

# THE WEEK:

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

Seventh Year  
Vol. VII., No. 32.

TORONTO, FRIDAY, JULY 11th, 1890.

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pigon, August 12; Lake Ontario, August 19;  
Lake Winnipeg, August 26; Lake Superior,  
September 2; Lake Huron, September 9;  
Lake Nipigon, September 16; Lake Ontario,  
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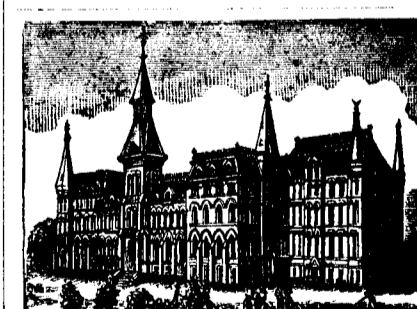
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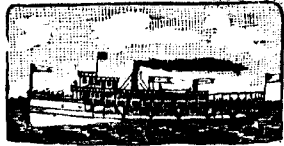
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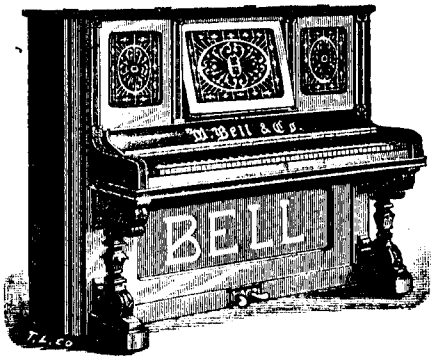


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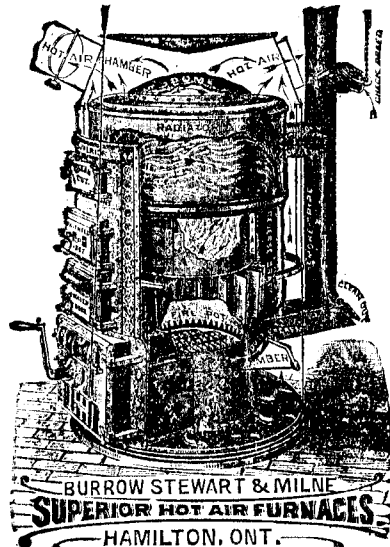
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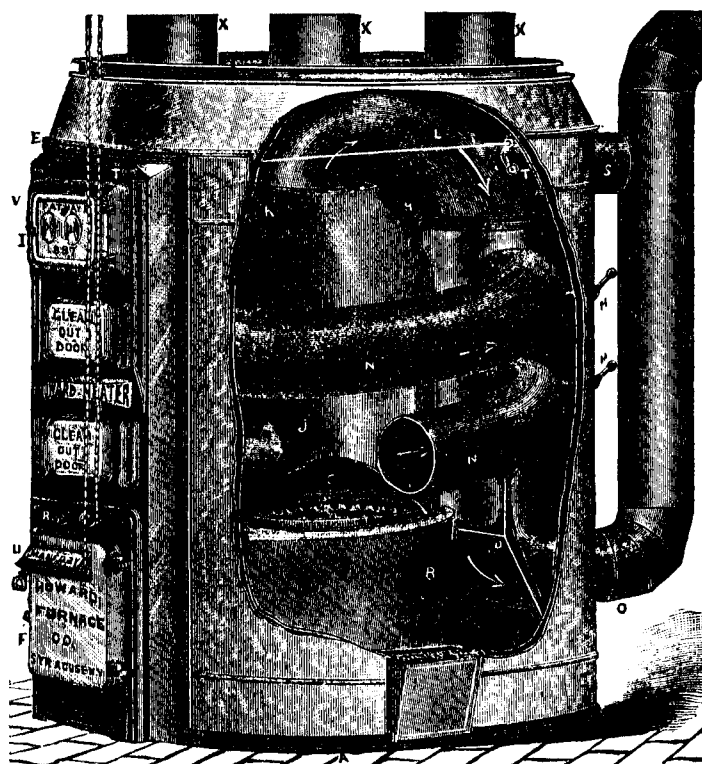
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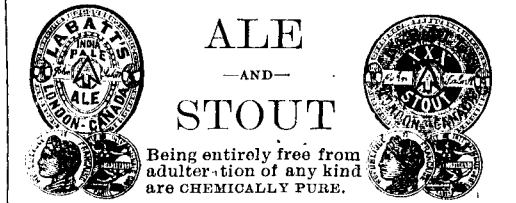
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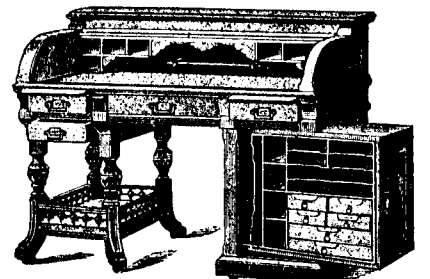
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# THE WEEK.

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PREMIER MERCIER has lost no time in formulating the claims which his victorious forces may be expected to press upon the attention of the Dominion Government. His speech at the Montreal banquet was refreshingly frank. In fact a blunt directness of speech seems to be one of his characteristics as a political leader. There is no beating about the bush in the address referred to. His demand is, in effect, for a radical revision of the terms of Confederation in several important particulars. The changes proposed are, it is true, substantially those which were agreed on in the resolutions of the Quebec Conference of 1887. Their chief features are, enlargement of the powers of the Provinces; their complete autonomy in all matters of local concern; the abolition of the veto power now held by the Dominion Government, and such a reconstruction of the financial basis of the union as will materially increase the Provincial revenues. There is, certainly, something rather cool in the way in which Mr. Mercier comes forward and says in effect: "The Province of Quebec has found its allowance too small. It has therefore gone into debt to the tune of twenty millions of dollars, and now expects the Dominion to assume that debt and enable it to commence anew with a clean sheet." This is, of course, just the result which has long been foreseen by those who have noted the cool confidence with which the Quebec Governments have gone on, year after year, incurring deficits and borrowing money, even the interest of which they could not reasonably hope to pay out of the resources of the Province. It was evident from the first—and has been a thousand times pointed out—that the Dominion would be obliged, in the end, to transfer the burden to its own shoulders. The means of compulsion in the hands of the Provincial authorities are two-fold. Canada cannot afford to let one of her chief Provinces become bankrupt; and this Quebec well knows. She knows too that she holds the balance of power, and that the solid French vote is a force too strong to be resisted by any Government or party, even were it alone to be reckoned with. But Quebec and its Premier are not alone in this matter. The resolutions of the Quebec Conference show that at least four of the other Provinces are with him in the main features of his programme, and the large

majorities by which all the premiers who took part in that Conference, and put their names to its resolutions, have since been continued in power, show that the people of those Provinces probably approve, certainly have not condemned, the proceedings at that Conference. True, all those premiers excused themselves from attendance at the recent banquet, and their absence probably had special significance. What that significance was it is not easy precisely to say, but as it is not in the least likely that their notes of invitation contained any hints as to the line of remark Mr. Mercier would follow, it is much more probable that his fellow-premiers were afraid of his nationalism, than that they are disposed to recant in the matter of the Quebec resolutions.

WHAT then is to be done? It is useless to scold Mr. Mercier on account of his Nationalistic proclivities, however mischievous we may deem his appeals to race prejudices. It must be admitted that his speech is a Provincialist rather than a Nationalist speech, and that he does not fail to bring forward some cogent arguments in support of his positions. It must be tolerably clear to all who know the state of feeling in the Provinces, especially the smaller and more distant Provinces, that Provincial autonomy in all local matters is the only basis on which Confederation can endure. Few, probably, save believers in an impossible Legislative Union, will refuse to admit that the absolute Federal veto will have to be given up, if it is not already practically obsolete, and that the question of the constitutionality of Provincial laws is one for the decision of a competent judicial authority, rather than a party Government. Even Sir John Macdonald himself seems to be verging towards this view, as witness his sanction of Mr. Blake's resolution, which is a step in this direction, in the recent session of Parliament. It is hard to resist the force of Mr. Mercier's argument that the Federal Government, when assuming control of railroads built with the aid of Provincial subsidies, should refund to the Provinces the amount of these subsidies. Above all, it has long since been apparent that the financial basis of the Confederation will have to be re-constructed, and probably in some entirely different shape. It is pretty clear that the original plan of subsidies was a political mistake. Certainly that scheme, as originally formulated, has been changed until it can scarcely be said to be now consistent with any fixed principle. It is easy to say that the first "better terms" arrangement, that in favour of Nova Scotia, which was the entering of a wedge that has since been driven home by other Provinces, should not have been made. But, as the Halifax *Chronicle*, we think it was, said the other day, that simply means that there should have been one Province less in the Confederation to-day. It was too, we believe, generally conceded by those who had looked closely into the matter that Nova Scotia had made out her case. Possibly other Provinces which have since succeeded in obtaining increases by less direct methods may have done so too. Embarrassing and dangerous as it was to thus unsettle the stability of the financial basis, it would have been worse than useless to attempt to hold a rebellious Province in the Confederation, on terms which were probably, not to say demonstrably, unjust.

THE fact that Mr. Mercier has taken the earliest opportunity, since his great success at the polls, to bring these questions to the front, may be taken as an indication that they are to be pressed with all the energy at his command. The state of the Quebec finances scarcely leaves him an alternative. What course will the Dominion Government pursue in that event? So far as appears it will have to choose between the alternatives of determined resistance to any further interference with the financial relations between the Dominion and the Provinces, and to all Constitutional changes, and a statesman-like revision of the Constitution. Its ability to carry out the first will depend, of course, upon the attitude of the other Provinces. If the Provinces which were represented in the Quebec Conference of 1887 adhere to the programme then prepared, resistance to their demands will be useless. The central authorities will be compelled to yield in the end that which they might have conceded with good grace in the begin-

ning. Premier Mercier thinks it possible that there may be different views in regard to the details of the Quebec resolutions, but believes and hopes that those resolutions will be accepted by the party which is now triumphant in all the Provinces represented in the Conference. It seems scarcely probable that the people of Ontario will consent to an increase of subsidies, the larger part of which must come out of their own pockets, even though the income of their own Province is increased with that of the others. The wealthiest Province would be pretty sure to be a loser on the whole transaction. Mr. Mercier claims that Quebec and Ontario pay the larger part of the Dominion revenue, and that it can be no robbery to ask back a part of their own. The smaller Provinces will, no doubt, maintain that they contribute as much proportionally as the larger Provinces, and have, at least, equally valid claims to increased incomes. There is force in the contention of the impecunious Provinces that they should not be doomed to perpetual penury in order that the central authorities may have enough and to spare. And yet the strength and stability of the Confederation depend, to a very great extent, upon the amount of revenue available for national uses. When the day comes, as come it no doubt will, for a revision of the Constitution, the re-adjustment of the financial part of the scheme will give more trouble than any other question. All the Provinces, except Ontario, will clamour for larger revenues. Yet justice must be the basis of distribution, and justice demands that account be taken of the fact that all the Provinces, except Ontario and Manitoba, support expensive second chambers; and that all, we believe without exception, appropriate large sums of money for roads, bridges, and other local services which, under the excellent municipal system of Ontario, are provided for by the municipalities themselves. It is in the last degree desirable that the subsidy system should be abolished and the sources of revenue of the Provinces made independent of the Dominion authorities. Direct taxation is admittedly out of the question. "More's the pity," many students of political economy will exclaim. It would be easy to fill columns with details of the difficulties of the situation which will present itself whenever revision is attempted. It is not unlikely that another Quebec Conference may be found necessary at a day not very distant. But in order to accomplish its work it must needs be the Conference, not of certain Governments, nor of a party, but of representatives of all parties and all parts of the Dominion.

A GOOD deal of interest naturally attaches to the utterances of Mr. Laurier at the Montreal banquet, but unfortunately we have but a meagre epitome of them. If the report given in the *Globe* may be relied on, Mr. Laurier's speech, brief as it was, contained two very important statements. If he distinctly reiterated the declaration he made to an English-speaking audience in Toronto a year or two ago, that his French compatriots have no desire to build up a French nation on the shores of the St. Lawrence, he deserves credit for his courage and his breadth of view. If in that statement he represents truthfully the great majority of the French people of Quebec, as it is to be hoped he does, he cannot repeat it too often or too emphatically, both in French and in English. It contains the very assurance that is just now specially needed, and that will do more than almost anything else to allay the dangerous prejudices of race, which have for some time past been threatening irreparable mischief to Canada. Mr. Laurier is further represented as having declared himself in favour of Canadian independence more distinctly than ever before. "The time," he said, "must come when we should have to take our proper position in the world, and, for one, he awaited independence." That ultimate goal of Canadian patriotism may be yet far off, but, whether far or near, the young people of Canada will be stronger and better Canadians for keeping their eyes fixed upon it. Such an ambition is adapted to kindle an enthusiasm of Canadian patriotism, especially in the breasts of the young, such as no other conceivable view of the destiny of their country can do. It involves no necessary disloyalty to Great Britain, and is the surest preventive of the growth of annexation sentiment. It is the view of many of the best friends of Canada in the Mother Country itself.

A DEPLORABLE but instructive illustration of the lengths to which party zeal will carry party politicians in ignoring moral issues, and shutting their eyes to facts demanding investigation and action, has just now been afforded in Pennsylvania. The incident arose in connection with the choice of the Republican nominee for Governor of the State. The famous or notorious Mr. M. S. Quay, U. S. Senator, and chairman of the National Republican Committee in the late Presidential campaign—a chairman who, if any reliance can be placed upon the strongest circumstantial evidence, was guilty of the most flagrant and unblushing bribery in the conduct of that campaign—has succeeded in getting his candidate, Mr. Delamater, nominated. Both Mr. Delamater and his chief rival, General Hastings, are said to be good men. The chief significance in the choice of the former is in the proof it affords that Mr. Quay's influence and prestige with the majority of the party leaders is not at all injured by his bad record both as a politician and as a business man, though this record has disgusted many of the best Republicans in the State, and threatens the disruption and defeat of the party. Not content with giving the nomination to Mr. Quay's candidate, the Convention went farther, and incorporated in their platform a plank declaring their lasting sense of gratitude for Mr. Quay's services, and their continued respect for and confidence in him. And yet, as the *New York Independent*, a journal which is noted for its ardent Republicanism, tells us, the gravest charges have been publicly made and strongly supported against this same Senator Quay, charges involving the crime of taking, on two occasions, when he was State Treasurer, large amounts of money from the State Treasury, and investing it for his own purposes. On one occasion his venture was successful and he returned the money. On the other, it is said, he was saved from the consequences of his breach of trust and embezzlement only by the aid of certain rich men, who came to his rescue in order to avoid a party scandal. Nevertheless, without, so far as appears, any investigation of these openly alleged charges or even a formal denial of them, the Republican Convention gives the accused the high certificate of character which we have in part quoted. No wonder that the "vindication" has been received with something like dismay by some of the most loyal and devoted adherents of the Republican party in Pennsylvania. When the leaders of a great party cease to require an honourable record in their political chiefs, the State is surely in danger.

THOUGH our neighbours' system of Government is in many respects quite different from our own, there are yet so many important points of resemblance that we Canadians are constrained to watch with interest any movements on the other side of the line which threaten danger to the freedom and self-government which are supposed to be the essential basal principles of democracy. There is now before the United States Congress, in the "Federal Elections Bill," a measure which is clearly of the character indicated. The arguments for this Bill are based upon the fact, or alleged fact, that, as briefly put in the *Christian Union*, there are sections in the South in which the Negro is not permitted to vote, or in which his vote is not counted, and that, as a consequence, the North, and indeed the entire nation, is cheated in Presidential elections; that, therefore, it is the right and the duty of the Federal Government—a right conferred and a duty imposed by the Constitution—to supervise the polls in Federal elections for the protection of the national interests. The danger involved in such a step is obvious, and if the freedmen themselves were sufficiently wise and foresighted they would be the first to object to it. The State in which the provisions of such an Act are put in force is no longer a free, self-governing member of the Union. It is subject to an authority which may easily become, and will almost surely tend to become, autocratic. No doubt a good deal of intimidation is still practised in certain portions of the South, and a good many Negroes may be deprived of their votes in consequence. But this is a state of things incident to and almost inseparable from such a state of transition. If they have the true mettle of freemen they will gradually assert and maintain their political rights. We believe it is beyond dispute that they are rapidly doing so, and that year by year the range over which intimidation is possible is becoming more and more contracted. The very struggle for freedom and the exercise of their right of franchise is a salutary educative process, severe, it may be, but necessary. The disappearance of "bulldozing" and fraud, the two forms of the evil in question, is but a question of time, and not a very long

time either. But the interference of the Federal authorities, either in the United States or Canada, with local self-government, is an experiment too dangerous to liberty to be tolerated under any pretext whatever. One of the strongest objections to our own Dominion Franchise Act is that it at least leans in the direction of Federal interference with local rights and prerogatives, or what should be such.

IN the course of a recent able article on the Silver question, the *New York Saturday Globe* points out some effects that would inevitably follow the putting of silver on an equality with gold as a standard of value, which it would be well for the intelligent labouring classes of the United States to ponder. Reversing somewhat the order of the *Globe's* argument, it is clear that the aim of the silver-protectionists is really "to stamp upon their metal a value not given it by demand and supply, which determine all other values, that of gold not excepted." The result of such legislation would inevitably be a debasement of the "standard," and hence a discrimination against the creditor class, since it would enable their debtors to obtain a legal discharge from their obligations by the payment of a quantity of silver of less commercial value than the amount of the debts. Of course those receiving the silver would be able to pass it on at its artificial face value for some other commodity and so might not seem to be losers. But no one, except those who believe that it is in the power of an Act of Parliament or Congress to give to a piece of metal a value above that which belongs to it intrinsically or commercially, can doubt that the effect of the legislation in question would be to give the country a debased currency. Every man who was compelled by law to accept the stamped silver dollar as an actual dollar, would feel that he was really getting less than a dollar for his goods. The result would be that he would give a smaller quantity of the commodity in which he dealt; or, in other words, would raise the price of his goods to such a point as would counterbalance the deficiency in the value of the coin. But, as the *Globe* says, any such debasement of the currency will always "tell most severely on the most important portion of this (the creditor) class, the common labourers, to whom payments are always in arrears, and who are never trusted beyond amounts owing to them; these unfortunates, unable to claim the privilege taken by all who deal with them, of compensating themselves for a debased currency by increase in the price of their products, must suffer without recompense; and, in fine, no measure for making a so-called dollar easier to get is ever going to make the goods, for obtaining which the dollar has all its value, a bit easier to get." Conclusive as this reasoning must appear to everyone whose vision is not clouded by self-interest and who will take the trouble to master it, it is, nevertheless, but too probable that the specious promise of making dollars a bit easier to get will carry more weight with the majority, and that the advocates of unlimited silver coinage and a silver standard will have their way for a time in the United States.

GAMBLING is unquestionably one of the most demoralizing and destructive vices of the age. It is coming somewhat tardily to be recognized as such in England, where the betting spirit seems to have permeated society from top to bottom. An earnest crusade has now been organized against the evil, and public meetings are being held in various places for the purpose of arousing public opinion. The clergy and ministers of all denominations are being called upon to take part in the movement and many influential men among them are doing so. In a recent address at one of these meetings in Leeds, Dr. Talbot, late of Keble College, Oxford, and now Vicar of Leeds, stated, on the authority of the chaplain of Stafford Gaol, that ninety per cent. of the prisoners came to that prison through drink, and that drink in ninety per cent. of the cases was due to gambling. This statement must surely be an exaggeration. If it be true that even a much smaller proportion of such cases can be traced directly to gambling, an almost irresistible argument for legislative interference would be afforded. There can be no doubt, however, that the two vices of gambling and intemperance are very closely connected, though which is cause and which effect it must often be difficult to determine. Recent statements in some of the American papers explain the reluctance of the Steamboat companies to enforce anti-gambling regulations in their boats, on the ground that the gambling is largely promotive of drinking, and that the companies derive large profits from the sale of liquors and are consequently loath to interfere with a practice which

brings much custom to their bars. One thing which makes the task of the would-be reformers in England very difficult is that the practice, in its essential principle, is deeply rooted in family and social life, and unwittingly fostered in the parlours of the upper classes. No doubt the great event of the yearly races, for which even Parliament adjourns, tends to kindle the passion and fan it to a flame in many breasts. It is felt that if anything is to be done to check the evil effectually, stringent legislation must be had, and it is now proposed to ask Parliament to appoint a commission to investigate the subject. As all betting may be defined as an attempt to get possession of another's money without rendering an equivalent, it would seem to be a proper subject for legislation. Turning our eyes for a moment to places nearer home we see that though we have pretty stringent prohibitory laws in the Dominion, the lottery is still legally resorted to by the Roman Catholic Church in Quebec as a means of raising funds for religious purposes. We are sorry also to observe that the infamous lottery in Louisiana has received very great encouragement in its barefaced attempt to bribe the State Legislature to renew its charter. One would suppose that the very fact that the Company is in a position to offer a bribe of more than a million of dollars yearly for renewal would open the eyes of any honest and patriotic citizen. Yet at a recent election held in New Orleans to fill a vacancy in the Legislature, a caucus of white Democratic electors voted, by a majority of four to one, in favour of submitting the Lottery amendment at the next election. Since that date the Lottery Bill has, to the deep disgrace of the State, passed both houses of the Legislature.

