

THE WEEK

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THE WEEK.

Vol. XI.

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

CURRENT TOPICS.

President Cleveland's veto of the Bland Signiorage Bill has done much to re-establish his reputation for political courage and strength of character, but it has probably still further injured him with his own party. His use of the veto is praised by many Republican leaders and condemned by many Democrats. While this fact is easily explained by those who understand the peculiar relations of the respective parties to the silver interest, it sets the character of the President once more in a very favourable light. His message is somewhat lengthy, but the gist of his strong reason for vetoing the Bill is found in the criticism that it contained no provision for maintaining the parity between gold and silver. The necessity for maintaining this parity is the firm rock on which Mr. Cleveland has planted his foot from the first. In

order to restore and maintain this parity, the Sherman Silver Bill was repealed. Now that the disturbing effects of that repeal have been pretty well discounted in the country and its beneficial results are beginning to manifest themselves, he would have been extremely short-sighted or weak to have permitted, so long as it was in his power to prevent it by the use of his prerogative, the fruits of that struggle to be lost through the injection of a new stream of silver into the national currency. Mr. Cleveland's firmness in this matter will go far to counterbalance the effects of his failure in the Hawaiian affair.

A treaty has been negotiated with China, by Secretary Gresham, on behalf of the United States, which is said to accomplish all that is demanded by the anti-Chinese sentiment of the Republic, with the consent of the Chinese rulers themselves. The treaty declares that the Government of China, in view of the sentiment of the people of the United States, "desires to prohibit the emigration of such (Chinese) laborers from China to the United States." It is provided that such emigration shall be absolutely prohibited, save in regard to certain exceptional cases which are enumerated. The exceptions cover officials, teachers, students, merchants and persons travelling for curiosity or pleasure; also any registered Chinese laborer who may have a lawful wife, parent or child, or property to the value of one thousand dollars, in the United States, on the observance by these parties respectively of certain legal formalities which are carefully specified. It is provided that the Chinese Government may enact similar prohibitions with reference to American citizens residing in their country. Many questions will suggest themselves to the thoughtful on-looker. Has this humiliating treaty been made freely by the Chinese, or under the compulsion of conscious inability to enforce existing treaty rights and the unwritten laws of international comity? How can the Chinese or any other Government discharge such an obligation save by some intolerably oppressive passport system? Does the United States bind itself to enact and enforce a similar prohibition of its subjects emigrating to China, if requested to do so? Can it do so, by the use of any means available under a constitutional and popular government, even if it honestly makes the attempt?

The difficulty which has arisen between the British and Canadian Governments,

touching the Copyright Act, passed by the Dominion Parliament several years ago, which the Government of the Mother Country will not permit to become law, illustrates a kind of friction which would almost certainly arise under any system of Imperial Federation. Without going into the details of the controversy, for which our space is inadequate, the two salient points seem to be the apparent inability of the British Government and its Committee to understand the peculiarities of the Canadian position, and the seeming necessity that the interests of Canada be sacrificed to those of the great nations represented in the Berne Convention. As an example of the former may be quoted the argument of the British Committee of experts to whom the question was referred, that twelve months might be allowed as a reasonable time to the copyright holder for cheap reproduction, and that during that time the Imperial copyright should hold good. The reply so well made by Sir John Thompson, at once suggests itself to every Canadian who understands the situation: "In less than twelve months the Canadian market would be flooded with American reprints and the sale of the book would be over." It must be admitted that, under the circumstances, the difficulties in the way of the British Government assenting to the Canadian Act are serious, from their point of view. But none the less the refusal of permission to make her own copyright laws is an interference with Canadian interests, as well as with her autonomy, to which our Parliament and people will find it hard to submit. The way out of the difficulty does not yet appear.

Serious dissatisfaction is said to have been caused at Washington by the cable report that the Bill now before the British Parliament for the carrying out of the rules prescribed by the Paris Arbitrator contains a clause exempting from the penalties provided in the Bill any sealing vessel which can be shown to have left port before the Bill had become law and been announced as such. This seems only fair and in accordance with the modern spirit, which objects as a rule to retroactive legislation, when heavy penalties are involved. At the same time, it is easy to understand the disappointment and even resentment of the Americans, should the result be that the protection granted by the decision of the Paris tribunal is lost for the present season in consequence of British delay in passing the required legislation. But, see.

ing that that legislation was to be concurrent on the part of the United States and Great Britain, and that the former has delayed as long as the latter, the question as to which is to blame for the delay will have an important bearing upon the controversy, should one unhappily arise. Back of all would be the legal question, whether the regulations of the Arbitrators became operative and binding as soon as passed, as some contend. In that case it is not easy to see why any subsequent legislation should be needed. Moreover, there is a seeming absurdity in supposing either the British or the American Government enforcing a law not made by their own legislators, but enacted for them and imposed upon them by a mixed and irresponsible tribunal. The delay in legislation is no doubt unfortunate, and possibly blameworthy, on the part of one Government or the other. But it will probably appear that neither nation was particularly to blame, much less had any dishonest design in causing it.

One of the worst effects of the party system in politics is that it is not confined in its operation to the principles, so-called, great or small, which are supposed to mark the lines of cleavage between the parties, but intrudes its petty and mischievous front into almost every question which can possibly arise in the legislatures in which it has full sway. It promotes a mutual distrust which prevents the opposing parties from placing the same confidence in each other's honour which would be regarded as a matter of course between gentlemanly opponents in any private competition or rivalry. Each party is constantly suspicious of any reform proposed by the other, taking for granted that it will be so managed as to secure some party advantage for those who propose it. Nor can it be denied that there is often but too much ground for such suspicions. None the less they are inimical to good legislation. One would have supposed, for instance, in view of the dissatisfaction existing among members of both parties with regard to the present method of preparing the list of voters in elections for the Local House, and of the frequent approval of the principle of registration by members of both parties, that the announcement of the Government's intention to introduce a Registration Bill for the protection of voters on either side would have commanded at once the approval of the Opposition. On the contrary, the Bill for this purpose, introduced by the Ontario Government, is at once vigorously assailed on the ground that it has been planned with a view to party advantage. The accusation may have some truth in it, though it is not easy to see how that can be. But how much fairer and better in every respect would it be, were the Governments to submit the drawing up of all such bills, liable as they sometimes are to misconstruction or am-

biguity, to a joint committee fairly representing both parties. The Government which shall first rise to the height of this judicial fairness, will establish itself more firmly in the confidence of the public than it is possible to do by means of the cleverest scheming for unfair advantages.

Whether it is quite magnanimous on the part of the wise to preface any enlightenment of the ignorant with a sound scolding for their ignorance, is a question upon which opinions may differ. Perhaps the scolding process is necessary in order to induce the humility of mind so necessary in the learner. Be that as it may, we shall try to let our gratitude for the information vouchsafed by Principal Grant cause us to forget the severity of his lofty displeasure. Not only so, but in our humiliation we will try to propitiate him by making the "frank confession of ignorance" which it appears we at the same time made and failed to make in our former note. We humbly confess that we are unable to make the weeks long enough to enable us to take note of everything which appears in the hundreds of newspapers, magazines, school and college journals, etc., Canadian and American, which come to hand, to say nothing of others which fail to reach our office. Some of our friends in various places, taking pity on our incapacity, are good enough to call our attention by marked copies and otherwise to matters of public interest which come more particularly under their notice. For instance, upon the appearance of our first note, some kind friend was good enough—and that too without a word of reproof—to send us some marked copies of the Calendar of the University of New Brunswick, from which we at once perceived that our remarks had done injustice to that institution. This injustice we tried to remedy in our second note. No doubt had we read carefully all the Fredericton and St. John papers we might have gained all that information without other assistance.

Alas, that life should be so short and the powers of ordinary mortals so limited. We can only plead in self-excuse that no day passes in which we have not occasion to deplore our ignorance, and in which we do not try to reduce the mountain by a grain or two. We have to thank Principal Grant for having aided us in this process, with as much courtesy as is, we suppose, due to a journalistic scribe. Perhaps we may, without violation of the courtesy due to the President of a University, express our regret that he did not see fit to go a little further and in addition to the interesting and valuable information contained in his letter, give us the further particulars which we especially desired, with reference to the mode of examining those who take the lecture courses; the number of actual students, as distinct from mere listeners, who attended them; the success of those

students in passing examinations, etc. We will just add that the charge of failure in our first note was intended, as most of our readers who have given attention to the matter will probably have perceived, though we dare say that in our effort at condensation we failed to make it as clear as it should have been, to apply to the seemingly abortive effort made two or three years since to organize a union movement for university extension work among the universities. If our memory has not left us in "total darkness" on this point also, a constitution was agreed or partially agreed on and a committee appointed to inaugurate the work, or to recommend plans for inaugurating it. Has this committee ever reported? Has anything been done in the way of carrying forward the movement thus determined on? We blush again to confess our dense ignorance, but frank confession is not only good for the culprit but often the only condition on which enlightenment can be obtained.

Education occupies so large a place in the limited sphere allotted to the local legislatures under Confederation that it is not surprising that a considerable part of the time of these legislatures is given to the discussion of various educational questions. Several important questions of this kind were debated in the Ontario Legislature last week. Two, at least, of these demand special attention. They were quite distinct in character, yet they were discussed in the same connection, and are seemingly more or less confused in some minds. It is a fair question whether the funds derived from taxation of the whole people should, in any case, be drawn upon in aid of education above that grade which may reasonably be supposed to be within the reach of the great mass of the tax-payers. Our High Schools and Collegiate Institutes, for instance, are often called the poor man's colleges. Yet a glance at the Departmental Report shows us that while almost one in every four of the whole population of the Province is enrolled in the public schools, but one in every twenty-five of that population attends an intermediate school. This, too, notwithstanding the great development of this branch of the educational system, on which the Minister dwelt with so much gratification. The President of Michigan University touched upon the same principle in his eloquent advocacy of State support of universities, in his recent address in this city. There can be no doubt that the whole people derive great benefit from the presence among them of a large number of highly educated men and women. And yet, as we pointed out in a recent article, the masses, who are more and more taking the control of legislation into their own hands, are showing a marked tendency to object to being compulsorily taxed for the higher education of a comparatively small class, in

order that all may share in an indirect way in the somewhat intangible blessings which result from the labours and discoveries of a few of the highly educated.

Connected with the objection above indicated to the alleged unfair liberality of the Government to the High Schools and Collegiate Institutes, was another which is so often heard from the lips of the uneducated, but which we should not have expected to meet with in the speeches of educated men in the Provincial Legislature, or in the editorial columns of leading newspapers. It is the old-fashioned cry of "over-education!" Tell it not in England, whisper it not in the United States, that in Anglo-Saxon-Canada, and even in the city which is proud to be sometimes called its intellectual centre, there are men of intelligence and influence who are fearful lest the masses shall be spoiled for the practical work of life by too much learning. It may be, it probably is, true that too many of our young people are shunning the manly toil of the farm and of other pursuits which require a mingling of manual with brain work. It may be true that this mistaken tendency is largely due to the belief fostered in the minds of those who have got a little learning at the High School or elsewhere, that they can do better for themselves in some other pursuit than that of their fathers. But if there is no way of correcting this mischievous mistake save by withdrawing from the many a part of their educational opportunities, and keeping them in old-time ignorance and darkness, the remedy is surely far worse than the disease. The fact is that the trouble is due, not to too much education, but to too little of it. To abolish the High Schools, or even to lessen their number and efficiency, in order to keep the country boys in their places on the farms, would be to fight against enlightenment and progress. The true remedy for the evil is more education. And, then, as we have asked before, why should the country youth be held responsible above all others for the tilling of the soil? Why do not some of the merchants and manufacturers and professional men, who bewail this tendency to forsake the country for the city, do something to restore the equilibrium by educating their own sons—according to the view we are discussing, they should, we suppose, keep them uneducated—for the country and for farm life? When we all become better educated many of the city-bred children will be trained as carefully for agricultural and horticultural pursuits, as they now are for trade or the learned professions. Such interchange of blood and development of muscle are the very things needed to keep the manhood of the country at a high average in respect to both muscle and brain.

THE STATE OF THE COUNTRY.

One of the curious features of the Tariff debate now going on in the Commons at Ottawa is the wide difference of opinion as to the present state of Canada. In the eyes of speakers on the Government and Protectionist side, the country is on the whole in a satisfactory condition; its people prosperous; business generally at least fairly active and remunerative. To the eyes of speakers on the Opposition and anti-Protectionist side, on the other hand, the whole country is under a cloud, and the masses, the farmers in particular, are very far from being in a comfortable, much less a prosperous condition. We see no reason to call in question the sincerity of either class of speakers. No doubt the majority, at least, on both sides persuade themselves that they are not only honest in their convictions, but that those convictions have been reached by the royal highway of impartial study and investigation. Of course both parties see more or less through the distorting medium of party predilections and purposes. Politicians not less than others, many will say even more than others, have the facility, so unfriendly to truth-seeking, of seeing what they wish to see and of failing to see what they do not wish to see, so far as the bearing of facts upon their views and arguments are concerned. Yet it is evident to the careful reader of the tariff speeches that this consideration falls far short of accounting for the extreme difference of opinion upon a question of fact, in regard to which the evidence is within the reach of every one who cares to examine it. Beneath all, it is pretty clear, lies the primary source of the divergence in conclusions, viz., the want of a common standard of comparison. The members of one party apply a standard of prosperity quite different in kind from that used by those of the other party. A wide divergence in conclusions is the natural result.

The first thing required, then, if both parties were really anxious to know the exact truth, would be agreement upon a common standard, or test, by which to determine the result. In what does the prosperity of a people situated as the Canadian people are really consist? With what kind and degree of prosperity should they be satisfied? Is it sufficient that the people actually resident in the country at a given period should enjoy a fair share of the comforts of life, or that their condition in relation to the possession of such comforts should compare favourably with that of the people of other countries with which theirs may fairly be compared? It is but too evident that, applying the first test, there are many in Canada at the present moment who cannot be said to be in possession of the means of enjoying even reasonable comfort. There are many citizens, willing and anxious to be industrious, who

are quite unable to find remunerative work. Yet, comparing our condition in this respect with that of our kinsmen over the border, or with that of the masses in almost any other country in America or Europe, it is pretty certain that the percentage of those among us who are in distressing poverty is smaller, and the percentage of those who are able to live in tolerable comfort is larger, than in most other countries with which we are acquainted. The almost universal business depression rests upon the Dominion more lightly than upon almost any other country that can be named. From this comparative point of view, the people of Canada, that is, the people actually resident in Canada at the present time, are decidedly well to do.

But when we come to enquire into the causes of this happy state of things another standard of prosperity is suggested. Tested by it, if it be admitted to be a fair test, the state of the country takes on a very different aspect. Why is it that there is comparatively so little absolute distress in Canada at the present time when industrial and commercial disaster is almost world-wide? May we not answer this question by another? What would have been the condition of Canada to-day, had the hundreds of thousands of young men and young women—yes, of citizens of all ages—who have crossed over, temporarily or permanently, to the United States, within the last ten years, been obliged to remain in the country? In other words, can it be that our comparative immunity from great distress is due in large measure to the fact of the existence upon our southern border of a country of vast resources and immense wealth, affording a great variety of employments, peopled by a kindred nation, speaking the same language and having institutions and modes of government based on the same general principles as our own, to which our people, especially our young people, whenever unable to obtain remunerative employment at home, have freely migrated, thus preventing the pressure which must otherwise inevitably have resulted? Let it not be said that we are disparaging our country in making such a suggestion. We are simply paying our readers and the members of both political parties the compliment of supposing that they wish to arrive at the truth and the whole truth, on every question affecting the condition of the country and the effect of the rival commercial policies between whose claims Canadians will soon be called upon to decide.

Let us illustrate by supposing a case which has, we are sure, been realized in the history of thousands of families in all parts of central and eastern Canada during the last decade. Here is a farmer, or a merchant, or a professional man, who, by dint of economy and industry, finds himself able to bring up his growing family in tolerable comfort, and to give each of his

children a good education, while they are dependent upon him. Presently, however, the time comes when two or three of his stalwart and ambitious sons reach the years of manhood and begin to look around them for openings in which they can support themselves, and provide for the support of families in their turn. All the ties of natural affection and of patriotism bind them to their native land. Yet in how many thousands of cases are they reluctantly forced to the conclusion that no such openings are to be found in Canada, and that they must turn their unwilling footsteps towards the South? It may be said that were they more patriotic or less ambitious, they would find something to do in their native land. Perhaps so, but seeing that they and their parents earnestly did their best, under the influence of the strongest motives, it behoves those who find fault with their decisions to point out wherein they failed and how the desired end might have been attained. Meanwhile the family, constantly reduced in numbers as one member after another crosses the border, may continue to live in tolerable comfort in Canada. But is it not too much to expect that either those who remain, or those who sorrowfully leave, should be satisfied with the state of the country, especially when they know well that it possesses ample room and resources for the support of ten times its present number of inhabitants, could only a commercial policy be devised which would lead to its development.

Can a young country, rich in the varied gifts of nature, as Canada unquestionably is, be considered fairly prosperous under a condition of things which leads to the expatriation of so large a proportion of her sons and daughters? We are not now assuming that a free-trade policy would change all this, as by magic. We are simply asking whether, the facts being as they are, we can fairly claim that our country is reasonably prosperous, so long as it is at least doubtful whether the measure of prosperity enjoyed by those who remain in it is not very largely due to the fact that it is exceptionally easy for its surplus population to leave it. We have no wish to dogmatize. We are merely inquiring.

While believing that the test of prosperity which we have applied is reasonable and legitimate, though we do not remember to have seen it applied in this way, and that it is really a crucial test of the condition of the country, we had intended to apply another, which seems to us also worthy of the most careful consideration. But we have left ourselves no room to do more than state it in the briefest form, and leave it for the consideration of our readers. It is this: Admitting that our statistics bear witness to a considerable degree of activity in trade and commerce, and thereby to an increase of the aggregate wealth of the country, a vital question is that touching the distribution of this wealth. Are all classes in the country becoming more comfortable and prosperous, year by year, or is it true, as so many allege, that while

the rich are becoming richer, the poor are becoming poorer? If the latter is the truth, some radical change is evidently needed to bring true and lasting prosperity.

OTTAWA LETTER.

The Budget! The Budget! is the record of the past week's parliamentary work. The advantages of the Canadian parliamentary system are forcibly brought out in comparison with that of our neighbours in the attempt to change the tariff in the two countries. We pass the tariff first and talk after. They talk first and pass the tariff after. The Finance Minister brought down his budget on Tuesday, the 27th March, and when he opened his mouth—"Ho Presto!"—the new tariff became law and the members of Parliament have been discussing the policy of the Government ever since, but the business-men of the country are not waiting to know whether the proposed changes shall go into force or not; that was settled the day the Finance Minister spoke; minor changes may be made but the principle of the tariff is not likely to be affected. At Washington, Congress started in to change its tariff four or five months ago in accordance with the wishes of the people, and Congress is still discussing it, while the business men of the country are waiting to know what is going to be done and leading public men are enabled to manipulate stocks to their advantage from the inside knowledge of the opposition they propose to offer.

