

# THE WEEK

A Canadian Journal of Politics, Literature, Science and Arts.

Tenth Year.  
Vol. X, No. 51.

TORONTO, FRIDAY, NOV. 17th, 1893.

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# THE WEEK.

Vol. X.

TORONTO, FRIDAY, NOV. 17th, 1893.

No. 51.

## THE WEEK:

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

## CURRENT TOPICS.

The address on "Simplification of Land Titles and Transfers," delivered by J. Herbert Mason, Esq., before the World's Real Estate Congress, and reprinted in our last number, suggests the query, why should the Ontario Government and Legislature longer hesitate to extend the provisions of the Land Titles Act to the whole of Ontario. It can scarcely be said that a question any longer exists as to the feasibility and excellence of the Torrens system. The nine years during which it has been in operation in the city of Toronto and County of York must have sufficiently tested its availability for the whole Province. There can scarcely be a remaining doubt that this common-sense system, or some other akin to it in its essential features, is destined to be, sooner or later, the prevailing system in all countries which have free trade in land, and appreciate the stability which is given to the State by the multiplication of

the number of owners and occupiers of the soil. Ontario has in some other important respects, notably in the successful adoption of the single Legislative Assembly, set an example of simplicity and directness to other Provinces and peoples. It would be an additional step in the same direction, and one which would, it can scarcely be doubted, be favorably received by the great body of the people, if the Government should, at the next session of the Legislature or at some early day, introduce a Bill to extend the provisions of the Land Titles Act to the whole Province.

We are glad to see that the discussion of public affairs is not being left wholly to the professional politicians. We have said before that it was of good omen that the party leaders were coming forward to discuss the pressing questions of the hour in the presence of the people, and without the stimulus of a general election looming on the horizon. It is of still better omen that men of education and ability in other walks of life are taking part in the discussions from an independent standpoint. Rev. Principal Grant, in the series of manly and patriotic letters which he has sent to the Globe, has set an example which many others would do well to follow. There is hope for the future in the fact that citizens of this class are coming more and more to the front, and taking their stand upon an independent platform. We do not now discuss the contents of Principal Grant's able letters. Many of his facts and inferences are almost beyond controversy. To some of his views many may take exception. That is their right. The main point is the fact that such letters have been written and published in the Globe, which, by the way, has of late been pursuing a fairer and broader policy than that which is usually followed by party journals. The publication of these letters is another added to the many signs that the country is awaking, beginning to throw off the shackles of partyism, and determining to know what is the cause and cure of the ills from which it is suffering.

A clever reviewer in the last number of the New York Nation says that he has never seen the recent Canadian poetry appear to such advantage as in "Later Canadian Poems" (Toronto: Copp, Clark & Co.), edited by Mr. Wetherell. The reviewer mentions the four names, Roberts, Lampman, Cameron, Carman, as those of writers

now well known in the United States. He is pleased to see the pictures of the authors because they look so very youthful. These general remarks are followed by a general criticism which will commend itself to the critical reader as at once truthful and discriminating. "It is certain," he says, "that the Canadian poets have already developed much power in describing the peculiar landscape features of their own land, and that they have in a few cases struck deep human notes; but there is about them an effect of vague longing which might almost seem to be satirized in Mr. Wetherell's motto on his title-page:

'But thou, my country, dream not thou!  
Wake and behold how night is done.'

In the opinion of this critic, "Songs of the Common Day, and Ave! an Ode for the Shelley Centenary," by Charles G. D. Roberts (Longmans), "really puts its author at the head of these young Canadian poets." He admits, too, that it "would be hard to find any one on this side the St. Lawrence who could surpass the fine imaginative touch of the 'Epitaph for a Sailor Buried Ashore,' commencing

'He who but yesterday would roam, etc.'

The writer also awards generous praise to "Canadian Melodies and Poems," by Geo. E. Merkle (Toronto: Hart & Riddell), "seemingly by an author too young to be included among Mr. Wetherell's bards," and quotes with appreciation the "delicately cut gem" from "The Dread Voyage," (Toronto: Briggs) by William Wilfred Campbell.

Some conception of the effect that will be produced in England and Wales by the enactment of the Parish Councils Bill, now before Parliament, may be formed by considering the fact that the day the new Bill goes into operation a corporate life will be created in a number of villages, estimated by Mr. H. C. Stephens, M.P., a great authority on such questions, at 13,000, which have hitherto been practically without any such life. They have had, it is true, that venerable institution, the Parish Vestry. But since the days of church rates the interest taken in the proceedings of the vestry has declined until now its proceedings attract little attention. Think of the people in 13,000 rural districts awaking some morning to consciousness of the fact that a Parish Meeting is to be held and Parish Councillors to be elected by their individual votes. Imagine the discussions which will take place in each of these

parishes over the superior fitness of this, that, or the other neighbor to be elected one of the Councillors, to whose hands the management of all local affairs is to be henceforth entrusted. The details of the Bill it is not now worth while to discuss, seeing that they are undergoing modification in its passage through the House. As it originally stood provision was made for the creation also of District Councils, formed by grouping parishes containing less than three hundred inhabitants. Some object to this feature of the Bill, holding that Home Rule should be granted to even the smallest parishes. Whatever form this section of the Bill may finally take it represents a large number of parishes to be added to the above calculation, as about to assume in some form the duties and responsibilities of local self-government. The Councils are to take over practically all the secular functions of the vestry, the churchwardens, and the overseers, and are to hold all property except that which is ecclesiastical. It would not be easy to over-estimate the life-giving and educative effect which the new arrangement must have upon the communities.

Two facts in connection with the recent elections in the United States stand out to view. One is the encouraging one that in a number of instances the forces that make for righteousness arrayed against the powers of evil, have come off victorious. The anti-gambling agitation in New Jersey has been successful, and in all probability the shameful legislation of last year will be speedily wiped from the statute book. In the city of Brooklyn the party fighting for municipal reform and purification has triumphed with an enormous majority. Evidently the better classes of citizens are taking a hand in state and municipal struggles to a greater extent than ever before. To quote one of their own significant sayings, "the Quaker vote is coming out" and making itself felt. The other fact is the evidence of more or less of reaction against the tariff-reform movement, which has been sweeping over the country with so resistless a force. It is difficult to say to what extent the results of the election are due to such reaction and to what extent to the operation of mere personal and local influences. Ohio is perhaps the one State in which tariff-reform was the main issue, and Ohio gave a sweeping majority for McKinleyism. The defeat of the reformers in this State was not unexpected. The greatness of the majority undoubtedly was. But whatever the true significance of these elections may be, the tariff-reformers do not seem to have been materially affected. The work to which the Democrats are pledged, will, it is believed, be performed without hesitation or weak compromise. But events will declare the true state of feeling before many days.

The Committee of Ways and Means is said to be well advanced in its work of preparing a scheme or bill for reduction of the tariff. This Bill, the reporting of which will be, under the American system, practically equivalent to its passage, will, it is believed, be a thorough carrying out of the electioneering pledges of the Party. The country is evidently now suffering from uncertainty; the sooner the question is decided the better for all.

There is probably no question concerning the proper relations between the State and the individual in regard to which public opinion, especially political opinion, has undergone a more marked change in late years, than in regard to that of the wages of workingmen. Time was not long ago when all such questions were relegated to the domain of sociology or philanthropy. The science of government was supposed to have nothing to do with them. It must not trench upon the relations between employer and employee. The sacred realm of competition must not be invaded. The adjustment of all questions of wages must be left to the operation of the law of supply and demand. There must be no interference by legislation, even to save the labourer from slow starvation. But a most significant change is taking place in public opinion, and so in political opinion, in regard to the matter. The old dogma of *laissez faire*, which was thought to be too strongly entrenched in logic and common sense ever to be moved, is giving way. Many cities and other corporations do not now hesitate to insert clauses in all contracts prescribing the minimum rate of wages which must be paid by successful competitors. Governments are beginning to follow suit. Mr. Asquith, the British Home Secretary, said in a recent speech that the question of the payment of labour was one which bulked as largely, and ought to take as high a place as any problem of contemporary politics. Amid enthusiastic cheering he declared that it is the business of Englishmen to make England worth living in, as well as worth dying for. It was both a higher and a harder task to make than to take a city. This is novel doctrine for free-trade England, though it ought not to stagger politicians in countries in which the governments make it a part of their business to increase the prices of the products of labour by protective taxes. Interference between employers and employed is a delicate business, but it is evident that a state of feeling is arising on both sides of the Atlantic which demands that an end be made in some way of "sweating" and grinding the life out of human beings and fellow-citizens. To what extent the law of competition can be safely interfered with by legislation is yet to be seen, but all governments and municipal corporations have the same undoubted

right as individuals to stipulate for a minimum wage. When they uniformly do so the influence will be powerful.

Two remarks will, we think, suffice in answer to the criticisms of our correspondent "N. C. D." In the first place, we still maintain that the parallelism does not exist. The compromise in the case of Quebec and Ontario was made by the representatives of the two provinces, constitutionally elected and having full authority and right to speak for their respective constituents, who in their turn had an undoubted right to speak as the people of the respective provinces. If there was any promise or understanding in the case of the Red River country and the Dominion, that promise, so far as the former was concerned, was not made by constitutionally appointed representatives, and the people in whose name the so-called delegates professed to speak had no political or moral right to bind the future residents of the great country on whose outmost fringe they were located. Certainly they had no right or authority to bind those who are now the great majority of the citizens of Manitoba and the North-west. This, at least, is the point we tried to make. In the second place, while it is true that "certain things are in the air in certain places," and that these things are put into it by those who live in it and breathe it, it is equally true that no system of sectarian schools could keep those things out of the air. Where the teachers and a majority of the children in the public school are Protestant, there will be a flavour of Protestantism in the air, and where, as is no doubt the case in certain sections of Manitoba, the teachers and a majority of the children are Catholic, there will then be a flavour of Catholicism in the air of the schoolroom. Can any fair-minded Catholic or Protestant object? They might as well object to the law of universal attraction. The only possible ground, so far as we can see, on which anyone can regard such a state of things as unfair to Catholicism is the ground that it is essential to Catholicism to keep it out of the free air of heaven and suffer it to breathe only an atmosphere artificially saturated with Catholic teachings and influences. This is so uncomplimentary to Catholicism that we have shunned such an assumption. If free public schools, in which no dogmatic religious teaching is permitted are less favorable to Catholicism than to Protestantism it can be only because Catholicism demands special advantages at public expense for the inculcation of its principles, and shuns even-handed competition with Protestantism. Does "N. C. D." choose that horn of the dilemma? Will enlightened Catholics thank him for so doing? So far as we know, the heroic ideals of the public schools are as much neither Protestant nor Catholic, but as much

Old prejudices die hard; selfish impulses and instincts still harder. These common-places receive many illustrations in the course of the so-called investigations which are now being held in various parts of the country by the Government's Controllers. The independent as well as the Opposition press has good reason to object to the way in which this business is being carried on. It is doubtful whether in any other self-governing country the people would submit with so little objection to pay the expenses of a Commission the chief object of which was so manifestly to make capital for a party Government. No unprejudiced person can read the reports of the arguments which are carried on between the Controllers and the witnesses who are summoned before them, without feeling that the former, instead of trying to ascertain the unbiased opinion of the people, or to gather facts bearing upon the operation of the tariff, are chiefly intent on impressing their own views upon all concerned. This being the case, the contest is, of course, often a very unequal one between the Controllers, whose business it is to have arguments and statistics at their finger ends, and the majority of the witnesses. Were the arguments adduced straightforward pleas in favor of protection, the country would still have a right to object, for argument was not understood to be the purpose for which the Controllers were appointed, and for which their expenses and salaries are paid by the whole people. No one likes to be taxed for the propagation of views which he honestly believes to be erroneous and mischievous, yet that is what is being done in the case of every free-trader and tariff-reformer in Canada.

But apart from the standard arguments in favor of protection, in the use of which the Controllers are adepts, one is still more impressed with the skill with which they appeal to the national prejudices and selfish instincts of many of those who come before them. For example, with what readiness is the question, "Would you sweep off the Canadian duties irrespective of what the Americans do?" brought in to imply that in that case we should be giving our neighbors some unfair advantage, just as if the fact that the Americans choose to overload their people with unnecessary taxes were any valid reason why Canadians should impose similar burdens upon themselves. But the question is generally effective, and the witness hastens to disclaim any desire to do anything so unpatriotic as that. Then there is the other set of questions ready to meet the case of those who may have a self-interest in keeping up the price of some special commodity in which they are personally interested. This, again, is usually no less effective. One of the Controllers assured the other day that he was not trying to puzzle him, but with all respect to these officers we think the majority of un-

prejudiced readers of the evidence will find it hard to resist the conclusion that this is what they are, unconsciously let us hope, actually doing in very many instances. Had they taken an impartial attitude and freely elicited facts and opinions from a large body of intelligent and representative men in all parts of the country, the evidence gathered might have been very instructive and useful. As it is, we confess ourselves at a loss to see what end, save a distinctly partizan one, is to be served by these unequal contests with all witnesses who venture to question the soundness of the tariff as it at present exists.

There has been some pretty severe cross-firing in the Quebec Legislature since the opening of the session. The strong epithets so freely used and the bitterness of party feeling displayed have scarcely added to the dignity of the proceedings. Mr. Mercier is once more in the arena, and his presence does not tend to make the course of legislation smooth. We can readily understand that, with the memory of his record as Premier still fresh, his fiery invective must be a pretty strong irritant to the members of the Government and their party. As we have before said, those who look forward to a peaceful emergence from the inferiority of Colonialism, and an honorable assumption of the responsibilities of nationhood with the full consent of the Mother Land, as the manifest destiny of Canada, or at least the true goal of her ambition, cannot feel that their cause is at all strengthened by Mr. Mercier's advocacy. But they have a right to resent the imputation of disloyalty which is so recklessly flung at the heads of those—among whom are many of the most loyal of Canadians—who have the courage to express their convictions on this point. One might pardon such misrepresentation in the heat of party conflict in the Quebec Legislature, but it is not so easy to forget that no less a person than Sir John Thompson has not been above using the same tactics in some of his campaign speeches. All are pretty well agreed that Canada cannot very much longer, certainly cannot permanently, remain a mere colony. The question of her future course is, then, a fair one for discussion. Those who look forward to an honorable independence may be hoping for the impracticable or the unattainable, but the idea that it is disloyal for a Canadian to advocate Canadian nationality carries its refutation in the simplest statement of its terms.

In one respect the Government of our sister Province, and, in fact, the Province itself, is to be congratulated: We refer to the financial showing. For the first time in we know not how many years the revenue is said to exceed the ordinary expenditure. It is true that there is a good deal of soreness, perhaps justifiable sore-

ness, on the part of those upon whom the extraordinary taxes which have made such a report possible have been levied. It is pretty obvious that the burden has been laid to an unfair degree upon the business and enterprise of the cities. The simple truth is, we suppose, that the Government has taken the money from those who had it, but not from all who had it. Had the wealthy ecclesiastical corporations been required to contribute their share there would perhaps be less cause for complaint that the poor *habitants* were allowed to go free. A readjustment of the burden is hinted at, but no reduction is promised. Whatever the hardships to individuals and classes, there is some satisfaction in knowing that the Province is solvent, and that money can be found in it to meet all its liabilities.

THE NEW EDUCATION.

In the November number of the Popular Educator, an educational monthly published in Boston, Mass., Dr. McLellan, Principal of the Ontario School of Pedagogy, has a trenchant, almost merciless exposure of the fallacies contained in a previous article in the same journal, from the pen of a professor of method in Cook County Normal School. We have not seen the article criticised, but the positions taken as quoted and exposed in Dr. McLellan's article, verge so closely upon the absurd that the only wonder seems to be that the writer of such "bosh," if we may borrow a word from his own vocabulary, should occupy such a position, and have access to the columns of a popular educational paper. It is not likely that many of our readers would care to follow the metaphysical intricacies of such a discussion. Merely by way of justifying our characterization of the article which Dr. McLellan so vigorously assails, we may venture to make a short quotation from it, as given by him:

"Division is dividing a number into a number of equal numbers, as how many *four* apples in twelve apples? I say *three four* apples. I express it thus:  $12 \text{ apples} \div 4 \text{ apples} = 3$  (four apples)." Again: "How many hats at \$4 each can I buy with \$12? I say as many hats as there are \$4 in \$12, which are *three four* dollars; here my dividend is dollars, my divisor is dollars and my quotient is three four dollars." Once more: "I have 2-4 of a pie; to how many boys can I give 1-2 pie? In division the dividend and divisor must have the same name. Now, we have  $2-4 \div 1-2 = 1$ . Surely not one whole pie, but one half pie."

Having been carried thus far on this strange road, the reader will not be surprised to find among the inferences drawn by this original thinker, such as the following: (1) In *division* the divisor and dividend have the same name. The quotient is concrete. (2) In *division* the quotient *always* equals the dividend. (3) The divisor cannot be greater than the dividend. (4) The divisor can *never* be an abstract number.



In these progressive times we old fogies, who have left our school days a score or two of years behind us, are often humiliated by learning from some juvenile mentor that a fact or principle in grammar, or mathematics, or science, which was most carefully impressed upon our minds, possibly by means of well-remembered physical experiences, is not a fact or a principle at all, but has long since been discovered to be a stupid mistake or a grievous fallacy. Discoveries of this kind, though painful, are sometimes salutary, and we shall therefore leave such of our readers as care to recall so much of their boyhood or girlhood arithmetic as may be necessary to enable them to appreciate the foregoing, face to face with the new theory, without giving them the consolation of Dr. McLellan's refutation of it and defence of the old-fashioned notions.

We refer to the matter, not to take part in the discussion between the professor of methods and his redoubtable adversary, but to call attention in a tentative way to the general subject of educational methods—a subject which, in contrast with the intense interest which it might naturally be expected to possess for every citizen, and especially for every parent, receives an astonishingly small share of public attention. We think it is Herbert Spencer who somewhere notes the strange fact that, while one cannot be long in the company of almost any man, from the squire at his country seat to the amateur dog-fancier at his desk, or Hobbs in his Sunday clothes, without hearing some opinions in regard to the training of animals, you may wait long enough before you will hear any of them ventilating their ideas touching the training of children. A singular fact, is it not, when we remember that the training of children during the years of school-life is the pivot upon which the future history and destiny of the world will turn.

