towards the amelioration of their condition. They were strictly honest, paid their landlady and put a dime each in the plate on Sundays, and Madame had actually contrived to save five shillings with which to settle an old bill in London, contracted just before leaving England, and to send it home with a cheerful little note. Then when the professor had exhausted his beard and his wife's stern profile, he would go to the piano (an old one which had been left by some former lodger) and, bringing out the score of "Tristan und Isolde," lose himself in ferreting out its marvellous complexities until twelve o'clock, when upon biscuits and cold water from the bathroom tap they both went to bed.

At last, upon one of these evenings, an inspiration came to Madame.

"I have been thinking, Carl—"

"Yes, my Minna?"

"—That we have made a great mistake, but that it is not too late, it may yet be rectified. You see, we both play the piano, don't we?"

"Yes, my Minna."

"And we both play a good deal alike, and we both teach, and we admire each other and like to see each other get on and be admired and all that, don't we?"

"Yes, my Minna. Certainly."

The professor was not a match for his wife. And not to trouble you with chronicling the conversation of that evening, we will suppose one month to have elapsed. The house in —— St. still bore the brass plate—but the name of Herr Zekiel alone adorned it—his wife's had been erased. Madame—it was a very sad story, according to the land-

lady—had been frequently found by her in tears, lamenting the cruelty of her position, the folly, extravagance and harsh treatment of her husband, and she professed herself on the point of returning to her friends in England.

Her husband, grown moody, reckless and careless in his dress, would often come home late, thump on the table, quarrel, swear, and abuse Madame, art, life and humanity generally. The landlady was relieved when one day the Madame came to her, paid her share of the rent remaining, and, ordering a cab into which her small effects were bundled, informed her eager listener that a separation had been effected between herself and, "that poor misguided Carl." If her grace the Duchess of Devonshire only knew! But for the present, she must go her own way, alone, and fight it out with the great world of Gotham, alone, which great world, the moment it knew of Madame's resolution, immediately felt a great interest in it. A quarrel! How very shocking! Such a sweet woman too, and apparently so domestic! The man—well there were even kind things to say about him—poor fellow. Pretty hard for a fellow to be thrown over like that! The pupils told of the big rents in his coat and the shirtbuttons sewn on his gloves, of the patch on his trousers, and of his badly-brushed hat. Poor man! No one to mend for him, to darn for him, to comfort him! Such a gentleman too, and surely sweet-tempered! None of his pupils could remember a harsh word. Finally, from the moment that Madame Zekiel forsook her husband and set up for herself as concert pianist and teacher of the pianoforte, organ, singing, violin, harp and harmony, she began to do well. Likewise her husband, when it became known in a quiet fashion that he was living apart from his wife, did so much better that in a week or so his five pupils increased to seventeen. Gradually he became better known to the music-sellers, the critics, the amateur world. People pointed him out either as the Mr. Zekiel who had ill-treated his wife shamefully, causing her to leave him in self-defence and for the sake of her children (they hadn't any, dear reader), or as the husband of that odious Mrs. Zekiel who for reasons of her own had suddenly deserted her long-suffering partner after having decoyed him into debt. Interest provoked sympathy and soon a circle of anxious sympathizers grew up around the objects of their concern, intolerant as orthodoxy and jealous of the least hint as to the possible honesty and good conduct of the opposite deity. Things improved at last to such a degree that Herr Zekiel was in a position to risk giving a series of grand piano recitals historically compiled à la Rubinstein, which were duly advertised, puffed and boomed in the most effervescent manner. But this was not all. Simultaneously Madame Zekiel announced a similar series, only compiled backwards, beginning with Rubinstein and going back to Carl Philip Emmanuel Bach, instead of commencing with Jubal and working up to Brahms and Boscovitz which was what her husband had done. The date coincided—happily, not the hall. Pure accident of course, it was contended by some of the admirers, though the general opinion was that it was pure mischief. Most assuredly, said Herr Zekiel's friends, it was simply in a spirit of rivalry that his wife had advertised her recitals—fortunately, her motive was only too clear, while those trusted confidantes who had made her cause theirs declared that all through the winter the Madame had talked of giving just such a course of concerts, and thought it shameful that the original promoter of the idea should run any danger of being confounded with the base imitator of it. Some one had, they agreed, given Madame away on this point. Accordingly both courses came off. Madame, who looked to great advantage in an æsthetic gown of mulberry plush and old Irish lace, tripped smilingly on to the stage before a bigger audience than had ever greeted her before either in the old world or the new. Really a genuine artist, she played her twenty-three selections in admirable style, won many new admirers and nine new pupils, being afterwards escorted to the house of the chief music-seller who lived in a gorgeous manner and entertained all the geniuses. This was concert No. 1. Meanwhile, a few streets off, Herr Zekiel in a brand new dress suit and with the tobacco smoke laboriously expelled from beard and moustache was received with no less enthusiastic demonstrations by a numerous and highly critical audience, the ladies being in full force—presumably to afford him encouragement to get through his fifteen selections. By the time the sixth and last recital was over the whole musical world of Gotham was divided into two hostile camps and just as in one the watchword was "Minna, Madame Zekiel", so in the other was the name "Carl Ludwig, Herr Professor Zekiel", all potent and all satisfying. Concert engagements were offered on all sides, and the Professor became director of a first-class orchestral society, giving a good deal of space in the programmes to his own compositions, while his wife obtained regular teaching in the two best private schools in the city besides her private pupils and one day in the week filled up in a neighbouring town. They began to dream of making money. In time, they made it. The Professor now moved further up town and by a curious coincidence his wife came to live not more than two squares distant. But this did not affect their position. Securely entrenched in the confidence and admiration of the public neither showed any perturbation at such close proximity and the pupils came in faster than ever. A constant rivalry kept up between the two proved as effectual as it must have been remarkably annoying. If one went on "the road", the other was sure to follow, and it appeared to be good "business."

Unfortunately, there was a critic, who had a great habit of wandering round the streets after dark, Dickens-

like, in search of types and episodes such as would do for the next day's column either raw or well disguised and worked-up. This critic—he was a meddling brute, of course—had left a concert in Chickering Hall one night about eleven, after having gone behind to speak to Madame Zekiel who had played beautifully during the evening, and to present her with an unusually fine bloom that had found its way into his button hole—a tuberose nestling in a bunch of English violets. Turning into Union Square afterwards he strolled about, for it was a warm night though late in February, for a good half-an-hour without noticing anything of interest until just as he was rising from a seat, a lady who had suddenly entered the square brushed past him and sank into the seat he had just vacated. In an instant he recognized Madame Zekiel. Her somewhat angular though distinguished looking figure, the sweep of her drapery, the queer old velvet Tam O'Shanter on her head, the fur-lined cloak—he knew them all, while from her breast was wafted the commingled scent of tuberoses and violets—his own gift of an hour ago! Some instinct kept him from making himself known to her. He respected the professional whim that brought her out at this hour to gaze in solitude upon the burning stars and the nightly crowds of the great city, until he noticed a man approach her seat, sit down beside her and draw her unresisting form into an embrace which was, as embraces go, the most thorough thing the critic had ever yet witnessed—in public.

He continued his observations. The embrace included a kiss, several kisses, long, ardent, entranced. The conversation was low and included the little low happy laughs which Tennyson so aptly sets down to the condition of loving and being in love.