The national game of politics over the border is not played with due regard to the proprieties, and the people are apparently not in it. However, while we may find it a very gratifying pastime to criticize our neighbors, and plume ourselves on our superior advantages in political machinery, we have plenty to do in keeping our wheels well greased and belts tightened in developing our own national life. The great question now under discussion, is, whether we shall continue to develop our national life on the lines of protection or leave individual effort untrammelled on the lines of free trade. That is not actually the dividing line at present, but that will really be the outcome of the present agitation for a reform of the tariff, when parties will, in all probability, link their titles and range themselves on the side of commercial freedom or commercial thralldom, of which protection is proving itself to be the mainstay.

The Conservative party is already showing signs of undergoing a change, there being one section who think the Government should not have abandoned its protective policy by making any alteration in the tariff, and another body in the ranks who think the Government acted wisely in making a break in the force of the protection chain on the lines of public opinion.

There can be no doubt that the opening out of the vast territory known as British North America to the free and untrammelled trade of the world would be one of the greatest political achievements of any age; one of the strongest bonds of union with the British Empire; and one of the greatest sources of wealth to the Canadian people in every Province. Exactly how that consummation is to be brought about is still a political mystery, but the whispering of the winds as they touch the political wires transmit a soft music which betokens the dawn of commercial freedom, as the singing of the joyous lark in its free and

untrammelled course heavenwards betokens the dawn of day.

The two speeches that have created the most interest in the past week have been those, respectively, of Mr. Davies the Opposition leader of the Maritime Provinces, and Sir Charles Tupper, who replied to him. Mr. Davies is energetic and enthusiastic; Sir Charles Tupper is young and vigorous; both doughty champions of the causes they represent. Sir Charles Tupper resorted to his scrap book, and undertook to judge Mr. Davies by his utterances of the past rather than by his utterances of to-day, a policy of doubtful expediency.

The Government has instituted a new departure by introducing their Insolvency Bill in the Senate. This will relieve the Commons of a great deal of preliminary work, and a bill of such importance is likely to be well thrashed out by the Senators, many of whom have had a long business experience.

Lady Aberdeen has assembled the National Council of Women at the capital, and interesting papers will be read before it, dealing with various subjects in which women are interested. Several are inquiring what the object is, but that will no doubt be developed in the course of the meeting. Lady Aberdeen has also issued cards for a reception at Rideau Hall, on Wednesday evening, to meet the delegates to the National Council, and if they had the opportunity of visiting the House of Commons and listening to the debates, they might have a foretaste of what fate may have in store for some of them in this world of perpetual changes.

The capital has been also visited by some Toronto citizens—the agricultural machine men who were anxious to have the duty taken off their raw material. Their argument is, that in competing with the United States at home and abroad they are severely handicapped by the duties on iron, which so largely enter into their manufacture, and if they were removed they would be able to largely increase their business. This is but one of the kaleidoscopic puzzles which confront the Finance Minister in his practical study of scientific protection.

The hospitalities of the Ministers are being dispensed with a generous hand, and Mr. White, the popular Speaker of the Commons, has commenced a series of parliamentary dinners.

Members are undoubtedly in for a long session, and the dog days are likely to find them still hard at work; a little fun by the way is, therefore, some compensation for the duties imposed by the public taskmasters.

Genial spring is coming on us gradually and the streets are putting on a clean and cheerful appearance.

Ottawa, April 10th, 1894.

VIVANDIER.

PROMINENT CANADIANS.—XLVIII.

J. G. BOURINOT, C.M.G., D.C.L., EX-PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF CANADA, ETC.

No Canadian has as yet done for Canada what has long since been done for New England and the other centres of colonization, French, Dutch and English, in the United States. There is not a portion of Great Britain, France, the Netherlands and the rest of Latin and Teutonic Europe which has had any share in building up the States of the Union and the Union itself that has not been made as familiar to patriotic Americans as their ancestral homes

in the New World. The Batavian haunts of patroon and boer, the strongholds of Huguenot dispersion, the England of the Pilgrims, the earlier England of John Robinson and his fellow-seceders, and the still earlier England of Shakespeare, the common motherland of the race in Greater Britain of every allegiance—these and other old-world cradles of new-world life have found enthusiastic historians among the descendants of those who left them generations ago.

In Canada, on the other hand, save for an incidental allusion here and there, the students of our annals might ask in vain with what old-world scenes our greatest benefactors have been associated by birth or descent. And yet there is scope for a most fascinating volume or series of volumes, if worthy hands would undertake to depict with pen and pencil just so much of "Picturesque Europe" as is related by historic and romantic associations with *La Nouvelle France* and British Canada.

Of the portions of the United Kingdom that have contributed to any appreciable extent to the peopling of the Dominion, the Channel Islands have peculiar claims on our interest. Their situation, their ethnology, their relations to France, on the one hand, to Great Britain, on the other, their scenery, industries, governments, dialects and folk-lore are all worthy of careful study. Though English is taught in their schools, and French is the language of their courts, they are neither French nor English, and their mother tongue is the old Norman speech of Rollo's Dukedom. Politically, they enjoy an independence which is in accordance with their position as the sole fragment of the original domain of the Conqueror which yields obedience to the Conqueror's heirs. This unique archipelago has given birth to some great divines, soldiers, artists and men of letters, and was for years the home of the greatest French poet of this century. With Guernsey, Canada associates the imperishable fame of a Brock; with Jersey, the enduring worth of a Bourinot.

Some years before the death of George IV., the late Hon. John Bourinot arrived in Nova Scotia. Having married a daughter of the late Judge Marshall, he made his home at Sydney, Cape Breton, with which town his name was long connected as Vice-Consul of France. There in 1836 John Bourinot first saw the light. In "Cape Breton and its Memorials" we find an instructive history of the town, founded by Des Barres more than a century ago. It is "prattily situated on a peninsula well adapted for a fine city, and is the headquarters of a large coal trade." From its spacious harbour, LeMoynes d'Iberville, founder of Louisiana, set out for the coast of Maine on the expedition which ended in the defeat of the English cruisers and the destruction of the fort of Pemaquid. Until recently such memories of ancient feuds were nearly all, save the charms of nature and the advantages of situation, that Sydney had to boast of; but of late its prospects have been enlarging and its hopes seem about to be justified. The French tricolor floated down till a few years ago, on a staff near the water's edge in front of a large white house with wide verandahs and green shrubberies. In this house, whose quaint low rooms were long the scene of a generous hospitality shared by some of France's greatest sailors, John George Bourinot spent his happy boyhood. Twenty-four miles away were the ruins of the old French

fortress of Louisbourg, and the whole island abounded in memories of the past, so that long before he left home to enter college he had felt the glamour of that influence of by-gone times which is often at once the delight and the despair of poetic minds. His father's consular functions brought him in contact with those that went down to the sea in ships. His maternal grandfather was the son of an army officer who had stood loyal to his king in the great schism of the Empire. All around were the scenes of the long strife for the mastery of a continent between the hosts of France and the hosts of England. Away back of that struggle was the age of exploration when rival adventurers from Spain and Portugal, from France and England, reconnoitred for north-west passages to the treasure lands and spice islands of the East. Nay, remoter still, might be seen on the historic horizon the receding ships of the Norsemen, as they sailed away for the shores of Vinland further south.

Amid such scenes the boy's mind was undergoing, by nature's own process, preparation for the tasks that awaited the man. Nor in the domain of letters was he without example. His father, cultivated and refined, did not forget to turn his winter leisure to account by converse with his bookshelves. His maternal grandfather was a life-long student, a wielder of the pen of the ready writer. His tutor, a clergyman, was not only accomplished in ancient lore, but had discernment enough to perceive that his pupil needed to be guided rather than urged up the heights of learning. In due time he was ready to enter Trinity College, Toronto, where his intellectual gifts soon won recognition. The poet who says that obedience is the bane of all genius utters a dangerous half truth. The growing intellect is strengthened by discipline and the old adage, "*Nulla dies sine linea*," is never more applicable than in connection with the training of the university. It is a great thing to learn how to allot one's time to different branches of knowledge, how not only to be industrious but to be methodical, to grasp and conquer even what is distasteful. Mr. Bourinot won his share of collegiate honours, but such honours are vain unless the effort that goes to their attainment and the intellectual gains that accompany them are made the basis of systematic and conscientious application in after life. In Mr. Bourinot's case his college course was but the vestibule into the many-chambered temple of learning where his labours have been so steadfast and so fruitful. After graduation he stood for a time in perplexity at the meeting of life's ways, eager to be usefully employed, but not yet assured of the direction in which the inner voice called him. He did not wait long, however, for his vocation. The bent of his mind was towards one or other of the departments of letters, but in Canada a quarter of a century or more ago, literary work meant either engagement in a newspaper office or the road of exile. Mr. Bourinot decided not to take that road, however enticing to one of his gifts, but to remain in Canada and to cut a way for himself to the goal of his desire. He found editorial writing an excellent apprenticeship. His academical training enabled him to resist those temptations to sensation, slang and slovenliness in writing to which too many journalists give way until carelessness has become a habit and improvement impossible. Horace's advice as to the ceaseless study of the best models is as per-

tinued to-day as it was when he wrote his didactic Epistle to the Pisos. For fifteen years Mr. Bourinot was a writer for the press of his native province. For a considerable portion of this time he was editor-in-chief of the *Halifax Reporter*, a journal established by himself. He had early made himself proficient in shorthand, and his skill in parliamentary reporting and *precis*-writing was acknowledged when he was still a young man by his appointment as official reporter to the Nova Scotia Assembly. Confederation, which revealed to Canadians of the coast, river and lake regions, and ultimately, of the vast prairie and ultra-montane regions, the fact that they were fellow-citizens of a common allegiance, had from the first a vigorous champion in Mr. Bourinot. In 1868 he moved from Halifax to Ottawa, and became shorthand writer to the Senate. In 1873 he was appointed second clerk assistant to the House of Commons; in February, 1879, first clerk assistant, and on the 18th of December, 1880, he was promoted to the important position of Clerk to the House of Commons. In this position he has been for Canada what the late Sir Thomas Erskine May, who for years held the corresponding office in the Imperial Commons, had been to Great Britain. It is, indeed, noteworthy that among those who were the foremost in acknowledging the value of his services as a constitutional historian and critic, Mr. Bourinot had no more fervent admirer than the great British constitutionalist. The publication of "*Parliamentary Practice and Procedure*," though it brought him a world-wide reputation as one of the always restricted circle of constitutional writers of the first-class, was, however, no surprise to those who had known the nature and extent of his researches and had been acquainted with the previous products of his pen. Even while he was doing the drudgery of an editor's lot, he had contributed a number of essays on literary, historical, political and economical questions to Canadian and American periodicals. His inquiries into the more romantic phases of Acadian life under the French Regime had yielded such charming studies as "*Old French Forts of Acadia*," "*Gentlemen Adventurers in Acadia*" and others as instructive as they were entertaining. In "*Canadian Historic Names*" he led the way in a line of research along which several writers followed his guidance. "*The Ottawa Valley: Its History and Resources*" and "*From the Great Lakes to the Sea*" were the fruits of his early residence in Ontario. Those who had read these and other contributions to the literature of Canada's history, geography and statistics, knew what thoroughness of investigation combined with attractiveness of style he could bring to bear on such patriotic themes. To such readers it was no surprise when his monograph on Cape Breton, with its wealth of illustration and of *pieces justificatives* was put into their hands. "*The House of Commons in Session*," which appeared in the *Canadian Monthly*, may be accepted as a forecast of the series of parliamentary studies, and especially of the great work on "*Practice and Procedure*." To the same magazine was contributed an essay on "*Intellectual Development in Canada*," subsequently printed in a small volume which for some years served as a handbook on its subject. Here we have the germ of the comprehensive survey of Canada's progress in letters, arts, the sciences and education published last year

under the title of "Our Intellectual Strength and Weakness." From this meagre outline of Mr. Bourinot's early writings, it may be seen that his contributions to history fall under three general divisions: narrative, statistical and economical; constitutional and literary. An example of each *genre* is given in the foregoing synopsis.

The year 1882 may be regarded as a fresh starting-point in Mr. Bourinot's career, as well as in the intellectual evolution of Canada. In that year the Marquis of Lorne founded the institution with which his name has been from the first so fruitfully identified. He was one of those summoned by the noble founder to give advice as to the form that it should assume; has been its president, and, save during his tenure of that exalted position, has held with results that gave universal satisfaction, the office of honorary secretary. The onerous duties thus incumbent on him he has discharged with rare self-sacrifice and devotion, at the same time contributing to the *Transactions* a series of papers of the utmost value to the students of Canada's history and institutions. It is nothing more than simple justice to state that to Dr. Bourinot the Royal Society of Canada is largely indebted for whatever it can boast of prosperous, fruitful and reputable life. His unflinching courtesy has done much to maintain a good understanding and kindly feelings between the French and English sections, between the Society and other Canadian bodies of kindred aim but merely local influence as well as the British and foreign institutions with which it exchanges *Transactions*. At the time of its foundation, Mr. Bourinot was already a member of the Statistical Society, and of the Royal Colonial Institute. To the *Proceedings* of both these important bodies, to *Blackwood's Magazine*, the *Scottish Review*, the *Westminster Review*, the *Quarterly Review* and the *Juridical Review* he has during the last twelve years contributed valuable papers and articles dealing with every phase of Canada's progress and prospects. During the same period he has written treatises of still greater importance for the "Johns Hopkins University Studies in Historical and Political Science," the "Reports of the American Historical Association" and the "Annals of the American Academy of Political and Social Science." He was also honoured with a place (along with Profs. Ingram, Sedgwick, Ashley, etc., on the General Advisory Committee of this last body for Canada and Great Britain. Those who know the rank which the Academy holds as an organ of enlightened opinion on economic science will understand the significance of such an honour. Mr. Bourinot chose for the subject of his essay a comparison between the political systems of "Canada and the United States," bringing out the advantages of a government responsible to the people and constantly in sympathetic touch with the popular aspirations. This essay, strange as it may seem, was a revelation to many Americans, even of the class deemed well-informed, touching the real democratic freedom that may be enjoyed under a monarchy like ours. It did good service in correcting absurd misconceptions as to the power of the sovereign and the relations of the Imperial authorities to the Canadian Parliament and people. The same theme was touched upon (though less from the standpoint of comparison) in "Federal Government in Canada," one of Dr. Bourinot's essays in the Johns Hopkins

University Studies. To the same series he contributed an admirable study on a subject hitherto strangely neglected, "Local Governments in Canada." This essay had a far-reaching influence on both sides of the Atlantic and there is little doubt that it has been among the forces tending to the reform of the anomalously multiple local institutions of England. "Parliamentary Government in Canada" was the theme on which Dr. Bourinot addressed the American Historical Association. With this admirably classified and lucidly annotated bibliography of works bearing on the subject, this is really an excellent introduction to the whole subject of parliamentary rule. It ought to be in the hands of every Canadian who wishes to understand the constitution of his own country so far as its essential and central feature is concerned.

Having thus heartily commended the foregoing treatises on federal, parliamentary and local government in Canada and on the Canadian system as compared with that of the United States, we need not linger long over Dr. Bourinot's most important work, "Parliamentary Practice and Procedure, with a review of the origin, growth and operation of parliamentary institutions in Canada." It may suffice to say that it evoked warm approval from no less an authority than the late Sir Thomas Erskine May, K.C.B., author of "The Constitutional History of England," Hallam's continuator. It is considered the highest tribute to excellence *laudari a laudato viro*, to be praised by one whose praiseworthiness has been universally acknowledged. It is not at second-hand, however, that the writer commends Dr. Bourinot's works, having learned to value them by long and close companionship.

Soon after the appearance of the first edition of "Practice and Procedure," Dr. Bourinot revised and enlarged certain chapters of that unavoidably expensive work which he published in a handy volume as "A Manual of the Constitutional History of Canada." It is pleasant to know that this little treatise has been adopted in some of our seats of learning as a text book of constitutional study, while its price brings it within reach of every student.

It also speaks well for the growing interest in this important class of subjects that since the publication of "Parliamentary Practice and Procedure," the author has been honoured by the universities of his native Province, of Ontario, including his *alma mater*, and of the French-speaking section of the Province of Quebec. By Trinity College, Toronto, where he graduated B.A., the degree of D.C.L. was conferred on him, venerable King's (Windsor, N.S.), conferring the same degree on the occasion of its centennial celebration. Queen's followed the example of King's by making him LL.D., and lastly Laval made him a Docteur ès Lettres. Last year Dr. Bourinot was made one of three Honorary Members of the American Antiquarian Society, the other two being the Duke of Veragua, descendant of Columbus, and M. H. Harrisse, the historian and bibliographer. He was also made vice-president for Canada of the Egypt Exploration Fund for the year 1893. On the 1st of January, 1892, Dr. Bourinot's services to Canada and the Empire were recognized and rewarded by a Companionship of the Order of St. Michael and St. George.

Since then he has written two of his most important works—"Descriptive and

Historical account of the Island of Cape Breton" and "Our Intellectual Strength and Weakness." This latter volume is at once a history, a criticism and a bibliography, and is characterized by the painstaking and conscientious thoroughness that Dr. Bourinot brings to bear on whatsoever he undertakes. It includes in its survey science and art as well as literature. The sketch of Canada's progress in art under both regimes gives a long list of names, and, though only a synopsis, is the only synopsis of the kind hitherto attempted. The review of education brings out the relations between a wisely chosen legislature and the public welfare and shows that the full recognition of responsible government was intimately associated with the demand for better schools. The fruits of these schools and the provisions for higher instruction that followed their establishment began to be seen a generation later. Dr. Bourinot, in his estimate of Canada's intellectual strength, as manifested in a not unfruitful scientific research, a growing degree of literary activity, a more respectful attitude toward the arts and a higher standard of merit in each of these spheres of effort, has thought it only right to distinguish between those who, trained elsewhere, are Canadians by adoption only, and those who have been born and wholly or mostly educated in Canada. It is a sure sign that strength is gradually getting the better of weakness that, whereas, less than half a century ago, the greater number of Canadians engaged in letters, science, art or higher education would have been set down as born out of Canada, the contrary is the case to-day, while in merit also the balance is on the Canadian side. It is to Dr. Bourinot's credit that, by broadening and stimulating the sense of Canadian nationality, he has made Canadians proud of their birthright and their name.

The other work to which we would call attention is the admirable "Descriptive and Historical Account of the Island of Cape Breton, and of its memorials of the French Regime, with bibliographical, historical and critical notes, and old maps, plans and illustrations of Louisbourg."

It is with pride, mingled with sorrow, that we recall how much this book was prized by Francis Parkman, than whom no one was better qualified to judge of its quality. The Rev. E. E. Hale had nothing but praise for it in his *Commonwealth*. The *Athenæum*, which is rather chary of laudation, thinks very highly of it, as does also the English *Historical Review*. They could not, indeed, do otherwise, for in this book Dr. Bourinot has bestowed a loving care which is its own reward. Proud of his native island, once an independent province, he has striven to raise its repute in the eyes of the Dominion and of the world. If Canada as a whole is indebted to him for making its people, products, annals and institutions known to the Old World and the New, the inhabitants of Cape Breton have incurred still deeper obligations to him, which they can only repay by prizing his book at its true worth. Less than that will do him injustice.