The few who do pay some attention to educational matters hear a great deal in these days about the New Education. We are not sure that we quite understand what is meant by the term. We are not very sure that any two persons of those who most frequently use it, mean the same thing by it. We infer from some incidental allusions to Col. Parker, who is regarded by many as the apostle of the new educational gospel, that Dr. McLellan does not believe in the New Education, and that he holds it primarily responsible for such absurdities as those which he handles so severely in the article before us. Now we confess that, as we understand it, we do believe in the New Education. It may yet fall far short in its principles and methods of an ideal standard, but it certainly is better than the old. We understand, for instance, that it aims to substitute intellectual for mechanical processes in the school; to appeal to the natural love of discovery and delight in mental activity, rather than to the fear of the rod, or even the hope of

reward, as incentives to effort; to replace dogmatism with induction. For instance, in the old school house which fills so large a place in the memories of most of us, the text-book in arithmetic was put into our hands and we were told to first learn the rules, and then follow them in the solution of the examples. If any principles were enunciated we were expected to accept them on authority. In no case, so far as we can remember, were we permitted to taste the delight of discovery. The New Education, as we understand it, requires the teacher to throw aside the text-book at the outset upon a new voyage of discovery; to state the problem in a form suited to the capacity of the learner; and to leave him to reason out the solution with just the minimum of help necessary to save him from failure. His stimulus is his innate love of discovery and his natural delight in the exercise of mental power. His reward is the consciousness of power successfully applied. A further educational gain is the certainty that what he has once done he can do again, that he has acquired a knowledge as well as developed a strength which he cannot lose through any failure of memory. Then he is led on step by step from the particular to the general. The essential element in the variety of individual cases is discovered and a broad principle established. By a similar method applied to the analysis of a few familiar sentences, the general laws of grammar—that *bête noir* of the old-time school boy—are deduced, and the pupil is delighted to find that the structure of language is not only intelligible and comparatively simple, but that give him time enough he could by the same analytic process construct a grammar for himself. No one who knows the joy which the youthful mind feels in independent discovery and in the sense of power successfully applied, can doubt which is the natural and true method in education. The New Education, thus understood, has shared the common fate of successful innovations. It has been, to use a current expression, "run into the ground." It has been made the pack-horse for a thousand trivialities, the sponsor for all kinds of absurdities. Even now it is daily associated in educational papers and school-room exercises with needless simplifications, and endless repetitions, and wearisome mannerisms, until it is no wonder that educators become disgusted with the whole business, and are tempted to commit the injustice of fathering the whole brood of absurdities upon the grand educational method in whose name these absurdities flourish. We could easily fill a page with amusing illustrations, but the length to which we have already run compels us to spare the reader.

It is better to be of no church than to be bitter for any.—Penn.

The shortest way to do many things is to do only one thing at once.—Ceell.

A great thing is a great book, but greater than all is the talk of a great man.—Disraeli.

## NOTES ON DANTE.—IV.

## INFERNO.

We left Virgil and Dante at the gate of Hell. This is what they found written upon it:

"Through me you pass into the city of woe;  
Through me you pass into eternal pain;  
Through me among the people lost for aye.  
Justice the founder of my fabric moved;  
To rear me was the task of power Divine.  
Supremest wisdom and primeval love,  
Before me things create were none save  
things

Eternal, and eternal I endure.  
All hope abandon ye who enter here.  
Such characters in colour dim I mark,  
Over a portal's lofty arch inscribed."

These lines tell us that we are at the entrance of hell, the abode of the lost, the dwelling place of the impenitent, where men finally reap what they have sown. The *Inferno* is the first of the three great poems not only because Dante would have us contemplate the various conditions of men from the lowest depths of misery to the heights of bliss; but also because he writes for the spiritual education of mankind. The effectual work of Grace must begin in all men with the conviction of sin, it must go on to the purification of the heart and so onwards to spiritual illumination and union and communion with God. Dante says that hell was the work of Justice and the creation of the Holy Trinity, not only of the Father "who is power divine," and the Son who is "supremest wisdom," and of the Holy Ghost who is primeval love. It is coeval with the existence of moral creatures and it exists forever. Another thing should be noted, that the *Inferno* is not only a picture of future woe, but also a representation of sinful human life as it is now lived in the world. So much for the meaning of hell; let us now examine its structure. According to the schoolmen hell and purgatory lay beneath the earth and consists of four departments: 1. Hell, the abode of devils and lost. 2. Purgatory, the place of penance and purification, adjacent to hell, but different, being also the place of hope. 3. *Limbus Infantum*, the abode of unbaptized children. 4. *Limbus Patrum*, or Abraham's bosom, the dwelling place of the righteous who lived before Christ. The heavens were divided into three parts: 1. The visible heavens or firmament. 2. The spiritual heaven, the abode of angels and saints. 3. The intellectual heaven, where the blessed enjoy the vision of God.

Dante considerably modified this theory. According to him hell was a conical gulf made by Lucifer when he was precipitated from heaven. Within the gate, but on this side of Acheron, was a vestibule inhabited by the towards and undecided. Beside this there were nine circles in all. Dante divided all sins into two great classes, sins of infirmity and sins of malice, the latter the more heinous as being perversions of the higher power.

The distinction is true and profound. It was clearly indicated by our Lord and has been adopted by all deeper theologians. In all ages it has been ignored and sometimes reversed by superficial thought and even by popular religion, which has substituted for it the division of sins into respectable and not respectable. Dante does not excuse sins of weakness. He laments over them and punishes them. But he distinguishes and rightly. It is a bad thing that men should be beasts; it is worse that they should be devils.

Everywhere the clear spiritual vision of Dante is remarkable. This is shown in his making the circles of hell narrow as the sins which are represented increase in intensity. The upper circles which contain those who have sinned through weakness are the largest. As we pass downwards to sins of a more spiritual character the circles contract. Another point remarkable in his classification of sins is the fact that whilst in sins of frailty there is simply one great class, in the more heinous sins there are many subdivisions. It may be as well here to give an outline of the whole book. The first circle, as has been said, is Limbus. The next four contain successively those who have sinned through frailty: 1. The incontinent. 2. Gluttons. 3. Avaricious and prodigal. 4. Wrathful.

The sixth circle contains the heretics, a class which seems to lie between the weak and the malicious and to partake of the character of both. The malicious again are divided into two great classes, the violent and the fraudulent, the latter exceeding in malignity, as being the more spiritual. The seventh circle contains the violent, who are divided into three classes—those who are violent against their neighbors: 1. Against their person, namely, murderers and tyrants. 2. Against property robbers. Secondly, those who are violent against themselves: 1. Suicides. 2. Gamblers. Lastly, those violent against God. 1. Blasphemers. 2. Those guilty of unnatural sins and usurers.

The second division of the malicious are the fraudulent; and fraud is exercised in two ways, (1) by destroying the natural bond of love, and (2) in opposition to the bond of love and faith. The first class of the fraudulent are contained in the eighth circle, and consist of (1) seducers, (2) flatterers, (3) simoniacs, (4) soothsayers, (5) corrupt officials, (6) hypocrites, (7) thieves, (8) evil counsellors, (9) sowers of schism and strife, (10) forgers. In the ninth and deepest circle there are the fraudulent malicious who have sinned against special ties and obligations, have been guilty of treachery and abuse of confidence, have been false to kindred and fatherland, to friends and benefactors, to the Emperor and to God. Such is a bare outline of the whole of the Inferno.

We return to the entrance of hell. The poets enter and find in the vestibule the cowardly and undecided. Here all Dante's impatient scorn breaks out. Although he "wept at entering," yet he records with satisfaction the "miserable fate" of "the wretched souls of those who lived without or praise or blame." "From his bounds heaven drove them forth Not to impair his lustre; nor the depth Of hell receives them; lest the accursed tribe Should glory thence with exultation. . . . Mercy and Justice scorn them both, Reason we not of them, but look and pass."

Among these Dante finds one who had made *il gran rifiuto*, the great refusal or repudiation, supposed to be Clement V., who refused the Popedom. Dante was too harsh here, not understanding the conscience of a man who refused to fulfil a duty imposed upon him, from a sense of deficiency. The Church seems to have been wiser. Clement was canonized in 1313, about the time that Dante was finishing the Inferno.

They now cross the Acheron in Charon's boat. The reader should here compare the description of the ferryman of hell given by Virgil in the sixth book of the *Æneid* with this of

Dante. The latter is splendid and horrible. The first circle is now entered, the Limbus of the unbaptized. These have been guilty of no wilful sin against God, but they have not been made members of the Church. They suffered no tortures, but only the grief of longing for what could not be obtained. It is a picture of the heathen world, the whole creation groaning and travailing in pain, and also, to some extent, of those who have the first fruits of the Spirit. A hint is given that the doors of Limbus are not hermetically sealed. Virgil himself had, by special permission, gone forth. Moreover, one great class had already been removed by "a puissant one," who had drawn forth "the shade of our first parent" and "others many more, whom He to bliss exalted." The reference is to 1 S. Peter iii., 19.

In this circle are found the great poets, Homer, "of all bards supreme," Horace, "in satire's vein excelling," Ovid the third and Statius the fourth. These welcome back Virgil the bard sublime, and Dante was taken as sixth among them. Beyond these, in a proud castle, they find the great ones of early times who

"In their past Bore eminent authority; they spake Seldom, but all their words were tuneful sweet." (iv., 107.)

Among them were Electra, Hector, Æneas, Cesar, and others. And soon they came upon Aristotle, *il maestro di color che sanno*, the master of those who know, "the master of the sapient throng," as Cary renders it. With him were Socrates and Plato, and those great commentators on Aristotle through whose works he was made known to mediæval scholars.

In the second circle are the incontinent. Here we note the pitifulness of Dante, and yet the inexorable justice which meets out due punishment to all offenders. The occupants of the circle are represented as tossed about incessantly in the dark air and swept along by hurricanes.

"The stormy blast of hell With restless fury drives the spirits on, Whirled round and dashed amain with sore annoy." (c. 5.)

Two in this circle are objects of peculiar interest, Francesca of Rimini and her lover Paolo, son of Malatesta, Lord of Rimini. No more pathetic story than theirs could be told, and few could tell it like Dante. Words and phrases from this wonderful narrative remain with us. The well-known lines:—

"Nessun maggior dolore, Che ricordarsi del tempo felice Nella miseria—"

"No greater grief than to remember days Of joy, when misery is at hand—"

have been imitated by many poets, and among ourselves by Chaucer, in "Troilus and Creseide," and by Tennyson in "Locksley Hall."

"This is truth the poet sings, That a sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things."

The third circle contains the gluttonous, and Dante seems to have thought worse of this vice than we do in this day. People now seem so much taken up with condemning not merely excess but moderation in drinking that they have no time even to remember the evils of over-eating.

The fourth circle contains the avaricious and the prodigal, two different extremes of the same kind of action. The picture of these two

classes is very striking, both rolling weights, smiting together, hurling mutual reproaches: "Exclaiming these, 'Why holdest thou so fast?' Those answering, 'And why castest thou away?'"

The poets pass to the fifth circle by a rugged path and come to the boiling well whose murky waters expand into the Stygian lake of hatred and sadness. Here the irascible and the sullen are immersed. The former are cutting each other piecemeal with their fangs, striking not only with their hands, "but with the head, the breast, the feet," whilst the sullen, who had been sad on earth,

"In the sweet air made gladsome by the sun, Carrying a foul and lazy mist within; Now in these murky settlements are we sad."

In the sixth circle, which is within the city of Dis (Lucifer), we come to the heretics. Remembering the two great classes of sin—weakness and malice—we might say that this class lay between the two. Heresy partly comes of weakness, partly of pride, and so we can see how evil may pass further on and turn into malice. This circle spreads over four cantos of the poem (8 to 11). The heretics are found in fiery tombs, the coverings suspended above them, and out of them come the moans of the tortured spirits of heresiarchs and their followers. The tombs are not to be closed until the Day of Judgment.

Passing on to the seventh circle we come to the malicious, and first, to those who are so by violence. The entrance is made by a precipitous chasm, which had been formed by the earthquake which had convulsed hell at the descent of our Lord thither, when He came to carry off "from Dis the mighty spoil." They come to the river of blood in which those are punished who have injured others by violence. The violent are divided into three classes (cantos 12 to 16): (1) those who have done violence to their neighbors; (2) those who have done violence to themselves, and (3) those who have done violence to God; and each of these again is subdivided into two classes: (1) violence against the person; (2) violence against property. Thus we have (1) murderers and tyrants, and also robbers; (2) suicides and gamblers; (3) blasphemers, and also sinners against nature, and usurers. As an example of sinners against nature, Dante brings in his old friend, Brunetto Latini. There are few things more beautiful than Dante's touching remembrance of "the dear benign paternal image" of a man who had yet sinned so deeply.

Passing from the seventh to the eighth circle, (17 to 31) they hear the din of the torrent Phlegethon across which they are carried to the circle of the fraudulent by Geryon, a monster, who is the personification of Fraud. This horrible creature is half-man, half-bear, but lower than the centaur or the harpy, since he ends in the creeping snake and the deadly scorpion.

"Forthwith that image vile of Fraud appeared,

His head and upper part exposed on land, But laid not on the shore his bestial train. His face the semblance of a just man's bore, So kind and gracious was its outward cheer The rest was serpent all: Two shaggy claws Reached to the arm pits; and the back and breast

And either side were painted o'er with nodes And orbits. Colours variegated more Nor Turks nor Tartars e'er on cloth of State With interchangeable embroidery wove,

Nor spread Arachno o'er her curious loom.  
On the rim that fenced the sand with rock,  
Sat perched the fiend of evil. In the void  
Glancing his tail upturned its venomous fork,  
With sting like scorpion's armed." (c. xvii.)

There is a remarkable difference between the abode of the violent and that of the fraudulent. The former are on a wide plain, the latter in deep trenches, the deeper trenches for the craftier. Here, too, the holes are hewn in rocks hard as iron, showing that a more hardened heart is needed for fraud than for violence, and there are other noteworthy differences of this form of evil; there are no fewer than ten varieties enclosed in ten circular and concentric trenches.

The first is peopled by the seducers of women and panderers, who, as they march along, are scourged and lashed by horned demons. Next come the flatterers, who, as they had licked filth, are here buried to the mouth in horrid filth. In the third trench are the Simoniacs, the followers of Simon Magus,—

"who the things of God  
Which should be wedded unto goodness, these  
Rapacious as ye are do prostitute  
For gold and silver." (c. xix.)

These sinners are plunged head foremost into burning holes, their feet projecting. Dante regarded their punishment with great satisfaction.

In the fourth trench are found soothsayers and those who by unlawful means seek to predict the future. They are punished by having their heads twisted round, so that they are forced to walk backwards. In the fifth are corrupt officials and public speculators whose punishment is to be plunged in a lake of boiling pitch. We have a horrid picture of one of Santa Zita's (Lucca's) elders (aldermen) carried on the shoulders of a black devil, and cast into the lake. In the sixth trench (we are still in the 8th circle,) are the hypocrites wearing hoods that fall low before their eyes and with copes which are gold outside and inside lead. In the seventh are thieves, "with serpents were their hands behind their bound," (xxiv.) In the eighth are evil counsellors, men who have put their talents to evil purpose in misleading others by their advice. They are hidden in flames of fire from which their voices issue. The ninth contains sowers of schism and strife, children of the devil, as the peacemakers are "called the children of God." A demon hews their bodies asunder and cuts off their tongues and hands. In the last trench are forgers and coiners, liars and calumniators and impersonators of others. Coiners are in the last agonies of dropsy. Calumniators are in burning fever, abusing and striking one another.

In the ninth and last circle we are still among the fraudulent, but of a deeper die. These are traitors, gian's in sin, as they are represented. They are confined in four chasms. (1) In Caria are the betrayers of relations; (2) In Antenora, traitors of country; (3) In Ptolomea, deceivers under the form of kindness; (4) In Guidecca, betrayers of benefactors with Lucifer in the midst. These are imprisoned in the frozen river Cocytus, in masses of ice, the most terrible of penalties, suited to their cold and selfish natures, and they regard each other with mutual rage and hate. Here Satan is imprisoned at the centre of the earth wedged in everlasting ice, his legs protruding towards the Southern Hemisphere. He has three faces representing the

three forms of sin. In each of his three mouths he champs a sinner: In the middle one, Judas, he the betrayer of Christ; in the two others Brutus and Cassius, the murderers of Caesar. To Dante the Emperor was sacred; and Julius, was regarded as the first. The travellers have now reached the depth of hell, and return to the world on the other side.

It will always need spiritual discernment to interpret the meaning of this great poem; yet many of its lessons lie on the surface, and other and deeper ones will yield themselves to patient and devout study. We shall learn from it more of the reality and vileness of moral evil, be more convinced of the triumph of divine justice. Each of the three parts of the *Commedia* ends with the Stars:

"By that hidden way  
My guide and I did enter, to return  
To the fair world; and heedless of repose  
We climbed, he first, I following his steps,  
Till our view the beauteous lights of heaven  
Dawned through a circular opening in the  
cave.

Thence issuing we again beheld the stars."

WILLIAM CLARK.

### PARIS LETTER.

"If all the year were playing holidays,  
To sport would be as tedious as to work."

The Russians must, by this, be of Shakespeare's opinion. What constitutions the Russian admirals must possess, for they stand the whole brunt of the receptions and gastronomic firings. The subordinate officers are relieved by detachments from Toulon. Their captains must envy them, for it is the pace that kills. To prolong the festivals would justify the Czar in demanding an account from France for killing his officers. The visitors must be astounded, as are the impartial lookers-on. When the fever calms down, the French will be able to take in all they have gone through.

The two marked features of the rejoicings continued to the close to be the influx of provincials—they submerged orthodox residents—and the indulging in flag decorations. Monday last was the popular fête, when the visitors became the guests of Parisians; the Government had nothing to do with that twenty-four hours' rejoicings; they were only guests like the Muscovites. The streets became the abode of millions; the weather was fine, and to remain within doors would be as unpatriotic as to abstain from displaying some kind of alliance bunting or Siamese symbol. Country cousins did invest liberally in all these colored and expressive bric-bracs. The *carrousel*, or tournament, was very brilliant and the machinery hall of the 1889 Exhibition never witnessed a more attractive spectacle. In the matter of fireworks, economy was undoubtedly indulged in; why should private people light up when the public edifices remained dark? The night Venetian regatta, or rather aqueous promenade, was a toy affair. The Trocadero seemed to embody a festival of lanterns, only it was monotonous, because all the paper bladders seemed to be orange. Now, there are thirty John Chinamen in Paris that could have executed the lantern show better.

