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THE WEEK.

Vol. XI.

TORONTO, FRIDAY, JUNE 15th, 1894.

No. 29.

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

CURRENT TOPICS.

When will our political chiefs, especially the members of Governments, have reached a height of conscious virtue from which it will be no longer deemed a sufficient or even a relevant answer, to a charge of misgovernment or corruption, to retort "*Tu quoque.*" Not, we fear, so long as the party system is in vogue. No great discernment is needed to perceive that it is no satisfactory answer to a charge of wrong-doing to reply, "Your party does the same when in office." And yet when the Mowat Government is accused, say, of the meanness and dishonesty of gerrymandering, even the veteran Premier does not hesitate to reply, "See how much worse the leaders of your party at Ottawa have done." Is a resolution of censure moved against the Dominion Government on the ground that it has squandered the public

domain by bestowing it too liberally upon the railways, colonization companies, etc.? A Cabinet Minister seems not to think it a valid argument to say, "The Mackenzie Administration gave much larger portions of the public domain to the railways, and to individuals, or corporations, than we." What should we think of the private citizen who should, when accused of some misappropriation of funds, or other violation of trust, point to some other man, supposed to be in the confidence of the accuser, and say, "He did the same thing on a still larger scale."

Mr. Coatsworth's proposal in the Commons, the other day, that a clause should be inserted in all public contracts providing that the workmen engaged shall be paid at least the current rate of wages in the locality, opens up a much larger question than may at first be apparent. The fact that the Minister of Public Works moved the adjournment of the debate in order to give the Government an opportunity of looking into the matter, adds to the significance of the discussion. The questions involved, perhaps amongst others, seem to be whether the Government, as such, owes any duty to the laborers who may be, by virtue of its contracts, employed to do the work of the State, and, if such obligation be admitted, whether the Government shall adhere to the old law that all questions of wages shall be left to the operation of the conscienceless, relentless, law of supply and demand. We were surprised and sorry to read that Mr. Laurier expressed the opinion that Mr. Coatsworth's motion should not be entertained, and that the Government's hesitation was a sign of weakness. It would be strange should the result show that in this matter the Conservative Government is more liberal than the Liberal leader. Practical difficulties there doubtless are in carrying the principle of Mr. Coatsworth's proposal into practice, but it is the business of statesmen and legislators to overcome practical difficulties. That the principle is one which a Liberal should be first to accept and advocate seems to us to be capable of though hardly to need demonstration.

Poor France! Unhappy, indeed, must be her condition when not only has her last attempt to secure an ally resulted in bitter disappointment, but, when those nations with whom she ought to be on the best of terms refuse to take seriously the

speeches even of her chosen leaders, and listen to their fulminations with the coolest indifference consistent with international courtesy. This is, of course, the natural result of a bad rhetorical habit into which French legislators as well as French newspapers have fallen. It is the Nemesis of unrestrained and unconsidered speech. One of the worst results of a choleric habit is that those who fall into it and indulge freely in wild denunciations and threats on every slight provocation deprive their words of their legitimate force, should occasion arise to warrant strong expostulations. It may be, for example, it is at least conceivable, that France has some good reason for objecting to the ratification of the new Anglo-Belgian treaty. If so, the fact, calmly stated and clearly shown, could hardly fail to secure the attention of fair-minded Englishmen and the sympathy of other nations. As the matter now stands, no one can see any reason, save possibly wounded vanity, or disappointed ambition, to justify the hysterical resentment of France's orators and editors, while, more exasperating still, England does not deign seriously to notice the fiery words of even her Foreign Minister, or notices them only to propose a general conference on the situation such as is probably far from the wish or purpose of the irate Minister. It may be, some Englishmen even think there are good reasons for France's protests against England's continued occupancy of Egypt. But the way to make those protests effective is to press the arguments which support them with diplomatic force and dignity, and to show in like manner the fallacy of the reasonings, satisfactory not only to the British Government and Parliament, but to other great Powers interested, which are given to show that continued occupancy is a duty owed to Egypt herself. It is certain that loud threats and general disagreeableness will never accomplish the result.

When a portion of the Council of the Imperial Federation League in London agreed lately to dissolve, all who disliked the Empire and thought National Unity a dream, rejoiced. They thought that it meant the death of the cause, and some had the exceeding bad taste to flout Mr. Parkin, and ask what had become of him. These gentlemen are finding out that it is a very lively corpse and that Mr. Parkin in particular is all right. He never did better service for Canada and the Empire than by his magnificent series of letters to the *Times*,

which have elicited from that great organ of public opinion no fewer than six editorials, and which have done so much to make Canada truly known to the British people. The estimate in which Mr. Parkin has been held may be judged by the fact that he has been offered by both of the great parties a sure seat in the House of Commons; and that chiefly on the ground that his Colonial knowledge would be useful in Parliament, and that he would thereby have a better platform from which to preach the importance of the unity of the Empire throughout the United Kingdom. He has refused the offers, because he and his friends believe that his becoming a party man would interfere with the cause to which he has devoted himself and which is higher than party. Such devotion is indeed rare and will be appreciated by all who admire disinterested patriotism. But the fact that such offers have been made, are not merely tributes to Mr. Parkin's rare powers of speech. They are significant of the trend of public thought in the Old Land. It is now being seen that the problem of Imperial Unity must be solved, and that it can be solved only by practical measures, though in accordance with the genius of our race these will have to be taken one at a time. A still more significant proof of the trend of thought is the approaching Conference of statesmen from South Africa and Australasia in the heart of North America, all meeting as fellow-citizens and brought together by a common sentiment for the flag that represents to them so much. Mr. Parkin ought to be at that Conference and we trust he may be.

A smart cable correspondent waxes sarcastic at the expense of the British "Nonconformist conscience," which is just now disturbed over the prominence of Lord Rosebery as a patron of the turf. There may or there may not be, reason for dissatisfaction on moral grounds, when the Prime Minister of Great Britain wins renown as a winner in the Derby, but there should be no doubt in the mind of anyone who knows what he is talking about, as to the honesty and sincerity of the average Nonconformist, in protesting against the example thus set before the youth of England, as demoralizing and pernicious. Nor do we know any reason for the assumption that this view is confined to Nonconformist circles. Many of the clergy and laity of the Established Church have been very active in the anti-gambling crusade which finds so deplorably wide a field for its operations in the Mother Country. But our present point of view is the political. To many middle-class Englishmen, and Scotchmen and Irishmen, too, the contrast between the tastes and pursuits of the old Premier and the new, as seen in their recreations, is striking. To some it is no doubt even painful. This may be, as above intimated, the result of their narrowness of view, but neither the term "hypocritical" nor

the term "puritanical" applied to them or their views will alter the fact that they constitute a very powerful element in British politics, and were one of the main sources of Gladstone's strength. There can be no doubt that the moral convictions of a religious people form, other things being equal, a much more potent and reliable source of strength in politics than the self-interested support of the publicans, or any other class who make no pretensions to disinterested or altruistic motives. Just to what extent the race-course can fairly be held responsible, as a contributing cause for the gambling propensity, which is generally regarded as one of the worst vices of the day in England, is a question on which there is much room for difference of opinion. But that Lord Rosebery, by reason both of his opportunism in politics, and his flippancy in the discussion of what so many regard as serious moral questions, is in danger of losing the prestige without which no one can long remain a leader of the great Liberal party of Great Britain, seems too plain to admit of doubt.

The right of a court to punish for constructive contempt, and the right of Parliament to discuss the verdict of a court, or the character and actions of a judge, not under impeachment, were two of the questions involved in the discussion called forth by Mr. Davies' resolution touching the Ellis case, in the Commons last week. From the point of view of law and practice, it is pretty clear that Sir John Thompson and his supporters had the best of the argument, in regard to the first question. Under existing laws it can scarcely be doubted that the Supreme Court of New Brunswick was within its right in punishing Mr. Ellis for having imputed corrupt motives to one of the judges. At the same time, the conviction left upon most minds will probably be that both the law and the procedure which make it possible that a judge may answer a bold and specific charge of gross personal misconduct or corruption by having the accuser fined and imprisoned for contempt of court, is unsatisfactory in the extreme. If the accusation was unfounded, it is a sad miscarriage of justice that the reputation of the judge was not vindicated before an impartial tribunal, and that many persons may consequently continue to believe him guilty. Assuming, on the other hand, for argument's sake, that the charge was true, and that the accused sought opportunity to establish it in a court of justice, everyone must feel that the guilty has escaped and an innocent man, whose act was deserving of praise rather than blame, has been punished. It may be proper to add that while this hypothetical argument applies to both the judges who were aspersed by Mr. Ellis, the reference is mainly to the one who has since retired from the bench. As to the right of Parliament to discuss the matter, the answer

is surely found in the discussion itself, unless the court in question act on the Premier's opinion and institute proceedings for contempt against the Commons. To the lay mind, the proposition that the people's representatives may criticise either the characters or the doings of any body which they have created, sounds very much like an axiom. On the whole the results will, probably, be that the power of a court to punish summarily for contempt, for an action not committed in actual session, will speedily fall into disuse, even if the statute in that behalf be not amended, and that a case like that which was the origin of the whole trouble will scarcely occur again.

We have more than once had occasion to call attention to the grand purpose and work of the Montreal Volunteer Electoral League. The current number of the *Canadian Magazine* has an excellent article by Herbert B. Ames, the President of the League, describing the origin, growth, and mode of operation of this organization, which, as our readers know, did yeoman service at the late municipal elections in Montreal. With the result of the League's efforts in this election our readers are, no doubt, to some extent aware. By thorough organization and systematic work, the League was able to purge the voters' lists of hundreds of names which had no right there and were largely used for fraudulent purposes; to secure the nomination of good candidates; to effect the identification of numerous personators and no doubt to prevent hundreds of attempts at personation which would otherwise have been made; in a word, to bring about the purest election and the return of the largest number of upright councillors, recorded in the modern history of the civic affairs of that city. A detailed account of the work done in what was recognized as one of the most corrupt wards of the city is given by way of illustration. Much hard, honest, persevering work was required, but as a result, "a comparatively young and unknown man, for whom little could as yet be claimed beyond an honourable name, a clean character, and moderate ability," was elected by a majority of 655 over the ward's old representative, a ward politician of the most unscrupulous kind, who had been returned so often by an interested and powerful clique that the ward had come to be recognized as a kind of pocket borough. The article is well-written, and as suggestive as it is readable. One can hardly read it without being convinced of the truth of the view which seems to have been tacitly adopted as the working principle of the League, viz., that "in nearly every civic community the good element plus the indifferent outnumber the bad." It also shows with what effect the "machine" itself, in honest hands, may be made an effective agency in promoting pure elections and good government.

Speaking of personation as a favourite method of electoral fraud, one is reminded of the strange affidavit which has lately

appeared in the city papers, over the signature of a person by the name of Muldoon. This man is, by his own showing, utterly unworthy of belief in any particular which depends simply upon his own testimony. It is highly probable, too, that he was acting as a spy in the camp of the enemy, or rather as a decoy, seeking to entrap the local agents of the Government party into illegal acts, that he might afterwards, by turning informer, serve his own vile ends in some way which does not clearly appear. But, premising all this, and giving those supporters of Premier Mowat who were members of the Committee in question, the full benefit, two facts yet remain, by the admission of the members of that Committee who have written to the press, which should not be allowed to drop into oblivion until some better explanation is given than has yet appeared. One is, that the man whom Muldoon alleges to have been his confidant and colleague in the disgraceful doings, has not appeared to confirm or deny, and has not, so far as we are aware, been diligently sought for by those who ought to leave no stone unturned to cleanse their record from the foul imputation. The other fact is that the secretary or treasurer of the Committee, himself, by the way, an officer or employee in a Government institution, actually settled the hair-dresser's bill for false whiskers, etc., for which Muldoon was responsible. A recent event in Winnipeg has shown that it is possible to visit impersonation with condign punishment. Have the members of the Committee, including the Premier's own son, charged with so dishonourable and disgraceful a procedure, no resource for the protection of their reputations and those of their leaders, save the very unsatisfactory one of writing qualified denials to the press?

The work of tariff revision at Ottawa is about completed. The country now knows what it has to expect, for the next year or two at least, and its business men can go on with their importations and sales free from the feeling of uncertainty which has had so paralyzing an effect for months past. It may be, many think it is, the fact that the revised tariff falls very far short of giving the measure of relief that the country demanded, and was led to expect by the somewhat vague promises made by the Premier and other prominent members of the Government during the past year. If so, the people will not have to wait very long for an opportunity to express their resentment, and compel the carrying out of their wishes. However they may be disposed to grumble at the long delay and the unsatisfactory outcome, they have but to compare their case with that of their democratic cousins across the border, to be brought to a realizing sense of the political advantages they enjoy, in comparison with the hard fate of less favoured communities. What a history is that of so-called

tariff reform in the United States! The people, that is the electoral majority, could scarcely have given a more emphatic mandate for a large measure of tariff-reduction than was given at the last presidential election, so long ago that it now seems like recalling ancient history to refer to it. To say nothing of the long delay before the results of the popular verdict could make themselves apparent at Washington, and nothing of the long period that intervened between the installation of the President and the meeting of Congress, let anyone among us, if there be such, who is enamoured and American institutions, compare the proceedings in our own Parliament with those which have taken place in the American Congress since the first introduction of the Wilson Bill.

After tedious delay and many modifications, the Wilson Bill, in its very moderate, not to say mutilated form, was sent to the Senate on the first day of February last. We give what has followed in the words of a New York weekly of high standing:

The Democratic majority of the Finance Committee, to which the Wilson Bill was referred, played with the matter till the latter part of March, and then reported a bill substantially new and radically different from the House bill. This new bill was not taken up in the Senate till April 2, and after a month wasted in useless debate it was unceremoniously dropped and the amazing compromise bill, increasing the tariff on sundry articles in the interests of certain Senators, was sprung upon the Senate. Another month has been spent in dallying with this suspicious nondescript, which nobody supposes can ever become law. The result is that four months have already been wasted by the Senate and it cannot be said that a tariff bill likely to become law is in sight yet. Meantime incalculable losses and suffering have been entailed upon the country, due to business stagnation in consequence of the unsettled condition of the tariff question. Already the Spring trade has been ruined and the Autumn trade menaced. Business men and workingmen have complained bitterly of delay, appealed earnestly for relief, and emphatically demanded action.

Nor is this all. Rumours of Senatorial jobbery became so open and specific that the Senate was forced to undertake an investigation. That investigation is still in progress, and has already, in spite of the almost insurmountable obstacles which stand in the way of getting at the truth, reached evidence of a most damaging character. Senators have confessed to speculating in some of the stocks whose fluctuating values were dependent upon the results of their daily efforts or pretences at legislation. Evidence of attempts at bribery in its grossest forms have not been wanting. What the end of it all may be cannot now be foretold. Surely the Americans are a long-suffering people, else some demonstration more effective than the Coxe armies would have been made long since. They will prove themselves to be also a people wanting in self-governing capacity if they do not

at an early day find some means of improving their political machinery so as to make it more readily responsive to the will of the nation.

“THE COLONIES AND IMPERIAL DEFENCE.”

The public have no means of knowing in advance what or how wide will be the range of subjects, besides those of intercolonial trade and the Pacific cable, discussed at the approaching Conference of representatives of Great Britain and her principal colonies, at Ottawa. It is probable that even the delegates who have been chosen to conduct the Conference have no very definite knowledge on the point. It will be for them when they meet to define, as a preliminary, the subjects to which their attention shall be mainly directed. Whether they will feel disposed, or even at liberty, to include the question of Imperial Federation in any form, remains to be seen. Should they do so, they would no doubt find it necessary, before even pronouncing an opinion upon the feasibility of any conceivable scheme for such federation, much more before attempting to formulate the most general outline of any such scheme, to reach some agreement with regard to the obligation of the colonies to bear their proportionate share of the cost of Imperial defence. This was the rock upon which the Imperial Federation League in England split. Until it is removed there can be no plain sailing in the direction of the haven so earnestly sought by influential men both in Great Britain and in the colonies.

But, apart altogether from the question of Imperial Federation, it is doubtful whether the serious discussion of the subject above referred to, between the Mother Country and the colonies, can be much longer postponed. To us the wonder is that the Government and people of Great Britain have so long been willing to go on bearing the whole enormous expense of building and maintaining a navy which exists just as much for the support of colonial as of British commerce, without even asking aid from the colonies. The pamphlet, whose title we have quoted as the heading of this article, and which has recently been published by The Imperial Federation (Defence) Committee, has collated some very suggestive figures bearing on the subject. From these it appears that of the whole value of the commerce of the empire in 1891—970 millions of pounds sterling—143 millions belongs to the self-governing colonies, and 696 millions to the United Kingdom. Of the colonial 143 millions 95 millions is done with nations other than the United Kingdom. Thus one-seventh of the whole commerce to be protected is that of the colonies in North America, Australasia and South Africa; and of this two-thirds is carried on with foreign countries, the United Kingdom not being concerned in it in any way, save in the protection of it.

The ordinary annual expenditure by the United Kingdom upon the navy is about sixty millions of dollars, to say nothing of no less than 165 millions which have been provided for increasing its strength since

1882. Of all this Canada has—directly, at least—contributed nothing, though not only has her commerce in all parts of the world been protected just as securely as that of England herself, but special services have been from time to time rendered on her behalf, as, *e. g.*, in the Behring's Sea controversy. Thus, to sum up the argument of the pamphlet, as it relates to the self-governing colonies as a whole and to Canada in particular, the navy, employed and relied upon for the protection of the whole empire, is provided and maintained entirely at the cost of the people of the United Kingdom, though there are eleven millions of people of the same race, inhabiting some of the richest countries of the world, carrying on one one-seventh of the whole commerce to be protected, and occupying a territory to be defended fifty times greater than that of the United Kingdom, who contribute practically nothing to that expenditure.

It must be admitted that the Imperial Federation (Defence) Committee make out a strong case. What is to be said on the other side?

