

THE WEEK

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

Eleventh Year.
Vol. XI, No 38.

TORONTO, FRIDAY, AUGUST 17th, 1894.

\$3.00 per Annum.
Single Copies, 10 cents

THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE.
HEAD OFFICE, - TORONTO.
Paid-up Capital \$6,000,000
Reserve 1,200,000

Directors.
GEO. A. COX, Esq., President.
JOHN DAVIDSON, Esq., Vice-President.
W. B. Hamilton Esq., Robert Kilgour, Esq.,
Jas. Crathorn, Esq., M. Leggat, Esq.,
John Hoskin, Esq., Q.C., LL.D.,
E. E. WALKER, General Manager.
J. H. PLUMMER, Assistant General Mgr.
ALEX. H. IRELAND, Inspector.
G. de C. OGRADY, Assistant Inspector.
New York. - Alex. Lairland Wm. Gray Agents.

Branches.
Alta Craig, MONTREAL: Thorold,
Ayr, Main Office, Toronto Junction
Barrie, 157 St. James St. Walkerton,
Belleville, City Branches, Walkerville,
Berlin, 19 Chabouillez St. Waterloo,
Blenheim, 176 St. Lawrence Waterloo,
Bramford, Street, Windsor,
Caraga, Orangeville, Winnipeg,
Chatham, Ottawa, Woodstock,
Collingwood, Paris, TORONTO:
Dundas, Parkhill, Head Office,
Dunnville, Peterboro', 19-25 King W.,
Galt, St. Catharines, City Branches,
Goderich, Sarnia, 712 Queen E.,
Hamilton, Sault Ste. Marie, 450 Yonge St.,
Paris, Sault Ste. Marie, 791 Yonge St.,
London, Simcoe, 268 College St.,
Stratford, 544 Queen W.,
Strathroy, 399 Parliament,
163 King St. E.

Commercial credits issued for use in Europe, Australia, New Zealand and South America. Stere Travellers Letters of Credit issued for use in all parts of the world. Interest allowed on deposits. Collections made on the most favourable terms.

BANKERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.
Great Britain. - The Bank of Scotland.
India, China and Japan. - The Chartered Bank of India, Australia and China.
Germany. - The Deutsche Bank.
Paris. - Credit Lyonnais. Lazard, Freres & Co.
Australia and New Zealand. Union Bank of Australia.
Brussels, Belgium. - J. Mathieu & Fils.
New York. - The American Exchange National Bank of New York.
San Francisco. - The Bank of British Columbia.
Chicago. - The American Exchange National Bank of Chicago.
British Columbia. - The Bank of British Columbia.
Hamilton, Bermuda. - The Bank of Bermuda.
Kingston, Jamaica. - The Bank of Nova Scotia.

IMPERIAL BANK OF CANADA.
Capital Authorized \$2,000,000
Capital Paid up 1,954,525
Reserve 1,152,252

DIRECTORS.
H. S. HOWLAND, President.
T. R. MERRITT, Vice-President, St. Catharines.
William Ramsay, Robert Jaffray, Hugh Ryan, T. Sutherland Stagner, Hon. John Ferguson.
HEAD OFFICE, - TORONTO.
D. R. WILKIE, Cashier.
B. JENNINGS, Assistant Cashier.
E. HAY, - Inspector.

BRANCHES IN ONTARIO.
Essex, Niagara Falls, Welland, Fergus, Port Colborne, Sault Ste. Marie, Woodstock, Galt, St. Catharines, Ingersoll, St. Thomas, Rat Portage.
Toronto { Cor. Wellington St. and Leader Lane
{ Cor. Yonge and Queen Sts.
{ Cor. Yonge and Bloor Sts.
BRANCHES IN NORTH-WEST.
Winnipeg, Brandon, Calgary, Portage la Prairie, Prince Albert, Edmonton.
Drafts on New York and Sterling Exchange bought and sold. Deposits received and interest allowed. Prompt attention paid to collections.

BILLIARDS.
Billiard Tables - Highest standard Bowling Alleys and Outfits. English Tables 6 x 12, built on Exact English lines, a specialty for Residences and Clubs. Send for '94 Catalogue.
REID BROS. & CO.,
102 and 109 Adelaide St. W., Toronto.

MERCHANTS' BANK OF CANADA.

Capital, \$6,000,000
Reserve, \$3,000,000

BOARD OF DIRECTORS.
ANDREW ALLAN, Esq., President.
ROBT. ANDERSON, Esq., Vice-President.
H. MacKenzie, Esq., Sir Joseph Hickson, Jonathan Hodgson, Esq., H. Mont Allan, Esq., John Cassils, Esq., J. P. Davies, Esq., T. H. Dunn, Esq.
GEORGE HAGUE, General Manager.
JOHN GAULT, Assistant General Manager.

BRANCHES IN ONTARIO AND QUEBEC.
Belleville, Kingston, Quebec,
Berlin, London, Renfrew,
Brampton, Montreal, Sherbrooke, Q.,
Chatham, Mitchell, Stratford,
Galt, Napanee, St. John's, Q.,
Gananoque, Ottawa, St. Thomas,
Hamilton, Owen Sound, Toronto,
Ingersoll, Perth, Walkerton,
Kincaidline, Prescott, Windsor,
Preston.

BRANCHES IN MANITOBA. - Winnipeg, Brandon.
Agency in New York, - 52 William Street.

The position of this Bank as to the amount of Paid up Capital and Surpluses is the second in the Dominion.
A general banking business is transacted. Interest is allowed at current rates upon deposits in the Savings Bank Department, where sums of one dollar and upwards are received.
Deposit receipts are also issued bearing interest at current rates.

TORONTO BRANCH, 13 WELLINGTON ST. W.
D. MILLER, Manager. E. F. HEBDEN, Assistant Manager.

QUEBEC BANK,
ESTABLISHED - 1815.
HEAD OFFICE, QUEBEC.
Reserve, \$550,000.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS.
R. H. SMITH, Esq., President.
W. M. WITHALL, Esq., Vice-President.
Sir N. F. Belleau, K.C.M.G., J. R. Young, Esq., Geo. R. Renfrew, Esq., Samuel J. Shaw, Esq., J. T. Ross, Esq.

HEAD OFFICE, QUEBEC.
JAMES STEVENSON, WM. R. DEAN, General Manager, Inspector.

BRANCHES.
Montreal, Thomas McDougall, Manager;
Toronto, W. P. Sloane, Manager;
Ottawa, H. V. Noel, Manager
Three Rivers, T. C. Collin, Manager;
Pembroke, T. F. Cox, Manager;
Thorold, D. B. Crombie, Manager.

Collections made in all parts of the country on favourable terms and promptly remitted for.

JAMES STEVENSON, General Manager.

ACCIDENT INSURANCE CO. OF NORTH AMERICA.

HEAD OFFICE, - MONTREAL

Claims Paid over \$15,000. The Most Popular Company in Canada.

MEDLAND & JONES, - GEN. AGENTS MAIL BUILDING.

TELEPHONE OFFICE - - - 1067
" MR. MEDLAND - - - 3092
" MR. JONES - - - 1611

Agents in every city and town in the Dominion

Away on the Great Fresh Water Lakes

OR TO THE Gulf Ports, Maritime Provinces and Atlantic Coasts WHERE Sea Bathing can be enjoyed.

For Tourist Rates, Circulars, Tickets, etc., apply to Barlow Cumberland, 72 Yonge St., - Toronto

THE TRUSTS CORPORATION OF ONTARIO.

SAFE DEPOSIT VAULTS, CORNER KING AND JORDAN STREETS. TORONTO, - ONT.

Capital, \$800,000
President, - HON. J. C. ATKINS, P.C
Vice Presidents, } SIR R. J. CARTWRIGHT,
} HON. S. C. WOOD.
Manager - A. E. PLUMMER.

The Corporation is authorized to act as Executor, Administrator, Trustee, Guardian, Committee, &c. Moneys invested. Estates managed. Deposit Safes to rent. Parcels received for safe custody.

Solicitors bringing business the Company, are employed in the management thereof.

LIGHTHALL & MACDONALD Barristers, -

SOLICITORS & ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW. Chambers: No. 1, 3rd Flat City and District Savings' Bank Building,

108 ST. JAMES STREET, MONTREAL
TELEPHONE No. 382.
W. D. Lighthall, M.A., B.O.L.
De Lery Macdonald, LL.B.

J. F. RUTTAN, Port Arthur, Ont.

REAL ESTATE AND FIRE INSURANCE

Money loaned at 8% on first mortgage security on Port Arthur and Fort William property. Investments made for non-residents.

1893 Telephone 3089. 1894

G. W. COOLEY, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

Wine and Spirit Merchant, 567 Yonge St., TORONTO.

A. F. WEBSTER TICKET AGENT AND EXCHANGE BROKER.

A. E. corner King and Yonge Sts Toronto.

SUN FOUNDED A.D. 1710

INSURANCE OFFICE. **FIRE**

HEAD OFFICE, THREADNEEDLE ST., LONDON, ENG.

Transacts Fire Business only, and is the oldest purely fire office in the world. Surplus over capital and all liabilities exceeds \$7,000,000.

CANADIA BRANCH, 15 Wellington Street East, TORONTO, ONT.

H. M. BLACKBURN, - Manager
Residence Telephone 3376.
HIGINBOTHAM & REED, - Agents
Telephone 488.

BEAVER LINE

PASSENGER STEAMERS Sailing Weekly Between MONTREAL AND LIVERPOOL

From Liverpool. Steamer. From Montreal.
Sat., July 21. Lake Winnipeg. Wed., Aug. 8
" 28. Lake Huron. " 15
" Aug. 4. Lake Ontario. " 22
" 11. Lake Nipigon. " 29
" 18. Lake Superior. " Sept. 2
" 25. Lake Winnipeg. " 19
" Sept. 1. Lake Huron. " 15
" 8. Lake Ontario. " 26

Superior accommodation for all classes of Passengers at following Low Rates:
Rates of passage. - Cabin, \$40, \$50 and \$60 single; \$80, \$90 and \$110 return. Second Cabin, \$30 single and \$65 return. Steerage, \$24.

* \$40 single and \$80 return cabin rates by Lake Nipigon and Lake Winnipeg only.

Special rates to Clergymen and their families. Passages and berths can be secured on application to the Montreal Office or any local Agent. For further information, plans of cabins, &c., apply to H. E. MURRAY, Gen. Manager, 4 Custom House Square, Montreal.

ORDERED SHOES. Fine Ordered Shoes. Boots for the lame a specialty. Fred Ivey, 170 Bay St.

THE LEADER IN WESTERN ONTARIO.

"London Advertiser" Early Morning, and Evening Edition \$4.00 a year by mail.

"Western Advertiser" Weekly Edition, 16 pages \$1.00 a year.

