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

THE election of Mr. Maclean for East York adds another to the long list of Conservative gains in the bye-elections, and adds two more votes, on a division, to a Government majority which was already, perhaps, too large to secure the best results, according to the theory of party government, which accords to the constitutional Opposition, functions, almost or quite as essential to good administration as those of the executive and its supporters—functions which can be effectively discharged only when the strength of the check vote is in fairly close proportion to that of the ruling vote. In this instance the result of the election was not, we suppose, a surprise to anyone, as it seems to have been pretty well understood that the victory had been won in advance, when the voters' lists were completed. If this simply means that the followers of the Government party and policy are more numerous in the East York electorate than the followers of the Opposition leaders and their party, no exception could reasonably be taken, unless on the ground that the franchise is too narrow or too broad. If, and so far, as it means that the local agents of the one party were more active, or more unscrupulous than those of the other party, it simply discloses, or rather emphasizes, the defects of a franchise act which, among other improprieties, makes the right of the qualified elector to his vote dependent upon the vigilance of interested partisans. We say this, not because we have reason to believe that any injustice was wrought in this instance, for we think it highly probable that the result correctly represents the will of the majority, but because we like not the law which affords room for such suspicions and allegations.

IN the case of East York, it is very likely that other causes besides mere party strength operated to increase the majority for the Government candidate, prominent among them the fact that he was the stronger candidate, intellectually and politically. Had the Opposition succeeded in finding a candidate who could have impressed

himself upon the public as in some large degree worthy to succeed Alexander Mackenzie, their chances of success would certainly have been much greater. But in this case the Liberal machine seems to have made a mistake similar to that which lost the local election for their opponents a week or two before; the mistake, namely, of choosing a candidate on other than public grounds. We say this, not as reflecting by any means upon Mr. Leslie's character and standing, but simply from the point of view of fitness to succeed a great leader in Parliament. Of the successful candidate it is unnecessary that we say much. As a brother journalist he is entitled to the good will of members of the profession, and ours he certainly has, though we cannot profess to have much faith in the virtues of the policy of restriction of which he is so ardent an advocate. But as a young man of more than average ability, who is just entering public life, he has before him an opportunity to deserve well of his country, which we hope he may use to the utmost. As a graduate of the University of Toronto, he has had educational advantages superior to those of the larger number of the representatives of the people at Ottawa. His practical training in the profession of journalism affords, probably, a training second to no other for success in public life. It is, moreover, a training which should make its possessor broadminded and, above most others, superior to the pettinesses and prejudices of partisanship, for no one is in a better position than the journalist to understand both the uses and the abuses, both the good and the evil, of partyism, and to choose the one and eschew the other. It is possible that Mr. Maclean's critics may say that the newspaper which he controls has not been always so conducted as to afford the best grounds for hoping for any very sudden or marked development of impartiality on his part, and we are not sure that we can deny that its partisanship has not been uniformly marked by breadth and magnanimity. But new occasions bring new duties and new responsibilities, and a proper sense of the duties and responsibilities of a member of the Canadian Commons, at the present crisis in the country's history, should suffice to increase the mental stature of every well-informed and conscientious representative. We shall watch the course of our journalistic neighbour, in his high position, with much interest, and we trust that his career in Parliament may be such as not only to reflect honour upon his profession, but to make him a benefactor to the Dominion.

UGHT not every qualified Canadian elector to vote, unless for some special reason excused? If so, does *ought* in this case denote merely a moral obligation, such as lies within the province in which every man is answerable to his own conscience only, or does it denote also a political obligation, such as is binding upon every good citizen by virtue of his citizenship? If the latter, if the duty to vote is a duty owed to the State, ought not the State to require its performance by every citizen not specially excused for some good and sufficient reason? Has not the State at least as good a right to require every elector to vote, as to require every citizen to educate his children? Is not the well-being of the State as deeply involved in the former as in the latter? It is shown by unquestionable statistics that at the last general election in Canada about one-third of the legally-qualified electors neglected to cast their ballots. Does any observant person doubt that the prophecy of Lieber, quoted in Dr. Wicksteed's letter, which appeared in our columns last week, that "they whose voting is the least desirable are the surest to be at the poll," held good on the occasion referred to, and holds good of every election held in Canada? If so, does it not follow, irresistibly, that the Dominion has suffered and is suffering great loss and damage from the neglect of one-third of its enfranchised citizens to perform this plain political duty? If so, can any good and sufficient reason be given why the unpatriotic or careless third should not be punished for wilful neglect of a patriotic obligation, whose neglect has resulted in injury to the country, politically and morally? Such are some of the questions which are raised by the motion which is now in the hands of a select committee and must shortly come before Parliament.

WE hope that not only every member of the Select Committee, but every member of the House of Commons of Canada, has carefully and thoughtfully read Dr. Wicksteed's paper. The subject is certainly one of the most important that has come, or is likely to come, before this Parliament. It cannot be denied that our political reputation is at a low ebb, and deservedly so. From the ethical-political point of view, the situation is serious. Something must be done to elevate the tone of the House of Commons, if Canada is to maintain a respectable position in the society of Christian nations. But the stream cannot rise above its source. The people's representatives are the representatives of the people. They are not, however, the representatives of the whole people. They are not even the representatives of the whole body of electors. If they were, and still manifested the servile allegiance to party which characterizes the present followers of their respective leaders, we should have little reason to hope that the future will not be as the past. There are, of course, a good many difficulties in the way of the enactment and enforcement of a compulsory Act. But they cannot be insuperable. Even if the measure is novel and even somewhat heroic, if it be the only way, or the most feasible way in which to effect a great and much-needed political reform, is it not justified on the principle that "desperate diseases require desperate remedies?" All are pretty well agreed that a great reform is needed, though the adherents of each party, in Parliament and out, naturally enough think that it is chiefly needed in the ranks of their political opponents. Why, then, should not both parties in the Commons and Senate unite in applying the remedy, leaving the result to justify their respective diagnoses, in respect to the seat of the disease? Can anyone suggest any other treatment which is on the whole less objectionable, less radical, and yet half so likely to bring about a great and salutary change?

BETWEEN optimism and pessimism, as mental modest give us optimism everywhere and always. Every man who has faith that "somehow good will be the final goal of ill"—and we pity the man who has no such faith—must, in the nature of things, be an optimist. Nor do we disapprove of the phase of optimism which enables one to believe that this and that and the other course of events is going somehow to bring about just the particular good on which he has set his heart, although the drift, so far as apparent at the moment, may be in quite another direction. Touching the well-worn, but to true Canadians, ever-fresh theme of the future of Canada, two optimists, one of French, the other of British origin, have lately written in glowing and eloquent terms. Mr. L. G. Desjardins, M.P. for L'Islet, has published a brochure in which he deals lusty blows against annexation. Mr. Barlow Cumberland has a letter in a late number of the *English Canadian*, in which he most ardently and eloquently lays down and defends the proposition, "The Future of Canada is Canadian." Both appeal powerfully to Canadian sentiment. Both, while maintaining that our material interests will in the end be best promoted by our remaining Canadian, hasten to take higher ground. They maintain nobly that intellectual and moral interests are vastly more precious than any which are merely material, and that these will be incomparably better promoted in a Canadian than in an American Canada. This is what nine-tenths of the people of the Dominion honestly believe, though a loyal citizen of the United States might find cause for perriment in the opinion. Both writers have done well to appeal thus to what is highest and best in the way of patriotic sentiment in the bosoms of their respective races. What they have not done, and what we suppose neither of them set out to do, is to look the existing state of things fairly in the face and tell us what is to be done to avert threatened evils, and work out our Canadian destiny. The gods help those who help themselves. We yield to none in the sincerity of our desire to see a Canadian nation, with its own laws, institutions and national characteristics and ambitions, firmly planted and rapidly developing on this northern half of the continent. But from the practical point of view we have to confess ourselves a good deal discouraged with present prospects.

Neither Mr. Desjardins nor Mr. Cumberland can be blind to the fact that at the present time the annexation of their respective compatriots to the neighbouring republic is being effected rapidly, by piecemeal. Will they not suggest some way in which this debilitating drainage of the life-blood of the Dominion can be checked? So long as it continues, the development of an independent and consolidated Canada is a dream, and the future of Canada remains shrouded in the mists of uncertainty and dread.

WHETHER is the tendency to the consolidation of vast properties and enterprises, involving public interests of incalculable value, in the hands of private individuals and companies, carrying us and what is to be its limit? In the case of certain natural products, such as coal and oil, and in the case of certain great inventions and appliances, which have become practically things of necessity to the public, such as railways, telegraphs, telephones, gas and electric lights, etc., the conditions are obviously such as to forbid the operation of the law of competition, even were that law the beneficent power it has long been supposed to be. In all the cases indicated, and in many similar ones which will readily suggest themselves, there is at present a very marked tendency not only to the formation of practical monopolies but to the constant growth of these monopolies until the corporations to which they lead possess influence so great and gain control of capital so vast, that they are rapidly becoming the rulers of countries and peoples who flatter themselves that they are really self-governing. We need not go abroad for such familiar and monstrous examples as those afforded by the Standard Oil Company, or the recently compacted Reading Railroad combination of the United States, the one of which fixes, at its own sweet will, the price of oil for all the citizens of the United States and of Canada as well, and the other of which is just now engaged in the—to its stockholders—agreeable task of increasing the price of anthracite for the people of both countries. We have plenty of illustrations nearer home if we will but observe their workings—which may not as yet seem to afford much cause for complaint—and their possibilities. The possibilities are truly alarming to every one who will fully consider them, divesting himself for the moment of whatever faith he may cherish in the honour and conscience of the individuals composing the corporations, whose personnel is liable to perpetual change, under the operation of no law but that of self-interest.

OUR attention has been directed to the question raised in the foregoing paragraph by two Bills which have lately been before the Canadian Senate. The companies affected are the Bell Telephone Company, and the Canadian Pacific Railway Company. The object, in each case, was to enable the Company in question to increase its already immense capital by a very large amount. The Bell Telephone Company has now, as everybody knows, a virtual monopoly of the telephone business in Canada. The public, so far as we are aware, is very well satisfied with the way in which it has thus far used its enormous advantage. The price at which it supplies its instruments is certainly very much lower than that which obtains across the border. The present authorized capital of the Company, in stock and bonds, is two million dollars. The Bill which was challenged a couple of weeks since, on its third reading in the Senate, by Senator Boulton, authorizes a large increase in this capital, though, strange to say, there was a difference of opinion amongst the Senators as to whether the effect of the Bill would be to fix the limit at five millions, or at ten millions of dollars. And yet this Bill had almost gone through unchallenged, and would have done so had not Senator Boulton taken the unusual course of raising a debate on the third reading. Whether the amount be fixed finally at one limit, or at the other, it is easy to see that it really involves the payment of dividends on a vastly increased capital and, as a matter of course, the raising of the money for such increase from the telephone-users of Canada. We are not saying, of course, that the enlargement of capital, or some part of it, may not be necessary, in consequence of the enlargement of the Company's operations. We are only noting a tendency, and asking our readers to make their own moral. A somewhat similar Bill in the interests of the Canadian Pacific Railway had already passed through the Senate a few days before, apparently without question or debate. Its main object and provision are to enable the Company to issue, from time to time, shares of stock, increasing its capital from the limit previously fixed at sixty-five millions

of dollars, to any extent whatever—such issue being first approved by the Governor-in-Council. Let the thoughtful reader place this Bill side by side with the announcement made a few days since, at the annual meeting of this Company in Montreal, that the net earnings of the road during the past year over and above all expenses were more than eight millions of dollars, of which about six millions were appropriated for payment of dividends, and draw his own conclusions. Of course every Canadian must rejoice in the prosperity of the road, if for no better reason than because the interests of the whole country are bound up in its operations. But where did this eight millions come from, save out of the hard earnings of the Canadian people, whose previous earnings to the extent of many times eight millions had really built the road. Suppose the Company to take advantage of its newly-gained powers to increase its capital to, say, one hundred millions. Can we believe that it will any longer be content with a paltry eight millions? Will not the temptation be well-nigh irresistible to increase its charges in order to enable it to pay a handsome dividend on its largely-increased stock? The increase is, it is true, under the control of the Governor-in-Council, that is, the Government. But it requires no undue stretch of the imagination to conceive of a possible Government, at some future day, not unwilling for purposes of its own, to repeat the Pacific Scandal Act with variations.

SOME discussion has arisen from the facts and figures given in the census bulletin recently issued which deals with the established industries of Canada, and very naturally the advocates of the present fiscal policy of the Dominion are not a little gratified in being able to point to the large percentages of increase in the number both of industrial establishments and of employes. On the other hand, an attempt is made to belittle the importance of these returns by casting doubt on the reliability of the statistics as evidence of genuine enlargement of manufacturing operations. An analysis of the tables furnished, with a view to ascertain the exact nature of the alleged growth, is of course not only legitimate, but necessary to an intelligent appreciation of the nature and value of the progress indicated. The fuller census returns will, no doubt, afford ample material for such analysis, at a later date. Without going into the difficult question of the respective values of different kinds of employments as evidences of progress, we may remark in passing that it is not clear that the multiplication of small local industries, of useful and necessary kinds, is not just as much a matter for congratulation and an evidence of progress, in proportion to the number of men and women employed, as an increase in the number of large establishments. The consideration which makes it impossible for us to feel much gratification at the showing of the bulletin is that, so far as we can see, any increase in the number of persons employed in the so-called industries, without a corresponding increase in the total population of the country, indicates merely a diversion of so many from one form of productive occupation to another. In so far as such change has been from the farm to the factory, and hence from the country to the city, it is but another indication of a tendency which is deplored by many and which is certainly creating one of the most perplexing of the social problems of the age. We are far from believing that the National Policy is wholly or even mainly the cause of this tendency in Canada. But that so far as it does affect the distribution of population its influence is in this direction cannot be doubted, and this is, in our opinion, one of the valid objections to a high protective tariff.

A HUNDRED years ago, it is said, the rural population of the United States comprised 90 per cent. of the whole, now it is but 60 per cent., and the proportion is still declining. No doubt the tendency is equally marked in Canada. As we have before said, we believe the main producing causes of this city-ward movement to lie much too deep to be radically affected by any change of conditions which can be wrought artificially, by either legislative or educational devices. The determining factors in the movement are the opening up of new and vast regions of great fertility to cultivation, and the large reduction in the proportionate amount of manual labour required, which is caused by the use of labour-saving machinery. To what extent the latter is the cause of the former, through having made cultivation on an immense scale possible and profitable, we need not stay to enquire. But it is evident that so long as the present conditions suffice for

the supply of the world's needs, in the way of food, at rates which are not sufficiently remunerative to develop undue competition, and which offer little encouragement for small farms and hand cultivation, so long will the bulk of the rural population be compelled to resort to the centres of population in search of the employment which they fail to find in the country. Thus far the old law of supply and demand will continue to rule.

THE foregoing remarks are in part suggested by an article which we have just been reading in the *Open Court*, on "Science in the Common School." The writer, Mr. E. P. Powel, bases his argument on the proposition that "If we are to have farmers, we must create farmers." If our reading of the problem is the correct one, it is the demand for farmers rather than the supply of them, which needs to be created. At the same time we should like to give, as applicable to our own country, a hearty seconding to the plea which Mr. Powel makes on behalf of the United States, for more science teaching, that is, more cultivation of the perceptive faculties of children in our educational processes. It is very likely that the intermingling of a reasonable proportion of elementary study of plant and animal life, of soils, rocks, water-courses, and other exercises which lead to the careful observation of "those things which are underfoot and all about" the dweller in the country, might tend materially to cultivate a taste for rural pursuits. It is certain that it would help to make public school education more symmetrical, by developing a side of the mental nature which is now too much neglected, and which exclusive attention to "the three R's" and related subjects, tends rather to dull and deaden. There is also much to be said for Mr. Powel's suggestion that there should be in every college and university a professorship of Agriculture. In either common school or college all such teaching will be comparatively barren and perfunctory apart from actual observation and experiment on a suitable plot of ground, set apart for the purpose.

FROM England comes the pitiful cry of the "National Union of Clerks," pointing the same moral, that of the necessity of modifying the courses of instruction in the public schools, with a view to the amelioration of the condition of a class whose condition has become pitiable by reason of the immense preponderance of supply over demand. In this case, as in the others touched upon, it is wholly out of the power of any change which can be wrought in the subjects and processes of school education to remove the taproot of the evil, yet it is clear that the one-sidedness of the courses in the schools does not a little to stimulate the growth of that evil by fostering the competition which is its immediate cause. The condition of the clerks is truly deplorable. "There is hardly any salary so small that it will not be accepted by somebody. Consequently, clerks are paid ill, worked hard, housed in a very unsanitary fashion, and told, if they venture upon a remonstrance, that there are young men and women in abundance waiting to step into the very shoes of which they complain." Even in Canada, notwithstanding its sparse population and the ever open outlet in the great labour market across the border for the overplus of supply, there are, we have no doubt, if the facts were known, hundreds and thousands of cases in which clerks of the less skilled classes are holding on with the energy of despair to situations in which the pittance received as salary hardly suffice to supply the bare necessities of life. We ourselves have in mind a case in which a man in middle life, having a family to support, and being now incapable of turning to any other pursuit, is working almost day and night to retain a position which barely suffices to keep the wolf from the door, and who yet is in constant dread lest his close-fisted employer may be tempted either to further cut down his salary or discharge him off-hand in order to take advantage of the offers which are being from time to time made him by young men, without "encumbrances," who are mean enough to seek to get the place by underbidding. We cannot doubt that the instance is one of many. If the case be so in Canada, we can easily imagine what it must be in the congested cities of England. At the recent meeting of the "Union" in Hyde Park, the burden of the complaint of the few who came together to discuss the situation—the *Spectator* intimates that the masses of clerks did not attend because they have not sufficient energy to attend an open-air meeting, "their case is so hard and they are so helpless"—was that the education given in the schools was exactly and exclusively of the

kind that fits boys for such clerkships. The ability to read and write, to add up rows of figures, and to apply the rudiments of book-keeping, supply the equipment for a clerk, and these every boy and girl of ordinary intelligence can now get, largely at the public expense. Of course, the idea that these advantages should be withheld from the masses because their possession increases the competition, already almost fatally fierce, for clerkships, if any such idea was in the minds of the speakers, could not be entertained for a moment. But here again it is evident that, if the education could be made of such a kind as would tend to bias the children as much towards mechanical and agricultural pursuits as towards clerkships, it might have no inconsiderable influence in bringing about a better distribution of labour. Does any thoughtful person doubt that it could, at the same time, be made more complete, symmetrical and successful, simply as education?

