

This Number contains "Dr. Pusey and the Oxford Movement," by Rev. Herbert Symonds, and "Modern Manners"—a reply to "Oldstyle."

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JANUARY 11th, 1895



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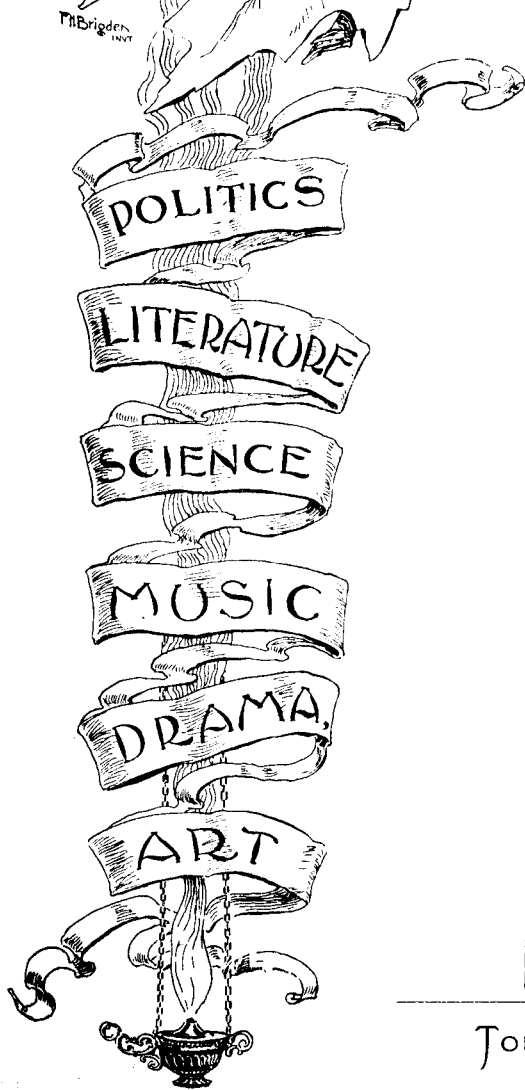
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THE WEEK.

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Toronto, Friday, January 11th, 1895.

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Current Topics.

The Future of
Newfoundland.

Present indications point pretty clearly to a fresh effort, at an early day, to bring Newfoundland into the Canadian Confederation.

The presence of Sir Ambrose Shea in the Island, as the agent of the Imperial Government; the record of the present Premier of Canada; and the desperate condition and necessarily, we should suppose, more pliant attitude of the Newfoundlanders themselves, are all significant. On general principles every Canadian must approve of the rounding out of the Dominion by the admission of this outpost of the British possession in the North Atlantic. But the obstacles are very serious, if not for the present actually insurmountable. We see no reason to suppose that the Islanders would even now regard the proposal of union with favour, or enter in with cordiality, and some of the worst drawbacks in the history of the existing union were the outcome of pressure brought to bear by the Home Government, to bring in unwilling provinces prematurely. Then the price we should have to pay, in view of the present state of things in the Colony, and our own insufficient revenue, would involve a serious increase of our debt, which is already far too large. But worse by far than all other difficulties are those arising out of the French Shore question. It is, to say the least, extremely doubtful whether it would not be the height of unwisdom for Canada to entertain for a moment the thought of union in the absence of some assurance of the early settlement of this difficulty. In the present mood of the French people the prospects of any such settlement, on fair terms, are, it must be confessed, anything but bright.

The Civic Elec-
tion.

Though Mayor Kennedy has been elected, as we anticipated, for a second term, the smallness of his majority must have come

as a disagreeable surprise to himself as well as to his friends. He will do well to inquire carefully into the causes of the

great change in public sentiment which brought the overwhelming majority of a year ago down to less than half a hundred. Perhaps the fact that he promised in some of his speeches, if again returned, to push forward the tunnel scheme, and other needful enterprises, may be taken to indicate that he was aware of the revolution of popular feeling and of its chief causes beforehand. That promise we deem of the first importance. The danger of contamination of the water supply menaces the city continually. It is a stupendous danger. The possible consequences are fearful to contemplate. The people are prone to forget quickly the lessons of the past, and to pay little regard to the requirements of the future, so long as all goes well in the immediate present. Hence there is the greater need that those to whom the interests, and, to a certain extent, the destinies, of the City are entrusted should be men of foresight and of action; men fit for leadership. We might mention the trunk sewer as another of the pressing needs of the City, admitting of no delay longer than is absolutely necessary. We believe that it is the settled conviction of very many of the most intelligent citizens, including those whose stake in the City is large, that these two great undertakings are absolutely necessary to the safety and well-being of the citizens, and should be commenced at the earliest practicable moment. Of course the Mayor's ability to effect great reforms depends very much upon the character of the new Council. We shall make no guesses with reference to the efficiency of the Council for 1895. That will soon be put to the test. There is, we think, some reason to hope that its *personnel* will be found, on the whole, to be a decided improvement upon that of last year. We shall see.

A Destructive
Fire.

The fire which devoured, with almost incredible swiftness, several large buildings on Melinda and Jordan Streets on Sunday morning, and which resulted in the death of one fireman and serious injury to several, was one of the most destructive in the history of the city. The mention of this fact suggests that we have hitherto been remarkably fortunate in this respect. When we reflect upon what would, in all probability, have taken place, but for the providential circumstances of the neighbouring roofs being protected with a heavy coating of wet snow, we are the better prepared to appreciate the immunity we have so long enjoyed. None the less are we under moral obligation, as wise men, to inquire carefully into the facts, and determine to what extent the appliances at the command of our brave firemen are equal to the demands which may, at any moment, be made upon them. Nothing in such a matter should be left to chance. The property destroyed in a single conflagration such as that of Sunday would suffice many times over for the purchase of the very best equipment the world can furnish. We cannot refrain from adding that such calamities have their pleasing side, in the manner in which they draw out not only exhibitions of heroism on the part of the firemen—and what deed of valour on the battle-field can surpass or even equal, in all the elements of true heroism, that of the fireman who risks his life to save that of another, as is so often done—but manifestations of sympathy and generosity from friends and neighbours and even from business rivals. The spectacle of

the *Globe* sending forth its daily issues from the offices of the *Empire* is one fraught with rebuke to pessimists and encouragement for optimists.

An Important
Suit.

A suit has been brought in the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia to test the constitutionality of the Income Tax Law. The petitioner is a Mr. Moore, a member of a large brokerage firm. The principal ground on which the law is attacked is that, by providing for the taxation of the incomes of corporations and for again taxing the incomes of the individual members of said corporations, said incomes being derived from the dividends of said corporations, it wrongfully taxes those citizens twice on the same incomes. Another objection taken is that only a minority of the citizens are subject to the tax, the majority being exempt; and a third, that the incomes of aliens residing in the country are taxed, even though those incomes may be derived from sources outside of the Republic. Much speculation is indulged in with reference to the decision of the court, and wide differences of opinion are strongly uttered. Should the Act be declared unconstitutional, the Government would be greatly embarrassed, and the multitudes of citizens whose incomes fall below the taxation point correspondingly disappointed. The petition is believed to have been drawn by ex-Senator Edmunds, who is retained as senior counsel, aided by two other lawyers of high standing. The first objection taken is the most plausible, as there is, seemingly, an element of unfairness in the double taxation of the same income. The second seems to prove too much, for no system of taxation which can be devised is free from the same objection. The third, if valid, involves the injustice that a man may be conceived of as living in the country, enjoying the protection of the laws, the benefits of local expenditure, etc., and yet contributing nothing to the cost of either national or civic government. These remarks apply, however, to the ethics of the legislation, whereas, we suppose, the court will have to decide the question on mere legal or technical grounds.

Homer Sometimes
Nods.

One of the last men in English politics likely to mistake a bit of keen irony for a sober statement of fact is the astute, sarcastic, clever leader of the Liberal-Unionists. Yet Mr. Chamberlain, the other day, set all England laughing over his failure to see the point of a very simple joke. In one of his speeches, two or three weeks since, referring to the statement so often met with to the effect that Conservatives and Unionists between them absorb about all the wealth and intelligence of the nation, Lord Rosebery delivered himself somewhat in this wise: "I sometimes doubt if there is a member of the Liberal party who can spell a word of two syllables." In a letter to the *Times*, Mr. Chamberlain actually took this statement literally and seriously, and amongst other things said: "Now we have a Prime Minister who boasts with a light heart, on the eve of proposing a revolution, that he is supported by the men who cannot spell and opposed by almost every person of education; and it is to the former that he is willing to commit the guardianship of the British Constitution and the liberties and interests of the English people." This is marvellous, and all parties seem to have enjoyed the readiness with which one of the acutest men in England fell into so visible a trap. The laugh has probably done them all good. A witty turn is given to the affair by the *Westminster Gazette*, which incidentally brings out another illustration of the different uses to which the different elements of the language have been put, in the curious fact that the leading parts of the Liberal programme, as if in accommodation to the pre-

vailing illiteracy, are all denoted by monosyllables. The *Gazette's* ditty is worth reproducing on account of its neatness:

When Bills drop out, for all their claims,
The cause of it will now be known:
Not one of us can spell their names!
Why, few of us can spell our own.
Yet still we need not sheathe our swords,
While none of *these* are in the lurch:—
Eight Hours—Land—Poor Law—House of Lords—
One man one vote—Home Rule—Welsh Church.

Germany and
Russia.

It is curious to note that, while there seems to be some ground for the hope that the accession of the young Czar will prove to be the dawn of a freer and more constitutional era for Russia, the appointment of the new Chancellor for Germany was apparently designed to increase the autocratic powers of the Emperor. Even Stepniak has hope for Russia and counsels the Nihilists to moderation until the new autocrat has time to develop his policy. On the other hand, the German Emperor has already suffered two well-merited checks, through the Government, in the attempt to enact reactionary legislation, and obtain for his Government larger powers as against the subject. The outrageous request of the Public Prosecutor for permission to prosecute the Socialist deputies who declined to honour the toast of the Emperor was rejected by a majority of 168 to 58, by the Imperial Diet. Somewhat different, but equally effective tactics were adopted to prevent the passage of the Anti-Revolutionary Bill which is, in effect, a measure for the suppression of free speech. So many of the Deputies stayed away from the session in which it was to be pressed that a quorum could not be gathered to carry on the business of the House. As this bill is to be brought up again very soon, onlookers will watch with interest for the result. It is hardly likely, however, that the people's representatives will sit quietly while an effort is being made to transform the country into a second Russia.

The Question of
Civic Control.

It is perhaps worthy of remark that the tendency of the facts developed during the civic investigation will naturally be to furnish a strong additional argument for those who oppose the contract system for the carrying on of great civic enterprises, and are in favour of having all such work done directly by the city, under the direction of its own officers. It is evident that if the citizens could rely upon the honesty and the business ability of its own servants, there could be no good cause for resorting to the indirect rather than the direct mode of carrying on these great works. No company would think of entering into intense and expensive rivalry with its competitors to obtain a civic contract without the expectation of making a handsome profit from such contract. When, in addition to the use of all legitimate means, competing companies are found ready to expend large sums of money in the purchase of votes and influence in order to turn the scales in their favour, the conclusion is irresistible that the tax-paying citizens are obliged to pay, over and above the actual cost of the work, a handsome profit for the benefit of the middlemen or contractors who may obtain the contract for doing it. The only valid reason which can be given why the gains of wealthy contractors should be added to the proper costs of such undertakings is that based on the assumption of the incompetency or untrustworthiness of the men elected to attend to the business affairs of the corporation. But when it can be clearly shown that the danger from the bribery of wealthy syndicates and dishonesty of boodling aldermen fully counterbalances that arising from assumed

inefficiency or fraud on the part of those entrusted with the work, the strongest reason for the preference usually given to the outside contractor as against direct construction is no longer valid. So, we may expect, will it be argued by those who are opposed to the contracting system.

The Folly of Criminality.

Whatever of truth there may be in the ancient maxim, "Whom the gods would destroy they first make mad," is as applicable to individuals of lesser degree as to the potentates of whom it was originally spoken. Certainly it is strangely true of most of those who, in our days, allow themselves to cherish evil thoughts until they develop into criminal designs and finally culminate in those great crimes which are so often perpetrated, not only in the dens of vice in great cities but even in quiet country districts, shocking whole communities with revelations of human depravity such as would have been thought incredible amongst the dwellers in those peaceful retreats. Probably there is not one of the cases of deliberate, cold-blooded murder, which from time to time send a thrill of horror through the land, which was not, in the mind of the guilty projectors, so well planned that detection was well-nigh impossible. And yet how rare are the cases in which the perpetrators themselves do not leave clues which lead surely and often swiftly to their conviction. A striking instance of this is afforded by the recent Middlemarsh atrocity. It is not necessary for our momentary purpose to assume the guilt of any particular individuals, in advance of trial and conviction by the proper courts. But it is beyond all doubt that a murder most foul was committed and that the plot was long and carefully studied. Now, looking at the thing in the abstract, so to speak, it would not seem to be so very difficult a matter for the death of an utterly unsuspecting young man to be brought about by those who worked with him from day to day in field and wood, in such a manner that no suspicion of foul play would ever arise. Of course it may be that such things have been and are being done much oftener than has ever been suspected; that is, with complete success. It is impossible to prove the negative. But the probabilities seem to be quite the other way. One would suppose that the person or persons who are wicked enough to plan and have satanic nerve enough to execute the murderous schemes would be cool and far-seeing enough to cover up all evidences of the crime. But the nemesis seems to overtake them beforehand, so to speak, in the shape either of a judicial blindness which prevents their perceiving the most obvious flaws in their reasoning, or a paralyzing terror which renders them unable to remember or carry out the details of their infernal programmes. How, for example, could the slayer or slayers of young Hendershott have been so fatally stupid as to leave the wood without having first obliterated the blood-marks which stood in plain sight as unanswerable contradictions of the story, on the acceptance of which their very lives depended? How could they fail to foresee that the axe-gashes in the head of their victim would bear swift witness against that story? Assuming, as is morally certain, that the motive was the insurance money, what but a judicial blindness could have shut their eyes to the wisdom, the absolute necessity of waiting at least a year or two after the placing of the insurance before perpetrating the deed, if they would save themselves from immediate suspicion.

* * *

In view of the pitiless persecution of Jews, Stundists, Lutherans and Catholics under the late Czar of Russia, the remark attributed to the young Czar Nicholas is one which all will hope may prove to be well founded: "I am a Christian; but my belief in the Saviour does not entitle me to persecute others on account of their faith."

A Question of Justice.

IT is but a righteous indignation which causes every good citizen to wish, in the interest of justice as well as of civic security, that every alderman or other official or citizen proved guilty of accepting a bribe in any shape to influence his action in what should have been simply a question of duty, should be severely punished by way of warning to others. But what about the punishment of the bribing corporations? Can anybody deny that it is at least as criminal to give as to receive a bribe? No one who heard or read the evidence brought out in Judge McDougall's investigation can doubt that the agents and managers of certain companies which were in pursuit of large civic contracts did, as a matter of fact, directly or indirectly attempt to bribe aldermen and other civic officials to vote in their interests. Were not those corporations at least as guilty in the matter as either their agents in bestowing, or their victims in accepting their gifts? Assuming the previous innocence of those whose weak principles gave way under the stress of temptation, it would not be difficult to show, from the purely ethical standpoint, that, as tempters, the givers were worse than the receivers, seeing that the worst possible injury that can be done to a human being is to injure his character? It is an injury far worse than the mere filching of a good name. The truly honest man may bravely and cheerfully survive the loss of reputation, sustained by his consciousness of rectitude, but when the character, the manhood itself, is shattered and debased, all is lost.

Would it not, then, be a glaring anomaly, a deplorable failure of justice, were those who may be convicted of accepting bribes to be imprisoned or otherwise severely punished for the crime, while those who were primarily responsible for giving the bribe, not only go scot free, but continue to profit and grow rich from the proceeds of the contract procured for them by means so unworthy? We do not profess to know how the law bears upon such a case, but in equity, as both loss of position and direct legal penalty follow the receiver, so surely loss of the fraudulently obtained contract, and fine or imprisonment, should be visited upon the giver. By "the giver" we, of course, mean not merely the worthless and pitiable agent who degrades himself to become the tool in a most dishonourable transaction, but the corporation itself, both as a company profiting by the purchased contract, and in its individual members as accomplices before the fact in a criminal transaction. It is true that Judge McDougall's report classes Everett, one of the members of the Street Railway syndicate, amongst the guilty against whom criminal prosecutions should be entered. But this recommendation, which goes as far, no doubt, as the judge thought himself warranted in going under existing laws, seems to have regard to the fact that this man was an active personal agent in the bribery. Moreover, it is pretty well understood that he is beyond the reach of Canadian law, by reason of his absence from the country. The question we wish particularly to raise is whether a company which has procured a contract with the city by the use of nefarious devices and methods, can be punished only in the persons of individual members or agents who can be convicted of having been directly concerned in the use of those methods, while that company retains and profits by the contract obtained through the use of such dishonest and unworthy means.