Dr. Bourinot has now in press, we understand a "Manual of Procedure for the Conduct of Public Meetings," a work that will supply an often felt want.

In social life, Dr. Bourinot enjoys the esteem of many friends. The heart and the head are in him well matched and his kind-

ness and generosity are as marked as his intellectual endowments. He is a member of the Church of England.

In 1858 Dr. Bourinot married Miss Delia Hawke, who died in 1860. In 1866, Dr. Bourinot married Miss Emily Alden Pillsbury, daughter of the American Consul at Halifax. This lady, who was highly accomplished, belonged to the family of which Governor Endicott was one of the founders. She died in September, 1887.

In 1889 Dr. Bourinot married his present wife, Isabel, daughter of John Cameron, Esquire, of Toronto. No figures would be more sadly missed from the Society of our metropolis than those of Dr. and Mrs. Bourinot, while their home is a model of all that is most cultured, desirable and exemplary in domestic life.

JUVENAL, SAT. X.

[We give below a translation of the last twenty lines of this famous satire, which the great Bishop Butler recommended his clergy to read at least once a year, for the sake of the moral lessons it inculcates. In the preceding part of the poem Juvenal satirizes with his usual vehemence the objects which most men desire and pray for: wealth, honors, power, beauty, etc., and shows that they are usually either useless or positively hurtful. In the last twenty lines he asks and answers the question as to what should be the objects of a wise man's prayer.]

Shall we then prayer forego? Dost wish my rede?
Let the wise gods decide what 'tis we need.
What's best for us the gods will kindly grant,
Not what we ask, but what in truth we want.
Led by blind passion and caprices wild,
We pray the gods for wedded wife and child,
But if the wife or child we covet so
Will harm or bless us who can surely know?
When then your prayers you make on holy ground,
(As pray you must) pray for a mind that's sound
In body sound. Pray for a constant heart
That scorns to tremble at death's fatal dart,
That in life's closing scene serene can find
That Heaven to man e'en then is truly kind;
A mind no slave of passion or desire,
Preferring honest toil and labor dire
To all the ease and pomp of Persian king,
And all the splendor endless wealth can bring.
To prayers like these things fit answer we command
In virtue's path if firm our footsteps stand.
Blessed with good sense we fortune can despise,
'Tis we make her a god and place her in the skies.

E. A. MEREDITH.

DOWN THE GULF AND BY THE SEA.

CHAPTER VII.

A trip to the White Mountains was in the programme, and joining two interesting western families, from Ottawa, Illinois, our friends took train for Bethlehem. The ride in the open carriages through the mountains filled Mrs. Emerson with delight. So determined was she to enjoy it that at the risk of spoiling her beauty she bought a pair of those horrible spectacles—part glass, part wire work—for protecting the eyes from the sparks.

The whole party put up at the Alpine House, to the north of which the mountains swept in bold magnificent waves, Mount Washington, in the east, rising in superior majesty over his brethren. It was about four o'clock when they arrived, and it looked like rain. In a few minutes there was a regular rush to one side of the house, for in the east, spanning the valleys, were three complete rainbows, the sun shining, while to the west the mountains were

wrapped in thunderstorm, the artillery rumbling and thundering among the hills. Soon this cleared, and lo! the east was enveloped in storm. Then again the east cleared and looked like morning, the farms and white farm houses coming out distinct and pretty. They could with an opera glass see the buildings on the top of Mount Washington.

The next morning only Bob Wilson was up in time to see the sun rise. When he stepped out the mountains looked like black leviathans swimming in a sea of mist. The sun rose in dazzling splendour. To the west the full moon, looking pale and ghost-like. After a time the wooded heights came out clear and sunny, and the brother of the landlord said: "You are going to have a fine day, a rare thing at the latter end of August. I would almost warrant it."

At breakfast the young ladies from Illinois were delighted at hearing a rooster crow. They had evidently not heard one since they had left Ottawa, Illinois. Simultaneously they shouted, clapping their hands, "Oh! there's a rooster!"

They ascended Mount Washington and had a day without a cloud. Even the sublimity of the scene could not prevent Dark making a pun. The mountains round are called after the great men of the Republic. One is "Washington," another is "Henry," another "Calhoun," and so on.

"Which is 'Clay' and which is 'Jefferson'?" asked Paterfamilias from Ottawa, Illinois.

"I can't tell you which is Jefferson," said Dark, "but I can assure you that they are both clay."

On the following morning Mrs. Emerson was determined not to be caught rapping, and she was up before everybody and made a note of what she saw, which she read to her friends at breakfast.

"Quarter to five, mountains all black. Little mist. Purple in the east. Mist in the low-lying valleys like lakes. Purple in the east grows fainter—golden. Light golden. Mountains in the north grow defined. Trees seen. Purple to the north-east. Then the sun rose like some great blinking eye over the blue-black mountains: All the valleys, every plant, every cabbage, the apple trees, the little mountain farms look awake and glad. Even the mists looked as though they thought it was time for them too to rise. Oh that tender morning light in the green dewy grass! In the west the hills all glad and bright and over them high up the full moon, pale and scarred and ghost-like—a lingering spirit of the night which has no business to be there."

Meanwhile Bob Wilson and Dark had walked in the direction of the Franconia Valley and cursed the monotonous cow bell. Will no statesman make himself famous by passing a law that cows must wear musical bells? It will relieve suffering humanity and add greatly to the pleasure of the cows, as also to their utility. The writer has been assured that cows whose musical education has been attended to, yield sweeter milk than those who have never heard anything better than the dissonant play of a hammer in a vault of bell metal.

The two friends were admiring how one mountain flung a shadow on another; the bold gorges; the deep peace of the valley; when turning they saw Roby on horseback waving a telegram in his right hand. "The order of the day," he cried, "is pack. Here is a telegram which announces the early re-

turn of Ministers to town and we are warned not to overstay our leave, which, by jove! we have already done. Curse those Ministers, the rascals! They are the enemies of human peace!"

When they returned to Ottawa it was provoking to find the Ministers had not yet come and that they might have remained in the mountains two days more. Here Mrs. Emerson learned that her vagrant lord lay dead at Florence. Shall the curtain fall on her pensive beauty, her noble figure draped in gloom, her pale face, her generous tears? She had long been separated from her husband who was one of those men who will sate in a "celestial bed" and turn away from "a radiant angel" to "prey on garbage." Under these circumstances there was no impropriety in an early avowal of attachment, hardly any in listening to such. An eminent statesman sued in vain. Can you not guess the happy man? When the snow-covered hill and dale in the valley of the Ottawa, from St. Alban's Church the bells pealed out merrily on the bright frosty air and the handsomest widow who ever danced at Rideau Hall was led to the altar by the gallant old Colonel.

The elections followed hard on his return from his honeymoon. He contested the county of Free and Independent in the Ministerial interest. As he says with great candour while stroking his moustache, "My military reputation did something; my wife is a good electioneer and she won me many votes; the visit of Sir John was of great use; but gad! Sir, if I hadn't bought my way in I'd have been left behind."

The Colonel goes everywhere with his handsome wife who looks even handsomer than before her second marriage. The whole weight of the military affairs of Canada is on his shoulders. Whether war shall wrap this planet in flame or not, depends on his nod. Yet he looks serene—even jaunty.

"Why should not he look jaunty with such a wife!" cries Roby.

Dark grins and agrees when Mrs. Dark is not within ear-shot.

As for Mrs. Dark and Mrs. Roby they say the Colonel is an old fool.

All go to the same church and pray devoutly every Sunday, Mrs. Dark and Mrs. Roby being among the loudest in their responses.

Mrs. Emerson, who has become one of the queens of the Conservative party, is always surrounded by a host of admirers whom she keeps at a becoming distance—"the cold flirt"—if we are to take Mrs. Dark's version of the situation. Though the ladies' anger has not yet been appeased, Dark and Roby call in at Mrs. Colonel Oswald's to have a cigar with the veteran and admire his wife, and as they come away Roby never fails to swear:

"By —— that's a splendid woman!"

Dark agrees, and as they wander home they go over the whole history of the famous headdress made by the great house of Bombazine, of Paris, which was so much admired that Her Excellency requested to be allowed to have the loan of it as a pattern. But it seems it could not be made in Canada and recourse had to be had to the inventive genius of artist Bombazine.

NICHOLAS FLOOD DAVIN.

It seems to me we can never give up longing and wishing while we are thoroughly alive. There are certain things we feel to be beautiful and good, and we must hunger after them.—*George Eliot.*

TWO TOBOGGAN RIDES.

Thrice blessed be he who made the first toboggan. An Indian, doubtless. My first ride on a real toboggan I had several years ago, at Taché Hill, Ottawa. Take an immense strip of solid ice, run two smooth parallel grooves, each the width of a toboggan lengthwise in it, stand it almost perpendicularly against an eight storey stone front, and you have Taché Hill as I remember it that winter. That first ride! It would be impossible to forget it, and yet there is not overmuch pleasure in the remembrance. The slide was picturesquely situated on a river bank out of the city, beyond Lower Town, the club rooms were bright and comfortable and gaily decorated, and at the head of the slide was a fenced-in platform from which each in turn started his toboggan. Our turn having come presently, our toboggan was placed quickly in position at the jumping-off place, quickly I sat down as near to the front of it as possible, my companion falling in place behind, desperately I grasped the cord as if to check a runaway thoroughbred, drew a deep, deep, deep breath, holding it, clinging to it, as if it were the last to be drawn on earth, shut my eyes as tight as the lids could be pressed together, and—we were gone, and—oh, the agony of it! A downward plunge, a mad jounce at the foot of the slide, that was all, and we were out on the frozen river. Slow and slower went the toboggan, and presently motion ended and there was dead silence and light, the lights on the river and the hillside were brilliantly beautiful, and oh! to rest just there on the toboggan alone and undisturbed to recover from bewilderment, but perforce the road had to be cleared for others. Such was that first ride. Not un-suggestive of being shot from a cannon.

As a child I used to ride a small toboggan, home-made out of a cheese-box. But that doesn't count. The circular wood was opened at the seam, and steamed and pressed out flat, the one end being allowed to retain the necessary curve for the front, and it was fine sport indeed to drop down a short, steep, snow-crueted hill on this, a cheese-box toboggan.

The snow is gone very likely from your city streets, but it lingers still in some places in the country. How dear is that word: *country*! And who that, as a child, has roamed the fields and the forests, the hills and the wildernesses of the earth and loved them, can ever unlove? Therein is found an infinite beauty, a glorious freedom, a something more, too, than all this, of which is born a charm that endures in one's heart for all time.

Yes, snow lingers here, and only the other day I had this last ride, the last of a hundred, a ride worth having lived one's life for. How you would have enjoyed it! To start here at the edge of the field near the road, to go down, down, down, sometimes slowly, sometimes swift, like a hunted deer, there towards the sunset into the valley hidden beneath the hill, and out of the valley again upon a small tableland by the ice-sheeted bay. What a ride! What an hour! The snow on the hills and the tableland were tinged sea-green under the evening shadows, and the scattered juniper bushes looked black and bold. There were the pines, too, on the left, and the great white bole of a birch tree, its faint, grey etching of fine boughs hung against the opal sky. Deep down through the dark pines the sky was red, that peculiar red of

a Canadian sunset. An artist might fairly portray it in an exquisite blending of scarlet lake, chrome orange, and lemon chrome, glazed with transparent brown, asphaltum probably. Hills, trees, and the red sunset! Everything was very beautiful. How charming these undulating hills of the country, where the paths are legion, and all things artless just as nature gave them to us. Oh! the freedom, the wild joy of it, the alluring danger. To have the toboggan to yourself, to feel that it is a living thing; to follow at pleasure any new path, to be not quite certain as to the steep places in the hills, to go flying, to leap like a hound through some of them, yet never to come to grief!

When you would have me happy, thoroughly happy, when you would have me forget the vanities of the world, the cares, and whatever else one finds among men, pleasant or unpleasant, then give me mine own white undulating hills and my toboggan.

HELEN M. MERRILL.

PARIS LETTER.

Legislators, above all the Senators, in having their hands forced by the energetic Premier Casimir-Perier, have in the creation of a Colonial Minister, bungled into what was right. The "new spirit" that has been infused into French politics is nothing else but the resolution of a Government resolved to no longer dally with necessary reforms, and to put its foot down upon spectres, wind bags and Utopians. No branch of the Executive has been so much neglected, knocked about, battledore and shuttlecock fashion, as the colonies. There was really no head, but a congerie of committees, who followed their own fads and rode their own hobbies. One day, the War Department controlled the direction of the colonies, the next, it was superseded by the Admiralty, till in turn it was set aside in favor of a civilian—a solution that was neither fish, flesh, nor good red herring. Now a full blown Minister will have *ex equo* rank with his colleagues, and his department must be respected, like the others. It is now responsibility is fixed; there is a head to apply for exact information; there can be no more cushioning bad facts, nor delaying the application of practical remedies. It remains to be seen how the new Minister will be the means of inducing capitalists to invest in the foreign possessions, to attract colonists, to create commerce, and to levy taxes. There will be a colonial army established as a matter of course, where the rank and file will be natives and the officers French. Perhaps the Foreign Legion that is quartered in Algeria could be relegated to the colonies, to serve as agriculturists on their own holdings, while performing local military service.

The earliest question the new Colonial Minister will have to solve is that of Siam; then Indo-China, and next, Madagascar. All these are full of thorns, and will exact extreme delicacy in handling. A competent Minister can do much provided he displays energy and firmness into the bargain. He has quite an army of coteries to sweep away; if he yields to their pressure, or halts, he will, like the woman who hesitates, be lost.

The weather continues to be anything but agreeable; the biting cold sticks to one like a poor relation, and the glimpses of sunshine seem to last only sufficiently long to laugh at us. The gardeners complain

their work is in arrear, that no growth is abroad; that it is useless sowing delicate seeds. While the farmers growl over the low price of wheat and the inability to sell their wine, they admit that the season is favourable for their work, and that the winter crops are promising. A *Te Deum* ought to be offered up, in which even materialists and Buddhists could well afford to join, to return thanks for citizens having been rescued in time from wholesale poisoning by the polluted water distributed from the river Vannes. At the fountain head virulent microbes from an old pond worked their way into the reservoir which supplies Paris, where citizens drank the pollution, thus gaining typhoid fever without any reduction in their water bill. There was a time when turn-cocks would have been strung up to a lantern for less. The Seine never played such a scurvy trick on the inhabitants.

Palm Sunday passed off well; the churches never were so crowded, especially by women and children, who thus apparently desired to testify they had no fear of the anarchist's bombs. In other words, the Madaline outrage did not frighten the *fideles*, and the clergy did not make any noise over the diabolical act. That was excellent tact. A good deal of "box" was sold, which does duty for palm. The latter is scarce in France, save in the Academy and in the Ministry of Public Instruction. Quite a crowd of poor people occupied the precincts of the sacred edifices, and found ready buyers of sprigs and branches of the plant. I noticed, also, that flowers are commencing to be sold at the same time. Many dealers would give a bit of box in, if a bouquet of violets were bought. Now, who could refuse the little nosegay of lovely violets, with their refreshing perfume, to decorate a buttonhole or a corset, and to fill some spot on a chimney-piece or a drawing room table? The violet is the earliest messenger of spring, though one is also glad to see daffodils. When may we expect the swallows, the cuckoo and the lilac?

In capturing the anarchist Ortiz, generally accepted as an Austrian, the police merit the highest credit; he is a kind of Chicago Most. If only Paul Reclus could be secured, who passes as the mind of the anarchists, the backbone of anarchy would be snapped. Ortiz has been the right-hand man of all the miscreants told off to throw bombs; he has been always flush of money, though never working; he provided the workshop to manufacture the explosives and to charge the tin cans. His arrest illustrates that the safest place for a notorious criminal to hide is in the capital itself. Only think, that while the police are searching all Europe for him, he was enjoying himself during mid-Lent holiday on the Boulevards, throwing confetti, and unravelling spirals. But the pitcher going to the well is broken at last. His arrest has infused an extra stimulus to discover Paul Reclus. The latter is believed to be in Paris; no matter what means are taken to arrest him, all are good if they can catch him and make him surrender his secrets. No use looking a gift horse in the mouth.

M. Casimir-Perier did also good service to society by extinguishing all the "playing at Commune" in the cemeteries, on the anniversary of the "18th March." It was full time to put a stop to such stuff and nonsense, of unfurling red flags, and indulging in high falutin speeches. Hitherto Ministers had not the courage to grapple

with these chronic tongue-insurgents. Now we have seen in the case of the Bourse du Travail, as in that of the political visits to the cemeteries, that when the blusterers are treated roughly they collapse. Give them an inch and they will take an ell; give them the United Kingdom and they will demand the Isle of Man for a cabbage garden. The real operative classes have nothing in common with such disturbers, though they do delude some weak intellects and "doughnuts" to follow them—to ruin. And while the Government is cleaning away the rubbish of false doctrines, it must be equally vigorous in pushing home reforms.

In a few weeks will take place the great lay wedding of the season, that of Victor Hugo's grandson Georges with the daughter of the richest iron-master in France. "Georges" has become reformed; he did sow a plentiful crop of wild oats about three years ago, so much so, that his family had to apply to place him under a judicial council, composed of his nearest relatives. This practically made him a "minor," but protected him from squandering his fortune in riotous living and in dealing with bill brokers, and "shent-per-shent" tradesmen. It is an admirable protection, and can remain in operation till the minor die a centenarian, if he does not prove to the satisfaction of his council and the judges that he is trustworthy. Georges Hugo ran into something like half a million francs debt. He paid in bills, by purchasing bogus shares in some quarry, whose stone was to pave Paris—the old log of wood story. The court three years ago cancelled all such debts, or rather bills given for bubble scrip, and placed the young man under the control of a judicial council. He was now muzzled; he could raise no more money, and those who gave him credit, did so at their own risk, with the peril of being condemned to prison for inducing a weak mind to indulge in extravagance. The Princesse de Sagan, had her husband—a prince aged more than 60, thus commercially handcuffed. Young Hugo tried to be an artist, but failed, so he joined the navy, and the discipline made him a new man. His three years having expired, and he having been a good boy, the court has emancipated him from the judicial council. His sister is married to a doctor, son of Alphonse Daudet, the novelist; her lay wedding—oratory, music and flowers—made a great sensation at the time; it was planned on the system of the ancient Greeks. Georges Hugo, it is said, will follow the custom of the ancient Romans—of the Latin race in a word. And may we be there to see. Both the grandchildren of the poet inherit nothing of Hugo, save his money. That will console them for inability to grind stanzas.