RUSSIA aside, there is not, perhaps, to-day a sadder picture in national life than that presented in the present condition of Italy. Descendants of one of the noblest races of antiquity, and still possessing in large measure many of the characteristics of their renowned ancestors, the proud Italians just now afford the melancholy spectacle of a nation on the verge of bankruptcy, and no longer, there is some reason to fear, possessed of sufficient energy and moral courage to retrace its false steps and enter on the path of retrenchment which alone can bring relief from the intolerable burden of poverty, largely the result of over taxation. The cause of all this wretchedness may be given in one word—militarism. In the long and painful effort to keep her armaments up to the point of size and efficiency required by the conditions of the Triple Alliance, the resources of the nation have been overstrained until she is seemingly in imminent danger of utter collapse. Whether and to what extent this has been forced upon the country by circumstances which she was unable to change or control, it is hard to determine. Whether mistaken or not, the motive which has influenced the Governments in imposing and the people in submitting to a rate of taxation which is appalling and ruinous, has been brave and patriotic. Everything has been sacrificed and endured to maintain the precious freedom from Papal domination which was so hardly won, and which, in the opinion of many, is still retained by a very precarious hold. A writer who is living in Italy, and who is apparently very well-informed, says in effect, in an article in the *New York Independent*, that the key to the whole situation is the ever-present dread of the Italians of being again subjected by France to the yoke of the Papal authorities. This dread constrains them to submit to a rate of taxation such as is endured, probably, by no other civilized and free people, in order to maintain the alliance which, rightly or wrongly, they deem their only safeguard. What the future may bring forth for them it is impossible to predict. The only hope of the country is, seemingly, the formation of a Government wise and courageous enough to cut down expenses and reduce armaments, even at the risk of breaking up the Triple Alliance. Whatever may have been the case in other days, there cannot now be much danger that Republican France would risk the peace of Europe and provoke another contest with Germany in order to bring a free people again into intolerable bondage. Even were the French so far under the influence of the Vatican as to attempt it, it is in the least degree likely that the other European powers, to say nothing of Great Britain, would permit such an outrage, alliance or no alliance.

OTTAWA LETTER.

AS I begin this letter everyone is looking for the close of the session, and nobody seems to have the least idea when this devoutly-to-be-wished for consummation will arrive. You may go to Government supporters and ask them how long will these things be, and they will answer, "we do not know." Next, you enquire of leading Opposition lights, and they, you find, are in even a more hopeless state of perplexity. It all depends on the Redistribution Bill, and probably we will know about that before this epistle is posted. It may be remarked just here that this Bill is becoming more obnoxious to the Liberals every day, and they are strengthened in their determination to oppose it with all their might by the general support they are receiving from the independent press.

The Intercolonial Railway was thoroughly discussed last week, and Mr. Haggart's brave proposal to reduce the expenditure and try and make both ends meet was received with general approbation, the Opposition quite cordially joining in with his scheme. "For the purpose," said the

Minister, "of establishing an equilibrium as nearly as possible between the expenditure and the earnings, I have decided to make a reduction in several directions," and then he proceeded to state how this would be done. He proposed to dismiss 210 out of the 4,181 employees on that road. He also means to reduce the train service, erasing from the time table one of the fast express trains between Halifax and St. John. Twenty men are to be taken off the Prince Edward Island Railway service, saving thereby \$9,200, while a reduction in the train service will recoup the country \$9,300, making a total saving on the Island of \$18,500. Then, in answer to many questions, oft repeated, Mr. Haggart hurled column after column of figures at the devoted heads of the Opposition. Even the astute member for North Wellington, to whom has been intrusted the duty of criticizing the public accounts of Canada, looked bewildered as, in his monotonous voice, the Minister rolled out big figures and small figures, figures of great account and figures of no account. Honour to whom honour is due! Since the commencement of the session Mr. Haggart has won the good opinion of the House by his management of the difficult Department of Railways and Canals. That he is a practical, cool-headed man of business, who has made a point of becoming thoroughly acquainted with his business, is apparent. He answers all questions put to him with the greatest equanimity, and generally volunteers more information than is asked of him. Even Sir Richard Cartwright unbent so far the other day as to credit the Minister of Railways and Canals with a right intention, though he feared he would find political pressure so strong that he would not be able to carry it out.

It is not very often that sectional jealousy is shown in the House, but a little sign of it was manifested during the debate on the Intercolonial Railway. The Ontario members thundered away at the great expenditure involved in the work, and the immense burden it was to the people of Canada. The Maritime members on both sides defended the railway, and pointed to the large sums of money yearly expended on canals which, while they were for the accommodation of the members for the Upper Provinces, in no way contributed to the commercial well-being of the Provinces by the sea.

Mr. Perry, from Prince Edward Island, is a funny little man, who has a continual grievance against the Government about a public work, known as the "Miminegash Breakwater." Whenever he has an opportunity he asks a question, which he supplements by a lengthy speech about Miminegash, and he invariably tells the House that Prince Edward Island receives no sort of fair treatment from the Government, because it will not send Tory representatives to Ottawa. In Mr. Haggart's explanation he unearthed a new grievance, and it was that the reduction in the train service of the island was to be made at the end where the Liberals predominate, while no interference would take place with the line in the Tory constituencies on the island.

A bit of a sensation was caused in the House when Mr. Michael Adams, who defeated Mr. Peter Mitchell in Northumberland, N.B., last general election, opposed in most vigorous language the proposed grant of \$120,000 for railway accommodation for the city of St. John; \$80,000 was voted for this purpose last session, which makes the total sum \$200,000. Mr. Adams, who is a strong Conservative, and was a short time ago a member of the New Brunswick Cabinet, said the property was not worth anything like the money paid for it; that the accommodation was not needed, and asked on what ground if, in the interests of economy, labourers were to be deprived of their bread, the House was justified in paying out \$200,000 on the city of St. John for a property that was not worth \$80,000. He characterized St. John as "a city of beggars by the sea," and added, "they want \$120,000 more from the taxpayer of this country in order to satisfy the ambition of a city too indolent to do anything for themselves." Now, this is strong language, but will any sane man say that if St. John returned Liberals to Parliament, the Government would find it necessary to spend nearly a quarter of a million dollars for the purpose of better accommodation. Well! there are bribes and bribes! The labouring man who is dismissed has little chance for retaliation on a powerful Government, but, says St. John, if you don't give us our \$200,000 we will turn Grit. So the "increased accommodation," for a city with a decreasing population, must be made.

Mr. McCarthy is a lonely man, in a political sense. He is not in special favour with the Government, and he is not exactly beloved by the Opposition, while just on the moment that his newly-created following is nicely developing, he makes a mistake which calls for the condemnation of those who, a week ago, could not be loud enough in his praises. "Somebody blundered" when the second reading of a Bill to further amend the North-West Territories Act was called. No one rose to his feet, and a vote was taken, which showed a very respectable minority in favour of the principle involved. It was all a mistake, of course, but a very peculiar mistake for a gentleman of the legal ability and Parliamentary experience of Mr. McCarthy to make, and blame has fallen on his devoted head.

To make matters more complicated, Mr. Armstrong, the much esteemed member for Middlesex, steals so much of Mr. McCarthy's thunder as he thinks will serve his purpose, and straightway proposes a resolution to provide "That power be given to the Legislative Assembly of the

North-West Territories, after the next general election thereto, to deal with all matters pertaining to education and the use of dual languages in the courts and in the proceedings of the said Assembly, providing, however, that no school section, as at present constituted, shall be interfered with without the consent of the parties composing such section." It was expected that this motion would have been reached on Monday; but by the time the House had thoroughly debated a resolution by Mr. Charlton on the question of prohibition, and one by Mr. McMullen, on the North-West Mounted Police, time for adjournment had come. It may be mentioned that both these motions just referred to were withdrawn after a lot of meaningless talk, and some of these days Parliament will have to set a limit to the speaking privileges of its members or else settle down to six-month sessions.

It remains for Mr. Devlin, the member for Ottawa County, to propose the most absurd motion of the session. He wishes the House to declare "That in its opinion the time has arrived when a substantial measure of home rule should be granted to Ireland, and the House expresses the hope that at the approaching general election in the United Kingdom a majority will be returned to Parliament pledged to enact a measure which, while safeguarding the unity and interests of the British Empire, will satisfy the legitimate and national aspirations of the Irish people by granting to them a Parliament with jurisdiction over all matters of a local character." The well-deserved snub administered to the Canadian Parliament by Mr. Gladstone, when a motion somewhat on these lines was passed not many years ago, on motion of Mr. Costigan, should be fresh enough in the minds of the present members to prevent them from again making unmitigated asses of themselves. The impression appears to be that the motion will secure scant courtesy from the Government, if it is even reached on the order paper. T. C. L. K.

FREE TRADE AND HOW TO RAISE THE REVENUE.

IN discussing the applicability of free trade to the commercial life of Canada, the question that is more frequently asked than any other question, is, "How are we going to raise a revenue under a free trade policy?" In an open letter to the Hon. Mr. Laurier the writer ventured the assertion that the revenue could be raised without resorting to direct taxation, and he now ventures to state the grounds upon which he based that assertion.

The great principle to keep in view in raising a revenue for the Government of a country is to lighten the charge on the industry of the people to enable them to produce cheaper, and thus compete in the markets of the world for the sale of the surplus product of their labour, and the cheaper the production the greater the profit to the producer. Place the burden of taxation on those luxuries that are not essential to the cheapness of production, and the industry of the country will feel the relief, and a greater profit will accrue to the people as a whole. Under our protective policy we place the taxation, so that it will give to the people of Canada the exclusive privilege of selling to one another, and we draw from every one who uses imported goods the revenue necessary to carry on the Government. This gives a monopoly to certain branches of our industrial life, while the values of our main sources of industry—fishing, lumbering and agriculture—are governed by the competition of the outside world, and are therefore bearing the burden of the revenue, without deriving the benefit of its protective features; the evidence of this lies in the fact that though our forests are of great commercial value, very little accumulated wealth results to the people engaged in them. Our farms show depreciation in value and a falling off in our agricultural population, although the soil is the greatest source of wealth the country possesses. Our fishermen have to be assisted by bounties, although we possess the finest fishing grounds in the world. These are facts that will bear close inspection after fourteen years' trial of a protective policy.

There is no doubt that direct taxation is a stumbling-block to many in calculating the advantages of a change in our commercial system; it is therefore incumbent on those who advocate free trade on British lines to explain the process by which a revenue may be raised in Canada without direct taxation. It will be granted that our machinery of Government is sufficient for a much larger population without materially increasing the cost. Taking the statistics then from the year book of 1890, the latest available source of information, we find that the expenditure was in round number \$36,000,000. Our customs produced \$24,000,000; our excise, \$7,618,118; our public works, etc., \$8,292,853, leaving a surplus over expenditure of \$3,885,894 for the year 1890.

In 1890, our excise yielded \$7,735,100, our duties on spirits, tobacco, etc., yielded \$2,664,145, making a total of \$10,399,245. The value of silks imported in 1890 was \$3,000,000; a 50 per cent. duty will yield \$1,500,000. Fruits were imported to the value of \$2,551,467; a 50 per cent. duty will yield \$1,275,733. The other two items of taxation are tea and coffee; tea is a nerve stimulant, and is probably answerable very largely for an increasing use of other stimulants and narcotics, to soothe the nervous system, which are so injurious in their character. A tax upon tea might check its excessive use, and it is a basis upon which we can equalize the distribution as fairly as any tax we can impose. It varies in price from fifteen

cents to a dollar per pound, and in 1890 a 50 per cent. duty would have yielded \$1,535,322; coffee would have yielded \$305,000. All these items would in 1890 have produced a revenue of \$15,015,300, or \$3.25 per head of the population, without imposing a tax on anything that will hamper the industry of the people. Thus cheapening the cost of production, it is reasonable to suppose that a stimulus would be given to immigration, and repatriation to the farm and the factory, and at the end of ten years an increase of 2,000,000 to the population might be reasonably expected—the sooner the policy is adopted the sooner will be the return flow; 2,000,000 at \$3.25 per head would add \$6,500,000 to the revenue, without adding to the cost of government, or a total of \$21,515,300. This calculation however is based on the state of trade in 1890, under a protective policy; apply the principle of free trade to the producing power and the manufacturing power of the country, and the purchasing power of the people would be increased by 50 per cent., of which the revenue would receive its due proportion or \$10,757,650, bringing it up to \$32,609,196.

There are two other departments that would contribute a proportionate share. The post-office department would contribute another half million, and the customs department would save half a million, making the revenue equal to \$33,609,196; raw tobacco might come in to relieve tea if preferable.

There are two large items in our public expenditure of \$36,000,000; one is \$1,887,287 sinking fund, and \$1,500,000 in subsidies to railways. It is unnecessary to tax the present to pay our debt; it is far more important by a reduction of taxation to increase the ability of the people to meet the interest on their debt and postpone paying it off until their wealth has increased. The subsidies to railways have shown a growth of evils that it is desirable to avoid, and public aid might be granted on a sounder business basis for the country; the reduction of these two items would bring the expenditure down to \$32,612,763, and the revenue without any direct taxation up to \$33,609,196.

The revenue for public works, etc., is made up as follows: Railway receipts, \$3,204,271; canals and other public works, \$595,000; post-office, \$2,357,389; interest on investments, \$1,082,271; other sources, \$1,053,079, or a total of \$8,292,853. This (which however under free trade would be largely supplemented) added to \$33,609,196 would bring our revenue according to the foregoing estimate up to \$41,902,049, as against our present expenditure less the items; sinking fund, and subsidies to railways, of \$32,613,763, or a surplus of \$9,389,286. A few years under a free trade policy would, the writer believes, far exceed this estimate, and a revenue of \$100,000,000 should soon be reached. A commercial policy which realized that estimate would provide a solution for the question of our provincial subsidies. At present out of our expenditure of \$36,000,000, \$6,000,000 is paid out in subsidies to provinces, a trifle over sixteen and a-half per cent. In consideration of giving up the power of direct taxation those subsidies might be increased to a percentage of the receipts, and the provinces would thus share in the prosperity of the Federal revenue; and when it reached \$100,000,000 a year, the share of the provinces would be \$16,000,000 instead of \$6,000,000, as at present, to be divided according to population.

Three countries may fairly be cited here for purposes of comparison. Chili has a population of 3,000,000 with a light taxation and enjoys a revenue of \$62,000,000, and exports \$66,000,000 worth of produce; New South Wales on a free-trade basis has a population of 1,134,207, has a revenue of \$47,000,000, and exports of \$110,000,000 value; Victoria, a neighbour of New South Wales, with a high protective tariff, has a population of 1,140,405, with a revenue of \$42,000,000, and exports to the value of \$66,000,000. It will thus be seen that of these three, the free-trade country has the largest revenue and by far the largest exports, while Canada with a population of 5,000,000 has only a revenue of \$39,000,000, and exports of \$85,000,000.

It is a foregone conclusion that by releasing the industries of the country from the taxation of articles required to carry on their various callings, we must increase the power of the people to compete, and on the same principle that a merchant who sells an eighth of a cent below his neighbour, so will it be with Canadians in their power of producing wealth.

A great many believe that by throwing down our tariff wall we should be overwhelmed by American competition; from the writer's point of view free trade would be such a protection to us that a large amount of American capital would flow in to the country to engage in manufacturing for the world's markets, which their high protective tariff prohibits them from doing, and on certain lines of manufacture American manufacturers would not be able to touch us. Take pulp for paper: we have unlimited raw material in our spruce timber, splendid water power, and cheap water carriage; apply free trade to that industry, and our neighbours could not come in here and get our raw material, manufacture it into paper, and then send it to Australia which they are doing to-day; we would do it ourselves. Canal the Ottawa River and see what a power we could develop for manufacturing with water carriage for transport. Take our lumbermen, would not the reduction in the cost of manufacture by reason of the reduction of duties on their necessities more than equal the duty imposed to get into the American market? Could we not run our grist mills on a more economical basis, and

increase our market for flour? It is pretty well understood that our agricultural implement manufacturers find that their slight export trade is of material assistance in keeping them afloat; give them free trade and would not their increase of foreign trade more than compensate for the competition in the home trade they would be subject to? Would not the removal of the customs duties enable them to hold the home market in spite of American competition? Our cotton mills, our woollen mills, our shoe factories, would all feel the stimulus. Some manufactories would probably have to work on one line instead of trying to work on half a dozen different lines so as to combine economy and equality. Our French-Canadians have been leaving their province by thousands during the last ten years to work in the cotton mills, woollen mills, and the shoe factories of New England; they get for the first three or four years only fifty cents a day, with a large proportion of lost time while the mills shut down to equalize supply and demand—it is only because the whole family becomes wage earners, down to the child of twelve or fourteen, that they can get along; under free trade in Canada their wages would be better and they could provide themselves with better comforts at home. There can be no question that a free-trade policy would benefit our farmers and increase the population of our rural districts—a policy which it should be the aim of Canada to foster. With such a good soil and climate for the growth of stock, we should be able to lay the foundation of a rural population rooted to the soil, whose pride and ambition it would be to have their sons and daughters follow in their footsteps, and create a lauded interest that is the safeguard both morally and physically of any nation.

The unequal distribution of taxation under protection has weakened the power of the farmer to produce, and lowered the value of the noblest calling Canada has to offer any of her sons. There are some farmers who live near the cities and enjoy special facilities who believe that protection has benefited them, but to the farming community as a whole it has been injurious. For those farmers who look to the cities and towns, free trade will unquestionably and rapidly increase their wealth. The fact should not be lost sight of that in free-trade England the farmers get higher prices for their stock and produce than the farmers of any country enjoy, notwithstanding the keen competition they are subjected to, and in purchasing from abroad the consuming population of England selects only the choicest brands and the finest quality.

The policy of both political parties is unsettled; the Conservative party proposes to apply the principles of protection to the British Empire, and holds itself in readiness to adopt that policy as soon as the British Empire falls into line.