THE election of the Gladstonian candidate at Barrow-in-Furness must have been a surprise as well as a disappointment to the friends of the British Government. It is true that the peculiar complication of affairs in the borough makes it somewhat difficult to estimate the full meaning of the result. As Mr. Caine was asking re-election expressly as a condemnation of the Government's policy in regard to the licensing question, and as a Government candidate had taken the field against him, it was, no doubt, confidently expected that all who approved the Government's course, whether Conservatives or Liberal-Unionists, would rally in support of the Conservative candidate. Mr. Caine, on the other hand, fully expected that the Liberals, as well as all Liberal-Unionists opposed to the Legislation in question, would come to his aid and send him back in triumph. He was quickly undeceived, and from the moment when a Liberal candidate was put into the field, his defeat was a foregone conclusion. The probability, amounting in the opinions of the greater number, almost to certainty, seemed to be that the Government candidate, supported by the whole strength of the Conservatives, and by a large proportion of the Liberal-Unionists, in a borough in which Lord Hartington's influence was supposed to be very great, would easily be placed at the head of the poll. It is difficult to know whether his defeat was due more to the unpopularity of the Licensing Bill, or the growing strength of Gladstonian Liberalism. In order to determine that point it would be necessary to know from which of the three parties Mr. Caine's supporters were chiefly derived. Ordinarily an unexpected defeat in a by-election would be deemed of little importance, and the explanation, that the division of the Government's supporters between the Conservative candidate and Mr. Caine allowed the Liberal to slip in, would be readily accepted. But in view of the fact that a vote for Mr. Caine, as well as that for the Liberal candidate, was a vote against the Government, the case was not an ordinary one, and the issue is an additional blow to a sadly harassed Cabinet.

IT is well for Lord Salisbury that he has the prestige derived from the agreement with Germany in respect to Africa, to offset the waning influence of his Ministry in the Commons. The more the details of that agreement become known and are studied, the more clearly it appears that Englishmen have good reason to be pleased with it on the whole. Looking at it from the point of view of "might have been" there may be room for dissatisfaction. Had the British Government known its opportunities ten or twelve years ago, before the Germans obtained such a foothold on the dark continent, and had it been ready then for a bold forward movement, the result might have been different. Great Britain could easily have made her own, not only what is now conceded to her, but the greater part or the whole of what is assigned to Germany. But

looking at the actual position of affairs as they were at the time the negotiations were being carried on, it is obvious that the agreement is even better for England than could have been reasonably expected. Important concessions have been made to Germany, not only in respect to the territory assigned her, but also in regard to her right of way over the intervening British possessions. But such concessions are mutual. They are, moreover, in accordance with civilized ideas. The Suzerainty of Zanzibar is, perhaps, the most valuable of England's acquisitions in Africa, or at least the one which opens up the largest possibilities of trade and commerce. Zanzibar is the most prosperous community on the east coast and the chief centre of commerce; its strategical importance, as a coaling station for the British Navy, is said to be great, while its insular position renders it easily defensible by a great naval power. Moreover, as the London *Times* points out, the principal part of its trade is already in the hands of British subjects from Bombay and other Indian ports, and British protection will no doubt greatly enlarge and stimulate this trade. Still further, a consideration which will weigh heavily with all true Englishmen, the practical control of the policy of the Zanzibar Government will greatly facilitate the work of putting down the iniquitous slave trade. On the other hand, the real value of Heligoland to Great Britain was so small, and the propriety of ceding it to Germany so obvious, that it will be a wonder if any serious objection is taken when the matter comes up in the House. Especially, if it be true, as the *Times* asserts, that the shallowness of the surrounding waters renders the little island valueless for naval or strategical purposes, its cession is not, from a business point of view, a matter worth debating. As we have before said, the question of honour, touching the two thousand British subjects who inhabit it, is the only matter worth considering. As these are really more German than English in race and in modes of thought and life; as the living are to be protected from conscription, and as the consent of a large majority is made a condition of their transfer, there seems really nothing more to be said on that score.

FRENCH INFLUENCE IN ENGLISH LITERATURE.

FEW changes are more marked than that which has taken place within the last fifty years in our estimate of France and the French. Politically, no doubt, England's mercurial neighbour across the channel is regarded somewhat askance: her constant state of unstable equilibrium is standing menace to Europe at large, her pettish jealousy of British occupation of Egypt a source of annoyance to England in particular. Apart from all international political considerations, however, the once prevailing fiction that the only good things that could come out of Paris were wines and fashions is exploded.

Nor is this change one to be surprised at. France has, during the last five decades or so, produced a literature distinctive, novel and lasting, and literature is the chief disseminator of ideas. Her influence has not spread by conquest, still less by language, and in colonization—or exploitation, to adopt a modern nicety of term—she has of late lagged behind her peers. It is her literary men who have carried her influence into other countries, and naturally it is the literary men of these other countries that have been first affected.

In England the results are plainly visible. Such writers as Balzac, George Sand, Flaubert, Ste. Beuve, the brothers Goncourt, Scherer, if they have not affected the sterner spirits among English leaders of thought, have undoubtedly powerfully directed the bent of many ranking immediately beneath them. If Tennyson and Browning show little or no sign of foreign inspiration, Matthew Arnold's admiration for many French men and methods was hearty and outspoken, and it would be easy to detect in our younger poets and prose writers characteristics of matter and form directly traceable to the writers of the Second Empire and of the Republic.

For example—Realism, with all that this has come to mean, was born in France, its birthday being, I suppose, the day of the first representation of "Hernani." And whatever Mr. Hall Caine may prophesy of its future, Realism is at least enjoying at present an extremely green old age.

Style, as an end in itself, was born in France, and has come to be so important a factor in fiction that J. M. Barrie in a recent satire makes one of his *dramatis personæ* a "Stylist."

Then the "Elsmerian," as J. M. Barrie calls him, the writer of the novel of religious doubt, is surely French. It is to Germany, of course, that everyone points on the question of the source of religious doubts. The names of Strauss and Feuerbach and Schleiermacher and the rest of them—though possibly not much more than the names—are in everybody's mouth. It is fashionable also to speak vaguely (yet knowingly) of the Tübingen school of Biblical criticism. But after all, these German channels of scepticism are abstract, intellectual, metaphysical almost,

not at all linked with the practical issues involved. Not so in France. Here religious and ecclesiastical problems have come in contact with the innermost thoughts and daily habits of the people. The struggle between the Clericals and Anti-Clericals, culminating in the laicization of the schools—and even of the hospitals, some have gone so far as to assert—proves this. And as it is with the innermost thoughts and daily habits of the people that the modern French realistic writer of fiction deals, naturally religious doubts form a part of his stock-in-trade. A reference to Renan, to George Sand, and to Daudet will suffice for confirmation.

Again, what may be called "objectionalism," to coin a word at least not more hybrid than "realism," has come to us from France. It is not British. It has nothing at all in common with the freedom of speech of either the older dramatists or the earlier novelists, and to Scott, to Thackeray and to Dickens it was utterly and absolutely unknown. Of a surety it is French. Ten years ago the French novel was looked upon as a distinct species with what logicians call an essential and distinguishing attribute of its own. Five years ago the very adjective "French" had attached to it what in dictionaries is called a "bad sense." To-day these prejudices are not a little obliterated—which, in Carlyle's phrase, is significant of much. Undoubtedly we may thank the French for this—let them interpret the phrase as they like.

English Positivism, though a tempting argument for the existence in English thought and literature of French influence, must be left out of consideration, for Comte was after all merely its supposititious parent; its source being traceable to circumstances broader and more complex than the formulated system of a single brain.

It is well often, in enforcing an argument, to descend to the *hic et nunc* and to point to what is going on under our eyes. If we do this here we shall find abundant evidence of French influence. How many books of quite recent date have helped little by little to spread it over wider ground! The translations of Balzac will at once occur to every mind, also those of George Sand, of Lamartine, of Flaubert, and more recently of Guy de Maupassant. Mr. Philip Gilbert Hamerton's "French and English," first in the form of articles in the *Atlantic Monthly* and then in book form issued from two presses, one an American, the other a Continental, has been widely read. Then there is the little "Story of French Love" called "Madeleine," a translation from Jules Sandeau, and the "Story of Italian Love," a translation from Lamartine's "Confidences." "Pastels in Prose" might also be mentioned. Also that book with the curious title, "The Odd Number," consisting of a translation of thirteen of Guy de Maupassant's *feuilletons*. Quite worthy of mention too are *Paris Illustré* and *Figaro*, especially the Christmas number, both of which find their way into thousands of houses on both sides of the Atlantic. Mr. Vaudam also some six months ago did into English a part of Arsène Houssaye's "Confessions" under the title "Behind the Scenes of the 'Comédie Française' and other Recollections," in which more was to be found than at first sight met the eye. These "Recollections" are extrinsically interesting, not only because they give a vivid picture of the great "house of Molière," in one of the most important eras in its history, the era of Rachel, and not only because this era was contemporaneous with the tumultuous times following the Revolution of 1848, but also and chiefly because they deal with a period when Victor Hugo, when Alfred de Musset, Théophile Gautier, Alexandre Dumas, Sardou, Balzac, Sandeau, George Sand, Scribe, De Vigny—all were flourishing, some already famous, some making their fame, some leaving it behind them.

Arsène Houssaye's recollections are worth dwelling on, for the reason that they exemplify another side of French influence on English literature, and one of far less doubtful benefit than some of those touched upon above. They are typically French in the good sense of that word: sprightly, vivacious, sparkingly witty, abounding in clever allusion and epigrammatic generalization. There is of course a good deal of what the down-right tactless Anglo-Saxon could call frothy sentimentalism, but beneath it there is much keen wisdom in worldly matters, and no little knowledge of the human heart, as beneath all foam there must be running water. The French are agile-witted, quick-thoughted, and—though it is a rash thing to say in plain English—they are more imaginative, more artistic, (for imagination is the very well-spring of art) than their island neighbours. England's imaginative poets, I grant, out-top all that France ever produced. The French poet essays to put on Saul's armour, and it hampers him; he is encased in Académies, Instituts, Comédies Françaises state-supported, traditions, dramatic unities, heroic couplets, what not? The English poet cries with Lear, "Off, off with these lendings!"

But we are not pitting poet against poet. The temperament of a nation is seen in its rank and file; it is the drawing-room and the dinner-table of Albion that must be compared with the *salon* and the *petit souper* of Paris. In which of these is it that the guests take their pleasure sadly? In France talent is given free play, in England talent is labelled "eccentricity," and eccentricity amongst, in another phrase of Carlyle's, "clean, respectable, decent English," is intolerable—and untolerated. Praise? Praise has come when talent was buried. Keats was snubbed, Shelley ousted, Turner unheeded, Carlyle unread, Browning ridiculed. And now—Keats is the head of a school, Shelley is idolized, Turner has whole

galleries to himself, Carlyle is an evangel, Browning is buried in Westminster Abbey. In France talent has free play, so much free play that it not seldom indulges in veritable eccentricities—witness Théophile Gautier's historic red waistcoat, the red republican flag of realism. But this freedom brings about intellectual friction, which naturally produces intellectual heat and brilliancy.

This better aspect of French influence can, I think, be plainly seen in English literature. The crisp, pointed, allusive, incisive and altogether sprightly styles of Andrew Lang, Austin Dobson, Grant Allen, Coventry Patmore, George Meredith, Edmund Gosse, Robert Louis Stevenson, George Moore—the reader can extend the list at his pleasure—all show a common characteristic and that a characteristic otherwise peculiar to French writers of the last half century. There is common to all these that deftness in manipulation of subject, that delicacy of touch, that definiteness and precision of expression, that plenitude of subtle wit and apt allusion typical of modern French style; and above all they one and all bear the hall-mark of excellence—terseness, the distinguishing characteristic of the consummate artist of to-day, whose sole aim is to represent the Idea.

In a paper of this length it is hardly possible to touch even in the most meagre manner on a few of the more salient points of a very large subject, a subject which would tax the powers of even a specialist like Mr. Saintsbury adequately to treat of, and I have left myself no space in which to disavow any intention of running my argument into the ground. On the contrary, I am more than willing to admit that a very large part of the excellences both of matter and style of England's younger masters of prose and poetry is autogenous. Nevertheless, a great literature is a great power, and it is open to no question whatsoever, not only that France has of recent years produced a great literature, but also that it is a literature from the influence of which no future writer can, or will willingly, be free.

ARNOLD HAULTAIN.

THOSE HAPPY EYES.

Those happy eyes! They seek love's throne  
In such strange, sweet, angelic wise;  
No princess lives but fain would own  
Those happy eyes.

Loves queries seek them, love's replies  
Spring from them (eyes, and eyes alone,  
Make half our "earthly Paradise").

And one whom chance had never thrown  
To love, might be repaid his sighs—  
His lonely life, by being shown  
Those happy eyes.

HUGH COCHRANE.

Montreal.

LONDON LETTER.

It would have been wise if the friends of the Czar had drawn the attention of His Imperial Majesty to a sketch which came out in *Punch* the last week in May. But this time no doubt the Censor of the Russian Press has blacked out the page, and over Alexander's portrait and the terrible scenes which surround the blindfold Emperor crouching on his throne, hangs an impenetrable curtain. We who saw the picture are never likely to forget it, I think, for of all Mr. Linley Sambourne's successes, this, in its truth and simplicity, may be reckoned the greatest.

And how many successes one remembers since Mr. Sambourne first began to draw for *Punch* in 1867! What delightful calendars full of intricate detail, what charming illustrations of all manner of subjects, grave and gay! Week after week pictures, giving pleasure to thousands, come from the studio on Campden Hill. Yesterday there is Mr. Stanley introducing a dusky maiden to John Bull; to-day the Leader of the House, his arms full, is endeavouring to escape the horns of that rampant animal, Opposition. . . . For nearly half a century the paper has been a necessity to most of us on a Wednesday morning. Its hale middle-age is a fine thing to see. Those ingrates, who perpetually lament the better days of long ago, should compare an early volume with one of, say, this year. There was once the great Leech, it is true, and none of the present members of the staff, brilliant as some of them are, can touch Thackeray's work or Douglas Jerrold's. Still, I take it, Messrs. Tenniel and Keene, Du Maurier, Sambourne and Furniss, can hold their own unabashed, and only to recollect that Mr. Anstey and Mr. Lehmann of "Granta" fame (to say nothing of the editor himself) are among the writers, should be sufficient to make one cease to grumble that to-day there is no successor to the "Snob Papers," or "Mrs. Caudle," or the "Naggletons" of Shirley Brooks. It is human nature to grumble. Someone told me the other day that *Punch* is no longer worth looking at, "for Leech is gone and all the dear old fellows," he said regretfully. At his elbow lay a copy of the paper in which even the unapproachable First Contributors would have found little to condemn, but, for him, *Punch* ceased to be six and twenty years ago when Leech died, and the different qualities of the modern *Punch* draughtsmen are consequently unknown qualities to my friend.

It's a charming studio drawing-room, filled to overflowing with pieces of furniture of the time of Louis the Sixteenth, where Mr. Sambourne has set up his easel. The windows look out in front on to the sunny hill-terrace, so quiet, it is hard to believe oneself in London. Stained glass in delicate colour forms a golden background to the figure of the artist as he stoops over his work in the inner room. Here and there the light shines on the brass mouldings and handles of the cabinets, on the bronze figure of Louis the Magnificent, on the quaint clock with its bowed supporters. But Mr. Sambourne, kind and cheery, attracts one's attention from the fascinating bric-a-brac, and I cease to take interest even in a screen once belonging to Queen Marie Antoinette, when my host is so obliging as to talk about himself.

Will you listen, too?

"When I was sixteen (says Mr. Sambourne) I learnt engineering with the Penns, the famous engineers. With them I remained five years. I was always fond of drawing, and one of my sketches was shown by young German Reed to Mark Lemon, then editor of *Punch*. As he thought well of the sketch, I began to contribute to the paper. My first published cut was a portrait of John Bright. Was taken on the staff after a time, and so, giving up engineering, I took to Art instead. I never studied in any school, and never had a drawing lesson. It is not often I use a model, as I find photographs (there are nine or ten thousand in the cabinets behind you) of such immense help, I have them of all sorts of people and nearly all are taken by myself. My man is very useful and sits sometimes for me. My model for John Bull is a giant of a country policeman whose acquaintance I have fortunately made. I have drawers full of portraits of celebrities, from the Queen down to the Radical M. P's.

"I am very fond of my work, but have no fixed hours for it. Sometimes I am idle for two or three days at a time, and then again on Fridays, when I have to send up my drawing, I often don't dine till eleven o'clock at night. I am not nervous and don't mind working with other people about me in the least. This is our general sitting-room. I could not shut myself up in a studio away from everyone as so many artists do.

"I don't often illustrate for anything but *Punch*, though now I am busy with pictures for a new edition of Hans Andersen's fairy tales, and over there is a drawing I made for a book written by Molloy called "Our Autumn Holiday," and which is an account of some delightful weeks he and I and two others spent in France, in 1874. The book had quite a success at the time and sells to this day.

"The subjects for the cartoons are chosen at the dinner, which, every week, on a Wednesday, all the staff attends. No stranger is ever admitted to this function. But once, long ago, Sir Joseph Paxton, of Great Exhibition fame, appeared, though why he came or who asked him has never yet been discovered."

Mr. Sambourne breaks off to show me a sketch for Andersen's "Little Mermaid" (by the way it is to be hoped that the new translator of these fairy stories will take as a model the translation of the 1855 edition; the two or three after that date have been vastly inferior), and then he opens a box which lies near the sketch and takes out a large wooden fan, ornamented in a curious and very original fashion, which he holds delicately and shows with great pride. No wonder, for on nearly every rib of the fan, famous artists have made characteristic pen and ink drawings, "and all are done by friends of mine," says Mr. Sambourne, as he points out the different little designs signed and dated by such men as Millais, Alma Tadema, Marcus Stone and Tenniel. When this elegant piece is finished it is to be set up in a glass frame on the inlaid cabinet. I have only once seen another like it, and that was at Mr. Du Maurier's stall at the Silver Fête. It was raffled for and won by a Mr. Meyerhuber, I think; and there were many speculations amongst the rest of the disappointed and envious ticket-holders as to what the German gentleman would do with his prize. What *did* become of it, I wonder?

As I am making a tour of inspection round the rooms, now looking at the brass inlaid piano, made to match the furniture (the Spanish mahogany for that piano the Broadwoods had had in stock 150 years), and now examining some beautiful little water-colours painted by an aunt of Mr. Sambourne's, so the artistic feeling may be said in this case to be inherited by my host, I am told so many interesting things it is hard to remember all. But I recollect, Mr. Sambourne said that in one of the cartoons of Gladstone, as Wellington at the head of the troops, he is in the exact uniform worn by the great soldier at Waterloo. Mr. Boehm, the sculptor, had been lent the costume by the present duke, and Mr. Sambourne, who is a connection of Mr. Boehm's, had it photographed. "I put on Wellington's cocked hat a few years ago, I tried on Napoleon's, the very one the Prussians picked up near Charlevoix after the battle. I was staying with Orchardson at the time he was painting his Napoleon picture. The Tussauds lent him the Emperor's uniform, so I have done a singular thing: I have worn Wellington's hat and Napoleon's, both of which had been in the smoke of Waterloo."

