

THE WEEK:

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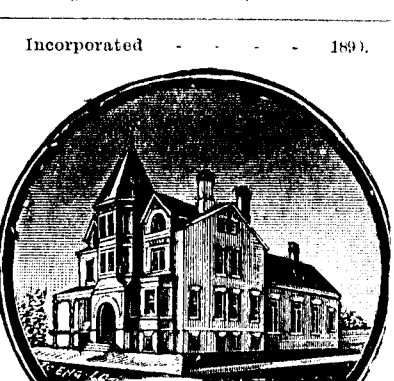
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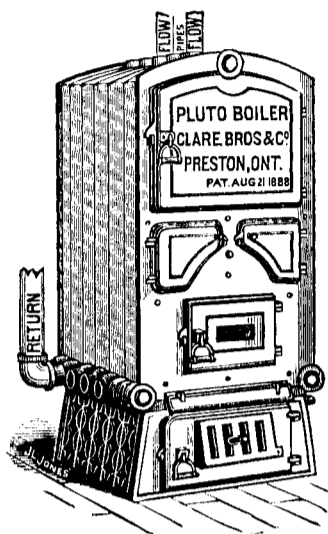
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All articles, contributions, and letters on matters pertaining to the editorial department should be addressed to the Editor, and not to any person who may be supposed to be connected with the paper.

SOME time ago, it will be remembered, an able correspondent argued forcibly, if not convincingly, in our columns, that it is a breach of political right to forbid the Roman Catholic clergy of Quebec to take part from the pulpit in election contests, and even to bring, as they were wont to do, spiritual intimidation to bear in support of the candidate or the party preferred by the Church. Whatever the weight of Mr. LeSueur's contention, it must be obvious to every impartial mind that there is no real parallelism between such intimidation and the moral arguments which are the only influence the Protestant clergyman can bring to bear in any case. Hon. Mr. Chapleau, however, contends that the same restriction, which he claims credit for having helped to place upon the utterances of the priests, should be applied to those of the Protestant preachers. Mr. Chapleau may have been quite sincere, we dare say, in his argument. He may be to some extent excusable for failing to recognize the fundamental difference in the two cases. To one accustomed to the spiritual absolutism of the Romish Church, it must be hard to understand the freedom of opinion and action which is the glory of Protestantism. But there is, surely, a radical difference between the commands and denunciations of a clergy who, their parishioners are made to believe, have the keys of the gates of Heaven in their hands, and the exhortations addressed by ministers to hearers who are taught to cherish the right of private judgment, and to believe themselves personally responsible to the Court of Heaven for the use they make of that right. Apart, however, from that view of the case, Mr. Chapleau, and the journals which have supported his demand for the banishment of political themes from Protestant pulpits, ought to be able to perceive another broad distinction, viz., that between the general condemnation of political corruption, and the specific support of a particular candidate or party. The priests and bishops of Quebec would do themselves honour and their country service, if they would do the former on every occasion. The Protestant Ministers would incur censure, and their conduct would be regarded as unseemly should they do the latter in any case. The only distinction, then, if there be one, arises out of the fact that the French Catholic

clergy are in possession of a weapon which they are able to use with much effect, to the destruction of the political freedom of their parishioners, while the Protestant ministers have no such weapon, and consequently cannot use it in any case. Can it be doubted that clergymen of all denominations, Catholic or Protestant, are or should be just now reminded that their duty, both to the State and to those under their pastoral oversight, demands that they should bring all their influence to bear to rebuke and to root out political corruption, and to elevate the standard of political morality in every constituency?

IS the spirit of political trickery in the very atmosphere? Has it already permeated to the core even of our juvenile societies and clubs? One is almost compelled to think so, on reading the accounts of the scenes which have been enacted in connection with the annual election of officers in the young men's societies, during the last few weeks. Some of the smart young men of the University, Osgoode Hall, Liberal and Liberal-Conservative clubs will no doubt think us incapable of appreciating a joke, or of putting ourselves *en rapport* with the spirit of the younger generation. None the less we are free to admit that we have read the newspaper reports of recent proceedings in connection with these societies with humiliation and misgiving. We have never been of the number of those who are forever crying out that the former days were better than these. But we cannot be mistaken in believing that there was in some at least of the societies of a quarter of a century or so ago, a chivalrous sentiment, or *esprit de corps*, or whatever we may choose to term it, which impelled its members to despise every dishonourable means of achieving their ends, and which would have led to the speedy ostracism of anyone who should have attempted personation, or repetition, or any of the corrupt devices of the tricky politician. Can it be true that in the societies of these days these and similar dishonest methods were called into requisition and wrought, in the slang of the day, "for all they were worth," and that those known to be guilty of such disreputable tactics are still able to retain their membership in the societies? We should be most glad to learn that we are under a misapprehension, but such is certainly the impression that has gone abroad. It is also said and believed by some who had opportunities for knowing that even the disgraceful practice of bribery, in some of its subtler forms, has been resorted to by some of the wealthier candidates for office, or their friends. All this may seem to some of those concerned too trivial for serious comment, or even a bit of good sport, but a little serious reflection must convince the thoughtful that it is of exceedingly bad omen. One of the benefits of these societies is the training they impart for the serious work of after life. But woe to Canada in the future if her young men at the outset learn to practice and are willing to tolerate the methods and devices of the lowest politicians, so far as to allow them a place in their electioneering contests. But perhaps we are doing these societies an injustice. Possibly they will take the earliest opportunity to strike from their rolls the names of all who can be shown to have resorted to any dishonest expedient. We hope so.

OVER against Mr. Mills' defence of the party system in his Sarnia speech, a week or two ago, may now be set Chancellor Fleming's strong impeachment of it in his address the other day at Queen's Convocation. The question is one worthy of the most serious consideration by Canadians at the present juncture. No one fact stands out more plainly in the evidence given, in regard to the cases of "boodling" which have been under investigation at Ottawa, than that partyism was at the bottom of most of it. The main argument in favour of the system is undoubtedly forcible from the practical point of view, though it is by no means complimentary to human nature in an advanced stage of civilization. It is in effect that only by setting a sharp Opposition to watch the men entrusted with the government of the country can an honest administration of the public funds be secured. This, moreover, begs the question by assuming that the same class of men as those now chosen to represent us

would be elected to Parliament and placed in the Government under a non-partisan system. So, too, when Mr. Mills pointed out, correctly enough, we dare say, that but for a vigilant Opposition the scandals recently brought to light at Ottawa would not have been unearthed. He evidently reasoned from the assumption that the critics of the party system seek to abolish it by the simple device of doing away with the Opposition, and leaving the reins in the same hands which now hold them. In fact, throughout his argument, as reported in the daily papers, Mr. Mills failed to grapple with the only plausible scheme for a non-partisan administration. It is easy to see, of course, that under a democratic system, even assuming that the electors could be relied on to choose their best man, without reference to party politics, differences of opinion on great public questions would still occur, and representatives in favour of, or opposed to, certain measures would work together to carry out these views. But there would be a very wide difference between parties thus organized with reference to a particular act or policy, and parties, such as we now have, composed of members pledged to support, or to oppose, the Government of the day, almost irrespective of the measures it may introduce. There may have been times in the history of the country when the terms "Tory" and "Reformer" indicated continuous lines of policy, so broadly contrasted throughout by reason of fundamental differences of principle that a perpetual division was inevitable. But the Tories of those days have long ceased to exist, or, if a few survivors still linger on the stage, they are without influence in the conduct of affairs. The most that can now be said is that there may, from time to time, arise a question of policy so overshadowing all others in importance, as to justify permanent party organizations, working solely with reference to it, and prepared to subordinate all other considerations until success is gained. If there is any such question now before the Canadian public, it is that of our trade policy. But no one will contend that such is the sole or chief reason-to-be of our present party organizations, or that the final settlement of that question would have the effect of dissolving the existing parties.

CHANCELLOR FLEMING, on the other hand, dealt with his subject theoretically and broadly. In the newspaper report before us it is said that "he touched on the structure of Parliament, and showed that through partyism a large majority of the people, whatever party may rule, has no part whatever through representatives in the administration of public affairs. In the late Parliament sixty-one per cent. of the whole body of electors had no share in the government of the country." We confess ourselves unable to understand these figures, and suspect some error in reporting, but a mistake in the percentage would not invalidate the argument. We have not at the moment within reach Mr. Fleming's Royal Society paper, to which he refers as showing how a Parliamentary representation of the whole nation, instead of only a part of it as now, could be attained "by a scientific adjustment of votes and the application of sound principles." We may refer to that scheme at another time. Meanwhile it is impossible to deny the force of the illustrations used to show that party organization is unnecessary for the proper conduct of public affairs. The absurdity of such a system in the management of a business, a university, or a church, is clear. Perhaps the nearest parallel to the waste of time and energy in legislation is to be found in our Courts of Justice. There, as in Parliament, it seems to be taken for granted that the longest way to a given point is necessarily the only sure and safe one, that truth can best be elicited by the method of formal disputation, wherein each party is interested in seeking to blind the eyes of the jury to the arguments of his opponent, and striving as one party or the other inevitably must, "to make the worse appear the better reason." Chancellor Fleming is right in expecting that his views will be, for the present, treated as visionary and Utopian. But the history of popular government presents many cases in which great reforms have been ridiculed as unwise, or flouted as impracticable, when broached, which have, nevertheless, long since been generally accepted. Perhaps we should

not risk much by prophesying a like history and triumph of *no-partyism* in politics. But that can be reached only by "the slow process of public education," bringing the trained common-sense of the race one day to bear upon the problem.

WHAT a delightful reunion must have been that of the old Upper Canada College boys which took place on prize day last week, in connection with the first public reception in the new and magnificent building. Though the silver-haired youths who, in imagination, took their places on the forms or shouldered their bats and showed how games were won, as of yore, must have missed some of the old associations, with the indefinable charm which clings to local and material objects and cannot be enjoyed quite to the full apart from them, yet their loss in this respect would be more than counterbalanced by the pleasure they must have felt in realizing that the spirit of the old school still lived and had simply changed its place, to enter on a new career amid its ampler and more beautiful surroundings. When the question, "What shall be done with Upper Canada College?" was up for consideration we did not hesitate to express our opinion that the institution had logically no place in the Provincial system, and should be thrown for support upon the loyalty and liberality of its numerous alumni and other wealthy friends. We still think that its continued existence as essentially the school of a class, and to a certain extent a rival of the High Schools and Collegiate Institutes which are an integral part of the public school system, is an anomaly, and that it should have taken its place among the excellent voluntary schools, which we are glad to see increasing in number and influence, to meet special wants and supply elements of training which cannot be had in the ordinary public schools. But let all that pass. Seeing that it has been decided that the College shall be continued on the old foundation, we heartily congratulate its Principal, Faculty, students and friends on the very favourable auspices under which it has entered upon its new lease of life. As Principal Dickson well said, in his interesting address, the residential school differs widely from the day school in its functions. It does a work in the formation of character which the day school cannot do. The formative influences it brings to bear are operating, not for a few hours in the twenty-four, but throughout the whole day. It forms a little commonwealth in itself, governed to a large extent by a public sentiment of its own; and, we would add, by the character of that public sentiment is determined the character of the school, and of the formative influences it exerts upon those who from time to time enter it. The character of that sentiment is, in its turn, determined by those who control the work and discipline of the school, and especially by the many at its head. Hence it is no wonder that Principal Dickson feels that a heavy responsibility rests upon him. Happily he may also feel, and no doubt does feel, that a great opportunity is set before him, in which he may emulate the career of an Arnold or a Thring and become, in the highest sense, a public benefactor. In this grand work he and all associated with him have the hearty sympathy and good wishes of THE WEEK.

THE *personnel* of the Civil Service Commission appointed by the Premier pursuant to the announcement made during the session has not escaped unfavourable criticism. The main objections seem to be negative rather than positive. That is to say, exception is taken to the Commission because of what it does not, rather than because of what it does, include. Some of the members of the Commission, to say the least, are not generally known to have proved themselves possessed of the kind and amount of knowledge and experience necessary for the discharge of so important a trust. This is unfortunate, for in the constitution of such a body it is of the first importance that its members should be so well and favourably known as to command, by their very names, general confidence in the thoroughness of their work and the value of their recommendations. But this alleged deficiency of qualification, however true it may be of some of the persons named as members of the Commission, can by no means be asserted of all. We might, for instance, without suggesting any invidious comparisons, mention the name of Mr. George Hague, manager of the Merchants Bank, Montreal, as that of one unexceptionally well qualified, in point alike of character, ability and personal experience, for the duties of the position. Complaint has been made, not without force, of the comparatively small representa-

tion given to Ontario on the Commission. We are disposed to deprecate rather than to urge sectional considerations in public matters, yet it cannot be denied that there are matters in which local claims are entitled to attention. In determining, for instance, how the management of the business affairs of the Confederation should be changed and improved, it was but reasonable to expect that Ontario, as the partner having the largest capital invested and paying most of the running expenses, should have had an influential, if not a controlling, voice in the investigation. But then the same remark would hold good in reference to the composition of the Government itself, in which, for some reason, Ontario has not for many years had an influence at all proportionate to her share in the political concern. In this case, however, Mr. Hague, by reason of his long residence and business training in Ontario, is perhaps quite as well qualified to represent the Upper as the Lower Province. On the whole we see no reason to doubt that the Commissioners who have been named may find it easy to recommend, as did their predecessors a few years ago, a very much better system than that which at present prevails in the Civil Service departments, especially in the matter of appointments and promotions. But is there any reason to hope that any recommendations they may make, save in matters of detail, will be carried out to any better purpose than were those of the former Commission? Perhaps so. The revelations of the summer may have had their effect. Certain it is, that, whatever room there may be for improvement in the details of management in the different departments and offices, no radical and lasting reform can be effected, unless and until the whole system of patronage, with its opportunities for favouritism, nepotism and subtle bribery, is done away with, and a thorough reconstruction on the basis of appointment and promotion by merit alone substituted. Whether such a reform can be effected on the lines laid down in advance by the Premier is, we fear, doubtful. It is, at any rate, somewhat discouraging that the Government should have pronounced beforehand against a permanent Board of Civil Service Commissioners, with full control. It is hard to conceive of any other method which can secure the desired result of lifting the Civil Service of the Dominion to a higher plane than that it now occupies as a wheel in the party machinery.

THE announcement that Mr. Balfour has been chosen as the successor of the late Mr. Smith in the British House of Commons is but in accordance with general expectation. Mr. Balfour has been marked out from the first by his exceptional strength and his unique record in the Irish Secretaryship as by far the most eligible man for the position. Whatever differences of opinion—and these are exceedingly wide—may exist as to the character of his administration of that office, no one can deny that it has been marked by great ability and very unusual firmness. These are qualities that are always in demand in important Government positions. There are, however, other qualities equally rare and scarcely less indispensable for successful leadership in the Commons, such as unfailing tact, command of temper, and suavity of manner. Judging from the Parliamentary reports we should be inclined to think Mr. Balfour more likely to fail in regard to the latter quality than either of the others. His leadership will certainly be in marked contrast in many respects to that of his predecessor. Whether it will be more successful or satisfactory on the whole remains to be seen, as also whether his popularity within certain large circles will have any effect in staying the progress of the Opposition. In one respect Mr. Balfour will be at a disadvantage. So much will be expected from him that he will find it difficult to equal, much less to surpass, expectation. There will, therefore, be no room for agreeable surprise, while partial failure would be almost disastrous.

A MURDER almost, though by no means quite, unique in the annals of crime was committed in the suburbs of Liverpool a few weeks ago. Samuel Crawford, nine years old, and Robert Shearon, eight years old, murdered in cold blood a lad named Eccles, in order to steal his clothes. Crawford being an incorrigible truant, his mother, in order to prevent his leaving the house, had locked up his clothes. He wrapped himself in some old bit of cloth or canvas and made his escape, and, in company with Shearon, of set purpose and after three separate efforts, drowned Eccles, in order to possess himself of his clothes. The *Spectator* says: "It is a frightful story; but what is to be done with the criminals, if convicted? Modern opinion will not allow of their execution; and impris-

onment for life is a penalty which they will scarcely feel. They will in manhood forget the crime, or that they ever were free. . . The children may practically be rewarded for being criminal." The assumption that a life of severe restraint, with hard, perpetual and hopeless labour, would be scarcely felt, or might even become a practical reward, is a larger one than most minds will, we think, be able to frame. But let that pass. That in the *Spectator's* way of putting the case which invites comment is the regret seemingly implied that modern opinion will not permit the hanging of these child criminals. This, in its turn, seems based on an implied assumption that what the sentiment of justice, or the well-being of society demands, is that the culprits be made to suffer pain as nearly as may be commensurate with their guilt. Logically this view points to torture, for the momentary suffering inflicted by execution would be incomparably less than that involved in imprisonment for life. It cannot be that the *Spectator* is thinking of the deterrent effect of the punishment, because it is obvious that neither the execution nor the imprisonment of these two boys would have any appreciable influence in deterring others of like age and propensities from similar crimes. Of course children capable of so shocking a deed could not be left to run at large. They would be more dangerous than wild beasts. The only thing that it seems possible for modern opinion to approve in their case is that they be put under the influence of the strongest motives which can be brought to bear with a view to developing in them, if possible, some humane and Christian feeling, and thus bringing them in the course of long years to a proper sense of the enormity of their crime. Should this ever be effected, the life-long remorse which would follow would surely be a punishment severe enough to satisfy the most un pitying sense of justice, or the most vindictive desire for vengeance.