The critic grew warm. But he was determined for the sake of his reputation to discover if possible the name of the man with whom the misguided pianiste was in converse. He waited in the shadow of some trees until with many sighs and fond *adieux* the couple rose pausing very near his hiding-place to finally separate.

"And whenever you think you cannot really stand it any longer, let me know, and I will devise some other scheme to get back again to our old life. Now, remember, dearest, and promise."

The critic was uncomfortable but he remembered in time that he was a critic and faced it out to the end. With some half-hysterical sobbing, Madame Zekiel clasped her arms around the man's neck and then left him suddenly, as if she must tear herself away. As the man walked slowly past the critic the latter recognized him. It was Herr Zekiel, her husband!

"And all this time"—thought the critic, as he dashed his unlighted cigar down on the ground, and said not a word.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

THE *Overland Monthly* contains a paper entitled "American Carriers" certain to attract some floating attention in the Dominion. The writer's grievance seems to be that the inland transportation industry of the States is antagonized by foreign rivals and backed by powerful government aids. "Canada, to the north of us, aided and abetted by the most powerful maritime nation on earth, is permitted freer trade in the interstate carrying business of the United States. She has presented the Canadian Pacific Railway Co. with an equipped railway from the Atlantic to the Pacific oceans with branches intersecting American lines at convenient points for traffic. This road is exempted from taxation and subject to no law other than the law of common carriers. There is appropriateness in the appellation, 'Canadian Government on wheels,' which has been applied to it." There is much more of this on the whole sensible grievance in the article which asserts that American trade and carriers are being injured, if not ruined, by a "long-sighted policy on the part of Canada and the Mother Country." The question turns, we imagine, on the possession of a line of tough merchant ships by the Union capable of transporting her cargoes as those of England are transported. We hear a great many cries about the necessary creation of a U. S. navy, but in the meanwhile very little is really done concerning it. Neither the fiction nor the poetry in this number are very brilliant. A short essay by John Vance Cheney, "Who are the Great Poets?" contains a very kind word for Job, David and the great early Greeks, following very much as the late Matthew Arnold speaks. "Among the Apaches" is a carefully-written paper with interesting statistics and important disclosures that serve to show how varied and difficult to assimilate are the characteristics of life among the aboriginal tribes left in America.

THE opening article in the *Political Science Quarterly*, a periodical edited by the Faculty of Columbia College, is from the pen of Prof. Ashley, of Toronto University, and takes the form of a paper, tersely and carefully written upon the labours of James G. Thorold Rogers, author of a striking work on "Agriculture." A paper on "Italian Immigration," by Hon. Eugene Schuyler, is peculiarly timely, when all the recent press voices have been raised in condemnation of daily increasing hordes of aliens among the native population. Mr. Schuyler has given us very full statistics and ends by frankly and cordially avowing that Italians, in spite of poverty and illiteracy, are thrifty, honest and hard-working, and upon the whole, a desirable element to fuse with the motley population of this continent. "They bring us the logical qualities of the Latin race, and they show, in the long run, the effect of an experience which no other people in Europe has had—of

over two thousand years of civilization." The remaining articles will be, perhaps, only interesting to students of political economy and specialists in legislation and history. The magazine is exceptionally well issued and appears in the States, London and Berlin.

MRS. MARTHA J. LAMB'S popular periodical, the *Magazine of American History*, offers several readable papers on American topics, chief among which is undoubtedly the charming sketch of De Crèvecoeur, first French Consul to New York. There is an enthusiasm and a simplicity about the life of this gallant and original Frenchman that cannot but attract, it evidently having been written *con amore*. Mrs. Lamb contributes the third of her articles on the "Historic Homes" of New York, and the remainder of the number is doubtless well fitted to entertain the large circle that patronizes this excellent publication.

WE have already reprinted perhaps the most striking paper in the September *Forum*, namely, Mr. Goldwin Smith's "Spoils of Office." Helen G. Starrett's "House-keeping of the Future" may read enthrallingly, but would most assuredly obliterate all charm and individuality in life and do away altogether with home associations. To be boarded in squads in a central square is not a very high goal for the race. Nevertheless, it would be one way out of many pressing modern difficulties. The initial article entitled "The Lost Leader" is anti-Gladstonian with a vengeance. "Romanizing the Public Schools" is another phase of a question interesting to Canadians.

LITERARY AND PERSONAL GOSSIP.

THE WEEK will publish a strong, short story entitled "John R. Jesse" in forthcoming issue.

OSCAR WILDE has ceased to edit the *Woman's World*. The September number was the last he made up.

MR. R. L. STEVENSON will remain another year in the South Seas, as he is not strong enough to return to his south of England home, Bournemouth.

MR. WM. MORRIS is out with a new romance "The Roots of the Mountains," to be published by Messrs. Reeves and Turner.

LINLEY SAMBOURNE, caricaturist of Punch, has had trouble with Mr. G. E. Simms, following the example of the Duke of Cambridge.

THE lectureship in English literature at Trinity College, Cambridge, recently vacated by Mr. Edmund Gosse, has been conferred on Mr. John Wesley Hales, Professor of English Literature at King's College, London.

THE death is announced of the Lancashire poetess, Fanny Forrester. She belonged to the working classes, at an early age developing a taste for poetry. She was a frequent contributor to journalistic literature.

THE Shah, it is said, is to write his memoirs, including notes on his late tour, and *Figaro* is to publish them *en feuilleton*. The work will be "carefully translated and elucidated" before being submitted to the Parisian public.

AMONG forthcoming English books are the "Diaries of Sir Moses and Lady Montefiore," "A Treasury of English Sacred Lyrical Poetry," compiled by Prof. F. T. Palgrave, and a book on the Irish Question by Mr. Barry O'Brien.

THE *Independent* of this week contains an article by Andrew Lang on "Omar Khayyam," based on FitzGerald's recently published life and the three English versions of the "Rubaiyat." The article includes some renderings from the Persian poet by Mr. Lang himself.

"SISTER EMMA," a trained nurse—"one of those brave and good women who devote their lives to the sick"—had the good fortune lately to attend Lord Tennyson; the result being that a neat little volume of her recollections has just appeared in London over the imprint of the Laureate's publishers, Macmillan & Co.

WORDSWORTH survived his eightieth birthday sixteen days, and now Tennyson, his successor, has lived longer than any English poet of the first rank; but four years will have to elapse before he reaches the record of the author of "Thanatopsis." Walter Savage Landor lived to be ninety, and enjoyed his gift of song to the last.

THOSE who have recently been interesting themselves in the question of leprosy will read with pain the disclosure which is made of the condition of the Cape lepers in the September number of *Blackwood*. A peculiar and horrible species of the disease prevails in South Africa, and Robben Island, where these outcasts are segregated, presents, according to the writer in *Blackwood*, a scene even more horrible than Molokai.

THE September *Century* contains a paper on Napoleon Buonaparte of unusual interest and importance, being contemporary accounts by British officers of the ex-Emperor's exile to Elba, his voyage to St. Helena, and life on that island. Beyond this, however, the number indicates that the editors were away for relaxation in June and July, and had not buckled down to their work of getting out a strong fall number in August.