To make our point more distinct, let us suppose that the Street Railway Company, some of whose members and agents are proved guilty of having successfully or unsuccessfully attempted to bribe members of the City Council to vote for the acceptance of its proposals, did, by the use of such dishonest means, obtain, on terms grossly injurious to the city, a contract for a long term of years. Should not the discovery

and proof of the fact of the use of such means annul the contract? If not, there is surely a gross failure of justice in the state of things under which a few agents may be punished, but the principals, who are really the chief culprits, are enabled to go on from year to year to make large profits out of the contract thus fraudulently obtained. If corporations have no souls to be appealed to on grounds of honour or righteousness, and no sensitive bodies to be made to suffer physical penalties, they have, nevertheless, property, a very sensitive part of their organism, through which they may be most effectively reached by legal penalties.

The same reasoning applies with equal force to all individuals or firms which may have resorted to similarly dishonest means in order to procure a contract, or any other pecuniary advantage from the city. If the principle that such individuals or firms should not be permitted to go on reaping the fruits of their dishonourable doings be granted, the application of that principle should not depend upon the accident of the success or failure of the corrupt methods employed. For illustration, let us suppose again that the bribes given or offered on behalf of the Street Railway Company were not successful in changing the vote of any aldermen, or that the contract would have been awarded to that Company without the aid of the purchased votes, or even that, irrespective of the manner in which the contract was procured, it is deemed the best arrangement available in the interests of the city. Neither of these suppositions diminishes, in the least, the guilt of the Company. Consequently, neither, we conceive, should avail to prevent the infliction of the penalty appropriate to the crime of bribery or attempted bribery, used with the object of obtaining by fraud, a contract which it was feared might not be procured on its merits.

These considerations are, we aver, worthy of attention. The fact is that a very grave danger to society, and to the interests of every commonwealth, large or small, national or civic, arises from the presence of immensely wealthy corporations, having selfish ends to serve, with an inordinate greed for gold, unscrupulous as to methods, and ready to spend at any moment large sums of money, illegitimately and corruptly if deemed necessary, in debauching those with whom they have to deal. A companion fact is deplorable, but it is none the less the fact, that there are too often to be found, in the service of state or municipality, a sufficient number of representatives who have their price to make the question of the success or failure of dishonest methods simply one of money. This being so, the danger that these millionaire syndicates may become practically supreme is serious. It is doubtful whether their corrupt and corrupting operations could be by any other means so effectually checked as by causing them to know that not only will all the members be held individually responsible for all acts done in the name of the Company, but that any and every corrupt act done or attempted on behalf of the Company by its accredited agents will, if discovered, involve as its immediate effect the cancelling of the contract, and pecuniary responsibility for whatever loss can be shown to have been suffered because of its operation up to the date of the cancelling. Would this be too heroic a measure? In what other way can the interests of the community be effectually safeguarded?

* * *

Modern Manners.

A WRITER who signs himself "Old Style" has asked us some serious questions. These questions we would willingly avoid, but for our hope that the letter in question and our own comments upon it may lead to some serious consideration and discussion of a subject of very great importance indeed. Two things are clear to ourselves, if not

to every human being: first, that manners are of very considerable importance, as indicating character, as having a very considerable influence upon the comfort, convenience, and happiness of those who are round about us; and secondly, that the ordinary manners of men and women in society are decidedly inferior to those of earlier times. We are asked to account for this difference, and to say what is to be done. Far from professing to be able to do what we are asked to do, we will only venture to make a beginning, hoping that the subject may be followed up by some of our readers and contributors.

In the first place, then, we can hardly deny that the manners of people "in society" were more beautiful in times past than they are at this present moment. And one reason for this may be given at once—the people who were then "in society" were of "higher birth" and had been surrounded from their earlier days by well-mannered people. From them they caught the tone which was never lost, which was never much disturbed, because they seldom came in contact with people much worse-mannered than themselves. Now, we are quite ready to admit that there were evils connected with this state of things. These people were often supercilious and insolent, regarding themselves as a superior class of beings, looking down upon the "lower orders" as hardly belonging to the same race as themselves. Still they were well-mannered in society, graceful, courteous, and altogether pleasant to contemplate, which can hardly be said of the ordinary "society woman" of the present day.

What is the cause? Well, partly there has been an irruption of the barbarians. When the Goths and others swept down upon the Roman Empire, in many places, the civilization which had been the product of centuries disappeared before them. And so now, when men and women, who have been brought up among coarse surroundings, and have had a very imperfect education, and have merely learnt to dress well—and some of them dress very well—what can be expected?

This is the curious thing. Many of those women do dress very well. They have learnt the trick from others, and the result is not unpleasant so far, and if they would only hold their tongues and be a little retiring, they might pass muster very well. But these are just the things they cannot do. Hold their tongues! And such tongues! Angels and ministers of grace defend us! What a terrible thing is the tongue of a half-educated woman! And retiring! Just imagine the average girl "in society" thinking of keeping herself in the background. So much for the irruption of the barbarians. They are there. Whether they are there to stay, we cannot tell. Whether they are there to be civilized, we cannot tell. But they are there, and they are not civilized; and our correspondent may think this over.

But there is something else. It is not merely that we are uncivilized; we are also "free and equal." Courtesy is servile. To bow, to say, "I am much obliged," or "I thank you," is to imply that, in some way or other, we are dependent upon others, perhaps even inferior to them! And this is intolerable! "Is not one man as good as another?" asked the demagogue. "To be sure he is," replied the Irishman, "and a great deal better." This is the spirit of a great deal of modern society. We are not content to think that anyone can be our superior.

Well! let us admit that there was something not quite satisfactory in the old state of things. Perhaps one class was insolent and another servile; and this was inconsistent with the idea of brotherhood which the Gospel brought into the world, and which modern society has been trying to learn. Yet surely there are other ways of putting things to falseness and inhumanity of the old régime without falling into the barbarity of which complaint is now so frequently made. We read such words as these: "in honour preferring one another," "be courteous," "look not every man on his own things, but every man also on the things of others," and we ask whether we may not, in the spirit of Christ, build up a society which shall be tolerable to men and women of high culture and gentle susceptibility. But here, for the present, we must stop.

Dr. Pusey and the Oxford Movement.

THE publication of the first instalment of the life of Pusey by the literary executors of the late Canon Liddon has once more turned men's thoughts to that ever fascinating subject, the Oxford Movement. The tides of religious thought and action are deeply interesting to the masses of men, because they give expression to, and illustrate feelings and sentiments common to so many. Philosophical movements are "caviare" to the multitude, but theological movements, because they find expression not only in treatises or essays, but in the actual church-life of the people, are, in the proper sense of the word, popular.

This is pre-eminently true of the Oxford movement. There is probably not a single Anglican church in the world that does not in the form of its services reflect its influence. It not merely created a new type of High-Churchman: it restored churches, it revolutionized ritual, it revived sisterhoods and brotherhoods, missions and retreats. It aroused a genuine enthusiasm for the Anglican Church, it kindled a flame of zeal amongst both clergy and laity, that is still burning with a steady glow in the breasts of thousands. Even those most hostile to its principles have felt its power. Bright, cheerful, hearty services are no longer the monopoly of any party, but they are the outcome of one phase of the Oxford movement.

Of this movement in its earliest stages two men were the soul, viz., Newman and Pusey. The correspondence of Pusey now published shews that, after his accession to the party, whilst Keble and others were frequently consulted, Pusey and Newman were together at the helm, until the entrance of the Romanizing tendency amongst the younger men gradually separated them, and finally wrecked the ship. It was entirely due to Pusey that the "flotsam and jetsam," scattered amidst the turbulent ocean of popular animosity and alarm, was gathered together, re-constructed, and the vessel again sent afloat on a somewhat altered mission, but upon which it still speeds with all sails spread.

Edward Bouverie Pusey was born on August 22nd, 1800. His parents were of good family, his father being an inflexible Tory, his mother "a typical lady of the days of Fox and Pitt. She was tall, slim, with long hands and tapering fingers. She commonly wore a watered silk dress, very plain, with large lace collars and ruffles. She rarely or never would lean back in her chair, and she used to say that to stoop was a sign of a degenerate age." She was devoted to duty, affectionate to her children and charitable to the poor. From the first Pusey exhibited what was perhaps the most marked feature of his character, viz., industry. Even in sports he excelled through his industry. It is hard to imagine the future Regius Professor of Hebrew a good shot and a cross-country rider, yet the gamekeeper who taught him to shoot said: "Master Edward is a better shot than young Mr. Pusey" (his elder brother Philip); "he do take more pains about it," whilst his biographer tells us he was accustomed to ride to the hounds.

At the preparatory school to which he was sent he added to industry the virtue of accuracy. "Mr. Roberts was a schoolmaster of the old race, and as such believed more in the efficacy of corporal punishment than of moral influences. To drop a pen-knife was a serious offence; and Pusey was once flogged for cutting a pencil at both ends. But the one crime which was never pardoned was a false quantity." Before he was eleven he could have passed the Oxford "Little-go," so proficient had he become in classics. "Both my boys," their mother used to say, "were clever; Philip had more talent, but Edward was the more industrious."

Pusey was always thoughtful, but not at first conspicuously religious. His spiritual nature seems to have gradually deepened and ripened along with his other faculties. There was never anything eccentric or abnormal about his religious views or habits. At Eton a schoolfellow testifies that he was "very grave and thoughtful, and I cannot recollect that he ever joined in any of our sports." Although Canon Liddon says that he appreciated humour, there is scarcely a trace of it in his biography. Grave and thoughtful as a boy, so he continued throughout life.

In 1822 Pusey took his degree, and, after a continental tour, returned there, and was, in 1823, elected a Fellow of Oriel College. He was well-fitted for the society in which he found himself. "The distinctive characteristic of the

Oriel mind was exactness in thought as the basis of exactness of expression." Here were Whately and Hawkins, Newman and Keble, whilst Arnold and Hampden had only recently ceased to be Fellows. Newman had already met him, but they now became intimate. "At that time," says Newman, "I had the intimacy of my dear and true friend, Dr. Pusey; and could not fail to admire and revere a soul so devoted to the cause of religion, so full of good works, so faithful in his affections."

In 1825, Pusey took a step fraught with momentous consequences. He had come into contact with unbelief in the person of a friendly correspondent. Germany was the headquarters of rationalism, and Pusey determined to study the relations of faith and scepticism, of orthodoxy and heterodoxy, on their own battlefield. At Göttingen he was introduced to learning of a different kind from that of Oxford. At Oxford there was fine scholarship, keen logic, bright wit; at Göttingen Pusey found encyclopedic learning. Canon Liddon has given us most interesting sketches of Eichhorn, Tholuck, with whom Pusey throughout his life sustained an unbroken friendship, Schleiermacher and others. As he listened to the destructive criticism and ingenious theories of Eichhorn, it flashed upon his mind that all this would "come upon us in England, and how utterly unprepared for it we are!" From that time he determined to devote himself to the Old Testament "as the field in which Rationalism seemed to be most successful."

The fruits of this resolution were seen in his appointment to the chair of Hebrew at Oxford, his catalogue of Arabic MSS. in the Bodleian Library (a task of enormous labour), his commentary on the minor prophets, and his lectures on Daniel. Pusey never had the slightest leaning to German criticism, although at this time and for some years later he held less rigid views of inspiration than subsequently. His quasi-championship of German theology against the narrow ignorance of Rev. H. J. Rose excited a mild flame of prejudice against him that was not entirely extinguished for years.

But it is time to come to the Oxford movement. The causes which combined to produce this movement are variously described by different writers. "To no small degree," says Pusey's biographer, "it was a result of reaction from the negative temper which had preceded and created the great French Revolution, and had been felt in every country in Europe. When the flood-gates of human passion had been opened on a gigantic scale, in the horrors of war and anarchy, men felt that religion and a clear, strong, positive religious creed was necessary if civilization was to be saved from the ruin." Prof. A. V. G. Allen, in a recent article* of great interest, says that it was "primarily a reaction against the rising consciousness of nationality which had been stimulated by the French Revolution, as also by the rise and fall of Napoleon. The attempt of the French Emperor to remake the map of Europe at his pleasure, as if national distinctions or boundaries had no inherent meaning . . . was followed by a vigorous assertion of the national idea, such as had not been seen since the sixteenth century . . . England shared in the deepening consciousness, which she had done much, also, to create, of the sacredness and grandeur of nationality. Under its inspiring influence she proceeded to purify and elevate and strengthen her national life by the accomplishment of needed reforms. To this end it was proposed, among other things, to reform the Church by getting rid of what had come to be abuses in the ancient establishment."

Here the Oxford movement is seen in the unfavourable light of opposition to the rising tide of English national life, and the suspicion and dislike with which it was regarded by the State, and the scanty interest of High Churchmen in the affairs of the State, afford a sufficient justification of this view.

Various propositions for the reform of the Church were promulgated early in the thirties. It has not pretended that reform was unnecessary; objection was raised to the spirit which animated the reformers. Canon Liddon's words on this subject must be taken with some caution, for he regarded it strongly from one point of view, but, no doubt, there was a spirit of crude latitudinarianism abroad. In addition to foes without were dangers within. "Not only was it said that some bishops were favourable to changes in the

* "Dean Stanley and the Tractarian Movement." The New World. March, 1894.

Prayerbook, but also widely circulated pamphlets recommended the abolition of creeds, at least in public worship. The doctrines of Baptismal Regeneration, and of Absolution, even the name of the most Holy Trinity were vehemently assailed."† Keble was one of the first to take alarm. In 1832 he wrote: "Things go on at such a rate that one is quite giddy, anything, humanly speaking, will be better than for the Church to go on in union with such a State; and I think, as far as I can judge, that this is becoming, every day, a more general feeling among Churchmen."‡

In 1833 the Government suppressed one-half of the Irish Episcopate. Something must be done. Hugh James Rose invited some like-minded friends to stay with him at the historic Rectory of Hadleigh,§ and among them Hurrell, Froude, Keble, and Newman. Soon after there was formed "The Association of Friends of the Church." In a paper drawn up by Palmer, the key-note of the subsequent movement was struck. The objects were "to maintain pure and inviolate the doctrines, the services and the discipline of the Church," and "to withstand all change involving the denial or suppression of doctrine, a departure from primitive practice in religious offices or innovations upon apostolical prerogatives, order and commission of bishops, priests and deacons." Meantime meetings were held in various parts of the country, and an address, with 7,000 clerical signatures, was presented to the Archbishop of Canterbury, assuring him of the loyalty of the signatories to "the doctrine, polity and Prayerbook of the Church."

It was at this juncture that Newman proposed to rouse and educate public opinion by means of tracts. The association was not unanimous; and Newman and his friends, the "Tractarians," separated from the main body. On July 14th, 1833, Keble preached his famous sermon on "National Apostacy" and on Sept. 9th the first tract was published. Pusey, at this time, was supposed to be of the party of the innovators. He was, although as yet but thirty-three years old, a person of great weight in the University. "Pusey's presence," writes Isaac Williams, "always checked Newman's lighter and unrestrained mood, and I was myself silenced by so awful a person." However, he was persuaded by Newman to write a signed tract on "Fasting," and from its publication to the day of his death he was the consistent, unchanging, untiring and ever-hopeful champion of what was called Catholic Truth in England.

It would take too long to tell the story of the Tracts. It must suffice to say, that in time they made their way, and, as everyone knows, exercised a profound influence upon the Anglican Church, until the publication of the unfortunate tract 90. Canon Liddon deals exhaustively with the troubles that arose thereupon, and makes a gallant defence of Newman's sincerity and the justice of his reasoning; but subsequent events gave only too good a handle for the reproaches of his enemies. Tract 90 is an attempt to emasculate the Protestantism of the 39 Articles, but in vindicating them from anti-Catholicity, it went far to discredit them altogether. The Rev. F. E. Paget, on being asked his opinion of it by Bishop Bagot, of Oxford, said: "At this rate the articles may be made to mean anything or nothing."