The writer believes that protection is working untold mischief in the United States, and, applying the same principle to the British Empire, would ultimately produce the same mischievous results. If the British Empire would adopt a free-trade policy generally, each individual State belonging to that Empire would be stronger and more effective to assist in promoting the civilization of the world.

Imperial unity will advance more rapidly on the lines of free trade than on the lines of Imperial protection, and a system of commercial treaties which embraced all the markets of the Empire could effectively protect their commercial vitality.

The Hon. Mr. Davies' motion to reduce the duties in favour of British free trade is an advance on the line of free trade, but it is only a partial advance, and lacks that boldness essential to commercial success as a policy. While it might produce an effect at the polls, it would not be effective in its results. The true principle of free trade should not be lost sight of; it gives labour the power to produce cheaply, at the same time it provides the population with the necessities and comforts of life at the lowest price, and discriminates against no one. Anything short of free trade is likely to miss its remark as a sound commercial policy.

The writer believes that a knot of free traders with implicit faith in the principles of their policy would exercise a beneficial influence on the commercial policy of the country and on the commercial policy of this continent, notwithstanding the difficulties which present themselves in the face of the powerful organizations to which they would be opposed. "Faint heart never won fair lady" is true in politics as in courtship, and the coy maiden, whose heart we seek to win, can be won by a bold policy which will increase her prosperity and her influence without imposing direct taxation upon her industry.

Ottawa.

C. A. BOULTON.

THE GROUND OF A PHILOSOPHIC RECONCILIATION.

THE intellectual world has defined and emphasized two great points of view during the past quarter century. While on the one hand there has been little or no diminution of empirical enthusiasm, on the other the Idealist has made distinct advance, not only in the matter of more careful and accurate definition of terms, but also in the increased respect with which his findings are being received by thoughtful men in every walk of life. Science, indeed, is beginning to look on Philosophy as a true aider and abettor; while Absolute Idealism, though still claiming its indubitable right to solve the problem of Existence in the light of what it considers the one great fact of the universe, viz., Self-consciousness, nevertheless, is willing

to sit humbly at the feet of Experimental Science in order to hear what she may have to say in regard to that aspect of truth which it is more peculiarly her function to make distinct. While, therefore, there is unquestionably a difference of starting point, and so of subsequent interpretation, there is in a real sense an unanimity of purpose. Both sides are aiming at a cosmic solution of the problem presented to thought. The debate has been lifted clear of the local and personal, and is being viewed more and more in the light of universal laws and principles. The day of the great individual in philosophy with his distinct school of followers has about ceased, and this because men are everywhere becoming acquainted with, and bowing down before, the majesty of the truth itself. The tendency now is for a thinker to call himself an Empiricist, or an Idealist, not a Spencerian nor a Hegelian, and on the whole it is a healthy tendency. We no longer, and justly, expect any particular individual to read for us the riddle of the Sphinx. Moreover, both systems of thought have already exerted mutually powerful influences, and this modification is still going on. This may be made clear by example:—

Idealism no longer means the reduction of knowledge to the changes of individual thought. This view, though common enough among the partially educated, is not maintained to-day by any individual possessing a serious culture. Needless to say, it is utterly erroneous. Idealism, though in a sense it may be said to start with the subjective, seeks to attain ever higher categories of reason under which to think and so truly know the universe. It aims at nothing less than a comprehension of all knowledge. Hence on the part of Absolute Idealism, which includes the twin and inseparable realms of nature and mind, there is no antagonism to real experimental science, but, rather, it gives to the scientist *carte blanche* in his own peculiar realm to do as he lists, and gladly makes use of whatever fact he may bring to light as a result of the application of his method to nature. Nor does the modern continuator of the work of Hegel object in any way to the application of the scientific method in its strictest form to the realm of spiritual activity. He has no quarrel with psycho-physics; indeed, his intellectual position would not be the universal one he claims it to be if, for a moment, he were to limit the processes of scientific thought to any particular sphere. "Where it can it may, aye, further, it must, if it is to be a true science," he says. Hence, so far as its method stands related to thought on its sensible side, Idealism is heartily one with the strictest Empiricism. On the other hand Empiricism has undergone important modifications as well.

It is not likely that any thoughtful adherent of the scientific school would undertake to deny that the mind of man is capable of binding together different sensations in consciousness, and so from the content furnished by sense creating its object. The truth that the peculiar function of thought is one of mental unity is now generally conceded. The old fallacy of Hume that consciousness consists of a fleeting point of sensation, unrelated to anything before or after, each point differing from its fellow only in the single quality of vividness, has long been exploded. No doubt there would be difference of opinion as to just how this synthetic power of mind is to be interpreted, but as to the fact that the mind performs a unifying function it is not likely there would be any very serious disagreement. Thus there is a modification going on in both schools of thought.

The recognition of mind as a unifying activity is no doubt a great gain to the Idealist, but its meaning must not be overestimated; since it is still true that the dispute turns on the interpretation of this single function of mind. To the Empiricist it is the highest differentiation of mechanical change, and, as such, theoretically capable of subsumption under a general category of force; whereas to the Idealist it is a spiritual, self-illuminating act, incapable from its very nature of any true explanation from the purely natural side. To the Empiricist to speak of thought as a spiritual function, seems to be lifting it out of nature into an unreal world. The Idealist, however, in speaking of Self-consciousness as a spiritual potency does not mean thereby to lift it out of relation to nature, much less to subordinate nature to it; rather by universalizing this conception he arrives at the thought of an Absolute Spirit unfolding itself in nature and in intelligence in one and the same process. Nor has he any idea in speaking thus that he has "got the Absolute into a corner." He conceives of Spirit, not as fact there before us to be analyzed, but as an activity, and, for that very reason, incapable of subsumption under any final category of thought. What he does hold is, that the relation of man to nature is not a mechanical one purely, but rather that each partakes of one activity, and, because of this, must be conceived of as existing in inseparable co-relation. In himself man knows this activity to be a spiritual potency, and so far as nature is capable of being known he finds it to be one with his thought. In a word, Idealism considers that the relation of man to nature is not one of pure passivity, but of active participation; and that the relation of nature to thought does not begin and end with blind sense instigation; does not begin at all in fact until the content of sense has been illuminated by the light of thought, and is seen to be not alien to but one with the cognizing subject. Thus, the true Idealist will say that to suppose thought without nature were an absurdity; but that it would be just as absurd to suppose nature without thought, since they both partake of an organic oneness. To the Idealist the world is a world in knowledge, and, as the essence of knowledge is Rational

Self-consciousness, therefore, he interprets the world, not as made up of inscrutable matter, and power limited by laws independent of thought, but as spirit and life: the law of causation in nature being one with a unifying consciousness in man, both being looked upon not as mere uniformities of things and thoughts, but as spiritual relations having origin in, and being manifestations of, an Absolute Spirit.

As between these positions now, is there any real hope of reconciliation? This is tantamount to asking, "Is it reasonably supposable that Scientific Empiricism shall come to a deep and true appreciation of the spiritual side of knowledge?" The writer thinks this will some day be brought about.

To begin with, the Idealist delights to point out the evident fact that in the history of the human spirit there has been evolution, *i.e.*, unity and progress. In regard to the fact that the universe is in a state of movement towards the higher there is then little or no dispute. It is a question as to the true significance of this movement. To the Scientist the meaning of Evolution is exhausted when its use is shown to be the bringing about of the complete domination of physical law. But the Idealist points out, "*per contra*," that if this be the ultimate end there is no need for an evolution at all, since physical law is absolutely dominant now. So much is this the case indeed that to speak of physical disorder in any final sense is, scientifically speaking, to make use of an unthinkable expression. What seems to be in real progress he is quick to point out more fully is a spiritual activity, and that it is precisely this active principle of intellectual freedom in the world which gives richness and meaning to the doctrine of an evolution: Evolution being not the struggle after what is already attained, but the unfolding of an idea. Here, in a striking way, the different "points of view" are brought out. The Scientist goes to nature, and starting with the lowest manifestation of life, traces it through fossil and living forms up to mammalia. He constructs a morphology, and, passing in logical order from form to form, at last finds himself studying the human brain. Here his scientific method utterly fails him. He is overthrown by a single fact, *viz.*, Self-consciousness. All he can say as result of the application of his method is, that thought on its purely physical side is a certain kind of molecular change. He can go no further. But obviously this is no explanation of thought. To say that a sensation is molecular change is not to explain the consciousness of a change, as Prof. Green has ably pointed out. If he is to understand this latter fact in any real sense, he must be prepared to admit that there is more in the universe than matter, uniformity and force; that, in short, there is a spiritual principle at work receiving its incarnation, its true embodiment, in an act of thought. Even admitting as an absolute certainty that man was differentiated off from an aboriginal type some time in a dim past (and the proof is not final, notwithstanding the popular enthusiasm), no light is thrown thereby on what is the central fact of the universe, *viz.*, Self-consciousness. That aboriginal ancestor has been long dead, and, unfortunately, we are not yet able to communicate with our anthropoidal cousins. Assuming the hypothesis to be true, however, we may say that man as man began, when the first differentiated neuter started to distinguish itself from "the objects of knowledge and the ends of choice." At the same time it must be admitted that man holds his life in common with the so-called lower animals; but this necessarily follows from the organic oneness of nature. The "*Proton Pseudos*" of Empiricism consists in an attempt to explain the spiritual by an organon applicable only to physical science. There is an old ballade in French, the refrain of which runs, "I know all save myself alone," and, in a measure, this is true of many a modern scientist in regard to the higher side of thought.

Now, precisely where the Scientist stops, the Absolute Idealist begins. While interested in the correct classification of forms, and in an accurate scientific specification of the sensuous side of human experience, for him the past is mainly a "History of the human spirit," and this, for no other reason than that consciousness, as he conceives and knows it, is the last, the highest and the only potency capable of indefinite differentiation. Hence history will be for the Idealist, not the blind unfolding of a gigantic physical matrix, but the luminous evolution of a concrete idea: an idea only to be understood truly by reference to man as he has revealed himself in the past, and is revealing himself now, in the art, literature, science and religion of the world. It is a cheap and easy solution to deprecate the transcendental; but here is a spiritual fact resting on the irrefragable ground of a universal experience. Man's freedom, *i.e.*, his true distinguishing mark, consists only in thought, and the very essence of the spiritual is thus seen to be a principle of rational freedom. In all knowledge of an external world the spiritual self is involved. There is, indeed, no knowledge that it is not self-knowledge. So clear is the union that one may go so far as to say that it is only through the apprehension of an external world that the spiritual comes to a knowledge of its true being. Moreover, the Empiricist has a most difficult problem on hand when he starts to account for a striking and peculiar manifestation of thought this, *viz.*: that while at times it has considered itself subordinate to matter and force, it has never been for long, and always such temporary subordination has been but the prelude to a wider spiritual synthesis. It will not do to call Hegel a logical madman, or Emerson an impracticable visionary. These

two great intellects stand for the ineradicable tendency of thought to become conscious of itself as the supreme thing in the world, and to boldly avow that, since the subject and object are made one in cognition, the absolute conditioning cause binding nature and thought into organic oneness must be a spiritual activity: an activity *i.e.*, analogous to, but transcending, that which we call the activity of a Rational Consciousness. Hence, too, it has been the conviction of man for unnumbered generations that life is the unfolding of a purpose, and this, not because of the existence of the laws of nature considered as manifestations of a great uniformity, but because of the clear consciousness he possesses of an inviolable spirit of intellectual freedom. For this reason Hegel speaks of history as being nothing other than "a conception of the development of freedom."

Now, it is because Empiricism limits the possibilities of a true knowledge to a rigorous though inadequate scientific method, and overlooks this inner spiritual function of mind, or at least neglects to note its true significance, that it fails in the attainment of a true gnosis. While in a way admitting that Self-consciousness is the first step in knowledge, it fails to see that it is also the last. Were it truly wise, it would quickly discern that its own vaunted method depends for its existence and validity primarily on the unity of a Self-consciousness, and, also, that its true work will always consist in specifying ever more and more rigorously the sensuous side of thought. This will not be to degrade it, but only to hold it to its self-imposed limitation. Science seeks rightly enough to throw all things under a law of causation. When it succeeds in accomplishing this in regard to any particular thing its task is accomplished. But to have succeeded in defining the mathematics of a sensation, or even of a profound intellectual emotion, is not to have succeeded in defining the whole content of our knowledge concerning them. What will have been shown will be that thought has a quantitative side; and no Idealist will gainsay this. On the contrary, the Idealist, because he believes in a comprehensive monism, not dead and featureless like that formulated by Spinoza, but living and active, will heartily agree with the Psycho-physicist here, and be deeply grateful for all substantial work. It is only when the Psycho-physicist states dogmatically that his explanation from the outside is the whole fact in regard to thought that the Idealist will find himself under a necessity to demur. Empiricism just because it remains without the *sanctum sanctorum* is led to exclaim: "These walls, these tones, these posturings are all." If it were to draw aside the innermost veil, however, it would see the originating cause—the living fire of thought, burning upon the perpetual altar of history. The utter inadequacy of Empiricism as a sufficient explanation of the problem presented to thought may be strikingly shown by a scientific reference:—

Mr. Herbert Spencer speaks of the conditioning cause of the world as an unknowable energy. But had he only stopped to consider more fully he might easily have seen how utterly illogical such a phrase is, viewed in the light of his own theory. Let us consider this now famous phrase for a moment, since it exhibits the cardinal defect of a current phase of thought. First, then, in order to say of a thing that it is definitely unknowable, we must know enough about it to know that it possesses the attribute of unknowableness. But, by implication, this so-called unknowable energy is also conceived of as the absolute ground and condition of all things, and therefore, to speak of it as unknowable is simply to deny all knowledge; for if it be the ultimate cause, it must be present in thought and cognizable, at any rate, as subject and object. But this is simply saying that it is not unknowable. Moreover, the phrase "unknowable energy" is an absurdity, since, if it is an energy, it must be so far knowable. Rarely has been accorded any thinker the privilege of giving his own system of thought such an effectual deathblow as Mr. Spencer has dealt to Scientific Empiricism in speaking of the ultimate cause as an "unknowable energy." Let Empiricism do what it will it cannot eliminate cognizable reality. If it is to make out a consistent theory of the world at all, it must admit the activity of a Spiritual Self-consciousness, for in every act of knowledge this is found to be the conditioning cause. Had Mr. Spencer said, concerning the cause of all, that we can only know it as an activity manifested thus in intelligence and so in nature, he would not have laid himself open to the charge of logical inconsistency, and would have attained to a true gnosis. The failure of his system as an adequate solution is only another proof of what Kant demonstrated once for all, *viz.*: that the canons of physical science, resting as they do on mathematics, are not applicable to the spiritual activity of intelligence, and it is also a proof that to concentrate the gaze too closely on the material aspect of things is not conducive to a clear vision of the higher relations of thought.

What is of great cheer, however, is to observe the steady tendency of science to clothe matter with all the potencies of mind, thus gradually transforming its own thought of it. This is an inevitability. There is no stoppage for science short of the recognition of absolute self-consciousness as the Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end, of thought. When that day arrives then shall it be said of science as the great German said of Deity:—

Friendless was the mighty Lord of all,
And felt defect;
From the cup of the realm of Spirits
Foams now infinitude.

Toronto.

JAMES C. HODGINS.

TO QUEEN VICTORIA.

O GRACIOUS Queen, a fervent prayer
Is launched upon the fragrant air,
From England's hills and meadows bright;
From lowland and from Scottish height;
From empires far beyond the seas
Where Britain's glory sits in ease;
From lands like this a lustrous bower
Of fertile fields and many a flower;
From pastures where the sun's own light
Is never veiling to the night:
Yea, from all these a glorious whole,
A prayer ascends from every soul.

The sailor on the boundless deep;
The warder of the "dungeon keep";
The farmer of the virgin soil,
Who feeds the millions by his toil;
The soldier on the damp, cold ground,
Yet list'ning well to every sound;
These with the toilers of the town,
Whose tasks bear neither up nor down;
All raise a glad but solemn cry,
To God Supreme, the Judge, Most High,
For all the mercies He has strewn
And scattered round our earthly throne.

May years roll on, and still your sway
Be firm and true—'tis this we pray—
Your wisdom spread to every land,
An Emblem firm—destined to stand—
A Monument to all the world,
The Banner of the Rose unfurled
To grace the tow'rs of India's might,
And sail aloft from Quebec's Height;
Yea, let the years roll on, roll slow,
Nor touch your brow as on they go;
But help us to defend thy fame,
And gladly praise Victoria's name.

We shout, we shout, we raise a cry,
All else the English hosts defy,
So long as they with vision clear
Descry the Queen they love, not fear,
While here she lives a magnet strong
To draw a willing world along.
List well, list well, our shouts peel forth
To East and West, and South and North;
Live long, live long, Most Gracious Queen,
Repeat the works that we have seen,
Reign, reign, we pray, live for us all,
And save our Nation from a fall.

Winnipeg.

F. OSMAN MABER.

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TWO KNAPSACKS:

A NOVEL OF CANADIAN SUMMER LIFE.

BY J. CAWDOR BELL.

CHAPTER IV.

Collingwood—Colonel Morton—Maguffin Engaged—Stepping Westward—Wild Thyme and a Bath—The Shale-works—Muggins and the Clergymen—Durham Mustard, and Marjorie—The Squire—The Grinstun Man—Lunch, Wordsworth and Original Poetry—Two Old People on the Blue Mountains.

A supper they had, for their vis-a-vis, a tall, aristocratic-looking man, attired airily in a mixture of jean and silk. His nose was aquiline, his eyes grey and piercing withal, his hair grey, but abundant, and his clean-shaven mouth and chin mingled delicacy with strength of character.

"The weathah has been wahm, gentlemen," he remarked; to which statement they assented.

"I observed you entah the ho-tel, and pehceived that you are travelling for pleasuhe by yo-ah knapsacks. I also am travelling, partly foh pleasuhe, partly foh mattahs of family business. My ideahs, gentlemen, are old fashioned, too much so foh railroads. The Mississippi is ouah natuhal highway from the South, but, unfortunately, the to me unpleasent railroad had to connect its head watahs with Lake Michigan, by which route I find myself heah, on my way to a city called To-hon-to. You know it, I pehsume?"