"Citizens & Home Guard" Published every Saturday, 8 pages, \$1.00 a year.

For advertising rates, &c., address, Advertiser Printing Co.,

WALTER BAKER & CO.

The Largest Manufacturers of
**PURE, HIGH GRADE
COCOAS AND CHOCOLATES**



On this Continent, have received
**SPECIAL AND HIGHEST
AWARDS**
on all their Goods at the
**CALIFORNIA
MIDWINTER EXPOSITION.**

Their **BREAKFAST COCOA,**
Which, unlike the Dutch Process,
is made without the use of Alkalies
or other Chemicals or Dyes, is abso-
lutely pure and soluble, and costs
less than one cent a cup.

SOLD BY GROCERS EVERYWHERE.

WALTER BAKER & CO. DORCHESTER, MASS.

*Wedding
Invitations,
"At Home" and
Visiting Cards,*

ENGRAVED OR PRINTED.

* *Correct in Style,
and at Fair Prices.*

ORDERS PROMPTLY
FILLED.

Write for particulars to.....

"The Week"

Printing Department,

5 JORDAN STREET, TORONTO.

If on one day we find the fast-spreading recognition of popular rights accompanied by a silent, growing perception of the rights of women, we also find it accompanied by a tendency towards a system of non-coercive education—that is, towards a practical illustration of the rights of children.—*Herbert Spencer.*

The smallest paper in the world is published in Guadalajara, in Mexico. Its title is *El Telegrafo*, and underneath is the announcement that the paper is an independent weekly periodical of politics and varied news. The monthly subscription is four cents, by mail five cents, for this weekly is a cent publication. It is printed in eight columns, each 4½ inches long and 1½ inches wide, on thick manilla paper. And yet the staff includes an editor and director an administrator, or business manager, a responsible man or capitalist, and a printer. Among newspapers this tiny Sunday journal certainly occupies a unique position.—*San Francisco Call.*

May 2nd, 1894.

My Dear Sirs,—I may say that I have used your *Acetocura* with great results in my family. It has given great relief, especially in Nervous Affections and Rheumatism, and I can confidently recommend it to any troubled with these complaints.

I am yours truly,

J. A. HENDERSON, M.A.,

Principal of Collegiate Institute,

St. Catharines.

COURTS & SONS.

Mr. Theodore Watts says in the current number of *The Idler*: "In a true and deep sense all pure literature is fiction—to use an extremely inadequate and misleading word as a substitute for the right phrase, 'imaginative representation.' 'The Iliad,' 'The Odyssey,' 'The Æneid,' 'The Divina Comedia,' are fundamentally novels, thought in verse, as certainly novels as is the latest story by Mr. Besant, Mr. Barrie, Mr. Hall Caine, or Mr. Zangwill. The greatest of all writers of the novellette is neither Mr. Conan Doyle, Mr. Bret Harte, Miss Wilkins, Mr. Cable, nor even Mr. Kipling, nor Mr. Stockton (great as these are in this line), but the old Burmese parable-writer who gave us the story of the girl-mother and the mustard-seed."

Minard's Liniment Lumberman's Friend.

A Tonic

For Brain-Workers, the Weak and Debilitated.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate

is without exception, the Best Remedy for relieving Mental and Nervous Exhaustion; and where the system has become debilitated by disease, it acts as a general tonic and vitalizer, affording sustenance to both brain and body.

Dr. E. Cornell Esten, Philadelphia, Pa., says: "I have met with the greatest and most satisfactory results in dyspepsia and general derangement of the cerebral and nervous systems, causing debility and exhaustion."

Descriptive pamphlet free.

Rumford Chemical Works, Providence, E. I.

Beware of Substitutes and Imitations.

Do
You
Require
PRINTING
of any
Description?

If so write or telephone us for estimate

SATISFACTION
GUARANTEED

Telephone No. 630

THE WEEK COMPAN

5 Jordan St., Toronto

It is astonishing how soon the whole conscience begins to unravel if, a single stitch drops.—*Burton.*

**PRESENTATION
ADDRESSES
DESIGNED & ENGRAVED
BY
A. H. HOWARD, R.C.A.
53 KING ST. EAST.
TORONTO**

FROM
TEN
DOLLARS
UPWARD

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT

An infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For Disorders of the Chest it has no equal.

—FOR SORE THROATS, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS,—

Glandular Swellings and all Skin Diseases it has no rival; and for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm. Manufactured only at

THOS. HOLLOWAY'S Establishment, 78 New Oxford St., London

And sold by all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

N.B.—Advice gratis, at the above address, daily between the hours of 11 and 4, or by letter.

I was CURED of a severe cold by MINARD'S LINIMENT.

Oxford, N.S.

R. F. HEWSON.

I was CURED of a terrible sprain by MINARD'S LINIMENT.

Yarmouth, N. S.

FRED COULSON,

Y.A.A.C.

I was CURED of Black erysipelas by MINARD'S LINIMENT.

Inglesville.

J. W. RUGGLES.

THE WEEK.

Vol. XI.

TORONTO, FRIDAY, AUGUST 17th, 1894.

No. 38.

THE WEEK:

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

TERMS:—One year, \$3; eight months, \$2; four months, \$1. Subscriptions payable in advance.
Subscribers in Great Britain and Ireland supplied, postage prepaid, on terms following:—One year, 12s. 6d.; half-year, 6s. 6d. Remittances by P.O. order or draft should be made payable and addressed to the publisher.

ADVERTISEMENTS, unexceptionable in character and limited in number, will be taken at \$4 per line per annum; \$2.50 per line for six months; \$1.50 per line for three months; 20 cents per line per insertion for a shorter period.

No advertisements charged less than five lines.
Address—CARTER TROOP, Manager,
5 Jordan Street, Toronto.

C. BLACKETT ROBINSON, Publisher.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
CURRENT TOPICS	891
THE AUSTRALIAN MARKET	893
MONTRÉAL LETTER	894
INTEMPERANCE AND ITS CONSEQUENCES	895
ABBÉDOS	896
SONNET—QUEBEC (1759, ETC.)	897
GLIMPSES AT THINGS	897
PARIS LETTER	897
THAT MANUSCRIPT	898
SIR GERALD PORTAL AS LITTÉRATEUR	900
FRA CUPERINO'S PENANCE	901
THE PHARISEES OF SCIENCE	903
CORRESPONDENCE—	
The Pullman-Car Strike	904
The Transmigration of Jokes	904
ART NOTES	904
MUSIC AND THE DRAMA	905
LIBRARY TABLE	905
PERIODICALS	906
LITERARY AND PERSONAL	907
READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE	908
PUBLIC OPINION	909
SCIENTIFIC AND SANITARY	910
MISCELLANEOUS	911
QUIPS AND CRANES	911

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.

After a struggle, probably unexampled in the history of colonial self-government, the Newfoundland Legislature has closed its session. The net result is that the new Government is fairly in the saddle and likely to remain so, though there must be many by-elections to be held. The White-way Administration is, we judge, utterly discomfited. Its leaders are not only unseated but disqualified, for corrupt practices. Thus the somewhat high-handed course of the Governor, in retaining the new Government in office notwithstanding its lack of a Parliamentary majority, seems to be justified by the event. Whether there is any truth in the rumour which credits the victorious party with a design to bring the Island into the Canadian Confederation remains to be seen. It is quite as likely, perhaps, that the rumour was set in motion as an additional means of discrediting the new

Government, for there is no evidence, so far as we are aware, to show that the masses of the people have changed their minds in regard to this matter. Nor does it seem probable that the Dominion Government would be anxious to encourage such a movement at the present time, when the controversy with France is still unsettled, and apparently as far from settlement as ever.

If President Cleveland has sent a message of recognition and congratulation to the Government of Hawaii, under the new constitution, he must have done it purely on the *de facto* principle. Otherwise it is impossible to reconcile his action with the position he has previously taken on behalf of the rights of the native Hawaiians. He must congratulate the officers of the new Government on having, in proclaiming the new Constitution, done, as the *Nation* puts it, the same thing for which they had dethroned the Queen. Moreover, the new republic will be, in many respects, very much of the Spartan type. The native Hawaiians will be ruled by an oligarchy of wealthy foreigners. The constitution of the Senate assures this. It is made the repository of real power in the State, and the property qualification for membership is put so high that it is sure to be dominated by the few wealthy people in the Islands. This Senate elects the President. When it is not in session the ruling power is in the hands of a council of state which is virtually autocratic. A unique and most remarkable provision of the Constitution is that which provides that if the Legislature should at any time refuse to vote salaries to Government officials, the Minister of Finance shall go on paying them just the same. Apart from the fact that it is obviously intended to give the rule of the country completely into the hands of foreigners, the Constitution contains some wise innovations, such as those which constitute the Supreme Court sole judge in disputed elections to either House, make the President not eligible to re-election, and require a majority of the whole House and not simply a majority of the members present, in order to the passing of any law.

The *Canadian Gazette* complains, with apparent cause, that the Dominion Parliamentary Committee on Agriculture and Colonization, in discussing the question of child-immigration, did not take the trouble to acquaint itself with the facts. For in-

stance, a suggestion that when a youth taken to Canada under the auspices of one of the child-emigration agencies had been convicted in Canada of a second offence, he should be returned to Great Britain at the expense of the agency which sent him out, was received with warm approval. "If" says the *Gazette*, "the members had taken a little trouble to inquire as to the facts, they would have learnt that such agencies as Dr. Barnardo controls do not wait for a second offence, or, indeed, for any offence at all. If a young immigrant belies his former credentials, and proves unworthy of Canadian citizenship, he is at once brought back to this country." The *Gazette* reasonably concludes that Canadian members of Parliament are in need of more light on the subject and suggests that, instead of sending circulars to the Reeves of the principal municipalities throughout Canada, in which child-immigrants have been located, the Government should be asked to appoint one or two competent and reliable commissioners to enquire into the whole subject and report. We are persuaded that a good deal of prejudice exists in the minds of many in regard to this matter. We have yet to learn of any distinct evidence to prove that the children sent out by these agencies contain a larger percentage of failures than would be found in the same number of Canadian children taken at random from the streets or homes of our towns and cities. The prejudice is probably fostered by the scientific tendency in these days to make altogether too much of heredity as a determinant of character.