Theatrical managers who want to make money, and not a few are in that position everywhere, would do well to keep an eye upon the drama *Monte-Cristo*, now being represented, and with such extraordinary success at the Porte Saint Martin Theatre. Perhaps after Robinson Crusoe, there is no work so popular as *Monte-Cristo* by Alexander Dumas and Auguste Maquet. By its subject, it is universally intelligible, amusing and emotional; it is luxuriant in episodes and complications; the central idea is simplicity itself, and of a nature to please for all time, and humanity at large, whether belonging to the white, black or yellow race; whether unlettered or lettered; whether women, children, old men, or invalids. Then like Robinson Crusoe, after

finishing it with regret, we can recommence it with pleasure—like Homer's *Odyssey*, its ancestor, for did not Dumas discover that patriarch of *romanciers* as he did the Mediterranean? The history of Monte-Cristo is that of a man in whom solitude and suffering has developed intelligence and moral worth, and who re-appears to punish the wicked and to avenge justice. It was said of Louis XIV that he had the stuff in him of four kings. The drama of *Monte-Cristo* could easily be made, to require four nights in its representation, and the ancient Japs would patiently sit out the play for as many months. Now as at present dramatized, M. Blavet has accomplished the herculean feat of reducing the time to one evening; he has boiled down the six volumes and 3,000 pages into simple dimensions, and the 45 *tableaux* into five acts and fifteen scenes. So the spectator is able to grasp the whole story without effort, always kept on the *qui vive*, in the whirl of agreeable emotions and of rapid actions. It is not a bad reform that of giving the public long histories in the pennic form. *Ars longa, vita brevis.*

It is rumored that by the sudden death of the liquidator of the Panama Canal Co. all schemes for the completion of the works may be regarded as having fallen through. The deceased's plans and combinations have died with him. So the mantle of the prophet has not fallen on new shoulders. However, regret may be mitigated by the fact that no financier ever believed the resuscitation of the scheme to be serious; the relic prices of the shares only form a pastime for pitch-and-toss brokers.

If only sufficient time be allowed, the site of the 1900 Exhibition will embrace the leading arteries of the city. The Place de la Concorde, has hardly been mooted as the grand entrance to the Palace, when another engineer has a scheme to include the Tuileries Gardens and the Louvre itself. It never rains, but it pours; having got the entrance advanced to the Louvre, another engineer sees no reason why it ought not to be stretched to the Place de la Bastille. But why stop there; why not loop in all the public buildings of the capital at once, and extend it round to the Trocadero, like a huge sausage roll!

The Ham Fair has opened; this year it is remarkable for much fresh pork; perhaps this is to enable the timid to cure their own bacon and hams. I observed also a larger display of smoked sucking pigs, "ower young to take them frae their mammy yet." The accessories of the Fair are numerous, plenty of marine stores and of old clo.' Of course no serious person believes the hams are really concentrated there for retailers to lay in stocks; they are mostly retailers who lay out their stocks as annexes of their shops.

It is asserted that French ladies now chew gum; and are addicted to gambling more and more—every day—as well as night. What next? Z.

We must note carefully what distinction there is between a healthy and a diseased love of change; for as it was in healthy love of change that the Gothic architecture rose, it was partly in consequence of diseased love of change that it was destroyed.—*Ruskin*

There is a false gravity that is a very ill symptom; and it may be said that as rivers, which run very slowly, have always the most mud at the bottom, so a solid stiffness in the constant course of a man's life is a sign of a thick bed of mud at the bottom of his brain.—*Sarville.*

SOUTHWARD, TO MEET THE SPRING.

It was a curious and delightful experience that befell the writer, in journeying southward from Ontario to Washington, to have our April and early half of May—including all our real spring—condensed into twenty-four hours! In crossing from Kingston to Cape Vincent, on March 20th, one of the earliest trips ever made by the ferry boat, we crashed through acres of floating ice-cakes near either shore; though the great body of the river was freed from its icy bondage, and its blue-green waves, dancing in the sun, seemed rejoicing in their emancipation. The steamer's paddles had enough to do; and as we listened to the rattle of the fragments of ice revolving in the paddle boxes, to be thrown out next moment like morsels of crystal on the smooth, glittering ice, while the boat cautiously steered her course among ice-floes and miniature icebergs, we could, with little stretch of imagination, have fancied ourselves bound, with Nansen, on a voyage to the North Pole; and the most adventurous were obliged to seek the cabin's shelter from the keen wind. When, with much difficulty, the good boat at last forced her way through the margin of ice, and made the shore, we were not sorry to exchange the voyage by lake for the commonplace of the railway journey, through the uninteresting region of Northwestern New York, where the spring could scarcely be said to have begun. But the shades of evening soon blotted out the surroundings, and the full moon, obscured by clouds gave out only an occasional fitful gleam. We awake next morning, beside the brown stream of the Hudson, with the bold curves of its "Highlands" looming picturesquely through the mists of a grey morning—perhaps the most effective way to see them in their present state of bare ruggedness. But the air is now distinctly soft and springlike. As we skirt the river under the grand heights of Cornwall-on-Hudson we see men ploughing the brown fields and turning up the fresh soil in their gardens, and the rain that is softly falling is the warm shower of April, not the cold rain of our March. After passing New York, it seems as if the spring were a real entity, advancing to meet us with all her softening and revivifying influences. The grass seems to grow greener and longer every hour! Ploughing is going on everywhere, and presently we see men sowing also. Cattle, sheep and lambs are to be seen in the pastures, and as we pass through Delaware and Maryland, we see green fields and vegetables, lettuce, spinach etc.,—well advanced in the gardens. The smaller shrubs are leafing out, and the weeping-willows and other willows are already arrayed in their tender green, while a number of the forest trees have begun to blossom.

But it is when we reach Washington itself, that the greatest surprise awaits us. It is but the twenty-first of March,—the spring equinox,—and it is only twenty-four hours since we left the masses of ice on the shores of the St. Lawrence. But here we are, on what seems like a delicious May afternoon,—sweet with the shower just over, which has left an exquisite sky of softest blue and purple,—amid rich green parks, bright with beds of crocuses, hyacinths, tulips and daffodils whose fragrance fills the air, and with gay flowering shrubs, masses of *Pyrus Japonica*, *Magnolias* in full bloom, and a brilliant canary-yellow shrub whose name we at last discovered to be the somewhat awkward one of *Forsythia*, in the

distance resembling the gorse and broom, and in its general appearance very like our Golden Flowering Currant, though blooming much more profusely. A large cluster of them massed together has a quite dazzling effect in the bright sunshine. In the grounds of the White House was a magnificent *Pyrus Japonica*, whose gorgeous crimson made a rich contrast to the pale, pink-tinted *Magnolia* and the white blossoms of a small flowered *Spiraea* and a kind of honeysuckle, varied by the "dropping gold" of the *Forsythia*. In the Botanical Gardens are wild plum and cherry in full blossom, —apple trees in leaf and just bursting into bloom;—different kinds of holly in blossom, and we also noticed a peony in bud almost ready to flower. All this floral display, with a temperature somewhere about 70, and birds singing sweetly on all sides, in trees already showing a delicate green mist of verdure, might well make one think one's self in the middle of May. It seemed as if nature had come out in gala attire to welcome Easter, with the assurance that "the winter is over and gone and the time of the singing of birds is come!" and then—as we sit with windows opened wide,—we read in the evening paper of a blizzard in the west and people and animals perishing from cold. As we passed in the electric car towards Mount Vernon, through the woods, we saw not only peach trees in blossom but some of them apparently growing wild, and also noticed the ground sprinkled with hepaticas and blood root, but did not succeed in seeing any of the lovely Mayflower growing, though bunches of it, as well as of the sweet English violet, were freely offered for sale.

Mount Vernon is a quaint old colonial mansion, beautifully situated on the high bank of the Potomac—the lawn looking down on the river over a fringe of woodland. On a point opposite stands Fort Washington, distinctly seen from the windows. The rooms are small—though handsomely finished, and furnished in the fashion of Washington's times, some of the furniture being old family heirlooms. The room in which the hero died is plain almost to bareness, befitting a Republican patriot. The library is a pleasant room opening on the front verandah and next the banquet hall, which is a very handsome apartment, the fine ceiling, marble mantelpiece being the same in Washington's lifetime.

The tomb in which the mortal remains of the hero and his wife lie side by side, is a brick vault faced with stone, set in the side of a grassy slope and festooned with ivy and other creepers. The sarcophagi are of marble, plain and massive, and on the wall above are inscribed the sacred words which alone light up the darkness that veils the close of this mortal life—"I am the Resurrection and the Life—He that believeth in Me, though he were dead yet shall he live." That was our Good Friday sermon.

Going still farther south to Richmond, we found spring still farther advanced. Around the plain old capitol,—but for its pillars, a typical "meeting-house,"—which was for so long the seat of the Confederate Government, the elms and other trees were greening perceptibly and the old horse-chestnuts in the court-yard of "Jeff Davis'" mansion close by had already burst into leaf. Nevertheless, the day was cold, most unusually cold for Richmond, for the spring is coy and uncertain everywhere; the "cold wave" which here repre-

sented the north-western blizzard had already arrived, and we were glad to warm ourselves at the big wood fire in the great massive fire-place in the picturesque waiting-room at the station. We felt strongly tempted to take a ticket for New Orleans, which can be reached in twenty-four hours from here, and have a glimpse of the real south; but for the present this must remain a dream unfulfilled, and from hence our course lies northward, to meet our own slow, lingering and late, yet ever welcome northern spring.

FIDELIS.

A SONG OF SPRING.

I lay in my terrible bands
Invisible, silent and still,
A ribbon of white through the lands,
A slave to omnipotent will;
No tremor of motion to tell
Of the heart that was pulsing beneath,
As a captive in fetters doth tenant a cell
And prays for the Angel of Death:

But a warm wind blew out of the South
And laid its soft cheek to my face,
Caressed me as though glowing youth
Took age in its loving embrace;
Ah! sweetly it whispered to me,
"I have blown from the garden of God,
Blown far o'er the waves of an odorous sea,
Where the spirit of Summer has trod."

It breathed on my prison of ice,
And sighed on my desolate shore,
That held in the jaws of a vice
The manacles grim that I bore;
As vapor in morning is lost
When the sun in his glory doth shine,
My chains, all exultant, in fragments I tossed,
The triumph of springtime was mine.

So now on my course to the deep,
The perfection of peace I may glide,
Till, crossing the bar, I shall steep
My veins in its languorous tide;
With the hush of the woods in my breast,
The strength of the hills in my voice,
I may dally and loiter along to my rest,
In ripples and eddies rejoice.

ALAN SULLIVAN.

A FIRST OF APRIL HOMILY.

Solomon has many a scornful sentence on the mirth of fools. Yet gravity seems even less becoming to this much afflicted class. There is no sadder anomaly in nature than a solemn visaged fool. There can be no congenial fellowship between seriousness and folly, and when these are found together, the effect is repulsive in the extreme. Therefore to all those who, while lacking wisdom have still a capacity for mirth, I would recommend the advice of the old adage, "It is better to laugh than be sighing." Let not a feeble-witted conscience lord it over you too much. The world has more need of your contagious hilarity than of the poor results accruing from your knitted-browed anxiety.

To alleviate the miserable condition of those unhappy fools who have been suddenly smitten with a sense of their own folly, I would offer these few suggestions:

Firstly. It is well to realize at once the unchangeableness of your position. "Though you bray a fool in a mortar," begins the wise man in one of his tirades. So by wearing a long face and allowing the heart to sink below the diaphragm, you will not cease to be a fool, but merely become a melancholy one.

Secondly. There seems to be no immediate necessity for the exhibition of extra-

ordinary wisdom. The world is very old and has lived down a great many clever people who from time to time have threatened its stability. It has at present many scores of blind Samsons fumbling about its pillars, trying to find some weak spot, where they may bring down immortality upon themselves and let who will pay for the damage, "but, by my sooth, they'll wait a wee." Let us simple ones rest in the certainty of our obscurity, many arrive at the same destination after much vexatious toil.

Thirdly. Think not too lightly of yourself. It is something even to be a fool. Chance is in your favor. Blanks are often the trump dominoes in the game of life. Look at the men who occupy high positions, examine them closely; you will find them brothers, members of the great fraternity of fools.

Fourthly. Never ask from heavenly or hellish power the gift to see yourself as others see you. Give them joy of their spectacle, but do you prefer to look upon a less pitiable object.

Fifthly. A great deal may be said in favor of a state of acknowledged stupidity. Little is required of him that hath little, nor is a fool's wisdom subject to the discount of expectation. Like the speech of Balaam's ass it adds the element of wonder to its intrinsic worth.

Sixthly. Consider the greatness and glory of your order. While wise men in all ages have moped and grumbled, doubting the worth of life, and coming to doleful conclusions that all is vanity and vexation of spirit, the humble, unambitious simpletons have cheerily clung to existence, "content-ed wi' little an' canty wi' mair." To them we owe the principal part of all that makes life endurable. The incisive insight of wise men has done less for mankind than the patient, persistent blundering of fools. Their practical optimism is continually showing the fallacies in the pessimistic theories of the wise. Being satisfied to wait for the slow but infallible reasonings of time and experience they often attain to greater knowledge than is given to the keen but impatient foresight of cynical seers. Cheered by the past achievement of our kind, let us, therefore, if we cannot illumine others by our wisdom exhibit at least in all hopefulness the sunny side of our folly.

WILLIAM MCGILL.

CORRESPONDENCE.

UNIVERSITY EXTENSION.

To the Editor of The Week:

Sir,—More than a month ago you made a sweeping charge against Canadian Universities of having failed to throw themselves into the work of University Extension. Last week you recurred to the subject for the purpose of stating that the charge was too sweeping. "We are aware, for instance," you add, "and should have stated that Queen's University, at Kingston, has carried on extension work, to some extent at least, by means of a series of lectures delivered by its able and versatile principal, and, if we are not mistaken, by other professors as well, though we are unable to say at present whether these lectures are now continued, and whether other methods, such as examinations and practical work by students are connected with them." Will you allow me to say that I prefer the total darkness of your first article to the partial illumination of the second. "A little knowledge is a dangerous thing," and may be more misleading than a frank confession of ignorance.

Queen's has engaged for years in University Extension work of different kinds. Two of these were set forth fully by me,

two years ago, in an article in "School and College." One is explained in every calendar that the University issues. Another is described in last year's report to the trustees, which was published in the College Journal in May, and in "Queen's Quarterly," in July last. The experiment to which you refer in your second article is that which we conducted in Ottawa for three years, in which my part was so very trifling that my name need not have been mentioned, especially when the names of those who have borne the burden of the work are ignored. Your general profession of ignorance of this experiment, when it has been conducted so long under the greatest blaze of light that can possibly be had outside of Toronto, makes one wonder that you should have deemed it necessary to refer to the subject of University Extension at all. Every year the course has been opened, by the Governor-General in person, either in the City Hall or the Normal School Hall. This year, when Lord Aberdeen opened the course, more than a thousand people were present, and His Excellency offered three medals for the best students in the three courses that were inaugurated. For three years Professor Shortt has conducted large classes in Political Science, and Professor Cappon has conducted still larger classes in English Literature. The three daily papers of Ottawa have given the utmost publicity to these courses, not only editorially, and by giving reports of the ordinary work, but also by publishing letters from students who professed to have received benefit. I remember, in particular, a letter from Mr. George Johnson, Dominion Statistician, regarding the Political Science Course, in which he mentioned in detail the work that was done, the books he had studied and the great benefit he had received.

Yours, etc.,

G. M. GRANT.

The University of Queen's College, Kingston.

April 2nd, 1894.

MEDALS FOR NORTHWEST VOLUNTEERS.

To the Editor of The Week :

Sir,—Another effort is to be made during the present session of Parliament to obtain for the volunteers who took part in the first Red River expedition of 1870 a medal or some other decoration.

It will, perhaps, be said that it is too long after the event for such a movement. But if it is deserved, why, though late, should it not be granted? There are numerous precedents for such a course. To grant the medal issued in 1835, to those who took part in the first rebellion, with the date on the reverse altered from 1835 to 1870, would only be following the precedents of the South African campaigns of 1846-47, 1851-52 and 1878-79, the three Burmese campaigns of 1824, 1852 and 1889-91, and the various campaigns of North-West India. The medal for the Peninsular campaign of 1808-14 was not distributed for many years after, if I am not mistaken, till about 1840. If the volunteers of 1870 deserve the medal, why should they not get it, even if twenty years or so have elapsed?

That they do deserve it can hardly be questioned. After the expedition returned, it was suggested that the service rendered was worthy of such a recognition, and Colonel, now Lord, Wolseley, who commanded the force, was personally in favour of it, and, if I am not astray, recommended it. It was refused on the ground that a medal was never given for any internal disturbance in the empire, such decorations being reserved for foreign wars. This principle, well enough if it had been adhered to, having been violated in the case of the second North-West Rebellion, cannot now be urged, and surely the hardships, privations and labours of the first campaign were in no wise less than those of the second, in fact they were greater. The expedition of 1870 was the first military campaign of any extent in which this country was ever engaged, and the work that was done resulted in securing for Canada possession of nearly half a continent. The results are surely sufficiently important to warrant such a slight reward to those who succeeded in bringing them about.

If it is said there was no fighting in the first expedition, I have only to quote the words of Col. Wolseley, in his valedictory to the Canadian volunteers at Fort Garry in September 1870. He says:—"Although the banditti who had been oppressing this people, fled at your approach without giving you an opportunity of proving how men capable of such labour could fight, you have deserved as well of your country as if you had won a battle."

Many of those who took part in the first Red River expedition are dead, most of them are out of the militia service; but there are few who would not highly value such a decoration and hand it down to their children with pride. Surely our Parliament will be unanimous in recommending, when the question comes before it, that her sons, who went through so much for her, shall, even at this late hour, be awarded this slight recognition of their services.

J. JONES BELL,

Capt. Canadian Volunteers.

MR. ROYAL'S PAMPHLET. — I.*

This work, by the recent Lieutenant-Governor of the North-West Territories, deserves some attention, not only from the fact of its author having held the important position of Lieutenant-Governor, but because it can hardly be doubted that Mr. Royal is a thoroughly representative exponent of views and sentiments largely current among the French-Canadians. His career marks him out as a man thoroughly imbued with the religious and national ideas of his fellow-countrymen, and his personal character is such as to justify belief in the sincerity of the opinions he expresses.

It will be somewhat difficult for the supporters of the separate school system to induce the majority of the people of Canada to believe that there really is any crisis at the present time. It is the profound conviction of the majority in Canada that there is really no crisis, that the question of the extension of separate schools is settled beyond the possibility of interference. Mr. Royal's pamphlet, however, is none the less deserving of consideration as an exposition of French-Canadian opinion. We shall examine the various sections of this treatise from the point of view of those who dissent altogether from both the reasoning employed, and the conclusions arrived at.

The opening sentences call for a remark upon the opinion, frequently expressed, that it is right or possible for civilized men to regard the continent of America as a place to be judged by different rules from those we apply to the rest of the world. To speak of America as the land of freedom is to use an expression very commonly employed by patriots in the United States, and not more frequently at the present time than while that republic was the great representative slave-holding nation of modern times. The freest communities in America are British communities, whether we look to Canada or to the West Indies, or to certain parts of South America. If the United States is admitted to be also a free country, where else on the two American continents can it be pretended that freedom, in any degree to be compared with British freedom, is to be found? Beginning with Mexico, touching upon the foreign West Indies and running through the republics of Central and South America, is there any single country in the two continents where true freedom like ours exists? From the French-Canadian and Catholic point of view, it should be manifest that in

* A Republic or a Colony? By Joseph Royal. Montreal: Ensebe Senecal & Fils.

