

# THE WEEK.

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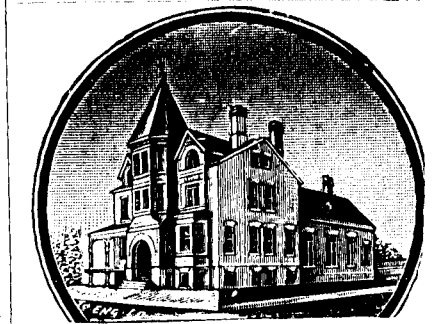
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SIR JOHN THOMPSON, Minister of Justice, is reported as having said to an *Empire* correspondent, since his return from England, that no danger to the Canadian cattle trade need be apprehended from the movement inaugurated by Mr. Plimsoll in the British Parliament, looking to the prevention of the transportation of cattle across the Atlantic. The reason given by the Minister is reassuring. It can be shown, he said, that no cruelty whatever is inflicted upon the animals in transit. This is directly to the point, and it is to be sincerely hoped that Sir John's confidence is well grounded. In any case his statement conveys a hint to those engaged in the trade, as to the proper mode of meeting the dreaded legislation. No one supposes Mr. Plimsoll to have any object in view other than that he assigns for his movement, viz., to prevent the infliction of horrible suffering upon the poor animals on ship-board. The right way to meet the movement is, therefore, not to raise an outcry that his proposals, if carried into effect, will destroy a profitable Canadian traffic, but to convince him and his supporters in the House of Commons, either that no cruelty is involved in the business as at present carried on, or that effective measures will be taken to prevent such cruelty in the future. It must be that the science and inventiveness of the day can devise means of carrying living animals across the ocean without subjecting them to intolerable suffering. If such means are not already employed only good can result from making them compulsory. There is, by the way, something very hard

to understand in the statistics quoted by Mr. Plimsoll touching the number of cattle dying on ship-board. We have not the figures at hand, but all will remember that the percentage of deaths of cattle on ship-board as given was astonishingly large, more than half of the whole were, if our memory is not at fault, represented as in some cases dying on the voyage. It seems very unlikely that so careful a legislator would make such statements unless well assured of their truth. But it is still more incredible that the business of transportation, if this or anything like this were its result, should survive for a single reason. The loss would greatly surpass any possible profits. The suggestion of insurance does not explain the matter since the insurance societies would speedily withdraw from so ruinous a business, or at least impose prohibitory rates, were they called on to make good the loss occasioned by the death of anything like such a proportion of the whole. Evidently there is some mistake in the statistics that have been going the rounds of the newspapers.

It is difficult to determine just what amount of significance belongs to the failure of the well-advertised "Farmers' Meeting" at Niagara the other day. That it was a signal failure so far as the object of the promoters is concerned is, we believe, beyond question. The most favourable report that we have seen did not claim that the farmers of the Peninsula were present in any considerable number. The greater part of the respectable audience was, it appears, composed of women, and the men present were in the main tourists and sojourners from both sides of the river, but very few of them Canadian farmers. Why did the farmers fail to attend? The orators were men of ability and influence, whose presence on almost any platform in city or country would suffice to draw a full house. Was the time chosen for the meeting unfavourable and the farmers too busy with their harvesting to attend? Perhaps so. And yet one would have supposed that the importance of the question to be discussed and its unquestionably close relation to their own special interests would have induced them to make some sacrifice. Was the place unpropitious? We have heard it said that farmers cannot be drawn in any large numbers to meetings in such places of popular resort, especially when an admission fee is involved, as well as loss of time. Yet had they felt intensely interested in the subject to be discussed, minor considerations of that kind would hardly have kept them away. The fact is, we are obliged to conclude, that they did not come because they did not care to come. Whether this was the result of thoughtless indifference to the really important questions treated of; whether their minds are so firmly made up on the one side or the other that they do not care for further argument; or whether they, as a class, are so loyal to the party in power, and have so fully adopted the views of its organs that they are beyond the reach of argument or criticism, we cannot undertake to decide. We should be sorry to accept either hypothesis. We should have been glad to hear that a very large number of representative farmers were in attendance, listening with intense and intelligent attention to the arguments presented, like men who were determined to hear both sides and form their opinions advisedly. Probably one lesson for politicians in the affair is that those, no matter what their standing, who would be heard by the farmers, must go to the farmers, rather than expect the latter to come to the place of their choice and convenience. Be that as it may, the fact remains that the Farmers' Meeting failed because of the absence of the farmers, and we are still without a clue to the real feeling of the farmers of Ontario on the great issue of the coming contest.

THE wheat crop in Manitoba and the North-West is becoming year by year a matter of increasing importance to the whole Dominion. Amidst the many conflicting reports which were current during the last two or three weeks it was difficult to determine with any degree of certainty whether the year was to be set down amongst the failures or the successes. It is gratifying to be now informed, on the authority of the Minister of Agriculture, that very complete reports have been received by his Department from all points, and that there is no longer

room to doubt that "this year's grain crop, most of which is now harvested, is a magnificent one, the yield heavy and the quality excellent." This is indeed good news, and, if confirmed by the crucial tests of threshing and marketing, will not only bring needed prosperity to the farmers and other dwellers on the prairies, but will help to confirm the reputation of the country for wheat-growing to an extent that must tell powerfully upon next season's immigration.

WE have received a communication in regard to the great loss of life by various kinds of so-called accidents, much of which is, the writer thinks, due to various forms of public neglect, and much to the economic greed of the great railway corporations. Our correspondent urges that the time has come for some organized action by the community and suggests the formation of a Life-Protection League, or some such movement, with a view to the lessening of the number of preventible fatalities. We have kept no record and have seen no statistics bearing upon the point, but we have an impression that the number of casualties reported from various parts of the Dominion during the last few months has been unusually large. To what extent these have resulted from preventible causes, such as the neglect of corporations, the lack of necessary precautions and safeguards, and so forth, we have no means of judging. We have repeatedly called attention to the needless and cruel sacrifice of human life on railways, owing to the absence of proper filling of frogs, and to the murderous practices of hand-coupling, running back and forth on the unrailed tops of freight cars, etc. It is a serious question, too, in our opinion, whether the stove and the oil lamp, which add so unspeakably to the horrors of railway disasters, should be any longer tolerated as means of warming and lighting travelling coaches. No doubt a vigorous association might, by proper investigation and agitation, do much to hasten reform in such matters, and to secure, when necessary, legislative action. Our correspondent suggests that the opinions of thoughtful persons be invited in regard to the desirability and feasibility of some such action as he proposes. We should be glad to publish brief communications from any who may have given attention to this important matter and can give information or practical suggestions.

THE New York *Herald* published the other day a lengthy account by its Paris correspondent of a conversation over the Behring Sea dispute with Mr. Sidney Webster, whose professional advice was, it is stated, asked in 1869-70, more than twenty years ago, on the very question now under discussion. The views of Mr. Webster, as here put forth, are curious. We pass by the preliminary assertion that "outsiders acquiesced in the exercise by Russia and the United States of the claim to exclude poachers from killing seals in Behring Sea," down to "1883 or thereabouts,"—a statement which Lord Salisbury distinctly contradicts in the diplomatic correspondence. Mr. Webster proceeds to say with special emphasis "that none of the Behring Sea has either by Russia or the United States ever been closed to innocent navigation. Whalers have always navigated it on the way to and through Behring Straits. The United States never closed our part of the sea to British or any other vessels sailing on lawful business. The entire navy of England may go there." This is as if a highwayman should claim acquittal on the ground that he molested only persons pursuing a certain course, or engaged in a certain occupation. The sufficient reply is that Great Britain and Canada have made no complaint that whalers or merchant ships have been interfered with in Behring's Sea. Is it possible that an educated gentleman like Mr. Webster is not conscious of the glaring begging of the question involved in the expression "innocent" and "on lawful business" in his argument? It is obvious to the simplest comprehension that if an Act of Congress or a Presidential proclamation can make the taking of fur seals on the high seas unlawful to-day, it can make whaling, or carrying merchantize equally unlawful to-morrow. Proceeding further we find one of the peculiar difficulties met with in carrying on negotiations with the Government of the United States strikingly illustrated in the following question and answer:

"But," I enquired, "did not President Cleveland in February, 1887, order all pending proceedings against vessels seized in 1886 to be discontinued, and the release of all persons under arrest, and yet were not seven American and six Canadian vessels afterwards seized in that year?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Webster. "When the British Government protested against the seizures, the President assumed control of the matter and did order the release through the Attorney-General, but Treasury Under-Secretary Fairchild went on seizing Americans as well as Canadians."

From this it appears that, under the peculiar working of American institutions, the President, the Executive of the Nation, may resolve on and promise to carry out one line of action, while another and subordinate officer of the Government may render his pledges and efforts nugatory by ordering and carrying into effect a precisely opposite course.

**B**UT the most remarkable part of the interview is that in which Mr. Sidney Webster maintains at considerable length that there is "a very simple and obvious way" to an honourable and peaceful solution of the difficulty, namely, "by a judicial trial in the courts of the United States." Mr. Webster, it is true, clearly intimates that, in his opinion, the decision of these courts, or at least that of the Supreme Court would be unfavourable to the contention of the U. S. Government and thus would leave the way open for the recovery of damages by the parties injured. But Mr. Webster does not deny that the question and the only question that could be decided by the American courts would be that of the meaning of a Congressional statute, or, as he puts it, of the phrase in the law of 1868, "the waters thereof." True, he goes on to suggest, that the further question might come up, in case the first should be decided favourably to Mr. Blaine's contention, "Is or is not the municipal statute unconstitutional because forbidden by the law of nations?" Surely one capable of adopting the judicial tone in which Mr. Webster utters his opinions should be able to see that Canadians have nothing to do and want nothing to do with the question of the meaning of the U. S. municipal statute, and that they cannot reasonably be expected to submit the decision of a question of international law to an *ex parte* tribunal, for such would be the courts of one of the contending nations, no matter how high its judicial standing. Throughout, Mr. Webster shows the singular inability which seems characteristic of so many of his countrymen, especially those in official positions, to put himself in his neighbour's place, in an international matter. Suppose the case were one in which American fishing vessels had been captured for fishing several leagues from the Nova Scotia coast and had been either confiscated and sold, or rifled of their cargoes and fishing implements by Canadian cutters. Would Mr. Webster and his fellow countrymen be likely to receive the plea that the seizures were in accordance with a Dominion municipal statute, and the offer to submit the validity of that statute to the Dominion courts? Mr. Webster, it is true, speaks of diplomacy as still available as a last resort. But in the hypothetical case suggested would not his Government at once scout the idea of waiting the slow processes and long delays of the law courts, when it was perfectly clear that the actions complained of were committed on the high seas, outside the jurisdiction of any national Legislature. We fancy they would make short work of such a proposal as well as of such an argument as that of the following paragraph, which we quote, *mutatis mutandis*, from the *Herald* report: "The United States has seventeen vessels in the fishing business in our Atlantic Ocean, worth \$125,000, their outfit costing \$150,000, and their catch worth from \$200,000 to \$400,000, and for that she will fight."

**I**T would naturally be supposed that of all nations the United States would be one of the slowest to adopt openly a policy of tariff retaliation against any other country. And yet this is just what is proposed to be done in the Meat Inspection Bill, which was recently passed by both Houses of Congress and now awaits the signature of the President. One section of this Bill provides "that whenever the President shall be satisfied that unjust discriminations are made by any foreign State against the importation of any product of the United States, he may direct that such product of such foreign State, as he may deem proper, shall be excluded from importation to the United States." This provision was evidently inserted with special reference to France, whose prohibition of American pork would bring her clearly within the scope of the Bill. It appears from a recent statement in a Paris

paper that negotiations looking to the removal of the obnoxious prohibition in return for the free admission of works of French art are approaching a favourable conclusion, so that it is not probable that the retaliatory clause of the Meat Inspection Bill will be put into operation against the products of France. Fortunately, or possibly unfortunately, for our American neighbours, other countries, Great Britain in particular, are too wise to punish their own subjects for the sake of retaliating upon other nations in such matters. Were it otherwise, some pretty telling blows might be inflicted upon American industries. It is but fair to add that by the insertion of the word "unjust" Congress means, no doubt, to exclude from the operation of the Bill, all cases except those in which, as in the case of the specific prohibition of American pork, the hostile legislation is directed specially against their country. At the same time it is true, as the *Christian Union* observes, that while the Americans practically shut out so many of the products of foreign countries by their tariff, it does not behove them to inaugurate an avowed policy of retaliation.

**T**HE strike now in progress on the New York Central Railroad is stimulating discussion of the moot question of nationalization of railways. The last number of the *New York Independent* devotes nearly twelve pages to a symposium on the subject, in which seven or eight contributors, some of them well-known as writers on questions of political economy, take part. Nearly all look to ultimate nationalization as the solution of the very serious problem presented by such a state of affairs as that at present existing, or rather as that which would quickly supervene were the strike to become general, instead of being confined mainly, as at present, to the comparatively few employees of the road who are Knights of Labour. Edward Everett Hale points out that in most of the towns and states the maintenance and use of common roads have adjusted themselves on a basis of pure communism, inasmuch that the traveller who suffers injury in consequence of a failure of the public to maintain the road may recover damages from the public for the failure. As a railroad is also a road, what reasons are there why the plan or principle which has been generally approved in practice regarding other roads should not be applied to it? This leads to an enquiry into the principle on which the line is usually drawn between those duties which the State undertakes to perform for the whole body of citizens and those which are left to individuals. Mr. Hale gives the following as a rough statement of the principle: "If the need be a need which every one feels, almost equally, if not quite equally, the State does well to interfere. If, on the other hand, the need is only indirectly felt by some persons or classes, and much more closely felt by other persons or classes, the classes most in need will do best to take care of themselves." The question then is whether the use of the railroads has become a necessity—almost equal to all—of all the people. Considering the extent to which the great majority of the people are in one way or another dependent upon the railroads, he concludes that the time is approaching rapidly in such a State as Massachusetts when the answer must be in the affirmative. Professor Richard T. Ely, of Johns Hopkins University, reaches the same conclusion from another direction. He shows that it has already been decided by the civilized world, without exception, that railways cannot be managed by private owners, like ordinary private business, without Government interference. The non-interference or *laissez-faire* policy will not do, as applied to railway building and management. This conclusion, which is beyond discussion, leaves in the United States but two possible railway policies, viz., the present system of Governmental interference of a radical and far-reaching character, and complete Government ownership and control. The first and existing system leads to various evils and absurdities such as the construction of useless parallel lines; trying to force railways to fight one another, instead of having a harmonious, unified economic management, etc. On the other hand a reform of morals in railway management, a general improvement in railway service, a greater care for human life, and a large diminution of cost are among the advantages which, Professor Ely maintains, would result from State ownership. Cassius M. Clay, ex-Minister to Russia, raises a cry of alarm and urges that the nationalization of the roads is necessary in order to save the nation from the "anarchy and civil war" which are "lowering along the whole horizon," and which under the present system, with the railways in the hands of possible strikers, it would be impossible to suppress.

**P**ERHAPS the cleverest and most striking article in the *Independent's* series is that by "A Railway Manager," whose name is withheld. Conceding that the railroad is a creature of the State, by reason of its charter, its right of eminent domain and its work as a common carrier, this writer yet maintains that the control of railroads has gone quite far enough in those States which have a codified railroad law, or which have railroad commissioners acting as arbitrators. Even the system of an Interstate Commerce Commission, he believes infinitely preferable to any State ownership. Admitting all the faults of the past he yet claims a very high degree of efficiency for the U. S. railroads of to-day, and maintains—after having seen sixteen years of Government service—that the direct management of railroads under the present system of private ownership is carried on by a set of men more devoted to duty than even the army and navy. In reply to the demand for cheaper transportation he says that the people of the United States have now the cheapest in the world. He points out that "it costs more to deliver freight in any city or town than it does to carry it one hundred miles by rail," which is very likely true, and for obvious reasons may continue to be true, without proving anything in regard to the question at issue. In this connection a "A Railway Manager" says: "If you visit the Government railways of Canada, you will see what Government roads have done to stifle enterprise." This thrust must be, we suppose, intended for the Intercolonial, the only Government railroad in Canada. There is certainly room for many exceptions to be taken to the construction and management of that road, but it is not easy to see in what way it has stifled enterprise. Can it be that the writer mistakes the Canadian system of subsidizing railroads for one of Government ownership and control? "A Railway Manager's" chief objection to the nationalization of the railways at present is based upon the slowness, red tape and political intrigue of the Governments of the day. Even he is ready to admit that "the time may come when with a purified Government all corporations may become nationalized." This end will, he thinks, be reached by methods opposite to those favoured by the other writers, by a process of evolution rather than of revolution. "The time will come," he prophesies, "when co-operations shall exist, every employee will be paid for the amount of increase he brings to the coffer of the company, and then the railroad will be an integral part of the State, with its representatives sitting among their peers of other commercial trades and professions." Meanwhile, Prof. Ely tells us, "The number of adherents of Government ownership of railways increases daily. We have the Socialists, and Nationalists, and Knights of Labour among such adherents. Labour organizations generally favour it, and now the farmers are beginning to advocate it; it is a part of the programme of the Farmers' Alliance." If this be so, it seems doubtful if the people will be willing to wait for the slow process of evolution to effect the change. Touching the staple and formidable objection drawn from the favouritism and corruption of civil service systems, there is a good deal of force in the suggestion of the *Independent* "that in Australia the putting of railroads upon the State has compelled a civil service based on merit and not on political favour." The more the everyday interests and convenience of the public are dependent upon the efficiency of the civil service, the more powerful will be the pressure brought to bear to compel the improvement of that service.

**T**URNING for a moment to the question of the strike itself, as now in progress on the New York Central, we are rather surprised to note that the *Independent* and some other influential religious papers seem to sympathize wholly with the managers against Mr. Powderly and the Knights of Labour. The cause assigned for the strike was the dismissal of a number of men, forty or fifty we think, who belonged to the organization. The *Independent* quotes the statement of Mr. Webb, the manager, that these men were discharged for "drunkenness, incapacity, breach of duty, insubordination, and for lack of sufficient work to employ them," and strongly approves his declaration that the company does not propose to do its business under the dictation of Messrs. Powderly and Co. The conclusion is reasonable, if it be right to accept a one-sided statement as the simple truth in the premises, ignoring entirely the other side. Mr. Powderly and the strikers declare that they have reason to believe that the men were discharged not for the causes assigned but because they had represented their labour organization in bringing grievances to the notice of the officers of the company and in urging upon the Legislature at Albany the passage of the Bill requiring

the weekly payment of wages. If this be true, the issue involved is a very serious one for the employees, as it involves nothing less than their right to organize for their own protection. To submit quietly while the members of the union were being discharged piecemeal would be to consent to the destruction of their Order, and the loss of all the advantages derived from union. Such tactics would be as if the officers of an army should hold to a policy of inactivity, while the scattered companies were being cut off in detail. No fair-minded man in these days denies the right of labouring men to combine for mutual aid, and no thoughtful one can fail to see that this right of combination is their most effective weapon in their struggle against the tyranny of capital. We do not suppose the papers in question have any means of knowing which of the two contradictory allegations in regard to the reasons for the discharge of the men is correct. If it be said that the manager must know and that his word should be taken, it may also be said that Mr. Powderly has repeatedly expressed the desire of the Knights to submit the question to arbitrators, before whom they would lay their evidence and by whose decision they would abide. *Audi alteram partem* should surely be the motto of the religious newspapers.