There has of late seemed to be some reason to fear that we were on the eve of an outcry for retrogression in the work of public school education. Because there are evidences of over-competition in clerical and other pursuits requiring a little better education than the average, and popularly supposed to be easier, or more lucrative, or more genteel, than farming and other forms of manual labour, some of the newspapers from which better things might have been expected have actually begun to cry out that our people—themselves and their families we presume excepted on some principle not quite apparent—are getting too much schooling. They are thereby being unfitted, we are told, for those industrial pursuits in which most of them will of necessity have to find the means of livelihood. We have before expressed our views in regard to the opinion that ignorance and torpidity of

brain are the best qualifications for manual toil. We recur to it to express our gratification that some of our leading dailies—we are sorry that we cannot say all of them—are taking the right position and pointing out the fallacy of such an outcry. But a week or two since we were glad to see an article in the *Toronto Mail*, showing that the only radical cure for the evil is to be found, not in less, but in more and better education. A recent number of the *Globe* also has an article enunciating the sound principle that "education, like virtue, is its own reward." The *Globe* calls attention to the fact that is generally overlooked, that "the professions are not nearly as much overcrowded as the mechanical trades, and that the latter are not as much overcrowded as the work of unskilled labourers." It is to be hoped that these and other influential organs of public opinion will continue to insist upon the higher and broader view of the nature and use of true education, and at the same time to vindicate the dignity of labour, and hasten the spread of the wiser sentiment which perceives no incongruity, but the opposite, between the possession of the most highly cultivated intellect, and the diligent use of the trained eye and skilled hand, under the direction of the cultivated brain, in the various kinds of useful manual industry, above all in the ancient and most honourable employment of tilling the ground.

Before this paragraph meets the reader's eye the Evicted Tenants Bill, which passed the British Commons a few days since by a considerable majority, will no doubt have been thrown out by the House of Lords. Its rejection will probably be the last important event of the session. To what action it may lead on the part of the Government is not yet known. It seems, however, rather improbable that the latter will deem this event to so far fill up the measure of the Lords' iniquities as to warrant the appeal to the country which some are predicting. Notwithstanding its many hard-fought battles and hair-breadth escapes, the success of the Government has on the whole been such as is likely to encourage it to bring on another session, and give the Upper House an opportunity to reject other radical measures, some of which may appeal more powerfully to the Liberal sentiment of the whole kingdom than any which have as yet been thrown out. It is rather remarkable, or at least significant, that the abstention of the Unionists from taking any further part in the discussion of the Evicted Tenants Bill, after the ruthless application of the closure had made the policy of obstruction impossible, has awakened so little popular feeling. This action was, no doubt, intended as the strongest protest which could be made, under the circumstances, against the taking away of what the opponents of the Bill regard as the

right of free debate. It would seem, in fact, as if the public were now taking but a languid interest in the proceedings of Parliament, whether because the long and exciting session has exhausted the power of attention, or for some other reason.

In Canada as in England, widely different opinions are held with respect to the merits of the Evicted Tenants Bill itself. That it can be defended, if at all, only on the ground that desperate diseases require desperate remedies, is obvious on its face; but the fact is that it has long since been admitted, openly or tacitly, by both parties, that the state of Ireland is such as to make further exceptional legislation imperative. The past history and present condition of the large body of tenants for whose benefit this exceptional treatment is proposed is and has long been unique. Precedents have had to be again and again created for the occasion. It may, in fact, be said, with a good deal of truth, that exceptional treatment of the land question in the seventeenth century, and exceptional legislation during the eighteenth, have made exceptional dealing a matter of justice and necessity in the nineteenth. All parties in the Commons seem to be pretty well agreed that good statesmanship demands that some extraordinary measures be taken to bring to an end the very undesirable state of affairs which still exists as a result of the wholesale evictions of a few years ago. The main difference of opinion is with regard to the extent to which the necessary settlement should be made, if necessary, without the consent of the landlords affected. As to the possibility of a satisfactory and permanent arrangement being effected without the exercise of compulsory powers in the case of certain of the landlords in question, those who have followed the course of events during the last decade can judge for themselves.

The letter of "Fairplay Radical" invites a word of comment, by way of elucidation, not of controversy. The subject is very important, but we should hardly throw much light upon it by designating any views not in accord with our own "absurd," or by implying that those who are unfortunate enough to hold them are not to be classed among the "sensible." In our previous remarks we tried to show that general combination—not simply combination of the employees of a single firm, or even of those of the same craft—with its power of "sympathetic" striking, was the only effective weapon of the trade-unions, the only means by which they could hope to cope with the tremendous strength of accumulated and combined capital. When President Cleveland declared, in effect, that such combination, resulting as it did through the "sympathetic" strike, in obstructing interstate commerce and preventing the carrying of the mails, was of the nature of a conspir-

acy and could not be permitted, he thereby wrenched this weapon out of the hands of the labourers. Nor could we, nor can we, see any inconsistency in admitting that he was right in doing so, under the circumstances, and at the same time calling the power to form such combination a "natural right" of the working man. The case is but one of a thousand in which individuals and citizens are compelled to surrender natural rights in order to promote the interests or meet the exigencies of organized society. But it is implied in the very nature of the case that in return for such surrender some greater advantage must be gained for the whole community, in which advantage those making the surrender shall share.

We have not committed ourselves to the opinion that compulsory arbitration is the only, or the best, substitute for the power of general combination, but have stated the fact that public opinion seems, to a large extent, to be looking in that direction. "Fairplay Radical" says that it is "absurd" to assert that the employed is being deprived of the natural right of combination. He affirms that "neither the President nor anyone else tries, or wishes, to interfere with the right of combining to abstain from work." This is astonishing, in view of the action taken by the U.S. courts, as well as by the President, and the almost universal denunciation by the American press of the iniquity of the strike on the part of the railroad employees when they had no complaint of their own against their employers, and no immediate interest in the quarrel between the Pullman Company and its workmen. We had thought, from our reading of the papers, that if there was anything upon which the great majority were pretty well agreed, it was that the general combination to abstain from work was an outrage against society and the nation, which must not be tolerated. We are quite unable to understand the relevancy of our correspondent's illustration from the case of domestic servants. We are not aware that the servants have, in this country, a union of any kind. Should they form one, and should this union quarrel with the masters and mistresses and strike, and should every other labourer's union in the community strike with them, on the sympathetic principle, and to show the "solidarity" of labour, the question might fairly arise whether society should not, in self-defence, compel both masters and servants to settle their quarrel by arbitration, rather than let the business machinery of the whole country be brought to a stand-still for an indefinite period.

"The Sugar Trust has the people by the throat. It is now a battle between the people and this great monopoly." These words, which, if the Washington despatches

may be believed, were in substance used by Mr. Wilson in the House of Representatives, in announcing the capitulation of the House, and its acceptance of the Tariff Bill with all the Senate's amendments unchanged, seem scarcely too strong to describe the actual situation. After a struggle of months, during which the business interests of the nation have suffered ruinous loss and multitudes have been brought to the verge of despair through want of employment, the representatives of the people, backed by all the influence of the President, have been signally defeated and obliged to accept a Bill which it is almost an open secret was framed at the dictation of the great monopoly in question, so far as its crucial clauses are concerned. This great struggle, which is, we believe, without parallel in the history of the working of American Republican institutions, is probably but begun, rather than ended. It will now, we must suppose, be transferred to the people. If the majority remain of the same mind as at the time of the last Presidential election and before, they will have to consider not only the old question of tariff-reform but the new and perhaps more difficult one of Senate-reform. The fact obviously is that the American people will have either to devise some changes in their constitutional machinery by which the will of the people, once it has been distinctly expressed at the polls, can be made effective and paramount, or confess in the eyes of all the nations that their vaunted Republican system—"the best system of government in the world"—does not ensure the rule of the majority, or government by the people as ordinarily understood, but is in practice the rule of a moneyed aristocracy.

Some of Mr. Wilson's figures are too astounding to be easily accepted; e.g., his statement that, relying on the certainty felt beforehand that the Senate Bill would prevail, the Sugar Trust has already bought sugar in foreign markets to the value of \$112,000,000, and the calculation that it will make a profit of \$40,000,000 on the transaction. But in our amazement at the extraordinary success of the monopolies we are almost forgetting the more practical question of the provisions of the Tariff-Bill as passed, and its probable effect upon Canadian trade with the Republic. The separate bills passed by the House, after its surrender, providing for putting coal, iron ore, sugar, and barbed wire on the free list, are of course valueless, save as "an assertion of principle." But as the principle thus asserted is the very principle which had just been given up in the acceptance of the Senate amendments, the passing of these bills reminds one very much of the defiance we often hear defeated boys fling back at their antagonists, as soon as they have by running away reached a safe position. Nevertheless, some progress has been made. Free

lumber, and reduced duties on coal, iron ore, and other natural products, can hardly fail to be helpful to Canadian as well as to American industry. There is, moreover, the hopeful consideration that no retrograde movements are likely to be made in this war, and that every advance gained will be helpful in the further progress of the contest for commercial freedom.

THE AUSTRALIAN MARKET.

The *Globe* of Saturday last contained an excellent and well-nigh exhaustive report on the imports and exports of the Australian colonies, by Mr. Carter Troop. This report is the result of personal investigation by Mr. Troop, who had the best facilities for obtaining reliable information, being furnished with letters of introduction to leading men in the different colonies, from the then acting Premier of the Dominion (July, 1893), from several of the leading newspapers, and from the Lieut.-Governor of Ontario. So furnished, he had no difficulty in obtaining access to Cabinet Ministers, prominent men in all departments of trade and industry, editors of leading newspapers, and others in the different Australian colonies, who were able to aid him in his investigations. Of these opportunities Mr. Troop evidently made excellent use, and his report is unquestionably one of the most valuable statistical documents touching the living question of intercolonial trade that has yet been published.

The space at our disposal will not admit of more than general reference to a few of the more salient facts brought out in this report, which it is to be hoped will be given to the public in some more compact and permanent form. Recognizing the fact, which seems sometimes to be lost sight of to too great an extent, that trade, in order to be successful, must be mutual and mutually profitable, Mr. Troop deals with both the imports and the exports of the Australian colonies in a very practical and direct manner. Among the articles of import which Canada might hope to take an important part in supplying, are timber, fish, condensed milk, agricultural machinery and implements, hardware, woodenware of all kinds, furniture of certain kinds in a "knocked-down" shape, boots and shoes, furs, whiskey and beer, cotton and woollen wearing apparel, and musical instruments.

Should any Canadian, however, be disposed to harbor the idea that here is a wide open door, and that all Canada has to do is to complete certain more or less favourable trade arrangements and enter an unoccupied market, with assurance of immediately doing a large and profitable business, a careful perusal of Mr. Troop's paper will relieve his mind of such a misapprehension. In many of the articles enumerated the United States is already doing a considerable trade, and will, no doubt, prove a very formidable

competitor, especially as she already has the field, in certain of the most promising and profitable lines of trade. To what extent the advantages thus gained, and others which will readily suggest themselves, may be offset by special tariff arrangements between the colonies, depends upon the reception accorded by the British Government to the request of the Ottawa Conference for permission for the colonies to make preferential tariffs between themselves. It will not be wise, probably, to count too much upon this mode of overcoming competition. Much, we might almost say everything, will depend upon the prices and the quality of the Canadian goods. Should the Democratic policy of free raw materials prevail in the United States, it is pretty clear that our cousins would be able to offer their goods to our kinsmen at the Antipodes at prices with which we should find it very hard to compete. Mr. Troop informs Canadian producers again and again that the best and nothing but the best of its kind must be sent, if they hope to find and keep a market in Australia.