THE new editorship of the *English Illustrated Magazine* will begin with the October number, though as Mr. Comyns Carr will doubtless leave much material behind him no great changes should be immediately expected. It is settled, however, that there are to be notes on subjects of the day. Among the illustrated articles already arranged for is one on "Yachting," by Lord Dunraven, and another on "Theatre Children," by Mrs. Jeune.

Belford's Magazine for September, in its editorial department, makes the astonishing confession to its "subscribers and the public," that "during the recent presidential campaign the company sold to the National Democratic Committee 40,000 copies of the magazine for four consecutive months, at the price of six cents a copy, being less than the actual cost of paper, printing and binding." This may not have been a very profitable bargain for the company, but it has the ancient and fish-like smell of a subsidy for political purposes.

MESSRS. DEAN & SON announce for immediate publication the authorised translation of "Souvenirs intimes de la Cour des Tuileries," by Madame Carette, which recently caused such a *furor* in Paris, and which will be procurable at all the libraries. The translation is called "My Mistress and Empress Eugénie: or Court Life at the Tuileries," and contains most interesting information relative to the imperial family, including Napoleon III. and the late Prince Imperial. The fact that Madame Carette (*née* Bouvet) occupied the position of private reader to the Empress should be sufficient guarantee of the reliable nature of the volume.

ROBERT YELVERTON TYRRELL concludes a brief paper in the *Fortnightly* on Browning's attack on FitzGerald with these words: "What will the worshippers say? The unbelievers will wag the head and shoot out the lip, and say 'There, there! So would we have it.' The incapacity to express a feeling of resentment which seems to be genuine, however unfounded, will lend support to the heresy that we have in Mr. Browning a man of high intelligence, great psychological insight, and wide culture, but one who labours under an abnormal inaptitude to exercise the mechanical part (at least) of the poet's art."

APROPOS of Dr. Holmes' eightieth birthday the following very Tennysonian fragment appeared in the *Evening Transcript*:

Here's to the man with heart, head, hand,
Like one of the simple great ones gone!
A small, bright man in a noisy land,
Whatever they call him, what care I?
Professor, or Poet, or Autocrat—one
Who can write and who dare not lie!

The house in which Dr. Holmes was born is still standing on the common at Cambridge and is now one of the College buildings. It is an old-fashioned, gambrel-roofed house, and during the siege of Boston it was the headquarters of the American officers. The Rev. Abiel Holmes, the poet's father, was the pastor of the first church of Cambridge, where Washington was a worshipper. Mr. Stedman's contribution was as follows:

Weary at length of the ancestral gloom,
The self-same drone, the patter of dull pens,
Nature sent Iris of the rosy plume,
Bearing to Holmes her wonder-working lens;
Grateful, he gave his dearest child her name,
Lit the shrewd East with laughter, love and tears,—
Pade halt the sun—and all aglow with fame—
His rainbow'd fancy now the world enpheres.

THE literary partnership of nearly half a century which has existed between the two famous Alsatian fictionists, MM. Erckmann and Chatrian, has been broken irrevocably. The two collaborators have fallen out, and the quarrel, which has been going on for some time, is related and described at length by M. Georgel, who, it must be premised, is a friend of M. Chatrian. It appears that M. Erckmann has never had anything to do with the dramatization of the plays taken from the stories which he wrote in conjunction with his colleague, these works having been prepared for the stage by M. Chatrian and two Parisian writers. M. Erckmann, in fact, never visited Paris, but lived in Phalsburg, and duly received his share of the profits accruing from the representation of "L'Ami Fritz" and other pieces. While the profits were plethoric M. Erckmann received them without murmuring, but as they began to fall off he objected to any payment being made to the playwrights who assisted M. Chatrian. His nephew, M. Alfred Erckmann, a member of the General Association of Alsace-Lorraine, was sent to Paris to see M. Chatrian on the subject, and induced the latter to pay him over £930. M. Georgel declares that but for him M. Chatrian would have signed everything that was asked of him, including a complete renunciation of his rights in the literary partnership of "Erckmann-Chatrian." The affair, however, was not submitted to the Society of Dramatic Authors, but to a lawyer who was a friend of M. Alfred Erckmann. Such is the ugly version of the case according to M. Georgel, who takes the opportunity of doing what is vulgarly called "showing up" M. Erckmann, who, he says, is a German at heart; who called the French living in Alsace-Lorraine bad names, and who ran away to a place of safety in the German positions during the bombardment of Phalsburg, leaving his own sister to face the danger alone. The same sister, by the way, had lost her reason during the first bombardment of Phalsburg in the year before Waterloo. M. Georgel adds that there is a German officer—an enemy but an honest soldier—who saw Erckmann during the siege of Phalsburg, and was disgusted at his conduct. M. Chatrian has always remained a staunch patriot, and his sons are in the French army.

MR. WEMYSS REID'S new weekly is now fairly under way. The *New York Nation*, it is said, will be the model rather than the *Spectator*. The *Nation* is a small quarto, very able, not religious (if anything agnostic), intensely Parnellite, and revoltingly dry. It gives a good deal of space to literary notes. The sale is about 8,000 a week. It has the advantage of a connection with the *New York Evening Post*, of which it is the weekly edition, thus saving a great deal in the literary expenses.

READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

ABOUT MR. LABOUCHERE.

To explain how a collection of seriously minded and well-meaning fanatics can consent to be led by a nonchalant and complaisant indifferentist, to whom all their loftiest and most heart-stirring ideals are but so many subjects for epigrams, Mr. Labouchere has been supposed by certain of his opponents to be endowed with some extraordinary power of impressing favourably all who come within his reach, and of exerting a special fascination over those whose opinions he adopts. Instead of looking for a more reasonable if less picturesque explanation, he has been exalted into a person of quite exceptional mental capacity, possessed of such intellectual gifts that his influence, whenever exerted, is bound to take effect. Fortunately, however, as those who are now alarmed at Mr. Labouchere's apparent success and at his rapid advance in spite of the most unfavourable circumstances will doubtless soon discover, the representative of Northampton is, as far as brain-power is concerned, by no means a man apart; while the reasons for his success are, if carefully considered, perfectly consistent with the well-known workings of human nature. Mr. Labouchere is without question endowed with a remarkable fund of humour, and with a mental audacity, not to say callousness, which opens to him a much wider field than that commanded by most other sayers and writers of good things. In the same way, Mr. Labouchere's complete mental detachment on all conceivable subjects, and the utter absence of what, we presume, he would call prejudices, gives him a freedom which he well knows how to use to the best advantage. Beyond this, and a considerable gift of alertness in applying a sort of spurious reasonableness to any problem in hand, Mr. Labouchere's attainments do not go. In reality, his mind is as shallow as it is rapid. Though he employs so frequently that very deceptive process of pretending "to get to the bottom of things," of "stating the real facts of the question," and of "clearing the question of all nonsense," he in fact never goes more than skin deep. A witty Oxford head of a house once said of a rival scholar: "He always flies to the roots of things,—the sure sign of a weak mind. I do it myself when I'm tired." And if by flying to the roots of things he meant Mr. Labouchere's parade of getting at the truth, there is no little reason in the remark. No one who has ever read a speech by the member for Northampton on a question involving an exercise of statesmanship, can have failed to see that while the superficial points are always very cleverly touched on, there is no real grasp of those which are fundamental. There is doubtless an immense display of going down to the rock for his foundations, and we seem to hear the triumphant pick-axe of the excavator ring on the granite. We look a little closer, however, and see that the cunning workman has deceived us by cleverly striking a pebble half-way down, and pretending that he has thus done all that was necessary. No doubt, just now, many people believe that Mr. Labouchere is always striking the rock. As a matter of fact, however, he is not; and any one who will take the trouble to watch him closely, will very soon detect the trick. *Spectator*.

