

THE WEEK:

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Pursuant to the Revised Statutes of Ontario, 1887, Chapter 237, being an Act respecting the Property of Religious Institutions, and the powers therein contained, the trustees appointed under a certain deed of trust made on the 7th day of July, 1838, will offer for sale at the Auction Rooms of MESSRS. OLIVER, COATE & CO., No. 57 King St. East, in the City of Toronto, on SATURDAY, 15th Day of February, 1890, At 12 o'clock noon,
The following valuable freehold property, situated on the north side of Richmond Street, near York Street, in the City of Toronto, containing by admeasurement one-tenth of an acre, being part of Lot number 8, on the north side of Richmond Street, formerly Hospital Street, in the said City, commencing in front of the said Lot number 8, on the north side of Richmond Street, at a distance of about sixty-six feet from the south west angle of Lot number 8; then north sixteen degrees west one hundred feet more or less to the centre of the said Lot, thence north seventy-four degrees east, thirty-eight and one-half feet more or less to a certain plot or portion of said Lot, formerly belonging to Joseph Martin; thence south sixteen degrees east, one hundred feet more or less to Richmond Street; thence south seventy-four degrees west, and along Richmond Street thirty-eight feet and one-half, more or less to the place of beginning. Upon the property is situated a frame chapel, known as Richmond Street Coloured Wesleyan Methodist Church.
The property will be sold subject to a reserved bid.
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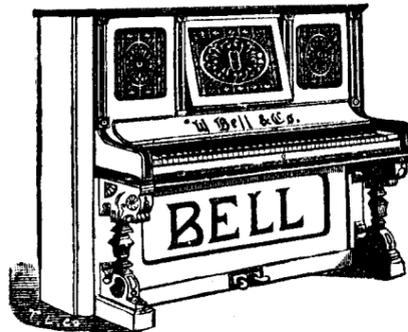
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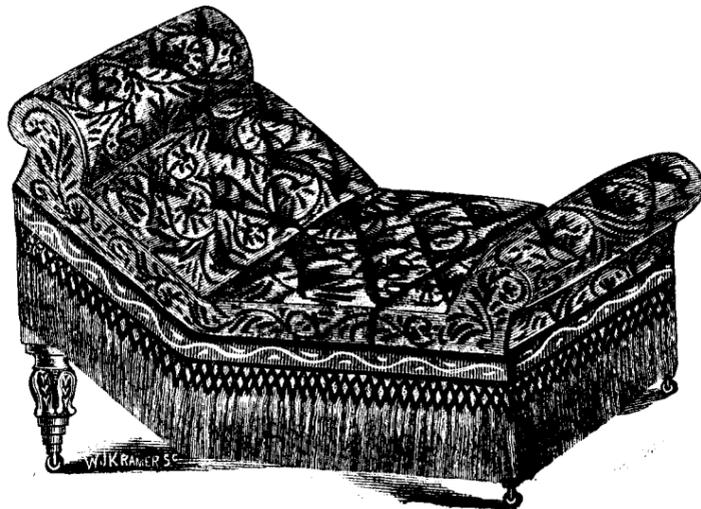


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All articles, contributions, and letters on matters pertaining to the editorial department should be addressed to the Editor, and not to any other person who may be supposed to be connected with the paper.

GOVERNMENT by party is expensive. If anyone has doubts on the point he would do well to read the recent debate in the Commons on the Franchise Act. No very close analysis of the discussion is needed to make it clear that the party system is wholly responsible for the existence of that Act, with the enormous expense it entails. The one reason for being of the Act is the belief or suspicion that the provincial franchises as a whole are adapted to work injury to the party in power. Whether this view is well grounded or not is, for the present purpose, immaterial. No one can suppose that were the Provincial Governments, or those of them representing the great majority of the people, of the same political stripe as the present Federal Government, the Dominion Franchise Act would have been thought of. On the merits of the question there can be little doubt that the Opposition have the best of the argument. Even if we admit the contention of the defenders of the Act that the Federal Parliament has a right to fix its own franchise, it would be hard to show that, apart from party considerations, there is any difference between the Dominion franchise, as fixed by the present Act, and those of the Provinces, sufficient to justify the enormous expense of duplicating the whole machinery. The argument from uniformity is not only quite untenable in itself, on the sound principles of expediency, or regard to existing facts and conditions, which are supposed to lie at the base of British political institutions, but it is refuted by the simple fact that the franchise as fixed by the Act in question is not uniform. There are also two sides even to the question of abstract right. It certainly is not self-evident that on true federal principles the Central Parliament is justifiable in making the franchise either broader or narrower than that preferred by the Province itself. A strong argument, to say the least, may be constructed in support of the proposition that each Province itself has a better right, and is better fitted, to judge on what basis it shall be represented in the Federal Parliament, than the Federal authorities can have or be. But it is not necessary to insist upon this view, or to show that it is in harmony with the spirit and intention of the Act of Union. It is sufficient to fill back upon the stubborn facts that the chief design of the

obnoxious Act, but for which it would never have been heard of, is either to escape partisan unfairness in the Provincial Acts and their workings, or to gain an unfair partisan advantage for the Dominion Government, and that but for one or the other of these partisan considerations, or both of them combined, the heavily burdened tax-payers of Canada would have been spared this very serious addition to the cost of self-government. The sum-total of the expense can be reached by adding to the original outlay of nearly half-a-million of dollars, which it cost to inaugurate the system, not only the annual cost of revision—estimated at \$150,000—or the interest upon a loan of \$5,000,000, as Mr. Mills pointed out but—also the expense of the prolonged parliamentary debates and the incomputable sums expended by individuals and party organizations during the process of revision. It would be a curious commentary on Canadian capacity for self-government should it be decided, as Hon. Mr. Chapleau proposes, that the correction of the voters' lists is too costly a luxury to be indulged in annually, with its logical consequence that every election that takes place is liable to be decided by the votes of those who have no legal right to the franchise, or by the denial of the franchise to those who have a legal right to it.

THE debate on the Franchise Act called forth two or three memorable expressions of political opinion. Among these were the statement by the Liberal Leader that he was not in favour of manhood suffrage, and the emphatic endorsement of that opinion by the Secretary of State. Mr. Laurier, it is true, hastened to modify his confession of faith by declaring his willingness to leave the question to be decided by each Province for itself, thus consistently maintaining the alleged Liberal doctrine of Provincial Rights. It is quite possible that he may be right in believing, as he evidently does, that his compatriots in the Province of Quebec are not yet fitted for so advanced a stage of Liberalism. Be that as it may, his expression of opinion on manhood suffrage was rendered nugatory, as Mr. Chapleau neatly showed, by his Provincial Rights doctrine, since, should the Province of Quebec pronounce in favour of the wider franchise, he would be bound to waive his personal opinions in deference to the wish of the Province. When Mr. Chapleau went on to declare himself opposed to the principle of "one man, one vote," he, in turn, entangled himself in the meshes of his own logic. "If," he argued, "a man has a right to represent property he has the right to represent that property wherever it lies. In order that any scalawag may not represent that property in Parliament the owner should be allowed to vote in defence of his possessions." A little before, Mr. Chapleau had made a distinction, which however he failed to define, between Conservative and Tory. If the Minister really holds that the vote represents the property, not the man, he certainly makes good his own claim to a place amongst genuine Tories. But would Mr. Chapleau be willing to follow his argument to its legitimate conclusion? If the voter has the right to represent property, he has the right to represent the amount of property which secures him the vote. If, then, the possession of real estate to the value of \$300 in one city gives a citizen the right to vote as representing that property, and the possession of another \$300 worth of property in another constituency gives him a right to vote as representing that property also, why should not his neighbour who possesses property to the amount of \$600 in either city have the right to vote twice, as twice representing the specified amount of property? Surely he has, on the theory in question, twice as much interest in preventing any "scalawag" from representing his property in Parliament, and so on *ad infinitum*. It was, indeed, a surprise to hear a member of the Canadian Government, at this day, attempting to defend the retention of a property qualification on such grounds. We had supposed that view long ago surrendered, if for no other reason, in view of the illogical absurdity involved, in assuming that the vote represents property, and then giving to \$200 or \$300 the same amount of representation as \$2,000,000 or \$3,000,000. We had imagined that the property qualification was now regarded, like the income and other qualifications, simply as evidence that the man himself was a *bona fide* citizen, having a genuine interest in the

prosperity and good government of the country. And yet the Premier himself is said to have warmly applauded Mr. Chapleau's argument.

PROMPT measures are, we are glad to observe, about to be taken to prevent the baneful institution of polygamy from taking root in the North-West. Whatever reliance may be placed upon a recent Ottawa despatch which says that the Mounted Police have secured complete proof that polygamous practices exist in the Mormon colony, and that there is no law in the Statute Book whereby the offenders can be reached, there can be little doubt that the danger of polygamous practices becoming established there is sufficiently real to call for the utmost vigilance on the part of the Government. The fact, too, that the Minister of Justice is introducing legislation specially adapted to remove any legal difficulty in the way of suppression seems to indicate that there may be something in the legal quibble said to have been urged by Mr. Stenhouse. That Mormon leader, it will be remembered, recently claimed that though the law might prevent him from marrying more than once and at different times, there was nothing to prevent him from marrying several wives at one time and by one ceremony. It is well that Mr. Stenhouse, or any other of the Mormon leaders who may be disposed to introduce polygamy into Canada, should not have the encouragement of even a doubtful quibble as to the state of the law and of Canadian sentiment in regard to the matter. Hence the Minister of Justice has introduced into the Bill which he is submitting to Parliament two clauses which seem both simple and likely to be effective. The first provides that every male person who simultaneously or on the same day marries more than one woman is guilty of a misdemeanour; the second that every woman who has relations with more than one man is guilty of a misdemeanour, and is liable to fine and imprisonment. Senator Macdonald, of British Columbia, has introduced in the Senate a Bill much more elaborate in its structure and provisions, designed specially and specifically to meet the Mormon practice at every point and to invalidate all its subtle "spiritual" distinctions. Whether anything in the shape of such an exhaustive enumeration of particulars is needed to meet the exigency may well be left to the many lawyers in the two Houses to determine. As the North-West Mormons cannot as yet have acquired very great political influence, and as there can be no reason why any Canadian representative or Senator should wish to wink at the practice of this most obnoxious article of their creed in the Dominion, there is no doubt the law will shortly be made so clear that not even a Mormon elder will be able to find a flaw in it. The next thing will be to ensure its vigorous administration, doubtless a much more difficult matter. The efficacy of the Mounted Police system should afford, however, a pretty good guarantee of enforcement.

THE Bill for the incorporation of the Orange Association in the Dominion, introduced in the Commons by Mr. Clarke Wallace, passed its second reading on Monday without debate. To those who remembered the strenuous discussions which followed the introduction of former legislation of the same kind, this was indeed a surprise. The meaning of the fact is not yet apparent, and the uninitiated can but guess whether the silent vote was the result of accident or design. When we turn to look at the question on its merits, as presented in the clear and temperate speech of the mover, it is not easy to see on what valid ground the motion could have been opposed, save, perhaps, the veiled political allusion referred to below. One may strongly object, of course, to some of the views advocated by the Order. He may deprecate some of its modes of propagating those views as needlessly offensive to many citizens. He may even regard the very existence of the society in Canada as an anachronism, unnecessary and harmful, tending to perpetuate memories and animosities which should have no place in this new world. But neither the creed of a society, nor its modes of working, so long as there is nothing distinctly unlawful or immoral in either, is generally regarded as a sufficient reason for denying it the legal standing and facilities necessary to enable it to transact business in its corporate capacity. Probably the ground of one of the strongest objections to

the incorporation of the Orange Association has hitherto been the belief that an important part of its constitution and work were hidden under the veil of an oath of secrecy. Mr. Clarke Wallace, as a representative Orangeman, now assures Parliament and the country that there is nothing secret about the Order except its signs and passwords. In that case the parallel drawn between it and the Order of Foresters seems so far to be valid. With regard to the alleged political character of the Association, Mr. Wallace's statements were less explicit and satisfactory. If, as he seemed to intimate, one of the objects for which it exists is to preserve the connection between Canada and the rest of the British Empire, it might be argued that in this regard its existence is either an imputation upon the loyalty of the great majority of Canadians, or a menace to their liberties. The people of Canada do not need a special organization to watch their relations to Great Britain, or to interfere with the fullest development of the self-governing powers which are their natural right, and which have thus far been freely accorded, as far as asked for, by Great Britain. The members of Parliament will, we fancy, have spirit enough to demand either an explanation or a retraction of Mr. Wallace's ambiguous utterance on this point. It would ill comport with the dignity and self-respect of the Government and Parliament of Canada to incorporate a special society to guard their own loyalty and that of the people. We shall await with some curiosity the further progress of the Bill.

THE newly organized Ontario Association of Architects are seeking from the Provincial Legislature a charter conferring upon the guild the right to hold examinations, grant certificates, and generally exercise powers corresponding to those bestowed upon such corporations as the societies in law, medicine, chemistry, etc. Whatever objections there may be, on grounds of abstract politics, to the bestowment of monopoly powers upon any close corporation, it is not easy to see how such powers can be consistently refused to architects, while granted to the members of other professions such as those above named. It would be difficult to frame any argument based upon the utility of such corporations in protecting society against the effects of incompetence and quackery, which would not apply with full force to the profession of the architect, especially in towns and cities. The danger to life and health from the erection of unsafe buildings, the frequent neglect or ignorance of sanitary precautions, etc., is undoubtedly great, and it is high time that more vigorous and effective measures were adopted to guard against such sources of accident and sickness. In view of the serious responsibilities resting upon those who undertake the business of the architect, it is surprising that the deputation who waited upon the Government the other day were obliged to admit that they know of no country in which such an Act as that now asked for is in force. Mr. Curry, the spokesman of the deputation, stated, however, that such an Act, or a more stringent one, is being, or is about to be asked for in most English-speaking countries, at the present time. There can be little doubt that the bestowment of the powers asked for would tend to the promotion not only of public health and safety, but also of beauty of architectural design and finish in private buildings, in itself a very desirable end. Care will need to be taken to prevent the Act, if passed, from bearing unjustly upon any persons now practising the profession, who may be substantially though not technically qualified, but we presume the draft Bill makes ample provision for the protection of such. Mr. Mowat's reply indicated that he was disposed to look with favour upon the application; and it is not unlikely that Ontario may take the lead in introducing this species of legislation.

AMONG those who have deserved the gratitude of the citizens of Toronto by liberal benefactions of various kinds, it may be doubted whether any has given more wisely or munificently than the late Mr. John G. Howard. The gift of High Park, or, as it will no doubt be hereafter known, Howard Park, is one which will contribute to the health and happiness of all the citizens, so long as it shall be held sacred to the purpose for which it was bestowed, which means, it may be hoped, so long as the city shall continue to exist. It is peculiarly gratifying to know that by his will Mr. Howard has completed and crowned his former deed of generosity by adding to it the lodge, which was his own residence, together with the forty or fifty acres around it. Such public spirit and intelligent regard for the future of the city should serve as an inspiring example to other wealthy citizens, as it will surely cause the

name of Mr. Howard to be held in grateful remembrance by future generations of dwellers in the great metropolis which Toronto seems destined to become.

IN reply to the question of a member, the Attorney-General of Ontario stated the other day in the House that the working of the Torrens system or Land Titles Act in Toronto and York for the past year had resulted in a surplus of fees over the expenses of the office, such surplus amounting to \$2,903.93. If a fear in regard to the expense of working the system has deterred the Municipal Councils of other localities from availing themselves of the option of introducing the Act, it may be hoped that this statement will tend to allay apprehension on that score. It is to be regretted, we think, that the question had not been so framed as to have called for further facts and indications in regard to the general success of the measure. Possibly it may not yet have been long enough in operation to warrant any very decided opinion, based upon experience. Mr. Mowat stated further that the amount of the guarantee fund for which the Act provides is at the present time about \$10,000 and that the value of the property to which this small assurance fund applies was up to a recent date \$3,691,249, according to the valuations at the time of registration. The present value of this property is said to be \$10,000,000 or more. Of the amount named, the new property brought under the Act last year was at its then valuation \$887,761. This guarantee fund, he explained, is an assurance fund formed under the Statute, "for the indemnity of any person who may happen to be deprived of land, or some estate or interest therein, by reason of the land being brought under the provisions of the Act, or by the registration of some other person as owner of the land, or of such estate or interest therein, or by reason of any misdescription, omission or other error in a certificate of title or in any entry in the register." This fund is invested from time to time under the direction of the court, and the interest or income derived therefrom is credited to the same account. The question of the adoption of this simple and admirable system throughout Ontario is probably only one of time. The result of its use experimentally in Toronto and the County of York will, therefore, be looked for with interest from year to year.

WHAT with the Report of the Parnell Commission, and the various motions and discussions likely to arise in connection with that Report, and the forged letters, and the Government's expected Land Purchase Bill, and its unexpected Local Government Bill, the coming session of the British Parliament bids fair to be, as so many of its predecessors have been, largely occupied with the affairs of Ireland. The announcement of the last named measure is no doubt a genuine surprise to the Opposition and the country, and the character of the promised Bill will be studied with great curiosity and interest when it is brought down. It is, of course, impossible to divine in advance with any degree of certainty what attitude the Gladstonians and Parnellites will take in respect to such a measure. Judging, however, from the past, and from what seems to be the well understood policy of the latter party, they may be expected to accept whatever is offered in the direction of local self-rule, not as a finality but as an instalment of the complete Home Rule on which they have set their hearts. It seems scarcely possible that the Government can so misread the temper of the Home Rule leaders, or so under-estimate their influence over the masses who look to them for guidance, as to suppose that they will be content with the half-measures promised, and forego further agitation. They must surely foresee that the concession of a County Council system, or other form of local government, will rather increase the leverage of those who are working for the larger end. This being the case, Lord Salisbury and Mr. Balfour may seem to deserve credit for both honesty and courage in putting so much additional power into the hands of the disaffected. It is quite possible, however, that the movement may have been resolved on less as a measure of justice to Ireland than for the sake of effect in England. From this point of view the step may be a wise one. Recent events have unquestionably shown considerable tendency to reaction in favour of the Gladstonian programme, and, so far as may be judged from this distance, nothing could be better adapted to allay any restlessness in the minds either of the Liberal-Unionists, or of many of the more advanced Conservatives, than a measure of this kind, which while seeming to concede all or nearly all that is needful to do full justice to Ireland, yet finds a stopping-place short of a Parliament on College Green.