In the meanwhile the Roman Church was beginning to grow aggressive. It hopefully viewed the progress of the Oxford movement, and, by and by, some of the younger members of the party began to have grave doubts as to the Catholicity of the Anglican Church. Newman, himself, was beginning to feel the stress of doubt, and though Pusey was slow to see it others had already discerned the difference between them. From this time until the secession of Newman times went very hard with Pusey. The Bishops were charging their clergy against the movement, wild rumours were afloat, Puseyism became synonymous with a peculiarly offensive form of Jesuitism. In 1843 Pusey was suspended from preaching in the University pulpit of Oxford. In the following year Ward's "Ideal of a Christian Church" was condemned. Secessions were becoming common. Newman was estranged. He had resigned the living of St. Mary's, Oxford, in 1843. At last Pusey's eyes were open. In 1844 he writes to Newman: "I do not shut my eyes now; I feel everything I do is hollow and dread its cracking. I can

hardly do anything or take interest in anything; perhaps it is better that it is so, but it seems like building on with a mine under the foundations."

On October 3rd, 1845, Newman resigned his fellowship, and on Oct. 9th "the period of hesitation and suspense, within which Pusey had never quite ceased to hope, was at an end. The dreaded event had come at last, Newman was lost to the English Church."

Thus ended what may be called the first chapter of the Oxford Movement. Defeated and cast out at Oxford, deserted by its most brilliant supporter, opposed by the great weight of the bishops, it might well have appeared completely crushed. But it had yet a work to do for the Church, and possibly found its proper place not in the seat of learning, but amongst the people. Certainly its adherents can point with justifiable pride to the practical results it has achieved. Even though Disestablishment come, it will not be so much the work of popular hostility, as the result of the application to the Church of general political principles of the age. The Church of England is on the whole widely popular, and its growth in the affection of the people has grown with the growth of the "Catholic revival." It is not possible, in dealing with so complex a movement as this, either to condemn or to applaud off-hand; but some estimate of its principles and of their results will bring this article to a fitting termination.

In an age of great progress, the Oxford Movement was reactionary. This renders it liable to condemnation unless we are to pass a general sentence of failure upon the strong life of our century. Nevertheless a reaction may recover and revive forgotten truths and this the Oxford Movement accomplished. But it neither stayed nor turned aside the on-flowing stream of reform, whether political or educational. Bishop Wilberforce's attempt to destroy the doctrine of Evolution with the weapon of rhetoric only convinced men of science that the Church entertained the same spirit to-day as when she condemned Galileo. Its influence in the field of literature has been of the slightest. Tennyson and Browning, Carlyle and Emerson and Ruskin have appealed to the religious instincts and supplied the spiritual needs of men, but their inspiration has not been drawn from the fountains opened by the Oxford School. What the Oxford Movement has lacked has been spontaneity. It finally succeeded in creating a strong party with well-defined ends, which has been distinguished by zeal and patience, courage and pertinacity. But in order to succeed it has had to rely too much upon hard fighting and dexterous policy, rather than upon the inherent truth and inspiration of its message. Its one man of genius—Newman—took what almost all onlookers can see to have been the logical steps of joining the Church of Rome. Manning, the great parish priest, did likewise. R. I. Wilberforce, perhaps its greatest theologian, and "Ideal" Ward, its philosopher, and many another, found no resting place save in the embrace of Rome. Pusey single-handed averted the danger of a stampede, and the party was only saved by turning its attention to the practical side of Church life and work.

The extreme conservatism of the Tractarians prevented their doing much helpful work in the sphere of theology. They looked themselves, and turned the eyes of others, to the long-forgotten past, yet they lacked the gift of historical imagination. They failed to see that the Church is not a cast-iron framework, but a living organism. If they could have restored the Church-life of the fourth or fifth centuries they would themselves have been dismayed at the result of their conjuring. They began the work of translating the Fathers, but to-day the English reader goes to Presbyterian Edinburgh for his "Ante Nicene Library." It is not the High Churchmen who have written the history of the early Church but the Broad Churchmen, Milman and Stanley and Robertson. They have contributed almost nothing of first-class order to the wonderful output of Biblical Literature. Pusey's "Minor Prophets" is deservedly esteemed, but the value of his lectures on Daniel is diminished by their controversial tone, and destroyed by the fact that even English scholars have quite abandoned his positions as untenable.¶ It is scarcely surprising, then, that the younger High Churchmen, brought up in the unconfined atmosphere of modern Oxford, though strongly adhering to the doctrine of Apostolical succession—the fundamental doctrine of High Churchism—approach all theological questions in an entirely different manner from

† Life of Pusey. Vol. I, p. 265.

‡ Vol I, p. 266.

§ Taylor, one of the first of the Marian Martyrs, was rector of Hadleigh.

¶ Cf. Sanday's Bampton Lectures, pp. 214-220.

the original school. Mr. Gore, their chief spokesman, gave great offence to the older High Churchmen, by his famous article on "Inspiration" in "Lux Mundi," whilst the method of such articles as those on "Faith," "Theism," and the "Preparation for Christ in History," would have been most repugnant to Dr. Pusey, to whom it would have appeared as the result of an alliance with that liberalizing spirit upon which both Newman and he looked as the very spirit of Antichrist.

Whilst, then, the influence of the Oxford Movement has been very great and mainly beneficial to the practical life of the Church, it has accomplished little of permanent theological value, and has entirely failed to stem the tide of modern thought. But it has succeeded in reviving one idea, which, in various forms, seems to be steadily permeating the minds of religious people, viz., the *idea of the Church*. The social aspect of Christianity has been too long overlooked in popular Protestantism, with the result that social questions of all sorts are loudly clamouring for solution. If we are to judge by the place which it occupied in His teaching, there can be no doubt that the establishment of "the Kingdom of Heaven" upon earth was the great object of our Lord's work. But Protestantism has either neglected this, the chief element in His teaching, or it has evaporated it to the vanishing point, by its insipid and uninspiring language about the Invisible Church.

The idea of an Universal Church is dawning upon men's minds. That its form can be that outlined by the Oxford Fathers seems impossible. For it is neither scriptural nor rational. The Church of the fourth or fifth century is set up not only in idea but in detail as a type for us! It is small wonder that Carlyle used to talk of "Spectral Puseyisms." So long as men call themselves Christians, they can understand that the New Testament should be the fount of doctrine. Every sensible man will admit that we should respectfully consult the views of all Christian ages in regard to the interpretation of those Scriptures, but why the Church of the fourth century, with its teening heresies, with its hair-splitting orthodoxy, with its robber-councils, with its corrupt court, orthodox to-day, and Arian to-morrow, and more or less vile all the time, should be the ideal Church for ever, is what neither scholars nor men of common sense can understand. It is surely a conception which could only have emanated from the cloistered retreat of Oxford in 1834.

Yet the Oxford Movement has its lessons for a Protestantism filled with "divine discontent;" and the study of the spirit that animated the labours of a Pusey or a Newman may be of peculiar value in the present state of religious thought and religious life in America.

Ashburnham.

HERBERT SYMONDS.

* * *

Cairo Vignettes: The El-Azhar Mosque.

THE narrow winding streets of Cairo—streets swarming with native life, and as widely severed as the east is from the west, from the broad glaring modern boulevards and squares of the European quarter.

It is the end of a hot, dusty March afternoon, and the used up city air, heavy with every impurity, is redolent with the breath of greasy cookery. The whole town appears to be cooking. At every second doorway there stand the little open-air stoves, and beside them a negro woman is ever heaping up fresh piles of round fritter cakes.

But no one is eating these cakes, no one is having the little brass cups filled by the water carrier; the chairs in front of the cafés are deserted. There is no breath of tobacco on the air. Though the streets are so thronged, the usual shouts and shrill cries are rarely heard. Many are sleeping in doorways or on steps, huddled in their flowing garments. Those who are awake move about listlessly and silently; their faces are drawn and lined as if by pain; over their eyes is a curious film of dullness; and as they look at one there is a wolfish stare that makes one realize what Moslem fanaticism may be. The curse of Ramadan is heavy on the land. All are waiting for the sound that sets them free from the day's bondage, the gun from the citadel that allows the night's carousal to begin.

In cool darkened rooms the wealthy are sleeping through the last trying hours of daylight. The Khedive spends every day out in the quiet and seclusion of a country palace, only

driving in to Abdin Palace in time for the supper that follows sunset.

The rich may thus break the miseries of the Ramadan fast, but the poor must "dree their weird," and neglected or ill done work, brawls with the strong and cruelty to the weak are the inevitable results.

We have been driving about all the hot afternoon from one mosque to another, and as the hours pass our poor driver grows more stupid and lethargic, our guide more self-willed and determined we shall see what *he* wants not what *we* want, and the mosque keepers who produce the big shuffling yellow slippers at the door-ways, grimmer and grumpier. I feel it is full time that two lone, lorn females were back at tea in their own comfortable hotel. But there is one place that we must yet see—the El-Azhar Mosque—the largest Mohammedan university in the world. A great red-brown mass of buildings towering up, with that curious mixture of priceless old carving and colouring with the tawdry modern repairs or hopeless delapidation that mark all Arab buildings.

In the corner of this pile is a wonderful doorway, wonderful from the curve of its horseshoe arch, from the tracery of its lettering and scrollwork, and from the sombre richness of its deep-tinted browns and reds.

The usual tying-on of shuffling yellow slippers, calculated to fit the most giant-like of giants; a winding maze of dark passages, and we emerge in a great open courtyard, humming with life as every part of the vast hive appears to be. Sleepers lie rolled in their blue cotton garment up against every pillar; groups of boys whisper and giggle and cast scornful looks towards us; passers-by are ever hurrying through. Beyond is the "Liwan" or sanctuary, that spacious arcade, whose low roof rests upon nine rows of columns, 380 in all, every one the spoil of Egyptian temple or Christian church.

The floor is covered with yellow straw matting, and from it, the long rays of level red sunshine that stream in from the courtyard send up warm reflexes to the white roof and walls. The only furniture to be seen are rough wooden cupboards against the pillars which contain the few books and worldly goods of the students who come here from far and near, from Egyptian towns, from Arabia, Asia Minor and Turkey.

This broad arcade is not only their place of study but their home. They sleep on the matting, wash at the cistern in the great courtyard, pray at one of the four Kiblas for the use of the four orthodox Mohammedan sects, and if necessary, eat the frugal bread of charity which is here always to be had, which during Ramadan the Khedive himself has daily distributed at sunset.

These students generally number about 10,000, and young as they are—some seem mere children—there is none of the world's progress opening before their vision. It is the immutable bondage of Mohammedanism that is being built up around them, a wall to shut them in from all the fresh life of the world. This is the head centre of Mohammedan conservatism, and these boys learn exactly, neither more nor less, what their forefathers have for generations learnt.

The Arab grammar, theology, poetry, which includes the proper recital of the Koran law, secular and religious, both of which have their beginning and end in the Koran; these are the usual extent of their studies.

Almost everything is learnt by heart, and their mechanical memory becomes something wonderful, while original thought is seldom developed. From this university go out every year fresh forces against the march of progress in Egypt. These students swarm everywhere; seated cross-legged in a circle around some teacher; conning in solitude over a book, or swaying too and fro with half-closed eyes in an ecstasy of prayer.

And all and everyone, as we pass, cast at us that same dully hostile glance that vaguely chills and troubles one. How I should like to offer the poor, hungry, weary souls a cigarette all round!

But a slow stir of preparation grows. The sleepers are fewer, the washers at the cistern and the prayers before the Kiblas more numerous. The long sun rays are growing redder. Let us be off, for we have far to drive, and must not feel that we keep our dragoman and coachman one moment from their first cigarette and drink of water. The citadel gun will soon boom and the long day's fast be over.

Recent Fiction.*

THERE is no escaping the "new woman." She is with us always and is come to stay. She wants something, what it is she hardly knows yet, but at any rate she means to have it. She is in deadly earnest about it, too, and is outraged because frivolous man only looks on and smiles. Books without end are being published written by the "new woman" about "the new woman." It is a relief therefore to come across a book written by a woman on this question in which there is some sense of humour and proportion. Such a book is "A Bachelor Maid" written by Mrs. Burton Harrison and published by The Century Company. It is a good story, brightly written. The heroine is carried away by the movement of the day, and at the beginning of the book breaks off her engagement with the hero, in order to throw herself more completely into it. We recommend our readers to obtain the book and learn how she is disillusionised and finally taught the lesson that

"The woman's cause is man's; they rise or sink
Together."

The scene is laid in New York, and society life in that city is well described. "The Maiden's Progress" teaches a somewhat similar lesson. Its heroine, Moderna, is a fast girl, at least so she would have been described some few years ago; now we suppose she is only modern, Heaven help the times! Compared with the heroine of the previous story she is frivolity itself, though of course she has the proper amount of yearnings, etc. She lives her life in English "Society" and after the due number of experiences and disappointments settles down to be the wife of the faithful lover who has waited for her through the book. We were pleased when this fate befel the heroine of "A Bachelor Maid," but would have preferred an unhappier ending for Moderna.

In form the book is an experiment, the story being told throughout in dialogue. As an experiment it is fairly successful, but we trust that it will not be followed to any great extent. To our mind its disadvantages far outweigh the advantages, and we much prefer a plain, straightforward narrative.

"Denzil Quarrier," by George Gissing, is an excellent piece of work, and in these days of revolt against social conventions it teaches an important lesson. "Now I understand the necessity of social law." These are the last words of the hero of the book, and he has come to this knowledge only after an attempt to defy social law, an attempt which has brought into his life sorrow and death. Yet there was much to excuse him. He has taken to live with him as his wife a girl whose husband was carried off to prison immediately after the marriage ceremony, and who has never seen him since. Together Denzil Quarrier and Lilian lead a happy life, husband and wife in everything but the legal tie, which of course is out of the question. For two or three years they live this life in concealment, but at last the opportunity of representing the little town of Polterham in Parliament is offered to Quarrier, and he comes to reside there, bringing Lilian with him as his wife. No one suspects the situation besides themselves, one person only knows the facts, Glazzard, Quarrier's bosom friend. Glazzard, however, had hoped for the nomination himself, and partly for the sake of revenge, and partly for the malicious purpose in causing a disaster, he hunts out Lilian's first husband, now released from prison, gives him the requisite information and sends him down to Polterham. Then comes a period of blackmail and horrible fear for Lilian and Denzil. The strain is more than Lilian can bear, and she drowns herself just at the very time that Denzil is triumphantly elected. It is a sad and powerful story, and if our sympathies are interested on behalf of those who thus violate the laws which bind society together, at the same time we are shown how the offence brings the inevitable punishment in its train.

It is a relief, however, to turn to a book in whose teaching we have nothing to condemn or excuse, and that is what we

* "A Bachelor Maid." By Mrs. Burton Harrison, with illustrations by Irving R. Wiles. New York: The Century Co. Price \$1.25.

"The Maiden's Progress: A Novel in Dialogue." By Violet Hunt. Bell's Indian and Colonial Library. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

"Denzil Quarrier." By George Gissing. Bell's Indian and Colonial Library. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

"Doreen: The Story of a Singer." By Edna Lyall. Longman's Colonial Library. London and New York: Longmans, Green & Co. Price 75 cents.

can do with certainty in the case of anything which Miss Edna Lyall has written. Her books we may recommend to everyone with the absolute assurance that they cannot fail to be better for their perusal. "Doreen," her latest, is, it seems to us, her best work, and will, we are sure, have thousands of readers. It deals with the Irish Question, being the history of the life of an Irish girl who rises to the front rank as a professional singer. It is the first attempt by an English novelist to deal with the Irish Question in a sympathetic manner, and we are sure that its readers whether they are in sympathy with Home Rule or not cannot fail to have their sympathies enlisted and some of their prejudices removed by this delightful story. The whole book is a plea for a better understanding between English and Irish. We are shown something of the condition of things which led to the great movement of which Parnell was the leader, but whilst Miss Lyall has no doubt of the justice of the Irish national cause or of the reality of the social and agrarian grievances of the time, she shows that she can appreciate and excuse the position taken by the majority of Englishmen at the time. One of the chief characters of the book is evidently Michael Davitt, and both Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Foster are introduced. Though the main purpose of the book is political, it must not be thought that the story is wholly political. Far from it: it is full of general interest from beginning to the end, and if it in no way touched upon modern problems it would remain a fascinating story. We follow with eager interest the fortunes of Doreen and the hero Max, and are thoroughly pleased when, at last, after difficulties and misunderstandings, they are happily united.

* * *

The Dead Statesman.

Cruiser, the flag that flies,
O'er all the world best known,
With warrant kind as wise,
Spoken from Britain's throne,
To our Canadian shore,
With rime of winter hoar,
Thou brings't across the foam
Our statesman's body home.