The close of the welcome was unquestionably the popular banquet; 3,600 persons—no ladies—sat down to a dinner very fairly served. Of course there were a few hitches, but as everyone was prepared to make allowance for these, and good humor was the password, all

went off well. The best rule on these occasions is to take what the waiters offer; if you wait for the presentation of dishes in the order chronicled on the bill of fare, you will miss the flowing tide. The commencement of the dinner was slow, but soon everybody warmed to work. The champagne was abundant, and of the "Clicquot" brand. I raise my hat to the memory of the widow, and if she be not favored to a rapid exit out of purgatory, theologians deserve never to be allowed to cut one of the cork strings of her best brand. Her firm presented 2,000 bottles as a patriotic gift. The organization of the tables was excellent: the table of honor ran across the ex-Exhibition gallery of thirty metres; branching from this head centre, ran tables the whole length of the vast hall, each displaying a letter of the alphabet; then every long table was divided into sections of twelve, and 15 guests on each side of a section; the odd numbers on one side, and the even on the other. Hence, there was no difficulty in reaching your seat. The space for a guest was close, but stout people had only to sit anglewise to be comfortable. After the ceremonial airs, selections from Guonod's velvety music predominated. In point of food supplies, the banquet did not come up to the miracle dinner given during the 1889 Exhibition to the mayors of France; but it was the Government who met the dinner bill, and France is ever rich enough to pay for her glory. To reach the grounds, and see the fireworks, a few Press men took a short cut across the temporary kitchen. The army of cooks was a sight. I counted ten in a comatose state, wholly exhausted.

It has been estimated that between 1½ to 2 millions visitors arrived in Paris daily to witness the fêtes. This influx was due to the railway companies starting excursion trains early in the morning from the provinces, and returning at midnight. Often a railway terminus was dense with arrivals, expecting to obtain vehicles, and the cabmen never were more civil. But people who are coming are generally of a sunny disposition. Many of the excursionists had brought their provisions with them, and all inns and taverns being full, they philosophically sat down under the trees of the Boulevards and enjoyed their picnic. On such occasions the French surpass all other people, if not in "rising" to the occasion, at least in sitting down to it. But where the genius of French ingenuity displays itself is in the dressing out of the fête, especially where a "stroke of business" can be united to patriotism. One silk mercer had the celebrated Blazenny Russian cathedral, with all its onion domes and roof celestial strings, executed in a mosaic of colored tissues. Another sold pocket-handkerchiefs, or *pochettes*, for four sous; at one of the corners was displayed the alliance flags, that part was to peep from the pocket. There were two toy allied sailors with arms upon one another's shoulders, and jointly puffing a calumet of peace. A trader, in front of his shop, had a balloon, called the "F.-R. Alliance"; the car had the inevitable two sailors toasting international love; the guide rope was composed of a row of Russian leather purses—the sale goods he dealt in. A Russian officer is presenting a lady with a Cronstadt biscuit—price and name of manufacturer given—while the lady holds a cup of caravan tea, made from Moscow importations. Anchors are worked up into every suggestive



symbol even to the United Boys in Blue waltzing with maids in their caves. But the marvel of marvels has been, not an incident has occurred, not a word uttered that any foreign power could find fault with. Admiral Avellan ought to finish up by casting anchor in Portsmouth.

After all, the interment of Marshal MacMahon did not, as many expected, interrupt the fêtes. In fact, the twenty-four hours of national mourning was an agreeable change. It allowed everybody to breathe, and the Russian admirals to "take observations," and to see that they were not "out of their reckonings." Had the poor Marshal a chance in the matter he would certainly have postponed dying till the visitors were gone. But his death afforded a fresh occasion for France to score another day of glory. His obsequies would require adjectives of the Spanish superlative order to describe. But first as to his death. Like all aged persons who have enjoyed a robust constitution on the high road to the nineties, when the breakdown arrives it is real and complete. A few months ago I met him taking his morning constitutional in the Champs Elysées; he was as erect as a young recruit from the hands of a German drill sergeant. But it required no very experienced eye to perceive that the eminent soldier was suffering. The ordinary knitted brow, produced by long glances over the battle fields had become closer knitted from physical pain. The attack of diabetes had returned, with deadly fierceness; obstruction of the kidneys became more difficult and ultimately the natural blood poisoning ensued.

MacMahon well deserved the state funeral given to his remains. Some say it was a mere official ceremony, but it could not be otherwise; even private persons, whether paupers or millionaires, must be buried officially. An entire army division—over 50 000 men from all branches of the service—contributed to impart exceptional *clat* to the ceremony, and the diplomatic world and all the great bodies of state, in addition to the clergy, fell into line. The most artistic phase of the interment was the lying in state in the *chapelle ardente*, under the portico of the Madeleine. It was from here the imposing procession started for the Church of the Invalides, beneath whose dome, and in company with its historic dead, he has been laid. It took one hour to reach the Invalides; the day was beautifully fine; about two millions of people lined the route, very respectful but cold and unemotional. However, quite a new generation has sprung up since the Marshal's life work closed. But Parisians remember he suppressed the Commune, as they do that Canrobert shot them down during the 2nd December *coup d'état*. The wreath sent by the German Emperor, sad and bitter as were its recallings, was the handsomest of all those contributed. It was not the funeral of an ex-President of the Republic the crowd came to witness, but that of a brave soldier, who never spared his blood to defend his country. He belonged to the old school of generalship: fight rather than plan. That's just why he was beaten by the Germans. He was a Royalist, with a foot in the Legitimist and the Orleanist camps; he never professed marked love either for the Republic or Empire, but he accepted both and did his duty under both loyally and well. As for his political career, he was simply "run" by a knot of intriguers, and on finding them

out, cut connection with them. He was a proud, upright and stubbornly correct gentleman to the close, but at the same time very kind and affable. Of general intelligence, he had not much more than the ordinary mess-room standard and stock. The funeral at the Church in the Invalides was not at all imposing; it seemed to have been somewhat hurried; it was terminated before the members of the procession had all reached their seats. I secured a seat close to the section marked "Solferino;" high up over-head, where all the trophy flags of French battles are ranged, was the bare pole of the English colors taken at Fontenoy; the tissue has long since rotted and dropped away.

Gounod has died at a moment when public opinion was too absorbed to pay all the attention to his memory that he merited. He may be said to be unknown to the crowd. His music was not written, of course, for the masses. He was a mystic, and was a favorite in his own social set. Even the Church is said to be puzzled over the nature of his religion, though he composed sacred music extensively. He has no connected biography, and he has not created a "school." He will be buried by the state, as his talent entitled him.

The colliers are still on strike, and continue the coal war, with fluctuations. No sharp cry of misery is heard; perhaps this may be due to the spasmodic character of the strike. The Socialists direct the whole movement. Are there any political economists now in France? If so, this is their moment.

The French, when conducting long sieges, in order to keep their courage up, organize theatricals. The soldiers are thus roused from lethargy. During the Crimean war private theatricals were very common. Often the bills had to be changed; a notice would set forth that two of the leading artistes had just been killed and several members of the company had been conveyed to the ambulance in a wounded condition.

A lad has just been freed from a strange stomach food. Three months ago he swallowed a yard of india-rubber gas tube; the surgeons coaxed up some portions of the foreign body, and an emetic did the rest. The patient experienced no injury, never complained of indigestion, had no need of pills, and the rubber was not much affected. An ostrich could not surpass that feat.

## SIDELIGHTS ON THE COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION.

FOLK-LIFE AT THE FAIR.

Closely allied to the artistic or æsthetic aspect of the Columbian Exposition are the picturesque glimpses we get of the life and surroundings of the foreign folk, whom here one could see, in a manner, at home; living in their accustomed ways, occupied in their accustomed tasks, dressed in their distinctive costumes, almost as one might find them in the far-off lands from which, like other exhibits, they have been collected. Whether it is the white-robed Esquimau paddling his Rob Roy canoe, or the Arab camel-driver leading the grey patriarch of beasts;—the slant-eyed children of Cathay in their "joss-house" or theatre, or the white-robed Cingalese from the island of "spicy breezes," who certainly do not look exceptionally "vile;" the sight of this mingling and intermingling of races from north and south, from east and west, seem to give a new sense, both of the essential oneness and outward diversity of our wonderful human family.

The walk down the Midway Plaisance—bordered on each side by the foreign villages, which, like other "side-shows," open their gates only to the persuasive influence of a twenty-five-cent piece—is scarcely a mile in length, yet on it we may see more variety of type and race than we could encounter anywhere short of Cairo or Algiers. Sable Africans and swarthy Arabs—looking, in their long burnouses, like our ideals of sheikhs or Bible patriarchs—turbaned Hindoos, Javanese with their twisted kerchiefs for head gear, the Turkish fez and the Chinese pig-tail, blend with our commonplace European attire in a medley that is full of color and interest even to the careless observer. Then when the somewhat disenchanting but necessary ticket has been bought and duly handed in, and you penetrate into the streets and alleys behind the barrier and see, it may be, the gorgeous Cairo street—an ideal bit of Oriental life, looking like a picture materialized; or the simple bamboo and palm-leaf cottages of the Javanese, or the still ruder huts of the Samoans, and their wonderful war dances, you feel that you can now realize the existence and individuality of these strange peoples as not the most graphic description in the world could have enabled you to do. Then, to add a further touch of reality, there are the smiling, beguiling salesmen, with their glittering stores of trinkets, ready enough to take in the unwary stranger by asking two or three times the value of the articles offered, and yet so seemingly artless, with their broken English and "a smile that is child-like and bland," that it seems positively cruel to regard them with a suspicious eye! Specially persuasive are the soft-voiced Syrians and Turks, who coaxingly invite: "Everybody come see! Everybody ting ver' sheap to-day!" as they hold up their chains and bracelets for inspection. But here, too, human nature manifests its essential oneness, for buyer and seller are equally bent on getting the best of the bargain. And the poor Oriental is somewhat to be excused if he sometimes asks a little too much, for as a rule he does not make too many sales, and there is a good deal more chaffering than buying, which cannot tend to exalt his idea of the Western nature. But the booths added much to the picturesque effect, especially at night. In-

### JOY.

Long, long before I knew thee, Angel Joy,  
I pictured thee as some gay laughing sprite,  
A very incarnation of delight;  
Nor knew the nectar in thy lips would cloy,  
Or touch of time thy loveliness destroy.  
I fancied thou wert ever poised for flight,  
Lest sorrow hov'ring near should sudden  
light  
Too near thee; or some brighter form decoy  
Thee from my side. How do I know thee now?  
A sweet abiding presence, calm and still,  
Oft clasping sorrow close. Through good, thro' ill  
A smile upon thy lips, unruffled brow  
So radiant—I scarce will now avow  
That other e'er had power to charm or thrill.

Montreal.

M. E. R.

Contentment is better than divinations or vision.—Landor.

All the events of our life are materials out of which we may make what we will. He who has much spirit makes most of his life.—Novallis.

deed, in the splendor of the evening illumination—more brilliant than ordinary day-light—the street in Cairo or the Constantinople bazaar look like a bit of the old Bagdad we used to know so well in our "Arabian Nights." There are the open booths glittering with beaten brass-ware, bowls and pitchers of quaint and curious design, richly colored rugs and robes, long pipes such as Haroun al Raschid and his Vizier might have been well content to smoke; and behind them, it might seem, some of the very shopkeepers who supplied the Commander of the Faithful in the days of Scheherazade and her interminable tales. Possibly the Caliph himself may be there in disguise, as was his custom—we are almost sure the Three Dervishes are—and the pastry cook who made the eventful cream-tarts! Turkish confectionery, at least, there is in plenty, if not cream tarts. And up there at the opposite end from the graceful Arab minaret, looms up from the front of a veritable old Egyptian temple, bearing its strange pictures, figures and hieroglyphs, just as it did in the life-time of Moses, the contemporary of that Rameses whose name it bears. And there perchance you may see a little cluster of Egyptian priests carrying one of their gods—Osiris or Anubis—with due honors into the temple, their heads covered with those strange white cowls which are so quaintly characteristic of the Egyptian mural paintings and sculpture. Just so, no doubt, looked Potipherah, priest of On, in the exercise of his sacred functions. After being thrown back in our chronology something like four thousand years, it seems a strange and sudden leap across the centuries to come out of this enchanted court, with its air of hoary antiquity, into the crowded, bustling Midway, with its big wheel and rush and hurry and keen air of the "latest invention."

It is to be regretted that these bits of foreign life, along the "Midway," should not have been arranged on some intelligible principle, chronological, ethnographical or geographical. As it is, they make up a singular medley. The palisaded wall of the rude Dahomey village, with its savage-looking half-clad inmates, is in close proximity to the splendours of the Moorish palace and the antique gorgeousness of Turkey and Syria. The Chinese temple with its barbaric pictures, its shaven priest burning incense before his pictured idol,—the curious reproductions of Chinese home life,—the little Chinese mother with her pretty Chinese baby—and the curious little concert balcony—looks directly over the mediæval *Hof-market* of old Vienna of two hundred years ago; while the quaint melancholy clangour of Chinese gongs and drums mingles with the melodious strains of an Austrian band as it delights the beer-garden audience under the "black and gold" and the double headed eagle! Cairo Street, with its pure orientalism, its latticed balconies and minaretted mosque, and its Ancient Egyptian temple of pyramid antiquity, has for its neighbour the castellated gateway of Donegal Castle, and the old Irish crosses and cromlechs that cluster round it. The German village, with its moated mediæval castle, and its timbered Saxon houses, with their dark carved massive furniture, and its fair-haired merchants from Frankfort and Munich, is set down close to the light bamboo frames and palm-leaf walls and thatch of the fragile dwellings in which the small dusky Javanese

are busy with their hat-braiding and basket-making; and also—so closely does nineteenth century invention pursue even savage life—hard at work on their sewing-machines, which, with them, seem to be worked not by women but by men. Then, as we proceed a little farther up the Plaisance, we come on the Samoan village, where the agile South Sea islanders, with fine physiques, like animated bronzes, are perpetually performing their wonderful war dances, whirling their clubs with the most inconceivable dexterity, and singing all the while in the strange minor key which seems to belong to all savage music. Just so did their forefathers dance and brandish their clubs in the days of Captain Cook and the martyred Williams yet these people surely are of milder mien and a higher type of expression, the result, doubtless, of years of refining Christian influence. Near this village, again, is that of the Sultan of Jehore; very like the Javanese one in its general aspect, and close by it rises the tower of Blrney Castle, with Lady Aberdeen's tasteful little industrial village, which thus brings us back to civilized life, though it has a show of Hindoo jugglers for a *vis-a-vis*. And we have omitted the Arab circus of camels and dromedaries and the German menagerie, and the Bulgarian curiosities, and the Japanese and Algerian bazaars, and Venice glass works, all sandwiched in as miscellaneously between these foreign villages. It is certainly an odd and quaint *mélange*, but, as a presentation of foreign peoples, is rather confusing, and a little more arrangement could certainly be desired. Possibly the French, with their love of ideas and genius for scientific system, may produce at the next Paris Exhibition a real miniature of this round world and its varied inhabitants, which shall be as delightful as the Plaisance and more satisfying in arrangement.

The Esquimaux Village, another bit of folk-life, is within the Fair grounds proper, in the south-western corner of the lagoon; and the round white huts and Esquimaux dogs and canoes, as well as the white-robed paddlers, are but a short distance away from the palms and aloes of the Californian and Horticultural buildings. How does the Esquimaux regard the rich tropical foliage which now for the first time he sees? Does it awaken in him any vague longings, like that of the palm for the pine, or *vice versa*? Or does he, like most of us, feel satisfied with what nature has bestowed on him—scant as that provision is!

The Indian teepees and wigwams near the Anthropological Building are geographically arranged and compose a very interesting group. One may study the grotesque carvings in the great Totem posts of the British Columbia houses, or the palisaded simplicity of the Iroquois Council-house, just as Parkman has described it for us; or we may see a party of Crees, on a cool evening, gathered round their central camp-fire and crooning their native songs as they draw their blankets closer about them, just as we might see them on the plains of the North-West; and close by are the burros and the sacred cattle and some hapless captive deer, whose cry of imprisoned weariness is one of the few painful incidents of the Fair.

Then, if we like to go back to the dead and buried folk-life of prehistoric ages, there are the wonderful carved ruins of Yucatan, "Uymal's ruined shrine," and the still more wonderful reproduction of the homes of the "cliff dwellers," as found in the Colorado canon, with

their utensils, pottery, mummies, and even their grain and hickory nuts, just as these were dug out of the excavations. It begins to grow too heavy a burden—this realization of the long-reaching and many-colored web of humanity, stretching its unity in diversity from century to century!

And while we seem to realize in this cosmopolitan Fair the close relationship of our human family, and the importance of drawing closer the ties of brotherhood—the Moors and Spaniards are literally at daggers drawn, the British, with or without adequate grounds, are peppering away at the hapless Matabeles; the Brazilians are fighting among themselves; and rumours of trouble come from far Cathay—we are not yet arrived at the reign of universal peace, though it was thought that the first Exposition was to usher in that consummation devoutly to be wished for! It is coming, however, as surely as good must prevail over evil, love over hate; and as we watch the strangers from many lands—from Lapland's snowy hills to "Africa's burning sands"—all absorbed in admiration of the products of the Arts of Peace at this wonderful Fair, let us hope that, with the lifelong memories they must carry away to their distant homes, may blend some vague sense of the solidarity and interdependence of our common humanity, and the unnatural wickedness of war, so that the time may not be far distant when the great Krupp gun and all its kindred may be transformed into machines useful to human weal, or facilities for transit, to draw the ends of the earth nearer in bands not merely of iron, but of brotherhood and peace!

FIDELIS.

#### OTHER PEOPLE'S THOUGHTS.

"*Les salons mentent, les tombeaux sont sincères.*" These words of Heine, written in '32, seem to sound the very death-note of whatever survived of the old régime. They seem to tell us why a citizen-king was impossible and why a second empire must inevitably prove a comedy of corruption. The impossibility has been proved and the comedy has been played, but the words retain a significance which has to do, not with the revolutionary tendencies of the French people, but with universal history.

And in literature, which is the spontaneous illustration of race development just as history is its logical explanation—do we not find that this thing is true? That the gush of words is meaningless and obscure except when viewed in connection with those upon whose life-work the seal of death has been stamped. That it is impossible to comprehend the full meaning of the *expression* of to-day unless we have followed, in literature as well as in history, the series of conditions which produced it.