"CONCERNING the dead say nothing but good" is an excellent maxim in ordinary cases, but the sound and charitable principle on which it is based affords no justification for heaping unmerited or extravagant eulogies upon the tombs of the departed great. Has not the work of glorifying the late Cardinal Newman been a little overdone? It would almost seem as if a hundred rival eulogists were engaged in a great Olympian contest, each striving to win the palm for the most prodigal laudation of the character and talents of the deceased prelate. Even the usually sedate London *Spectator* has caught the infection, as witness the following:

"We have lost in some respects our greatest Englishman in Cardinal Newman—clearly the greatest master of English style, probably him whose life has been more completely the outcome of consistent, deep, and coherent purpose, than that of any other man of genius whom this century of our history has seen. Nowhere has there been a life so completely all of a piece, so patiently carved out of one pure block of purpose, as Cardinal Newman's. As the writer in the *Guardian* says, whether as Evangelical in his boyhood, or as High Churchman in his youth, or as Roman Catholic in his maturity and old age, his one idea has been to get back to the life of the New Testament, and to realize it in a sense in which neither Evangelicals, nor High Churchmen, nor Roman Catholics have contrived to realize it as yet."

It would be an invidious task to set out to detract laboriously even from such exorbitance as this, and we have no disposition to undertake it. And yet some of the issues involved are of so much importance that it may be worth while for thoughtful readers, instead of accepting such estimates without questioning, to pause and ask themselves, Can this be true? We shall say nothing of such serious questions as to moral greatness as are raised by the asseverations of "An Englishman" in the *Toronto Mail*. Those charges, though not without verisimilitude, are so very grave, that it seems to us the writer should have hesitated to make them, unless over his own signature, and with specific names and dates. But can it be truly said that that life is, in any proper sense of the words, "the outcome of consistent, deep and coherent purpose," of which it has to be admitted, as *The Spectator* admits, that "the craving for some final dogmatic authority" was at least one of the most potent of the forces which shaped it? Is the craving for and submission to dogmatic human authority in matters involving the operations of both intellect and conscience a mark of strength or of weakness of the will, which alone can shape a true purpose? Does not *The Spectator* itself give an undesigned but effective underthrust at its own theory of consistent purpose, when it says, with an implication that we should have been slow to make:

"Yet when he found himself under that authority, he did not altogether enjoy the act of submission. Indeed, his temporary restiveness under the Vatican Decree was in great measure the cause of his receiving the Cardinal's hat some years later."

*Requiescat in pace.*

REPORTS of the most horrible outrages committed by the Kurds upon the Christians of Armenia continue to be sent abroad. The fact that similar outrages have occurred in Crete seems hardly consistent with the theory that they are wholly the outcome of Russian intrigue.

Whatever part Russian agents may have in fomenting the hateful passions which lead to such atrocities, the fact that they can be perpetrated with impunity proves what scarcely needed further proof, viz., the incapacity of Turkey to carry on a civilized government, or the disinclination of her rulers to afford her Christian subjects protection against Moslem fanaticism and cruelty. It may be hardly fair to credit Mohammedanism proper with all the savagery exhibited by those who know it only in the degraded form in which it appears in Kurdistan, but it is surely fair that the Sultan and his Executive at Constantinople should be held responsible for the protection of subjects in every part of the Empire from wholesale murder and outrage worse than murder. It would not be strange if it should prove, as is suspected, that the Czar of Russia and his shrewd advisers have come to the conclusion that nothing is to be feared from interference by the Triple Alliance or by Great Britain with any movement he may make ostensibly for the protection of the persecuted Christians. If they were really anxious to prolong the reign of the Turk in Europe, they would, it may naturally be inferred, take care to enforce the carrying out of the pledges of better government which the Sultan has so grossly violated. What part the Great Powers may take after the "Sick Man" shall have been driven across the Bosphorus, or whether they will quietly permit him to be finally expelled from Europe, remains to be seen, and, it is not altogether improbable, will be seen at no distant day.

#### PROBLEMS OF GREATER BRITAIN—II.

THE colonists of the Southern continent have had a freer hand to carry out their political and social views than we in Canada. Their progress has been untrammelled by external influences and they have, in some instructive instances, traced out new and original lines of advance. Sir Charles Dilke points out the value to the Mother Country of many of these Australian experiments and remarks, also, upon the immense pressure which the United States exerts upon Canada. Our customs laws and regulations and our trade theories are borrowed from Washington, and hence, perhaps, it results that, as our author points out, our trade is so small. We have over 12,000 miles of railways, as many miles per head as Australia; besides which we have magnificent canals passing through fertile territory, but our total trade is upon the scale of only one Southern colony, while the population of the Dominion is nearly double that of all Australasia. Our revenue is much smaller than theirs, our expenditure is much less, and, fortunately, our debt is also smaller in proportion. The conditions of life are easier for the mass of the people there than anywhere in North America. The working classes enjoy greater comfort, live in better houses, and work fewer hours for higher pay. The eight hours day is universal in Australia and New Zealand. At the Cape it is nine hours, in all cases without any legislative enactment. The cost of fuel in our long northern winters will always exact from us more work, but a nine hours day might be possible. It is only by enactment of law, however, that such a change could be made here. In Australia political power is in the hands of the artisan class; for it is a most remarkable fact that the majority of the people live in a few large cities. Melbourne, Sydney and Adelaide wield one-half of the total political power of their respective colonies, but in New Zealand the cities are more numerous and smaller. By the theories current in North America and in Great Britain such predominant power in the hands of the artisan class would be abused. That it is not one of the most instructive things in Australian civilization to which Sir Charles Dilke can direct his readers. On the other hand, he points out that in Canada the system of local government is admirable. As worked in Ontario, he says that it is almost perfect and certainly better than anywhere else in the world.

In a few years Great Britain will be the only free trade country in the world, and this will probably continue until capital and population are more diffused through Anglo-Saxondom, and the social condition of the masses is more equalized. Then, only, can the true tendency of free trade be recognized and its civilizing and peace-bestowing influences realized. Sir Charles Dilke is a free trader; no public man in England can be anything else, and he does not quite apprehend the colonial view. To most colonists English free trade is a system by which a relatively small number of people, wielding immense capital, may sit at the centre of the Empire, and, by the competitive struggle of immense masses of workmen for the bare means of existence, can manufacture so cheaply as to secure, not only a virtual monopoly of sale, but also the transport both of the raw material and the manufactured product. The colonist thinks that under such artificial conditions the resources of his country do not have fair play. He wants not to disintegrate the Empire but to decentralize it. Nor is it, he argues, altogether a question of money. In those days of incessantly impending war, such absolute inter-dependence as is implied in free trade is very dangerous, both to the colonies and the Mother Country. Whether such views be right or wrong they are almost universal, outside of Great Britain, and Sir Charles Dilke shows us that Protection prevails in

every colony but New South Wales, and that there it is certain to triumph at the next election, so close is it pressing upon power. It is specially important for us to remark, however, that Victoria, the leading Protectionist colony, governed by the artisan class, is by no means *doctrinaire* enough to suppose that protection is good to an unlimited extent. The average duties are only eleven per cent. upon the total imports; lower, Sir Charles tells us, than in the Dominion, Queensland, New Zealand, and many Crown colonies. The strongest argument against Protection, as developed in North America, is that there seems to be no halt short of total prohibition, and the resulting instability of business is not only the cause of widespread disasters, but suggests some inherent fallacy in the whole principle. This is evident in the McKinley Bill, which aims at excluding foreign trade altogether. When the federation of the Australasian colonies is complete under one tariff, this great Southern union will be like the United States and China, independent of the outside world, for it can produce within its own borders every requisite of life, from the products of temperate regions, such as Tasmania and South New Zealand to those of the sugar plantations of tropical Queensland. Australasia covers the same stretch of latitude as extends from Canton to Peking, or from Galveston to St. Paul. There is a grim irony in the history of the far East. That independent and exclusive system of trade which Anglo-Saxon cannon broke down in China, the most advanced Anglo-Saxon communities are now endeavouring to reproduce in their own borders. The Chinese Government made every effort to exclude us from their country, but we forced the barriers at the bayonet's point, and now we are raising every obstruction to exclude the Chinese from ours. Singular people! who have anticipated all our advanced Anglo-Saxon civilization—gunpowder, printing, general education, universal competitive examinations, exclusive trading, exclusion of foreigners. The advanced minds among us are even adopting their religion under the name of spiritualism. Reverence for parents and ancestors is almost the only characteristic trait which the younger Anglo-Saxon communities do not borrow. It is not a progressive virtue, though it looks well in the classic writers, and it may have kept the Chinese back.

This universal adoption of protective theories should be noted by the leaders of the Opposition party in Canada. Such monstrosities as the McKinley Tariff must bring a reaction in the United States, and when that comes the policy of Canada, also, must change; but, in the meantime, their party is out in the cold. Practical politicians work by rule of thumb, and in democratic governments those who are in advance of the majority of voters must seek their reward in another world; therefore, free trade ideas should be cherished only as pious opinions until the tide turns. Mr. Blake's speech at Malvern seems to have struck the true note, because it is not a mark of statesmanship for a party leader triumphant at the polls to smash up the supporters of an opposite policy: for they also form a part of the body politic and are not public enemies. We may learn the true view in this volume in the position taken by Mr. Murray Smith to the effect that Protection was so deeply rooted in Victoria that not only must any contest over the Tariff be hopeless, but that the vested interests created by Protection were so important that even if they had the power to sweep away Protection it would be dangerous to exercise it suddenly. That was spoken like a statesman and not like a partisan leader in a civil war. That most valuable and important expression, "National Policy," has been patented for the Dominion by the Conservative party, although their opponents have secured the idea in the Provinces. It is too strong a phrase to butt against. It is still, however open to enquiry whether that policy, which is "national" in a country whose varied products extend through thirty-five degrees of available latitude, is also "national" in a country of competitive products extending through only eight degrees of latitude. The five millions of people in the Dominion own more shipping than the sixty-five millions in the United States, but the total trade of these five millions is less than the total trade of the three millions of Australasians. It is open to question whether, with interests and conditions so different, the true "National Policy" of the Dominion could possibly be framed on the same lines as that of the United States or China.

Commercial Union with the United States naturally attracts Sir Charles Dilke's attention, and he, of course, points out the utter breakdown of all our protected industries which would follow. He points out also that in taking from Washington our proportionate subsidy of the total customs revenue we could not hope to influence the commercial policy of so enormous a majority. The McKinley Tariff was not formulated when Sir Charles wrote nor those additional barbaric regulations for enforcing Chinese principles by Russian methods. Apart, however, from these considerations the Canadian farmers have before them the decaying condition of the agricultural interests of the North-eastern States once so prosperous. Commercial union has not prevented the once thriving farm lands of New England from lying tenantless nor stayed the decline in the rural population of a State like Connecticut, containing so many centres of manufactures. The Maritime Provinces will remember, for they come from the same stock, that American ships once swarmed in every port in the world, and they will hesitate before they trust their valuable mercantile marine into the hands of western congressmen, many of whom think of water mainly as a means of irrigation, for the balance of power in Congress is now far away from the sea board. If any body of politicians in Canada will walk into so manifest a trap they may be sure

the people of Canada will not follow. Let them drop their nostrums and regain touch with Canadian feeling if they ever want to attain power. Such thoughts as these crowd upon the mind in reading Sir Charles Dilke's suggestive pages. His manner is also good. No colonist, born of colonial stock, can read the frigid pages of such books as Lord Grey's "Colonial Policy," or the mildly patronizing productions of many later writers, without feeling as if a nettle was being slowly drawn over him and at the same time that the writer was utterly unconscious of doing anything disagreeable. Nor does the colonial Anglo-Saxon feel much complimented by the indiscriminating "tally" administered by others. The problems he has to solve are totally different from the problems of the old world—the conditions he is placed in are utterly unlike. When a book like this comes, containing a discussion of these problems from a detached point of view, he is disposed to profit by it even if he does not in all respects concur with it. To a Canadian the colonists of the Southern colonies should be subjects of unflinching interest. Some more of their resemblances to and their differences from ourselves, as portrayed in this volume, I shall try to discuss in a succeeding paper.

S. E. DAWSON.

## THE APPROACH OF AUTUMN.

The golden rod now waves with regal pride  
Beside the gray snake-fence its dust'd plumes;  
With it, its modest friend the aster blooms,  
And 'mong their half-dead leaves choke-cherries hide;  
The thistle's fairy flosses laughing ride  
The gentle breezes, that though yet at noon  
Blow in a balmy concord with the sun,  
Chill with November's breath at eventide.

It seems but yesterday since each pine tree  
Was sombre set where spring's gold greenness shone;  
Now pine and beech and maple, all I see  
Blended in green and dusky monotone.  
But, ah! to-morrow, in a flaming sea  
Or one of naked boughs, the pines shall moan.

H. W. C.

## PARIS LETTER.

THE League for the promotion of Sunday rest is progressing by "leaps and bounds." Lord Mahon's history is quoted, attesting that, during the middle of the eighteenth century, divine service was not much frequented by the upper classes in England. Sunday was habitually selected by ministers for holding their councils and for giving their cabinet dinners; even the very hours fixed for divine service were chosen for transacting political affairs. If the great rigidity which now marks the keeping of Sunday in England has succeeded the looseness of the last century observance, France, it is argued, has no reason to despair of securing a Sunday rest; for in England that day is the one reserved for the quiet family at home, and hence why French visitors fail to comprehend the nature of the English Sunday. When the French cease work on Sunday, they go to *cafés*, theatres, concerts, public balls, suburban *fêtes*, picnics, races, etc. That is, they do not stay indoors. Hence, their Sunday is all animation, while that of the English is the opposite. Difference of manners!

Turkey is the only country in Europe where Sunday is less observed on the railways than in France. But Friday is the weekly rest-day with the Mussulmans. The Sultan on that day goes to the Mosque in great pomp; the public offices are closed, and the Turkish women appear in their gala toilettes on the shores of the Bosphorus. It recalls, somewhat, a quasi-subdued English Sunday. And yet the Sultan does not exact that Christians should cease to work on Friday, while Saturday and Sunday he liberally allows leave of absence both to his Israelitish and Christian subjects. In France there is no dissension over the necessity of one day's rest in seven. The divergency arises respecting which of the days of the week. The Catholics insist on Sunday, as that was the day fixed by divine ordinance. The republicans and materialists, etc., reply: We refuse to examine the origin of Sunday, and oppose every Church whatsoever fixing a seventh day for the nation by law.

The "electrocuting" of Kemmler, at New York, has sent a cold shiver of horror through public opinion here, as elsewhere. It will be a long time ere the electric arm-chair will supersede the guillotine, and the Berry sliding scale drop. Avignon was reputed for its bungling executions. For example, on May 28, 1672, Pierre du Fort was sentenced to be hanged for murder. He was processionally marched by the Black Friars to the public square, when the culprit ascended the black double ladder, called *Miséricorde*. He was attached to the arm of the gibbet, but the rope, being too short, his legs got between the rungs of the ladder. The executioner could not pull away the ladder, so he climbed up, and, covering the face of the culprit with his coat, pressed his knee against the unfortunate's stomach. The spectators became indignant at this conduct, concluding, from the executioner putting his hand in his pocket, that he had drawn out a knife to stab the condemned. The crowd hooted, vociferated, and flung stones at the executioner. In the meantime, the latter had freed the ladder and, allowing the man to swing, jumped upon his shoulders, while the executioner's wife pulled the culprit by the feet.

The stoning increased, the executioner regained the ladder, but, in trying to descend, he fell on his head. The crowd rushed at him. He, regaining his feet, threatened to stab the first person that approached. But he was mastered, danced upon, and dragged to the cemetery. His assistant, too, was so beaten that he died in the hospital a few days later. Spectators then ascended the ladder, cut the cord, let down the body, and smashed gibbet and ladder, the children throwing the *debris* into the Rhône. Cries of wine for the culprit rent the air; it was procured, as also broth and meat. Mattresses were thrown from windows to place the victim thereon, and he was carried to the cemetery—to keep him from the hands of the law—it being a place of refuge, till, on showing full signs of life, he was admitted into St. Anthony's Church. Here the archbishop pardoned him, directed that he be transported to the hospital, and when cured to be brought to the Cathedral, when he should be guaranteed his liberty.

Not many persons are aware by whom and where was planned the International Labour Holiday of the first of May last. All was arranged in the little study of M. Domela Nieuwenhuis at the Hague, the founder and leader of the Dutch Socialists. The idea of Dutchmen being Socialists will at first not only create surprise but raise a smile. Now it is precisely in Holland, and within the last ten years, that the party is most solidly entrenched and most soberly conducted. M. Nieuwenhuis, like the chiefs of the Swedish and Norwegian Socialists, is a Protestant clergyman, as were his ancestors, who descended from the pulpit to preach the social redemption of the working classes from a platform, or sometimes from the parapet of a bridge, and very frequently from canal and fishing boats. He inherited a large fortune which he devotes to the propagation of his doctrines. No one questions his erudition or ability.

When asked where he learned Socialism, he replies with modesty, "From the Gospel." For two years he preached Socialism in his own church; then he studied Fourier, Considérant, Lassalle and Karl Max. Having become a socialistic revolutionist in politics, and a materialist in philosophy, he separated from his congregation and traversed Holland as the apostle of the elevation of the labouring classes. He is the most unassuming of men; of high intellectualism, sterling uprightness and broad steadfastness of character. Condemned to twelve months imprisonment for his opinions, he was there thrown among the common outcasts; his hair and beard were shaven off, a convict's cap placed on his head, and he had to take part in the most loathsome of prison work. Naturally when he left prison the labour populations hailed him as their martyr. And, a fact that has no parallel, the presbytery of the Church of Saint Anne-Paroche has accorded him the liberty, as well as to all socialist orators, to use the pulpit of that sacred edifice when not required by the regular pastor. But Holland bearded even Louis XIV. in defending liberty of thought and of conscience.

There is nothing of the Protestant pastor now in Domela Nieuwenhuis; he is all resignation and mildness. In his library, not a single book on theology; but every publication bearing on the elevation of the working classes, methodically classified. Revolutionary engravings decorate the walls, and in the foremost place is a statuette of Christ, with arms outstretched and preaching. In another prominent position is a head of Christ, wearing a crown of thorns; and next a magnificent engraving of Munkacz's "Jesus before Pilate." It was in this little study hung in red that the May Day Labour Holiday was born.

Nieuwenhuis purchased for 32,000 frs. a once church building. He baptized it "Walhalla," in Scandinavian the "Valley of the Happy." Here Socialists meet and discuss, give *fêtes*, concerts, etc., without interference from the authorities. He also established a printing office, fitted up with all modern improvements, and where is published daily his journal, *Right for All*. Unlike French and German Socialists those in Holland believe in co-operative societies. Thus M. Nieuwenhuis founded a bakery in 1882 that supplies 3,000 families with their daily bread, which is directed solely by workingmen, and that realized a net profit of 75,000 frs. during 1889. One-third of this sum was carried to the reserve fund, and the rest divided between the members.