THE latest Encyclical of Leo XIII., though quite in harmony with the traditional teachings of the Vatican, is noteworthy by reason of its clear and emphatic reassertion of the superiority of the claims of the Church to those of the State in all matters in which the interests of the former are supposed to be in any way affected. Up to a certain point the propositions and reasonings of this document will commend themselves as sound to all religiously-disposed minds. No one who believes in a God at all can doubt that his claim to obedience transcends every other obligation. No Christian will hesitate to accept the general principle that whenever the State enjoins anything contrary to the commands of God or the clear principles of religion, he is bound to obey God rather than man. It is when his Holiness takes the next step and assumes that the Roman Catholic Church is the true and only church, and that its teachings and decrees as promulgated through himself are infallible, that his pronouncement becomes obnoxious to Protestantism and dangerous to freedom. When he openly declares that "in politics . . . men ought always and in the first place to take care to serve the interests of Catholicism," and that "as soon as these interests are seen to be in danger, all differences should cease between them, so that, united in the same thoughts and the same designs, they may undertake the protection and defence of religion, the common and great end to which all things should be referred," he reiterates the principle which is working and threatening to work incalculable mischief on this continent to-day. Taken in connection with its companion dogma that the infallible church, that is, the infallible Pope, is the ultimate and sole authority to determine what requires such solidarity on the part of all good Catholics, the result is that in all countries in which the Catholics are numerous enough to hold the balance of power, all political questions in which the supposed interests of the Church are at stake will be decided by a mandate from Rome. Can it be wondered at if the tendency of such a policy is to compel those who are not Catholics to unite in turn to defeat the designs of priests and hierarchs who are themselves but so many machines to do the behests of the autocrat of the Vatican? Is it even surprising that the result has been in some European nations so disastrous even to the political rights of these hierarchies themselves? In the face of such instructions so unambiguously and unblushingly given, it certainly becomes not only the right but the duty of every government which values free institutions to employ the most stringent measures to prevent the clergy from making use of its spiritual authority in any improper way to influence the free action of the people in political matters.

UNEASY France, or rather its uneasy rulers and politicians have just now been thrown into a fresh ferment by an incident in itself apparently trivial. The young Duke of Orleans, one of the banished princes, has seen fit, whether under the influence of a boyish enthusiasm, or acting with far-reaching design, possibly under advice of older heads, to present himself at the capital and offer himself for military service. France's misfortune primarily is that the Government, rightly or wrongly, deem it necessary to maintain a decree of perpetual exile against all members of the royal family who might, by any possibility, become pretenders to the throne. But, even so, the incident, with a more sober and matter-of-fact people, would have been treated as a boyish escapade, and have been promptly ended by escorting the lad to the frontier and warning him not to repeat the offence. As it is, the matter has become complicated by the action of the authorities, until it is now quite possible that serious embarrassment may result. The legal plea of the Prince or his advisers seems to be that, as the recent law compels every Frenchman, irrespective of official or social position, and whether born in France or abroad, to enlist in the army, he has merely presented himself as a loyal son of France in obedience to the law. Though the plea is probably no better than a quibble, the fact that the Prince declares himself no Pretender, but a simple citizen claiming his right under the laws to enlist as a private soldier, can scarcely fail to arouse sympathy and even enthusiasm on his behalf. The Legitimist party is said in the despatches to be chagrined and annoyed by the Prince's act in provoking an agitation at a moment when there is nothing to be gained by it. But is it so clear that nothing is to be gained? There can be, of course, no hope of revolution just now. But may there not be a good deal of method in the madness of a bold and attractive young prince, ambitious to keep himself in the eyes of the French populace, and to slow himself patriotic

and fearless? The incident will not fail to make its impression upon the sensitive French imagination, and if, at some future time, a day of disturbance should come and the fickle populace begin to bethink themselves of a royalist leader, what more natural than that their eyes should be turned to the gallant young Prince who faced imprisonment and danger in his patriotic desire to serve in the army of his country?

KAISER WILLIAM has given the political world a new sensation. Ever since that impersonation of restless energy came to the throne he has not failed to keep the eye of Europe turned upon himself and his country—especially the former, a cynic might say. His latest movement is perhaps, the most remarkable of all. His appeal to France, England, Belgium and Switzerland, to take part in a Conference at Berlin, to deal with the interests of the working-men, on international principles, is an original and probably unique conception. Whether we take the more charitable view that the proposal is the outcome of a sincere desire to benefit the labouring classes, or the less charitable, and perhaps more probable one that it is a new Bismarckian device to influence the coming elections, the thing itself is significant, and is sure to be fruitful of serious consequences. It is very likely that the scheme will prove, as the political economists are confidently predicting, utterly impracticable. The differences in the political and social institutions of the various countries named, in the industrial habits, capacities and conditions of their people, and, especially in the case of Great Britain, in their politico-economic theories and practices, seem certainly to render the project of concerted action as hopeless as it is probably undesirable. The very idea of a Conference summoned under Governmental auspices, with a view to legislation on such subjects as the hours and wages of a day's labour, must be itself the outcome of a theory of paternal administration which will appear absurd to the rulers of more democratic nations, and unacceptable to the industrial classes everywhere. But however visionary the Emperor's scheme may appear to the eyes of the practical politician, it is clearly a concession to Socialism, the significance of which it would not be easy to over-estimate. It is an attempt to put the seal of Imperial approval upon movements and projects which have hitherto been supposed to be viewed only with distrust or repugnance in high political circles. It is an admission to the Socialistic agitators that their power is recognized, and is pretty sure to be regarded by them as an attempt to discount in advance their future success. It is no wonder then that the Socialistic leaders have taken fresh courage from the very movement which was probably designed to weaken their influence, and are already making arrangements to carry on the electoral campaign with increased vigour. Of a less impracticable kind, perhaps, but tending to the same end, is the convening of a special commission, composed in equal parts of working-men and employers to prepare labour legislation for the next Reichstag. The fact that the conclusions of the Convention have to pass through the hands of the Council of State before they can be sent to the Reichstag will tend to create distrust in the minds of the labour representatives, but it will not alter the fact that it is now at last thought worth while to consult the industrial classes themselves as a preliminary to legislation touching their interests. Both movements are alike confessions of the failure of paternal Government. They indicate that absolutism is on the wane in Germany, and the dawn of democratic rule near at hand. It will be well for the stability of German political institutions if they also indicate that the Kaiser and his advisers are wise enough to make the concession of the right of the masses to a larger measure of self-rule so promptly and gracefully that the inevitable revolution may come gradually, without shock or violent upheaval.

SPEAKER REED, of the American House of Representatives, is probably just now the best abused man in the United States. The head and front of his offending is that he has seen fit to insist upon a ruling which is contrary to all previous rules and precedents of the House. A peculiarity of the American system is that it has no standing rules. A new House is not bound by the rules of its predecessor, but frames and adopts its own. As a consequence, unless a newly elected House formally resolves to abide by the rules of the previous one, which this House for some reason declined to do, it is absolutely without rules until such time as it can formulate and adopt a set for itself. In the meantime the Speaker has

only precedent, which is, of course, not binding, and his own good sense to guide him. The occasion of the present trouble was the desire of the Republican majority to bring up and dispose of certain election cases. This the Democratic minority was anxious to prevent or postpone. In the absence of a number of Republican members through sickness there were not enough of the party in attendance to constitute a quorum. The Democrats, with one or two exceptions, refused to vote, and claimed that there was no quorum. According to all previous custom and ruling, even that of Secretary Blaine, in counting to ascertain whether a quorum was present, the names of those voting only were taken. Defying precedent Speaker Reed insists on counting in the Democrats who are present but have not voted, thus finding the necessary quorum. The Democrats cannot evade the difficulty by retiring, for then they can be brought in by the Sergeant-at-arms. This act of Speaker Reed it is which has caused him to be denounced as a tyrant and would-be-despot of the worst character. It is, indeed, a pity, to say the least, that this new departure should have been taken in such a matter as the decision of a contested election in which there is so much room for partisan unfairness. But, in the abstract, common sense seems to pronounce Senator Reed right. To allow a minority to create a deadlock in legislation by simply refusing to vote, in reliance upon the fiction that those not voting are not present, would be to add seriously and gratuitously to the means of obstruction which are already too numerous in most Legislatures. The very existence of the fiction argues that it is assumed that all members present are in duty bound to vote.

THE ENGLISH MINORITY IN QUEBEC—V.

PRACTICAL WORKING OF CHURCH AND STATE.

IN my three previous letters I endeavoured to give a detailed account of the organization of the Roman Church in Quebec, with a view to ascertaining the grievances or disabilities, if any, which result therefrom to the English minority. Some few points of interest remain in the doubtful ground between Church and State concerning which many outside the province appear to be misinformed. As for the English minority they are gradually waking up to the fact that, for better or worse, their fortunes are indissolubly bound up with those of the French majority and that their strongest men ought to be sent to Quebec rather than to Ottawa. Above all things it seems necessary that they should cultivate a cordial understanding with the majority and endeavour thoroughly to comprehend those ecclesiastical questions, apart from dogma, upon which there is a difference of opinion among the majority. There has been too much of distributed infallibility among Protestants by which many have arrived at conclusions concerning very difficult subjects, as it were by an inner light, without taking the trouble to study what may be urged upon the other side.

It is not cheerful reading—these gloomy prognostications of impending religious conflict in which our friends outside are fond of indulging. If we believed in them we could not conceal our alarm. But we don't. There has been no such conflict in the past and there is not the least occasion for it in the future. The rebellion of 1837-8 was led as much by Protestants as by Catholics and party lines have never yet been drawn on religious issues. The bitter story of Orange and Green is unknown to the French *habitant*. In the French country, orange lilies are grown as favourite flowers in every garden and no one seems to be aware of their partisan associations. Indeed it is very difficult to explain to a French *habitant* the details of that quarrel, because he has nothing in the history of his country or in his own experience to give him a clue to its meaning.

There are no doubt a small number of mediævalists in the province who are always stirring up trouble and they write a good many pamphlets, but it is a mistake to quote from them as if they represented the mass of current opinion. While these are mourning that the Church in Quebec is enslaved by the State, the Protestants of Ontario lament that the State in Quebec is enslaved by the Church. These and such-like "cries" are magnified by "practical" politicians and utilized for personal ends. Quotations from the writings of such extremists are taken too seriously in Ontario, but even the worst of these are not so strong or so offensive as some of the extreme Protestant utterances. I am sure that the memory of my readers will recall many harsh and bitter things said and written by more relatively representative persons among Protestants—said, no doubt, hastily under the stimulus of public speaking, but which a due consideration of the feelings of others would have suppressed or modified.

A very common delusion outside the province is one concerning the docility of the *habitant*. The "simple" *habitant* of popular Protestant literature is a purely mythical person as any one will speedily find out when he first tackles a real specimen in the flesh. The number of suits which have been taken out against curés by the "docile" *habitant* is very large. Suits about tithes, about pews, about kneeling in church, about repairs of churches, about

all sorts of ecclesiastical things may be found abundantly in the reports. In fact these "fabrique" cases are an important branch of practice and the "simple" *habitant's* acquaintance with the technicalities of the civil law is quite phenomenal. "Luigi," and the "Franc-parleur," and the "Nouveau Monde," and the "Comedie Infernale," and the "Source du Mal," and other extinct volcanoes of the mediæval outbreak of 1870-80, are only useful to inform us of what certain authors personally consider desirable. If we want to know the actual facts concerning the Roman Church in Quebec we must seek them in the statutes and in the decisions of the judges upon cases submitted by the "docile" *habitant*. In previous letters the statutes have been sufficiently referred to.

Ministers of Protestant churches have always claimed the full rights of citizens to vote and to have opinions upon political questions, especially when these touch upon morality or religion. They do not hesitate occasionally to express themselves in the pulpit with very great vigour; as, for instance, at the time of the Pacific scandal, and upon the License question. The idea is abroad that the Roman priest in Quebec has some greater immunities than they, but the "docile" *habitant* knows his civil law better than that; and we have, thanks to him, some useful decisions. For instance the Chief Justice, Sir A. A. Dorion, said, in an important case, "At the argument it was contended, on behalf of appellant, that he was not amenable to this court for what he had said in the pulpit. I must express my entire dissent from such a doctrine. A priest enjoys no immunity and cannot free himself from the responsibility attaching to the use of slanderous language whether in the pulpit or elsewhere," and in *Vigneux vs. Noiseaux*, it was held that a priest is responsible to the civil tribunals "like all other citizens." Again in a tavern license case—*Derouin vs. Archambault*—it was decided, "that ministers of religion in the Province of Quebec are amenable to the courts of civil jurisdiction in the same manner and to the same extent as other persons, and an action for slander will lie against a Roman Catholic priest for injurious expressions uttered by him in a sermon."

There are decisions also of Quebec courts, voiding elections upon that point is so clearly settled that candidates are not anxious to have the curé of a parish too decidedly in their favour. The Charlevoix case, which went the other way in the court of first instance, was appealed directly to the Supreme Court when it was held "that the election of a member for the House of Commons, guilty of clerical undue influence by his agents, is void, and that sermons and threats by certain parish priests of the County of Charlevoix amounted in this case to undue influence." There is no reason to believe that it would not have been reversed in appeal to a Quebec court. The judge who decided it in the first instance excited the surprise of French as well as English lawyers by quoting a mass of extraneous canon law never heard of before in English or French jurisprudence. These decisions, and many more like them, have been given for the most part by Roman Catholic judges, and it is worthy of remark in this connection that a French lawyer is by training and tradition more apt to appreciate the subtle distinctions of the conflicting laws of Church and State than an English lawyer. In England, from earliest times, the king presided in theory in ecclesiastical as well as in civil courts. The two jurisdictions were two aspects of the same nation, and if for a time the papal jurisdiction intruded upon the more ancient laws of the realm, the Reformation restored them in their integrity. There was not, therefore, in England, considered apart from Scotland, the incessant collision between the civil and spiritual powers as in France, for the ultimate appeal in both jurisdictions was to the Crown. Nor are there in English legal literature the works of great lawyers to elucidate the principles involved in such a conflict. There are no authors like Bishop Bossuet, Archbishop De Marca, Pithou, Ellies-Dupin, the Chancellor D'Aguesseau, Richer, and many others, who, without ceasing to be French and Catholic, went to the bottom of this controversy. Questions of Church and State were living questions in old France, and in New France too. The old jurisprudence is pervaded with them, and it is impossible for a student to read the ordinary French text books of the old law—which is our law in Quebec,—much less to read the literature of the age of Louis XIV., without becoming familiar with discussions which Bishop Gibson, Blackstone, Phillimore and other authors of the Kingdom of England proper had no occasion to treat of. This jurisprudence was brought to Canada, and its principles are incessantly apparent in the *ordonnances* of intendants and decisions of the Superior Council under the French *régime*. Regulations for precedence in churches, and in religious processions, prohibitions to religious orders to accumulate lands in mortmain; instructions to churchwardens, rules for honours at church ceremonies, and such like matters occupy many pages. Then there are the appeals *comme d'abus* from the ecclesiastical authorities, from the *officialité*, from the vicar-general, concerning matters which could not come before the civil courts in our days. All these have formed the mind of the French-Canadian and laid the foundations of Quebec civil law too deep to be disturbed by the later doctors of the Roman canon law.

It should be remembered that the French as a race are not open to the charge of intolerance. The revocation of the Edict of Nantes was not registered in Canada, and although it was contrary to law for Protestants permanently to settle here, there were Protestants coming and going, and I have never yet met a case recorded of a Pro-

testant being molested as such. Beyond all manner of doubt the French *habitant* is tolerant. The introduction of Protestant missionary societies into the heart of Catholic districts shows that. No doubt the missionaries may have had rebuffs to submit to; but reverse the case: suppose that, in Quebec, missionary societies were established for converting Ontario to a "saving faith," and suppose they were to select the most intensely Protestant parts of that province and open schools for children and distribute Roman literature in which John Wesley, John Knox or King William III. should be identified with Antichrist or the Man of Sin, or some other similar person in the book of Revelations, it is not likely that such missionaries would meet with a more cordial reception. Yet the *habitant* is very warmly attached to his religion, quite as much so as any other class of persons, quite as much so, for instance, as the Boston mob who burned the Ursuline Convent at Charlestown. And the Ursulines are cloistered nuns, whose rule forbids them to go out, and who could not, therefore, have given any wanton offence.

These traditions of tolerance may be looked upon with theoretical disapprobation by some of the new schools of ecclesiastical anachronisms who are bringing out old-world quarrels to plant them like European weeds in new soil; but their views, though noisily advocated, are not congenial to the French-Canadian nature, and therefore need cause no alarm. Of all men the French-Canadian is not likely to go back upon his history. Much of the credit of this is due to the statesmen and soldiers who ruled this country in the early part of the English period. Some of the French mischief-makers are anxious to rob the English of the merit of their tolerance by insinuating that they acted from a fear of throwing the country into the arms of the revolting colonies to the south. To this it is easily answered that, from the very first, before the rebellion was thought of in the English colonies, Murray and Carleton sided with the French-Canadians against what they thought injustice. It would have been easy then to have made another Ireland of this country, and to have planted seeds of bitterness of which we should long since have been gathering the fruit. What the English then did is recorded in the eloquent words of Bishop Plessis, a Canadian-born bishop, the second bishop after the conquest, in his sermon upon the death of his predecessor, which may be found in his life by the Abbé Ferland, or in full at p. 357 of Robert Christie's "History of Lower Canada." It is too long to quote here, but reference should be made to it wherever the book is accessible.

Such are the religious traditions of the Province of Quebec. Is there any province, nation or people upon the face of the whole earth from whom it has anything to learn in the matter of mutual toleration or of Christian charity?

Montreal, February 8, 1890.

S. E. DAWSON.

TO A TUBEROSE.

All, little rose, thou comest from her fingers,
Whose gentle soul stoops earthward like a star;
And on me sheds a gleam of hope that lingers,
When all this world dies in the dim afar.

And if I speak her name in accents tender,
No one can know for thou alone shalt hear;
And if I love her then who is thy sender,
Thou wilt not whisper it to any ear.

For thou hast nestled close among the laces
That hide her timid bosom's spotless snow,
And so much purity in such a place is
Thou must be pure, so thou alone shalt know

My secret, and to pledge its sacred keeping,
I bid thee seek the place from whence thou art.
That thou again, among the laces sleeping,
In dreams may speak it to her listening heart.

STUART LIVINGSTON.

ERDMANN'S HISTORY OF PHILOSOPHY.*

THIS translation of Erdmann's "Grundriss," probably the best succinct history of philosophy yet published, is issued as the introductory volume to a projected "Library of Philosophy," of which Professor J. H. Muirhead is editor. That library is intended to be mainly a contribution to the History of Thought, but it will also contain independent works by such eminent thinkers as Mrs. James Ward and Professor Edward Caird, the former of whom is to give us a Theory of Knowledge and the latter a Theory of Ethics. The first series will treat of the development of thought in modern times from Descartes to the present day, and the second series of the history of Psychology, the History of Political Philosophy, Philosophy and Economics in their Historical Relation, the History of Aesthetics, and the Development of Rational Theology since Kant. Such an enterprise speaks for itself. It cannot but be regarded as a hopeful sign that so comprehensive a scheme should have been conceived, and should have found an English publisher willing to undertake it.

* "A History of Philosophy." By Johann Edward Erdmann. English translation, edited by Williston S. Hough, Ph. M., Assistant Professor of Mental and Moral Philosophy in the University of Minnesota. In three volumes. London: Swan, Sonnenschein and Co.; New York: Macmillan and Co. 1890.