Where Windsor's castle rears
Its towers of regal mien,
He stood among his peers,
In Council of his Queen;
When, entering through the gate,
Unseen among the great,
Death's angel whispered "Come!"
And called our statesman home.

Not in declining days,
Life's journey well-nigh run,
But in the full warm blaze
Of manhood's noon-day sun,
Sudden the summons came,
Like lightning's flash of flame,
Straight out of heaven's dome,
That called our statesman home.

No more his wisdom proves
The staff on which depends
His party. From the loves
Of wife and child and friends
He parts, the people's choice.
No enemies rejoice;
Grief strikes contention dumb,
And bears our statesman home.

An honourable man,
In duty's path who trod,
Far as earth's eye can scan,
The rest is with his God.
Stainless his name shall stand,
With theirs who served the land;
And our Canadian loam
Welcomes his body home.

J. CAWDOR BELL.

* * *

In the report of a London literary tally-keeper, we are told that nearly 1,000 novels a year are got out in England. That is about two and a half novels, most of them in three volumes, for every day in the year. We have tried to keep tally of the fresh stock in the New York novel market, and, so far as we can make out, it averages about ten novels in book form a week, or nearly one and a half per day, most of them but a single volume. The supply of foreign-made goods in our market exceeds that of domestic. We must stir up our American novel-writers.—*New York Sun.*

The Reviewer.

"Irresponsible, indolent——"—TENNYSON.

TIME was when in regard to Mr. Bliss Carman's poetry, I was little better than one of the Philistines. Lately I have undergone a change of heart, and I embrace this opportunity of making a public recantation of my former errors and heresy. In extenuation, however, I can plead the valid excuse of ignorance. When I was numbered with the scoffers and sat in the chair of the scornful, I knew only *Marjory Darrow* and one or two privately printed poems, in which, to my poor judgment, the rhyme ran away with the reason. Had I first learned to know Mr. Carman through his *carmina felicissima* "Low Tide on Grand Pré," I could never have fallen. But his first volume had not then been given to the world. Apart altogether from the necessity of this little abjuration of mine, it behooves a Canadian reviewer to note the portent of a Canadian poet reaching a second edition, within a few months of the first, especially when that second edition is such a jewel of the bookmaker's craft, as Messrs. Stone and Kimball have produced. A finer setting for poems of price is hard to imagine. If many of its fly-leaves do not tender inscriptions of "—— to ——," it will be because our modern lovers have forgotten the good old customs of the 'forties and 'fifties, when the appearance of Mr. Tennyson's slim green volumes dated literary epochs.

In these days when the artist tries to plead sincerity as an excuse for faulty workmanship, it is a pleasure to note Mr. Carman's exquisite technique. With one possible exception, "At the Voice of the Bird," a verse-form limited to four rhymes throughout, which might tax even Mr. Swinburne's ingenuity, the verse as verse is simply satisfying. No one ever denied that Mr. Carman was a musician in words. "Marjory Darrow" was a genuine song; what it lacked was certainty of sound. Now the singer has not only kept his sure touch, his sensitive ear, his own peculiar tune, but he lets us hear distinctly the words of his song. A distinct line should be drawn between poems and puzzles. That difference was not observed in Mr. Carman's first published work; this volume shows that he can write verse as "clear of the mote" as the court lady's diamonds.

There are echoes of other poets here and there. The stanza of "In Memoriam" is used twice; "Whither" suggests a well-known poem of Browning's; "A Sea Child" recalls the opening of "Les Noyades," and "Seven Things" is thoroughly Swinburnian in its mystical balance. But Mr. Carman's manner is distinctly his own. Nor can one complain of monotony in a poet who has mastered such diverse movements as these:—

"Was it a year or lives ago
We took the grasses in our hands,
And caught the summer flying low
Over the waning meadow lands,
And held it there between our hands?"

"And all her heart
Is a woven part
Of the flurry and drift
Of whirling snow;

For the sake of two
Sad eyes and true
And the old, old love
So long ago."

"Still the Guelder roses bloom,
And the sunlight fills the room,

Where love's shadow at the door
Falls upon the dusty floor."

"For man's walk the earth with mourning
Down to death, and leaves no trace,
With the dust upon his forehead
And the shadow in his face."

These all are undenied successes; but without doubt, the strongest form is the simple ballad quatrain, which Heine found the best. The true lyrist does not follow after eccentricity. He takes the tune consecrated by ages of use, the verse-form that comes easiest to the lips of the common people. To both he gives new meaning, new contents; and that is not an easy thing. For instance, such a verse as

"She knows the morning ways whereon
The windflower and the wind confer;
Behold there is not any fear
Upon the farthest trail with her!"

apart from the suggestion it brings of the joy of morning, is like a charm to croon over to oneself, for pure delight in the lightly-tripping procession of well-mated words. The best poems in the book are in this metre. They answer to the final and supreme test of the lyric; they will not out of the memory. To read them once is to be henceforth haunted with shapes of grace and echoes of ringing sweetness.

The opening poem, which gives the book its name, is one of love and loss. The mistress is absent and the lover regrets. That is all; but one is not forbidden to interpret further. In a lover's ear, the confession may have deeper meaning. It is pervaded with the hush of sunset, apt symbol of that reticence of grief, which half conceals the mood it has preserved in precious balms of language. The next poem, "Why," repeats the thought of the epitaph in the Lucy-cycle "No motion has she now, nor force." But by easy transitions, the personal note, at no time insistent or plaintive, is merged in deeper, fuller strains. These may be called hymns to that

"—Presence which disturbs us with the joy
Of elevated thoughts——"

Isis, Mother Nature. The relation between

"The great Mother of us all,
Whose moulded dust and dew we are
With the blown flower by the wall."

and her poet-son is one of perfect understanding, of grave tenderness without a shadow of gloom. There is nothing new in finding Nature the consoler, but the poet treats this well-worn theme with an air of distinction, wholly his own.

"Still the old secret shifts and waits.
The last interpreter."

The latest interpreter is worthy of his great charge; he has found new meaning in the old text.

"And all the world is but a scheme
Of busy children in the street,
A play they follow and forget
On summer evenings, pale with heat.

* * * *

But waiting in the fields for them
I see the ancient Mother stand,
With the old courage of her smile,
The patience of her sunbrowed hand.

They heed her not until there comes
A breath of sleep upon their eyes,
A drift of dust upon their face;
Then in the closing dusk they rise,

And turn them to the empty doors."

The contrast between our feverish, futile lives and the calm, significant majesty of this world's beauty is plain in these few words. It has rarely been better drawn.

Pulvis et Umbra shows how the poet holds himself akin to everything that lives.

"There is dust upon my fingers,
Pale gray dust of beaten wings
Where a great moth came and settled
From the night's blown winnowings."

This is enough to set him musing, who or what the visitant can be:

"Or is my mute guest whose coming
So unheralded befell
From the border wilds of dreamland
Only whimsy Ariel,
(Gleaning with the wind, in furrows
Lonelier than dawn to reap,
Dust and shadow and forgetting,
Frost and reverie and sleep?"

Man that is crushed before the moth, whose life is a vapour that appeareth for a little, cannot vaunt himself as higher, only different.

"Pillared dust and fleeing shadow
As the roadside wind goes by,
And the fourscore years that vanish
In the twinkling of an eye."

Man also is of "the dust and shadow kindred." He

works out his salvation painfully. The brief life of the moth reaches perfection at a single bound.

"Thou art faultless as a flower
Wrought of sun and wind and snow,
I survive the fault and failure
The wise fates will have it so.

For man walks the world in twilight,
But the morn shall wipe all trace
Of the dust from off his forehead,
And the shadow from his face."

And the musings end in this mood of grave hope.

I have not space to do justice to the rest of the book; the lyric appeals to the wandering instinct, the salt in our blood, that drives us to the sea; the Canadian background so delicately limned and with such truth; the subtle portrayal of those elusive moods, each lover thinks peculiar to himself. At some other time I may. Though Mr. Carman has not always reached the crystalline lucidity that distinguishes "Wayfaring," he has shown us the way he intends to travel, the goal that he has set before him. Along with this promise of good things to come, he has given us rare achievement. For subtlety of thought and grace of form, *Low Tide on Grand Pré* has few equals among the first volumes of poets.

* * *

A Wedding in North Italy.

AMONG the papers and sketches in my old portfolio I have just come across a large and imposing envelope. It is inscribed with my name in a flourishing Italian hand, and contains a large double card announcing the approaching marriage of Giglia Alberti and Tommaso Guidi, and requesting, on the part of the parents, the honour of my company at the approaching festivities.

How plainly it all comes back to me! How well I remember that summer so many years ago in the pretty little town in North Italy, and all the details of the little drama which was now coming to a prosperous conclusion. The first appearance of the suitor on the scene, the preliminary overtures through relations conducted with due regard to the Italian proprieties, the short courtship, the friendly interest and sympathy of the kindly neighbours, and the picturesque wedding in the mountains at the bridegroom's native place. Domo d'ossola, as travellers through the Simplon pass know, is the first town on the Italian side. It lies in the heart of the Ossola Valley, shut in on every side by mountains, and is a centre for the little industries of the mountaineers who live in the villages round.

The father of Giglia Alberti, like so many of his countrymen, had gone away early in life to Buenos Ayres, and made, if not a fortune, at any rate what was counted a fair competence in his native town. There, true to the mountaineer's love for the mountains, he had returned to settle down with his wife and only child, and here Tommaso Guidi had made the acquaintance of his bride. He, too, was a native of the country, born and bred at Varso, a small hamlet still higher up in the mountains. But he was now a wealthy merchant at Paris, and it was during one of his annual visits to his mother in the previous year that he had met Giglia at her cousin's wedding. He had only seen her once, and nothing further had taken place till the following summer, nor must it be supposed that he was even then so indiscreet as to address himself to his "innamorata" herself. He did not even apply to her parents, but to an aunt of Giglia, who had a well deserved reputation for arranging affairs of this nature and who had steered him safely through the rocks and shoals of courtship, and landed him safely in little more than a month as a "fidanzato." Every precaution was apparently taken to keep the person most interested in complete ignorance till the proposals had been made in due form to the father, but I am convinced that in spite of this, and her apparent ignorance, the young lady herself knew quite as much of the proceedings as any one else. But at last the preliminaries were all happily concluded, the wedding day was fixed, the trousseau ready, the parting visits paid, and the boxes of bonbons (the Italian substitute for wedding cake), distributed. I still possess mine, a round white satin box with a spray of orange blossoms across the top. All the details of the wedding preparatious, which were on a scale of magnificence unusual in Domo d'ossola were watched and dis-

cussed with the greatest interest by the friends of the bride elect. And they were all friends, though some were comparatively wealthy and some so poor as to have barely enough to live on; though some wore the dress common in polite society, and some the picturesque costume of the peasants of North Italy. There were no reasons to interfere with the kindly spirit of friendship which prevailed among them all. There is no democrat like the mountain peasant; they all feel on an equality, and take it for granted in a way that admits of no discussion. Giovanni goes out into the world to seek his fortune. He finds it, perhaps, and comes back a rich man to settle down in his old haunts. Giuseppe, his friend and playmate in former days, still cultivates his little plot of ground, wears his peasant dress, and lives as poorly as his fathers before him. But the old intimacy is taken up on the same lines as before, the old friend is welcomed back, and resumes his own place in the little community. It is no doubt this spirit of kindness and good fellowship which draws back the wanderers as surely as the thought of their dearly loved mountains. It was some feeling of this kind which made the young Paris merchant celebrate his wedding feast at his native village of Varso, some miles up the Simplon Pass.

The wedding day dawned bright and clear as heart could wish, and the bridal party were early astir. Both the legal and religious ceremonies were necessarily to be performed at Domo d'ossola, and a long drive must be taken before the wedding guests could assemble at the breakfast at Varso. The greater number of guests came from Domo d'ossola and its neighbourhood, so the whole country round was ransacked to provide the necessary vehicles for their transport. It was certainly a curious collection, and some of the vehicles were of such doubtful construction that one would think, like the famous Irishman who cavilled at the bottomless sedan chair, that, but for the honour and glory of the thing, one would rather walk. But no one was at all inclined to cavil, either at the carriages, or at the costumes of the guests which were also, in some cases, open to criticism. Then and there a startling effect was produced, when some modern device was grafted on to the pretty peasant costume, to the great detriment of the latter. Among the most conspicuous objects was a tremendous high black hat, which so overpowered its unpretending little owner that it seemed like a continuation of his long black body and legs, his meek shrivelled little face being apparently put in to mark the centre of his system.

Most of the guests assembled at an early hour at the bride's house, while her most intimate friends were admitted to assist at the toilet. The bride was a pretty plump girl, who never once throughout the long day's performances lost her smiling, composed demeanour. She was dressed in the conventional white satin, with veil, wreath and orange blossom, and her appearance on the stairs was greeted with hearty murmurs of applause. Here the bridegroom met her, and presented her, not with orthodox white bridal blossoms, but with a bouquet, so large, so gay, so ugly, that it remains imprinted on my mind as one of the most prominent features of the day's performances. And yet it was so characteristic of the scene, it had such an air of gay and prosperous good humour, that it seemed a fitting expression of the good-wishes of the honest and light-hearted company. It was received with great satisfaction amid a universal buzz of admiration. After slight refreshments, the whole party was disposed in the various vehicles, and driven first to the church, for the religious ceremony, and afterwards to the Town Hall, where the civil office was performed. There were no bridesmaids, but the bride was accompanied to the altar by two god-mothers, and a little boy and girl, the two latter kneeling one on each side of her, and each holding an immense lighted candle in one hand, and a large bouquet in the other. When this part of the proceedings was over, the guests set out for Varso, the long line of carriages making an imposing show with the bridal carriage, drawn by four white horses, at its head. For part of the way, the road lay along the Simplon pass, but it soon branched off, the scenery growing continually wilder and more beautiful, and the road more precipitous, with gigantic rocks and steep cliffs on either hand. At last we saw the little village of Varso in the distance, and the constant report of muskets saluting the bridal pair told us that we were reaching our journey's end.

The number of guests was so great that the bridegroom's house proved too small for the occasion, and accordingly the

inn was put into requisition. The rooms on the ground floor were thrown open, and a large verandah boarded round to afford sufficient accommodation. At least one member had come from every house in the village, as well as many more from the villages round, so the wedding party numbered, by this time, over a hundred and thirty. It was a picturesque scene. The peasant dresses of North Italy, though not so striking as the well known costumes of Rome and Naples, are still sufficiently varied and attractive to give great life and variety to such a scene. The girls from Domo-d'ossola and its immediate neighbourhood wore a high, close-fitting dress of some dark material, with very voluminous skirts, full white sleeves and gay handkerchiefs on the head and crossed on the bosom. One of the prettiest costumes was that of some women belonging to a hamlet far up in the mountains, whose name I have forgotten. With their straight, graceful figures, tight-fitting jackets and richly flowered silk aprons, they would have been perfect models for a painter. Here and there was a woman dressed in the picturesque costume of Brienz and Como, with her headdress of solid silver pins, treasured, perhaps, as heirlooms in the family for many generations. The costume was rare, however, as it is principally seen in the neighbourhood of Milan. It has become historical by Manzoni's "Promessi Sposi," and carries one back to the days when poor Lucia dressed herself for the wedding that was, alas, so long delayed.

But there was nothing in the appearance of our pretty little "Sposina," in her fashionable white satin dress to awaken romantic thoughts of any other disconsolate lover. Both Giglia and her husband had the prosperous look of those whom fortune had treated very kindly and who look to a continuance of her favours. Long tables were placed around the verandah, and at one of these the bride and bridegroom, with their nearest relatives and most intimate friends, were placed. The rest of the company were seated indiscriminately at the other tables, and the whole party seemed to lay themselves out for the day's enjoyment with an enthusiasm that is generally lacking from our social gatherings. It certainly needed a great deal of enthusiasm to sustain nature during that long dinner, for more than four hours elapsed before we rose from the table. It was not a moment too long, however, for most of the guests, whose spirits seemed to rise as course after course appeared. This was, perhaps, partly due to the generous supply of native wine which flowed like water all through dinner. There were several courses of soup, fish, game, risott (the national Milanese dish of rice cooked with saffron), poultry and various meats. Of sweets and fruits there were very few. The little bride was extremely composed and self-possessed. She received all the compliments showered on the "Sposina" with an unflinching smile, and ate her dinner with an excellent appetite. A diversion was caused towards the close of the meal, when a young man rose up among the guests, and with every appearance of mental excitement delivered an original ode to the bride. It was received with vociferous applause, although its merits were necessarily taken on trust, as owing to the agitation of the orator, it was almost impossible to distinguish anything but repeated "Evoiva's" and "Sposa's." The feast closed with the ceremony of drinking the health of the newly married pair in champagne, and the company then prepared to accompany them to the bridegroom's house about a quarter of a mile distant. But the rites were not yet over. As the guests rose from the table a large number of the ladies collected round the bride and burst forth into such passionate weeping that one would have been justified in supposing that she was about to be led out to instant execution. The storm ceased, however, as suddenly as it had burst and all was serene again. It was only a local form of affection.