Wilkinson's geographical lore was now unfolded. He discussed the Mississippi, although he had not been on that river, exhibited an intimate acquaintance with cities and routes which had never seen him in the flesh, and, by his quiet, gentlemanly, and, to the much older man, deferential tone, was admitted to the confidence of Colonel Morton, of Louisiana, South American trader, ship-owner and the possessor of a fine estate, which, although it had suffered greatly during the war, in which the colonel commanded a cavalry regiment, was yet productive and remunerative.

"I am a widowah, suh, and a childless old man," continued the colonel; "my only boy fell in the wah-ah, and it broke his mother's heah. Pahdon me," he said, as his voice shook a little, and the least glimmer of a tear stood in his eye, "I rahely talk of these mattahs of a puhely pehsonal kind, but, as you are kind enough to be intehested in my affaihs, I say this much by way of explanation."

"I am sure, Colonel Morton, we deeply sympathize

with you in so great a double bereavement," interposed the dominie.

"Indeed we do, sir, most sincerely," added the lawyer.

"I thank you, gentlemen," answered the courteous Southerner. "I was going to remark that the only person in whom I feel a family interest is my lamented wife's sister, a Madame Du Plessis, who has resided for many years in your city of To-hon-to. May I enquire, gentlemen, if you have, either of you, heard the name before?"

Coristine replied that, incidentally, he had heard the names of both Madame Du Plessis and her daughter.

"I am awash, sir, that my wife's sister has a daughter. Can you tell me of my sister-in-law's circumstances, and what her daughter, my niece, is like in appearance?"

"Only from hearsay, Colonel. Madame Du Plessis is said to be in straightened circumstances, and I learn, from several quarters, that Miss Du Plessis is an attractive and amiable young lady; 'illigant' is what a countryman of mine, who served under her father, termed his young mistress."

"And her baptismal name, sir?"

"Is Cecile, I think."

"Ah, to be sure, my dear wife's name, Cecilia, gallicized. She and Madame Du Plessis were Castilians of Lima. Du Plessis was then in the army, I in commercial pursuits, and we married the sisters, the belles of the Rimac.

Que' es la vida? Un frenesi
Que' es la vida? Una ilusion,
Una sombra, una ficcion.

You read Spanish, Mr. Wilkinson?"

"A little, sir; I think I recognize Calderon in these lines."

"Right, Mr. Wilkinson; I thank you, sir, for your pleasing companionship. Good evening, gentlemen!" With a courtly bow, the colonel retired from the table.

At the coloured barber's the pedestrians met Mr. Maguffin, who greeted Coristine, saying:—

"Hopes you doan feel none the worse ob your ride on the po-ul," adding: "Mistah Poley, what runs this year establishment, he's my nuncle's oldest boy, and he abstracks a cohnah ob the same ter my disposul foh office pupposes, supposin' I'm wanted by folks as can't find me."

"That's very convenient," replied the lawyer, as he settled down in the barber's chair.

"It am, sah. I doan' tote ox teams no moah, po-ul nor no po-ul, when I kin drive and ride the fasses and sassies hawses that is made; no, sah, not much!"

"You are tired of teaming, then?"

"I am wahn out, sah, wif bein' called Toby and a po-ul-cat. I doan find no Scripcher refuge foh Tobias, and you know what a po-ul-cat is; it's nuffin moah no less nor a skink."

The victims of the barber and his assistant kept the soap out of their mouths with difficulty. As his tormentor deserted him for a moment, the schoolmaster remarked that the Iroquois about the Lake of the Two Mountains called the Trappist monks there by the same savoury name, on account of some fancied resemblance between their dress and the coat of the *Mephitis Americana*.

Mr. Maguffin was listening intently, thinking the conversation was meant for his edification, and politely interposed:—

"No, sah, I ain't no Mefferdis. I was bawn and raised a Baktis. Poley, now, he's a Mefferdis, and I aint a gwine ter speak no harm of no Crishtchun bruddern what's tryin' ter do right accordin' ter they lights. But ter be called Toby and Po-ul-cat by low down white tresh, that trial ob the flesh and speerut is a fohgone conclusion, sah."

The shaving operation completed, the travellers returned to the hotel, and found Colonel Morton on what he called the piazza, smoking a good Havana cigar. He opened his case for his companions of the supper table, and Coristine accepted, while Wilkinson courteously declined.

"I tell you what I want to do, Mr. Cohistine. I want to purchase two saddle hawses, a good one foh myself, and not a bad one foh my sehvant. Unfohtunately, my boy took sick on the way, and I had to send him home on the Mississippi steamah. That means, I must get me a new sehvant, able to ride well and handle hawses. I peshume, it will be hard to find a cullahed boy, a nigger, in these parts, so I must take whatever can be got that will suit."

"Not at all, Colonel," replied Coristine, with effusion; "I think I can get you a negro who is out of place, is a good rider, and, I imagine, a good judge of horses. If you like, I'll go after him at once and tell him to report to you to-morrow morning."

"My dear sir, you are altogethah too kind."

"Not a bit of it; when will I tell him to call upon you?"

"Would seven o'clock be too eahly? Plantation and shmy life have made me a light sleepah, so that I am up before the genehality of hotel guests."

"The very time. Excuse me for running away, I want to bag my man."

So Coristine left the colonel to parade the piazza with Wilkinson, and resought the barber shop.

The shop was closed, but a light still burned within. Coristine knocked, and Tobias opened the door. "You're the very man I want," cried the lawyer.

"Anything done gwine wrong, boss?" asked Mr. Maguffin.

The lawyer explained the circumstances to him at length, eulogized Colonel Morton, and told the negro to

make his best appearance at the hotel, sharp at seven next morning.

"Do you say the gemman'll gib me thirty dollars a munf and cloves ter boot, and me ridin' behine him all ober the roads on hawseback!" asked Tobias.

"Yes, I think I can promise those terms," replied the legal go-between.

"Then, you say foh me, if he please foh ter hab me Maguffin, not Tobias, but Maguffin is his man, and I kin pick him out two lubby hawses, cheap as a po-ul-caht, and I can't say no cheapah. My respects and humble expreshun ob gracious apprecherashun ter you, Mistah Kerosene."

The lawyer rushed back to the veranda, and found the colonel and Wilks still in conversation, and, wonder of wonder, Wilkinson was actually smoking a cigar, which he occasionally inserted between his lips, and then held away at arm's length, while he puffed out the smoke in a thin blue cloud. Wisely, he did not express astonishment at this unheard of feat of his friend, but informed the colonel that he had seen the coloured man, whose name was Tobias, but preferred to be called Maguffin, that he was willing to engage for thirty dollars a month and his clothes, and that he could put his new master in the way of getting two suitable horses. "I think, Colonel, you can reckon on his being here punctually at seven to-morrow."

"I shall nevah cease, Mr. Cohistine, to be sensible of your great kindness to an entiah styngah, sir. Oblige me by smoking another cigar, if they are to your liking."

So Corry lit a fresh cigar, and the three paraded the verandah till it was very late, engaging in all manner of pleasant conversation. When the stumps were thrown away, the colonel invited the comrades to visit his rooms for a moment before retiring. Entering his private sitting-room, he produced a quaintly-shaped but large glass bottle, which he flanked with three tumblers and a carafe of water. "Help yourselves, gentlemen," he said, courteously; "this old Bourbon is good foh countehacting the effects of the night air. Some prefer Monongahela, but good old Bourbon in moderation can't be subpahsed." The pedestrians filled up, and bowed to their host as they drank, and the colonel, doing the same, said, "My thanks to you, gentlemen, foh your kindness to a styngah—to your good health and our futhah pleasant acquaintance!" Then they severally retired, and the hotel closed for the night.

The next morning Coristine, whose room was just over the main entrance, was awakened by a loud discussion in the hall of the hotel. "Clare out now," cried the porter, "the bar's not open yet, an' we don't want naysurs round whin the guests do be comin' down the stairs; clare, now, I tell yeez."

"I see heah, Mike, on business wif Cunnel Morting," said a well-known voice, and continued, "you go and tell the cunnel that Mistah Maguffin is waitin' foh to pay his respects."

"Go along wid yeez, Oi say, ye black scum av the airth, wid yer Cornel Mortins, the loikes av you! Faix, Oi'll tache yeez who's yer betthers wid this broom-handle."

"Gently, my good man, gently!" said the colonel, soothingly, as he laid his hand on Mike's shoulder. "This boy has business with me. Come in heah, Maguffin."

Tobias went in, with a triumphant glance at Mike, and, arrangements being completed, was soon at work, blacking his master's boots. Then he had a second breakfast at the servant's table, after which the colonel sallied forth with him, to provide him with a befitting suit of clothes, and to inspect the horses he had deemed suitable for the use of his new employer and himself. While they were gone, Wilkinson and his friend descended to a late breakfast, during which the hotel clerk handed the lawyer a telegram, signed Tylor, Woodruff, and White, and containing the words, "Look up Colonel Morton, Madame Du Plessis, 315 Bluebird Avenue, Parkdale." So the colonel had been corresponding with his firm, and he must either wait till that worthy returned, or leave a note for him. "Bawderashin, anyway, when a man's out for a holiday, can't he be left alone a bit!" Then, turning to his friend, he asked, "And, are they troubling you with letters and telegrams, too, Wilks, my darling?" The dominie replied, "I have only one letter about a poor lady teacher, who is in consumption, I fear. They want an extension of holidays for her, which is rather hard to get."

"But you'll get it for her, Wilks, my dear?"

"Of course I will, if I have to do her work as well as my own."

"I knew it, Wilks, I knew it. You're as soft hearted as a girl, for all your adamant exterior. God bless you, my dear boy!"

"Corry, Corry, what allowances must be made for your exaggerated Irish language! What is there like adamant about me, I should like to know?"

"Good mawnin, gentlemen," said the soft voice of the colonel, "I am delighted to see you looking so well. I envy you Canadian gentlemen your fine fresh complexions and your musical voices. We have sawft voices in the south, but it is a soht of nigger sawftness, gained by contact I peshume. My sehvant and I byakfasted some time ago."

"I trust he is to your liking, Colonel?" enquired Coristine.

"Sure, you have found me a jewel in Maguffin, and he has found me two splendid roadsters that are now

being fitted with saddles. We staht for To-hon-to in an houah, gentlemen."

"By the bye, Colonel, I have a telegram from my firm that concerns you. It says 'Look up Colonel Morton, Madame Du Plessis, 315 Bluebird Avenue, Parkdale.'"

"But wheah is Parkdale?"

"It is a suburb of Toronto. You had better keep the telegram."

"So, Mr. Cohistine, you are a lawyer?"

"Yes; of the firm of Tylor, Woodruff, and White, but I'm not that now, I'm a gentleman out on a grand stravage."

"You may be a lawyer, sir, but you are a gentleman as well, and I hope to meet you before many days are past. Good mawnin, my kind friends!"

The knapsacks were put on boldly, in the very parlour of the hotel, and their bearers strode along the lake road into the west, as coolly as if they were doing Snowden or Windermere. It was a glorious morning, and they exulted in it, rejoicing in the joy of living. The dominie had written his letter to the vulgar school-trustees, and felt good, with the approbation of a generous conscience. He recited with feeling:—

"What, you are stepping westward?" "Yea"—

'Twould be a wildish destiny,
If we, who thus together roam
In a strange land, and far from home,
Were in this place the guests of chance;
Yet who would stop, or fear t' advance,
Though home or shelter he had none,
With such a sky to lead him on.

The dewy ground was dark and cold:

"Faith, 'tis nothing of the kind, Wilks," interrupted Coristine; but the dominie went on unheeding.

Behind, all gloomy to behold,
And stepping westward seemed to be
A kind of heavenly destiny:
I liked the greeting; 'twas a sound
Of something without place or bound
And seemed to give me spiritual right
To travel through that region bright.

The voice was soft, and she who spake
Was walking by her native lake;
The salutation had to me
The very sound of courtesy;
Its power was felt; and while my eye
Was fix'd upon the glorious sky,
The echo of the voice enraptured
A human sweetness with the thought
Of travelling through the world that lay
Before me in my endless way.

"O Wilks, but you're the daisy. So you're going to travel through the world with the human sweetness of the soft voice of courtesy? You're a fraud, Wilks, you're as soft-hearted as a fozy turnip."

"Corry, a little while ago you called me adamant. You are inconsequential, sir."

"All right, Wilks, my darling. But isn't it a joy to have the colonel taking the bad taste of the Grinstun man out of your mouth?"

"The colonel, no doubt, is infinitely preferable. He is a gentleman, Corry, and that is saying a good deal."

"Hurroo for a specimen! look at that bank on your left, beyond that wet patch, it's thyme, it is. *Thymus serpyllum*, and Gray says it's not native, but adventitious from Europe. Maccoun says the same; I wonder what my dear friend, Spotton, says? But here it is, and no trace of a house or clearing near. It's thyme, my boy, and smells sweet as honey:—

Old father Time, as Ovid sings,
Is a great eater up of things,
And, without salt or mustard,
Will gulp you down a castle wall,
As easily as, at Guildhall,
An alderman eats custard."

"Drop your stupid Percy anecdote poems, Corry, and listen to this," cried the dominie, as he sang:—

I know a bank whereon the wild thyme grows,
I know a bank whereon the wild thyme grows,
Where oxlips and the nodding violets blow,
Where oxlips linger, nodding violets blow,
I know a bank whereon the wild thyme grow-ow-ow-ow-ow-ow!!!

The lawyer joined in the chorus, encored the song, and trolled "ow ow ow ow" until the blood vessels over his brain demanded a rest. "Wilks," he said, "you're a thing of beauty and a joy forever."

Soon the road trended within a short distance of the lake shore. The blue waves were tumbling in gloriously, and swished up upon the shelving limestone rocks. "What is the time, Corry?" asked Wilkinson. "It's eleven by my repeater," he answered. "Then it is quite safe to bathe; what do you say to a dip?" The lawyer unstrapped his knapsack, and hastened off the road towards the beach. "Come on, Wilks," he cried, "we'll make believe that it's grampusses we are."

"What is a grampus?" enquired the dominie.

"Dad, if I know," replied his friend. "A grampus, sir, etymologically is 'un grand poisson,' but, biologically, it is no fish at all, being a mammal, midway between a dolphin and a porpoise."

"So you got off that conundrum a porpoise to make a fool of me, Wilks?"

"O, Corry, you make me shudder with your villainous puns."

"That's nothing to what I heard once. There were some fellows camping, and they had two tents and some dogs for deerhunting. As it was raining, they let the hounds sleep in one of the tents, when one of the fellows goes round and says: 'Shut down your curtains.' 'Were you telling them that to keep the rain out?' asked one, when the rascal answered: 'To all in tents and purple houses.' Wasn't that awful, now?"

The water was cold but pleasant on a hot day, and the swimmers enjoyed striking out some distance from shore and then being washed in by the homeward-bound waves. They sat, with their palms pressed down beside them, on smooth ledges of rock, and let the breakers lap over them. The lawyer was thinking it time to get out, when he saw Wilkinson back into the waves with a scared face. "Are you going for another swim, Wilks, my boy?" he asked. "Look behind you," whispered the schoolmaster. Coristine looked, and was aware of three girls, truly rural, sitting on the bank and apparently absorbed in contemplating the swimmers. "This is awful!" he ejaculated, as he slid down into deep water; "Wilks, it's scare the life out of them I must, or we'll never get back to our clothes. Now, listen to me." Dipping his head once more under water till it dripped, he let out a fearful sound, like "Gurrahoh skrrr spat, you young gurruls, an' if yeez don't travel home as fast as yer futs'll taake yeez, it's I'll be after yeez straight, och, garrahow skrr spat whishtubbleubble!" The rural maidens took to their heels and ran, as Coristine swam into shore. In a minute the swimmers were into their clothes and packs, and resumed their march, much refreshed by the cool waters of the Georgian Bay.

"And where is it we're bound for now, Wilks?"
 "For the abandoned shale-works at the foot of the Blue Mountains."

"Fwhat's that, as Jimmie Butler said about the owl?"
 "The Utica formation, which crops out here, consists largely of bituminous shales, that yield mineral oil to the extent of twenty gallons to the ton. But, since the oil springs of the West have been in operation, the usefulness of these shales is gone. The Indians seem to have made large use of the shale, for a friend of mine found a hoe of that material on an island in the Muskoka lakes. Being easily split and worked, it was doubtless very acceptable to the metal wanting aborigines."

"But, if the works are closed up, what will we see?"
 "We shall meet with fossils in the shale, with trilobites, such as the *Asaphus Canadensis*, a crustacean, closely allied to the wood-louse, and occasionally found rolled up, like it, into a defensive ball, together with other specimens of ancient life."

"Wilks, my son, who's doing Gosse's Canadian Naturalist, now, I'd like to know? Pity we hadn't the working geologist along for a lesson."

"I am sorry if I have bored you with my talk, but I thought you were interested in science. Does this suit you better?"

Many a little hand
 Glanced like a touch of sunshine on the rocks,
 Many a light foot shone like a jewel set
 In the dark crag; and then we turn'd, we wound
 About the cliffs, the coves, out and in,
 Hammering and clinking, chattering stony names
 Of shale and hornblende, rag and trap and tuff,
 Amygdaloid and trachyte, till the sun
 Grew broader towards his death and fell, and all
 The rosy heights came out above the lawns."

"That's better, avic. Tennyson's got the shale there, I see. But rag and trap and tuff is the word, and tough the whole business is. Just look at that living blue bell, there, it's worth all the stony names of rock and fossil."

Let the proud Indian boast of his jessamine bowers,
 His garlands of roses and moss-covered dells,
 While humbly I sing of those sweet little flowers,
 The blue bells of Scotland, the Scottish blue bells,
 We'll shout in the chorus forever and ever,
 The blue bells of Scotland, the Scottish blue bells."

"You are a nice botanist, Mr. Coristine, to confound that campanula with the Scottish blue-bell, which is a scilla, or wild hyacinth."

"Poetic license, my dear friend, poetic license! Hear this now:—

Let the Blue Mountains boast of their shale that's bituminous,
 Full of trilobites, graptolites and all the rest,
 It may not be so learned, or ancient, or luminous,
 But the little campanula's what I love best,
 So we'll shout in the chorus forever and ever,
 The little campanula's worth all the rest."

Whew! What do you think of that for an impromptu song, Wilks?"

"I think that you are turning your back upon your own principle that there is no best, or no one best, and that everything is best in its place."