Evidently, a great pleasure to Mr. Sambourne is the fact that his daughter has developed talent for drawing, and is now going through a regular studio-training. We have so few women artists of any strength that the young lady will be welcome indeed, if she has in any way inherited her father's gifts of originality and humour.

To be a painter and have your hand well in, did not Thackeray say that was the height of human happiness? Mr. Sambourne's cheerful face testifies how completely the life he has chosen—chosen as far back as 1851, when at a remarkably early age he filled a sketch book, still carefully treasured—suits him. He is by no means a typical-looking artist, with that look of perpetual youth possessed by most smooth-faced, fair-haired men, that look of youth some happy souls keep all their days. He has also the appearance of living a great deal in the open air, and the last thing one would connect with him would be a drawing board and easel, and the first thing a hunting-crop and spears. Good-humoured and unaffected, it is a pleasure to see the pride with which he shows off his many charming possessions, and as we wander up-stairs and down-stairs, and in my lady's chamber, I wonder if there is any one more to be envied in his surroundings than Mr. Sambourne the *Punch* man. The fact that he is about to cut the best of the season and that for the next few weeks his address will be somewhere in Norway, Sweden, or the Baltic, seems to afford him supreme delight. The inequality in the human lot strikes me as simply appalling on a hot day in June in town, when one hears of such luck; and it is enviously, indeed, that I turn this afternoon from the kind door (on which is engraved in brazen letters that "Mr. Linley Sambourne is not at home," an announcement not made for friends, but for unfortunate strangers) into the sunny street. Well, after all, the Baltic may fall after a time, and Norway and Sweden don't look very interesting—on the map, whereas, London, even in the dog-days, possesses attractions which never, or hardly ever, fail.

WALTER POWELL.

#### A MODERN MYSTIC—II.

IN THE WEEK of the 6th June, it was sought to give the reader some idea of the personality of a remarkable man, who lives as Socrates lived, a heteroclit life, out of the beaten path; be he sophist, or fanatic, or dreamer, palpably a sincere sojourner on this whirling marble we call the earth. When the House of Commons rose, some departmental business detaining me at Ottawa, I determined to extend my acquaintance with this quaint and curious but earnest preacher of righteousness. I little thought how great, how startling the surprise that was in store for me.

His name is McKnom. He is descended from a Scotch Puritan stock, but for three generations his family have lived on the shores of the St. Lawrence. As a boy he used to swim over its broad bosom; hence, no doubt, his strong love for the shores of rivers, though the great beauty of scene which greets the eye on all sides from Parliament Hill, would of itself account for his early daily visits to a spot whence the eye can take in the plunging Cataract of the Chaudière, the lake-like expanses higher up the stream, the dark solemn outlines of those ancient Laurentian hills, the onward flow of the Ottawa, hurrying to join the greater river, and thence speeding to its goal, the sea.

I met him near the statue of Sir George Cartier, where, by a happy accident, we were joined by a gentleman well known to literary men as a thinker and a brilliant writer—Mr. George Helpsam. We walked to the pagoda, on the west of the main building, and seating ourselves, so as to command a view of the Falls, whose down-sweeping foam, like the bridal veil of a Fury, partly hides the terror of the enraged river, I expected he would say something regarding the noble landscape before him, but, to my astonishment, the first words he uttered, turning to Helpsam, were—"Have you studied Plato?"

"I have read Plato," he answered, "I dare not presume to say I have studied him—I am not sure I always understood him when I had time for such reading, and beyond holding him to be a great master of style I am doubtful if I appreciated him. He seemed to me a fanciful writer; an impractical dreamer in whom the Neo-Platonists found a great deal more than ever he intended; a literary man among philosophers, rather than a philosopher among literary men."

"You were," replied McKnom, "never, my dear friend, more mistaken in your life—and believe me if ever there was a time when Plato should be studied, aye and prayed over, it is this very time, and here in Canada, and not only in Canada, but in England. I am sure you have studied the history of Greece. Did you ever pay special attention to the times of Plato? To understand Plato, or any great writer who sets before himself the end of benefiting mankind, you must understand his age, and the errors and abuses he seeks to destroy. A man may read Butler's "Analogy," and follow the close woven chain of reasoning, but he will not fully understand Butler, unless he knows the Eighteenth Century. He should be familiar with the writings of the Deists, whose arguments Butler meets, and then what a flood of light is poured on his pages; and not only light but warmth, and arguments which seem heartless, such as that about the destruction of seeds, lose their repellence. Again to know the great work that Addison and Steele did for England, you must know their times, for they too were reformers. Now Plato is a reformer, and a reformer that looked so deeply into human nature, that his teaching, like the teaching of the Holy Scriptures, is applicable to all times and in all places."

"I am," said Helpsam, "quite aware there are startling correspondences between his teaching and the teaching of the New Testament, and that some of the Fathers regarded him as a Christian, born before his time. I have even read of a pious Catholic praying to the Platonic Socrates as

one of the Saints in the Catholic hagiology: *Sancte Socrates, ora pro nobis.*"

"And small wonder," answered McKnom. "But on the point you have raised, we may speak, my dear friend, at some future day. You are a politician—a noble thing if nobly lived—in fact the highest of all things, when truly discharged, as Plato saw and taught, as I can show, but full of peril; surrounded by temptations; crowded with difficulties; for the democracy, the *thērion*, as Plato would call it, almost forces its rulers to rule badly. All the writings of Plato point to his Republic, and the vile condition of the Athenian democracy, politically and socially, is the true commentary which elucidates the Republic. He saw in that democracy the *mega thremma* of man's disregard for law; a bad system of education; women holding a degraded position; scepticism eating its way into heart and mind. Pericles had beautified Athens and extended its material prosperity, but corrupted the Athenians, and the Sophists were completing the work, destroying the foundations of faith, shredding away all in which fixed principles could take root. Here in Canada, now you'll excuse me sir, there are the same sores and ulcers in the body politic, in our social life, in our system of education, which alarmed Plato, and Plato, so far from being a mere metaphysical speculator, aimed at practical results, aimed at reform, aimed especially at saving the young from the corruption around; for he saw what the Roman Catholic Church sees, that for most men, if you are to give them principles which shall control their actions, you must instil these principles when they are young, so that, in addition to the conviction of the intellect, they may be bound by the ligaments of habits, affection, association, prejudice even."

"But Grote says that the Republic of Plato would be worse than the Athenian Republic that was before his eyes."

(McKnom) "It is a shallow remark; it has never been tried."

"I think an attempt was once made."

(McKnom) "I was not aware of it—so was a theocracy tried. Plato was only a man. He may well have fallen into error in attempting to build up an ideal State, but we must look at his aim. Now I said, a moment ago, you cannot understand Plato unless you are familiar with the society he sought to benefit; I should have gone farther and said you must also realize that he looked on men not as highly intelligent animals; not as mortal perishing creatures, but as beings with immortal souls, and no one ever lived who realized more than he did, the thought of our blessed Lord, What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his soul? Plato believed that the great object of man's search should be truth; that God was truth; and that only in God could human society find a sure resting place, just as the ark of Noah lay firm, and calm, on the mountain-top while the winds-swept deluge, like the passions of unscrupulous men, howled and dashed around. How must such a man have regarded the Athenian democracy?—that democracy, politically a remorseless tyranny, ostracising and killing its best men, led by unprincipled and corrupt demagogues; its youth contaminated, their private lives stained beyond description, their noblest aim to seize power not for the public good but for self-aggrandizement. Where was the lion heart? Where the lordly reason of other days? Starved, emaciated and degraded, and the many-headed monster of its wild desires, *potukephalon thremma*, yelling round and rending it in tatters. Lysias, the favourite rhetorician of its golden youth, immoral in his life, immoral in his teaching."

He had grown a little excited and paused. After a little Helpsam said: "Yes; I remember that speech of his in the Phædrus. But all the Sophists were not bad; Protagoras, Epicurus even, were good men."

(McKnom) "Quite so; but that is often the case. The first teachers of false principles are men unexceptionable in their lives; but their principles bear fruits in others. Some of our own materialists and agnostics live externally decent lives; but their principles bear fruits in others and will bear worse fruit than we have yet seen. I hinted a moment ago at an analogy between our own times and those of Plato. Two things should be specially dwelt on—a zeal on the part of men who care nothing about religion, and of others who profess to care a great deal, to bring up our youth without religious training, as if you can take up any subject, anything, any relation, which, to a truly philosophical mind, will not suggest a supreme personal God. I don't care whether you describe the construction of an orange, or a hawk's wing, or a world; whether you think of man as a child, or husband, or father, or citizen; you have either to deal with a personal God, a supreme mind, or else construct a god or gods of your own fancy, a pantheistic or polytheistic force behind all. Closely connected with the vicious system of education at Athens was the development of a popular literature. Lysias was one of the founders of a kind of writing which abounds to-day, and his publications, of which there was an incredible number, my friend, Mackenzie Bowell, would not allow to enter Canada. But they were also akin to books which are permitted to come in—nay, some have held they were the germ of the modern novel, with its futilities, its trashy dialogue, its corrupting dalliance with certain ideas, its weakening influence on the mind."

"What analogy," asked Helpsam, with a smile, "is there between a speech and a novel?"

(McKnom) "What likeness is there between the young tadpole and the full grown bull-frog? Remember they wrote speeches not always for delivery but for reading

and on fictitious subjects. Fabricius mentions sixty writers who followed in the wake of Lysias, Polycrates amongst them and the worst of all. Under the early Roman Emperors the school rose to eminence. The subjects were either passages in history, or wholly fictitious, and often gross. Mere amusement was the end and aim. The step from such speeches to a story—a novel—was easy to men familiar with the Iliad and the Odyssey. But it is not a little strange, that a Christian bishop, Heliodorus, was the first who made the departure; his 'Æthiopica' is the first novel in prose. There is nothing in it unworthy a Christian or a bishop, but it is a love story, and relates the fortunes of Theagenes and Chariclea. The bishop had better have confined himself to his sermons and pastorals; his work was the inspirer, at least so far as form is concerned, of Achilles Tatius, Longus, Eumathius and other authors whose *motif* was, like that of the ordinary French novel writers, to gratify the erotic sentiment and whose influence like that of their modern anti-types was corrupting, especially to the young. Hence the romance of the middle ages, and by a clear genealogy the modern novel, which has at present reached a stage of imbecility that marks the nadir of vitiation in public taste.— But what I wish particularly to point out to you my dear young friend—

"I am not young," said Helpsam.  
(*McKnom*) "You are young as compared with me—I wish to point out the teaching of Plato as to the necessary connection between morals and politics unless the State is to go to ruin."

What this venerable man had to say on an equally important subject must be reserved for another article. Many, perhaps most, will not agree with all he said; but he said nothing which was not worth considering, and if it should lead some of THE WEEK's readers to examine the teaching of Plato afresh, that of itself will be a good.

NICHOLAS FLOOD DAVIN.

SOLITUDE: A SONNET.

ALONE we came here and alone must go,  
What if some spirit attend our ways unseen,  
And oft when danger threatens come between?  
It is but solitude except we know.  
Why is it we are ne'er contented so?  
That, weary, we must still to others lean,  
Or fly to books at least from them to glean  
That blest companionship by which we grow?

Solitude fits the beast whose world is pent,  
Within the circle of his low desires;  
It fitteth God, self-poised and self-content,  
Who all things ever hath and naught acquires;  
But man, in whom both low and high are blent,  
Must turn to others—for of self he tires.

MATTHEW RICHEY KNIGHT.

Benton, N.B.

ONE OF THE NEVADA WRITERS.

WHEN the *Overland Monthly* had printed Bret Harte's first and best stories, there came to its office an article from a strange and attractive genius in the midst of the sage-brush and sand of Nevada. He was a teamster—a man of surprising literary ability, who had a "silver-claim" somewhere in the desert, and lived near it with his family. He left them for weeks, at times, while he plodded beside his mules and high "washoe freight waggon," back and forth across the miles and miles of desolate country to the nearest railroad town. He wrote for the Nevada papers—all sorts of articles, grave, gay, sarcastic, denunciatory, imaginative, until his pen-name of "Single-line" became known to every reader in the Silver State, and to many beyond its borders. Nevada then, as now, was a place where no poor writer could gain a hearing. In fact Nevada, though politically the despair of the reformer, and often the most exasperating "pocket-borough" in America, has turned out a greater number of crisp, capable and pugnacious writers than any other region of equal population. They have made their mark in every city and every newspaper office in the country.

As it turned out "Single-line" was Dr. J. W. Gally, a lawyer, physician, miner, prospector, and frontiersman; and his first contribution to the *Overland Monthly* was a story in its way unique, and as much the result of pure genius working in the Nevada environment as Harte's "Luck of Roaring Camp" was the result of genius working with the material of the California mining camp. This story was "Big Jack Small," and it may be fairly said that it created the type of the teamster of the deserts of Nevada. No story ever received a more instant recognition. It sold every copy of that issue of the magazine, and was reprinted again and again. It made Dr. Gally's reputation, and, though he has never done anything better, he has done much that only the author of "Big Jack Small" could have done.

I have always held that Dr. Gally's eccentric and powerful genius has missed its adequate expression, and has failed to receive full literary recognition. He flung out sketch after sketch, as "Single-line," or over his own name, in hundreds of directions, that no man can trace, and on subjects of every conceivable nature—politics, theology, philology, Indian legends, and whatever took his fancy. He did some of his best work for the *Overland*, the *Californian*, and the *Argonaut*, but some of his most remarkable fragments were in the local newspapers of

Nevada, stories of men, stories of the desert, and the life of the frontier, apothegms, and glimpses of a philosophy as grim and strong as that of Carlyle. Dr. Gally's wife was a woman of fine literary taste, and it was undoubtedly during her life that he did his most finished work, though I am not able to say how much actual criticism and suggestion she was in the habit of making. The strongest point about him, when at his best, in this earlier work, was a power of throwing in a phrase that photographed the scene or the event, "once for all." His desert scenes have the sort of a place among word-paintings that Gerome's deserts have in art. One feels the vast reality, the desolation and monotony of the region; one feels that Gally has lived there in the midst of it, has brooded over its meaning, has grown into the very heart of its mystery, and like Bagarag, by whom Shagpat was shaven, is "Master of the event."

The old man lives alone on his ranch in Santa Cruz County, near the Pajaro River, a rich bottom-land farm that he bought when at last he "sold his silver mine." He settled down here some fifteen years ago. Here his wife died, and here he has stayed most of the time since, writing less each year, taking less and less part in affairs about him, but true as steel to his "old friends, old books," and old picturesque forms of thought. I first met him a few months after he bought this little place in the willows. It was July; the old man and his daughter were in the orchard packing apples; his son was in the trees gathering them. He told me about their life in Nevada, their journey to California, their delight in being where men could have gardens, and where the ocean was near.

One of his first remarks was: "Now you are a valley man, and I am a sage-brush fellow. This is all new country to me. Bought this orchard just so, and don't know one apple from another. Suppose you help me label them." Pretty soon the remark came out with twinkling eyes, "You know your apples as well as I know the bushes in my grandmother's door-yard in Virginia. Guess you can pass on that examination. Come in the house, and look at some books, and some Nevada ore, and see the cabin." An hour later he said: "Your horse is put up, and you must stay over night at my wickiup, which is Piute for shanty, all the same." Then he fell to telling stories, most of which he has never written out, and which no one else ever can. On the whole he struck me as being very nearly the best story-teller I had met in any part of California. As I have said, he knows the type that belongs to the sage-brush and sand region, and his stories were stories generally different from the pioneer stories of any other State or territory with which I am acquainted. For one thing, there was less exaggeration about them; for another, there was more humour and of a better sort. How much of this was the genius of Gally, and how much was Nevada atmosphere and the actual thing itself was of course impossible to determine. But Dr. Gally's own view appeared to be that the "Man of the desert" was a fellow with lots of "sand," and with a curious dry humour of his own, a fellow who went by himself, and "took in" everything by the way, and was American to the backbone; and lastly, that the particular beauty of his own stories was that they could only have been "developed" from their crude beginnings in such an atmosphere as Nevada. He once ended a soul-moving political story that would have been worth five hundred dollars to a man like Mark Twain, with the pensive remark: "That story represents twenty years of the unrequited labours of innumerable Nevada liars, whose humble and faithful chronicler I am. Perhaps I could pridefully point out a few variations of my own, but in the main the story represents an evolution. If it goes on it will be as much of a myth some of these times as the yarns the old Greeks used to tell around their camp fires."

Dr. Gally's fame as a writer must rest upon half a dozen short stories and sketches, all of them crude, but all strong and noble in conception. His heroes in these shorter stories are as much flesh and blood as Winthrop's mountaineers and his horses are as real as Winthrop's "Don Fulano." But when he took a larger canvass, and mingled society notes with frontier elements, his young Maydole with all his muscular Christianity, such as would have delighted the heart of Kingsley, lacked the sense of reality that is the best thing about "Big Jack Small," the silver-freighter of the Nevada desert.

CHARLES HOWARD SHINN.

THE plush, velvet, and silk hangings must go. Seats must be covered with smooth leather that can be washed off, carpets give place to rugs, to be shaken in the open air at the end of every trip—better still, abolished for hard wood floors; the curtain abomination must make way for screens of wood or leather, the blankets of invalids' beds be subjected to steam at a high temperature, mattresses covered with oiled silk, or rubber cloth that may be washed off, and, above all things, invalids provided with separate compartments shut off from the rest of the car, with the same care which is taken to exclude the far less offensive or dangerous smoke of tobacco; cuspidors half filled with water, and consumptive travellers provided with sputum cups which may be emptied from the car. It is not necessary here that the sole and only danger lies in the sputum. The destruction of the sputum abolishes the disease. When the patient learns that he protects himself in this way as much as others—protects himself from auto-infection, from the infection of the sound part of his own lungs—he will not protest against such measures.—Dr. I. W. Whitaker in the *American Lancet*.

THE PHILOSOPHY CLUB.

PHILOSOPHY in Canada? Certainly! Is there anything in a low thermometer or a high latitude to prevent it? Several concrete answers to this question exist in the shape of works of world-wide acknowledgment, such as those of Professor Schurman of Dalhousie, and Dr. Watson of Kingston on Kant, and the "Psychology" and "Solomon Maimon" of Clark Murray; and perhaps we may lay some claim to Romanes and Grant Allen, both leaders of British thought, and born in Canada. Another concrete answer, but of a more retiring description, is the little Philosophy Club, of Montreal.

Three years ago a few friends, who felt that it would be worth while to try such a study together, met at the house of a well-known lady and began. They believed that it would be pleasant to them even to merely talk and clear up their ideas about the questions of greatest importance in life—the nature of the world, the future of their souls, and the Powers that be. Accordingly, they agreed to take up the best modern thinkers and make their works the text for a fortnightly conversation. The circle was to be kept small, without being illiberal towards admissions. Only those were asked who felt a real earnest interest, not solely a desire for intellectual exercise, and least of all for a display of superiority. The group attacked first Kant's "Critique of Pure Reason." This very difficult book, when taken passage by passage, and discussed colloquially with attention, was found tolerably easy to comprehend, and the club was thus encouraged and justified. Taking it without any haste, nearly the whole winter passed before the "Critique" was laid down; and in comparison with it, the first three chapters of Herbert Spencer's "First Principles," the chapters containing the grand conclusions of that philosopher, were discussed. The next winter, Sully's "Psychology," was gone over chapter by chapter, and Fichte and Schelling were attacked, with several evenings on Plato, the Scholastics, Bacon, Descartes, Leibnitz, Hume, Berkeley and others. During the present winter a similar course proceeded, taking Hegel's "Logic" as the chief work; an evening was held on Jean Paul Richter, others on John Stuart Mill, T. H. Green, and so forth.