"BUT, somehow," the *Spectator* will still say, "that is not wholly satisfactory." Certainly not. Nothing connected with such an affair can be satisfactory, if it falls short of the restoration of the victim to life and to his parents, and the instant and complete transformation of the criminals into good boys, utterly incapable of repeating so wicked a deed, even in thought. Society, under its human limitations, can only do its best. In what direction that best lies, the *Spectator*, it seems to us, indicates in the following sentences: "The case, fortunately, does not often occur, but cases of cruelty betraying precisely the same callous absence of sympathy constantly do. If the children had drowned a cat for its skin, they would, in the suburbs of Liverpool, have passed unpunished." This remark points at once to cause and cure. The cause is the bad training or want of training which is steadily blunting all the finer feelings of humanity in tens of thousands of children in our large cities, and developing that callousness and cruelty which alone make such atrocities possible. Those boys must have tortured many animals to death before they became so fiendishly incapable of pity or mercy. The remedy is for society to devote a large measure of such cost and energy as are now devoted to the detection and punishment of the matured criminal, at whatever age that maturity manifests itself in action, to the nobler and vastly more hopeful work of rescuing, by compulsion when necessary, those who are manifestly undergoing such training, and placing them under right influences for the production of good citizenship. Society in its organized and corporate capacity alone can wield the power and authority necessary to do this work completely and effectively, but parents, preachers, teachers and the thousand and one beneficent agencies which are happily being brought to bear by individuals and societies, working for moral and religious ends, can render and are rendering invaluable aid. Only a week or two since one of the ministers of this city preached, by announcement, a sermon for boys on "Cruelty to Animals," and we are told by those who were present that it was very pleasing to see the large number of boys who came out to hear and who listened with the closest attention. We have since heard, too, of interesting comments made by some of these juvenile hearers, indicating that while they appreciated the discourse, they could, had they been interviewed beforehand, have given the preacher some valuable "pointers." The hint may be worthy of the attention of other of our city pastors.

HAVING said so much, we are tempted, even at the risk of being counted deficient in the modern scientific spirit, to ask two questions more, which force themselves upon the mind in this connection. First, what is

the effect on the sensibilities—upon which the beauty as well as the morality of youthful character so largely depends—of the study of the science of biology, as it is conducted in many of our schools and colleges? All will of course agree that the observation of the structure and habits of living animals, in the freedom of their native habitat, is one of the most refining and elevating of studies. Properly pursued, it tends not only to develop the perceptive powers to a most useful extent, but adds materially to the resources of life, in the way of innocent recreation and enjoyment for leisure moments. But what about the craze for "specimens" and "collections," which is so industriously cultivated in some of our schools? It was but a few weeks since that groups of boys might sometimes be observed in this city, at late hours in the evening, intensely busy with little scoop nets catching the insects that were flitting about bewildered in the glare of the electric lights. The captives would no doubt be speedily impaled with pins, and, after due inspection and approval by the teachers, added as specimens to the growing stock. The question suggested itself then, as frequently before and since: Is this an exercise calculated to make those boys better men, or the opposite? The same problem presents itself, in another form, in connection with the practice of vivisection, which is now becoming so common in the biological laboratories connected with our seats of learning. The question of the real value of this practice in its relation to medical science is still, to a large extent, *sub judice*. But even conceding a certain amount of scientific usefulness, there is yet ample room for the higher doubt, whether the knowledge thus gained is not gained at the cost of those fine feelings and tender sensibilities, which have an infinitely greater value as parts of a noble manhood and womanhood. The other and somewhat disconnected question relates to the paralyzing moral effect of the extreme scientific views with regard to the law of heredity, of which we hear so much in these days. Of course if these views can be shown to be demonstrably true there is nothing more to be said. But they are as yet very far from having been demonstrated, while facts telling in favour of the opposite view—the faith which despairs of no living human being—are constantly multiplying. But what we wish particularly to point out just here is that the doctrine of the inexorableness of the law of transmission, which is often supposed to bear against capital punishment, and which the *Spectator* probably regards as a large factor in producing the "modern opinion" of which it speaks, really points logically in just the opposite direction. It is the Christianity which clings to the belief that while there is life there is hope of moral renovation, which condemns capital punishment in such a case as that of the boy murderers. Let science establish its absolute rule of heredity, and the logical outcome is that the human machine should be pitilessly crushed the moment it is proved to be constructed on criminal lines. Let the spoiled casts be destroyed for the perfection of the race. Let the ancient practice be improved upon by ridding the world of the morally as well as the physically deformed and imbecile.

REORGANIZATION OF THE CABINET.

SECOND ARTICLE.

WE have glanced at the difficulties special to the present which beset Mr. Abbott. There are other difficulties which clog the feet and cumber the way of all Premiers, which mar good government and even menace the very existence of Canada. Some of those clergymen who have been engaged in the natural and wholesome task of denouncing corruption, have unwisely propounded a remedy. So long as they confined themselves to denouncing the sin they were on safe ground; but when they declared that it was all owing to party—meaning clearly that the close organization of the two parties—they showed that their political science was not as profound as their theological lore. Corruption would disappear if among the professed Reformers on the one hand and the professed Conservatives on the other, party feeling were pervasive and controlling as a motive. There is one part of this Dominion where nearly all the voters have to be bought. In all parts there are venal voters. It is plain if their party feeling were sufficiently strong such would vote unbought. When the late Chief Justice Dorion ascended the bench, a friend said to him he was sorry he had retired from politics, as politics could ill spare him. Dorion answered: "I have been a member of two administrations and I am convinced the people of Canada do not want a pure Government, and therefore I do not care to remain in politics." Eighteen years ago when a gentleman who has since become a member of our Canadian House of Lords was running in the Reform interest in East Toronto,

on the day of the election, a man used to come into the *Globe* office nearly every hour, and in the presence of a person whose intention at that time was known to be to return to England, and who therefore was as the French lady said when about, at the close of a ball in Paris, to entrust a handsome girl to the escort of a gentleman almost a stranger—a thing she would not think of doing were he a Frenchman, above all a Parisian—"only an Englishman"—the late George Brown would hand the ward politician a roll of one dollar bills. In reply to a remark of the "foreigner" Mr. Brown said: "I was sick of politics before I entered them, and I have been sick of them ever since." Welcomed should be the denunciations of the pulpit. Before we can solve a problem we must know all its conditions. The statesman will be eager for facts, and as the pulpit is as a rule, unless indeed in the two hierarchical churches, a reflex of the theological opinions of the pew, when it condescends to deal with mundane affairs, it but gives expression to the sentiments of the congregation. It is of no consequence that one preacher thinks we can have the republic of Plato in *face Romuli*, or another, like the travelling doctor, not of divinity, but of medicine, in Addison's time, proffers pills as prophylactics against earthquakes, the valuable thing is, that we are in the presence of a moral barometer which registers for us the state of the political conscience of the most powerful part of the community, not only because the most numerous, but because it is the most ordered, thoughtful and independent. There are diseases proper to all institutions and party as it exists with us in Canada and in the United States, tends to destroy independence, and destroying independence it has a tendency to a minimum of ability in the representative. But it has no necessary connection with corruption, and no one has pointed out the connection between party and the boodling recently revealed before the Committees. The head of the Larkin-Connolly firm is a Reformer. What connection is there between the plunder of civil servants and party? If the preachers had denounced the flaccid tone of the public conscience which permits it to honour success, worldly advancement, wealth, political prominence, titles, however obtained, they would have been on the right tack, even though some of them might be in the position of David when he said to Nathan: "As the Lord liveth the man that hath done this thing shall surely die." And Nathan said unto him: "Thou art the man." It is a thing for searching of heart for Canada, the prestige that is attached to wealth and titles no matter how gained, gained sometimes by such methods that one might fancy that the worm wriggling from the dirt at the root to the top leaf of our political tree, and remaining the poor wingless, vermiculate thing still, wanted to show a world of snobbery, meanly admiring mean things, how beggarly may be the brain of him on whom Plutus smiles, how spiritless the heart that beats beneath a star.

We have only to read the addresses of the Presidents of the young men's political clubs to see with what generous views an unspoiled mind approaches politics. But what may the years unfold? A class of men to be found in all parties—men who by their activity, scheming, sympathy with the most depraved among the voters acquire a certain influence, will seek to "kill" those ingenuous spirits, should they aspire to serve their country; or these, unfortified by scorn of mean success, in despair will truckle, and cynically turn their backs on the ideal that once stirred their hearts, and become rotten before they are ripe; or they will have to face a double struggle—the battle with the open enemy, the ceaseless watch against the secret foe, misrepresented by the designing, misunderstood by those to whom they are determined to give faithful counsel and faithful service. There may be henceforth, one would fain hope, a fourth possibility that the people would come to see that their true interest is to send to Parliament the best and ablest men they can find, and to require more at their hands than the comparatively humble virtue of party loyalty, which is yet a most important thing, and a powerful safeguard, as we have indicated, against corruption. Such men will be loyal party men in the highest sense, not as members of an organization aiming at power, but as part of a body animated by principles vital, in their opinion, to prosperity and progress. Sir John Macdonald was a great statesman, with broad views and great national aims. There were men in his party who on these grounds—though they never concealed that they did not like all his methods—followed him faithfully to the end, and worked for him in public and private so as to affect tangible results—men who would never think of allowing egotistical ambition or personal grievance or private pique to influence their public conduct.

It is not party, however, that is the great danger; it is faction—and where egotism or ambition or greed overrides public spirit, there is always a tendency to faction. What do we see in the Christian world itself? Do we not see a certain spirit of faction? What would Paul think if he entered a new town in the North-West, and instead of the few Christian people all assembling together to honour Christ, saw them proceed at once to erect different places of worship? Religious faction has impeded the spread of Christianity because that energy has been wasted in inter-necine controversy which should have invaded heathendom. Faction will often destroy a party. Arnold, of Rugby, says the Roman Republic and Roman liberty were destroyed by factions. It was the factions of Carthage that destroyed Hannibal and made it possible for Scipio, standing amid the ruins he wrought, to muse on the inevitable decay of states. Thus much must, however,

be conceded that so far as the spirit of faction enters into a party, it is attended with all the evils of faction, and strikes at truth and loyalty and patriotism and every public virtue. There have been times in England when portions of each party were factionists. Lord Houghton's father tells us he left a great political club because he saw around men who were ready to go against their country in the interests of their party, and who would have huzza'd if Wellington, instead of destroying Napoleon at Waterloo, had been destroyed, though Liberty might next have been struck at in her last asylum, in the little glorious isles,

Girt by the dim strait sea
And multitudinous wall of wandering wave.

Faction has no relation to patriotism or public spirit; it is sometimes the outgrowth, sometimes the matrix of boodling; it has a strong stomach, and can view with equanimity, and even protect, when necessary, the vices and plunderings of a Verres and the profligacy of a Lucullus. The machinery of constitutional government works badly when its main shaft—party—is warped by faction. What do we see in Canada? We have religious, religio-political, ethnic and actually geographical factions. We have a body, let it be represented by the sign A. No government can live, unless A, whether it boasts or not a man fit for the position, has a portfolio. Then we have B, which must also have its Cabinet Minister, and of course C, and then there is D, and the fat will be in the fire, unless that letter which begins some words that irresistibly rise to the lips when thinking of such demands, has its man an honourable and a Privy Councillor, and above all at the head of a great spending department. Then certain quarters of the country must have a man. But suppose they don't grow statesmen there? What matter? They have Chinamen and sausage sellers and green-grocers. But these worthy citizens are ignorant? What matter? They will find themselves cheek by jowl with men as ignorant as themselves. But they are not public spirited; they have been scheming in town sites; they have been into every land-grabbing scheme of plunder in their neighbourhood; they have stolen the golden fruit in the Hesperides of corruption. What matter? The moment the Queen hears of it she will present them with strawberry leaves, and the Duke and Duchess of Reekpot will either be sent to govern a crown colony, or will take in boarders, or will set up a public house, and call it in acknowledgment of her Majesty's most gracious favour, "The Queen's Arms," or as publicans have a great regard for propriety, the appropriate may crush down gratitude, and a title chosen which will be at once suggestive and sentimental—the "Boodlers' Bower." What an educating force it will be! how it will raise Canada in the eyes of the world, when she shall have a tavern kept by such "quality"! What an elevating social influence when Rednose can go up to the bar and ask "Her Grace" for "a drop of gin hot," and how will it not still the anger of Mrs. Rednose, when she begins to storm *apropos* of his unsteady condition, when he can say, "My dear, I really could not help it! The last glass was pressed upon me by the Dook himself." The demands of "interests,"—this is what hampers Premiers and degrades government in Canada, and worse still, banishes honesty and strangles efficiency. The *Sherbrooke Gazette* is well-known to the people of Sherbrooke for its enlightenment and independence, and this is what that powerful journal says:—

"It seems to be generally agreed that whatever changes may take place, the Eastern Townships is (*sic*) entitled to representation in the Cabinet. There is, fortunately, no difficulty in deciding as to who, (*sic*) among the Eastern Townships members, is most fitted for assisting in the deliberations of the advisers of the Crown, and in the performance of the departmental work of the Government."

The name of a very respectable gentleman is then mentioned as the man. Whether the gentleman mentioned is or is not fit for the position we are not discussing. What we point out is that a public journal declares that a small corner of a Province is entitled to representation in the Cabinet. Having decided that, the sagacious publicist fixes on his man. It is hard enough to work constitutional Government in England, where the Premier can fill his Cabinet with men according to their weight in the House of Commons. Here every Province must have its representative, and now it seems not only every Province, but every section of a Province. No doubt the day is at hand when we shall need some forty or fifty Cabinet Ministers in order to satisfy the legitimate demands of Townships and Gores, of Dogtail borough and Pigsfeetville. Again we say if true party spirit pervaded the whole country, the people, politicians and all, instead of making it difficult for Mr. Abbott, would make it easy by telling him to do the best he could for Canada, and not heed sectional interests or individual ambitions.

The effect on the country, the effect—especially on young and ardent spirits—of raising men to the highest positions for some factitious reason, need not be dwelt on. Anyway this important side of the question cannot be dealt with now, and must wait till next week; nor can we say more than to assure those whom it may concern that these articles are not written with the object of furthering individual ambition, but diffusing just views on a subject vital to the successful working of constitutional government. Many years ago when Mr. Goldwin Smith was writing much on public questions, a gentleman, now high in the Reform ranks and then prominent, asked, "What does he want?" The young statesman could not

understand a man taking the trouble to study a political situation and deliver himself on it, animated by public spirit and a desire to benefit his fellow-citizens.

NICHOLAS FLOOD DAVIN.

PARIS LETTER.

RING down the curtain on Boulangism. *C'est fini. Rêve éteint. Visions disparues!* That fad which placed France on the brink of civil war and threatened a European conflagration cannot be revived. It has no longer a spectre-leader, no black-horse, no plumed cocked-hat, no journal, no programme, no allies, no followers. Neoboulangism belongs to the impossibilities. Its land of promise is in the land of dreams. In the next list of amnestied, M. Rochefort's name will figure; this measure will spare the executive from having to convoke the High Court of Justice. However, Rochefort is not likely to return to France while Minister Constans is in power. That headsman of Boulangism would be able to indict Rochefort for his writings, have him arrested and duly condemned to prison, when his pen would cease from troubling. In prison the alienists could examine Rochefort. The latter possibility so frightened Louise Michel, that on being pardoned, in common with her co-détenu, the Duc d'Orléans, she retired definitely to London. And nothing succeeds like success.

The but too-certain prospect of a penniless and neglected old age, and in exile, too, is accepted as the motive of Boulanger's suicide.

There is no political importance attached to the antics of one or two French pilgrims at Rome, at Victor Emmanuel's tomb. The acts complained of were stupid and impolite. It has served, however, to allow Italians to show the world how intense is their unity, and their resolve to die in the last ditch to uphold it. This pilgrim incident threw its shade over the inauguration of the Garibaldi monument at Nice. If a statue to the "hero of the old and new worlds" could dissipate the friction between the mother of the Latins and her eldest daughter, the remedy would be cheap.

The municipal meteorological station of Montsouris—the latter so called from its smiling situation—has just published a Blue Book, recording the temperature and wet days during the last two hundred years. The coldest winter was 1789, when the thermometer fell eighty-six times below freezing point. The coldest day, during the two centuries, was the 25th January, 1794, when the thermometer marked 24 degrees C. below zero. The coldest day in the 1890 winter was the 28th November: 14 degrees below zero C., equal to 7 degrees below freezing point Fah. The warmest day during the centuries was in August, 1720, when it was 104 degrees Fah. Brief, despite what gardeners, etc. state, the earth is neither colder nor more humid now than what it was two hundred years ago, nor are the rainy days more numerous. Indeed, if anything, the average bi-centennial heat has increased by nearly 6 degrees Fah.

Have you remarked the number of persons laid up with gout this season? For such afflicted there appears to be no sympathy; they are left to their war-whoops. Turguenieff observed of his gout: it was as if someone was living inside his big toe, and trying with a blunt knife to chip off its nail.

The French journals are at the present moment deeply occupied "booming" Russia. This is gentle Fanny's way, when a loan is being placed on the market. Tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Askelon, but it appears the revenue returns for the last financial year in Russia show a surplus of 19,000,000 frs. As the French are going to pay the piper, they must be allowed to select the tunes. What does not bite so readily is the doctrine that Russia does not want Constantinople, that the Czar intends to include the Sultan's dominions in his great Asiatic Federation League.

The Chemin de fer du Nord has been suffering of late from an endemic of robberies. Happily it catches the rogues in the end—among its own servants, who form a co-operative society for plundering. When goods were delivered for expedition, if badly packed, some of the contents were stolen, and the cases were deliberately roughly handled in order to damage them and prig articles. A manufacturer, who had forwarded some new cravats, complained that on arrival at his client's there were some dozens missing. While speaking with the superintendent he observed a "masher" porter wearing one of the new pattern cravats that must have been stolen. The cue was followed up successfully. Hotel-keepers suffer much from the wicked at present; a respectable traveller selects rooms, looking on a back street and as near the ground as possible. During the night his pals come in cabs, and decamp with all the portable articles let down by rope. The thief gives instructions to be called late—but too late to be caught.

Lamartine was afflicted with insomnia. He confessed he ultimately conquered the disease by reading "Gibbon," "Voltaire's Correspondence," and "Macartney's Voyages in China"—neither an expensive nor a severe remedy.