As profitable one-sided trade is impossible, we naturally turn to inquire what are the prospects for back-freights for the vessels that may hereafter convey Canadian products in larger quantities to the Australian shores. Mr. Troop enumerates as the principal exports to the Republic, specie, wool, coal, shale, tin, marsupial skins, flax and Kauri gum. Of these the most important is, of course, wool. We do not mention chilled meats, because it seems out of the question that Canadian farmers and herders should make it possible for producers on the other side of the earth to compete with them in their own markets. Mr. Troop is of opinion that if proper efforts were made to secure for Canada the wool trade of this continent, there is a chance for the business to become one of great magnitude, as Australian wool has by common consent the leading place in the world's markets. A growing but probably never very extensive business seems possible in some of the other products named, especially, we judge, in tin, hides and skins, and above all in sugar. As Canada imports sugar very largely, and New South Wales and Queensland, particularly the latter, have facilities for producing it in large quantities and at low prices, there seems to be no good reason why we should not procure this universally-used commodity from our trans-Pacific cousins.

Mr. Troop points out the fact, which has not perhaps been very clearly understood, that hitherto a large part of the trade between Australia and America has been done by means of sailing vessels, a very slow but also a very cheap means of intercommunication. The direct steamship lines, aided by the coming direct cables, have made and will make possible the interchange of a variety of perishable goods whose transmis-

sion by sailing vessels was impossible. At the same time it seems to us altogether likely that for heavy, imperishable articles, such as lumber, ores, and metals, and perhaps many articles manufactured from these materials, in respect to which speedy transit is of little importance, the old cheap method of transportation may still be retained, even though the average passage occupies from four to six months.

Mr. Troop calls attention to one factor in the computation of the chances of profitable trade with the Antipodes, which has, perhaps, been too much lost sight of. He says:

"In considering the possibilities of the development of the fruit traffic between Australia and Canada, it is necessary to bear always in mind the important factor of the reversal of the seasons. Our winter time corresponds with Australian summer, and our summer finds them in the midst of winter. This means that we can import from Australia when the American sources of supply are exhausted. Grapes, oranges, lemons, apples, bananas, pears, plums, guavas, pine apples, peaches and figs are the principal fruits grown in Australasia. To these must be added a delicate and delicious fruit called the 'passion-fruit.'"

Whether the last-named fruit can be successfully brought over the ocean, even in chilled chambers, is not yet known. But this idea of taking advantage of the reversal of the seasons on opposite sides of the equator, to keep up a supply of fresh fruits the year round, seems to us to be of the very essence of natural and profitable commerce. We know no reason why such exchange may not yet be made to an almost unlimited extent, with great advantage to both parties.

Mr. Troop very properly reminds us, in closing, for the benefit of those who may be disposed to be over-sanguine about the results of encouraging and stimulating inter-colonial trade, that the whole population of the Australian colonies is only about four millions, "and that they are situated thousands and thousands of miles from the main consuming markets of the world. Their consuming powers are, therefore, limited, and their remote situation makes it difficult to relieve a glutted market." The conclusion of the whole matter is, so far as we can see, that while it is the part of wisdom to enter and develop the widest possible variety of markets, and thus have many strings to our commercial bow, it would be the height of unwisdom to permit the hope of increased trade with Australia and other minor and distant countries to divert our attention for a moment from the necessity of cultivating to the utmost our trade relations with those nearer, wealthier and practically inexhaustible markets which lie at our very doors and at the other side of the narrow Atlantic, with people of our own kith and kin. Our commerce with either of these great countries is and must continue to be for long years to come, worth

many times more to us than the aggregate of all that we can possibly attain to with all the other countries of the world.

MONTREAL LETTER.

A mishap to the plunger of one of the city's pumps, last week, brought public attention to bear upon the matter of the supply and consumption of water in Montreal. The total pumping power is able to supply 18,000,000 gallons per day, while the daily consumption is 17,000,000. Should any of the engines give out, there is a reserve of 30,000,000 in the reservoir to draw from, barely two days' supply. But with the use of turbines the supply is more than doubled, and it was only when these could not be used, owing to some work being done in connection with them, and the breaking down of one of the largest pumps, that the citizen of Montreal was brought face to face with the possibility of a water famine for a few days. The citizen was very much concerned, and with one eye on the reservoir and the other on the cool-headed mechanic repairing the disabled engine, he had an uneasy time of it. But the suspense is all over now and the citizen continues to use the water lavishly and recklessly, with as little concern as if he lived in a lake.

The Liberal party of the Province of Quebec has sustained a great loss in the death of the Hon. Felix Geoffrion, which occurred at his residence in Vercheres, on August 8th. Mr. Geoffrion was born in the town in which he died, sixty-two years ago. He became a notary after a brilliant career at college and soon was one of the most eminent members of the profession. After serving his country in minor offices for nine years he was elected member of the House of Assembly for Vercheres in 1863. He held that position until the confederation of the Provinces in 1867, from which time he was regularly returned to the House of Commons at every election. He became Minister of Inland Revenue under the Mackenzie Administration, but was obliged to resign the office after two years' service on account of a serious illness. Mr. Geoffrion was a brilliant man; a man of tact and general ability and a firm member of the Liberal party.

A legal case which has created much attention came before the Deputy Recorder recently for trial. It was a question between employer and employee and the result, although strictly in accord with the law, carried with it what seems to the ordinary mind undue hardship. The Deputy Recorder gave his judgment very reluctantly: Mary S. Tremble, an employee of the Dominion Cotton Mills Company, was some time ago taken ill and under a doctor's instructions laid off from work. She neglected to notify the company that she was sick, and although she earned \$10.80 since the previous pay, when she applied for it she was refused payment. At court the defendants admitted that the girl had done the work and earned the money, but when she entered the company's employ she, like all the other employees, signed an agreement that if she did not give fifteen days' notice before leaving, on any account, she was to forfeit \$10 of her wages. The foreman of the company gave this evidence and he also testified to the good character of the girl. The Deputy Recorder considered it was most unfair to

take from employees the money they had so hardly earned. The counsel for the company produced the agreement and asked judgment upon it. The judge decided in favor of the company, at the same time deploring that it was not in his power to do otherwise. Mary lost her earnings and the company got its pound of flesh.

Another case that has occupied public attention was that of the Queen against Norman Murray in which was involved the question of the right of individuals to pass through a procession. Mr. Murray was charged with creating a disturbance on Dorchester street, on Sunday, June 27, St. Jean Baptiste day, by shouting and disturbing a religious procession. Mr. Murray and the procession met in front of the Cathedral of St. James the Greater; the procession passing into the cathedral and Mr. Murray striking it at right angles on Dorchester street. Mr. Murray wanted to pass on his way, and, owing, he says, to a block of carriages, he was unable to cross the street and in attempting to pass through the procession the trouble occurred. A policeman prevented Mr. Murray from getting through the procession on the ground that the latter individual had no right to pass through. Mr. Murray claimed he had the right and the matter was ultimately brought before the legal authorities to decide the case. The trial lasted some days and there were several adjournments. Mr. Murray conducted his own case and some of the scenes in court were something out of the ordinary; the defendant using pretty strong terms to the court and calling one witness a liar. The judge has the case under deliberation.

The streets and parks of this city will cost about \$181,000 for keeping them in proper order during the next six months. Of this amount \$33,000 is set apart for cleaning and watering, and \$16,000 for the removal of snow. The latter item does not include the cleaning of the snow from the Street Railway Company's tracks, and that is placed at \$44,000. Thus it will be seen that the snow is a blessing to the laboring man. Last year some \$50,000 was expended for that purpose and it is greatly due to that fact that there was little hardship experienced in this city last year among those men thrown out of ordinary employment. There were no labour demonstrations here, as in other cities, and the charitable institutions are less taxed than usual. It is an item of expenditure which every good citizen endorses.

A. J. F.

It seems that they have at last succeeded in getting hold of a really effective fibre-extracting machine in the Bahamas. It is manufactured by a Mr. Todd, of New York, and is said to dress the fibre perfectly and with a minimum amount of waste. Although half a ton is all that a single machine will yield as a day's work, the principle is so sound that all that is necessary is to increase the number to meet any required needs. Sir Ambrose Shea points out, however that it does not necessarily follow that the "Todd" machine will be suitable where the conditions of the plant are not similar to those in the Bahamas. The fact of having secured so good a machine should give a decided impetus to the sisal industry in the Bahamas, and we may look for some rapid developments in the immediate future.

INTEMPERANCE AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

If we recall the close connection between dietetics and health, if we consider how many diseases issue from the sink of intemperance and the excesses of the table, we would discover that true morality is the soundest medicine.

Many doctors are accused of epicurism: be it so, if it is true that many of their patients pay them only with a dinner. But if it is not their interest, it is at least always their duty to extol Temperance, guardian of health and safe protectress against the most cruel maladies. Near to nature and truth, we will endeavour to fix the limits within which man may judiciously confine himself so as to separate hurtful vices from those pleasures accorded in this life to the legitimate use of our functions. Nature having placed voluptuousness at the door through which man sees the objects indispensable to his existence, and the perpetuity of his species, he is only too prone to abuse these pleasures, especially in youth and the vigour of his age.

Intemperance springs from two principal kinds of appetites: that of food and drink, and that of incontinence. In fact, the senses of sight, hearing and also smell, although contributing delightful pleasure and enjoyment, rarely lead to abuses dangerous to health and morals; but it is not so with taste and touch. These two, which seem to be but modifications of one another, and brought into activity by the immediate contact of bodies, are the rudest and most material of all, and the only ones that are never absolutely wanting in the whole animal kingdom, even in the least perfect species. They are also the most necessary to animal life in the search for food and sexes of different species. They form the lowest, the most animal of the functions of sensation, or relation with exterior objects; nature has attached to them the most sensual pleasures, in order that the animal may be a prey to vehemence and ardor, whether in seeking its food or propagating its species. But as the preservation of the species is even more precious than that of the individual, nature has bestowed more delicious pleasure in the latter than the former.

These two sensations, in affinity with the body only, are the most debasing for the intellectual faculties; whilst what we see or hear is adapted to our instruction and enlightenment of our proceedings in life. Smell occupies a sort of middle position between the intellectual and material senses, since it may affect either the imagination or the taste by fragrant perfumes or peculiar exhalations.