"Barring old Nick and the mosquitoes, Wilks, come now?"

"Well, an exception may be made in their favour, but what says the poet:—

O yet we trust that somehow good
 Will be the final goal of ill.

Come, along, though, for we have much to see before sunset."

"You don't think that good is going to come out of the devil and mosquitoes?"

"Yes I do; not to themselves, perhaps, but to humanity."

"I saw a book once with the title 'Why Doesn't God Kill the Devil?' and sympathized with it. Why doesn't He?"

"Because man wants the devil. As soon as the world ceases to want him, so soon is his occupation gone."

"Wilks, my dear, that's an awful responsibility lying on us men, and I fear what you say is too true. So here's for the shale works."

The pedestrians ceased their theological discussion and went towards the deserted buildings, where, in former days, a bad smelling oil had been distilled from the slaty-looking black stones, which lay about in large numbers. Wilkinson picked up fossils enough, species of trilobites chiefly, with a few graptolites, lingulas and strophomenas,

to start a museum. These, as Coristine had suggested in Toronto, he actually tied up in his silk handkerchief, which he slung on the crook of his stick and carried over his shoulder. The lawyer also gathered a few, and bestowed them in the side pocket of his coat not devoted to smoking materials. The pair were leaving the works for the ascent of the mountain, when barks were heard, then a pattering of feet, and soon the breathless Muggins jumped upon them with joyous demonstrations.

"Where has he been? How came we not to miss him?" asked the dominie, and Coristine answered rather obliquely:—

"I don't remember seeing him since we entered Collingwood. Surely he didn't go back to the Grinstun man."

"It is hard to be poetical on a dog called Muggins," remarked Wilkinson; "Tray seems to be the favourite name. Cowper's dogs are different, and Wordsworth has Dart and Swallow, Prince and Music, something like Actaeon's dogs in 'Ovid.' Nevertheless, I like Muggins."

"Oh, Tray is good, Wilks:—

To my dear loving Shelah, so far, far away,
 I can never return with my old dog Tray;
 He's lazy and he's blind,
 You'll never, never find
 A bigger thief than old dog Tray."

"Corry, this is bathos of the worst description. You are like a caterpillar; you desecrate the living leaf you touch."

"Wilks, that's hard on the six feet of me, for your caterpillar has a great many more. But that dog's gone back again."

As they looked after his departing figure, the reason was obvious. Two lightly, yet clerically, attired figures were coming up the road, and on the taller and thinner of the twain the dog was leaping with every sign of genuine affection.

"I'm afraid, Wilks, that Muggins is a beastly cur, a treacherous 'ound, a hungrateful pup; look at his antics with that cadaverous curate, keeping company with his sleek, respectable vicar. O Muggy, Mug, Mug!"

The pedestrians waited for the clergy, who soon came up to them, and exchanged salutations.

"My dawg appears to know you," said the tall casocked cleric in a somewhat lofty, professional tone.

"He ought to," replied Wilkinson, "seeing that he was given to me by a Mr. Rawdon, a working geologist, as he calls himself."

"Ow, really now, it seems to me rather an immoral transaction for your ah friend, Mr. Rawdon, to give away another man's property."

"Mr. Rawdon is no friend of mine, but his dog took a fancy to us, and followed us from Dromore to Collingwood."

"Allow me to assure you that Muggins is not this ah Mr. Rawdon's dawg at all. I trained him from a puppy at Tossorontio. The Bishop ordered me from there to Flanders, and, in the hurry of moving, the dawg was lost; but now, I should rather say stowlen. My friend, the Reverend Mr. Errol and myself, my name is Basil Perrowne, Clerk, had business in Collingwood last night, when Muggins, most opportunely, met us, and went homwe with me."

"Well, Mr. Perrowne, I am very glad you have recovered your dog, which I was only too glad to rescue from a somewhat inhuman master. My name is Wilkinson, of the Toronto schools, my friend is Mr. Coristine, of Osgoode Hall, barrister."

The gentlemen exchanged formal salutations, and proceeded on their way, Wilkinson with Perrowne, and Coristine with Erroll. Muggins was in the seventh heaven of delight.

"You belong to Tossorontio, Mr. Perrowne?" asked Wilkinson, by way of starting the conversation.

"Ow, now! I said I had trained Muggins from a pup there, but that ownly extends owver a few years. Durham is my university, which you may have heard of."

"I am familiar by name with the university and the cathedral, although the juvenile geography books say that Durham is famous for its mustard."

"Ow, now, really, they down't, do they? Ow dear, mustard! We Durham men can serve it out pretty hot, you know. You belong to the Church, of course, Mr. Wilkinson?"

"I was brought up in the Church of England, and educated in what are called Church principles; I am fond of the Prayer Book and the Service, but, to my way of thinking, the Church is far more extensive than our mere Anglican communion."

"Ow, yes, there are Christian people, who, I howpe, will get to heaven some way through the uncovenanted mercies, in spite of their horrid schism from the True Body. There is Errol, now, whom, out of mere courtesy, I call reverend, but he is no more reverend than Muggins. His orders are ridiculous, not worth a farthing candle."

"Come, come, Mr. Perrowne, his orders are as good as those of St. Timothy, which were laid on him by the hands of the Presbytery."

"That is precisely what the cheeky dissenter says himself. We have dropped that line of controversy now, for one ever so much more practical."

"I hope you don't take off your coats and fight it out? You have the advantage in height and youth, but Mr. Errol seems a strong and active man."

"Now, we down't fight. I have set a cricket club agowing, and he has turned a neglected field into a golf links. My club makes Churchmen, and his makes Scotch dissenters."

"I thought the Presbyterian Church was established in Scotland?"

"Ow, down't you see, we are not in Scotland."

"Then, in Canada, there is no established church, unless it be the Roman Catholic in the Province of Quebec."

"Ow, well, drop that, you know; we are the Church, and all the outside people are dissenters. I down't antagonize him. He helped me to make my crease, and joined my club, and I play golf with him every fine Monday morning. But the young fellows have now true English spirit here. Errol has twenty golfers to my six cricketers. When he and I are added, that makes eight, not near enough, you know. As a mission agency, my club has not succeeded yet, but every time I make a cricketer, I make a Churchman."

"I have known some very good cricketers that were not Anglicans."

"Now you haven't, my dear sir; you thought you have, but you haven't; that's the trouble with those who reject Church authority. The Methodist plays rounder, what you call base-ball; the Independents and Baptists played croquet and lawn tennis after other people stopped playing them; the Presbyterian plays golf; and the Churchman plays cricket."

"To argue with one who sweeps all experience aside with a wave of his hand," said the schoolmaster, indignantly, "is not to argue at all. It is a case of *Roma locuta*."

"Ow, yes, just sow, you know, we down't argue, we simply assert the truth."

"How d'ye like the Durham mustard, Wilks, my boy?" put in Coristine from the rear, where he and Mr. Errol were laughing amusedly; "it's hot, isn't it, not much solid food, but lots of flavour? It reminds me of The Crew, when he said what was, is, and ever shall be, Amen. Mr. Perrowne is the owner of a splendid dog, and he is a splendid dogmatist. What he doesn't know isn't worth knowing."

"Ow, thanks awfully, Mr. Coristine, you are really too flattering!" gravely and gratefully replied the parson. Wilkinson was afraid that his friend's banter might become too apparent, as the simple egotism of the graduate of Durham led him on, so, he changed the subject, and soon had the cleric quoting Virgil and Mrs. Hemans.

(To be continued.)

PARIS LETTER.

A VERY deplorable and unusual incident has taken place in connection with the Ravachol trial. A juror, evidently with funk on the brain, writes anonymously to a leading journal, complaining that the public prosecutor had decided to put the celebrated explosivist on his trial for dynamite anarchy crimes in Paris, when his record of infamy and misdeeds, acquired and committed in the provinces, was sufficiently heavy to have him indicted for at least one of the murders before a rural assizes, thus saving the Paris jurymen from being chalked in all probability for vengeance, like a judge, at some future day. That juror's letter has served as a text, not only to provoke a sentimental discussion about the great culprit's abominable acts, but to minimize the independence of resolution and unbiassed examination of the indictment that society has a right to expect from its representative defenders—the jurors. Others have seized the occasion to have a fling at the Government, when it is the moment for all good men and true, to rally round it with sympathy and fortify it with courage. If the lamentable spectacle now witnessed should drift into a fashion, why juryism itself would be compromised.

If there was one want in France requiring to be supplied, it was surely that of introducing athletic sports into the curriculum of French studies. M. Paschal Grousset deserves well of his countrymen for taking the lead in the introduction of manly sports among the young manhood of the nation, and that he became imbued with their importance from his exile so honourably sustained in England. His sole error lies in trying to find outlandish French appellations for comparatively modern, technical, Saxon, sportive epithets. And yet M. Grousset is attacked for his efforts to expand the chests and to supple the joints of lads between thirteen and twenty, who, in their rare moments of play-yard liberty, recall more prisoners in a penitentiary doing their squad constitutional, under the eyes of ushers, who are veritably gaolers. It is alleged that the students of the lycéums must continue to give the same number of hours to lessons, while being required to indulge in manly sports, and such implies over-pressure on the brain. The Higher Council of Education will in time adopt the full programme of physical education, as laid down by M. Grousset. This includes the compulsory acquisition of swimming, cycling, musketry and fencing; drilling as a matter of course, and the usual quadrumania high jinks on poles and bars. Foot-ball is not in the order of sanctity; it can give rise to black shins; no mention is made of boat-racing, yet a match between the Thames and Seine Clubs would be highly interesting, and might induce Emperor William to drop in. It is with something like horror that one learns *la boxe française* is included among the physical sports. This exercise is a combination grip-and-push, full of Laocoon anguish, tempered slightly by a modicum of work with the mawlies, interspersed with the rowdy *savate* doubtless—the latter

being a *can-can* application of the foot to any reachable part of the body from the eyebrow to the ankle.

The Marquis of Dufferin has now worked off his several inaugural ceremonies, which, in point of pleasure, must be about as interesting as house-fitting. He and his lady and two accomplished daughters have already been accepted by Parisian society, something as if old acquaintances; so much for the influence of popular manners, tact and amiability, while the mutual warmth and frankness of their Irish temperament will but enhance the marked sympathetic appreciation extended to the new occupants of the Embassy. His lordship and his gifted lady have not hesitated to preside at an Anglo-Franco foot-ball match, despite snow showers and sleet; but they are accustomed to "high latitudes," and it was with a Pantagruelian liberalism—forgetful that he is condemned to be neutral in politics—that he ordered champagne, nothing cheap and nasty, to the athletes and their admirers. What a change from the refreshments ordinarily served on these occasions—Seine water, more or less filtered, with, as Tony Lumpkin would say, a squeeze of a lemon added in. The "At Home" reception for the English colony specially made every visitor feel at home. The Marchioness has the secret for receiving well, the knack of ease, affability, and true womanly kindness, qualities that her daughters inherit, whether assisting in making the Embassy's *invites* happy, or acting as the presiding sirens over the fish pond of a charity bazaar. The first question Parisiennes ask in reference to foreign ladies is: "How about their toilettes?" The Marchioness and her daughters have passed this ordeal with an A I mark. Madame Adam, a leading lady politician, who has admiration only for the Russians and Pierre Loti, not long ago avowed that she was prepared for the social triumph of the new Ambassador; while politicians of the other sex admit the Marquis is their master. It is a case of the American colonel and the coon: "Don't fire, colonel, I'll come down." Having nothing then to conquer, his lordship is reported to have taken to bicycling, which, hygienists and velocipede fabricants assert, rolls wheelers into centenarianism.

There was no reason why Rouget-de-Lisle ought not to have had his monument when so many notable nonentities have had theirs. As Paris was worth a mass, so the *Marseillaise* was worth a statue, and the composer of the people's anthem had his inaugurated at Choisy-le-Roi, on Sunday last, amidst showers of confetti, the first time the paper snow was ever utilized at a solemn public ceremony. The most curious life-fact about de Lisle is that after composing the chant that led volunteers to victory, and induced philanthropists to demand a musket, the French should have abandoned the composer to want, and that a pension from royalty rescued him at the last hour.

Thérèse, once the diva of the people, made under the empire as much as 72,000 frs. a year by her singing in the *Aleazar*; she had a divide of seven centimes on every drink served. At present, popular warblers are paid a fixed salary, with participation in net receipts after a certain figure has been attained.

Unless his Holiness intervenes in the quarrel between the bishops and the Republic, it is not very clear in what the imbroglia will end. The higher clergy can have no interest in indulging in Aunt-Sallyings against the present Constitution; be the latter what it may, the best reason for its existence is that there is no other form of government to take its place. Some of the bishops range on the right hand, and others on the left. Have the bishops a right to interfere in politics, and what should be the limit? The only novelty in home politics is the discovery of M. Paul de Cassagnac, that the recent nipping frost, that has so cruelly affected the French vineyards, is all due to France being governed by a republic. Politics ere now have been made responsible for filling the butcher shops with blue-bottle flies.

The municipal laboratory is so occupied analyzing all the explosive compounds picked up here and there and brought to the police station, that the testings of adulterated aliments is necessarily in arrear. The hygienists are pounding away at the authorities to hang some of the culprits as high as King Haman. The grocers are generally denounced, because they, it is presumed, handle a larger number of comestibles. Alphonse Kar once put the matter into a nutshell: "If I poison my grocer, I am sent to the guillotine; but if he poisons me, he is only sentenced to a fine."

Potted elephant has lately been much recommended as an addition to our food supplies, while securing the necessary tuskens for industrial purposes. Attention is drawn to the neglected natural resources of Tonkin. One, among others, is a monster frog, called "the field hen," and whose flesh is very much esteemed. When carefully potted it bears transport as well as salmon or lobster; it is eaten with mayonnaise sauce. Globe trotters, with time on their hands, can search the *bonne bouche* on the spot; the cost of a fourth-class passage to Tonkin is now seventy-six francs.

Baron de Rothschild is about selling his celebrated "stud" of large white Egyptian asses.

Four amateurs of Asnières were coming to Paris to give a representation with puppets; the police arrested them and their wallets as dynamitards; the *troupe* was individually examined, and then replaced in the bags. The black-bag scare of London, of some years ago, seems to have set in here. However, dynamite is not a subject to be joked about.

DOLCE FAR NIENTE.

How sweet it is to put the dead days by,
To sit with vacant gaze full face o' the sun,
To listen to the rustling river run,
And feel the passion of the breathing sky;
To be relieved from thoughts that are too high,
Merely to note the pulse in every vein,
The gentle throb of rest in limbs and brain,
Nor mark how swift the subtle moments fly.

And when the happy changeable dream is past,
And o'er the soul again in strenuous rings
Inexorable angels beat their wings,
Meseems the knowledge of the world sealed fast,
The unimaginable secret love
Was nearer in those dreamy days of yore.

Ottawa.

COLIN A. SCOTT.

THE CRITIC.

"*MATHEMATICA*," Copernicus asserted, "*mathematicis scribuntur*." So perhaps music is written for musicians. Granting which, the Critic will always be happy to be put right by Mr. J. W. F. Harrison when he writes on behalf of the profession in which he is proficient. But the point at issue between the Critic and his critic is a minor one, and may be briefly dismissed. Doubtless Wagner's music contains all, and more than all, Mr. Harrison claims for it. Wagner is not to be summed up in a sentence—in which he differs from his reputed metaphysical analogue, Schopenhauer. A philosophical (and, one may safely say, ethical) musician like Wagner could not but infuse into his dramas a certain sort of introspective psychological analysis. What the Critic contended for was that between the lyrical drama of Wagner and the histrionic drama of the day there was a perceptible difference. Balzac, Dumas *filis*, Alfred de Musset, Sardou—these men have enormously influenced the modern stage, and between the romances and stage and literary-dramas of such writers, and such lyrical dramas as "*Tristan und Isolde*," "*Der Ring des Nibelungen*," "*Tannhäuser*," "*Parisfal*" and "*Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg*" there is surely a difference. In the one the philosophy, the analysis, is the aim; in the other it is a means. The very atmosphere each breathes is as distinct as it is indefinable. Their points of dissimilarity are numerous. Balzac depicts life as it exists before his eyes; Wagner goes to mythology, folk-lore, legend. Alfred de Musset dissects the minds of nineteenth-century men and women; Wagner lays bare the hearts of ancient demigods and heroes. Sardou knows nothing of religion; Wagner's productions have been called religious plays. A moral influence has rarely been claimed for the typical creations of the modern stage; some have gone so far as to assert an ethical system to be the basis of Wagner's music. But Wagner is an interminable theme, or rather an interminable arena.

There was a little two-hundred-paged octavo published last year by H. E. Krehbiel, entitled "Studies in the Wagnerian Drama," in which even those who have absorbed all the mass of "Wagnerian literature" might take pleasure, and the Critic is happy to have an opportunity of bringing it to the notice of those to whom it may be unknown. It consists of but less than a half-dozen of chapters, the first devoted to "The Wagnerian Drama: its Prototypes and Elements," the rest to the exposition of individual operas, or as Krehbiel insists, and rightly, upon styling them, dramas. The writer points out that Wagner "must be associated with the Greek tragedy-writers;" first, because he was poet as well as musician; second, because he recognized in the drama the highest form of art; third, because he found his subject in legends and mythologies; fourth, because by his dramas he attempted the encouragement of national feeling; and to these we may add, fifth, because he dealt with normal and universal human passion rather than with abnormal and local or temporary phases of human passion; sixth, because he took proper cognizance and gave due scope to that terrible factor in human passion which the Greeks called *ἀνάγκη*; and seventh, because, although a Teuton and with Teutonic methods, and although avowedly an advocate for the stimulation of national thought and feeling, he so deals with human passion and human action that his depiction of life as he sees it shall be both veritably and artistically intelligible by all men in every age.

Wagner seems intuitively to have grasped and carried out those three eternal principles of all poetic art which Milton summed up in the three adjectives, "simple, sensuous, passionate." Despite the complexity of his orchestral movements his dramas are eminently simple—his choice of popular traditions is evidence of this, and what could be simpler than the progress of the plot in "*Tannhäuser*?" Working with that most sensuous of the means for conveying emotion—music, his dramas could not but be sensuous (never to be confounded with sensual). And passionate (if we remember the large meaning of the Greek *πάθος*) he always is—always intensely so; humorously perhaps in "*Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg*," pathetically in "*Tristan und Isolde*."