It is not necessary to speak of the great merits of Erdmann's History of Philosophy. Its remarkable clearness and comprehensiveness are well known. The possession of a trustworthy guide to the development of philosophy is indispensable, not only to the special student, but to anyone who desires to grasp firmly the whole evolution of human thought. In this country Schwegler's able but too condensed summary has not only been the main book of reference, but we fear it has often represented all that the student knew of the development of philosophy. The result of this somewhat Barmecide feast, except where Schwegler has been illuminated by the ability of a special teacher, could only be to starve the mind, or what is worse, to feed it with barren abstractions. Erdmann's work, on the other hand, from its more extended treatment, gives one some idea of the wonderful life and movement of human thought, though no history of philosophy should ever be used except as an aid to the study of special authors, or to fill up temporarily the *lacunae* in one's knowledge. A thorough study of such a book as "Aristotle's Ethics," for example, is of more educational value than all the statements of Aristotle ever written. At the same time there is also a danger in over-specialization. Aristotle, like every other great thinker cannot be completely understood apart from his relation to his predecessors and successors, and therefore a trustworthy guide like Erdmann is invaluable.

The translation is edited by Mr. W. S. Hough, of the University of Minnesota, though he has had the advice and partly the assistance of Professor Muirhead in his editorial labours. So far as we have examined this work the half dozen scholars who present Erdmann's "Grundriss" with an English dress have given us a faithful rendering of the original. Occasionally a word or phrase better fitted to bring out the meaning might have been chosen. In volume II., page 58, e.g., "He (Spinoza) expressly extols mathematics, because *non circa fines versatur*, and recommends it as an example," would perhaps have been better translated "recommends it as a model." Again, when we read that Spinoza "knows nothing of actual causal connection, but merely of being conditioned by a pre-existing or auxiliary conception," we are apt to miss the exact sense of the author. What is meant to be conveyed by Erdmann is, that Spinoza reduces all knowledge to a logical subordination of ideas to one another, corresponding to the order of subordination that obtains in the universe. Thus the true idea of God or "substance" comprehends all other true ideas, just as God or "substance" is the *prius* of all other forms of existence. It is therefore not a "pre-existing" conception (which suggests antecedence in the mental history of the individual) that Erdmann has in his mind, but a conception "logically prior" to another; just as a genus is prior to a species in the order of thought, though not in the order of time. On the next page (59) we are told that the opinions of Avenoes "may have been familiar to Spinoza through his commentaries on the work of Maimonides"—rather an astounding statement, which exactly inverts the truth. It was, of course, Maimonides who wrote a commentary on Avenoes.

Apart from such slight defects, which do not detract from its substantial value, the translation may rightly claim to be a faithful rendering of the original. But it can hardly be said to reach the ideal standard of literary form, though sometimes it is quite successful in this respect. The period from Descartes to Kant, and the whole of the third volume, containing the important account of recent philosophy, seem to be uniformly excellent in style. As much can hardly be said for some of the other parts of the work, which follow too closely the many-jointed sentences of the original, and are therefore wanting in idiomatic ease and grace. Take, for example, the following passage (Vol. I., page 16): "It does not follow from the fact that the wish to solve the riddle of one's own existence, and of existence generally, is in Greek called thinking, that the philosophic spirit at once thinks in a manner worthy of Greece, or grasps its own Hellenism in its purity and superiority to all barbarism. Rather, just as man rises above the level of the beast only by passing through it in his pre-human (unripe) state, so Greek philosophy matures in the direction of its aim of solving that fundamental problem (§15) in the Hellenic spirit in such a way that it at first answers the question contained therein in a pre-Hellenic sense." The meaning of Erdmann is no doubt there, but it shines through a glass darkly. A translator should hardly be contented to translate as no Englishman would spontaneously write. It is his duty, not simply to "convey" his author, but to express the thought of the original in a form suitable to the genius of the English language.

Take another passage (Vol. II., page 369): "To the ordinary dogmatic philosopher—by this term Kant means mostly the metaphysician, and hence he very frequently opposes empiricism to dogmatism, just as Wolff opposed the experimental to the dogmatic—the question does not occur whether there is such a thing as metaphysics, i.e., whether knowledge gotten *a priori*, or independently of all experience and having real universality and necessity, is possible." Not to speak of the use of the words "mostly" and "gotten," which at once bewray the translator's American parentage, the interposition of the heavy explanatory clause, "by this term Kant, etc.," makes the thought unnecessarily hard to follow. Obviously the sentence should have been broken up into two. In the next sentence but one, "The sceptical distrust of metaphysics to which Hume thereby came," should be "The sceptical

despair (*verzweiflung*) of metaphysics into which Hume fell." Again: "Consequently one must not at all imagine that the 'Critique of Pure Reason' will give or will represent a metaphysics; no! it will be merely a propaedeutic to this, for it will merely answer the one question—Is metaphysics possible, and how?" The phrasing here is not good. "Will represent a metaphysics" does not convey to an English ear the meaning of *vertreten*; instead of "will give or will represent," read "will yield or take the place of." There is also a sort of primitive simplicity about the exclamatory "no!" and the repetition of "merely" in successive clauses jars on one's ear. Some of these remarks may seem hypercritical, but what we wish to convey is that, with an adequate knowledge of the original, more than one of the translators have an imperfect eye for style. We hope it will not be thought that we regard this translation as a failure. It is a good, faithful rendering, and in some parts even reaches a high literary level. Its imperfections are not of the kind to prevent a diligent student from getting at the thought of the author. If it is not sufficiently careful of the "mint, anise and cummin," at least it has not neglected "the weightier matters of the law."

University of Queen's College.

JOHN WATSON.

A SUNDAY IN CALCUTTA.

IT is six o'clock, a.m., and it is our servant Rohim Ali knocking on our door with an energy and a perseverance that I have not discovered him to exercise in any other occupation at any other hour of the day. He has brought us *chota hazri*, nothing really alarming, only a light meal of toast and tea. One must visit India to know all there can be in a name. But just why the Anglo-Indian asks that his slumbers shall be rudely broken every morning at six for toast and tea when he breakfasts at nine, I have not yet discovered. On this particular morning however, Rohim Ali's intrusion is condoned, we are going to visit a place called the New Market, the most picturesque scene in Calcutta, excepting an evening party at Government House. Matutinal sight-seeing is not exactly our rule, though what with the early arrival or departure of a train or boat, we have been able very often to catch a glimpse of towns at that most characteristic of times—the first few hours after sunrise. The first few hours after sunrise in Calcutta are the saddest we have seen. There are no crowds of buxom housewives about the streets such as one finds at home, expressing by firm step, ruddy cheeks, and fresh sharp voice the whole significance of morning; there is no cheerful din of street cries; there is no awakening to new life. The European dames will only make their appearance at a much later hour of the day, and the few Indian women we see flitting past, with a bit of their *sari* drawn across their mouths, look much like creatures of the night surprised by dawn and trying to hide themselves. The vendors of milk and the water-carriers are already overpowered under the weight of the brass and earthen jars they carry, and the melancholy oxen jog along with a resigned conviction in their eyes that man has little else for them but a stick, and the earth an interminable stretch of sun-scorched, dusty road. Great flocks of crows float cawing wisely through the air as if they were preparing for a funeral, and the city all the while smiles sadly in the morning light like some one remembering a sorrow.

Rohim Ali brings us to the New Market with evident pride. "D—dis number one place in India," he remarks, waving his hand towards the high roof of the great brick arches, and the long rows of multicoloured stalls, and truly no scene can be more "number one" than this. A swarm of half-clad, sad-faced, hustling men and bewitching imps, with the sweet hypocrisy of Asia already lighting their beautiful eyes, come round us begging to be taken to carry our purchases in the baskets on their heads. But a choice is difficult, for we are not callous, Garth and I, to the charms of Apollo noses, and teeth as white and even as white seeds, lithe, graceful forms, and appealing *salaams*. It is Domon, a youth of nine summers, who at length finds favour in our sight. He immediately proceeds to dismiss all the other youths with a volley of Bengali expletives, or rather what stands for expletives in this polite tongue—an attack upon the personal character, or slur cast upon the birth of the offender's uncle or great grand-father. Unfortunately such attacks from a throat so young lose much of their force, and we lend Domon our umbrella to give them weight. No parliamentary servant could walk with a more evident idea of his importance than this miniature "Black Rod." "I number one boy, *mem sahib*, those men loose men," he informs us, as we march the observed of all observers, past the flower stalls exhaling the faint mystic perfume of Indiar blossoms, past the fruit stalls, aflame with the glory of Indian colour. The handsome Bengali is at his best when he sits in white turban and dress amidst all this wealth of green, and gold, and red, or stands *salaaming*, with a grace we would find difficult to imitate. For as a worshipper he is mechanical, as a servant he is aggravating, and as a *baboo* or educated young gentleman he has far too much self-possession to be looked upon favourably by the English, who are apt to consider this quality as peculiarly their own.

Rohim Ali follows and Domon walks in front, a perfect garden of strange fruits and flowers on his small head. Meat, fish, clothes, stationery, brass from Benares, and grain from America, everything imaginable is to be found under the all-comprehensive roof of the New Market. And the buyers are Englishmen in white raiment and pith

hats whom the hour excuses from the formality of a collar; the typical boarding-house-keeper, a look of the early bird animating her eye; the inevitable Chinese dame wearing a wrapper of celestial blue, and looking about with that air of proprietorship peculiar to people away from home, and natives in monumental turbans, natives bareheaded, with something on suspiciously like a dream-gown, natives draped in all those audacious combinations of colour that set off their dark faces so well. But the Indian woman is not here, and we miss her. We miss her everywhere in Indian life, and we feel embarrassed and uncomfortable just as one does when one enters a house where somebody is in disgrace. Mid-day, the hour at which social Calcutta receives and pays its visits, our gharry stops under a great cool portico, like those found at the entrance of all Indian houses. But for some reason or other this particular portico seems cooler, this house whiter, this entrance even more hospitable than the others. The purple flowers of the Bougainvilliers vines that climb over the walls hang from the arches, and decorate all they touch with a dainty, fantastic art, creep round the tall pillars to smile a shy greeting on us. The servants in liveries of red and gold bow low as we pass. And the hostess who stands at the drawing-room door repeats all this welcome in her smile.

Though we have certainly found the Anglo-Indian far more modest in his estimation of himself than anybody gives him credit for, he fully appreciates, and with reason, the reputation his hospitality has earned. A man whom you have never met before, and to whom you may have not been speaking five minutes, will make a thousand apologies when he can't ask you to spend some time in his house, while, after even the simplest of dinner parties you feel as if you had had a week's entertainment.

Our hostess sits amidst a pretty medley of Indian bric-a-brac, a gown of soft Indian stuff falling about her, receiving the unending stream of Sunday visitors, who come and go, as she expresses it, "like bees running up and down a honey-pot," with a grace that can only be the result of English dignity tempered by Indian sunlight. Our hostess is "a leader" they say, but with such fancies and originalities, and such a field in which to exercise them, as are by no means given to all leaders. She has a pretty way of making charity seem a pleasure, and pleasure a duty. Her manner of treating every native whom she meets is full of sympathy and tact, and she evinces the same artistic appreciation of the country in which she lives, by furnishing her house after what should be the genuine Anglo-Indian fashion. The walls are very white, the pictures have an eastern glow about them, a curiously carved cabinet comes from Burmah, a lounge is covered only with a bit of common Indian cotton, but of such colour that the effect is admirable, the furniture has been made by natives, and the curtains are nothing more nor less than the *sari* the Indian women wear. When our hostess gives a dinner-party, her table becomes a curious and exquisite study. The decorations are charmingly Indian, and all the work of her servants; now a wonderful design in ferns makes the cloth appear as if it were picked out in gold; now great bowls of lilies and foliage plants stand on a long strip of white and crimson native brocade; now the boards are all a-shiver with quivering maiden-hair, and the soft light of the silver. And so, in everything she does, in her own pretty way, our hostess tries, just as poets are trying, not to bring Indian and Englishman into a forced relationship, but to show them the pleasant places where both may meet together to reason about graver things.

I do not know whether our friend is a typical Anglo-Indian lady, but I think she ought to be.

The Calcutta dame, as a rule, does not consider it her duty to stop at home for possible visitors on any special day of the week; but the seventh being the only one when the masculine portion of the community is able to leave its work, she usually wisely makes of the seventh an exception, and no one, it seemed to me, could have better reason for making this exception than our hostess. If there is little opportunity of our studying the Anglo-Indian very deeply during the hours we sit receiving with her, there is at least an opportunity of studying the Anglo-Indian very widely; but the Anglo-Indian must have a study all to himself.

Tennis at four. You see the garden walls are high in Calcutta and the shrubbery is thick, so that if your neighbour is influenced by your example, it is from sheer perversity, and because he wants to be. In any case the Englishman doesn't come to India to set an example, which makes him perhaps all the more agreeable. On Sunday he drives and he rides, he plays tennis, and he goes to the Zoological Gardens to hear the band play, though I must confess he demands with a consistency of which an Englishman alone could be capable, that the pieces performed shall be selections from "Hymns, Ancient and Modern," and arias from favourite oratorios.

We come home from our tennis-party along a well-known road, over a certain bridge, and through the *maidan*, all strangely beautiful to us in this late afternoon. The air is very still and warm. The shadows in the little lakes by the way-side seem to be lingering there to cool themselves. The masts and the rigging of the ships in the river are drawn across the red gold sky like the web of some monster spider. Europeans, curiously indifferent to everything about them, pass and repass us continually in a long string of carriages. The native Hindoo flits about under the trees, dozes casually where he may, or sits doing nothing after the fashion only a native can, while

here and there are Mahomedans in solemn lines, praying as I thought men had forgotten to pray. One worshipper we discover away off in a quiet field all alone. He has put down his burden and is kneeling. We come up quite close to him, but he is oblivious to everything. For the moment the light in his dark, faithful, passionate eyes seems almost sacred to us—he is looking towards Mecca.

LOUIS LLOYD.

MONTREAL LETTER.

THE jubilee celebrations of our patriotic athleticism have almost much taken the place of a carnival for this winter. Fifty years ago our Snowshoe Clubs were inaugurated, and this week has been occupied, almost exclusively, with demonstrations of joy over the recollection of the past and visions of the future. In 1859 the Montreal Snowshoe Club was constituted and by-laws were drawn up, and in 1869 the colours were chosen, a blue tunique with a scarlet tassel. On Tuesday evening the rejoicings began at the opening of the toboggan slide, when amid Roman candles, electric lights, pyrotechnic displays and bonfires, the officers of the Club played the host to the city and friends from near and far, many visitors from New York, Philadelphia, Minneapolis and St. Louis being present. The weather was out of humour; nevertheless a large crowd did their best to wax enthusiastic. Toboggan sliding has declined for a year or two in the athletic market, but the evening's arrangements, in spite of a *finale* of rain, did much to revive the demand. On Wednesday a grand tramp over the mountain was the attraction of perhaps the most universal interest. The city club rooms were brilliant with the colours, illuminations, transparencies and lanterns. The rendezvous consisted of seven hundred snowshoers accompanied by four-in-hands and winter equipages of all sorts. At a preconcerted signal the torches were lighted, a bonfire on the mountain sent its lurid welcome up into the sky, and the start was made. In and out, up and down, through the brown trunks of the trees, lights twinkled and fireworks flashed till the club house beyond was reached, gay with ladies and glorious with other decorative effects. Veteran grandfathers vied with their stripling grandsons in squatting tailor-fashion on the floor. Song and speech chased each other round the log-fire. Memory went back to the days when Beaver Hall was a cabbage garden, and the new Bonaventure station a potato field; and anticipation sketched the future of the athletes as they converted the mountain they had climbed over into the centre of an immense city stretching from one end of the island to the other.

On Thursday evening the festivities took the shape of a ball in the new Windsor Hall, one of the finest concert and ball rooms on this continent. The decorations were in the hands of a professional. The arrangements were beyond criticism, and as the dancers must have counted a thousand, the success must have been perfect. Distinguished citizens acted as patrons and patronesses, guests and subscribers. The prosaic section, A, B, C, was supplanted by Football, Snowshoe, etc., and the Tricycle section was identified by its large wheel of smilax. Pictures and portraits were empanelled with flowers; flags clustered lovingly round their mottoes; light reflected light, and all was mad with delight. Mr. Thomas Paton, the president, who by his gentlemanly and courteous manner no less than by his athletic *ne plus ultra* career, presented the lady patronesses each with a souvenir—a badge bearing the inscription "M.S.S.C. Jubilee Ball. 1840-1890." Scarcely had the strains of the last cotillon died out of the midnight air when preparations began in the hall for the next item on the programme—a concert the following evening. The concert floor of the hall is made in sections, raised at the back and laid over the dance floor. Every moment of the long day was needed, and when the last screw was in its place, the first arrival for the concert blocked the way. The programme was, wisely, suited to the occasion. The greatest pleasure of the greatest number was the theme, and the desired end was gained—a bumper house and an effervescent exuberance. Races on Saturday afternoon and a dinner in the evening brought to a conclusion a *fete* which still tingles in the veins of young and old.

A meeting of the Board of Trade was held last week, at which the new officers were installed. An invitation from Mr. Wiman for the Board to be present at his coming address was acknowledged. A communication was read from the Minister of Marine and Fisheries regarding the Board's recent action in reference to improvement in the light service of the St. Lawrence, stating that all points raised by the Board were receiving the attention of the Government; and that Mr. Anderson, general superintendent of the light-house system, with Captain Smith, chairman of the Board of Examiners of Masters and Mates, were instructed to proceed in the Government steamer for the express purpose of making a thorough enquiry, and of preparing an exhaustive report on the whole system of fog signals, lights and buoys on the river. Dissatisfaction was expressed with the Lake St. Francis service, inasmuch as the lights on it are managed by contract instead of by the Government itself. It was agreed to ask the Government to reduce the rates of toll on the St. Lawrence and Welland Canals to two cents per ton until some special legislation on the subject might be secured. The report of the recent deputation to Ottawa about harbour improvements was submitted, and a request was received from the Dominion Live Stock Association that a deputation from

their organization be conferred with anent the said harbour improvements. The Board of Trade is contemplating the desirability of new quarters.

An important conference has taken place between the Corn Exchange and the Grand Trunk Railway, in reference to the storage of grain. The Exchange claimed that all grain consigned to Montreal should be placed in store after forty-eight hours if not taken to delivery, at a charge of half a cent per bushel for ten days, and a quarter of a cent for each successive ten days. After much discussion by the representatives of both interests, it was agreed that twenty-four hours be allowed for free track delivery; that the Railway should be advised by consignees whether track delivery be desired; that in the event of the cars not being unloaded in accordance with such advice, one dollar per car be charged for shunting to the warehousing premises; that meantime half a cent per bushel be charged for the first ten days, and one cent for each successive ten days; that this agreement hold good for six months; that, as free track delivery in flour is not necessary, the Railway should continue to place cars on the sidings as hitherto to be unloaded by consignees; and that all other flour should be stored in the warehouse at present rates.

Our municipal elections for the ensuing year have secured a few unimportant re-distributions with the following result:—

Mayor—Mr. Jacques Grenier.
St. Antoine Ward—Ald. Clendinning, Wilson, and Shorey.
St. Lawrence Ward—Ald. Griffin, W. Kennedy, and Cunningham.
West Ward—Ald. Stevenson, Stephens, and McBride.
Centre Ward—Ald. Rainville, Hamelin, and Farrell.
East Ward—Ald. J. M. Dufresne, Perrault, and J. B. R. Dufresne.
St. Anne's Ward—Ald. P. Kennedy, Conroy, and Malone.
St. Louis Ward—Ald. Savignac, Dubuc, and Boisseau.
St. James' Ward—Ald. Hurteau, Brunet and Lamarche.
St. Mary's Ward—Ald. Robert, Martineau, and Jeannotte.
Hochelaga Ward—Ald. Prefontaine, Rolland, and Gauthier.
St. Jean Baptiste Ward—Ald. Germain, Villeneuve, and V. Grenier.
St. Gabriel's Ward—Ald. Dubuc, Thompson, and Tansey.