CANADA AND AUSTRALASIA.

IT appears that some of our contemporaries were a little premature in announcing Mr. Abbott's departure from Canada this week. As there is little probability of the proposed conference being held, so it is believed, until the various Australian Parliaments have risen from their labours, it is not likely to take place until January or February, and the *locale* will, it is expected, be Hobart, where the meetings of the Federal Council have hitherto been held. Mr. Abbott sails for Canada either next week or the following one, and will probably leave San Francisco for Sydney in November. It is impossible to overestimate the importance of the proposed conference, or the results that may follow its deliberations. To any intelligent foreigner it must seem strange that no understanding relating to commerce exists between the mother county and the colonies, or between the colonies themselves. The parent state has treaties of commerce with almost every third or fourth-rate foreign power, but although the colonies are, to all intents and purposes, fiscally independent, the trade relations between them and with Great Britain are left to haphazard, and to grow up anyhow—a fact which is being taken advantage of to the fullest extent by foreign countries (as witness the subsidized steamship lines from Germany and France) which are endeavouring to obtain—with some success—a foothold in our colonial markets. The policy, therefore, which is being adopted by Canada must commend itself to the minds of all those who are interested in the development of the Empire. It is only natural that, having built the great railway from the Atlantic to the Pacific, the Canadians should wish to extend their highway across that ocean, by means of steamers, to Hong Kong, Yokohama and Australia. The fact of having succeeded in opening up commerce with China and Japan will be an encouragement to them to persevere with their other proposals, and it is to be hoped that they will be met in a friendly and fair spirit by their Australian cousins. There is a large trade done between the United States and Australia at the present time, which would, no doubt, be transferred to Canada, were a steamship line once started between Vancouver and some of the antipodean ports. The Pacific Ocean is not crowded with British shipping, and a line of fast steamers ploughing its waters, and connecting two of our great groups of

colonies, seems about as natural a thing to happen as can be imagined. Then again, once commercial intercourse were developed, or indeed to stimulate its expansion, cable communication would become a necessity, and there can be no doubt that British steamers across the Pacific and a British cable under it would do much to give Great Britain that commanding position in that part of the world which she does not now altogether possess. But there is another aspect of the question. The proposed line to Australia would form a most powerful addition to our auxiliary navy, if the vessels were built to meet the Admiralty requirements, which is the intention of the promoters of the scheme. Our naval position is not strong in the Pacific, though our interests are large, and a number of fast, well-equipped steamers would not only be valuable for scouting purposes, and to take care of any privateers, such as Russia organized during the scare of ten years ago, if the necessity should unhappily arise, but also for the conveyance of men and material which would inevitably, in that event, be required. The development of communication between the colonies and the Old Country is one to be encouraged in every possible way, and we hope that the far-sighted policy of the Dominion will be cordially seconded, not only by Australasia but by the Imperial Government.—*Colonies and India*.

VISITS FROM THE TROLLS.

THE people of Norway dearly love their legends and traditions, which have been handed down from generation to generation, and are believed in some parts of the country to be true.

Any one of the peasants who can furnish any sort of tangible evidence that he has been favoured by a visit from the trolls is looked up to and becomes an object of respect and interest to his neighbours. It is related of one Dyré Vo, a handsome, brave youth who lived in the Vinjé district, that he had been thus favoured. It happened that a neighbouring farmer, knowing Dyré's daring and brave spirit, once had the curiosity to ask him if he would be afraid to meet the trolls, meaning not the small fairy-folk that inhabit the mountains—for the term "troll" is applied to all mischievous supernatural beings—but the giants, who are believed to be very hostile to men.

"Not a bit," replied Dyré, "even if it were dark."

The boast must have been heard by the trolls, for on the eve of next Yule-tide, when all was gay, and feasting and song were at their height, and Dyré, who was a right jovial fellow, was sitting with his friends in front of the festive Yule-log, he heard a sound, which he knew to be a call to meet one of the trolls. Without hesitation he jumped up and hastened to his boat and loosened the moorings, then he rowed across the lake to the spot where he knew the call had been given.

There he found a troll whose height equalled that of any fir tree, and who asked to be helped on his way home to his wife. Dyré consented to row him home if he would make himself small enough to get into the boat. This he did, and, although as he sat in the boat he was equal in size to any three men, Dyré was not a bit frightened.

By degrees Dyré began to tire of silence, and finally he even dared to make fun of the passenger on account of his size. This the troll did not seem to take kindly to at first, but finding that Dyré was a pretty good sort of a fellow, and did not really mean to be uncivil, or, very likely, having in mind the assistance Dyré was rendering him, and overlooking his words in consequence, he cut off the finger of his glove, and filling it with wool (which is valued very highly among the Norwegian peasants) left it in the bottom of the boat to pay for his passage. The finger was so large that it held three great basketsful, and was likely to be of use on the farm when it was emptied.

Dyré was thus very well repaid for his promptness and daring, for, beside the substantial reward he received from the generous troll, his reputation was so well established that he has been by some compared even to the god Odin for courage and strength, and is held up as an example for Norwegian boys and young men to follow.

Another notable case is that of a man named Knud Sivard, who became an object of great interest on account of his association with the trolls—little fellows in this case—but his experience was very different from that of Dyré Vo. People came from far and near to hear his story. It was somewhat in effect that one Yule evening, about bedtime, Knud heard a faint knock on his door, and, thinking the wind was blowing the twigs against the house, he paid no attention to it; but when the wind had subsided he heard the same tap, tap, tap again, and called out:

"Who's there?"

"Neighbours we be," answered three queer little voices.

On opening the door Knud was surprised to see three little fellows walk in, who looked almost droll enough to make him laugh had he not been a trifle too much frightened.

They were unmistakably trolls, and wore dark, round about coats and knee-breeches and pointed white caps.

The spokesman of the party was as black as a chimney sweep, and had an ugly, long tooth projecting from the front part of his upper jaw. He said, "I'm Torn Hongesind, I am."

"And my name's Harald Blaasind, said another; while the third, stepping forward, and with a wave of his hand, like a military salute, squeaked out:

"And my name's Hundoen Leervig."

Knud Sivard did not quite know what to say; he was non-plussed, and the more so as he had been drinking freely of home-brewed ale all the evening, and was somewhat

remiss in his hospitality, quite forgetting to ask them to remove their caps and sit down.

He had not quite recovered from his little scare, and finally managed to gasp:

"Remarkable—I never saw you before. Do you live in this section?"

"Not a great distance away," said Torn Hongesind, "and we're come to enquire how it goes with you this Yule-tide."

The mention of Yule-tide acted like a charm, and brought Knud back to his senses; for not to be hospitable at Yule-tide in Scandinavian countries is the mark of a most despicable miser. Then, too, the little fellows seemed so friendly.

Knud was puzzled not a little; he did not know what to make of it all. However, he brought forward a huge birch-bowl and filled it with ale, and, small though the trolls were, they drank bowl after bowl, so that Knud's heart was touched, and he thought they must have been nearly choked.