*Les salons mentent*, and the so-called schools of the present, is it they who shall speak the last word? Is vitality lost because many who should be voiceless have found speech? Are beauty and passion dead because mediocrity has caught a strange new lustre in mud? Are thought and imagination varying phases reaching yesterday to perfection and to-morrow unknown and forgotten? Assuredly no. For, as it is true, that out of nothing, nothing is born, so also is it true that from the beautiful there arises something perennial. And it is this eternal reaction of the beautiful which

saves, in spite of the quibbles of cliques and schools, literature and art alike from the shadow of the decadence.

*Les tombeaux sont sinceres*, and the lives of thought and unconscious devotion to art, is it not possible to say the same of them? For surely it is in the best that was in them that we may read the possibilities of the future and not in the transient moods of to-day. Surely the glow of Hugo and the inexpressible sweetness of DeMusset are more typical of the French literature which is to be than each vague paradox to which the men at the end of a century cling only for the moment.

And if these same "schools" are in reality the expression of a particular mood it is in the study of the past—however crude and superficial—that we learn their inevitable limitations. It is only by this means that we see why a pessimist fails in his representation of life, and why the poetic dream of the idealist must linger only as the memory of a dream. It is only by this means that we can distinguish between the fashioning of personal characters and the creation of universal types. Yes! this study of moods leads to but one conclusion—that it is the suppression rather than the expression of mood which is compatible to the noblest literature.

And yet these phases of personal emotion which find self-expression are interesting apart from their artistic merit. The heart of centuries ago throbbed beneath the burden which is ours. The joy of life which burst from Grecian lips is not wholly lost to the children of to-day. We have caught perchance new moods, new sorrows, but the elemental phases of human nature are essentially the same. The sympathy which produces pathos and humour was theirs before it was ours—will exist as long as man is mindful of laughter and grief.

Still more interesting, and for broader reasons, is it to examine the products of what may be considered racial sentiment. To follow the graceful Alexandrines of Racine, not merely viewing them as "pseudo-classicism," but as literature, and in a certain though limited sense, typical rather than artificial.

And then finally to arrive at the masterpieces of universal and impersonal minds—the works of Shakespeare and Molière. And in these we read one great lesson at least, namely, that the conscious expression of individual moods is alien to the unconscious comprehensiveness of the highest literature.

The scales fall from our eyes. Only the universal endures. The doubt of that man, the hope of the other, this paradox and that fallacy—it does not matter since they are all alike necessarily transient. Judge them by the light of the past and their fate is already sealed; it is not by their light that we must judge the future.

"*Mais hélas!*" once more in the words of him who asked for a sword rather than for a crown, "*les morts, ces froids recitateurs de l'histoire, parlent en vain à la foule furieuse, qui ne comprend que le langage de la passion vivante.*"

When Lord Beaconsfield invested something over \$20,000,000 of British funds in the Suez canal enterprise eighteen years ago, there was a great deal of moaning, but the investment has proved a valuable one. The British treasury has received five per cent. on its money, and the stocks are now worth \$88,750,000, or more than four times their cost.—Milwaukee Journal.

## JOTTINGS FROM RIO DE JANEIRO.\*

6th Sept., 1893, 11 a.m.

The long-wished for, but really unexpected for the moment, diversion has at last occurred.

This morning, while coming into town in the bond, I with others observed that the Aquidaban was under steam and that near her were anchored a number of merchant steamers flying the national flag. Various surmises were made, but it was not thought to be anything, until on reaching the city we heard that the entire fleet had revolted and were seizing all the Brazilian steamers on which they could lay hands.

I went down to the quays and found it guarded by soldiers, all embarkations being prohibited by the land forces, while the traffic on the bay was suspended by the fleet.

Mello is reported to be in command, and it is said that he is accompanied in the movement by all of the naval forces and a number of senators and deputies. At the moment it is said that the Forts are also with him and that Wandenkolk is on board the Aquidaban.

These particulars are not yet certain, but I write them as what is reported—confirmation or contradiction will be made by the evening papers. It is almost raining. Streets muddy and dirty to a degree, but it is nice and cool—a splendid day for fighting. I doubt, however, if any will occur to-day. Business is completely paralyzed.

### INDEPENDENCE DAY—HOLIDAY.

September 7th, 1893, 10 a.m.

Last night some small shells were thrown into the city and a couple of houses damaged, but no one hurt.

Last night also, at 10.30, the steam launch from the Italian warship Bausau, having on board the Consul, was fired on from the Caes Pharoux, as she neared the landing-place, and the helmsman, Joachimo Miccelli, 23 years of age, was wounded so badly that he has died. Indemnification is demanded. Twenty-two balls were found in the wood of the boat.

I now go to the Caes Pharoux to see any fun which may go on.

The forts are as yet passive, and Wandenkolk is reported still a prisoner. 8 p.m.

I have been on the quay all day. The tow boats, all in possession of the fleet, have towed out into the bay every national vessel, hulk and warship they could get—even to the Samandere, and the Emperor's yacht. Supplies of water and food for the forts have all been captured and diverted to the use of the fleet.

Fort Villegaignon, garrisoned by naval forces, has declared itself neutral. Santa Cruz still holds out for the Vice President.

At ten minutes to four o'clock, a launch, the "Lucy" approached the landing-place at the Caes de Mineiros, close to

\* These "jottings" are published almost exactly as received by me from my brother. They were intended simply to keep his family informed of the state of affairs where he is, and not for publication, but they seem to me to possess a freshness and interest not always to be found in more carefully prepared articles, hence their appearance in print. Doubtless the readers of *The Week* are interested to some extent in the Brazilian Revolution.—CONSTANCE FAIRBANKS.

the Arsenal of Marine, and opened fire. People who were watching, and the soldiers stayed not on the order of their going, but went. The officer in command returned in a few minutes and cussed—well, just a little.

The Commander of the Bausau has obtained 100 contos of Rico, for the family of his dead sailor. This is about £5,000 sterling—much more than the man was ever worth when alive. He was the first man killed and the Government has paid dearly. The money is paid.

A woman was killed this afternoon by a stray ball, and a number of people have been wounded.

All the Brazilian men-of-war, as well as the forts have dressed in honour of the day, but no salutes have been fired.

It is lucky that so many foreign ships are in port. We have the British ships Sirius, Beagle, and Racer; the Italian Bausau; French, Arethuse; and Portuguese, Mindello.

The Sirius made a demand for coal, but Wilson & Sons being unable to send any lighters about, they told the Sirius people to go and get it themselves—and they did, some 450 tons. It is quite a serious business (no pun). I shall stay on the quay to-night.

Religious Holiday, Sept. 8.

As yet no change. Various engagements took place last night—some casualties—several small shells fell into the city also.

At one o'clock heavy firing was going on across the bay, near the ammunition deposits. The fleet is now in possession of about 32 sea-going vessels and a number of torpedo boats.

During the days the torpedo boats have cruised up and down the bay constantly, and at night the search lights have made visible any movement on the harbour or water front.

The Custom House (Alfandega) is garrisoned and supplied with machine guns. At the Caes Pharoux, two Krupp guns have been placed in position.

The Italian sailor was buried to-day. All the foreign war vessels sent detachments of men, and the Government sent a detachment of cavalry.

Saturday, Sept. 9th.

And yet no change. I am at the office, but might just as well be away.

A number of soldiers and civilians have been killed and many wounded by the various interchanges of shots.

12.20 p.m., sharp.

A brisk fusilade is going on at the Caes Mineiros, about 300 yards from our office. People and carts are bolting in every direction and the doors of all the shops are being banged shut all along the street.

A small shell has just passed overhead, singing its merry little tune. I am going out to see the fighting.

2 p.m.

The shooting was between a torpedo boat and the soldiers on shore. I saw one soldier being carried away badly wounded. Some bodies of sailors have been placed on the shore up the bay in front of one of the cemeteries. The Government will bury them.

State of siege has been declared, but not yet enforced. Exchange has fallen to 10d., but everything else has risen. We are in danger of a partial famine.

owing to the rigorous blockade maintained by the squadron. A pound of dry beef costs about 25 cents, and a half bushel of potatoes \$2.50. The Vice President says he will fight to the bitter end, and the fleet dare not yield. Public opinion is in favour of the navy and the idea is strong that it will win. All postal service is suspended, and mails are being made up at the Consulate's to be sent on board any homeward-bound steamer by the boats of the warships. No shore boats are allowed to move about—as a matter of fact, there are few that are not in the possession of the fleet.

There have been humorous occurrences, too. When the first shooting took place the soldiers bolted; and some of them while handling their rifles got so nervous that they could hardly put the cartridges in.

It was on the Caes Pharoux; a rifle shot was heard; the man in front of me, a police soldier, dropped down, almost fainting from terror. The crowd cruelly (*Q*) laughed, and the man got up again looking as pale as a negro can.

Monday, Sept. 11th.

No radical change in the position. Constant firing was going on all Saturday night, and it is reported that many soldiers were killed and wounded. As a matter of course many exaggerated reports are flying about, but I have confined myself to what has actually happened. Italian warship Dogali has arrived.

Tuesday, Sept. 12th.

The city was aroused this morning by the sound of heavy firing. The fleet were bombarding the Armacao, or deposit of war material on the Niecheroy side of the bay. It is said that the fleet has gained possession of this point; at all events, the white flag of the Revolutionists is floating over it.

To-night, notice is given through the Sirius, that the naval and military arsenals in this city will be bombarded tomorrow.

Wednesday, 13th, 10 a.m.

It looks as if the bombardment will come off. All the foreign warships have moved from their usual anchorage, which is in the line of fire, and have gone up the bay.

The Corvette Trajano is lying right off the war arsenal, cleared for action—topmasts struck, etc.—and looks most business like.

The state of panic is tremendous, and people are fleeing in every direction. The ball is advertized to commence at two p.m.

11.10 a.m., sharp.

The first shot has just been fired. It has fallen between our office and the post office, and burst. Apparently, no harm done. In a few minutes, our office will be closed, and I will then get breakfast, if possible, and hie me away to some elevated point, from which a good view can be obtained.

Thursday, Sept. 14th.

The firing yesterday, which I witnessed from the Castle and Gloria hills, was mostly between the warships and Fort Santa Cruz. Only four shots fell into the fort, and not one from it struck the ships. It was a game of long bowis

and amounted to nothing more than the paving of the bay with shot and shell. As regards the firing on the city, many shots fell and have done a considerable amount of famage. A woman was killed by a shell on the Castle hill, and her body lay in plain sight for a long time. Some soldiers were killed also, but how many is not known. Two shots struck the Faculty of Medicine, right alongside the Santa Casa de Misericordia. The good government papers howls about this, but they don't state that the immense hospital is immediately behind the Arsenal de Guerra, where guns are stationed, and from which point constant firing was directed at the ships.

The firing ceased at about 6 p.m., but during the night rifle firing was continuous.

Everything is quiet to-day. The Fleet is coaling.

Friday, Sept. 15th.

All quiet. Fleet is still coaling. Some shots were exchanged last night.

Saturday, Sept. 16th.

The Javary was struck four times last night by a shot from a six-inch gun on the Castle hill. This morning she cannot be seen. I suppose she has gone up the bay.

I spent last evening as I have done for some time, on the Praia Flamengo, and while there was right in the midst of a heavy rifle fire between a launch and the soldiers. The air was full of the music of the balls as they went whizzing and whistling through the air. It lasted for some minutes and was very brisk.

GEORGE R. FAIRBANKS.

(To be continued.)

### IN THE STORM.

I have come here to think of you,  
Here on the hill,  
With the black pines below me  
And only the storm above,  
Here where the snow is blown and whirled  
Out on the boughs like foam on billows,  
Where white winds sing,  
And the song of the river  
Filleth the lull,  
Like interludes faint and far off,  
As the voice of the sea in a shell—  
Oh! mild are the winds and the world,  
And the storm sweeps down over all,  
The river sings on and the wind  
Maketh a song.

You used to come here too—  
It was summer time,  
And this little river  
Rushed by under under the stars  
Like "melted moonlight" poured from the  
bowl of the moon—  
Shall I ever forget you?  
Your eyes were dark, so dark, as the shadows  
In streams under pines,  
There were none ever like them—  
Your locks as the midnight,  
With threads of silver like starshine run  
through them,  
And oh! the touch of your hand—  
You took mine in it,  
You looked at the stars, the moon, the river,  
and me:  
And swore that you loved me—  
That was long ago.

Yes, it was summer time,  
And under the golden sun  
When the dry, white dust lay still on the heat-  
ed road,  
And shadows crept up the hill,  
You used to lie here on the grass, smoking,  
Blowing grey rings of smoke,  
Tremulous circles that faded soon  
Like the dreams of a day,

And were lost in the sun.  
Oh! what indolent hours—  
Birds sang on green branches below us,  
Bees sailed through the sunlight above,  
Gold-banded, soft, brown bees  
Searching for fields of white clover.  
And times when the winds were abroad,  
Fresh from the sea, and full of its spirit,  
When the grain was golden for miles on  
miles,  
And the poppies in blossom,  
Oh! the winds blew a gale o'er the yellow  
grain,  
Storm was there and the poppies strugglad  
Like red souls lost in a deep of gold—  
Oh! the voice of the storm was troubled  
The soul of the poppy frown—  
Again you reached out your hand  
Clasping mine in it—  
Again you swore:  
Your love was stronger than all the storm,  
Your love was true.

Yes!  
I have come here to think of you.  
Here on the hill,  
With the black pines below me,  
And only the storm above,  
Where the river sings, and the wind  
Maketh a song.

HELEN M. MERRILL.

### GLIMPSES AT THINGS.

How is one to pronounce Missouri? The usual British and Canadian pronunciation is endorsed in the last edition of Webster. At the same time Mr. Thomas names his play "In Mizzoura," to emphasize the pronunciation current in the State. He has described amusingly how his father rebuked, upon the floor of her school, a rash Boston school mistress who ventured to call the word Missou-ree:—"Tom Benton said Mizzou raw when he addressed the Senate of the United States. General Shields says Missouraw, Nathaniel P. Lyon said Mizzourah and Frank Blair says it. \* \* And years ago, on the first survey map, it was printed as the Indians call it, full of Z's. \* \* And every boy here that respects his parents and the constitution of the United States will always say Mizzouraw." This fine specimen of Missourian indignation, in addition to the fact that an adjoining State has determined by law that the correct pronunciation of its name is Arkansaw, warns us against trifling with popular pronunciations in the South. A benighted Britisher may perhaps venture on the phonetic heresy of saying Cin-nah-tee in the streets of Cin-cin-nah-tah; but in the fiery States of Arkansaw and Mizzoura you should take no northern liberties with their names—especially if your complexion happens to be dark.

That a spirit of fair play is more general among Canadian than among United States editors is manifested in their respective methods of treating aggrieved correspondents. If any individuals claim with the slightest plausibility that they, or anything deeply affecting their interests, have been misrepresented in a Canadian journal, its editor almost invariably inserts their remonstrances, nor does he often mutilate their manuscripts to avoid sharp censure, unless it is utterly coarse or groundless. A far larger proportion of American editors will decline to print communications which reflect unpleasantly upon their journals. Some of them even deny the right of outsiders to defend themselves against editorial strictures except in the advertising columns and at the usual rates. Such journalists make exceptions only to avert success.

ful suits for libel, or when they think they can easily refute the defence offered, or when a remonstrant, from his prominence, is sure to command a wider hearing in other newspapers. These reflections are suggested by the Chicago Tribune's recent refusal to print Senator Tasse's answer to its defamatory article on Canada. I believe that the editor of The Tribune is a New Brunswicker by birth; but the unfairness displayed by him is a trait not of Canadian but of United States journalism. The renegades of Canada or any other nation—I mean not those who "leave and love" but those who "leave and loathe" their native land—are usually more apt in acquiring the faults than the virtues of their adopted country.

The following strange advertisement has been inserted more than once in an English paper:

MONUMENTAL WORK.

SPLENDID DESIGNS OF MARBLE MONUMENTS just ready for the coming season, etc.

Whether the advertiser is thinking of the fashionable season or the cholera season, puzzles Mr. Labouchere. Perhaps the monumental artist is looking forward hopefully to "ructions" in Ireland or to a European war. Or he may have private advices that his medical allies, finding the present season dull, intend to let loose the microbes in their nurseries and to make their business boom. This advertiser does not hold, with Mrs. Hemans, that "Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death."

A few years ago Zola was denounced by half the journals of England as a literary monstrosity. Some of his works were prohibited and the publisher of one was sentenced to imprisonment. This autumn the same Zola has been the guest of the London press, and has been feted by the Lord Mayor and lionized by society. Formerly Zola was a Gorgon; now he is quite the cheese—a Gorgonzola cheese of course. Please don't faint.

F. BLAKE CROFTON.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE MANITOBA SCHOOLS.

To the Editor of The Week:  
Sir,—In The Week of October 27th, you criticise W. Tarte's letter to the Toronto Mail. At the close, you say that "the assumed parallelism between Quebec and Manitoba does not exist, for the sufficient reason that the Separate Schools in Quebec are the result of a compromise between that Province and Ontario." But had you yourself not allowed that there is at least a question whether in Manitoba, too, there was not, if not a "compromise," yet an agreement, or an understanding? Is it fair to set such aside in one case, because the minority is weak? At least, one ought to allow what one is doing in such overriding of minorities' rights—things which have to be over-ridden sometimes perhaps.  
But you say further that the cases are not parallel, because the Manitoba Public Schools are *bona fide* free, unsectarian schools, while the Quebec Public Schools are not. Is not this unworthy of you, Sir? What schools in that country are "*bona fide* free, unsectarian"? How can they be so, managed, used, and guided by intelligent sentient beings? Who are the machines that do not give a tone in religious matters—"religion touching on everything," as Matthew Arnold said—to the schools they teach in? And does any honest supporter of our English-speaking—and, therefore, British-spirited, un-Catholic toned—Public Schools,

say from his heart that he thinks them equally favourable to Catholicism and to Protestantism? Who are their heroes? What are their ideals? Certain things are in the air in certain places. Supporters of our Public Schools know that well. Let us be honest about it in word.

Nov. 3, 1893.

N. C. D.

"THE CRITIC" AND HENRY GEORGE

To the Editor of The Week:

Sir,—In a recent number of The Week is an article devoted to an examination of one of Mr. Henry George's predictions as to the result of the adoption of his now world famed remedy for social ills. "Single Tax on Land Values."

Believing that "The Critic" would not willingly prejudice public opinion as to the teachings of Mr. George, and thinking perhaps he has unconsciously done so, I desire, with your permission, to say a word in reply.