The early twilight was falling as the bridal procession set forth. This was really the most picturesque part of the proceedings. There was something quite primitive and patriarchal in the scene as the party wound its way on foot along the rough path which led to the house of Signor Guidi. A band of musicians went first, playing gay and stirring music, then came the bride, in her long white dress, leaning on her husband's arm; then all the friends, their dresses, gay, quaint, fashionable and picturesque, blending harmoniously in the soft October light. All the way musket shots were fired almost incessantly in a manner somewhat trying to the unaccustomed ear, but it was evidently one of the usual ceremonies on such occasions as these. At last the house was reached

where the newly married couple were to spend the next two days before starting for Paris. Here, amidst hearty congratulations and good wishes, the last farewells were said and the wedding guests once more entered the carriages that were to convey them to their respective homes. As we roll along the road which skirted the foot of the long garden the white-robed bride was still standing on the terrace with her husband, and the sound of their "Addio" was borne faintly to our ears across the last merry notes of the unwearied musicians.

L. S.

Paris Letter.

IS it the beginning of the end? The Superior Council of Commerce and Industry is an advisory body attached to the Ministry of that name. It is composed of about 50 of the leading merchants and *industriels* of the country, irrespective of locality. It is that body which is consulted by the Ministry before any bill or decree is prepared affecting trade. The president of the Superior Council is the Minister of Commerce; after him the Vice-President is M. Meline, an excellent Conservative Republican and a capital committee man. His only drawback is to be the *chef* of the ultra-protectionists, and he has a substantial parliamentary majority at his back. In the recent meeting of the Council M. Meline has been defeated by 25 against 15 votes on his proposition to raise the customs tax still higher on foreign colonial sugar. Till now M. Meline was omnipotent in the council, so his defeat is regarded as the commencement of the reaction, not against bi-lateral, but against ultra-protectionism.

Sooner or later France must retreat from her present China Wall system of trading. Her exports keep permanently dwindling. She has closed her ports against foreign goods and products, and has to support retaliation in addition to being elbowed out of foreign markets by cheaper competition where no retaliation exists. The United States swamps her home market with lower priced cereals and flours, and Australia is eclipsing her in the English butter market. After allowing for all sets-off, and not reckoning the cost of the Madagascar expedition, the deficit that cannot be met by current receipts of this year's budget is 45 million frs., and, before the close of the year, can become higher. Bad finances, said Baron Louis, is a sign of bad politics. Contentment cannot be expected from people who have no work and whose trading is sick.

The election of the new speaker for the Chamber of Deputies was relatively important as testing the respective strength of the united conglomerate and the sitting-on-the-fence Republicans. As for the Monarchists they are a *quantité négligeable*. The "Rads" are the largest important minority, but have never recovered from the taint of Panamaism, which has clung, like a Nessus shirt, to their former, but now thrown aside, men of light and leading. M. Meline is the best all round man; excepting his terrible ultra-protection hobby, which commences to limp. He holds no extreme or wild-cat views; he is a mild and sympathetic personage and as able as he is extremely modest. In stature, he is very small, but can lead colleagues twice his height and treble his weight. He is one of the best listeners I ever met with and never deceives or indulges in political blarney. He abhors wind bags. It is a pleasure to record that Deputy de Mahy had withdrawn from the contest. Better leave him with his *dadas*: hatred of the Anglo-Saxon, of the protestant missionaries of Madagascar and of the Prime Minister—19 letters in his name so *excusez le peu*—of the Hovas. M. Brisson is the leader of the Radicals; he is the incarnation of the no surrender liberty, equality and fraternity; he will not budge from the years 1789 and 1848. He is a perfectly honest man, but not exactly an able one; he lost ground as president of the Parliamentary Committee of inquiry into the Panama corruptions; he had not the courage to lead that inquiry to the bitter end. His "mornful" character tells against him; he has nothing winning in his temperament; he would try and lead men by austerity and the unrelaxing virtues; he expects men to be all Solons and Sages, when Carlyle lays down they are mostly fools. He will die a Republican, encased in the Roman iron-clad principles of no concessions to man, no give and take in business. The Speakership is the stepping stone to a Premiership and the Presidency of France.

Rather too much is being made of the Roman Bank scandals as a battering ram against the Crispi ministry. The pecuniary storm and stress period of the Crispi party is not at all analogous with the Panama corruptions. Political parties in every country send round the hat, and make a whip. Some will not refuse checks for £100, the only mistake being to return them after being solicited. Madame de Stael remarked that one must never too closely examine cookery or politics. Italy is not a land of millionaires, nor has Signor Crispi ever claimed to be rich; he has not dabbled with the moneys of the State; he "flew kites" to keep his party journals afloat, and the priests that lived by their altars. As to the financial *billets doux* of his Signora, she is well known to be a little eccentric. She admitted, office had ruined herself and her husband, as the Presidency of France did poor MacMahon; hence, why she prayed fervently—not an unnatural step—to the Virgin to not confer office again on her husband. How many in the world solicit the Virgin for "pension, post and place" daily! And the bill discounter, Tanlongo, who, in his prison cell, rises every morning at four o'clock to pray to the *Sacré Cœur* to safeguard his honesty. What an *alla podrida* of nasty parochial politics and matter-of-fact piety. The political danger is not in these revelations as droll as the love letters in the case of a breach of promise; it is the possible return of the Marquis di Rudini to power, whose ambition is to smash the triple alliance, and allow Italy to drift. The present must be an anxious moment for the Emperor William; by his brutal haughtiness, he has largely aided to throw England into the arms of Russia, and his two allies commence to feel their situation shaky. France is gradually sidling round to the Anglo-Russo *entente*; leave her evolution to be effected in her own way and manner. It is not a sacrificing of pride that is demanded of her, but to make room for a new, and not unfriendly, arrival—to be content with the moiety instead of the whole of the Czar's love; the more so since they have no monopoly of any of it.

Japan, it is the opinion here, commences to enter upon the threshold of her war difficulties; Fortune would appear to be a shade less sunny in her smiles. French authorities condemned her march, at this season, upon Moudken as a mistake. The Chinese have, like the Russians, a trusted ally in winter. To transport men accustomed to a spring climate all the year round to live out a Kamkatcha winter, even on rice, and supplied wadded uniforms, would not prevent the iced air from penetrating delicate lungs. If the Chinese soldiers would try and not bolt so much, fewer of them would be killed, and the fighting would be better. The French have no decided views on the Sino-Japanese war as yet. In this they resemble Germany. Both, perhaps, are waiting for the *débâcle* of the great Empire, and then harpoon a few big morsels. Some Japan papers are quoted, praising the French and depicting the "Anglo-Russian alliance" as having for aim to divide China between them, and trusting to the proverbial disinterestedness of France—Tunisia, Siam, Tonkin, the Soudan, etc., to wit, perhaps—to oppose such land-grabbing. French sympathy will follow—like the policy of other nations—French interests. It is not for the advantage of either England or Russia, nor even for Japan, that China should become a drifting mass. In any case, the handle of the broom, to use a de Mony phrase, will be on the side of the Anglo-Russian action. Japan can never expect to penetrate deep into China, and even having captured her arsenals the European powers will not long consent to allow the war to continue on that system of coast line descents. Here the opinion is pretty unanimous: Japan ought now to lend a readier ear to China's propositions of peace, backed as she is by General Winter.

The remains of poor M. de Lesseps were unostentatiously placed in their tomb. The funeral, as it wended its way quietly to Père Lachaise, gave rise neither to regret nor, as was apprehended, to hostility. Death had only made him to be more forgotten than he has been since his "decline and fall." If ever the Panama Canal be made, and its shareholders coin like those of Suez, then will be the moment to resuscitate the memory of the Grand Français. I was looking yesterday at a photo of M. de Lesseps, taken two days before his death. It represented him in dressing gown, wearing a black skull cap, leaning on his arm upon a table, and in profound somnolency; deep, wrinkled, inexpressive features, but the outlines of great energy not quite faded. Close by were two other photos, relating to the opening of the Suez Canal, and the rush of purchasers to subscribe for the first issue of Panama Scrip.

Equally forgotten already is the official interment of President Burdeau. Many are of opinion it was an error to decree a gala funeral—not that he was unworthy of it—to a man of such simple tastes, and who felt only happy in the midst of the souvenirs of his lowly origin, but brilliant self-elevation. Gala funerals generally make the recipients of them to be forgotten more rapidly.

The weather continues to be very gloomy, and the season unhealthy. A few weeks of north pole temperature would please everybody. The Berlin theologian, who fixes the end of the world, not on the "first" but the 23rd of April, 1908, has caused some amusement. Chronologists, like doctors, differ; the Savant of Berlin gives humanity but a lease of 13 years to live; more generous and humane is M. Flammarion, the astronomer, who fixes the death of our planet at the end of 100 millions of years. That's a breathing time for his contemporaries at least. Theologians go in for an end of the world prophesy for themselves, as do scientists to capture an unknown microbe. After all what is fame?

The 108 projects sent in for the proposed 1900 exhibition represent an enormous amount of talent and of ingenuity; of labour also, as the plans exhibited in the buildings on the Champ de Mars but too clearly testify. And only to think the total amount of the prizes for the designs to be accepted is only 50,000 frs. From a hasty glance at the private view there is no one design that satisfies all needs. There are half a dozen out of which the complete and definite model will be designed. The architects were free to demolish the Eiffel Tower, and all the buildings on the Champs de Mars, or utilize them as they pleased. The laid down site included the Champs de Mars—the Frocaden understood—ranging over the river sides to the Palace of Industry. Parisians are only interested in seeing two ends accomplished; the demolition of the Eiffel, and of that other eye-sore, the Palace of Industry. Some competitors clear all the Champs de Mars, despite the enormous cost of removing the Eiffel, others only transform the Palace of Industry. Many projects cut down the Eiffel to the first story, on which they would construct a sphere containing theatres and restaurants, Aerial railways will play a decided part from the Champs Elysees to the Eiffel, and thence to the towers of the Frocaden. Water will be extensively utilized; projects would convert the Champs de Mars, and the lowgrounds of the Frocaden, into lakes for sea fights. Another would throw a rainbow arch from the Eiffel to the Frocaden, and have a gigantic switch back railway thereon. One architect would convert the towers of the Frocaden into volcanoes, permanently vomiting up fire-works with illuminated water fall to represent lava. There is a plan to construct two gigantic elephants at the Eiffel, and employ their trunks for restaurants, and bodies for theatres. The serious projects place the building on the borders of the Seine, with garden hinterlands for the colonies and special countries. So far the display is most hopeful and very original. Z.

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More About the Cut.

PICKING up a copy of THE WEEK yesterday I was much interested in a racy "piece" entitled the "Philosophy of the Cut," which led me to reflection on another aspect of this profound subject, viz.: the Science of the Cut. One may, with large and wise discourse, discover reasons and reasons, and yet be quite unable to do this thing roundly and neatly. There are ways of cutting and other ways. I was walking up Main Street one afternoon, not long ago, when I saw coming towards me, one to whom I felt kindly—in fact, one of the species of friends, which may be denominated Quondam. I was about to smile and bow, when she, with suddenness, turned her face to something of intense interest in a shop window—a saddler's, perhaps—and gazed there until I had passed on. There was an awkwardness and self-consciousness in the movement, that betrayed an ignorance of method, and the countenance of her coiffure was ferocious. But, for the concomitant movement, I would have fancied she had been washing her hair. It had that fly-at-you-expression, which always follows the washing and drying process. I longed for one brief moment to turn back and give her a coaching in the Science of the Cut.

Now I am not one of those who throw themselves psychologically at passing friend or acquaintance, but I

believe it is only courtesy to acknowledge such with the ordinary mode of recognition when we meet them. It is a mark of true gentleness. A lady of social position who can be all suavity and politeness, when expediency demands it, can draw herself up haughtily on other occasions and give an insolent nod, which says coarsely "Stand off! you have no social position." For the nonce her victim haply may peer through the flesh veil at that shrivelled soul, and wish her well. People of such ilk exercise this method of the cut usually. It is contemptible and unscientific.

The following is a very effective, and rather elegant way of administration: A gentleman walking along a thoroughfare, or quiet street—or, it may be, in the drawing-room—is encountered by a lady with eyes of recognition and delight. He looks at her in wonder: "Oh! have I seen you before? Yes? yes? *somewhere*, doubtless," say his eyes, though scarcely six months previous, during a summer out-flight, he had waxed confidential in his attentions to her. This method requires polish, and utter self-possession, with a moiety of conceit added, and is used mostly by the learned professions.

Then there is the don't-see-you method, which is very easy if the conditions are favourable. It happens in this way: A lady is walking down the street talking to a friend; a well-known acquaintance looms in the way before her; she talks vigorously, "turns her eye's tail up" slowly, and cuts the victim serenely, all in one sweep. This is the most common method of street cutting. It always reminds me somewhat of Trabb's boy in "Great Expectations," her demeanor is so loudly proclaiming "Don't see you, 'pon my soul I don't see you."

A very different and much more abominable way of doing the cut is this: The cutter, in response to a courteous recognition, stares with gorgonizing (not necessarily British) eyes which say "Sir! how dare you presume." The main attribute required here is pomposity. Over against this gorgonizing method, there is another way of performing the cut, and, to my mind, it is the only upright and self-respecting way. This is merely a cold look of unrecognition to the condescending and patronizing bow of one who really needs discipline of this sort. I have been an eye-witness to cuts of this sort and relished the sight exceedingly. Although hardly in accordance with the sermon on the Mount, ethically, this kind has a moral value. There are other ways of doing the cut, but a thought of wearying forbids referring to more.

The near-sighted person can never perform the cut with any credit to himself, for the reason that the enemy is upon him, before he knows his man. And, then, again he is forever cutting the people upon whom he delights to beam. The absent-minded man, of course, never sees friend or foe, till he stumbles over them. As a rule, these are the rare souls, the occasional wanderers in life, from whom an eye beam is a delight—from whom a word is silvery treasure. These beautiful and lofty souls who "pass my gate," with feet on the solid earth and head up among the stars, know nothing of the cut, its philosophy or science—their contemplation is on higher themes.

MARY TUPPER.

Winnipeg, Dec. 25th, 1894.

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Correspondence.

PRINCIPAL GRANT ON SIR JOHN A. MACDONALD.

The Editor of The Week:

SIR,—Dr. Grant's voluminous review of Mr. Pope's life of Sir John A. Macdonald, which appeared in your issue of Dec. 14th, should be carefully studied by all who wish to become acquainted with a good reviewing style, combined with an exceptional gift for seizing the governing facts of history. It ranks with the best reviews of the *London Times* and *Spectator*. One among the numerous points to be achieved by a reviewer should be to quote incidents which throw a light upon the character of the age. He has done this admirably by quoting the scene between Sir John and the reporter, and his humorous advice to the latter, "Young man never again attempt to report a public speaker when you are drunk." The *London Spectator* quotes another humorous fact which will give future generations a good idea of the rough and ready ways of early Colonial days, as contrasted with the more decorous usages of older civilizations. It

appears that at his first case at the bar—to the great scandal of the judge—he came to blows with the opposing counsel. While the crier of the court—as in duty bound—shouted "Order in the court" he sympathisingly whispered in his ear "Hit him, John." Such a pugilistic encounter has never been heard of in England, and probably not even in Lowland Scotland.

The reviewer has fallen into a general misapprehension when referring to the Joint High Commission of which Sir John was a member. He states: "It was known that the questions to be settled" (between England and Canada on the one side and the United States on the other), "had excited the people of the United States so keenly that if the negotiation failed war would have been the result on the very next occasion when Britain was in difficulty with other powers." He overlooks the fact that, even after 1870, General Grant stated his belief that until the South was reconciled—since happily achieved—they would avail themselves of any good opportunity to rise again.