In the first place, it will be seen that the argument assumes that the navy is created and maintained, if not for the sole purpose of protecting the commerce of the Empire, at least only for such purposes as are of equal interest and importance to the people of the colonies and to those of the Empire. Is that so? Is the protection of commerce the principal thing in the minds of those in the Mother Country, in Parliament and out, who support and vote for resolutions pledging the resources of the United Kingdom to vast expenditures for the strengthening of the navy? May not the predominating motive be rather the preservation of the naval supremacy of the kingdom, with a view to possible European complications? How else are we to account for the standard so often set before Parliament and the people, that, namely, of keeping the British navy superior to the combined navies of any two of the other great maritime powers, thereby sustaining the pre-eminence of Great Britain, at least on the high seas, among the nations of Europe? We are not sure, however, that there is much force in this suggestion. We throw it out for what it is worth. It is true that the Mother Country may have motives and interests in maintaining her influence in European politics, and being prepared, if need be, to take a hand in European conflicts, which appeal but remotely to the colonies. On the other hand, it may be argued with perhaps even greater force, that it is precisely upon this naval superiority that her ability to give ample protection to the territory and trade of her colonies in all parts of the world depends. Should the commerce of Canada, for example, ever need the protection of an armed fleet, it would be, in all probability, only in conse-

quence of its being threatened by some maritime power or powers, at war with the Mother Country, and seeking to wound her in the most vulnerable point.

But even if it were to be admitted that the interest of the colonies in the maintenance of the navy is proportionately less, and less direct, than that of the Mother Country itself, the principle involved would remain the same, the only difference being that the colonies, instead of being in justice bound to contribute to the support of the navy in full proportion to the extent of their trade or population, should fairly be required to pay in some smaller proportion. They still would be bound [in fairness to pay to the extent of the benefits admittedly derived by them.

The next objection which is suggested is that which, so far as Canada is concerned, has been ably and persistently urged by Sir Charles Tupper, the Canadian High Commissioner, in Great Britain. This, in effect, admits the obligation, but claims that Canada is already fulfilling it and doing her share of the work of protection, by building and maintaining railroads, such as the Inter-colonial and the Canadian Pacific, by constructing and keeping in operation expensive canals to facilitate internal communication, by keeping up coast guards, maintaining and drilling a force of militia, and so forth. To all such pleas the ready answer is that all these expenses were incurred by Canada for her own local defence and commercial purposes, and that in no one case were they incurred for the purpose of aiding in the defence of the empire at large. The United Kingdom, it will be said, is obliged to bear all the enormous burden of equipping and maintaining the navy, in addition to providing for all those local purposes and maintaining a costly army for Imperial defence to boot. Referring to the claim which has been made that "Canada contributes seven million dollars per annum to the defence of the Empire, because certain canals and railroads have been made in Canada, because Canada maintains a militia, a permanent militia, mounted police and police boats for the protection of her inshore fisheries, and because Canada subsidizes a line of steamers which place her in communication with Japan," the pamphlet before us says: "If these be contributions to Imperial defence, there must be added to Great Britain's expenditure for that purpose, the cost of the Manchester Ship Canal and fifty others, some £900,000,000 sterling spent upon railways in the United Kingdom alone, the cost of militia, standing army, reserves and volunteers, the cost of Irish constabulary, city and metropolitan police, and subsidies to all the steamboat lines which carry her mails; and still the British taxpayer pays nineteen and ninepence in the pound on the cost of the naval defence of the empire, and Canada nothing." Without admitting the force of the analogy in all the particulars

enumerated, we fear the impartial Canadian will have to admit enough to invalidate the claim that has been made in his behalf and confess that Canada at present contributes nothing to the support of the Imperial navy on which she relies so confidently for the protection of her commerce on the high seas.

We have but touched one or two salient points of a subject which is rapidly ripening for discussion and which ought to be exhaustively discussed, even apart, as we have said, from any question of Imperial Federation. It is not unfair, perhaps, to assume, from Lord Rosebery's relations to the defunct (?) Imperial Federation League, that he sympathizes, to a certain extent at least, with the view so strongly put forward by the Committee. What significance, if any, attaches to his choice of the Earl of Jersey to represent the British Government at the Conference, time must reveal.

There are those in Canada, though they are probably a small and not very influential minority—apart from certain parties in Quebec whose advocacy of the idea is a source of weakness rather than of strength—who believe that, as an independent nation, Canada's position in the world, fortified by scrupulous attention to her own affairs, would secure her and her commerce from molestation, without the protection of more than a very modest fleet for police purposes. It might be open to such persons to advocate a way of escape from the obligation or alleged obligation under discussion. But the ready, and in the opinion of the great majority, effective answer to all such views is, that Canada without a strong fleet could not possibly maintain an independent existence. They are constantly referred to the great and indispensable advantages which we enjoy as a colony from the protection of the Imperial navy. It will be for those who hold such opinions, and at the same time pride themselves on their loyalty to Great Britain and British connection, to show how Canadians, as an honorable and loyal people, loving British fair play, and willing to put themselves in the place of their fellow-subjects in the United Kingdom, can continue willing to accept all these advantages at the cost of the British tax-payer.

Of course, it goes without saying, and will, we judge, be freely admitted by the committee responsible for the pamphlet, that, in the words of one of the resolutions passed by the Conference which founded the Imperial Federation League in 1884, "if the self-governing colonies take their share in (such) a system of defence, they must have a proportionate share in its administration and control."

It is hardly possible that the British Government and people would not be willing to pay this price for colonial assistance.

OTTAWA LETTER.

We are going to have a tea party here on the 22nd of June. The guests are all invited and have accepted. The lands of the Kangaroo and the Maori and the Kafir, and the wild Indian of the Canadian forests have, in the process of evolution, developed a species whose representatives are now about to meet in a family group for the first time to compare notes, and look at one another, with a representative of the old mother, from whose loins has sprung this new civilization, in attendance, to witness her handiwork and to give her offspring the benefit of her aged experience in managing the affairs of one-fifth of this world of ours.

This itinerant tea party emanated from the brain of the Minister of Trade and Commerce, a direct descendant of the wild Indian. Look at him. Evolution has brought him out as white as an average Britisher and as respectable looking as the proverbial Mrs. Grundy. He is going to serve the tea. The question is, is it to be gossip or work. Probably a little of both. The delegates are to be received in the Senate Chamber, which is to be dismantled to admit of the colonial plenipotentiaries taking their seats at the table in the centre, and the members of the Senate and House of Commons, with the other State authorities and invited guests, surrounding them.

The Governor-General is to open the Conference in state, and lay the foundation in Ottawa for one of the most important departures in constitutional government in the history of the world: national co-operation on a great scale for mutual support, for mutual advancement, to assist in maintaining the progress of the world's civilization, and the prosperity of the world's citizens, and a looking beyond the horizon of our daily vision—that is the underlying spirit of the Conference; and the Earl of Aberdeen, in thus giving birth to this great movement on Canadian soil, will inaugurate one of the epochal events of future history—a remoulding, a recasting of Anglo Saxon polity on more extended lines than has yet been thought possible.

After the inauguration of the Conference the members of it will retire to the Hon. Mr. Bowell's boudoir where the tea and talk is to take place in all the sanctity that appertains to that place of retirement. Some inquisitive people are wanting to know what they are going to talk about. Probably one of the subjects will be to find out whether they are called upon to help Old England to keep her ships afloat, and how that contribution should be made. Old England has begun to kick already, and plainly intimated she expects it, by hypotheating the succession duties both in the United States and in the colonies of their residents in the United Kingdom. This Sir Charles Tupper and other colonial agents in London think is unmitigated cheek, and the Boston episode of a century ago is held up as a warning. Sir Charles Tupper has a beautiful arrangement of this question which, he thinks, will give unbounded satisfaction. He proposes that the Imperial Government should put a tax upon foreign wheat, admitting colonial wheat free. This will kill two birds with one stone; it will bind the colonies more closely to the Empire by raising the price of wheat for them, and the tax the British consumer pays on the foreign wheat will be the contribution of the colonies to Imperial defence.

There is genius! It is to be hoped that he has primed the members of the Conference well as to the details of the scheme, because it will suit us down to the ground. That settles one point.

The next point is the means of continuing our gossip through the telephone. A Pacific cable under British control may fairly be accepted as a necessity if the union of Britain's Colonial Empire is going to be a political force, and when that is accomplished, we shall have girdled the world with a British cable, the forerunner of commercial enterprise of an inter-imperial character.

The members of the Conference will be able to find out from each other what each has to sell, and the best means of developing trade, which means employment, industry, and wealth. That they cannot improve upon the patent that England has utilized for so many years in bringing up her family, is doubtful; and the Earl of Jersey, the Conservative Governor of a free trade colony will, in all probability, be able to give them some pointers that will direct their minds into channels of thought which are fed from the pure doctrines of free trade. The Liberal Government of the United Kingdom did not look for a Liberal to represent their views when they could find a man who understood colonial life, and at the same time was imbued with the commercial principles of the Mother Country. Any attempt to form a colonial Zollverein with the Mother Country which would discriminate against the sixty-five million of the Anglo-Saxon race on this continent would be likely to meet with the opposition of thirty-eight million in the United Kingdom, and the Earl of Jersey would in all probability intimate that contingency.

The coming Conference is fraught with great possibilities for good; it is only laying a foundation upon which a structure may be built that will stand the test of time. That our guests will meet with a warm welcome and a hearty reception goes without saying, and that they will see much in Canada that will stimulate them to greater exertions to make the national and commercial ties of the British family closer and more enduring may also be anticipated, and the rest may be left to nature's working.

It was at one time thought the principal work in the Commons would be got through before the Conference met so as to permit of an adjournment before the 1st of July, but it does not look like it at the present moment of writing.

Ottawa had a visit from the delegates to the meeting of the Mechanical Engineers which has for some time been sitting in Montreal. They visited the Parliament buildings and Sir John Thompson gave them a pleasant welcome in the Senate Chamber in a few well chosen words. Mr. Keefer entertained them at luncheon and they afterwards visited Rideau Hall, where they were entertained by the Earl of Aberdeen and they then returned to Montreal.

General Herbert has organized a rifle match between the Senate and Commons for the purpose of testing the new Martini-Metford rifle, which is to be the future weapon of our militia force. There is an impression that the conversion of our Martini was effected by filling the old barrels and rebaring. This is a mistake. The Metford barrel, is an entirely new one, the Martini stock only being utilized in the conversion.

Ottawa, June 11th, 1894.

VIVANDIER.

CANADIAN LITERATURE.

PROVINCIAL PERIOD.

CHAPTER I.

The literature of this period centres chiefly about the names of Judge Haliburton (Sam Slick) and Major John Richardson. There are one or two novels that appeared before the works of these authors that are or should be of interest, even though, perhaps, unheard of by the most of us.* The first is *The History of Emily Montague*, by the author of *Lady Julia Mandeville* (Mrs. Frances Brooke). The work appeared in London, Eng., 1769. The copy in the Toronto Library was published by Dodsley in 1777. Samuel Richardson's influence is very patent in the form and treatment which is in letters from different correspondents. The scenes are for the most part in and around Quebec, and are described by Lemoine in "Picturesque Quebec," pp. 271 ff., 375 ff. The influence of the novel is said to have been such as to cause the settlement in Canada of several good English families. At another time I hope to come back to this work and deal with it more fully.

Another book which I have not been able to get hold of, however, is *St. Ursula's Convent, or the Nun of Canada*, published at Kingston, 1824, and which at that time seems to have been severely criticized. It is mentioned by Kingsford in his "Early Bibliography," and a Quebec publisher will soon give us very much fuller details of the book.

We are not left so much in the dark, however, in regard to Judge Haliburton, our first and only great humorist. He is the only Canadian author considered worthy of a place in the Encyclopædia Britannica, although several statements are made in the notice of him there, which show that the writer was not quite at home with his life and works. Mr. F. Blake Crofton, B.A., Provincial Librarian of Nova Scotia, wrote an excellent monograph on Haliburton which appeared as No. I of the proceedings of "The Haliburton," of King's College, Windsor, N.S., and to it I am greatly indebted for my present sketch. Thomas Chandler Haliburton, son of Justice Haliburton, was born at Windsor, N.S., Dec. 1796. He was educated at the Grammar School of that town, and at King's College, graduating in 1815. He then entered law and received his call in 1820. For three years, 1826-29, he was M.P.P. for Annapolis, Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas for the Middle Division of Nova Scotia, 1829-41; Judge of the Supreme Court, 1841; resigned and went to England, 1856; made D.C.L., by Oxford, 1858; M.P. for Launceston, 1859-65; died, 1865. His work, excepting pamphlets, with their dates are as follows:

1829. *Historical and Statistical account of Nova Scotia*. His sympathy with the Acadians was strong, and it is quite possible that his account is the ultimate source of Longfellow's *Evangeline*.

1834. *Kentucky*.—A tale—London. (This I know only from Morgan's *Bibliotheca Canadensis*.)

1837. *The Clockmaker*—or, the say-

* I wish to make mention in this connection of the unfailing kindness of Mr. Jas. Bain, Jr., of the Toronto Public Library. His intimate knowledge of Canadian literature and of works relating to Canada has been drawn upon very liberally and his free lending of books has alone made these articles possible.—L. E. H.

ings and Doings of Sam Slick of Slickville—first series. These sayings and doings first appeared in the *Nova Scotian*, ed. by Joseph Howe, in 1835 and 1836.

1838. (a) *The Bubbles of Canada*. A series of letters on Canada and the colonial policy of the home authorities. (Crofton dates this 1838; Morgan, *Bibliotheca Canadensis*, 1839.) (b) *The Clockmaker*. Second series
1839. *The Letter-bag of the Great Western*; or, *Life on a Steamer*.

This collection of letters gives the Judge a chance to show his deep knowledge of human nature, for each individual passenger exhibits the characteristics of his class in a very clearly defined manner. It will surprise some to hear the land about to be visited, Nova Scotia, sketched off beforehand *a la* Max O'Rell.

1840. *The Clockmaker*. Third series.
1843. *The Attaché*; or, *Sam Slick in England*. First series.
1844. *The Attaché*. Second series.

There can be very little doubt that our author was here indebted to Dickens, whose "American Notes" had appeared in 1842.

1849. *The Old Judge*; or, *Life in a Colony*. These sketches first appeared in *Fraser's Magazine* in 1846 and 1847. (Morgan dates this 1843.)
1851. *Rule and Misrule of the English in America*. His third and last historical work. (Morgan dates this also 1843.)
1859. *The Season Ticket*. The notes and observations of a Mr. Shegog, holder of a season ticket on an English railroad.

Two other works of his belonging to the Clockmaker Series are: *Wise Saws and Modern Instances*; or, *Sam Slick in Search of a Wife*, and its sequel, *Nature and Human Nature*. Crofton gives no dates for these; Morgan gives 1843 and 1855, respectively. Probably the former dates from a year or two later than 1843, else Haliburton's productivity was enormous, and as the latter belongs to the same series, it was probably written, if not published, much earlier than 1855.

Haliburton acted as editor of a number of stories under the title, *Traits of American Humour* (1843, Morgan) and *Americans at Home* (1843, Morgan), sometimes called *Yankee Stories* (1852, Morgan).

The oft-repeated 1843 as dates for Haliburton's works, given by Morgan, seems to me suspicious. Our author had been a busy man up to that date and perhaps his favourite character's push is only a reflex of his own.

Judging from the wood engraving of Haliburton in Crofton's monograph, he was a good natured, fun-loving character, all of which is borne out by a perusal of his works. He gradually grew more and more indisposed to show push in literary or parliamentary affairs and hence it does not surprise us to find that he was no success in Imperial politics. As the Clockmaker was his favourite character, I propose now to give some quotations from the series which will show the general trend of his thought and humour, and which, I believe, will justify his claim to be considered one of our brightest literary stars. (I, II, and III, stands for 1st, 2nd and 3rd series, respectively).

Samuel Slick, a sort of American Sam Weller, was a citizen of Slickville, Onion County, Connecticut, the home of wooden nutmegs and the birthplace of the genuine Yankee. He travels up and down Nova Scotia selling clocks at a profit of 500 per cent. or more (s. I, ch. 2) by a use of "soft sawder" and a knowledge of "human natur'." He likes a good smoke. "The fact is, squire, the moment a man takes to a pipe he becomes a philosopher:—it's the poor man's friend; it calms the mind, soothes the temper and makes a man patient under trouble. It has made more good men, good husbands, kind masters, indulgent fathers, and honest fellers, than any other blessed thing in this univarsal world." (II., ch. 4). He has no patience with prohibitionists and half sympathizes with all the means used to evade the rigid laws of prohibition Maine. "When I liquidate for my dinner, I like to get about the best that's goin', and I ain't a bit too well pleased if I don't," says Sam (I., ch. 18).

Samuel has no very high opinion of the Bluenoses. They are altogether too slow for a cute Yankee like himself, but he would scorn to steal from them as his countryman, "Expected Thorne" tried to do (II., ch. 10). "An American citizen never steals, he only gains the advantage." Both he and "Expected" have the same opinions of the Bluenoses, viz.: "They ain't able to think. They ain't got two ideas to bless themselves with," etc. No wonder that our author was not very popular at home. *Politics* is the ruination of them all in Nova Scotia. Nick Bradshaw (II., ch. 4), although a very improvident farmer and a very sharp contrast to Squire Horton, who is sketched in the same chapter, is still far in advance of his times, and might be called a precursor of the N.P. believer. He wants a *shilling a bushel bounty for raising potatoes, two and sixpence a bushel for wheat and fifteen pence for oats*. Aylesford, one of the candidates in the election about to take place, has promised all that and a good deal more, and Nick feels quite encouraged, now that there is a prospect of the Legislature doing something, that *good times* may soon come again. And that's the trouble with the whole country (I., ch. 14). But politics is a bad business, according to Sam. The best member he had ever seen was John Adams, President. "Well, John Adams could no more plough a straight furrow in politics than he could haul the plough himself." (I., ch. 14). The excuses he had to give when asked to explain this were multitudinous. "Politics teaches a man to stoop in the long run." And yet it has some good effect (?) on the candidates. "Nothin' improves a man's manners like an election. A candidate is a most pertikilar polite man, a noddin' here and a-bowin' there, and a-shakin' hands all round." (I., ch. 15). Sam calls an election, "The dancing master's abroad." The humorist has good sound sense in regard to the subject. He speaks (II., ch. 3) of the difficulty there is in picking out a good horse or a good nigger and asks; "If it takes so much knowledge to choose a horse, or choose a nigger, what must it take to choose a member?" Did Sam foresee some latter-day developments? He gives Mr. Buck, the member-elect for the township of Flats, some very practical advice about how to succeed: "Raise a prejudice if you can, and then make everything a church question." (II., ch. 3). The rest of the chapter is crammed full of such practical (?) advice. Our author makes a strong plea for Im-

perial Federation, advises England to keep the colonies but bind them closer to her, (II., ch. 21.) He wants the different provinces bound together by a railroad and that full fifty years before the C.P.R. He advocates a canal from St. Johns to the Bay of Verte, and a railroad from Halifax to the Bay of Fundy. Numerous quotations might be given to show that the author is a thorough student of human nature and not only knows the weaknesses of politicians but that he is gifted with great political foresight in the best sense of the term. Nowhere, however, does he hit the claptrap cries off harder than when he speaks of the *loyalty* or *patriotic cry* (III., ch. 21). "Patriotism is infarnal hungry and as savage as old Scratch if it ain't fed. If you want to tame it, you must treat it as Van Amburg does his lions, keep its belly full."