Admitting that perhaps it might have been expedient on the part of Mr. George to have qualified the phrases, "extirpate pauperism," "abolish poverty," still, it would surely be plain to any one who has read "Progress and Poverty" or any other of his works that "involuntary poverty and pauperism" was what he proposed to abolish. Mr. George would, I think, from a perusal of his works, be the last to suggest that his nostrum, as "The Critic" pleases to call his proposed remedy, would abolish and exterminate idle and vicious habits; but what he does suggest and insist upon is that the adoption of his plan would leave no ground for the idle man to claim sympathy because he could not get work, for then all who were willing to work could do so.

If "The Critic" can show that the application of a Single Tax on Land Values will not abolish *involuntary* pauperism and poverty, an article to that end will have much practical value by turning the energies of a large and ever increasing number of individuals into more useful channels than the advocacy of Single Tax.

Yours truly,

FELIX A. BELCHER.

Toronto.

MANITOBA HISTORY.

To the Editor of The Week:

Sir,—Writers of poetry and panegyric must be allowed large license. Their creations are art-works, claiming verisimilitude only, and intended, principally, to please the eye or tickle the fancy. "Christ leaving the Praetorium" would not be the valuable picture it is, had not the artist been permitted to focus a modern lime-light upon the central figure. Nevertheless custom has imposed certain limits. Rubens may add to the female form divine, in order to picture plenty; but if Marie de' Medicis be the worshipper, his "Apotheosis" must be of Henri IV. and not of Napoleon Bonaparte. Nelson may be glorified; but some occasion other than "several days at his own home in England" must be selected for proper rhapsodical basis. Possibility of truth there must be, or the work offends. History—at all events, modern, well-known, home history—must not be too palpably inverted, or the result displeases.

Not for the purpose of spoiling a picture, but in the interest of true art, therefore, do I venture to point out to Mr. J. Castell Hopkins (\*), that it was not after "the transfer of the territory (North West Territory), under the terms of confederation, to Canada," that "the horizon was soon darkened again by the appearance of," what he chooses to call

Referring to his article in The Week, 27th Oct., 1893: "Prominent Canadians—XLV. Hon. John Christian Schultz." Dr. Schultz, unless I much mistake him, would not desire to have more than the truth told about him. The part he played at Red River was strong, vigorous and courageous. It stands in no need of exaggeration.

(for the purpose of effective contrast, probably,) "avowed and open rebellion." The "rebellion" was all over long before the transfer to Canada; and therefore long before there could have been any rebellion, so far as Canada was concerned.

Nor was there any "Governor McDougall" of, or in, the Territory, whose "proclamations were disregarded." A gentleman of that name did at one time issue a commission to himself as "Lieutenant-Governor"; but from the Canadian Government he received as reply, not the office he hoped to fill, but a somewhat smart rap over the knuckles.

As to the sentence: "We need not wonder at the siege of the place (Dr. Schultz's house) which followed, by some hundreds of armed half-breeds, and its defence for several days against extreme odds," I can only say that for poetic vision my admiration is unbounded; but from an artistic standpoint, in my opinion the writer should have laid the scene further away. Rider Haggard catches us because we have never been there.

But perhaps I am taking Mr. Hopkins too seriously. When Mark Twain wanted to make the French duel utterly ridiculous, he burlesqued its detailed horrors, from the postage-stamp enwrapped weapon down to the memorized death-gasp of the unwounded warrior: "I die that France may live." But then, even Mark made somebody fire a shot, and at least one man pretend to be wounded. A peaceable (though perfectly honourable) surrender, and a march-off to gaol, are such palpably insufficient foundations for a "defence for several days against extreme odds," that one cannot help recollecting the line:—

"Praise undeserved is satire in disguise."

JOHN S. EWART.

Winnipeg, Nov. 8, 1893.

SOME COMMENTS.

To the Editor of The Week:

Sir,—I thank you much for your insertion of my "Comments" in your number of the 10th instant. Except only in the omission of a, stop before the paragraph about the Manitoba School Question, it is a perfect specimen of your printers, skill and care. But I am sorry you omitted my date (which must have been very early in the month,) and so have made my forecast of the President's action as to the coining of some of his unused silver, seem like a prophecy after the event; for the Shareholder says that on Friday the 3rd instant, the U. S. Treasury sent orders to the Mints at San Francisco and New Orleans to resume the coining of silver dollars, and that it is expected that about \$1,500,000 will be coined at once. It seems that by the Sherman Act of 1891, the Treasury can coin so much of the silver purchased under it, as may be required for the redemption of the Treasury notes issued to pay for it, any seignorage or profit on the coinage being paid into the Treasury; and as such gain or seignorage is about one-third of the amount coined, and so would be about \$500,000 on the \$1,500,000, it would seem that the Government cannot do better than coin the now idle silver into dollars, and redeem the silver notes issued to pay for it, and this will accordingly be done. I am afraid I did scant justice to "Fidelis" in my comment on her articles on the Parliament of Religion which are excellent, and by which she has done good service to the cause of truth and brotherly love among the nations and peoples of whatever creed or tongue, and deserves their thanks and praise. W.

Ottawa, 12th Nov., 1893.

It is not surprising that the Australian Governments anxious to retrench should first attack the Civil Service, for, according to a return recently issued by the New South Wales Government, the number of persons employed by the State at the end of last year was 36,340, and the amount of salary paid to them during the year was £5,010,553.



## THE DIFFUSION OF THE GIFTS FOR POETRY.

England, or that portion of England, and it is no small one, which heeds such things, was surprised, nay startled, some little time ago, when an ingenious and lively writer in one of the magazines announced and proceeded to demonstrate that she possessed at the moment no less than fifty distinct poets. The general public knew that there was one undoubted living poet; the cultivated knew that there were, perhaps, half-a-dozen. Esoteric circles could have added, but with a good deal of rivalry and difference of award, perhaps half-a-dozen more. Yet here were fifty. Many of them were minor poets, it is true, but still they were poets, and their claims could not be disputed. Nay, more; when their right to the title came to be discussed, the wonder grew, for it was found not that any of the original members could be disallowed, but that powers must be taken to add to their number, for there were some fifteen more whose claim was equally good. America, too, we hear, boasts that she possesses at least thirty. So that the number of poets who use the English language amounts to about a hundred. Truly this sounds surprising, almost ridiculous. But is it really so? It is much easier to call it absurd, as we have said, than to draw a line and rule out so many of the claimants. For when the question is fairly discussed, it becomes clear that it is one of standard; and that the matter for surprise, if there be any, must be the quality rather than the quantity of these claimants. We are not surprised that England should possess fifty, even a hundred painters; we are quite used to our Academicians and Associates, and we know that there are probably quite thirty painters scarcely less meritorious than the least striking of the Associates. We do not, of course, consider all the Academicians great painters. Of really great painters England perhaps, when the century is closed, will not claim to have produced more than half-a-dozen in the century. About the same number would be the roll of the really great English poets of the century. It is, then, unnatural that the number of the smaller poets should follow somewhat the same ratio? In England, the old, often-quoted, somewhat ruthless saying of Horace about mediocre poets has always had weight. The English standard is, perhaps, higher in poetry than in the other arts, and we are often inclined to draw the line high, and speak only of poets of the first rank as poets at all. This is a fault on the right side; and in England it is both right and natural that the standard of poetry should be high,—right, because poetry is perhaps more especially the art of England as painting is the art of Italy or music that of Germany; and natural, because by a curious paradox, poetry, which is the art of England, is so often not recognized in England as being an art at all. It is indeed just this that causes the unreflecting astonishment of which we have spoken.

Poetry is the first of the Fine Arts,

as they used to be called; but it is a fine art, and follows the same laws as the other arts. It is the cultivation of a natural gift and instinct,—the artistic gift in language. Now, the artistic gift in language is probably as widely diffused as the other artistic gifts, and has the same general relations to human faculty and society. We know how widely diffused the other gifts are, how common is some considerable degree of gift for drawing or painting, or for singing or acting. Now that musical education is more common, it is found that what was considered perhaps very rare, is by no means so—namely, some considerable gift for composing. And the same is the case with poetry. The gift for versifying, nay, for poetry, is far more common than is generally supposed. If we reflect, we shall see at once that we often do not realize how common it is. How many persons do we not know in various walks of life, generally, perhaps, but by no means always, literary or artistic—clerics, lawyers, painters, sculptors, musicians, architects—but also soldiers, engineers, business men, who have a gift or knack for writing verse, and who under the excitement of joy or sorrow, often produce something which, if not great poetry for the great world, we feel we must consider quite poetic, just as many amateurs paint with a skill and feeling which is at once admirable and delightful? And this gift is amenable to training and cultivation just as are the other artistic gifts, and should be taught in our schools for the same reason and in the same expectation as painting or music. This counsel will, we are aware, seem absurd. A French poet, De Banville, if we remember right, offered to teach the art of poetry in so many lessons. In England, such a proposal would provoke ridicule. Yet we forget that in England, and in England perhaps more assiduously than in other countries, poetry has been taught for ages, and is now only ceasing to be taught in our great public schools. For some hundreds of years, every boy at Winchester or Eton, Shrewsbury or Westminster, even the most unpromising, was taught, often at the cost, as Gibbon feelingly recalls, "of many tears and some blood," the art of poetry in the Latin tongue. That it was in the Latin tongue was accidental, not essential. Every art and science was then embedded in Latin. It is significant that Greek verse-writing, which we are apt to class with Latin, was a much later introduction, and was always considered as something of a special and artificial exotic. Latin is now more really a dead language than Greek. It has become so far removed from contemporary letters and life, that we are apt to think what indeed nowadays is, to a certain extent, the case—that boys always wrote Latin verses to learn Latin, and not to learn verse. But in reality, writing verses was an exercise, not so much in learning Latin, as in learning the art of versification—nay, of poetry—which art at that time could only find example and illustration, and seemed only natural and possible, in a language with a body of poetic literature. The schoolboy's Latin couplets bore the same relation to living literature that

his English prize-poems do now. The first poets of cultivated modern Europe wrote in Latin, and even after the modern languages had acquired a certain position, not only poetic scholars, but great poets, not only Politian, but Petrarch, not only Buchanan but Milton, wrote Latin verse as a form of poetry. It is, indeed, the remnant of natural life which gave their Latin verse despite their loose scholarship, a superiority, as literature, to much of the really better and more polished Latin and Greek verse of the present day—an advantage which lingers in the Latin verse of Addison and Johnson and Gray, and which we still feel even in the far inferior—nay, often bad—writing of the Continental scholars of our own time. It is often poor poetry, it is bad verse—but it is natural, and it is poetry. Latin verse-writing has ceased to be universal or even general. It will probably soon cease to exist altogether. But it will be a real loss if the teaching of poetry disappears. We have hardly yet begun, or are only just beginning, to substitute systematically the teaching of our own or other modern languages for the teaching of Latin or Greek, or to teach these modern languages in at all the same systematic and exhaustive way as that in which the ancient were taught to our fathers. But if they are to have as good a literary education, what our fathers could do and did, with advantage in Latin, our children ought to be taught to do in English, or, it may be, in French, or German or Italian. A clever French writer on education, defends the teaching of Latin and Greek verse, on the ground that it teaches boys to appreciate and understand the art of poetry without fancying themselves to be poets. That is perhaps true now, though it was not always true, for the Renaissance writers of Latin verse certainly thought themselves poets, and had all the vanity and petty pride of the most vernacular of poetasters. But while true within limits, it hints at a belief which we do not think very well founded. It is generally supposed that to encourage young people to write "poetry," as it is called, is to encourage sentimental prigs to think themselves the best of beings, great poets. The truth is that the danger is neither greater nor less than it is with all the arts. There is always a likelihood, a danger, if you choose to call it, so, that the beginner of any talent in any art, will think himself a heaven-born genius. Of late, especially, the arts have been in the ascendant, and in all of them we have seen amateurs of more or less talent flocking in, fancying themselves born to be painters, musicians, actors. The cool neglect or rough criticism of the world soon cures these fancies in a practical way. The philosophic cure lies not in the suppression of these amiable delusions, but in the recognition and inculcation of two facts, first, that the possession of a certain—nay, even a considerable degree of talent and gift in all the arts is quite common, and is neither a justification of vanity, nor a guarantee of pre-eminent success; and secondly, that the amount of training and practice required to convert even the gifted amateur into the professional in any art

[Nov. 17th, 1893]

ult, from cricket and golf to fiddling or painting, is enormous. That is what we have recognized in the other arts, but not in poetry. It is a tribute, perhaps to the paramount merit of poetry that we have been slow to recognize it. But it is the fact, scores of persons if they have the chance, can write verses respectably; with careful training and opportunity, a considerable number will write them more than respectably. The consummately gifted must also practise, and practise long and laboriously. There are the exceptions, the paradoxes, of gift and opportunity. There are the single-song poets, as there are the single-speech orators. There are the Rossettis in poetry as in painting, undisciplined, wilful, wayward, magnificent, but incomplete in either art. But they are the rare exceptions. Poeta nascitur non fit is a half-truth, or, rather a three-quarters truth. Poeta nascitur et fit would be not so epigrammatic, and therefore not so impressive, but more fully true. The first thing is to be born with the exceptional gift. The next is to train it. But there is another saying also, which, as applied to poetry, requires qualification or even inversion. In poetry, as in all the arts, it is not le premier pas qui coute, but le dernier. Many can make the first step up Parnassus, a few reach the upper slopes, hardly two or three in a century climb to the very top. Yet to set foot on the laurels whisper sweet" even about the lower ledges of the hill. The air even of the first slanting meadows is tonic and delightful, and the nearer prospect of the heights uplifts the soul. That there should be fifty, or even a hundred, minor poets in England, is, then, a healthy, and not an unhealthy, sign both for England and for poetry. It means not the degradation of poetry, but the elevation of the public taste, and is but the natural outcome of the spread of education, and especially of higher education. Great poets will always be rare, because great men are rare. Perhaps they will be rarer hereafter than of old. They will not suffer when they arise, because there are fifty or more minor poets, nor will the minor poets suffer, because they again are surrounded by any number of amateurs who just miss being accredited and recognized masters of the craft. There will be a more equable distribution of the intellectual and artistic enjoyment, which is intellectual and artistic wealth. And as the position and real value and meaning of poetry will be better understood, an educated public will pay the poets more and better homage. Goethe has two fine sayings, one about poets and poets in general, the other about Shakespeare. The first is, that he who would understand the poets must travel in the poets' land; the other that, great as Shakespeare is, we do not truly apprehend his greatness until we see him in his "giants' home," until we consider him not merely as an isolated pinnacle, but, like some Mont Blanc, or Mount Everest, the highest of a giant range, the major poet gains scale from the minor, though to the uneducated he dwarfs and confounds their value. And it is in such a milieu and amid such surround-

ings that the great poets have arisen most and flourished best, encircled by minor poets and a poetic public. Such was the case in the Athens of Pericles, in the Rome of Augustus, in the England of Queen Elizabeth, and the England of Queen Anne. Then, as now, critics sneered and great poets poured laughter or scorn upon the twittering fledglings, who could neither sing nor soar. But it is, as our own great poet has told us himself, kind as he was great, the want, not of genius, but of charity, that makes the "petty fools of rhyme" hateful; it is their want, not of sensibility, but of sense, that makes them contemptible. Bavius and Maevius are a byword, but there are many better lesser lights in Virgil's day than Bavius and Maevius; and there have been in all ages many poetic souls whom neither themselves nor the world have called great, but who have been dear to the Muses, and loved and mourned by the immortal masters of song.—The Spectator.

ART NOTES.

A small, but well-fitted art gallery has just been opened by Mr. J. E. Thompson, on King street east.

England has lately lost two of her most prominent painters in the deaths of Ford Madox Brown and Albert Moore.

Beisen Ruboda, the famous Japanese artist, is now giving talks in Philadelphia upon his peculiar art methods. He has recently painted a remarkable piece of interior decoration in the country house of Vice President Frank Thomson, of the Pennsylvania Railroad.

Mr. F. S. Challener, whose work at our exhibitions is well known, has begun his winter's work at his studio, 91-2 Adelaide street east. A number of his pictures are now on exhibition at the Art Gallery in Montreal where a very practical appreciation of his work has always been shown.

In Vienna an international art exhibit will be held next year under the auspices of the Association of Artists of Vienna. The object of the exhibit is to show the contemporary art of the world. Separate space will be allotted to each country competing, it is reported, and invitation to foreign nations to participate has been issued in the name of the Austrian Government, which offers a number of gold medals. Special prizes are also to be given.—Chicago Graphic.

The following is clipped from a criticism in the Speaker, on the Arts and Crafts exhibition that has been held lately in London, Eng.: "Mr. Richmond, R.A., exhibits full-sized cartoons for the disfigurement of St. Paul's Cathedral. But protests are of no value; the mosaics will be put up; they have been ordered, and must be paid for. Therefore, it would be absurd not to put them up. They are by a Royal Academician, and in any case will be better than a whitewashed wall. But that is just what they won't be—a whitewashed wall is a very nice thing indeed, a bad decoration is an eyesore.

Apropos of frauds and collectors, the German art papers contain an advertisement from a firm which is prepared to reproduce in exact imitation, as regards design, condition, and age, any piece of armour in any of the German public or private museums. The fidelity and exactness of the counterfeits are attested by numerous medals which have been awarded at exhibitions where they have been seen. How long do any of these articles retain their juvenility? It will hardly give one a headache before they are passed off as veritable antiques.