The little fellows showed no disposition to stop drinking, and Hongesind, growing merry, jumped on a chair and bit the table with all his might declaring, with a yell of delight, that Sivard would find a mark at all times to remind him of his visit.

Knud's son, who was, after the custom of the country, called Knud Sivardson, lay all this while in his bed in the corner of the room, apparently asleep. He, unlike his father, was a very mean fellow, and feared the trolls would drink up all the ale; so he took down his gun from the wall over the head of his bed, and rising quietly and softly, and taking aim at Hongesind, fired. The ball did not seem to have any effect. Perhaps it did hit. The troll showed no sign of being wounded at any rate, but they were all terribly frightened and disappeared mysteriously in a second; and ever since Sivard's family show the mark of the tooth in the table, and it looks very much like the imprint of a horse's tooth that had been driven in with a hammer, but no one doubts that Sivard's story is absolutely true.—*Christian-at-Work.*

I.

My feet with the dances are weary,

The music has dropped from the song,
There is no more delight in the lute strings,

Sweet Shadows! What thing has gone wrong?

The wings of the wind have left fanning

The palms of the glade;

They are dead, and the blossoms seem dying

In the place where we played.

II.

We will play no more, beautiful Shadows!

A fancy came solemn and sad,

More sweet, with unspeakable longings,

Than the best of the pleasures we had;

I am not now the Krishna who kissed you;

That exquisite dream—

The vision I saw in my dancing—

Has spoiled what you seem.

III.

Ah! delicate phantoms that cheated

With eyes that looked lasting and true,

I awake—I have seen her—my angel—

Farewell to the wood and to you!

Oh, whisper of wonderful pity!

Oh, fair force that shone!

Though thou be a vision Divinest!

This vision is done.

—*Sir Edwin Arnold.*

ITALIAN PROGRESS.

ITALY, after centuries of abasement under the dominion of the Papacy, is emerging into somewhat of the relative importance she formerly had among continental kingdoms. This is the result of the unification of the Italian people under the King of Italy with the capital in Rome. Against this the Papacy contended with all its characteristic energy and intrigue. For the restoration of the temporal power it employs the same influences. Notwithstanding this, the kingdom of Italy is steadily advancing in nearly all respects. Her progress since Victor Emanuel was crowned King of united Italy has been remarkable and in strong contrast with the other countries that have remained subject to the Papacy. She has arisen from the depths of priestly absolutism, of social corruption, of ignorance and superstition, of material weakness, into the ranks of the leading powers of Europe. When Napoleon conquered Italy he said that at the close of his campaign he found but two men in the peninsula, the rest were women. The manhood of the people was pressed out of them by the heavy hand of the triple crowned monarch that claimed power over their souls as well as over their bodies. As soon as that hand was removed their manhood began to revive, and though they had been impoverished to support the magnificence of the church and its multitudes of lazy or licentious orders, they have carried on the work of re-construction to a degree and in a manner to astonish the world. The Roman Catholic pulpit and press predicted that the secularization of the government would result in ruin, that its commerce would be destroyed, that its ships would rot on its shores and "grass grow in the streets" of its cities. What is the result? Rome has nearly doubled its population in ten years, and miles of splendid modern buildings have replaced the ruins of centuries. Milan has been imbued with the spirit of enterprise. Naples is fast rising into the importance of a metropolis; Venice, Flor-

ence, Genoa and other cities, touched by the hand of the nineteenth century, are awakening from the stupor of ecclesiastical thralldom. United Italy, free and united, has produced a race of men who are resuscitating the spirit of Romans and striving to displace the disgrace of the past with achievements of intelligence and industry.—*New York Observer.*

THE GOLDEN HARP.

THE harp is by common consent supposed to be the musical instrument of the angels, and many a clerical metaphor has been made regarding "the celestial harps," "the golden harps," etc., etc. The metaphor is probably taken by very few as a fixed truth, but is nevertheless to the musician an interesting and also a reverential one. At the time that the Scriptures were written the harp was the finest instrument possessed by man, and in ascribing it to the angels an effort was made to represent the music of heaven by the noblest tones of earth. Were we to imagine celestial music to-day it would be the roll of heavenly orchestras, and some of the old Italian painters scarcely made a musical error in depicting their angels as playing on violins. The violin is the noblest earthly instrument, and is far beyond the harp in its representation of bliss. Meanwhile Schumann and Berlioz (in "Faust") have used the harp to picture celestial joys, while Wagner has used the violins in a soft tremolo in highest positions, combined in sweet tones of wood wind. Nevertheless, association of ideas is much in music, and the harp must always call up the idea of heaven in the minds of many.—*Boston Musical Herald.*

THE ABUSE OF FICTION.

ALTHOUGH the legitimate end and aim of the novel is not to play upon our emotions by terrifying us or making us weep or laugh, there is surely no reason why, incidentally, it should not do so. Certainly if the novelist is to be of any use at all he must entertain while he informs. He could hardly hope to reveal life if he did not act on the emotions. This is good as a means, but it is unfortunately true that most works of fiction make this the aim and end. The misuse of literature has given being to two abnormal mental types, namely, the literary prig and the literary dram-drinker. With the literary prig we have, on the present occasion, little to do. One of his peculiarities is that he eschews all works of fiction excepting George Eliot's novels. The literary dram-drinker, on the contrary, draws his mental sustenance from fiction alone. For him the majority of novels are written. There are writers of high talent among those who cater to his needs—Miss Braddon, Mrs. Henry Wood, and the Trollopes, for example. He is not averse even to a higher order of fiction, provided it is not too substantial; he can manage William Black and Thomas Hardy, but hardly the three Georges of English fiction—Macdonald, Eliot, and Meredith. Nearly one-fifth of the total literary output of Great Britain consists of works of fiction. Of the 929 such works published last year, it is within the mark to assume that all excepting the odd 29—perhaps all excepting the odd 9—were expressly designed to suit the palate of the habitual novel-reader. They are works that feed the appetite without satisfying it. A confirmed literary dram-drinker can, I believe, commence and finish a full-novel in one day, and he needs little or no rest before proceeding to another. This would be appalling did we not remember how small a portion of what he imbibes is vital and remains. But the truth is that most novels are read only to be forgotten. If the habitual novel-reader did not forget, his mind would soon become dangerously, if not fatally congested. It is customary to blame writers of novels for the frivolous character of their work; but, considering the readers they serve, they do well, for the same reason that to administer diluted rum to a confirmed drunkard is more kind than to offer him pure spirit.—*Walter Lewin, in The Forum.*

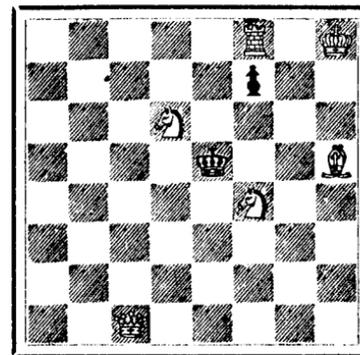
OUR readers will find on another page of this issue the Report for the 42nd year of one of our most important financial institutions, the Canada Life Assurance Company. A career of nearly half a century amid the varying aspects of the business world, resulting in an exhibit of assets representing one-fifth more than the Company's liabilities to its small army of policy-holders, as shown in this report, must certainly be very gratifying to all connected with this institution. Indeed it is a matter of congratulation to every Canadian citizen, on perusing such reports, to note the gradual advance from comparatively meagre totals to the millions of dollars now required to mark the business covered by this and kindred companies of Canadian domicile and management. With a total business in force of nearly \$47,000,000—an income of over \$1,800,000, and assets of about \$10,000,000—the aggressive energy of the management of The Canada Life is not yet satisfied. An invasion of the neighbouring state of Michigan is proposed—a reconnaissance in force having pronounced the field inviting and the friendly army of invasion possessed of the necessary financial strength to join battle with business compeers across the lines. All success to the Canada Life in this new enterprise: although another instance of Canadian immigration, we do not think much exception can be taken to it on political grounds. Such reports shew that our country is full of healthy growth and active business energy, perhaps not characterized by the colossal dash shown by our cousins south of the lakes, but perhaps, also, all the better for true success that we are making haste slowly.