A tight "wire" performer, called "Citting Bill" by self-baptism, claims to inherit Blondin talent by "heredity." He is about twenty-two years of age, and executed some astonishing tricks on a wire sixty-six feet high during the closing day of the St. Cloud fair. He ran a race on the wire, with some odds, against one of the volunteer public beneath him; did Dutch Top, on his head;

performed sundry fire-arm exercises; sat on a chair, with legs crossed, reading the latest news and smoking his cigar. As a finale, he let off a mountain cannon, held against his shoulder, whose report shook the neighbourhood and knocked him down; but he gripped the wire with his left hand, swung himself on to the wire, saluted, and ran to his dressing-room like a red streak. The exhibition gave apparently more delight than "Lohengrin," or the new drama by Dumas fils, promised three years ago. It took Flaubert thirty days on an average to write one page of a novel; yet neither of the literati belonged to the order of Benedictines.

One-third of the food of Parisians consists of pure white bread.

It is expected that the market women of the Central Markets, the Mesdames Angot, but with hearts in the right place, intend to tear the laundry woman to pieces—if they can catch her—whose infant, six weeks old, died in the night. The laundress went to her work, as usual, in the morning, leaving her little girl, aged eleven, to watch the cradle till she returned at night.

Nothing can be more dreary than the French lyceum or official college, a combination of the Bastille and the Cloister. It has always been a wonder to me how the lads prevented all gaiety from being crushed out of them. Better days are in store; the ushers have become not gaolers or keepers, but free men; no longer the target for all disrespect; the fees for board, etc., and lectures are reduced to 1,200 frs. a year. Never enter a boy as an intern in a French college; and lastly, at the commencement of every scholastic session, the knowledge campaign is to be opened by a holiday and a feast, to drive away home-sickness. That reform has just been tried, and with the happiest results. Clemence Isaure left 6,000 frs. to buy jam, and 8,000 frs. to purchase cakes, to encourage Troubadours to study and compose poetry; the graduates were as happy as kings—in fairy tales.

A cab-horse a few days ago ran away; it struck into a by-street off the Boulevards and came into collision with a brougham, in which a lady and gentleman were seated, both of whom were injured. The name of the gentleman, a functionary, was given in the journals, surrounded with all the sympathies. The gentleman's wife at once drove to the hospital to nurse her husband, and there learned that his lady friend was his mistress, who had an establishment and a few children—all belonging to her "good man." She next drove to her lawyer, and instituted a petition for divorce. Men were deceivers ever. Z.

BEAUTY.

For Beauty sought I far and wide,
That goddess fair with fragile wing;
Where mosses deck the oozy nook,
Where in the hush the wood birds sing.

Where clust'ring lilies charm the breeze,
While waters glide with tender song.
In glades where timid wild deer feed,
Or rest the sylvan shades among.

In vain I sought where Columbine
To fancy nods her painted head;
Where ivy wreaths o'er ruins twine,
Or 'neath the green hide berries red.

All void my guest, I ne'er espied
By copse or heath her fairy form,
When eventide held earth in thrall,
Or matins woke with dewy morn.

Then spake a voice, full strong and clear,
Its music on my spirit fell,
In vain thou'lt seek for Beauty here,
Till love in thine own heart doth dwell.

Indore, Sept. 7.

M. GRANT FRASER.

OLD NEW-WORLD STORIES—II.

THE SAINT CASTINES.

IT would be needless to attempt to describe in detail the countless and sanguinary raids of this terrible chieftain, Saint Castine. The conspicuous part taken by him in the more notable events of Nova Scotian history, concurrent with his private career, will appear further on. Through his persistent temerity, all English settlement in the territory, which now comprises the States of Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont, had been suspended. The New Englanders eventually came to the conclusion to "carry the war into Africa"—to assail and, if possible, conquer Acadie, Isle Royale (Cape Breton), and even Canada. Quebec and Port Royal seemed to be the main sources of the evils which the New Englanders had so long been suffering. Surely they could at least crush Port Royal. Accordingly, in 1690, a dash at Port Royal was made by Capt. William Phips, a New England blacksmith, ship-builder and ship-master, who eventually became Governor of his native Province of Massachusetts, and was knighted by the English sovereign. M. de Menneval was, at that time, the French Governor of the place. The garrison made but a feeble defence; Saint Castine was not there. So, Menneval was carried prisoner to Boston. Phips had achieved his little conquest so easily

that he did not seem to hold it in very high estimation. At all events, he left such a weak garrison in charge of the newly acquired post, that, almost immediately after his departure, a party of French Colonists from the neighbourhood, led by Menneval's lieutenant, Perot, aided by Desogutins, a Commissary of Marine, expelled the English garrison and resumed possession of Port Royal.

Let us glide rapidly over a few links in the chain of history. Ten days after the last mentioned event, a new Governor, Villebon, arrived. He thought Port Royal too weak to be tenable; removed his headquarters to St. John; rebuilt Fort Nashwaak, on St. John River, nearly opposite St. Anne's (Fredericton); repelled an attack made on Fort St. John, in the Autumn of 1696, by a New England expedition under Col. Church. The Peace of Ryswick signed on the 25th of September, 1697. Immediately afterwards the fortifications of Port Royal, rebuilt by the French. In 1700 Governor Villebon dies, and is succeeded by De Brouillon.

At length Saint Castine, having long held his sword in sheath, apparently "for lack of argument," reappears upon the scene. On the 2nd of July, 1704, Col. Church, already named, at the head of 1,300 New Englanders, made an attack upon Port Royal. De Brouillon, powerfully aided by Saint Castine, who happened to be where most wanted, compelled Church to re-embark three days afterwards; and the New Englander had to content himself by mercilessly raiding—for the second time—the French settlements at Beaubassin (Cumberland), and Minas (Horton). This De Brouillon would seem to have been a man of tender religious sentiments. Late in the year 1704, he set sail for France, leaving Denys de Bonaventure in command at Port Royal during his absence. Soon afterwards he died at sea; and, at his request, his heart was afterwards brought back to Port Royal, and, on the 3rd of October, 1705, buried there, in a hillock where he had intended building a church. Tradition does not point out the spot where the heart of this pious soldier of the Cross was interred.

Times were now becoming more lively about Port Royal. On the 6th of June, 1707, Col. March, at the head of 1,600 men, appeared before that place, now under the command of M. Subercase, who, sometime during the previous year, had arrived from Newfoundland. On this occasion, Subercase was aided by the opportune arrival of Denys de la Ronde—brother of Denys de Bonaventure, mentioned above—with sixty Canadians, and—which was much more important—by the redoubtable Saint Castine, at the head of a large body of his fierce Indian followers.

On the 7th of June, March landed on the south shore, below the fort and town, with 700 men, at the same time detaching Col. Appleton to the north side of the basin and river, at the head of 300. The French were taken by surprise. Subercase, being largely dependent upon the *habitants*, hastily notified them of the attack; and, as fast as they came in from the country, he despatched them down both sides of the basin, to skirmish with the English and retard their approach. They were successful for a time. On the 8th, these skirmishers on the north side were driven in, and were rescued by boats and canoes, which carried them over to the fort.

On the south side, Denys de la Ronde had, in the meanwhile, been detached to oppose the larger English detachment, and was joined later by Subercase himself. A smart engagement ensued, in which Subercase had a horse shot under him, and was at length compelled to retreat. For two days ensuing, the English made no movement; but, on the night of the 10th, they succeeded in opening a trench. The Governor burned several buildings near the fort which he was unable to protect; and again he sent out men—*habitants* and Indians—on both sides of the basin and river, to molest the besiegers by attacking them under cover of the woods. This they did with success. At one time, the Baron de Saint Castine, with six Kennebec Indians, advanced into the open, in sight of the enemy, and killed six of them; then rejoining the main body of his force, he charged the English with such vigour as to drive them back to their camp in disorder.

Thus matters remained until the 16th. Then, about ten o'clock p. m., Subercase detected evidences of a projected night attack. In fact, some 500 men set out, under cover of a fire of musketry, to storm the breaches made. A brisk fire from the fort repelled them for a time; but, before midnight, the Governor could plainly discern that his fort was invested on every side. The besieged could only wait in silence for the attack. The besiegers became alarmed at the very silence they had caused. They feared a mine, or something of that sort. They quietly, and even stealthily, withdrew to their camp. The next day they re-embarked and put to sea, with a loss of over eighty men killed, and a large number wounded and missing. The Governor attributed his good fortune, on this occasion, largely to the presence of the redoubtable Saint Castine.

Again, promptly, and with reinforcements, the New Englanders returned to the attack. This time they were under the command of Major Wainwright. It was on the 20th of August (still 1707) that he appeared before Port Royal, with the considerable armament of twenty-two ships and 2,000 men. To meet this attack, Subercase had with him, in the fort, 150 regulars, some *habitants*, and the crews of some pirate vessels then in port. It may here be parenthetically mentioned, that Port Royal was a favourite resort of pirates about this time, it having even been taken and sacked by a force of these freebooters, in 1690.

Outside his fortress, Subercase was aided by the inevitable Saint Castine, with a large force of Indians. Assisting him were the La Tours—sons of Charles Amador de Saint Etienne de la Tour—and D'Entremonts, with eighty men, half whites and half Indians, from Pobomcoup (now Pubnico), Port La Tour and Cape Sable. There was also a body of Micmac Indians from Chebucto (Halifax), and of *Metis* from La Have, under one Le Jeune, dit Briar, a *courrier du bois*, and 300 *habitants* from the immediate vicinity of the fort, led by one of themselves named Granger.

It was on the 20th of August that the New England fleet appeared; and on the following day a landing was made on the north side of the basin. The troops marched through the woods up to a point about a quarter of a league above the fort, and there commenced to fortify themselves. Meanwhile Subercase had sent out a detachment of eighty Indians and thirty *habitants*, to cross the river about half a league above the English position, there to lie in ambush for the enemy. On the evening of the 23rd, this party fell upon an advance guard of the New Englanders, killed the officer in command and all of the guard except two who were taken prisoners. From the latter the Governor learned that Wainwright had embarked all his siege artillery in two vessels, intending to transport it up past the fort, under cover of the night. To defeat this object, Subercase ordered fires to be lighted along the river, during the night flood-tide; and the plan was successful. During all of the 24th the English remained in camp. On the 25th they commenced a movement down stream, halted directly opposite the fort and vainly endeavoured to erect batteries, resumed their retreat on the 26th, being all the time vigorously cannonaded from the fort, until they were beyond the reach of cannon shot.

This north attack had signally failed. The New Englanders re-embarked, and, on the morning of the 31st, they landed on the south, or fort side, of the basin, under cover of the guns of their fleet, and took up their march towards the fort. Subercase had expected this and was prepared for it. The English had to cross a wooded point, and there Saint Castine lay in ambush, with 150 men. He suffered the enemy to approach within pistol shot, and then poured in three murderous volleys in quick succession. Notwithstanding this deadly salute, the English pressed on with intrepidity, and seemed determined to force their way at whatever loss. In the nick of time, the Chevalier de la Boularderie arrived with another 150 men to reinforce Saint Castine. Then Subercase himself followed with a like reinforcement, leaving the fort in charge of Denys de Bonaventure. Subercase saw that the English had commenced to retreat. He ordered Boularderie to pursue and charge them if they attempted to embark. That officer pressed impetuously on, closely followed by Saint Castine and Saillant. He carried one English entrenchment, and—rashly and without sufficient support as it proved—dashed into a second one, where he was severely wounded by two sabre cuts. Then ensued a fierce, hand-to-hand conflict, with swords, hatchets, butt-ends of muskets, anything that would kill—the English gradually retreating towards their boats.

By this time some of the English officers succeeded in rallying a number of their men, and renewed the attack upon the French, who, in their turn, commenced to retreat towards the woods, Saint Castine and Saillant being both wounded—the latter fatally so. The French boldly faced about once more, and presented a resolute front to the English, who fired a few volleys at them and then retired. Subercase afterwards sent Granger, a brave half-English *habitant*, to take command of Boularderie's detachment and attack the English once more; but the latter had embarked in time to evade this final effort. On the 1st of September the whole English fleet had left Port Royal basin.

Thus ended what was probably the most fierce, obstinate and sanguinary of the twelve notable assaults and sieges which Port Royal, or Annapolis Royal, has endured in its day.

No doubt Governor Subercase, and those whom we might call his allies—the Saint Castines, the La Tours, the D'Entremonts, the Le Jeunes and the Grangers—with their motley, but fiercely devoted, following of French regulars, *Courriers du bois*, *Metis*, *habitants*, pirates, Abenakis, Milicetes and Micmacs, felt immeasurably elated at this signal victory over their natural and persistent enemies. Their triumph was about to be commemorated by one specially interesting event. I allude to the marriage of Anselm, the son and heir of Baron Vincent de Saint Castine, and of his wife, Matildhe, daughter of the Abenaki chief, Madockawando.

The young *Metis* nobleman was wedded to Mademoiselle Charlotte D'Amours, daughter to Louis D'Amours, Sieur de Chauffours—one of the several brothers D'Amours who held, under the French Crown, extensive possessions on the St. John River and elsewhere in Acadie, and took a prominent part in the events among which they lived. The marriage ceremony was performed with great eclat in the parish church of Port Royal, on the 31st day of October, 1707, in the presence of the Governor and his officers, and all the notables of Acadie, a large proportion of whom signed the parish register as witnesses. Referring to this event, the compiler of these incidents has said elsewhere: "Young Saint Castine's signature to the registration of his marriage (which is to be seen in the Nova Scotian Archives), is a very gentlemanly autograph,

indicating his ability to handle the pen as freely as the sword or tomahawk." *

In the year following (1708), or thereabout, Baron Vincent at length took his departure from Acadie for his native France to take possession of an inheritance which had fallen to him in that country. In so departing he left his forts and all his other possessions in the New World, as also the command of his daring and motley band of freebooters, to his hopeful son and heir, young Anselm. The elder Baron never returned from France, but died there a few years after his arrival from Acadie. I cannot ascertain exactly at what date.

The young Baron Anselm was not long in making himself known and dreaded as the true son of his father. Indeed, as was only natural, from his youth and his semi-savage origin, he was, if possible, even more enterprising and relentless in planning and conducting fierce raids upon the Yankees than his father had been. But long and bitter experience had taught the New Englanders caution, and made them adepts in the art of savage warfare. Whatever the cause the Saint Castine movements on the war-path were not characterized by the same havoc and terror for which they had been noted in former years. Still, so long as the doughty Baron and his dark bands could, with impunity, prowl over the Northern and Eastern parts of New England, those regions were closed against all possibility of being permanently colonized by English-speaking settlers; and so long as Port Royal continued to flourish as a strong French post, aiding and supporting the noble *Metis*, he could continue to be at large and to make himself a formidable foe. So the Yankees again resolved upon assuming the aggressive and upon seizing Port Royal.

It was determined that this time the attempt should be entirely successful. The expedition set sail from Boston on the 18th of September, 1710, and consisted of 3,400 men, with a proportionably large squadron of ships. The land force consisted almost solely of four regiments of Provincial troops, raised in New England, under Colonels Hobby, Whiting, Walton and Tayler. There was also a regiment of Marines, under Colonel Redding. Colonel Vetch was Adjutant-General. The whole expedition was under the command of General Francis Nicholson, an officer of large experience, both in a civil and military capacity.

The squadron reached Port Royal on the 24th. On the 6th of October, Nicholson disembarked his forces, the greater portion upon the Southern shore of the basin. He yet despatched a part of his force up the Dauphin (now Annapolis) River, and landed them above the fort. He also opened an assault from the northern bank of the river, directly opposite the fort. He thus completely invested the place. As it happened his victory was easily achieved. Strange to say the French garrison had been allowed to become much reduced and weakened. Saint Castine was there, of course; and there, too, were the La Tours and D'Entremonts, with such aid as they had been able hastily to collect; their efforts being directed, as in Wainwright's time, to harass the English from the rear. But even Saint Castine's dark band was unusually weak in numbers, and the whole of this irregular body was unable to make any notable impression upon Nicholson's stronger force.

Charles de la Tour, the youngest son of that Charles Amador St. Etienne de la Tour, of whom we have heard, was dangerously wounded; Saint Castine was signally discomfited; the garrison was on every hand defeated, and on the 13th of October Subercase surrendered. The prisoners, consisting of the troops in garrison, some merchants of the town and hired servants, and about fifteen families of colonists, with their women and children, were forthwith despatched to France. Saint Castine and his associates disappeared like dissolving views. On the 28th of October, General Nicholson set sail on his return to Boston, leaving Colonel Vetch in command at Port Royal, with a garrison of 450 men. The very name of this scene of so many conflicts was expunged from the map, and Port Royal was to be thereafter named Annapolis Royal in compliment to Queen Anne.

The young *Metis* Baron waited long and impatiently for an opportunity to retrieve his reputation as a Saint Castine, to prove himself a worthy son of his father, and to avenge his share of the shame and mortification incurred by the loss of Port Royal, and through the signal defeat of himself and his brother warriors by the hated and detested Yankees. Long did he and his dusky followers prowl about the purlieus of the lost fort and other English posts waiting for that opportunity, but long they waited and watched in vain. At length the day arrived for at least some measure of vengeance.

The surrender of Port Royal involved the surrender of all the French inhabitants settled along the Dauphin River and elsewhere in the vicinity of the fort. But weeks and months passed away, and still a large number of the *habitants* up the river composedly pursued their ordinary avocations, and evinced no signs of coming in to make their submission. This state of affairs continued until the year following the surrender of the place (1611) was well advanced.

At length, on a summer's day of that year, the Governor sent a strong detachment up the river, under the command of Capt. Pigeon, an officer of the regulars, to reduce the still remiss French settlers to subjection, and also to procure timber for the repair of the fort. The close and persistent espial of Saint Castine and his French

* "The Feast of St. Anne, and other poems." By Pierce Stevens Hamilton. Notes, p. 109, 2nd edition.

emissaries had made them well aware of this expedition and its objects.

Whilst the members of the detachment were wholly unsuspecting of encountering hostility, and therefore for the moment unprepared for attack, they were startled by the wild war-whoop of the Indians. Saint Castine was upon them, with his fierce myrmidons, in overwhelming numbers, aided by the French residents of the vicinity. The English were so entirely taken by surprise that they could scarcely make any defence; for their assailants beset them from an ambush, always a favourite stratagem in their mode of conducting warfare. The Fort Major, the engineer and the whole of the boats' crews were killed, with many others, and between thirty and forty prisoners were taken.