We have taken the following sketch of Rubens from the Chautauquan: In 1577 was born Peter Paul Rubens, the pride of Flanders, who was destined to infuse fresh life and strength into the art of his country, and to send his own name down to posterity as one of the greatest of all painters. Rubens stands alone in the history of art; his execution never has been and never can be surpassed. His management of colour, accuracy of drawing, and admirable composition are beyond praise, and into all there is infused wonderful vitality and force. His brilliancy and facility were unequalled, and there are more canvases in Europe signed by his name than by that of any other artist. Nothing daunted him, and he seemed able to accomplish whatever he undertook, drawing his inspiration from religion, history, mythology and everyday life. That he is lacking in depth of feeling, thought and spirituality is of course the criticism made against him, and therefore I question if any but an artist can ever entirely appreciate or enjoy his work; for his very exuberance, his realism, are shocking to the uninitiated; they see no beauty in such glowing flesh tints. In such strained muscles and contorted forms, whereas the artist stands rapt in admiration before these same pictures, understanding as he does the tremendous difficulties of drawing and execution which Rubens so easily vanquished. "The Descent from the Cross," in the Cathedral at Antwerp, is his acknowledged masterpiece. Against a dark and heavily clouded sky, the wonderful group of nine figures detaches itself; two ladders are propped up against the cross, at the top of which are workmen, who, supporting themselves upon the bars of the cross, gently lower the body of the Christ into the arms of John. Half way down the ladders, on each side, are Joseph of Arimathea and Nicodemus, and at the foot are the three Marys. The figure of Christ is one of the finest ever painted, and the juxtaposition of flesh, and lifeless flesh at that, with the white linen sheet which encircles the body is something which only a master of colour would dare attempt. The head, falling heavily to one side, is expressive in a high degree of the sorrows and pains of death. Although it is entirely different from the Italian way of treating the same subject, I cannot say that I consider this picture either wanting in feeling or disagreeably materialistic. Certainly the deepest anguish is portrayed in the face of Mary, the mother, and an atmosphere of gloom and horror pervades the whole. Charles Blanc criticised the four upper figures as being "robust and vulgar." But such they doubtless were in real life; and besides, Rubens, who knew the value of contrast, probably purposely opposed this solid square of strong men to the more pleasing and delicate group, consisting of John and the three women, which forms the lower part of the picture. "The Elevation to the Cross," though a marvel of technique, is less satisfying than its companion; indeed, greater than either of these, to my mind, is the "Christ between the Two Thieves," in the Antwerp Museum. Here Rubens undoubtedly proves that he is capable of depicting the deep emotions of the soul, for nothing could be more moving than the bowed head and noble figure of the suffering Christ, in which the divine nature is dimly suggested and the physical anguish subordinated. In the famous Medici series he gives free play to his exuberant fancy, and seems to exult in his own powers. The glowing colour, elaborate composition and richness of detail in these pictures, are bewildering to the eye, and, though they are a wonderful triumph of technical skill, they are not generally pleasing. In this age of introspection and analysis, when we are all given to pessimistically philosophizing and dissecting our own and other's emotions, it is refreshing to dwell upon a life and character such as that of Rubens; active and healthy, he was full of persevering, accomplishing energy, and his career was

one of hard work and honest enjoyment. A pagan he undoubtedly was, in his keen relish for the good things of life, but his was a wholesome, hearty paganism, kindly and generous, and free from the slightest taint of morbid self-illustrious or yearning after the impossible.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

Mr. Frederic Boscovitz has severed his connection with the Chicago College of Music, which position he accepted when he left Toronto, and will devote his time to private teaching.

The Canadian Society of Musicians have engaged the blind pianist, Edward Baxter Perry, to give a lecture and recital at their annual convention during the Christmas holidays. The society has also secured Mr. Louis C. Elson, of Boston, the well-known and excellent lecturer on musical subjects, to give a lecture on German Song, which will doubtless be as interesting as it is highly instructive.

The Ladies' Choral Club, under the direction of Miss Nora Hillary, will produce for the first time in Toronto Pergolesi's beautiful and pathetic "Stabat Mater," at their forthcoming concert. This was Pergolesi's last work; in fact it may be said its composition, for which he had been paid the large sum of thirty-five shillings in advance, hurried his death, which occurred the same day he completed it.

It was with profound regret that we learned a few days since, of the death from cholera, of the great Russian composer, Peter Tschalkowsky. The distinguished musician was born in 1840, was a pupil of Anton Rubinstein in composition, and was for many years teacher of harmony and composition in the Conservatory at Moscow. Latterly, however, he devoted his whole time to composition, and was considered to be one of the most original and imaginative of modern composers. He died too soon. The musical world can ill afford to lose one so gifted as he, for his works all bear the impress of the most spontaneous originality; and he was just now in his prime.

Mme. Pupin, a pianist hailing from New York, gave a recital on the new Janko Keyboard, in the beautiful hall of the Conservatory of Music, last Monday evening, to a numerous and interested audience. The Janko invention—whilst it undoubtedly has many points to recommend it, such as being able to play in all keys with the one fingering, in scale passages, broken chords, &c., we think it will be many years (if ever) before it is universally adopted. The fact that a key can be struck in five different places, the keyboard being arranged in terraces, and slanting toward the player, will always more or less produce uncertainty on the part of the performer as to the exact place to strike the key, and the tone will suffer in consequence of the touch not being uniform in weight. This was noticeable in the playing of Mme. Pupin, her tone at times being very uneven, to say nothing of slips in technic and indistinct phrasing. She is not a particularly good concert pianist, but showed by her performance that the new keyboard has great possibilities; but, after all, a piano is a piano, and we think the musical effects can never surpass those produced on the old, in the delicate witchery and glowing brilliance of a Pachmann, or the gorgeous orchestral colouring and tonal thunderings of a Friedheim. Mr. Edward Fisher, the musical director, deserves the thanks of the people for giving them the opportunity of hearing and seeing the Janko keyboard performed on by a pianist sufficiently capable of showing its merits.

Our own heart, and not other men's opinions, forms our true honour.—S. T. Coleridge.

LIBRARY TABLE.

HOW I ONCE FELT: Songs of Love and Travel. By G. G. Currie. Montreal: John Lovell & Son. 1893.

That we may not keep our readers in suspense as to character of the contents of this volume, we shall forthwith place before them an extract which may be said to combine as its motive the two chief subjects of our author, "Love and Travel." It is a song of Hamilton the Fair and one of her fair residents.

I've lived in the Ambitious City,  
Have trodden its streets o'er and o'er;  
Have sat, to embellish my ditty,  
In beautiful Dundurn and Gore:  
But now that I'm from the comforts  
And beauties of Hamilton fair;  
Sweet Allie recalls to my mem'ry  
The scenes that I fain would be near.

I've lain on the side of the mountain,  
O'erlooking this promising town;  
Have drunken, as though from a fountain,  
The entrancing scen'ry aroun';

But rows upon rows of fine buildings,  
With church spires a-tow'ring to sky,  
Seem naught but a network of gildings,  
With Allie's sweet smile in my eye.

Surely this is serious waste of not at all bad ink and paper.

UNIVERSITY FOOTBALL. Edited by James R. Church. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Toronto: William Briggs. 1893. \$1.25.

At this season of the year football is in the air, especially on Saturday afternoons, where many a college campus civic playground and even village green is turned into a mimic battle field of manly sport, and in the raw and misty evenings, on open ground, are often seen the upright poles and the eager, guernsey-clad youths, with bare heads and calves, and strident shouts pursuing the bounding ball. Here in Canada, the manly, British game seems indigenous to the soil, and we scarcely need Mr. Church to tell us that with our neighbours "the game of American football has grown up into popular favour"—it is a self-evident fact. We cordially endorse what he says in concluding his introductory paper on the subject: "To be good in the game one must be in perfect physical health, must develop pluck and endurance, patience unending, and absolute self-control." This excellent handbook of 133 pages, has a method which commends itself at once to the reader. It is this: The play of each position is treated by a college expert, and the book contains portraits of the experts, illustrations of plays, suggestions on training, remarks on referee and umpire and it sets out as well the Rules and Constitution of the American Intercollegiate Association. It is a volume which is sure to find its way into every ardent footballer's library, and so clear and practical are its suggestions and so interesting are its papers and illustrations that to many an old, as well as young, player, it will prove a most welcome, as it is a most trustworthy, guide to the American method of playing the grand old British game.

PATRIOTIC RECITATIONS AND ARBOR DAY EXERCISES. By George W. Ross, LL.D., Minister of Education for Ontario. Toronto: Warwick Brothers & Rutter. 1893.

There is nothing more important in the education of youth than to create and foster in their minds a manly patriotic sentiment and a determination to do all possible to advance the interests of their country, whether in peace or in time of trial. Too little has been done in the past in this direction. The great deeds of other countries have been freely

taught, while the history of our own country has been neglected. Canadian children were taught more of Leonidas and Horatius Coeles, of Mutius Scaevola and of William Tell, than they were of Brock or Tecumseh, of Laura Secord, or DeSalaberry. Formerly the pessimists had very much their own way, and did all they could to destroy in our children faith in their country, to teach them that we existed as a nation on sufferance, and all this in the face of a history which has proved us a people able to defend our existence under the heaviest trials and dangers. The bold hardihood of a Northern race, the manliness of a strain from which we are bred, the traditions of the glorious deeds of our fathers, taught by the mothers of our country to their children have been the antidote and have enabled the Canadian people to withstand the influence of such inglorious teachers. The national spirit, therefore, has been growing, thanks to the climate that breeds a strong and vigorous race, to the home influences and teaching referred to, to the free and unfettered spirit of our people, and to the traditions and history of the Empire, of which we are proud to form a part. The action of the Minister of Education in publishing this book, is the most important step that has yet been taken, "to strengthen the faith of our people in their own future." Mr. Ross has gathered in a compact form, a collection of all the best patriotic Canadian poems. He has gathered them from published volumes, from magazines and from newspaper clippings; poems, many of them almost impossible to obtain. He has also made extracts from the speeches of our orators and statesmen, such as Joseph Howe, D'Arcy McGee, Sir John Macdonald, Hon. George Brown, Alexander Mackenzie, Edward Blake, Sir Oliver Mowat; and through all these extracts from every variety of political standpoint, loyalty to Canada and the Empire, is striking manifest. To encourage the interest of the children in the subject, it is suggested to the teachers that, in connection with certain holidays, exercises should be undertaken by the scholars, which would give an opportunity for reciting the patriotic messages. It is also suggested that the children should be formed into a parliament, or into a municipal meeting, or a school meeting, and by having the pupils perform the various duties of the different officers, both those acting as and those looking on would obtain as good an idea of the duties of such officers, in one such practical lesson, as they would from many hours of explanation. This is a practical suggestion, which it is to be hoped will be generally adopted. Loyalty to the Queen and to Canada is the foremost idea of the book, but the principle of the unity of the Empire is duly emphasized—as the author well puts it: "The teacher might point out that the flag which floats from that school house on Her Majesty's birthday, is a symbol of national unity, and that in every colony of the Empire, in Australia, in South Africa, in Hindostan, on every fortress guarded by British soldiers, on every ship manned by British sailors, the same flag proclaims universal allegiance to one sovereign and universal loyalty to one Empire." This is sound doctrine to be taught to our youth, and all Canadians are under deep obligation to the Minister of Education, who, in the midst of his burdensome official duties, has found time to prepare such an interesting and useful work—for the material used, must have been a severe tax upon so busy a man. The book contains an excellent collection of the best patriotic poems of other countries, and a number of pieces suitable for recitation in connection with Arbor Day exercises. It is well printed, on good paper, and is neatly bound in cloth, and should find a place in every Canadian house as well as in every Canadian school.

PERIODICALS.

Cassels Family Magazine for November has its usual quota of serials and an instructive notice by Dr. A. H. Japp on Animal Playfulness.

The Overland Monthly of San Francisco, hardly equal to its eastern competitors, has nevertheless its specially western merit, and opens with an illustrated article on the California Midwinter Exposition, which leads those nearer the sunrise to wish that they might be there.

The Canadian Magazine has some timely articles on living issues, such as our School System and isms, the Plebiscite, and the Canadian Club Movement. Though such articles may appear to lack permanence of interest, they are what we need in order that a true Canadian sentiment be matured and strengthened.

The New England Magazine has some interesting notices of New England days gone by, and its article on the Schools of Massachusetts before the Revolution is suggestive, making manifest the State socialism prevailing in those days. The opening article on the Streets of Paris is also instructive. Certainly the Parisians are more than shopkeepers; they resolve to make their city enjoyable, and succeed.

The Woman at Home, Annie S. Swan's magazine, has been launched upon the sea of popular favour, with an edition of 100,000 copies. The volume begins with the October number, which as it lies on our desk appears fraught with pleasant chit-chat for the home and fireside. A biographical sketch of the Princess of Wales and another excellent one of Madame Patti are charming home pictures. In the almost countless number of magazines one dare not prophesy the success of a new venture, but we bespeak for the Woman at Home a prosperous career.

Mr. Arthur Hadley begins the November number of Annals of the American Academy of Political and Social Science by a statement on the subject of Interest and Profits. "The rate of interest does not depend so directly as has been supposed, on a general market for capital, but is the result of commutation of profits in particular lines." Mr. S. M. Macvane discusses the "Austrian Theory of Value," and holds that "cost, not value of communities." Other important subjects are treated at varying length, and the customary notes and notices close the number.

Perhaps the paper in the Educational Review for November, of most general interest is that on "A new method of teaching language, by Mr. Wilhelm Victor, of Marburg University, Germany. This is an important paper, and it contains suggestions for reform instruction. Mr. J. J. Finlay's paper, on the recent summer school at Jena, is suggestive, and its advocacy of international comity among students, is commendable. We have much to learn from, as well as something to teach each other. Prof. Royce's paper on Mental Disorder and Defect, is well considered. Teachers will find other instructive matter in this number.

The articles of most general interest in the November number of The Art Amateur are probably those on work at the World's Fair, American Painting, American Sculpture, British Painting (illustrated by Phil. Morris's "Sons of the Brave"), and French Painting. The first of these is a comparative analysis of the work of Whistler, Donnat, and Sargent. Applied Arts at the Fair receive full attention; and those who are looking for advice and instruction will find what they seek in the various articles on painting and decorative work in glass and china painting. Three coloured plates accompany the number, as well as designs for carving and outline work, while the illustrations throughout are excellent.

The North American Review for the month opens with two short articles on the American Senate and their recent action on the silver question. Fallacies die hard, so the silver interest; though they who for a time blocked legislation acted strictly within their rights. Pinkerton's survey of train robbing lays much of the incentive thereto at the door of the dime novel, in its influence upon unguarded youth. Two articles on European women contrast the "Parisienne" and the Spanish woman; we say contrast, for the picture of the latter places Spain in the front rank of peoples where woman occupies her true sphere; while the picture of the gay Parisienne speaks little for either love or virtue. Ten years of civil service reform has shown but slow progress, however slow, is not stagnation. Social well-being is discussed in such articles as "Pool Rooms and Pool Selling," "Social Relations of the Insane," and "Road Making." Mr. Mallock has a thoughtful article on the "Productivity of the Individual."

Fanny Fern had an indignant protest against the Bostonians on toasting "The Pilgrim Fathers," thinking the conceited complacency of the men unendurable; for why should the Pilgrim mothers be passed over? Was New England peopled by men? A like feeling no doubt in some minds arises when, e. g., after a St. Andrew's dinner the praises of the ubiquitous Scotchman are sounded. To such Walter Besant's American Notes in the November Cosmopolitan will be grateful. "It was the Englishman, not the Scot, or the Irishman, who settled colonists and convicts in Virginia. From England went forth the Pilgrims and the Puritans, while the Scottish gentlemen were still taking service in foreign courts—as, for example, the "Admirable" Crichton with the Duke of Mantua—the young Englishman was sailing with Cavendish, Drake, etc." In fine, Scotland played the cuckoo's part to the English-American nest. Society novices will find in this number of the Cosmopolitan some useful hints as to the usages of society in the matter of invitations, and social reformers pleasant reading in W. D. Howell's "Letter of an Altrurian Traveller." The sixteenth volume of this Magazine opens with promise of sustained excellence.

The Edinburgh open its number with a discriminating review of Dr. Pearson's "National Life and Character," agreeing with much of the author's forecast, but rightly discounting his pessimism. The eternal purpose which runs through the ages cannot end in a universal sepulchre. Here also Sir H. Howorth's works are under review, and the Uniformitarian doctrine in geology receives some decisive thrusts. The study of the remains of the Mammoth in situ, appear conclusively to point to a catastrophe, or series of catastrophes. A strong plea is made for the continuance of "The House of Lords," though with amendments, such as representative life peers, and representation from the hereditary houses. This seems to us reasonable, in view of the changing social conditions of the Old Land, and the fact of the Scottish and Irish peerages being present by representatives. We agree with the writer that it is absurd to suppose, as it is unwise to endeavour, that the Upper House should be induced to commit felony. The life of that erratic, but talented traveller, Sir Richard Burton, by his widow, is reviewed with discrimination. Lady Burton, blind to her husband's foibles, has left a record as bluntly honest as that of Carlyle. "Paint me, wart and all," said Old Noll, and though the aesthetic may be offended, truth can raise up her head. Memoirs of General Rochecouart, with other articles of worth, finish the able volume of 1893.

Chicago, wonderful city, in the early decades of the century, a marsh, now disputing with New York, the commercial supremacy of the continent, its tonnage

half that of London. The October Quarterly opens with an article thereon and incidentally treating of the progress of the American democracy. There follows in this number, "The Command of the Sea," in which the importance of Britain being able, if she would maintain her Empire in its integrity, of not only having a navy equal to defence, but also, so to command the sea, as to preserve open communication with all parts where she carries on operations. The article is noteworthy from its able, and to our mind, complete justification of Admiral Torrington, who was held responsible for the humiliation of Beachy Head, and who afforded opportunity for some of Lord Macaulay's finished sentences at the expense of justice. We content ourselves with enumerating the remaining articles: Winchester College, The Peerage, Napoleon and Alexander, Vedic Mythology, The Modern Hospital, A Sceptic of the Renaissance, Coalitions, The Dishonoured Bill. The Quarterly loses "the pilot, who for more than twenty-six years has shaped its course and controlled its destinies," Sir William Smith, D.C.L., LL.D., has ended his labours and passed over to the land of shadows. Dr. Smith was a man of rare character, as his numerous editorial works make manifest. He may not be called original, but they who have ever tasted the bitterness of editorial life will appreciate the genius of his industry and his judgment. We can only hope that his successor in the Quarterly may with equal judgment keep up the well-earned reputation of this old and able Review.

October's Scottish Review has some suggestive articles, even for those whose birthplace is to be found south of the Tweed. The notice of David Wedderburn's MS. autobiography tells us of the stuff such men as the Dundee merchant and baillie were made of in the years of grace 1560-1630; yes, and their neighbours also. Our merchant prince had a library, and in his notes we see the works he lent for reading purposes, e. g., "Lent Mr. John Wedderburne, 4 bulkes, Socrates' Moral Philosophie, Erasmus on Inglis. Lent Mr. Josue Dury ane Hebrew Bybell; Mr. Colen Campbell a buik, the Laten Bybell." Something more than oatmeal and Shorter Catechism formed the staple of Scottish homes. Sir John Clerk of Penicuik also left "The History of my Life," which the Scottish History Society, unmindful of the author's solemn charge, have persisted in "dispersing abroad." Here, too, we have the past made more real, and are enabled to judge from what kind of soil the present national character has grown. The Bruce-Logan controversy is again heard in an instructive notice of "The Scottish Paraphrases," though "controversy" it can scarcely be called, for Logan is now all but unanimously convicted as not only a plagiarist, but a traitor to the memory of his friend. Requiescat. The Noachian deluge has not yet been deleted from the scientific page, and an instructive review of Sir H. Howorth's works on the Mammoth and the Glacial Age is full of interest to the Bible-reader. Another attempt to solve the mystery of ancient stone circles and monoliths, is made by a monograph on the Standing Stones and Macshoune of Stennes, in the Orkneys. Monumental, sepulchral, devotional, which? We would answer all, even as abbeys founded to commemorate became places of sepulture. The connection is pretty certain, for the rest, conjecture.