British America, far more than in the United States, is freedom granted towards all shades of religious belief.

This phrase is merely introductory to a reference to the British North America Act of 1867, and we are told that the constitution then adopted was very wise in its provisions, but that we have outgrown the limitations it imposes upon our national development. British subjects need not complain of this assertion. The most thoughtful among them also admit that Canada must soon take full rank as a nation, but, unlike the author of this pamphlet, they believe that when she assumes national attributes, she must be prepared to accept also national responsibilities; and that she can attain her highest development without secession from the British Empire. To them the idea of an independence which is secured by no guarantees against American aggression is intolerable. They can understand the meaning of hauling down the flag and throwing in our lot with the United States; but they cannot understand the establishment of an independence which proposes to take away all the power of maintaining that independence, and to provide no substitute in its place.

The only thing lacking for full development, in Mr. Royal's opinion, is the control of our foreign policy. And we are to assume this control without any provision to meet national or international obligations. For us, the more reasonable view is that we should retain confederation but claim a proper voice in the control of foreign policy by offering to share in the expenses of meeting international obligations. The lines of the foreign policy of the British Empire are entirely approved of by the British people of Canada, and many of us are beginning to think it shameful for our people to depend on the Mother Country to provide for our defence, after we have out-grown our national childhood.

In commerce again we are said in this pamphlet to be trammelled by the obligation to respect the rights of the metropolis or Mother Country. In point of fact, we are now untrammelled, except by certain treaties which we have been given the right to accept or reject, and which provide that we are to treat certain countries as the most favoured of foreign nations, in return for which these countries have bound themselves to treat us as the most favoured of foreign nations.

We are trammelled also by two treaties which oblige us to admit the products of Belgium and of the German Zollverein on the same terms as the products of the United Kingdom, in return for which we have not only the most favoured nation treatment, but we have national treatment in the markets of the German Empire and of Belgium.

If we become independent, we shall have either to continue to be bound by the treaties that have been made while we were in the Empire, or else we shall have to renounce the advantages that we have, in virtue of these treaties, to the most favoured nation treatment by nearly all the commercial countries of the world. The loss would be infinitely greater than the gain from repudiating them. The magnitude of our shipping interests is largely due to the benefits we derive from British treaties. If we were independent to-morrow the only way in which we could preserve our independence would be by making precisely the same agreements with foreign nations. And we should have to treat the United States

in the same way as other foreign nations, or else subordinate our commercial policy to theirs, and thus lose our commercial independence. If we had independence, and if we attached any real value to its preservation, we should most rigorously observe the very conditions now complained of, and should refuse to tie our hands by treaties with the United States that would cripple our commerce with all the other nations of the world.

II.

The second section of the pamphlet raises the question whether we have the right to secede from the British Empire. And in discussing this, all the recent expressions of public opinion on the part of men of high authority in the Mother Country are totally ignored, and the writer falls back upon utterances of more than a generation ago, now repudiated by all statesmen, in order to find colour for the statement that the Metropolis considers Canada and the other self-governing colonies a burden and a source of weakness to her. The author ignores the well-known opinions of the new Prime Minister of the Empire, the attitude of Joseph Chamberlain, and of Lord Salisbury. It may be said that the doctrine of Scuttle, preached in England a generation ago, is utterly dead with the English democracy of to-day. Even Sir Charles Dilke, who is quoted in the pamphlet, has practically recanted the opinions he expressed on this subject in his original work on Greater Britain. In that work he used the term to include the United States, as well as the self-governing British colonies. But in his new work, "Problems of Greater Britain," from which an extract is given by Mr. Royal, the meaning of the term "Greater Britain" is revised, and it is employed by Dilke in the same sense as by other writers to include British countries only. In this later work he treats the United States as a foreign nation, against whose aggressions precautions should be taken, and instead of treating Canada contemptuously, as only a fit bait to appease the rapacity of her Southern neighbour, he reviews the whole subject in an altogether different spirit, and takes the very proper attitude that Canada should show some readiness to provide for her own defence, because she has no right to expect the Mother Country to make sacrifices for her in disputes with the United States, while she herself does nothing. In this Sir Charles Dilke is undeniably right. Canada has no more right to expect the taxpayers of the United Kingdom to pay for her defence than any great, manly, grown-up son has the right to expect his father to protect him, and pay his individual debts. It is only when this obligation to contribute to one another's defence is reciprocal that we can claim its practical recognition by England. And England is as ready to make sacrifices for Canada, as we are or ought to be to make sacrifices for England. The true theory is that neither should consider contributions to the defence of the Empire as sacrifices in favour of any other part but as legitimate and economical expenditure for the whole. Sir Charles Dilke has become one of the leading spirits of the new Colonial party in the Imperial House of Commons, and the change in his attitude is one of the most remarkable signs of the revolution that has taken place in public opinion in England with respect to the value of her Colonial Empire.

We Canadians deny, then, the right of Canada to secede from the British Empire, as we deny the right of Quebec to secede from the Dominion, and as the Americans denied the right of the Southerners to secede from the American Union.

III.

The third section propounds the question: Is Canada ripe for this definitive evolution? We are disposed to agree with Mr. Royal that Canada has outgrown national childhood, and is rapidly becoming ripe for the definitive evolution of her development. We are not of opinion that a proclamation of her independence would be an evolution. It would be, on the contrary, a causeless revolution, and a declaration of independence in the manner proposed by Mr. Royal would be neither evolution nor revolution, but simple suicide.

The author enters into an interesting disquisition as to the true nature of the term "nation." If we take the original scriptural meaning referred to, as implying a community of origin, of language, and of religion, it is manifest that Canada is not, and is not likely soon to become, a nation.

The discussion suggests, however, a comparison between the British and the American idea of a nation. If we are satisfied with the idea of a nation on British lines, Canada possesses, as the British Empire possesses, the characteristics of a nation. If we wish to form a nation on American lines, we must follow the example of the United States, and rigorously crush out the diversities that exist in several of these important elements. We must crush out the French language, as has been done in Louisiana; we must crush out religious teaching in our schools, as has been done universally in the American Republic; we must crush out, so far as it is possible, differences of race, as the Americans have made the most strenuous efforts to do, obliging all foreigners to conform to the dead level of uniformity prescribed by the Anglo-Saxon American type, and enforced by the tyranny of the majority. The British Empire admits of diversity, the American Republic does not.

But if we leave aside the effort to give a scientific definition of what constitutes a nation, there is one phrase emanating from the genius of the great Napoleon Bonaparte, that condenses the idea of nation as we understand it: "La ou est le drapeau francais, la est la France." Wherever flies the Union Jack, there you will find the British nation. The character of British subject can be claimed and enjoyed by every man living under the British flag, whether his country be England, Scotland, Ireland, Wales, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, the West Indies, Hindustan, or the Islands of the Sea; whether his language be English, French, or Hindustanee; whether his religion be Christian, Mohammedan, Brahman, Buddhist, or Confucian. The British flag recognizes the brotherhood of man in the widest and most generous sense: It is the only flag that does.

IV.

Proceeding to discuss the development of Canadian History, Mr. Royal points out that the British North American Act of 1867 creates not a Legislative but a Federal Union. It is probably true that a Legislative Union would have been preferred by the English-speaking Protestant inhabitants, who knew they must soon be in a vast majority in British North America. The conclusions of Lord Durham's report

pointed to a Legislative Union, with full authority over all British North America, and subordinate municipal bodies, instead of provincial legislatures. This would probably have been realized in its full conception, had not the Mother Country paid heed to the voice of the inhabitants of the French Province of Canada. The union between Upper and Lower Canada was not carried out on the lines intended by Lord Durham, but by the very short-sighted provision of giving the two provinces the same number of representatives, irrespective of population. This led the time-serving politicians of that period to the easy, but unconstitutional, expedient of the double majority system, and nothing could be more certain to prevent a fusion of the two peoples into one. When the political development of the country could be no longer delayed, when the work came to be done in 1866 that could have been much more easily done in 1840, a Legislative Union was resolutely opposed by the French Catholics of Quebec, and the safe-guarding of their special interests was sought to be secured by the written provisions of the British North America Act, which assigned most of these subjects to the control of the Provincial Legislatures. Since then, Sir Oliver Mowat has set himself the task, which Alexander Hamilton, the great statesman of the American Constitution, pointed out as such an easy and such a mischievous one, of weakening the central power, and enlarging the limits of the jurisdiction of the provincial authorities. Provincial rights have become pretty firmly established, though still far short of the powers claimed by the States of the American Union.

V.

Turning from the subject of the fundamental characteristics of a nation, Mr. Royal proceeds, in the fifth section, to discuss the question of the commerce and industry of Canada. The object of this section is to establish the position that Canada is suffering from the lack of access to the American market. The author does not attempt to discuss whether the terms which the Americans proposed to exact, as a condition of granting us such access, were reasonable or not; whether these terms were, or were not, so designed as to force us to secede from the British Empire, and to become so entangled with American interests that there would be no escape for us except in annexation; but he does make the assertion that Canada is prevented from concluding a treaty in which the interests of the Metropolis shall be ignored.

This point has been already touched upon. The only condition insisted upon, not by England, but by Canadians, who set high value on British connection, was simply this: that Canada should not agree to accord treatment to the United States, a foreign nation, which she would bind herself to refuse to other British countries. Even if Canada were independent, she would have to decide the preliminary question whether the United States was to be a foreign nation, or whether we were to identify our commercial interests, completely with hers. Canada, if she wished to carry on profitable trade with other nations would have to be prepared to treat all foreign nations willing to reciprocate, alike; and to treat the United States like other foreign nations; or else to shape her policy on the assumption that the United States is the same nation, and to subordinate our

policy to hers. The former alternative is all that is expected of us now. England asks no favour from us. She does not ask that we admit her goods on better terms than the goods of the United States. The only treaty we have ourselves refused to consider is one that binds us to refuse to other British and to other foreign countries the terms that we agree to grant to the United States.

Independently of the political aspect of the question, such a treaty would be disastrous for an independent Canada to adopt. The United States is not the only and not the best market for Canadian products.

With few exceptions, the United States is a producer and exporter of the same thing that Canada produces and exports. There is nothing the United States buys from us that we cannot find a market for elsewhere. There is nothing we buy from the United States that we cannot either produce ourselves, or else import from other British or foreign countries. In considering such a proposal, we have to compare our trade with the United States, not with our trade with the United Kingdom only, but with our trade with all other countries. We are asked to cripple our trade with all other countries by a provision that the United States are to receive better terms than any of them, and that we are to modify our tariff so as to prevent the United States suffering from our cultivating trade with any other country in the world.

This applies not only to agriculture, lumber, fish and raw materials, but also to manufactures. We do not dispute the importance of manufactures, but we know that the United States are well supplied with manufactures themselves. We can hardly hope to oust the manufacturers of the Atlantic States, with their mild climate, open seaports all the year round, abundance of coal and capital, and the advantage of well-established connections. The treaty we are asked by Americans to agree to, is that we shut out all other manufacturers by duties and admit American into free competition with our own.

Canada cannot afford to tie her hands by any such agreement, which will cripple her trade with all the rest of the world, and will place her commercial interests so completely at the mercy of her neighbour that this can be made a lever to force her into annexation, whether she desires it or not.

VI.

The sixth section contains rather a humiliating programme for a self-respecting people. Canada is to cut loose from the cherished allegiance of the great bulk of her people, and to set up an independence with no means of protecting it. The ties that bind Canada to the Empire, we are told, are so slight that they can be severed without the least shock; and this although the historical associations of the provinces of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island are so powerful as to prevent any amalgamation among them! We are to become an independent nation, and to make no provision for the maintenance of our national position. The United States is such an eminently peace-loving people! They have no territorial ambition—the Monroe doctrine does not exist, they never went to war to acquire territory, there never was a war with Texas, nor with Southern California! They only in the most

harmless and inoffensive way bought Louisiana from France, Florida from Spain, Alaska from Russia: there would be no danger of coercion or pressure being brought to bear upon us! they might be dishonest enough to acquire a few miles in the State of Maine by the suppression of documentary evidence of a conclusive character, but they would be too high-minded to commit any such frauds to acquire the whole of our country! They may take advantage of a clerical error of a copyist to make a jag in our territory at the Lake of the Woods, but they would not do such a thing to wipe us out of national existence! They may have robbed us in the Oregon Treaty by the bluster of "54.40 or fight," but they would roar as gently as a sucking dove if it was only the whole of British North America that was to be gained! They would never think of adopting the suggestion of Erastus Wiman to introduce an enormous corruption fund into our elections, though they could thereby realize their Monroe doctrine that the whole unbounded continent is theirs. They may land marines, and rob the independence of a little island in the Pacific, but they would never think of hurting the feelings of a big, overgrown and undefended country like Canada, which has cast off its natural allegiance to the power that was able and willing to protect it, and has made no provision to protect itself.

Mr Royal says we should remember that among nations fear begets hatred. The protecting arm of the British Empire inspires our neighbours with fear and therefore foments their hatred. Perhaps it would be as well for us to remember that weakness begets contempt. Withdraw the protection of the British flag and we should have to shape our policy to disarm the cupidity of the United States, as the lamb made its piteous appeal to appease the ravenous demand of the wolf.

But why, it is asked, should we ignore the fact that England has always sacrificed us, whenever our neighbours have claimed a morsel of territory? There is no blame to be attached to the nation which has put forth the unjust claims to our territory! It is England that is to be blamed, and we must declare our independence and place ourselves at the mercy of the United States, because they have already succeeded in robbing us of a few slices of territory to which they had no just claim. This is a position that Canadians should consider well before too severely reproaching England. It is not our desire to minimise the iniquity of the Ashburton Capitulation, the Oregon Treaty, the Alabama Award and certain provisions of the Washington Treaty. We may have been outwitted by the suppression of documentary evidence in his possession on the part of Daniel Webster, the great American statesman. We may have lost something because the outrageous demands of our neighbours were cut down a little less than should have been, but at least we have no loss of honour to reproach ourselves with.

How does it stand with England? The American Revolution had apparently vindicated the right of colonies to repudiate any responsibility for paying debts or expenses incurred by the Mother Country for their defence. Canada was not in a position to bear the expense of a war and never asked England to declare war or suggested that she should herself pay a copper towards the expense of such a war. But since Canada has become organized in such a manner that she can give clear expression to her national in-

terests, will any one dare to say that England has denied us the opportunity of making these effective? Nay, more, she has forced an arbitration upon our neighbours under threat of war in case of refusal to accept arbitration. When any question has been determined in our favour by an international arbitration, England has never failed to support us in seeing that it was carried out. She may have been anxious to keep out of war; she may have had too high a sense of international honour to refuse to accept the decision of a tribunal when it was given against her, but she has used all the machinery of the most powerful diplomatic service in the world to preserve peace and to give effect to international decisions in our favour.

What more can we demand? What more is required to raise us to the dignity of a nation? There is only one thing and that is that we should voluntarily offer to do our part towards providing for the defence of the empire. We should recognize that we have an enormous quantity of shipping and external trade with all the countries in the world, secured to us and defended for us, without a copper of expense. We should offer to do our simple duty in this matter, and we know that such an offer from us to the senior member of the British firm would be hailed with enthusiasm and we should certainly never be the loser for making it. We shall further consider Mr. Royal's brochure in another paper.

ARCH. MCGOUN, JR.

Montreal.

RONDEAU.

THOSE FAR-OFF FIELDS.

Those far-off fields, how fair they seem,
As soft through mists of years they gleam;

We never now around us see,
Such meads as those of olden be;
We never find a lake or stream
One half so lovely as we deem

Those which we only view in dream,
Watering the fields of Memory—

Those far-off fields!

And we were happy then! The theme
Of our existence, love supreme;

And looking back—on Fate's decree—
On all that happened you and me—
We sigh, for dear our souls esteem,

Those far-off fields.

CONSTANCE FAIRBANKS.

Dartmouth, N.S.

ART NOTES.

Mr. George Bruenech's exhibition at the gallery of Messrs. Matthews Brothers, Yonge Street, Toronto, has attracted many visitors. The central picture referred to in our previous issue has been much admired. We understand that the exhibition may be continued beyond the time first specified.

At a meeting held last month of the committee in charge of the proceedings relating to the Chenier monument to be erected in Montreal, it was practically decided to accept the plan submitted by Mr. Herbert. It is the figure of the patriot mounted on a pedestal; the attitude expresses courage and audacity, the head erect, the right hand partially extended in an expressive gesture, the left grasping a musket; at his feet a cannon ball, the dress a homespun coat with sash and moccasins. On the pedestal is the inscription, "Au Dr. Chenier, ses concitoyens, 1894"; and below this is a shield resting on a musket, an anchor and laurel branch, with the words, "Vive La Liberte, 1837."

A contemporary has the following interesting art item: The latest advices from Paris, France, convey information of the brilliant success just achieved by a young Montrealer,

Mr. J. St. Charles. Mr. St. Charles has been in Paris since 1888, and studied painting in the studios of such masters as Gerome, Benjamin Constant, and Julien. In 1891 he was awarded the gold medal and declared "Hors Concours" in a competition opened to all artists by the Ecole des Beaux Arts. Since then Mr. St. Charles has opened a studio in the French capital, and has been preparing himself for the great and decisive battle of all artists, the question of admission to the Salon. He has now achieved this success. Mr. St. Charles is only 26 years of age.

It is always pleasant to be able to refer to a critical, yet just, appreciation of Canadian accomplishment, at the hands of competent foreign authority. We give the following extract from the monthly bulletins of Alpine Club of Paris, in which M. Ernest Hecht, in writing of "L'Alpinisme a l'exposition de Chicago," after speaking with appreciative criticism of a number of pictures of mountain scenery by Canadian artists, has this to say of the exhibit of Mr. M. Matthews, of Toronto. As our cultivated readers would not thank us for spoiling good French by a possibly bad translation, we quote Mr. Hecht's own words: "Mais le plus remarquable des aquarellistes Canadiens nous parait être sans conteste M. Matthews. On ne peut rien imaginer de plus saisissant que le *Mont Begbie* dressant ses deux pics audevant des pentes neigeuses qui dominent la ville de Revelstoke, ou le *Glacier des Selkirk*, vu du Canadian Pacific Railway, et se déversant dans un torrent, limité à droite par une moraine latérale qui doit être aussi pénible à franchir, à en juger d'après M. Matthews, que celle du glacier de Z'Mutt."