Haliburton is in favor of slavery (II., ch. 7), and makes out as strong a case as possible for that side. He contends it is far better than white slavery, i. e. the farming out of paupers (I., ch. 27).

In religion he favors an established church and prophesies that the Catholic church will in time be the established church of the Republic. His favorite pastor is Mr. Hopewell who belongs to the church "whose ministry is composed of gentlemen." He favors a regular stipend instead of voluntary contributions (II., ch. 2). There would then be no temptation to popular preaching. Ahab Meldrum is the opposite pole to Mr. Hopewell and is painted in very black colors (II., ch. 2, and III., ch. 14). Haliburton has no sympathy with what he calls *preachin' to the nerves*.

Nor is our author less severe on Lawyers and courts. His experience as judge had given him abundant opportunity to make observations. Justice Pettifogg (I., ch. 5) is a case in point.

Education was of course at this time in a backward state in Nova Scotia and many were the examples of heads turned by the merest smattering of learning. Arabella Green (II., ch. 8) is one case. Samuel is at the "let off" when Arabella gets home from five quarters' schooling in Halifax and plays the stupid generally in not understanding or in not seeing the young lady's perfections. At the end of the chapter, the father who is not in sympathy with the mother on this point, asks for advice and gets something very pointed on how to bring up a farmer's daughter to be a good housekeeper and good wife instead of wasting time and money on *tinsel* accomplishments. "A good darter and a good housekeeper is plaguy apt to make a good wife and a good mother." In general he wants all to keep in their "proper element. Everything thrives better in its own element."

Although Samuel had such a poor opinion of the Nova Scotians, he had by no means a like opinion of their country. It was the prettiest State in North America, St. Johns, would become the next city after New York, there was everything at hand that one could desire. Canada was better than the United States and a federation of the whole was the only thing lacking (II., ch. 21).

The American who exclaimed "what a tarnel waste of water power!" when he saw Niagara Falls for the first time must have been a plagiarist of Samuel's, for in II., ch. 18 he descants upon the water power of the Falls and wishes that some "joint stock company would take hold of it for factory purposes." Poor "minister," Mr. Hopewell, was very much shocked at this

sacrilegious speech and gives utterance to a very fine soliloquy, "It's a grand spectacle; it's the voice of nature in the wilderness proclaiming to the untutored tribe thereof the power and majesty and glory of God. It is consecrated by the visible impress of the great invisible Architect. It is sacred ground—a temple not made by hands. It cannot be viewed without fear and trembling, nor contemplated without wonder and awe. It proclaims to man as to Moses of old, 'Draw not nigh hither, put off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place where thou standest is holy ground!' He who appears in the flame of fire in the bush, and the bush was not consumed, appears also in the rush of water, and the water diminishes not. Talk not to me of mills, factories, and machinery, sir, nor of introduc'ing the money changers into the Temple of the Lord." Sam did not like this language any better than he did the numerous figures of the poets for the babbling brook—His own attempt is "the noise water makes tumblin' over stones in a brook, a-sputterin' like a toothless old woman scoldin' with a mouthful of hot tea in her lantern cheek." Topsey "grewed" but long after Sam's fall (I., ch. 12) says: "I guess I warn't brought up at all; I grow'd up." His description of Nova Scotia weather would suit the most of us nowadays. They haven't any spring there, he says. They retain the name of the beautiful season but it is "*Vox et preterea nihil.*" But the fall is fine, *rare cheerfulsome.*

"Travelling in America" (II., ch. 5) gives the author an opportunity to open the flood-gates of his wit on the hasty travellers who write books of travel and is full of "bam." "They think they know everything, and all they got to do is, to up Hudson like a shot, into the lakes full split, off to Mississippi and down to New Orleans full chisel, back to New York, and up Killock, and home in a liner and write a book." The *genus* is not all dead yet."

Woman is a difficult subject to Samuel! She is deceitful, worse than horse-flesh. (II., ch. 17.) There is often a false modesty about her which is a sure sign of indelicacy. (II., ch. 18.) He doesn't believe all the fine talk about domestic hearth, etc., prefers a boarding house (II., ch. 20) and holds forth at great length on matrimony and its disadvantages. (III., ch. 9.) He doesn't want any woman rule, but agrees with the clever woman who is the man of the house, that if the breeches are worn the petticoats ought to be long enough to hide them. He has a chapter on the "Taming of a Shrew" (I., ch. 25) in which he tells of using very drastic measures in the case in question. He thinks there is "an everlasting sight of nonsense about wine, women and horses." He's had a good deal of trading in all of them and he thinks "no one knows a grain of any of them." A woman's heart is not like a pipestem and won't break. "It is just like a new india rubber shoe." "There's a plaguy sight of wear in it." (I., ch. 10.) But the road to a woman's heart is by soft *sawder* and through her child.

Slick is a notorious punster. A very good thing is his translation of the Latin "Dulce est pro patria mori" and is still another slap at patriotism. He had been listening to an old *kurnel* of Bangor, Hon. Conrad Corncob, as he was twisting the lion's tail and quoting this line. Sam allowed it were better to live by one's country and gave as his translation—"mori" the more I get, "pro patria" by the country, "dulce est" the sweeter it is. This was in reality

the valiant kurnel's practical translation as well.

Enough has now been quoted, or references given to show that Haliburton was an author of no mean power and a fit companion of Theodore Hook. No one will suppose that he has no faults. Samuel is too clever by half. He is a ventriloquist, can give an opinion of weight on any subject, can paint with the best, can bronze, gild or do anything under the sun; the very best example of the Jack-of-all-trades. He is matter-of-fact, but too much so, for matter-of-fact men are very often the most profane though, perhaps, not meaning it. He loves no poetry nor fine talk, about as bad a fault as that of Cassius. His punning propensities lead him to overstep the bounds of propriety and a *double entendre* is not rare. His characterization of women will hardly suit this age of woman worship. But let no one think that he is therefore not to be read. There are mines of common sense, of brilliant *aphoristic* sayings scattered through his works which will delight anyone who will take the trouble to read them and innumerable instances could be given to prove that quite a proportion of our modern slang phrases, witticisms and aphorisms date from this great Bluenose.

Of course, life in Nova Scotia is not now what it was then, apple-parings, husking bees, and all the other frolics of those days are now dying out and the Nova Scotian, though still a great politician, is wide awake and a match for the cute Yankee posterity of the good-natured, knowin' Samuel Slick.

L. E. HORNING.

MY FRIEND.

My friend is gone!
Ere the joy-dawn rose over night of sorrow,
While hope was lingering with the early morning,
That never shone.

My friend is gone!
When came so near the oil of life's anointment,
Down in the depths of endless disappointment,
Till life was done.

My friend is gone!
O men with head and heart, how dared ye tarry?
Cold is the brow that fits the wreaths ye carry,
The curtain's drawn.

My friend is gone!
Vacant his chair my study fire still facing,
Silent his voice of wisdom all embracing,
I sit alone.

My friend has fled!
Forth have I gone to meet him with tears falling,
Hearing one voice amid all voices calling,
"My friend is dead!"

My friend is hence!
O'er his dead form they bade me pray, entreating
Comfort for those whose hearts ne'er ceased repeating
Late penitence.

My friend is gone!
Through the deep snow I saw his bier descending,
Earth unto earth, and that was friendship's ending,
Yet I live on.

For he is blest.
Patient and calm, and meekly long enduring
Trials and ills beyond the leal heart's curing,
He finds his rest."

My friend, released
From earthy labours in the field God-given,
Joins the employ of tireless saints in Heaven,
All troubles ceased.

My friend is gone!
Thither, where he who best has borne life's burden,
Sits in the seat of highest heavenly guerdon,
The victory won.

Lost friend of mine!
Lost till the night ends, and God sends me warning,
"Endless shall be your meeting in the morning,
My friend's and thine."

Love has no end!
God grant me then such fond heart's exclamation,
While on my spirit falls His proclamation,
"Behold thy friend!"

J. CAWDOR BELL.

THE LIEUTENANT'S WATCH.

CHAPTER I.

"OLD TIME'S ON WING."

"After all it has turned out very luckily then, and you will not have to keep it in a sling so very long, eh Duff?" and Mr. Hartley rubbed his hands with much satisfaction. "You look very white though, my dear; perhaps you had better change your mind and not come to dinner. Be sure you do not put yourself to any pain."

"No, Henry; I can come. You will have to cut up my dinner for me though. Mr. Duff, you are not going." I cannot think of letting you. Why, I might let the bandage slip, or something, you know. I have not had it on long."

"Really, my dear, you do not flatter Mr. Duff; but of course he will stay and take dinner with us. What can be keeping Hilyard? He must surely be coming. There—that's his ring, I am sure. Now we can go into dinner. It's very lucky, Meg, that you've not hurt yourself more."

"Indeed, I fear Mrs. Hartley will find that a sprained wrist is no light affliction. If I am not mistaken, it is hurting her more than she allows."

"My dear, is this true? You must not come in to dinner. Ah! here is Hilyard—we were just giving you up."

A tall, bluff old man entered the room and grasped Hartley's proffered hand, then a look of surprise came into his eyes as he turned to Mrs. Hartley.

"Ah! you did not expect to see me like this, Mr. Hilyard," she said, in her sweet contralto voice. "I have had an accident, and I cannot shake hands with you. I slipped on that step, and sprained my wrist."

"It cannot be the deprivation to you, madam, that it is to me, when I cannot touch your hand."

"That is delightful, Mr. Hilyard. There was never anyone could come up to you for paying compliments. Ah! dinner is ready, and I feel quite faint for mine. Henry, are you coming?"

Duff and Mr. Hartley followed her, and in another minute they were seated around the small, bright dinner table. If Mrs. Hartley's wrist caused her any pain, she kept it out of sight, and talked as brightly and as happily as a still young and pretty woman, surrounded by love and admiration, should. She was very fond of a little admiration, and she was clever, too, and a very

happy little dinner party it seemed. Perhaps the young doctor's assistant was the least happy of them all, and this was strange. It was not every day that he had invitations to dinner at the Hartleys, who were one of the best families in the small village of Althrope, and the adjoining country. But Jack Duff had, if not a previous engagement, at least somewhere, where he would be expected that evening, and where he would fain be. However, neither his politeness nor his reason would let him refuse. And his politeness was sufficient to enable him to hide his disappointment, for, like charity, it can cover a multitude of sins. He was a bright, clever-looking young fellow, and, if not good-looking, his fair hair and clear eyes spoke of Saxon courage and honesty. He spoke but little, but when he did, it was shrewdly to the point.

Mark Hilyard's eyes rested approvingly on the lad, for he was little more, once or twice. "I did not expect to find you going to dinner," he said once. "I thought you would nearly have finished. I knew I was taking a privilege that only an old friend could take in coming so late. Of course, it was your accident that kept you so late, Mrs. Hartley."

"Yes; I can't think how I could have been so foolish. My foot slipped, and I fell on my hand somehow, and felt as if I had broken all my sinews. By the same token it does not feel so wonderfully comfortable just now. What it would be without Mr. Duff's bandage and cold arnica I cannot think."

"It will take the pain out of it before long, I hope, Mrs. Hartley. It is not the worst kind of sprain."

"Thank you; it does not feel so very bad. By the way, Mr. Hilyard, our clock has stopped, I see. Do you know what the time is?"

"Mr. Hilyard pulled out his watch. 'A quarter to nine,' he said as he looked at it.

"Hello! Hilyard, where did you get your watch?" Mr. Hartley cried, as his eyes fell on it. "Why it is a counterpart of an old heirloom of a one I have."

Hilyard detached his and handed it to his host. "That is curious," he said. "I thought mine was rather unique in size, anyway, if not in beauty."

Hartley rang the bell. "Maria," he said, when the maid appeared, "bring me an old silver watch you will see in the left hand drawer of the dressing-table. 'I really must compare them—the likeness is so odd,' he went on, turning to Hilyard again. "There it is. There, see, Hilyard; I thought I was not mistaken. They are almost exactly the same size, and, by George, the same tracing on the outside. How very odd. See, Meg, you could hardly tell which belonged to the old Lieutenant and which was Hilyard's. Upon my honour, it is odd."

"Is it an heirloom, did you say, Mr. Hartley?" Duff said, looking curiously at the old silver turnip.

"Now, Mr. Duff, you will set him going with one of his old, old yarns. Now, Henry, I am an invalid, and am going to be indulged. I will not be banished while you enjoy your cigars. You must let me stay with you, will you not? Or let us go into the smoking room? It is so lonely in the drawing-room, all by myself!"

"On one condition, then, Meg—that you let me spin all the yarns I like. Remember you have no right to interfere there."

"I will not interfere, Harry. I will sit still and laugh at you as long as you like. Come now. I really feel as if I ought to be lame with my right arm in a sling. Mr. Hilyard, may I take your arm?"

"Duff," Mr. Hartley said, "will you take a cigar?"

"Thank you, Mr. Hartley, I do not smoke."

Again Hilyard's eyes glanced approvingly at the young fellow. "A nice young fellow, that Duff," he murmured to Mrs. Hartley, who, enthroned in a crimson cushioned chair, was watching her husband light his own cigar, with amused eyes.

"What in my young days would have been called a proper fellow. I should like to do him a good turn. What is he? An incipient sawbones? Well, I do not feel called upon to sacrifice my bodily health for him. But I will keep my weather eye open."

"Ah! Mr. Hilyard, you always feel a righteous approval for anyone who does not give the same blind allegiance to my Lady Nicotine as yourself. When do you intend to light your pipe. You know how thoroughly I enjoy the incense you burn at her shrine even when I am consumed myself with jealousy."

"With your permission, then, madam," and old Mark Hilyard bowed in his courtly way.

"Harry, do you not see Mr. Duff is longing to hear the yarn I warned him of, in spite of the warning."

In fact, Jack was still handling the old timepiece with curious fingers.

"Ah! yes. Well, it has been through a few adventures, that old watch. It belonged to a great uncle of mine, a naval lieutenant. It sounds as if he were old, but he wasn't when that watch was the death of him, for they say it was. He went overboard in the Bay of Biscay—and it sank him. At any rate he went down and never came up alive, and it anchored him where he lay. Afterwards it was fished up through the merest accident, and he came too. They could not think what they could have got hold of—it was so heavy. When they saw it, they did not wonder. It was not my great uncle that weighed the most. They found the key and wound it up, and it was still going when it came into my possession. I am proud of the old fellow. It was all I ever got from my great uncle, who spent his money himself. But I never take this chap on any voyages."

"My husband's geography is a trifle mixed, Mr. Duff. It was in the river Thames, I believe, that it proved itself as an anchor worth its weight in iron. Except for that ship the tale is true, and for that reason famous for 'iniquity'—and anti-quity amongst our friends."

"Meg, Meg, I shall certainly have to relegate you to the drawing-room, if you are so fearless and impudent in these hallowed precincts. Really, my dear, you mustn't."

"You would think, Mr. Duff, that he was in the habit of sending me where he would," Mrs. Hartley said sweetly; "but I who know 'his tricks and his manners' assure you that he is shaking in his shoes. You have not seen the inscription on the inside of the watch yet? Let me open the case and show you it. Ah!" with a quick breath, "I forgot my wrist. No, you must open it yourself. There it is:

"Presented to Lieutenant Hartley this 25th day of June, 1807, as a token of the life-long gratitude and admiration that

the passengers and crew of the Dolphin will ever feel for one who risked his life so nobly and successfully to save theirs."

"Poor fellow, it was in at his own death after all. It is said he was young, brave and handsome."

"The watch must be very precious to you. It is a curiosity in any case, and I am very fond of old curiosities myself. May I see when it was made? Ah! as I thought at the end of the 18th century. It is a very old specimen."

"Mr. Hilyard, may I see your watch again; Hilyard was talking politics rather eagerly with Mr. Hartley, but he took out the watch which he had slipped into his pocket, chain and all, it being too big for his watch pocket, and received it again almost without noticing that he did so. Jack Duff and Mr. Hartley were gradually drawn in to the discussion, and when Jack took his leave an hour later he was fain to confess he had rather enjoyed his evening though the disappointment of not being able to go to Reed-fen that night was still there. And Essie would be so sorry he knew. Dear little Essie, who was Esther, or Miss Reed, to every one but him. He was glad his road led him past Reed-fen, though the windows were dark, and it was hard to think he had not spent the long cool twilight there. And so home to his small room where Jack lived alone, having been brought up by an uncle who had died when he was a boy of nineteen, and where he had so often chafed at the smallest of things in general before he had found out how dearly he loved Esther Reed, when the world had suddenly seemed very bright and big, only over-topped by himself, who was ready to conquer and overcome that and anything else for Essie and fame. They had been engaged six months now and Jack had often talked of the time when he should get his diploma and come back to Althrope to take her to some brilliant future. And yet they talked practically too. Essie was young but she had lived with her grandmother ever since she could remember, and taken care of her and the house and looked after Jane, the servant, and had many little household cares in her merry young life that seemed made to sail in smooth waters even through the usually troubled course of true love. Grandmamma sanctioned the engagement, and Jack and she were so prettily loving and practical as a pair of young birds. Just now they grudged every moment they spent apart, for only next month Jack was going up to London to study and pass his examinations and it would be a long time before they saw each other again. It was with rather a sore heart that Essie watched in vain for her young lover's coming that night, and at last went her rounds, lamp in hand to lock doors and windows as was her custom. Grandmamma looked gravely up over her spectacles as Essie kissed her good-night with just a touch of indignation in her clear eyes.

"Esther, Esther," she said gently, "you must not be so impatient, childie. Be sure he has had some good reason for not coming. He did not promise?"

"Grandma! He would not break his promise to me."

"Run away to bed then darling and have bright eyes for Jack to-morrow. Don't try to make little injuries out of nothing or real troubles will come."