1893 promises to be a great year for wine. The accounts from the French vintages, where the pressing is just over, show that an extraordinary yield has been obtained. The Bordeaux districts have produced twice as much wine this year as last, and the coopers have not been able to keep pace with the number of vats required. The quality, too, particularly of the white Bordeaux wines, is said to be extraordinarily good.



## LITERARY AND PERSONAL.

Principal Grant will, it is announced, deliver a lecture in Association Hall Friday, December 1st, on the "Parliament of Religions," recently held in Chicago.

Low Wallace's "Prince of India," issued by William Briggs in a handsome two-volume bound set, about the close of August, is passing rapidly through a second edition.

Mr. Gilbert Parker, the brilliant Canadian novelist and short story writer, whose works are equally popular in London and New York, is paying another visit to his old home, Belleville, Ont.

"Dreams o' Home," and other poems, Scottish and American (with a few pieces in English), by James D. Law, Camden, N. J., U. S. A., is announced from the press of Alexander Gardner (Paisley and London), publisher to Her Majesty the Queen.

Hugo's "Ruy Blas" is announced in a sumptuous English edition by Estes and Lauriat. The text, beautifully illustrated by etchings after the celebrated Adrien Moreau, is printed on parchment linen drawing paper. The edition is limited to 500 copies.

President Jordan, of Stanford University, will tell "The Story of Bob" in The Popular Science Monthly for December, with illustrations. Bob is a South Sea monkey, and his story, besides contributing to the study of simian psychology, will be found very entertaining.

A new and decidedly interesting departure is attempted by Mr. George Musgrave in his translation of Dante's "Divine Comedy," announced by the Macmillans for publication next week among their issues copyrighted in this country. The version is in the nine-line rhymed metre, that which Dante himself used (and is said to have invented) in the Italian.

Another book by Professor Goldwin Smith on the questions of the day is announced for publication very shortly. It will deal with political as well as with social questions; some of the topics being: Social and Industrial Revolution; The Political Crisis in England; Woman Suffrage; The Jewish Question; The Irish Question; and Temperance *versus* Prohibition.

Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. announce early publication of the following works: The Natural History of Intellect, and other papers by Ralph Waldo Emerson. In this volume are gathered papers not included in any of Mr. Emerson's books previously published, and some of them have never before been printed, and the complete works of Henry D. Thoreau. New Riverside Edition in ten volumes.

The present is the Jubilee Year of the firm now known by all book-buyers as Macmillan & Co., for the first books in which that name appeared as publishers were issued in 1843. The Bibliographical Catalogue of the firm, contains a list of its publications down to 1889—a goodly volume of 568 octavo pages. Mr. George Platt Brett is the resident American partner, and the American branch now carries on business in the new and spacious six-story building which has been erected by the firm at No. 66 Fifth Avenue, New York.

William Briggs will shortly publish a book entitled "Nursing; its Principles and Practice," by Miss Isabel Adams Hampton, Principal of the Training School for Nurses of the Johns Hopkins Hospital. Miss Hampton, whose book is, we understand, being adopted by the leading hospitals, is a Canadian, and she presided at the Congress of Nurses held at the Columbian Exposition at Chicago. Her old home is at St. Catharines.

The same firm announce a new story by Annie S. Swan (Mrs. Burnett Smith), entitled "A Bitter Debt; a Tale of the Black Country." This new volume will be ready about the 20th of the present month. Mr. Briggs also announces the publication in December of still another work of Miss Swan's, entitled "Courtship and Marriage."

At a meeting of the York Pioneers held on Tuesday, 7th inst., a paper by Dr. Scadding was read by Mr. D. B. Read Q.C., based on a journal kept by the wife of the first Governor of Upper Canada during a passage down the River St. Lawrence in a small batteau, in 1796, from Kingston to Montreal. Mention was also made of Mrs. Jameson's descent of the rapids of the Sault Ste. Marie, set forth in her "Winter Studies and Summer Rambles," when the neighboring Ojibways conferred on her the title of "The Woman of the Bright Foam." A map of Upper Canada in 1800 was exhibited.

The death of Francis Parkman will cause widespread regret. His name has become a household word in every cultivated Canadian home, and his histories, which read like romances, have their allotted place on every well ordered Canadian bookshelf. Not to the United States alone is his memory precious but to Canada as well, the heroic men and stirring incidents of whose early history, whether of Indian, French or English origin, he sought out with indomitable industry and recorded with rare fidelity and graphic power. That Canada should have proved to an American such a mine of historic wealth is an incentive to our countrymen, if they cannot emulate his achievements, at least to cultivate the same prolific field.

## READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

## HOME.

What makes a home? Four walls of polished stone?  
Or brick and mortar laid with nicest care?  
Nay, prison walls are made without as fair;  
Within—look not within—corruption there,  
With ignorance and sin defiles the air.  
What makes a home? 'Twere better far to roam  
Unhoused than have a part in dainty halls,  
Where rarest gems of art adorn the walls  
If there's no hearth-fire bright for poorest poor  
Who linger in the night without the door.  
What makes a home? 'Tis where the weary come  
And lay their burdens down, assured of rest.  
'Tis where we learn to know our dearest best,  
Where little children play, blessed and blest,  
Though walls of coarsest clay enwrap the nest.  
—Fannie S. Reeder, in the Ram's Horn.

## WHY LOST PEOPLE WALK IN CIRCLES.

It is matter of common knowledge that when a man is walking blindfold, or is lost in a fog, or in some unknown forest or desert, instead of walking forward in a straight line, he has always a tendency to work round in a circle. The most commonly accepted explanation of this curious fact is the slight inequality in the length of a man's legs. The result of one limb being longer than the other will naturally be that a person will unconsciously take a longer step with the longer limb, and consequently will trend to the right or to the left, according as the left or right is the longer, unless the tendency to deviation is corrected by the eye. This explanation is supported by the fact that in the enormous majority of cases the human legs are proved to be of unequal length. The careful measurements of a series of skeletons showed that no less than 90 per cent. had the lower limbs unequal in length; 35 per cent. had the right limb longer than the left, while in 55 per cent. the left leg was the longer. The left leg being, therefore oftener the longest, it is to be expected that the inclination

should take place more frequently to the right than to the left, and this conclusion is quite borne out by observations made on a number of persons when walking blindfolded.—Science Siftings (U. S.)

## ART AND SHODDY.

Genius must be free; art must have a light heart. To deliver a tale of bricks to taskmasters revolts its inmost soul, and is ever beyond its force; this indeed, is the real root of the mischief—that Art in all its forms is become a mere article of commerce. We buy works of imagination, like plate or jewellery, at so much the ounce or the carat; and we expect the creator of such works to make his fortune, like the "creator" of ball costumes or of a dinner service. The artist has to boil his pot, and nowadays he likes his pottage to be as savoury and costly as that of his neighbours; and he has not the leisure or the wealth to meditate for years on a truly immortal work. All buying and selling involves in some form or other a market. And hence the curious institution of periodical art exhibitions. I do not hesitate to put down to this demoralizing habit very much in our deficiency in art sense. When the practice began, and it did not begin until all the great traditions in art were exhausted and all the great artists had become old masters,—when the practice was fresh, and its uses seemed obvious, there was a priori much to be hoped from it. Aspiring genius was to place its productions side by side for comparison; men of taste and wide experience were to be the judges; and the great public was to be educated; and buyers and sellers were to meet in open mart. How different the actual result! It was not genius, so much as *agony*, *knack*, and *smartness* that covered the exhibition walls. The "works of art" were crammed together like herrings in a barrel, and their diversity of tone and subject produced the same impression of discord on the eye as the ear would feel if a thousand instruments in one big orchestra were all set to perform a different tune. The violin trilled out a sonata, the flute played a jig, the cornet *drum* out "Yankee Doodle," and the drum boomed forth the "Dead March" in Saul. The judges too began to wrangle; they called each other bad names, and devoted the works they disliked to the hangman, or declared that their own friends were far greater than Raphael and Michael Angelo.

There were cliques, sets, favouritism, murmurs of jobbery, and violent recrimination. The great public, puzzled by the diversities of the critics, unfortunately took to developing its own taste unaided; and it consolidated its opinion into a love for commonplace, for the vulgar, the silly, the conventional. The middleman, alas! soon stepped in, as he always does, when money is to be made, and he soon became the absolute "boss" of the whole show. Artists did not sell their works to amateurs and collectors, but to the enterprising middleman, to whom they were years in debt. Collectors did not buy works from the artist, but from the middleman, who had bought up in the studio half-finished pieces at half-rates; who practically dictated to the artist what he should paint and how; to the collector what he should buy, and for how much; and who practically educated the public as to what it liked or disliked. And art became as much a matter of professional dealing as a corner in pork, or a bear operation in Erie bonds.

The camel of Holy Writ will have passed through the eye of the needle long before supply and demand will ever have succeeded in creating a great art. And men will be gathering grapes of thorns and figs of thistles the day that art exhibitions promote immortal works. For consider, how completely every noble work that we know has its own peculiar setting of place, time, person, and inspiration. Take that type of great art, the Parthenon at Athens. Every statue, metope, and bit of frieze had its place in the glorious whole and would be vapid or unintelligible



ble out of it. The State chose, employed, and paid the artist, and the chief of the State hung over his work with love and pride, as if the artist were the best of his own colleagues. The whole work was to the honour of the great patron deity of the State, and the completion of it was a sort of national sacrament and thanksgiving day. That was the most perfect and typical work of art that this earth ever saw. What would it have been if Theseus and Hissus, Centaurs and Lapithae, had been stuck in galleries in the midst of busts of a prominent citizen, dancing girls, children at play, and the like, numbered 4,576 in the official catalogue, "the work of Phedias, the studios, Acropolis, price to be had of the secretary; if in Parian marble twenty-five per cent. extra?" The Theseus and Hissus look forlorn enough, as it is, in their stately exile in our Elgin gallery in London. How would they look in the Paris Salon, when poor Phedias came day by day to the office to ask if some rich soap-boiler or pork-dealer had given him his price? The mere thought of an ideal perfection is enough to convince us how impossible is any high type of art under a system of trade and money-making. The pecuniary standard, which more or less affects every form of intellectual and spiritual activity, seems to have a peculiarly deadening influence upon the visual arts. The arts are necessarily a part of luxury, public or private. And, now that private luxury has almost completely superseded public magnificence, the result on art is disastrous.—Fred. Harrison, in The Forum.

### A CHATEAUGUAY MIRACLE.

PHYSICIANS PRONOUNCED RECOVERY IMPOSSIBLE.

The Remarkable Experience of Mr. L. Jos. Beaudin, of St. Urbain—His Friends Called to His Supposed Deathbed—How He Regained His Health and Strength—A Public Acknowledgment of His Gratitude.

From La Presse, Montreal.

There has appeared in the columns of La Presse, during the past few years, many articles bearing witness to the great good accomplished in various parts of the country by a remedy the name of which is now one of the most familiar household words in all parts of the Dominion. And now comes a statement from the county of Chateauguay, over the signature of a well-known resident of St. Urbain, which speaks in positive and unmistakable language as to the value of this wonder-working medicine.

#### MR. BEAUDIN'S STATEMENT.

"I feel that I owe my life to your Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I desire to make grateful acknowledgment and to give you a complete statement of my illness and cure in the hope that my experience may be of benefit to some other sufferer. About the middle of October, 1891, acting on the advice of an American doctor whom I had consulted, I left home for the north to invest in farming lands with the intention of cultivating them myself. I had been afflicted with a species of paralysis caused by the rupture of a blood vessel over the right eye, and which stopped the circulation of the blood on the left side. I was at that time employed as a book-keeper by Messrs. Lacaille Bros., Lawrence, Mass. The doctor had advised a change of work so as to have less mental and more physical exercise. This I resolved upon, but delayed too long as I did not leave until the following October. Arrived at my destination I perceived symptoms of my previous illness making themselves felt once more. I went at

once to a local physician who declared himself unable to understand my case. However, he gave me some medicine to ease the pain I felt in my head, particularly at night. This afforded me relief for a few minutes, and sometimes enabled me to get a little sleep, but the awakening was always worse than before. On the last of October I went to bed as usual after taking my medicine as directed, and slept the whole night, but the following morning on trying to rise I found myself so weak that I could not stand and could scarcely speak. My wife, surprised to see me in such a state, ran to a neighbour's and requested him to go for a doctor and the priest. The doctor arrived almost immediately, but could not afford me the slightest relief. The priest then arrived, and seeing the condition I was in, told me my case was critical and to prepare for death. On the following day both the priest and the doctor advised my wife to telegraph to my friends, as they considered death approaching, and two days later my two brothers arrived. The doctor then asked if I preferred that he should hold a consultation with another physician, and on my replying in the affirmative, he telegraphed to a doctor living at a distance of about fifteen miles. They both came to see me, asked some questions and retired for consultation. The result of this was that my wife was told that I could not possibly get better. Said the doctor to her, "with the greatest possible care he cannot live a year." "When my wife told me this I determined to pay the doctors and discontinue their services. It cost me about \$30 to hear their verdict. Two or three weeks passed without any improvement in my condition, and I was so weak I could barely move around the house with the aid of a cane. One day I noticed a parcel lying on the table wrapped in a newspaper. Having nothing better to do I began to read it, and after a while came across an article headed "Miraculous Cure." I read it, and the longer I read the more interested I became, because I saw the case of the person referred to resembled my own in many respects. When I finished the article I saw that the cure had been effected by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. It seemed as though there was a struggle within me between the facts I had read and my own incredulity, so small was the faith I had in medicines advertised in the papers. I read the article and reread it several times. I seemed to hear the doctor's words, "he cannot live a year," and then I saw the effects of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in the case I had just read about. The result of these reflections was that I decided to give Pink Pills a trial, and I immediately wrote the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co. for a supply. On their arrival I commenced using them according to directions, and before the first box was done I found they were helping me, and it was not long before I was able to walk to the village, a distance of half a mile, without the aid of a cane, and I was rapidly gaining health and strength. At the time I was taken sick I weighed 212 pounds, and at the time I began the use of the Pink Pills I was reduced to 162 pounds, a loss of 50 pounds in a little more than

a month. I took the pills for about three months and in that time I gained 40 pounds. To-day I am as well as I ever was in my life and my recovery is due entirely to the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I cannot recommend them too highly to those who do not enjoy the blessing of perfect health.

Yours gratefully,

L. JOS. BEAUDIN.

An analysis shows that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain in a condensed form all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood, and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effects of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, nervous prostration, all diseases depending upon vitiated humours in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females such as suppressions, irregularities, and all forms of weakness. They build up the blood, and restore the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork, or excesses of whatever nature.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N.Y., and are sold in boxes (never in loose form by the dozen or hundred, and the public are cautioned against numerous imitations sold in this shape) at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, from either address.

#### BUDDHIST ADDRESS TO A CEYLON JUDGE.

An address was presented to the Hon. Justice Lawrie, in Kandy, the other day, by the Sangha of the Asgiri Vihara. The translation is as follows:—

To the Hon. A. Campbell Lawrie, Senior Puisne Judge of the Supreme Court of the Island of Ceylon.—May the gods always guard the noble and learned Judge Lawrie, who, delighting the hearts of the good, is like a lamp unto Lanka, shining in the splendor of wealth, who, decked in the pure and lovely garb of wisdom, wears the necklace of law, and is an abode of virtue and an ocean of love. May the gods long preserve in health and happiness the illustrious and good Judge Campbell Lawrie, endowed with all the personal attractions, who, having rooted out all prejudices, administers law with justice. Is there an illustrious Judge Campbell Lawrie by name, who is like the lotus attracting the bee-like great, whose words are pleasant and cordial? Him may the gods keep for a long time to come endowed with all blessings. Is there a Judge Campbell Lawrie by name, who, as the noble lion does the elephants, conquers his opponents by unyielding firmness? Him may the gods preserve from all harm! Is there a famous and honourable Judge Campbell Lawrie by name, who, well versed in various branches of knowledge, and perfectly self-subdued in disposition, loves to supply the needs of the poor, pressed down by want, and is free from every form of evil? Him may the gods always protect!

Belgium is the first country to make hypnotism a crime.

What is civilization? I answer, the power of good women.—Emerson.

## AN OLD SONG.

Shall I, wasting in despair,  
Die because a woman's fair?  
Or make pale my cheeks with care,  
'Cause another's rosy are?  
Be she fairer than the day,  
Or the flowery meads of May,  
If she be not fair for me,  
What care I how fair she be?

Great, or good, or kind, or fair,  
I will ne'er the more despair,  
If she love me, this believe,  
I will die ere she shall grieve!  
If she slight me when I woo,  
I can scorn and let her go;  
For if she be not for me,  
What care I for whom she be?

—George Wither—1646.

## THE AMAZON VALLEY.

Prof. Azara, the Spanish American Cuvier, enumerates for the Amazon Valley alone twenty-two species of noxious ants, eight varieties of aggressive hornets, and not less than forty species of still more aggressive mosquitoes. Besides, there are night cockroaches and daylight cockroaches, bird-eating spiders, grass-spiders and sand-spiders, with hairy legs two inches long, and a bite as virulent as that of the tarantula. The centipede attains a length of six inches. Some twelve varieties of scorpions lurk under dry leaves and frequent the wood-yard at the back of your house. In the rainy season they will visit the house itself, together with snakes and gusanos infernales ("hell-worms"). Lizards, too, enjoy the comfort of a weather-tight building, and in chasing each other along the ceiling may miss a jump and drop upon your dinner-table. River alligators gather about the landing places, and in the ardor of competition will spring at the traveler in his canoe; yet waterways are, on the whole, preferable to the roads through the dry-land jungles, where wood-ticks drop from overhanging branches in such numbers that they cover the horse and rider from felt hat to fetlock.