Man, being the most sensitive, or most nervous, of all creatures, can also go to greater extremes in the abuse of his senses than the brutes. With the animal, instinct is appeased, as a rule, when its wants are satisfied. When the famished wolf has fed abundantly, he hides the rest of his prey underground. When quadrupeds have abated their ardor, nature's limits are rarely overleaped. On the contrary, the industry of man has led him to invent a thousand preparations which incite his appetites beyond measure, and precipitate him into the most pernicious excesses. These dangerous arts unceasingly setting on fire an organization already disposed to enjoy sensuality, necessarily force the barriers that instinct and reason set up before its abuse; and if man is the most sickly of animals, he must not accuse nature, but his own intemperance.

It is not as a man that this vice is characteristic of our species, but as an animal. With the brute, the functions of nutrition and generation prevail more than the intellectual and sensitive life which dominate in man. Consequently, the more scope we give to the first, the more we descend to sensuality, and the intellectual faculties necessarily lose their preponderance. Look at the animal! The projection of its muzzle, the recedence of its forehead and brain, seem to say that it takes more pleasure in eating than thinking. It stoops to the ground to feed and graze; but man, who raises his head towards heaven—man, whose jaws and mouth shorten in proportion as the capacity of his cranium expands, manifests that he was destined to reflect rather than devour.

Although we may cite the excesses of the tables of Alexander, Marcus Antony, and perhaps other renowned personages who inherited these vices amidst their surroundings; no man, illustrious by the splendor of his genius, ever was or ever can be intemperate, whether from the pleasures of the table, or of love.

Let us consider what individuals display most affection for sensual voluptuousness. As to taste, they are those of a ruby phiz, all those tools of Bacchus, those friends of the gormandiser and lovers of gastronomy who make a god of their belly, a servile vice affected by vulgar people who haunt the taverns and never reflect. The inhabitants of cold countries are more voracious and more given to drink than those of warm climates. In like manner a Spaniard is very sober compared with a German or an Englishman.

The habit of intemperance, when it is not followed by cachexy and the most deplorable maladies, makes the body plethoric, effeminate, lymphatic and sanguine. The intemperate man is inclined to quick passions, such as joy and anger, and rushes rashly into dangers and battle. If he is imprudent, dissipated, licentious, inconstant and impetuous, he opens his mind with more frankness, cordiality and courage than the generality of sober men; these are more dissembling, more sluggish in their affections, more avaricious and reserved in everything, harsher in their virtues than the others in their vices. The intemperate man almost always abandons himself to the fury of his impulsions of love or hatred without any disguise; the temperate man, with much more prudence and reflection, governs himself with fear and circumspection.

To whatever degree the moderns have pushed the luxury of gastronomy, there is nothing in our most far-fetched entertainments comparable to the extravagance with which the Romans, in their orgies, swallowed up the rarest productions of the then-known world, and devoured the revenues of many kingdoms. But it was the *people-king, populum latè regem*, descendants of Curius and Cato, who lived on the bannock, the cabbage and the turnip. Some pushed their greediness so far as to glut themselves with food which they were forced to reject again. This shameful and disgusting habit was daily practised by those strange gluttons, and even women followed the custom, although doctors raised their voices against vomiting by such mechanical means as the introduction of a finger or a feather into the throat. These cleansings were only a preparation for new excesses:—

Vomunt ut edant, edunt ut vomant, et epulas quas toto orbe conquirunt, nec concouere dignantur. Senec.

We do not pretend to vaunt those Pythagoreans who practised fasting as a virtue, and had the table covered with the most exquisite dishes on which they feasted their eyes for some hours, and carried them back without touching them. Aristotle assures us that when we wish to habituate ourselves to temperance, it is much more prudent not to fasten our eyes upon those objects of concupiscence that excite us, for the sight of carnal pleasures makes the mouth water. He claims that temperance and moderation in drinking and eating preserve serenity of soul, the calm sense of reason and wisdom; he maintains that they make the character sweet and forbearing, the feelings modest, the mind more reflective, the affections more chaste and continent, and the manners more pure and simple; that order and method are better preserved, that our passions are less impetuous; and that we know better how to economize and conduct ourselves with prudence. Studious and contemplative men are obliged to abstain from the excesses of the table and of love if they wish to fulfil to perfection those sublime functions of the mind to which they have consecrated their lives. Intemperance or an insatiable desire for voluptuousness becomes the mother of all bestial passions. Nothing quenches the imagination, degrades the memory, and stupefies the judgment more than excesses of the table. Sobriety is so necessary to the maintenance of a healthy body that athletes and soldiers among the ancients were bound to practise temperance and continence, as Horace says: *Abstinuit venere et vino*. Old men have more need of temperance in all things than young men.

Health, it is said, is the sweetest seasoning of life. Doctors cry out that gluttony and other intemperate habits are the sinks of iniquity, the cloaca of disease, the stagnation of digestion, visceral obstructions, tumors, cachexy, burning fevers, gout, gravel, apoplexy and caverns of all ills. Hippocrates, and all the ancient philosophers praise temperance and labour, the true props of prudence and of health. Then, the native heat of the body, or vital force, distributes itself with ease among the members, makes us lively, firm and sound. Despise voluptuousness, that nurse of suffering, says Plato. Shun, says Socrates, those pernicious ragouts that excite us to eat beyond what hunger demands. Is it not shameful for a man, the noblest of creatures, to brutalize himself by drunkenness, to drown his reason by intoxication, to wallow in the mire of vice more than the lower animals themselves; then to come out in this shameful state only to experience articular torture, calculus, fever, and other insupportable ills? What indiscretion to purchase these fatal maladies at the price of a momentary pleasure! Look at the drunkard that we lift from the gutter, throwing up what he has taken, crying like a madman, and tossing about on his dunghill! See him after his recovery, dull and besotted, sometimes with a headache and colic and sometimes with a fever! Is it the brute or is it the man that hearkens best to the voice of nature? We see the beast take the simple food that the earth provides for it, satisfied with the limpid water and sweet sleep to recuperate its strength. Man, on the contrary, insatiable amidst all the gifts of the universe, ceases not to fill himself, like the tun of the Danaides. He gathers from every quarter, not the things he needs, but rather new sources of disease. Nothing satisfies his shameful voracity whilst he

bursts with plethora and corpulence; whilst he drags his heavy mass, *latamque trahens inglorius alvum*, he still dreams of new festivities until a cruel death puts an end to his frenzy for swallowing and engulfing like a bottomless pit.

Would they take as a sign for an eating-house the sober goddess, Hygeia, offering her cup to the wise serpent of Epidaurus, emblem of abstinence and mother of health? Would the allegorical statue of Temperance place a bridle on their devouring jaws? No, doubtless, the age would view with horror such shackles imposed upon its pleasures. Temperance is one of the four cardinal virtues. She restrains concupiscence, and inspires us with pure thoughts; infuses wisdom into the mind and puts the animal appetites of man in subjection. Epicurism and voluptuousness will still be the fashion until man and woman are educated otherwise by a better knowledge of their physical organization. Doctors have no reason to complain because our vices make them a necessity. Cato, the censor, would have banished them from Rome, but it was necessary first to expel vice, the nurse of disease, before medicine could be considered as superfluous. She will always be indispensable, wherever luxury brings in her usual train intemperance and vice. The epicurean Horace occasionally exclaimed:—*Me pascent olivæ, me cicorea levesque malvæ*, etc., but the favours of Mæcenas made him frequently sing,—*Nunc est libendum, nunc pede libero pulsanda tellus*.

In like manner the descendants of the sober Curius, as we have seen, having become rich, constantly spent their fortunes in bacchanalian revels.

Incontinence is still more blameworthy than intemperance, because it degrades still more the intellectual and moral faculties. A drunken man inspires disgust, but the riot of debauchery is hideous and revolting. How many people mistrust wisdom and sobriety, who, if they retraced their benefits, would find them the only roads to health and happiness! It is not the grim face, nor religious austerity that prescribe moderation: it is rather reason, the sound medicine, and none the less the true voluptuousness.

Cibus, potus, venus, omnia moderata.

A. KIRKWOOD.

ASBESTOS.

The comparatively recent discovery of the existence of asbestos, in workable quantities, in Newfoundland, and on the shores of Hudson Bay and Straits, gives impetus to the mining of that mineral on the North American continent. For several years the principal supply was yielded by Italy, for though asbestos occurs in Germany, Russia, Spain, Portugal and other countries in Europe, Australia, China, and Japan, and a section of Africa, it is unfit to enter into competition with the long-fibred Italian variety, or the still more valuable Canadian product—though of shorter fibre,—which hold a distinct place in our industrial arts. The Italian asbestos differs from the Canadian article in color, being a brownish-grey, while the latter is almost a pure white, and, when newly broken, possesses a pretty green tint. Though asbestos has been known to exist in the province of Quebec for more than half a century, it is only a few years ago that the minds and means of capitalists were turned to the development of the vast deposits which abound in Thetford and

Black Lake, on the line of the Quebec Central Railway, between Quebec and Sherbrooke. Twenty years since, the mineral was used in but few manufactures, to-day it is employed in more than a hundred, and new uses are found for it continually, in the various arts of commerce. The Quebec asbestos was represented at the World's Fair at Chicago in a monster trophy, where it attracted wide attention, and one magnificent specimen, having a fibre eleven and a half inches long, and very pure and silky, was highly praised by the experts who examined it. The Canadian mines yield the best quality for spinning and fine manufacturing purposes, and easily commands superior prices in the markets of the world. A few years ago, the first quality readily brought \$250 a ton. It is considerably less now, owing to a variety of causes, chief among which may have been over-production, but its prestige is still maintained. Asbestos is one of those minerals which does not require the expenditure of a fortune to mine. It is accessible and the work of extraction costs but little, while the profits are large. There are three grades, and each of these has a place in our manufactures. No. 2 and No. 3 are largely used in the coarser arts, while No. 1 is employed in spinning and weaving. Canadian asbestos, as both Dr. Ellis and Mr. J. A. Fisher—a high authority, who has visited the mines and personally inspected them, points out, belongs to the talc or serpentine group of minerals. It is called chrysotile, and extends through the eastern townships, from the boundary of Vermont to the Peninsula of Gaspé. The area of the mines is confined, practically, to the townships of Thetford, Ireland, Coleraine and Wolfestown. A forest fire in 1877 brought to light the valuable mines at Thetford and Coleraine. The rocks of serpentine were exposed to the air. A French-Canadian named Fecteau detected the peculiar, fibrous mineral, specimens of which he selected, and it was not long after that his discovery was found to be important, and mining was begun in earnest, with exceedingly satisfactory results.