Literary men and politicians who do not come into actual contact with the people in daily life often make mistakes as to their real opinions. I maintain that in 1870 the genuine Americans were friendly and peaceable, although very willing to gain any point by buncombe. From April, 1870, till January, 1871, I came in daily contact with Americans in New York and New England. I interviewed thousands, and, in many hundreds of cases, stated that I was from London. During the nine months the American press "breathed threatenings." Although I laid myself out for remarks, I only met with four persons (two not being native Americans) who made unpleasant observations about the Alabama affair. I consequently came to the conclusion that the newspaper war-scare was a "plant," and wrote to the Foreign Secretary with the facts. The letter was duly acknowledged. I have forwarded a full statement of the facts to the *London Times*. The statement was sent to refute the missive of Mr. Edgar, appearing in its issue of 26th December. Englishmen, unacquainted with our real life, would, on reading his letter, imagine that all Canadians are ready and willing to die in the last ditch, if a dozen patriots are refused permission to acquire on their own terms the property of others. It is ridiculous to suppose that Canadians propose to shed blood in order to enable—say—12 gentlemen thus to feather their nests. At this very time we are exerting ourselves to punish those who have feathered their nests at the expense of Toronto. I believe Mr. Edgar to be an upright and clever politician, but feel sure that intelligent Canadians will laugh at such mock-heroics. It seems to me—although not a Conservative—that while the Conservatives as a mass are wisely or unwisely in favour of protection, the majority of our leading Reformers manifest "a benevolent neutrality" for buncombe.

Dr. Grant, referring deprecatingly to the state of political morality, says: "The fact that in Canada and the United States methods essentially immoral are accepted by both parties . . . as the rule of the game." Conceding that well-known fact, we must bear in mind that during the last fifty years neither party in Canada has openly encouraged crime in order to gain recruits for an attack upon its adversary. After the event, crime has been excused—notably in 1885 on the Riel affair; but that is very different to encouraging people to commit crime, as Mr. Gladstone has repeatedly done, subsequent to the rejection of his Home Rule Bill in 1886. No Canadian leader has ever sunk so low as that religious statesman who has always been so strict in "giving tithe of cummin and aniseed." In Canada, cattlemainers (are there any?), outragers, and homicides, have never looked to the leader of either of our political parties as a shield or champion. Therefore, so far as that is concerned, Canada is ahead of England.

The reviewer fails to appreciate a fact that greatly helped to bring about the defeat of the free-traders in 1878. All sensible people admit that the voters, as a mass, are ill-qualified to judge questions requiring good reasoning powers and far-seeing views. This, of course, applies to all countries. In 1878 trade was very bad, and numbers believed that in some manner it was the fault of the Government, and that the latter had the power to give prosperity off-hand. As an instance—just before the election of 1878—the writer was impressively informed by a suffering storekeeper, referring to the Government, "We must have a change." He did not explain what he wanted except more cash customers, but

evidently longed for a transformation scene as in a Christmas pantomime. He was a fair specimen of myriads who, by their votes displaced the free-trade party. In rural France such people are the support of the ultra-protectionists who have reversed the state of things of 50 years ago. Then almost all articles of food were cheaper in France than in England; now, owing to British free trade, it is exactly the reverse.

What Sir John said to the British Commissioners anent the danger of annexation, if what he advised was negated, is a capital instance of his fitness for the position of an old-time ambassador as then currently defined. It was pure buncombe. During 23 years in Quebec and Ontario I have not met with six native Canadians who desire annexation. We all know that we are far better governed than the States, and that annexation would mean that the careers of our statesmen of both sides would be blighted, and that, like the Americans, we should be ruled and victimized by the Washington rings.

Although not a Conservative, I agree with Dr. Grant that the work gives a better opinion of Sir John than we had before.

In conclusion I would respectfully suggest—as Dr. Grant excels in seizing the leading points of history—that he would be a very fit person to write a history of Canada for popular use. Great historians are as rare as great generals. In each case it is necessary—among other qualifications—to combine large views with thorough insight.

FAIRPLAY RADICAL.

Toronto, Dec. 31, 1894.

SCOTT AND STEVENSON.

To the Editor of The Week :

SIR,—Mr. Neilson, in his notice of Robert Louis Stevenson, in *THE WEEK* of December 21, makes the following remark :—“ ‘Kidnapped’ is not a mere return to Marryat and Cooper, not even to Scott ; it is a return to the picturesque and dramatic action of these earlier romance writers, with the addition of a subtle power of characterization of which they knew little or nothing.” After quoting Scott’s own admission that “the exquisite touch which renders ordinary commonplace things and characters interesting from the truth of the description and the sentiment” was denied him, he makes the assertion that “with the commonplace he notoriously failed,” and cites “Edward Waverly” as an example.

I write not for the purpose of controverting this opinion, but for the purpose of getting a little more light on a difficult branch of criticism from one who writes with the airy confidence of an expert. It seems to me that Scott has succeeded with a good many of his characters quite as well as Stevenson has with “David Balfour,” and I would like to know whether those named below are, in Mr. Neilson’s opinion, included in his idea of the “commonplace”: “Caleb Balderson,” “Edie Ochiltree,” “Dominic Sampson,” “Dandie Dinmont,” “Andrew Fairservice,” “Gurth,” “Friar Tuck,” “Rebecca,” “Jeanie Deans.”

I may add that little importance should be attached to Scott’s comparison of himself with Jane Austin. He was not the best judge of his own artistic powers, any more than Shakespeare or any other truly great artist. If Mr. Neilson can clear up my difficulty he will earn the gratitude of an

ONLOOKER.

SOCIETY AND MANNERS.

To the Editor of The Week :

SIR,—We are often told that the world is improving, and I am inclined to hope and believe that this may be the case. But I am troubled about one thing—the manners of people—of women, and of well-dressed women in society. “Manners make the man,” we are told ; but surely they much more make the woman ; and, if that is so, according to my observation, the woman must be very badly made. It is not merely that a great many of these ladies—women, very well dressed women, too—are destitute of ordinary courtesy. They hardly ever say, “If you please,” or “Thank you,” when you show them an attention ; but they are loud and noisy in their conversation, offhand in their remarks—speaking, for example, in a crowded room, almost at the top of their voices, and making personal references to persons in the room and almost within earshot. Now, sir, I want your

opinion on this subject. Is this the blossom of modern civilization ? Is this the outcome of our improved education and the like ? We read of the ancient Salon where ladies and gentlemen were courteous and even ceremonious, and we smile at the old-world politeness—the bows, the gestures, the smiles. I dare say, it would be easy to ridicule the practices of older times. But oh, the misery, the agony of mingling with crowds whose rudeness and brutality make one’s skin creep and one’s hair stand on end ! What is the reason of it ? How do you account for it ? What is to be done about it ?

OLDSTYLE.

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Library Table.

Odes and Other Poems. By William Watson. (New York : Macmillan & Co. Toronto : The Copp, Clark Co., Ltd.)—This new volume of verses by William Watson contains work which shows that this gifted writer has completely recovered health and strength. Some of his admirers will feel that these new contributions are rather slight, but, no doubt, the strain of composing a long poem would have overtasked the author’s newly recovered energies. This disappointment is amply atoned for by the rich promise of the poem entitled “Vita Nuova.” It is a hymn of thanksgiving poured fourth in gratitude and joy for recovered life. Its grandeur—we can use no less a word—proclaims a nature of great power and capacity. We make no apology for quoting it entire :

Long hath she slept, forgetful of delight :
At last, at last, the enchanted princess, Earth,
Claimed with a kiss by Spring the adventurer,
In slumber knows the destined lips, and thrilled
Through all the deeps of her unageing heart
With passionate necessity of joy,
Wakens, and yields her loveliness to love.

O ancient streams, O far-descended woods
Full of the fluttering of melodious souls ;
O hills and valleys that adorn yourselves
In solemn jubilation : winds and clouds,
Ocean and land in stormy nuptials clasped,
And all exuberant creatures that acclaim
The Earth’s divine renewal : lo, I too
With yours would mingle somewhat of glad song.
I too have come through wintry terrors,—yea,
Through tempest and through cataclysm of soul
Have come, and am delivered.

Me the spring,
Me also, dimly with new life hath touched,
And with regenerate hope, the salt of life ;
And I would dedicate these thankful tears
To whatsoever Power beneficent,
Veiled though his countenance, undivulged his thought,
Hath led me from the haunted darkness forth
Into the gracious air and vernal morn,
And suffers me to know my spirit a note
Of this great chorus, one with bird and stream
And voiceful mountain,—nay, a string, how jarred
And all but broken ! of that lyre of life,
Whereon himself, the master harp-player,
Resolving all its mortal dissonance
To one immortal and most perfect strain,
Harps without pause, building with song the world.

These lines have been said—whether worthily or not, let the reader judge—to have something of the majesty of Milton’s verse.

Among many beautiful pieces we would single out the beautiful lyric which begins : Bid me no more, etc., and the Ode to the first skylark in spring. “A Study in Contrasts” compares the restless spirit of a Collie to the genius of the West and the monumental calm of a great Angora to the genius of the East. It is more humorous and altogether in lighter vein than Matthew Arnold’s well known lines : “In Memory of Obermann,” but it is quite worthy to be compared with them.

We are inclined to think that the *Spectator*, in placing Watson first among living poets, is overstepping the mark, but if Watson fulfils the promise of some of his work, it may be that this disciple of Tennyson is destined to win the withheld crown. All his work is musical, some of it is in the grand style. But as yet it is rather slight and the poet is inclined to be too self-conscious, too anxious, too eagerly desirous of fame. His admirers will watch anxiously for his next volume. In the meantime *Odes and Other Poems* is full of promise, and will add to an already widespread popularity.

A Study of Ethical Principles. By Professor James Seth. (Price 8s. 6d. net. Edinburgh and London: W. Blackwood & Sons. 1894.)—This volume is no mere *tour de force*, it is the matured result of much earnest dealing with metaphysics and ethics. One thing which strikes the reader who takes this book in hand is the greatness of Aristotle. As the modern metaphysician talks of going "back to Kant," whether he intends to stay there or not, so every serious student of ethics has to go back to Aristotle. Professor Seth begins quite properly with the "Ethical Problem," treating it first generally, then according to ancient and modern conceptions of the subject, and giving the resulting definition of ethics. After other preliminary inquiries, he considers the different types of ethical theory. These have been discussed by other writers at great length—the hedonistic and the rigoristic, for example—admirably by Janet and others; but Professor Seth supplements these by a careful and valuable discussion of the Utilitarian system as modified by the doctrine of evolution. In advocating what he calls the doctrine of Eudæmonism, the author supports the doctrine towards which all the most thoughtful moralists seems now to be gravitating. There is no real difference in this respect between Janet, Green, Martensen, Muirhead, and Seth. Mr. Seth makes profitable use of Green and others. The second part of the book deals with the moral life, individual and social; and the third with the metaphysical implications of morality—Freedom, God and Immortality. Here and there we have marked some slips which will doubtless be corrected in a new edition. At p. 163 we have, "He that *seeketh* his life," for "*Saveth*." At p. 180 we have some remarks on Butler, to which we should take exception, if we had room for discussion. Surely there must be some mistake, at page 215, when the writer speaks (concerning Aristotle) of *ἐνέπνευα* leading to *δύναμις*. Nor do we quite like "Spirit" as a translation of Plato's *θυμός* at p. 229. At the same time we have marked a number of passages of peculiar excellence. We might specially refer to some remarks on asceticism at p. 171. But the whole book is of great excellence and deserves to be seriously and carefully studied.

Life and Times of Sir Isaac Brock. By D. B. Read, Q.C. (Toronto: William Briggs. 1894.)—We are already indebted to Mr. Read for excellent and useful contributions on the lives of the notabilities of Canada, particularly for his "Lives of the Judges," and the "Life and Times of Governor Simcoe." There is no falling off either in the importance of the subject or in the interest of the narrative in this volume on the "Life and Times of Major-General Sir Isaac Brock." Brock was born in 1760, the same year as Napoleon and Wellington, and he died before those great captains met face to face. It would be absurd to claim for him a place beside two of the greatest warriors of the world; but he is not unworthy to be mentioned along with them. Everywhere in this volume he appears as the man of high character, of great ability, of undaunted courage. He was 33 years of age when he followed his regiment to Canada, and he was 43 when he fell gloriously on the Queenston Heights. It was a troubled time, when Napoleon was coquetting, for his own purposes with the United States, and the wisdom and watchfulness and readiness of Brock were invaluable to this country and the empire. Mr. Read tells all this story well, and without needless offence to neighbours who are now more friendly than they were in the days of Brock. We will permit ourselves only one extract from these animated pages. It is the passage which tells of the death of Brock. "Brock always in the front, roused beyond himself, conspicuous by his height, dress, gesture and undaunted bearing, was pointing to the hill, when he was struck by a ball in the right breast, which passed through his left side. He reeled and fell and his attendant officers rushed to his side, but saw at once that their brave commander was mortally stricken. He lived only long enough after receiving the fatal bullet to request that his fall might not be noticed, or prevent the advance of his brave troops, adding a wish, which could not be distinctly understood, that some token of remembrance should be transmitted to his sister."

Illustrated Historical Album of the 2nd Battalion, the Queen's Own Rifles of Canada. 1856-1894. (Toronto: The Toronto News Company.)—It was a happy thought on the part of some members of the popular Toronto regiment, the Queen's Own Rifles, to undertake the compilation

of an historical album, dealing succinctly with the record of the regiment and including portraits of officers past and present. The "Queen's Own" was founded on a general order which appeared in the Canada Gazette of 26th April, 1860. The idea of forming a battalion in the City of Toronto, Captain Gunther tells us in his interesting historical sketch, originated with the late Colonel G. T. Denison. Many Torontonians still remember Lieut.-Col. Durie, the first chief officer. Colonel Gilmore's face revives much later memories; that of Colonel Otter brings recollection very near our own day; while the names of Colonels Miller and Allen, and that of the present commander, Colonel Hamilton, will not be unfamiliar to most Toronto boys. The important events in the regiment's life are referred to—such as the St. Alban's Raid of '64, the Fenian Raid of '66, the North-West Rebellion of '85—together with matters of minor importance. Rolls are given of the staff and other officers, both commissioned and non-commissioned, and it seems as though no special feature in the makeup of the regiment were overlooked. The eighty well-filled pages of this neat and tasteful book will not only revive many a martial memory associated with the past, of this favorite Canadian corps, but will enhance our interest in its present activity and efficiency. Canada has just reason to be proud of her sons in red and rifle green, and though war and its ravages should ever be deplored there is wisdom in the legend of our favourite rifle regiment: *In pace paratus*.

When London Burned. (London: Blackie & Son; Toronto: Copp, Clark Co.) The historical novel, when well written, is certainly to be recommended, especially when it is intended for boy readers. What is sometimes a dry and uninteresting subject, as judged by the Text-Books on history, which the ordinary small boy finds anything but entertaining, becomes, when touched by the magic of romance, a fascinating study. Of to-day's writers of boy's stories, no one enjoys a higher reputation than Mr. G. A. Henty, whose numerous admirers will be glad to learn of yet another book by his facile pen. The period of the restoration, with the interesting episodes it furnishes. The Plague, the war with the Dutch, and the Great Fire is treated with the author's realistic touch. Cyril Shensstone, the hero, is a hero indeed, somewhat too heroic, and attended by a too marvellous and uniform good fortune, mature readers might think, but just such a hero as must delight and inspire a boy. The best descriptive work done in the book is in the picture given of the plague. The diction is intentionally a little archaic, though occasionally some very modern expressions and phrases contrast rather oddly with the general tone of the book. For example, one of the characters is made to remark to another that he is "awfully glad to see him." Mr. Henty writes so rapidly that such little lapses are to be expected. The book is profusely illustrated, the type clear and sufficiently large, and the story, it is scarcely necessary to add, brightly and racily told.

As Natural as Life. By Charles G. Ames. *In Love with Love.* By James H. West. (Boston: James H. West. 1894.)—The authors of these two little volumes have for their respective aim the elevation and purification of their readers' thought. The lower planes of life occupy so much of our life and energy that it is refreshing from time to time to have our vision raised, our morals stimulated, and higher ideals set clearly and attractively before us. Both Mr. Ames and Mr. West write with sincerity and ability, and no reader, we may venture to say, will regret having read their excellent essays, embodied in the above volumes, however much they may disagree with some of the views propounded.

Airlie's Mission. By Annie S. Swan. (Toronto: William Briggs. 1894.)—It would be idle to introduce Mrs. Burnett Smith to our readers. The *nom de plume* "Annie S. Swan," has long been familiar as that of an authoress whose pure and engaging tales have won for her deserved favour. The present story is simple, unaffected and touching. The sweet disposition, and high resolve of Airlie Kent cannot fail to win the reader's commendation. Such lives as Airlie's impress upon us all the fact that we have each a mission, and upon its fair and full performance much depends, not only as regards ourselves but others.

Periodicals.