## FAST TORPEDO BOATS.

The famous torpedo-boat builder at Elbing, Schichau, has just attained an unprecedented speed even for this class of vessel, torpedo-boats built by him for the Russian and Italian Governments having reached 27 1-2 knots on an hour's run at sea. The new British boats are to be 200 tons displacement, while the Russian boats are 130 tons; so that the former may do better by reason of greater power and greater size. The length of Schichau's boat is 152 feet 6 inches, the beam 17 feet 5 inches. She may carry 40 tons of coal in her bunkers. On trial, however, she had only 20 tons on board. The small guns carried weighed 2 1-2 tons; the torpedo armament, 6 tons; the crew, provisions, stores, and fire-arms, 4 1-2 tons; drinking-water, 2 1-2 tons; engine and boat-swin's stores and reserve parts, 4 1-2 tons—so that all the movable parts come to 20 tons, making, with coal, 40 tons. The vessel and the machinery are, therefore, very light. The shell-plates are barely a quarter of an inch thick. There are two locomotive boilers, protected by the coal bunkers, supplying steam at 195 pounds pressure to high-speed engines. The guaranteed speed was to be 26 1-2 knots in the open sea, while on trial the vessel actually made 27 1-2, or, to be precise, 27.4 knots, as a mean of one hour's steaming at sea. Schichau promises even higher results with torpedo-boats he is now completing.—Steamship.

Dr. Peters, the German explorer of Africa, who is visiting the United States, has written a letter home, part of which got into print. He says that he has enjoyed greatly what he has seen in America, and adds: "Still it is not Europe. America keeps in culture and civilization about the middle of Africa and Europe."

## PUBLIC OPINION.

Ottawa Citizen: The so-called vertical writing has been tried in Kingston for the last eighteen months, with apparently gratifying results. Inspector Kidd speaks well of it as compared with the authorized copy-book system. Experience has proven it to be more legible and more easily acquired than the old, without at the same time working physical harm to the pupil.

London Advertiser: International labour disputes are now being settled by peaceable arbitration. Is it not time that the nations undertook to find a means for settling the disastrous troubles between labour and capital that are hurtful not only to the participants in many cases but to the people? There should be some means of preventing or of speedily healing those ruptures. The British Home Secretary says that the Gladstone Government intends to promote legislation having this beneficent object in view.

St. John Telegraph: Principal Grant has no sympathy for those who are always discussing a change in our political relations towards the mother country, advocating independence or annexation, and who are apparently more American than the Americans themselves! He believes that the British empire ought to be and can be preserved in its integrity, and he says, "that to break up our empire in order to demonstrate our affection for another, or in order to gain some fancied commercial advantage, may be wisdom to parish politicians, but it is not the kind of wisdom that a self-respecting people will ever endorse."

Sherbrooke Examiner: The Hon. David Mills, who is known to be one of the best constitutional authorities of the day, points out that the returning officer in Queen's County was guilty of a disgraceful abuse of authority. Judge Tuck, for criticizing whose conduct Mr. Ellis has been fined and imprisoned, intervened in carrying out the returning officer's decree, so that the minority candidate was elected. This Mr. Mills asserts was not within the power of Judge Tuck to do. . . . He claims that Judge Tuck should have been arrested and sent to gaol for an unwarrantable interference with a public officer in the discharge of his duties.

Manitoba Free Press: The farmers of the West are for the moment in a position to ask and, we think, expect forbearance from those who, armed by the law, find themselves in a position to cry, Stand and deliver. The creditors, who have hedged themselves round with the safety of the law's ingenuity, are not of one class alone. They are not all implement dealers and purveyors of agricultural necessities; there are land companies, mortgage companies, besides others; and it would seem not merely a cruel following of Shylock's example on the part of creditors to demand their pound of flesh from farming communities, hampered as they are for the moment, but unwise in their own future interests.

WHEN A MAN IS INVESTING MONEY in real estate he exercises great care to ascertain that he is securing a good investment for his money. The same rule should be adopted by every man when insuring his life. In selecting a company in which to insure it should be (1.) successful; (2.) have ample assets; (3.) possess a net surplus over and above all liabilities and capital; (4.) that its investments and assets should be of the highest class; (5.) that ample provision should be made for every known liability; (6.) that its business should be conducted at a moderate rate of expense; (7.) that the management should be both competent and experienced. Such a company is the North American Life Assurance Company, Head Office, Manning Arcade, Toronto.

## Peculiar

Peculiar in combination, proportion, and preparation of ingredients, Hood's Sarsaparilla possesses the curative value of the best known remedies of the vegetable kingdom. Peculiar in its strength and economy, Hood's Sarsaparilla is the only medicine of which can truly be said, "One Hundred Doses One Dollar." Peculiar in its medicinal merits, Hood's Sarsaparilla accomplishes cures hitherto unknown, and has won for **Sarsaparilla** itself the title of "The greatest blood purifier ever discovered." Peculiar in its "good name at home,"—there is more of Hood's Sarsaparilla sold in Lowell than of all other blood purifiers. Peculiar in its phenomenal record of **Peculiar** sales abroad no other preparation ever attained so rapidly nor held so steadfastly the confidence of all classes of people. Peculiar in the brain-work which it represents, Hood's Sarsaparilla combines all the knowledge which modern research in medical science has **To Itself** developed, with many years practical experience in preparing medicines. Be sure to get only

**Hood's Sarsaparilla**  
Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.  
**100 Doses One Dollar**



## TENDERS FOR SUPPLIES, 1893.

The undersigned will receive tenders for supplies up to noon on

**MONDAY, NOV. 27th, 1893.**

—FOR THE SUPPLY OF—

**Butchers' Meat, Butter, Flour, Oatmeal, Potatoes, Cordwood, etc**

For the following institutions during the year 1894 viz:—At the Asylums for the Insane in Toronto, London, Kingston, Hamilton, Mimico, and Orillia; the Central Prison and Mercer Reformatory, Toronto; The Reformatory for Boys, Penetanguishene, the Institutions for the Deaf and Dumb, and the Blind at Brantford.

Two sufficient sureties will be required for the due fulfilment of each contract. Specifications and forms of tender can only be had on making application to the Bursars of the respective institutions.

N.B.—Tenders are not required for the supply of meat to the asylums in Toronto, London, Kingston, Hamilton and Mimico, nor to the Central Prison and Reformatory for Females, Toronto.

The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

R. CHRISTIE,  
T. F. CHAMBERLAIN,  
JAMES NOXON,

Inspectors of Prisons and Public Charities.  
Parliament Buildings, Toronto, November 13, 93.

I've never any pity for conceited people, because I think they carry their comfort about with them.—George Elliot.

## AT HOME AND ABROAD.

Physicians, travellers, pioneers, settlers, invalids, and all classes of people of every degree, testify to the medicinal and tonic virtues of Burdock Blood Bitters, the most popular and effective medicine extant. It cures all diseases of the stomach, liver, bowels and blood.

Those who are quite satisfied sit still and do nothing; those who are not quite satisfied are the sole benefactors of the world.—W. S. Laudor.

C. C. RICHARDS & Co.

My son George has suffered with neuralgia round the heart since 1882, but by the application of MINARD'S LINIMENT in 1889 it completely disappeared and has not troubled him since.

JAS. MCKEE.

Linwood, Ont.

**Unlike the Dutch Process**

**No Alkalies**

**Other Chemicals**

are used in the preparation of

**W. BAKER & CO.'S**

**Breakfast Cocoa**

which is absolutely pure and soluble.

It has more than three times the strength of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is far more economical, costing less than one cent a cup. It is delicious, nourishing, and EASILY DIGESTED.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

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**RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.**

CURES AND PREVENTS

Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Influenza, Bronchitis, Pneumonia, Swelling of the Joints, Lumbago, Inflammations, RHEUMATISM NEURALGIA, Frost-bites, Chilblains, Headache, Toothache, Asthma,

**DIFFICULT BREATHING.**

CURES THE WORST PAINS in from one to twenty minutes. NOT ONE HOUR after reading this advertisement need any one SUFFER WITH PAIN.

Radway's Ready Relief is a Sure Cure for Every Pain, Sprains, Bruises, Pains in the Back, Chest or Limbs.

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**PAIN REMEDY**

That instantly stops the most excruciating pains, allays inflammation and cures Congestions, whether of the Lungs, Stomach, Bowels, or other glands or organs, by one application.

ALL INTERNAL PAINS, Cramps in the Bowels or Stomach, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Nausea, Vomiting, Heartburn, Diarrhoea, Colic, Flatulency, Fainting Spells, are relieved instantly and quickly cured by taking internally as directed.

There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague and all other malarious, bilious and other fevers, aided by RADWAY'S PILLS, so quickly as RADWAY'S RELIEF.

25 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

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**RADWAY'S PILLS,**

Always Reliable.

Purely Vegetable.

Possess properties the most extraordinary in restoring health. They stimulate to healthy action the various organs, the natural conditions of which are so necessary for health, grapple with and neutralize the impurities, driving them completely out of the system.

**RADWAY'S PILLS**

Have long been acknowledged as the Best Cure for

SICK HEADACHE, FEMALE COMPLAINTS, INDIGESTION, BILIOUSNESS, CONSTIPATION, DYSPEPSIA, AND ALL DISORDERS OF THE LIVER.

Price 25c. per Bottle. Sold by Druggists.

Minard's Liniment cures Colds, etc.

**SCIENTIFIC AND SANITARY.**

In Germany the study of geology has grown to the rank of a university course.

The most powerful hydraulic crane at present existing is reported to be that at the Government arsenal at Spezzia, Italy. It is capable of lifting 160 tons, or ten tons more than the largest electric crane at the Creusot Iron Works in France.

A curious phenomenon has been discovered recently showing that workers in a strong electric light are subject to a stroke similar to sunstroke. The effects of the electric light, however, are not so serious as the sunstroke.

Australians suffer great losses from the ravages of white ants, which have the reputation of boring through iron and sheet lead. Houses and furniture are ruined in a few months, as the ant burrows into every kind of wood, reducing it to powder.

Sir Henry Bessemer recommends the use of aluminum as a substitute for bank notes. He thinks the extreme lightness of the metal would enable it to be distinguished in the dark from gold and silver, and to prevent its imitation with lead or pewter.

The rate of multiplication of which germs of contagious disease are capable is surprising. A single germ placed in favorable surroundings for growth quickly divides into two; each of these divides into two, these four into eight, and so on, the number soon reaching into the thousand, and by the end of twenty-four hours to more than sixteen and a half millions.

Dr. Wm. Kinnear, in the North American Review, states that a man may live to 200 years (if he wishes to) by feeding on foods that are free from "earthly salts," fruits, fish, young meat, etc., and taking a mild corrective as well in the form of dilute phosphoric acid, "ten drops at intervals during the day." "Old age," he says, "is a deposit of earthly matter of a gelatinous and fibrinous character in the human system, which must be prevented.

Dr. Brown-Sequard recommends the following as the best way to overcome susceptibility to taking cold from getting the feet wet. Dip the feet in cold water, and let them remain their a few seconds. The next morning dip them in again, letting them remain a few seconds longer the next morning keep them in a little longer yet; and continue this till you can leave them in half an hour without taking cold. In this way a person can become accustomed to the cold water, and he will not take cold from this cause. But be it thoroughly understood that the "hardening" must be done carefully.

Statistics are said to show that young men do not, on the average, attain full physical maturity until they arrive at the age of twenty-eight years. Professor Scheiller, of Harvard, asserts, as the result of his observations, that young men do not attain to the full measure of their mental faculties before twenty-five years. A shrewd observer has said that "most men are boys until they are thirty, and little boys until they are twenty-five;" and this accords with the standard of manhood which was fixed at thirty among the ancient Hebrews and other races.—New York Medical Record.

Dr. B. W. Richardson, an eminent English authority in physiological study, asserts that there is not in England a trained professional athlete of the age of thirty-five, who has been six years at his calling, who is not disabled. He holds that when the artificial system of training ceases, the involuntary muscles—the heart especially—remain in strength out of all due proportion greater than the rest of the active-moving parts of the organism. Contrary to his theory is that of Dr. J. Madison Taylor, as communicated to The Journal of the American Medical Association, who gives brief histories of a score of athletes now living, which illustrate how vigorous and strong such men may be, even long after the age limit which Dr. Richardson has assigned them.—New York Ledger.

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Better discourage a man's climbing than help him to break his neck. Pigs will never play well on the flute, teach them as long as you like.—Spurgeon.

The STAR Almanac of Montreal for 1894 is out; happy is the man who can get a copy. Thousands were disappointed last year.

Whatever you are from nature, keep to it; never desert your own line of talent. Be what nature intended you for, and you will succeed; be anything else, and you will be ten times worse than nothing.—Sidney Smith.

I pray this generation of women, which has seen such enlargements of the old narrow order regarding the sex,—I pray it to deserve its high part of guardian of the future. Let it bequeath to its posterity a noble standard of womanhood—free, pure, and, above all, laborious.—Julia Ward Howe.

Prof. Thayer, of Harvard, expresses the opinion, touching the discovery of the Gospel according to Peter, that, "Brief as is the recovered fragment, it attests indubitably all four of our canonical books." Furthermore, when Professor Hall and Dr. Harris published articles to show that Psalm cx. was written by David, they assumed the office of higher critics according to their lights. It is the abuse, not the use, of this or any other method of Bible study that is to be condemned.—Christian at Work.



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—the great, griping, old-fashioned pill. Not only when you take it, but unpleasant, from first to last, and it only gives you a little temporary good.

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Last year 19,488 licenses were taken out in England by persons wishing to brew their own ale.

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Scrofula often shows itself in early life and is characterized by swellings, abscesses, hip diseases, etc. Consumption is scrofula of the lungs. In this class of disease Scott's Emulsion is unquestionably the most reliable medicine.

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"Wells' Science of Common Things," says that if our atmosphere could be condensed until it would occupy no more space than the same weight of water, it would only extend to an elevation of 34 feet above the surface of the earth.—St. Louis Republic.

### BEYOND DISPUTE.

There is no better, safer or more pleasant cough remedy made than Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam. It cures hoarseness, sore throat, coughs, colds, bronchitis, and all throat and lung troubles.

Professor Harper, of Boston, has figured out that the average salary of college professors is \$1,470—about equal to that of a skilled mechanic. Of course, a college professorship has its compensations as well as its sacrifices. And then the \$1,470 is a salary, you know—it isn't "wages."

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GENTLEMEN,—For a number of years I suffered from deafness, and last winter I could scarcely hear at all. I applied Hagyard's Yellow Oil and I can hear as well as any one now. MRS. TUTTLE COOK, Weymouth, N. S.

The latest puzzle which has been thrown on the market is the "mystic triangle." In the box containing this puzzle there are a scientifically adjusted magnet, three needles, and the form of a triangle. With these to work upon the experimenter has to guide the three needles on to the lines of the triangle—a feat which is by no means easy.

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—Sterne.

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DEAR SIR,—I have been using B.B.B.  
for boils and skin diseases, and I find it very  
good as a cure. As a dyspepsia cure I have  
also found it unequalled.

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Cheerfulness is like money well expen-  
ded in charity; the more we dispense of  
it, the greater our possession.—Victor  
Hugo.

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DEAR SIR,—I have suffered greatly from  
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praise Burdock Blood Bitters too highly; it is  
the most excellent remedy I ever used.

MISS AGNES J. LAFONN, Hagersville, Ont.

**QUIPS AND CRANKS.**

Give me neither poverty nor riches; but if I must have one of them, give me riches.—Galveston News.

Luck is a fancy name for being always at our duty, and therefore sure to be ready when the good time comes.—Anon.

Tourist (in Ireland): I should like a room with an iron bedstead. Hotel Proprietor: Sorr, Oi haven't an iron bedstead in the place; they're all soft wood. But you'll foind the mattress noice and hard, sorr.—Tit-Bits.

She: You mustn't try to kiss me at the station, for there are so many people there. He (protestingly): But every one will think we are brother and sister. She: And we will be, too, if you attempt it.—Detroit Free Press.

Mrs. Nouveau-Riche: What a handsome house your father has built! Such beautiful balconies! Miss Juliet (with a sigh): Yes, plenty of balcony, but alas, no Romeo! Mrs. Nouveau-Riche: Is Romeo the name of that material the Tomkineses have their new awnings made of?—Boston Transcript.

Tastes differ, we admit. When an evangelist is advertised as possessing the fervor of Moody, the characteristics of speech of Sam Jones, and the nervous energy of Harrison, the boy preacher; and when it is said that "while gentle as a lamb in his private life, he is a son of thunder in the pulpit," we, for our part, are inclined to keep on the other side of the street.—Congregationalist.

Police Justice: The policeman says you were found going along the street wearing three suits of clothes, from which the price-mark had not been removed. What have you got to say for yourself? Baryl Howes: Seems to me, ledge, dat a cop wot will pinch a man jist fer bein' a little overdressed is too much of a dood to be allowed to stay on de force.—Washington Star.

At the trial of a breach-of-promise case in New York City, a police-constable was the defendant. During the impanelling of the jury defendant's counsel examined each of the jurymen to ascertain if he had any prejudice against policemen as such. He pressed his examination closely, and brought forth a protest and objection from the plaintiff's counsel. "Many people look upon policemen as Ishmaelites," explained the defendant's counsel. "Have you not made a mistake in the tribe?" quickly interposed the plaintiff's counsel; "you probably mean Hittites."

An English paper tells a story of a well-known bishop who suffers from impaired vision. He recently held a levee. At length a guest approached and said: "How do you do, my lord! My mother wishes to be kindly remembered to you." "Ah," said the bishop, "that is very good of her. And how is the dear old soul?" Nothing like a good old mother! Be sure to take care of your old mother. Good morning." The bishop did not in the least know who his visitor was and said to his footman: "Who was that?" The servant replied: "The last gentleman who left your lordship's reception is the Duke of Connaught."

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This is the slighting remark that is often applied to women who try to seem young, though they no longer look so. Sometimes appearances are deceitful. Female weakness, functional troubles, displacements and irregularities will add fifteen years to a woman's looks. These troubles are removed by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. Try this remedy, all you whose beauty and freshness is fading from such causes, and no longer figure in society as a "back number." It's guaranteed to give satisfaction in every case, or money paid for it returned. See guarantee on bottle-wrapper.

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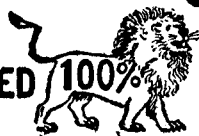
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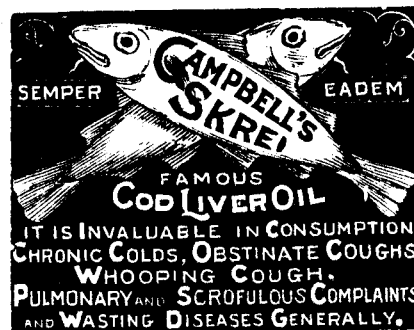
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