"I'll give him a good scolding, though," Essie said to herself, "being a little wilful he does deserve it. It is very naughty of him; and then if he likes to make it up

perhaps I'll let him." She was just a little afraid and that gave a spice to her resolve. Once Jack had stayed and had a game of cricket and never came near her one particular evening when she had planned something to surprise him, and she had been "hasty" the next day and Jack had flamed out and been very angry and said one or two things that were very true and hurt her dreadfully. And yet he looked so manly that she loved him more for that than before and then he had stopped and begged her pardon and gone away, and for two dreadful days she had not seen him. Was it not dangerous to try it again.

"He deserves it," Essie said to herself as she knelt in the dark, by the open window. A minute after Jack went by, a little out of his way to pass her window, but neither saw the other. In the meantime there was a rumpus at the Hartley's. The lieutenant's big watch was gone. Mr. Hartley before going to bed had smoked another pipe and his wife had sat talking to him in the fire light.

"That was rather a nice young fellow, dear," she said, "that young Duff. He seemed rather quiet and pleasant."

"I did not notice him," her husband said; he had been rather ruffled by his talk with Hilyard.

"He seemed handy with your wrist; these young upstarts think the world of themselves, get into your house by hook or by crook and there's no end to the patronising you have to do. I suppose he will think it enough to allow him to dangle round the church door to talk to us when we come out, and perhaps to walk home with you, and make himself generally a beastly bore and nuisance like that young Black."

"Really Harry what has upset you. Young Black was a mistake, certainly, but he just scraped acquaintance with us. Mr. Duff we called in, and you yourself asked him to stay to dinner; don't run over yourself, my dear, as the Americans say. He seemed remarkably nice, and not in the least pushing."

"Well, for heaven's sake, Meg, don't take him up. It was a thousand pities Finch was not in to-day. But as it is we have had enough of the other." Mrs. Hartley knew enough of her husband to know that he was just a little ruffled and it would all blow over by to-morrow, but she could not refrain from speaking, being a little angry herself now. "You certainly do not show the insight into character that Mark Hilyard does. He told me that he was particularly taken with young Duff, and if he could do him a good turn he would. But Mr. Green, Hilyard is usually on the lookout for something he can do for people who —"

"Harry Hilyard. Leave the fellow alone. Here he's been baiting me the whole evening in my own house, and he is hardly out of it but you begin in his name. Here I wish you'd leave me this one room to myself. There, my pipe's gone out."

"I have certainly no wish to stay," Mrs. Hartley said drawing her rich dinner dress to her, "I'm quite ready to go. I hope you will recover your temper before I see you again," and she left the room and Mr. Hartley, who fuming and fussing was trying in vain to light his pipe. A few minutes after, Mrs. Hartley was surprised to hear him calling her. She knew that if he became suddenly penitent he would very likely call out to say so, being rather of a bluff, blustering, kind-hearted, but

easily stirred nature. But his voice sounded as angry as ever; he met her at the foot of the stairs, for she had thrown on a dressing gown and gone to answer the summons. "Here's what has come of your fine young friend," he said fuming with anger, "I knew what would come of it; he's taken the watch."

"Harry, what are you saying? What do you mean?"

"Don't you understand English? The watch was here and so was he; and they're both gone, is that plain enough?"

"Harry, Harry, take care what you are saying. Do you know you are calling him a thief? It is rubbish. Where have you looked for it; of course it may not be just where you thought you left it."

"Where I thought I left it? I! You and he had it last looking at the inscription or something. I've turned the smoking-room inside out and I've never left it once since dinner."

"All the same Harry, you know a more unlikely thing could not happen. What would that young fellow want to take it for? It is not valuable except as an heirloom, and he could not get rid of it with that inscription on it."

"The inscription! A very few drops of acid would get rid of that, and as for value, its age makes it worth I do not know how much as a curiosity."

"So he said," Mrs. Hartley acknowledged with a little sinking of her heart as she remembered Jack's words. "Ay! of course. Her husband went on grimly;" these young fellows are as sharp as a needle now-a-days. Hold the lamp a little lower. No it's not there. It's gone, Meg." Mr. Hartley straightened himself with conviction in his face. "Well, do not be so idiotic as to try to connect young Duff with it. I tell you its inhuman rubbish to be so suspicious. If you had not been so silly as to send up for it. What did you want to show it to old Mark Hilyard for, at all?"

"I tell you it's morally certain as far as circumstantial evidence can go. Do you think Hilyard took it? Very well, no more do I. Do you think I took it for the purpose of making a fuss? Have you got it? Would you like me to suspect you? Then you see for yourself there is no one else. Is it here? No! it is not. And it was here rather less than two hours ago. Now what have you got to say. Wait, there is one channel we have not tried. James is sitting up with the roan mare to-night, you know that. Well, he came round to the window to speak to me and I told him I should want to hear how she was before I went up. Perhaps he took it Margaret, since you are so sure of every one else."

Before Mrs. Hartley could say a word he rang, and in another minute James appeared.

"Harry! now do be careful," she whispered anxiously, but her husband was too angry to be prudent.

"James, there was an old silver watch here this evening; we were looking at it. It has disappeared. When you were speaking to me at the window did you happen to see it?"

"I see a watch in Mr. Duff's hands sir; whether it were silver or whether it weren't I couldn't say."

"Confound the fellow! I told you so, Meg," shouted Hartley with a sudden ebullition of wrath. "I knew it was that young Duff. I knew what sort of fellow

he was the moment I saw him. Well, I'll have the police after him.

"Harry!" said Mrs. Hartley, in a voice that somehow choked her husband's wrath down and bottled it up as quickly as it had effervesced.

"That will do, James; you can go." The wondering coachman departed and it was not till he reached the kitchen that a smile of comprehension broadened his visage. "Jiminy!" he ejaculated, and the echoes among the shining pots and pans tried to repeat the word and waited for more, but James had no more to say.

ELLEN M. BOULTON,
Shellmouth, Manitoba.

REMARKS ON HERALDRY.—I.*

[*En fin du siècle.*]

Heraldry is the use of insignia to distinguish or symbolize (I) Persons, families, tribes, nations; or (II) The Corporate existence of individuals associated or banded together for a common purpose, Military (armies), Nautical (ships), Ecclesiastical, Commercial, Sentimental or otherwise, and (III) as a logical consequence, Governments, Municipal, Provincial or National.

Heraldic insignia have been borne in a great variety of ways. Perhaps the most general manner of use is in military flags or ensigns, a custom which has been common to most peoples and in nearly all ages. In other respects the seal has been the most general form, its use dating from early ages, and having continued to the present day.

Like all other arts or sciences, heraldry shows a gradual development from primitive forms and methods to the highly scientific European heraldry of the 12th to 15th centuries; which, after a period of debasement, has resumed its best forms, in English heraldry at least.

Heraldic insignia in Europe were originally not regarded as hereditary, but, excepting those of a national or corporate character, were seemingly adopted for temporary use, or at most for the life of the person assuming them. The development into hereditary forms was a natural one, for where personal insignia became the mark of one who attained eminence, it was but natural that his son succeeding him would use the well known forms. This, indeed, became almost a matter of course when the use of armour concealing the person made distinctive insignia of some sort necessary to enable friend to be known from foe.

In some primitive forms of heraldry which exist at the present day, the hereditary principle appears, such as the family totems of the Indian tribes of this Continent.

Insignia are also hereditary in Japan, where the heraldic system is one of scientific development, resembling European in principle, but differing in form.

As many men have many minds, it follows that many different reasons have led to the selection of the thousand and one

* Since this article was placed in the hands of the Editor, the writer has had an opportunity of perusing the exhaustive work on Heraldry by Woodward (F.S.A.) and Burnett (Lyon King of Arms), recently published, perhaps the most important work of the present day on the subject; and has the satisfaction of finding opinions expressed by him in this article, and not in accord with the tenor of former authorities, to be supported by the views of those distinguished authors. The writer's opinion on the right to assume arms, however, must be excepted from this statement, but it may be fairly said that more arguments to support it than the contrary may be found in Woodward and Burnett's pages.

different symbols which have at different times and in different places been used heraldically. Some writers in treating of European heraldry profess to give a definite origin and meaning to every form and symbol, but the meanings asserted are frequently arbitrary and often fanciful even to absurdity. While a lion, for instance, may naturally convey the idea of strength or courage, and it may be the case, as is asserted, that a martlet was regarded as referring to exploits or adventures of travel, it is the fact that both these symbols have been frequently adopted without any regard to such ideas or meanings: thus the lion appears in the arms of certain Provinces of Canada to indicate British relationship; and the martlet is borne by many English families simply as a mark of feudal connection with other families bearing the same charge. It may be said in a general way that when a symbol has been adopted it has been selected for a certain reason or purpose, and in order to memorise some particular event or some characteristic or relationship of the person assuming it, but it is certain that many have been adopted arbitrarily, or for no better reason than as ornament, or to fill up space in a shield. It would indeed be too much to expect of the ever-varying mind of man, than a meaning attached by one man to some particular symbol adopted by him should convey to all others, in different places and in different ages, the same ideas which were present in his mind; and if the heralds of one country chose to assign some particular meaning to a charge, they could not rely upon other heralds following them and attaching the same meaning to it. It is a plain conclusion that heraldic forms do not necessarily, or as a rule, symbolise definite ideas or meanings or record historical events; there are, of course, numerous instances where charges are so borne as to convey certain ideas or record events in a manner readily intelligible, but these are really exceptions to the general rule, and do not constitute the rule itself.

European heraldry is generally speaking homogeneous, or was so originally, or perhaps rather was so at the period of the Crusades when the intercourse of armour-bearing men of different countries was frequent, rendering it necessary that the forms and principles of the heraldry which the circumstances of the times called forth, should be largely of an international character—such, for example, as was the use of Latin as an international language. Nevertheless, as no central standard or authority existed, it was inevitable that differences in detail should arise, and that has in fact occurred, and although there is a general resemblance in the heraldry of the different European nations, there is a great difference in detail.

English heraldry is the purest, in that it conforms more closely than any other to the simpler standards of general recognition, and, excepting the vagaries of the heralds of the Georgian period, avoids the fantastic forms of some and the crude forms of others. To mention an instance of adherence to recognized standards: It is a rule laid down by all European heralds that metal must not be charged upon metal or colour upon colour. The writer has no recollection of ever having observed an infringement of this rule in English heraldry,* while it is frequently disregarded by continental heralds. Many forms used by continental heralds are entirely unknown in England.

*Except the arms of the Canadian Diocese of Quebec.

The most primitive form of heraldry is probably the use of animals as symbols; this appears in Indian heraldry, where (excepting the Pacific tribes, who use heraldic forms of a unique character) the symbols are nearly always natural animals. Then follows the adoption of inanimate objects; and a further development is the use of conventional forms, both animate and inanimate. An undeveloped form of heraldry of a different kind is the use of simple colour for military purposes, one army or nation using one colour, and their opponents another; naturally leading to the use of banners of a more complex form, with a combination of different colours, and thus to the forms familiar to all students of European heraldry, in which this development has met with and combined the development of symbolic forms.

Scottish heraldry in the Lowlands seems to be nearly identical with English, but apparently showing Continental influence, of which the occasional occurrence of metal charged upon metal, or colour upon colour, may be an evidence. In the Highlands the forms are of a rather less developed character, being frequently crude and unscientific. A marked characteristic of Highland armorial bearings is the adoption of quarterings having reference to territorial claims, rather than to family relationships. Certain charges are of frequent occurrence, such as the boar's head and the lymphad; these no doubt indicate territorial claims, alliances, or in some instances feudal connections. The most distinctive and unique heraldic system of the Highlands is the use of clan tartans. These are hereditary, and occasionally show an adoption of the practice of cadency,* divisions of clans using tartans slightly varied from one another, but such cases are exceptional. A remarkable feature of Scottish tartan heraldry is the recent adoption of a great number of tartans for Lowland families, or rather as appropriate to certain surnames, whose insignia of this sort are either new inventions or revivals of patterns long obsolete.

Irish native (Celtic) heraldry is also more crude in its form and symbols than English. A peculiarity is the frequent occurrence of the snakes which St. Patrick banished, and of the lizards which he permitted to remain. It is possible that these symbols may be of great antiquity, and perhaps adopted from Phœnician sources, and akin to the snake worship of the East, as are the dragons of China and Japan; all undoubtedly reminiscences of Eden.

Continental heraldry displays many complex forms in the divisions of armorial shields, many of which are of the most meaningless character, and are difficult to describe; some, indeed, are absolutely indescribable in the terms used by English heralds.

Plumes, wings, and horns, as crests, or used with crests, are a prevailing feature of German heraldry, which seems to delight in such things, and in an excessive use of scrolls, flourishes and the like, as adornments of heraldic achievements, and in the drawing of some heraldic charges. Another characteristic of German heraldry is the multiplying of crests, several of which, each borne upon a helmet with mantlings, may sometimes be seen crowded upon one shield. When this is the case the crests are usually arranged, respecting (or facing) each other, the rule of English

*Cadency is the adoption of charges to indicate a difference in seniority, or the formation of a new family branch.

heraldry that all animate charges look to the dexter, or right side of a person standing behind the shield, being ignored by German heralds. Thus where two animals, for instance, are borne separately on the shield, an ordinary arrangement is to face them inwards, one to the dexter and the other to the sinister, which would be quite inadmissible in English heraldry, where the only exceptions to this rule are (1) when animate charges are specially borne coupled as "addorsed," "combatant" or "counterpassant," positions which necessarily imply the movement of the two animals in contrary directions; and (2) when arms are borne upon a flag, the staff must always be on the proper dexter side, consequently if the flag is shown flying to the dexter, all charges will be reversed from the ordinary position.

E. M. CHADWICK.

(To be continued.)

PARIS LETTER.

The *Figaro* is going in for the speciality of national scares. Recently it published on the authority of ex-Foreign Minister Flourens, the secrets of the French Foreign Office since 1871, to show that the diplomacy of France was at the beck and call of Prince Bismarck, and that preceding Foreign Ministers before acting invariably consulted the wishes and the whims of the great Chancellor. The revelations surprised and astounded the public, and despite the natural denials, did harm. It made foreign diplomats shake their heads and measure and weigh their confidences; to have their conversation and whisperings given to the world like a *de Goncourt* journal was too bad. Russia, it is said, felt particularly hurt at the exposure. Well, the same journal has lashed the newspapers, at least—for in France there are no public meetings to gauge indignation or measure public opinion—into a white heat, by its interview with one of the leading generals on active service, and destined to command, in case of war, 250,000 soldiers; that commander is pessimism itself; the French army—Deputy Lockrey, the other day, denounced the decadence and inefficiency of the French navy—states the general in question is not up to date, and not fit to cope with the forces of Germany, and the best thing France can do is to disarm, convert her soldiers into militia, keep up skeleton staffs and trust to events. Germany, the general asserts, can have 36 hours advance upon France in point of mobilization; then what is the use of soldiers if they cannot march or be fed, in presence of smashed up railways, Palatinate ravages—a *la mode* Turenne—and certain discomfiture in advance? The Minister of War denies the soft impeachment of the interviewed general; that it is all imaginary, etc.; but the *Figaro* reiterates the fact, adding, it toned down a great deal that was said. The journals demand that the general be unmasked and handed over to the *Furies*—*pour encourager les autres*.

Beyond doubt the question of disarmament is making way: it is in the air. Serious military writers admit that they have no theories, but, above all, no experience of modern weapons and combinations to fall back upon. M. Malo, the most learned writer on military affairs in France, avows that the future results of war are so unknown that governments may well be ex-

LIFE'S MIRAGES.

To lure us onward Heaven has sent us
dreams.
No other toils like the somnambulist.
He holds the round earth in his vigorous
fist.
And stays the sun to claim his crowning
beams.
Life were not life were it but what it seems
To eyes unclouded by the Eden mist,
Which broods o'er soil where hope's bright
bow has kissed
In full fruition his ethereal schemes.
When the simoom blows the fair vision by
And leaves the traveller faint upon time's
sands,
What comfort finds he in the brazen sky,
And in the clear outlook o'er barren lands,
He can but pray to dream again, or die
Or join base slaves driven by marauding
bands.

WILLIAM MCGILL.

AFRICA'S BEAUTY SPOT.

There is a fascinating interest in the study of that plain of desolation, about which so many weird and tragic narratives are told, the African Sahara. It is said that several trails across parts of the great waste are "blazed" with the bleaching bones of camels, horses, ponies, human beings; whilst here and there protrude the wrecks of desert waggons, sometimes whole caravans, abandoned because the traction animals had died of thirst, or their owners had been butchered by the nomads. What ghastly tales of suffering could those weltering human bones reveal!

Everybody has heard of it, but it will not be amiss here to say that Sahara is that great desert region stretching across the continent of Africa eastward from the Atlantic Ocean for an extended distance on each side of the Tropic of Cancer. This inhospitable section is generally distinguished by aridity of soil, lack of running water, dryness of atmosphere, and comparative scarcity of animal and vegetable life. Its physical limits are in some directions marked with precision. Thus in parts of Morocco and Algeria the southern edge of the Atlas mountain range overlooks what resembles a boundless sea of desert and forms what may be compared to a bold coast-line, whose sheltered bays and commanding promontories are decked with villages and towns—Laghouat, Tisgi, Figig, etc. Conventional, vague and disputed are the boundaries in other directions. Especially is this the case toward the south. Here the desert sometimes ends as abruptly as if it had been cut with a knife, and again merges irregularly and gradually into the well-watered and fertile lands of the Sudan. Toward the east the Valley of the Nile at first sight appears to give a natural frontier, but the characteristics of that section which is usually called the Nubian or Arabian desert are so identical in most respects with those of the Sahara proper that some authorities extend that name over the entire country to the shores of the Red Sea. Truly the desert does not finish in Africa; it is prolonged eastward through Arabia toward the Desert of Sind.

That desert country only west of the Nile Valley, defined as the Sahara proper, is itself estimated at an area of 3,565,565 square miles. This land supports a population of nearly 2,500,000—a small number, certainly, when the extent of territory is considered, but startling enough to all who have held the notion that the Sahara is an uninhabitable expanse of sand. That

sea-like aspect peculiar to certain portions of the Sahara has created much popular misconception, and has even affected the ideas and phraseology of scientific writers. Instead of being a boundless plain broken merely by billow-like mounds of sand, scarcely more stable and little less dangerous than the waves of the ocean, the Sahara is a region of varied surface and irregular relief. It ranges in altitude from one hundred feet below to about eight thousand feet above sea-level. Beside sand-dunes and oases it contains rocky plateaus, great tracts covered with boulders and pebbles, ranges of hills of most dissimilar types and valleys through which abundant waters must at one time have flowed.