Gambetta's father is very ill from diabetes, and he is 78 years of age. His death, which is expected, will give birth to an event, that of the transfer of his eminent son's remains from Nice to Paris. Old Gambetta has unflinchingly opposed all theatrical apotheosis of his son. It is Gambetta's sister that would become the representative of the family on her father's death. Her consent to the transfer of the remains is assured in advance. Should the Municipal Council refuse a site in Père Lachaise Cemetery for the sepulchre, as they did for a statue to him in a street of Paris, they being the owners of the intramural cemeteries now permanently closed by a rigid law, as well as of the streets, it is not unlikely that the remains would be interred in the grounds at Jardies, where Gambetta died, and where the house is conserved by his admirers as a Mecca museum of his souvenirs.

It is said that a very serious group of English and French capitalists are prepared to develop French Congo, and that the Government will give them a very free hand.

Z.

WOMEN are more susceptible to pain than to pleasure—*Montaigne*.

THE world either breaks or hardens the heart.—*Chamfort*.

## THE COMING REFORM.

MISS PHELPS' article in the August *Forum* on "The Decolleté in Modern Society" is a sign of the times. A more potent one is Tolstoi's much-discussed novel, "The Kreutzer Sonata." Others, again, are the triumphs recently won by women in different fields of intellectual effort. Why put these things together? Why? Because they show what has been in the past, what still is, but what cannot last much longer, namely, the hurtful and depraving subjection of woman to man, and of man to his passions, so that both woman and man are involved in ways of life distinctly lower than should be, and than are possible to them in the present age of the world. To prove that women have been content in the past to acknowledge their dependence on men, and to devote their chief efforts to the winning of masculine favour would surely be superfluous. A very early prophecy reads that woman's desire shall be to her husband, and that he shall rule over her. The curse has indeed been only too abundantly fulfilled, and man has been ruling over women when he could not rule over himself: woman has been the slave of a slave. We state the case broadly because it is only its broad aspects we are concerned with. Let anyone who is concerned with the necessary exceptions and reservations make them for himself. Down to the present day we see in the giggling frivolity and affected manners of a part of the female sex clear evidence of the survival of the old, bad condition of things, the deprivation of the female intellect and character by the *cultus* of man. On the other hand, we see, also, in the modest and serious cheerfulness, and the thorough naturalness of "honourable women not a few," evidence of the assertion by women of their individual worth and rights, a new sense that they are true social units and not mere fractions waiting their completion. There have been admirable women, we might almost say, in all ages, certainly in all historic ages, but the note that has heretofore been wanting has been the note of independence, of conscious individual completeness. Man has had it. Though in his hour the suitor of woman, man has always borne himself as a distinct, self-sufficing individual. The reason, doubtless, has been that, owing to his superior strength, he has felt himself master, and has grandly concluded that the universe was made for him. A century ago Kate Hardcastle was the model and type of a modest and attractive girl, but how much truer it was than the creator of the character supposed, that she "stooped to conquer!" She fixes her regards at once upon a young man whom she understands to be dissolute in life, and determines to win him. She lets him treat her like a bar-maid in order to gain an ascendancy over him, and then when she has sufficiently piqued his curiosity in that character she reveals herself in her own, and carries him off in spite of the unconquerable shyness which the company of a modest woman has always hitherto produced in him. As everyone knows, the play is full of graceful touches, but it scarcely could illustrate more strongly than it does woman's bondage to man. It is woman's triumph to secure a master, and she secures him in all the old plays and stories, by more or less openly playing on his passions. We see the same thing going on to-day—women *stooping to conquer*, and, in the ignoble effort, parting with all that should be most distinctive in womanhood, cultivating inanity of mind lest they should oppress their prospective lords with an appearance of dignity and common sense, tolerating what they should frown at, and generally making poor puppets of themselves, the better to signify how entirely they are prepared to become the property of the purchaser. Miss Phelps has seen some of these things, even in what is generally supposed to be staid New England. Tolstoi has seen them in the society of Europe, and has branded them in lines that can never be effaced. But, blessed be Evolution! there is something else to be seen. With the opening of new avenues of employment for women, and with the increased bestowal of the means of higher education, women are beginning to see themselves in a different light. There are those who would not "stoop to conquer," who, in point of fact, do not want to conquer at all, in the sense of bringing a man to their feet. They want to live their life as independent beings, to cultivate their faculties, to think their own thoughts, to develop whatever is best in themselves. If marriage would help them to do that; if it comes in their way on terms that involve no compromise of dignity, no lowering of any standard they have set up, they may embrace it, but not otherwise; and they are not going to distress themselves in the least if the little fabled humbug, Cupid, passes them by. They can find tasks and affections and aims enough for happiness without abandoning the single state.

It has been woman's dependence on man in the past that has lowered her character and caused her to mould herself to his wishes and desires. With independence will come other ambitions, wider views of life, and a sense of security that will enable her to make "terms of union" when union is in question. This is precisely the reform for which the ages have been groaning, woman's equality with man, woman's right to as distinct an individuality and as free a development as man.

But if woman is no longer to be the slave of man, what is man going to do without his slave—often, of course, a pet slave? There is just one thing for him to do—cease to be a slave himself, and then he will not want one. Woman, as she rises to her own full height, will educate man as he has never been educated before. She will give him a glimpse of the ideal life of freedom from

passion, of pure and blameless behaviour in the sight of Heaven. Marriage will then be a sacrament as it has seldom been on this earth—not a fact of mutual adulation and gratification, but a serious and happy co-operation towards all good ends. Children will be born under happier auspices than now, free from the taints of blood and temper which the children even of apparently healthy and virtuous persons so often show. Mankind will begin to rejoice in the new freedom, a new sense of power, when once the foul dragon of debased appetite has been thrust through and destroyed. All bad things hold together, and so do all good ones. At the present moment a thousand hurtful habits, personal, domestic and social are uniting to keep us down. We may hope that when some of these are broken others will relax their hold; and that when one or two cardinal virtues are established in their place others will come to keep them company. An era of reform is at hand. It cannot be kept back. The old modes of life are too bad, too base, too devoid of all sense or justification to last in presence of the light that is now pouring into the world. As Matthew Arnold has powerfully said, every religion that ever prevailed in the world has

cried to sunk, self-weary man,  
Thou must be born again.

Again the voice is heard, but now in distincter and more unmistakable tones—with all the precision of scientific truth. The true life for man stands revealed as we study the conditions of health, moral, mental and physical. The ancient maxim, *Mens sana in corpore sano*, might, strictly interpreted, cover the whole ground, but as heretofore interpreted it does not. Men have thought themselves sane in mind when guiding themselves by the ordinary maxims of worldly wisdom, and healthy enough in body when they avoided specific disease. Lord Chesterfield, for example, no doubt thought himself a shining example of the highest sanity, and, barring his deafness, would probably have quoted himself as sound in body. We must therefore ask more than the ancient maxim demands: what is needed is *mens pura in corpore puro*.

"Not to harbour evil thoughts" the chorus in "Agamemnon" pronounce the highest of blessings; and it is. How many minds have been, and are, perfect Augean stables—if the triteness of the allusion may be pardoned on account of its extreme applicability—of foul imaginings; and how they might be cleansed by one mighty movement, if a stream of truth were turned into them. The reformation will come mainly through woman's emancipation. In the middle of the last century the poet Pope, addressing a woman, could say:

Nothing so true as what you once let fall  
"Most women have no character at all"  
Matter too soft a lasting mark to bear,  
And best distinguished by black, brown or fair,

To-day a fashionable versifier sums up his philosophy on the subject by observing that

A woman is only a woman, but a good cigar is—a smoke.

One would barely suppose from this that much progress had been made in the interval, but progress has been made. True, "a woman is only a woman," while man is a smoker; but the non-smoking sex need not feel greatly discouraged over this point of difference. Without aid from the cigar or the pipe, women are taking their large share in the intellectual work of the world, they are scaling height after height of intellectual achievement, and more and more demonstrating the futility of the theories which consigned them to a position of permanent inferiority. Some evils may mark the change that is taking place in woman's position in the world—what great change was ever unaccompanied by transitory evil?—but it is a blessed thing that she is escaping out of the hands of man and taking her destiny into her own hands. For, just as her thralldom is broken, will the vices bred in man by his age-long mastery over his weaker partner disappear, and give place to the virtues and graces that relations of honourable equality bring in their train. "Then"—as our own noble poet laureate has said:

Then reign the world's great bridals chaste and calm,  
Then springs the crowning race of human kind.  
May these things be!

W. D. LESUEUR.

Ottawa, September, 1890.

A MODERN MYSTIC—VIII.

I COULD hardly tell the reason why, but it seemed to me the discussion which took place when we again reassembled around the hospitable board—that, I think, is the good orthodox phrase—surpassed in interest all that had gone on before. But I know too well I have not the power to reproduce the sweetness, the light, the sapience. "Boned Turkey?" "Yes, indeed, a beautiful sermon." "Goethe was a great self-contained man." "Socrates not a bit of an ascetic." "Saw life thoroughly and saw it whole." "Alfieri had red hair." "Domitian hated baldness as much as 'the first bald-headed Cæsar.'" "Those peas were canned twenty years ago—I got them from a Hudson's Bay factor." Such were the notes, the prelude strains to divine discourse on Canadian politics. The music of the voices of the ladies, and of the knives and forks woke up the canary bird, "Wicky," and he sang with as much joy as I have heard a lark chant, rising from an English meadow, a steep up-fount of song, which shows that a gas jet may be as inspiring as the fount of day.

"Goethe," said Helpsam, arresting the attention of all, "had a vagrant heart. Even in his old age he was attractive to the ladies whom he admired all his life. Of him Lord Houghton says:—

And from beauty passed to beauty,  
Constant to a constant change.

The flowers of love sometimes bloom on the brink of the brave."

"The frost," said Irene—the young ladies have no objection to the use of their Christian names—would go hard with such flowers."

Madame Lalage: "Let me give you a little of this undercut, Mr. McKnom."

Glaucus: "Politicians are all ungenerous."

"I think," said Rectus, "perhaps it is prejudice—Dr. Facile will excuse me—that Grit politicians are more ungenerous than we Tories. You cannot imagine the late George Brown entertaining a liberal idea respecting Sir John Macdonald."

"Well," I said, gathering courage to take part in the conversation, "I sometimes feel that way myself, but I will tell you a circumstance that occurred many years ago when I had no idea of remaining in Canada. I have often thought of publishing it. It should be published while some of those, besides myself, who could testify to it are alive. It deserves to be made historical."

"Let us have it," said Madame Lalage, "and Gwendolen will put it in her diary. You know she is writing 'The Diary of an Observing Young Maid,' which she means to bring out in London."

Glaucus: "By all means let us have it."

"Well," I began, "I happened, just after the fall of the Macdonald Government in '73, to be talking with Mr. Gordon Brown, Mr. Inglis, Mr. Dymond, and one or two leading members of the Reform Party. I had never seen Sir John Macdonald—or 'John A.,' under which title he was denounced in the *Globe*. But I had formed an estimate of him. One of the party said: 'We shall be in power for twenty years.' I said: 'You may be in power for twenty years, but Mackenzie will not be Prime Minister for more than five.' 'Why not?' 'Because,' I answered, 'he cannot fill the imagination of the country.' 'Any way,' said another, 'John A. is dead, never to rise again.' I replied, 'If he lives, he will rise again. You cannot kill a really able man. No one can kill a really able man but himself.' 'I believe,' said some one, 'you worship this man.' 'Worship him!' I cried, 'what do I care about him. I have never seen him—shall probably never see him—but I know he has genuine ability, and if he lives he will rise again.' Just at this moment the Hon. George Brown entered the room holding his head back as his manner was. I went up to him and said: 'Mr. Brown, we have had a controversy here. Some of these gentlemen say the man you call John A. has fallen never to rise again. I say, if he lives he will rise again; that you cannot kill a man as able as he.' 'You are quite right,' he said, 'you cannot kill so able a man as Macdonald.'"

"But what," asked McKnom, "has this to do with the subject for this night's convivium: Whether political virtue can co-exist with party politics, and such party politics as we have in Canada."

I was struck dumb. But Rectus coming to my aid said: "I think it has everything to do with it. Political virtue might perhaps be brought under the general head of justice, and this shows that one of the strongest of party politicians could be just to a life-long political foe."

"Virtue as a sub-head to justice," cried the beautiful and metaphysical Irene.

"Well," said Professor Glaucus, "I do not think we can object to that. We accord the soldier a certain honour because of his soldierly character, and he owes the community bravery. We give your own sex—what shall I say?—worship—because of its beauty, sweetness, chastity—charm and virtue, in a word. We don't ask you to fight battles, to bear the fierce brunt of life, but our ideal is that you should be beautiful, amiable, chaste, and we accord you much in consequence, therefore it is a matter of justice that a woman should be a sweet daughter, a pure wife, an affectionate mother, and this is the noblest a woman can be; nothing can be nobler: she should even take care to be physically strong; justice demands it."

"Oh, a plague on such theories," said Gwendolen, "you are as bad as Grant Allen. A continuer of the species is your highest notion of a woman. I want women to be great and free and strong."

"You know," McKnom remarked, "how Plato in his Republic deals with this matter?"

"Now," sighed Rectus, "you have got on a subject it would take twenty nights to discuss, and I thought you were going to allow me to break a lance for that much maligned thing—Party Government."

"Let us not," said Madame Lalage, "deal unfairly with the oppressed politician. The subject to-night is party politics. Our time is coming, Gwendolen; when we have power we will lynch the Grant Allens."

"And I suppose, dear madame," whispered McKnom, very slyly, "for one male canary bird in a brazen cage you will have nine lady birds in silver cages."

"A false analogy, sir," broke in Irene, "all male canary birds can sing, but how many out of even nine men are good for anything?"

We all laughed and Helpsam chanted out:

With that she sighed as she stood  
And gave this sentence then:  
Among nine bad if one be good,  
Among nine bad if one be good,  
There's yet one good in ten.

Madame Lalage: "'All's well that ends well.' Let us have party politics, Mr. Rectus, you have the floor. Is not that the word you use in the House?"

"No, madame," he answered, "we catch the Speaker's eye."

"And having caught it," said Irene, laughing, "what do you do with it?"

"What do you think of that wine, Mr. McKnom?" asked Mr. Lalage.

McKnom: "Horace might have invited Mæcenas to drink it and made no lyric apology, and the Minister of Augustus would have preferred it to his own Setine."

Helpsam: "I don't think Horace ever mentions Setine; it was beyond his modest cellar, and like a wise man he preferred innocent Lesbian, which may have been like this Sauterne."

"Beyond," said some one, "that dainty epicurean's cellar does he not tell his great friend that he can have his choice between modest Sabine wine and Cæcuban, which last was as expensive as Setine."

"Well," cried McKnom, "here we are talking about Horace, wine, the ladies, Goethe, when we should be discussing party politics in Canada. I wish we had Horace here to write for us something like his sixteenth epode."

"To advocate," laughed Helpsam, "an exodus—for that is what he counsels the Romans in that magnificent ode, but we are inviting the blue-eyed Germans whom he boasts his mother city repelled."

"Well," said Madame Lalage, "we have no business with Horace to-night. Let us retire to the drawing-room, and anybody who interrupts Mr. Rectus will be banished—*An melius quis habet suadere?*"

"Now," said Rectus, "I maintain you must have parties, that in this country parties are a necessary condition of strong government, in fact in every democratic country. Is not the evil exaggerated? I admit there are evils—what human institution is exempt. It seems a terrible thing—the machine—in a free country one man guiding the action of tens of thousand of moral and intellectual beings, all following him, most with blind faith, all generally with faith, some at times perhaps doubtful, but all following. Get rid of this and what do you gain? What have you? Every man doing what is right in his own eyes? Is this possible? You know well that the majority of men will be led by others. To do your own thinking requires, as Coleridge knew, mental energy, and what is gained unless conjoined with the mental activity there be logical training and adequate knowledge? Then is it a fact that the leader of a party does all the thinking for the party? Of men who rise to the first rank in politics there are two or three types. There is first the ideal, the great thinker who is also a man of action; who conceives politics and imposes these on the country by persuasion and force of character; he stands at the top, but how often does he appear? Then you have the clever, far-seeing, practical, adaptable man of action, often a man of great genius who is not behind or before but abreast of public opinion; who thinks his principal business is to govern the country as well as the people will let him. I have heard Mr. Gladstone ask the House of Commons to aid him to be economical, what did he mean? Why, that pressure was constantly put upon him by sections of the public to be extravagant. A man who has never been in close relations with leading political men and who hears and reads denunciations of their corruption is apt to believe there must be something in all these accusations. Let him get behind the scenes and he will find this same minister doing all he can to keep down expenditure. The second great division of statesmen, to which Gladstone, Disraeli (Beaconsfield), Walpole, Palmerston, Thiers, Blaine, Sir John Macdonald, Alexander Mackenzie (to take a few names of men very dissimilar) belong, is perhaps the only one possible in a democratic country, and what does this mean? Why, that the leader does not do all the thinking for his party, but acts on it and is reacted on. A question is started in the newspapers by some anonymous writer; others discuss it; one of two things: it drops or the people take it up. The moment the people take it up the average leader will also take it up. And taking it up may be a condition of his remaining in power or even in public life. A really grand character if he regards it as fraught with evil to the country will refuse to support it. John Bright approached the ideal statesman, but how long was he in power? Burke approached the ideal statesman. Both these men imposed certain views on a nation and one of them fascinated the reason and imagination of Christendom—but would either be possible in the United States or Canada?"

Helpsam: "I don't know about Burke, but a Bright would; I imagine however," he added laughing, "he would have little chance of office and that a large number would consider him an impracticable fool."

Glaucus: "A crank."

Hale: "A doctrinaire."

McKnom: "Perhaps you underrate the longing for manifestations of honest independent thought in politics. Plato himself would not have cared to have everybody digging up the roots of principles. He believed in revered teachers, wise and good guides. But of party, as Mr. Rectus and Dr. Facile describe it, he had more than enough before his eyes in Athens, and he turned to Sparta and built around its grand and serene discipline his ideal Republic. In your party press, and it is all party, there is no criticism, no judgment of a man or his actions on their merits; and this tearing, like wild beasts, must have a depressing and degrading effect on the country."