CHESS.

PROBLEM No. 391.

From an Old Paper.

BLACK.



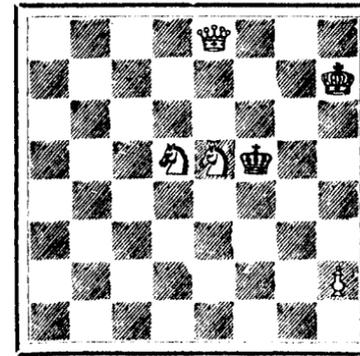
WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

PROBLEM No. 392.

By CARL BOGART.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

SOLUTIONS TO PROBLEMS.

No. 385.

R-Q 5

No. 386.

- | | |
|----------------|-----------|
| White. | Black. |
| 1. Q-R 2 | B x P |
| 2. R-K 8 | R-Q 3 |
| 3. R x R mate | |
| | 1. B-Kt 7 |
| 2. Q-R 8 | R-Q 1 |
| 3. Kt-B 2 mate | |
- With other variations.

GAME PLAYED IN THE SIXTH AMERICAN CHESS CONGRESS BETWEEN MESSRS. GUNSBERG AND BURNS.

MR. GUNSBERG.	MR. BURNS.	MR. GUNSBERG.	MR. BURNS.
White.	Black.	White.	Black.
1. P-K 4	P-K 4	15. Castles Q R	Kt-Q 3
2. B-B 4	Kt-K B 3	16. Kt x Kt	P x Kt
3. Q-K 2	K-B 3	17. P-B 4	P-B 3
4. Kt-K B 3	B-B 4	18. Q-R-K 1	Q-B 2
5. Kt-Kt 5	P-Q 4	19. Q-Q 1	B-Q 2
6. P x P	Kt x P	20. Q-B 3	B-B 3
7. P-Q 3	Castles	21. Q-Kt 3	Q-R-K 1
8. Kt-Q B 3	Kt-B 3	22. B-Kt 3	P-Q R 1
9. Q Kt-K 4	Kt-Q 5	23. K R-B 1	P-R 5
10. Q-Q 1	B-Kt 3	24. B-B 2	B-R 2
11. P-Q B 3	Kt-B 4	25. P-Q R 1	P-Q Kt 1
12. Q-Kt 3	Q-K 2	26. Q-R 3	B-Q 4
13. B-Q 2	Kt x Kt	27. P x P	Q P x P
14. Kt x Kt	K-R 1		Drawn.

TO MONTANA, OREGON AND WASHINGTON.

If you are going west bear in mind the following facts: The Northern Pacific Railroad owns and operates 987 miles, or 57 per cent. of the entire railroad mileage of Montana; spans the territory with its main line from east to west; is the short line to Helena; the only Pullman and dining-car line to Butte, and is the only line that reaches Miles City, Billings, Bozeman, Missoula, the Yellowstone National Park, and, in fact, nine-tenths of the cities and points of interest in the Territory.

The Northern Pacific owns and operates 621 miles, or 56 per cent. of the railroad mileage of Washington, its main line extending from the Idaho line via Spokane Falls, Cheney, Sprague, Yakima and Ellensburg, through the centre of the Territory to Tacoma and Seattle, and from Tacoma to Portland. No other trans-continental through rail line reaches any portion of Washington Territory. Ten days' stop-over privileges are given on Northern Pacific second-class tickets at Spokane Falls and all points west, thus affording intending settlers an excellent opportunity to see the entire Territory without incurring the expense of paying local fares from point to point.

The Northern Pacific is the shortest route from St. Paul to Tacoma by 207 miles; to Seattle by 177 miles, and to Portland by 324 miles—time correspondingly shorter, varying from one to two days, according to destination. No other line from St. Paul or Minneapolis runs through passenger cars of any kind into Idaho, Oregon or Washington.

In addition to being the only rail line to Spokane Falls, Tacoma and Seattle, the Northern Pacific reaches all the principal points in Northern Minnesota and Dakota, Montana, Idaho, Oregon and Washington. Bear in mind that the Northern Pacific and Shasta line is the famous scenic route to all points in California.

Send for illustrated pamphlets, maps and books giving you valuable information in reference to the country traversed by this great line from St. Paul, Minneapolis, Duluth and Ashland to Portland, Oregon, and Tacoma and Seattle, Washington Territory, and enclose stamps for the new 1889 Rand McNally County Map of Washington Territory, printed in colours.

Address your nearest ticket agent, or Charles S. Fee, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, St. Paul, Minn.

FORTY-SECOND ANNUAL MEETING OF THE CANADA LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY.

A Magnificent Showing—Convincing Figures.

The forty-second annual general meeting of the directors and shareholders of the Canada Life Assurance Company was held in the handsome board-room of the Company, on Tuesday, 3rd inst. There was a good attendance. The President, A. G. Ramsay, occupied the chair, and the following gentlemen were present: A. Brown, M.P.; Hon. Mr. Justice Burton; F. W. Gates; Col. C. S. Gzowski, A.D.C.; William Hendrie, A. G. Ramsay, John Stuart, Geo. A. Cox, W. R. Macdonald, Hon. Justice McLennan, John Riddell, W. F. Findlay, Campbell Ferrie, R. Hill, Geo. A. Young, Dr. Macdonald, D. Kidd and Henry McLaren.

Printed copies of the annual report were placed in the hands of each shareholder. It is as follows:—

REPORT BY THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

The applications for assurances during the year to April 30 last were \$5,565,630, upon 2,401 lives, of which 154 for \$327,000 were not such as the directors thought it in the interest of the Company to accept. Of the balance of \$7,238,660, upon 2,247 lives, there being \$198,472 of assurances upon 112 lives which were not complete, the actual business of the year was \$5,040,188, under 2,135 policies, for which the new premium income was \$170,506.36.

The total assurances and profit bonuses in force at April 30 last were \$16,818,870, upon 17,623 lives and 23,286 policies.

The year's income having amounted to \$1,839,905.92 and the expenditure to \$857,461.41, the difference of \$982,444.51 was added to the Company's assets, which were at April 30 last \$9,984,450.13.

The claims by death during the year were for \$101,422.97, under 196 policies, upon 150 lives, a rather less amount than that of the previous year, and much under the amount for which the Company's calculations had provided.

Somewhat reduced rates of interest prevailed during a considerable period of last year, but the directors are pleased to mention that improved rates are being obtained at the present time.