In a recent work (1893) on the Sahara, which is well illustrated with views of typical Sahara scenery, Dr. Henri Schirmer sums up concisely what is known about that vast arid area of Africa. Messrs. Hachette, Paris, are the publishers. First the doctor goes into a discussion of the existing state of the Sahara's physical geography and of the causes which have induced such desolation on so wide a tract of country, then he considers the climatic effect of different sections of the desert on its inhabitants. His conclusions are arrived at after a careful examination of all the facts accumulated with reference to the Sahara by explorers and by geologists, or to be deduced from the writings of historians, so that this book may be deemed as accurate an exposition of the subject as can be compiled.

Old theories bearing on the origin of the desert are proved in the doctor's work to be incorrect by present knowledge of the variety of Saharan geological formations and of the contour of the sandy plains. Certainly the true explanation is to be found in the government of the winds, though not in the manner formerly supposed. With a regular influx of air-currents during summer and divergent winds and calms in winter, the Sahara is undoubtedly a monsoon region. In the former the greater contrast of temperature between the Mediterranean in the north and the Soudan in the south causes a preponderance of the northern monsoon. Although this blows from the sea, by its very direction it must be a dry wind. Dryness results as a matter of course during the calms of winter. There are some secondary causes which add their effect, for example the barrier formed by the Atlas range of mountains.

Mountainous regions in the desert, however, such as Aixaye Tibesti, are watered with regular summer rains; whilst in other parts occasional storms arise from upward currents by which the lower strata of the atmosphere are cooled. Intense evaporation produces a progressive diminution and concentration of surface waters, creating the chotts and sebkhas, or pockets for soakage, so common in the desert. The original relief of the ground, due to running water, has been modified by additional agents, notably the atmospheric disintegration of rocks and the erosion and transport of detritus or other material by the swift air-currents. Vast accumulations of sand-dunes and chaotic forms of surface have resulted, by which the ancient hydrographic systems are often completely hidden. Water which falls in the mountains travels for long stretches subterraneously, and the positions of artesian springs are determined by the structure of the ground always. Thus a traveller, once he knows this, can decide in which direction to turn in search of water. Much moisture is often found

caused hesitating to provoke them. Besides, the aphorism of Napoleon holds good: "War tactics must change every ten years." And of late, the periodical transformations have been numerous. After the last war, the Gras and Manser rifles were substituted for the Chassepot and Dreyse; now, the former, without ever being really battle tried, have been replaced by the Lebel and Mannlicher, and how long will these rule? And now the "craze of numbers" has set in, without any positive proof as to how the millions can be handled. In presence of smokeless powder, long range and repeating rifles, merciless artillery that sweep all battle fields, we are profoundly ignorant how far these material destructives may influence the morale of the soldiers. If the latter start with the conviction that they go, not to fight, but to be slaughtered, adieu courage, farewell heroism. Except in the case of the Chili and Dahomey fights, military art has no other positive grounds on which to build its conclusions, and the premises do not apply to a European war. After all, autumn manoeuvres supply only a weak image of real war. General Nigate, an excellent authority, states the next wars will open by great shocks between opposing cavalry; but if the cavalry on one side be sheltered by a wood, its protecting infantry can mow down the enemy's horse as they arrive, reducing them to helplessness. To bring the foe into the open, that is the question; if he has to be dug out of woods, trenches and forts, woe betide the assailant.

The monarchical journals are not safe guides as counsellors for the Republic, so their recommendation to elect, not one, but three Presidents next November, is not likely to catch on. A representative of the army, navy and military service would be a droll *tria juncta in uno* without even the redeeming part features of a Hindoo triad. It is quite on the cards that M. Carnot will be re-elected, without ever seeking re-election. The likely candidates cannot be spared from their present functions. M. Dupuy is too valuable as Speaker of the Chamber of Deputies, and M. Casimir-Perier cannot be taken from his important task, that of extinguishing the reign of the Little Bethels, the side sects and tadpole coteries, and to form a national party, determined to proceed with legislative work, and resolved not to be turned aside by wind programmes and political bluster. He is just the man for the present situation of France; a stern upholder of the law, the zealous defender of his country's rights and dignity, and never led aside by *ex parte* statements, or explaining the unknown by the incomprehensible. He has no serious difficulties to contend with, save the balancing of the budget. Every day appears to bring forth a new solution. Clearly, the project of an income tax is being whittled down, and the financial deficit will in the end be met by a heavier tax on alcohol, and an augmented rating on residences. Anything but the hated income tax, say those who abhor its inquisitorial machinery. The next imperative duty of the Cabinet must be to rescue France from the commercial isolation into which she has drifted by the short-sightedness of questionable patriots, who flattered themselves that France could exist by keeping out the foreigners' commerce, while compelling them to accept her own; the foreigner still gains admission, but France has boycotted herself in the markets of the world.

beneath the sand-dunes, these seeming to retain it as though they were mighty sponges.

There has been and prevails much erroneous belief with reference to a major portion of the famous sand-dunes of the Sahara. These have been fabled to rise in front of a wind-storm from the north or north-east *en masse* and bury beyond all hope of rescue every creature and thing within a radius of miles. Undoubtedly there are sand-storms; it would be impossible to avoid them when a cyclonic wind arises in such a region; but unstable or erratic are not proper adjectives to apply to the sand-dunes proper. They have been formed by ages of drifting, and occur mostly in extended ranges which stretch for miles across particular portions of the desert, with gradual slopes facing the north or north-east and precipitous descents on the opposite side. Approached from the south they resemble enormous bluffs, their heights in some instances ranging into thousands of feet. Coming toward them from the north, the traveller is aware of but a modulated rise in the ground, which runs on and up for miles before the edge of the wall-like descent is reached.

Dr. Schirmer gives cogent reasons for believing that the climate has never changed within historic times, although divers authorities think otherwise, his most important evidence being the extraordinary specialization of the Saharan flora, necessarily the work of many centuries. He devotes an interesting chapter of his book to the Saharan flora and fauna, describing the special means by which these adapt themselves to the extreme temperature. Treating of the human inhabitants, the doctor shows that, while it is impossible yet to decide whether the Berbers were the aborigines, there are insufficient grounds for the idea which has found favor that traces of distinct races with negro affinities exist. These occur chiefly along the principal caravan routes, where a constant movement of negro slaves has taken place. Existing races have adapted themselves wonderfully to the climate, which with a suitable diet is extremely healthy. Although spare of habit, these people are noted for their fatigue-resisting power and remarkable longevity. The moister oases are not so salubrious, having a malarious tendency, and their inhabitants are very black-skinned, presumably a result of their constant incumbency to resist malaria.

There are two chief divisions of population—nomad and stationary. Generally, the characteristics of the desert invite a nomadic existence, but of necessity this mode of life can be sustained only by plunder-reinforcements. Oases of the larger sort contain inhabitants more advanced toward civilization than the nomads. They have various appliances for cultivation which cannot be called entirely primitive, and they are capable of raising successfully many products of the soil. There are no landlords to extort rent, and there it may be said that the single tax is in force; but in spite of all these benefits the inhabitants are kept in a state of poverty and practical servitude by the raiding nomads, who always arrive at the proper times to capture most of the season's crops. As a result a state of decadence and general misery exists, the supply of necessaries never equalling the demand. Nothing can change this evil condition but enterprise on the part of civilized nations able to establish a regular

commerce. The two staples of the desert—salt and dates—render this feasible.

Outside local interchange of products, there is a transit trade across that portion of the Sahara lying between Europe and the Soudan which no doubt had its origin as far back as the Roman epoch. Natural routes, such as the one from Fezzan to Lake Chad, have come into use according to the physical features of the country. There has been no attempt at engineered directness. From the writings of Arab historians, Dr. Schirmer traces the vicissitudes to which the chief of these roads have been subjected since the ninth century. Just as native empires rose or fell, one or another route was brought into prominence. To secure the good-will and protection of the nomads, these merchants engaged in the trans-Saharan commerce have to subsidize their leaders. Thus it is a rather complex organization, requiring much precarious mutual co-operation. Judged by modern standards, the volume of trade is comparatively insignificant.

Perhaps not the least interesting portion of Dr. Schirmer's book are the concluding chapters, which deal with the history of European enterprise in the Sahara. Possibility of the desert's future development by France and the subject of the proposed trans-Saharan railway are carefully considered. Exaggerated ideas, the author demonstrates, exist as to the wealth of some of the countries to be tapped by the projected railway. Especially, he claims, is that the case with Timbuctoo and the Central Niger—not to mention the fact that the natural outlet for their products is by way of the Senegal. Again, the Hausa countries are held by England, and it is not likely that France will expend millions of francs to benefit the possessions of that rival power. Thus, although the hostility of the natives makes the building of a railway really the sole means by which the country may be opened and developed, people are not warranted in being over-sanguine about the advantages to be gained. While the doctor considers that all schemes for the reclamation of the Sahara are visionary, he thinks that much may be done by Europeans toward improving the cultivation of the oases.

Toronto.

JOHN A. COPLAND.

ANOTHER VIEW—AND NOTHING MORE.

"To take you all round, body, mind and soul, I do think you a nobler specimen of man than the wrestler who sat to Pheidias."

Past and Present: A letter to Mr. Ruskin.—*Frederic Harrison.*

Poetry has been defined again and again. Again and again has the individual conception of the universal indefinable been given to humanity; and humanity has listened, endured, still listens, still endures, and, wonderful, still exists; while poetry is still with us, spite of Americanized English (*sic*) dictionaries, "punkin" eulogists and archaic hypochondria, and is still as fascinating, mystical, indefinable, eternal as ever.

It is true there is nothing new under the sun. It is equally true that everything has been done, and well done, that can be done. Yet, strange to say, day unto day still uttereth her old time speech, night unto night repeateth her old time knowledge, and, spite of the great examples of the past, that can never, NEVER, NEVER

be approached, men and women, big, little, and middle-sized, following the example of these tediously recurring days and nights, go on perpetrating their trivialities, sinning in the old lines, and pouring forth floods of melodious verse, in defiance of dialect post-asters, brobdingnagian, one-horse critics and liliput pedants.

Stranger still to relate—and herein is the germ of an interesting bit of human nature aberration, for there are some blind to the fact—much, very much, of the melodious verse-flood is very melodious indeed, much of it is very readable indeed, much of it is very lovable indeed, and much of it is very lofty and poetic indeed, although, it must be confessed, nature-poetry, or landscape verse, has been rather overdone, like the dyspeptic's beefsteak,—poor nature! poor dyspeptic! *Serius in celum reddeat.* Nature we mean, not the dyspeptic. For his own sake, let us pray that he may die young, and leave to more robustious peepsine the duty of chylification or whatever it may be.

"Nature-poetry is a sure sign of decadence in literature." So be it. The last word has then been spoken. We have been assured of the fact; and as assurance is one method of proof, at least, with a certain section of society, for have we not with us the irrepressible eagle, the incorruptible politician, and Professor—always Professor—Pelletissimus's Pink Pillules, why we may conceive the case as fully proven, with the aforementioned section. Luckily for poetry and progress, another section remains, and it has to be heard from.

What is poetry? "potry" the "people" do it call, to whose sympathetically untutored hearts it does, according to some authorities, most powerfully appeal—fancy, Jake the farm hand, or Tom the baker's boy, or Bill the teamster, or Biddy the cook, or Bridget the scullery maid, sitting as critics on Parnassian steeps; fancy, O ye Muses! Melpomene in a real estate office!—A truce to cavilling. What is poetry? "Well, that depends, and upon this latter equivocal little clause, depends in like manner yet other dependants, in the shape of other equivocal. What is music? What is art? What is the ballet? What is anything? Why, anything one likes to make of it; from "tip-toin" on a rail fence before the gods after their postprandial "punkin pie" to those lofty flights of genius, those outpourings of ecstatic souls, of whom it may well be said:

"A privacy of glorious light is thine;
Whence thou dost pour upon the world a flood
Of harmony, with instinct more divine;
Type of the wise who soar, but never roam;
True to the kindred points of heaven and home."

Eheu! poor overdone Nature! Although we deem there is a bit of thy portraiture here, a mere fragment, a scrap of passing pageant,

"A lovely apparition, sent
To be a moment's ornament."

Shade of Wordsworth! Wherefore the question? If we have ambrosia as a natural product, who in Arcady cares for the chemical formula if nectar pours from the goblets of Helicon, free of duty, *Body of Bacchus!* let us kiss the blushing Hebe that serves it and be content. If we sought a further solution, peradventure our too impertinent curiosity might but land us in the sunny vineyard of some Chicago druggist's cellar, and for the remainder, is it not writ in the legend "green gooseberries?"

June 15th, 1894.

We repeat, wherefore the question? What ultimate good will the answering of it serve? What is motion? "Act or process of changing place." True, O magnifico of lexicographers! But does the definition satisfy the enquiring mind? It may be the mind of Jake, aforementioned, whose loftiest conception of movement is centred in the normal gait of the normal clod-pole who "plods his weary way" from the cradle to the grave; but what of him that loves to dwell with the "muse of the many-twinkling feet" upon the aerial graces of a Taglioni, a Carlotta Grisi, an Ellsler; that lingers reminiscently among the stately mazes of the minuet; that sees some beauty in the undulating flow of ocean waves; the speeding of a white-winged yacht; the flight of a sea-bird; the drift of a summer cloud?

So anything is anything that one chooses to make of it. Then what the obvious lesson? That these things: art, music, poetry, *et hoc genus omne*, are in themselves undefinable. They are manifestations, not materials; forces, not forms; modes and expressions, not entities; sublimations, not stocks and stones. We may define men and materials; but not souls and essences. We can understand the earthly appetite—or want of it—of an earthly sybarite or an earthly stoic; but who would undertake to cater for their spooks, to provide ortolans and red mullet for the ghost of Lucullus, or spiritual lentils for the unlaid goblin of an etherialized Dr. Tanner? So he who attempts to define poetry, or even to limit it, is in a bad plight indeed.

Then how shall we arrive at an approximation of the real meaning of these things, if definition fails? Perhaps by comparisons and sympathetic intuitions or inclinations; by being content with what the gods give, and by being thankful for our loves. Let us not attempt to define our sweethearts, lest a thousand other amorous Romeos start to their feet and violently disclaim the portraiture, refusing to see in our divinity anything of the divine at all, while pointing triumphantly each to his own especial Juliet.

How often has it been said, as by those speaking with authority, nay, dogmatically, that the greatest poem is the epic, that nature-poetry is minor, of little account. Let us institute a few comparisons, and hazard a few deductions in relation to the statement, merely premising at the outset that a very serious objection may be taken to this slipshod compound "nature-poetry," which must, from its very etymology, include everything natural, which must therefore include the human element, its passions, strifes, sufferings, etc., etc.

But why need there be any hair-splitting?

Peace! Peace! only let us have peace.

Falkland was not the only one among the slain at Newbury!

Yes, peace, beautiful peace! and straightway we vote a hundred millions for ironclads and Krupp!

These authoritatively dogmatic statements may be dismissed with a very few comparisons and deductions, of course from a certain standpoint, and that certain standpoint of course our own especial standpoint. Out upon thee, Grimaldi! Figaro, fie! What art thou grinning at from the side wings? Have we not also been at the trouble of being born into this century?

"Ah! combien Monseigneur
Doit être content de lui-même!"

Cannot then each have a say? Is it only a *yogi* or a jurist or a gerrymanderer or a juggler that hath a speech in Almaviva's realm? Are we not too free and omnipotent? Yea, to starve while we live and be buried when dead; for look to it, courtiers, Death hastens unwilling feet to rid the living of that they would not have budged to stir or serve while alive!—But, consoling thought, these very few comparisons and deductions may be multiplied indefinitely at the individual option.

We deem it must be admitted that there is nothing elevating in the recital of carnage, there is nothing æsthetic in the thought of a heap, or heaps, of mangled, corrupting humanity, there is nothing ennobling in the vision of a battlefield after the combat, there is nothing pleasing in the contemplation of rapine, murder, sorrow or despair, nor of human frailty, sin, fall, and consequent torment; neither is there anything dignified in the conception of two demi-gods haranguing each other like fishwomen. Now if poetry be worth anything at all in this struggling, suffering, matter-of-fact arena, the world, it is because it is elevating, æsthetic, ennobling, pleasing and dignified, otherwise it is of no more use in the economic plan of practical purpose than whistling, street-spitting, or the ordinary piano or fiddle epidemic.

Take the great epic; with what does it deal? Demonism and cannibalism, Grendel and his dismembered victims; abduction and wholesale slaughter, Achilles dragging the dead body of his vanquished foe-man—by far the better man of the two—at his chariot wheels; sin and celestial persecution, Eve ranting to the groundlings in a polysyllabic frenzy that would very much have astonished herself could she but have heard it, and archangels ranting in turn like celestial cowboys; human infirmity—therefore, because human, natural—and diabolical revenge, with Dante and Virgil as self-constituted jurists. "Beowulf," apart from its scenic description, is a gruesome legend of barbarism and horror; the "Iliad" is little better than a metrical rendition of an old-time prize-fight on a gigantic scale, with muscular bullies shedding oceans of blood over a fair-faced wanton; "Paradise Lost" is simply—in part at least—an encyclopedic inventory of impossible hallucinations with impossible names waging an impossible war with another impossible series of impossible and scarcely less diabolical hallucinations, and ends by leading one to side with the devil, as by far the most potent, grave, reverend and dignified seigneur of the two contrasting arch-parties—this without a trace of levity or irreverence for the true ideal of that most mighty Name and Presence, at whose altars we unceasingly bow and worship and adore; Dante's "Inferno" is a mephitic compound of blue-fire, sulphurous fumes, racked limbs, mangled torsos and Gustave Dore, snakes, toads, satyrs and courtesans. They all leave a bad taste in the mouth. They are not the highest type of poetry. They are not the legends of love. They are not the evangels of "sweetness and light." Viewed as conceptions they are gigantic; as literary creations, stupendous; as loftiest poetry, they are worth nothing at all; mere high-sounding hexameters, pentameters, or alliterative rhythmoids.

After all, is the end of literary or poetic excellence simply to be writ as blows and noise; a grand melee of chariot rush and battle clash, of warrior vaunt and dying shriek? Clang, bang, ding, dong. I'm as

good as you. You're not, I'm better. Come on, then! Whack, whizz, dash, clash. Touch me first. No, you touch me first. I'll knock the chip off your shoulder. Do it again. You ate an apple. I'll kill you for it. Yah, for you, you can't. You love I some fair Camille on earth, now I'm going to drill holes in you for all eternity.