*Rectus*: "All this is true. Again analyze the thing, and how much practical evil remains! The men thus maligned are not injured in public estimation. Politics I grant you are made repulsive and trying to certain fine sensitive spirits; the tone of discussion is lowered and this is an evil; but people are thereby almost forced to look at the two sides and a judgment independent of the newspapers is developed, and this is a good. But now what I would like to ask Mr. McKnom or Professor Glaucus is this: How comes it, if political life is corrupt, that so little corruption is ever proved and the very best means at command for detecting it? Take elections: a man's election can be upset by a single glass of beer. What prominent public man within the last twenty-five years has had a corrupt act that would have benefited him an iota brought home to him? Have not all our prime ministers died poor? Whatever the motive which urges a man of intellectual power into the political arena gain cannot be that motive. Blake has sacrificed probably \$100,000 in order that he might have the privilege of serving his country. How much shall we put down as Sir John Macdonald's sacrifice to the same end? Alexander Mackenzie? Peace, health, perhaps fortune. Laurier? You may be sure it does not add to his income as a lawyer to be four months away from his business. Take Sir Hector Langevin, or any man of genuine ability in or out of the ministry, and you know he must lose by giving up so much of his time. This, as Dr. Facile knows, ruins the practice of medical men. As everybody knows within the last four years the House has marked its disapproval of any attempt at lobbying—and lobbying as it is understood in the United States hardly exists in Canada. I went into that House determined to watch and find if there was corruption and expose it, and I have come to the conclusion that the only influence that House feels is political—great interests—the labour interest, the Railway, the Banks, Churches—Bodies; these, in proportion as they can affect votes, will affect the House. Can this be prevented in any representative system? Have we not seen in England the cabmen and costermongers crowd round St. Stephen's and—what shall I say?—awe the Parliament of a world-wide Empire? Is not the beer interest strong there? Critics who abuse politicians forget we are *in feci Romuli*, not in a Utopia, and they should therefore recognize that politicians who are the leading men in their several businesses are perhaps better rather than worse than other men."

*Professor Glaucus*: "Vive la machine, and down with all individuality."

*Rectus*: "How many times will follower and leader differ? Very seldom. Then there is a caucus. Sometimes it is the leader who gives way to his followers. Sometimes, when they can't agree, it becomes a case of 'go-as-you-please.' Believe me there is much exaggeration respecting the 'party-whip.'"

*McKnom*: "But take the case of questions such as would interest a man like Bright, to carry which would require the education of his party, the House of Commons, the public even. Would the party system look with favour on such action in your Parliament as distinguished Bright in the English Commons?"

*Rectus*: "I think perhaps you have hit on the great weakness in our party system. In Canada we do not distinguish, as in England, between a free loyalty, and something like servitude. I grant that the free play of thought, where there is thought of any value, is almost vital to soundness. But how would such conduct be treated in Canada? It would be made the most of by the press on the other side; the press on the man's own side would not know what to say; and an independent writer like *Bystander* would be as opposed to him as to the most cast-iron party man, unless he took up some view the *Bystander* was at the time advocating, that is joined a party; such a man would find himself doubly, aye trebly, discounted."

*Helpsam*: "That is true. The only thing that would support such a man is a sense of duty—Pope's 'self-approving hour.'"

*McKnom*: "Self-approving hour! Why not say God's approval?—cry with Luther—'An impregnable citadel is our God!'"

*Professor Glaucus*: "No man, anyway, could act that way who had not a spring of strength within him, which he cannot get in the brackish waters of party."

*Rectus*: "Suppose I grant this. Yet he, too, to do anything worth much for the country, must be a true party man."

*Glaucus*: "And you have this consolation, *Rectus*, you will not often be troubled by such swans among your flock."

*Madame Lalage*: "A sort of Cardinal Newman among theologians."

"A real Platonic spirit," cried *McKnom*.

*Helpsam*: "A great man, a Mystic, a poet, a dialectician, a saint—still flourishing close on his ninetieth year."

One of the young ladies stifled a yawn with as little awkwardness as that is possible, and *Glaucus* pulled out his watch. It was just Monday morning, so we took our leave. Then next evening I started for the West. I am not aware whether the few friends who gathered round Mr. McKnom still meet to discuss Plato and politics.

NICHOLAS FLOOD DAVIN.

PERSONS and humours may be jumbled and disguised but Nature, like quicksilver, will never be killed.—*L'Estrange*.

### BALLADE.

On the dust and the heat of the town!  
When the beams that unflinchingly pour,  
Drive all those who can go away down,  
For a breath of the air by the shore  
Of the sea, where they list to the roar  
Of its waves, in their foaming and glee!  
To me, miles away from an oar,  
It is only a dream of the sea.

The grass is all withered and brown,  
The sparrows half-heartedly soar;  
The men unresignedly frown,  
As they open the grimy 'Change door,  
And vote even bank stocks a bore,  
When a man should undoubtedly be  
In a boat—perhaps stroking a four!  
It is only a dream of the sea.

From some summer resort of renown,  
Come letters a dozen or more,  
With details of a blue boating gown  
That some maiden effectively wore,  
With "tennis" and "bathing" galore,  
A "hop" and an "afternoon tea,"  
A "drive" and "the fisherman's score,"  
It is only a dream of the sea.

### ENVOY.

Ah, friend, but the longing is sore,  
From the hot, crowded town to be free!  
But, nathless, for me, as of yore,  
It is only a dream of the sea.

Montreal.

HELEN FAIRBAIN.

### REPLY TO PROFESSOR HUXLEY.

PROFESSOR HUXLEY'S vigorous attack upon the clergy, and what he calls "the books of ecclesiastical authority" may do good, should it only tend to convince the clergy that they must enlarge their understanding considerably, if they would fairly meet the requirements of this age of greatly increased material knowledge.

Professor Huxley has one great advantage over the clergy generally; for he is conscious of his own ignorance upon the subjects which he discusses so energetically, and emphasizes his candid admission of ignorance upon such subjects, by calling himself "an agnostic"; whereas the clergy generally still appear to mistake for knowledge that which is merely their professed belief, creed, or opinion; and seem often to be quite unconscious of their own utter ignorance; and as the consciousness of one's ignorance is naturally the first grand step in the acquisition of knowledge, of course Professor Huxley appears to be so far in advance of the clergy generally.

However, neither Professor Huxley, nor the clergy, need continue in ignorance upon the subjects under discussion, if they would only *assume* certain very clear statements of "the Scriptures" to be strictly true (however incredible they may appear to them at present), and after fairly regarding the questions at issue from the elevated standpoint thus gained, it would be time enough then to determine whether they were quite justified in *assuming* the correctness and truth of such very clear statements of "the Scriptures."

For instance: Man is very distinctly declared to be "created in the image and after the likeness of God," our Creator; which, being intelligently understood, must certainly mean that man possesses creative mind and progressive intellect (in kind, though not in degree), such as our Creator has manifested in originating the various forms of animal and vegetable organism; that, consequently, our Creator (God) is like man, and man like God, much in the same sense as the parent is like its offspring, and the offspring like its parent; that, in short, the creature man ultimately develops into the creature God; as naturally as the acorn (or rather the germ within the acorn) develops into the great oak, like the parent tree.

*Assuming* this very clear statement to be strictly true, of course, we are immediately provided with a true elevated standpoint, from which to regard intelligently all the other statements of "the Scriptures," as they accord with the facts of science. For instance, modern science reveals to us very clearly that burning worlds, like the sun, are generally composed of precisely the same materials as habitable worlds, like our earth; that, in fact, our earth itself was once a burning world; that the burning hydrogen about its surface ultimately became burnt hydrogen, or water; when, of course, our earth was immediately enveloped in an ocean of water, which must doubtless have been *boiling* water at first: consequently, an enormously thick cloud of dense vapour of water, or steam, for probably several miles in height, must have covered the whole vast ocean of water enveloping our earth, thus completely obscuring the rays of light from the sun. All this agrees exactly with the account given us in the beginning of the book of Genesis, "And the earth was without form and void, and darkness was upon the face of the deep, and the spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters"—meaning, of course, that the earth was void of all animal and vegetable organism, and was not yet formed, or arranged and prepared for such organism to exist and multiply; that as yet "darkness" prevailed, for the thick cloud of vapour, or steam, enveloping our earth, was not yet condensed into water.

That "the spirit of God" (or creative mind, or any number of creative minds; of course, always recognizing one Supreme Representative of unity and order) manifested its presence at this time is proved clearly enough by the fact that the earth soon became arranged and prepared for the various forms of animal and vegetable organism, which also appeared in due time; the simplest forms first, and afterwards the more complex; until man ultimately was "created in the image and after the likeness of God," our Creator.

All this demonstrated the presence of creative mind at that time, as certainly as the various manufactures and machinery, which now exist about our earth, demonstrate the presence of the human mind at this time.

The light and the atmosphere, and the dry land being provided, the various forms of animal and vegetable organism soon appeared and multiplied; but, of course, in providing the dry land, a subsidence of the earth's crust must have occurred in one part of the bed of the great ocean enveloping our earth, as well as an upheaval in another part. Geologists are doubtless familiar with the evidences of many such subsidences and upheavals, during the geological periods of the earth's history. It appears at last that one grand subsidence and corresponding upheaval gave the surface of our earth substantially its present aspect, and left the crust of our earth in such a satisfactory condition that its general stability might be relied upon for many centuries. Under these circumstances man was created just as soon as the surface of the earth was in a condition sufficiently quiescent to justify man's creation. And though it was well known to the creative mind that within about two-thousand years from the creation of man, the surface of our earth would be again subjected to a tremendous subsidence and upheaval (that the crust of our earth might then become so compacted as to secure the general permanence of its surface as long as the earth is destined to remain a habitable world), yet it was considered that by prolonging the life of man to about a thousand years, he would thus have a fair opportunity to acquire the requisite intellectual and moral development within that time. Enoch actually did so within "sixty-five years," and was in perfect sympathy and direct communication with the creative mind during the "three-hundred years" that his natural life was afterwards prolonged, and (knowing well that "the flood" must certainly come in due time, by reason of the subsidence and upheaval which were inevitable) Enoch named his son Methuselah, predicting that the flood "would come at his death." Methuselah meaning "at his death the sending forth" (of the flood of waters).

The following quotation gives us a sufficiently exact account of the immediate cause of the flood. "In the six-hundredth year of Noah's life, in the second month, the seventeenth day of the month, the same day were all the fountains of the great deep broken up and the windows of heaven were opened, and the rain was upon the earth forty days and forty nights."—Gen. vii. 11, 12. The forty days' rain was evidently not the cause of the flood, but merely incidental to it; and "the windows of heaven" being merely a poetical expression; the real immediate cause of the flood was undoubtedly that which is mentioned first, namely, "all the fountains of the great deep were broken up." In short, the sea came up and covered the land; for the subsidence naturally occurred *first* where the weight upon the crust of the earth was greatest, that is, of course, where there was most elevated land (other things being equal), and when a corresponding subsidence of the bed of the ocean occurred immediately afterwards, the previously elevated land soon assumed its former relative position substantially.

Professor Huxley or any other scientist may be safely challenged to produce any conclusive evidence that Europe, Asia and Africa did not thus suddenly sink under the level of the ocean, and as suddenly become elevated again into substantially their former position, at the time of "the flood." And while we are challenging the scientists in reference to the flood, we might as well challenge them also to prove clearly that it is more than about twelve thousand years since the earth was a burning world like the sun is now. The earth grew in its youth, and has added but little comparatively to its numerous strata of rock since it attained maturity; much as human beings and animals grow in their youth, and don't afterwards add much to their size of bone, or length of limb. Moreover, the earth will again naturally become a burning world within about two thousand years from now, and it is important that the nations should soon be made to understand this clearly—for mankind generally must then be developed intellectually and morally, so as to be in complete sympathy and direct communication with our Creator—that in association with the creative mind of our earth, and with our earth itself (for thousands of years) we may see how the work of creation is effected upon the surface of the great central world of our solar system (which will then have become a habitable world), and thus we shall become competent to perform the work of creation upon the surface of our earth, when the earth again becomes covered with water, and we shall be required to do over again for our successors substantially what our Creator did for us so many thousands of years ago.

Ottawa.

HENRY WENTWORTH MONK.

KNOW thyself, and keep the information to thyself.

THE sluggish man wastes his time, while the man who keeps in too great a hurry tries to dispense with it altogether.



## THE RAMBLER.

A FEW days ago, coming up from the weathered shed sacred to the darling processes of rubbing and drying, and laden with towels and articles of clothing, I encountered a group, tumultuous, beaming, on fire with curiosity. This group, feminine of course, had seen a poet. "At least, if he be not a poet he ought to be one. Or else an artist. At least a great executant."

I thought of Sarasate. But the *Musical Times*, Novello and Company, had but yesterday informed me that the gifted Andalusian was safe in London. Chauncey Depew—alas! there is nothing poetic about Chauncey, and then he was abroad, too. I hastened up to the verandah—we call it piazza in Maine—and saw the Hon. J. A. Chapleau. With his fine profile, his picturesque silvered hair—yes, long enough for any artist, past or present—and his singularly *beau chevalier* or *grand seigneur* air, he was indeed by nature graced and fitted to pose as the idol of young femininity. M. Chapleau may not have grown younger of late in outward appearance, yet his manner has all its ancient polish. He was accompanied by Speaker Ouimet, Messieurs Dansereau, Emard and Sicotte. With these gentlemen he attired himself in regulation flannel and walked out into the Atlantic. His bath appeared to us restless creatures, impatient of his imprisonment beneath old ocean, dangerously, nay, preternaturally long. We grudged the moments thus passed and I, in particular, cherished a vague though impassioned hope that I might be permitted to swim out and rescue the talented and courtly statesman should he experience the chilliness consequent upon overprotracted stay in salt water. But my fears were as groundless as my admiration was silent. M. Chapleau did finally emerge from his lengthy dip, and with folded arms and refreshed countenance proceeded to don the pilot cap and other *deshabille* garments peculiar to his holiday tour.

I should be sorry to say anything disrespectful of the "Scepiar" (*vide* Miss Duncan's excellent book of travel), but I think I must be one of those uncomfortable people—reformers—revolutionists—innovators—that always are falling foul of settled worldly successes.

All this comes from my having slept two nights in a Pullman car. The car was gorgeous enough; carved wood, silk, plush, portières, and stained glass, but the material comforts were in no way, that I could divine, so very much in advance of the age. It seemed to my long-suffering soul that there was just as much banging and clanging and general uproar, and far more shunting and grinding and blowing and creaking than I had ever experienced. The windows were the regulation mechanical puzzle that, once down, wouldn't go up, and once up, wouldn't come down. The cinders were of phenomenal size, and when the portières were drawn over the berth-recesses, the aisle was conveniently blocked with valises and baskets, and about a foot only remained of Brussels carpet to serve as footpath. But I suppose it was enough to know that it was Brussels carpet. It seems as if the enormous sums spent annually upon refurnishing and reappointing carriages, and the still larger monies expended originally upon all construction of the same should lead at least to increased comforts, and leave the luxuries to take care of themselves.

I wonder how it feels to have a butcher—your very own butcher—with the name of Napoleon Louis Deschambault! How it must add to personal dignity and self-respect! And to have a chemist who is Camille Maxime Laframboise! Alas, that is not my fate, nor yours, dear citizen of a brighter town than this, on whose dull, gray stone and quaint narrow byways the rain drips, drips, till I think of the unhappy Lady Dedlock and the ghost's walk at Chesney Wold. For change and decay in all around I see, and a melancholy that is of age, but not of a rich and graphic age, rests upon all these cold, gray houses, and grim though splendid streets. I saw this morning an exceedingly long and imposing building all of gray stone, stiff, unpicturesque, but yet heavily handsome. White statues of irreproachable frigidity, and a couple of gilded crosses give me an inkling of the truth, that this is some Roman Catholic institution. Vainly seeking for a solution of the architectural problem, a motto, an inscription, a legend, a placard, I find nothing but this, *Ici on empaille les chaises*, rendered into English underneath.

Of course it does not take the whole of this enormous pile to cane and reseat a few dozen chairs. I recognize that I have chanced upon a House of Industry. But the pathos of that poor little placard is a strange suggestive quantity where all is rather commonplace and disappointing.

Opposite there was a tiny corner shop: *Depôt de beurre des Pères Trappistes d'Oka*. Had it not rained so vehemently I would have purchased some of this monastery butter; it has the very best of more than local reputations.

The *litterati* of Montreal have one and all the highest regard for THE WEEK. The general impression is, that here we have as good a paper as we need, and one which will stand any number of tests, and one, moreover, which is uniformly careful and correct in making assertions. I found that I had but to mention THE WEEK to be instantly treated with marked consideration and courtesy. "THE WEEK is no longer an experiment, it is a fact." The only

journalistic news I brought away was the advent of the *Young Canadian*, which has, I am confident, our warmest wishes and welcomes. The talented and energetic promoter is, of course, in these days, a lady, well known to readers of THE WEEK. The *Dominion Illustrated* has a better chance of life than ever in the experienced hands of Mr. Richard White. Mr. (or M.?) Wilfrid Châteaucclair conversed most frankly and affably about Canadian affairs, and I heard from near friends of the energetic Louis Lloyd that the latter is at present in London, and writing for *Galignani*.

## IN LOVE'S DEAR THRALL.

A ROMANCE OF THE MUSKOKA LAKES.

(Concluded.)

## CHAPTER IV.

THE drive home to Rosseau consumed—so Mrs. Kinglake afterwards banteringly said—an unconscionable time. To the Lady Mercedes and Leighton the hours passed on the way—when they thought at all of time—seemed to have wings. On one side, however, there was much to say, and on the other, much to hear. Nor must it be supposed that love was at present the theme. Turned by the disclosure of Mrs. Kinglake once more to the subject of her sad bereavement, the heart of the Lady Mercedes was full of the thought that had for some time taken possession of it. This was the conviction that her husband was still living, but that, having received injuries in his fall from the cliff which would make him a helpless cripple, he preferred that his wife should think him dead than wound her sensitive feelings, and be a lifelong burden on her hands, by suffering himself to be restored to her. This, in the main, with every variety of form and presentation in which the idea took shape in her mind, and with innumerable catechizings of Leighton as to the incidents connected with the tragic story he had related in the English magazine, formed the subject of conversation between the two on the homeward drive to Maplehurst. Beyond reciting in detail his own experience and conclusions in regard to what had happened in the case of his friend in British Honduras (which formed the groundwork of the magazine story) he could, of course, contribute no new material to his companion's enlightenment. Both by look and by voice, however, he contributed much to her immediate solacement. And yet, perhaps, he perplexed the poor widow as much as he succeeded in solacing her.

Why, he asked Mercedes, should she think it likely that because there were incidents in his story which led her to believe that she was not in truth husbandless, the sequel would prove her conviction, unsupported by a shred of evidence or even probability, to be right? The answer she made to this, womanlike, was illogical; but not the less was the idea to be dismissed from her thoughts. She simply entertained the conviction; and continuing to nurse it in her mind, it became the more difficult, if not impossible, Leighton found, to dislodge it. To this extent, however, the two cases were not parallel, and the discovery appeared to give comfort to Mercedes. In the case of Leighton's friend, the husband had, from mere motives of vanity, concealed his escape from death; for in his fall he had not been killed, though he had permanently injured his spine. In poor Wilton's case, had the accident not been fatal—such at least was Mercedes' argument—his motive, she was sure, was not vanity, but, being a man of great refinement of feeling, delicate concern for herself. Only for her elopement with Wilton, Leighton was reminded, she would have had to swallow her loathing and marry, as her father insisted, a gilded hunchback. It was the knowledge of this, as well as of his probably crippled and helpless condition, that made it bitter for her husband to return to her. Rather than disclose the fact that in his disablement and deformity he still lived, he preferred—so Mercedes argued—that she should think him dead.