The scene of this disaster still retains the traditional name of *Bloody Creek*. It is nearly opposite Bridgetown, on the southern side of the Annapolis River.

Saint Castine the younger still continued to be a thorn in the flesh to the English. Although his career, about this period, is not marked by any other single specially noteworthy achievement, he managed, with his Abenaki bands, in the valleys of the Penobscot, Kennebec and Androscoggin to repel all attempts made by the New Englanders at settlement. With the aid of the Micmacs, with whom he always maintained a close alliance, he also managed to keep the few English, who were, as yet, in Nova Scotia—formally ceded to England, in 1713, by the Treaty of Utrecht—in a state of almost constant alarm. At the same time he could not fail to aggravate the causes for this feeling by the encouragement he afforded French *habitants* in that colony to act towards their recent conquerors in a bold and independent, and even insolent, manner—a policy which was destined, in time, to react upon those unfortunate people with terrible results.

Thus affairs continued along the as yet undefined borders without any marked variation, until about 1722. Still, the older Baron's almost invariable good fortune did not always attend young Anselm. Accordingly we find that, about the period just named, he was taken prisoner and was carried to England. There he either managed to effect his escape from his life-long enemies, or—as there seems better reason for believing—he was released by the English. Thereupon he made his way to France, to Bearn, where, in consequence of the recent decease of Baron Vincent, he, in his turn, assumed the paternal inheritance. Unlike his father, however, he could not content himself to spend the remainder of his days and die within the bounds of civilization. There was within him too much of the blood of Madockawando's daughter to admit of that. Accordingly the restless Baron Anselm returned to North America—to Acadie—to Abenaki-land. I cannot learn at what exact date he returned; but, during the decade from 1730 to 1740—whilst it was still a question whether the British or the French race was to rule supreme upon this continent, and whilst fortune still seemed rather to favour France—I find that the doughty and irrepressible Baron de Saint Castine and his still formidable dusky warriors were bloodily careering through Maine and Nova Scotia.

But a time was rapidly approaching when his name and that of his dark followers could no longer be a word of terror to the English-speaking natives and denizens of those countries—could no longer be heard at all. All is now changed. The name *Saint Castine*, as of to-day, has naught of a contemporaneous sound. Yet it may be that, among the few still existent handfuls of the so-called Kennebecs, or Penobscots, or Milicetes—meagre residue of the once powerful Abenaki race—there may still be found the descendants—mayhap the heir—of the adventurous Baron Vincent de Saint Castine, of Bearn, and of Madockawando, the great Abenaki chieftain.

PIERCE STEVENS HAMILTON.

HISTORIC MONTREAL.

THE traveller sojourning in Montreal has hitherto had very limited opportunities of interesting himself in the history of the city. Should he have had a taste that way, and some information to commence with, and should he then have happened across one out of about a certain dozen of individuals, he might have spent a few delightful hours in delving into a romantic past. Such a combination of lucky chances was very rare, and therefore the thousand-fold stream of St. Lawrence tourists have passed on from year to year with impressions of the vaguest and most modern stamp. To localize and visibly recall a past of noble import—for Ville-Marie had literally the most heroic early history of all American towns—is now becoming the work of a few determined citizens.

One of the forms of the movement is the projected monument to Maisonneuve. It is to stand in the Place d'Armes, facing, probably, the Parish Church of Notre Dame. The Citizens' Committee for the celebration of the 250th anniversary of the founding of Ville-Marie (which took place on the 18th May, 1642) are actively pushing on the matter. They have chosen as sculptor the Canadian artist, Philippe Hébert, whose studio is in Paris. Two designs are being made—one for a statue, to cost about \$10,000, exclusive of base; the other not to exceed \$20,000. The city has given the site and \$6,000 for the base, and as a part contribution towards the statue, on the condition (of course accepted) that the base shall take the form of a fountain. The smaller design consists of a granite pedestal, surmounted by an ideal statue of Maisonneuve in the armour of his period, and probably holding

aloft the fleur-de-lys standard. The pedestal will be of grey and brown granite, having inscriptions not yet decided upon, and two giant heads as fountain-sources, representing the St. Lawrence and Ottawa Rivers—while with these there would alternate at the sides two sitting figures, the one an Indian, the other a colonist. Beside the latter is to be represented the Dog of Ville-Marie, La Chienne Pilote, who was to the little fortress what the geese of the Capitol, or perhaps the Wolf, was to Rome—its legendary animal. This little dog, it is recorded, was accustomed to make her daily round of the neighbouring forests, scenting for Iroquois, and biting at any pup of her litter which was not also sufficiently assiduous in its duty.

Should money come in in satisfactory amounts, the larger plan will be chosen. The pedestal will be amplified, and four large standing figures be placed at the lower corners, while bas-reliefs will be let into the stone. The four figures are to represent an Indian, a colonist, a soldier, and probably Dollier de Casson, the historian, represented transcribing, as he stood, the events occurring around him. The bas-reliefs would give: the first mass, served just after the landing of the founders; the personal combat of Maisonneuve with the gigantic Indian chief, of which the Place d'Armes is the traditional scene; the sacrifice of Dollard des Ormeaux, which saved the colony; and the somewhat similar death in battle of Major Lambert Closse, whose great desire it was to die fighting the heathen in defence of the Cross.

A project somewhat older than the Maisonneuve statue, and which has been advancing to completion during the past eighteen months, is that of a series of about forty historical tablets, which are to be scattered about the city. This project is under the auspices of the Numismatic and Antiquarian Society, one of the most useful of organizations. The tablets are of polished Italian marble, white, with a slight shade of grey. The inscriptions are in neat lettering, blackened. By the time the present lines are in print, a number of these will have been erected at various points of historical interest in the city. The spot of most interest is naturally the site of the founding by Maisonneuve. It is that of the present Custom House, and there, likewise, Champlain landed in 1611, chose a site for a town, built two habitations, and named the spot La Place Royale. As it was thenceforward the annual rendezvous of traders with the Indians of the upper lakes, it might be readily claimed that Montreal was founded in 1611 rather than in 1642, the date of the permanent colony. Two tablets will therefore be placed upon the Custom House—one on each side of the main entrance, marking these events. Nowhere else in America could such a series of tablets be erected as these will be. Montreal is, historically speaking, the Mother of Cities. Here will be marked the birthplace of Bienville, founder of New Orleans, and the homes of La Salle, of DuLuth, and of La Mothe Cadillac, founder of Detroit. Here will be shown the eyrie of Mackenzie, discoverer of the Mackenzie River, and first European to cross the Rocky Mountains. Dollard Lane will have its glorious legend made plain upon it. The ancient town-walls will be made easy to follow. The Recollet Gate, where General Hull and his army were brought in prisoners, and the Quebec Gate, where the same was done with Ethan Allen, will receive tablets. The positions of the armies at the time of capitulation will also not be forgotten. Neither will a variety of strange traditions, miraculous and horrible—such as the Veronica-like legend of the Père le Maître, whose head was cut off by Iroquois, but imprinted its image upon a handkerchief, and thereby haunted and addressed them until the conversion of his murderer.

But were I to get too far into details, it would be hard to save gaslight, and economy, dear confidants of THE WEEK, is of late a fad with me, even more absorbing than antiquarianism.

ALCHEMIST.

Montreal.

A RESCUED RECORD.

THE THIRTEENTH OF OCTOBER, EIGHTEEN HUNDRED AND TWELVE.

NO other engagement of the War of 1812 has ever aroused as much general and enthusiastic interest as the Battle of Queenston Heights, and probably never will. The more this engagement is looked into, the more its heroic and remarkable character becomes evident. It was unique. The strange and romantic circumstances of the enemy's attack; their crossing the swollen and tempestuous river in the grey dawn of a stormy October day; their discovery of an old fisherman's path up the very wall of the Heights; the sinking of their boats by the gun of a little battery at the foot of the hill; the death of Brock, followed so soon by that of McDonnell; the possession of the Heights for some hours by an overwhelming force; their eventual discomfiture by Sheaffe; their panic-stricken flight down the rocks and cliffs only to meet a watery grave; the refusal of a large body of the American forces to obey their General and cross the river to the support of their discomfited comrades, all mark a military episode scarcely to be matched in history. The heroic predominates. Duty done wins. Loyalty is avenged.

Canadians will ask for no apology for the presentation of another record of so glorious a day; nay, they will the rather welcome it as another testimony to the valour of true British blood, and to the revered memory of one

whose name will ever live in our annals the brightest, the noblest wherewith they are richly adorned.

The odd corners in which history may be discovered has before been intimated by the writer in another paper. The present record was found in a page of an old newspaper, the *Niagara Chronicle and Advertiser*, August, 1838, that had been used as a lining for the lid of a trunk, from which it was removed as perfectly as its cracked state would allow, by two sympathetic young Canadian ladies, for the benefit of the writer, and the public, too, if the public pleases.

The same page contains also the charge of Judge Jones to the Grand Jury at the Court of Oyer and Terminer at the midsummer session held at Niagara, 1838, a memorable year. The advertisements on the back of the page are also interesting.

It will be noted that the record of the Battle of Queenston is culled for the variety column of the *Chronicle* from the *Niagara Bee* of the 24th October, 1812, just eight days after the battle, and therefore possessing a peculiar value.

A few more words in reference to the record may not be out of place here. Notwithstanding the disclaimer of the editor, of ability to do Brock's character full justice, his epitome of it is worthy, and well done. That Brock was "a friend to humanity," "loved the inhabitants of Canada," and made "their interests his continued study, their rights and privileges his sacred care to preserve," no other proof is needed than his generous dealing with the militia in giving them leave of absence for their farm work—on which the very lives of their families depended—whenever possible: his letter *in re* the Nelson Monument in Montreal, in which he informs the Commander-in-Chief of two sites proper, but recommends one as having advantages for the citizens in the way of recreation and health that the other does not possess: his humanity to the insubordinate soldiers whom he was obliged to send to prison to Quebec, and who, while they waited for a favourable wind at Newark, he allowed to be employed in the building of Fort Mississauga, rather than add to the necessary hardships of their punishment by keeping them closely confined in a hot gaol as a less humane officer would have done, and would have been justified in doing by military laws: to which may be added his wise and noble-minded administration of the affairs of the Province in which the rights of man are fully recognized, the rights of citizens fully protected, and the disloyalty of hypocrites boldly outlawed.

The famous words that have so constantly been attributed to General Brock at the moment of his fall are here correctly given—the close date of the account forbids any question of its correctness—and sets at rest what has become a disputed point, notwithstanding the inherent weakness of the claim. Not "Push on, brave York Volunteers!" which would have been a discrimination of one corps above another unworthy the judgment, the military training, the impartiality of any officer, but "push on, never mind (me)," (the record here being incomplete) is given: an exclamation at once characteristic in every respect of the man and appropriate to the occasion.

A word in honour of our Indian allies is claimed by their deserts on this momentous occasion. It is after Sheaffe's arrival with reinforcements from Fort George, the Heights and village are in the occupation of the enemy, and Sheaffe's force is winding its careful way to the best point of vantage for the dislodgment of the intruders; at this moment the record tells us "the brave tenants of the woods remained on the mountain and kept the enemy in check, while some of them like a flaming beacon stood prominently on the jetting rocks as a guide to our main body where to ascend most securely. Nothing could be more forcibly impressive," remarks the editor; nor can imagination paint anything more picturesque, while the bravery of the action of these "untutored savages" cannot be overmatched in the annals of liberty. What materials the historic painter has in Canadian history for splendid canvases!

The criticism of General Sheaffe's action in paroling so many men on this occasion is a mild rebuke of those writers and others who have assailed his conduct of the action in no measured terms. As we read it here, and the accuracy of the account must be past questioning, Major-General Sheaffe performed an able military feat in dislodging an enemy of superior numbers, who had been entrenched in the position for so long a time—a space long enough to allow Wool to strengthen himself very advantageously on the crest of the mountain, and if he erred it was in the direction of mercy, an attribute that has ever been the honour of British arms, and of which the times furnish many notable examples.

The reader will regret that a perfect copy of the fragment cannot be given, but will readily be able to fill up the gaps for himself. The writer has assumed that no copy of the *Niagara Bee* of Oct. 24, 1812, is in known existence, since it has not been quoted or alluded to in any account of the Battle of Queenston Heights that has come into her knowledge.

S. A. CURZON.

THE BATTLE OF QUEENSTON.

From the *Niagara Bee* of October 24, 1812.

[Copied from the *Niagara Chronicle and Advertiser* of Wednesday, August 22, 1838, where it had been reproduced under the heading "Variety."]

The unfortunate loss of the brave General Brock early

in the morning of the memorable 13th instant, in the battle of Queenston Heights, for a while seemed to overcloud the brilliant sun of victory, and the people paused to mourn their country's friend ere public rejoicing for the glorious issue of the day could for a moment prevail—the loss is truly great, and requires the pen of an able panegyric to paint it in the proper colours; perhaps it is as well that it has fallen to our humble lot to blunt the poignancy of grief from our inability to portray the numerous virtues of the fallen hero, now lost to the people of Canada—forever lost.

General Brock was bold and daring, even to excess—utterly regardless of danger—his country's good—the honour of England—the fame of Britain was his leading star. Onward he moved, and, as he advanced, swept in his train a series of gallant achievements to the page of history. Terrible in battle—yet a most generous foe: a friend to humanity—he loved the inhabitants of Canada—their interests were his continued study; their rights and privileges his sacred care to preserve. None suffered under his administration—even the guilty wretch looked confidently to him for mercy. Can it be wondered, then, that he was universally beloved, and that he is, alas! now equally regretted? He died in the honourable bed of a soldier—the field of glory! Peace to his shade—the grateful tribute of many a friendly tear has fallen from the warrior's eye and down the cheek of female beauty in sad recollection of their forever lost friend. The day of the 13th most de-
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It was from under this bank and the ledge of rocks up the river that the enemy first attempted to ascend a fisherman's path up the mountain, shaded by small trees and shrubbery from the view of our troops at the battery and elsewhere at least until they got up in considerable numbers, where they were discovered by a party near the stone house of Mr. George Hamilton, and immediate information sent from thence towards the battery, stating the circumstance. The first intimation was unfortunately disregarded, and the last, when the General himself was notified, a small party of about thirty or forty men were ordered to march with Lieut.-Col. McDonnell, joined by Major Robinson as a volunteer, from the battery along up the mountain to drive them back again.

By the time, however, that they reached the summit they found the enemy formed to the amount of about 200 men, who immediately commenced firing, and, from the superiority of their number, succeeded in driving back our men and came down on the battery, from which General Brock and his small force retreated towards Queenston. It was in a small field near to the tavern formerly occupied by one Miller that General Brock received his mortal wound, supposed to have been a musket shot fired from near the battery and which entered below his breast, and lodged near his backbone. The brave Chief had rallied his men, and was in the act of cheering to the charge part of the Light Company of the 49th and some o (words here missing in parts of several lines)

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heights
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river, where they found a fresh reinforcement of them,
and who, in their turn, succeeded in forcing our party to
retire on St. David's and Vrooman's battery, and for a
while they remained in possession of Queenston Heights
and the Hill battery.

It was in the engagement last named that we have to regret the loss of Lieut.-Col McDonnell, A.D.C. to General Brock. He was shot whilst on horseback encouraging the men. The Province of Upper Canada, by the death of Col. McDonnell, has been deprived of one of its most enterprising young men: the discerning eye of the Major-General had singled him out, and was forming his mind to have

become a prominent figure among us. Fortune had already begun to lavish her favours, and her blushing honours stood thick upon him; he has appeared and passed away from us like a brilliant meteor in the firmament. His remains were interred beside his beloved friend and patron, General Brock. But to return to our cursory account of the engagement. Immediately after the enemy's getting possession of the Heights, etc., it was thought prudent to retire on Vrooman's battery to wait for the expected reinforcements from Niagara; a party of Indians first arrived, commanded by Captain Norton, who advanced through the fields towards the mountain, and soon after, the appearance of Major-General Sheaffe gave new life and spirit to all present. His honour was accompanied by his Aid-de-Camp, Mr. Coffin, Capt. Glegg, Capt. Holcroft, of the artillery, etc., etc. The most judicious dispositions were instantly made, full confidence seemed to inspire both regulars and militia, and they took the route through the enclosures towards the mountain, having along two field pieces. The Indians, by this time, had brought the enemy to an engagement, and gave them a severe sample of what the remainder of the day was to afford them.

The brave tenants of the woods remained on the mountain and kept the enemy in check, while some of them like a flaming beacon stood prominently on the jetting rocks as a guide to our main body where to ascend most securely. Nothing could be more forcibly impressive—the summit was gained with perfect ease and good order and the 41st and 49th advanced towards the foe, having on their left flank the Indians and the light infantry, and on their right all the militia; in this order they marched onward till they reached the point of formation, in a field belonging to Mr. Phelps adjoining the main road from Queenston to the Falls, and then a further reinforcement joined of regulars and militia from Chippewa, under the command of Colonel Clark and Captain Bullock.

The attack now began, the Indians and light infantry of the 41st on the left commenced fire (with the usual plaintive music so frightful to an American ear), whilst the main body advanced with the militia and 41st on the right and two field pieces dealing out a most tremendous fire upon the enemy who were in a small piece of woods that skirted the Queenston camp. It was now that the rash invaders rued their attempt and fled with precipitancy, terror adding wings to their feet, and depriving them of reason, they hurried one another over the rocks and precipices with the utmost consternation, and with a degree of destruction not to be described—the dead, dying and mangled, lay in heaps under the rocks, whilst the river received an immense number in its deep bosom. A flag of truce from those that remained begging for quarter, ended the day, and General Wadsworth, Colonel Scott, and seventy-one other officers, together with 858 men, were made prisoners of war; the enemy's loss in killed and wounded could not be less than 400 or 500 men, whilst ours, strange to tell, consisted of only 11 killed and 60 wounded; the Indians lost only five men and nine wounded. At any time during the day our force did not exceed 750 men—that of the enemy from the mis-stated Buffalo account was 1,300, but we think it was 1,500 at least. To point out any particular officers or men who distinguished themselves in the late contest would be improper, where all did their duty so manfully, 'twere invidious partially to remark—the result—the glorious result—speaks too plainly to be misunderstood how nobly each arm upheld its country's cause.