The Societies for the study of Canadian History and Canadian Literature have changed the evening of their fortnightly sessions from Saturday to Tuesday. On the 4th instant, Mr. Mott, Librarian to McGill University, occupied the chair, and Mr. Gerald E. Hart read a paper on "The Geographical Names of Canada." Mr. Hart maintains that the continent of America is the lost Atlantis of the ancient world, and that to England belongs the credit of the discovery of the continent. The lecture contained interesting sketches of the origin of some of our most striking geographical names, as Labrador, Acadia, Canada, and was illustrated by fac-similes of our very earliest maps. *Canada*, Mr. Hart proved to be derived from an Indian word, meaning *here they are*, and the exact location of the old Indian village of Hochelaga, from which Montreal sprung, received some fresh limitations. Mr. Gerald E. Hart is the fortunate possessor of one of the finest collections of national curios which Canada has cared to save from the ruthless negligence of time.

The Rev. Principal Henderson, of the Diocesan College, having enquired of Dr. Westcott, Regius Professor of Divinity in the University of Cambridge, if the preliminary examination in divinity was open to candidates from theological colleges in Canada, received as a reply that "the board is prepared to send their papers to colonial bishops for the examination of candidates for orders in their dioceses, the examination to be conducted under the bishop's direction and under the usual conditions; the answers to be transmitted to the Secretary of the Board, and to be submitted to the Secretary of the Board, and to be submitted to the usual examiners for the classification of candidates." The usual fee is expected. This minute is held to cover the case of students of theological colleges who have completed their course and are nominated by their Principal.

Among the agitations of the winter is one for the baking of our bread by day instead of by night. Enormous correspondence has been penned about it, with, however, no practical result so far. They keep the pot boiling; a baker has sued the city for the recovery of the cost of a batch of loaves which were confiscated as under the weight required by law, and has just received a decision in his favour. Mr. Justice Cimon has ruled that the law which fixes the weight of our bread at two to four pounds, does not prevent a baker from selling over or under that weight. Our benevolent institutions are likely to suffer sadly if this version of the law should take practical shape, as they have been in the habit of having their pantries periodically replenished by the confiscation of bread of under-weight.

A number of the friends and admirers of our Premier, Sir John Macdonald, have commissioned Mr. Henry Sandham, R.C.A., to paint the portrait of the venerable politician. The picture is on exhibition in Pell's Art Rooms.

The Grand Trunk officials are paying a like compliment to their chief, Sir Joseph Hickson, and the commission has been given to Mr. R. Harris, R.C.A. The portrait is to be presented to Lady Hickson.

Mr. Max O'Rell has given us two evenings' amusement, but when you once know that a Scotchman is a man who

likes to keep the ten commandments and everything else he can lay his hands on, you have the key to the entire programme. A *joker* he is, but no humorist.

VILLE MARIE.

TO HER MEMORY.

Isabella Valancy Crawford, died Feb. 12, 1887.

I.

'Tis nobler far to seek our God
Unlauded, and be loved at last,
Than march through life while hosts applaud
And then be spurned when in the sod.

II.

The heedless world is quick to say :
"This note is not so sweetly cast
As those that piped so clear a lay,
Whose lives are now of yesterday."

Till to the lonely singer gleams
That Yesterday that waits on all,
Then wildly waking from its dreams
Hails late the sun that brightly beams.

III.

Just given time to reach the goal
Of some warm hearts before the call,
Like golden gauze her fancies roll
Across the heaven of my soul.

IV.

Whose memory lives in one fond heart
Needs no proud monument of stone,
In kindred clay her treasured art
Rears scrolls to her in every part.

In every part of this wide earth
Some soul benighted, wandering lone,
Shall in her songs of love and mirth
Recall the country of his birth.

The spirit of her song breathes o'er
This seething hive of swarming men,
With her I walk, and lo! the roar
Of myriad wheels is heard no more.

I hear the wild geese, eerie, cry ;
The splutter of the startled wren ;
The thunder rend the roaring sky ;
The lynx' wild call, the sad loon's sigh.

V.

Great need has every country's throng
Of one true voice to shape its praise,
That with some sweet and simple song
Sustains the weak and rights the wrong.

O Canada! young, strong, and whole—
Mark you! a nation fast decays,—
A mass of flesh without a soul—
Whose sons shun song, and wealth extol.

VI.

Who, we to mourn life's finished tide
Or grieve the here-completed lot,
Long ere we take our virgin stride
Stern death is stalking by our side.

Then who shall mourn the spirit fled?
And who can say her hand has not
Retaken up the broken thread,
In that great country of the dead?

Press Club, London, Eng.

JAMES BARR.

THE JESUITS AS TEACHERS IN QUEBEC.

IN the year 1878, a strange passion seems to have seized the citizens of Quebec to modernize their city, and this their representatives in Parliament, and at the city council board, thought to satisfy by giving countenance to the destruction of many of the landmarks of the place. This destruction of property, though conducted under the auspices of law and order, seemed to many to be none the less wanton. The old gateways were torn down, the outworks razed, the walls dismantled, the ramparts disturbed, while many buildings whose only offence was their age, were pulled to pieces and their ruins thrown together in unsightly heaps of crumbling stone and lime; and, as if to give the enterprise something more of a quixotic character, all this was done before any arrangements had been thought of for replacing these relics of the past with something better. Indeed, for many years previous to the completion of the Dufferin improvements, the old capital had the appearance of having passed through its fifth siege, attended with all the disastrous effects of modern cannonading on its fortifications and streets.

Among the buildings which fell into the hands of these law-and-order iconoclasts, the Jesuits' College, is, perhaps, the one whose destruction is the most regretted. Judging from the plans and sketches which remain of its exterior, it must have been anything but an unsightly object, extending, as it did, along three different streets, and enclosing

within its two double-storied wings a spacious quadrangle. And when we recall the interest which attaches itself to this building as a thing of the past—the scenes, good and evil, religious and secular, civil and military, which it continued to witness for over two centuries—it is hardly possible to think well of the zeal of those Quebec citizens who demanded its removal. No more interesting spot is there in the whole of Canada to the student of its early history than the site on which the first college in Canada stood; since here it was, within the cloisters, the halls and corridors of its long narrow structure, within the shadows of its quadrangle, or under the walls of the parish church which stood only a stone's throw away, in the quaint, close-built streets which radiate in every direction from it as a centre—here it was there was first to be seen that enthusiasm over the affairs of the country which, when subdued into an honest and heartfelt love of country, is the true foundation-feeling on which a nation must ever have its abiding place. Here it was the first of the Jesuits who came to New France nurtured within them the hope that the land of their adoption was to find the realization of things stable in the education of its citizens. Here it was, far remote from the polemics and state intrigues of the Old World, they laboured for nearly a century and a-half to make the best of their system of ethics in the New. And however men may turn from their philosophy of things seen or eternal, they cannot but admire the courage with which they undertook the task of labouring for the glory of God, as they thought, among the tribes in the Far West, who knew no God save the selfishness and lust that beget the worst forms of cruelty and superstitious fear.

The beginnings of school-keeping among the Jesuits were as modest in their pretensions as were the early attempts of the Recollets. The prospect of ever having an estate, over which men could contend in time to come, was feeble enough when they took up their residence with the Recollet Fathers at Little River. For over two years they lived with their Franciscan brethren, collecting information about the mission-fields which they proposed to penetrate, and preparing a dictionary of the Huron and Algonquin tongues. The first of them to come out from France were Fathers Brebœuf, Lalemant, and Masse. Seven years after, in 1632, they were followed by Father Lejeune, in whose person is really to be seen the first of the Jesuits, who opened a school in Canada for the education of children, and whose description of the work he undertook is as interesting as Father Le Caron's account of the school at Tadousac. "I am become the master of a college in Canada," he says in his pleasant way; "I had the other day a little Indian on one side, and a little negro on the other, to whom I gave a lesson in the alphabet. After so many years of college rule elsewhere, behold me at last back to the A B C; but with a contentment and satisfaction so marked, that I have no desire to change my two scholars for the finest audience in France." A year after, he further chronicles his success. "Last year I was the master of two pupils; I am become rich; I have now more than twenty. My pupils come from a distance of a mile and a-half to learn from me what is new to them. . . . We finish with the Pater-noster, which I have composed in rhymes for them in their own language, and which I make them sing. . . . It is a pleasure to hear them sing in the woods what they have learned."

The ambition of the Jesuits, even while they were as yet obliged to share the poverty of the Recollets in their convent at Little River, was to establish a College at Quebec. The disorder into which Champlain's colony fell, before and after the siege of Quebec by Sir David Kirke, delayed the carrying out of the project, and it was not until the year 1635, ten years after their arrival, that the foundation stone of the Jesuits' College was laid. This event was hastened by the liberality of a novice of the Jesuit Order in France, René Rohault by name, the son of the Marquis of Lamaches, who subscribed a large sum of money to assist the fathers in Canada with their undertaking. With their royal patent to purchase lands and hold property secured, they thenceforth began to add to their wealth; until at last, what with grants of land from the Kings of France, grants from the country of New France, private donations and property obtained by purchase, they became the wealthiest guild in the country, their college the handsomest and best equipped on the continent.

At first their work in the college was necessarily confined to rudimentary education; but long before the Conquest they had extended their influence even beyond the limits of New France, drawing pupils from the adjacent English colonies and the West Indies. The glimpses we have of their classes from the "Relations" show how far they carried out at Quebec the general plan of school management which made the Jesuit schools of France at one time famous all over Europe. For instance, we are told that on the twelfth of July, 1666, the first philosophical disputations took place in the assembly-room with success. The several dignitaries of the place were present. Even the Intendant, among others, is said to have argued very well, while M. Joliet and Pierre Franchville are commended for having replied in the most logical manner possible. And with this incident before us, we may be excused for looking for a moment, in a general way, at the Jesuits' system of instructing the young.

The Jesuit teacher, like those of his *confrères* engaged in many other secular or religious work, was but the part of a system, the humble element of a well-regulated organism. His personal identity was always kept well in the

background, the peculiarities of temper and disposition in the individual being all but subdued by a close supervision systematized from officer to officer, beginning with the Provincial, who stood next in rank to the General of the Order, and ending with the Prefect of Studies. Of the pupils there were two classes, the novices, or those in training for the Order, and the outsiders, who were only pupils. The instruction was gratuitous, the poor man's son being, as a pupil, of equal rank for the time being with the sons of the wealthiest in the land. Only the novices and the teachers belonging to the Order were allowed to board within the precincts of the college. There were five classes or grades, the first three being called the lowest, the middle and the highest grammar classes, the class in rhetoric. Latin and Greek held the place of honour among the studies. Memorizing was the leading feature of the class-work. Grammatical rules and long passages of the classical authors to be learned by rote were daily tasks, though such lessons were at times diversified with written compositions and translations. The boys were arranged in pairs to promote emulation, the one being known as the *amulus*, or rival of the other. Sometimes the class itself was arranged in two divisions, the one pitted against the other, for the purpose of asking and answering questions alternately. In the more advanced class, disputations took the place of the above "concertations," as they were called, and of one of these, the first, indeed, in Canada, mention has been made. As in the Order, so in the class, there was a grading of overseers among the boys themselves, each position of praetor, quaestor, or censor, being gained as a reward for industry or good conduct. The school hours were short, and the studies arranged according to a fixed time-table. "Every lesson began with prayer or the sign of the cross. During the first half-hour the master corrected the exercises of the previous day, while the decurions, or monitors, heard the lesson which had been learned by heart. The master heard the piece of Latin which he had explained on the previous day. Afterwards he explained the piece for the following day, while the last half hour was spent in explaining the rules of grammar." Such was the morning's work in the lowest grade, while the afternoon was chiefly taken up with further grammatical studies. In the higher grades the work was divided up in the same way, but with the addition of Greek and mathematics.

And whatever else may be said of the work done in the Jesuits' College, it was at least thorough; a little bit, but well learned. There was probably too little of the mental gymnastic which promotes the self-reliance of thought, yet, when we consider how the study of the classics promotes in the pupil the short mental movement required for detecting syntax relationships, and the longer sweep of the intellect in working out the nice problems of translation, we are not surprised at the effects which the Jesuit schoolmasters are said to have produced upon their pupils by means of grammatical drill. There was certainly in the process too much memorizing, too much of that routine of mental labour which stultifies the more active powers of the intellect. The deadening effects of such routine, however, was counteracted to some extent by the emulation in class disputings and academic debates; and it is easy to understand Ranke, the historian, when, in speaking of the success of the Jesuit schools in Europe, he says: "It was found that young persons learned more under them in half a year than with others in two years. Even Protestants called back their children from distant schools and placed them under the care of the Jesuits."

The period of school-life under the Jesuits was limited to six years, and at the close of each year there was an examination, which did not differ very much in character from the examinations in the Quebec Seminary, as they were conducted thirty or forty years ago. "There were thirteen of us in all, belonging to the highest class," one of the candidates at these later examinations once remarked to the writer; "and the professor had given us passages to learn by heart which no mortal being, as we thought, could commit to memory within the specified time. In a body we waited upon the professor to remonstrate with him, telling him what a disgrace it would be to him and to us if we broke down at the examination. But our appeal was in vain; for dismissing us as so many lazy-bones, he bade us fail to make a good appearance at our peril. The eventful morning arrived. The examination hall was crowded with the mothers and fathers and friends of the pupils. Class after class was brought up for review, and at last our turn came. The ironical light in our old master's eyes changed visibly when he saw the confident look on all our faces, as we marched up to take our places. Then he made the announcement of the selection we were to recite. Each of us in turn were to recite a portion of the selection. Our fluency was taken notice of at once by the audience, who marvelled all the more at it when they considered the labour there was involved in committing so much of a task to memory. But the professor was not long in detecting the plan we had adopted, and how we had outwitted him. Only portions of the selection had we undertaken to learn; but we had contrived, according to an agreement among us, to connect these portions by words of our own in such a way as to escape detection by the audience. The professor, I daresay, could hardly believe his ears at first, when he heard us repeat the connecting links which were of our own composition as glibly as the passages of the author selected; but when our task was accomplished, amid the plaudits of the visitors, he was shrewd enough to say nothing, except to recommend us as the smartest set of fellows he ever had under supervision."

And so it was probably with the annual examinations at the Quebec College of the Jesuits. The passages previously selected had to be committed to memory, and, under certain conditions, recited or committed to paper. The master of the class was present, and could make explanations, though he was not an examiner. The examiners consisted of a commission under the guidance of the Prefect of Studies, and the final awards were made on the results of the so-called vocal examination, modified to a greater or less extent by the general report of the year's work in the case of each candidate.

Such, given thus in concise form, were the leading features of the Jesuits' system of college training, which continued to prevail in Canada up to the time of the Conquest. The system has been somewhat modified in the Jesuits' schools of the present time, and yet much of it still lingers among the schools of the Province of Quebec. The popularity that prevails in face of a wide difference of opinion must have something that is good to rest upon. Though Voltaire declared that the Jesuits taught him nothing but Latin and nonsense, and Leibnitz, that they seemed to him to remain always below mediocrity, the orthodox thinker is more inclined to put some little faith in Bacon, when he says: "As to whatever relates to the instruction of the young, we must consult the schools of the Jesuits, for there can be nothing that is better done." From them the English public schools, and what of them has been transmitted to Canada, have borrowed the system of internal supervision, boy over boy; while the most enthusiastic advocate of what is called the new education may readily trace to them the principles of individual training, class drill, and the reciprocal method.

The college in Quebec was sufficiently advanced in 1636 for the fathers to announce that they were prepared to receive pupils. Meantime some of the members of the Order, whose names are historic, undertook missions among the Indians in several parts of the country, notably Father Brebœuf, who, after his memorable visit to the Huron country, brought back twelve of the native children to receive instruction at Three Rivers and Quebec. At the latter place three of these were admitted to the convent of Notre Dame des Anges, until a school had been built for them and others who might join them. In the Quebec institution the Jesuits continued to hold their classes, somewhat reduced in numbers, for at least thirteen years after the conquest. The Government had not directly interfered with their property, but, in time, when there arose the necessity for a place in which the archives and other goods belonging to the Province could be safely stored, and when it became apparent that the whole of the building was not required for school purposes, a portion of it was taken possession of by the Imperial authorities. The college classes were closed in 1768, and the elementary in 1776, the main cause of such events being the decay of the order in Canada on account of the Government edict which forbade their brethren in France from joining them.

The last of the Jesuits of this period in Canadian history died in 1800, Jean Joseph Casot by name, a native of Switzerland. In his youth he had held the humble position of porter, but being possessed of some natural ability, he was eventually taken into the Order, and for many years after the death of his associates continued to administer the property which the Government had no authority to touch until after his death. He died well advanced in years, leaving behind him a reputation for liberality which his vast income, spent on behalf of charitable purposes, must have enhanced. Thus passed away "these friends of the youth of Canada, experienced, able, unassuming and personally disinterested." As Peter Kalm says of them, "They were studious, with a wide reputation for learning, civil and agreeable in company, with something so pleasing in their whole deportment that it is not to be wondered at that they had such widespread influence over the people." J. M. HARPER.

Quebec.

LONDON LETTER.

I WONDER if the curiosity that desires to know as much as possible about the great folk who are good enough to draw pictures for us, and tell us stories, and sing us songs, is really as contemptible as some would make it out to be? Personally, I don't believe it. It is reasonable we should take an interest in those who have given us pleasure, an interest naturally extending from the work of art to the artist himself. I will offer, then, no excuse for the following notes taken in Mr. James Payn's study.

In the pleasant room, busily writing, sits the author of "Lost Sir Massingberd," who turns to greet quite cheerfully and kindly an intruder into his sanctum. How can I best describe our popular writer? He is what Mr. Spectator would call a "black" man; he is tall and slight; his face is colourless; he wears no beard or moustache, so the fine lines about the mouth, that most important feature, are unhidden. ("I always watch a man's lips; they let out what his eyes try to conceal," says Byron.) But a cataloger, however precise, of features, is of little use; the likeness is only skin deep. It is impossible you should have any real notion of Mr. Payn unless you were to listen to one of his delightful stories—a reminiscence perhaps of Thackeray, Dickens, Miss Martineau or Miss Mitford—and hear his contagious laughter as some humorous point touches him afresh. Possessing the admirable qualities of kindness and sincerity, together with an uncommon keen sense of the ludicrous, and that art of accurate description which Wilkie Collins declares to be the rarest art of any,

Mr. Payn is the best of good talkers. And it is a liberal education to one of a carping generation to listen as he speaks of the work of certain literary men of thirty years back with an immense enthusiasm, while at the same time he does not fail to praise ungrudgingly and generously all sorts of modern literature, the books of Mr. Stevenson, Mr. Besant, Mr. Black, and the sketches of that new recruit, Mr. Kipling, among a host of others.