The question of extending the Company's field of operations, and the advantage to be derived from a widening of its basis, by issuing policies on lives in the United States, as authorized by the charter, has lately received much consideration. The conspicuously sound financial condition of the Company, the liberality of its terms, and the unusually large profit returns, which its moderate ratio of expenses and careful management generally have enabled it to give its assurers, as well as the valuable support looked for from our assessors now resident in the United States, warrant the directors in anticipating that a branch there can be made a successful and advantageous one. With that view steps have been taken to obtain a license to transact business, in the adjoining State of Michigan in the first instance. Its close proximity and its intimate business connections with our country appear to make it a favourable point for the purpose, and the directors are gratified in being able to say that, after a most exhaustive and critical examination of the Company's condition and affairs by the Hon. Henry S. Raymond, the State Commissioner of Insurance, and his assistants, he intimated that the actuarial and other investigations which had been made showed that at April 30 last, the Company possessed a surplus as regards policy-holders amounting to \$1,664,213.42, and added his congratulations upon the favourable position of our Company. Such congratulations and the testimony of such an official to the position and merits of the Company increase the directors' anticipations of the success of the United States branch.

The Company's financial year has hitherto terminated upon each 30th of April, differing in that respect from all other Canadian life companies, whose years terminate with each 31st December. By a change to the latter date our Company will be in uniformity with these others, and as the American Government returns are necessarily as at 31st December, the change will also be a convenient one for the Company's office work. A result of this change will be that in closing the year upon 31st December next, it will include but eight months, from 1st May last to 31st December; thereafter, however, the year will annually embrace the necessary twelve months. In connection with this arrangement, it is proposed that the approaching division of the Company's profits should take place as at 31st December next, for the period of four years and eight months, that is, from 1st May, 1885, to 31st December, 1889, in place of as at 30th April, 1890, as had been intended, and it is believed that this arrangement will meet with the approbation of the policy-holders generally. While this change to closing the books to 31st December next somewhat curtails the time during which new assurers may join the Company, to share in the approaching 31st December division, of the profits accumulated since 1st May, 1885, the very large amount of surplus profits, before alluded to as already realized, is such as to offer most favourable inducements to assurers to join the Company between now and 31st December.

During the year, the state of health and the infirmities of his age led Jas. Sydney Crocker, the Company's Auditor, to retire from its service, after a long and useful connection with it, and the directors have since learned of his death with very great regret. Maitland Young was appointed to the duties of Auditor, and the directors feel assured that his great experience in connection with the accounts of other large companies, as well as his ability and high personal character, well fit him for so important an office.

The following directors retire by rotation, in accordance with the Company's charter, but are eligible for re-election: F. Wolferstan Thomas, Esq., Montreal; The Very Rev. G. M. Innes, Dean of Huron, London; George Hague, Esq., Montreal; and F. W. Gates, Esq., Hamilton.

(Signed) A. G. RAMSAY, President.
R. HILLS, Secretary.

The Canada Life Assurance Company,
Hamilton, Ont., August 26, 1889.

Mr. Ramsay, in moving the adoption of the report, said: I would call the meeting's attention to the fact that the new life business of the past year was most satisfactory, both in point of amount and of class. The amount it will be seen was \$5,040,188, under 2,135 policies, and this sum has only been slightly exceeded upon two previous occasions, under somewhat exceptional circumstances.

The class of the business is favourably indicated by the average amount of each policy being \$2,360, that of all other companies being \$1,059, and advantageous results may be expected from this larger average, for it is now pretty well established that up to a certain point, at all events, the larger the amount of the risks the more favourable the ratio of mortality which may be looked for.

The total business in force it will be observed now amounts to nearly forty-seven millions, and the annual income to the large sum of \$1,839,905, and it will indicate the great progress which the Company has made when I mention that twenty years ago the total sum assured was but \$5,476,359, and the annual income but \$233,308.

The sum of \$982,444 was added to the assets during the year, bringing them up to \$9,984,450.

The mortality experienced continues most favourable, and as the report states, it was largely under what was expected, and to the care which the Board exercises in the selection of the lives offered for assurance much of the profits of the Company are attributable.

The investment from time to time of the large amount of the Company's funds, now nearly \$10,000,000, is a source of the Board's constant and anxious care. During the past year, some difficulty was occasionally experienced in finding sufficient satisfactory investments, and somewhat low rates of interest had to be taken for a time, but we have lately been readily obtaining terms of a more satisfactory character, and the indications are, that for some time at least we shall have less difficulty in that respect.

As the report mentions, we have been making arrangements to enter upon business in the United States. It has been thought well, however, in pursuance of that policy of prudence and caution which at all times influences the Board's action, to confine the business at first to the neighbouring State of Michigan, where a large number of our Canadian countrymen are settled, and where we have intimate business as well as personal relations.

Even that field is a large one, however, the population of Michigan being about as large as that of Ontario, and as the State returns show that life assurance has hitherto been somewhat less availed of there than in Canada, an opening would appear to offer for our Company to obtain some share of it. American companies receive a share of the business in Canada, and there would seem no good reason why the Canada Life should not be able to obtain a share of the business in their country.

The strong position of our Company is well attested by the Hon. Mr. Raymond, the Insurance Commissioner of the State of Michigan, as will be observed in the report. After a rigid and laborious investigation of the Company's affairs, he points out that it has a surplus, as regards policy-holders, amounting to \$1,664,213, or \$120 for each \$100 of policy liability.

The change of date of closing our financial year from April 30 to December 31 will bring our Company into uniformity with the other companies doing business in Canada. It will make our present current year include only from May 1 last to December 31 next, what I may call an eight months' one, but after that, we shall, in using the calendar year, be dealing with the usual twelve months. The change at the present time makes it convenient and necessary to alter the date of the approaching division of profits from April 30, 1890, to Dec. 31, 1889, making the division then rather earlier than before intended, which we do not anticipate will be objected to by anybody.

The meeting will have heard with much regret of the death of the Company's late highly respected Auditor, Mr. Jas. Sydney Crocker, after long service to the Company, at a very advanced age. The state of his health had led to his retirement from his duties about a year ago, and the question of the appointment, to succeed him, of a gentleman with experience, ability and unquestionable personal character, such as would command the confidence of the Company, and of the public, received the very careful consideration of the directors. An opportunity presented itself for securing the services of Mr. Maitland Young, who, it was believed, possessed all the qualifications I have alluded to, and was, besides, quite unconnected with the Company, the Board, or its officers, and his appointment as Auditor was made. It has proved a highly satisfactory one, and I take the opportunity to mention to the meeting that the audits of our Company are not merely formal or perfunctory affairs. They are conducted continuously during the year, with a degree of thoroughness and research such as make them, as they should be, a real guarantee of the safe custody of the Company's securities, and of the honesty and accuracy of the accounts, as they are presented to you.

I am glad to be able to call your attention to the continued reduction of the percentage of our working expenses. They were last year 12.42 per cent. of the income, a lower rate than that of any other company actively prosecuting life business in Canada except one, and as one source of the profits of life assurance depends largely upon economy in working expenses, it will be seen that the position of the Canada Life in that respect largely adds to the inducements to intending assurers to join it and avail themselves of its advantages.

I shall only detain you further to add that I shall as usual be much pleased to supply any information which may be desired, and meantime I beg to move the adoption of the report and accounts in your hands.