To all this what could Leighton say, what argument could he possibly use, that would not wound the feelings of the beautiful woman by his side, if he attempted to treat her cherished convictions as illusory? He saw this and compassionately refrained. Yet would he have been willing, if the way had been plain, to have dissuaded Mercedes from her broodings, to urge her to be kind only to herself, and to lure her thoughts to a new lover. With his sympathetic disposition and chivalrous nature, he could not bear, however, to turn the loved one at his side from her dear misery, far less obtrude himself and his own happiness upon one whose heart was bound up in being loyal to its first, and perhaps only, love. Yet Mercedes was neither morbid nor callous in her sorrow. Her heart, she herself admitted, was susceptible to new influences; and time was graciously, if slowly, doing its good work. For Leighton she felt, she hardly knew why, a real affection; and, on the drive back to Rosseau, there was a moment when, touched by something he had said, she had almost broken her reserve and thrown herself weeping upon his breast. She had a woman's tenderness of heart, and she had also a woman's weakness for sympathy. Nor, given a worthy subject, such as she had near her, on whom to expend her worship and love, was she to be chidden for showing that she was but a woman. Her life, save for the passing gleam of wedded felicity, had had more than its share of gloom and sorrow. Should we wonder now, when Love came again offering to brighten that life with sunshine, that she should peer behind the veil of her widowhood at Love's fair face?

On the return to Maplehurst, Leighton and the Lady Mercedes, as we have already said, found themselves volubly catechized by Mrs. Kinglake as to the cause of their tardy appearance. In this lady's mouth, the catechizings, however, were a bit of pleasant banter—not a seriously intended interrogation. They were met by Leighton's jocose answer, that after borrowing a carriage and span it was incumbent upon them to go and return them!

Late in the evening of the same day, the steamer arrived from the foot of the lakes, bringing Mr. Lewis and his son-in-law. Mr. Kinglake brought news from Toronto, which, while it cast a gloom over the party, and was the cause of much indecision and hesitancy of action, strangely emphasized the afternoon's colloquy between the Lady Mercedes and Leighton. This was nothing less than the confirmation of Mercedes' long-cherished conviction that her husband still lived. Mr. Kinglake, it seems, had found a cablegram at Toronto from his partner in London, saying that among the personal letters that, in his absence, had come to the office for him was one from the continent, marked on the envelope "immediate." This, it was found, was a message dictated by Mr. Wilton, from a monastery in the Austrian Tyrol, informing his correspondent that he was still alive, and that, though his life had been prolonged for four years since his accident and disappearance, he was now dying, and wished Mr. Kinglake to bring the Lady Mercedes, if she was still unmarried, to his side. To none of the party did the news come with less surprise than to her who had allowed herself to be persuaded that she was a widow. Mrs. Kinglake, of the two ladies, was indeed the more visibly affected. Overcome with emotion, this loving friend and confidante threw her arms round the Lady Mercedes, bewailed the poor wife's unhappy fate, and pled to be taken home with her on her sad mission. The necessity of instant action, in whatever was to be done, all admitted; though so suddenly had the news come upon them that no one was prepared at first with a suggestion. The first to break silence was the Lady Mercedes. With a kiss, she disengaged herself from Mrs. Kinglake's embrace and said kindly but firmly that she would go at once to England and go alone. She could not think, she said, of interfering at this stage with her friends' arrangements, or of upsetting, even on her most vital affairs, the honest pleasure they all expected from their westward trip. Each one of the party endeavoured to induce her to accept Mrs. Kinglake's company, at least as far as England, but this the Lady Mercedes would not hear of; nor would she even accept a convoy to Quebec. All she would agree to was the return of her friends in the morning to Toronto. From there she would alone proceed to Quebec and take the first steamer to England. As no argument of love or fear would dissuade her from this decision, the whole party found themselves the following morning proceeding down the lakes, and early in the afternoon they took train at Gravenhurst for Toronto.

The young Canadian artist, we need hardly say, was of the party. Leighton's relations, not only with the ladies, but with the two English gentlemen, were by this time of the most cordial, indeed intimate, character. Besides being apprised of Leighton's gallant rescue of, and subsequent kind services to, the ladies, Mr. Lewis and his son-in-law had learned much while at Toronto of the artist's social and professional repute, and of his great kindness of heart. Both at Quebec and at the Lakes they had also their own experience and had formed a favourable opinion of Leighton. So highly did they think of him, that between themselves they had begun to talk of him as a probable future husband for Mercedes. Before the telegram had been received from England, the two gentlemen had resolved upon asking Leighton to go with them as their guest to the North-West. Under these circumstances, it was natural that the young artist should be of their party in the return to Toronto; and it was even now being debated whether they should not consent to his accompanying the Lady Mercedes to Quebec, as he had generously offered to do, prompted by feelings of the deepest commiseration and respect.

On the way down to Toronto, a passage in the earliest steamer had been secured by telegraph; and a messenger was to meet them at the station to say if it was necessary that, to catch the steamer, the Lady Mercedes should go on to Quebec that night. There was therefore little time for hesitation. Moreover, there was no one of the party but felt that not only would the Lady Mercedes be safe in Leighton's care, but that it would be the greatest kindness to her that one who had so deservedly gained their whole confidence should be permitted, as he wished, in her hour of trial, to serve her. When they arrived at Toronto, they found that Mercedes must go on at once. In the now bitter parting and on a journey which would put to the strain every feeling and emotion, no one could gainsay that Leighton should be Mercedes' convoy to Quebec. So wrung with sorrow was the poor lady's heart, that she herself seemed a passive agent in the arrangements that had been kindly made for her. Farewells were hastily said, and with a hurried exchange of addresses, to govern future correspondence on both sides, the east-bound train severed the Lady Mercedes from her friends, and Leighton also took cordial leave of those who were now bound for the West.

## CHAPTER V.

VERY touching was the wail that broke from the heart of poor Lady Mercedes, as she now experienced what it was to part from friends who had been so kind and dear to

her, and began to realize what it meant to commit herself to the mission on which she had *alone* set out. Putting her hand in Leighton's, she acknowledged with a look of infinite sadness that, so far, she was not alone. Presently she added that she owed more to Leighton's kindness and outflowing sympathy than she had ever hoped to receive, or ever again to accept, from one of his sex. To these heartfelt words the young artist was fain to reply; but his compassionate heart was too full for utterance. He could but look tenderly into the divine face before him; and, ere the fair soft hand was withdrawn, raise it reverently to his lips.

In the long journey to the old historic seaport, there was no attention that Leighton failed to pay his companion; nor was there even an unexpressed wish of her heart he did not endeavour to anticipate. Nor, on the Lady Mercedes' part, was there aught of all his loving-kindness that passed unnoticed by her, or that failed by look at least to find acknowledgment. But never for a moment did Leighton forget that the dear traveller by his side was still wife, and not widow. The consciousness of this, novel under the circumstances as it was, and suddenly as the fact had come upon them, was indeed clear in the minds of both. To Leighton, this consciousness carried a pang to his heart, for it did not suggest to him that Wilton might recover, and that in this event he could never be Mercedes' wooer? Whatever might betide, her lover, he felt, he must be; and yet it seemed hard that he must continue to love but never possess. But possession just now was not, and in truth had scarcely ever been, in Leighton's thoughts. It was nearness to, not possession of his idol that the young artist longed for; and now his fears mocked him with the dread thought that the separation might be forever. Some inkling of what was passing through his brain seemed to occur to Mercedes, for, just as they were approaching Quebec, and had the evening before them ere they had to be parted by the morrow's steamer, she asked him if they might not walk out together to the little chapel in the suburbs in which they had first met. To this Leighton readily agreed, and thither, after supper at the St. Louis, they went, spending an hour together in the chapel. A service was being held when they reached the place, in which both joined, Mercedes staying for a brief while thereafter, in silent prayer on her knees at the altar.

Early in the morning Leighton saw the Lady Mercedes transferred to the steamer, his dear charge endeavouring, with but poor success, to keep up the appearance of being stayed by a stout heart. To her unfeigned delight, Leighton, through the courtesy of the captain, whom he had previously known, brought her the news that he was permitted to accompany her down the St. Lawrence as far as Rimouski, where they would stop for the mails and land the river pilot. In her loneliness and affliction she felt deeply thankful for what she reverently termed "this new mercy." In the passage down the river Leighton considerably tried to divert her thoughts from her brooding trouble. Even his own sorrow he put aside by giving Mercedes some practical counsel as to how she was to proceed in the different stages of the long journey before her. What were to be the issues of this journey, neither could foresee, and so neither referred to the future. Of one thing Leighton was not left in doubt, and that came out quite naturally in their talk down the river. The old love, he saw, was not dead in Mercedes' heart and the message from the far-off monastery, it was clear, had revived in her breast more than the sense of duty.

By this time the evening had come on, and the steamer's pulsing screw was fast bringing separation to both loved and lover. Hurried now were the parting words of the two, though the emotion of both made those words few and fitful. The steamer at first slowed, and then stopped, then came the sound of shuffling feet along the deck, and the touch on Leighton's shoulder of the hand of the shore-going pilot. Mercedes rose and held out her hand, with words of broken farewell to the young artist. Leighton, greatly moved, was about to raise the dear hand to his lips, when, with a swooning cry, she withdrew it from his grasp and flung both arms around the neck of her lover. The captain called to him that in another moment the ship would be off; but Leighton did not need, though he must heed, the warning. Twining his arms round the slight figure that hung on his breast, he bore it to a seat near by, fervently kissing, as he did so, the lips of the woman he loved. Re-committing his charge to the captain's care, he bounded to the open gangway at the steamers' side, caught the rope ladder and was gone.

#### CHAPTER VI.

MORE than a year has passed since the occurrence of the events we have related, and Leighton still finds himself in the thrall of his consuming love. Within a month after the parting scene on the waters of the lower St. Lawrence, the queenly Mercedes became in reality a widow. Arriving duly at Liverpool, the latter hastened at once to the continent, and made no halt until she reached the monastery in the Bavarian Alps, on the northern frontier of the Tyrol. When she was admitted to the hospital of the Order, the good priest who took her name said compassionately that her husband still lived, but that in another day it would have been too late. Poor Wilton, she found, was barely conscious: the angel of death was even now hovering over his pallet. The same evening he died and on the morrow was buried.

Just before the end there was a brief lucid moment, during which the wan face of the dying man was lit by a brief ray of recognition. This, with a feeble pressure of the hand, was all the solace that was vouchsafed to Mercedes. It was too late to receive from Wilton's own lips the story of his escape from death and the motives which led him to hide from his wife what had really occurred, and his place of concealment. The Lady Mercedes had the facts afterwards narrated to her by the abbot of the monastery. These, however, we need not recite, as, curiously enough, they closely corresponded with what had long been her own convictions. But it was not, it seems, the injuries her husband met with in his fall from the cliff that killed him, though they left him maimed and deformed. More than three years after the occurrence a gloom fell upon the poor man, and at times he was the victim of strange delusions. During one of those periods of mental alienation he made an attempt upon his own life, and it was from the effects of this that he died.

After poor Wilton's death, one of the friars of the monastery, who was a special favourite of the deceased artist, put a packet in the Lady Mercedes' hands, which in view of his death had been entrusted to his care. The packet contained, beside some pathetic references to the blight that had fallen upon both their lives, a memorandum of moneys due to him, which he bequeathed to his wife, from the sale of pictures from his brush that had been sent from time to time to Munich while he was cloistered in the monastery. These pictures had commanded high figures, though the name of the painter had never been disclosed; and the price Wilton received from them had enabled him not only to become a princely patron of the monastery, but to leave a considerable sum to his widow. The subjects of the paintings were chiefly ecclesiastical; many of them being Madonnas of such rare beauty that they had been sought after as altar ornaments by the great dignitaries of the Church. One of these the artist had set aside in the monastery as a gift to his wife; and the poor friar who informed Mercedes of the fact was rash enough to add that the faces of all the Madonnas were replicas of the face of her with whom he now spoke. For this carnal but natural remark, the poor monk, no doubt, would speedily scourge himself and do humble penance.

For a month or more after the burial of Wilton, the Lady Mercedes lingered in the village hard by the monastery, tending the flowers on her husband's grave, and trying to read the riddle of life in presence of the Eternal Hills. At the village she was joined by her aunt, to whom the Kinglakes had written, giving her the few facts that were in their possession, and begging her to have a care of Mercedes, as they knew she would, until their return to England.

This lady, who was much attached to her niece, took the poor widow from the Tyrol to her home in Devon, and did much to bring back to her cheek the hue of health and to her mind its wonted tone and vigour. In this she was greatly assisted by the return of the Kinglakes, with whom, after a while, Mercedes went to reside.

In the meantime, the reader will doubtless ask, what of Leighton? He, poor fellow, for a year after he heard of Wilton's death, had his days of uncertainty and nights of tribulation. Mercedes of course corresponded with him, though, at first, at long intervals. His own delicacy of feeling prevented him from obtruding more frequently with his own letters. But he had become a fast friend of the Kinglakes, and both husband and wife were his regular correspondents. It was chiefly through them that he heard of the object of his affections; and in fragments of their epistles, and on messages occasionally enclosed in them from Mercedes, he kept his love alive. Of late, however, he had heard more often, and directly, from the regal widow, and always in terms of unmistakable affection. It was from her he learned that Mr. Lewis' sons were not coming this year to Canada, but that they would sail early in the following spring, accompanied by their sister and her husband, Mr. Kinglake. By the following mail Leighton received a letter from Mr. Lewis himself, confirming the news Mercedes had given him, and extending a cordial invitation to him to visit England as his guest. This Leighton was sorely tempted to do, and, indeed, before receiving the invitation, he had resolved upon a trip to the Old World on his own account. This he found, however, from the number of commissions that now crowded upon him, as a rising artist, was at present out of the question. Perhaps later on in the year, he added, the project might be undertaken.

To Mrs. Kinglake he wrote, begging her to intercede with Destiny for him, that it might be possible for him soon to be in England. Never was lover, he confessed, more eager to worship at the shrine of his love. Meantime, with what patience he could command, he would live on hope and hourly offer up the incense of his devotion.

Since despatching to Mr. Lewis his apologies for inability to accept his invitation some months have elapsed; and Leighton now finds that he is compelled to abandon his visit to England. The regret which this news occasioned to all has given place to joy in Leighton's mind at the announcement contained in a late letter from Mrs. Kinglake. This letter informed the artist that the writer and her husband were to accompany her brothers (Mr. Lewis' sons) in the spring to Canada, and that the Lady Mercedes was to be of the party. The following mail brought the artist another letter, from the same friendly correspondent, with an explanation of the Lady Mercedes'

design in consenting to come to Canada. The explanation was not needed by Leighton, for he had already, and from a more direct source, been apprised of its purport. It is, however, due to the reader that we should divulge this lover's secret. It is that the Lady Mercedes is coming to Canada, not this time as a visitor, but as an immigrant and settler. Leighton, though he could not go to England in person for a wife, found that the woman he loved was gracious enough to consent to be wooed and won by correspondence.

Our story is now told. In the spring, the little chapel at Quebec is to be decked with flowers, not for a peasant's but for an artist's wedding. For the happy event, Leighton has already written a nuptial ode which is at once a Song of Welcome and an Epithalamium. The ode, which is being set to music, is to be sung by some of the best voices drawn from the choirs of the Quebec and Montreal churches. Nor is the event to be commemorated only by human agency. Nature even now, as we write, gives indication that she will awake from the torpor of her winter sleep and break into the glorious rhythmic chant of summer. Not man merely, but the whole world about us is under the thrall of love. The woods, therefore, are to deck themselves in their brightest attire and every stream under Canadian skies is, at the coming of the Lady Mercedes, to rejoice and be glad.

G. MERCER ADAM.

#### CORRESPONDENCE.

##### FROST IN MANITOBA.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—In this morning's *Chronicle*, of Quebec, there is a careful study by Mr. McTavish, of the Hudson Bay Company, on the causes of frost in certain localities of Manitoba and the Western Territories of Canada, in which he thinks belts of trees might sometimes ward off the early frost; but at the same time specifies cases in which such foliage-walls have altogether failed to do so. He associates frost effects with the low levels of the rivers; but it seems to me he has missed the main point, and one with which every observant farmer might familiarize himself easily enough, and that is, that the frost settles where the land is not properly drained. The rule is about as universal as anything in practical agriculture. The evaporation on the moist levels, of course, lowers the temperature, the formation of a low steam or mist out of the surface water inevitably abstracting the heat from all neighbouring masses.

If we would raise the temperature of the cultivated soil in the fall season, we have to get rid of all superabundant moisture. For this, we must drain the soil effectually, and attend in the first place to the outfall of the rivers, for it will be a weak and futile struggle for the farmer to drain his own land, the watercourse being impeded lower down and throwing back upon him the aqueous enemy he has been battling with. X.

P.S.—Cold surfaces are all ready for frost-attacks, and levels shaded by trees are always cool. At the same time tree-belts may ward off the frost winds and no doubt do so.

##### POLITICAL ECONOMY.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—Political economy consists of a few simple principles explanatory of the increase and distribution of wealth, some of which were known even in the days of Plato, as may be seen from his second book of the Republic; but as friction became gradually developed by the complications of society devices were adopted to tide over difficulties. Such were the invention of a standard of value, followed by the principle of banking and the issue of currency payable on demand; and I might add the tariff device, which was supposed at once to furnish a revenue and afford protection to the industries.

It is not my design in this limited space to dwell on points of agreement, which in fact is unnecessary, but, what is of more importance, to note the points of difference with accepted authorities in this line.

The publication of the "Wealth of Nations," a hundred and twenty years ago, made a great sensation in political circles, not so much owing to any new discovery as to the laboured and finished literary form into which the book was cast. Smith exhausted nearly every topic he took up, but unfortunately for the industrial world the banking principle—a suggestion of Paterson, a Scottish merchant to Chancellor Montague in the Government of 1694—did not come under his practised eye in a way to challenge special attention; it was left for a practical statesman one hundred and fifty years after the inception of the idea, to give it efficiency in the case of the Bank of England, as a distributor of the wealth or regulator of the exchanges.

I have said political economy consists of a few simple principles:—

First, the natural property or raw material falling under the general term *land* has to be manipulated by skilful labour and contrivance before it can be termed wealth. Secondly, wealth consists of products, manufactures, improvements, and conveniences, the result of labour directly or indirectly and made desirable for their utility, and which on that account have an exchangeable

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value; whatever is a matter of bargain or sale falls under this head, and, as such, a business site is wealth on equal terms with the grain of the farmer, and the title as sacred to the owner; all are commodities. Thirdly, the difficulty of exchanging commodities was got over by one of their number, gold, being made a measure at the nominal value of £3 17s. 10½d. an ounce, and a coin is understood as holding a given quantity of the metal. Fourthly, the banking principle increased the facilities of the exchanges by an issue payable on demand in the metal; but the lack of reserves prompting the banks to invest their capital in assets not convertible to pay debts on demand resulted in great loss to the public and derangement to the trade. Fifthly, the remedy is to cause banks to hold property which may be marketable for payments on demand. Sixthly, capital is the value of the wealth, and is the natural distributor of it, and when a circulation is secured by the wealth the banks will be prevented flooding the country with foreign goods and forcing the capital abroad for payment.