The results have delighted all those who have taken part. The meetings, which were held at the houses of members by turns until this winter, when they have been in the house of Mrs. John Lovell, have had very regular attendances, while the members showed, from first to last, a fascination for the study. When such a matter as Immortality, for instance, became the subject of discourse, the instruction got from combined information and suggestions on such a theme pleased and surprised all. One would produce James Hinton's "Life in Nature;" another the argument in Wordsworth's "Ode on the Intimations;" a third, the speeches of Addison's "Cato," and "Hamlet"; another would treat the matter from the point of view of Hegel, or Richter, and of course the Christian idea had its share of discussion. The club organization was of the mildest character, no officers being appointed. The only rules were to punctually attend at eight o'clock, to commence at once and continue work till ten, and not to speak during the two hours on any subject not in some way connected with philosophy. But the slightest connection with that subject, even a pun, or a personal anecdote about a philosopher, is considered sufficient. Usually a portrait of the great author of the evening is produced. As to the *personnel*, it has always consisted of five or six ladies and four or five gentlemen. An occasional visitor was introduced from time to time.

I think it is not too much to say that, even should the evenings soon come to an end, of which there is no present sign, the members of this society will remember these conversations and studies all their lives as having been a marked mental stimulus and personal satisfaction; and that they look upon their lives and the universe with larger, clearer views. The difficulties of studying philosophy, for practical purposes of life, disappear by this method, for persons of fair intelligence. It is desirable for the good of our beloved country, that all its higher interests should be organized, nor is it at all unlikely that out of such organizations, humble though they seem, may come a share of the thinking that now and then turns the course of the world. The students of philosophy will always be comparatively few; but if we create in Canada, by all kinds of such organizations, an atmosphere of intellectual endeavour and encouragement, we shall be reproducing the condition out of which the world's great movements have sprung.

Montreal.

ALCHEMIST.

THE RAMBLER.

LAST week, when my remarks upon the subject of summer outings were rudely cut short by the arrival of a precious packet, per English mail, of letters from two fortunate friends footing it in Gloucestershire and Somerset, I had been about inditing a paragraph descriptive of the difficulties we endure upon this side in the pursuit of summer journeys. That paragraph must ever remain unwritten, or if it stand, stand it will in a different manner from what was originally intended.

Yet, I like at times to endeavour to convince my Canadian readers that there is nowhere anything so comfortable, so easy, so pleasant, so instructive, as a gentle sauntering from village to village, from town to town, from hamlet to hamlet, along ivied lanes and across "half

a hundred bridges" in the beautiful England we all love so well. For my part, there is so much monotony in our long water-trips, land trips, across-the-continent-trips, that I often look forward with dread to the coming and the going, which precede and follow after all our much vaunted summer excursions.

As many Canadians visit England now annually, and as many more look forward to doing so in the future, may I venture upon a few suggestions as to ways and means, also the places to be visited? Different tastes, other pursuits will intervene of course, and my suggestions are only a few among many, but they may not come amiss to those who incline to the less beaten track, who aim not at being placarded tourists, but amiable and enthusiastic worshippers. Do you recollect what Lord Bacon says of objects to be seen during travelling in a new country? "The courts of princes . . . the courts of justice . . . the churches and monasteries . . . the walls and fortifications of cities and towns, and so the havens and harbours; antiquities and ruins; libraries, colleges, disputations and lectures, where any are; shipping and navies, houses and gardens of state and pleasure . . . armouries, arsenals, magazines, exchanges, burses, warehouses, exercise of horsemanship, fencing, training of soldiers and the like; comedies, such whereunto the better sort of persons do resort; treasuries of jewels and robes, cabinets and rarities, and to conclude, whatever is memorable in the places where they go."

Illustrious Lord Bacon, who has condensed it all for us into one long but succinct period! Can one—a poor paragraphist, a humble column-spinner—improve upon it? Scarcely, and yet one or two things come before my mind's eye so distinctly, so assertingly, as I write, that I will even apologize to my Lord Keeper of the Great Seal and touch lightly upon them.

I think that among England's myriad monuments, there is not one more wonderful nor impressive than Stonehenge. Yet the average tourist rarely sees it. Indeed, I have reason to know that a great many travelled and well-informed people, who would scorn to be named in the same breath as the average tourist, do not think of going to see it. But it thrives all the better for their neglect. May the day be long distant when Salisbury Plain shall be gay with improvised booths and floating flags! Because of its solitary grandeur and its unparalleled dignity, I put it on the same plane as Niagara. People talk and book-makers write such hackneyed stuff about England's being "just like a garden," all tied up into hedged squares, and enamelled meadows, complaining of the lack of breadth and grandeur. It is because they only see it from the window of a railway coach, that they talk and write thus. Go to Salisbury, hire a fly, and man, of course, to drive you, and try whether the great horizon-bounded expanse of the treeless Plain, and the magical appearance against a distant gray or orange sky of those hoary stones be trivial or not. Yes, see Stonehenge, by all means.

Among cathedrals I suppose Canterbury is the most historically important, but then everybody goes to see Canterbury. Choose one not so generally known. I will tell you of one which is every whit as interesting and beautiful, and that is Wells. You do not hear very much about Wells Cathedral because of the comparative remoteness of its location, but it is one of the most striking and picturesque of all England's great churches. There you will see the quaintest little towns (I bought a very handsome pair of piano candlesticks there, by the way, of a pattern ecclesiastical enough to satisfy Pusey himself, and which pleased me better than all the ones I had seen in the London shops) with the ancient waters or gutters still running by the sides of the streets, with a real moat and draw-bridge, and the great white facade of the cathedral looming up snowy and spectral. Then the beauty and delicacy of the superb inverted arch, the delicious shady walk along the moat, the gardens of the green, green Close and the summer-house where one of our sweetest hymns was written. I do not think one could name a more typical corner of Old England than this venerable minster and its picturesque surroundings.

The quality of the shops in these tiny towns, too, is a source of wonder to tourists. In Bath, for example, there are really notable shops full of first-class articles which tempt even the London eye and hand—although far be it from me to call Bath a tiny town. But I went from Wells to Bath by some indolent transition, suggested, I think, by the fact that Swinburne's wordy effusion lies open upon my desk. You know it, I suppose.

Girt about with beauty by days and nights that creep  
Soft as breathless ripples that softly shoreward sweep,  
Lies the lovely city, whose grace no grief deflowers.  
Age and grey forgetfulness, time that shifts and veers,  
Touch thee not, our fairest, whose charm no rival nears,  
Hailed as England's Florence of one whose praise gives grace,  
Lander, once thy lover, a name that love reveres;  
Dawn and noon and sunset are one before thy face.

Well, the average man will see little of all this if he go to Bath, but he may see, if he go there, a fine abbey, and one of the finest Roman remains in Great Britain. I see the colour of that green water yet, and the pale green stains on the stone steps leading down to the apparently eternal fountain!

I regret very much that I did not see, last week, the representation of Tennyson's "Idylls," as the characters we all know so well passed along the city streets in full panoply and accoutrements. To have seen a Toronto Lancelot and Arthur, possibly a Parkdale Guinevere, and

a Grand Opera House Geraint, would have assisted so greatly in the proper comprehension of these noble poems. I missed the procession, but I read an account of it next morning "in the papers." We must give the palm to Toronto for intellectual appreciation after this. We have no Canadian heroes, of course, no Canadian history to celebrate, or anything like a nationality to express, so we fall back upon the Arthurian legends. So fitting!

### A REMINISCENCE OF KABUL—1842.

FROM A DECEASED OFFICER'S JOURNAL.

NOV. 1.—How cool and refreshing is the evening breeze after the sickening heat and anxieties of the day. As I turn the leaves of this journal each evening, it often occurs to me that some one else may speak the epilogue. Well—*che sara, sara*, as friend Avitabile says. I suppose we could hardly be in worse plight, at least if the engineer-in-chief is to be believed. Sir William Macnaghten has again and again declined better positions, and for some inscrutable reason has refused the Commissariat a place within Cantonments. What criminal folly! and just to please a crafty native prince.

Nov. 3.—In spite of our worse than bad position we all think that with prompt action we can be extricated. But with the usual tardiness and blindness which has cursed us throughout the campaign opportunity is allowed to slip by, and we, if I mistake not, shall realize the old school proverb, *Horæ pereunt et imputantur*.

Nov. 4.—The furies are on our track to-day: about 15,000 Afghans and Afridis have occupied Fort Muhammad and cut off Warren with the Commissariat from the Cantonments; unless relief is sent at once Warren and the stores will be lost. 7 p.m.—Warren has gallantly fought his way in; all the stores are lost.

Nov. 5.—M— led a storming party of his Jezailchis this morning against Fort Muhammad, took it, but was obliged to retire through the overpowering numbers of the enemy. In the storming of the Rickabashi Fort an incident has occurred which will show the Afghans the temper of a British soldier. The stormers of the 44th regiment missed the gate and therefore set to work to blow in a side wicket into which Col. Mackerill and a few men forced themselves. Suddenly a body of Afghan cavalry charged the remainder and a general *sauve qui peut* ensued; the few inside the fort were slaughtered, and Lieut. Bird and another officer retreated into a stable, the door of which they barricaded. There they stood at bay, probably for twenty minutes, keeping up a deadly fire, and when the fort was taken by the reinforcements the two were discovered grim and deadly in death having only five cartridges left, but surrounded by thirty-five dead Afridis.

Nov. 22.—Little thought that I should ever pen another line. Constant fighting for the last 18 days; attacked Behmaru, but to no purpose except to employ the men.

Nov. 25.—On 23rd, Shelton's brigade again attacked Behmaru as our supplies are drawn thence. For some inexplicable reason instead of assaulting immediately he formed his brigade in squares exposed on the brow of a small hill to a galling fire for seven hours. No wonder the men lost heart. About noon the fire became so hot that Col. Oliver ordered a charge, but not a man would follow him. Shelton tried in vain to induce them to fix bayonets. In the middle of it Afghan cavalry charged the square and the latter broke. The field artillerymen died at their guns like heroes. Shelton rallied his men with difficulty but wouldn't retire, whereupon it is said Oliver shrugged his shoulders, saying, "There'll be a general run to Cantonments immediately and as I'm too fat to run, I had better get shot at once." He exposed himself and was hit almost immediately, and mortally. The square then broke again and had it not been for gallant Colin Troop dashing to Cantonments for a body of infantry and a mountain train, a general massacre would have ensued. Even plucky old Elphinstone, sick as he is, went out to endeavour to rally the men. Some one or other is constantly performing a feat of individual heroism. On 23rd a sergeant named Mulhall, of the Bengal Horse Artillery, with six gunners and his gun was cut off from the retreating brigade. Seeing their plight they limbered up in a trice and dashed down hill at a gallop cutting their way by sheer impetus and audacity through a crowd of at least 2000 Afghans. Four of them were desperately wounded and are dying; the gun is safe.

Nov. 27.—Pottinger and Haughton have just come in from Charekar in sad plight. For eight days they defended the fort, but at last the Mahomedan sepoys mutinied and attacked Haughton while Pottinger was asleep. Haughton's wounds are terrible—right hand cut off, shoulder and left arm gashed, and all the muscles on left side of neck severed so that his head hangs forward on his right breast. The sepoys then deserted in a body. At night Pottinger mounted and placed Haughton on a horse with two faithful servants, one on each side, to hold him up and a cushion under his chin to support the head and in this plight they have come 40 miles as the crow flies. A gallant bugle-major who was too badly wounded to travel said he would crawl to the bastions and sound the morning bugle to deceive the enemy around, in which he must have succeeded.

Dec. 10.—Matters seem to be drawing to a climax. Akbar Khan has been in constant communication with Sir William Macnaghten, and has proposed a conference. It is rumoured that Akbar is having difficulty with the different

Sirdars\* and wishes to conciliate Sir William. One never knows how much to believe when an Afghan speaks.

Dec. 26.—All is arranged; Akbar and Sir William are to meet outside the city. Akbar offers to allow the British to remain eight months longer to save their honour (for-sooth), and the "Feringhis"† to subdue the other tribes and then to evacuate the country of their own accord. For this precious piece of treachery he wants † 40 lakhs of rupees down and 4 lakhs annually during life. It sickens one to deal with such *canaille*. Sir William has actually consented and has signed a paper to that effect. I don't feel assured as to the result of all this.

Written 14 months after, on being released from captivity.

About noon on 27th December, Sir William, Captains Trevor, Lawrence and I set forth on that fatal expedition. We had arranged that two regiments should be kept under arms with two field guns. It is curious that as the Envoy approached the great gate he remarked that death seemed preferable to the anxious life he had hitherto lived. I do not think, however, that he had any suspicion of Akbar's treachery. At the gate Sir William remembered that he had promised a charger to the wily Sirdar and sent me back for it, and on rejoining them I found that the field escort had halted, and the envoy, with Trevor and Lawrence, had advanced towards the fort of Muhammad, the scene of so much desperate fighting. At this time we were about a quarter of a mile from the bastions. Here were some hillocks, and on these carpets were spread, the snow being light, and Akbar, who had arrived with a considerable retinue, sat down to converse with poor Macnaghten. I felt a queer kind of presentiment and it was with great reluctance I dismounted and sat down to talk with an old acquaintance of mine, an officer of the Kabul native police. Just then I heard Akbar ask Sir William if he were ready to carry out his agreement of the night preceding. Sir William replied, "Why not?" Some commonplaces followed and Akbar commenced to handle a pair of pistols given him by the Envoy. Meanwhile Lawrence had pointed out that contrary to arrangement we were gradually being surrounded by armed men and the Sirdars affected to drive them off but Akbar shouted in Pushtu, "No matter; they know all." On turning round to speak to my Kabul acquaintance I heard Akbar yell "Bigir—Bigir" (seize, seize) and wheeling rapidly beheld him grasp poor Macnaghten by the left arm, discharge rapidly both pistols into his body and dragging him down the hillock by the aid of another Sirdar sabre him with a tulwar. Trevor was cut down instantly. Lawrence was dragged roughly past me and had it not been for my native friend I had not been alive to write these words. All was over in an instant.

### CORRESPONDENCE.

THE MAPLE LEAF.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—It is now said that the Maple Leaf was adopted as the Canadian Emblem in 1860. I find the enclosed "Lay" in the Canadian Annual, "The Maple Leaf," for 1849.

Toronto, July, 1890,

O beauty glows in the island Rose,  
The fair sweet English flower,  
And Memory weaves in her emblem-leaves  
Proud legends of Fame and Power!

The Thistle nods forth from the hills of the north  
O'er Scotia free and fair,  
And hearts warm and true and bonnets blue,  
And Honour and Faith are there!

Green Erin's dell loves the Shamrock well!  
As it springs to the March sun's smile,  
"Love, Valour, Wit" ever blend in it,  
Bright type of our own dear Isle!

But the fair forest-land where our free hearths stand,  
Tho' her annals be rough and brief,  
O'er her fresh wild woods and her thousand floods  
Rears for emblem "The Maple Leaf."

Then hurrah for the Leaf—the Maple Leaf!  
Up, Foresters! heart and hand;  
High in heaven's free air waves your emblem fair,  
The pride of the Forest-land!

GLADSTONE AND THE AMERICAN CIVIL WAR—II.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—In my first letter hereon in THE WEEK of July 4th, I showed that it was reasonably certain that the fact of Gladstone's father having been a slave-owner, and also himself having in parliament stood up as the champion of the slave-owners, for what he then called "honourably and legally acquired property"—and heatedly denouncing as "excessive wickedness any violent interference" with slavery—greatly influenced his opinion on the Civil War and led him to side against the North. Of late years there has been a growing disposition in the Old Country, mainly brought about by that politician who has raised falsehood to the position of one of the fine arts, to misrepresent or deny the plainest facts. It has been contested by some that Gladstone's father was a slave owner and received, as such, compensation on slavery being abolished.

Although the average paid for the 800,000 slaves—men, women and children—was £25 per head, yet in some

\* Tribal chiefs. † Europeans.  
‡ \$1,500,000 down and \$200,000 per annum.



JULY 11th, 1890.]

colonies higher sums were given, notably in Demerara, where the Gladstone estates were located. It should be noted that freeing the slaves in South Africa, and the vigorous endeavours to prevent any revival or extension of slavery there, has been one of the principal causes of the British troubles and wars in that region, including the Boer War. The sum paid to free the slaves was £20,000,000, but if we add to that the cost of some of the South African wars, and the keeping on foot for very many years a squadron on the west coast of Africa to prevent the slave trade being carried on, also the incidental outlays connected therewith, the total pecuniary cost to Great Britain of its endeavours to terminate slavery has amounted at the very least to £40,000,000.

The official statement of compensation to the elder Gladstone, see vol. 48 of the parliamentary papers for 1838, page 121, is as follows:—

Date of Award	To whom payment was made	No. Slaves on 3 estates	Amount paid
Nov. 30, 1835	John Gladstone	820	£47,443 14s. 6d.

The average price per head was £57 17s. 1d. This number includes women and children. Seventy-one men having been sacrificed on one of the estates (Freedom Hoop), as charged by the missionaries, shows a terrible mortality.

There was another estate where he and two others were joint owners—the number of slaves being 393, and the sum paid was £20,011 2s. 7d. If we assume that his interest therein was one-third—this added to the other sum will show that he received a total of £54,114 2s. 0d. as compensation. In addition he was to have their labour as apprentices for several years to come. The elder Gladstone was a Liverpool merchant and shipped the produce of his slaves' labour to that part. He therefore had two profits, namely, the profit of the planter who sold his produce where it was raised, and also the merchant's profit on the shipment to England. He must in the two capacities have received a net return at the very least of 8 per cent. on his slave capital. This would amount to an annual net income of £4,329 derived from his slaves, and that for many years; receiving also at the conclusion £54,114 as compensation, yet still retaining the land and buildings, which mainly derived their value from slave-labour.

Although W. E. Gladstone was not the eldest son, yet intellectually he was the greatest, and was duly provided for by the father, so as to be able to pursue at his ease the political career marked out for him. There is no doubt, therefore, that a portion of his wealth has been derived from slave labour.

It is worth while to note that his father was partly to blame for much of the Jesuitical cast of mind for which the son has always been reproached—especially by the old school of Radicals, while he was yet a Conservative. The parent, wishing to develop the mental astuteness of his sons, used to start subjects for discussion at his table, and pit the brothers, one against the other in argument, he acting as umpire or judge. In these friendly contests the future statesman excelled. He has always had a great fluency of speech; abounds in sonorous and florid common-places; has great magnetic power, and is very persuasive. One consequence of those argumentative tournaments was that the seeking for truth was lost sight of—practically they became a mere seeking for victory—with a partial judge, whose antecedents qualified him far better for making money than for seeking for or valuing the truth. Much national harm has resulted from this injudicious training of the embryo statesman.

But in fairness it should be stated that when Peel advocated the repeal of the Corn Laws, Gladstone was one of the 112 Conservatives who patriotically voted for the measure—although his father was opposed to the step. On the other hand he has always as a politician been eager to invest in a rising market, or what he thought to be such, and to avoid a falling market. Truth-seeking for the sake of truth only was never his forte. There is no doubt that when Peel brought in his free-trade measures the majority of the people was on his side. From that time forth the free-trade feeling has steadily increased in power. Therefore Gladstone's forecast of a rising market in that instance was correct.

In my next letter I propose to show the injury that would have been done to Canada, as well as to Great Britain, had Gladstone in 1862 been Premier instead of being subordinate to Palmerston. Also the light his actions at that time throw upon his recent practical attempt to disrupt the United Kingdom by undoing the work of ages. It is not insinuated that he purposely meant to break up the Union of Great Britain and Ireland, but, as Mr. Goldwin Smith has pointed out, that he, as a statesman, greatly lacks the power of comprehending the consequences likely to result from any course of action that he may propose or adopt.

Yours, etc., FAIRPLAY RADICAL.

#### THE COMPETITION OF CAPITAL.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—The socialists and anarchists favour the use of violent measures to level down the inequalities of society; they are the genius of destruction organized to resist legalized injustice and oppression; and the building-up principle occupies a secondary place. It is just a century since the church property and that of the old nobility of France were handed over to the communists to be redistributed

for the benefit of the public. But how long did the new disposition of wealth hold? It speedily fell back into its accustomed channels and the labouring masses soon found themselves again at the foot of the ladder, and forced to shoulder their old burdens. If, however, these societies lack regenerative power, they at least are a standing menace and warning to the privileged classes that prompt action must be taken to relieve the pressure. Nature does not favour violent changes, but carries on the work of life and decay side by side; the new wood is being formed while the old branches of the tree are left to decay at leisure. In the same manner should social improvements be made, to be lasting. The existing unfair distribution of wealth has been made and protected by laws and usages to which the public have consented; and any change for the better must be looked for in a principle which will effectually prevent injustice in the future and as certainly wipe out the iniquities of the past, as the income from property falls below the taxes it pays, when it distributes itself.