We repeat, what is the end of it all? Well, one wonders with the historic charity boy, who wrestled a month with the alphabet, what is the good of it all, and whether it is worth going through so terrible a time to acquire so little morality, or anything else but foul language and broken heads. One does not want to interview Sullivan or Corbett for one's æsthetics, no, nor "the wrestler who sat to Pheidias."

Again, we deem it must be admitted that there is something exceedingly elevating in the contemplation of a beautiful landscape; that there is something ennobling in the aspect of the mountain's crest, the tumbling cataract, the roaring torrent, the ocean's flow, the drift of the cloud rack, the moonbeam's mosaic on still waters; that there is something æsthetic in the mere suggestion of the bursting violet, the dewy blade, the bloom-laden spray, the song of birds, the buzz of bees, the golden harvest, even the snowy coverlid that hides the infant bud for another birth; that there is something pleasing in the thought of summer languor or spring-tide joyance, of autumn fruitage and even winter sleep, and metrical composition that can heighten the mental effect of all this material peace and beauty and fragrance and healthfulness is not only poetry, but poetry of the very highest type, whether it be "musical lyric" or "polished sonnet," whether by Shakspeare or the "Sweet Singer of Michigan"—poor outraged votary of transatlantic Castalia! Art thou too among the accursed? What hast thou done, sweet innocent, so to merit the sneers of thy brother geniuses?

It is the misfortune of some people that they see no good in anything till it is dead. Like blue-bottle flies, they love corruption. They prefer their game "high," and would sooner hob-nob with a goblin's skeleton, if it were only archaic and smelt of the cellar, than clasp to their antediluvian bosoms the warmest, loveliest specimen of the "decadent" Now.

Vile plagiarism of the flimsiest pattern! Because some musty Faustulus gives the signal, a few bell-wethers sound their clappers, and pell-mell the flock rush in to take their literature, where fashion takes its tailor's trouserings, its daughter's jackets, and all the other motley monstrosities of the age.

And the worship of these oldtime divinities when reduced to sober prose!

Scene—A classic hall in a certain classic Collegiate Institute not a thousand miles from Toronto.

Time—1888.

Dramatis Personæ—Forty candidates for first and second class certificates, ages between thirty-five and eighteen. One candidate for lunacy in the person of a much enduring instructor who has had the misfortune to be born with a sincere love for his *living* mother tongue.

The curtain rises.

The dialogue begins.

(From the lunacy candidate). Name the greatest poet the world has produced.

The air is "brushed with the hiss of rustling wings"—presumably—as seven-

tenths of the "Immortal Forty" are angels. As for the rest, the hands do duty.

The instructor signals one to reply.

"Shakspeare."

"What constitutes him the greatest poet of the ages?"

Puzzled looks dawn into opaline eyes, and vagrant tresses quiver, aspen-like, in nervous accord with nascent mental perplexity.

"Next, next, next!"

"Anyone in the class?"

"Everybody says so," pipes one enterprising individual from the shadows.

And what everybody says must be true!

"Have you read Shakspeare?"

"No."

"Has any one of you ever read a play by Shakspeare?"

Silence does *not* give consent.

"One act then?"

The Sphinx is irresponsive.

"A single scene."

The silence is a silence that may be felt.

A smile begins to ripple over expectant faces and a hearty burst of laughter dissolves the spell.

Finally, it is confessed, that Shakspeare is as unknown a quantity as $x + y$; where x = popular education, and y the end of it all.

No wonder the dialect poet is the only man in the neighbouring Republic "who is in real touch with the people as a whole." Poor wretches! they take their poetry where they get their other ideas, and we heard lately of one English Professor who undertook to enlighten the natives in a certain high school as to the merits of the "Merchant of Venus" (*sic*).

But what can be expected of the soul that grovels in dialect and apostrophises the ghost of a "punkin"?

We warrant that 90 per cent. of the aforementioned class that had not read a scene in Shakspeare had read all about the "punkin"; but that fact does not constitute the "punkin" a product of the Hesperides, any more than it proclaims Shakspeare not a poet. We do not go to Whiskey Hollow for inspiration. Apollo still dwells on Parnassus, though clouds veil its summit from the plains below.

Yet, thank Providence, some parts of the world are to-day as literary as they ever were before; the world is as full to-day of clever men and women as it ever was before; and poetry to-day is flourishing in a manner that would have been impossible before, only cleaner, purer, nobler, simpler, farther from earth and nearer to heaven and heaven's true God, with less of the Dantean frown and hangman's hemp, and more of the 25th Psalm and loving woman's smile. Great-hearted and many-tongued, spite of carpers and pedants, may its stream continue to flow, sweeter for that pastoral cadence, brighter for that womanly smile, till all existence become a poem, not, indeed, amid the clash of opposing armies, and the polysyllabic gibberish of the parade ground, or demoralizing jargon of the butcher's shambles; but, as dissolution must come, in the still, white, sympathetic, loving arms of the great corrector and beautifier, Nature's truest Death.

"Lovely and soothing death,

serenely arriving, arriving,

In the day, in the night, to all, to each,
Sooner or later, delicate death."

And with such death Achilles has no part, nor has Dante, nor Grendel, nor Chriemhild, nor Satan, nor even the Miltonic Jah!

Vox et præterea nihil!

Very likely. So be it. We are content.

Horribile dictu! Whom the gods would destroy they first make mad.

Yet in the face of this most awful apophthegm, there be some, who, having, doubtless, rushed down the steep place of Divine incitement, prefer "The Ode to Immortality" to "The Nibelungen Lied," and would rather muse by the dust of the dead English elegist in his quiet country churchyard than encounter the blazing eye of Polyphemus, or listen to the sweet, seductive voices of the sirens, though in the august company of the great son of Laertes himself.

A. H. MORRISON.

BOATING SONG AT SUNRISE.

Sing, Oh sing! the light is breaking
In the eastern sky,
And the merry world is waking—
Sing until the hills reply!

Sweep down the river's bosom,
Bend the oars along;
Catch the echoes ere we lose them—
Louder, louder swell the song.

Down the west the night retreated;
Bright the dawn-beams glow;
Light above their coming greeted,
Then let music here below.

Sing the carol, clearer, stronger;
Sweep the boat along;
Life has pain and cares no longer,
All are passing with a song!

JAMES T. SHOTWELL.

Strathroy.

ART NOTES.

Miss Ford expects to leave this month for Ontario to spend a while at Mr. Reid's summer school there. This is a delightful settlement among the Catskills of literary and artistic people, and is fast becoming popular with fashionable New Yorkers, which would be rather a calamity than otherwise, if it should alter the simplicity of living that has hitherto been one of its greatest charms. A number of students from our art school have gone to become Mr. Reid's pupils at his summer school—a most delightful way of combining holiday-making and work.

We are extremely pleased and proud to learn of the marked success one of our Canadian girls has had at the New York School for Applied Designs for Women. Miss Jean Carré, niece of Senator Primrose, of Pictou, Nova Scotia, has this year won the first prize and scholarship over the heads of two hundred competitors, the competition being open to the whole school. Those competing had had years of training, while Miss Carré only entered the school last September and previous to that had had but three months' instruction. Miss Carré's success is certainly most striking; we wish her even greater in her future career.

Public Opinion deplores the influence which Claude Monet seems to be exercising over many of the clever young artists exhibiting at the New English Art Club Winter Exhibition. It says: Monet's daring experiments are all very well in the case of Monet, but let such experiments stop there. Sunlight reveals to us far too much; in plain English, the truth is not

beautiful, and, in a certain sense—in the sense in which we intend it—sunlight shows us too much of the ugly truth of things. It is to hide the crudity of bold, glaring fact that the romancist, the poet and the romanticist exist. What is permissible, however, in fiction and the drama—things properly considered designed as intellectual exercises—is not permissible in a painting of which the *raison d'être* is primarily—nay, solely—to be beautiful.

Two rooms of the Normal School Art Gallery have this week been hung with an exhibition of the work of various Art schools of the Province as well as of several colleges. Toronto, Kingston, Ottawa, Brockville, St. Thomas and London is each represented by its Art school, and Alma College of St. Thomas, the Whitby Ladies' College, the High School of Simcoe, Albert College of Cobourg, Miss Veale's school and Loretto Abbey all contribute to the exhibit. Each group shows a number of still life studies, and of these a bunch of Indian corn from Albert College was noticeable, a pretty painted hanging-basket from Loretto Abbey, a white cloth on which was cake and wine, from Alma College, were in a pretty light tone. Toronto alone of the Art schools showed work in lithographing and modelling, and some very creditable pen-and-ink work. Several really beautiful designs for wall paper, and tiling, and schemes of colour of wall and ceiling were shown, also an elaborate design for Majolica vase and plaque. Among the work from the Brockville school were some wash drawings and a daintily executed alphabet, each letter occupying about two inches square, with a slight sketch of land or water on each.

From the *Montreal Witness* we clip the following account of the new salon:—

Puvis de Chavannes exhibits a decorative ceiling for the prefect of the Seine's bureau, at the Paris Hotel-de-Ville, of which he showed the design last year. It represents the city of Paris, typified by a female figure, crowning Victor Hugo. The president of the salon also sends the ecoincons for this ceiling and a series of drawings.

Jean Beraud's symbolic picture this year is entitled "The Way of the Cross." The central figure is the Man of Sorrows, in a red vestment, wearing a crown of thorns which have scratched His wan face, bowing under the weight of the enormous cross which He is bearing up the slope. To His right is Mary Magdalene in a dark purple robe, her hands clasped in prayer. The Virgin is tottering behind, supported by St. John, without whose assistance she would fall. Behind and around the Saviour is a crowd of jeering enemies. Most of them are impersonal brutes, their predominant expression being animality. A well-dressed clubman, with a lady of fashion in evening dress on his arm, typifying sensuality and egoism, are laughing boisterously at the agony of the man who dared to reprove their frivolity. A workman, barefooted, and wearing his working clothes, is, however, the prominent figure of the crowd. He is stooping down picking up a stone to cast at the cross-bearer, while a mysterious being behind him, hidden under the red cloak of Anarchy, is pushing him on to stone the Saviour. On the other side of the way are a number of figures, typifying the elements of Christianity. A bride and bridegroom kneeling, typify the sacred marriage tie, a soldier represents military devotion, a priest administering to an old man dying evokes piety

and death, a nun and two little children are charity and orphanhood, a poor wretch with heavy chains at his wrists typifies the penitent thief, while peasants and various other figures symbolize different phases of humanity, wherein Christ is not the object of derision, but of faith.

Carolus-Duran's eight canvases attract, as usual, about as much attention as any eighty others put together. He has ceded to the religious inspiration that has been noticeable in Paris art circles during the last few years, and furnishes food for much admiring discussion by a study entitled "Christ's Last Hour."

Ernest Duez shows (1) the portrait of "Madam Roger Jourdin," in black, walking on the Boulevard, with her hand resting on the head of a big gray dog; (2) "Bathing Time," two young Parisian ladies in elegant costumes on the beach watching the bathers in the distance; (3) "The Master of the Boat," a typical Trouville boatman, with his arms crossed and wearing a red shirt; (4) "Mamma Germaine," an old woman in black with a white cap, knitting a brown stocking. A very pretty picture is "A Little Girl's Portrait." M. Duez also makes a good display in the sections devoted to engraving and objects of art.

M. Montenard creates a sensation with a panoramic view of the Mediterranean coast—a canvas about forty feet long. It is a panel of the Amphitheatre of Mineralogy at the Sorbonne. He has seven little pictures besides, delightful souvenirs of Provence.

Pierre Carrier-Belleuse, the great pastellist, scores a new triumph with "Ron-Ron," a ballet girl lying down and stroking a black kitten which is asleep beside her. A peculiar effect is obtained by the artist's having placed the ballerine's head right in the foreground, so that in walking up towards the picture it seems as though one were about to tread on her nice brown hair.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

Messrs. Whaley, Royce & Co. are the publishers of a very beautiful "Minuetto Scherzoso" for the organ, composed by Mr. J. Humfrey Anger, Mus. Bac. Oxon. The work is cleverly thought out, is imaginative and thoroughly effective, and is dedicated to J. Lewis Browne, Esq., the organist of Bond St. Congregational Church.

The concerts of the past week have been exclusively given by pupils, and some most enjoyable evenings have been spent. One of the most interesting of these was that given by pupils of Mr. Field, assisted by Messrs. Klingensfeld and Ruth (violin and cello) and a vocal pupil of Miss Reynolds, in the College of Music Hall on June 5th. Those present were delighted with the really excellent programme and the able manner in which it was performed.

An Invitation Violin Recital by pupils of Herr Klingensfeld was given on Thursday evening, June 7th, in the hall of the College of Music, when a programme of great excellence was performed. The most important numbers were Vioti's 22nd Concerto, De Beriot's 7th Concerto, Hauser's Hungarian Dance, a Mozart quartette, and two movements from a quartette by Beethoven. These were played by the following pupils: Miss Jokome, Mr. Welsman, Miss Fletcher, and the senior and junior College Quartette, and the artistic and skilful manner in which they were per-

formed, speaks in no uncertain way of the thorough and effective teaching of Herr Klingensfeld. We might say that any young players, sufficiently advanced and who have been well taught, can become members of Mr. Klingensfeld's Quartette Clubs, and thus profit by his artistic judgment and excellent teaching.

In St. George's Hall, on the evening of June 8th, a song recital was given by pupils of Mr. W. H. Webster, assisted by two talented pupils of Mr. Field's, Misses Topping and Gunther. The programme embraced many beautiful vocal numbers, by Handel, Smart, Gounod, Denza, Massenet, Watson and Abt; and piano numbers by Liszt, Chaminade and Grieg. The vocal selections were most carefully rendered, the pupils singing with ease and with judgment, showing conclusively the conscientious care bestowed on their training by Mr. Webster. Two very enjoyable selections were Smart's vocal trio, "Queen of the Night," beautifully rendered by Misses Rutherford and McPherson and Mr. Webster; and Grieg's Sonata in F for piano and violin, most effectively performed by Miss Topping and Herr Klingensfeld. The piano playing was also an enjoyable feature of the interesting programme.

The closing concerts of Moulton Ladies' College were held on Friday and Monday evenings last, when large and appreciative audiences were present. On Friday evening, the 8th inst., the elocution pupils of Miss Hart gave some excellent selections in a manner extremely gratifying, and the chorus class sang two or three numbers in a thoroughly artistic manner. Miss Helmer, of Chicago, who has good musical talent, played with considerable brilliancy Chopin's Impromptu in A flat, No. 1. On Monday evening the chorus class, under the direction of Miss Mary H. Smart, gave with much success Ferdinand Hummel's delightful cantata for female voices—"Queen of the Sea." Two charming young ladies, Miss Maud Millichamp and Miss Edith Hambidge, took the parts of "Agneta" and "King of the Sea," respectively, which they sang quite artistically and with care. The chorus likewise did really admirable work, and Miss Smart can be congratulated on the result. Miss Helmer was the accompanist, and performed her task most commendably. Some piano numbers were performed by pupils of Mr. Vogt, in addition to the cantata, viz.: piano quartette, Mozart's overture to Don Giovanni, by Misses Fisher, Matthews, Hoffman and Johnson; piano duo, "Pas de Cymbales," Chaminade, by Misses Fisher and Hoffman; and Moskowski's Valse in A flat, cleverly and neatly played by Miss Fisher, who evidently has good talent.

A lecture and piano recital was given in the Conservatory of Music Hall on Tuesday evening last, the 12th inst., by Mr. A. K. Virgil and Miss Julie Geyer, of New York. Mr. Virgil is the inventor of Virgil's Practice Clavier, an instrument intended to develop piano technic more surely than by practising exclusively on the piano. We have not the time at present to give the substance of Mr. Virgil's lecture, or to describe his instrument, and as Miss Geyer was there to give practical illustrations on the piano of what can be accomplished in three years' practice, by the use of the clavier, we will only speak of her performance. The programme was very comprehensive, embracing the first movement of the Waldstein Sonata

(Beethoven), a novelette of Schumann's, Henselt's "If I were a bird," several Chopin numbers, and a mazurka, and the big Polonaise in E major by Liszt. Besides these selections, Miss Geyer performed for the first time on the piano, she having studied exclusively on the clavier a "Toccatà," which was executed in a rapid tempo and with crisp distinctness. Many of the pieces spoken of above received excellent treatment, if we except a very faulty use of the sustaining pedal, the wrong manipulation of which often caused the most disagreeable mixing of opposing harmonies, and her runs, which but for this fault, would have been beautifully clear, were frequently blurred. Her manner of nipping off the last note of lyric phrases also disturbs the poetry and repose of such passages and should be carefully guarded against. However, Miss Geyer is a very talented young lady, her technic is large and well matured, her tone is round and of good quality, and her touch most beautiful, refined and artistic. She was loudly applauded and well received.

The graduating class of the Toronto Conservatory School of Elocution, under the personal direction of the Principal, Mr. H. N. Shaw, B.A., gave an exceedingly interesting and highly enjoyable entertainment in the Pavilion on Thursday evening, June 7th. There were some eight talented young ladies who were awarded certificates of graduation, and given diplomas, and in their numbers, which included some difficult classical selections, they displayed excellent elocutionary powers, and most graceful and fascinating stage deportment. The system of study adopted by Mr. Shaw is very artistic and thorough, for it develops originality in the pupil, and stimulates the imagination to such a degree that mere imitation becomes an impossibility. And rightly so; pure imitation applied to gesture or speech, which is unnatural, is not only inartistic, but that individuality which should always assert itself, is never felt, a fair degree of mediocrity only being attained. The vocal selections which gave variety to the programme on the occasion above referred to, were all given by pupils of Mr. Shaw, and were much appreciated. Miss Jean Mortimer sang "Mignon's Song" from Thomas' charming opera Mignon; Miss Tena G. Gunn sang Haydn's "With Verdure Clad"; Miss Allie Watson gave Ardit's "Daisy Polka"; and Miss E. la Patterson sang "Ernani, Ernani Involami." These young ladies displayed highly cultivated voices, singing in each instance with musicianly expression, splendid intonation and distinctness. Mr. Shaw's knowledge of the voice in speech is of the greatest advantage in the production of a lovely singing quality of tone, and his pupils show this desired quality by their delightful singing. The programme closed with perhaps the most beautiful exhibition of posing ever seen in the city. A very large audience was present.

Man is creation's masterpiece! But who says so? Man.—Gavarni.