The *Annals of the American Academy* for January contains: "Economics in Elementary Schools," by Professor Simon N. Patten; "The Break-Up of the English party System," by Edward Porritt, Esq.; "Wieser's Natural Value," by Dr. D. I. Green; "Money and Bank Credits in the United States," by H. W. Williams, and "How to Save Bi-Metalism," by the Duc de Noailles. Besides these leading papers there are four Briefer Communications, two reports of meetings, Personal Notes and Book Reviews. The two new departments, containing Notes on Municipal Government and Sociological Notes, contain much interesting and valuable information.

Temple Bar is always interesting. The January number is especially good, containing several notable contributions. "The Jew and the Jewel" is a bright and original short story, which engaged young ladies should make a point of reading. It is also to be commended to the careful attention of the self-righteous members of religious societies. "Lady Jean's Vagaries" is continued, and the present instalment brings the story up to Chapter XI. A delightful article is that on "An Old Society Wit," by Mrs. Andrew Crosse, the wit being Luttrell, the natural son of Lord Carhampton. There are so many more good writers than good talkers, and the two qualities are so rarely found united in the same person, that his friends owed a debt of gratitude to Luttrell for having cultivated his conversational rather than his literary powers, and for having adorned and delighted society for so many years with his remarkable vivacity and wit. Another contribution of great interest is "The Letters of Edward Fitzgerald to Fanny Kemble." The letters form an almost continuous series, from the middle of 1871 to within three weeks of his death in 1883.

The *Arena* opens the new year in its January issue with a bill of fare that shows no falling off in the skill with which various interests are always combined within the covers of this magazine. The number is especially likely to attract wide attention on account of the publication of a remarkable symposium on the Age of Consent Laws in the United States, in which eight of the leading writers whose names are connected with the movement for social purity are represented. They are: Aaron M. Powell, the editor of *The Philanthropist*, the organ of the Social Purity League; Helen H. Gardener, the well known novelist; Frances E. Willard; Rev. A. H. Lewis, D.D.; Dr. O. Edward Janney, M.D.; Will Allen Dromgoole, the story writer of Tennessee life; and Dr. Emily Blackwell, of New York. Rev. W. H. Savage contributes to the popular series on the Religion of the Poets an interesting paper on "The Religion of Longfellow's Poetry." There are many other articles prominent among which is "Politics as a Career," by Mr. W. D. McCracken. He says that no honest man can enter political life in the United States to-day except as a Reformer, and that as a Reformer he will be treated with scorn and contumely and have little or no influence.

Two negative virtues make *Lippincott's Magazine* a favourite with us; it is not printed on highly calendered or shiny, glossy paper, and it has no illustrations. [It differs from other American magazines in several respects, and justifies its existence. The January number contains a complete story by Captain Charles McIlvaine bearing the curious but suggestive title, "The Waifs of Fighting Rocks." Any one who begins the tale will finish it. There are nearly half a dozen good short stories besides. "By Telephone" is ingenious in conception, but a little clumsy in execution. "Mrs. Santa Claus," by Marjorie Richardson, is well worth reading. Mr. Gilbert Parker has an interesting article on Herbert Beerbohm Tree. In writing of him Mr. Parker wants to give "the idea of a man who has an individuality which must be taken into large account; an idiosyncrasy in his art which is at once a style and an impulse; a stage manner which is not a mannerism even when it comes at times near to the fantastical, but is rather a kind of idiom of—shall I say the word?—of genius. . . . The word that signifies it all is presence. By presence I do not mean a matter of manner, though that that is important enough, but the general effect of personality, the vital influence which produces

effects by simply being, not acting. It is that persuasive something which fills a room, a place; which bulks materially almost as much as it suggests." It is quite true that really great men produce effects by the action of presence. The number concludes with a paper on socialist novels by M. Kaufman. The present order of things may be far from perfection, but it is infinitely to be preferred to the schemes of existence sketched by socialistic world-improvers.

Another periodical which depends wholly upon its literary merits, and with admirable results, is our old and honoured friend *The Atlantic Monthly*. The present number—January—contains "Aleyone," a poem by Archibald Lanpman, one of the foremost of Canadian poets. This poem is worthy of the reputation of its gifted author. An article to which many will turn is that on "Survival of the American Type" by Mr. J. H. Denison. He deals with the great struggle for survival which is now going on in the United States between the lingering type of Americanism and the alien element that surrounds it. The sceptre of Government has passed to an alien race, and the Americans have actually to fight the "battle of liberty" over again. "By the foreign majority, and its susceptibility to the management of traitors, the American people have been put outside of their own institutions, while those institutions themselves have been turned into an instrument of degrading tyranny. The intelligent are in the power of the unintelligent." Mr. Denison writes hopefully, however, and believes he sees signs of the genuine American once again beginning to assert himself. Amongst other good articles in this number may be mentioned the "Genius of France," by Havelock Ellis. The Contributors' Club is a capital and well sustained department of the magazine.

The January *North American Review* heads its long list of contents with an admirable article on the "Personal History of the Second Empire," by Albert D. Vandam. In the present instalment of the article he deals with the influence of the Napoleonic legend, and hastens to affirm his belief that the Napoleonic gods are not dead but sleeping. Paul Bourget has been giving publicity to his impressions of the Americans, and Mark Twain makes them the text for one of his characteristic papers. He does not appear to be very much impressed with the value of these impressions. "A foreigner can photograph the exterior of a nation, but I think that that is as far as he can get. I think that no foreigner can report its interior—its soul, its life, its speech, its thought. I think that a knowledge of these things is acquirable in only one way; not two, or four, or six—absorption; years and years of unconscious absorption; years and years of intercourse with the life concerned; of living it, indeed; sharing personally in its shames and prides, its joys and griefs, its loves and hates, its prosperities and reverses, its shows and shabbiness, its deep patriotisms, its whirlwinds of political passion, its adorations—of flag and heroic dead, and the glory of the national name. Observation? Of what real value is it? One learns peoples through the heart, not the eyes or the intellect." Mr. ex-Speaker Reed contributes a paper on "Historic Political upheavals," which will interest men of affairs especially. But Dr. Cyrus Edson has written an article which everybody will read, for everybody is concerned, more or less, and actively too. He writes of the "Nagging Woman," with whom we are all acquainted intimately. The doctor points out how injurious "nagging" is, both to the person who nags and the unfortunate who has to put up with it. "Nagging produces continual brain excitement and continual irritation of the nerves."

Literary and Personal.

The Montreal *Star's* last issue of the old year contained a short poem by Mr. Arthur Weir, on the home-coming of the body of the dead premier, entitled "Entering Port."

"Her Royal Highness, Woman," is the title of Max O'Rell's discourse this evening. He "appears" in the Massey Music Hall, which will no doubt be crowded by the many admirers of the gifted Frenchman.

The Critic of Jan. 12th will contain a full report of the Stevenson memorial meeting at Carnegie Music Hall, with the speeches made by Edmund Clarence Stedman, Edward Eggleston, David Christie Murray and others. Several portraits will accompany the text.

Although "History, Prophecy, and the Monuments," by Professor James Frederick McCurdy, of the University of Toronto, has been published only a few months, and although the first volume alone has appeared, a second edition has already been called for.

Among the younger men who are slowly working their way into current literature, and especially the short story, is Walter Blackburn Harte, whose name is already somewhat familiar to a scattered public of bookish people as the author of certain literary and social essays after the fashion of the earlier English essayists. But to-day the short story's the thing; and Harte is beginning to put forth some short stories of New York street life, mostly touching upon social questions, that show a compact skill and the faculty of telling a story in a few words. "A Drama in Tatters," from his pen, in the January *Arena*, is an interesting bit of work.

Music and the Drama.

The eminent English basso, Mr. Watkin Mills, on the occasion of his song recital in the Massey Music Hall last Friday evening, the 4th inst., should have been greeted by a much larger audience than that which assembled to listen to his magnificent singing. We hear so few artists of his rank here that it seems the more unfortunate that our people do not show their appreciation of him in a more substantial and unmistakable manner than what one could gather by the appearance of the Hall on the evening in question. Mr. Mills is undoubtedly a great artist. His voice is so pure, so splendid in quality, and he sings with so much finish and beauty of phrasing that it is a treat and a great pleasure to hear him. His numbers were: Gounod's *Recit. and Aria*, "She Alone Charmeth My Sadness," "Honor and Arms," "O Ruddier than the Cherry," "Why do the Nations Rage," from Handel's oratorios "Samson," "Acis and Galatea" and "Messiah"; "In Cellar Cool" and "A Hundred Pipers." In addition to these, he sang two or three encore numbers, and received furious applause. His interpretations are beautiful, and distinguished by clear enunciation, and a style remarkable for artistic ease and freedom. Artists of his calibre should be heard by every music student in the city, so much is to be learned in the way of articulation, beauty, and expressive phrasing. Mrs. Isidore Klien, the Toronto soprano, sang a "Cavatina," by Meyerbeer, and a ballad, "Because of Thee," by Tours, singing an encore number after the last named selection. Her voice is of good compass, and she uses it generally with care and discrimination. But we do not like the continual *vibrato* effect, which so many singers apparently consider an acquisition to their technical outfit. Purity and evenness of tone and intonation is what should be sought for by every artist, whether singer or player. However, in many respects Mrs. Klien's singing gave much pleasure. The accompanist of the evening was Mr. Charles A. E. Harris, formerly of Montreal, but now of New York, and he did his work well. He also played some three or four organ selections, a "Triumphal March" of his own composition, Haydn's "Clock Movement," and an overture of Auber's, and proved himself to be an effective and brilliant player, with fine technique and musicianly taste. His share of the evening's entertainment was not by any means the least attractive.

We notice a great deal written about Chopin in these latter days of the century. And we do not think it would be hazardous to conjecture that, as the years go on, he will be looked upon to have been as good a reformer in the realm of piano music, as Wagner was in the composition of the music drama, and in the marvellous distribution of tone color for which we know that master excelled. When we remember the condition of piano music before Chopin's advent, and how certain prescribed forms, chiefly of the sonata and dance varieties, ruled everything in the shape of musical composition, it will be an easy matter to determine the genius of Chopin, who would

not allow his music to be bound by any such rules, but broke the fetters of form and custom, and gave free rein to his impassioned and eloquent expression. Think of his originality in dispersed harmony; and his surprisingly beautiful and exquisite modulations! One is almost overcome with the rush and brilliancy of his heroic ballads, and polonaises, with their exciting rhythms, and grand wild sweep, and again one becomes almost intoxicated with the soulful, wistful yearning, and sad loveliness of the nocturnes, preludes, and a few of the ideally charming and noble etudes. Can anything be more pleading and intense than the etude in C sharp minor from op. 25 with its two themes moving together, each murmuring its own passionate love tale? Or can anything be more caressing and tender than his languishing, dreamy Berceuse, or more fragrant than many of the Mazurkas? The dewy freshness of these little pieces is felt by the sensitive artist almost as soon as his eye alights on the page. And when he plays them, as his fingers cause the piano to reveal in sounds their grace and elegance, is not one enraptured, nay almost enthralled, with their witchery and beauty? The piano music by Chopin is a legacy of incalculable value. It is immortal. It touches us at the very nerve centres. It causes us to dream waking dreams, to sigh with its creator, as he lays bare his heart, and tells us of his cruel disappointments, his grief and pain. His entrancing, heaven-born melodies wander through our minds at night, when the shadows lay thick and dark over the earth, and in our fancy we imagine the soul of Chopin floating through the starlight world, dreaming, sighing—so often sighing. Could such a mind as Chopin's be fastened down to the academic rules of form authorities? Can we imagine his soaring thoughts to be nipped in their flight by the restrictions of rule, or a measuring tape? No—Chopin practically created his own form, and we all know how beautifully symmetrical it is, and how delightful and spontaneous are the contrasted period groups, with their ever changing harmonic dress of the finest and most costly musical texture. We say costly—for he gave the world his life, in his music, and perhaps we owe to his influence much that is beautiful in piano music since his day. We know that the sonata is practically dead, and that it died with Beethoven, or was it that Chopin set the fashion and caused the current of composition to flow in his direction? At all events his spirit desired freedom, and we have this freedom marvellously expressed in his glowing, throbbing, passionate tone poems

Pianists, and lovers of Tschaiakowsky's music, will be glad to know that a third piano concerto fully completed has been found among his manuscripts.

The fourth Organ Recital by Mr. W. E. Fairclough was given in All Saints Church Saturday afternoon last, when the splendid organist played the following programme, in his accustomed brilliant manner. Prelude and Fugue in B minor, Bach; Andantino, Chauvet; Symphonic Poem, Charles W. Pearce; March of the Magi Kings, Dubois; Pastorale, Coerne; Grand Choeur in D, William Reed. Miss McKay was the vocalist and sang a song by Adams, "The Star of Bethlehem" and Handel's "I Know that my Redeemer Liveth."

Mr. H. M. Hirschberg has completed arrangements with the Beethoven Trio (Messrs. Field, Ruth and Kligenfeld) to give a series of three musical evenings during the months of January, February and March. We sincerely hope the public will give their support to these concerts, as they are bound to be highly enjoyable and artistic. The programmes to be offered will be referred to in another issue.

We dropped in to hear the Mendelssohn choir last Monday evening, and although we expected to hear some fine singing, was both surprised and delighted to hear such rich well-balanced tones, and such beautiful shading. The chorus is already in splendid shape. The rhythmic swing, the artistic phrasing and release of themes, which one immediately notices is certainly a good indication that the concert on the 15th will be one of great artistic merit. The music is beautiful and varied, and is bound to please when produced as the Mendelssohn Choir will sing it.

Mr. P. W. Newton is issuing, through his publisher, S. S. Stewart, of Philadelphia, a new piece for the Guitar, entitled "Dreams of Spain," which will be ready in a few days.

A concert in aid of the suffering firemen who were hurt during the recent fire has been arranged to take place in the Pavilion on Saturday evening, the 12th inst., by Mr. H. M. Hirschberg, of the Canadian Musical Agency. The artists are chosen from among the best of local talent, and the price has been put at the low sum of 25 cents admitting to any part of the hall. We would be glad if a full house would greet the performers who have given their services gratuitously on this occasion, and also as the object is such a worthy one.

* * *
Art Notes.

Messrs. Matthews Bros. & Co. held an exhibition in their Art Rooms, 95 Yonge Street, on Tuesday and Wednesday of this week of a collection of Braun's Carbon Photographs. These reproductions comprised masterpieces of painting, sculpture, and architecture from almost every important work in Europe.

The Woman's Art Association has taken under its wing a certain branch of art which does not come within the province of any other art organization, and which has as yet none of its own, in giving the late exhibition of ceramics in the studio, 89 Canada Life Building. We only regret that this could not have appeared in time to influence the attendance, only possibly it may awaken some interest for the next exhibit. The studio was as usual tastefully arranged, the white and gold drapery at the mantel being in excellent harmony with the delicacy of the work; a number of cabinets and tables held the dainty ware. Miss Couen's collection held some exquisite specimens; the porcelains on a tea tray were very beautiful in colour and execution; a pitcher of Haviland ware was of most unique design and suitable decoration, and a tea set of design quaint enough to have belonged to one's great-grandmother, was most artistically treated. Two other pieces of work, a punch bowl whose delicate browns were beautiful, and a framed "Rose Tile," which held the place of honour over the mantelpiece, deserves special mention. There is precision and delicacy in Miss Couen's work, and appropriateness of design that is very pleasing. Among Miss Adam's display we noticed a bonbonniere in the form of a shell which it would be deprecation to use and cover the exquisite landscape within. A jardiniere with delicate decoration of roses was very fine. Miss Logan showed several good pieces and two colored designs; that for a vase was most elaborate, in harmony both of colour and design that showed great originality. The Misses Mason had, perhaps, the largest collection, which in workmanship was second to none. Two pieces from a set of fish plates were excellent, with delicately tinted shells. A table top was an odd article to have in this ware, and was charmingly treated; a bonbonniere, in which the raised paste work in turquoise blue gave a jewel-like appearance, was much admired. Miss Margaret McClung showed a head framed and some other good work; a belleque fern pot was especially good. Mrs. Stubbs showed two lamps, a clock and other articles with pretty colouring and designs. Miss Hamnford's colouring was rather heavy, in some pieces but well done; a plate with begonia decoration was among the best. One of best among Miss Ince's was a cocoa jug in dull finish that was most artistic. Miss Galbraith's collection showed some exquisite colouring in the figure designs, but with somewhat faulty drawing. Miss Proctor's medallions are marred by a two evident lack of thorough training in figure painting. There is a vast, apparently unoccupied field here for miniature painting, but, of course, so small is the work that the slightest fault would be observable, and the training required is greater than any artist here in this medium has yet given to it. The majority of the designs in the work displayed, were original, and, in time, they will no doubt all be so. As it is, the exhibit is not only creditable (that would be but faint praise for much of the work), it is most artistic, and will, we trust, give an impetus to this branch of art.