Perhaps it is only the artist of the first rank that properly apportions the functions of these fundamental elements of poetic art. Shakespeare was, of course, supereminent in their manipulation—perhaps he is supreme because of the perfectitude of that manipulation.

So Homer; so Dante. To-day our artists, poetical, dramatic, and pictorial, sacrifice one or other attribute: the senses are stimulated at the expense of simplicity, or passion usurps the spheres belonging to its co-factors. The school of Realism or Naturalism is a significant example of both these tendencies combined. Indeed is not any "school" to be regarded askance, inasmuch as it presumably sets out to give prominence to one or other element in lieu of preserving that *via media*, that temperance, that narrow way in which alone true art always travels? True, a school may premise a reaction; but usually the reaction is towards another extreme, another divagation, as a revolution usually means the substitution of one arbitrary form of government for another. Well, Wagner has been claimed by no school—nor has Shakespeare. Perhaps both are unclaimable by any school. So much the more Wagner and Shakespeare they!

CORRESPONDENCE.

PATRICK EGAN AND CHILI.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—Patrick Egan, the American envoy to Chili, has now got an indefinite leave of absence, and it is semi-officially announced that, without publicity being given to the matter, he will ultimately cease to draw pay—in other words, he has been recalled. The appointment of Egan to represent the republic of George Washington and Benjamin Franklin is one of the most discreditable political performances of this century, and illustrates the scornful saying of the famous Earl of Chatham: "Don't read history to me for that I know must be false." As an independent, high-class Canadian journal has indirectly assisted in bringing about his recall—thereby showing the unobtrusive influence of our press—your readers would like to know the true inwardness of the affair. Egan was treasurer of the Land League, which Mr. Gladstone suppressed when he was Premier. After the Phoenix Park murders he fled from England. The Government had in its possession evidence that the Invincibles who committed those murders were connected with the Land League, although, with very few exceptions, the members of the latter were unaware of such an organization.

Your readers are aware that New York State is Democratic, and that the vast majority of the Catholic Irish are also solidly so. The electoral college for the Presidential election numbers 444, and, as the State of New York wields thirty-six votes, it practically selects the winner—every State voting solid one way or the other.

According to the *New York Nation*, Egan contracted with the Republican managers in 1888 to bring over 100,000 Irish votes from the Democratic to the Republican side, and thus seat their candidate—Mr. Harrison—but it is alleged that he only brought over 10,000, and, as they were scattered all over the Union, they did not affect the result. The State of New York was carried for Mr. Harrison by a majority of 14,000.

Although President Harrison was not benefited by Egan's support, yet he kept faith, and, passing over hundreds of meritorious Republicans, he appointed him as envoy to Chili. It is reasonably certain that Mr. Blaine was fully aware of Egan's antecedents, and also that Mr. Harrison must have known why he had fled from England.

Your readers know that the Chilians strongly objected to Egan, he having officially sided with and indirectly helped the tyrant Balmaceda. During the late quarrel between the two Governments, the *New York Nation*, a high-class Democratic weekly, somewhat on the lines of the *London Spectator*, denounced Egan's appointment, alleging that his antecedents "were shady"; but it gave no details. The editor is a strong Home Rule Irishman, and he could not tell the real truth without discrediting the Land League. Owing to what has been truly called "The Conspiracy of Silence," not one native American out of 10,000 knows the true inwardness of the League, or of Egan's antecedents. Both political parties humbly suing for the Irish vote, they will not offend by telling unpalatable truths.

As the injury done to the fair fame of the Union by Egan's appointment was keenly felt, and, as it was believed that if the real truth could be laid before the native Americans, public opinion would compel his recall; the full particulars were sent to the *New York Nation*, but, as it would have brought discredit upon the League, the communication was suppressed.

An abbreviated statement then appeared in the *Toronto Mail* of 2nd January last, setting forth that Delaney the Invincible testified on oath before the Parnell Special Commission that Patrick Egan was one of the leaders of the Invincibles; that the "principal part of the oath referred to the assassination of the Executive Council in Ireland, the Lord Lieutenant, the Chief Secretary (who was murdered) and all obnoxious Government officials." That, being poor men, their subscriptions were only a penny, two pence, and three pence a week; that they had no money, but that they got large sums from Patrick Egan and Francis Byrne—Egan being the Treasurer of the League—and that the first instalment was £50; that two of their members were started in business with the money of the League; that at one meeting, Byrne being there, he (Delaney) saw gold and notes on the table; that a discussion took place as to who was to be assassinated, and that Byrne, referring to certain proposed victims, said that it

could not be done without orders, and that Egan would have to be acquainted with it; but that he (Byrne) would go in for Earl Spencer (the Lord Lieutenant). At that meeting (in the hearing of the witness) "Byrne made some complaint about the enormous lot of money that was spent on them" (Invincibles).

It was pointed out that if these statements had been untrue, that the League, by producing their books, could have proved the fact that no such payments had been made, but that they refused to do so; that by such conduct their lawyers practically conceded that Delaney's evidence was substantially true. Also that such facts proved the truth of the charge of the New York *Nation* that Egan was a very improper man to represent the States in Chili.

Copies of this, with additional particulars, were sent to the Chilean envoy at Washington, in the belief that he would publish the facts and thus justify the demand of his Government for Egan's recall. Although he acknowledged its receipt, he ostensibly did nothing. Two days afterwards he interviewed Mr. Blaine, and doubtless gave him a copy. By what has since transpired, they evidently arrived at a tacit understanding to this effect. Mr. Blaine: "If these facts are published they will injure our next Presidential campaign. The independent voters who (according to the New York *Evening Post*) turn the scale will ask: Why did you appoint such a man to such a responsible post? Mr. Cleveland, the Democratic candidate, would not have done so. We should consequently lose the next Presidential election. But, if you will suppress it and withdraw your public demand for his recall, we will let you off easily in other matters, and by and by quietly recall him. Thus you will get what you ask for, and we shall not lose votes." Some such arrangement has evidently been carried out.

As the Chilean envoy took no open measures, a copy was sent to Mr. Arnold, a Democratic member of Congress, who had introduced a motion for Egan's recall. But, as his party feared to offend the extreme wing of the Irish voters, it was suppressed, and the motion was shelved.

Full particulars were then sent to a Santiago journal, in the belief that if the truth got into the Chilean papers it would find its way into the American press, and that thus, in that roundabout manner, the facts would be brought before the people, but, as it happened to be a Government organ, it was suppressed.

Thus, indirectly, through the facts published in the *Mail*, Egan has been practically recalled, but in such a manner that the Americans have been kept in ignorance of the real truth.

All reflecting persons who are proud of the American branch of the Anglo-Saxon race must feel the disgrace inflicted upon the great Republic by such an improper appointment.

Historical students should also note the fact that so late as 1892, on a question seriously affecting the fair fame of the Republic, it has been impossible to get the real truth squarely brought before the American people.

Toronto.

FAIRPLAY RADICAL.

THE RIGHT HAND: LEFTHANDEDNESS.*

IT is not altogether to the credit of the Canadian press that Sir Daniel Wilson's work on "Lefthandedness" has hitherto, if we mistake not, remained unnoticed: though the blame is probably due to the neglect of the publishers to submit it to their review. It has meanwhile received very flattering notice from the European and American press; and from those we select a few illustrative extracts that will show what is thought of the work.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* says: "This volume, by the accomplished author of 'Prehistoric Man,' and other works, is a most readable book; the work not only of a scientist, but of a man of wide culture as well—a combination somewhat rare in these days. The evidence, drawn from all possible quarters, goes to prove that the majority of men and women in all past times have, either by habit and training or on account of a difference between the two sides of the body, preferred to use the right hand rather than the left. In reviewing the evidence he appeals not only to the evidence of sculptures and hieroglyphics from Egypt, Babylonia and Mexico, but even to the few works of art in the shape of drawings on ivory or reindeers' horns, etc., that have been preserved from the far distant period of the palæolithic cave-dwellers. The evidence from philology is discussed in an equally interesting manner; and, finally, theories of medical men are brought forward and discussed."

From the *Scotsman* we extract the following: "The author has one important qualification for taking up this curious question. Who writes on lefthandedness should, for many reasons, be one whose 'dexterity'—if the word can be used in lefthanded sense—lies naturally in his sinister hand. The author gives some droll and instructive instances of the manner in which righthanded writers have failed to appreciate the peculiar conditions and consequences of a genuine proneness to employ the 'dishonoured hand.' An interesting review of the evidences afforded by the relics of the palæolithic and neolithic races, of the monuments of the Egyptians and other ancient nations, and of the philology, annals and usages of mankind within historic times, furnishes curious and unexpected disclosures."

* "The Right Hand: Lefthandedness." By Sir Daniel Wilson, LL.D., F.R.S.E., President of the University of Toronto. London and New York: Macmillan and Company.

Again, we find the New York *Critic* writing that: "The accomplished President of Toronto University, well known for what the Germans call his 'many-sided' work in science, literature and art, devotes his latest volume to a comprehensive discussion of the origin and nature of the prevailing distinction between the uses of the two hands. The results of the enquiry prove not only very curious and interesting, but much more important than would generally have been expected."

From notices in foreign journals that of the *Revue Scientifique*, of Paris, may suffice. It is a lengthened, appreciative review, closing with the remark: "Il semble qu'avec les ressources offertes par les hôpitaux, on doit pourvoir recueillir les documents nécessaires à la solution du problème que Sir Daniel Wilson a remis en discussion avec beaucoup de talent et d'érudition." Another French journal, the *Revue Générale des Sciences Pures et Appliquées*, says: "Le livre de Sir D. Wilson malgré des longueurs, est clairement et logiquement composé. C'est une utile contribution à la physiologie physiologique, et la meilleure monographie, a coup sûr qui ait été faite des gauchers."

The New York *Tribune* thus sums up its critique: "Sir Daniel Wilson has written a most interesting and even entertaining treatise upon an unsolved, and possibly insoluble, problem; and it embodies a very clearly stated and compact view of the whole subject."

The *Saturday Review*, after quoting Carlyle as saying, "Why that particular hand was chosen is a question not to be settled, nor worth asking, except as a kind of riddle," thus proceeds: "Happily such is not Sir Daniel Wilson's conclusion, or the world would have been deprived of an ingenious and stimulative book." The *Saturday Review* is the well-known representative of Oxford conservatism in literature as well as in politics.

Here is the verdict of a widely different organ of public opinion, the *Westminster Review*: "It is seldom that a reviewer comes across a work which deserves such unqualified approval as this volume by Sir Daniel Wilson. It is one of Macmillan's Nature Series, and will certainly rank high among the excellent productions of that series." It continues: "The volume is one that is sure to make its own way in scientific circles."

ART NOTES.

"THE Woman's Art Club" has ventured on a bold step in undertaking to hold a public exhibition of sketches; for as is well known such a display is fully as severe a test of ability in the exhibitors as is that of a regular exhibition of finished work, while it lacks the setting and embellishment of frames and mounting, which is expected in the latter. It may also be added that scraps and sketches seldom tell stories, and are, therefore, of much less general interest than carefully-thought-out work. However, aided by a few contributions from lady artists in New York and other American cities, a very creditable collection has been placed on the walls, which can hardly have failed to give much encouragement and satisfaction to our lady artists and their friends. It embraces sketches in oil, water-colour, pen and ink, charcoal and lead pencil, by Mrs. Dignam, Misses M. A. Bell, Clarke, Keely, Clark, Phillips, Ainsley, Sullivan, Osler and Stennett, as well as some from the United States by Miss Rhoda Holmes, Miss McConnell and others.

ALEXANDER DUMAS is about to break up his residence in Paris and settle at Mary-le-Roi. He will sell his gallery of paintings, containing eleven masterpieces by Villon, twenty Tassaerts, and works by Jules Dupre, Corot, Troyon, Fromentin, and other modern French masters. The pictures will be sold in May at the Hotel Drouot.

A CABINET PAINTER named Tesson, living in Cherbourg where J. F. Millet was born, has been sentenced to imprisonment for two months for having "invented" Millet canvases. A man named Robert, who gave the canvases the necessary look of age, received a sentence of eleven months, while Mme. Turbert, who brought the victims to the conspirators, will suffer imprisonment for fifteen days.

A FRENCH painter, M. Chartan, made a portrait of Pope Leo XIII., and recently took a trip to Rome to present the likeness on the Pope's birthday. The portrait is much liked, and the scholarly Pope gave M. Chartan a distich in Latin hexameters which says: "Who would dare to call this effigy bad if once seen? Apelles himself could hardly have painted one like to this." He also authorized the artist to have the Latin lines engraved below all the reproductions of the picture. The latter will be shown at the Old Salon this summer.

SIR FREDERICK LEIGHTON, President of the Royal Academy in London, has undertaken to complete the beautiful monument to the Duke of Wellington, which has been hidden for many years in a small dark chapel at St. Paul's. This monument, one of the most imposing in the world, he wishes to remove to one of the central arches of Wren's vast cathedral, and to crown it with the equestrian statue which was originally designed for that purpose. As the amount of money required is only £1,000 there will be little difficulty in collecting it in the metropolis where Wellington was so highly honoured during his life-time.

A GREAT day, this Press-day, for the earnest and responsible of the craft—a day of reflection and hard work, of serious self-searching and honest enquiry after truth. In order to trace the origin of Press-day, there is little

occasion to grope in the remote recesses of a misty past. Throw back your memory but half a century or so, and you find yourself at the very source and fountain-head of the institution. Before that time the art-critic was treated scurvily indeed; although his words were valued, his convenience was persistently and systematically ignored. While, with rare insight, the dramatic critic had for generations been pampered by the manager in his work—even to the point of seats and porter upon the stage—the art-critic was beset with many a harassing regulation; and briefly told that if he wished to carry out his editor's instructions and meet the public's need, he might, on the payment of his shilling, enter with the crowd in the usual way, and make his notes, examine, study, and judge (as best he might), hustled hither and thither in the bustle of a first-day rush. Yet, as I have said, he was already becoming a power in the land, and his work was recognized as the great popularizing factor in the development of the national taste. His words struck home then as much as they do to-day, and although he was often enough accused, as now, of not "knowing a picture from a bull's foot," his pen has never been in any true sense a *quantité négligeable*. In 1852, smarting under a Press criticism of one of his own canvases, Sir Edwin Landseer wrote to William Dyce—nineteen years before the first Royal Academy Press-day—"There is more of generosity and truth in your works than the critics are up to, and be d—d to them!" And yet we find him, some years later, standing before the very picture of his which had been severely criticized, whereby his ire was kindled against his judges in the Press—"The Dialogue at Waterloo"—and saying: "I must have been mad when I painted that!" It is the same old story: the critical class (the Semitic race of the literary world) whose lot has so often and so long been the heritage of Cassandra—to prophesy more or less truly and not be believed—was for generations treated with marked discourtesy and even contumely, until by its growing power and fast-developing talent, it justified its existence and established itself a necessity. Indeed, in due time it stormed the stronghold of the Academy itself, just as its reportorial brethren had already forced the doors of Parliament. And Press-day triumphed, and is universal.—*The Magazine of Art for May.*

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

THE GRAND.

"THE COUNTY FAIR" will be presented at the Grand Opera House during the week, beginning Monday, May 23rd, with a special matinee on the Queen's Birthday. Neil Burgess, the favourite actor, will appear in character dances, etc. The play is said to abound in fun and merriment; a running horse-race is also introduced.

THE ACADEMY.

"THE PAY TRAIN," with its winsome little heroine, Florence Bindley, were paid off with a bumper house on Saturday, to make way for "Uncle's Darling," a scenic melodrama, well garnished with pathetic situations and spiced with genuine fun. Miss Hettie Bernard Chase appears as the heroine of the lighthouse. A team of trained reindeer, a troupe of Esquimaux, a mastiff, a great Dane, a St. Bernard, a trick mule, three clever-acting bears, named Topsy, Ben and Daisy—all go towards making up a unique entertainment, that has been attracting well-filled houses at the Academy of Music during this week. Next week a "Social Lesson," a domestic drama, will be presented at this favourite, popular house.

DAMROSCH ORCHESTRA.

THE concert at the Grand Opera House by the famous Damrosch Orchestra, of New York, which comes off on Thursday, too late for this week, will be noticed in a future issue.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

THE first concert of the season by the Philharmonic Society was given on Tuesday evening, when Dr. Bridge's dramatic cantata "Callirhoe," which was written for the Birmingham musical festival, 1888, was presented with full orchestra and chorus. The libretto is constructed upon the Grecian story told by Pausanias in his "Itinerary of Greece." The performance was a good one throughout, the attacks being well made; the chorus singing however was somewhat lacking in delicacy of light and shade, the male voices being overshadowed and at times almost completely extinguished by the powerful soprano tone, the altos suffering likewise in proportion. The orchestra was perhaps the best yet heard at these concerts, the strings being especially good. Mr. Torrington certainly managed to get a massive tone from his orchestra, but both soloists and at times the chorus were overweighted, thereby detracting from the beauty of the work. Mr. Kaiser's lyrical tenor voice was scarcely suited to the dramatic style of music set for the priest "Coresos," and the same may be said of Miss Gaylord, in the duet with Mr. Kaiser especially. This young singer has a sweet voice, with a true intonation and sings with the exactness of a musician. The part of "Callirhoe," however, is beyond her present dramatic power; she received an encore for one of her solos, which suffered somewhat by its unadvised repetition. Miss Bessie Bonsall's voice does not improve by time, for though a young singer her voice already shows unmistakable signs of wear in the middle and upper registers, they being forced and unmusically harsh to a degree, while her

chest voice is rich and still preserves its natural tone; she was also handicapped by the strength of the orchestral accompaniments to the contralto rôle of "Zeus," the Priestess. "The Redemption" given on Wednesday evening by this Society will be noticed in next week's issue, being too late for this week. The "Intermezzo" from "Cavalleria Rusticana" received a justifiable encore.

DETROIT PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

Two chamber concerts are to be given by the string quartette called the Detroit Philharmonic Club, on June 2nd and 3rd, at 8 p.m., in the Normal School Hall; subscription tickets for which can be now obtained at A. and S. Nordheimer's music store.