It is not necessary to engage in any bootless effort to estimate the whole wealth of a country for that purpose. All that is necessary is to charter only such banks as give adequate security to depositors as well as to noteholders. When that is done the bankers will not readily accommodate men of straw in the importing or any other business; and excessive importations being checked and exports increased, the capital would be saved for the domestic industries, when the rate of interest would gradually decline and the property of the country be made more and more easily convertible. The tariff would of course be removed as the manufacturers felt they had an equivalent for it in cheap capital. In consequence of the capital being paid away for unnecessary supplies property is made all but inconvertible.

There need be no mystery on money matters; it is not by excessive issues of paper currency that business can be improved, but by legislating so as to prevent the exportation of the capital, and that is what a true political economy teaches.

T. GALBRAITH.

Port Hope, August 11, 1890.

## A MEETING.

ONE day I chanced—as we call chance—to meet  
A man whose voice rang true, whose earnest eyes  
With wisdom's searching power did mine entreat,  
Whose voice might soothe the weary sufferer's cries.

He went his way, perchance forgetting, then  
I mine, with thoughts whose glow can never fade,  
For I had seen one of the noblest men  
That God in His own likeness ever made.

H. F.

Montreal.

## "THE BYSTANDER" ON CURRENT EVENTS.

MR. JOHN KING pleads for the better protection of journals against vexatious libel suits brought by irresponsible plaintiffs. His plea is just, though libel unfortunately is not the only legal field in which we are exposed to litigation at the hands of people who cannot pay the costs. But there is also something to be said on behalf of those whose reputation is exposed to the attacks of journalists trading in libel and enabled to defy its penalties by their lack both of character and of cash. People need not greatly tax their memory to recall flagrant instances of this kind in our own community. It is said that such libels may be safely treated with contempt. General abuse may be safely treated with contempt; but it is doubtful whether a specific charge can: it is remembered and repeated when its source is forgotten. Citizens have a right to reputation, and that right is at present not in all cases effectually guarded. Perhaps to guard it effectually in the case of public men, so long as a jury is the tribunal, would hardly be possible. One of the most eminent of Canadian judges was heard to say that in the trial of a libel suit, brought by a party politician, no efforts of the presiding judge could secure justice against appeals to the political prejudice of the jury. The result of a system which morally constrains the plaintiff in a libel suit to go into the witness box too commonly is that instead of the libeller being tried for libel the man libelled is tried for his general character. A journal ought not to be allowed to bring charges without evidence, and then wring out evidence from the accused person himself by cross-examination: it ought to be compelled to make good the charges with evidence of its own. Honourable journalism would be no gainer by a lax law of libel.

Education has been holding its summer meetings. Our parting word to it shall be, Improve the High Schools. More than once we have expressed the conviction that at the High Schools the education of youths destined for business or ordinary callings ought as a rule to end. It is a mistake to bring on to the University any boy who has no aptitude for learning or science and there practically bid him work or be idle as he chooses, with too many chances in favour of his being idle. If we are right in this, the High School is for youths in general the finishing-place of education, and its importance and that of its headmaster are great. Improve the High Schools, get thoroughly good men for the headships and masterships,

and, that the incomes may be such to draw ability, increase the fees, which are now absurdly small, to a reasonable amount, retaining perhaps a few places as bursaries for pupils from the Public Schools. Let the High Schools be perfectly organized and used as places of secondary education for the community at large, not, as is too much the case at present, employed merely to qualify teachers, male and female, for the Public Schools. From the report of the recent Departmental Examinations, it would seem that considerably over three-fourths of the candidates make use of the High Schools for the means of professional training, two-thirds of the number being women; and the same thing, we believe, happens every year.

There have now been three mutinies in the British army, once the paragon of discipline and duty. At the same time there have been disturbances in the English police. If the public force were to become untrustworthy utter confusion would set in, and it will be surprising if the prospect of such a catastrophe does not make even the political Messiah, to which he regards any other government as an unhallowed obstacle, Mr. Gladstone has filled the country with anarchical as well as with disunionist sentiment and set the spirit of disturbance everywhere at work. People in England are beginning to compare the state of the army with that of the French army in 1789, and to fear a repetition of the same train of events. The case is not so bad as that; yet it must be owned that there are some ugly traits of similarity between the condition of England at the present hour and that of France on the eve of the great deluge. One of them is the growing hatred of all authority. Another is the levity with which people of the higher and wealthier class seem to be dabbling in revolution, and which reminds us of Philippe Egalité and the doomed triflers of his train. In the case of Philippe, vanity, the satiety of pleasure, and the desire of a new excitement were the moving causes; in the case of the English there is mingled with these perhaps an impulse of a higher kind; but the social symptom is not the less alarming. Together with mutiny there is industrial war on the largest and most menacing scale. Professional incendiaries are licensed to indulge their malignant ambition by throwing a whole section of the realm into confusion, paralyzing trade, wrecking or depreciating a vast amount of property, and depriving thousands for a time of their bread, besides breaking up social order and poisoning the heart of the community. Soon it will become a question how far society is bound to suffer its most vital interests to be the sport of agitators like these. The House of Commons adjourns after a session lost in obstruction and marked in ever-increasing measure by factious violence, disorder and even outrage. Nor is there the slightest reason for hoping that this assembly, now the depository of supreme power and in effect the sole government of the nation, will meet again in any better temper or more fitted to legislate and rule. Too little is seen anywhere of the courage of conviction; the sinew of the nation seems to have been unstrung for the time by scepticism and the failure of the beliefs on which character has hitherto been formed and action based. Hardly any man of mark, except Mr. Balfour, comes forward on either side; and when Mr. Gladstone is gone, if the Radicals win, we may see the destinies of the greatest of nations committed to Sir William Harcourt, Mr. Labouchere, and Mr. John Morley. However, there is still great store of force in England and national peril may bring it forth.

The opinion seems to gain ground that there is a secret understanding between France and Russia. If there is, there will most likely be war, for such an understanding can have no peaceful object. On the other side will apparently be a firm union of England and Germany cemented by Lord Salisbury's diplomacy, the success of which even Home Rulers are compelled to acknowledge. With them will be Austria, thanks to the wise moderation which Bismarck knew how, on occasion, to unite with daring. From the field of Sadowa the Stephansturm was almost in view, and the victorious army cried, "On to Vienna!" But Bismarck at once called a halt. Having rid Germany of Austrian domination he took from Austria not a rood of land, he subjected her pride to no sort of humiliation. Thus of his defeated enemy he made at once a fast friend. If the old hero shows less calmness than we could desire in his fall, let it be remembered that not only has he lost power but he sees his work in danger of being undone by the rashness of an unbalanced youth. To make matters worse, the youth, it seems, has now fallen under the influence of an intriguing woman, the organ of a family grudge against the statesman who, in making Germany a nation, had to disown the King of Hanover. The young George III., Bute and the Princess Dowager cashiered Chatham, but their act has not been ratified by national gratitude.

The latest reports concerning the huge Ferranti station at Deptford, England, of whose disastrous failure such dismal forebodings have been made from time to time, are distinctly encouraging. Current is now being actually transmitted at a pressure of between 5,000 and 6,000 volts over a temporary cable, and the new type of Ferranti cables are most highly spoken of.—*New York Sun*.

## MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

ON Monday next the plan of seats for the Strauss Orchestral concerts will be open at Nordheimer's for subscribers only. On the 10th inst. the plan will be open to the public, and we have little doubt but that there will be an eager demand to hear the Viennese aggregation. Those who have heard them interpret dance music declare it to be a revelation.

## TORONTO CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC.

FROM the official calendar issued by the above institution, we observe that the institution reopened on 1st inst. Since its incorporation in the city, some three years ago, the Conservatory has established a reputation for itself, second to none in Canada. It is well managed and possesses large capital, giving it a permanence and standing, which, to the student desirous of completing a thorough course of study in music, is of greater importance. Of the high character of the instruction it affords and the ability of its professional staff little need be said. Its success since its establishment has been phenomenal, every year adding to the number of its students. In these days when no place can long be found for mediocrity, this, of itself, is sufficient evidence that the character of its work has been of a high order, and has in consequence been generally appreciated. The system of instruction it has adopted is one calculated to bring the student into an extensive acquaintance with the best schools of classical and modern music. A graduated course leading up to works of the most advanced order, as respects both technical and musical requirements, is prepared in the various departments, the pupils being thus gradually advanced in their grasp of music till they attain a comprehensive and practical knowledge of the various branches. These include piano, voice, organ, violin, orchestral and band instruments, harmony, sight-singing, church music, etc. In the organ departments, students have every opportunity of qualifying themselves for church and other appointments, the large pipe organ owned by the Conservatory and situated in Association Hall being available for both lessons and practice. This year the resources of the institution will be enhanced by the addition of a reference musical library for the use of students in which they will find much that will interest them and prove helpful in the carrying on of their studies. The whole of the arrangements, as heretofore, will be under the control of the musical director, Mr. Edward Fisher, whose large experience has had much to do with the success of the institution in the past. We may mention that the examinations in the harmony department are recognized by the governing body of Trinity University with which the Conservatory is in affiliation. Students who have taken the diploma in this branch require only to pass the University's final examination in order to acquire the degree of Bachelor of Music. We cannot recommend those desirous of studying in a thoroughly good institution to do better than to send to the secretary for one of the official calendars which will give them much information regarding the establishment.

SIR JOHN STAINER and Dr. Philip Armes have been appointed examiners for musical degrees at the University of Durham.

ITALIAN papers announce the death of Alfonso Guercia, a well reputed professor of singing at the Conservatory of Naples, author of a "Metodo del Canto," and composer of an opera entitled "Rita," which was a very creditable failure at Naples in 1875.

EUGEN D'ALBERT left Eisenach recently for Meran, where he will spend his vacation. Besides the opera which he is at work on he is also composing a piano and cello sonata. He expects to figure considerably as a conductor during the coming season.

THE Leipzig Theatre has published its report. And Wagner heads the list. Out of 194 performances, in which fifty different operas were given, Wagner's works were played on thirty-eight occasions, Weber on sixteen, Mozart on twelve, and Beethoven, who, however, only wrote one opera, on five. Of the four so-called novelties not one seems to have obtained any particular success.

RUBINSTEIN has been sojourning recently at Bad Badweiler, Germany, for his health. A correspondent who met him there sends some interesting notes about him to the *New York World*: "He keeps himself shut up in his room and never goes out from one day's end to another. When I saw him he was poring over a big pile of music MSS., which he said he had written since he had been here. I suggested that the American people would hail with delight his return, say in 1893. He quickly responded that he should never travel so far again. 'In fact,' said he, 'I hope I shall be dead before that date. What time I have to live I shall pass in St. Petersburg—not, however, as the director of the conservatory, for I intend to resign that position next year. I cannot stand those fearful, annoying examinations.' These 'fearful examinations' seem to haunt the great man like a terrible nightmare." The Rubinstein correspondent goes on: "I heard a timid knock at the door, and, in answer to the master's 'Come in!' little Otto Hegner made his appearance. The little boy played and left. When he had gone I asked Rubinstein what he thought of the young pianist. He replied: 'Well, I heard the Hofmann boy in Moscow when he was only eight years of age. He is a genius of the very first order—not only a pianist, but what is of very great importance, a musician. One of these two boys is a phenomenal artist, the other is a prodigy.'" Rubinstein did not, however, say which was which.

## OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

A ROMANCE AT THE ANTIPODES. By Mrs. Dun Douglass. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Mrs. Douglass, while not breaking any new ground, has succeeded in making the description of her travels sufficiently interesting. She tells of Australia and its scenery in the vivid, piquante way we are wont to look for from an American authoress, who is generally more practical than sentimental, and is, if anything, unconventionally artistic. The human interest in the story is vapid and one feels it has been placed there as a sort of second thought to catch a certain class of readers, who must have the sugar of human sentimentality to enable them to swallow the smaller literary morsel. Mrs. Douglass paints her pictures well, save for a tendency to gorgeousness, and she appears to have taken notes upon everything worth seeing or knowing.

BRUSHES AND CHISELS. By Teodoro Serra. Boston: Lee and Shepard; New York: Charles T. Dillingham.

This little book can hardly be called a novel. It consists more of a series of word-pictures of Roman artistic life with gleams of love and passion falling here and there, investing the sketches with a human interest, rather strained, it is true, but what would you have in Rome—the place above all others where the depths of love and passion, romance and tragedy are to be found if anywhere? At least one expects it to be so. A quartette of lovers afford the emotional interest, one pair making the "Fair Haven," and the other shipwreck. The American girl is, of course, introduced, but this time it is a quiet type, subdued to the artistic surroundings. A worse story might while away the tedium of an idle day on the Lakes.

THE TRAGIC MUSE. By Henry James. Boston and New York: Houghton, Millin and Company.

At last we have the *Atlantic's* slow dragging serial in book form, whether for the enhancement of Mr. James' reputation as a novelist or not is not easily decided. Polished, of course, Mr. James always is; his portraits are finished, but they never strike us as being intensely original. His "Tragic Muse" is too fierce a title for a book in which the muse is of so mild a sort. Mr. James probably never meant his title to be taken seriously. Nick and Bidy and ambitious Julia all remind one of well-known types, and are too polished to be forceful. In the analysis of motive and in the painting with brief touch of an ideal we recognize the same master hand, but throughout, as we read, we are surprised to find that we are not moved inwardly. The pleasure lies all on the surface. One is amused, but one is not touched.

LORD CLIVE. By Colonel Sir Charles Wilson. English "Men of Action" Series. London and New York: Macmillans.

Colonel Wilson has done his work thoroughly, and we doubt if a more comprehensive account of the life and work of the founder of British Supremacy in India exists. A short account of the Mogul Empire under Aurungzebe and of its rapid decline after his death until the war-like Mahrattas had practically crippled the mighty sovereignty founded by Baber precede the actual history of Clive's career. The boisterous Styche schoolboy, of whom his master wrote, "I do what I can to suppress the hero in him, that I may keep forward the more valuable qualities of meekness, benevolence and patience," arrived in India at a time when the tragedy of Arcot was scarcely forgotten, and when France and England had just declared war. Idle as he had been in his school days, industry was young Robert's distinguishing feature in "John Company's" service and the library at Government House was made good use of by him. As to the "more valuable qualities of meekness, patience," etc., which good old Mr. Bayley had so earnestly endeavoured to instil into the youthful Clive, we fail to trace their fruit in the accounts we have of the young man's early Indian career. Duels were not wanting to break the monotony of his daily life, and his haughty demeanour did not make many friends for him. But he worked hard, and service in the trenches at the unsuccessful siege of Pondicherry gave him an opportunity of exhibiting that energetic gallantry which was his distinguishing characteristic. By few men has the art of war been learned and grasped more thoroughly in so short a period. British influence in India was, perhaps, at its lowest ebb when Clive with his handful of raw Europeans and unreliable natives marched out to take Arcot. The re-investment by the enemy and the siege showed Clive in his true colours. Thence, onward some six years to Plassey and the raw schoolboy and clerk of 1744 had, in 1757, become the mainstay and avenger of British power in Hindostan and one of the greatest captains of the age. We cannot follow Clive's career further, even to touch upon those "miserable years" in Westminster Hall, but for entertaining and useful reading we would heartily commend the book.

MADAGASCAR, OR ROBERT DRURY'S JOURNAL, during fifteen years of captivity on that Island. Edited with introduction and notes by Capt. Pasfield Oliver, R.A., author of "Madagascar." London: T. Fisher Unwin; New York: Macmillan's.

The tendency of the age, as we often have heard, is to question everything. Old beliefs that our forefathers never dreamed of analyzing, traditions that are hoary, things that have become part of our very being, each and

all are made to pass through the ruthless crucible of an ultra scientific and sceptical generation, their improbabilities exposed and the shreds and remnants tossed back to us in derision. And so aggressively antagonistic is this spirit that we are not even to be permitted to enjoy our "fools' paradise" of comfortable credulity as our friends the Agnostics term the attitude of Faith. We are to be rescued from it even though our life strings be twined round the dear tradition which is the object of their fury. And so we need not wonder if the authorship of a book, hitherto believed to be written by the man whose history it is, should be called in question, and by the keen processes of analysis and comparison shown to be in all probability the work of an anonymous though easily detected author. Captain Oliver has done his work of editing this new and handsome volume of the "Adventure Series" with marked ability, as we might expect from his being on familiar ground. As to the doubtful authorship of the book, we are bound to admit that the editor has much of reason on his side when he says in effect that, since Drury tells us that in his fifteen years' captivity he had lost much of his command of English, when we come upon a passage that exhibits all the raciness of Defoe we feel sure that Drury did not write it. Drury's captivity and sufferings were real. Of that there is no question. His veracity is testified to by such experts as Copland, Owen, Boletier Ellis, Mullens, and the best French authorities. Of his character, perhaps the less said about it the better. There seems to be indubitable proof that in mature age he was both pirate and slave-dealer. Later on he hung around the India House as a common porter. The main interest of the book is in the record of the terribly rough time he had among his captors, and the now disputed authorship. We do not think the book will be as widely read as its predecessor in the Series.

*Outing* has a place peculiarly its own in current literature, and could ill be spared by the devotees of out-door amusements. The September number has a number of well illustrated and brilliantly written articles, devoted to sport and its equipments. Such are "The English Partridge," timely and interesting, by Charles Turner. "Wimbledon," by T. C. Francis; "The Newfoundland Dog," by Edwin H. Morris; "Hunting Antelope east of the Rockies," by John W. Hays, and an article of considerable local athletic interest, "The Toronto Bicycle Club," by H. English. Other articles, interesting enough, but too numerous to mention, make up an attractive and varied table of contents.

*Macmillan's* for August is an unusually good number. Goldwin Smith explains his position with regard to Pitt, in consequence of having been accused of apostasy since his lectures on that statesman in 1862. The author of "Chapters from Some Unwritten Memoirs" tells of Chopin; in an unsigned paper of a series on "Scott's Heroines," considerable space is devoted to Alice Bridgenorth, Alice Lee, and Minna Troil, who illustrate "the same principle of action." "Modern School Books" are criticized by Arthur Gage, who has many suggestions worthy of careful consideration. There is an interesting sketch of Piranesi, and a brief biography of Dr. John Thomas, founder of the sect called Christadelphians. "Kirsteen" comes to a mournful end, and there is a grewsome short story, "The West-bound Express," as thrilling as it is improbable.