Seven Years of Suffering.

THE PECULIAR EXPERIENCE OF A HAMILTON MAN.

Neuralgia Made His Life Miserable—Many Remedies were Tried in Vain—At Last Relief Came—How He Obtained it.

From the Canadian Evangelist, Hamilton.

A member of the staff of The Canadian Evangelist in conversation recently with Mr. Robert Hetherington, who lives at No. 32 Railway Avenue, found him very outspoken in his admissions as to the benefit he had derived from the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and anxious that their good qualities should be made widely known. He is so thankful for the good he received from them that he says he considers it his duty to let others know what Pink Pills have done for him. Mr. Hetherington was a severe sufferer from neuralgia for about seven years. It bothered him very much in the head, arms and legs, and the pain was often so excessive, and the soreness so great that he could scarcely walk. He tried, as a matter of course, to find relief, and in doing so tried many so-called remedies, but none of them were of any benefit to him. In August last his attention was called to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and he determined to give them a trial, and procuring a supply began their use. In about two weeks he found himself much relieved and found the pains disappearing, and after using Pink Pills for a few weeks longer every vestige of the pain had disappeared, and he was as well as ever. Mr. Hetherington has refrained from making any public statement before, for the reason that he wished to be convinced that his cure was complete, and he is now satisfied upon this point. In reply to a question Mr. Hetherington said he was satisfied that his present condition is due entirely to the use of Pink Pills. Before beginning them he had discontinued other medicines, and when he found them helping him had continued their use until he felt that he was fully cured. He further remarked that he now felt like a new man. "Formerly," said he, "when I got up in the morning I was so stiff and tired that I could hardly walk, while now I get up feeling fresh and ready to go to work. I have not felt any of the pains since last September, and I wouldn't again suffer for one day the pains I formerly endured for the price of twenty boxes of pills."

Mr. Hetherington is not the only member of the family who has experienced the beneficial results of Pink Pills. One of his daughters, a grown-up young woman, was quite ill for a month or six weeks, and after a course of Pink Pills is again fully restored to health.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have a remarkable efficacy in curing diseases arising from an impoverished condition of the blood, or from an impairment of the nervous system such as loss of appetite, depression of spirits, anaemia, chlorosis or green sickness, general muscular weakness, dizziness, loss of memory, locomotor ataxia, paralysis, sciatica, rheumatism, St. Vitus' dance, the after effects of la grippe, serofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. They are also a specific for the troubles peculiar to the female system, correcting irregularities, suppressions and all forms of female weakness, building anew the blood and restoring the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of any nature. These pills are not a purgative medicine. They contain only life-giving properties, and nothing that could injure the most delicate system.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold only in boxes bearing the firm's trade mark and wrapper (printed in red ink.) They are never sold in bulk, or by the dozen or hundred, and any dealer who offers substitutes in this form should be avoided. Ask for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People and refuse all imitations and substitutes.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N.Y., at fifty cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50.

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Public Opinion.

Montreal Gazette: The English newspaper doctors unite in prescribing union with Canada as the cure for Newfoundland's ills. The medicine will be a bitter one for a good many who would have to swallow it, but very sick people have often to take unpleasant doses if they want to get well.

Ottawa Free Press: The *Pall Mall Gazette* thinks the only remedy for the ills of Newfoundland is annexation to Canada. She will have to get in a little better condition first. The French shore gangrene must be excised, and her whole system toned up. She is in too delicate a condition of health for marriage just yet. But union must come sooner or later.

Ottawa Citizen: It may not be out of place to observe that while the sad event that we have been deploring has drawn the attention of all the world to Canada, and has caused her importance and her growing position in the Empire to be revolved in the minds of the British people and of foreigners, in Canada the same unhappy cause has drawn more closely together people of different creeds and nationalities.

Vancouver News-Advertiser: Under another chief, but with the same old principles; with a new leader but the same policy which has been found so safe in the past, the people of Canada close the book of 1894, with thankfulness tinged with some sorrows and regrets, and will open the new volume for 1895 with confidence begotten of the successes of the past, and with faith in the future based upon the genius of their race and the resources of their country.

Montreal Gazette: The *Toronto Globe* publishers will have extended sympathy among the newspaper men of Canada. The loss they have sustained is a severe one indeed, and not only much money, but months of hard work will be required to repair it. They have, however, abundance of energy and enterprise. They made the *Globe* one of the best papers in America and a credit to Canadian journalism, and all will hope that they will be equal to the new draft upon them and will speedily restore the paper to its old condition.

Hamilton Spectator: Were Canada to make an arrangement with the United States to establish free trade between the two, Canada's trade with Great Britain would necessarily fall off to a very great extent—perhaps entirely. The whole commercial interests of Canada would be the prosperity of Canada. It would be exactly as if Canada were already a portion of the United States in all respects save only that she would have no voice in the government. That condition of affairs could not possibly last very long without complete annexation. That would be the natural consequence.

Montreal Herald: Such calamities as that through which the *Globe* passed yesterday try the soul. And to come scathless through such fiery ordeals men must be men indeed. The owners and editors of the *Globe* are engaged in a great work. Since J. S. Willison was called to the chair of the managing editor, they have made it the best newspaper in Ontario and one of the best in America; and this high achievement has been due, under capable business management, largely to the indomitable energy, ripe experience and sound judgment of Mr. Willison himself. He has insisted, first of all, that the *Globe* should be so written that upon the accuracy of the news columns, readers of every shade of opinion might rely with implicit confidence. To these columns no trace of editorial opinion has been allowed to intrude.

* * *

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Scientific and Sanitary.

A monument has been erected at Buda-
Pesth in memory of Semmelweiss, who, in
1847, made the first suggestion in reference to
antiseptic methods of surgery.

An electrical mail-box, the invention of J.
W. Coe, Jr., of Chicago, sends a signal to the
occupant of the building on which it is placed
whenever a letter is put into the box. It can
be placed in the same electric circuit with a
call-bell.

It is said, says *Cosmos*, that women's voices
do not give results in the long-distance tele-
phone; their high notes, excellent in short
lines, as all city telephone subscribers know,
are an obstacle to clear transmission in lines of
considerable length.

A society has been recently established at
Chicago entitled "Association of Practical
Electricians." The object of this organization,
of which Mr. Geo. E. Sanford is president, is
the education and advancement of men engag-
ed in electrical work.

An inclosed park of about 100,000 acres is
proposed by certain English naturalists and
sportsmen for the preservation of South
African mammals, such as the giraffe, zebra,
eland, gnu, koodoo and other antelopes, that
are now threatened with extermination.

Herr Mascha has lately unearthed in
Moravia a number of skeletons of mammoths
associated with those of human beings. A
remarkable feature of one find was that of
what appeared to be a whole family of human
beings of gigantic size co-existent with the
mammoth.

A solder for use with aluminum and alu-
minum alloys has recently been patented in
England. The metals used in it are in the
following percentages: Silver, 2; nickel, 5;
aluminum, 9; tin, 34; and zinc, 50. No flux
is required, and any soldering will answer,
though one of aluminum is preferred.

An artificial marble, which can be applied
to walls and furniture while in a soft or
plastic condition, has been brought out. The
"marble" is delicately veined, like the
natural varieties, while being hard and dur-
able. The fact that it can be applied like
stucco permits of its fitting easily to its place
and being as easily repaired when broken.

It has been known that in many early-
blooming trees the stamens can be excited to
growth by a much lower temperature than
will excite the pistil. A few warm winter
days will so often advance the stamens in plum
flowers that the pollen disappears before the
pistil is receptive. Plum crops often partially
fail for lack of the necessary fertilization.
Practical men have long since discovered that
a south aspect is not as good for fruit trees as
any of the others, without knowing the real
reason.

A rule for finding the horse-power of a
pulley is to multiply the circumference of the
pulley in feet by the revolutions per minute,
and the product thus obtained by the width
of the belt in inches, and divide the result by
600. The quotient will be the horse-power
which the pulley is capable of transmitting.
This rule is founded on the fact that good,
ordinary, single-leather belting, with a tension
of 55 lbs. per inch wide, will require 50 square
feet of belt service passing over the pulley per
minute for one horse-power. Fifty square
feet per minute are equal to a belt 1 inch wide
running 600 feet per minute.

During the morning hours, when the eye is
least sensitive to radiation of low frequency,
the minimum temperature of visibility of a
solid is about 470° C.; at night-time this
temperature is reduced to 410° C.; and after
resting the eye for some time in complete
darkness the temperature may be still further
reduced to 370°. Different people's eyes
differ in their luminous perceptive powers,
but seemingly to no great extent. The losing
color, or color of last appearance, however,
seems to be variously interpreted, to some
appearing red or wittish, and to other lilac
and yellow.—*New Science Review.*

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Miscellaneous.

The Brazilian rebels are gathering forces to the number of 7,000 in Rio Grande do Sul, and Admiral da Gama is to lead them. Since the beginning of May last, the complete extermination of the Brazilian rebels has been cabled to this country exactly eleven times.

MR. W. A. REID, Jefferson Street, Schenectady, N. Y., 22nd July, '94, writes:

"I consider Acetocura to be very beneficial for La Grippe, Malaria and Rheumatism, as well as Neuralgia, and many other complaints to which flesh is heir, but these are very common here."

Coutts & Sons, 72 Victoria St., Toronto.

Money appropriated by Congress for the support of the Life Saving Service is an investment in which Uncle Sam should find just cause for satisfaction. Almost four thousand shipwrecked persons were rescued by the life-savers during the last year, while of the \$10,000,000 represented in the ships aided in distress \$8,000,000 was saved.

REV. P. C. HEADLEY, 697 Huntington Avenue, Boston, U.S.A., April 2nd, 1894, writes:

"I have found the Acid treatment all it claims to be as a remedy for disease.

"While it does all that is stated in the descriptive and prescriptive pamphlet, I found it of great value for bracing effect, one part of the acid to ten of water applied with a flesh brush, and towels after it; also an excellent internal regulator with five or six drops in a tumbler of water. I should be unwilling to be without so reliable and safe a remedy.

"I wonder that no mention is made in the pamphlet of the sure cure the Acid is for corns (applied once or twice a day), so many are afflicted with them. It was death to mine."

To Coutts & Sons, 72 Victoria St., Toronto.

* * *

The Subject of Wasting.

SOME OF ITS PHASES AND HOW THEY ARE CURED.

The Wasting of a Consumptive and the Wasting of Babies and Children—Scrofula, Anæmia and Other Forms of Illness Discussed—Coughs and Colds Reveal a Weakened Condition.

In the obituary notices of the late Prof. Hermann von Helmholtz, the German scientist, were references to one of his earlier works "On the Consumption of Tissue During Muscular Action." In this work Prof. Helmholtz set the theory forth as an established fact that wherever there is muscular action there is also a wasting, or rather a consumption of tissue.

The body is constantly changing. There is wasting going on all the time. Food is designed to counteract this wasting, and if the organs of the body are in a healthy state food does its work in nourishment. But the digestive and vital organs get out of tune every once in a while, so that an extra nourishment, one that is concentrated and easy of assimilation, is needed in order to keep up a normal condition of health.

If this extra nourishment is not taken the wasting which goes on incessantly soon impairs health. One of the first signs of a weakened, poorly-nourished body is taking cold easily. Colds are such common things that people are very apt to neglect them. They do not know that the cold reveals a weakened condition, but after taking cold several times they find it harder work to recover the semblance of health again.

The common way to cure a cold or a cough is to take some household specific, or when a person feels run down in health he thinks he needs a tonic or stimulant.

The truth is, however, ordinary specifics and tonics or stimulants, for coughs and colds, afford only temporary relief. They are merely superficial means of relieving the local trouble, but they do not give the nourishment necessary to strengthen the system and overcome the wasting tendencies.

It is because Scott's Emulsion promotes the making of healthy tissue, enriches the blood, and gives vital strength that physicians give

it such unqualified endorsement. Scott's Emulsion is quick to relieve inflammation of Throat and Lungs, and its power to cure the most stubborn cough is unquestioned. But this is only part of its work. Scott's Emulsion makes the system able to ward off disease and other ailments.

The subject of wasting is almost inexhaustible. Scrofula results in a wasting of the vital elements of the blood, and Anæmia is simply no blood at all. Consumption is probably the worst form of wasting. In all of the early stages of this disease Scott's Emulsion will effect a cure. It requires time to recover after a patient is once into Consumption but there are numerous cases where Scott's Emulsion has cured persons who had got so far that they raised quantities of blood.

The wasting tendencies of babies and children are known to too many unhappy parents. There does not, in thousands of instances, seem to be any cause for their growing thin, but, as a matter of fact, their food does not nourish them and the babies and children do not thrive. The babies are weak and children seem to grow only one way.

Now it costs only 50 cents to try Scott's Emulsion, and you will find that it will do more for your baby or your child than all the rest of the nourishment taken. Scott's Emulsion makes babies fat and children robust and healthy. It takes away the thin, haggard look in the pinched faces of so many children.

Another one of the many uses of Scott's Emulsion is the way it helps mothers who are nursing babies. It gives them strength and makes their milk rich with the principles of food all babies need.

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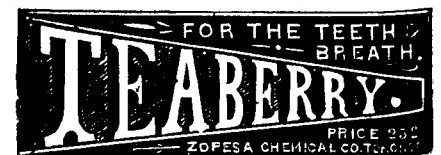
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JACKSONVILLE, Fla.,

18th August, 1894.

To whom it may concern—and that is nearly everybody.—This is to certify that I have used Coutts & Sons' "Acetocura" on myself, my family and hundreds of others during the past fifteen years for headache, toothache, rheumatism, sciatica, sprains, cuts, boils, abscesses, scarlet fever, chills and fever, and also with good success on myself (as I was able) in an attack of yellow fever. I can hardly mention all the ills I have known its almost magical power in curing, such as croup, diarrhoea, biliousness, and even those little but sore pests to many people—corns. The trouble is with patients, they are so fond of applying where the pain is—and not where directed, at the nerve affected. And the trouble with the druggists is that they also want to sell "Something just as good," which very often is worse than useless.

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Yours truly,

CAPT. W. M. SOMERVILLE.

Late of U. S. Engineer Service, and formerly of the Marine Department, Canada.

To Coutts & Sons, 72 Victoria St., Toronto.

Here is a story told by one of Lady Zetland's party when on a tour through the "distressing country," and during Lord Zetland's Viceroyalty. The party were crossing a lake. A full gale was blowing, and the waves were dashing over the boat. The gentleman in question having been assured that an Irishman, if treated well, will always agree with what is said to him rather than appear disagreeable, thought the occasion a good one to put the assertion to the proof. Accordingly he went up to one of the men on the boat, and said: "There's very little wind, Pat?" Like a flash came the answer, which had to be shouted to overtop the howling of the elements: "Vary little, indeed, your honour; but fwat there is is moighty shtrong!"

RHYMES FROM THE NURSERY.

For the benefit of the New Child, M.T.P., whose initials are well known to University readers of the "Isis," has written an excellent parody on "Hey-diddle-diddle," with apologies to Walt Whitman. There is something worth learning from the verses to those who have a leaning towards rolling periods and rhetoric run riot.

"Here is the poem of me the entertainer of children!

See! a cat is passing through my poem;
See, it plays the fiddle, rapturously:
It plays sonates, fugues, rigadons, gavottes,
gignes, minuets, romances, impromptas—
it plays the tune that led to the defun-
tion of the aged cow;

But most of all it plays nocturnes, and plays them pyrotechnically as befits the night-time.

See the moon shining in the pellucid sky;
See! the cow, inspired by the intoxicating strains of the Stradivarius, throws off her habitual langour, and leaps over the moon.

O me! O pulse of my life. O amazement of things!

Why so active, thou cow?
Why so passive, thou moon?

See the dog
He grins and runs through the city, seeing humour in his surroundings.

Have all dogs so keen a sense of humour?
See the dish, maliciously meditative.
See! it takes advantage of the general confusion, and absconds with the silver spoon."

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has this day been declared on the paid-up Capital Stock of the Company for the half-year ending 31st. December, 1894, and that the same will be payable at the Office of the Company,

No. 78 Church St., Toronto,

on and after 2nd January prox. The transfer books will be closed from 16th to 31st. December, inst., both days inclusive.

By order of the Board,
JAMES MASON,
Manager.
Toronto, December 13th, 1894.

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