To a sound political economy has been entrusted the powers of re-organization, and it is for us to discover what really constitutes the vital bond of economic society. No light is afforded by writers who invariably confound capital with wealth and even with credit. Ricardo, an accepted authority, defines capital as "that portion of wealth employed in the industries," but that is unsatisfactory, as the two ideas are distinct from each other. Wealth is the unconsumed products, manufactures, and improvements; while capital is the value of the wealth, and is as variable in quantity as the changing market. It is the duty of legislation to discriminate between capital and wealth, while credit may be left to take care of itself. In this view of the matter capital is the just distributor of wealth, when competition bears on it as on all the commodities.

I shall now show, by reference to the trade of Canada, how competition of capital is prevented, and how a necessary tool of industry is perverted into a heavy tax.

Banking law is not a capital law, but is speculative to the extent that depositors are not secured by adequate reserves. The business of discounting commercial paper made on the sale of imports is the chief source of profit, but it is the means of stimulating the importation of foreign goods in excess of exports, and the country is constantly committed to debts which have to be paid by the exporting of its capital. The debt all told, according to the *London Economist*, is six hundred and seventy-five million dollars, every dollar of which was paid away for these unnecessary excesses, incurring twenty-five millions of annual interest. Competition of capital is made impossible by such a law; and further, these unnecessary importations of foreign goods cause fierce competition among merchants, and certain bankruptcy. To have competition of capital and prosperous industries, as well as good wages to employees, the banks should be authorized to do business in proportion to capital, when the foreign trade would become legitimate, and the accumulation of capital would cause the rate of interest to fall to the lowest average.

F. GALBRAITH.

Port Hope, July, 1890.

#### TEARS (RECIPE).

A LITTLE hope you've learned to crush  
A joy that's turned to woe,  
A little love that some one spurns  
A heart tossed to and fro;  
A little dearth of gladness, then  
Dilute with—H<sub>2</sub>O.

ALME.

#### ON HYPNOTISM.

THE history of hypnotism forms part of the history of the marvellous in human existence. Any one may satisfy himself of this by reading the special books on the subject; the scope of this article does not allow me to lay any further stress upon it. In reality hypnotism is found under different names at all periods of history, from the incantations of the ancient Egyptian magicians down to the fascinations of Mesmer and the investigations of Braid. These two persons began to separate the wheat from the chaff, and went far to show what there was that was real and truly scientific in that series of fanciful practices, bordering on witchcraft, which, under the most varied aspects, have troubled the minds of the credulous, who are always prone to swallow marvels.

Modern hypnotism owes its name and its appearance in the realm of science to the investigations made by Braid. He is its true creator; he made it what it is; and above all, he gave emphasis to the experimental truth by means of which he proved that, when hypnotic phenomena are called into play, they are wholly independent of any supposed influence of the hypnotist upon the hypnotised, and that the hypnotised person simply reacts upon himself by reason of latent capacities in him which are artificially developed.

In order to produce these new conditions which have attracted attention in so unexpected a manner, Braid conceived the idea of physical action upon the eye, producing, by the use of some bright material held at a distance of ten to sixteen inches off, a definite condition of fatigue in the retina and the ocular muscles; and this fatigue of

itself induces a kind of pseudo-sleep, marked by peculiar characteristics which make up the different phases of hypnotism. By the help of this simple process, and applied to suitable persons, Braid managed to evolve a series of nerve phenomena which, though isolated and disconnected, nevertheless constitute the fundamental types, so admirably arranged and thoroughly understood, which we now have. Moreover, he had a vague conception that they had something to do with an evolutionary process. "Hypnotism," he says, "does not comprise only one condition, it is rather a series of different points, capable of infinite variety, extending from the lightest dreams, in which the natural functions are intensified, to the profoundest state of coma, from which the conscience and the will are completely absent." In another place he speaks with more detail about hypnotic coma. We are right, therefore, in saying that he foresaw and described the different phases of hypnotic phenomena, both the lethargy, which he calls coma, and the state of catalepsy and of somnambulism, which he has described in very clear language. He also perceived the infinitesimal effect of a current of air passed over the surface of the skin of persons experimented upon during the period of catalepsy, and their gradual passage from a state of somnambulism to a state of awakening. Moreover he points out that by tickling the subject—the equivalent in his mind of passing a current of air over the skin—he succeeded in causing the underlying muscles to move, and that by this means he could make a person bend his hand or lift his arm; and then, by influencing the opposite muscles, make him stretch out his hand and fingers and drop his arm. He also made the discovery of the remarkable fact, that when one set of muscles has been set in motion by a given influence, and has remained for some lapse of time in the same posture, the application of apparently the same exciting cause will produce the opposite result. "If a muscle is at rest, it moves; if it is moving it becomes inactive, and that, too, when the same cause is applied." This is a fact which is well known to any one of us in daily practice, when, for instance, by a slight touch applied to the surface of the forearm, and the help of a gleam of light from a piece of gold or silver, we cause the subjacent primary muscles of a hypnotised patient to contract. Thus, too, as experience increases, we find out that a contraction caused by a piece of gold is not destroyed by the presentation of a piece of silver to the opposite muscles, and that the exciting cause which acts specifically in producing the contraction must be of the same nature in order to release it.

Great surprise is caused in the study of the phenomena of hypnotism, on the one hand by the rapidity of its manifestations and on the other by the sudden disturbances which supervene on many activities of the nervous system, by reason of which we see them fade away before our eyes, disappear, and rise again elsewhere. Thus, if we remark that sensitiveness disappears at a given moment—in the lethargic stage—from the surface of the skin and the mucous membranes, we see that by a sort of compensation the optic nerves become extremely sensitive, while muscular development presents phenomena of extraordinary hyper-excitability. In the region of psychical action properly so called, if the operations of conscious activity are annihilated, the manifestations on the other hand of the emotional region rise to a pitch of marvellous intensity. We say then that the chief characteristic of a state of hypnotism is that the nerve currents lose their normal equilibrium. Just when the nervous forces appear to be extinct they spring up elsewhere with an extra-physiological intensity, and the experimentalist develops thereby new conditions and unwonted relations between the different regions of the nervous system, and reduces the patient to a condition which is known as the extra-physiologically morbid.

With regard to the instantaneousness of hypnotic manifestations nothing is more striking than that which occurs daily in our hospitals when the patients are sufficiently overcome. A patient arrives full of life, in complete contact with the external world: he talks and laughs gaily; but if we only make him fix his eye on a definite object, lay our fingers lightly on the balls of his eyes, gently press the lobe of his ear, and make him hear a slight noise, we at once bring him to a state of utter annihilation both as regards his faculties and his motive power. He falls on the floor in a state of coma, thunderstruck, so to speak, and simply lies there like an inert, flabby, senseless mass, utterly dead to the touch of the external world. He is no longer his own master and is at the mercy of the hypnotiser who controls him. This is perhaps the most striking picture which comes across us in these studies and which proves the genuineness of the manifestations.

To proceed: let me now point out how the nerve currents lose their equilibrium. What will happen to this patient whom we have just seen stricken down in an utter lethargy? We open his eyelids, we cause a flashing light to penetrate right into his eyes; the light passes into his brain and proceeds to cause special kinds of activity and to illuminate certain special departments of the brain. A new condition is now produced, the condition of catalepsy. This condition is marked by the pre-eminence of optical impressions which exercise absolute sway over all those activities of the nervous system which are aroused. The patient's eyes are wide open, fixed and motionless; the pupil is especially affected. His excessive power of sight reaches such an extraordinary pitch of acuteness that if we cover his eyelids with a layer of cotton wool and then put a newspaper in front of his eyes, we are

amazed to see that he can read it, no doubt through some tiny crack imperceptible to us. Suppose we show to him, behind a wooden screen one-fifth of an inch thick, balls of coloured glass, calculated by their colours to arouse in him different emotions; the usual faculty is so super-perceptive that the patient feels through the screen the different vibrations of light and reacts correlatively. Show him, for example, behind this screen a blue ball, he will exhibit signs of sadness; show him a yellow one, and he will be all gaiety and hilarity, and so on. And at the same time with this extra-physiological development of his optic nerves, we remark that the movements of the cutaneous teguments and of the mucous membranes are utterly paralysed. On the one side we have riches, on the other poverty and complete loss of balance, experimentally produced in the distribution of sensitive nerve currents under the influence of hypnotisation. If we carry our investigations into the region of psychical action we find again disturbances of the same kind, the exaltation of certain faculties on the one side, and their extinction on the other. The same laws of repression and expansion which govern the evolution of these phenomena are to be found everywhere. In the period of catalepsy which follows the foregoing stage, if the sensitive nerves of the skin are in a state of absolute anaesthesia, on the other hand the emotional regions are proportionately liable to extraordinary excitement under the influence of various causes. If the patient sees a sketch of a merry face, he assumes a look of merriment, his features expand and he laughs heartily. If he sees a gloomy picture, he becomes gloomy and sullen and even bursts into tears. Coloured rays of light produce different kinds of feelings; so too do different substances when brought into contact with certain superficial nerves: and by this we recognize that some persons, endowed with a peculiar sensitiveness, are liable to develop in the sensorium emotional activities of a special kind, the principal types of which I have already reproduced by the help of photographs in one of my works.

The somnambulist phase which follows the two preceding presents again the same phenomena of loss of balance. In this condition, by the aid of a mechanical artifice, the patient has had the faculty of hearing bestowed upon him. So he speaks, he answers questions; his eyes being open, he appears to be in his normal condition; and yet here, too, he is utterly off his balance. While the realm of his consciousness and of his psychic personality is still torpid and dulled, other portions of his mental activity which we are accustomed to regard as the most characteristic sign of the presence of the mind—the faculty of speech, of reply, of converse with one's equals—reach a pitch of exaggerated exaltation. Memory and imagination display a wealth which no one ever suspected in the patient while in his normal condition. I once heard a young married lady who had listened to one of my lectures repeat the lecture several months afterwards in a state of somnambulism with the utmost accuracy, reproducing like a phonograph the very tones of my voice, using every gesture that I used, and adapting, too, in a remarkable way, her words to her subject. A year afterwards this lady had still the same capacity, and displayed it every time she was put into a state of somnambulism. And, extraordinary as it may seem, when once awakened she was utterly unable to repeat to me a single word of the lecture. She said she did not listen to it, she understood not a word of it, and could not say a single line.

Again, as a very curious fact in these hypnotic conditions, we may note the utter oblivion, the absolute lack of consciousness which the patients exhibit on awakening. They have not felt anything of the shock that has been given to their nervous system; and though they may have remained in the most tiring positions during the cataleptic period, though they have been made to take part as principals in robberies, murders, or arson, though all kinds of troublous feelings have been aroused in them, though they have been made to write, to give all sorts of fictitious presents, to make wills, sell goods, etc., when they recover consciousness they have no recollection of what has gone by. Their consciousness has been absolutely arrested, and all they have done has been simply the result of automatic action.

Since the discoveries of Braid, who exercised the power of hypnotisation by the help of a bright substance presented to the eyes, all subsequent authors have in greater or less degree followed the same lines. They have all dealt with the sensitiveness of the optic nerve, either by tiring it with a dazzling light, or by compressing it by a slight pressure upon the ball of the eye. Attempt has also been made to act upon the region of hearing; some patients are sent off into a state of hypnotism by a regular striking of the notes of the scale.

The sensitiveness of certain special nerves can also be laid under contribution. For instance, in certain hysterical persons who possess hysteria-producing nerves, one needs only to apply a slight touch to one of these nerves in order to induce a hypnotic state which usually is that of lethargy. In fact, we need only pinch lightly the lobe of the ear or the breast with our fingers, and we shall see the patients straightway stop talking, close their eyes, and sink back exhausted in a state of lethargy.

A suggestion made to one perfectly awake is also a process commonly employed in dealing with persons who have a tendency to hypnotism; the experimenter says to the patient, "You and I will count together up to six, and when we reach four you will be asleep." The effect follows the cause, and the experiment, if carefully managed, always succeeds. When the number four is reached the

patient closes his eyes, sinks back on his chair, and falls into a state of lethargy. All these methods can be indifferently applied when we have to do with persons who are overpowered, and are especially disposed to yield to the experiments of hypnotism, for it cannot be too frequently repeated that hypnotism does not control everyone; on the part of the patient to be treated there must be a special receptivity and a particular condition of his nervous system to allow him to undergo the treatment which is applied to him. Above all, he must yield readily and submit voluntarily to the treatment of the experimenter.

*My own Process.*—In view of the uncertainty and the frequent failures which accompany the use of brilliant substances, and particularly, too, of the sustained attention and the fatigue required to develop hypnotism in new patients, I conceived the idea of presenting the brilliant substance mechanically, instead of holding it in my own hands, giving it at the same time a rotatory motion in order to increase its influence. A patient required to keep his eyes fixed on bright particles which are revolving before him feels a sense of weariness after one or two minutes; he is insensibly fascinated, and to one's surprise one sees him gradually close his eyes and lie back in his chair, like a person falling fast asleep; he is then in the state of lethargy. Since I took to using revolving mirrors in order to produce hypnotic sleep I have never failed to be satisfied with the results. After two or three minutes patients of either sex who are operated on show themselves equally quick in feeling the effect, the young and the old alike. It can also be shown that this sleep, mechanically produced is not, as might be expected, a natural sleep, but, on the contrary, it is a peculiar kind of sleep, for which I suggest the term mechanical sleep. It brings about in the nervous system a very special condition, which is distinguished by a general anaesthesia of the integuments, a catalepsy of the muscles, and a tendency to act upon any suggestions made. The importance of the practical results of this new method, which brings about hypnotisation without fatigue and of prolonged duration, while it also enables one to subject several patients at once to the influence of hypnotism, is easily comprehended. Every day by its application I can have eight or ten patients in my laboratory, who are all hypnotised together by the influence of a single revolving mirror placed in the centre of them. There is also an extremely interesting point to be deduced from the use of this method, viz., that by being thus able to produce without difficulty a state of trance in a number of patients, the patients are brought to a special condition of the nerves, by means of which they become ready to accept other influences and to undergo therapeutic influence. By this means I have been enabled to bring about a series of valuable practical results, such as the stopping of sharp pains, the restoration of sleep to persons tortured by prolonged insomnia, the renewal of the powers of locomotion in paralytics, and, in short, a number of improvements of very distinct character and of long duration. Besides, I may say this in favour of the new methods which I have adopted, that out of two hundred patients actually brought under my notice, I have never observed a single accident. The process, therefore, is perfectly harmless, and, when employed with skill and prudence, I am thoroughly convinced that it can produce no harmful effects in the persons experimented upon.—*J. Luys in Fortnightly Review.*

#### A LEAF FROM MEMORY'S BOOK.

IN the *Scottish American* of the 4th June is a poem of such unusual merit that we desire to direct to it the attention of all lovers of poetry. The poet is a valued contributor to THE WEEK, Dr. J. M. Harper of Quebec, the well-known inspector of academies, and his subject is a description of a Sacrament Sunday as he saw it in boyhood's days, we presume, in his native district. The beauty of an Easter morn is drawn, the awaking of the inhabitants of a lowland vale sketched, the summons to church, the services, the close of day. While Scottish in sentiment and subject, the language is not Scotland's Doric, but in limpid English and with remarkable felicity of phrase, is the story told. The story is, of course, simplicity's very self, and its charm lies in the telling. The poet enters into the spirit of his subject, and in his sympathetic treatment of it lies the strength of the poem. He appreciates what he describes and describes fitly what he appreciates. A superficial reader would say the poem follows the lines of Burns' Saturday Night, but in the similarity of subject the likeness ends. The great characteristic of the poets of the Scottish school is their directness—their dealing with the concrete, their ignoring of the abstract. The introspective mood, the following of effects to their cause, the dallying with philosophic contemplation, none, from Ramsay to Burns, cared for. In this regard "Sacrament Sunday" is different, and in treatment is more akin to Herbert and Wordsworth than the poets named. In illustration take these lines:—

Oh Sabbath morn, the precious of the year,  
Thy sweetness maketh meek the landscape's face,  
And from the dews of prayer distills a tear,  
To scent the heart a chamber fit for grace.  
Where leads its course the Soul oft wisteth not  
When faith turns down the bridle-path of doubt,  
That winds about so oft a hapless maze;  
Yet, ere thy paschal chimes have died away,  
Truth's highway broadens as it finds the sheen of day.

On wing of dawn, new light illumines the soul,  
And wrestles with the evil creeping in;  
While conscience reads, alarmed, the memory scroll  
Of motives sabled by the breath of sin.  
Alas! how strength is weakness in the strife  
We find within the narrowness of life!  
How can we shrive the soul amid the din?  
Not till it seeks its foster-strength in love—  
Not till it finds, thro' faith, a wisdom from above.

Dr. Harper, however, can sketch a picture to life and with few strokes, as witness this description of what followed on the demission from the morning service:—

And then at length along the waking aisles,  
Solemnity apace, all wend their way—  
The younger first in haste for out-door wiles,  
The older soon to bid them mind the day.  
Friend greeteth friend in sober words and kind,  
A converse fitting for the day they find,  
While some, with miles to go, yet fain to stay,  
To hear at eve the stranger's eloquence,  
Have instant pressing welcome to their neighbour's spence.

In time dispersed, home duties them await,  
The interval delayed, thrift urgeth haste;  
Some seek the byres, some pass afield the gate,  
To seek report of flocks or straying beast.  
The housewife and her handmaids have their cares,  
As each her portion of the meal prepares;  
The auld man, thinking less to-day of waste  
Than plenty for his waiting guests, moves round  
To urge a sitting down, as soon as things are found.

As we cannot reproduce the poem we must give further taste of its quality. Here is a fine opening:—

The piety that scents thy glebe I sing;  
Thy purple hills whose silver mists unroll  
The waving gold of dawn; thy lowing plains  
And hawthorn banks and braes, where hamlet meekness  
reigus.

How truly does this verse describe the anxiety of the Scottish poor to appear "decent" on Sunday:—

The poor have little need for sumptuous laws,  
To bridle pride or love for dress impair;  
Yet hen the house the young folks seek their brows,  
That seldom ken as yet a week-day wear;  
If there's distress that thrift has never borne,  
How doubly poor's the thrift, on Sunday morn,  
That has no second well-kept garb to air  
In God's own house; and so both old and young  
Adorn themselves, as best they may, to join the throng.

This verse strikes us as touchingly beautiful:—

A blessing craved, as first the feast was blessed,  
The patriarch-elders pass the emblems round—  
The bread, the token of the world's unrest,  
The wine the token of redemption found.  
The frailties of the flesh each sad reviews,  
The covenant-pledges broken each renews,  
Still seeking good within—a higher ground.  
What is't to find? Can man e'er reach the goal?  
Is it to do or be that purifies the soul?

And so does this closing stanza:—

Our lives are God's, not ours to make or mar,  
Our loyalty is His, in country near or far,  
Our homes are His, within His commonweal;  
And lingering o'er the scenes of by-gone time  
Makes, more and more, both here and there, our lives sublime.

In an age, when so much spurious stuff is made to pass for poetry, we congratulate Dr. Harper in having given to the world a poem pleasing in subject, chaste in treatment, and ennobling in sentiment, and hope to hear of its appearance in the form of a booklet.—*Robert Sellar in the Canadian Gleaner.*

#### FLOGGED GENIUSES.

FIELDING tells us that there is in the library at Ratisbon a curious old Latin manuscript, which treats of the kicks and cuffs inflicted by various potentates of ancient times upon their statesmen and dependents—a dissertation which, probably, suggested to Tristan the Hermit, and some other compilers of curious items, the idea of recounting the indignities to which men of genius have, from time to time, been subjected. These records form a remarkable commentary upon the manners of past times—and of times not so very long past, either. Indeed, while reading them, it sometimes occurs to us that genius, in our own day, is neither altogether free from that erratic element through which it has so often fallen into the slough of abasement, nor has it unfrequently been subjected to the insolence of that patronage which, like the cat, carries sharp weapons concealed within its velvet paw.