Mr. James Payn has said many true and delightful things, but none better than in the article from the *Illustrated London News* from which the following has been taken: "The ways of Art—with the large A—are peculiar, and beyond the comprehension of the Philistine. In that exclusive business the author of a work, and not the merit of it, regulates its value. A thing of beauty is not a joy forever, nor even worth looking at, unless its creator is guaranteed; and a painting, on the other hand, may be ever so hideous and out of perspective, and yet be priceless if it can be proved to be by an 'old master.' One can easily understand that a real Constable is not so valuable as an imitation one, but provided that it is not a copy and only in his 'manner,' why should its beauties, which are acknowledged before the mistake is discovered, cease afterwards to charm? In the one case it is valued at twelve hundred guineas, and in the other at the price of the frame. This seems to the martistic mind not only unnatural but ludicrous. If a novel should be published which was taken for 'the true Dickens'—as good as Martin Chuzzlewit and in the master's best manner—but afterwards discovered to be by somebody else, it would not cease to be read and bought, though not, perhaps, to the same extent as before. The value of a book is not settled by the title-page, but by its contents. Why, then, should that of a picture be solely dependent, like a cheque, on the genuineness of its endorsement?"

Mr. J. Stanley Little contributes the following views on the limitations of art to the *Artist*:—"A work must produce a distinct emotion—that is, must agreeably disturb the senses, not merely surprise and please the intellect. And here the limitation of several of our greatest painters, living and dead, is perceived. The extremists of this school, were they consistent, would place the eye in a pillory. Having determined the central point of vision it becomes necessary to rigorously subdue the will so that the eye should see no more in painting the picture than the optic nerves would permit to be registered while the eye remained on the central spot. Pushed to its legitimate conclusion, the painter should only paint what he saw during the time he was able to keep his eye religiously pilloried, for closing and even blinking the eyes must result in a loss of one impression, and the gain of another. But the effort to keep the gaze at

sentinel for a period sufficiently long to give time to paint the picture must inevitably result in the loss of the power of visual appreciation. In this is seen the absurdity of trying to push an abstraction to extremities. Impressionistic art is simply art; there is no art that is not impressionistic, in the larger meaning of the word. The decorators and the romanticists are impressionists, and so even are the naturalists. But the naturalistic creed pushed to its extremity supplies fully as many absurdities as the foregoing. A naturalist in painting a certain out-of-door effect very properly confines his painting hours to the time which is co-extensive with that in which he conceived his *motif*. But if he were stupid about this he would be driven to the same *impasse* as the impressionist, compelled to paint his picture then and there. Considering that his method demands amplification of detail, the obvious absurdity of his position is apparent.

It comes to this, then, that in painting creeds are nothing; the result is conclusive. Every method, every school demands of its adherents and members compromises and sacrifices. Thus amplification of detail entails some loss of spontaneity of effect. Absolute truth of impression cannot go hand in hand with the complete realization of the æsthetic possibilities of an object. But the picture need be none the less beautiful for that. As I have already hinted, the temperament of the painter—his limitations as much as his endowments—lead him to his choice of method. Therefore, it is the purest arrogance for any school of painters, or closely banded clique of critics, to vapor about "soundness" in painting or in appreciation. Soundness lies in that kind of catholicity which can see the beauty of a fine work of art—an appreciation which is wholly outside the allegiance of its creator to any set of ideas or to any school. All the greatest painters have been supremely indifferent, so far as their own work went—though, of course, not in the matter of sympathy—to their forerunners and contemporaries, to their followers and copyists.

It seems that the first great quality for a picture to possess is that of design; it must be a fine pattern both as to form and as to color. It is a popular error to imagine that design and pattern are only possible in the case of pictures of an avowedly symbolic, decorative or legendary character. So keen a thinker and writer as Mr. Walter Crane has strangely enough been betrayed into this view. No doubt Mr. Crane would be right in excluding landscape art from this high dignity, if he judge that art by the works of ninety-nine to a hundred landscape painters. It is some years now since I first ventured to claim for landscape that it was the highest form of the painter's art. Properly considered, it makes the greatest demand upon the imagination and the designing power of the artist. The highest landscape art is as decorative in the true sense of the word, as the most elaborate and admirably balanced pattern. Indeed, it is a pattern, and one of the most excellent perfection, in that it is enriched by all those aids of suggestion, allegory and literary significance which are the groundwork of decorative art. A really fine landscape is as much the result of arrangement and adaptation of the balancing of forms and the juxtaposing of colors, the accentuation or attenuation of objects which have a direct story to tell, of, in short, careful and conscientious selection and comparison, as any avowedly decorative picture, design or pattern.

THE WOMAN'S ART ASSOCIATION.

The sixth annual exhibition of the Woman's Art Association, now open at their rooms, 89 Canada Life Building, King street west, is in both quantity and quality of work an advance on anything previously shown. The tasteful arrangement of the room and judicious hanging of the pictures contribute very much to one's enjoyment. One of the first things to draw the attention is Mrs. Dignam's "Poppies and Bees," in which the hives do not lend themselves easily to decorative treatment and the old man's figure is too evidently posing; but "In the Vineyard"—a

large basket from which the luscious grapes have escaped—gives the rich coloring of basket and background well subordinated to the detailed work of the fruit. Two scenes in Holland are scarcely more than sketches, but "Purple Haze" and "Morning" are both delightful in the blending of blue-greens in purple haze. A portrait of Archbishop Walsh is by Miss Berthon, and the full length portrait of a little girl by Miss Vanden Brock is beautiful in color and exquisite in finish. The figure is gracefully poised, one hand holding a wand, and the white dress shows well against the blue-grey background. Miss Galbraith's "My Mother's Garden" is a stretch of poppies in which the effect is excellently given without too much detail, and beyond is an old house; "Chrysanthemums" by the same artist is one of the best flower paintings in the exhibition, a charming arrangement of contrasting color delicately given. Mrs. Macbeth has the same subject, in this case a tastefully arranged harmony in yellow and golden brown well treated, also several landscapes. Miss Farncombe has a good arrangement in her figure at the piano, but her flesh tints are muddy; the modelling and coloring are better in "Sketch of Girl," a very expressive face and pose, somewhat spoiled by a background too like the color of the face. Miss McConnell has undertaken a difficult task in her "Country Post Office," which tells its story well, however, in spite of a too evident posing on the part of the figures. In "The Babbling Brook" and "Doubles" this artist has two charming bits—the latter shows two little lads with bent heads seated on a log overhanging a stream, in which their reflections are plainly seen. Mrs. M. H. Reid sends "Pansies" and a soft, brilliantly colored bit of autumn, full of atmosphere. Miss Bull's Californian scenes are fresh in color; Miss Elliot has two heads in water color, very pretty; Mrs. Hemming a beautiful glimpse of green woods in water-color; Miss Edith Hemming, "Pleasant Reminiscences," in which the face has much expression and good modelling but the accessories are not sufficiently subordinated. Miss D. E. Clarke's study of onions is given with fidelity. Miss Spurr's village street in Wales is quaint and the character of the foliage is given with fidelity; Mrs. Hemsted's "When Daylight Dies," has soft purple twilight effects that are pleasing. Miss Anna Gormley shows several landscapes and a still life, "Auld Lights," an ancient candlestick and lantern with a group of old leather bound volumes; Miss H. J. MacDonnell's "Village Street" has good perspective and drawing and her work shows careful training; Miss M. Philipps exhibits vigor and grasp of subject in her landscapes as well as in a sketch of ox-eyed daisies, fresh in color and crisp in handling. Mrs. E. M. Scott's "Roses" were, of course, what one might expect from her skilful brush. The catalogue for this exhibition is very neat and tasteful, and is made complete by a list of the professional and honorary members as well as the names with addresses of exhibitors. Mr. B. E. Walker is to give his lecture on Early Italian Painters to the members of the club at their room on Saturday, April 14th, the day on which the exhibition closes.

It has been shrewdly said, that when men abuse us we should suspect ourselves, and when they praise us, them. It is a rare instance of virtue to despise censure which we do not deserve; and still more rare to despise praise which we do. —Colton.

A communication to the Royal Geographical Society states that Mr. Crawshay, a Governmental official in British Central Africa, has recently visited the Angoni country near Lake near Nyassa. He found the Nyika Plateau, which was traversed on the way, a magnificent country, inhabited by a scattered population of Anyika, living in huts built on narrow terraces on the mountain side or in caves, and cultivating peas as an almost exclusive crop. In this district there are some fine mountains, exceeding 8,000 feet in height, the principal town of the Anyika, on the slope of Kantorongondo, being nearly 6,000 feet above the sea.—*Colonies and India*.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

Miss Leonora von Stosch, the handsome violiniste who appeared here with Sousa last October, has recently been married.

Mr. W. H. Hewlett, organist of Carlton St. Methodist Church, has been appointed choir-master also, in place of Mr. D. E. Cameron, whose resignation has recently been accepted. Mr. Hewlett is young, talented and enthusiastic, and will doubtless give a good account of himself in his new capacity.

The soloists engaged for the coming musical festival in June are as follows: Miss Emma Juch, Miss Lillian Blauvelt, Miss Clara Poole-King, Mr. W. H. Rieger, Dr. Carl E. Duff. With such an array of artists, and the splendid chorus which we understand Mr. Torrington has got together, we may expect to hear some good singing.

The Toronto Ladies' String Orchestra, under the leadership of Mrs. Drechsler-Adamson, the well-known violinist, will make their first appearance in Association Hall on the evening of April 23rd, when an interesting programme will be performed. The orchestra will have the assistance of Mr. H. M. Field, pianist, Mr. Dinelli, cellist, and Miss Pringle, soprano. Seats may be reserved on and after the 16th inst. at the warerooms of Messrs. Gourlay, Winter and Leeming, 188 Yonge street.

Several of our musicians are going to wander away to Bayreuth this coming summer to hear the festival which Frau Cosima says will be the last for some years. Among those who are going are Mr. H. M. Field, Mr. Shaw, Mr. Walter H. Robinson and probably several others. It may be news to some that Mme. Lillian Nordica, the celebrated American soprano and Toronto favourite, has been engaged by Frau Wagner to appear in two different roles at Bayreuth this summer, and we have no hesitation in predicting for her an instantaneous and merited success.

Mr. Arthur Friedheim, the famous pianist, has been further distinguishing himself in New York recently, he having performed magnificently his own piano concerto, an excessively difficult and brilliant work, Liszt's E flat concerto, several other important piano pieces, and conducted Liszt's stupendous "Faust Symphony," bringing out all the beautiful effects which abound in this wonderful work, all on the same evening—and all without notes!!! Friedheim is a noble and great artist, gifted with a phenomenal memory and colossal technic, besides having a warm musical nature.

Mr. W. E. Fairclough gave his seventh organ recital in All Saints Church Saturday afternoon last, the 7th inst., when he played as usual most brilliantly. In these recitals Mr. Fairclough has presented many notable organ productions of various styles and schools, and in a manner which amply showed his versatility, musicianship and excellent command of his instrument. In performing so many fine works for the organ, Mr. Fairclough has done good service, and it is gratifying to know they have been more and more appreciated by an ever increasing number who have attended. The eighth and last recital will take place on Saturday afternoon, May 5th.

We have taken from an exchange the following thoughtful comments on odd changes in musical taste:—

One of the most interesting as well as perplexing of phenomena is the rapidity with which an entire change of musical taste will sweep over the whole music-loving community. That an individual musician should have frequent revolutions of taste is perfectly natural and comprehensible, but that the confused mass of Joneses, Smiths and Robinsons should in a few years completely change—not only their taste in music, but apparently the very organ for comprehending it, is a very singular thing. In other departments of life we have no reason to suppose that man changes perceptibly from year to year. He has not, so far as can be observed, increased materially in intellectual

power since the time of Socrates. How comes it that in music the changes are so sudden?

To take an illustration, when the great organ was put into the Music hall in Boston nearly 40 years ago, Bach was a sealed letter to the Bostonese. Some of the illuminati had been abroad and heard him, and a few amateurs had picked out passages on the piano for their own edification, but to the public he was known merely by reputation. Soon after the organ was opened some Bach recitals were given, and an exceedingly competent critic remarked upon the injudiciousness of bringing out the Bach toccata in F. "The effect," he says, "upon nearly the whole audience was as if some juggernaut car had mercilessly rolled over them. The music simply crushed them, and if they had no unkind feelings toward the organist when the piece was over, it was on that queer principle of gratitude, which prevents us from doing some violent personal injury to the dentist after undergoing a painful operation, because we are so grateful to him when he stops for kindly bringing the torture to an end. After the first few weeks of concerts the general impression upon the public that Bach's music had made was that of unparalleled noise and confusion worse confounded."

The attitude toward Wagner and the new school was precisely similar a little more than a decade ago, when a writer in a well-known magazine remarked, "To most of our public Wagner, Liszt and Berlioz are only known as men whose sole delight is in the braying of brass, the clashing of cymbals and the tinkling of triangles; as men who make so much noise that ordinary mortals cannot hear what they have to say." It would be amusing to make a list of the great composers to whom the same objection has been made. Handel and Haydn were both criticised on the same score, and Beethoven was regarded as a most alarming innovator.

To return to Wagner, why is it that while many eminent musicians dare to confess that they have not yet succeeded in enjoying his most advanced music, the ordinary concert-goer who listens with adoration to everything that bears his master's signature, looks with a patronizing pity on one who admits that he does not like it? Have our musical organizations so changed in 10 years that a plain citizen can now appreciate at its full merit the first Wagner opera that he hears, while a decade or so ago accomplished musicians had to study him with care before they could really enjoy him? If there had been time to transmit this Wagner faculty by heredity it would not have been so surprising, but as it is, it must remain as mysterious as the influenza. Or else, painful thought, must we admit with the Easy Chair—now sadly vacant—that there is more or less affection connected with this popular adoration? Asks the Easy Chair:—

Is there any form of enjoyment of which there is such scepticism of the sincerity as of music? You shall sit, let us say, in the Metropolitan opera house on a Goetterdaemmerung night, and in the midst of the vast and to your staggering mind somewhat weltering volume of music, when a neighbor whispers, "How much these people would honestly prefer to hear 'The Beautiful Blue Danube!'" A wicked demon urges you to an answering whisper. Of course they would! But nobody would be inclined to suggest in the midst of Salvini's storm of Othello's passion that the audience would really prefer to be seeing Jeremy Diddler in the delightful old farce of "Raising the Wind." If they wished the refreshment of that play they would not come to see Salvini and pretend they like him. There is no doubt in your mind that they actually enjoy the tragic spectacle which they behold. Why then is it that lurking suspicion like dark care sits beside you in the opera house?

Nature will be buried a great time, and yet revive upon the occasion of temptation; like as it was with Asop's damsel turned from a cat to a woman, who sat very demurely at the board's end till a mouse ran before her.—*Bacon.*

LIBRARY TABLE.

ESSAYS ABOUT MEN, WOMEN AND BOOKS.

By Augustine Birrell. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Toronto: William Briggs 1894.

We confess a fondness for Mr. Birrell's literary work. It makes clear to us the fact that he is a scholar, a gentleman, a man of refined taste, of critical perception and a master of good English—which flows from his pen with a limpid sparkle. One may not agree with all his estimates of Men, Women or Books in this pleasant little, broad margined volume of 230 odd pages, but there is no doubt of the sincerity of the writer or the charm of his style. He says of Swift, "No fouler pen than Swift's has soiled our literature," but he admits that "he is one of the masters of English prose. But how admirable also is his poetry—easy yet never slipshod." Again, Bolingbroke is "The most accomplished of all our political rascals," "a consummate scoundrel." Here is a shrewd paradox on Sterne: "Sterne is our best example of the plagiarist whom none dare make ashamed. He robbed other men's orchards with both hands; and yet no more original writer than he ever went to press in these isles." Nothing would give us more pleasure than to conduct our gentle reader through each of these 19 crisp, delightful essays, but we shall content ourselves with wishing that enjoyment which their reading them shall assuredly bring.

CECILIA, or MEMOIRS of an HEIRESS.

By Frances Burney. 3 volumes. \$3.00. London: J. M. Dent & Company. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co., Ltd.

The appearance of a new edition of Miss Burney's book affords another illustration of the undying character of good literature. A novel written over a century ago by an English lady, even though she were the friend of Johnson and of Burke, must have some intrinsic merit to so well survive the lapse of time. Keeness of observation, faithfulness of description, just delineation of character, pure pathos, true humor, with some regard to plot and proportion, and above all, the charm of a clear and natural style will always commend themselves to sensible readers whose taste has been formed in good models. It is of no little interest to be able readily to compare the literary work of to-day with that of a century ago. The publishers of these three charming volumes have earned the gratitude of all old lovers of Miss Burney's delightful book and have presented it in a most chaste and attractive form to those who have the pleasure yet in store of reading it. The illustrations are artistic and appropriate. They, the title pages and the head pieces, are indeed veritable works of art, and cover, print and paper leave nothing to be desired. Here we have a beautiful edition of a book by one of the most deservedly popular writers of her day, which received the warm praise of the author's literary contemporaries, and of which Dr. Johnson said to the garrulous Boswell, "Sir, if you talk of 'Cecilia,' talk on."

WOMEN of VERSAILLES: LAST YEARS of LOUIS XV. By Imbret de Saint-Amand. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Toronto: William Briggs. 1893. \$1.25.

M. de Saint-Amand in the prior volume of this series, already noticed, brought his narrative down to, and carried it well into, the reign of the successor of the Grand Monarch. He now completes that part of the brilliant pageant which pertains to the mortal life of the king who uttered the famous phrase, "After me the deluge." The first part of the present volume is taken up with a graphic sketch of court and city; and vivid pictures are given of the king, the nobility, the clergy, and various classes of the people. This was a period of brilliance and decay. When the haughty Maréchal de Luxembourg in her salon swayed "the aristocratic and even the literary world;" when "the beautiful and spiritual Countess d'Egmont" wrote of

things political to Gustavus, King of Sweden; when, as M. Taine writes, "The first place in conversation and even in public consideration is for Voltaire, the son of a notary; for Rousseau, the son of a clockmaker; for D'Alembert, a foundling picked up by a glazier;" and when the vivacious and pretty courtesan, Madame Du Barry ruled both court and king. The central figure of the latter part of the volume is the Dauphiness Marie Antoinette, and the author's eulogies of this captivating princess recall the splendid panegyric of Edmund Burke. How touching is the devotion of Mesdames Adelaide, Victoire, and Sophie? who "did not hesitate to shut themselves up in the chamber of their deserted father" as he lay dying of virulent smallpox. Then comes the inevitable end: "Let us own," says M. de Saint Amand, "that if Louis XV. did not know how to live, he had, at least, the merit of knowing how to die well."

PERIODICALS.

In *The Writer* for March we have a statement as to how hard times will affect contributor and publisher. This magazine has just reached us, and is as usual a bright little sheet.

The Methodist devotes four papers to the late Rev. Dr. Douglass, and Toronto readers should be interested in "Hours in the Toronto General Hospital." This magazine caters to many tastes, as we have in it a variety from astronomy to still another view of Mr. Gladstone at work. "Hard Times" are set forth both as to cause and remedy.

In the *New England Magazine* we quickly pass more War and World's Fair articles to give our chief attention to Shakespeare and Mr. Henry Irving. We get a quaint description in this number of "What the Pilgrim Fathers Sang," and Oscar Fay Adams writes pleasantly of the English Lynn. The articles are throughout well illustrated.