The sure foundations of the state are laid in knowledge, not in ignorance; and every sneer at education, at culture, at book learning, which is the recorded wisdom of the experience of mankind, is the demagogue's sneer at intelligent liberty, inviting national degeneracy and ruin.—G. W. Curtis.

LIBRARY TABLE.

THE WHITE CROWN and other stories. By Herbert D. Ward. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin and Company. 1894. \$1.25.

This volume of some 330 pages contains seven stories over and above the first from which it takes its name. Mr. Ward writes like a man with a mission and he lacks neither courage, determination, nor artistic and imaginative power to fulfil it. Each contribution illustrates his strength, vigor and grace as a writer; "The White Crown" may be taken as a type. A being of human form but regal presence and divine power personally wins the devoted allegiance of rank and file of the great armies of Europe, but not of their respective monarchs. At slight cause, war is declared between France and Germany. Science and military art have rendered perfect the vast armies of each of these powers. They lie encamped—a valley between them. The carnage is to begin on the morrow. At the appointed time the German Emperor commands his gunners to fire. They stand motionless—not a gun is fired. And so it is with the French and their Russian allies. With tragic power the scene is wrought out; and the new order of "peace on earth"—typified by the emblem of a "white crown"—displayed on each soldier's breast—ushers in the millennium.

BEYOND THE ROCKIES. By Charles Augustus Stoddard. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Toronto: Willi 1894. \$1.50.

Mr. Stoddard's name is not unknown to our readers, those of them who have appreciated "Across Russia" and "Spanish Cities" will find the present volume another period of enjoyment at the hand of Mr. Stoddard. When the genial and accomplished editor of the New York *Observer* goes on his travels, he benevolently plans to have a large part of the reading world share the joy of his journeying at their own desk or fireside, without the attendant discomforts, and at very small cost. This is the pleasant record of a spring journey to California, and we may say to those of our readers, if any there be who are unfamiliar with Mr. Stoddard's books, that they are the product of keen observation, shrewd insight and wide information. As to the style, it almost goes without the saying that it is bright, easy and an admirable vehicle for its purpose. Here is a pretty bit of description from the third page: "Night found us in the Shenandoah Valley, and morning dawned upon us near the Natural Bridge. All traces of snow were gone. The tender blades of grass were just pushing through the earth, the clear air was resonant with the songs of birds, and the rivers ran full and yellow with the unfrosted and crumbling soil. It was a great and beneficent change from icy winter to the breath of early spring." There is freshness, vigor, purity and honesty of tone in this delightful book and the numerous illustrations add much to its attractiveness. Where will Dr. Stoddard lead us next?

PERIODICALS.

The *Writer* for June begins with a short paper which will commend itself to every reader who has a sympathetic feeling for "The Unknown Author." Some useful hints are given for copying manuscript on a typewriter. This is followed by a pleasant sketch of Alice Williams Brotherton.

Stories for June has ten short stories. Among the contributors we notice the well-known name of John Habberton. This bright little periodical, now in its second year, ministers to the wants of those who find rest and recreation in an occasional short story, light, vivacious and not too long.

Electrical Engineering for June contains an important paper on "Electrolytic Methods," by A. J. Rogers, being the substance of an address delivered before the electrical

engineering students of Michigan University. Another valuable contribution in this issue is that on "The Hundred-Light Arc Dynamo in Central Stations."

"Frederick Dan Huntington" is the summary way in which the reader is introduced to the poetic work of Bishop Huntington in the *Magazine of Poetry* for June. The sketch of the divine is a little over an inch in length. Pity 'tis that the remaining sketches in the number were not meted the same rule of thumb, in proportion to merit.

An Historical Pilgrimage to historic cities and towns in New England and the Middle States is announced, with necessary detail, in the *University Bulletin* for June. The pilgrimage to be gotten up by the University Extension Society, is to be made between the 28th of July and the 8th of August. This unique journeying promises to be unusually instructive and interesting.

Rhoda Broughton's "Beginner" ends in the June *Temple Bar*. Mrs. D'Arcy Collyer contributes a most readable paper entitled, "A French Ambassador at the Court of Catherine II." "The Decay of Discipline" is a timely and only too true contribution. This is a good number of *Temple Bar*, and we refer our readers to not only those of its contents quoted but the remainder, approvingly.

The *Chap-Book* of June 1st has a pretty little quartet from Louise Chandler Moulton: "Who Knows." Mr. R. H. Stoddard contributes a pleasing appreciation of Gilbert Parker's "A Lover's Diary: Songs in Sequence," full of literary flavour. Bliss Carman's five stanzas, "The Prayer in the Rose Garden," are delicate and beautiful in conception and execution. We cannot say the same of the doggerel "Yellow Bookmaker." The *Chap-Book* will make for itself a widening circle of admirers, mainly literary.

A handsome profile portrait, by Kruell, with signature of President Eliot, accompanies the *Harvard Graduates' Magazine* for June. Quite appropriately this number contains general and special articles on Harvard's progress under President Eliot's administration. Apart from the full and varied treatment of matters specially relating to the University, there are papers of interest on "Harvard Explorers in Central America," "Instruction in Physical Geography," and the representation of "Phonography."

Music for June is at hand with a collection of most instructive and interesting articles. Mr. Mathews, the editor and a clever writer, contributes an article on "The Piano Sonatas of Beethoven," Miss Gertrude Petersen concludes her student analysis of Mozart's "Sonata, in C minor." Helen A. Clarke writes of "The relation of music to poetry in the American Poets," "The Harmonic Nature of Musical Scales" is contributed by Jean Moos, and we have once more an instalment of the story, "Carl Hansen's Wife," the "Letters to Teachers." Editorial bric-a-brac and other matter complete an excellent number.

The *Bookman* for June has a full page portrait of Mr. Swinburne, a lesser portrait of Mr. C. A. Cooper, Editor of the *Scotsman*, and a picture of Mr. Swinburne's residence at Putney. This number also contains a poem by William Watson, "The Saint and the Satyr." Among the new writers, "Mr. Benjamin Kidd," whose book on "Social Evolution" has attracted much attention, is the subject of a short sketch. Many new books are noticed or referred to, and the customary assortment of varied and instructive information for book lovers is to be found within the long brown covers of this enjoyable number.

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Poet-Love for June-July gives the place of honour to a short study of Saga Literature from the pen of Johannes H. Wisby. To this is appended a translation from the Icelandic of what is known as "The Saga of Thorstein Staff-Stroke." Professor MacMechan has a pretty little nature sketch entitled "The Idyll of a Northern River." "Einar Christiansen," a modern Danish poet, is commented upon by Professor D. K. Dodge; though the reference to him is but short, it will stimulate an interest in his work. Another notable individuality is referred to in Mr. A. L. Salmon's paper on "Dostoyevski," the Russian novelist. There is much more matter well worth the reading in this capital number.

The *Overland Monthly*, under Mr. Wildman's management, is maintaining its interest, and indeed its editor's former life among the South Sea Islanders is proving a boon to its readers. After the Sanctum talk—a new feature—comes "Experiences of a 'Blackbirder' among the Gilbert Islanders;" an Englishman's account of a voyage at the time we annexed these Islands to our Empire. Mr. F. J. Masters writes clearly and with ingenuity and force in support of the contention that Chinamen were the real discoverers of America. The editor contributes a stirring Malayan story in "Amok." Ample justice is done to our midwinter exhibit by Mr. F. W. Parks, who gives it appreciative notice.

Onward and Upward has its usual complement of kindly stimulating editorials in the June number, with a most charming pastoral scene at the end of them. "H. F." has a strong plea for the children. "Poor little outcasts, may we never forget the helpless!" "Their Eldest Lassie" grows in interest. Under the title "A Book for Sunny Days" Miss Friedericks makes her readers long for a fuller reading of Mr. Furneaux's delightful book, "The Out-Door World, or Young Collector's Handbook." But we cannot go on and refer to all the good things in this good number. Anticipation must prepare our readers for even better things, such as "Fireside Chats," by "M. M.," etc. We may be pardoned here for saying how much we miss our dear wee friend *Wee Willie Winkie*. We really cannot do without him.

"Famous Hunting Parties of the Plains" is the title of the paper with which "Buffalo Bill" begins *The Cosmopolitan* for June. Then we have a poem by Lewis Morris entitled "The Empty Cage," a speaking title. F. L. DeLautrepe next gives a sketch of M.

Flammarion, the French astronomer. Professor Boyesen then tells us, as he can so well, of "The Fjords of Norway." Here we have had sport, poetry, biography and travel in most attractive form. The strong man Eugen Sandow also explains how to become well and strong. F. Spielhagen's article, "The Modern German Drama and its Authors," scarcely needs commendation. But we need not refer to Mr. Howell's Athurian letters nor to the delightfully diversified departmental writing with such contributors as Lang, Sarcey, Flammarion, to prove the attractiveness of this number.

Very brilliant are the crimson roses by Paul de Longpré and soft and tender the landscape by Annette Moran (we would like to see a list of the Morans, so many have they become) in the coloured plates of *The Art Amateur* for June. Theodore Child gives a second paper on "The National Gallery," some one writes of the "Sketching Grounds in Holland and Normandy." A review of the Metropolitan Museum re-opening, of the "Group Exhibition," which is considered a success as to hanging, and of several minor exhibitions, photography among them, are all of great interest. The usual amount of instruction in various branches and accompanying hints for designs given are excellent. Although the amount of reading matter is less in quantity than usual perhaps, the quality is quite up to its high standard and keeps the art lover, who is cut off from art centres, generally well informed on matters of interest the world over.

LITERARY AND PERSONAL.

The publication of "Perlycross," R. D. Blackmore's new novel, is announced by Harper & Brothers.

Mr. J. Castell Hopkins has an article in the June number of the *American Journal of Politics* dealing with relations of Australia, Canada and the United States.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, New York, and Chicago, have just issued as Extra No. 62 of the *Riverside Literature Series*, the first five chapters of a new history of the United States for Schools by John Fiske, with auxiliary matter by Frank A. Hill.

Mr. F. Marion Crawford's "Modern View of Mysticism," the leading article in *Book Reviews* for June, is said to be of peculiar interest by reason of its unique subject matter, the result of the most earnest investigation into a phase of life and thought that has always appealed very strongly to Mr. Crawford's imagination.

Mr. John S. Ewart, Q.C., is, we understand, contemplating the publication of a volume bearing on the Manitoba School Question. Mr. Ewart's intimate knowledge of the history and details of the famous case, and his clear and cogent style give promise of an instructive and readable volume on one of the most vexed and important phases of Canadian political history.

Mr. Gamaliel Bradford is the author of a monograph recently published by the American Academy of Political and Social Science, in which he argues strongly for the adoption in the United States of the system of cabinet government. Speaking of the Senate under our present system, he says: "Nothing but the full strength of executive power, backed by the nation, can prevent it from becoming in the long run a tyrannical oligarchy, notoriously one of the worst of governments."

The Rev. Dr. Withrow, editor of the Canadian *Methodist Magazine*, whose literary activities have made his name familiar on both sides of the Atlantic, is putting through the press a *Montessaron* or *New Harmony of the Gospels*, which will be of much interest and value to Bible students. It interweaves into the continuous narrative the story of the life of the Saviour, which is the special subject of the International Sunday School lessons for the year which begins with the coming July. This book will be published simultaneously in Canada and the United States. The Canadian publisher is William Briggs.

The *New York Critic* says that the title and motto of "Ships that Pass in the Night" were taken, as most of Miss Beatrice Harraden's readers are probably aware, from one of Longfellow's "Tales of a Wayside Inn." The successful new novelist is described as showing "no traces of invalidism beyond a slight frame"; she is a nut-brown maid, "with short curling hair, and dark eyes whose varied expressions are not concealed behind the glasses which she is obliged to wear. Her manner is simple, cordial and unaffected." Miss Harraden comes of a gifted family that has shown a special predilection for music. She is herself a violoncellist and a linguist, and a graduate of London University.

Canon Malcom MacColl in the *Speaker* has been having a courteous controversy with Mr. A. T. Quiller Couch on the subject of Mr. George Moore's last novel, in which so far the learned Canon has by no means come off second best. He makes the following timely and good-tempered suggestion, with reference to the stream of literary sewerage which is most objectionable to all persons of pure mind and refined taste: "Would it not be well if our novelists, male and female, were to give us some little respite from 'the sex question' and *fin de siècle* morals? Will they not, by way of interlude, gratify occasionally the taste of those—for there are such—who do not think that seduction and adultery are the main interests of life?"

The appointment of Mr. John King, M.A., Q.C., to the important position of Principal of the Law School at Osgoode Hall, is one of the most satisfactory that could be made. Mr. King's standing at the bar for many years has been that of an able counsel. A man of fine literary taste and scholastic attainments, broad minded and well read, he most happily combines the *suaviter in modo* with the *fortiter in re*. A fine presence, a genial manner, a thorough and comprehensive knowledge of the law, ease and grace of expression, and a sympathetic interest in the intellectual pursuits and aspirations of young men, are no mean qualifications for such a position. No doubt such qualifications have largely led to Mr. King's appointment. As an old and valued contributor of *THE WEEK*, we tender him our sincere congratulations.

Montreal Gazette: M. Hanotaux, the new French Minister of Foreign Affairs, is going in for a vigorous foreign policy, and evidently intends that England will be made aware of the fact. In France vigorous foreign policies are the fashion now and again, and are very popular, for a little while. The ministries that inaugurate them generally last about as long as any of the others that the Republic sets up. M. Hanotaux and his Anglophobia will be events of the past by the time the winter is well set in.

READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

THE MAN A PRINTER LOVES.

There is a man the printer loves, and he is wondrous wise;
Whene'er he writes the printer man he dotheth all his i's.
And when he's dotted all of them, with carefulness and ease,
He punctuates each paragraph, and crosses all his t's.

Upon one side alone he writes, and never rolls his leaves;
And from the man of ink a smile, and mark "insert" receives.
And when a question he doth ask—taught wisely he hath been—
He doth the goodly penny stamps for postage back put in.

He gives the place from which he writes—his address the printer needs—
And plainly writes his honoured name, so he that runneth reads.
He reads, revises, reads, corrects and rewrites all again;
And keeps one copy safe, and sends one to the printer man.

And thus by taking little pains, at trifling care and cost,
Assures himself his manuscript will not be burned or lost.
So let all those who long to write take pattern by this man—
With jet black ink and paper white, do just the best they can;

And then the printer man shall know and bless them as his friends,
All through life's journey as they go until that journey ends.

—London Tit-Bits.

WHAT IS ELECTRICITY?

Probably no better answer (says the *Scientific American*) can be given to the above query than the one that follows:—It is stated that on one occasion when Professor Galileo Ferraris, the Italian scientist, whose name is known to all electricians, was asked by a young lady what electricity was, he ventured to answer it. Opening her autograph book he wrote:—"Maxwell has demonstrated that luminous vibrations can be nothing else than periodic vibrations of electro-magnetic forces, Hertz in proving by experiments that electro-magnetic oscillations are propagated like light, has given an experimental basis to the theory of Maxwell. This gave birth to the idea that the luminiferous ether and the seat of electric and magnetic forces are one and the same thing. This being established, I can now, my dear young lady, reply to the question that you put to me: What is electricity? It is not only the formidable agent which now and then shatters and tears the atmosphere, terrifying you with the crash of its thunder, but it is also the life-giving agent which sends from heaven to earth, with the light and the heat, the magic of colors and the breath of life. It is that which makes your heart beat to the palpitation of the outside world, it is that which has the power to transmit to your soul the enchantment of a look and the grace of a smile."

The volcanic blaze breaks through the loftiest mountain peaks; and so the deep discontent of the humble millions breaks through the mountain minds of their great leaders.—C. C. Burleigh.

THE DEEP SEA.

The peculiar physical conditions of the deep seas, says Sidney J. Hickson in the Fauna of the Deep Sea, may be briefly stated to be these: It is absolutely dark so far as actual sunlight is concerned, the temperature is only a few degrees above freezing point, the pressure is enormous, there is little or no movement of the water, the bottom is composed of a uniform fine soft mud, and there is no plant life. All of these physical conditions we can appreciate except the enormous pressure. Absolute darkness we know, the temperature of the deep seas is not an extraordinary one, the absence of movement in the water and the fine soft mud are conditions that we can readily appreciate; but the pressure is far greater than anything we can realize. At a depth of 2,500 fathoms the pressure is, roughly speaking, two and half tons per square inch—that is to say, several times greater than the pressure exerted by the steam upon the piston of our most powerful engines. Or, to put the matter in other words, the pressure per square inch upon the body of every animal that lives at the bottom of the Atlantic Ocean is about twenty five times greater than the pressure that will drive a railway train.

THE LATEST SIR JAS STEPHEN AS A JUDGE.

Sir James Fitzjames Stephen was a legislator, a jurist, a controversialist, rather than a lawyer. What practice he had at the bar, which was limited, lay largely outside the courts in banc, and of Nisi Prius. His mind was academic rather than practical, and, eminent as he was in many spheres of intellectual activity, he cannot be said to have been pre-eminent in any. He spread his labours over too wide an area to ensure mastery over such a study as the principles and practices of the law. This being so, it is not remarkable that his elevation to the bench of the Queen's Bench Division in 1879 should have been somewhat of a surprise to the profession. Perhaps the greatest blot upon our judicial system is the variety of motive which may actuate Ministers of the Crown in filling judicial vacancies. Promotion to the bench may be the reward of personal or political service, or a tribute to private friendship. It may be the price demanded for hack political service. It may be the sop given to an influential political ally whose friend is in want of place. We do not suggest that the elevation of Mr. Stephen was the outcome of any of these motives; but it is undoubtedly the fact that he did not possess that experience of common law practice, which many of his contemporaries did possess in large measure, and it is also the fact that his mental training and his habits of thought better adapted him to the study and the Senate than the bench. The irritating intricacies of our technical procedure annoyed him; the jargon of the middle ages in which is wrapped up the law of real property offended him, he refused to assimilate it. The arts of the advocate employed upon a common jury aroused his indignation which he was not slow to express, and in weightier matters he found it difficult to patiently endure the thrashing out of minute detail. To some this may appear disparagement of a distinguished man. We disclaim it as such. Our only function with regard to the dead, and with regard to the living, who have filled or now fill the sacred office of a judge, is to express our view not of the extent of intellectual accomplishments, the width of culture, or the brilliancy of mind, but of fitness for the position.—*Law Times.*

PUBLIC OPINION.