*Cassell's Family Magazine* for September contains the first chapters of a new serial story by the author of "Witness My Hand" entitled "The Wooing of Christabel," which is illustrated by Alice Havers. The two other serial stories, Miss E. M. King's "Womanlike," and Mr. Berwick Harwood's "The Merchant Prince," are continued. "My Strange Gift" is the title of a complete story by M. Ford, which is accompanied by two illustrations by Lucien Davies. Special interest attaches to an illustrated paper in this number on "Life in a New Zealand Homestead;" while those in search of something new abroad may find it in one or other of the "Two Little-known London Libraries," which are described and pictured in another paper. Musical amateurs will doubtless recognize some old friends in the sketches by Mr. Rainey, and will find practical exercise in Dr. W. H. Hunt's setting of a new song entitled "The Best of Reasons." The number concludes with notes on the latest novelties, scientific, mechanical, or literary, collected under the head of "The Gatherer."

MR. LOWELL'S "Inscription for a Memorial Bust of Fielding" though brief, is the most remarkable piece of writing in the *Atlantic* for September. Dr. Holmes, in his instalment of "Over the Teacups," discourses on the fondness of Americans for titles, gives a lay sermon on future punishment, and ends it, as do many preachers, with some verses. Mr. Justin Winsor considers the "Perils of Historical Narrative," and Mr. J. Franklin Jameson contributes a scholarly paper on "Modern European Historiography;" Mr. Fiske adds an article on the "Disasters of 1780," and these three papers furnish the solid reading of the number. Hope Notnor continues her amusing studies in French history, this time writing about Madame de Montespan, her sisters, and her daughters. "A Son of Spain," the chronicle of a famous horse, Mr. Quincy's bright paper on "Cranks as Social Motors," and "Mr. Brisbane's Journal," the diary of a South Carolinian, written about 1801, are among the other more notable papers. Mrs. Deland's and Miss Fanny Murfree's serials, a consideration of American and German Schools, and reviews of the "Tragic Muse" and other volumes complete the number.

## LITERARY AND PERSONAL GOSSIP.

MESSRS. HUTCHINSON AND Co. have in the press an "Australian Dictionary of Biography," edited by Mr. Philip Menzell.

RUDYARD KIPLING'S new book, about to appear, and which the J. W. Lovell Company will issue on this side is entitled "The Book of Forty-Five Mornings."

THE new and improved edition of the Rev. P. H. Wicksteed's "Lectures on Dante" is announced by Mr. Elkin Mathews, Vigo street, at one-third of the original price.

A TRANSLATION of Matilde Serao's "Fantasia," a very successful Italian novel, is announced as one of the next volumes of Mr. William Heinemann's "Foreign Library."

THACKERAY'S *Westminster Review* article on "Cruikshank" is to be republished by Messrs. George Bell and Sons, with an introductory notice by Mr. F. G. Stephens.

COUNT TOLSTOI was found by a recent visitor to be slowly recovering from a severe illness. Though still weak and emaciated and not able to work in the fields, he was engaged upon a new novel.

WE have no objection to our esteemed contemporary, the *Belfast Weekly Telegraph*, reproducing matter from our columns, but the merest form of courtesy we think demands an acknowledgment of the source.

MESSRS. KEGAN PAUL, TRENCH, TRUBNER AND Co. will bring out Major Charles Cumberland's new book, which gives the account of his three years' sport and travels on the confines of Turkestan, Persia, and Russia.

CARLYLE'S house in Chelsea has been subdivided for tenants; several of the rooms are said to retain the appearance they had in Carlyle's lifetime. It is to be hoped that none of his dyspeptic temper haunts the rooms.

"THE WITCH OF PRAGUE" sounds like a title for a book of Mr. Rider Haggard's. It is, however, a work by Mr. F. Marion Crawford, just completed, and about to appear serially. It may be expected in book form early in the new year.

DAUDET, it is said, smokes like a furnace, and works like an engine; when working at a book that pleases him he will write straight on through the twenty-four hours, and lock the doors against his wife lest she should compel him to go to bed.

MR. ELKIN MATTHEWS will publish, next month, "George Meredith, Novelist and Poet," by Mr. Le Gallienne. A full bibliography of Mr. Meredith's works and of the best magazine and review notices of them will be supplied by Mr. John Lane.

THERE are indications that the Ibsen craze has run its course. Mr. Andrew Lang, who never lacks the courage of his convictions, does not hesitate to say that Ibsen is "a prosy person with no sense of humour." A few months ago this would have been rank heresy.

"THE LION CITY OF AFRICA," Willis Boyd Allen's latest literary venture, shows up incidentally the infamies of the liquor traffic between the United States and Africa. Mr. Allen's "Kelp, a Story of the Isles of Shoals," is just the book for visitors to that famous group of islands, about which it gives much interesting data.

RIDER HAGGARD, the novelist, bears a certain facial resemblance to the young emperor of Germany; he is tall and slim and broad-shouldered, and has the bearing of a practical athlete rather than an over-worked man-of-letters; he has large, full, blue eyes and light-brownish moustache, and his manner is at once frank, earnest and unaffected.

HARPER AND BROTHERS announce for immediate publication a new book by Capt. Charles King, entitled "Campaigning with Crook." The volume will include the Captain's reminiscences of the famous Big Horn and Yellowstone expeditions of 1876, together with three short stories of frontier military life: "Captain Santa Claus," "The Mystery of Mahbin Mill," and "Plodder's Promotion."

A WORK in two quarto volumes on "The Fossil Insects of North America," by Dr. S. H. Scudder, of Cambridge, will be issued early in October by Macmillan and Company. The two volumes, of which only one hundred copies will be issued, not only contain, with some slight exceptions, a description of all the species of fossil insects of all American strata so far as known, but practically include the entire body of literature on this topic. The work will be illustrated by about sixty full-page plates, and occasional figures in the text.

CONTINENTAL papers report that the well-known Spanish writer and politician, Señor Emilio Castelar, being engaged on a "Life of Jesus," will shortly repair to Palestine, thus following the example of M. Renan, who had also made himself practically acquainted with the scene of Christ's preaching before writing his *Vie de Jésus*. Señor Castelar's work will, however, unlike the latter, be rather of a descriptive kind than critical and philosophical. It is said that he is also engaged on a history of Spain.

THE death of Cardinal Newman makes timely and useful the mention of his principal writings. Of these the ones best suited for general reading, and which have attained the largest circulation, are: "Apologia Pro Vita Sua;" "Parochial and Plain Sermons;" "Essay in Aid of a Grammar of Assent;" "University Sermons;" "Sermons on Subjects of the Day;" "The Via Media of the Anglican Church;" "Essays, Critical and Historical;" "Idea of a University Defined;" "Essays on Miracles;" "Verses on Various Occasions."

READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

OUTGROWTH.

ART so forlorn,  
Sad Brier, because the rose is dead?  
Be comforted!  
Knowest thou not some future morn  
Another flower shall crown instead  
Thy drooping head?

Canst thou believe  
That chance alone did so endow  
Thy random bough?  
Or shall the steadfast year deceive,  
And bud and blossom disavow  
And fail thee now?

Dost not divine  
Thou art the root of thy fair rose  
And her sweet shows?  
Her beauty is not hers, but thine;  
From thine own life the colour flows  
Wherewith she glows.

Take heart and hope!  
Her glory is the growth of thee.  
So shalt thou see  
All beauty that is in her scope,  
As long as thou thyself shalt be,  
Thou hast in fee.

—Kate Putnam Osgood, in *Harper's Bazar*.

AMERICAN SOCIAL AND LITERARY INDEPENDENCE.

I CONFESS that I am not in sympathy with some of the movements that accompany the manifestations of American social and literary independence. I do not like the assumption of titles of Lords and Knights by plain citizens of a country which prides itself on recognizing simple manhood and womanhood as sufficiently entitled to respect without these unnecessary additions. I do not like any better the familiar, and as it seems to me, rude way of speaking of our fellow-citizens who are entitled to the common courtesies of civilized society. I never thought it dignified or even proper for a President of the United States to call himself, or to be called by others, "Frank" Pierce. In the first place, I had to look in a biographical dictionary to find out whether his baptismal name was Franklin, or Francis, or simply Frank, for I think children are sometimes christened with this abbreviated name. But it is too much the style of Cowper's unpleasant acquaintance:—

The man who hails you Tom or Jack,  
And proves by thumping on your back  
How he esteems your merit.

I should not like to hear our past chief magistrate spoken of as Jack Adams or Jim Madison, and it would have been only as a political partisan that I should have recon- ciled myself to "Tom" Jefferson. So, in spite of "Ben" Jonson, "Tom" Moore, and "Jack" Sheppard, I prefer to speak of a fellow-citizen already venerable by his years, entitled to respect by useful services to his country, and recognized by many as the prophet of a new poetical dispensation, with the customary title of adults rather than by the free and easy school-boy abbreviation with which he introduced himself many years ago to the public. As for his rhapsodies, Number Seven, our "Cracked Tea- cup," says they sound to him like "fugues played upon a big organ which has been struck by lightning." So far as concerns literary independence, if we understand by that term the getting rid of our subjection to British criticism, such as it was in the days when the question was asked, "Who reads an American book?" we may consider it pretty well established. If it means dispensing with punctuation, coining words at will, self-revelation unre- strained by a sense of what is decorous, declamations in which everything is glorified without being idealized, "poetry" in which the reader must make the rhythms which the poet has not made for him, then I think we had better continue literary colonists. I shrink from a lawless independence to which all the virile energy and trampling audacity of Mr. Whitman fails to reconcile me. But there is room for everybody and everything in our huge hemis- phere. Young America is like a three-year-old colt with his saddle and bridle just taken off. The first thing he wants to do is to roll. He is a droll object, sprawling in the grass with his four hoofs in the air; but he likes it, and it won't harm us. So let him roll—let him roll!—  
*Oliver Wendell Holmes, in September Atlantic.*

THE PRIVATE INCOMES OF GERMAN AND ENGLISH OFFICERS.

A TRANSLATION of the German Emperor's Rescript, modi- fying the conditions which have hitherto regulated the admission of officers to the army, appeared in a late *Arrow*. The sums laid down in the Order are presumably the result of investigation and enquiry by the august Com- mander from whom they emanate. His marked capacity for business, and his earnest desire to enhance the effi- ciency of his army, alike render it improbable that any excessive frugality has dictated the determination of the amounts, but it must be admitted that the totals are such as would gladden the heart of any British "governor" or guardian, if applicable to sons or wards holding commis- sions under the Empress of India. Custom has to a con- siderable extent established a scale of some sort in the

English army, governing the possibilities of serving in various corps, as influenced by the private means of the officer. It may be roughly estimated that £100 per annum would be the minimum allowance rendering a careful, and albeit rather frugal, existence possible for candi- dates for service in the artillery, engineers and infantry. Twice that sum would possibly enable an officer in the horse artillery to "keep his head above water," his recre- ation and sport being kept within decidedly cramped bounds. Three hundred per annum would enable a subaltern in all cavalry regiments, except a privileged few, to perform that mystic and sometimes superhuman feat known as "making both ends meet." The position of the guards and house- hold cavalry is such that expenses which may be termed "regimental," i. e., entertaining as a regiment, are con- siderably less than might be expected from the prestige of the corps, whereas the prolonged leave attainable, and other special considerations, place possibilities of economy or excess very largely in the hands of individual officers. From the above it appears that our very lowest estimate—and we believe it to be fair and temperate—is slightly in excess of the highest allotment of private means in the table drawn up by the German Emperor. In other words, it is more expensive to live frugally in the British infan- try of the line than in the Prussian cavalry. The Emperor has permitted an exception to his maximum rate "for cer- tain garrisons," which would seem to justify the conclu- sion that all attendant circumstances were well weighed. Happily in our regular army no difficulty exists as to the supply of officers. An occasional reminder is now and again fulminated with a view to checking extravagance, and the expense of life in the cavalry has at times deterred candidates from entering that branch. Nobility of birth has not, perhaps, been so common amongst our com- missioned ranks of late, but seeing that no condition of any sort whatever is imposed in this direction, the social status of our officers leaves little, if anything, to be desired. The zeal and earnestness of the German officers will no doubt lead them to accept loyally the changes initiated by their Emperor and colleague.—*Broad Arrow.*

AN EXCITING EXPERIENCE.

FOR myself, I was "chopped down" once, and once only. It happened in this way: In the midwinter of 1879, I had occasion to visit the chief camp of the Little Madawaska. Coming from the city, and to a camp where I was a stranger to all the men, I was not unnaturally regarded as a pronounced specimen of the greenhorn. I took no pains to tell any one what the boss already well knew, that is, that I had been a frequenter of the camps from my boyhood. Many and many a neat trap was laid for my apparently "tender" feet, but I avoided them all as if by accident. As for climbing a tree, I always laughed at the idea when it was proposed to me. I always suggested that it might spoil my clothes. Before long the men, by putting little things together, came to the con- clusion that I was an old stager; and, rather sheepishly, they gave over their attempts to entrap me. Then I graciously waved my hand, as it were, and was frankly received as a veteran, cleared from every suspicion of being green. At last the day came when I *did* wish to climb a tree. The camp was on a high plateau, and not far off towered a magnificent pine tree, growing out of the summit of a knoll in such a way as to command all the surrounding country. Its branches were phenomenally thick; its girth of trunk was magnificent. And this tree I resolved one day to climb, in order to get a clear idea of the lay of the land. Of course I strolled off surreptitiously, and, as I thought, unwatched. But there I was much mistaken. No sooner was I two thirds of the way up the tree than, with shouts of laughter, the lumbermen rushed out of the surrounding cover and proceeded to chop me down. The chance was too good for them to lose. I con- cealed my annoyance, and made no attempt to descend. On the contrary I thanked them for the little attention, and climbed a few feet further up, to secure a position which I saw would be a safe one for me when the tree should fall. As I did so, I perceived, with a gasp and a tremor, that I was not alone in the tree. There, not ten feet above me, stretched at full length along a large branch, was a huge panther, glaring with rage and terror. From the men below his form was quite concealed. Glancing restlessly from me to my pursuers, the brute seemed uncertain just what to do. As I carefully refrained from climbing any further up, and tried to assume an air of not having observed him, he apparently concluded that I was not his worst enemy. In fact, I dare say he understood what was going on and realized that he and I were fellow- sufferers. I laughed softly to myself as I thought how my tormentors would be taken aback when that panther should come down among them. I decided that, considering their numbers, there would be at least no more danger for them than that to which they were exposing me in their reckless fooling. And, already influenced by that touch of nature which makes us so wondrous kind, I began to hope that the panther would succeed in making his escape. The trunk of the pine was so thick that I might almost have reached the ground before the choppers could cut it through. At last it gave a mighty shudder and sagged to one side. I balanced myself nimbly on the upper side, steadying my- self by a convenient branch. The great mass of foliage, presenting a wide surface to the air, made the fall a com- paratively slow one; but the tremendous sweep of the draught upward, as the tree-top described its gigantic arc, gave me a sickening sensation. Then came the final dull

and thunderous crash, and, in an instant, I found myself standing in my place, jarred but unhurt, with the snow threshed up all about me. The next instant there was another roar, or rather a sort of screaming yell, overwhelming the riotous laughter of the woodsmen; and out of the confusion of pine-boughs shot the tawny form of the panther in a whirlwind of fury. One of the choppers was in his path, and was bowled over like a clumsy nine-pin. The next bound brought the beast on the backs of a yoke of oxen, and his cruel claws severely scratched the oxen's necks. As the poor animals bellowed and fell on their knees, the panther paused, with some idea, apparently, of fighting the whole assembled party. But as the men, recovered from their first amazement, rushed with their axes to the rescue of the oxen, the panther saw that the odds were all against him. He turned half around and greeted his enemies with one terrific and strident snarl, then bounded off into the forest at a pace which made it idle to pursue him. The owner of the oxen hurled an axe after him, but the missile flew wide of its mark.—*From "Chopping Him Down," by Charles G. D. Roberts, in September St. Nicholas.*

PUNISHMENTS IN THE FRENCH ARMY.

THE punishments in vogue in the French army are of a very severe nature, more especially when it is considered that the men thus punished are not by any means crimi- nals, but only soldiers who have not behaved so well as they might. These are deported to Algiers under the name of "Camisards," where they are enrolled in the *compagnies de discipline*. Before embarking the man has his boots taken from him, which are replaced by sabots, and on arriving at his destination he receives a uniform of grey wool and a cap with a large brim. The men are farmed out to do work, and are all the time under the supervision of non-commissioned officers, who treat their inferiors with the greatest brutality. It is, however, the punishments to which the men are subjected for the most trifling offences which must excite indignation. A com- mon punishment is to keep them night and day in a hole in the ground with perpendicular walls, so that escape is impossible. Scorching heat by day and cold by night, with rations, reduced to one quarter of their proper quan- tity, make the very common punishment of the *gargouille* extremely trying. The imprisoning of men in the *tombes*, or regulation tents, which are only fifty centimetres broad, and sixty high, is no rarity; and during their incar- ceration the prisoners receive no water, nor wine nor coffee. A little meat and some *bouillon* is their whole nourishment during the day. But those who are punished with cells are incomparably worse off. They are never allowed, under any circumstances, to leave the hole they are kept in either by day or by night. They have no duties or work to pass the time, and only get some warm soup every second day, with a very limited quantity of water daily. This punishment is made still more severe by putting the man into irons on certain occasions. The delinquent has two iron rings round his ankles, which are connected by an iron bar rather more than a foot in length, so that his legs form an isosceles triangle with it. He is forced to lie down on his face, and then his arms are chained on his back, whereupon he is put into his *tombes*. He can only eat his soup like a dog, and if he wants to drink he must seize his bottle with his teeth, and should he let the bottle fall his ration of water is lost for that day. Any complaints are at once stopped by a gag. Only quite recently a punishment was in use called the *crapaudine*. In this posture he was strung up onto an iron bar. The *camisard* is also in use. The soldier is first put into a strait-jacket, his hands are tied on his back, and round his neck an iron collar is fastened, which is attached to an iron bar in the wall. The man has to stand in this position as long as eight days, unable to lie down or to do any thing for himself.—*Vanity Fair.*

A CRITICAL GENIUS.

AMONG Rice's old acquaintances was a leader of the orchestra, one John C—. Quite a musical genius was C—, and a great character. He was a perfect know- all; no subject, either artistic, musical, or scientific, could be broached in his presence on which he did not at once present himself as an authority. If a fast horse was men- tioned C— had a father or an uncle who owned one that could distance the animal in question with ease. Should any one venture to give an account of a remarkable storm, where the hailstones were as large as hens' eggs, the old leader was down on him with goose eggs at once. On a certain Sunday afternoon John Rice and a party of his friends were sitting on the back porch of his house, listen- ing to some of the marvellous experiences of C—, when the host, getting a little tired of these wonders, exclaimed: "C—, you seem to be an authority on most matters; now I want your solution of a curious fact that is staring us in the face. Look at that apple tree over the fence"— pointing to one in the orchard at the back of the house. "You see it has no apples on it and all the rest of the trees are full of fruit; now how do you account for that?" C— ran his eye over the orchard with a profound look, and rising slowly from his seat mounted the fence, let him- self down upon the other side with as scientific an air as the performance would admit of, and going down upon his knees began to examine the roots of the barren tree. The company during all this time were watching the proceed- ing with becoming gravity. C—, having cut off a piece

of the bark from the tree, wiped his eye-glasses and examined the specimen with great care. At last he smiled with a placid kind of triumph and exclaimed, "Ah! I thought so." Again climbing the fence, he returned to the group who had been watching him and said: "Now observe. You see that gray colour on the edge of the bark?" They did. "Well, that is called *fungi mortem*, and whenever that deadly sign appears at the root of an apple tree it never bears fruit."