I think one cares least for the chapter in an autobiography which discourses of the writer's family. We each make our own position in life, as Leebie discovered in that charming little volume "A Window in Thrums." So one need go no further back in Mr. Payn's history than Mr. Payn himself, though it is of interest to hear that his father was a very old friend of Miss Mitford's, who knew him when she was a girl of fifteen. "In his brilliant youth," she wrote to her son, "he was much like a hero of the fine old English comedy (which you would do well to read); the Archers and Mirabels of Farquhar and Congreve; not a poet, but a true lover of poetry, with a faculty for reciting verse which is amongst the most graceful of all accomplishments." That graceful faculty has been inherited. Mr. Payn breaks off now and again to repeat a line or two of poetry, illustrative of something of which he is speaking, in a manner which makes me long, like Oliver Twist, to ask for more.

Mr. Payn was born in 1830. He wrote essays, stories, and sketches when he was eight ("I've many of them there," he says, nodding at the desk in the corner), and was wont to tell romances at night to the tyrant boys at his school, "a miserable Scheherazade," fit pendant to shivering Master Nightingale in "Dr. Birch and His Young Friends." So it is fair to conjecture that at all events in Mr. Payn's case the taste for literature was inborn and not acquired. When he was ten came the first rebuff, for the school magazine, the *Eton Bureau*, refused his contributions. But a few years after, while at the Woolwich Military Academy, an article of his called "Gentleman Cadet" was accepted by *Household Words*, a triumph of which he speaks to this day with the greatest delight, and which made up for all previous disappointments. The article caused something of a stir, for "old General somebody [says Mr. Payn] wrote to Dickens to deny the truth of some of the statements, and to demand the contributor's name, whereupon I heard from the editor to ask my permission to give it, and my answer satisfied both him and the annoyed old general. That was the first letter I ever had from Dickens, for Willis had written to me before about the article, and I treasure it accordingly. He was the best and most charming of companions, and understood you before you spoke.

Thought leapt out to wed with thought
Ere thought could wed itself with speech.

I met him first in Edinburgh in 1856, and we spent a day at Hawthornden together. I wrote continually for *Household Words*, and have often had two papers in, in one number; indeed, one lucky week there were three of them."

Ill health prevented Mr. Payn from taking up the trade of a soldier, so at twenty he went to Trinity, Cambridge, to prepare for the life of a parson instead. While at college he published a volume or two of successful poetry, and it was during this time he met, at Lasswade, with De Quincey, to whom he had a letter of introduction from Miss Mitford. The young poet and his productions made an impression on his host, who alluded most graciously to both in the famous "Autobiographical Sketches." These welcome lines of praise, it is needless to say, Mr. Payn has not forgotten. "I remember my mother [he says in his 'Recollections'] showing, with pardonable pride, this criticism of De Quincey to a dean of the English Church who was then at the head of the High Church party at Oxford. 'Very flattering to your son, Madam, no doubt,' he said, 'but who is this Mr. De Quincey?'"

Mr. Payn took his degree, "a first-class Poll," and a resolution at the same time that the Church was not fitted for him, nor he for the Church, so he devoted himself instead, heart and soul, to literature, and all the world knows the gratifying result. The first year he only made thirty-two pounds fifteen shillings, by articles principally for *Household Words* and *Chambers' Journal*, but the next his income was quadrupled, and from that time on has increased by leaps and bounds. Rarely has there been a writer more successful in everything he undertakes.

After a while he became editor of *Chambers' Journal*, doing his work first in Edinburgh and then in London; that position he gave up on the death of Robert Chambers. He has been editor of *Cornhill* since 1883. Besides this work he is reader to Messrs. Smith and Elder; every week he sends notes to the *Illustrated London News*, and a letter that goes to Calcutta, Melbourne and New York; and all this time the novel-writing goes steadily on. What immense pluck and perseverance! For Mr. Payn has through his life been more or less in ill-health. He confesses that he smokes from morning till night; and never walks, as exercise tires him; and never takes a holiday if he can help it, for he is miserable away from London; and drinks coffee, that nerve-destroyer, three or four times a day. These bad habits may account for much of his delicacy. But against them should be set his rule of early hours. He has given up for years any sort of late entertainment, never allowing anything to interfere with his much needed night's rest; and he sleeps from ten at night till eight the next morning!

In answer to a question as to his work now in hand, Mr. Payn tells me he has just finished a novel for *Tribits*

("Not know *Tribits*? This is frightful ignorance," he cries), which paper boasts a circulation of four hundred and fifty thousand. The editor, wishing to give his readers something better than what they had been accustomed to, applied to Mr. Payn. It remains to be seen if this is a safe experiment. Twenty years ago the same thing was tried by Mr. Smith of the *London Journal*, who employed Charles Reade, but "White Lies" sank the circulation sixty thousand. "Ivanhoe" was then published, which nearly ruined the paper altogether. After that the editor gave up attempting to educate the taste of his subscribers, and returned to E. T. Smith and Company. But this happened twenty years ago. School boards have since done worse.

Close on a hundred volumes are the result of Mr. Payn's toil—a hundred volumes, and scores and scores of articles for the *Times* and for the magazines besides. And these things by no means represent all Mr. Payn's work. He only writes three hours a day of literary matter; the rest of the time is given to his editorship, and to tasting the novels sent in to Messrs. Smith and Elder. How weary and disheartened he must grow over the piles of ordinary amateur stuff. Figure his delight in reaching, say "Vice Versa," after wading for hours through worthless unreadable twaddle.

The rough-haired terrier sits blinking at the fire as his master talks. There was a time, when a cat, too, had her place in the study, but the last one died, and none other was allowed to succeed her. The little dog listens as Mr. Payn speaks of his affection for Miss Martineau and Miss Mitford ("both charming women and I love them both"), and of how Miss Mitford's plays of "Rienzi" and the "Foscan" ran for a hundred nights at Covent Garden and Drury Lane at the same time. "Wonderful," thinks the little dog. "What modern lady can hope for such fame as this? Or, having achieved it, would not have her head completely turned?"

There are some delightful "Literary Recollections" written by Mr. Payn, and very familiar to most of us. We would give the best of welcomes to a second volume. Mr. Payn speaks of many things which he has not yet told in print. It would be a pity indeed were any of this excellent material to be wasted. WALTER POWELL.

TWO WAYS.

Of old there to a hermit came
A pair of idle boys:
"How slight of wisdom is thy claim
In fleeing earth's dear joys!
If hell is not, and heaven is not,
Equal at last shall be our lot."

Answered the hermit, "Yea, indeed,
Equal at worst we'll be.
Then see you not, vain youths, the meed
Of wisdom is to me?
Mine surely is the safer way
Since loss can none be,—gain there may."

Long since, if death have aught to teach,
These three the rede have read,
And given its wisdom's meed to each
Life-plan. Yet could the dead
Steal back and whisper all they know
True living were not taught us so.

Life has a lesson of its own,
'Tis read by life's own light.
Who lives but for to die alone
Not clearer sees the right
Than they who still can count it gain
Pleasure to build on others' pain.

Who in themselves thus violate
All human dignity,*
Than theirs no Stygian after fate
Can ever baser be.
Eternal heaven should not pay
For being one hour such as they!

Chatham, Feb. 1st, 1890. KATHERINE B. COUTTS.

PARIS LETTER.

THE death of the Duc d'Aosta, who was carried off as rapidly by the influenza as an ordinary nobleman, a post office clerk, or a *prolétaire*, is viewed by the French as a loss to their influence in Italy. Of late France has so many standards for her friendship, has so churned up her well-wishers, that, save the Russians, who are momentarily the inner-circlists of her esteem, it is impossible to know who's who. There is a party in Italy, that mother of the Latin race, which desires no separation of the bonds of unity with France. In this sense Germany herself, and even England, might be included. But the French too confidently conclude the small party in question is ready to throw up the Triple Alliance, and rushing into the arms of France demand, "Let us swear an eternal friendship." But that is the whisper of a faction, rather than the voice of a people.

Every country fights its own hand and with all its efforts will still be loved by its patriotic sons. In Germany as in France there are many sharply defined

* "I will not in my own person violate the dignity of humanity."

parties, but let the existence of Fatherland be at stake, and they will be shoulder to shoulder at once. It is so with Italy. The Duc d'Aosta was a soldier, not a politician; in marrying for second wife his pretty niece, whose mother was his own sister, and her father a Napoleon (the latter had a German mother), the deceased wed out of family affection, not from political sympathies. Between the defunct duke and his brother the King of Italy there was an affection as profound as between twins. To die at forty-five years of age, that is juvenility for a commander or a statesman. And within that life cycle the duke was familiarized with naval tactics; at Custazza where he was wounded, he led the grenadiers; as Amadeus I, he was for twenty-five months the martyred King of Spain, when he positively bolted from his "Calvary" throne, dragging with him his Queen, but three days confined, and which step later caused her death.

The Spaniards nicknamed the duke Macaroni I, and he found no favour in their eyes, despite his model rule, because he was a foreigner. Twice he escaped assassination by the hands and bands of his improvised subjects. It was Zorrilla who headed the delegation sent from Spain to Italy to offer the thorny crown of Charles V. to the Duc d'Aosta. Zorrilla is now a republican refugee in Paris. The deceased was very tall, slender and sickly. He never recovered his eviction from Spain. He retired to his splendid palace hermitage at Turin, where he devoted his time to the reorganization and inspection of the cavalry. At the marriages and funerals of sovereigns he did Prince of Wales travelling for the Italian court. By his death Italy has one brave less.

A paymastership was, and is, a coveted berth for dried-up politicians or a convenient place wherein to shy a troublesome public man. He might not possess a franc in his pocket but the position was permanent, and family, friends, or speculators subscribed the guarantee or surety money, receiving *pro rata* dividends out of the profits. It was one of the chief charges against M. Wilson, that he abused his situation to secure paymasterships, and then join in the investment. A Bill is now before the Legislature to reduce the emoluments of the paymasters, and so save two million francs a year. The odd part of the matter is this, that the Bank of France has over and over again volunteered to collect the taxes for nothing, depending on the extra business for remuneration. But this would involve the sacrifice of much political patronage, and the restitution by the State of their surety money to the paymasters.

The Anglo-Portuguese dispute is full of much serious reflection from an impartial continental point of view. Over twelve months ago, when England intimated officially to Portugal her intention to include the Shiré, etc., territory within the sphere of British influence, instead of appealing to the Berlin treaty, she endeavoured to negotiate the sale of her alleged interest in the contested territory to France and Germany, who declined the offer with thanks, apart from the private intimation from the English Foreign Office, that such a negotiation would not be recognized. The next step of Portugal was to fit out an expedition under Major Pinto, to invade the territory according to the Russian principle—if defeated we disown you; if successful we back you up. The result everyone knows, but what is not so well known is that the Lisbon authorities are only nominally recognized by those they claim to be their subjects in the region of Mozambique, and that a very short time will prove.

Even taking into account the English occupation of Egypt, with the consent of the European Powers, and with the natural desire of republicans to seize the opportunity to send Dom Carlos to join Dom Pedro, it is sad to witness the chorus of denunciation of the French journals against England, where no examination of the points in dispute is at all attempted. The contagion of abuse, like the influenza, passed the Pyrenees to Madrid. Note on the other hand the reserve of the Russian press. Big powers always birch little powers, when naughty. In November, 1857, when the Portuguese seized the French emigrant ship, *Charles et Georges*, with a cargo of negroes, France despatched her war-ships to the Tagus, demanded the restitution of the ship; 250,000 francs compensation, and an abject apology. Portugal at once backed down, and the Portuguese indulged in the usual patriotic effervescence. In October, 1861, France marched her troops into Switzerland—the Dappes Valley affair—to oppose an arrest. And Uncle Sam in June, 1850, sent his squadron into the Tagus, to enforce a settlement of his claims.

Many people do not forget Spanish Bonds. Spain wants Gibraltar and covets Portugal. The latter does not forget the proverbial "Sixty years' captivity," as the domination of Spain over Portugal, from 1580 to 1640, was called, and when France, England and Holland helped themselves freely to the foreign possessions of Portugal. And it was the founder of the House of Braganza that broke, in 1640, the rule of Spain over Portugal. But Spain longed still for Naboth's vineyard, and, aided by the French, she invaded Portugal, till the latter was saved by England. In 1807 Spain and France executed a treaty for the partition of Portugal as a second Poland. England again saved the tiny kingdom from being wiped out, and four years later voted 2,500,000 francs to relieve the misery of the Portuguese. She did not take Portuguese Guiana, as the French did in 1814. And in 1826, when Portugal appealed for aid—not to France or Spain but to England, British troops were sent to her. In 1846 another appeal was made, not to France or Spain, but to England for help, and the British squadron appeared in the Tagus. Grave lookers-on shake their heads at the

short memory of Portugal, and feel that the explosion of hate against England will be answered by a still further cementing of the *entente cordiale* between her and Germany. The active alliance of Spain can always be purchased—at the expense of Portugal.

The influenza wave having reached high water mark is now on the ebb. Very few new cases are reported, and these are among the needy members of society. Those who have been down still complain of the painful slowness despite all fortifying aids, to pick themselves up. There is one kind of treatment the convalescent ought never to abandon—to keep the house till deemed a perfect cure.

No one anticipated the influenza plague as the *cotillon* to the Exhibition. But what was anticipated has arrived with tax-gatherer punctuality—a sudden rise in the prices of life necessities, a dearth of employment, and an anemic condition of trade. Then there looms in the but too near distance a fresh national loan, which means the discovery of fresh taxes—and that will prevent the reduction of old ones—to pay interest thereon. Unable to meet all the demands on her purse for war *matériel*, education, public works and pensions, France has no other option but the plan of compounding deficits in her budgets by sponging out loans, that roll snowball-like not the less to their eventual home, the national debt. So severe is the pressure of taxation and phthisical trade felt, that small *industriels* and peasant landlords are selling out their interest, investing proceeds in the public funds, and by adapting a rigid economy can vegetate, while escaping the wear and tear of life-shortening labour, which in addition could not make the two ends meet.

The rise in the price of coal is most severely felt by the poor; the augmentation is attributed to the colliery strikes. The pinch has pertinently brought home to the French the importance of coal in bloated armaments. The annual output of France in coal is 20,000,000 tons. She has to import 10,000,000 tons to meet her total wants, of which 6,000,000 are supplied by England, and the rest by Germany and Belgium. Cardiff coal is a necessity for the higher metallurgical industries of France. A nation may have wonderful rifles and extraordinary explosives, but if her coal supplies be cut off, by closing the mines, or blocking out importations, the use of railways in campaigning collapse. France has no coaling stations worth naming abroad; and since sails, winds and tides count for little in sea fights, the insufficiency of her coal supply ought to be a weary care for her strategists. The chief coal mines of France, both for quantity and quality, are in the Pas-de-Calais. As the next war it is generally believed will open in Belgium, by the German troops over-running Holland, the Luxembourg, etc., in a few hours, did they succeed in breaking into France at that cardinal point, the result would be very serious. Coal is a *matériel* of war only second to the "ites."

It is not very pleasant reading for citizens to follow the discussions as to the best plan of feeding Parisians in case of being besieged. They are in the mood of the chickens who, when asked with what sauce they would like to be cooked, preferred not to be cooked at all. In 1870 the hegira was from the provinces to Paris—hence why the trap was so full. In case history repeats itself, the hegira will be from Paris. Then there are strategists who affirm besieging the metropolis would be a fault. Z.

THE ORE DEPOSITS OF SUDBURY.*

IN the Report of Progress of the Geological Survey for the year 1856, Mr. Murray, the well-known Geologist, drew attention to a series of immense ridges of magnetic trap which crossed Mr. Salter's meridian line, some few miles north of the small stream known as the White Fish branch of the Spanish River. Mr. Salter had encountered very great variations of the compass while engaged in running this line, and had called Mr. Murray's attention to the circumstance. This variation was verified by the latter, and attributed by him to the trap dykes which crossed the line at these points. Samples of this trap handed to Mr. Sterry Hunt for analysis yielded considerable quantities of magnetic iron ore, pyrrholite, the magnetic sulphide of iron, and copper pyrites, while the mixed sulphides carried about one per cent of nickel. Mr. Salter's meridian line now forms the boundary line between the townships of Graham and Waters, while the Sault branch of the Canadian Pacific Railway skirts the north shores of the White Fish waters.

It remained for the passing railroad, however, to declare to the world the vast stores of wealth hidden for so long in the ridges of "magnetic trap" noticed by Mr. Murray. Railway sections through some of the "Red Hills"—as they are termed in the vernacular of the district—laid bare some considerable pockets of copper ore. The attention of prospectors, once aroused, resulted in numerous "finds" in the vicinity, the earliest and most promising being the Copper Cliff, in the township of McKim. The apathy of Toronto capitalists when approached by the earlier holders of the Copper Cliff forced the latter to turn to Cleveland and Chicago, with the result of forming an American company to develop and work the property. To the remarkable energy and enterprise of Mr. S. T. Ritchie of Akron, O., the leading spirit in the Canada Copper Company, the successful demonstration of the great capabilities of the district is mainly, if not entirely due. It is, perhaps, not too

*A paper read before the Geological Section of the Canadian Institute. By C. Gordon Richardson. Toronto, January 23rd, 1890.

much to say, that for once in the history of Canadian mining enterprise, the extraordinary indifference displayed by our own people in the past, toward the natural resources of the country, has proved an ultimate blessing.

The district is situated in the well-known Huronian formation; the characteristic rocks of which comprise highly silicious altered slates, hydromica schists, quartzites, and bold precipitous ridges of trap, and diorite, with occasional intrusions of a pale gray to flesh-red syenite. It has been an area of much disturbance, the schists, slates, and quartzites being greatly broken up, and possessing in the main an almost vertical dip. The prevailing metalliferous minerals occur invariably in the form of sulphides.

The chalcopryite, and pyrrholite deposits are confined, so far as is yet known, to a strip of country fifteen miles in width, and extending from the Spanish River just west of the Township of Drury, north 45 degrees east, to the southern shores of Lake Tamagamang, a distance, roughly speaking, of about one hundred miles. This strike is parallel to the contact between the Laurentian and Huronian formations, the former, which lies to the south east, being nowhere more distant than twenty miles from the centre of the nickel belt.

A remarkable feature of this belt is the intimate connection which seems to exist between the deposits, and an almost continuous chain of syenitic intrusions which form the backbone, so to speak, of the district, and which may be traced from the Spanish River, across Wahnapietaeping to Tamagamang. The knowledge that this syenite is found east of Lake Wahnapietaeping, led the writer to infer eighteen months ago, that the deposits would be found to extend in the same direction, a prediction since verified by the discovery of a specially promising "find" on the east side of Wahnapietaeping, during the past summer.

The chief ore of the district is a massive pyrrholite, the magnetic sulphide of iron carrying from one per cent. to seven per cent. of nickel. In the No. T shaft of the Vermilion Mining Company, in the Township of Denison, an exceptionally rich pocket has been struck in which the nickel runs as high as twenty-two per cent. Associated with the pyrrholite are varying quantities of chalcopryite, also in the massive condition. If we except the series of parallel dykes occurring in the Township of Graham, and which I shall refer to again at length, no such a thing as a vein of these minerals exists in the district. The ore occurs in massive irregular vugs or pockets, ramifying the diorite in all directions. These chambers are often of immense extent, so that, as in the case of the Stobie Mine, where a lenticular mass of ore has been exposed by the weathering of the cap rock, the mining of the ore is carried on by simple quarrying into the face of a solid hill of mineral, while, beneath the feet of the workers the bed extends to practically unknown depths.