EMMA JUCH, disgusted with the want of appreciation of her really good company out West, in Mexico and more recently in Oregon, has announced her intention of accepting offers to sing in Germany, France, Italy and England during the next few years, where, no doubt, her fine talents will be duly appreciated.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

ZOROASTER. By F. Marion Crawford. London: Macmillan and Company. 1892.

We have already noticed this Dollar Edition of Mr. Crawford's admirable novels. This is uniform with the others, and in convenience of size, quality of paper and letter-press, is a comfort to the reader and an ornament to the table. The talented author's vivid reproduction of Persian scenery and history, the art with which he makes a bygone, almost forgotten, yet gorgeous and important age live and breathe again before us, will win readers by the thousand, and the excellent form in which Messrs. Macmillan and Company have published it will help on its popularity.

INDEX TO SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE. Volumes I.-X. January, 1887—December, 1891. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

It is fitting that the first ten volumes of Scribner's popular magazine should have an index. As the numbers of a magazine accumulate, and volume is placed beside volume, loss of time, uncertainty, and sometimes annoyance are caused to those who have occasion to refer to past numbers. How welcome and suitable a companion to them a good index is, those who often have occasion to use it well know. We are sure that all who value this excellent magazine will value it still more through the medium of this index. Nothing could be simpler or more helpful than its arrangement. It is preceded by a clear and concise statement of the aims and achievements of the magazine. Then follows an alphabetical list of articles and authors, with asterisks to indicate where illustrations occur; and in justice to the artists, an alphabetical list is provided of them, with volume and page references.

A STRANGE ELOPEMENT. By W. Clark Russell. New York: Macmillan and Company. 1892.

This is a rather unsatisfying novel. It is based upon one single and extraordinary act of daring, or rather foolhardy determination, and the action is absolutely devoid of complications and side-issues; consequently it seems too slight for a novel, while it would have made an admirable short story. The plot is simple. A young couple have been engaged, but the lover quarrels with his lady's father, an East Indian officer of incredible violence of temper. The old general breaks off the engagement and sails with his daughter for India on one of Mr. Russell's favourite East Indiamen. The lover secretes himself on board, is discovered by the father, bribes some seamen, steals a boat, and elopes with the object of his affection in an open boat, in the middle of the Atlantic! A schooner picks up the castaways, and all ends happily except for the choleric old father, who refuses to be reconciled. A good enough subject for a short tale, we repeat, but too slight for a novel.

The book is issued in Messrs. Macmillan's Dollar Novels Series, a cheap, convenient, and well-illustrated edition, and though the plot is so slight, is yet written with the author's usual grace and precision of nautical detail.

VAIN FORTUNE. By George Moore. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; Toronto: William Briggs. \$1.00.

An extremely depressing story is "Vain Fortune." The characters depicted are lacking in vitality and reality. A suicidal mania seems to possess two of them, Hubert Price and Emily Watson. They are cousins and both display the same provoking tendency, when in difficulty, to yield themselves captive to giant despair. Emily Watson is a weak, hysterical and frivolous girl who is adopted in early life by Mr. Burnett, a wealthy and distant relative who declares it his intention to bequeath his money to her. She is like some unhealthy, blighted hot-house plant, rather than the usual English girl brought up amidst the healthy surroundings of an English country house. Troubles arise from the ultimate disposal of Mr. Burnett's fortune. Emily's chagrin at his unjustifiable will is succeeded by an open and unwomanly infatuation for her cousin Hubert Price, and riches fail to exempt him from the trials caused by the unreasonable conduct of Emily towards her companion Julia Bentley and himself. Hence

we suppose the title "Vain Fortune" is suggested. Uncertainty of movement is visible throughout the story, and constant effort is required to follow its slow development. The work arouses no great interest in the reader, and we can by no means class it in the list of successful novels.

A MARRIAGE FOR LOVE. By Ludovic Halévy. Translated by Frank Hunter Potter. Illustrated by Wilson de Meza. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company; Toronto: Hart and Company.

It is not every day that one has the unalloyed pleasure of reading such a delicate and charming story as this. The naïveté and winsomeness of the characters, the novelty of the plan and the easy and engaging manner in which the plot develops cannot fail to please all who delight in a genuine love story. Here we have no maudlin sentimentality on the one hand, and none of that detestable prurency which mars so many of the clever French novels of the day. The story of the incident which led to this "marriage for love" is told to the readers by the chief actors themselves from their respective diaries, and so well is it told that one is not only charmed by the manly bearing and chivalrous courtesy of M. le Capitaine de Léonelle, and the vivacity and modesty of the fair Mademoiselle Jeanne Labliniere—but also with the skill and grace of M. Halévy, the author of their good fortunes. This book is, as it should be, a thing of beauty. The artistic borders, the handsome illustrations, the thick, ivory paper and the large, clear type are all admirable. To all who have any interest in the subject which it treats, we recommend it most cordially. The translation is excellent.

POEMS. By Elith Willis Linn. Buffalo: Charles Wells Moulton. 1892.

There is a charm and dignity about many of these short pieces of verse which bespeak for their author no small share of genuine gift and conviction. The subjects are of course the somewhat well-worn ones of the minor poets of the day, and in the manner there may be nothing very remarkable or novel; nevertheless, the effect they produce and the impressions they leave behind are real and pleasing as far as they go. Mrs. Linn's models appear to have been other gifted poetesses, notably, Adelaide Proctor and Jean Ingelow; of Mrs. Browning's virility there is not much trace. A note of sweet and spiritual womanliness is struck on every page, and the style is as free from pretension as the thought is innocent of morbidity. Still, strength—the very keystone of true verse—is much wanting. We append part of a timely and pretty little poem called "May":—

Only for once in the whole long year
Are the trees so robed in bloom;
Only for once the lilac flowers
Yield up such rare perfume;
Only for once the birds sing forth
A melody so gay;
The sweetest promise of the year
Comes with the flowers of May.

We dream of these days through the winter long
When dreary lies the snow,
And picture forth what joys were ours
In the Mays of long ago;
But when the time brings forth the bloom
From the buds of leaf and spray,
We find our loveliest dreams were vain
To show the sweets of May.

BRITON RIVIERE, ROYAL ACADEMICIAN; his Life and Work. By W. Armstrong. London: J. S. Virtue; Toronto: Williamson and Company.

In this fascinating publication we have what was really the Christmas number of the *Art Journal*. No student or lover of Art can be unfamiliar with the name and work of the great English animal painter, Briton Riviere. The school which numbers amongst its chief exponents such names as Landseer and Bonheur has given to the world many of the most perfect and masterly works of artistic accomplishment. To-day Riviere is one of its most brilliant representatives. The Painter of "Daniel," "Persepolis" and "Rizpah" would achieve distinction in any country and in any age. As a child of seven he made a sketch of a wolf's head which even then gave promise of the latent power of a great artist. This promise his later life work has well fulfilled. The frontispiece of this publication is an etching, which is a work of art itself, of the famous painting "Circe." The Sorceress is seated on a stone floor either asleep or in reverie; grouped in front of her are her lovers who have been changed into swine. The manner in which the artist has fixed upon the swinish face and form the spell of absorbing love for Circe is remarkable. Other masterpieces appear in full-page illustration: "The Last Spoonful" is another fine etching, and "Persepolis" is a softly finished photographure; "The Herd of Swine" is a picture of extraordinary power; the lions in "Daniel" seem to move as one looks upon the picture; "Sympathy" is extremely touching. All through the biography are scattered illustrations of finished paintings, and studies, which amply prove the genius of the artist, as well as place before the reader, varied selections, from the works that have contributed to his fame. Mr. Armstrong has done his work remarkably well. Preceding the sketch of the artist's "Birth and Career" is a notice of Mr. Riviere's forerunners. At the end of the work a list of Mr. Riviere's paintings is supplied in order of time of execution. Not the least interesting of the

illustrations is that of the thoughtful and intellectual face of the artist himself. The story told by the biographer of the fifty guineas given by the Prince of Wales on leaving Oxford to Goldwin Smith—then a Professor at the University—and of Professor Smith giving it to his friend Riviere as his fee for a painting on the subject the "Death of Marmion"—his first commission—will be read with more than passing interest.

RODNEY. By David Hannay. English Men of Action Series. London: Macmillan and Company. 1891.

Some Belgian journalist has lately been lecturing England on the subject of her naval superiority, and, in addition to numerous remarks as to the relative number of ships, guns, torpedoes, seamen, etc., is very sad over the prevailing ignorance among Englishmen of their great naval history, and of the old sea-dogs who made that history. Presumably, men must gain most of their information of this kind from books which they read after leaving school, for teachers cannot find a place for everything in their time tables; and this presumption is strengthened by the existence of handy little volumes like the one before us, for, to be produced as they are, they must find a ready sale, and so spread the information that our Belgian friend supposes so lacking. In this work, in about 220 pages, Mr. Hannay has given the story of one of the greatest of Britain's heroes of the sea, the man who, on the 12th of April, 1782, "broke the line," and not only threw a gleam of triumph over the end of a disastrous war, but laid the foundation for the fierce and successful fighting of Nelson and his compeers. It is for this one day of his life that Rodney deserves his great fame—and it is upon this point in his career that Mr. Hannay accordingly dwells longest, though the Admiral's personal history, otherwise commonplace enough, is narrated as fully as need be.

In explaining this feat, the greatest performed before Nelson, Mr. Hannay first shows the cautious plan of fighting previously pursued by English admirals of the eighteenth century, and shows how, by a slavish care to keep a perfect line opposed to the enemy, a naval battle degenerated into a sailing cannonade, in which the line ships filed past each other and then hauled off for repairs. This explained, the change is clear that Rodney wrought when he dared to throw his own line out of order, dash upon the Frenchmen wherever they were to be found, and catch and crush a considerable portion of their fleet. It was this mixture of headlong fierceness with careful consideration that won the battles of Nelson, Duncan, Howe and Collingwood, and it was Rodney who first applied it. This important point is carefully brought out by Mr. Hannay, who devotes a large part of his work to Rodney's West Indian "campaigns," if we may use the word in this connection. The book gives a clear account of one whom the author ranks as third among British admirals, yielding place to Blake and Nelson alone. It is well worth reading, and should add to our knowledge of this gallant old admiral.

WAGNER AS I KNEW HIM. By Ferdinand Praeger. New York: Longmans, Green and Company.

The appearance of this volume has been hailed in all musical centres with great interest, and it is meet that we should receive it in the same way, for it reveals much more of the great composer's peculiar individuality than any of the "lives" or biographies before the public. For those—and they are many—who consider Richard Wagner the most original and creative genius in any walk that the nineteenth century has seen, the book will possess undoubted and inestimable value; to others, it will still prove an ingenuous though enthusiastic revelation of many of the episodes, revolutionary, social, literary and dramatic, as well as musical, which characterized his stormy career. Praeger, now dead, became a Wagnerite at an advanced age, but was not lukewarm in his attachment to the cause on that account. He rather appears to have completely absorbed Wagner's theories and to have become the typical enthusiast, although his statement, to the effect that Wagner's first professional visit to England was the result of his (Praeger's) solicitations, is corrected by the *Musical Times'* reviewer who is of the opinion that at that time Praeger was no very staunch adherent of the "music of the future."

It is a notorious platitude of which we do not care to be guilty to say that that music "of the future" is now the music of the present. Wagner's position and influence are secure and never ending; therefore it may be more interesting to recall some of the personal details of Praeger's readable book. One very strong point in the composer's character was his confidence in final success, ultimate victory, and the fact that he never seemed to know when he was beaten. Again and again, accidents, coincidences, disappointments, slights, overtook him and laid him for the time very low, but not for long. Dejection would be quickly followed by defiance, and breathing out vengeance against those either wilfully neglectful or stupidly blind, he would set to work again with unceasing vigour. Animal spirits and elasticity were, fortunately, his happy dower, along with the rarer one of creation. His relations with his first wife, sometimes jeered at, are explained by Praeger as the natural result of incompatibility. Minna appears to have been a good domestic soul, the model of a virtuous, frugal, German *frau*. How, then, could such a woman be any helpmeet for Wagner? However, he showed her all respect and even gratitude, acknowledging his

indebtedness to her care and vigilance in pecuniary matters. It is the old story—the genius, careless of mundane details—the ordinary mortal, seeing only the immediate surroundings. On one occasion, after the production of such masterpieces as Lohengrin and Tannhäuser, Minna asked of a mutual friend while her husband was out of the room, "Tell me now, is it true that Richard is really so very clever?" Very slight reference is made to the present Madame Wagner Cosima, daughter of Liszt; in fact the last ten and more prosperous years of the composer's life receive but little attention in comparison to the stormy period of middle life, demonstrating the fact that struggle is more interesting and productive of incident than a smooth and successful existence.

Notwithstanding the defective English of the book and the frequency of slips in the printing, it has its charm, the style in which it is written being natural and direct, and of the value of the volume as a contribution to musical biography we have already testified.

THE *Rural Canadian* for May has a well-filled bill of fare for our country friends. "The Farmer's Friends: Insectivorous Birds"; "The Agricultural Value of Snow"; "Spraying Fruit Trees"; "Orchardists' Enemies," are a few of the able and instructive articles which will prove of special value to its readers. There are, as usual, some capital illustrations, the most important being a striking full-page portrait of the late Hon. Alexander Mackenzie. As we have remarked before, this neatly-printed and admirably-edited paper is worthy of all praise.

THE *Expository Times* for May has its usual varied contents. Beginning with some excellent "Notes of Recent Exposition," it has next some frank remarks on the "Study of Theology in Baptist Colleges," which might be read with profit by others besides Baptists. Next comes an article on the "Demon's Return," by Dr. A. Plummer of Durham, with useful poetical remarks. The Rev. F. W. Bursell writes on Mr. Halcombe's novel theory of the priority of St. John among the Evangelists. We dare not off-hand decide against a conclusion which is the result of many years of labour; but neither can we all at once abandon the traditional view. Professor Ryle continues his "Early Narratives of Genesis," going down to the Flood. A special feature in the present number is a large number of brief but excellent and useful notices of books.

LITERARY AND PERSONAL GOSSIP.

"THE Equal Woman" is the title of Walter Besant's new story.

MR. W. E. NORRIS' new novel is to be called "The Late Viscount Brent."

LEE AND SHEPARD announce "It Came to Pass," by Mary Farley Sanborn, author of "Sweet and Twenty."

THE article on "The Drury Lane Boys' Club," London, which Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett contributes to the June number of *Scribner's*, is her first appearance in any magazine for several years.

THE next volume in the new series of political biographies, called "The Queen's Prime Ministers," will be a life of "The Earl of Derby," by George Saintsbury. Harper and Brothers are the publishers.

It is reported that the late Miss Amelia B. Edwards has left money for the endowment of a Chair of Egyptology, while her library (which is said to be a very fine one) is left to Somerville Hall, Oxford.

MRS. LYNN LINTON is finishing a novel with a purpose—one on which she has been at work for two years. It is a study of the modern woman at school and college, and is to be called "In Haste and at Leisure."

MR. GLADSTONE'S writings fill twenty-two pages in the printed catalogue of the British Museum. His most popular work, the pamphlet on "The Vatican Decrees," ran through 110 editions, and was translated into several languages.

THE new novelette, by Henry B. Fuller, of Chicago, whose "Chevalier of Pensieri-Vani" has attracted so much attention among literary people, will begin in the June *Century*. The scene of Mr. Fuller's first book was laid in Italy.

At the recent meeting of the Association of Medical Superintendents of Insane Asylums of North America held at Washington, a very able paper on "Origin of Insanity" was read by Dr. R. M. Bucke, Superintendent of the Insane Asylum, London, Ont.

"TASMA," the author of several Australian novels, is a Mme. Comreur. Her husband is President of the Royal Belgian Geographical Society, and they are now living in Brussels. Mme. Comreur took her *nom de guerre* from the island of Tasma, where her childhood was spent.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN AND COMPANY are about to issue, under the title of "Calmire" (a name of French origin, pronounced Calmère), an exposition, through the medium of a story, of that scientific explanation of the basis of morals for which many are seeking outside of the historic creeds.

RIDER HAGGARD'S new story, "Nada the Lily," will be published at once by Longmans, Green and Company. Mr. Charles Kerr has been engaged to illustrate this novel. The same firm announce "The One Good Guest," by Mrs. L. B. Walford. Both novels will appear in a dollar series.

Arcadia is the name of a new Montreal journal devoted to music, art and literature. The first number promises well. The form, print and paper are excellent, and the contents commend themselves to all who appreciate good work in the departments mentioned. We wish our contemporary every success.

MR. AND MRS. HUMPHRY WARD, the *Pall Mall Budget* says, have taken the mansion of Stocks, Aldbury, Herts, a mile and a-half from Tring station. The situation is charming. "On an eminence in front of the house, some distance away, stands the well-known Bridgewater column, and all round are the Chiltern Hills, crowned with beeches."

PROF. JOHN S. NEWBERRY will contribute to the *Popular Science Monthly* for June a sketch of "The Ancient Civilizations of America," embracing the mound-builders of North America, and the "palace-builders" of Central and South America. In this paper Prof. Newberry presents evidence to show that the mound-builders mined lead-ore and sunk wells for petroleum.

MR. W. F. RAE, the well-known English littérateur, spent the past winter in Egypt. We understand that his health, which has been somewhat impaired by overwork, has improved. Mr. Rae has in contemplation a work dealing with the celebrated principality of Monaco from a historical standpoint. Its publication will be looked for with interest by those who are familiar with Mr. Rae's thorough and conscientious literary work.

WORTHINGTON AND COMPANY, of 747 Broadway, New York, announce for immediate publication, as No. 14 in the Rose Library, "Gil Blas of Santillane," by A. R. Le Sage, translated by Tobias Smollett, with illustrations by R. de Los Rios and others, 12mo. The same firm announce for immediate publication, as No. 1 in their Fair Library, "Love Knows No Law," by Leon de Tinseau, translated by Camden Curwen, 1 vol., 12mo.

THE *Literary World* says that a poem by William Pitt will soon appear in the *National Review*. It is a reflective piece, written on the occasion of a visit to Coombe Wood, and is said to be wonderfully musical and polished. Apart from the juvenile tragedy mentioned in Lord Stanhope's "Life" of the great statesman, "Coombe Wood" is believed to be Pitt's only essay in verse. The original copy of the poem was given by the author to the first Earl of Harrowby.