The discussion which finds some powerful participants in our country ancient the present system of education makes "A Bit of Psychology Applied," in the *Educational Review*, strike us as particularly interesting just now. Those who care about methods of mind training will be glad to read this number; and articles on the educational problems of Europe and the ideals of Harvard, help to make the magazine of interest.

The Canadian Yachtsman and Canoeist is a bright and breezy sporting journal, edited and published by Mr. Joseph P. Cloughter, of Toronto. It has a number of pleasing and appropriate articles and items of interest to those who are fond of recreation on lake and river, is well illustrated, and has an artistic head piece designed by that clever artist, Mr. A. H. Howard. We wish the new comer a long and successful career.

Some gruesome sketches of the plague in Hamburg, and a couple of illustrations of a particularly woden-legged, petticoated small boy, appear in the opening story of *Outing* for this month; but the balance of the magazine is taken up with the usual amount of matter profitable to the lover of sport in various forms, and any would-be traveller who "cannot afford it" may find some useful hints in Perry Worden's "Touring in Europe on Next to Nothing."

Munsey's for April contains some pleasing and readable papers, and a number of good illustrations as usual. "Literary Chat" devotes its first section to a repetition of the statement that Miss Margot Tennant, the future Mrs. Asquith, is the prototype of Mr. Benson's heroine; and under the same heading are some half dozen interesting items. The preceding papers, without laying claim to weight, are up to the usual mark of this magazine in interest.

Cardinal Gibbons opens the April number of the *North American Review* with "Personal Reminiscences of the Vatican Council," while various political questions are treated of by Mr. Justin McCarthy, also by several well-known

writers of this continent. Governor Stone, of Mississippi, writes of a much-to-be-desired result, "The Suppression of Lawlessness in the South," while the inimitable Clemens gives us the true history of his jumping frog. Of the remaining papers we have one from the accurate pen of William Matthews on "True Delicacy"—a subject which seems difficult of comprehension to many.

In *The Arena* for this month, we have a thoroughly readable number. We have here another view of Tennyson, Stinson Jarvis continues his discussion on "The Ascent of Life," our ever-present friend the tramp is again treated of, Frances M. Steele gives us some clearly put ideas on "Extravagance in Dress," and the tenement-house evil is handled by three writers who speak whereof they know. Space does not allow us to enumerate all the papers in this number, but we should like to mention "The New Time," and one sentence from "Heredity and Environment" is worthy of quotation: "The past is fixed, but the future lies before us like the rough marble before the sculptor."

The frontispiece, "Bonaparte as a Lieutenant of Artillery," arrests our immediate attention in the *Cosmopolitan*, and we are indebted to Frederic Masson for a paper historically interesting. G. T. Ferris demands our interest in the "Great Canal;" but even after reading his article many will still refuse to lose their remnant of compassion for Lesseps, the disgraced. Howells and Valdés are as usual among the contributors, and Edward W. Bok brings his pen to bear upon the young man and his employer, the headpiece being a representation of the young man weighed and, presumably, found wanting. The whole number more than earns its price and we leave our readers to make its full acquaintance for themselves.

"Horsus Chawin' Hay" is the somewhat repellent title of "Some Recent American Verse" from which *Poet-Lore* gives us a quotation; but this is more than compensated for by the humor of the lines from Creamer,

"The lazy poet is the sonneteer,
Who in his twice-seven lines puts all he
knows
Of something....."

The April number of this delightful little magazine brings Kingsland's record of George Eliot's early friendship to a close, and the lover of Shakespeare can find five sections devoted to the study of the great master. The possibility of bringing home to young people the beauty of a very simple poem is set forth in a paper on "Burns's 'Mary in Heaven,'" but, rather than review this number further, we recommend it to the student of literature.

The Canadian comes to us claiming our interest in a reproduction of F. M. Bell-Smith's "At Sunset" by way of frontispiece, and many other illustrations are clearly given. In "A Glance at Lampman," Arthur J. Stringer states that of all our poets of recognized standing Mr. Lampman is the most thoroughly Canadian and in Canada the most popular. Stuart Livingston's poems, already reviewed in our columns, come in for a just word of praise, and Mr. Frank Yeigh treats lengthily of Ontario's Grand Old Man. The lumber woods of our east, and the wilds of the west and north, are shown to us in still another aspect, while the Hon. David Mills discusses earnestly a subject which he considers entitled to a full share of attention from the young men of Canada—Self-Government in the Colonies. The aims of *The Canadian* are good, and we bespeak for it the consistent support of Canadianizing Canadians.

The *Journal of the Canadian Bankers' Association* for March is the third number of this important financial journal. The first place is given to an able review of the rise and progress of "Free Banking in Canada," a very interesting phase of the banking life of our country by Mr. R. W. Breckenridge. This article shows careful examination and study of early legislation on which that system was founded and of the operations of the banks so far as they are of general value to the reader. The article

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also indicates that the specialists of the neighbouring Republic find in the history of our financial institutions matter for their thoughtful consideration. A worthy reprint is Mr. James Stevenson's learned and elaborate study of "The Card Money of Canada," from the Transactions of the Literary and Historical Society of Quebec. This excellent article shows how well financial ability, general culture and literary taste can go hand in hand. This curious and mischievous system was introduced in 1685 by the Intendant Meales and played its part until the years 1758-9. The well considered views of the Halifax Bankers on the subject of "A New Insolvent Act" are then set forth. The solid matter embodied in "Recent Legal Decisions" and "Recent Bank Statements," with comparisons, will prove of especial interest to the banking fraternity. Our Canadian Bankers are to be congratulated on the advent of this important and ably conducted periodical.

LITERARY AND PERSONAL

Mr. George R. Parkin, M.A., the well-known advocate of Imperial Federation, has been elected member of the Royal Colonial Institute.

The first two editions of Marion Crawford's last novel, *Katharine Lauderdale* were exhausted within a week of its publication, and a third edition is now being pushed forward.

The title of the novel which Mr. Charles Dudley Warner has written for publication in *Harper's Magazine* later in the year is "The Golden House." It is a story of New York society, a sequel to the same author's "A Little Journey in the World."

Pierre Loti, it is said, has gone to accumulate literary material in Egypt and the Holy Land. His plan includes a caravan journey through the desert; and he will end his travels by a visit to the Crimea and Moscow. He has six months' leave from his ship.

With the April number (Midwinter Fair Number) the editorial and business control of the *Overland Monthly* will be assumed by Rounseville Wildman, late United States Consul at Singapore, and at Barmen, Germany and United States World's Fair Commissioner for Straits Settlements and Borneo.

The twelfth general meeting of the Royal Society of Canada will be held in the City of Ottawa, during the week commencing the 21st of May next. The eleventh volume of the Transactions—some 600 quarto pages, profusely illustrated—is about ready for distribution. It now circulates in every country of the world.

Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons will publish shortly: "The Lives of Twelve Bad Men. Being original studies of Eminent Scoundrels, by Various Hands." Edited by Thomas Sec-

combe, B.A., Balliol College, Oxford. To their series of the "Questions of the Day" they will add "Canadian Independence, Annexation, and British Imperial Federation." By James Douglas.

In addition to his now well-known work on Parliamentary Procedure and Government, Dr. Bourinot has also prepared a practical manual for the use of public meetings, corporate companies societies, conventions, synods, and municipal councils, which will be issued by The Carswell Co., Toronto, and must prove invaluable to the large body of persons interested in this country in the conduct of public business. Canadians owe much to the industry of this writer.

The *Canadian Gazette* has the following item: Mr. J. B. Tyrrell, the Barren Grounds Explorer, is, in association with his brother, about to publish a book on his adventures. It should be an interesting volume. As to the Esquimaux, Mr. Tyrrell says he found them quite friendly, and ever anxious to barter their possessions for wares of civilized manufacture. When bartering some nicely-made deerskin coats, the Esquimaux named their own price, and got it—five needles for each coat.

The death of Professor Robertson Smith, Librarian of the University of Cambridge for the past eight years, associate editor of the ninth edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* and author of "The Old Testament in the Jewish Church," "The Prophets of Israel and their place in History to the close of the Eighth Century, B.C.," and other learned works removes one of the most noted theological scholars of the day. Dr. Smith was a traveller, a linguist and a fearless advocate of views which, though founded on investigation and research, were to many distasteful and unpopular.

READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

SPRING SONG.

Sing me a song of the early spring,
Of the yellow light where the clear air cools,
Of the lithe willows bourgeoning
In the amber pools.

Sing me a song of the spangled dells,
Where hepaticas tremble in starry groups,
Of the violets swinging their golden bells
As the light wind swoops.

Sing me a song of the shallow lakes,
Of the hollow fall of the nimble rill,
Of the troling rapture the robin wakes
On the windy hill.

Sing me a song of the gleaming swift,
Of the vivid Maryland-yellow-throat,
Of the vesper sparrow's silver drift
From the rise remote.

Sing me a song of the crystal cage,
Where the tender plants in the frames are set,
Where kneels my love Armitage,
Planting the pleasant mignonette.

Sing me a song of the glow afar,
Of the misty air and the crocus light,
Of the new moon following a silver star
Through the early night.

—Duncan Campbell Scott, in *Scribner*.

THE JAGUAR.

The lordly Jaguar is the king of all the American *Felidae*, and right proud are we to have him for a fellow-countryman—provided he does not make himself too numerous! Of all the great cats now living, he is second in size only to the lion and the Bengal tiger. South of the United States he is universally called *Tigre* (tee'gree), which is simply the Spanish for tiger. He has the big chest and loins, thick neck, big arms and legs and bullet head of a heavy-weight prize-fighter, clothed in the most gorgeous skin ever given to any animal of the cat family. He is the most stocky in build of all the cats, being very different in shape from the more lithe and flat-bodied lion, tiger and puma.

But it is his glorious colors that first attract the beholder's attention, and hold it longest. On a ground color of rich golden yellow, which is darkest on the back and shoulders and grows paler as it descends to the legs, are arranged with regular irregularity large rosettes of black and brown. These rosettes are the prominent distinguishing character of the Jaguar, by which any child can recognize him instantly wherever found. The head, top of the back, base of the tail, lower joints of the legs, and the feet are plentifully besprinkled with round black spots, not rosettes. Ordinarily the eyes are light yellow, to match the body color; but when the animal becomes enraged, they turn the color of green fire and then it is high time to get out of the way.

The Jaguar is an *edition de luxe*, bound in black and gold.—W. T. Hornaday, in *St Nicholas*.

KEENE AT THE GRAND.

Mr. Thomas W. Keene, the prominent tragedian, made his annual appearance at the Grand last week. His presentation of several standard dramas—"Richard III.," "Othello," "The Merchant of Venice" and "Richard III."—was welcomed with delight by a large class of theatre-goers. Apropos of the foregoing, the following story told by a friend of the actor, is interesting as illustrating the vicissitudes of stage life:—"I will never forget the time that I saw Tom Keene play 'Richard III.' in Macor, Ga. He had come from Atlanta, and had checked his baggage, which in some way had been carried on. There was no possibility of its being returned in time for the performance, and at first it was thought that his date would have to be cancelled, but the actor was finally persuaded to play without the costumes and special scenery. Butcher knives were used instead of swords and the actors were all dressed in citizen's clothes. Roars of laughter greeted them when they first appeared on the stage, but when an explanation was made by the manager of the opera house the people took it in good humor and enjoyed it better on account of its novelty. For my part, I do not believe that I ever saw Keene act as well as he did that night, with his citizen's clothes and butcher knife. At the close of the performance he received a genuine ovation."

Sardou's comedy, "Americans Abroad," is being presented at the Grand this week by Daniel Frohman's Lyceum Company, which fact is sufficient guarantee of the excellence of the performance.

A NEW BRUNSWICK STORY.

THE REMARKABLE EXPERIENCE OF A HUSBAND AND WIFE.

The One Suffering From General Debility and the Other From the After Effects of Typhoid Fever were Gradually Growing Weaker When a Cure Came—Both Now Restored to Perfect Health.

From the Newcastle, N.B., Union-Advocate.

Quite recently there came to the knowledge of the proprietor of the Union Advocate, two cases of residents of Newcastle having been greatly benefitted by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and these were thought to be of sufficient interest to warrant their being published in the interests of humanity, if the parties interested had no objection to the facts being published. Consequently a reporter of this paper called upon the parties and obtained from them cheerfully all the particulars. Mr. and Mrs. Hammill removed from Fort Fairfield, Maine, to Newcastle, N.B., about fourteen months ago. For two years previous Mrs. Hammill had been in a very poor state of health and was steadily growing weaker and running down, until she was unable to do the necessary work about the house, and the little she did used her up completely. Pains in the back and limbs, weakness, dizzi-

ness and other disagreeable symptoms troubled her. For some time she was under treatment of several doctors at Fort Fairfield, and also since she moved here. But they effected no improvement to her run down system and she was gradually growing worse and had given up all hope of regaining her health. Having read accounts of the cures effected by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills she decided last July to try them and see if she could be benefitted thereby. She purchased some from Mr. H. H. Johnstone, druggist, and commenced to take them and has since continued to take them with, to her, wonderful results. She had taken but a few boxes when a gradual improvement seemed to be taking place. The pains in her back and limbs left her as did the other unpleasant symptoms, and at the present time she is as well as ever she was and without feeling the tiredness and exhaustion of her former state.

At her recommendation her husband also began the use of Pink Pills. About a year before coming to Newcastle he had suffered from an attack of typhoid fever, from the effects of which he did not recover his former health. His blood seemed to be thin and watery, and he was weak and easily worn out. Through all this he kept steadily at work, although he says that when night came he was thoroughly wearied and depressed, not knowing how to obtain relief. When his wife began to feel the beneficial effects of Pink Pills she urged him to try them and he did so. After taking three boxes he began to feel a wonderful change. The tired feeling left him and he had a better appetite and enjoyed his food with a relish he had not had before. He continued taking the Pills for some time and is to day fully restored to his old-time health and strength. Mr. Hammill was very willing to tell of the benefits both he and his wife had derived from the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, with the hope that their experience might lead others to test the benefits to be derived from this wonderful remedy.

The gratifying results following the use of Pink Pills in the case of Mrs. Hammill prove their unequalled powers as a blood builder and nerve tonic. There are many throughout the land suffering in silence as did Mrs. Hammill, who can readily find relief in a course of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They are a specific for the troubles peculiar to women, such as irregularities and all forms of weakness. They build up the blood, restore the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks, driving out pains in the back and limbs, weakness and other disagreeable symptoms which make life a burden. They also cure such diseases as rheumatism, neuralgia, partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, St. Vitus' dance, nervous headache, nervous prostration, the after effects of la grippe, influenza, and severe colds, diseases depending on humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc., and in all cases arising from mental worry, over-work or excesses of any nature.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold only in boxes bearing the firm's trade mark. They are never sold in bulk, or by the dozen or hundred, and any dealer who offers substitutes in this form is trying to defraud you and should be avoided. The public are also cautioned against all other so-called blood builders and nerve tonics, put up in similar form intended to deceive. Ask your dealer for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People and refuse all imitations and substitutes.

These pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N. Y., and may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams Medicine Co., from either address, at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50. The price at which these pills are sold makes a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.

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Exceptional facilities for Organ students. Pupils
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tor Oshawa Ladies' College, Organist Zion Congrega-
tional Church. Teaches Piano, Organ, Harmony.
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Or Residence, 104 Maitland Street.

Ask for Minard's and take no other.

PUBLIC OPINION.

Hamilton Spectator: Our esteemed con-
temporaries the Grit papers are divided in
opinion about the new tariff. But it is exceed-
ingly odd that while some of them say the
reduction is too great, and others say it is too
little, none is of opinion that it is just right.

Halifax Chronicle: The policy of the
Liberal party is set forth in the resolutions
adopted at the Ottawa convention in June last.
These resolutions declare explicitly for econo-
my in the expenditure of public money, a tariff
for revenue only and death to monopolies,
combines and privileged classes.

Manitoba Free Press: The British Gov-
ernment is able to borrow money at the extra-
ordinary low rate of 1 9-16 per cent. per year,
probably the lowest rate at which money has
ever been loaned. A few millions of this
hoarded wealth invested in Canadian mines
and other industries would go a long way
towards removing the hard times from which
the country is suffering.

London Advertiser: The liquor makers
and dealers are engaged in a legal business,
and the Mayor of Toronto scarcely performed
his whole duty to the people of that city when
he declined to extend to them the formal wel-
come which every law-abiding delegation that
has sought it has hitherto received. Mayors
should not have piques, though it is always
proper for them to maintain their principles.
Courtesy costs nothing, and goes a long way in
this world.

St. John Gazette: The British budget
will be brought down on the 16th. The
Economist estimates that the final accounts of
the year 1893-4 will stand somewhat thus:
Revenue, £90,300,000; expenditure, £91,-
700,000; deficit, £1,400,000. This is a re-
minder of Sir Richard Cartwright in his palmy
days, but what is bothering Sir William Har-
court most is not the accounts of the past year
as much as the expenditure for the coming
year. It is estimated that he will be left with
a prospective deficit of about £4,000,000 for
1894-5 in addition to £1,500,000 for the year
closing.

Victoria Colonist: Business in the United
States last year was in a state of confusion,
and banks burst by the hundred. In Canada
there was no alarming crisis, and but two
banks failed in the whole country. There are
symptoms of discontent and unrest in almost
every State of the Union, while Canada has
gone on its way quietly and without any un-
usual agitation. The contrast between the
two countries is, in fact, most marked, and
yet one of the leading men of this country
from his place in Parliament makes such a
speech as leads intelligent Americans to be-
lieve that Canada is tottering on the verge of
ruin—is, in fact, "a bankrupt state."

Montreal Gazette: In twenty-eight years
four distinct U. S. administrations have can-
celled or refused to negotiate reciprocity ar-
rangements with this country. Liberals and
Conservatives have been alike rebuffed by
Republicans as by Democrats. Mr. Mills has
not the slightest reason to believe that reci-
procity is any more likely to be granted to-
day than at any time from 1866 up. His cal-
culations of what might be the conditions of
trade were the order of 1854-66 restored are
purely speculative and have only a speculative
interest. They are not practical. They affect
nothing and they establish nothing. It is
facts, not theories, Canadians have to deal
with.

WHEN A MAN IS INVESTING MONEY

in real estate he exercises great care to ascer-
tain that he is securing a good investment for
his money. The same rule should be adopted
by every man when insuring his life. In
selecting a company in which to insure it
should be:

- 1—Successful.
- 2—Have ample assets.
- 3—Possess a net surplus over and above all
liabilities and capital.

A FEW
OPINIONS

OF
Mrs. Humphry Ward's
New Novel
Marcella

Mr. F. Marion Crawford, in *Book Re-
views*, says:

"There are scenes of cottage life in the book
which have probably never been outdone in
clean accuracy of observation, or in brilliancy of
literary finish."

Mr. Hamilton W. Mabie, in *The Forum*,
says:

"The narrative is full of strongly drawn fig-
ures; men who live in their emotions no less
than in their convictions and interests, and
whose processes of thought are disclosed with a
force and reality that constantly recall the mas-
ters of the novel."