Asbestos, which is sometimes spelled *asbestus*, is derived from the Greek word *ἀσβεστος*, unconsumable; *amianthus* is also from the Greek, and means undefiled. Its property of resisting fire and intense heat is well known. "It was recognized by the ancients," says Dr. Ellis, "since we read in several of the earliest authors that the custom prevailed of wrapping the dead bodies of their important personages in an incombustible cloth by which the ashes resulting from their cremation were retained intact. The process of weaving this cloth from the fibres of amianthus shows that considerable skill in the textile arts had been acquired by those people, judging from the difficulty which has been experienced, even in modern applications of the art, and it is supposed that the requisite degree of tenacity was imparted by the admixture of threads of flax or silk, which could afterwards, if necessary, be removed by burning. The wicks of the lamps in the early heathen temples, which were supposed never to be extinguished, were also held to have been made of this material. The resistant action of the asbestos fibre, or of the cloth woven from this fibre, to heat, is one of its most wonderful properties. Temperatures of 2,000° to 3,000° are easily withstood, while with some varieties a temperature of 5,000° Fahr. has apparently produced no visible effect. Its property, also, of successfully resisting the action of acids is one of great value, and

these properties render this substance of great importance in certain chemical operations, so much so that its use in this direction is rapidly increasing."

The uses to which this remarkable product has been put are numerous, and include the manufacture of clothing for firemen, theatre curtains, mail-bags, fire shields, fire-proof paper, roofing and flooring, packing in fire-proof safe, piston packing in steam-engines, filters, fire-proof paints, wall papers, coverings for steam pipes and boilers, mill boards, etc. To the story which the encyclopædias tell of Charlemagne and his amianthine table-cloth, which he used to throw into the fire at the close of his feasts, to the astonishment of the guests, who saw it taken out cleansed, and fit to be used again, may be added that of a translation from the French-Canadian author, Montpetit, who relates that "at a certain lumber camp in one of our great northern forests, one of the men, newly engaged, upon his return from his day's work in the soft, melting snow, when the rest of the crew were gathered about the stove, coolly proceeded to remove his boots and then his socks, which he dashed into the open fire. He, however, speedily extricated his foot-gear, now cleansed to immaculate whiteness, and proceeded to dress his feet as if nothing unusual had occurred, a proceeding which, it is needless to say, among a group of people unaccustomed to witness such marvels, resulted in something stronger even than amazement, and with a sudden accession of terror at the presence of a man who could thus perform such miracles with apparently flaming garments, they incontinently fled and left the uncanny stranger undisputed master of the situation, under the impression that he could be no other than the evil one himself. Explanation was of no avail, and the men refused to return to work until the foreman had discharged absolutely the unfortunate wearer of asbestos socks."

Another story is told by Dr. Ellis about a gentleman who owned a pair of asbestos mittens, and believing that they were indestructible by fire, and desirous of astonishing the crowd which had assembled around the stove in a country store, proceeded to throw one of them into the flames. His success, however, was not great, for upon withdrawing his mitten from the blaze, after a brief interval, it was found that the action of the fire had rendered the fibre so brittle that its tenacity was almost entirely destroyed and the mitten was of no further use. It is explained that the Quebec asbestos of commerce and the true asbestos are two distinct substances, and belong to two distinct groups of minerals, the one being a member of the serpentine group, and the other belonging to the pyroxene or hornblende group. Another writer mentions that Chevalier Aldini, of Milan, had a complete outfit, consisting of cap, gloves, tunic and stockings, and his experiments with the suit in resisting fire were most amusing and successful. It has been urged that paper for charters and important documents and even bank-notes, might be made from asbestos, but the danger is that the writing would disappear after a red heat.

Mr. J. A. Fisher, who has a large practical knowledge of asbestos mining, in all its stages, thus describes the Quebec asbestos: "In the asbestos-bearing rock proper, the veins of asbestos are seen, without any special arrangement, intersecting the mass of the rock, generally in every direction. In size they range from mere threads, sometimes close together, to a thickness of one

Aug. 17th, 1894.]

to two inches, and vary occasionally three to four inches. Hand labour, which we are obliged to employ in Italy, owing to the difficult nature of the ground, has been largely superseded in Canada by the use of steam derricks, drills worked by compressed air, and other appliances. When a block of asbestos-bearing rock has been displaced by the usual methods employed in blasting, the pieces are broken up, barren rock removed to dumps or waste heaps, and the remainder passed through the process of cobbing, whereby the remaining rock is removed and the asbestos exported ready for the manufacturer."

GEORGE STEWART.

SONNET - QUEBEC (1759, ETC.)

Conflict of centuries in bitter pain
For this fair Province ended, not elsewhere,
Till Waterloo through blood the feud laid bare
And brought a lasting peace. Grim War, the
bane
Of those two mighty neighbours, sowing grain
Of deadly hatred. Not so preached the Heir
Of Time—True peace with God and man His
care!

Here sailed Jacques Cartier, bold and great
Champlain,
Here vigorous Frontenac with iron ruled;
Here fell two heroes; one in victory
Scarce realized; his rival in defeat
Scarce known. Peace from their glorious
graves has schooled

The ancient discord, till our minstrelsy
Sings growth united in war's vacant seat!

ALFRED THOROLD.

GLIMPSES AT THINGS.

When one dwells upon the heartless wholesale murder often attempted and sometimes effected by train-wreckers and dynamiters, one is inclined to share the dread of those who fear that civilization may be destroyed by its offspring. Pessimists, however, should not overlook the fact that the species of wholesale murder which was easiest of accomplishment in past generations, the wrecking of ships by false lights, has become extremely rare. In some districts, once notorious for it, and where public opinion sometimes condoned the profitable crime, or at least shielded its perpetrators, wrecking is at present obsolete.

Cruelties and wrongs that are sickening to think of are widely practised in Morocco, as Lord Meath relates in "A Land of Incredible Barbarity," in the July *Nineteenth Century*. Although these enormities are known to the Governments of all Christian countries they will not combine to heal this plague spot, nor will their mutual jealousies permit any single Government to act the good Samaritan to a tormented nation that has fallen into the hands of thieves. And yet love is the cardinal Christian virtue, and the Saracens whose conquests provoked the Crusades were just and gentle and chivalrous compared to the modern Sultans and Kuids of Morocco. Why should not Britain and the United States go hand in hand on this mission of mercy, and let diplomats protest, "the heathen rage, and the people imagine a vain thing."

In a late *Cosmopolitan* Francisque Sarcey describes how the Paris Bodinière (formerly a theatre, now a lecture hall) has succeeded in drawing immense audiences in the afternoons. Its manager has relieved the monotony of the lectures by engaging

the most celebrated *chanteuses* of the *café-concerts*, Judic, Yvette Guilbert, and others. Fashionable ladies have been flocking to hear songs suspected of flippancy or naughtiness in an unexceptionable environment and under the soothing guise of encouraging science. Sarcey himself declined to play second fiddle to a concert hall celebrity, but other eminent lectures accepted the alluring terms of La Bodinière.

"Stooping to Conquer" is a play that perpetually holds the boards of the world's stage. There are authors who renounce those graces of style that are too subtle, who sacrifice apt allusions that are too recondite, and who conceal ideas that are too exalted for the average reader. They aim low at the head of that multitudinous and fame-giving nonentity. There are artists as well as writers who intrude upon the privacy of celebrities with specimens of their work, in the hope of eliciting some kindly commendation, which, being published, may command the notice of an apathetic public. Some clergymen espouse fads of their congregations, to increase their influence or their stipends. Others have become ministers of creeds which they did not believe in, that they might utter their calls to a higher life with the prestige of a sacred office. Like the merchant who sandwiches his advertisements between flaring pictures, General Booth makes his votaries give mountebank shows that staring crowds may be forced incidentally to hear some solemn truths; and his journals print their flippancy vulgarities with the same holy object. The main art of diplomacy would seem to be stooping to conquer—wheedling, flattering, bribing, bamboozling or bluffing, in order to score a success. The practical politician uses most of the diplomat's methods, though, usually, with less finesse. "Unto him who hath shall be given" being the rule, several doctors have managed to secure a good practice by putting on the appearance of having one already—by having themselves hurriedly called out of churches or theatres, and by habitually driving at a furious pace. Even preachers have stooped to improper advertising, like the Rev. Charles Smythe, erstwhile of New York, who denounced the spectacular drama of "The Black Crook," in a series of sermons with the very drawing title of "The Naked Truth."

F. BLAKE CROFTON.

PARIS LETTER.

The new law against anarchy keeps politicians and journalists as busy as nailers, but the public remains in its attitude of stolid indifference. The impartial looker-on is interested in the first attempt of the minority in the Chamber to play at obstruction; that game is marked by great ingenuity and subtilty. Often they entrap the Government, that is, the majority, into accepting an amendment which destroys all the signification of the limbs of clauses already voted. Opponents cavil on the ninth part of a hair. There was a smart discussion over a printer's error, where a comma was misplaced. The minority has a number of very able speakers, who remain as cool as ice while uttering the most severe language, and they keep their counsel to themselves, till the moment for action arrives. Just now, the Government intends to apply the guillotine plan, after the fashion of Mr. Gladstone, to the columns

of amendments blocking the way. But French deputies have not the sang froid of British M.P.'s. The majority remains silent as trappists, so do Ministers, and allow the minority to declaim. Be assured some orator will set the "silents" on fire, by introducing the subject of Panamaism, and then there will be a blaze. Even after the bill is closed, there are endless ways for prolonging the debate, after the debate is closed. And any moment may spring a new incident. The bill will be pulled through some way, but the Senate has to vote it, and it is expected will sabre several of its clauses, so that the bill will be sent back to the Chamber, and the opposition will recommence. The delay has already had for consequence, the postponement of Caserio's trial for the murder of M. Carnot, as by the new law, no report of the trial, etc., will be allowed. Foreigners must look to the papers of their own country for an account of the court's proceedings that will come off at Lyons.

The lamentable increase in the vice of money, etc., gambling, has put the prefect of police on his mettle. Now all the evil is due to the unhappy conduct of the Government, which sanctions betting on the race courses, and strikes a percentage on the stakes to maintain the state breeding studs and to add to the poor's fund. The French are too sharp-witted a people to find any difference between legally gambling on a race course and finding a game of hazard to be illicit off a race course. Boys now play largely at the "cork" game for and with coppers; every public house has one or two billiard tables, and, on stated evening of the week, "poule au gibier" is announced. This game consists in the players putting each a certain sum into the pool, and he who makes the highest score with the balls, pockets the pool. At fairs, fetes, and in railway carriages, thimbling, dice and cards flourish like a bay tree. The gamblers seem not to fear detection. But in the fairs where all chance games are allowed, provided the stakes be not in cash, the law is easily turned. The prize is an old hen, a duck, goose, rabbit or guinea pig. As the lucky individual cannot well carry such a prize about with him, the owner of the play stall buys in the animal. The prefect, in order to correct the demoralization of gambling, and which is making ravages among boys in their teens, and women entering upon the thirties, neither of the categories will be allowed to stake money at the official "totalizers," except the male gambler be 21 years of age; and all persons acting for them will be sentenced to fine and imprisonment. The "professors" of billiards, whose table is an "Academy" in a café, attracts clients; the latter bet, and from 10 to 20 per cent. is levied by the proprietor on the stakes, or some 250 francs in a night, who shares with the professor; the latter is, of course, his creature; the proprietor has individuals among the crowd of spectators, who bet for him and who have a special telegraphy of the face with the professors to win or lose according to the money put down; then the proceeds of the swindle are divided. The *gogas* are caught; there are decoys who make their livelihood by the swindles. All that will be suppressed.