Shall we omit to return our humble thanks to the God of battles for His merciful aid upon this splendid occasion. Inhabitants of Canada! it is most manifest that the hand of Providence is with us, highly approving the justice of our cause and smiling at our efforts and struggles for our rights and liberties. He—He—it is that gives us victory; let us then ascribe all to Him, implore a continuance of His blessings and support; and come Americans, come in legions of myriads to invade our land, and you shall find in Canada an untimely grave.

On the 18th all the American militia who were taken prisoners at the battle of Queenston including the officers (and the wounded men indiscriminately), were sent across the river on their parole not to serve during the war, and even the officers' side-arms were returned to them. We do not mean to criticize acts of our executive, but surely such lenity is not to continue forever. We only wish the people on the other side may feel that gratitude for such unexampled generous conduct which it merits; no doubt it has been the consideration that the innocent militia men were actually forced at the very point of the bayonet to cross the river that has induced his Honour, Major-General Sheaffe, to take pity on them. It is impossible, however, but that such generosity must strike even to their hearts; and when these men return to their peaceful homes and hear Old England's name abused and vilified, they will raise up involuntarily and deny the charge, and tell the wicked partisans of France, 'tis false and villainous all that you say, for here we stand a living proof of the friendship of the British nation towards our country, and it is your base insidious policy alone that has heaped such disgrace upon our country and caused the murder of our fellow-citizens."

... THE fields rejoice in vernal hours,
The birds returning, sing;
But the rabbit calmly hops about,
For with him it's always spring.

—Boston Beacon.

MY KINGDOM.

My kingdom reaches far o'er stream and wold,
Why toil you so? I have enough to share.
Is it for fame? Then laurels you shall wear,
And shining crown of bay. Is it for gold?
I'll give you more than harvest wains can hold:
It riots in my fields, and glintings rare
Flash from my margined streams. The whispering air
Is redolent with mysteries untold.

Come share my kingdom: rest your thought worn pen,
Drink nectar which the ruby sunset spills,
Garner these lavish sheaves of golden rod;
Learn here, new truths to thrill the souls of men,
The ecstasy of cloud capped, shimmering hills;
Of Nature's faith and patience and her God.

EMMA PLAYTER SEABURY.

Denver, Col.

THE RAMBLER.

THIS is not the place in which to attempt systematic criticism of operatic performances in this city, but, as my readers are aware, it is not deemed altogether outside my province to allude in general terms to matters of a theatrical or musical nature. One can hardly be expected to pass over so important an event in our musical life as the production of Richard Wagner's "Tannhauser." The large audience which assembled to listen were not by any means shocked, or bored, or otherwise incommode by the revelation of the Wagner mind. In fact, "Tannhauser" comes to us a trifle late. We have had all kinds of representations of "Carmen" and "Lohengrin," and even the "Flying Dutchman," the "Queen of Sheba," and other modern works, so that we were not likely to be startled by the length or the occasional prosiness of "Tannhauser," which assuredly does not rank as the most typical of the Master's operas. A few reflections may be permitted therefore on the strength of this unusual performance. First—I think it must be very clear that Wagner was a great dramatist, one of the few great dramatists indeed. His eye for situations was exceedingly keen. Mere detail of grouping and accessories did not escape him, and he was the most unflinching of stage-managers, but over and beyond this, he possessed the fine dramatic instinct which enabled him to create electrifying situations. Such is the withdrawal of the guests from the nuptial chamber of Lohengrin and Elsa, and the subsequent insistence of the latter upon the Knight's giving up his secret. Her request, simple in itself, made at any other time, would have failed to impress—dramatically. Made when and where it is, before they have enjoyed first solitude for ten or fifteen minutes, it becomes a surprisingly strong factor in the moral development of the situation. So with Tannhauser. The withdrawal of the nobles and ladies after the Minstrel-Knight has outraged all convention by openly praising the delights of the Venusberg, leaves the gentle Elizabeth alone to interpose between the incensed Landgrave and Minstrels and the erring Knight. Numerous other instances occur to one. Then, secondly, the quality of nobleness, nobility, is so apparent in these remarkable operas. However else they may impress one, they never fail to strike the beholder with a sense of their earnestness. Wagner was terribly in earnest about everything all through his life, and his works bear the impress of it, and people who are not in earnest—about music or the stage—should stay away from his productions.

With regard to the eighth wonder of the musical world, "Cavalleria Rusticana," it deserves nearly all that has been said about it. Here, again, the immense force of the situation, swooping down and swallowing all our critical faculties (rather a mixed metaphor this) helps out the music more than at first hearing seems to be the case. What is the story? A rustic *amour*, common, not to say vulgar—the old, old story of a betrayed peasant girl, a Carmenish vixen, a crowd of simple, superstitious country people—that is all. But the story tells itself in red-hot words and music. The fiery, passionate Sicilian blood, the retorts, the insults, the reproaches, the invective—all are hurled at you from the first bar, and there is not a bar too much nor a scene too long. Turiddu, the unfortunate tenor, comes on swaggering, retorts, lies, and threatens, goes to church, comes out, sings a Brindisi, is challenged and dies—all in about three-quarters of an hour—just as long as it would take in real life—and in Sicily. Apart from the story, the music is very beautiful, but there are two or three numbers of an ultra popular nature which detract from its originality. The curious point about the opera is that it was not written for the stage, but sent in as a cantata, and yet its success as an opera is undeniable, although no alterations have been made. Consequently where it fails to satisfy the usual requirements of opera, it is found to be full of *innovations*. As an instance, I will cite the opening song, sung by the tenor before the curtain rises. When it does rise it is upon an empty stage, and thus interest is aroused and attention quickened by a proceeding so novel.

The Italians are steadily regaining the position they once held in the musical and particularly the operatic world. Availing themselves of Wagner's theories and innovations, they graft the sensuous beauty of their melodies and the fine spontaneity of their dramatic sense upon the grave and harmonious foundation which German

learning and devotion to orchestration has laid for them. Whether Pietro Mascagni be the great creative artist some have claimed him to be, or not, remains to be seen.

When I alluded to the Park Drives a week or so ago, I had not been to them. Last Thursday I thought I would go. I turned north from College St., and never did the Park appear so large, so flat, so vacant, so lonely as it did on that afternoon. It took me a long time to find the Drive. When finally I reached the fountain at the extreme north, I saw that I had hit it at last. There was one tandem, and one band, and a crowd of small boys, and half-a-dozen people on horseback, a few chilly nursemaids and children, two policemen and about a dozen carriages. After sitting on a bench till I was stiff and tired, I left. Curious to state, I did not enjoy the spectacle at all, but that may have been because I did not own one of the carriages. No; I do not think that was the reason. Perhaps the feverish excitement of the gay crowd proved too much for me. We are not used to these wild social orgies in Toronto.

As Bernhardt will appear at the Academy on the 29th inst., it is to be desired that the audience will behave itself, *à propos* of which I append the following:—

Madame Sara Bernhardt has not obtained in Australia the triumph she expected. One evening at Sydney the theatre was full of an elegant public, including the Governor, Lord Jersey, and his family. As soon as the acting commenced numerous ladies and gentlemen were seen opening books and reading them, and not paying the slightest attention to the performance. Young men and maidens laughed, talked and flirted, as if they were in drawing-rooms instead of in a theatre. The divine Sara, equipped as the Egyptian Queen, gave a thundering look at the audience, and, not being able to contain her passion, yelled out "Imbeciles!" which was understood by at least half the spectators. The row which ensued may be imagined, cries, hisses from all parts of the theatre, so that the representation had to be stopped, and Sara swore never to return to Australia.

ART NOTES.

MR. HAMO THORNYCROFT'S statue of the late John Bright has been successfully cast in bronze. Mr. Bright is represented in the act of making a speech, the right hand being slightly raised, and the other, which grasps his notes, hanging at the side—a characteristic attitude.

VINCENT VELA, an Italian sculptor of Swiss origin, has died at the age of sixty-nine. His history is one of early struggle and final success. He was a stone-cutter in the Vizzio quarries when a mere boy, and indeed at twenty-four years of age went to Milan and was employed in the work of restoration of the great cathedral. His elder brother, who like himself from a stone-cutter had become an artist through natural talent, placed him in the studio of a sculptor; but here his necessities compelled him to make models for goldsmiths. He did not become a goldsmith himself, as so many great artists have done, but stuck to sculpture, and in 1848 obtained a prize for that art in Venice by his bas-relief representing the raising of Jairus' daughter. His art life was broken by military service in the war of the Sonderbund, as a native of the canton of Tessin, and in 1848 he was a volunteer in the war for Italian independence, and distinguished himself at the siege of Perchiera. Returning he made a powerful statue of "Spartacus," which at the Paris exposition of 1855 obtained a mention. After this his life was full of labour and honour; he wrought the "Harmony in Tears" for the monument to Donizetti at Bergamo; "France and Italy," a group in marble presented to Empress Eugenie by the ladies of Milan, which brought him the ribbon of the Legion of Honour; "The Last Days of Napoleon," which was one of the most noted works of art in the Paris world's fair of 1867; a great plaster group of "Christopher Columbus and America," which has never been put into marble, and many other works. He died an officer of the Legion of Honour and a correspondent of the Institute of France. Vela's principal work was undoubtedly his "Last Days of Napoleon," which has been the object of great admiration and the subject of several poems.—*Springfield Republican*.

THE Shareholders of "The Molsons Bank" held their annual meeting at Montreal on Monday, the twelfth instant. As might have been expected from such a well established and conservative institution the report of the Bank's business was of a moderate yet satisfactory character. A year's profit of ten per cent. on the paid up capital, eight per cent. of which was apportioned in dividends and the balance carried to profit and loss account, and a total profit and loss account of \$88,478, and a rest of \$1,100,000, are the result of careful and competent management. Such showings also indicate that the leading financial houses of Canada are giving good returns on good investments. The confidence in our North-West which has led to the establishment of branches at Winnipeg and Calgary is, we are sure, well founded. The reference of Mr. Molson to recent mining legislation will have due weight, being upon a very important subject, and bearing the weight of calm, judicious authority.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

THE Mendelssohn Quintette Club, with Miss Barnard, soprano, sustained their high reputation at the Auditorium last Monday. Old Ryan is still to the fore.

SATURDAY of last week witnessed a very pleasant gathering at the Ontario Ladies' College, Whitby, being the occasion of a concert given by the famous Mendelssohn Quintette Club, of Boston. Rev. Dr. Hare, the Principal, and Mr. J. W. F. Harrison, Musical Director, deserve great credit for their enterprise in engaging this well known organization. The pupils were much interested and edified by a delightful concert rendered in the Club's best manner. Such performances are comparatively rare among our scholastic institutions, and in this connection the Ontario College shows itself fully sensible of the requirements of the age.

"THE American Girl" will be witnessed at the Academy the first of next week, while Manager Kirchmer has engaged Sara Bernhardt for Oct. 29, one night only. The announcement will be sufficient to overflow the house. The divine Sara is *en route* from Australia, where she has been arousing unwonted enthusiasm.

At the Grand the hit of the season so far has been made by Pitou's splendid stock company from New York. It is seldom that Toronto is so highly favoured, and Mr. O. B. Sheppard is to be congratulated upon bringing on such a galaxy of stage talent, each one being an artist in his or her special line; but one bright particular star shone with greater brilliancy, perhaps, than her fellow luminaries. Miss Seligman is a young actress of but four years' experience, yet she has advanced to the front rank by rapid steps, where her youth, beauty and histrionic talent will no doubt enable her to assert her right to become one of America's leading actresses. In "Geoffrey Middleton," given on Saturday night by this company, Mr. Thompson as Thomas Merritt, of California, portrayed the rich parvenu to the life, ably supported by Miss Seligman as the parvenu's highly educated daughter. Mr. Shannon as the aristocratic Middleton, Mr. Wheatcroft as his son, and Miss Vernon and Miss Stuart as Middleton's wife and daughter respectively were all realistic to the letter. Nearly the entire company are represented in this well written society drama, and all were peers in their own line. This week two Irish plays were presented during the first half of the week, "Irish Honour" at the Grand, with a strong cast, and Edgar Selden with his New York company in "Will o' the Wisp." Both of these dramas were well staged, and proved highly attractive. Gorman's Minstrels follow at the Academy.

THIS latter half of the week "Mr. Barnes of New York" is being presented at the Grand. It has met with a most flattering reception wherever played, the cast being exceptionally strong. All who have read the wonderful story of Mr. Barnes' troubles and trials should see them personified. The local Pinafore Company hold the boards at this house during the nights of 26th, 27th and 28th inst. for the benefit of the Children's Hospital.

THE management of the Academy of Music made no misstatement when it announced that the new lyric drama, "Cavalleria Rusticana," by the rising young composer, Mascagni, would be presented in completion. What with a fine permanent travelling orchestra, of thirty solo instrumentalists, a strong-voiced chorus of forty, and a caste of principals that would appear successfully to any critical community, those present must have fully enjoyed the splendid rendering of Mascagni's passionate masterpiece by Emma Juch's versatile company. This lyrical novelty has scarcely sustained, at a first hearing, the sensation that had been predicted for it by advance notices. All must admit the merits of the music, suggestive as it undoubtedly is of older musical minds, such as Gounod in the opening chapel scene, and Wagner, Bizet and even Boito, later on; yet the composer faithfully follows the librettist, in his almost sensuously passionate plot, giving us the very antithesis of Wagner in a curtailing, not to say concentration, of poetical thought and musical setting. The opera was preceded by the garden scene from "Faust," fairly well sung, if not acted, by Miss Fabbria, Miss McNicol and Messieurs Guille and Vetta. The former of the gentlemen, having left his garden scene stilts behind the scenes, made a deep impression in his portrayal of the fickle lover, Turiddu, of Mascagni's painting, while Emma Juch's impersonation of the passion of the betrayed and deserted Santuzza were to the manner born. In the great scene with Turiddu, which also served to bring out Guille's grand, little man's voice, Miss Juch fairly rose to the occasion. The other characters were well sustained by Misses McNicol and Stein and Mr. Mertens. The chorus sang very well indeed, and the orchestra brought out the composer's designs, under the experienced baton of Berignani, being more especially effective in the beautiful "Intermezzo," and the "Overture" in which a serenade for the tenor, Turiddu, is introduced. Mascagni exhibits a strong musical temperament and technical skill, which will yet make him still more famous. "Carmen," "Faust" and "Tannhauser" were also presented, the last named for the first time here, and in splendid style for a travelling company, a crowded house being the reward.

PHILIPPE D'ENNERY, the aged French playwright, is best known to Americans as the author of the "Two Orphans." His first play was written in 1835, and he has been producing dramas with unremitting industry ever since. Since the fall of De Lesseps from popular favour,

d'Ennery has been the "grand old man" *par excellence* in France, and everything he does is chronicled in the Parisian newspapers with great minuteness. He is now over eighty, and bids fair to live for some years to come, for his general health is good, and he takes as much care of himself as Oliver Wendell Holmes does. Every day he spends two hours in literary work, and never omits a visit to his club for luncheon.

"A LAYMAN" writes to *Church Bells*: "It is my misfortune to attend a church where the singing is simply execrable. Throughout the Psalms and hymns the choir men and boys keep up one incessant bawl, as if their only aim were to outbawl each other; the organist at the same time appears to be equally determined that neither choir nor congregation shall be able to assert themselves to his detriment. Thus we have fortissimo *ad lib.* from start to finish, and anything like light and shade we utterly disdain. Excusable as this might be in some rural parish where it would be unreasonable to expect a highly-trained choir, the case in point will allow of no such plea, there being scarcely a more wealthy or fashionable church round London." It is to be feared that with many of our badly-trained, indifferent choirs of men and boys, even these severe words are not unjust.

A CHARMING musical individuality is stamped on every bar, and of a repetition of the European success of the work in this country there cannot be a ghost of a doubt. The libretto is Italian to the core; the old, old story of a recreant, cowardly lover, a faithless wife, lust, jealousy and murder being the constituents of a very slender plot. Mascagni is an Italianized Bizet, but he has a Zola-like fidelity in portraying the bit of peasant life he presents us in "Rustic Chivalry." His characterization is always happy and unerringly true. He possesses marvellous fluency in handling his melodic and harmonic material, and his rhythmic talent is simply enormous. His people are as real as Kipling's, and he has that writer's enviable faculty for concentration, as "Rustic Chivalry" lasts little over an hour, but the story is thoroughly and well told. Mascagni is a very young man and owns great dramatic gifts, for, though he has absorbed largely from Gounod, Wagner, Bizet, Verdi, Lalo, Offenbach and even Grieg, still he has a manner all his own, and this manner makes him an operatic composer pure and simple. He uses leading motives sparingly, but very skilfully. The great chorus "Regina Coeli" is one of the gems of the work, and given with an efficient chorus will prove both powerful and effective. "Alfio's" first song and a drinking song for the tenor were encored, as was the charming but not very original intermezzo which Seidl has rendered familiar to metropolitan audiences. Like the short story in literature, "Rustic Chivalry" has unquestionably come to stay.—*Recorder.*

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

THE PILOTS OF POMONA: A Story of the Orkney Islands. By R. Leighton. Price \$1.50. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; Toronto: Wm. Briggs. 1891.

This is a capital story for boys, or even for those who have left their boyhood behind them. Pomona, as our readers may know, is the principal island in the Orkney group, and the writer of this book is evidently well acquainted with the place, its inhabitants and their occupations. The story is told, from beginning to end, by the hero, Halcro Ericson, whose father was pilot of Stromness. This is the good family. The bad family was that of the Kinlays, which had in its circle a charming girl, whom we soon suspect not to belong to them. There are here shipwrecks, deaths and escapes; fair play and foul play, with a good many exciting adventures; and the end is satisfactory.

SAINTS AND SINNERS: A New and Original Drama of Modern English Middle Class Life. In five Acts. By Henry Arthur Jones. Price 75c. London and New York: Macmillan and Company; Toronto: Williamson and Company. 1891.