Mr. Gates: I have much pleasure in seconding the adoption of the report. As each year closes and I see the large amount of business done, and knowing as I do the competition that exists with the rival companies, and the large commissions that they pay, I often wonder how it is possible for us to keep up our record; but it seems the business comes in year after year, and this year is no exception. We can only take it as an evidence of the continued popularity of this Company and the great confidence that the public feel in its management and stability. And this reputation that we have won is not confined to Canada. We are well known in insurance circles in the States and amongst the many Canadians who have gone to the north-western States, and I am fully convinced that our new venture in the State of Michigan will be a success, and prove a valuable feeder to the general business of the Company. I can fully corroborate what Mr. Ramsay has said with reference to our securities. As to their value there can be no question nor as to the safety of their custody; and I may mention that in addition to the careful audit of the auditors and by the committee of the Board, they have also had the scrutiny of the commissioners from Michigan, who made an exhaustive audit of them, as well as of every security we hold. I have no doubt that the coming year, although it will be a short one, will prove as satisfactory as those which have preceded it. I have much pleasure in seconding the adoption of the report.

The motion was then put and the report unanimously adopted.

Hon. Justice McLennan—Now that we have read the report of the directors of the Company for the past year and that report indicating the large amount of business that has been done, and the great

amount of care and attention which you, Mr. President, and your associates on the Board must have given to the affairs of the Company, it will be in order for me as a shareholder to propose to my brother shareholders who are present some acknowledgment of the services which you and your associates have rendered to them during the past year. I have great pleasure in moving the resolution which I hold in my hand, that the shareholders should render to you their thanks and acknowledgments, because I am able to look back now on a long series of years during which I have been a shareholder of the company. I am sorry to say I have been rather a delinquent shareholder, not having attended for upwards of twenty years any annual meeting of the Company. It gives me pleasure to be here and listen to the remarkable report which has been read. Twenty years ago the annual income of the Company was thought to be very large, and I think a good many wondered even then if it should be possible for such a large annual income to be kept up. But the statement you have made to-day certainly is very extraordinary and far beyond what the most sanguine could then have anticipated. If I caught the figures aright the annual income of the new business is now sevenfold what it was twenty years ago and has been coming up from that figure to the present regularly and gradually during all that time. I think we must recognize that that large increase of business, while it was due to the remarkable prosperity of the country, the increase of population and wealth in the first place, is due also to the exertions made by you, sir, as president, and your staff; and also to the gentlemen who have been associated with you during all that time. You have not only conducted the affairs of the Company, but you have been supported during that time by men of wisdom, experience and knowledge of business, and of the country, which has enabled and assisted you to bring about the results which have now been stated in the report. We cannot too highly appreciate the services that you have rendered to us, and we ought, and I am sure we will join in a most cordial adoption of the resolution that I have now the honour to propose:

Moved by myself, seconded by Major McLaren, That a vote of thanks be tendered to the President and Directors for their attention to the interests of the Company during the past year.

Major McLaren: I have great pleasure in seconding the resolution, and I can endorse all that has been said by the gentleman who has made the motion. The Company has been going on from year to year increasing gradually and substantially, and each year we come up here we are more pleased with the report presented to us. The idea of going forth to the neighbouring States is a matter that will commend itself highly to the shareholders of the Company. I have much pleasure in seconding the resolution.

The President: I must, on behalf of myself and my brother directors, return thanks for this mark of your appreciation of our attention to your interests. Mr. Justice McLennan has been kind enough to allude to myself and the other officers in terms of praise, but if we had not had the cordial support we have had from the directors the Company would not have been in the state that it is to-day.

Moved by W. F. Burton, seconded by Col. Gzowski, of Toronto, That Messrs. Campbell Ferrie and John Riddell be appointed as scrutineers of votes for the election of directors in room of the four retiring, and that the rolls shall now be opened, and be closed upon five minutes elapsing without a vote being tendered.

Mr. Adam Brown, M.P., said: I will now submit a resolution that I am sure will receive the cordial assent of the shareholders. Mr. Justice McLennan has gone over the ground of the prosperity of the Company, and I must say that it is really marvellous when one thinks of the business increasing sevenfold in the last twenty years. In a great measure is this due to the staff of the Company and the medical advisers. The sterling character and excellent reputation of the agents everywhere, and the deep interest the officers have always exhibited in the interests of the Company, both abroad and in the office, and the marked vigilance of the Company's medical advisers over all risks, certainly deserve at the hands of the shareholders a cordial vote of thanks. I have much pleasure in proposing the following:

Moved by myself, seconded by W. R. Macdonald, That the thanks of the shareholders be tendered to the agents and officers, and medical advisers of the Company, to whose exertions in the interests of the Company its remarkable success is in a great measure due.

The President called upon Mr. Hill, the Secretary of the Company, George A. Cox, the Company's representative in Toronto, and Dr. Macdonald, to respond.

Mr. Hill thanked the shareholders for the resolution and expressions of their appreciation.

Mr. Cox: On behalf of the agents of the Company, I desire to return thanks. I may be pardoned for saying, as I am not now so actively engaged myself, that Mr. Brown, in alluding to the agents, has, I think, done them justice. They are certainly as active, earnest, energetic and loyal a staff of agents as any company could possibly have; and, while the agents have to work very hard in the face of competition, and very often of unscrupulous competition, we have the satisfaction of knowing that we represent the best company doing business in this country. (Hear, hear.) Without any qualification I claim that the Company that we represent is the best and most ably managed company doing business in this country, and that assists the agents very materially in doing their work. I have had the honour to represent the Company since the business was less than a million a year, and I hope to yet see it twenty-five millions a year. I think it will not take it as long to increase from five to twenty-five millions a year as it did to increase from \$500,000 to five millions.

Dr. Macdonald: It gives me great pleasure to return thanks on behalf of my brother medical officers. We are all gratified at the success of the Company, and it is no small satisfaction to us to be in the medical employment of such a prosperous institution. All of us endeavour that the lives we pass will be worthy of being passed, and it is no small source of anxiety in examining cases ourselves and the papers to see that the Company shall suffer no loss, and that each risk submitted shall be a fair one, and that the health and prosperity of the Company shall not be impaired by the acceptance of any others. It is a great pleasure to us at the end of the year to hear that the directors and shareholders are satisfied with our efforts in the direction I have mentioned.

The motion was carried unanimously.

The President announced that the following gentlemen had been elected to the vacant positions on the Board of Directors:—F. W. Thomas, Montreal; Very Rev. G. M. Innes, Dean of Huron, London; F. W. Gates, Hamilton.

The meeting then adjourned.

At a meeting of the Board of Directors subsequently the following officers were unanimously elected:—A. G. Ramsay, President; F. W. Gates, Vice-President.

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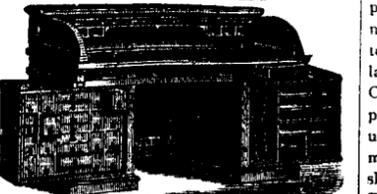


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Magazine of American History,

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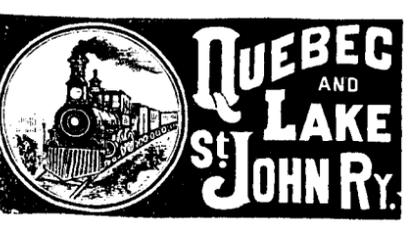
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