Tristan, one day, heard an uproar, as of some terrible orgy, proceeding from the garden of a cabaret. On entering the garden, a strange scene met his eye. A company of strolling actors were holding high debauch there. Many of them were tricked out in their stage trumpery, and all of them were drunk, and they were carrying round in mock procession a young man most of whose clothes had been torn off him and stuck upon the bushes. They had daubed his face with streaks of paint, and his appearance was ludicrous and pitiable. Tristan, moved with indignation at this sight, asked what it meant. "This," replied one of the players, "is our poet, and we serve the lazy fellow thus, because he refused to join us in a game of bowls, preferring to occupy himself with his verses." The "poet" of these vagrant players was no less a person than Alexandre Hardy, who, although characterized by some wicked wit of the day as the Shakespeare of France, minus the genius of Shakespeare, is undoubtedly entitled to be looked upon as the father of the French drama. Hardy had sold himself, bodily, to the strolling troupe, and this is a sample of the life he led among them.

Voiture, in one of his letters, gives a graphic account of how he was tossed in a blanket by some of his playful

JULY 11th, 1890.]

## ART NOTES.

patrons. "It was after dinner on Friday last," says Voiture, with proper regard to details; "the blanket was produced, in spite of my remonstrances, and four of the strongest men in the neighbourhood were ordered to hold the corners of it. One thing I can swear to—nobody ever went so high as I did on that occasion, either before or since; nor, indeed, had I ever dreamed in my wildest visions of ambition that fortune would have elevated me to such a height. The last hoist they gave me sent me up among a flight of cranes, which were rather frightened at first, I think; but, on getting a nearer view of me, they evidently took me for one of those pigmies with whom the cranes, as you know, have been at war from time immemorial. And so they began to let drive at me with their beaks, until I felt as if I had a hundred swords thrust into me; and one of them, seizing me by the leg, followed me with such pertinacity that he did not let me go until I had fallen into the blanket. On the whole, I consider that the exercise was of rather too violent a nature, perhaps, for a person in such delicate health as I am."

This was in the seventeenth century. As time went on, we can trace a little improvement in the manners and customs of the day, of which the affair of M. De Boissat will serve as an example. This gentleman was celebrated for his acquirements, and, more particularly, for the facility with which he wrote Latin verses; he was, likewise, one of the first members of the newly organized French Academy, since so renowned. De Boissat had committed the indiscretion of speaking disrespectfully to the Countess de Sault, at a masked ball to which he went in feminine apparel. For this delinquency he was seized and caned by the servants of the count. But De Boissat was not the man to submit quietly to an insult like this; nay, he had even the bad taste to resent it. He was a man of position, however, independent of his literary reputation, and he had Richelieu to back him, besides. Yet, with all these advantages, it took more than a year of negotiation before De Boissat, the academician, could succeed in obtaining redress for the outrage perpetrated upon him. At last his influence prevailed, and his honour was satisfied. The flagellating retainers of the count were ordered to kneel before him, and a cane was put into his hands, to be used upon them as he might see fit. But it is stated that De Boissat had the magnanimity to be satisfied with the concession and that he did not use the cane.

Later than this, however, the man of letters, in France at least, was liable to have his back acquainted with the cane if he allowed his turn for satire to overlap his discretion. De Bautru, a well-known wit, and, like De Boissat, a member of the Academy, was flogged by order of the Duke d'Epéron, for having lampooned him. Some time afterward, one of the ducal satellites by whom the order had been carried into execution, seeing De Bautru pass, mocked at him by imitating his lamentations while under the rod. "By my word," said the discomforted wit, coolly, "that is a very remarkable echo. It has not done reverberating yet!"

Of all the poets to whom the cane was familiar, however, we believe that none can compare with Desbarreaux, who, it must be acknowledged, generally brought his indignities upon his own head. His practical jokes were many and vexatious, and he paid for them, accordingly. Once he was thrashed severely by a stalwart footman, whose wig he sportively knocked off as he was handing about a tray of refreshments. Again, he received a terrible caning at Venice, for the unpardonable act of lifting up the canopy of a gondola, and enacting the part of "Peeping Tom." He was also chastised for some impudent railery, by Villequier, who first threw a bottle at his head, and then gave him one thousand kicks, well told; and he was beaten nearly to death by some peasants of Touraine, who attributed to his scurrilous conversation a hard frost, by which their vines were nipped.

Coming down to the eighteenth century, we believe that there was no writer who could compete with La Harpe for the ribaldry of his lampoons, and the frequent chastisements received by him in consequence of them. One of his most pertinacious scourges was a certain M. Dorat, who, it was said, used to spend a round sum annually on carriage hire, in pursuit of La Harpe with hostile intents. This gave rise to the following facetious advertisement, which circulated at the time:

"A society of amateurs, having offered a prize last year to the person who should exhibit most skill in playing upon *la harpe*, this is to notify that said prize has been adjudged to M. Dorat. Next year, the same society proposes to give another prize to him who shall succeed in eliciting from *la harpe*, by means of a pair of drumsticks, the sweetest and most harmonious sounds."—*N. Y. Ledger*.

TRUSTWORTHY evidence has at last been obtained as to the thermal value of moonlight. Mr. C. V. Boys, one of the professors of South Kensington, by means of his well-known quartz filaments, has produced a thermopile of almost incredible delicacy. By this remarkable apparatus he can render sensible the heat of a candle up to the distance of a mile and three-quarters, and by directing the minute disc of the instrument to the moon he has shown that the warmth received from its reflected light is equal to that given out by a candle at twenty-one feet distance. Observation seems to show that, although the moon's face is under the blaze of an unclouded sun for fourteen days, it remains comparatively cool, and that whatever heating it does ultimately receive is rapidly gained and as rapidly lost.—*Court Journal*.

It seems that there is no likelihood of the quarrel among the French artists being made up. In spite of great concessions by the *Société des Artistes Français*, M. Meissonier and his following will not be conciliated, so the two *Salons* will be continued.

MR. G. F. WATTS, R.A., has shown rare good sense in no longer insisting on his rights as an academician to hang such pictures as he might enter, but has determined to submit, in future, all his works to the judgment of the hanging committee. It would, perhaps, be well if the rest of the R.A.'s would follow his example.

RESPECTING the book of letters by the talented etcher and painter, Mr. Whistler, the *Art Magazine* remarks: "The result is a pitiful record of paltry bickerings and petty ill-nature, which have occupied valuable time that might otherwise have been better spent in devotion to serious art. It is sad to see one of Mr. Whistler's talent show so little sense of dignity that he is ever content to stoop to spiteful, albeit sometimes witty paragraphs, not for his own enjoyment alone, but for the delectation of a *coterie* that may be not inaptly termed the *demi-monde* of art."

It is to be regretted that the honour done to the talented and rising young Canadian artist, Paul Peel, should have been belittled and made, to some extent, ridiculous, by the absurd exaggeration of its extent, consequent upon a misunderstanding of the telegram received by his father. It is sufficient to say that the medal received is the first that has been granted to a Canadian artist, and is an honour well worthy of record, if it does not make the recipient the equal of Constant and Meissonier.

OF the English R.A. Exhibition we read that while few pictures stand out this year as being superlatively above the rest in merit, the exhibition, as a whole, is considerably above the average, the general level being higher than ever; that, moreover, this is to be known as a landscape year, that class of pictures having received much the larger portion of the line space, while figure and history pieces are skied or otherwise retired into the back ground. It is stated, also, that there is an evident and increasing tendency to paint directly from nature, to throw traditions and conventionality to the winds, to ignore composition, and attend chiefly to securing correct tone and values. All this seems to mark the influence that is being exercised upon English art by the French school, although the motto on the title page of the catalogue is taken from Goethe: "The artist has a two-fold relation to nature: he is at once her master and her slave." The new theory that craftsmanship is the beginning and end of art, and subject, story, and human interest of little comparative importance, is one against which all but artists and *virtuosi* must sooner or later rebel. It is, perhaps, the natural results of and re-action against the old idea that story or subject is everything. Some day, perhaps, we shall arrive at the *juste milieu*, and the "good story well told" will be the aim of the artist, and the satisfaction of the amateur. Sir John Everett Millais' "Moonlight," Alfred Earp's "October Glow," MacWhirter's "Mount Etna," Waterlow's "Homewards," Herkomer's "Our Village" are spoken of as among the best, while Vicat Cole, Peter Graham, Aumonier, Walton, Leader, and Henry Moore are all well represented. Among figure painters, Albert Moore has "A Summer Night," one of his wonderfully clever pieces of figure decoration in pink and yellow. Mr. Macbeth shows "The Cast Shoe," which has been purchased by the Chantrey Bequest Fund. Mr. Abbey has "May-day Morn," and the clever Mr. Logsdail has one of his wonderful London views, "The Ninth of November," showing the street filled with the Lord Mayor's show, so dear to Londoners. Jacomb Hood, Henry Woods, Horace Fisher, F. D. Millet, and Stanhope Forbes, all have characteristic specimens of their work.

TEMPLAR.

MR. CARL AHRENS, whose picture, "The Day is Done," was so favourably noticed at the late Exhibition of the Ontario Society of Artists, has gone to Hamilton to seek rural subjects.

MRS. ANNA LEA MERRITT, whose painting, "Love Barred Out," was bought in London by trustees of the Chantrey bequest for exhibition at South Kensington, is a native of Philadelphia, who has lived in England with her husband for many years.

"THE VICTORIAN ERA," on which Hubert Vos of London is engaged, promises to be the most gigantic painting known. The canvas alone cost \$2,500, and the space to be covered by paint is 20,000 square feet. The sketches are made on another material and thrown on the canvas by lime light, so that the outlines can be sketched in. The work is done by pupils of Mr. Vos and French specialists.

It appears from *The Art Amateur* that Millet's "Angelus" remains the highest priced of modern paintings. Meissonier's "1814," which was reported to have been sold in Paris, recently, by Mr. Delahante for 850,000 francs (\$170,000), according to the usually well-informed "Montezuma," brought really 500,000 francs (\$100,000). He adds that Mr. Delahante, who bought the picture from Meissonier, years ago, for 70,000 francs, was so pleased that he sent the artist a present of 50,000 francs.

## MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

TORONTO COLLEGE.

THE year's work at the Toronto College of Music was well represented recently when no less than six closing concerts were given in the Pavilion and in the College Music Hall. At these concerts the practical work done at the college was displayed in an eminently favourable light by the various pupils who either played the piano, organ and violin or sang. The most important of the series was that given on the Tuesday evening in the Pavilion before a large and fashionable audience. The piano department, which occupied a prominent place on the programme, presented students who proved themselves capable, in a high degree, of performing standard pianoforte concertos with orchestra in a manner which was most surprising and left but little to be desired. In thus developing a taste for pianoforte compositions, which require the greatest technical abilities, combined with trained intellects and artistic feelings, the college is but evidencing the desires of the director and staff to strive for what is the highest in the divine art. While all did excellently, it might seem invidious to mention names, but a special note of praise is the due of Miss Florence Clarke, who played the first movement of the Beethoven concerto, op. 37, with the Reinecke Cadenza, entirely from memory, and in a most artistic manner. This young lady, who has taken the highest averages in the examinations in the piano, organ ensemble playing, theory and history departments, was, after playing, presented with the college medal by Sir Daniel Wilson, President of University College, who appropriately referred to Mr. Torrington's many years of service in the musical interests of Toronto. The violin department was well represented in Mrs. Church, of Lindsay, who played a fantasia in good style. The vocal music at this concert was of the highest order, and was given by some of the finest young voices which have ever been heard in Toronto. Their singing showed that their instructors had endeavoured, with success, to produce sympathetic quality and flexibility of voice, to impart good style and to develop the latent artistic temperament of the vocalists. The Thursday evening organ recital on the noble instrument in the College Hall was one of great interest, and abundantly proved the eminent fitness of the college to give young organists a thorough education in this important division of the musical profession. Undoubtedly the organist comes more into contact with the public than any other branch of the profession and perfect self-reliance is absolutely necessary. Those who played at this concert gave but little evidence of nervousness, their *technique* on manuals and pedals being unflinching and always in accordance with the requirements of their numbers, and in displaying their knowledge of the resources of the instrument the contrasts and effects they produced were in a high degree commendable.

The compositions which formed the programme were thoroughly cosmopolitan in character and selected with a view to embracing all styles of organ music. Miss Clarke, Mr. McNally and Mr. Hall, who played that evening, have passed the severe test required and become associates of the College of Organists (Canada). On the Saturday afternoon and evening the junior departments had their field day, when two concerts were given in the college. These concerts were designed to show parents and friends of the pupils, by comparison, the astonishing results which had been obtained from pupils in the primary and second grades. The programme contained music that was of the best order, though not, technically speaking, of great difficulty, and it must be said that many of the little ones performed their numbers with an amount of self-possession which would have done credit to some of the older students. Much applause was bestowed on the performers who played the violin or piano and sang, for their brave efforts. In the junior departments great care is exercised to give the pupils a thorough grounding in the rudiments of music, which will be seen to be of great advantage to them, as they ascend into the higher grades. The other concerts were equally good and spoke volumes for the amount of earnest and patient work which has been done during the past year. Such matters as musical history have had their full share of attention at the college. In the theoretical department results are proving eminently satisfactory. An examination of a large number of students has been held in this department on a paper furnished by that eminent authority, Stephen A. Emory, of Boston, and the pass list will no doubt be made known in a short time.

BOOTH AND BARRETT will play three months in New York next winter, according to present calculations.

CHRISTINE NILSSON has fallen a victim to the fascinations of the gambling tables at Monte Carlo. She is showing age and begins to look emaciated.

MABEL STEVENSON, the New York girl who has a remarkable power of imitating the song of birds, will sing twice next week for the Prince and Princess of Wales.

"LA MASCOTTE," the greatest success of Audran, is now nearing its 1500th performance in Paris. This probably beats the record of any other opera ever written.

It is said that the Baroness Burdett-Coutts has placed \$125,000 at the disposal of Miss Agnes Huntington, for the organization of an opera company, of which Miss Huntington is to be the prima donna. It is not stated, however, that Miss Huntington will visit Canada and the United States, although it is not unlikely.

Mrs. LANGTRY has retired definitely from the stage, says Dame Rumour. But nobody knows whether definitely means for three months or forever. Quite a clever way to put it.

LONDON'S latest music hall is called the Tivoli Theatre of Varieties and is in the Strand. The block of buildings cost \$1,250,000; the theatre covers an area of 8,000 square feet and its ornamentation is entirely East Indian.

SALVINI says that the London public is interested in operettas, ballets, light comedies and farces, rather than in the higher forms of dramatic art. He does not consider any change for the better likely to take place at present.

MARGARET MATHER writes from London that she has visited Sarah Bernhardt several times at her quarters in the Rue Paris. Miss Mather is going to give a big reproduction of "Joan d'Arc" in this country next season.

BRONSON HOWARD has been paid about \$60,000 in royalties since his "Shenandoah" was produced last September. He received \$12,500 for "Young Mrs. Winthrop," and got about the same amount for his "Henrietta."

It is said that the present backer of Richard Mansfield is no less a person than George Gould, but he draws the line so as to exclude Richard III. from Richard's repertoire. That venture cost his former backers a round \$100,000.

THE success of the London season of Italian opera is a dramatic soprano known as Tavery. The lady is a Russian, and was secured by Manager Augustus Harris for three London seasons, who made the engagement within an hour of her London debut.

A NEW dramatic soprano has appeared in Paris in "The Jewess." Her name is Madame Fierens, and her voice is sweet and powerful and of remarkable range. She is a Belgian, and her singing has created a furore in Parisian musical circles.

EMPEROR WILLIAM II. has sent a copy of the compositions of Frederick the Great to the library of the Dresden Conservatory of Music. Only 100 copies of this *édition de luxe* of the Emperor's renowned ancestor were printed and then the plates were destroyed.

AT Cracow a curious case has been decided in an extremely practical manner. Czibulka, composer of a *gavotte*, sued a rival composer for pirating his melody. The judges seemed hopelessly at sea about the matter until Czibulka had the happy idea to be allowed permission to play the two tunes on the violin. This settled the matter and Czibulka gained the day.

CATANIA, the birthplace of Bellini, is in full *fête*, a grand new theatre having just been built, which was inaugurated by a very successful performance of "Norma." There is also an exhibition of objects connected with Bellini which contains many items of much interest—original manuscripts of some of his works, and many letters and drawings by Malibran, who, as is well known, was an enthusiastic admirer of the Sicilian musician.

JOE JEFFERSON, who is rated at a single million, is the richest actor in this country. Mr. Jefferson has been a steady accumulator. From the time he began to earn more than a living as an actor he has saved some of the surplus. He has lived well, but not extravagantly. He has provided generously for his family, but not wastefully. Such investments as he has made have been wise ones, and whatever speculating he may have indulged in has averaged a profit.

THERE seems to be a diversity of opinion in regard to whether or not Campanini has recovered his voice. While some of the daily papers aver that he is no longer a great singer, no less an authority than *Music and Drama* declares his voice not only recovered, but far better than it ever has been. He is, nevertheless, still under treatment by eminent physicians, who have stated that he may resume his stage duties in the fall without incurring any risk.

THE larynx of the great tenor singer, Gayarré, who died recently at Madrid, was removed after his death, and found to be of such peculiar formation that it will be preserved in some Spanish museum. Gayarré received \$1,400 a night, the highest salary ever paid to a tenor, and although an adult when the remarkable quality of his voice attracted public attention, and but fifty years old at his death, he leaves \$800,000 to his heirs, the fruit of the few years he spent upon the stage.

Mrs. GERSTER did not, it seems, achieve the great success on her recent return to Italian opera in London that has been accorded to her. The *Athenæum* takes this view of her performance: "It was not without a feeling of pity that the listener noted the decay of the artist's vocal powers. The perfect method was as conspicuous as ever, but the power of Mrs. Gerster to render the music according to her own intentions was not forthcoming. She will be wise to rest content with the reputation she gained in the past, when she was unsurpassed in light soprano parts."

THE Seward Webb prize of \$300 for the best landscape shown at the exhibition of the Society of American Artists by a man under forty years of age has been awarded this year to Mr. Theodore Robinson for his "Winter Landscape," a study of snowy housetops below a hillside, and a valley and trees beyond. Previous winners of this prize were J. F. Murphy, J. H. Twachtman, and D. W. Tryon.

## LIBRARY TABLE.

A VILLAGE MAID. By Helen Hays. New York: Thomas Whittaker.

There is nothing particularly striking in "A Village Maid." Readable enough in its way, it pursues its way with a quiet placidity that is only broken when Eric Nicoll meets the reward of his logic in convincing the would-be strikers of their folly by being thrown into the canal by the agitators. Eric and Nelly wed of course in the end; in fact Mr. Andrew Lang could find no charge of departure from the ancient tenets of novel-making to bring against the author of "A Village Maid."

THE BROUGHTON HOUSE. By Bliss Perry. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1890.

Mr. Perry may claim to have done more than ordinarily well in this his first attempt at novel-making. The picture he has given us of a quiet New England town with its season boarders at the hotel is vivid, and has a sustained though quiet interest throughout, reaching at last a climax whose fault is that it is too horribly abrupt. The sketches of character are good in their way, Arthur Ellerton being somewhat original in type, though not of very deeply marked character. The picture would be better for being a little more strongly sketched, albeit he is but subordinate to the main interest. Collins, the sensual, easy going, yet deep schemer, fond of fishing, and a born musician, reminds us somewhat of that magnificent scoundrel Count Fosco, though immeasurably below him in every way. Sonderly is a man every inch of him, yet with a curious indecision of mind that should, and yet does not, lessen him in our esteem, but the method in which he disappears at the close of the tale is somewhat weakly constructed, and a telling situation, plain to every one who reads the book, has been missed. Indeed out of the variety of incidents which could have been introduced just at the point of interest, Mr. Perry has chosen about the most colourless. Floyd is a sufficiently despicable character, and without a redeeming feature. Altogether the book strikes us as readable, but is without sufficiency of contrast to cause it to be retained in the memory.

PHILOSOPHY IN HOMŒOPATHY. By Charles S. Mack, M.D. Chicago: Gross and Delbridge.