The purity of the ore, that is, its freedom from country rock matter, seems to depend largely upon the crystallization of the enclosing diorite, the finer to aphanitic varieties of diorite yielding ores invariably much mixed with rock matter, while the mineral itself shades off imperceptibly into the rock surrounding the pockets. In the case of the coarser varieties of diorite, however, the ore is more free from rock matter, and the rock itself more destitute of metal. In some few instances a well-marked plane exists between the ore and country rock.

It is curious that, until the visit of the Mining Commission to Sudbury during the past summer, that ignorance of the true character of the ores of the district should have been so general amongst Canadians. This may be due to the name taken by the company first organized in the district, but our cousins across the line were not so ignorant. The writer's attention was first drawn to the district as being peculiarly rich in nickel by Mr. Erastus Wiman, while on a visit to New York during the summer of 1887. While it is a fact that more information in regard to the operations and prospects of the Canada Copper Co. was obtainable in New York in '87 than could be gleaned in the vicinity of its operations in 1888, on the ground, "one had to find out for oneself."

At the present time three mines are in full operation, all under the control of the Canada Copper Co. These are the "Stobie," "Eyre," and "Copper Cliff"; at the latter the smelters and roasting-grounds are situated. The Stobie Mine lies about three miles north of the town, while the Eyre and Copper Cliff, which adjoin each other, are down the branch four miles to the west. The mixed ore is roasted at the Copper Cliff in large open beds spread upon a floor of pine. This gets rid of the greater quantity of the sulphur, and the resulting oxides of iron, copper and nickel are run down in cupola furnaces to a rich matte containing from fifteen per cent. to twenty per cent. nickel, and twenty per cent. to twenty-five per cent. copper. This, at present, has to be shipped to Europe for reduction, but H. A. Vivian and Co., the well-known metallurgists of Wales, are contemplating the erection of extensive reducing works, and if they carry out such intentions the future of Sudbury is indeed assured. This company has purchased the Murray Mine, situated on the main line of the C. P. R., about four miles from Sudbury, and are pushing development with much vigour.

North of the Stobie three miles is situated the promising mine of the Dominion Mining Company, in the Township of Blezard. The ore here is principally pyrrholite, with only occasional streaks of chalcopryite. While the beds and chambers here are not of the same extensive character as the vast mass of the Stobie, the ore occurring here in irregular pockets or vugs, it is of a much better

grade, and will dress on an average to five per cent. nickel. Work is being pushed energetically forward and smelting will, no doubt, be commenced soon. This company control some very valuable properties in Denison, but, beyond putting in a siding and doing a little prospecting on a ledge adjacent to the railway, during the past summer have done nothing with it.

The foregoing comprise the mines now working, together with those under development. To fully understand the character, extent and richness of the, as yet, totally undeveloped properties which abound in the neighbourhood, and which I shall deal with at length, we must contemplate the output and operations of the few at present in working condition.

CORRESPONDENCE.

CANADA AND THE UNITED STATES COMPARED.

To the Editor of THE WEEK :

SIR,—Will you kindly inform me through the columns of your paper where I could obtain, and what would be the cost of, the pamphlet "Canada and the United States compared; with practical notes on Commercial Union," by P. N. Facktz, reviewed in your issue of November 1st, 1889. Any other references you may give me on the same subject will be thankfully received. STUDENT.

Cornell University, February 3rd, 1890.

[Our correspondent may purchase the pamphlet on application to the Toronto News Company; price twenty-five cents.—ED.]

WHAT IS LOYALTY TO BRITAIN ?

To the Editor of THE WEEK :

SIR,—With your permission I desire to say a few words in your issue on the subject of Mr. Mulock's recent motion on the "loyalty" question; and, let me here say, I read THE WEEK regularly, with great satisfaction, because not only is it conducted with great ability, but your editorial remarks on the many subjects coming under your notice are expressed with much fairness and impartiality. Referring to the subject of Mr. Mulock's motion it occurs to me that, as we are in honour bound to consider Mr. Mulock to have been actuated by sincere motives in bringing it forward, it was opportune; for is it not a patent fact that, for a year or two past, more or less, mutterings of discontent and political restlessness have been heard, and, in some instances, of such an unmistakable complexion as to savour strongly of disloyalty. Agitators among our American neighbours, in collusion with some discontented if not disloyal spirits within our own border, have manifested such disposition as no English word expresses more distinctly than does the word "disloyal." Another party, too, exclusively Canadian, has arisen, aiming at Canadian Independence. These various influences have forced upon those whom you term as the super-loyal in Canada a course of action aiming at Imperial Federation, with a view, in the first instance, to check in the bud all disloyal tendencies, to counteract the influence which the aforesaid grumblers and disturbers of the peace may produce, and, if a change is to come, that it may be in the direction of a closer association with the Mother Country. Canadian Independence may sound well as an idea, but, in my humble opinion, if it should ever assume reality, it would be evanescent as to duration, and, in effect, would prove to have been but an interlude between separation from Britain and absorption by the United States, "signifying nothing." Yea, worse than nothing.

In the course of your remarks on this subject, you say, "We see no reason why loyalty to Great Britain may not be thoroughly consistent with loyalty to Canada," nor can I; but, you add, "the two terms do not and cannot mean the same thing." Now, sir, with great deference, but, most decidedly, must I differ from you on this point; it may be because I have always looked upon Canada as an integral part of Great Britain, and I hope and pray she may long continue to be so. Such being the case, I interpret loyalty to Britain and loyalty to Canada as being synonymous terms. The only other sense in which the expression "loyalty to Canada" can apply is in connection with the idea of Independence, and that is a contingency I cannot bring myself to believe in because it involves separation from Britain, nor is it that I am so imbued with love to Britain as to love Canada less, but I look upon the possible disruption of the Union as, under our circumstances, a misfortune for both.

I have passed three score years of my life in Canada, and have learned to love her, on which love I base the hope that she will with her sister colonies in other parts of the empire become full partners in the federation of the empire, the consummation of which appears more and more feasible as time goes on. The subject is one which is well worth all the time and energy which is being bestowed upon it; the object in view is so desirable that it becomes the duty of every loyal man to lend his influence to bring it about, and in the performance of that duty he will have the satisfaction of knowing that he is engaged in a work eminently patriotic and loyal.

JOHN HOLGATE.

Toronto, 3rd February, 1890.

MR. DAWSON'S FALLACIES.

To the Editor of THE WEEK :

SIR,—I have just seen an article by Mr. S. E. Dawson, published in your issue of the 17th of January last, which contains some historical errors that I think ought to be corrected, otherwise the present generation will be apt to form a very erroneous idea of what took place in Canada with respect to the Clergy Reserves. After saying that the intention of the British Government "was to establish and endow, first the Church of England and then the Church of Scotland, and in a lesser degree the Roman Church for the French population," he goes on to say, "The Protestants united to frustrate it. They broke down the establishment and destroyed the endowment intended for themselves." The fact is they did it while the French stood aside, seeing that the quarrel was none of theirs. But the Roman Catholics would not break up their own quasi-establishment, and, therefore, it remains to this day." Now, as a matter of fact, the Protestants did not unite to disendow these churches. On the contrary for many years previous to the passing of the Clergy Reserves Act the English and Scotch Churches strenuously opposed the principle, as the journals of the House at that time will show, and it will be found that it was the Protestants, who were not endowed, united with the Roman Catholics to destroy the endowments intended not for themselves but for others.

Again, the assertion that the Roman Catholics stood aside is scarcely borne out by the official records. On referring to the Journal of the Legislative Assembly, 1854-5 (pp. 229, 221), it will be found that when the principle of disendowing those Protestant churches was voted upon at the second reading of the Bill to that effect it will be found that disendowment was carried by a vote of 93 to 15. In the majority were 39 French names, including Cartier and Dorion, i.e. nearly all the *Rouges* and *Bleus* as they were called in those days, and only two French names in the minority, viz., Landon and Taché, and if the Scotch and Irish Roman Catholics in the list were added to the French, it would be found that the Roman Catholics exceeded more than half of the majority in favour of the Bill, thus showing that they held the balance of power. Then, again, at the third reading of the Clergy Reserves Bill (p. 385.) for some reason or other the *rouge* element did not seem to approve of the Bill on a whole, and, although it was carried by 62 to 39, we find 15 French names in the minority and 24 in the majority, a greater number than the majority in favour of the Bill. If this is "standing aside," what would their active interference have been?

Then, again, as to the assertion that the Roman Catholics "would not break up their quasi-establishment," it is expressly enacted by the third clause of the Act as passed (18 Vic. ch. 2) "And whereas it is desirable to remove all semblance of connection between Church and State," not with respect to any one particular church, be it remarked, but generally, and we find a majority of the French members, composed almost exclusively of those that might be called the church party of that day among the Roman Catholics, viz., the *Bleus*, voted in favour of the Act containing this preamble. How then can it be said that they were not willing to break up their own quasi-establishment? And why under these circumstances should the Protestants be said to have united to break down the establishment and destroyed the endowments intended for themselves? E. J. HEMMING.

Drummondville, February 3rd, 1890.

INDIAN FRIENDS IN LONDON.

THE first social gathering for 1890 of the National Indian Association was held at the rooms of the Medical Union in Chandos street, Cavendish Square. These *soirées* are unique, bringing, as they do, the people of the East and West together in social fellowship hitherto unknown in the great metropolis of the Queen's whole dominions. The genial Hon. Secretary and her assistant secretary form the nucleus of this pleasant reunion. Miss Manning's knowledge of each school boy or girl studying here, of every college man or student at the Temple from the far East, her memory for their difficult names, and the sympathy she extends to them, are indeed wonderful and invaluable. Many members of the Indian Council attend and help to entertain our Eastern guests, introducing those of both nationalities, who may be mutually desirous of becoming better acquainted with each other. The most interesting guest was Miss Sorabji, now located, to her great satisfaction, at Somerville Hall, Oxford. This very handsome, striking-looking young lady B.A. is charmed to find herself amongst girls with tastes and talents similar to her own, for the first time in her life. "It is so delightful to work in concert and sympathy with others," she says in her clear and perfect English. She expresses herself with unusual fluency and charm. Her eyes beam with intelligence, and her voice is "gentle and low" as Cordelia's, "an excellent thing in woman"—especially excellent in one whose vocation will be to lecture in public, on her return to India. Then we may see Rukmabai, who has brought her law plea, to resist the claims of her child husband, to a successful issue, and is spending the winter in London. Her fellow Ramabai has returned from America to India, and has now opened her excellent

school for Indian girls and child widows in her native land. A charming group of Indian girls stand clustered together, their veils, of different colours and varied textures, drawn gracefully over the head and held in folds by a border of jewelled embroidery. Presently a lady comes up to them leading a quartet of little girls, two dressed in silk of an Indian-red hue, two in white. Their long jet-black hair falls over their shoulders; their complexions are rather fair, while their features have a Tartar or Japanese cast. These are little Siamese princesses, now under this lady's care in London—bright, affectionate girls, she tells us, ready to please and be pleased, to chat with English ladies or Hindoo girls. Those young Indian gentlemen, who are so kind to artist friends as to don their native dress and turban for this occasion, may do some violence to their feelings by this gorgeousness of attire, yet how stately they look in their barbaric pearl and gold, compared with their compatriots who have dropped into our conventional swallowtails and white ties! How varied in shape and hue are their headdresses and tunics! Here peaks a group of tall youths with aquiline faces, high peaks to their voluminous turbans, and gold lace in abundance on their coats; these young men are from the Punjab. Then a still more "gilded youth," in cunningly twisted green turban and richly wrought overcoat, represents his nation, Afghanistan. Another tall man wears a curious high hat, resembling a gold chimney pot, topped by a round "mortar-board." He is a Parsee Pundit. As a rule the Parsee—most learned of the Indian races—is short of stature and somewhat obese. Parsee gentlemen converse charmingly, expressing themselves like University Dons, yet they have an uncomfortable knack of suddenly whirling the listener into maelstroms of philosophy, very bewildering to the average female intellect. Parsee ladies are fond of bright colours. You may meet them paying calls on a bright summer day with their black hair crowned with a small wreath of brilliant scarlet and blue flowers, and their dresses consisting of two bright shades of crimson and vermilion, always smiling and pleasant, and surrounded by charming little children. Another tall, young man is presently asked to conduct you to the tea-room, "May I first just leave my turban downstairs," he says, in a cultivated pleasant voice, and while you are regretting that you are to see no more of that skilfully folded pink turban, he returns, looking now like a tall slender young curate, the short curls clustering round so intellectual a brow, that you are glad to see it exposed. "I have embraced Christianity, and hope to become a missionary presently," he remarks. "I came to a Baptist College here two months ago"—he says, with the frankness of a happy English school-boy. You note, then, how thin his cheek is, how bright and eager his expression, and how almost transparent the hand that reaches you a cup of tea. "My parents are Sikhs. I am their only child, the only Christian of our connection. Yes; it may be hard for my parents and for me when I go back." He looks, indeed, a devoted and enthusiastic young fellow; his charming face and voice remain pleasantly vivid amongst those of the various races gathered from all parts of our eastern dominions, in those rooms. From the thick-set, almost negro, type of countenance, up to the splendid young Apollo from the Northern Provinces, there are endless varieties of race and feature amongst the men present. Here you meet a tall stooping figure, a clever man with glowing eyes and firm-set jaw, who has been travelling in our three kingdoms to glean all he can of the "situation," whether social or political, to take back with him to India, and who utters a few trenchant words to the effect that "if Gladstone returns to power in three or four years, Home Hero may be tried—and then!" There stands a youthful hero whose long robe is stiff with gold embroidery, and whose shining turban is twisted cunningly, so as well to become the face beneath. Presently a devoted gentleman in a turban ascends the dais at the top of the room, and, accompanying himself on the violin, sings a strange minor sort of dirge, with little trills and quavers all over, as it were. Another makes a speech in some Eastern tongue, musical withal, and provocative of mirth and applause from his countrymen. Gradually we all melt away home, feeling a kindly glow at our hearts, to recall the snatches of talk we have had with our Aryan fellow-subjects from afar off, and rejoicing to think that so useful an institution now exists, bringing the nations of this vast Empire into a pleasant bond of union under the kind and wise auspices of men and women imbued with the true Christian spirit, whether they are all professing Christians or not.

Now that Mr. Browning has died, each poetic clique and coterie is putting forward its own special poet as the necessary successor to Lord Tennyson when he follows Mr. Browning to the grave. The Garrick Club has, I understand, declared itself in favour of the Poet Gosse. The Tory poetasters are putting forward the claims of the Poet Austin. The Liberal-Unionists have rallied to the Poet Edwin Arnold. The country newspapers go for the Poet Morris, but whether William or Lewis, they hardly seem quite to know. If the absurdity of a Poet Laureate is not to die out with Lord Tennyson, it will unquestionably be somewhat difficult to select his successor, for whilst no Victorian poet stands out amongst his fellows, none of them, it must be admitted, is less distinguished than the Georgian Poet Laureate Pye—once famous, now forgotten.—*Truth.*

SPARKS FROM THE ANVIL.

*Sparks from the anvil! sunlight gilds the plain!
Gentles! the Blacksmith is at work again.*

SINCE Adam delved and our first mother span,
No prude like the converted courtesan.

The base-born village cur, with clamorous strains,
Opens a cry the noble hound disdains.

Cæsus Ignoramus founds a college chair,
And wig-crown'd barbers—"Restorers" for the hair.

Boast not thy lineage, lest thou chance to rub
'Gainst pick and shovel—or the washing-tub.

Not what thy forebears were, the wise men say,
But judg'd by what thou art thyself to-day.

The Humbug's more esteemed than men of sense—
He flatters humankind at its expense.

He took down that sword from its peg on the wall,
And I thought of the slaughter'd dead;
"I remember the day when I first drew this blade."
"Where?" I ask'd. "In a raffle," he said.

Who writes in albums racks his feeble brains,
But to be damn'd and jeer'd at for his pains.

Albums! there Social Lunacy enshrines
Its bastard genius in rude, babbling lines.

What boots our pride when Mary Anne—or Madam—
But trace to the same source—old Father Adam.

There are no sects in heaven; for were such there,
Farewell to "angels ever bright and fair."

Pale Sorrow waits on Gluttony. Alas!
To every fatten'd pig comes Martinmas.

The skilful raconteur, lest he grow stale,
Changes his audience with his once told tale.

Who would be well received, the reason's clear,
Must suit his story to his listener's ear.

The Pilgrim Fathers fell upon their knees,
And, rising, fell upon the aborigines.

Your chimney-sweeper never dreams he's dirty,
Nor mortals that they're mortals—till they're thirty.

The dawn of manhood yearns for nobler blows
Than puling cuffs dealt out by youthful foes.

Our servants clean the Stoves and Cuspadors,
They draw the line at Boots and Kitchen floors.

Whose ears are dulled, save to the voice of Greed,
Weeds choke his pathway to each kindly deed.

The shark's a social kind of fish,
When mortals loom in sight;

He always asks his visitors
To come and take a bite.

The humblest sailor in the ship
Is welcome to "a little nip."

"I always leave the table when
I've had enough, my lad;"
"And that table is the only thing
You leave behind you, dad."

Each argues to convince the other man,
Ergo, they finish just when they began.

This horse went a mile in two minutes, or less,
Though at trotting he's aught but a "star,"
You deny it? Go seek that embitter'd young man
Who was kick'd from his "box" on the car.

He said he "fit right thro' the war"
(As many youthful Yankees do),
But, 'twixt ourselves, he fought no more
Than General Grant at Waterloo.

He fill'd the air with sundry words,
He fill'd his list'ners with his views,
He fill'd his stomach thrice a day,
But never fill'd his church's pews.

Of all the high-bred faces gather'd there,
Her's was, I' faith, the most divinely fair;
Yet, stay! 'tis falsest heraldry—I ween—
To make a subject of her sex's Queen.

The tenant is always behind with his rent,
The housemaid behind her broom;
The butler's behind the chair of the Squire,
Whose daughter is after the groom.

Honest, though prone unto the evil way,
He hadn't brains the latter part to play.

Yea! Truly Life and Death march side by side,
And Laughter unto Tears is close allied.

Teach it to Youth, and Old Age will confess;
Persistent effort aye achieves success.

In a rough-cast house the poor Doctor long dwelt,
Scarce able to make matters meet;
But *La Grippe* struck the town, and his handsome *chez moi*
Is the pride of a fash'nable street.

He was Murphy in the land of bogs and turf, he
Is Morphy now—a *metamorphos'd* Murphy.

*Silent the anvil! Shadows o'er the plain.
Gentles! farewell, until we meet again,*

THE BLACKSMITH.

ART NOTES.

THE Earl of Dudley has sold his famous picture of the "Grand Canal of Venice" by Turner to C. Vanderbilt. The price is said to be one hundred thousand dollars; it is believed that the purchaser intends giving it to the Metropolitan Museum of New York.

MR. T. MOWER MARTIN'S "On the Wing" which is in the American Water Colour Society's exhibition in New York has been favourably noticed, and application has been made to him to allow it to be copied by the new Meissenbach process for the *Cosmopolitan* magazine published in that city by Mr. J. B. Walker, the editor.