A play which had a run of two hundred nights at the Vaudeville Theatre in London has at least a claim to consideration. When that popularity is backed by the favourable verdict of Mr. Matthew Arnold, we may believe that it is not secured by a mere Philistine vote. But Mr. Jones has, moreover, had the distinction of being attacked by Philistine advocates, and has defended himself by an article in the *Nineteenth Century*, appended to this volume, to which, he tells us, there has come no reply. The author says that he intended in this play to represent, with some degree of faithfulness, and with due regard to the requirements of the modern stage, some very widely-spread types of modern middle-class Englishmen. We quite believe that he has done so, possibly with some measure of exaggeration, and yet we do not doubt that all of his characters may be portraits, although of rather exceptional types. His defence runs as follows: "If it be objected that they are rather commonplace and uninteresting, I can only urge in defence that it is impossible to suppose that God Himself can have taken any great degree of pride in creating four-fifths of the present inhabitants of the British Isles, and can hardly be imagined as contemplating His Image in the person of the average British tradesman without a suspicion that the mould is getting a little out of shape."

This is plain speech—plain and perhaps a little flip-pant, but we let the author speak for himself. The story in the drama revolves around Bethel Chapel and its pastor, Jacob Fletcher, with his daughter and his senior deacon. It is a powerful and a pathetic piece of work, and, whatever side our readers may take in the controversy, they will not grow weary in reading the play.

THE USE AND ABUSE OF MONEY. By W. Cunningham D.D. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; Toronto: Copp, Clark and Company. 1891.

It was Mr. Carlyle who called political economy the dismal science, and, although Carlyle was unjust, it must be confessed that to many persons it seems to have this character. Moreover, it must be conceded that, in some of its earlier forms, it was too mechanical and took too little account of humanity. According to the old Manchester school—old now, yet new not so long ago—free contract was the all in all. If only that were secured, everything must go well. We have changed all that, and, whether we have gone too far in interfering with free contract or not—by law and by lawlessness—at least it is quite certain that it can return no more. This present book of Mr. Cunningham's deals with money from an ethical and religious, as well as from an economic, point of view. He does not ask so much how money may be made and distributed and the like, but how it may do the most good. After some introductory remarks he proceeds to consider Industry without Capital, then the Capitalist Era, Material Progress and Moral Indifference, the Control of Capital. This is the first part. The second has to do with Capital. The third deals with personal duty. It is here that this book, regarded as a treatise on Political Economy, takes a new departure. The last chapter, on the Enjoyment of Wealth, is a weighty testimony.

THE WITCH OF PRAGUE. By F. Marion Crawford. Price \$1.00. London and New York: Macmillan and Company; Toronto: Williamson. 1891.

Whether this story must take a high place among the very remarkable writings of Mr. Crawford is a question which will be, and which has already been, diversely answered. There can, however, be no question that it is not merely what its author calls it, "a fantastic tale," but a very powerful and fascinating story. It is, indeed, a tale which few could tell except Mr. Crawford himself, and which no one can read without interest and excitement. The "Witch of Prague" is a hypnotist who falls violently in love with a man, known as the Wanderer, who is seeking for his lost love, and finds traces of her in Prague. All the arts of the Witch fail in drawing away the man's affection from Beatrice, although once she very nearly succeeds in winning him as Beatrice. It would not be right to follow up the course of the story, which is told with extraordinary vivacity and power, and which suspends the interest of the reader by keeping the dénouement unknown. Besides the characters mentioned, there is a very curious kind of physician, who has a theory of sustaining and renewing human life, and a gigantic man of more than a hundred years, who is used as the subject of his experiments. We don't think we ought to tell more of the story, which our readers are pretty sure to get for themselves.

A STUDY OF GREEK PHILOSOPHY. By Ellen M. Mitchell. Price \$1.25. Chicago: Griggs and Company; Toronto: Williamson and Company. 1891.

This volume is a very interesting evidence of the increasing study of philosophy. It is the outcome of the studies of a little band of women in St. Louis who used to meet together "every week to study and discuss the problems of philosophy." After a time "the circle in St. Louis was exchanged for one in Denver, with the same interest on the part of the writer and her co-workers." Miss Mitchell seems to have been a kind of president of this society. She tells us that whatever merit her book possesses is due in part to those who helped her "towards the light by their eager questions" and "their quick appreciation."

After a careful examination of the book we can testify that it has very considerable merit. There is, of course, no difficulty in arranging the plan of a work like this. By common consent the ancient philosophy of Greece took a course which is as well known as any history can be known. All the facts, theories and explanations are adequately worked out by writers like Zeller and Schwegler. Still there is room for a concise exposition provided specially for those who speak English, and Miss Mitchell has done this very well indeed. She thinks clearly, and expresses her thoughts with perfect lucidity and due energy. She is condensed without being obscure, and sufficiently full without being prolix. For the ordinary student there could hardly be a better book.

POEMS, GRAVE AND GAY. By Albert E. S. Smythe. Toronto: Imrie and Graham. 1891.

This little volume, containing however as many as one hundred and five short poems, is very pleasant reading. Mr. Smythe certainly possesses a lyric gift which, with experience, will doubtless deepen into something better than even the best of the pieces he has published under the above head. Like many another writer of verse, Mr.

Smythe is happiest when the stern trammel of form holds him well in hand. Thus the "Ballade of Daffodils" and some of the Sonnets are more successful than the merely didactic and sentimental pieces, which strike us as having scarcely enough *raison d'être*. Many of Mr. Smythe's poems have appeared in THE WEEK, to whose readers he is therefore no stranger, and we can cordially recommend his collected writings. We append two Sonnets:—

EVENING LARK SONG.

[At a Rural Railway Station en route to Glasgow, leaving Scotland, 9 p.m., 20th May, 1889.]

There's the last lark in Scotland! Hear him pour
His sweet enchantment on the quiet air—
A benediction or a vesper prayer,
Or praise for all the gladness gone before.
Still there is light to sing and light to soar,
And all the glowing western heavens wear
Gold promise of the morrow. Does he dare
Exultantly rejoice for gifts in store?
While I, with heart more like the shamefast flower
That grows beside his nest and shuts its eye
Ere daylight fades, dreading the sunset hour,
Leave these bright Scottish years and each dear tie,
Faces of friends, kind hands, warm hearts—Love's dower,
Unthrifed, yet secure, while Time rolls by.

LOVE BEREAVED.

Death has ordained thee out of all my dreams
And dealt me bitter check to my pursuit;
My sunlight fails while tears are absolute,
And night falls ever chill, with scanty gleams
From clouded stars that mock the dull moon's beams.
My summer land, long fair with flowers and fruit,
Far cumbered lies with rotted branch and root,
In dismal fields by hopeless stagnant streams.
Death has redeemed thee out of toilsome days
And bound thy harvest in a single sheaf,
While I went forward over saddened ways
Whose barren progress brings but slow relief;
God aid me to the wisdom and the praise
Of plenteous years beyond this desolate grief!

LEWIS CASS. By Andrew C. McLaughlin, Asst. Professor of History in the University of Michigan. American Statesman Series. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin and Company. 1891.

This volume is altogether worthy of its place in the admirable series on "American Statesmen." The name of Cass suggests a period of early American history which is intensely interesting to Canadians—the period of the settlement and early development of Michigan, Indiana and Ohio, and of the difficulties between the English and American Governments, which were not settled by the abortive war of 1812. Cass—like his biographer, Professor McLaughlin—was a thorough American; one of his controlling political motives was suspicion of England; and his later career at Washington, as Senator and Secretary of State, was throughout a type of the struggle of American independence to realize complete self-consciousness. But, with all allowance for his point of view, and for the colouring which the disgraceful methods of Indian warfare gave to his estimate of British diplomacy, we can yet recognize in Cass one of the best of the purer influences which shaped American policy up to the outbreak of the Civil War.

The attitude of Cass towards slavery has been more than once thrown into doubt, but Professor McLaughlin makes the best case yet made in defence of the honesty of his compromises and the sincerity of his advocacy of the exploded theory of "Squatter Sovereignty." Yet it is hard to believe that a man who sincerely condemned the institution of slavery would lend his influence to movements which plainly tended to its extension. Here, as in so many cases in American history, the "buzzing of the presidential bee" presents an interesting study to the political psychologist. Both in style and treatment the book is admirable.

SIR JAMES FERGUSON'S portrait in the *Illustrated News* of October 10 is that of a manly looking and intelligent Englishman. Andrew Lang's article, "Freedom, French and American," is interesting, and the portrait of Mr. Frederick Tennyson, brother of the laureate, will greet many a curious eye.

The November *Quiver* has a number of good articles, among which may be mentioned "Succoth, or the Feast of Tabernacles," "The Two Gardens," "The Cross in the Commercial City," "Chained to St. Paul" (by the author of "How to be Happy Though Married"), the poem of "Relics," "Quite a Character"; the serial "On Stronger Wings" and "For Erica's Sake," "The Oyster and the Oyster-Shell," as well as the story "Crookshanks" and "Rough Riding in China."

THE October number of the *International Journal of Ethics* begins a new—the second—volume. There is no reason to doubt that this excellent journal has come to stay. The contents of this issue are truly international—Germany, England, and America being about equally represented. An article of special note is "The Prevention of Crime," by Dr. Tönnies, of Kiel; and interesting discussions on current questions are "An Interpretation of the Social Movements of Our Time," by Professor Adams, of Ann Arbor, and "The Right of Private Property in Land," by Dr. Platter of Zürich.

THE *Nineteenth Century* comes to us this month fairly loaded with good and instructive matter. Three prominent men express their views on widely different subjects. Mr. Gladstone writes on "Ancient Beliefs in a Future State." To theologians this is a peculiarly interesting subject; the writer shows that a future life was believed in by the

ancient Egyptians and Persians, but was not "among the sections of the Mosaic law," although believed in generally by the children of Israel. Mr. Goldwin Smith writes in his usual brilliant style of the "Question of Disestablishment" that "bogy" to all conservative churchmen; he thinks it inevitable, and questions whether the church should not prepare to make a compromise on the lines of Irish Disestablishment, which "would leave the churchman the cathedrals, the parish churches, the rectories, the glebes, the recent benefactions. . . Democracy is marching on and the opportunity of compromise may never return." To Canadians, perhaps the most interesting of all the articles in this number is that by Sir Charles Tupper on "Federating the Empire." The question is of vital importance to all subjects of the Queen, and one is glad to learn the opinions on it of prominent men. Sir Charles supports the proposition of fiscal arrangement, and quotes many eminent English and colonial statesmen in favour of the scheme.

LITERARY AND PERSONAL GOSSIP.

THE leading serial story in the *Atlantic Monthly* for 1892 will be "Don Orsino," by F. Marion Crawford.

THE announcement is made that we shall soon have a new volume of poems from Lord Tennyson, the most of which were written this year.

THE initial number of the new *Californian Illustrated Magazine*, issued under the editorial direction of Charles Frederic Holder, is a very creditable publication.

JEAN INGELow at regular intervals gives what she calls "copyright dinners," at which she entertains the poor in her neighbourhood from the proceeds of her books.

TWO excellent new novels have just been added to Harper's Franklin Square Library—"Dumaresq's Daughter," by Grant Allen, and "Elsa," by E. McQueen Gray.

THE Branch House of G. P. Putnam's Sons in London has been removed from King William Street to No. 24 Bedford Street, Strand. Their new store is opposite to the Macmillans.

WILLIAM GEORGE JORDAN, the former editor of *Book Chat*, and for the past three years managing editor of *Current Literature*, has resigned the latter position to go on the lecture platform.

MRS. POULTNEY BIGELOW, author of "Beautiful Mrs. Thorndyke," etc., contributes the complete novel to the November number of *Lippincott's*. The story is called "The Duke and the Commoner."

MESSRS. HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN AND COMPANY announce "Snow Bound: A Winter Idyl," by J. G. Whittier (illustrated); "Christopher Columbus," by Justin Winsor, with portraits and maps; and "Bishop Wilberforce," by G. W. Daniel.

J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY announce a number of interesting publications such as "The Swiss Republic," by Boyd Winchester, late United States Minister at Berne; "In the Yule Log Glow-Christmas Tales from Round the World," Edited by H. S. Morris; "American Art," "The Daughter of an Egyptian King," from the German of George Ebers.

MR. WALTER BLACKBURN HARTE will contribute an article on "The Journals and Journalists of Canada" to the December number of the *New England Magazine*. This should be a very interesting paper as Mr. Harte is a clear, vivacious writer. His connection with the Montreal and Toronto press will have given him a considerable knowledge of his subject.

GRANT ALLEN proposes to travel through the Tyrol and Northern Italy before settling down in his winter home at Antibes. In addition to other literary work, he has lately been engaged in preparing for the press a translation of the "Attys" of Catullus, which he made some years ago. He will prefix to it a preface dealing generally with the mythology of the subject.

THE *Land We Live In* is an illustrated paper devoted mainly to sporting and descriptive writing. It is well edited and deserves generous support from the character of its articles and its patriotic aims. The distinguished litterateur, J. M. Le Moine, F.R.S.C., is a frequent contributor to its columns. D. Thomas and Company, Sherbrooke, Quebec, are its publishers.

THE November *Century* will contain two frontispieces, both engravings by Timothy Cole of Michelangelo's "Sibyls," in the Sistine Chapel. With this number, and those immediately following, this series of engravings of the Old Masters, made directly from the originals by this modern master of wood-engraving, will reach their most interesting point. Four of Raphael's most famous pictures will be reproduced in the December *Century*.

THE play upon which Lord Tennyson is at work is partly in blank-verse and partly in prose. It is a "costume play," and the scene is laid in England. It is said to be a pastoral comedy of the fantastic kind, with a cheerful dénouement. The Laureate, it is said, has placed all the stage detail in the hands of Mr. Daly, with full permission to cut and alter wherever he finds it necessary or advisable to do so. The writing of the play is reported to be due to the admiration of the Hon. Hallam Tennyson, the son and heir of the poet, for the acting of Miss Ada Rehan in "The Taming of the Shrew." The Laureate is in capital health, and often walks six miles at a time.—*New York Critic*.

A CRITIC in the October number of *Wives and Daughters* says that the reader of Howells' novels will never dream of anticipating a perfect woman nobly planned; she would be thankful to get a very imperfect woman almost ignobly planned if only, *only* she might have a little, just a *very* little, ordinary common sense. It is uncomfortable to read a series of otherwise fascinating novels and be in a state of resentful protest at the unsparing satire poured out upon one's sex, and at the way in which one's sex is represented as senselessly and needlessly provoking the satire.

A VILLAGE barber who is a neighbour of Lord Tennyson, being something of a conjurer, was invited to show his skill before the Laureate. The *London Telegraph* tells this story of the performance: "He counted out ten shillings into Lord Tennyson's hand, telling him to hold them tightly. But a few minutes afterward, when he required the money again, there were only eight shillings. The look of astonishment on his lordship's face was indescribable, while the laughter of the other guests at the situation was unmistakably hearty. In this hilarity, it is needless to say, the poet most good-temperedly joined. With the license usually claimed by such performers, the amateur professor of legerdémain said: "I don't doubt yer honesty, my lord, but I gave you ten shillings. I will now try her ladyship"—with the result, of course, that he found more than he wanted. At the conclusion of the entertainment Lord Tennyson expressed his pleasure at the exhibition, and did so, as the delighted barber tells his friends, in these terms: "Your feats were very clever, Mr. —, and it is a great credit to the village that it can boast of such talent."

THE *Boston Home Journal* has a romantic anecdote about Louisa Alcott's father and mother. As a young man, Mr. Alcott, so the story goes, was amanuensis or secretary to Mrs. Alcott's father. The young people met often and naturally fell in love with each other. Mr. Alcott's social position and prospects being somewhat uncertain at that time, he did not feel justified in asking this well-born and talented young woman to marry him. He finally gave up his position and they parted with no confession on either side. It was agreed, however, that each should keep a journal, and these journals should be exchanged once in so often. Thus matters went on for some time; he, unwilling to ask so much and offer so little; she, willing to give all and chafing under a woman's necessity of keeping silent. At length, one day, while reading the journal he had sent her, she came across a few sentences in which he hinted at his love and unhappiness, and wondered what she would say if he should ever presume to ask her hand in marriage. The moment was a critical one, but Mrs. Alcott was equal to it. Seizing a pen, quickly and clearly she wrote underneath: "Supposing you ask her and find out!" It is said the journal is still preserved to the Alcott family.

MACMILLAN AND COMPANY announce the following books: "A Master Mariner." Being the Life and Adventures of Captain Robert William Eastwick. Edited by Herbert Compton. With illustrations. "Hard Life in the Colonies and Other Adventures by Sea and Land." Now first printed. Compiled from Private Letters by O. Caslyn Jenkyns. With illustrations. "A Sydney Side Saxon." By Rolf Boldrewood, author of "Robbery Under Arms." "Nevermore." By same author. "A History of Early English Literature." By the Rev. Stopford A. Brooke. "The Discourses of Epictetus." With the Eucheiridion and Fragments Reprinted from the Translation of George Long. "Battles, Bivouacs and Barracks." By Archibald Forbes. Two New Volumes of Essays by Professor E. A. Freeman. I.—Historical. II.—Miscellaneous. "Balladen und Romanzen." Golden Treasury Series. Being a selection of the best German Ballads and Romances. Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by C. A. Buchheim, Ph.D. "English Literature at the Universities." By J. Churton Collins. "Life's Handicap. Stories of Mine Own People." By Rudyard Kipling. "Imaginary Conversations." By Walter Savage Landor. With Introduction and Notes by C. G. Crump. In six volumes published monthly. Each volume containing an Etching. Volume III. Large Paper, Limited Edition, 8vo. "Schliemann's Excavations at Troy, Tiryns, Mycenae, Orchomenos, Ithaca," presented in the light of recent knowledge. By Dr. Carl Schuchhardt. Authorized Translation by Miss Eugénie Sellers. With Appendix on latest researches by Drs. Schliemann and Dörpfeld, and an Introduction by Walter Leaf, Litt.D. Illustrated with two Portraits, Maps, Plans, and 290 Woodcuts. "Blanche, Lady Falaise." By J. H. Shorthouse, author of "John Inglesant."