This is a compilation of papers and lectures, written and delivered at various times and in different places upon Homœopathy and kindred subjects. The book opens with a short advocacy of the establishment of the relation between patient and physician on a rational basis, which we take to mean that the methods which the physician adopts to cure his patient must be such as commend themselves to the reason of the patient as likely to effect a cure, or rather, perhaps, that the theories upon which those methods are founded must be of a nature demanding acceptance from their "sweet reasonableness." We all know that Homœopathy is yet in its infancy, and this very fact, while it gives great promise for the future from what we know of the past, still debars us from accepting as altogether proven the homœopathic motto, "Similia similibus curantur," and thence following the deductive method of reasoning from cause to effect. Of course a premise which is reasonable enough to one man is utterly unreasonable to another, and therein lies the weakness of deductive philosophy. On the other hand there are facts scarcely discoverable by experimental science and to the existence of these facts homœopathy appeals as its *raison d'être*. Therefore, the more this is recognized the more reasonable will homœopathy seem. This is in fact what the author endeavours to show in somewhat prolix fashion in his second essay. Throughout the book the various aspects of homœopathy are discussed in a temperate and fair spirit, though it does not appear, after one has read the last word written, that the author has greatly strengthened the plea for that system. Time alone can do that, to our mind, and, if that be so, we are forced back to the old rule of experience, and the theory of the existence of facts not discoverable by experimental science is considerably discounted.

ENGLISH FAIRY AND OTHER FOLK TALES. "Camelot" Series. Edited by Edwin S. Hartland. London: Walter Scott.

Mr. Hartland has succeeded in making a very readable book out of the mass of obscure tradition and tangled material with which he has had to deal, to say nothing of the difficulties any collector of *märchen* finds confronting him in the endeavour to elicit from the human depositaries what of folklore they may possess. The two divisions of the collection are "Nursery Tales" and "Sagas," which latter term in turn receives considerable subdivision. The distinction the editor draws between *saga* and *märchen*, viz., that a *saga* is a traditional narrative believed to be true and that *märchen* are nursery tales not held to be narrative of fact, is a new one. We had hitherto always believed that a *saga* was a tale dependent originally on tradition but which had eventually assumed a literary form, whereas nursery tales or *märchen* were of a vaguer form and were never definitely located and placed in any other than the original form. Consequent on this definition comes the assumption that *sagas* were originally nursery tales, but on assuming definite form changed their distinctive name. However we presume that Mr. Hartland is a better authority on such points than we. What bears our definition out is the fact that a story which has

assumed *saga* form in one locality is still in *märchen* form in another; so that a close connection, probably the one we give, must exist between them. To the spread of education and evangelical Protestantism is ascribed the disappearance of most of the native nursery tales, especially in Scotland, and Mr. Hartland thinks that Perrault's tales which were published in France about 1700 and translated into English, cuckoo-like in their cheap chap-book form, supplanted the original folklore to a great extent.

CLEAR printing and variety of matter distinguish the New York *Musical Courier* as it starts its 21st volume. The literary matter is also excellent.

WITH the current issue the thirty-second volume of the *Methodist Magazine* begins, and in point of interest and variety bids fair to improve on its predecessors, if we may judge by the number before us. Illustrated papers, religious and social articles, biography and serial stories are not wanting and the literary standard maintained is a high one.

*Queries* for July is as bright and useful as usual; the two illustrations are "Psyche," and "Among the Carpathian Mountains—a Slav Woman." The principal articles are "How the 'Blind Write,'" "Ghosts of the Pen," "The Moral Force of Poetry," and the regular departments are full and interesting.

WE have received the first number of *Bank Chat*, a neatly printed and well edited monthly, devoted to the Banking Profession in Canada. A fair portrait of our esteemed contributor and prominent Federationist, Mr. J. Castell Hopkins, occupies the front page, and a short sketch of what has been already a busy and useful life accompanies it. We wish the new journal and its editor pleasant weather and prosperous gales.

WE have received an interesting and useful pamphlet on Imperial Federation by J. Castell Hopkins, a well-known name to readers of THE WEEK. The brochure is brimful of information and is a careful consideration and advocacy of the great question which is occupying many of the foremost minds of our day. Those who are indifferent or contend that Imperial Federation is utterly impracticable may perhaps obtain a wider and juster view of the question by the perusal of Mr. Hopkins' pamphlet. Mr. Hopkins has not disposed of all the difficulties that present themselves in regard to the project, but he has certainly helped largely towards their elucidation.

*Knowledge*, a new weekly magazine, occupies a new field, and if it accomplishes what it undertakes, it ought to be indispensable to every owner of a Cyclopaedia. It proposes to answer the almost infinite number of questions upon which one ordinarily consults a Cyclopaedia, and fails to find the answer, generally because the Cyclopaedia is not "up to date." It was published, probably, five years ago, or, mayhap, ten or more years ago. "The world moves," and the most important questions that want answers are of to-day, not of yesterday. For instance, Caprivi succeeds Bismarck as Chancellor of Germany. Who is Caprivi? How do you pronounce his name? A terrible storm at Apia. Where is that? How do you pronounce it? A revolution in Brazil a few weeks ago. What is the new status? And so on.

THE frontispiece of the *Arena* for July is Rabbi Solomon Schindler, who contributes a readable sketch on "Bismarck and His Time." Number five of the "No Name" series concerns itself in poetical form with "Progress and Pain," and Senator Wade Hampton discusses the "Race Problem." A modern play, in six scenes, by Hauin Garland, is entitled "Under the Wheel." Junius Henri Browne sends perhaps the most interesting paper of the number, on the "Correlation of Physical and Moral Diseases," and a forcibly worded article is that by Dr. Carlos Martyn—"Churchianity versus Christianity." A symposium on "Liberty of Citizenship Imperilled" brings several well-known writers together, including Hugh O. Pentecost, and Minot J. Savage, and Miss Willard also contributes an article "Who Knows."

"MR. PARNELL ANSWERED," the promised article from Mr. Balfour's pen, is the *pièce de résistance* in the July *North American Review*. Whether the article justifies its title or not is a point on which many will differ. While it meets a good many points ably and fairly it by no means corresponds to one's idea of a conclusive answer. Mrs. Caird concludes her article on the "Emancipation of the Family" for which we are devoutly thankful, and Sir Charles Dilke criticises his critics, chiefly dealing with Professor Goldwin Smith. Andrew Carnegie has a heavy article on the Tariff discussion, and Chauncey Depew, Justin McCarthy, X.M.C., and Speaker Thomas B. Reed all have articles of more or less interest. In "Notes and Comments" another view of gambling at sea is given by an ocean steamship captain.

THE *Art Amateur* for July is an excellent summer number, with its two fine colour plates of birds and flowers, its practical serial articles on "Flower and Fruit Painting," "Types of Trees" and "Sketching from Nature." Every issue of this admirable magazine seems especially adapted for the month in which it appears, while at the same time it has permanent value for the student. Apart from the needs of the painter in oils, water colours and on china, the interests of the china painter are especially looked after this month—the wants of the wood-carver and the artistic needlewoman are kept in view, and the department of "Home Decoration and Furnishing" is well maintained.

The rival Paris *Salon* exhibitions of this year are fully described, and Ernest Kraufft—in addition to his reasonable hints about out-of-doors “Pen Sketchings” for use in the Magazines—has something to say about “Art in Indianapolis.”

WE have received “The Battle of Queenston Heights,” a Lecture by Ernest Cruikshank, delivered at Drummondville before the Lundy’s Lane Historical Society, December 18th, 1889. A history of this memorable engagement can never fail to be deeply interesting to the lover of his country since it forms one of the pivots on which our history turns. In this lecture Mr. Cruikshank has brought together every necessary fact for the clear elucidation of the position. Starting at the return of General Sir Isaac Brock, after the taking of Fort Detroit, we are rapidly carried through all the surrounding circumstances which culminated at Queenston, learning alike the difficulties which fettered the British commander, and those which beset the American general, after a period of advantage which at one time promised him unqualified success. The engagement itself is most graphically depicted, the death of Brock, the energetic action of Macdonell, himself fatally wounded very shortly after, the intrepidity of the U.S. officer, Captain Wool, who tore down the flag of truce about to be raised when the fire and dash of the British under Macdonell and Dennis threatened to drive the foe off the crest of the hill—to be later accomplished by General Sheaffe, who came to the rescue in the afternoon with companies of the 2nd Lincoln militia, men from the townships of Stamford, Thorold, and Willoughby, a list of whose names is given from a copy of the muster-roll of Hamilton and Rowe’s companies. Wisely Mr. Cruikshank has not omitted to record much that will interest the student of topography. The time comes to most places, however secluded they may at one period appear, when great changes occur, some from physical causes, some commercial; therefore in dealing with history it is well, as far as may be done with certainty, to record the physical character of the ground. Nor is the weather at the period of a marked occasion to be overlooked as of no importance. Physical conditions often modify greatly an historic event, and we see the ancients not insensible to this fact, so that Lucan tells us the topographical conditions under which Cæsar entrenched himself in Spain, and of the field on which Pharsalia was fought. It is therefore legitimate history that tells us of the condition of the road from Fort Niagara to Queenston, of the swelling and turbulence of the river, and the hardships which the men had to cope with in consequence of the heavy October gales, and the cold pouring rain of the days previous to the fight. The lecture may be had at Williamson’s, King Street, City.

#### LITERARY AND PERSONAL GOSSIP.

DR. NANSEN’S account of his recent expedition to Greenland is not to be published till October.

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH has resigned the editorship of the *Atlantic Monthly*, and Mr. H. E. Scudder is his successor.

A COLLECTION of anecdotes of Lord Beaconsfield is being made by Sir William Fraser, and will be published in one volume.

A POSTHUMOUS work of Ritschl, the distinguished theologian, is to be issued shortly under the title “Fides Implicita.”

MESSRS. HUTCHINSON AND COMPANY will issue “The Lumley Wood Mystery,” by Mrs. G. A. Lethbridge Banbury, in a few days.

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD is reported as having sold the American rights in his new poem, “The Light of the World,” to Mr. Henry Deakin.

A NOVEL on labour and strike questions, entitled “Innocent Victims,” by Mr. Hugh Downe, is forthcoming from Messrs. Remington and Company.

MR. HENRY J. MORGAN, of Ottawa, has obtained an interim copyright for a new biographical dictionary to be called “Canadian Men of the Time.”

A VOLUME of “English Lyrics,” by Mr. Alfred Austin, with a preface by Mr. William Watson, will be published in a few weeks by Messrs. Macmillan and Company.

FIVE thousand dollars is the price put upon each of the few existing sets of John Gould’s “Birds.” The forty-three volumes, elegantly bound are fitted into carved cabinets.

AN annotated edition of Schiller’s “Jungfrau von Orleans” will appear shortly from the Clarendon Press, as the tenth volume of Professor Buchheim’s “Series of German Classics.”

THE No-Name paper in the July *Arena* is a poem entitled Progress and Pain. It is said to be written by one of the most accomplished essayists of America, a frequent contributor to the leading Reviews.

“TOXAR” is the title the author of “Thoth” has given to a strange tale which Longmans, Green and Company will soon publish; and “Toxar” himself is a crafty British slave who serves a Greek tyrant to the latter’s eternal damage.

THE anonymous serial, “Jerry,” in *Scribner’s* for July contains many striking pictures of the fermenting life in a Western town. It is announced as abounding in strong emotional and dramatic situations. It would be hard to determine, from internal evidence, whether the story was written by a man or woman.

BENJ. R. TUCKER, the Boston publisher, who recently scored one of the most notable successes of the year by his translation of Tolstoi’s “Kreutzer Sonata,” will publish on Saturday, July 12, another masterpiece of fiction—“The Rag Picker of Paris,” by Félix Pyat.

GEORGE HOWE, a New Orleans physician, has written for the July *Scribner* a paper entitled “The Last Slave Ship,” in which he narrates an event of peculiar interest, and of which he was an eye witness. “Thirty years have elapsed,” he says, “and nearly all of those connected with that voyage must ere this have gone to their last rest.”

AN article on the South of France,—Avignon, Nîmes, Arles, etc.,—entitled “A Provençal Pilgrimage,” begins in the July *Century*. The writer is Miss Harriet W. Preston, translator of “Mirèio,” the Provençal poem by Mistral, and a close student of the interesting life and literature of that region. The text is accompanied by a number of Pennell’s sketches.

TO-NIGHT Mr. Geo. Belford, who will be remembered as having met with considerable success in Toronto some two or three years ago, gives a recital in Princes’ Hall, Piccadilly, London (Eng.), in aid of the Fund for Restoring Toronto University library. Mr. Belford’s generous effort is made under most distinguished patronage and will, we trust, command great success.

IN October Messrs. A. C. McClurg and Company, Chicago, will publish a new book on “Savonarola” by the Rev. Professor Clark, LL.D., of Trinity College, in this city. The life and times of the celebrated preacher, and political as well as religious reformer, will lose none of their surpassing interest in the hands of Professor Clark, who will make use of all recent discoveries respecting the famous Florentine in order to the completeness of the work.

BLISS PERRY, the author of “The Broughton House,” a novel published lately by the Scribners, is the professor of English literature in Williams College, and the son of Prof. A. L. Perry, the eminent political economist. This novel is the author’s first book, but he has occasionally engaged in journalistic work, particularly in connection with the *Springfield Republican*.

THE Philadelphia *Press* says that Walt Whitman has chosen the place in which he wishes to be buried. It is in Harleigh Cemetery, about a mile from Camden—a natural mound, beneath fine large trees. About two hundred feet below it a stream of water flows over a precipice from an artificial lake. A driveway from the woods winds within a few feet of the spot.

SINCE the readers of *The Critic* elected an American Academy, early in 1884, nine of the “Forty Immortals” have passed away—namely, Richard Grant White, Henry Ward Beecher, James Freeman Clarke, Asa Grey, Theodore D. Woolsey, A. Bronson Alcott, Mark Hopkins, John G. Saxe and Edwin P. Whipple. The surviving members are now balloting for successors to their deceased fellow-academicians.

GEORG EBERS, the German novelist, who has long been a confirmed invalid, recently celebrated his silver wedding at Tatzing, on the borders of the Starnberg Lake. Mr. Alma Tadema and his wife went from London expressly to offer their congratulations to their old friend; his former pupils sent him a life-size statue of Champollion; and at dessert he himself read a romantic poem he had composed in honour of his wife.

THE *Pall Mall Gazette* hears that Tolstoi is seriously ill. “He has inflammation of the bowels; and, as those who have read his latest novel will be sufficiently aware, he has a bitter antipathy to doctors.” There is danger, the *Gazette* fears, of his emulating the “Peculiar People” in declining to have medical assistance, in which event the world is likely to have nothing more from the pen of the author of “Anna Karénina.”

THE *Sherbrooke Examiner* has in a recent issue an article by a well-known contributor to THE WEEK briefly examining the why and wherefore of the poor showing made by Canadian literature at the recent meeting of the Royal Society at Ottawa. The writer suggests that possibly the advent of a critic of the Sydney Smith type might stir up our young *litterateurs* “to use the materials which lie ready to their hands, and the latter more forcibly.”

“KEELY’S CONTRIBUTIONS TO SCIENCE” is the title of an article which Mrs. Bloomfield Moore has written for the July number of *Lippincott’s Magazine*. Mrs. Moore has been one of Keely’s principal financial backers, and believes thoroughly in the inventor. She gives an idea of the subtle nature of the force with which Keely has to deal, and explains the causes of the delays which have again and again disappointed both the inventor and his supporters.

MORE portraits of Browning, one of which, from a photograph, shows him with his son standing by the corner of a Venetian palace, are the principal attractions of the July *Magazine of Art*. The Rembrandts, Terburgs, Jan Steens and Janssens of the National Gallery of Ireland are described and illustrated in an article by Walter Armstrong. Current Art is exemplified by some pictures from the Royal Academy exhibition. There is a poem by the late Lord Houghton on “Easter in Florence,” with a pictorial border. The frontispiece is an etching by Eugène Gaujean after “A Study of Cats” by Lambert.

IN London the *édition de luxe* of “In Darkest Africa,” issued at \$52, is already selling at a premium, though the book is not yet published. Copies cannot now be had for less than \$75. Major Pond has secured Mr. Stanley for a lecturing-tour in America, beginning in New York early in November. They have signed a contract for fifty lectures,

and the number may be increased to a hundred. The sum paid is understood to be the largest ever given for lecturing. Mrs. Stanley will accompany her husband. Canon Liddon is still considering a proposal to go to America, but it is thought to be unlikely that he will accept it.

DONALD G. MITCHELL, who has for forty years past endeared himself to American readers as “Ik Marvel,” is now 68 years of age. He lives quietly at “Edgewood,” his home since 1855, and which he has rendered so famous by his writings. Notwithstanding his advanced age he is still engaged in literary work and the sale of his last book, “English Lands, Letters and Kings,” shows that he still retains his strong hold upon the public. The first volume of the work was issued only last November, and his publishers, the Scribners, are already about to print a third edition, while the second volume, recently published, has sold proportionately well.

MR. ISAAC PITMAN, of Bath, England, the father of phonography, has opened an office at 3 East 14th Street, New York, for the sale of his shorthand books. The system of Pitman is, to-day, practically doing the shorthand-writing of the English-speaking world, the systems of Ben Pitman, Graham, Munson, and others in use in America being only alterations of the original Isaac Pitman system. There are, however, a great many students and writers of the “Isaac” style (which has now been brought to almost absolute perfection in England), and these will now have a rallying point, and be able to keep *en rapport* with the latest development of the original phonography.

IN a letter of recent date George Kennan, author of the famous Siberian papers published in *The Century Magazine*, writes: “I have just learned that my articles have been translated into Bulgarian and published at Rustchuk. They are now out in German, Dutch, Polish, Russian, and Bulgarian.” It has been stated on excellent authority that Mr. Kennan’s articles have been read by the Czar of Russia, though in general the numbers of *The Century* which contain the Siberian papers continue to be refused admission to Russia until the obnoxious articles have been expunged by the press censor, a process known as “blacking out,” which was fully described by Mr. Kennan in *The Century* for May.

MR. FLETCHER HARPER, of the firm of Harper and Brothers, who died in New York last month in his sixty-second year was the younger of two children of Fletcher Harper, who was one of the brothers who formed the original firm. None of the first set of partners now remain, but the business has been strictly retained in the family, the five present members—Phillip J. (senior partner), Joseph W., Joseph H., John W., and John—all being sons or nephews of the founders. Mr. Fletcher Harper was at one time a part owner of the *New York Times*. He was admitted to the firm of Harper and Brothers in 1869, and had until recently special charge of the periodicals of the firm. He was a man of high intelligence and had a finely cultivated taste for art. Mr. Harper was a prominent Mason.

THE Czar has forbidden the publication of “The Kreutzer Sonata” in Russia; yet neither his conviction of the impropriety of permitting such a work to circulate in his dominions, nor his dislike of the author’s social theories, prevented his attending, a few weeks ago, a performance of Tolstoi’s latest production, a play called “The Fruits of Education,” which, according to the *Novoe Vremya*, is as radical in its teachings as anything the author has produced. It is generally believed that the theories advanced by Posdnicheff in “The Kreutzer Sonata” are those of Tolstoi himself; but it seems hardly credible that an author in his senses should choose as the mouthpiece of his views on matrimony a confessed sensualist and murderer, who, if he has not been crazed by his personal experience of married life, has at least become morbid with long brooding on the subject. Such a choice would indicate a like morbidness, if not mania, on the part of the writer himself.

OF two noted Cambridge men-of-letters, the correspondent of the Worcester *Spy* writes as follows: James Russell Lowell is recovering from his recent illness and divides the summer between Cambridge and Southborough. A friend of mine, a physician, who studied him with a scientific eye, says that he had a long conversation with Mr. Lowell within a week, and he had never seen the poet’s keen analysis more skilfully put forth than in that informal discussion. Another Cambridge convalescent is Col. T. W. Higginson, who is again at his desk regularly. Col. Higginson takes a daily spin on a tricycle, running out to Belmont, Watertown, Arlington, or even Lexington. His little daughter often rides with him. She is about twelve years old, a child of uncommonly fine mind, so that her father represses rather than stimulates; indeed, he said, “I study to keep her ignorant.” Her only education is browsing in a library and hearing the conversations of distinguished visitors, and this is an education by no means to be scorned.