The French are in a brown study respecting the relations between England and the the Italians in East Africa. They no more expect the Italians to evacuate Kassala, than the English Egypt, or themselves Tunisia or Chautaboun. As to France

becoming the Don Quixote for the sovereignty of the Porte in Soudan, people only smile at that. Italy is making rapid progress with her colony in East Africa, Erythraea, and must be a powerful aid to England in clearing Madhism out of Equatorial Africa—Cecil Rhodes will do the rest. If the stream of Italian emigration could be directed into her African colony, instead of flowing to South America, Italy would have a magnificent future. Already Erythraea is able to contribute to the revenue of her motherland, a boast that France cannot indulge in; despite all her colonies and grabs, not one is self-supporting. The Anglo-Egyptian army ought to advance southwards and complete the European occupation of the Upper Nile valley. With her two neighbors, Italy on the east and Belgium on the west, they ought to scour the last vestige of slave-dealing out of that rich hinterland. The Korean question does not appear to be moving towards a peaceful solution. Europeans would be prepared to regard the quarrel between the far Easterns with relative equanimity, but the apprehension is not concealed that the conflagration may work into Europe. Any marked interference on the part of a Western power may provoke serious calamities. Then both the adversaries are scientifically armed for the strife, and apparently resolved to try their quarrel hilt to hilt.

A curious bill has just been laid on the table of the Chamber of Deputies, by a group of private members, punishing by a sentence of one to six months imprisonment and a fine of 100frs., whoever will open the letters of another person and reveal the contents. This is the consequence of a decision of the Court of Appeal on a case from the courts below.

The French barbers look with contempt on the Austrian Figaro who shaved 18 travellers in a railway carriage, in thirty minutes, the time taken by the train to run between two stations. The only rapidity a French shaver displays is when he mounts his bicycle to wait on a client. Then Frenchmen must have "easy" shaving, that is, to loll in a big chair before a mirror and view the process of shaving, enjoy the swoop of the razor, lengthways, crossways and diagonal ways, till their cheeks be as smooth as a billiard ball; and not to be overlooked, the loquacity of the barber, who relates the scandal of the day, the latest joke, and the newest witticism while he operates. Renan founded a barber's shop for a poor grinder in Greek, who adopted the sign, "Shaving, and Silence." The proprietor has a good clientele, chiefly senators, and his staff seem to be Trappists.

The naval manœuvres were very tame this year, when the glowing descriptions of former occasions are remembered. What is the signification of the change? Is it strategy or modesty? There does not appear to have been any marked alacrity about the land naval reserve repelling the sea attack off Havre; true, the fortifications are still the old ones, and millions will be required to complete the new forts. One fact was established, the fatal drawback of Havre, the Liverpool of France, having but one entrance channel, and that channel capable of being blocked, by sinking any ordinary sized ship. The port is clearly not protected from a sea attack. In the Mediterranean there was more animation in the hostile squadrons, but it appears some confusion arose as to the carrying out of the programme. Be certain all the other naval powers have had their argus-eyed reporters taking notes of the proceedings.

On Sunday the rumor spread that a Turk—the last man in the world to be suspected of anarchy—attempted to blow up the Russian Ambassador and the congregation, while worshipping in their church. It was noon and the service nearly ended, when the report of a pistol shot sent dismay into the congregation; the ladies screamed, and it was concluded a bomb had been thrown. In the Russian Church there are no seats; a man was raised up by two Russian noblemen close by him; he had lodged a bullet in his head; he was carried to the Beaujon hospital close by. He was able to inform the magistrate that he belonged to a Turkish family, was born in Constantinople, had become Russian by naturalization, and resided in Paris since nine years; he had written letters in advance, he stated he was the victim of society, that the Czar never answered his letters, etc. His wife called at the hospital and was allowed to take her husband to be cared for at his own residence. He complains of people interfering with his dying.

The race on Sunday last, between vehicles not propelled by horses, was very successful. The run was from Paris to Rouen. About 15 auto-mobiles started, a quarter of an hour being allowed between each vehicle. At best they were more or less traction engines with steam produced by coke or petroleum. The first machine started at eight in the morning and arrived at Rouen at half past five in the evening, a distance of 87 miles, with many stops to allow judges to control and travellers to lunch. The winner is an engine of nearly two tons weight, not on axles, but a series of rollers worked by endless chains. It is a tug, and had one carriage hooked on. If on a level road it can roll 20 miles an hour and drag 42 tons. During the journey it burned coke to the value of 8frs. Later, the classification of the machines will be made; the present was only a trial for the new coach of the future. But before 10 years it is expected that horseless carriages will be as general as bicycles. Paris has numerous automatic vehicles, but they are devoid of all elegance and are solely employed as good vans. Perhaps the greatest wonder of the race was the multitude of bicycles that congregated to see the start; there were at least 4,000 wheelers; what cavalry could charge them down, was the reflection suggested when one looked on the vast sea of wheelers, and of both sexes. Bicycling is not now a fashion, but a frenzy. And what a cloud of dust the bicyclist raised; a charge of cavalry, a sweep of several batteries of artillery was nothing compared with the cloud pillar of dust they created above each auto-mobile as they formed its escort *d'honneur*.

In Bosnia, the male population wears a Zouave petticoat, a fancy tunic, a leather belt filled with portmanteau necessities, besides revolver and poignard and invariably a masher's silken umbrella.

Z.

All the world, all that we are, and all that we have—our bodies and our souls, our actions and our sufferings, our conditions at home, our accidents abroad, our many sins and our seldom virtues—are so many arguments to make our souls dwell low in the deep valley of humility.—*Jeremy Taylor*.

Make no man your idol; for the best man must have faults, and his faults will usually become yours in addition to your own. This is as true in art as in morals.—*Washington Allston*.

THAT MANUSCRIPT.

It is years ago since I lost it, that Manuscript, but I have never been able to efface it from my memory, and now I am going to write the story down just as it occurred, although I am ignorant as to whether the people connected with it are alive or dead. Years may leave mitigated grief and stifled pain—or—but I dare not dwell upon what may have happened during this flight of time. If *she* to whom I unwillingly did a great wrong chances to read this story, she will at any rate believe that I also have suffered. It was towards the end of July, and London was becoming more stifling every day. I was sub-editor of a London Monthly and was feeling the effects of overwork. It was Friday evening and the following Monday I intended to take a holiday in the country for a fortnight. Six o'clock struck and I laid my pen down wearily, took a parting glance at some papers and left the office. I had scarcely locked the door when I saw rather to my surprise a tall woman wearing a thick veil walking in the direction of my office. She stopped short, hesitated a moment and then asked in a nervous abrupt manner:—"Pardon me, but are you the editor of the *Flaneur*?" "No, Madame; the editor will be here at 10 to-morrow morning." "Then I suppose I had better take this back," and she toyed restlessly with the elastic of a thick bundle of blue foolscap. "I am the sub-editor, Madame, and it is my duty to read all contributions for the *Flaneur* and to select what I consider suitable to the Magazine."

She raised her veil and I who at no period of my life could be called impressionable was struck with the strange, almost weird beauty of her face.

"Then I can leave it with you—I am so glad!" I bowed, but she still kept the MS. between her long slender fingers.

"Yes, I think you will understand! It is curious, but I hardly like to part with it, it means a great deal to me, this MS. that may seem to others so weak and disconnected."

I had interviewed a good many contributors, but this woman appeared to me the strangest of them all.

"If you will trust me with it," I exclaimed, "I will take it back with me to-night, read it and give the editor my opinion of it to-morrow morning."

"Thanks! Thanks! That is what I want. I wish to know if I have any chance—at once. In a month, even in a fortnight it will be too late. I will leave it with you, if it meets with your approval let me know at once, if not I shall never bother you any more." She laughed nervously, and I could not help thinking that there was a great deal more in what she said than the words actually conveyed. We walked down the stairs together and at the door I asked if I might call a cab for her. She looked a little surprised, but replied briefly in the negative. "I hope I shall have the honor of discussing this with you," I said, tapping the MS.

She smiled, drew down her veil, and with a quick bow vanished into the London throng.

I walked slowly back to my lodgings, musing over my short conversation with this unknown woman. To say the truth, if her face had not been so beautiful, more than this, so strangely fascinating, the interview would have produced an effect upon me the reverse of agreeable. There was something about her so strained and high-strung, that a man whose own nerves were

extremely irritable owing to overwork and insomnia, would certainly have preferred more peaceful influences.

Immediately after dinner I went into my study and commenced opening a little pile of letters. The first was from my married sister, urging me to come down on Saturday and giving some excellent reasons which it is hardly necessary to put down here. "It can make no difference," I said to myself; "Mr. E. (the editor) told me to go any day that suited me, hang it, why not to-morrow." I scribbled off a post-card to the effect that I would leave London by the 8.35 next morning. I determined to read the MS. that night and send it to the paper by post. The next letter was a very thick one, I knew at once what it was, an MS. from Nellie, my sister-in-law, who insisted on obtaining my opinion upon everything she wrote from a paper on dress reform for the *Pictorial* to a prize competition poem in hexameters. I pulled savagely at my pipe as I drew out a thick bundle of blue foolscap, inside of which there lay a small sheet of cream-colored note paper. I read the letter hurriedly, it was just as I suspected, I was to read the paper. Then I looked at the inevitable P.S. This informed me that the writer and "Frank" my brother were just on the point of starting on a wander over the continent. I was to forward the paper, if I approved of it to the *Flaneur*, if not, I was to keep it for the next three weeks and return it at the end of that time with any suggestions I might have to make on the subject. "Bosh," I exclaimed irritably, "I shall send it back at once, that is if it is anything like what I expected it to be." I looked hurriedly through it, reading a paragraph here and there. "What rubbish," I thought, "the old, old platitudes dished up in a paradoxical form." I wrote a brief note saying that I was returning the MS. for safety, because I myself was leaving London for a short holiday. In conclusion I observed that the paper was unsuitable for the *Flaneur*, but that just such papers were appearing every month of the year, so that hers possibly would find an approving editor. I addressed a big white envelope, re-lit my pipe and lounged back in my chair feeling, it must be confessed, a little weary of life in general and of literary life in particular.