"I don't think you are quite right about it," said Rice; "for that tree was full of apples yesterday, but the owner came this morning and gathered them."

There was a shout of laughter and C— was dumb-founded. It was a dreadful blow, and it had the effect of curtailing the scientific discourses of C— for some time. —Joseph Jefferson, in the *Century* for September.

GREAT MEN AND THE INTERVIEWER.

UNTIL recently Mr. Blaine has been one of the most difficult men in the country to interview, and even now will only talk for publication with his most intimate friends in the profession, and then almost always insists upon revising the interview. Alexander H. Stephens was equally particular. Time and again while Mr. Blaine was engaged in his hardest political struggles, I have tried to get a few words for my papers upon the results he had accomplished. I remember that only two years before he was beaten for the Presidential nomination in 1880, and then became the Secretary of State in Garfield's cabinet, I was a guest at his house in Augusta. He had just won one of the most bitterly contested State campaigns in his political career. I asked him for a statement of the situation, and some little story of how he had won the battle. Senator Hale was present at the moment. Mr. Blaine turned to me quickly, and said, pleasantly:

"Oh, interview Hale. He can tell you all about it. I do detest being quoted in the newspapers in the form of an interview."

Two years later, when he was assailed about his South American policy, one of the most important incidents of his remarkable career, he at once sought the form of an interview, and two long ones from him were printed in nearly every newspaper in the land. He wanted to reach the general public as well as the statesmen of the country, and he acknowledged that the only way to do it successfully was in a conversational form. Since that time he has always sought the interview when attacked upon any important matter which he desires to answer. No greater tribute could be paid to the efficiency of this class of newspaper work.

General Grant was the best man to interview I ever met. He would only talk to a person whom he knew well, and then he could tell you exactly what you wanted to know in fewer words than any man I ever made an enquiry of. He was very pleasant to newspaper men in whom he had confidence; but when one came about whom he did not know or trust, you couldn't get a word out of him with a crowbar. He never cared much to talk for publication, and never did to any extent upon public matters except to John Russell Young, who, by the way, is one of the ablest and most successful interviewers of any time. He alone among scores of daily toilers with the pen of this day is equally able as an editor, correspondent, descriptive writer, or tapper of sap from all sorts of fountains of information.

Roscoe Conkling was the only public man I ever met who never would be interviewed for publication upon any subject whatever. He once told me that he would rather have a mad dog set upon him than to have a newspaper man sent after him for a talk. Two or three times in his life, interviews were printed with him, which he never intended should go beyond the privacy of his room, and he never forgave the men who quoted him. He had one able correspondent discharged from the *Herald* for publishing a talk with him which occurred at the breakfast-table, and Mr. Bennett directed that he should never again write for his paper.

David Davis could not be interviewed. While he was a justice of the Supreme Court it would not have been proper, and after he became a United States Senator he always believed himself to be on the high-road to the Presidency, and was afraid to talk, lest he might injure his chances of getting there. I never approached him but once, and that was for the story of how Lincoln was nominated in 1860. I told him that I had already secured the recollections of two of the men who then operated with him, when he drew himself up and said, very seriously:

"There are only four men who know the history of Mr. Lincoln's nomination, and any one of them would be a fool to tell it."—Frank A. Burr, in *Lippincott's*.

SUCCI'S FAST.

THE completion by Signor Succi of his self-imposed fast of forty days, regrettable as were its surroundings, is undoubtedly a remarkable feat. The penitential fasts of the Church in the Middle Ages, though sufficiently severe, yet permitted bread and water to be taken, with sometimes a refresher of dry cooked beans and small beer, and an occasional small fish in the evening; but we can recall no modern instance in which total abstinence from food has been, we were going to say indulged in, or at any rate practised, for so long a period without serious results. Most physiologists would, we think, before the fact have pronounced it impossible. The loss by the lungs, the skin,

and the urine would have been considered to be too great for the nervous and circulatory systems to bear without the breaking down of some part of the machinery. Cases are on record where an animal has lived a much longer period without food—as, for example, the fat pig that fell over Dover Cliff and was picked up alive one hundred and sixty days after, being partially embedded in the debris; but here little motion was allowed, warmth was retained by the surrounding chalk, and life was sustained by the animal on its own fat. Dogs and wolves, again, are said to be able to sustain a complete fast for a month; but for a man to resist the depressing effects of a forty days' fast with nothing but water, which can hardly be called food, is certainly exceptional. Signor Succi is described as looking wan, thin, and sallow, and it is stated that he lost weight at the rate of about half a pound a day during the latter days of his fast. The loss was no doubt in great part due to the elimination of carbon dioxide by the lungs and of watery vapour by the skin and lungs. His temperature was well maintained. His pulse varied, but was during the latter days more frequent than natural. The room in which he lived was judiciously kept at a high temperature, and he did not exhaust his nervo-muscular apparatus by exercise. Perhaps the conclusion may be drawn from this experiment that a considerable proportion of our ordinary food is not applied to any useful purpose in the economy, but is converted in the intestinal canal into leucin, tyrosin, and other crystalloids, and that many of the inactive inhabitants of cities habitually eat more than is required to maintain their mental and bodily functions in the highest efficiency.—*Lancet*.

CARDINAL NEWMAN.

PEACE to the virgin heart, the crystal brain!  
Peace for one hour through all the camps of thought!  
Our subtlest mind has rent the veil of pain,  
Has found the truth he sought.

Who knows what page those new-born eyes have read?  
If this set creed, or that, or none be best?—  
Let no strife jar above this sacred head;  
Peace for a saint at rest!  
—Edmund Gosse, in the *Athenæum*.

THE BENEFIT OF NEWSPAPER TRAINING.

I BELIEVE I have done everything which an editor or publisher ever has to do, from directing wrappers up to writing the biography of a president within an hour after his death. This means, if the training be continued through many years of life, and if one be under a good chief, that one gains, of necessity, the ready use, at least, of his own language. We newspaper men may write English very ill, but we write it easily and quickly. So that to us, who have been in this business, there is something amazing to hear a clergyman say that he occupied a week in composing a sermon, which was, at the outside, thirty-five hundred words in length. One can understand absolute inability to do it at all; but no newspaper man understands how a man, who can do it, can spend thirty-six hours in doing it. If you have to send "copy" upstairs, hour after hour, with a boy taking the slips from you, one by one, as they are written, and you know that you are never to see what you write until you read it the next day in the paper, your copy will be punctuated carefully, written carefully, and will be easily read. That is one thing. Another thing goes with it. You will form the habit of determining what you mean to say before you say it, how far you want to go, and where you want to stop. And this will bring you to a valuable habit of life—to stand by what has been decided. Napoleon gave the same advice when he said, "If you set out to take Vienna, take Vienna." For these reasons, I am apt to recommend young men to write for the press early in life, being well aware that the habit of doing this has been of use to me.—Edward Everett Hale, in the *September Forum*.

THE FAMOUS BLACK MUSKETEERS.

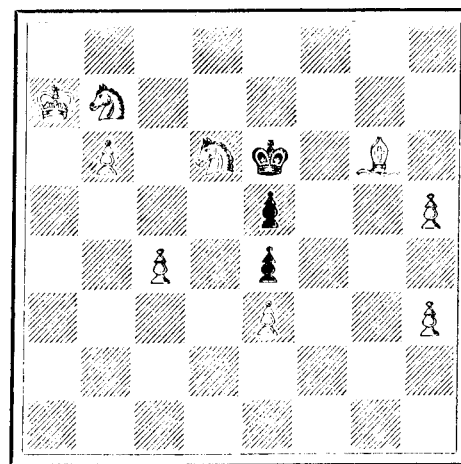
THE Rue St. Denis often heard the trumpets of the Maison du Roi, and saw the famous company, called, from the colour of their horses, the Black Musketeers, riding, one hundred gentlemen in files of four, with Athos, Porthos, Aramis, and D'Artagnan in the ranks, their renowned captain, Monsieur de Tréville—right hand of the King and redoubted enemy of two cardinals—in advance, and just behind the scarlet casaque of the trumpeters. At first they were the Royal Carbineers, but soon carried the musket, and under their third commander, Monsieur de Tréville, or Troisvilles, to whom we are introduced in the first chapters of the Musketeers, they became the famous corps of the story—pre-eminently a *corps d'élite*. Sons of dukes enlisted as privates, and D'Artagnan is careful to tell us more than once that the captain of the King's Musketeers had precedence of the marshals of France. Their equipment was splendid, its distinctive sign being a light blue casaque with a large silver cross on breast, back, and sleeves; they also wore the wide plumed hat, and the high soft boot reaching the thigh, while in Bragelonne's time they already had the stiff jack-boots—those enormous boots which ran after the English at Fontenoy and away from them at Blenheim; and which splashed through Flanders, tramped into hostelries and over battle-fields, and bestrode the horses of Vandermeulen's pictures.—From "The Paris of the Three Musketeers," by E. H. and E. W. Blashfield, in *August Scribner*.

CHESS.

PROBLEM No. 493.

By DR. GOLD.

BLACK.



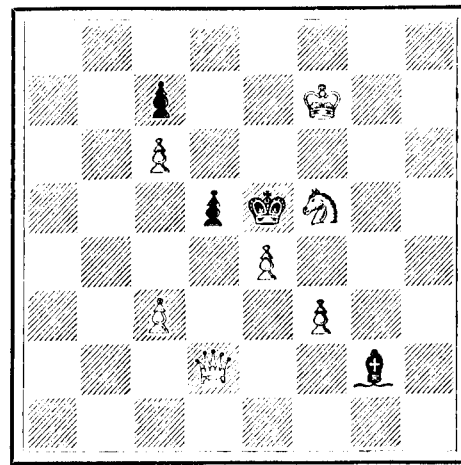
WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

PROBLEM No. 494.

By HERBERT JACOBS.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in two moves.

SOLUTIONS TO PROBLEMS.

No. 487.

- |            |             |
|------------|-------------|
| White.     | Black.      |
| 1. Kt-K R1 | 1. K x B    |
| 2. Q x P   | 2. K x P    |
| 3. Q mates | if 1. P x B |
|            | 2. moves.   |
| 2. Q-Kt 7  |             |
| 3. Q mates |             |

With other variations.

No. 488.

- |               |              |
|---------------|--------------|
| White.        | Black.       |
| 1. Kt-K B 8   | 1. K-B 4     |
| 2. R x P +    | 2. K-K 5     |
| 3. P-B 3 mate | if 1. Kt-K 4 |
|               | 2. Kt x R    |
| 2. R-Kt 5 +   |              |
| 3. R-B 4 mate |              |

With other variations.

SIXTH GAME IN THE MATCH BETWEEN BLACKBURN AND LEE AT THE BRADFORD CHESS CLUB.

ZUKERTORT OPENING.

|              |               |                  |            |
|--------------|---------------|------------------|------------|
| LEE.         | BLACKBURN.    | LEE.             | BLACKBURN. |
| White.       | Black.        | White.           | Black.     |
| 1. Kt-R B 3  | P-Q 4         | 21. Castles      | R-R 7      |
| 2. P-Q 4     | Kt-K B 3      | 22. Q-K 2        | Kt-B 2     |
| 3. P-B 4     | P-B 3         | 23. R-Q B 1      | Q-R 1      |
| 4. P-K 3     | B-Kt 5        | 24. Q-K 1        | Kt-B 3     |
| 5. Q-Kt 3    | Q-Kt 3        | 25. Kt-K 2       | Kt-Kt 4    |
| 6. Kt-B 3    | B x Kt        | 26. Kt-B 3       | Kt x Kt    |
| 7. P x B     | P-K 3         | 27. B x Kt       | K-B 1      |
| 8. P-B 5     | Q-B 2         | 28. R-Kt 1       | K-K 1      |
| 9. Q-Q 1     | Q Kt-Q 2      | 29. B K-Kt 2 (b) | K-Q 1      |
| 10. P-B 4    | P-K Kt 3 (a)  | 30. P-B 3        | Q-R 5      |
| 11. B-K 2    | B-Kt 2        | 31. R-R 1 (c)    | R x R      |
| 12. P-Kt 4   | Castles (K R) | 32. B x R        | Kt-Q 2     |
| 13. B-Q 2    | K R-Q B 1     | 33. B-B 3        | K-B 1      |
| 14. B-B 3    | Q-Q 1         | 34. B-B 1        | P-B 3      |
| 15. Kt-K 2   | P-Kt 3        | 35. B-R 5        | Kt-Kt 1    |
| 16. Kt-Kt 3  | P-Q R 4       | 36. B-Kt 6       | Q-R 6      |
| 17. P-Q R 3  | R P x P       | 37. K-Kt 2       | Kt-Q 2     |
| 18. R P x P  | P x P         | 38. B-R 5        | Kt-Kt 1    |
| 19. Kt P x P | Kt-K 1        | 39. B-Kt 6       | Kt-Q 2     |
| 20. R x R    | R x R         |                  | Drawn.     |

NOTES BY GUNSBURG.

- (a) Black's best move at this point is P Q Kt 3 followed by P Q Kt 4 and P Q R 4.
- (b) If white had been in a venturesome mood he would have played here P K 4.
- (c) A more advantageous move would have been R Kt 8, with the continuation of Q K-Q B 7, Q x Q-R x Q and so on.

THE wisest, most learned, and intelligent of the medical fraternity do not place the same reliance on drugs that their predecessors did. They are very much more apt to make a patient cure himself by the observance of ordinary and well-settled rules of hygiene than to make his stomach a chronic-house for an apothecary's shop.—*San Francisco Chronicle*.

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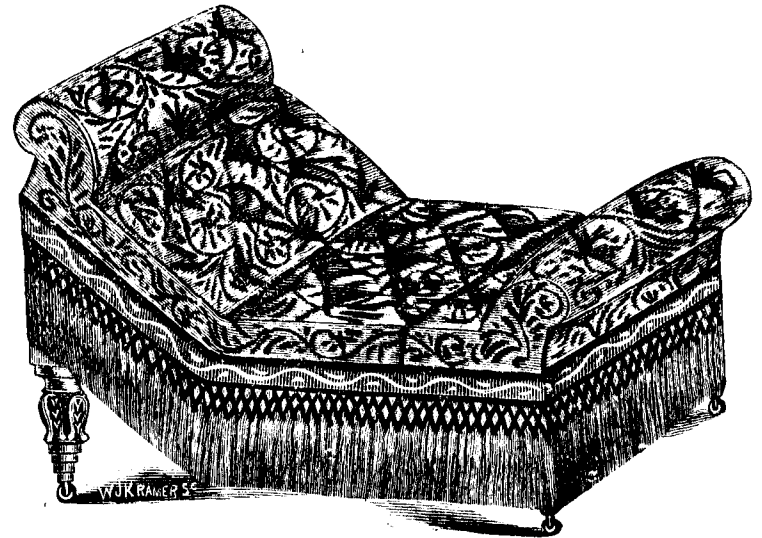
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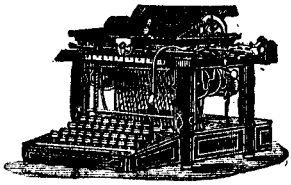
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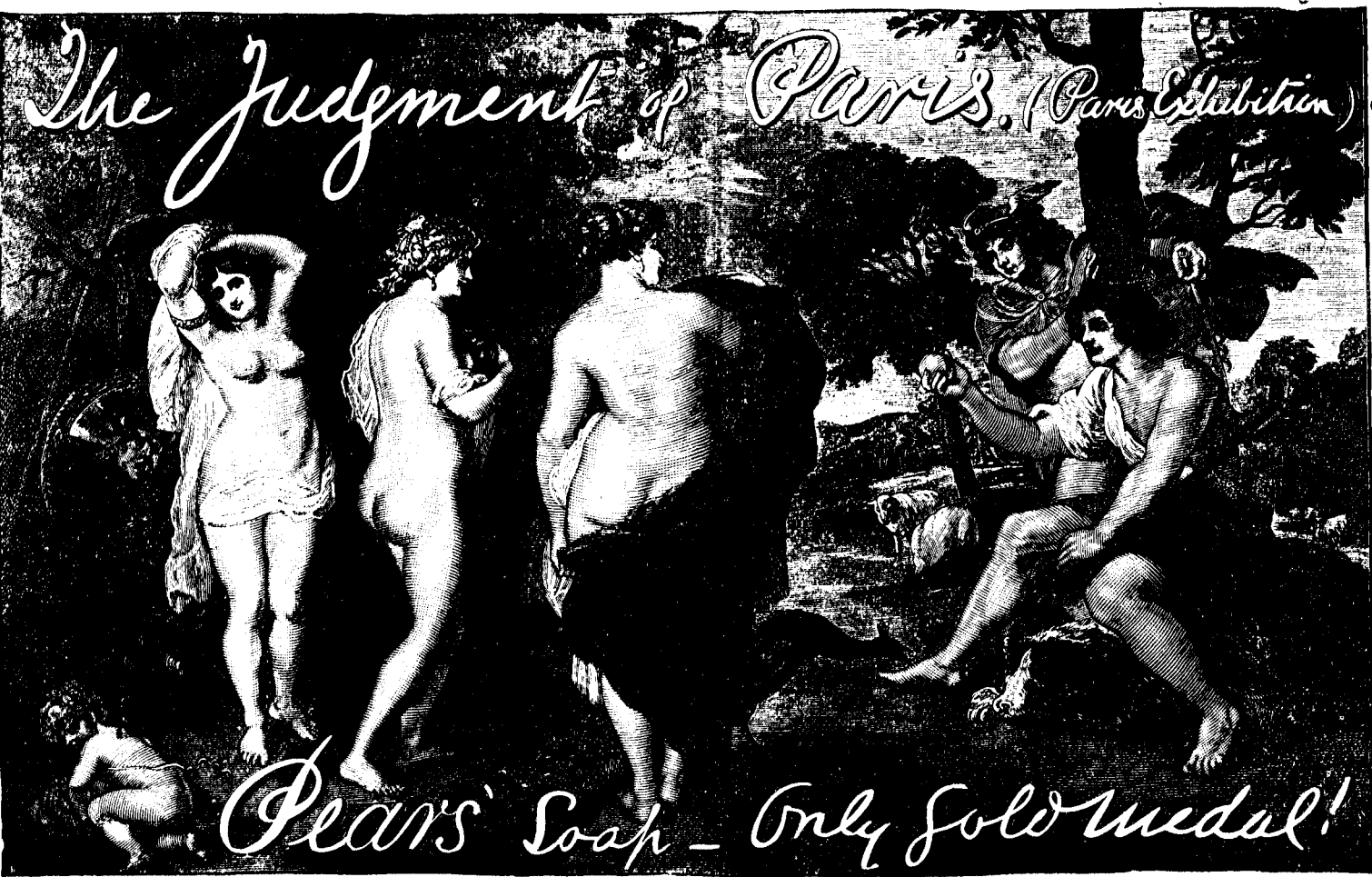
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