THE military commission of the Austrian army have established a law that the offence of intoxication is to be punished the first time by a public reprimand, and the second offence by several days’ imprisonment in the guard-house. The third offence is evidence that the victim is suffering from a chronic disease, and he is placed under constant surveillance. His pay is taken out of his hands, and every means used to prevent him from getting money to secure spirits.—*Scientific American*.

## READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

## THE LARGEST GUN FOR RUSSIA.

THE Krupp Company has just despatched the largest gun which has ever been manufactured from Essen to Hamburg for shipment to Cronstadt, it being the property of the Russian Government. This gun, which is made of cast steel, weighs 235 tons, and has a calibre of 13½ inches, and a barrel 40 feet in length. It fires two shots per minute, and each charge costs £300. It was tested at Essen before a number of Russian officers, and after penetrating 19 inches of armour the projectile went 1,400 yards beyond the target.—*Truth*.

## MR. STANLEY AND THE POET BURNS.

MR. H. M. STANLEY spent his last evening before leaving London for the relief of Emin Pasha with Sir John Pender, and on parting the latter gave Mr. Stanley a miniature edition of Burns' poems, published by Messrs. Bryce, of Glasgow. This the great explorer said he would carry wherever he went. Sir John Pender, in recently writing to Mr. Bryce, says:—"When I met Stanley in Egypt in the Spring I had not been in conversation with him many minutes before he reminded me of the little copy of Burns' poems, and he said it had been a great source of comfort to him; he had read it many times over, and he believed there was no better thumbed book in existence than that little volume. He said that Burns was such a child of nature and that he was so much in sympathy with him, that many times he was not only deeply touched, but greatly encouraged by the perusal of the poems."—*Athenæum*.

## THE MUD-FISH.

AFRICA is the home of many extraordinary animals, but there is no more remarkable creature than the mud-fish, which inhabits certain of the rivers of Western Africa, and, as its name implies, it lurks at the muddy bottoms of these rivers. At present, however, it is not necessary to go to Africa to see this fish, as it can be seen by anyone who has the time in the reptile-house at the Zoological Gardens. At first sight there is perhaps nothing especially striking about this animal; it looks very much like an ordinary fish except for its curious long slender fins. A visitor who knew nothing about the creature would probably go away with the impression that he had seen nothing out of the common. When the fishes arrived each one was encased in a ball of dried mud, lined with mucus from its body, and perforated by a small aperture to admit of breathing. This "cocoon," as it is sometimes called, on account of its analogy to the earthen case fabricated by many caterpillars in which to undergo their metamorphoses, on being placed in warmish water was dissolved and the fish liberated. The habit which the mud-fish has of making an earthen chamber of the mud at the bottom of the river is a most wonderful provision of Nature for the exigencies of the climate. The rivers which the fish inhabits are liable to periodical droughts. When such a drought is imminent the fish retires to deep water and excavates a pit, in which it lies, covering itself over with a thick layer of mud. It can suffer with impunity the complete drying-up of the river. But the most interesting fact about the creature is that during the time of its voluntary imprisonment it breathes air directly through an aperture left in the cocoon, by means of lungs, just like a land animal. When the returning rains dissolve the mud and liberate the fish it breathes by means of gills, just like any other fish.—*Leisure Hour*.

## THE MARCH OF CHOLERA.

WHEN some months ago the Turkish authorities asserted the extinction or non-existence of cholera in Syria, while Russian consular agents maintained that it was still hovering about on the borders of the Persian and Ottoman empires, we expressed our conviction that the subsidence of the epidemic was merely what might be expected at that season, and that it would reappear with the return of spring. And so it is; cholera is reported now as having broken out on the Imperial domains of Djedil and in the village of Bellek, near Bagdad, where six persons have died out of thirteen attacked. Bagdad was the headquarters of the epidemic last year, whence it was carried by the river boats far up the Tigris. We believe that the Foreign Office received information of its occurrence as far north as Diabekr and Erzeroum, though in the latter case it was more probably conveyed by road from Tabruz. But, though it may thus appear to have receded, such a phenomenon would be without precedent. When, in 1847, it seemed to invade India from Turkestan, or, in 1865, it appeared in Armenia after it had ravaged Constantinople and Saloniki, it was not retreating but performing a flank movement, and doubling on its own advance, as we have seen in the spread of influenza to India and Australia after it had overrun all Europe. Cholera requires human intercourse for its conveyance, certain meteorological and local conditions for its development, and the ingestion of specifically infected water, etc., for its communication. Thus, while it will cross the Atlantic in a fortnight, it marches by slow stages through lands where railways are still unknown, retiring into winter quarters when traffic and travel are suspended, to reopen the campaign with the return of warm weather, which is naturally earlier in the south and the plains than in northern or mountainous regions. In the winter of 1846-47 it had reached precisely

the same points as it did last autumn, and in like manner withdrew for a time to the lower valley of the Euphrates and Tigris, recrossing the mountains and plateau of Armenia in the spring, reaching Astrakhan and Jaganony in July, and Moscow and St. Petersburg in September, when, with the approach of winter, it disappeared only to break out with renewed intensity, and, as it had travelled with tenfold greater rapidity along the good military roads between the Caucasus and the capitals than it had previously done through Persia, so when once it touched the margin of the restless life and commercial activity of Europe it was drawn into the vortex, and there was not a country or large town but had been invaded before the summer was over. If we may venture to prophesy, we would say that it will not proceed further up the Tigris Valley, but, travelling by the Euphrates, will be next heard of at Aleppo, and perhaps Beyrout, and it will enter Egypt via Yeddah and Suez, and then leave Alexandria for the Levantine and Mediterranean ports. From Tabruz it will take the route via Erzeroum and Trebizond to Constantinople, Odessa, and by Baku, Tiflis, Derbent, and Astrakhan over Russia.—*British Medical Journal*.

## WHO ARE THE GREATEST READERS?

WHICH class of our population is the most addicted to reading? Some interesting light is thrown on this question by the latest report of the Birmingham Free Libraries Committee. Amongst other tables therein given is one showing the occupation of borrowers admitted during 1889. Here are some of the figures:—Scholars and students, 1,392; clerks and book-keepers, 1,138; errand and office boys, 301; teachers, 293; shop assistants, 290; jewellers, 216; compositors and printers, 192; milliners and dressmakers, 109. Almost at the bottom of the list come journalists, 6; news agents, 2; and reporters, 2. Is this because they have libraries of their own? or because the people who write in newspapers lose their taste for reading books?—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

## ENGLAND'S ARMY.

THE official list of establishments of the regular and auxiliary forces for the current year, just issued from the War Office, shows that the number of officers and men permitted to be enrolled is 215,884 regulars (exclusive of the Indian native army), 141,130 militia, 14,080 yeomanry cavalry, and 260,337 volunteers. In the regular troops the household cavalry are put down at 1,299, the line cavalry at 17,790, artillery 35,740, engineers 7,366, foot guards 5,888, line infantry and depôts 135,603, army service corps 3,368, West India 2,222, Malta artillery 387, various local native corps 2,721, ordnance store corps 747, corps of armourers 277, ordnance artificers 80, and medical staff corps 2,396. The militia consists of 19,221 artillery, 1,204 fortress engineers, 1,326 submarine miners, and 113,887 infantry at home; 3,993 in the Channel Islands, 1,190 in Malta, and 309 at St. Helena. The establishments of the volunteers are calculated for 1,027 in the Honourable Artillery company, 364 light horse, 47,621 artillery, 14,252 engineers (including submarine miners), 61 mounted rifles, 196,697 infantry, and 1,315 medical staff.

## MR. WALTER BESANT AND A CURIOUS COINCIDENCE.

ONE would suppose (says the *Daily News*) that a novelist would find it quite safe to use the word "Dives." Mr. Walter Besant, however, has realized that that word, as a proper name, has a representative, who appropriately resides in a gold region. In "The Doubts of Dives" there also occurs a still more singular coincidence. One of the characters is "Mr. Pindar," an old dramatic critic; and Mr. Dives, of Johannesburg, who bought the book because of its title, had with him a friend named Pindar, who had been a dramatic critic, and, he says, "in many other points exactly resembled the character in the story." Mr. Dives thought it worth while to bring these curious facts to the knowledge of Mr. Besant, who replied as follows:—"12 Gayton Crescent, Hampstead, March 15, 1890. Dear Sir,—I am very much amused by your letter of February 14. In using the name of Dives I used the Latin word which has always been applied to the rich man in the parable. You own name is, I have no doubt, as you say, a form of the old name Dives. You are quite right in supposing that my late partner came from Northampton. I have never been to that town, and I am quite unaware of your name being found there. The coincidence of your finding the name of your friend, as well as your own name, in that little story, and that he was formerly a dramatic critic, is most extraordinary. I note it down as one of the curious coincidences that are always happening. I hope that you, and Mr. Pindar too, will very soon feel some of the burden of the wealth which so much oppressed Dives in the story, and—I remain, Sir, yours, etc., WALTER BESANT."

## THE RESTRAINTS OF INVENTION.

THE profounder and more original the thinker, the greater is the barrier between himself and the learned and unlearned multitude, whom he would approach. Every advanced thinker must meet his obstacles. One might suppose that simple mechanical inventions would escape the hostility of fools; but they don't. So simple an invention as the percussion lock, which has superseded the old flint lock, was invented in 1807, but it was thirty years before it could be introduced into the English army. How difficult was it to introduce coal or even to introduce gas; the candle still survives in England. When the first oil

well was sunk in Pennsylvania by Colonel Drake, it was considered so crazy an affair that he had great difficulty in getting men to do the work. When anthracite was discovered in Pennsylvania, by Nicholas Allen, near Pottstown, he tried to sell a load but got discouraged, dumped it in the river, and emigrated westward. When Robert Morris and others secured a large tract of coal lands expecting to make a fortune, they failed to introduce it and gave up their scheme. When coal was first introduced in London (early, I believe, in the fourteenth century), it produced a great outcry, and a law was passed against it making the burning of coal a capital offence. It is said that one man was executed, but this is hard to believe. Some persons were so hostile to coal that they refused to eat any food cooked by a coal fire. The opposition was not quite as great to the introduction of gas. The first cargo of ice sent to New Orleans was driven away by the mob. It was imported something like seventy years ago, by Judah Touro, and being put into an ice-house in Congo Square, before it was completed, a mob rushed in, drove off the workmen, demolished the building and ordered the captain to leave the port. The ice was sent to the West Indies, and the newspapers next day were fierce against the importation of ice.—*The Arena for June*.

## NINE THOUSAND MANUSCRIPTS.

FROM a "Topic of the Time," in *The Century* for June, we quote as follows: "During the past two years from eight thousand five hundred to nine thousand manuscripts were annually submitted to *The Century Magazine* for publication. This is an increase over previous years, and does not include the hundreds, perhaps thousands, of propositions submitted with regard to articles. As there has been an increase in the number of periodicals published in America of late years, and as the newspapers are publishing more contributions than ever by writers not on the regular staff, it is evident that there has been an increase in literary activity at least in proportion to the increase in population. Now out of nine thousand manuscripts a year *The Century* can only possibly print four hundred or less. It follows that editing a magazine is not unlike walking into a garden of flowers and gathering a single bouquet. In other words, not to accept an article, a story, a poem, is not necessarily to 'reject' it. There may be weeds in the garden—there must be weeds in the garden—but the fact that a particular blossom is not gathered into the monthly bouquet does not prove that the editor regarded the blossom as a weed, and therefore passed it by. It would be impossible to sweep all the flowers into a single handful. The 'rejected' or 'declined' are naturally prone to gibe at sympathetic or apologetic words from editorial sources, so we present the above simile with considerable diffidence. There is truth in it, nevertheless! And it would probably be much easier for editors to make up a number of bouquets from the flowers at their disposal, than to gather the single one for which alone they have room."

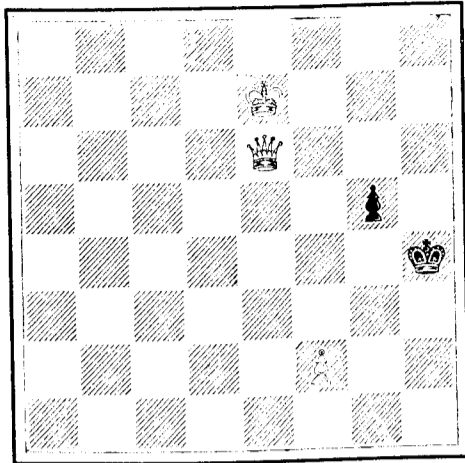
## OUR ENGLISH COUSINS.

ENGLAND is the banking-house and financial agency of the world. She is a great factory and ship-yard, but in the next century will have to give up her pre-eminence in these particulars. She does the ocean carrying trade of the world, but in this, too, she can not always stand first. Some of her scientific and economical investigators give her only one hundred years in which to exhaust her supply of coal suitable for inexpensive mining. With her cheap coal, her superiority in factures will depart. Till Babylon itself shall fall, England seems likely to be and remain the banking-house of the world. A recent estimate gives her revenue from investments outside of the United Kingdom at \$5,000,000 a day or \$1,825,000,000 a year. The taxed income alone of Great Britain in 1888 was \$3,180,000,000, on which the tax, at 6 pence the pound, was \$63,500,000. Of the income and profits of the people of Great Britain only that which is above a certain amount is taxed. Hence the income taxed does not notify the total income of our English cousins. That is estimated carefully at somewhat more than \$7,000,000,000 a year. It costs England a round sum to support her royal family. Queen Victoria is paid \$300,000 a year into her privy purse. She is paid \$1,156,000 a year, for salaries of the royal household. She is paid \$220,000 a year for retiring allowances and pensions to servants. She is paid \$66,000 a year to give away in royal bounties, alms, etc. She has \$181,000 a year for incidentals. As Duchess of Lancaster she gets \$250,000 a year from that duchy. This makes a total of about \$2,175,000 a year. Her son Alfred, the Duke of Edinburgh, is paid \$125,000 a year. So is her son Arthur, Duke of Connaught. Her daughter, Victoria, ex-Empress of Germany, is paid by Great Britain \$40,000 a year, and each of the other girls \$30,000 a year. Her cousins, too, are paid all the way from \$15,000 a year to \$60,000 a year, her cousin George, Duke of Cambridge, getting the latter sum. Her eldest son and heir apparent, Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, is paid \$200,000 a year for himself and \$185,000 a year for support and maintenance of his children. Besides this from his duchy of Cornwall he gets about \$310,000 a year.—*Public Opinion*.

IN India a specific for cholera is stated to have been discovered. The name of the drug is salol, and out of eighteen patients treated with it not one died, although some of them were in a state of collapse when the drug was administered.

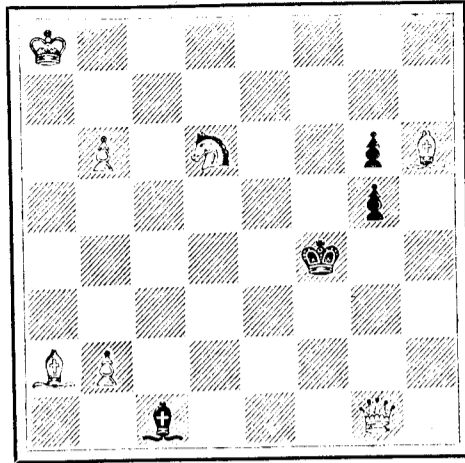
CHESS.

PROBLEM No. 477.  
By MISS LILIAN BAIRD, 8 years old.  
BLACK.



WHITE.  
White to play and mate in two moves.

PROBLEM No. 478.  
By EDITOR DETROIT FREE PRESS.  
BLACK.



WHITE.  
White to play and mate in three moves.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEMS.

No. 477.

- |                 |                        |
|-----------------|------------------------|
| White.          | Black.                 |
| 1. P-Kt 7       | B-B 2 +                |
| 2. B-Kt 6 +     | K-R 2                  |
| 3. B x B mate.  |                        |
|                 | If 1. P-R 6            |
| 2. B moves +    | K-R 2                  |
| 3. Q-Kt 1 mate. |                        |
|                 | With other variations. |

In this problem there should be a Black P on Q R 5 instead of Q R 4, and a black B on black Q Kt 6 instead of one on Q Kt 5.

No. 478.

Q-Kt 3

A little skirmish played in Ottawa, June 5, 1890, with a most beautiful termination :

- |               |              |               |              |
|---------------|--------------|---------------|--------------|
| White.        | Black.       | White.        | Black.       |
| MR. NARRAWAY. | MR. ANDREWS. | MR. NARRAWAY. | MR. ANDREWS. |
| 1. P-K 4      | 1. P-K 4     | 11. B-R 4 (a) | 11. Castles  |
| 2. B-B 4      | 2. B-B 4     | 12. P-K R 3   | 12. B x Kt   |
| 3. Kt-K B 3   | 3. Kt-Q B 3  | 13. P x B     | 13. Kt-Kt 3  |
| 4. P-Q B 3    | 4. P-Q 3     | 14. P-K R 4!  | 14. Kt x P   |
| 5. P-Q 4      | 5. P x P     | 15. K-K 2     | 15. Q-B 3    |
| 6. P x P      | 6. B-Kt 3    | 16. R-R 3     | 16. Kt x P + |
| 7. Kt-Q B 3   | 7. Kt-R 4    | 17. B x Kt    | 17. B x B    |
| 8. B-Q 3      | 8. B-Kt 5    | 18. Kt-Q 5!   | 18. Q-K 4    |
| 9. B-K 3      | 9. Kt-Q B 3  | 19. R x Kt    | 19. P-Q B 3  |
| 10. B-B 2     | 10. K Kt-K 2 | 20. Q x B!!   | 20. Q x Q    |

And White announced mate in three moves. (b)

NOTES.

- (a) To induce Black to castle.  
(b) It is rare indeed to have such an opportunity in actual play. The mate is of course forced by 21. Kt-K 7 ch, 21. K-R 1; 22. R x P ch, 22. K x R; 23. R-K R mate.—*St. John Globe.*

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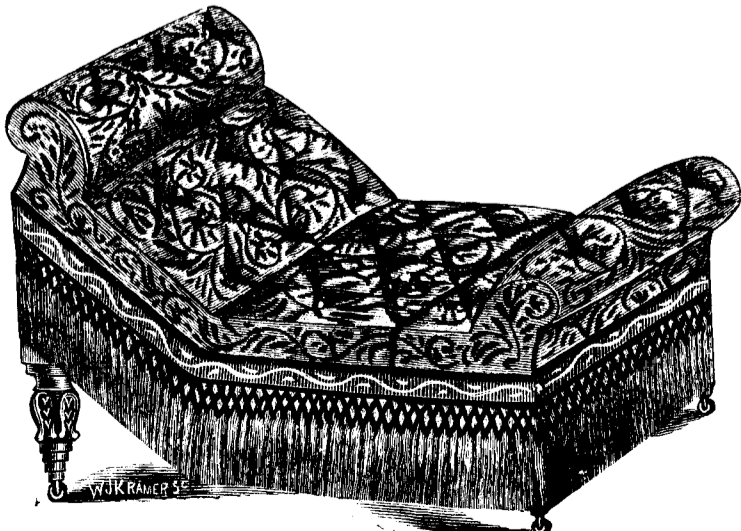
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About five years ago my hair began to fall out. It became thin and lifeless, and I was certain I should be bald in a short time. I began to use Ayer's Hair Vigor. One bottle of this preparation caused my hair to grow again, and it is now as abundant and vigorous as ever.—C. E. Sweet, Gloucester, Mass.

On two occasions, during the past twenty years, a humor in the scalp caused my hair to fall out. Each time, I used Ayer's Hair Vigor and with gratifying results. This preparation checked the hair from falling, stimulated its growth, and healed the humors, rendering my scalp clean and healthy.—T. P. Drummond, Charlestown, Va.

I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for years, and, though I am now fifty-eight years old, my hair is as thick and black as when I was twenty. This preparation creates a healthy growth of the hair, keeps it soft and pliant, prevents the formation of dandruff, and is a perfect hair dressing.—Mrs. Malcom B. Sturtevant, Attleborough, Mass.

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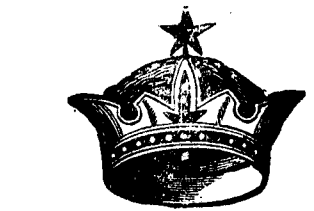
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