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

- Boswell, Robt. Bruce, M.A. Zadid and other Tales. Voltaire's Tales. London: Geo. Bell & Sons.
- Carpenter, Edmund Jones. A Woman of Shawmut. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.
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- Johnson, Francis Howe. What is Reality? \$2.00. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.; Toronto: Williamson & Co.
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READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

WHEN AUTUMN COMES TO REIGN.
WHEN royal autumn comes to reign,
And queenly summer southward flies,
With orient splendours in her train
She passes under sapphire skies.

And nowhere in more lavish mood
Does she her lovely form array,
Than where the shores of Como brood
Beneath the bland Italian day.

For, there in founts of rosy bloom,
The frequent oleanders show,
And, sweetening every garden gloom,
The jasmine petals shed their snow.

So light the wayward airs that rove,
The ilex branches scarcely stir;
No sound disturbs the chestnut grove
Save the soft dropping of the bur.

And none would dream the summer gone,
Did not the fruit that bends the vine
Gleam with the purple dyes that dawn,
Spreads all along the mountain line.

—Clinton Scollard, in *Frank Leslie's*.

A LITERARY MAN'S HOLIDAY.

LET us put away all our papers, straighten the stiffened fingers, lay down the pen, and go forth to rest in shady places. For my own part, I make of the summer holiday an occasion, which only comes once a year, for reading the books which everybody has been talking about. I am not more than five or six years in arrears, and, though I despair of ever quite catching up, I daresay there will be no more than five years' books in arrear when the time comes for putting up the shutters. These can be cremated with me. Some men I can hardly look in the face without a blush; with others, thanks to an occasional ramble into the present, I am more easy. Since, for instance, I have read the "World's Desire" I feel more confidence in the presence of its authors. Why has the world taken so little notice of the wonderful allegory in that book? I can boldly meet Thomas Hardy face to face, because I have read the "Group of Noble Dames," and Rudyard Kipling, because I can quote the "Light that Failed." There is nothing so delightful as to be working up arrears; nothing so truly restful as to let other people write for you. — *Walter Besant, in the "Author."*

GENERAL ROBERT PRESCOTT, LT.-GOVERNOR AT QUEBEC, 1796.

OCCASIONALLY, the dignitaries representing Britain on our shores seem, in early times, to have playfully laid aside official reserve, mingling with the French colonists, through curiosity or possibly to judge by themselves what the latter thought of their new English masters.

Some of these familiar interviews with King George's new subjects were not without a spice of fun.

"General Prescott," says M. de Gaspé, "was much liked by the French-Canadians, and, not unfrequently, sought other light than what he received from his *entourage*, much, in the end, to the disgust of the latter. I knew him in my youth: he was a diminutive old man—simple in his manners, and dressed in winter as if he longed to imitate that famous personage of the 'Arabian Nights,' Sultan Aaroon.

"A Beauport farmer, in 1796, conveying to Quebec a load of fire wood, met on the ice on the River St. Charles an elderly man wrapped up in a great coat, the worse of usage, and wearing a martin cap anything but new; his red, bleared eyes were watery. Jean-Baptiste took compassion on the woebegone wayfarer, who seemed tired, and said: 'You look fatigued, *pere*, my vehicle is not very grand, but you will fare better on top of my load than trudging in this heavy snow.'

"The wayfarer readily assented and took his seat on the load, when a lengthy conversation was exchanged between him and the kind-hearted farmer.

"On the sleigh reaching the foot of Palace Hill, the farmer was rather surprised to see that his new acquaintance, without apparent regard for his horse, did not dismount, but concluded that the poor old fellow was quite exhausted by fatigue, and that, after all, his mare, being a powerful beast, would not mind this additional light weight.

"Guard! turn out!" roared the sergeant on duty, on the sledge passing the city gate. The elderly man raised his cap. Jean-Baptiste looked round, saw no military man in the neighbourhood, and also raised his red *tuque*, saying, 'civility must be returned.' The farmer's sleigh then continued through Fabrique Street, its ascent towards the wood market, which in those days stood on the square opposite the Basilica, conveying on his load his new acquaintance.

"Guard! turn out!" sung out the sentry at the entrance to the old Military Jesuits Barracks (long since removed). The aged man saluted the guard and also returned the respectful salutation of several citizens standing by; Jean-Baptiste again raised his *tuque*, saluting both the guard and the citizens, apparently quite pleased to note the progress good manners had made in the city since his last visit.

"Finally he stopped his mare, when his new acquaintance, with alacrity, descended from the load of wood, thanked him civilly for his kindness, and slipped a coin in his mitten; he had nearly disappeared in the distance when someone ran and met the woodman, asking him how much the Governor had paid him for the ride.

"What Governor?" brusquely replied Jean-Baptiste. 'I am not to be fooled in that way!'

"Look in your mitten," was the answer. "He did so and pulled, amazed, a gold coin, remarking, 'to think I was all the time under the impression of having done merely a charitable turn. Never will I judge of men by their appearance after this.'—From the *Memoirs of P. A. De Gaspé*, by J. M. Le Moine, F.R.S.C., in "The Land we Live In."

A COLLECTION OF JAPANESE ANTIQUITIES.

DURING the whole of the month of August a selected number of persons were privileged to view, under peculiar circumstances, one of the most interesting collections of relics now existing in the world. Most travellers to Japan have visited the beautiful temples and scenery of Nara, a small town at the apex of a triangle, of which a line from Osaka to Kioto is the base. In the first half of the eighth century of our era, Nara was the capital of Japan and the residence of the Imperial family. In 749 the Emperor Shomu moved to Kioto, and the priests of the celebrated Temple of Todaiji at Nara were left in possession of a large number of articles in use in the palace by the Emperor and his predecessors, for it was a custom in early Japan that a shrine entrusted with the custody of an Imperial mortuary tablet received some of the personal effects of the deceased. Thus the temple became the depository of dresses, utensils, ornaments and the like, belonging to the three Emperors and Empresses of the first half of the eighth century. These have since been treasured as priceless heirlooms, and have escaped fire, which in so many other instances has destroyed historical treasures in Japan. In referring to the value of these objects, the *Japan Mail* remarks that their unique character is better appreciated when we remember that they represent the civilization of Japan during an era commencing at the close of the Gothic dynasty in Spain and extending to the invasion of France by the Saracens in the days of Charles Martel, and the first assumption of the title "King of Britain" by Æthelred of Mercia. They carry us back eleven centuries and afford a good idea, not only of Japanese art, but also of the art of countries then supposed to be the æsthetic teachers of Japan, for many of the articles shown are undoubtedly of Chinese, Korean or Persian origin. Hitherto, the shrine in which they are stored has not been opened without the direct sanction of the Emperor, except for the purpose of periodically airing the contents, and no notice was given of these dates. The authorities, however, gave notice that the airing would take place during August, and that certain classes of persons—nobles, professors, art specialists and scholars—would be admitted. These treasures were seen from time to time by a few distinguished foreign visitors, who were admitted by special order of the Mikado.—*The Times*.

THE FALL OF THE YEAR.

IN the neighbourhood of Manawagonish beach, all along South Bay, on the hills of Poquiok, down the road to Mispec, out towards Beaver Lake and Loch Lomond, and in the Rural Cemetery, the trees are growing brown, and yellow, and crimson, as with ripened fruits, and every leaf is like a whisper from the heavens that bend above us, telling us our ultimate destiny. "Here we have no permanent abiding place" is the lesson of these falling leaves—a story they have repeated for years, and years, and years. They or those which preceded them told that story to the men and women of 1783, to their sons and daughters, and they have been telling it to their descendants ever since. Just as the leaves fall, we fall; just as the flowers fade, all that is beautiful about us fades, and the leaves and flowers and the warm suns and pleasant showers by which they were nourished, like ourselves are buried in forgetfulness. In the fall of the year do we witness the end, the extinction of all these beautiful things? With the fall of the leaf and the fading of the flower are their missions ended? We are assured that it is by no means so. This golden rod, this daisy, this humblest flower that ever blossomed; it is not unlikely that by the bloom of their original stock the bye-ways of paradise were made beautiful, and it is not unlikely that the forefathers of these forest and orchard trees shadowed many of the multitudinous paths of Eden. We know that the trees and shrubs and flowers renew their youth from time to time and thus survive the centuries. And we know that even though some of our dreams prove idle, our kinship extends to all that is great in the past and grand in the future. The leaves that fall and the flowers that wither, even the great trees that are prostrated by the infirmities of age or the cyclones that find them in their paths, in some way are renewed, and in some way we are assured that we shall live forever. With minds capable of grasping, in some instances, the greatest problems of the universe,—with hearts whose affections, in some instances, are as eternal as the stars, it cannot be that our lives are briefer than those of the leaves and flowers which are fading about us, but which, rejuvenated, shall grow beautiful again, and again, forever.—*St. John Evening Gazette*.

THE MOLSONS BANK.

ANNUAL MEETING OF SHAREHOLDERS, OCTOBER 12TH.

A Satisfactory Report of the Past Year's Business Presented and Adopted—The New Directors Elected.

The annual meeting of the Shareholders of the Molsons Bank was held at the Banking House, St. James Street, 12th October, at 3 o'clock. The President, Mr. John H. R. Molson, occupied the chair, and there were also present Messrs. R. W. Shepherd, Vice-President; J. T. Molson, Henry Hogan, S. H. Ewing, Walter M. Evans, J. Try Davies, W. M. McPherson, Henry Archbald, E. Archbald, Daniel McCarthy (Sorel), J. Crawford, Henry Sprague, D. McNaughton, and F. Wolferstan Thomas, General Manager.

The President, having called the meeting to order, requested Mr. A. D. Durnford, the Inspector, to act as secretary, and that gentleman having read the notice conveying the meeting, the President asked Messrs. J. Try Davies and Walter N. Evans to act as scrutineers.

THE ANNUAL REPORT.

The General Manager (Mr. F. Wolferstan Thomas) then read the thirty-sixth annual general report of the Directors for the past year, as under:—

GENTLEMEN,—At this the thirty-sixth annual meeting of the Shareholders of the Molsons Bank, the Directors desire to present the report for the year ending 30th September last.

The net earnings for the year, after making full provision for bad and doubtful debts, amount to \$216,731.04. Out of this have been paid two semi-annual dividends of 4 per cent., each amounting in all to \$160,000, leaving \$56,731.04, which, added to the balance from last year, \$31,747.05, shows \$88,478.09 now remaining at credit of profit and loss account.

All the branches of the Bank have been inspected at least once since we last met.

The different members of the staff continue to possess the confidence of the Board, and perform their duties with efficiency and zeal. During the year branches have been opened in Winnipeg and Calgary. The former has now been in operation about nine months, and we have every reason to be satisfied with the progress made. Calgary has been more recently opened, and we expect as the country becomes developed and settled to do a fair business at that point also.

GENERAL STATEMENT OF THE AFFAIRS OF THE MOLSONS BANK ON THE 30TH SEPTEMBER, 1891.

Capital authorized and paid up	\$2,000,000 00
Rest account	1,100,000 00

LIABILITIES.

Capital paid up	\$2,000,000 00
Notes in circulation	1,838,378 00
Balance due to Dominion Government ..	32,421 40
Balance due to Provincial Governments ..	7,269 09
Due to depositors, payable on demand ..	4,171,780 58
Due to depositors, payable after notice ..	3,357,576 46
Due to other banks in Canada	117,915 49
Due to branches	11,738 75
Due to foreign agents	13,316 67
Due to agents in the United Kingdom ..	83,863 53
Profit and loss	88,478 09
Rest	1,100,000 00
Seventy-second dividend	80,000 00
Dividends unclaimed	2,641 10
Interest, exchange, etc., reserved	108,512 03
Other liabilities	319 62
	<u>\$13,014,210 86</u>

ASSETS.

Specie	\$184,807 81
Dominion notes	531,506 25
	<u>\$716,314 06</u>
Deposit with Dominion Government to secure note circulation	42,500 00
Notes and cheques of other banks	388,502 66
Due from other banks in Canada	118,996 39
Due from foreign agents	173,536 52
Dominion Government debentures	104,375 00
Canadian municipal and other securities ..	119,735 21
Canadian, British and other railway securities	429,425 62
Call loans on bonds and stocks	92,675 37
Bills discounted and current	10,429,698 81
Bills past due (estimated loss provided for)	148,685 60
Real estate other than bank premises ..	45,017 04
Mortgages on real estate sold by the bank	6,792 29
Bank premises at Head office and branches	190,000 00
Other assets	7,956 29
	<u>\$13,014,210 86</u>

PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT.

Balance at profit and loss on 30th September, 1890 ..	31,747 05
Net profits of the year, after deducting expenses of management, reservation for interest accrued on deposits, exchange, and making provision for bad and doubtful debts	\$216,731 04
From which has been paid: 71st dividend, at 4 per cent., 1st April, 1891, \$80,000; and 72nd dividend, at 4 per cent., 1st October, 1891, \$80,000	160,000 00
	<u>56,731 04</u>
Leaving at credit of profit and loss on Sept. 30th, 1891	<u>\$88,478 09</u>
Capital of the bank	\$2,000,000 00
Rest	1,100,000 00

THE MOLSONS BANK, Montreal, 2nd October, 1891.

THE PRESIDENT—Well, gentlemen, the report you have just heard read has been before you for some days, and I, as President, move the adoption of it. The Vice-President will second the motion, and then I will be willing to answer any enquiries that may be made.

Mr. R. W. Shepherd, Vice-President, having formally seconded the motion, Mr. John Crawford complained of the paucity of the information contained in the report. It did not contain sufficient data to enable a just estimate to be made as to the result of the year's business. He wanted a clear and full statement so that he might understand the position of his property. The fund was not, he thought, large enough. And it would have been of great use to have the figures of the previous annual statement given, so that a comparison might be made between the two years. The taking of credit for rebate of discount was a policy which should not be adopted. He had seen it stated in one of the papers that the Bank had invested a portion of its funds in second mortgage bonds. Now, it occurred to him that—

Mr. F. Wolferstan Thomas—There was no truth in the statement. Mr. Crawford said that he held that no bank had a right to invest its money in real estate. The Molsons was not the only bank who did it. Some of the leading banks in the city had done the same. Then, again, the losses sustained were not put down. He was aware that recently legislation rescinded the clause compelling Directors to furnish this information; but it would be advisable that the Shareholders should be made acquainted with all the facts. As to the

use of proxies, he had taken some trouble in respect to it, and he urged that they should be made renewable every year, instead of every three years.

THE PRESIDENT REPLIES.

The President said: Well, gentlemen, as nobody else but Mr. Crawford seems desirous of asking any questions, I will endeavor, as far as I can remember, to reply to some of them.

Mr. T. McCarthy made the following motion, seconded by Mr. Henry Hogan: "That the thanks of the Shareholders are due and are hereby tendered to the President, Vice-President and Directors for their attention to the interests of the Bank during the past year."

rush wildly into new offices. They had hitherto been conservative in this respect, more so, probably, than many banks. The branches at Winnipeg and Calgary were the only two new offices that had been opened for some years.

THE ELECTION OF DIRECTORS.

The scrutineers for the election of Directors reported as follows:—

MONTREAL, 12th October, 1891.

To the General Manager of the Molsons Bank:

SIR,—We, the undersigned, acting as scrutineers at the annual meeting of the Shareholders of the Molsons Bank, held this day, beg to report the following gentlemen elected to act as Directors for the ensuing year:

- HENRY ARCHBALD, W. M. MACPHERSON, S. H. EWING, W. M. RAMSAY, SAMUEL FINLEY, R. W. SHEPHERD, J. H. R. MOLSON, J. TRY DAVIES, W. N. EVANS, Scrutineers.

The President having thanked the scrutineers for their services, the meeting adjourned.

At a subsequent meeting of the Board of Directors, Mr. John H. R. Molson was elected President, and Mr. R. W. Shepherd, Vice-President for the ensuing year.

THE LONDON AND CANADIAN LOAN AND AGENCY COMPANY, Limited.

The Eighteenth annual meeting of the above Company was held in the office of the Company, 103 Bay Street, Toronto, at noon on Wednesday, 14th October, 1891, the President, Sir W. P. Howland, in the chair.

The Manager, Mr. J. F. Kirk, acted as secretary of the meeting. Among those present were the following: Sir Casimir S. Gzowski, Dr. Larratt W. Smith, Q.C.; Rev. R. C. Moffatt, Hon. J. C. Aikins, Dr. R. D. Moffatt, and Messrs. George R. R. Cockburn, M. P.; T. R. Wadsworth, C. E. Hooper, F. Arnoldi, Q.C.; O. A. Howland, John Aitkin, C. S. Gzowski, jr., David Higgins, C. E. Maddison, Jacob Moerschfelder, George Robinson, John Scott, F. J. Stewart, John M. Treble and John A. Wood.

The President read the report of the Directors, which was as follows:

REPORT.

The Directors beg to submit to the shareholders the eighteenth annual report of the Company, together with relative accounts to the 31st August, 1891.

The stock of the Company on the date named was held as follows:

Table with 3 columns: Location, Shares, Paid up. Includes entries for Britain and Canada.

The following summary of the year's operations is submitted:

Table with 2 columns: Description, Amount. Includes items like amount borrowed, amount repaid, net increase of borrowings, etc.

Of which \$15,000 has been added to the Company's "Revenue Fund" and \$16,522.22 is carried forward at the credit of "Revenue Account" to next year.

Notwithstanding the financial crisis in London at the last November term, occasioned by the Baring failure and the consequent loss of public confidence in almost all classes of securities, the effects of which still continue, the Company found no difficulty in meeting the large amount of obligations falling due, and the debentures issued by the Company show an increase over the figures of last year.

The Directors have exercised very great prudence and caution in closely scrutinizing the applications for loans, and during the year out of \$1,795,000 of proposals only \$495,000 were accepted.

Payments of interest on loans have been well met, especially in Ontario, and there can be no doubt that the abundant crops of this season both in Ontario and Manitoba will materially increase the prosperity of the country and place the farmers in a position to meet their engagements promptly.