THERE seems to be a rather heated discussion going on between Joseph Pennell, the well known American etcher, and Henry Blackburn the originator of "Academy Notes." This publication is the first illustrated catalogue of a picture exhibition according to Mr. Blackburn, but Mr. Pennell in his last rejoinder states that a similar publication was issued in Paris in 1869, that is, six years before Mr. Blackburn's "Notes."

A PROPOSAL has been made to purchase Hogarth's old home at Chiswick, which is in a ruinous condition, and to turn it into a home for decayed artists. Hogarth, as the most distinctly national of the English artists and the most original, is appreciated both in France and Germany, and it is a pity that his old house should be suffered to pass away altogether. A Scotchman of the same name has gone to the expense of restoring his tomb and it is thought others will help to purchase his old home.

MUCH interest has been displayed by the London public in the Tudor Exhibition with its many historical portraits; it is particularly rich in Holbeins, among which are two fine whole length cartoons of Henry VII. and Henry VIII. in brush work in black and white on paper; also portraits of Sir Thomas More, Thomas Howard third Duke of Norfolk, and the Duchess of Milan. There are also many portraits attributed to Holbein the authenticity of which is considered very doubtful, much to their possessor's discomfiture.

IN the peculiarly English exhibition illustrating "sport" it is noticeable that the old-fashioned and thoroughly English pastimes of bull-baiting, rat-catching, cock-fighting, and the noble art of self-defence have been totally ignored by the committee of selection, which has caused the exclusion of characteristic pictures by Wilkie, Landseer, Earl, Ward, Morland and others. A splendid collection of Landseer's best works has been got together, including his well known "Bolton Abbey in the Olden Time," which is unfortunately cracking badly, his "Otter and Salmon"; "The Sanctuary" from the Queen's collection at Windsor; "Not Caught Yet" from which Thomas Landseer produced a fine engraving and the "Hunter and Hounds" which is better known as "No hunting till the weather breaks." A noticeable feature in this exhibition is the unexpectedly favourable comparison borne by the works of Briton Rivière to the Landseer pictures.

PROF. LESLIE W. MILLER, at the annual meeting of the U. S. Potters Association, Washington, January 22nd, remarks as follows of the condition of art and its followers in his own country: "American painters stood second to those of France at the Exposition which has just closed in Paris, but they live abroad like exiles, most of them, for nobody seems to have any use for them at home. And look at the fortunes of those in our midst. Go with me to the Exhibitions and into the studios, and I will show you what men and women will do for the love of art, for not a penny does it bring them, in hundreds of cases. I will show you plenty of exquisite portraits of wives and sisters though not patrons, plenty of pictures that have been to all the exhibitions from Bangor to San Francisco, and have all come back. One exclamation rises to the lips of all thoughtful persons who go these rounds as I do: 'In the name of common sense how do all these people live?' I had occasion lately to look up the number of artists resident in Philadelphia, and I counted *four hundred!* Four hundred painters of pictures! Do you think there are four hundred buyers of pictures in Philadelphia who buy one picture apiece in each year?"

TEMPLAR.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

SATURDAY was the birthday of Mr. Henry Irving, when, if report speaks true, he was sixty-three years old.

THE run of "Sweet Lavender" at Terry's Theatre, London, will end on the 1st of February, when it will have been played seven hundred times.

THE new play which Miss Marie Wainwright has secured is a dramatization by an American writer, who has done much good work for the stage, of one of George Eliot's novels. It will not, however, be seen until Oct., 1891, as Miss Wainwright's tour for next season in "Twelfth Night" has been already fully arranged.

THE *Musical Times* for February opens with a clever dialogue between three amateurs, A. B. and C., suggested by the peculiarities of Vernon Lee's "Studies of the Eighteenth Century." Who is the author? Probably the sparkling and versatile Frederick Corder. Joseph Bennett's second instalment of "Wagner" follows, and Mr. W. H. Cummings has a paper upon "Fingering, Past, Present and Future," a subject well worth the attention of even the most finished professors of the pianoforte.

IN a reprint of Sir John Stainer's inaugural lecture at Oxford entitled "The Present State of Music in England," a vigorous plea is being put forward in favour of a subsidized national opera house. Something of this kind is also being attempted by Mr. D'Oyley Carte, for whose proposed new lyric theatre in London Sir Arthur Sullivan and Mr. Goring Thomas are, it is said, both writing operas.

THE Toronto Conservatory of Music's most recent quarterly concert was one of the most successful ever held within Association Hall. The new organ is proving a great attraction, and upon the occasion referred to several selections of organ music were listened to with much interest. The concerted numbers proved as delightful as ever, and two or three recitations afforded a pleasing variety.

MAX O'RELL, or rather M. Paul Blouet, was well received in this city, at least on Tuesday last, Monday's audience being rather small. His delightful cynicism, his tact, his droll facial expression and his rare gift of estimating foreign character—a matter in which ordinary Frenchmen are often astray,—combined to render his talk exceptionally pleasant. M. Blouet is, indeed, no ordinary Frenchman, and his powers of observation are excellent and wisely critical in the extreme.

Murray's Magazine for January contained an interesting paper compiled from the diary of the late Madame Janotha, mother of the pianiste, dealing with the home life and sorrows of Madame Schumann. Glimpses of the celebrated artists appear in this interesting paper, which, although strongly characterized by personal feeling, is free from any taint of smallness, or of seeking to detract from the fame of distinguished men and women—human, alas! to the core.

MRS. HARDY AND MRS. OBER have started what they call the New York Ladies' Guide and Chaperon Bureau. It is located most conveniently on Union Square, near Fifteenth Street. The staff is composed entirely of gentlewomen, who are thus, by an honourable and self-respecting occupation, enabled to be of service to their sex, and at the same time utilize, as probably they could in no other way, the knowledge and experience acquired in former years under different circumstances. The success of similar associations carried on in European cities suggested this idea, which certainly fills a long-felt want, for it has been a success from the start. Such a bureau is needed in every large city, where the many crooked streets are always a labyrinth to the perplexed stranger.

NEW YORK is again agitating the question in society, "Shall women go in full dress to the theatre?" with its adjunct, "Shall they wear bonnets?" "It is easy enough to answer that question. Until we get a cheap and efficient oab system the majority of women must either walk or take the horse-car when attending the theatre. In that case full dress and bare head is out of the question. More than that, our system of checking garments at the theatre is by no means convenient. It is customary in this country, and more particularly in this city, for ladies to attend the theatres without escorts. Now, it is not at all comfortable for a lady to check her cloak and have to stand in a line a half hour while the men push and crowd for their coats. Few women attending the play-house without an escort have the pluck to check their garments. These are only two of the potent reasons against the full dress in the theatre scheme. It is not likely that Americans will come to the foreign fashion for some time yet, if they ever do. In the meantime, however, it would be most advisable if a lace head-gear were to be the fashion. It would be easily taken off, conveniently carried in the hand, and held in the lap. It would be sufficiently warm, and it would leave the audience an unobstructed view of the stage. Many women now uncover their heads at the theatre, but the nuisance of having to hold the hat or bonnet in the lap can only be appreciated by those who have tried it."

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

THE BOY TRAVELLERS IN MEXICO: Adventures of Two Youths in a Journey to Northern and Central Mexico, Campeachy, and Yucatan, with a description of Central America and of the Nicaragua Canal. By Thomas W. Knox. New York: Harper and Brothers. Illustrated, 8vo, cloth. \$3.00.

IN this, as in the volumes of the series already published, Col. Knox gives a very full, interesting and instructive account of the countries visited and traversed by the imaginary "boy travellers," Frank and Fred. In addition to his own personal acquaintance with the countries described, he draws largely from histories, books on statistics, and the travels of his predecessors in the same field, so that we have a very full and accurate description of Mexico and some of the adjacent countries, presented in a way that cannot fail to entertain and instruct the youthful and even the more mature reader. The book is illustrated with almost prodigal profusion, and several excellent maps materially assist the reader in following the course of the itinerary.

FIVE YEARS AT PANAMA. By Wolfred Nelson, M.D., Corresponding Member of the Natural History Society, Montreal. New York: Belford Company; Montreal: William Drysdale and Company.

THE narrow neck of land connecting the continents of North America and South America, and separating the Atlantic ocean from the Pacific, possesses historically,

geographically and otherwise, a peculiar interest. The treasure-house of old Spain in her palmy days, it has been the home and prey of pirates and buccaneers and the grave of many dazzling but disastrous commercial enterprises. During recent years the world's attention has been again drawn to it by M. de Lesseps' grand scheme of wedding the Atlantic to the Pacific, which, if Dr. Nelson's forebodings prove well-founded, is likely to be but another of the costly undertakings that have come to grief in the quicksands and malarial swamps of the Isthmus.

Dr. Nelson's long residence at Panama, his experience as a newspaper correspondent, and the opportunities which his profession, with his familiar knowledge of French and Spanish, afforded him of becoming thoroughly acquainted with the people, peculiarly fitted him for a work of this kind; and we cheerfully testify that he seems to us to have performed his task with gratifying success.

In this volume, of some three hundred pages, he has compressed much history, legend and statistics, and the results of many years of close observation in a strange land among an interesting people; yet, with the exception of a very few pages, none of it can be called "dry reading." On the contrary, it is more attractive than very many books of the kind, and, on account of the number and variety of topics, it constantly excites and holds the interest of the reader.

As a physician and student of sanitary science, Dr. Nelson naturally dwells at some length on the climate and sanitary, or rather unsanitary, condition of the Isthmus. The average temperature is about eighty degrees. There are two seasons, the wet and dry. In the wet season people die of yellow fever in four or five days, while in the dry, or so-called healthy season, they die in from twenty-four to thirty-six hours of pernicious fever. It is "a land of perpetual summer, perpetual sunshine and perpetual moisture." The germs of yellow fever never die out and small-pox is never absent. The Chief Surgeon of the Canal Company examined the blood of new-comers—canal men—and found it in a perfectly normal condition. At the end of a month he examined it again, when he invariably found the malarial bacillus. The loss of life during the construction of the Panama Railroad was enormous, and the account of the mortality among the labourers is simply appalling. Dr. Nelson characterizes the Isthmus as a disease-producing and, on account of its position, a dangerous, disease-disturbing centre. Yet there is an utter absence of any kind of sanitary regulation, and such complete indifference as to its importance, that it is considered international pressure may be necessary to bring about a better state of things and avert a threatening danger. There is a large colony of Chinamen on the Isthmus. In the practice of his profession, Dr. Nelson had every opportunity of knowing them—"seeing them ill and well and under all sorts of circumstances,"—and he pronounces them to be "a hard-working, peaceful, law-abiding lot of citizens." He protests against the inhuman cry that has gone up in the United States, and, he regrets to say, in some British provinces, against these harmless citizens, and declares it to be a disgrace to our modern civilization. "It is the more disgrace," he adds, "as it is a concession to a class of men whose chief vocation in life is to foment trouble, interfere with progress, and do everything they can to disturb work and cause embarrassment."

Dr. Nelson is, we gather from his pages, a Canadian, and we take, on that account, additional pleasure in commending his excellent work.

DRUMMOND'S "Tropical Africa," an excellent work, which has been already noticed in these columns, has been re-printed in a neat, attractive form, at a low price, by John B. Alden, New York.

MIRIAM'S AMBITION, by E. Everett-Green, is an attractively written story for children, which will doubtless interest and benefit the class of readers for which it is intended. It is published by Blackie and Company, London, and comes to us through John E. Bryant and Company, Toronto.

In the *Andover Review* for February, Rev. Francis H. Johnson continues his inquiry, "What is Reality?"; Mr. Morrison I. Scott discusses very fairly "Some Unfair Burdens on Real Production"; Prof. W. O. Sproull describes the "Education of Roman Youth"; and Rev. Frederic Palmer contributes "Some Criticism on the Andover Movement."

UNDER an arrangement with English publishers, Messrs. A. D. F. Randolph and Company, New York, are publishing an American edition of a series of volumes by distinguished scholars on "Men of the Bible." We have received "Jeremiah, his Life and Times," a comprehensive study of the Prophet of Woes, by Rev. T. K. Cheyne, M.A., D.D., Oriel Professor of the Interpretation of Holy Scripture at Oxford, and author of the article, "Jeremiah," in the "Encyclopædia Britannica."

In spite of all argument, steel is rapidly taking the place of iron as a structural material. This movement meets, of course, more opposition in the East than in the West, because the East is more conservative, and for like reason, in Europe the progress of the change is still slower. Still the great machinery hall of the Paris Exposition was a steel construction. In naval architecture, also, steel plates have nearly driven iron plates out of the field, and in the year 1888 the proportion of iron to steel used in shipbuilding on the Clyde was but 5½ per cent., while only two years before it was nearly 33 per cent.

LITERARY AND PERSONAL GOSSIP.

THE whole edition of Mr. Joseph Pennell's "Pen Drawing" has been sold.

REV. CHARLES H. SPURGEON lately published the thirty-fifth volume of his sermons.

In another column will be found a tribute from across the Atlantic to the genius of Isabella Valancey Crawford.

LIVING quietly in his old Cambridge (Mass.) home, Mr. J. R. Lowell is busily at work upon his book on Hawthorne.

THE Prince of Wales has offered a prize for a musketry championship among the Indian troops, to commemorate Prince Albert Victor's visit to the East.

THE *National Magazine* is, we fear, not coming to hand after all. While regretting this, we wait the appearance of the *Musical Journal*, edited by Mr. Haslam.

AN appeal has been made in England for Mr. R. R. Postans, who is said to be the only survivor of the founders of *Punch*. Mr. Postans is eighty-five years old, and penniless.

THE serial novel, "Lady Baby," now running in *Blackwood's Magazine*, is to be published in three-volume form next month, when Mme. Gerard's name is to appear as author on the title page.

MESSRS. LONGMANS AND Co. will shortly publish "The Captain of the *Polestar*," by the author of "Micah Clarke." The latter created some stir last year, and this new volume of short stories is sure of a welcome.

MISS EDWARDS will lecture at Chickering Hall, on March 17, 19, 21 and 22. She will also read before the Nineteenth Century Club on March 18, and will sail for England at the close of the following week.

MISS A. C. FOWLER ("Sister Rose"), the young lady who has just gone out as nurse to the Leper Islands, left with London publishers the manuscript of a little work called "Stories and Legends of the Infant Jesus." It will also be brought out in New York by Menzinger and Co.

THE preparation of a biography of Edward Thring, the famous head-master of Uppingham, England, has been entrusted to his friend, Professor Parkin, of Canada. There is ample material, and the work is likely to prove of extreme interest, especially to those concerned in education.

THE famous conjunction, "Max O'Rell," is explained as having arisen from M. Paul Blouet's adopting his father's Christian name, as written by himself, and his mother's maiden name. He adopted the pseudonym, in the case of his first book, fearful lest a failure might injure his position as French teacher in one of the public schools.

THE next volume of the series of "Historic Towns," edited by Mr. E. H. Freeman and Mr. Hunt, will be "Winchester," by Mr. G. W. Kitchin, the Dean of Winchester, who declares that the place teems with picturesque tradition and anecdote, and thinks it the most historic of English cities. The book will be published immediately by the Longmans.

It is said that Major Le Caron, who figured in the Parnell Commission, is writing a chapter of autobiography, in which he will record the principal events in a life that is understood to have been a very remarkable one. It is expected the work will be packed with startling scenes and incidents. A special feature of the book will be a description of the Fenian rising in Canada.

MESSRS. CROSBY, LOCKWOOD AND SON have just published four "Ambulance Leaflets" (1s. 6d. per 100) for students and for general distribution. They are entitled, "Rules to be Observed in the Management of Epidemic or Contagious Diseases," "Diagnostic Table of the Principal Fevers," "Characters of Good Meat," and "Diagnostic Table of the Chief Forms of Insensibility."

A PUPIL at a school of young ladies was asked for a written explanation of "Prospice." The essay was penned, but failed to satisfy its author, who ventured to send it to Mr. Browning, though quite unknown to him. He, with that kindness of heart which ever distinguished him, made sundry corrections and additions, and returned it with a short note winding up with, "There, my dear young lady, I have done the little that was necessary, and hope it may suffice. Affectionately yours, Robert Browning."

"CHAPTERS on George Meredith, Novelist and Poet," is the title of a work by Mr. Richard Le Gallienne, which will be published at an early date. The book will be similar in intention to Mr. Nettleship's work on Robert Browning; but it will have the additional attraction of a complete bibliography, by Mr. John Lane, which will cover not only the novels, poems, and fugitive writings, but a complete list of all the essays and reviews (English and American) which have been written on George Meredith.

THE marriage of George Augustus Sala, the London journalist, will make it impossible for him longer to keep up a mode of living which has been the cause of a good deal of amusement and endless exasperation to London editors for a good many years. It has been Mr. Sala's custom for years to keep his residence an absolute secret. He has never permitted even his most intimate friends to know where he lived, and the result of this amiable habit has been at times somewhat exasperating. His mail went to the newspaper office or to the club, and

whenever he had a big piece of work on hand which required steady attention he would disappear absolutely from view.

INVITATIONS were issued to over two thousand representative people for the conversazione which was recently held to celebrate the introduction of the electric light into the British Museum; and, forbidding as the weather was, the galleries were crowded between the hours of five and seven. Owing, doubtless, to three days' diligent rehearsals, the electric light showed none of the eccentricities incidental to a first experiment, and the brilliant steady light brought out for many visitors beauties hitherto unobserved in the various glass cases. The beautiful china and glass in the new Asiatic galleries, and a collection of amusing Japanese pictures, came in for a share of attention. The more frivolous found ample amusement in studying the faces and frocks of the crowds of men and women who filed through the galleries.

THE following poem, taken from the *Montreal Star* of Friday last, is by one of THE WEEK'S occasional and gifted contributors:—

TALLY-HO.

I sing you a song to-night, my lads,
A song of the frost and snow;
Of the sport so rare and the bracing air
That quicken the pulse's flow.
Others may sing of the budding spring,
Or the autumn's mellow glow,
But the winter for me with its life so free,
And the tramps through the drifting snow.

Let us away where the breezes play,
Over the glittering snow:
Merrily sing, till the echoes ring
To the snowshoers' "Tally-ho."

Then weave me a garland gay, my lads,
Bright holly and fair mistletoe;
To winter we'll sing, and crown him King,
Ermine-wrapped in a mantle of snow.
With the rod and the gun we now have done,
The crosse and the oar may go;
But the snowshoe to me a friend shall be,
As we tramp o'er the sparkling snow.

I give you a toast, to-night, my lads,
To pledge you wherever you go;
"Our Canada fair and the lads who wear
The snowshoe."—Hurrah—Tally-ho.
May her knights of the shoe to their country be true,
At her call ever ready to go;
And her honour defend—aye, e'en though the end
Be a grave 'neath the shrouding snow.

—Samuel M. Baylis.

THE *London Literary World* in a recent issue remarks of a new and most extraordinary publication as follows: In many ways the most entertaining volume before us is Mr. Thomas J. Macartney's "Bid for the Laureateship." The gallant officer, it should be explained, is not anxious to disturb Lord Tennyson during his lifetime, but will be content with the reversion. Not to hide his light under a bushel, he has prefixed an Introductory Notice which reminds us of nothing so much as Barnum's famous programme. Speaking of one poem, for instance, he remarks: "I can assert, with little fear of contradiction, that no poem of equal length so perfect in meter (*sic*) has ever been issued from the press of this, or, perhaps, any other country." We shall not contradict him. Mr. Macartney devotes himself mainly to describing recent British battles, such as Tel-el-Kebir, Isandula, etc. This is how he recounts the fact that the night before Tel-el-Kebir the moon did not show herself:—

The chaste Diana wears the robe
Of modesty again,
And cannot gaze upon the sleep
Of fourteen thousand men.