WE gather from the *Antiquary* for the current month that "The new volume entitled 'Bygone Derbyshire,' under the editorship of Mr. William Andrews, of the Hull, Literary Club, England, promises to be one of lasting interest. The chief articles will be written by the Rev. Dr. Cox, F.S.A., Mr. Frederick Davis, F.S.A., Mr. W. G. Fretton, F.S.A., Mr. Thomas Frost, Mr. J. L. Thornley, Mr. Jno. Ward, Mr. Horace Weir and Miss Euid A. M. Cox. Numerous beautiful illustrations will add value to the volume. It is promised for June 1."

PROF. J. CLARK MURRAY, LL.D., of McGill University, Montreal, Canada, will deliver a course of lectures at the Glenmore Scientific School, situate in the Adirondacks, during the latter part of July next, on the following subjects: "The Philosophy of Kant," "The Evolution of Knowledge, with Special Illustrations from the Perceptions of Sight, and Special Application to the General Theory of the Evolution of Nature," and on "Social Morality." A full account of Glenmore, its school and mode of life, by Prof. Murray, may be found in the *Scottish Review* for January, 1892.

"LOVELL'S Gazetteer and History of Canada" gives promise of being one of the most important works ever published in Canada. It may truly be called a national and monumental work. No work has yet been projected in Canada which comprises such varied information bearing upon every conceivable matter of interest relating to the history, geography, arts, industries, resources, and activities of Canada. No one in Canada is better qualified or equipped by information and experience for the work than the veteran publisher, John Lovell. The Prospectus contains fine sample illustrations of great Canadians of the past and present, and both paper and letter press are all that can be desired. We heartily wish Mr. Lovell every success.

At the forty-second annual meeting of the Canadian Institute held on the 7th inst. the following gentlemen were elected officers for the ensuing year: Mr. Arthur Harvey, President; Prof. A. B. Macallum, B.A., M.B., Ph.D., Vice-President; Mr. Alan Macdougall, C.E., Secretary; Mr. James Bain, jr., Treasurer; Mr. D. R. Keys, M.A., Librarian; Mr. David Boyle, Curator; Mr. George Kennedy, LL.D., Editor; Members of Council, Messrs. James H. Pearce, O. A. Howland, Archibald Blue, Levi J. Clark; Mr. John Maughan, Chairman of the Biological Section; Mr. J. B. Williams, Secretary of the Biological Section; Mr. B. E. Walker, Chairman of the Geological and Mining Section; Mr. J. C. Hamilton, LL.B., Chairman of the Historical Section. Mr. Harvey's wide reading, versatility and business ability have greatly benefited the Institute, and make his re-election as President peculiarly appropriate.

Public Opinion, of London, has the following interesting item: The publishing world and the contributors to the *Athenæum* gathered in great force in the Whitehall Rooms of the Hôtel Métropole on the occasion of the dinner given by the editor, Mr. Norman MacColl, in celebration of our contemporary's removal from the historic home in

Took's Court to its new palatial abode in Bream's Buildings. Every important publishing house was represented at the tables, and critics, authors, and booksellers—classes which, as the elder Disraeli has reminded us, have not always regarded each other with amicable feelings—fraternized with a goodwill strongly indicative of the mildness of our modern manners. Some capital speeches were delivered by Mr. MacColl, who presided in the character of host, and various guests. The best speech of the evening was that of Mr. John Murray, jun., who, after some thoughtful and pointed remarks on the tendencies of the literature of the day, greatly amused his audience by likening the flight of the *Athenæum* and its tiny offspring, *Notes and Queries*, to that of *Æneas*, with "little Iulus" following his parent "non passibus æquis."

MESSRS. HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN AND COMPANY have just published "The Evolution of Christianity," by Lyman Abbott, D.D., 1 vol., 16mo.; "Cardinal Manning," by W. A. Hutton, with a portrait; "The Divine Comedy of Dante Alighieri," translated by Charles Eliot Norton, Professor of the History of Art in Harvard University, with notes, in three volumes, III. Paradise; "Henry Boynton Smith," volume VII. of American religious leaders, by the late Professor Lewis F. Stearns, of Bangor Theological Seminary, 16mo.; "The Scarlet Letter," by Nathaniel Hawthorne, new illustrated edition, with photogravures of Darley's twelve outline designs, uniform with the holiday edition of "The Marble Faun," 8vo.; "Ralph Waldo Emerson and John Lothrop Motley," by Oliver Wendell Holmes; "Three American Guide-Books," by M. F. Sweetser, carefully revised to date; "New England," "The White Mountains" and "The Maritime Provinces"; "The Master of the Magicians," a novel, collaborated by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps and Herbert D. Ward; "A Journal of American Ethnology and Archaeology," volume II., edited by J. Walter Fewkes, 8vo.

It is always interesting to know the opinion of one great writer as to the merits or demerits of one equally great in the same line of study. The late Professor Freeman in his "Methods of Historical Study" thus estimates Macaulay: "I can see Macaulay's great and obvious faults as well as any man; I know as well as any man the cautions with which his brilliant pictures must be studied; but I cannot feel that I have any right to speak lightly of one to whom I owe so much in the matter of actual knowledge, and to whom I owe more than to any man as the master of historical narrative. Read a page of Macaulay; scan well his minute accuracy in every name and phrase and title; contrast his English undefiled with the slipshod jargon which from our newspapers has run over into our books; dwell on the style which finds a fitting phrase in our own tongue to set forth every thought, the style which never uses a single word out of its true and honest meaning; turn the pages of the book in which no man ever read a sentence a second time because he failed to catch its meaning the first time, but in which all of us must have read many sentences a second or twentieth time for the sheer pleasure of dwelling on the clearness, the combined fulness and terseness, on the just relation of every word to every other, on the happily chosen epithet, on the sharply pointed sarcasm."

THE clever young lady who, under the *nom de plume* of "Stadacona," writes in the Sessional Notes of the *Ottawa Citizen*, makes the following pen-and-ink sketch of a scene during the debate on the Edgar-Caron charge: "The accomplished deputy from Pile of Bones Creek has a habit of dropping into verse occasionally. The manner is infectious. While he was pouring forth those classic periods on Wednesday afternoon, scintillating under the smiles of the gallery, where sit

Store of ladies whose bright eyes
Itain in influence,

one of the fair was moved to build the lofty rhyme in the following contribution: "They say, too, that the issues have been narrowed down; but it is not so; for the Government have added to the original indictment (Hon. Mr. Mills: No)—have added to the indictment the spoken charge of the honourable member who shakes his disappointed head. (Laughter and cheers). Extract from the speech of N. F. Davin, M.P., in the House of Commons on the 4th inst.

Ajax, Ulysses did contend
For the armour of Achilles. Friend—
In our arena there is seen,
Parry and thrust of rapier keen
Wouldst try the temper of my blade?
Art skilled in contest of this shade?
Come on with wiles of logic art,
Have at thee, friend, with all my heart,
But call me not thy direst foe
When I shall smite thy weakling "No!"
"Come one, come all, this rock shall fly
From its firm base as soon as I."

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

Beeton, Mrs. Isabella. The Book of Household Management. London: Ward, Locke & Co.; Toronto: Williamson & Co.
Hensel, Octavia. Imperia. Buffalo: Chas. Wells Moulton.
Heimburg, W. A Poor Girl. New York: Worthington & Co.
Sanborn, Mary Farley. It Came to Pass. 50 cts. Boston: Lee & Shepard.
Sidney, Margaret. The Kaleidoscope. 50 cts. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co.
Smith, Arthur E. Rural Legends. New York: Jno. B. Alden; New York: The Elzevir Co.

SCIENTIFIC AND SANITARY.

For some time past transparent glass bricks have been let into the walls to afford light at places where a window would interfere with the architectural plan. But now it is proposed to cast glass, not necessarily transparent, into large blocks of buildings. This material is practically indestructible, perfectly non-absorbent and, therefore, damp-proof in a manner which few bricks are, and in this way coarse glass of this kind could be made nearly as cheap as concrete, stone or baked clay. A plan has also been put into practice by which broken glass of various colours is mixed up, placed in moulds lined with silica, talc or some other resisting material and fired. The result is a firmly coherent mass, which can be dressed and cut into blocks, which are, of course, irregularly coloured, and may be employed in place of artificial marble. If decorative effects are desired, designs in relief can be obtained by pressure while the block or slab is still plastic.—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

It sometimes happens that peat bogs swell and burst, giving out a stream of dark mud. Herr Klinge, as we learn from *Nature*, has made a study of this rare phenomenon (*Bot. Jahrb.*), of which he has found only nine instances in Europe between 1745 and 1883 (seven of these being in Ireland). Heavy rains generally occur before the phenomenon, and detonations and earth vibrations precede and accompany it. The muddy stream which issues, of various fluidity, rolls along lumps of peat, and moves now more quickly, now more slowly. After the outbreak, the mud quickly hardens, and the bog sinks at the place it appeared, forming a funnel-shaped pool. The bogs considered by Herr Klinge have been almost all on high ground, not in valleys. He rejects the idea that the effects are due to excessive absorption of water by the bog. The peat layers, which often vary much in consistency, have each a certain power of imbibition, and the water absorbed does not exceed this limit. Excessive rain affects chiefly the upper layer not yet turned into peat and the cover of live vegetation, which gets saturated like a sponge, after which the water collects in pools, and runs off in streams. The theory of gas explosions is also rejected; and the author considers the real cause to lie in landslips, collapses, etc., of ground under the bog, permitting water or liquid mud to enter. This breaks up the bog, mechanically, mixes with it and fluidifies it, and an outburst at the surface is the result. The limestone formations in Ireland, with their large caverns and masses of water, are naturally subject to those collapses, which, with the vibrations they induce, are more frequent in wet years. The heavy rains preceding the bog eruptions are thus to be regarded as only an indirect cause of these.—*Science*.

"German Syrup"

Here is something from Mr. Frank A. Hale, proprietor of the De Witt House, Lewiston, and the Tontine Hotel, Brunswick, Me. Hotel men meet the world as it comes and goes, and are not slow in sizing people and things up for what they are worth. He says that he has lost a father and several brothers and sisters from Pulmonary Consumption, and is himself frequently troubled with colds, and he **Hereditary** often coughs enough to make him sick at **Consumption** his stomach. Whenever he has taken a cold of this kind he uses Boschee's German Syrup, and it cures him every time. Here is a man who knows the full danger of lung troubles, and would therefore be most particular as to the medicine he used. What is his opinion? Listen! "I use nothing but Boschee's German Syrup, and have advised, I presume, more than a hundred different persons to take it. They agree with me that it is the best cough syrup in the market."

From a recent issue of the *Chicago Tribune* we learn that the Illinois Central Railroad Company believes it has at last found an engine that will run without smoke. The smokelessness is due to the fact that it will successfully burn anthracite coal. The engine whose construction will admit of this novelty in coal consumption is a monster of its kind. It has just been built at the Baldwin Locomotive Works; it has made a mile in forty-seven seconds; its weight on the drivers is 91,000 pounds, and its total weight, when fully furnished and in running order, is estimated at 158,000 pounds.—*New Orleans Times Democrat*.

An English firm is introducing to the attention of bicycle riders abroad the novelty illustrated herewith. The device consists of a neat arrangement of a number of small bells, tuned to scale, with corresponding spring keynotes, attachable by a light screw clamp to the handle bars. The keynotes being set at a suitable distance from the hand, the rider is enabled to manipulate them with his fingers quite easily. By special arrangement sets of bells to play in harmony can be supplied for the use of clubs, and, with a little practice, some excellent effects may thus be produced. Even with a single octave a rider has an opportunity of relieving the monotony of a solitary ride in an agreeable manner.

WHILE improvements have been made in every direction to secure comfort and elegance in vehicles, yet the method of lighting them is still primitive, the candle holding its place against all comers. There is every evidence, however, that the incandescent lamp will solve the problem of an efficient and tasteful method of lighting carriages. A specially designed incandescent lamp is suspended on springs in front of a silver plated reflector. This is enclosed by a bevelled plate glass mounted in a brass rim that screws on the reflector, a compact arrangement requiring a space of but three and one-half inches in diameter and projecting less than three-fourths of an inch from the top of the carriage. Lamps mounted in the same way or in small sockets are placed in the outside lanterns. A switch is located at a convenient point in the carriage to light or extinguish the lamp, and an additional switch may be placed within reach of the driver for the outside lamps. A case containing a few storage batteries is placed under the driver's seat or inside the carriage. The batteries will run lamps equal to six candle power for ten hours. The weight of the entire equipment is thirty pounds.—*Philadelphia Record*.

In the construction of locomotives there is a limit to the weight which can be carried on each driving wheel, and this cannot be exceeded to any great extent without involving an undue strain on the roadbed and the wheel tires. There is also a difficulty in increasing the number of driving wheels on account of the curves in the road. In order to provide an engine that would give more tractive force, Mr. F. W. Johnstone, of the Mexican Central Railway, has designed a locomotive which practically consists of two engines joined together. The whole machinery is, however, mounted on a single rigid frame, while the driving wheels are grouped on one or more revolving trucks, which also carry the cylinders. The engine is of the compound type, in which the steam is used twice before escaping, a design that is coming into use in this country. A novel arrangement has been introduced in placing each high-pressure cylinder inside the corresponding low-pressure cylinder, the steam space of the latter, therefore, being at an annular chamber. Contracts will soon be awarded for the construction of a number of these engines for use in Mexico.—*Philadelphia Record*.

FROM the mass of books which appeared under the auspices of the Church, immediately after the condemnation of Galileo, for the purpose of rooting out every vestige of the hated Copernican theory from the mind of the world, two may be taken as typical. The first of these was a work by Scipio Chiaramonti, dedicated to Cardinal Barberini. Among his arguments against the double motion of the earth may be cited the following: "Animals, which move, have limbs and muscles; the earth has no limbs or muscles, therefore it does not move. It is angels who make Saturn, Jupiter, the sun, etc., turn round. If the earth revolves,

it must also have an angel in the centre to set it in motion; but only devils live there; it would, therefore, be a devil who would impart motion to the earth. . . . The planets, the sun, the fixed stars, all belong to one species—namely, that of stars—they therefore all move or all stand still. It seems, therefore, to be a grievous wrong to place the earth, which is a sink of impurity, among the heavenly bodies, which are pure and divine things." The next, which I select from the mass of similar works, is the *Anticopernicus Catholicus* of Polacco. It was intended to deal a finishing stroke at Galileo's heresy. In this it is declared: "The Scripture always respects the earth as at rest, and the sun and moon as in motion; or, if these latter bodies are ever represented as at rest, Scripture represents this as the result of a great miracle. . . . These writings must be prohibited, because they teach certain principles about the position and motion of the terrestrial globe repugnant to Holy Scripture and to the Catholic interpretation of it, not as hypotheses, but as established facts. . . . It is possible to work with the hypotheses of Copernicus so as to explain many phenomena. . . . Yet it is not permitted to argue on his premises except to show their falsity."—*From New Chapters in the Warfare of Science, by Dr. Andrew D. White, in the Popular Science Monthly*.

SINCE the Darwinian theory of the origin of man made its first victorious mark twenty years ago, we have sought for the intermediate stages which were supposed to connect man with the apes; the proto man, the *pro anthropos*, is not yet discovered. For anthropological science the *pro anthropos* is even a subject of discussion. At that time in Innsbruck the prospect was, apparently, that the course of descent from ape to man would be reconstructed all at once; but now we cannot even prove the descent of the separate races from one another. At this moment we are able to say that among the peoples of antiquity no single one was any nearer to the apes than we are. At this moment I can affirm that there is not upon earth any absolutely unknown race of men. The least known of all are the people of the central mountainous district of the Malay Peninsula, but otherwise we know the people of Terra del Fuego quite as well as the Esquimaux, Bashkirs, Polynesians and Lapps. Nay, we know more of many of these races than we do of certain European tribes; I need only mention the Albanians. Every living race is still human; no single one has yet been found that we can designate as simian or quasi-simian. Even when in certain ones phenomena appear which are characteristic of the apes—*e. g.*, the peculiar ape-like projection of the skull in certain races—still we cannot say that these men are ape-like.—*Professor Virchow, before the last Anthropological Congress in Vienna*.

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THE Erie road will adopt a block electric system of train signals this spring. By the method of operation to be used, a circuit is formed between the semaphore and the instrument of the operator in such a way that it is impossible to use the wires when the semaphore points to safety. This keeps the signal turned to danger, and prevents the passage of trains through by mistake of the operator.

ONE of the prettiest sights in Madras is afforded by the waters of the Adyar River after dark. They are highly phosphorescent, and contain myriads of fish, both large and small. As the latter dart about on the surface or into the depths below, they leave streaks of pale blue light behind them, and the effect is the most charming imaginable. As far as one can see from a boat, the whole river seems filled with lambent flames.

In fever the tissue rapidly wastes, and great quantities of waste poison are poured into the blood. These poisons affect the nerves, and are the cause of quickened respiration, and often of quickened circulation, which are necessary in order to get the excess of poison oxidized; when, therefore, unconsciousness supervenes, we may say pretty confidently that the rapid circulation and the rapid breathing have not been sufficient to oxidize and neutralize the mass of poison which is being carried to the brain. So, again, in pneumonia the quickened breathing shows both the effort of Nature to make up for the loss of that part of the lung which is ineffective, and also the stimulus which the increased waste poison in the blood (increased owing to diminished lung capacity, and therefore diminished oxygen) exerts upon the respiratory machinery. So, again, when less blood is carried to the lungs, owing to the artery which leads from the heart to the lungs being partially blocked with a clot, the same effect is produced. Probably a somewhat similar condition arises after hard work, either in old age or in a feeble state of health. The tissue, not being in the firm condition of the tissue of a vigorous person accustomed to daily work, breaks down in large quantities, while at the same time the circulatory and respiratory machineries are no longer at their best, and therefore the oxidation is imperfect. On the next day the infirmed man is poisoned by the unusual quantity of waste in the system, and feels discomfort in many parts of his body or limbs. So, also, the discomfort acutely felt by some persons during east winds probably arises from the poison that ought to have been got rid of by the skin, but, owing to the closing of the pores, has been thrown back into the system.—*From Bad Air and Bad Health, by Harold Wager and Auberon Herbert, in the Popular Science Monthly*.