The New York Tribune says:

"The sentimental interest preponderates,
and the heroine remains, first and last, the
heroine of a love-story. . . . Her portrait is
drawn with a realism which Mrs. Ward has not
hitherto surpassed."

The Chicago Tribune says:

"A great book, . . . a book to read leisurely,
and at the end of a year or two to read leisurely
again."

The World says:

"'Marcella' is a strong book, . . . not a
book to be galloped through for the sake of the
story. . . . Mrs. Ward has written from the
fulness of her own experiences."

The Outlook says:

"In this novel Mrs. Ward settles the ques-
tion of her position as an artist, . . . writes
straight out of her heart with a directness, a
freedom, and a power which place her in the
front rank of novelists."

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be of the highest class.
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for every known liability.
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a moderate rate of expense.
- 7—That the management should be both
competent and experienced.

Such a company is the North American
Life Assurance Company, Head Office, Man-
ning arcade, Toronto.

A shaft has been sunk in a gold mine at
Bendigo to the depth of 3,000 feet. This is
the deepest shaft in Australia, and is believed
to be the deepest gold mining one in the world.
It is intended to sink 200 feet more before
opening out.

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Educational.

IT FILLS THE BILL.

—a dose of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. Sick Headache, Dizziness, Constipation, Indigestion, Biliary Attacks, and all derangements of the liver, stomach and bowels are promptly and permanently cured.

Glen Easton, Marshall Co., W. Va.

R. V. PIERCE, M. D., Buffalo, N. Y.:

Dear Sir—Two years ago I was pale and emaciated, food fermented in my stomach. A physician pronounced my case "Catarrh of the Stomach," but he could not help me. I lived a month without solid food and when I tried to eat I would vomit. At this time I began taking Doctor Pierce's Pleasant Pellets, and in two weeks I was decidedly better. I am now in good health, and never felt better in my life. I have a better color, eat more, and have no distress after eating—having gained thirteen pounds since I began taking them.



MISS ANGUISH.
Yours truly, MARY ANGUISH.

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

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

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

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

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

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RADWAY'S
PILLS,

Always Reliable.

Purely Vegetable.

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

RADWAY'S PILLS

Have long been acknowledged as the Best Cure for

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

Price 25c. per Bottle. Sold by Druggists.

Not only has petroleum for fuel been adopted on many locomotives of the Great Eastern road, in England, but experiments are also being made with it in some of the great Lancashire cotton mills.

In water in which decaying vegetables have been infused the microscope discovers things so minute that 10,000 of them would not exceed in bulk a grain of mustard, though they are supplied with organs as complicated as those of a whale.

Dr. von Blarcom, one of the most distinguished physicians in Berlin, expresses the opinion after careful investigation that coffee long boiled produces more indigestion than any other substance taken into the human stomach, and that a simple infusion facilitates digestion.

Baron von Nordenskjold, the Swedish explorer, is preparing to go on an expedition partly for the rescue of the Swede, Bjorling, and partly to make explorations to unknown waters of Greenland. The expedition is to depart this spring, and will be made up exclusively of Swedes.

The policemen at Newcastle, England, are said to have been equipped with pocket telephones with a foot or two of wire attached. By means of these instruments they can communicate with the fire brigade through the fire signal boxes without breaking the glass doors of the same.

On French canals some boats have apparatus by means of which they pull themselves along, drawing in (and discharging behind) a chain cable that lies along the bottom of the canal. Formerly the machinery was worked by steam; but electricity has been used, with a trolley system, for the last two months on the Bourgogne Canal.

Professor Fritch, of Berlin, has succeeded in photographing projectiles in transit. He exhibited at a recent lecture photographs showing the air waves caused by the missiles, which formed a legible record of the velocity with which they travelled. The apparatus is said to be the invention of a boy named Vernon, of Edinburgh, Scotland.

The Liverpool electric elevated railway, which has been in existence about a year, has proved completely successful in operation. It is five miles long, and its total cost, including equipment and all other charges, has been £550,000. A five minute service of trains is maintained with perfect regularity, and so far without mishap of any kind.—*New York Sun.*

The most extensive pneumatic tube system in the world, probably, is that which has recently been completed at Chicago. It extends from the headquarters of one of the great press news agencies to nearly all of the daily newspaper offices, and is to be used exclusively for sending messages to and from said offices. About seventeen miles of brass tubes three inches in diameter were used.

A wire-rope tramway for passenger car service over the Tennessee River, at Knoxville, and which is suspended at a height of 350 feet above the water as it reaches the south side of the river, has been in practical use for some time past, passengers being conveyed thereby to a pleasure resort back of the bluff on the other side of the river from the city of Knoxville.—*Scientific American.*

The heaviest steel casting for marine work ever turned out in America is the steel "strut" to sustain the twin-screw shafts of one of the new American liners being built by the Cramps. It weighs over thirty tons—67,135 pounds—to be exact. *The Iron Age* says that while no trouble is encountered in "producing the largest castings called for by any of the designers, it is still extremely difficult to successfully make the smaller ones, where, by reason of coring and limited quantity of metal, it is almost impossible to avoid the blow holes and spongy spots which render them so unreliable."

BISHOP STRACHAN SCHOOL
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Pupil of Prof. Martin Krauss, Hans von Bulow and Reinecke, solo pianist Albert Halle concerts; Richard Strauss, conductor, Leipzig; pianist of the Seidl orchestral tour in Canada, 1892; by invitation of Theodore Thomas, representative Canadian solo pianist at the World's Fair, Chicago. Concert engagements and pupils accepted. Address—105 Gloucester Street, or Toronto College of Music.

W. J. McNALLY,
Late of Leipzig, Conservatory of Music. Organist and Choirmaster, Beverley Street Baptist Church, **Teacher of Piano.** Toronto College of Music or 32 Sussex Avenue.

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SINGING MASTER AND CONDUCTOR
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CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.
25 CTS.

They encourage matrimony in Albania. When a girl wants to get married she collects all her money and mounts the coins in her cap. You can then see what she is worth.

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

Miss Shaw's excellent paper on Australia has been, and is now being, much discussed. *Punch* seems to have hit the thing off very happily in a cartoon representing the genius of Australia in the guise of a female figure bearing wheat ears, grapes, and other symbols of agriculture. Mountains around testify mineral wealth, while in front is seen the back of a lady—Miss Shaw—standing behind a desk, busy, it is to be presumed, acting as contemporary historian to Australia, who is made to say that she is very much obliged indeed for the good offices of Miss Shaw; but, at the same time, adds, "Don't invite the guests to my banquet until I am ready to receive them!"—*Colonies and India.*

I BELIEVE MINARD'S LINIMENT will cure every case of Diphtheria. Riverdale. MRS. REUBEN BAKER.

I BELIEVE MINARD'S LINIMENT will promote growth of hair. Stanley, P.E.I. MRS. CHARLES ANDERSON.

I BELIEVE MINARD'S LINIMENT is the best household remedy on earth. Oil City, Ont. MATTHIAS FOLEY.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Queen, on recommendation of Lord Rosebery, has promoted Sir Spencer St. John, the Minister to Stockholm, to the Grand Cross of the Order of St. Michael and St. George. This is to reward Sir Spencer for his valuable public services when Minister to Mexico.

The Vienna *Deutsche Zeitung* says that the Emperor William's visit to Abazia is occasioned by the state of his health. His usual nervousness is said to have been much increased by the excitement over the Russian treaty. His physicians urge a complete rest as early as possible.

There is a ripe side to the orange as well as to the peach. The stem half of the orange is usually not so sweet and juicy as the other half, not because it receives less sunshine, but possibly because the juice gravitates to the lower half, as the orange commonly hangs below its stem.

R Von Schutzbar Milching, a German gentleman of distinction as a hunter, is in San Francisco, having recently arrived from the mountains of Colorado and Wyoming, where he has been hunting elk with much success. He says that he has never seen finer sport than hunting the Rocky Mountain elk.—*New York Tribune*.

Canadian hay is becoming very popular in establishments where large numbers of horses are kept. They are said to thrive on it much better than on English hay, and it is believed to improve both the health and the appetite of the animals. The manager of one large firm is reported to have stated that, prices being equal, he would certainly prefer hay from the Dominion to that grown in the United Kingdom.—*Colonies and India*.

It is said that the Irish language still lingers in the Bahamas among the descendants of the Hibernian slaves banished by Cromwell to the West Indies. One can occasionally hear black sailors in the London Docks, who cannot speak a word of English, talking Irish to the old Irish applewomen whom they met, and thus making themselves intelligible without a knowledge of the Saxon tongue. This, at all events, is the story now going the rounds.—*Colonies and India*.

A Russian journalist named Michael Debernoff—a son, by the way, of General Debernoff—started some time ago on a walking tour round the world. He reached Gibraltar the other day, after visiting the principal capitals of Europe, and left immediately afterwards for Malaga, en route for Africa. He proposes travelling "through" the Dark Continent and coming out at Cape Town. Where he will make for after that will depend, of course, on the state of his feet.—*Colonies and India*.

Depression in the locomotive building industry in England is said to have resulted in 628 fewer hands being employed in 1893 and 2,661 fewer than in 1891. The *St. James Gazette* adds: "It is probable that another thousand will be dismissed next month, and the prospects for 1894 are said to be poor. The worst of it is that a good deal of the falling off is in foreign orders. A large part of the world used to get its locomotives from Great Britain. Now, unhappily, it makes them at home or gets them from America."

The American Building at the Antwerp Exposition, both in site and construction, will, it is said, be one of the most favored in the Belgian enclosure. This building and its annex will contain 26,500 square feet of space. In addition to this 60,000 square feet has been allotted to the American section in the Industry or Main Building, 30,000 square feet in the Electricity Building and 30,000 square feet in the Machinery Building, thus making a grand total of 146,000 square feet of space to be occupied by American products.—*Age of Steel*.

Minard's Liniment is used by Physicians.

"RUSHDALE FARM"

MARCH 16, 1894.

MR. WILSON BARR,
Chemist, cor. King and Hughson
streets, Hamilton, Ont.

DEAR SIR,—I have suffered for over seven years with dyspepsia and chronic diarrhoea, and was so reduced in flesh and strength as to be unable to attend to my duties on the farm. I was unable to retain food of any kind on my stomach, meat acting more like poison on me. Every day at 10 in the morning and 4 in the afternoon the pain in my stomach would become almost unbearable, lasting about an hour at a time, and frequently I would faint away. For sometime I was under the impression that some living reptile was in my stomach, and I finally became so weak as to be unable to go from the house to the barn and back again without assistance. It became a common remark among my friends that I was not much longer for this world, whenever my case was discussed by them. I doctored with a number of "doctors" and tried every "patent medicine" which was supposed to be suitable to my case, but found no relief until Mr. James Stewart of Waterdown recommended me to obtain from you "Wm. Radman's Microbe Killer," and I am happy to state that I improved with the very first dose. It settled my stomach and I have not vomited any food since. I am now able to eat any kind of food and go about my work on the farm as well as ever; in fact, I consider myself entirely cured, completely so. I have recommended this remedy to many of my friends, and it has cured them in every case whenever they gave it a fair trial. I cannot speak too highly of this remedy and would advise all sufferers of any description to give it a trial.

Yours sincerely,

JOHN IRELAND,

Postoffice address, Nelson,

Halton Co., Ont.

P.S.—Mr. D. Benson, Gen. Mgr. of the Raymond Sewing Machine Co., 98 King-street west, Toronto, is one of the many parties conversant with the facts of above case and will be only too pleased to corroborate the same.

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APRIL, 1894.

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CLEMATIS AND IVY. A Record of Early Friendship. Being Extracts from Unpublished Letters of George Eliot. Conclusion. *William G. Kingsland*.

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GENERAL STATEMENT.

During the Summer of 1894, courses of instruction will be given as follows:

Chemistry, four courses, viz.: Fundamental Principles of Chemistry; Qualitative Analysis; Quantitative Analysis; Organic Chemistry.

Botany, two courses, viz.: Vegetable Morphology and Physiology and Microscopical Anatomy of Phaenogams; Cryptogamic Botany.

Engineering, four courses, viz.: Topographical Surveying; Railway Surveying; Electrical Engineering.

Physics, two courses.

Physical Training, two courses.

Trigonometry and Solid Geometry.

English, two courses.

Anglo-Saxon.

French, two courses.

Courses at the Medical School.

Geology four courses, including Petrography.

German, two courses.

Education and Teaching.

Psychology, two courses.

Draughting and Descriptive Geometry.

Women as well as men are admitted to these courses, except those in the Medical School, those in Engineering and the two more advanced courses in Geology.

In addition to the above-mentioned courses, certain lectures on methods of instruction will be given by teachers in the several departments represented by the schools. These lectures will be open, without charge, to the persons who are enrolled as members of any of the summer schools in the University.

In general these courses are adapted to the needs of those who intend to be teachers in the several subjects. Several of the more elementary, however, are intended also to meet the needs of beginners, and may be taken by students in lieu of the corresponding courses in the College and the Lawrence Scientific School, and may be counted towards a degree.

During the session of the Schools the College Library will be open from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. The Museum of Comparative Zoology, the Peabody Museum, the Semitic Museum, and the Mineralogical Collection are also accessible to the students during the summer vacation.

In general the fees of the above mentioned courses, except those in Chemistry, Botany, Engineering, and Physical Training are \$20 for each course.

Board and lodging may be obtained in Cambridge during the summer vacation at a cost of from \$5 to \$10 per week. Students are advised to take their meals at the restaurant provided by the school, where food will be provided at cost. Application should be made to Mr. A. E. UPHAM, 16 Stoughton Hall, Cambridge.

Other information may be obtained on application to Mr. MONTAGUE CHAMBERLAIN, HARVARD UNIVERSITY, Cambridge, Mass.

Mr. Gladstone, in addition to \$500,000 left him by his father, has a rent roll of the Hawarden estate, which came into the possession of his wife on the death of the last male Glynn. Mr. Gladstone's annual income is \$125,000.

A remarkable story of a ride upon an avalanche comes from Atlanta, in the Sawtooth Mountains. Charles Goetz was hunting

in the mountains near Atlanta when the snow started under his feet. He was unable to extricate himself from the moving mass, and in a few moments he was being carried along upon the breast of a roaring avalanche. The slide rushed down into a rocky, precipitous canon, but Goetz went through alive. He was found eleven hours afterwards by a rescuing party, and, though terribly bruised, he is in a fair way to recovery.

QUIPS AND CRANKS.

A laugh is worth a hundred groans in any market.

Delsarte was nowhere alongside of a dog's tail in the art of expression.

About the only thing that Senators seem to be able to pass is the wink.

The only way to get a hen out of the garden is to go slow but shoo'er.

The turning point in the lives of most farmer boys is at the end of a furrow.

"After all, free sugar's a bore!" as the farmer said when he tapped the maple.

Nedders: What's a bon mot! Slowitz: Something you always think of after it's too late to say it.

Winter appears to be going and through the tree tops the spring zephyrs soon will be breathing a sigh of relief.

A girl sometimes coaxes her lover not to spend so much money on her, but she doesn't have to coax him after they are married.

"Your business is picking up, I see," said the cobbler to the rag-picker. "Yes: and I see yours is mending," was the quick reply.

When Blondin at the age of seventy can carry his 150 pound son on a tight rope there can be no doubt that he is still able to support his family.

Merchant (to clerk applying for a situation): On principle I only engage married men. Clerk: Do you happen to have a daughter, sir.

May: What made you tell that horrid Miss Stumble that she danced like an angel? Arthur: Because I thought they never danced, and neither will she.

Teacher: Can any little boy tell me why St. Peter is always at the gate? Johnny Ferguson: I reckon he's a-layin' fer dose fellies w'at robbed him ter pay Paul!

"Made an awful mistake at the Gotrox's reception. Stepped up to one of the guests and told him to call me a horse and carriage." "Did he do it?" "No. He called me an ass."

Friend: Your son played football at college, I am told. Fond Mamma: Yes. Friend: Quarter-back? Fond Mamma: Oh, he's nearly all back. He lost only an ear and a hand.

"I'm ag'in this labor agitation," said Meandering Mike. "So'm I," said Plodding Pete; "every time I run up ag'in a piece of work I git so agitated I purty near have heart disease."

Mrs. Skintlint: What, my dear! You don't mean to say you have gotten that little girl to clean off the snow? Skintlint: Certainly. She's going to do it for something to eat, and she won't eat half as much as a boy.

WATER! BEEFSTEAK, HAM AND EGGS, FOR ONE.

"God gave us meat, but the devil sent us cooks," is a trite saying. From bad cooking, fast eating and overeating, comes a whole train of diseases—indigestion, dyspepsia, biliousness, catarrh of the stomach, headache, dizziness, and the like. God also gave us a brainy man, who compounded the "Golden Medical Discovery," a corrective of all the ills resulting from overeating and bad blood. Dr. Pierce, of Buffalo, has furnished in the "Discovery," a great desideratum in America, where everybody are in such a hurry to make money, they have no time to eat, and scarcely any time to live. It invigorates the liver, cleanses the blood and tones up the system.

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MRS. E. FISHER, Brantford, Ont.

Take B. B. B.

A few days ago there died in Christiana, at the age of 74, Dr. Henry Rink, a man who, besides other explorations, passed 16 winters and 22 summers in Greenland.

REV. ALEX. GILRAY, 91 Bellevue avenue, Toronto, has used Acetocura for eighteen years and recommends it for colds, sore throat and indigestion.

Somehow or other everybody some time or other wants to sing "Auld Lang Syne," and only one man in a million knows the words, and he only knows the first verse, and he doesn't sing it right.

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In the shop of a St Petersburg watchmaker a human-faced clock is on view. The hands are pivoted on its nose, and any messages that may be spoken into its ear are repeated by a phonograph through the mouth.

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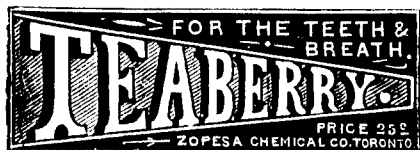
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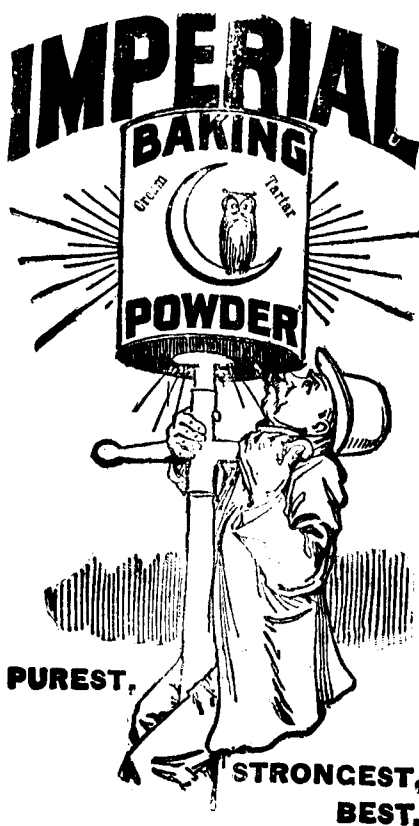
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