The author takes special credit for the number of military terms he has succeeded in introducing into his verse:

And now the First Division, led
By Willis on the right,
The while the Scotch Battalions charge,
Attains the scene of fight;
And slaughtering Graham into line
Deploys his brave brigade,
Which moves as steadily as though
At tactics (*sic*) on parade.

Then we have the work of slaughter described in the following Homeric strain:

Buoyant the cheers of Britons from
Intrenchments dyed blood red,
Where work is done like terriers
In rat-pits strewn with dead.

Would not Mr. Macartney be well advised to give up all thoughts of the Laureateship, and rest content with a soldier's legitimate triumphs in love and war?

MR. G. MERCER ADAM writes to THE WEEK as follows, *apropos* of "David Gray," alluded to in a recent issue:—"Permit me to say, that you fall into a very natural error in imagining that there was but one David Gray who wrote verse, while in truth two of that name, and both of them Scotchmen, are known to literature. The one you appear to know is the poor Glasgow youth, who was befriended by Lord Houghton (Monckton Milnes) and the poet Robert Buchanan, and whose remains with his collected poems—the early blossomings of a life of great promise cut short by consumption—were published some twenty years ago in London and Boston. But, as I have said, there was another of the name, whose 'Letters, Poems, and Selected Prose Writings,' with a biographical memoir by J. N. Larned, were issued in Buffalo, N.Y., a little over a year ago. This David Gray was a native of Edinburgh, Scotland, who emigrated to the United States in 1849, and was for over thirty years connected with journalism, chiefly as

editor of the *Buffalo Courier*. He had no kinship, I believe, with his namesake, the author of 'The Luggie and Other Poems,' though, like the latter, he was one of those rare souls who seem to be sent into the world at intervals to keep tender the human heart, and to compel our reverence for endowments, intellectual as well as moral, which must find—if not here, then hereafter—an ample and unhindered field for their exercise."

READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

THE OLD HOME.

It is not changed, at least in outward seeming,
Since all my little world I found within it;
The years that passed since childhood's happy dreaming
Seem but a minute.

As here I stand and watch the branches waving
Of trees that shade the old, familiar places,
And naught is missing from the landscape, saving
Those well-loved faces.

The wise may smile, the thoughtless may deride me,
But still, by smiles and sneering nothing daunted,
I know that vanished forms are here beside me—
The place is haunted.

I feel my father's hand upon my shoulder,
My mother's garments flutter as she passes,
And yet, I know, that o'er the grave that holds her
Wave the long grasses.

I hear my sister's sweet and tender singing,
My brother's prattling accents follow after,
And round my neck his baby arms are clinging,
With happy laughter.

Would not their living hearts, so true and tender,
Turn back to me, with strong and mighty yearning?
Will not the dead their joy one hour surrender,
To earth returning?

This consolation God doth surely grant us,
While by His will we live on, broken-hearted;
Even his glory shall not quite supplant us
With our departed.

So here I stand, the dear scene spread around me,
And feel by science's precepts nothing daunted,
That by the souls to whom the close ties bound me
The place is haunted. —*Kappa Mu.*

A NEW SAVONAROLA.

THE denunciation hurled by Dr. Liddon from the pulpit of St. Paul's Cathedral on Sunday, December 29, against the increasing luxury of the age, and the wicked manner in which marriages are too often contracted, was as timely as it was needed. When Dr. Liddon speaks he has usually thought his subject well out. It is acknowledged by all men that he is the most eloquent preacher the Church of England possesses, but he is not one of those who allow a torrent of unpremeditated words to flow from their lips. His sermons are not only written out beforehand, but their subjects occupy much of his attention during the couple of months which precede his residence at St. Paul's. We are very glad that his words have caught the ear of the general public, for they will make people talk and think of two subjects which are of the highest importance to our well-being as a nation. The eloquent Canon's remarks have also been made the subject of criticism in the press, and, though this has not on the whole been favourable, people will draw their own conclusions, and the greater publicity that is given to Dr. Liddon's denunciations, the more chance there is of English people taking them to heart. With all due respect to our brethren of the pen, it stands to reason that a clear and able thinker, a priest exercising one of his most solemn duties, a preacher who knows that thousands hang upon his words, an upright and honourable man, who has nothing to gain from public favour, will be much more likely to know what he is talking about than those who have to dash off, at a moment's notice, a readable article or a brilliant "note" on such subjects as those which formed the staple of Dr. Liddon's restrained eloquence.—*Church Review.*

THE LAST OF THE POETICAL DRAMATISTS.

WITH Dr. Westland Marston, whose death at the age of seventy-one has occasioned some regret, passes away an interesting figure in the world of literature. The deceased poet devoted his talents at an early period of his career to the stage, and for many years continued to be one of the most prominent English dramatists. But he also shone in other capacities. He was a prolific contributor to literary journals; he was an acute and discerning critic; he wrote several highly popular lyrics, "The Death Ride to Balaclava" being perhaps the best known—and he also tried his hand with success at fiction. It is, nevertheless, as a dramatist that Dr. Marston earned his claim to permanent renown. What is more, he is perhaps legitimately entitled to be classed as the last of the poetical playwrights. In saying this we by no means affect ignorance of the merits of Mr. W. G. Wills, who has done excellent work in the same domain. It may be questioned,

however, whether anything so lofty in aim and dignified in execution as "The Patrician's Daughter" and "Strathmore" has been produced by dramatic authors of a more modern date than Dr. Marston. The latter had the good fortune to win his spurs at a time when there was still a strong taste for blank verse and what may be called the romantic drama in classical form. When Dr. Westland Marston began to write for the stage, its traditions, so worthily maintained by Sheridan Knowles, had still their hold on the public. A man might write a five-act tragedy and hope, not only to see it produced on the stage, but to find it received with favour. The poet who does so now is a fit object of compassion for his friends.—*Newcastle Daily Chronicle.*

BROWNING.

AMONG the wondrous ways of men and time
He went as one that ever found and sought,
And bore in hand the lamp-like spirit of thought
To illumine with instance of its fire sublime
The dusk of many a cloud-like age and clime.
No spirit in shape of light and darkness wrought,
No faith, no fear, no dream, no rapture, nought
That glooms in wisdom, nought that burns in crime,
No virtue girt and armed and helmed with light,
No love more lovely than the snows are white,
No serpent sleeping in some dead soul's tomb,
No song-bird singing from some live soul's height,
But he might hear, interpret, or illumine
With sense invasive as the dawn of doom.

A graceless doom it seems that bids us grieve:
Venice and winter, hand in deadly hand,
Have slain the lover of her lovely strand
And singer of a storm-bright Christmas Eve.
A graceless guerdon we that loved receive
For all our love, from that the dearest land
Love worshipped ever. Blithe and soft and bland,
Too fair for storm to scathe or fire to cleave,
Shone on our dreams and memories evermore
The domes, the towers, the mountains and the shore
That gird or guard thee, Venice: cold and black
Seems now the face we loved as he of yore.
We have given thee love—no stint, no stay, no lack:
What gift, what gift is this thou hast given us back?
—*Swinburne in the "Fortnightly."*

WILLIAM SHARP, writing in the *London Academy*, expresses the opinion that Howells' new story, "A Hazard of New Fortunes," is "unquestionably inferior only to 'The Rise of Silas Lapham,' if to that."

SEA-BATHING is one of the needs of residents in the far inland districts of America where the dry atmosphere does not contain the salt moisture so desirable for invigorating and renewing personal health. A more temperate and enjoyable summer could scarcely be found than that of Canada with its lake and forest districts so sought for by residents of more southern climes. To go sea-bathing during the winter is, therefore, the true method for Canadians. But where? Bermuda, well out in the Atlantic but tempered by the great Gulf Stream, Nassau and the Bahamas, Barbados, Trinidad, Jamaica and a whole host of Islands among the West Indies are easily accessible and offer their winter seasons to travelling Canadians with all the inducements of climate similar to our own during our own summer months. To seek these summer resorts during winter months, particularly February, March and April, is constantly becoming more frequent among those who enjoy their summers at home and seek for recreation and a holiday elsewhere.

NORTH AMERICAN LIFE.—We have great pleasure in directing the attention of our readers to the Report, in another column, of the Ninth Annual Meeting of the North American Life Assurance Company. The success of this popular company since its organization, only a few years ago, testifies unmistakably to the soundness of the principles on which its business has been conducted and to the energy and wisdom which characterize its management. It is as surprising as it is gratifying that so young a company is now able to challenge comparison, in all commendable features, with the leading life insurance companies of Canada and the United States. It will be seen that the business of the year was greater than that of any previous year and considerably exceeded the amount ever attained by any other Canadian life insurance company at the same period of its existence. The large increase in cash premium receipts, and the handsome surplus, after providing for every known liability, are other features in the report which must be gratifying to policy-holders and guarantors. Mr. Blaikie, who, in the absence of Hon. Alex. Mackenzie, occupied the chair and moved the adoption of the report, indicated very clearly a point of great importance to policy-holders and intending insurers, viz., that instead of looking at the amount of assets of different companies the percentage of general surplus to assets should be examined. In this as in other respects the North American compares favourably with other companies, Canadian and foreign. The directorate, always a strong one, has been strengthened by the election of Hon. Edward Blake, Hon. Frank Smith and Hon. Oliver Mowat, of whose fitness and influence it is quite unnecessary to speak.

NORTH AMERICAN LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY.

The annual meeting of this Company was held at its head office, Toronto, on Tuesday, the 28th of January, 1890. There was a large attendance of those interested in the institution. The Directors' report showed that the new business for the past year was the largest in the history of the Company; also that large increases had been made in every branch of the Company's business, tending to its continued progress and prosperity. It was also pointed out that the greater part of the Company's business was on the semi-annual investment plan, and further, that nearly all the home companies were now issuing policies on this plan under one name or another, clearly indicating that the insuring public prefer this form of insurance. The financial statement, together with the auditors' report thereon, was duly submitted to the meeting.

Abstract of Financial Statement for the year ending December 31, 1889.

Cash income for year 1889	\$ 302,680 53
Expenditure (including payments to policy holders of \$59,906 94)	161,687 23
Assets (including uncalled guarantee fund)	1,063,250 49
Reserve fund (including claims under policies awaiting proofs \$5,500)	682,870 00
Surplus for security of policy-holders	330,380 40

WILLIAM MCCABE, *Managing Director.*

We have examined the books, documents and vouchers representing the foregoing revenue account, and also each of the securities for the property in the balance sheet, and certify to their correctness.

JAMES CARLYLE, M.D.,
W. G. CASSELS,
Auditors.

TORONTO, January 14, 1890.

We concur in the foregoing certificate, and have personally made an independent examination of said books, quarterly and also of each of the securities representing said property.

E. A. MEREDITH, LL.D.,
B. B. HUGHES,
Auditing Committee of the Board.

Mr. John L. Blaikie, Vice-President of the Company, took the chair in the absence of the President, Hon. A. Mackenzie M.P., who was attending to his duties at Ottawa. The honourable gentleman, however, did not forget the company with which he had been connected since its inception, and addressed a letter to the policy-holders and guarantors, which was read at the meeting. He expressed his regret at not being present, and especially so as the year 1889 was the most successful in the history of the Company, and the statement showed the greatest advance of any year. He also dwelt on the fact that the assets had in every instance been brought down to a cash basis, thereby continuing in the same course that had been adopted at the outset, viz., to build the Company up on a solid foundation.

The letter from the President was received with loud applause.

Mr. Blaikie, the Vice-President, then addressed the meeting and dealt very fully with the main features of the report. He also referred in feeling terms to the loss sustained by the death of the late Vice-President, Hon. Alexander Morris, which had occurred since the last annual meeting of the company. By comparisons with other leading companies, he demonstrated to the satisfaction of all present that the security offered to policy holders by the North American can truly be said to be "unsurpassed on this continent."

In referring to the competition experienced from the large American companies, he showed in a very clear manner, taking the figures from an official statement published in the United States, that the percentage surplus to assets of the largest companies was much less than those of many of the smaller companies. Dwelling on this point, and also on the low mortality that the companies doing business in Canada had so far experienced, and further on the higher rate of interest obtainable in Canada as compared with other countries for safe investments, he showed very clearly that it was certainly to the advantage of Canadian insurers to patronize their own companies. He stated that the company's solid investments in mortgages and debentures constituted a relative security for policy holders never before attained by any Canadian life insurance company at the same period of its history.

The agents expressed great satisfaction with the reference made to them by Vice-President Blaikie. He commended them for the good work they had been doing, and illustrated in glowing terms the advantage to many widows and orphans that had accrued through life insurance, which, however, would never have reached them but for the work of the agent.

The motion to adopt the report was seconded by the Hon. Frank Smith, who expressed his opinion that the report was a splendid one, and further, that he should say that it would be almost impossible to beat this company's record in any part of the world.

The usual votes of thanks were then passed. The following gentlemen were elected as directors: Hon. Alexander Mackenzie, M.P., John L. Blaikie, Hon. G. W. Allan, Hon. D. A. Macdonald, Hugh McLennan, Dr. L. W. Smith, J. K. Kerr, Q.C., John Morison, E. A. Meredith, LL.D., A. H. Campbell, D. Macrae, E. Gurney, Hon. Edward Blake, John N. Lake, Edward Galley, Hon. C. Mowat, B. B. Hughes, James Thorburn, M.D., James Scott, William Gordon, H. H. Cook, M.P., Robert Jaffray, Edward F. Clarke, Hon. Frank Smith, and William McCabe, the addition to the directorate for this year being the Hon. Edward Blake, Q.C., M.P., the Hon. Frank Smith and Hon. Oliver Mowat, Q.C., M.P.P.

Subsequently the new Board met and unanimously re-elected Hon. A. Mackenzie, M.P., President, and John L. Blaikie and the Hon. G. W. Allan, Vice-Presidents, and the usual standing committees with the addition of the Hon. Edward Blake, Q.C., to the company's most important committee, viz.: that on insurance.

HON. A. MACKENZIE, M.P.,
President.

J. L. BLAIKIE,
HON. G. W. ALLAN,
Vice-Presidents.

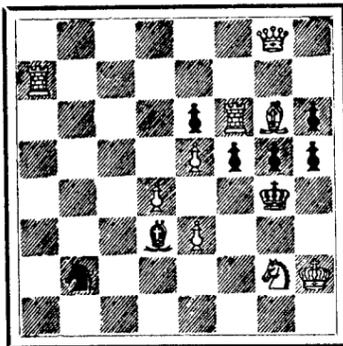
WILLIAM MCCABE,
Managing Director.

CHESS.

PROBLEM No. 435.

By E. H. E. EDDIS, Orillia.

BLACK.



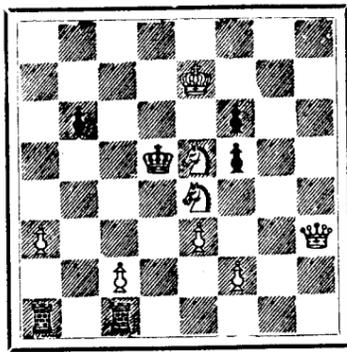
WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

PROBLEM No. 436.

By O. KOCH TROCHLELBN.
From *Columbia Chess Chronicle*.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

SOLUTIONS TO PROBLEMS.

No. 429.
Kt-B 6

White.
1. Q-Kt 7
2. Kt-B 4
3. Q mates

No. 430.

Black.
K-R 2 or R 1
moves

GAME IN THE TORONTO CHESS CLUB TOURNAMENT FOR 1890, PLAYED BETWEEN MR. DAVISON AND MR. HILL, ON FEBRUARY 7th, 1890.

MR. DAVISON. White.	MR. HILL. Black.	MR. DAVISON. White.	MR. HILL. Black.
1. P-K 4	P-K 4	31. R x R	B x R
2. Kt-K B 3	Kt-Q B 3	32. B x P	R-B 2
3. B-Kt 5	K Kt-R 2	33. K-K 2	R-Kt 2
4. Castles	P-Q R 3	34. B-Q B 2	B-R 2
5. B-B 4	P-Q 4	35. B-Kt 4	B-Q 5
6. P x P	Kt x P	36. K-Q 2	K-B 2
7. P-K R 3	B-K 3	37. B-R 4	P-Q R 4
8. P-Q 3	B-Q 3	38. B-B 3	R-Kt 8
9. P-Q R 3	Castles	39. B x P	R-Kt 8
10. Kt-Kt 5	P-K R 3	40. B-Kt 4	R x P +
11. Kt x B	P x Kt	41. K-K 1	R-K B 7
12. Q-Kt 4	Q-B 3	42. B-Q B 6	R-Q B 7
13. Kt-Q 2	Q Kt-K 2	43. K-Q 1	R-Q R 7
14. Kt-K 4	Q-B 4	44. K-Q B 1	R-Q Kt 7
15. B-R 2	Q x Q	45. B-Q R 4	R-K B 7
16. P x Q	K-R 2	46. B-B 6	B-K 6 +
17. P-Q B 4	Kt-R 2	47. K-Q 1	R-K R 7
18. Kt x Kt +	R x Kt	48. B-Q Kt 5	B-Q 5
19. P-Kt 4	P-B 4	49. P-B 5	R-Q Kt 7
20. B-K 3	P-Q Kt 3	50. P-B 6	B-Kt 3
21. Q-R-Q Kt 1	Kt-B 3	51. K-Q B 1	R-K B 7
22. B-Q 2	Kt-Q 5	52. B-K 6	R x P
23. R-Kt 2 (a)	Q-R 7 +	53. P-B 7	B x P
24. K-R 1 (b)	Kt-K B 1 (c)	54. B x B	R-B 5
25. B-K 3	Kt-Kt 6 +	55. P-R 4	R x P
26. K-Kt 1	Kt x R	56. P-R 5	R-Q Kt 5
27. K x Kt	P-K Kt 4	57. P-R 6	R x B
28. B-Q Kt 1	K-Kt 2	58. P-R 7	R-B 4 +
29. P-B 3	R-Q Kt 1	59. K-Q 2	R x B
30. P x P	P x P	60. P-R 8 Queens (d)	and White wins.

NOTES.

(a) Not good. (b) K-R 2 better. (c) Kt-Kt 6 better. (d) White plays the end of this game very well.

THE CANADIAN GAZETTE.

EVERY THURSDAY.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF INFORMATION AND COMMENT UPON MATTERS OF USE AND INTEREST TO THOSE CONCERNED IN CANADA, CANADIAN EMIGRATION AND CANADIAN INVESTMENTS.

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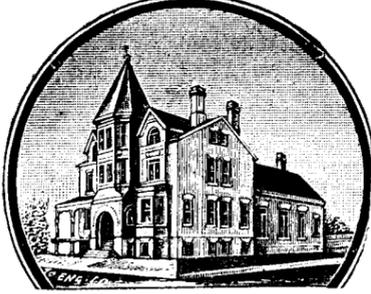


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