About the commencement of harvesting operations in Manitoba the President and Chief Inspector made their annual trip through the province, and found that the area under cultivation was much in excess of that of the previous year, and the yield of all kinds of cereals and root crops much above the average, affording further evidence of the great productiveness of the soil of that province.

The Directors have pleasure in testifying to the efficiency and fidelity of the Manager and Officers of the Company, both here and in Manitoba, in the performance of their duties.

W. P. HOWLAND, President,

TORONTO, October 14th, 1891.

AUDITORS' CERTIFICATE.

To the President and Directors of the London and Canadian Loan and Agency Company (Limited):

GENTLEMEN,—We have completed the annual audit of the books and accounts of the Company for the year ending 31st August, 1891, and have found them correct, and the cash balances to agree with the bankers' books.

We have also examined the Company's statement of "Assets and Liabilities" and "Revenue Account," have compared them with the ledger balances and found them correct.

The mortgages, debentures and other securities have been carefully examined. They agree with the schedule submitted to us, and with their respective entries in the ledger.

The "Loans on Call or Short Date on Debentures and Securities" have been valued at their respective market prices, and we find that the amounts advanced on them are amply covered.

We are, Gentlemen, yours faithfully,

DAVID HIGGINS, J. J. WOODHOUSE, Auditors.

TORONTO, 9th October, 1891.

Table with 2 columns: Description, Amount. Divided into ASSETS and LIABILITIES sections.

REVENUE ACCOUNT FOR THE YEAR ENDING 31st AUGUST, 1891.

Table with 2 columns: Description, Amount. Divided into Dr. and Cr. sections.

J. F. KIRK, Manager.

On motion of the President the report was adopted. The following gentlemen were duly elected directors: Sir W. P. Howland, Sir C. S. Gzowski, Sir D. A. Smith, Donald McKay, Dr. L. W. Smith, Q.C., T. R. Wadsworth, C. E. Hooper, G. R. R. Cockburn, M.P., and James Henderson.

At a subsequent meeting of the newly elected Board Sir W. P. Howland was elected President, and Sir C. S. Gzowski, Vice-President.

PINE, ROSE, & FLEUR DE LIS.

POEMS BY SERANUS.

"All who prize local colour and young enthusiasm, and deep-hearted patriotism will find them in this book. The series of songs 'Down the River,' are veritable caskets of precious New World conceits."—Saturday Review (London, Eng.).

"Spirit and tone genuinely Canadian. . . . French models of versification are successfully and appropriately imitated. The author might become a Canadian Longfellow."—Spectator (London, Eng.).

"The pretty French phrases and refrains come like the notes of a guitar into our Saxon symphony. As Mr. Cable brought into use the rich colouring of the French Creole regions, the Canadian poets began timidly to use the same resources among the Frenchmen of Canada, and the best fruit of the new effort is to be found in the present volume."—New York Nation.

"A new singer from Canada who possesses a brilliant natural voice. It is not likely that there is in America or in England another writer who could describe a woodland sojourn, naturally and without strain, by means of half a hundred villanelles."—Boston Literary World.

HART & CO., PUBLISHERS,

31 & 33 King St. W., TORONTO, Canada.

SCIENTIFIC AND SANITARY.

AN immense flume is being constructed near Fresno, Cal., which will not only furnish water for irrigating purposes, but will be used to transport lumber needed by farmers living near by.

ALUMINIUM is to depose not only the beer glasses, but even the adored beer mug of the South Germans. Dr. Schultze, of Vienna, alarmed the beer drinkers about a year ago by his declaration that beer not only deteriorated in a few minutes by being kept in a glass, but that the glazed earthenware "Krug," with its metal top, afforded no protection to the evanescent qualities of the liquor of King Gambrinus and John Barley-corn. Pewter pots, says Dr. Schultze, are good, and silver pots are better; but best of all is the aluminium mug. So the doctor advises the manufacture of aluminium pots, which would be forty times cheaper than silver, and half the weight of pewter.

AN extraordinary illustration of the influence of the wind at great depths below the surface of the earth has recently been brought under official notice in Victoria. It is in connection with the underground operations of the Earl of Beaconsfield and Lord Harry Mines at Allendale. Directly a north wind blows, it is said, a noxious gas forms in the drives and crosscuts, and compels the miners to retire. This has happened several times lately, and some of the miners have been injured in health. The matter was brought under the attention of the Minister of Mines the other day by Messrs. Peacock and Richardson, Ms. L. A., who suggested that the Department should carry out a series of scientific tests with a view of ascertaining the nature of the gas, its component parts and the best means of expelling it from the mines. Mr. Outtrim said he would ask Mr. A. Mica Smith, analytical chemist at the Ballarat School of Mines, to proceed to the mine the next time the phenomenon occurred and procure some of the gas for analysis, after which experiments would be made with a view of ascertaining the best method of drawing it off from the underground workings.

WHEN you ask for Nasal Balm do not permit your dealer to give you some "just as good" substitute. It is the only remedy yet discovered that will thoroughly cure catarrh. Sold by all dealers.

PAINTED windows were photographed in their original colours recently by a Swiss doctor who has devoted long study to this subject.

MEN who feel "run down" and "out of sorts," whether from mental worry, overwork, excesses or indiscretions will find a speedy cure in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. All dealers.

"German Syrup"

"We are six in family. We live in a place where we are subject to violent Colds and Lung Troubles. I have used German Syrup for six years successfully for Sore Throat, Cough, Cold, Hoarseness, Pains in the Chest and Lungs, and spitting-up of Blood. I have tried many different kinds of cough Syrups in my time, but let me say to anyone wanting such a medicine—German Syrup is the best. That has been my experience. If you use it once, you will go back to it whenever you need it. It gives total relief and is a quick cure. My advice to everyone suffering with Lung Troubles is—Try it. You will soon be convinced. In all the families where your German Syrup is used we have no trouble with the Lungs at all. It is the medicine for this country.

John Franklin Jones.

G. G. GREEN, Sole Man'fr, Woodbury, N.J.

THE Simplon tunnel will cost Switzerland as much as \$16,000,000. Time set down for construction, 8½ years.

CHARLES J. HUBBELL, an old telegrapher of New York, thinks he has solved the problem of making a primary battery which will neither give off offensive fumes nor waste the fluids while not in use. Zinc and carbon are the elements. Mr. Hubbell carries the terminals through the bottom of the cells instead of the top, and covers the top, insulating the central porous cup in which the carbon stands. A pad of asbestos on the cover charged with bichromate of potash absorbs and oxidizes the fumes arising from the action of the battery.

NITRO-GLYCERINE has served as the basis of most of the modern explosives of high power, but the transition from the unstable liquid that exploded on the slightest provocation to the present solid compounds, that can be subjected to the roughest usage without fear of explosion, has been no less remarkable than advantageous. For example, here is a new English explosive called ammonite, which has recently been subjected to some surprising tests. Tested in a mortar a charge of 76.5 grains sent a 29-pound projectile a distance of 320 feet, as compared with 289 feet for dynamite and 136 feet for gunpowder. A weight of fifty-nine pounds dropped from a height of five feet upon a cartridge of ammonite failed to cause an explosion, and the same result followed the ignition of a canister of gunpowder in the midst of a lot of ammonite cartridges. When a cartridge of the new explosive was thrown in a blazing fire it merely burned slowly with a black smoke. Apparently the only means by which ammonite could be exploded was the use of small detonators of fulminate of mercury.

AN instrument for optical comparison of transparent liquids, named a "liquoscope," has been recently devised by M. Sonden of Stockholm (*Nature*, Sept. 17). Two hollow prisms holding the liquids are separated by a partition at right angles to the refracting angle. The whole is placed in a vessel filled with glycerine, and which allows of vision in a horizontal direction through plain glass plates. The deflection of the light rays through the prisms is thus compensated. So long as the two liquids have the same optical action, one sees a distinct mark (say a black paper strip on a window) as a straight connected line; but its halves are relatively displaced if the liquids have different refractive powers. The amount of displacement gives a measure of the difference, the positive or negative nature of which also appears from the direction of displacement. The author recommends his apparatus for chemical purposes, especially comparison and testing of fats and oils, analysis of glycerine, etc., and detection of margarine in butter, margarine greatly lowering the index of refraction.—*Science*.

AN interesting geological phenomenon is noticed in the district of Izium, in Khar'kov, Russia. In consequence of the heat this summer the ground broke open in many places, and deep ditches formed, at the bottom of which subterranean water appeared. Geologists who examined the ground think that the subterranean water comes from the same source which supplies the Slavianskoye salt lakes of the neighbourhood. The Reponye salt lakes in that district were formed probably in the same manner at a very recent date, for on its bottom were found kettles and other appliances for boiling mineral salt, of which there is a rich deposit in that district. As late as 1857 quite a number of small lakes were formed in a similar manner. The ground burst open, then caved in, forming funnels, in which salt water appeared. They are all in a straight line westward of the Slavianskoye Lake, and from two to three sazons (eighteen to twenty-seven feet) deep. In warm weather the water of these lakes dries out, but then it appears again from below. It is supposed that the cracks which have appeared in that district will conduce to the formation of new lakes of the same kind, and may eventually lead to the enlargement of the Slavianskoye Lake so that it will cover the whole area of land where the subterranean water now appears in isolated spots.—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

Minard's Liniment Cures Dandruff.

A MAINE man has invented a device for preventing electric cars that have stopped while ascending a deep grade from running down grade before the brakes are applied.

ACCORDING to the *Boston Journal of Commerce* the waste of a paper and pulp mill near West Troy, New York, is being utilized as the basis of a new fuel. The waste as it comes from the mills is nearly pure carbon, and by cleansing and chemical treatment it is converted into a form that permits of nearly perfect combustion. It is said to burn rapidly and with intense heat.

THE greatest known depth of the ocean in the Pacific is near the Ladrone Islands, where soundings were made to the depth of 26,850 feet, or a little over five miles. In the Atlantic the greatest depth found is just north of the West Indian Islands, which is 23,250 feet, or nearly four and a-half miles. In those parts of the ocean most free from islands, as in the route from Newfoundland to Ireland, the ocean is most shallow, seldom exceeding 12,000 feet.—*English Mechanic*.

A RECENT report by the United States consul at Martinique gives some details concerning the hurricane at that island on August 18. He states that early on that morning the sky presented a very leaden appearance, decidedly threatening, with occasional gusts of variable winds, mostly from the east-north-east. The temperature was very oppressive during the entire day. The barometer varied only slightly, but was a little higher than usual until afternoon, when it commenced to fall, at first gradually and then very rapidly. The storm struck the east side of the island at about 6 p.m., rushing through the ravines with terrible force, and destroying everything in its path. On the elevated plains the ruin was most complete. One very peculiar feature of the hurricane was the deafness experienced by every one during the storm, possibly the result of the reduced barometric pressure. During the cyclone the wind veered from east-north-east to south-south-east, the latter being most destructive. During the storm there were incessant flashes of sheet lightning, unaccompanied by thunder, and immediately after the storm there were two distinct shocks of earthquake, at intervals of about five seconds. Early in September the Consul visited Trinité, and all the way the destruction was most complete, the trees and vegetation looking as though there had been a forest fire, although without the charred appearance. The thermometer ranged from 90° to 100° F. during the storm. There was a deluge of rain, one account stating that over four inches fell in a few hours that evening. Nine-tenths of the buildings throughout the island were unroofed. The loss of life was small in St. Pierre, but large in the interior towns. The total loss of life, so far as reliable information can be obtained, was seven hundred, and the loss of property was enormous. All the fruit, the main reliance of the labouring class, was destroyed, and prices of provisions have advanced 300 per cent. Every vessel was wrecked or badly damaged, fifty sail in all. A clipping from a Martinique newspaper states that the barometer fell 27.95 inches at Fort de France. At St. Pierre the wind blew a hurricane from the north-east, from 7 to 8.15 p.m., when the rain suddenly stopped and it fell calm, the sky becoming clear. This marked the passage of the centre. At 8.30 the hurricane re-commenced from the south-west, and blew with great fury until 9.30, the barometer rising and the wind shifting to the south-east. At 10.30 there were still strong squalls from the south-east, but the storm was practically over.—*Science*.

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Gents.—I took a severe cold, which settled in my throat and lungs and caused me to entirely lose my voice. For six weeks I suffered great pain. My wife advised me to try MINARD'S LINIMENT and the effect was magical, for after only three doses and an outward application, my voice returned and I was able to speak in the Army that night, a privilege I had been unable to enjoy for six weeks.

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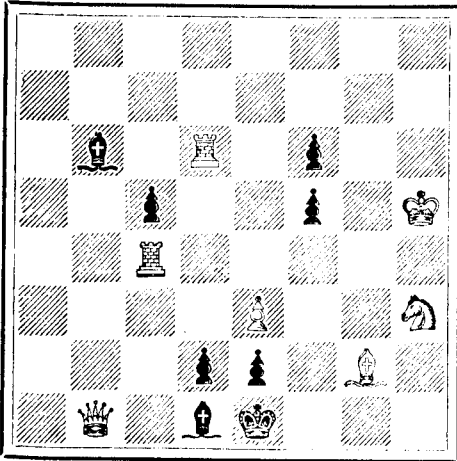
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CHESS.

PROBLEM No. 609.

By S. Loyd.
BLACK.

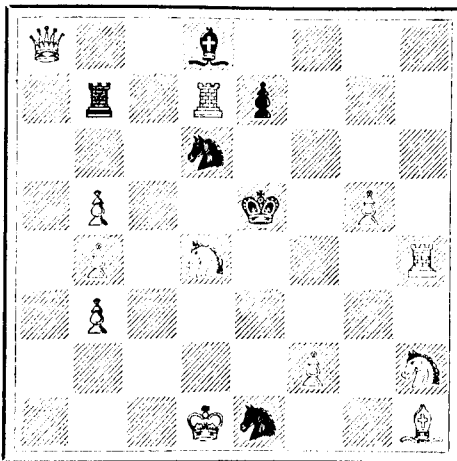


WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

PROBLEM No. 610.

By M. Heathcote.
BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in two moves.

SOLUTIONS TO PROBLEMS.

No. 603.

- | | |
|---------------|--------------|
| White. | Black. |
| 1. K-Kt 4 | 1. P x Kt |
| 2. Q-B 7 + | 2. K x Kt |
| 3. Q x P | |
| | if 1. P-Kt 4 |
| 2. K-B 5 | 2. any move |
| 3. Q-B 6 mate | |

No. 604.
R-K R 7

GAME PLAYED AT THE TORONTO CHESS CLUB BETWEEN MESSRS. BOULTBEE AND NEVILLE.

EVANS GAMBIT REFUSED.

- | | | | |
|---------------------|--------------------|---------------------|--------------------|
| BOULTBEE.
White. | NEVILLE.
Black. | BOULTBEE.
White. | NEVILLE.
Black. |
| 1. P-K 4 | P-K 4 | 11. B x B | R P x B |
| 2. B-B 4 | B-B 4 | 12. P-K B 3 | R-K 3 |
| 3. P-Q Kt 4 | B-Kt 3 | 13. B-Kt 3 | Kt-B 5 |
| 4. Kt-K B 3 | Kt-Q B 3 | 14. B x B | P x B |
| 5. P-Q 3 | P-K R 3 | 15. Q-Q 2 | P-Q B 4 |
| 6. Castles | Kt-B 3 | 16. P-Q 3 3 | P-Q 4 |
| 7. P-Q B 3 | P-Q 3 | 17. Q-K | K Kt-K R 4 |
| 8. P-K R 3 | Castles | 18. P x Q B P | Q-Kt 4 |
| 9. Kt-R 2 | Kt-K 2 | 19. Q Q 2 (a) | Kt x R P + |
| 10. B-K 3 | Kt-Kt 3 | 20. K-R 1 | Kt-Kt 6 mate |

NOTES.

(a) An oversight. White should have played Kt-Kt 4.

REMEMBER, CROUP

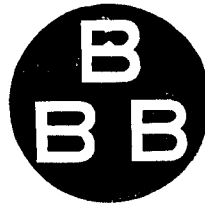
Generally comes like a thief in the night. It may attack your child at any hour. Are you prepared for it? Ayer's Cherry Pectoral gives speedy relief in this disease. It is also the best medicine for colds, coughs, hoarseness, sore throat, and all disorders of the breathing apparatus, is prompt in its action and pleasant to the taste. Keep it in the house. C. J. Woolridge, Wortham, Texas, says: "One of my children had croup. The case was attended by our physician, and was supposed to be well under control. One night, I was startled by the child's hard breathing, and on going to it found it strangling. It had nearly ceased to breathe. Realizing that the little sufferer's alarming condition had become possible in spite of the medicines it had taken, I reasoned that such remedies would be of no avail. Having a part of a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral in the house, I gave the child three doses, at short intervals, and anxiously waited results. From the moment the Pectoral was given, the child's breathing grew easier, and in a short time it was sleeping quietly and breathing naturally. The child is alive and well to-day, and I do not hesitate to say that Ayer's Cherry Pectoral saved its life."

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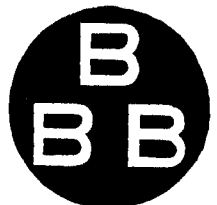
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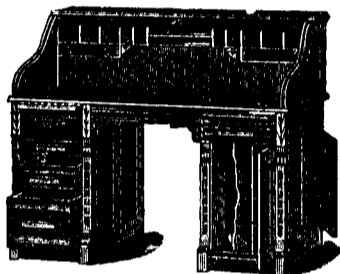
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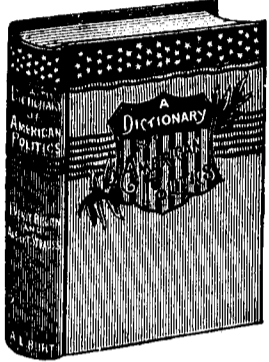
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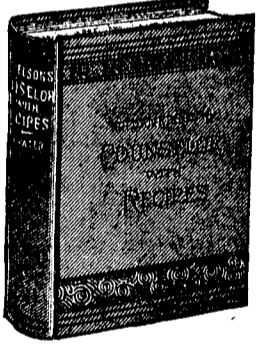
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