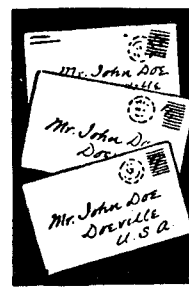
Hamilton Herald: The usual number of drowning accidents will have to be recorded this summer, and, as is generally the case, the fact that the parties concerned cannot swim is the chief cause of the trouble. In a country like Canada there is no excuse for people not learning to swim, and one of the first duties of parents should be to teach their children how to take care of themselves in the water. The necessity for this is all the greater by reason of the fact that boating and canoeing are so popular with the young folks.

Halifax Chronicle: There can be no doubt that, while the outlook seems entirely favorable to the Mowat administration, the presence in the battlefield of so many Patrons of Industry and P.P.A. candidates must greatly complicate the struggle and create a good deal of uncertainty for both the old parties. There are in the field in the ninety-four constituencies, 75 Liberals, 53 Conservatives, 45 Patrons of Industry (of whom 25 are Liberals, 12 Conservatives, 1 Labor and 7 unclassified), 27 P.P.A. candidates and 9 Independents. It is hardly necessary to say that this condition of affairs must necessarily complicate the struggle and introduce into it a large element of uncertainty as to the result.

Quebec Chronicle: The sad trials to which our friends in British Columbia are being subjected, owing to the floods, are drawing sympathy, and substantial aid from all sections of Canada. Quebec is responding to the appeal nobly, we are glad to say, but much remains to be done. One living so far away from the scene of the disaster, cannot be expected to realize its full depth. All living near the trouble are very nearly ruined. The cattle have been drowned, houses and all their contents have been swept away, many lives have been lost. The Canadian Pacific Railway Company has done all in its power to soften down the loss and to assist the distressed. Even money from the Company has been sent forward. But the dire calamity calls for speedy aid from every part of Canada. Let everyone give what he can.

St. John Globe: A destructive freshet like that from which the Fraser Valley is now suffering not only destroys life and property, but it leaves the land, a great portion, useless for a year or two. This year's crops will be lost, and much of the land in the flooded district will scarcely be fit for the planter for another year, for the swollen streams which sweep down the sides of the mountains carry with them so much of gravel and soil that a little time must elapse before the fresh deposit upon the flats and farms is ready to become the home and birthplace of new grain or grass. The government of British Columbia is doing a great deal to relieve the actual distress. Committees upon the mainland like Vancouver, which has not suffered materially, and like Westminster, which has suffered somewhat, are giving a helping hand, but there is a question whether a general Canadian appeal will not be needed in order to secure sufficient money to at once cope with the distress which exists.

Every generous illusion of youth leaves a wrinkle as it departs. Experience is the successive disenchanting of the things of spoils; it is reason enriched with the heart's life.—*J. Petit-Senn.*



THREE LETTERS to remember—P. P. P. They'll help to remind you of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets—and those are the things to keep in mind whenever your liver, your stomach, or your bowels are out of order.

If you're troubled with costiveness, wind and pain in the stomach, giddiness or disturbed sleep, you'll find these little Pellets just what you want—tiny in size, sugar-coated, pleasant to take and pleasant in the way they act. They tone up and strengthen the lining membranes of the stomach and bowels, and do permanent good. To prevent, relieve, and cure Biliousness, Dizziness, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Sick or Bilious Headaches, and Indigestion, take Dr. Pierce's Pellets. If they're not satisfactory, in every way and in every case, you have your money back.

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SCIENTIFIC AND SANITARY.

A congress of archaeologists at Rome is proposed for 1895, to be held at the time the International Fine Art Exhibition shall be open. Special excavations, laying bare the rest of the Palace of the Cæsars, are suggested as an attractive function.

Novel uses said to have been found for aluminum are for a folding pocket scale, one meter long; a necktie made of metal, frosted or otherwise ornamented, in various shapes imitating the ordinary silk or satin article, which is recommended for summer wear, and military helmets.

Within three years the price of platinum at the Ural mines has increased five-fold. This is due to the heavy demand for this metal for electrical purposes. It is now nearly as dear as gold, with a reasonable prospect that it will soon reach a price that will encourage its production on the Pacific Coast.

The herbarium of the late Isaac C. Martindale, of Philadelphia, comprising more than 200,000 different plants and ferns gathered from every country in the world, has lately been presented to the Philadelphia College of Pharmacy, having been purchased from the estate for \$10,000 by friends of that institution.

At the arsenal of Rochfort a 6.3 inch gun was made up to the extraordinary length of 52.5 feet by screwing additional tubes to the muzzle so as to make it up to 90 calibres in length. With a projectile of 99.2 pounds weight the unprecedented muzzle velocity of 3,983 foot seconds was obtained.—*Scientific American*

Tricolesol, or trikesol, is said by Dr. J. M. Charteris, of Glasgow, to be three times as strong as carbolic acid as a germicide and only a third as poisonous, and he thinks it is not only safer than carbolic acid used externally, but suggests the possibility of giving it internally combined with an alkaline base in specific infectious diseases.—*Maryland Medical Journal*.

More than three hundred species of fish hitherto unknown to naturalists are described by M. Leon Vaillant as inhabiting the lakes of Borneo. Many other fish are identical with species living in the waters of the Sunda Islands and of Indo-China. As these species never reach the sea, they furnish another argument in favor of the theory of a former connection of these countries.

According to the Glasgow *Evening News* it appears that the latest statistics issued by the German Imperial Health Department give to Berlin the honor of being the healthiest city in the world. The death-rate is given as only 16.3 per 1,000. The unhealthiest city is Alexandria, which despite its unvarying fine weather, its three hundred fountains and its soft sea-breezes, has a death-rate of no less than 52.9 per 1,000.

The Governor of New York has signed the bill "Providing that the Governor shall appoint a physician, a veterinary surgeon, and three members of the New York State Dairymen's Association, each of whom shall be breeders of three distinct classes of cattle, to constitute a commission to examine into the existence of tuberculosis in cattle, and report needed legislation upon this question to the next Legislature."

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The electric headlight is making its way in railroad service. Where already in use it is a demonstrated economical and practical success. The old oil headlight has its limits and its disadvantages. The electric headlight throws its rays from a half to three-quarters of a mile in front of a locomotive. Obstructions on the road are plainly visible at that distance.—*Age of Steel*.

The Baluban tribe of Central Africa are famous for their skill in casting and forging iron. They construct tall cylindrical furnaces of clay with tuyeres of clay and an ingeniously devised wooden bellows. They make arms for hunting and for war, and collars and bracelets of iron. The neighbouring natives resort to them in great numbers to exchange their own products for the manufactures of the Balubans.—*Popular Science Monthly*.

A writer in the London *Notes and Queries* says: "It is worth while recording that the 'penny-in-the-slot' automatic machine was known in the time of Hero of Alexandria, who describes in his 'Pneumatics' a sacrificial vessel which flows only when money is introduced. When the coin is dropped through the slit it falls on one end of a balanced horizontal lever, which, being depressed, opens a valve suspended from a chain at the other end, and the water begins to flow. When the lever has been depressed to a certain angle the coin falls off, and the valve, being weighted, returns to its seat and cuts off the supply.' Hero's date is a little uncertain, but he is supposed to have lived B.C. 117-81."

MISCELLANEOUS.

Glass blowing is represented on an Egyptian monument dating 2000 B.C.

There were many booksellers in Rome as early as the days of Julius Cæsar.

In the tenth century the best dyers in Europe were found among the Danes.

Over twenty new trades were introduced into Western Europe by the Crusades.

The jewelers' wheel was employed by Greek artisans in cutting cameos from agate.

The horseshoing smith first appeared in Germany, where iron shoes were first used for horses.

The Greek mechanics had circles, surveying poles, scales, protractors, astrolabes and quadrants.

The first famous German brewer was Herr Knausten, who wrote a handbook on his art in 1575.

Accidents in and about coal mines in Great Britain during 1893 caused the death of 1056 persons, an increase of 40 over the record for 1892.

MR. M. ROBERTSON (Revell & Co.'s Bookstore, Yonge street, Toronto), says:—"My mother owes her life to the timely use of Acetocura."

Eastern Switzerland manufacturers annually nearly \$20,000,000 worth of machine-made embroideries, of which the United States alone have imported as high as \$7,700,000 worth in a single year.

The true Christmas season is said by many authorities to commence with Christmas Eve and terminate on the first of February. The commonly accepted length of festival time is from Christmas Eve until Twelfth Night.

Recently at the London Institution, Professor Sir R. S. Ball stated that the heat given off from one square yard of the sun's surface would keep a series of Atlantic line boilers at work developing from 20,000 to 30,000 horse-power continually.

Colonel Henry Lee is the author of the mot. "It is but three generations in this country from shirt-sleeves to shirt-sleeves,"—the happy coinage of a conversation with Edward Atkinson as they were walking home from church in Brookline.

The Best Advertisements.

Many thousands of unsolicited letters have reached the manufacturers of Scott's Emulsion from those cured through its use, of Consumption and Scrofulus diseases! None can speak so confidently of its merits as those who have tested it.

Mme. Carnot, the wife of the President of the French Republic, is brilliantly educated, speaks English fluently, and keeps herself well informed upon such European politics as are likely to have any influence upon the destinies of France. Mme. Carnot, like most French women of the upper class, dresses, with exquisite taste,

It is reported that fifteen children of both sexes were baptized in the Maison du Peuple, wine being used instead of water, and the usual advice to parents supplanted by an atheistic address by a member of the Chamber. Auguste Comte adopted several imitations of the Christian religion for his cult of humanity, but a purely civil baptism is about the newest thing out.

Princess Bismarck writes to a friend in the Isle of Wight: "Know that if I had had the choice of a nationality, I should have chosen to be a free Englishwoman, fresh, cultivated, trained in liberty for an active life, and looked upon by my husband as something more than a zero or a plaything." She confesses that she is proud of her husband, but is sure they would both have been happier if Providence had put them in England.

The natural bridge in West Kootenay, 20 miles north of Robson, recently investigated by Mr. James Hays, described as a much respected miner of Nelson, is, if Mr. Hays' measurements are correct, a marvellous freak of nature, says the *Victoria Province*. The piers on each side are said to be 20 feet high, where the arch begins to spring and it rises in the centre to a height of 90 feet above the ground. The span is no less than 264 feet, and the width of the bridge is 30 feet, with a varying depth of from twelve feet in the centre to 10 feet at the sides. It is to be hoped that Mr. Hays took a kodak with him and that we may shortly have an opportunity of seeing a photograph of this marvellous monolith.

DOUBLE TRIPS.

The popular steamer *Empress of India* will commence her double trips on Saturday, June 9th, leaving the Yonge St. Wharf, (west side) at 7.40 a.m. and 3.20 p.m. On both of these trips a fast special train is run from Port Dalhousie to Buffalo direct without change. Passengers leaving Toronto in the morning can have 5½ hours in Buffalo or 7½ hours in Niagara Falls and from 8 to 9 hours at any point on the Welland division of G. T. R. Also, on June 9th, the special Saturday to Monday tickets will be issued to the following places: St. Catharines, Niagara Falls, Welland and Port Colborne. These tickets will be issued every Saturday during the season. The popular 50 cent Saturday excursions to Port Dalhousie and return will commence on Saturday, June 9th, by the afternoon boat (only), leaving at 3.20 p.m.

A CORNWALL MIRACLE.

AN AFFLICTED FAMILY RESTORED TO HEALTH.

Only One of Many Similar Cases—How the Restoration to Health was Brought About—A Plain Recital of Facts.

From the Cornwall Standard.

There is no longer reason to seek far for proof of the miraculous cures effected by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. We have heard of numerous marvellous cures following the use of this wonderful medicine, and have been successful in obtaining the facts for publication in one of them. Mr. Andrew Bowen, an employee of the Canada Cotton Mill, was taken ill about three years ago, and compelled to give up his position and cease work entirely. He was suffering from rheumatism which was followed by a complication of diseases, and in a few months became a helpless cripple. His wife became thoroughly worn out through waiting on him and in a short time also became an invalid and their plight was most pitiable indeed. They secured the best medical advice within their reach, spending a large amount of money in medicines which failed to give them any permanent relief. This went on for nearly three years and during that period they suffered untold agonies.

The above is summarized from the statements made by Mr. and Mrs. Bowen to the Standard rep-

resentative. We will give the remainder of the story in Mr. Bowen's own words. He said: "We were both terribly run down and completely discouraged at seeing dollar after dollar go for medicine that did not seem to do us any good. We had about given up all hopes of ever getting well again, when my attention was called to a wonderful cure effected by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I had nearly lost all faith in medicines, and had made up my mind that my wife and myself were past human aid and would have to endure our suffering. We were repeatedly urged by friends to try the Pink Pills, and at last consented. After taking a couple of boxes we did not see any noticeable benefit and were about to give them up, but were urged to persevere with them and did so. When my wife had taken the fifth box she began to feel a decided improvement in her health and I decided to keep on taking them. The seventh box marked the turning point in my case, and I have continued to improve ever since, and to-day, as you see, we are both enjoying excellent health, almost as good as we ever did. Many times I have thought we would never have been well again and I cannot tell you how glad I am that we tried Dr. Williams' great medicine. I am now able to do a good days work without feeling the least bit tired, and my wife can perform her household duties without any effort. I consider that I have received hundreds of dollars value for the few dollars I spent on Pink Pills. We always keep them in the house now, although we do not need to use them, but think it safer to have them on hand in case they should be required."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a specific for all diseases arising from an impoverished condition of the blood or a shattered condition of the nervous forces such as St. Vitus' dance, locomotor ataxia, rheumatism, paralysis, sciatica, the after effects of la grippe, loss of appetite, headache, dizziness, chronic erysipelas, scrofula, 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 excess of any nature.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold only in boxes bearing the firm's trade mark and wrapper (printed in red ink), and may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N.Y., at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50.

The strongest animals in the world are those that live on a vegetable diet. The lion is ferocious rather than strong. The bull, horse, reindeer, elephant and antelope, all conspicuous for strength, choose a vegetable diet.—*Scientific American*.

Maj. John W. Powell, of Illinois, director of the United States Geological Survey for the last sixteen years, has voluntarily resigned on account of ill health, and his resignation has been accepted, to take effect on July 1. Prof. Charles D. Walcott, of Utica, N.Y., the present chief geologist of the survey, has been appointed his successor.

Artificial stone for street paving is made in Munich, from the rock known as serpentine, crushed to the finest of meal, and mixed with a solution, the nature of which is kept a secret by the makers. The blocks are pressed by hydraulic power. Hammers will not indent them, it is said; and the stone never wears smooth when watered, pavement made of this material remains damp a long time.

Minard's Liniment for Rheumatism.

QUIPS AND CRANKS.

Woman is the masterpiece.—Confucius.
These are pinching times, said the snuff-taker.

"Your time has come," grimly remarked a jeweller's boy as he delivered a clock at a customer's residence.

About all a woman does when she cleans house is to change the beds from one side of the room to the other.

Grummer: The longer I live the worse the world seems to get. Gay: Never mind. old man; perhaps it will do better after you are out of it.

A pretty girl can usually forgive a man for staring at her; but you wouldn't think so to hear her tell the folks about it after she gets home.

Tight dressing may have something to do with the physical degeneracy of the American people—if there is any—but loose habits doubtless have more.

Johnny: Don't they use bark to tan hides with, pa? Father: Yes, my son; but if you ask any more questions this evening you'll find that a slipper does just as well.

Little Emile (as his sister Elli enters the room with an apple in her hand): Let's play Adam and Eve, sis. Elli: How? Emile: You tempt me with the apple and I eat it.

Cora: I feel so thankful to George for saving my life; I want to do something to show my appreciation. Clara: Why don't you promise him that you will never marry him, dear?

Thompson (telling a story): And so when we lost our money I told Peters that I was a donkey and he was another. Listener: And what did he say to that? Thompson: He said: "Let us bray!"

Marie, are you quite sure that the water is the right temperature for baby's bath? Marie: Oh, yes—sure—I always know, ma'am. If it's too hot he'll turn red, and if it's too cold he'll turn blue.

When a man points out to his wife another woman who dresses, as he says, just the way he would like to see her dress, she can usually get her revenge by telling him how much the other woman's clothes must cost.

It was only a slight mistake of printing the word "No" upside down, causing the sign to read "Post On Bills," but it made a large "difference" between the irate farmer and the bill-poster when they got down to business.

"I have selected a box of cigars as a birthday present for you," wrote an affectionate young woman to her father. "You are very thoughtful," he replied; "but I'm almost certain that your good intentions will all end in smoke."

THE HEAVY END OF A MATCH.

"Mary," said Farmer Flint at the breakfast table as he asked for a second cup of coffee, "I've made a discovery."

"Well, Cyrus, you're about the last one I'd expect of such a thing, but what is it?"

"I have found that the heavy end of a match is its light end," responded Cyrus with a grin that would have adorned a skull.

Mary looked disgusted, but with an air of triumph quickly retorted, "I've got a discovery too, Cyrus. It was made by Dr. R. V. Pierce, and is called a 'Golden Medical Discovery.' It drives away blotches and pimples, purifies the blood, tones up the system and makes one feel brand-new.

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Why, it cured Cousin Ben who had Con-sumption and was almost reduced to a skeleton. Before his wife began to use it she was a pale, sickly thing, but look at her: she's rosy-cheeked and healthy, and weighs 165 pounds. That, Cyrus, is a dis-covery that's worth mentioning."

Young or middle-aged men, suffering from premature decline of power, however induced, speedily and radically cured. Il-lustrated book sent securely sealed for 10 cents in stamps. World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

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- Indigestion,
- Dyspepsia,
- Constipation,

—AND—

All Disorders of the Liver.

Observe the following symptoms resulting from diseases of the digestive organs: Constipation, inward piles, fulness of blood in the head, acidity of the stomach, nausea, heartburn, disgust of food, fulness of weight of the stom-ach, sour eructations, sinking or flutter-ing of the heart, choking or suffocating sensations when in a lying posture, dim-ness of vision, dots or webs before the sight, fever and dull pain in the head, deficiency of perspiration, yellowness of the skin and eyes, pain in the side, chest, limbs, and sudden flushes of heat, burning in the flesh.

A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system of all the above named disorders.

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I am, yours truly,
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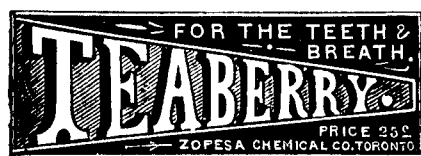
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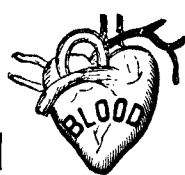
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