Then I opened the other big blue bundle and glanced at the signature, it was simply *Malheureuse*. I shrugged my shoulders involuntarily, such signatures appeared to me unsatisfactory and even affected. The name and address were on a separate sheet of paper. The name was Ida de Riche, and the address was No. 7 of a terrace in the east end. "She is poor," I muttered, somehow the thought of poverty in connection with this glorious woman had never occurred to me. I commenced reading the paper calmly and critically; very soon, however, this state of mind gave place to another. I grew interested, absorbed, half dazzled and half horrified. My pipe went out without my noticing it. This unknown woman was carrying me away with the irresistible force of genius. It was a long paper, but I read it from the first line to the last. Heavens! I remember it so well, but how shall I explain, how shall I make others feel the impressions this manuscript produced upon me?

The heading was simply "Duty," and the writer commenced by tracing this conception from the earliest times, dwelling briefly upon the Stoical and Epicurean schools of thought and contrasting the Intuitive with the Utilitarian principles of

life. In all this there was of course nothing new, but the whole personality of a living, human woman seemed to peep forth in the midst of the coldest, philosophic abstractions. It was in some respects irregular and disconnected, at one time impassioned and eloquent, at others biting and cynical; it was a woman speaking against the world, now pleading for pity, now carping in despair. The writer went on to explain how, in order to compromise with an ideal impossible to live up to, men had substituted for Duty—Conventionality and in respect "to this ignoble substitute" she contrasted the position of women with that of men.

Here is a touch of cynicism which, coming directly after Kant's definition of Duty, impressed me with its bitter flippancy—"It is a man's duty to do his best; a woman's—to look her best."

You have formed one code for yourselves and you give us another! You have said this is right for us, but that is wrong for you. You have pardoned in the name of society the most ignoble villainy in men, but you have forgotten to pity the error of the despairing women who trusted them. And is it thus that you will solve the problem of life? Is it by hounding down the weaker portion of your fellow-sinners that you will hope to regenerate yourselves? A thousand times no!

In the name of those white desolate faces which gleam accusingly through your London fog, in the name of those lost creatures who seek the depths of your river for release—in the name of human pity, of human suffering—No.

I remember this passage—I cannot erase it from my memory. I feel that it is genuine and not the cant phraseology of the day. The writer concluded her paper with a description of the hundreds of young girls in London whose lives were utterly desolate and joyless, and who, if they for a moment listened to the voice of the tempter, were branded with a curse that burnt into their lives deeper than that of Cain. If "Duty" was impossible, "Conventionality" was a crime; silence upon the subject was merely hypocrisy under the mask of propriety; the question must be asked in the name of the civilization it disgraces. I laid the paper down, a host of conflicting ideas surging in my brain. It seemed to me that the woman herself had been speaking, that she had been pleading her own cause; that ruin was hovering over her, perhaps death. I wrote a hurried, rather incoherent note to the editor, strongly urging him to accept the article as a valuable contribution from more than one point of view. I addressed another big white envelope, and then I leaned back in my chair wondering if I should ever meet Ida de Riche again. A stupor seemed to have come over me. I could only think of that woman and the paper I had just been reading. Hours went by and suddenly I remembered that I must post the letters. A longing for the open air seized me, the atmosphere of the room appeared to me in my excited state stifling. I seized the manuscripts, that of my sister-in-law and Miss De Riche's and placing them in the envelopes I had addressed, hurried out into the street with feverish eagerness. That night during a few hours' troubled sleep the idea that Ida de Riche was near me, now imploring my protection, now denouncing me as a traitor, never left me. I started for my holiday next morning feeling that relaxation and complete rest would alone save me from brain fever.

A few days afterwards I received a note from the editor of the *Flaneur*. Mr. E. commenced by asking me about my health and recommending complete rest. He informed me that he had returned the paper to its owner as it was utterly unsuitable to the requirements of the Magazines. "For once," he wrote, "your judgment has been astray. Your health, my dear sir, your health. Take a fortnight longer in the interest of the *Flaneur* if not of yourself. No words can describe the feelings with which I read this lightly worded letter. The image of Ida de Riche seemed ever present with me and the longing to see her again became more and more intense. I cannot even now define these emotions in regard to this woman, but the thought that some evil was hanging over her haunted me and in a vague, illogical manner I connected this evil with myself.

However, I took the editor's advice and remained a month in the country, as for rest, the very notion of it seemed a mockery. It was a wet dismal night that a handsom conveyed me to my lodgings. I entered my study and cast a careless glance around, a small pile of letters was waiting for me, and I commenced opening them in a listless, careless manner, utterly at variance with my usual methodical habits.

Again I recognized my sister-in-law's handwriting, I looked wearily at the big fat envelope and saw by the date that it had only just arrived "another M. S." I exclaimed irritably, "the old, old torment." The very sight of a manuscript filled me with a curious discomfiture. I opened the envelope; yes, as usual, an M. S. in blue foolscap paper with an elastic around it. Involuntarily I thought of that other manuscript, and wished that Nellie would use some other paper on which to express her muddled ideas. I began reading the letter accompanying it hurriedly, and then I dropped it as if it had been my own death warrant. Nervously with trembling hands I drew from the M. S. the elastic and saw the first page in clear, bold handwriting "Duty."

In a moment I saw it all, in my carelessness I had sent Nellie's paper to the *Flaneur*, and had returned her instead of her own manuscript that of Miss de Riche. She had only just returned from the continent and indignantly informed me that the "other woman's MS. would at any rate be unsuitable to the requirements of the *Flaneur*," in which supposition she seemed to enjoy a not altogether unfeminine satisfaction. After a sleepless night a hurried breakfast I drove rapidly to a small terrace in the east end. I rang the bell at No. 7, and after some little time a slatternly maid of all work made her appearance. "Does Miss de Riche live here now?" The maid of all work shuffled uneasily after the manner of her kind. "No, leastways she's gone." "Do you know her present address? She is not married is she?" In spite of my efforts my voice shook slightly as I asked this absurd question.

"She haint married that I knows of. She hought to be hany 'ow." I strangled an oath with difficulty.

"Do you know her address or do you not?" "I'll hask Mrs. Wopp. That 'ere Miss wats'er name called 'ere in a cab yesterday for some things as she'd left be'ind; she told Mrs. Wopp to 'ave 'em sent some place." "Send Mrs. Wopp to me immediately." After a good deal of unnecessary discussion I obtained Miss de Riche's address from the landlady. I returned to my handsom and drove to a fashionable hotel

in the west end. I handed my card to a waiter and after a brief delay was ushered into a well furnished apartment on the second flat. Summer was still lingering, but a fire was burning in the grate. I looked at the flames and waited, filled with horrible presentiments, of I knew not what. In a few minutes the door opened and for the second time I stood face to face with Ida de Riche. It was the same tall dark woman with the same strange, fascinating beauty, that beauty which seems not merely on the surface, but which is suggestive of something deeper and almost indefinable. But the face was changed; instead of the nervous irresolute expression I had noticed before, the woman who stood before me had written upon every curve of her clear cut lips an imperiousness that was altogether new to me.

Her expression had become harsh and sinister, and as I looked at her it seemed to me impossible that she could have written certain passages of that paper, but there were others which could only have been penned by such a woman.

She greeted me with an icy bow, but in the flash of her dark eyes I read in my misery the glance of scorn.

"I have the pleasure of speaking to Miss de Riche?"

"To Miss de Riche," she smiled ironically. This smile maddened me more than any words could have done, but I managed to master myself and to speak at least coherently.

"I have to apologize to you, madam, for a piece of negligence which has probably done infinitely more harm to me than to yourself." I pointed to the lost manuscript which I still held in my hand. "I do not think so," she stood there in front of me speaking almost mechanically. I handed the manuscript to her.

"You do not wish us to use it now?" I asked. "I do not."

She walked quietly to the fireplace and commenced slowly tearing it up page by page, watching the flames devour it with a kind of fierce amusement and apparently utterly oblivious of my presence. I followed her movements in a dull stupor, feeling utterly powerless to prevent her.

"You will never learn the history of that paper," she remarked coolly, once more turning her dark eyes full upon me.

"God help me, I believe I know it already. It has haunted me—that manuscript." Something in my voice startled her in spite of her self-possession.

"Mon Dieu! But you are serious—Isn't that rather silly, especially for an editor?" "I do not know if I am silly, but I do know that I am in earnest."

The woman's face seemed to soften, it was like the melting of marble. Her voice shook slightly as she said half to herself, "It was my last chance, and heaven knows that I had done my best. Without hope this abstraction of duty is lifeless—it is the heart and not the brain which has to answer the *a quoi bon* of philosophy."

"I think there is the pith of that remark amongst those ashes," and I pointed in the direction of the fire-place.

"The real ashes are here," and she pressed her heart with the intensity not of melodrama, but of conviction.

And it seemed to me that in this one tearless face the losing battle of woman's existence was drawing to a close.

"Must it end like this?"

"Miss de Riche!" I cried imploringly.

"Malheureuse," she replied, motioning

me to sit down and gazing dreamily at the flickering flames that had destroyed so lightly what meant so much for both of us. And then I told her of my wretched mistake, it seemed such a miserable, trifling affair that my hopes rose, as I told it. "You understood it then? somehow I thought you would."

"Thank you for that—for that if for nothing else."

"She looked thoughtful for a moment and sat down opposite to me. "You will write again?" I cried eagerly. "You have the power, the gift. Others repeat glibly the superficial phrases of the day; when you write, it is from the soul, it is part of yourself. There is life before you—hope."

"Hope!" she repeated after me, "hope." Her eyes had grown wonderfully tender, the sinister expression had died away; new possibilities seemed to struggle into consciousness. I drew nearer to her, "Tell me that the past is dead," I whispered, and then a cold chill passed through my whole being. A change had come over her, she threw her head back and stood once more erect, cold and beautiful as a Grecian statue. At this juncture a man entered the room without being announced. He was a tall good-looking man with a blase expression, and a certain equivocal cynicism around the corners of his lips which were slightly apart.

Miss de Riche did not so much as turn her head to look at him, but he advanced towards us with an air of being perfectly at home.

"Cara Mia," he said out loud in tones of easy self-assurance and ignoring my very existence. "I am bored, won't you amuse me?" I looked at the man, I marked the curve of his thin underlip, I watched the subtle gleam, dark and treacherous of his steely grey eyes, and I read Ida de Riche's story more clearly than any words could ever have told it to me. Then I looked at her, her face was turned towards me, and I saw in her glance nothing but an infinite pity.

"This is Count ———!" She mentioned a foreign name familiar at that time to all Europe, and only familiar because it was notorious. "Let me order the scoundrel out of the house," I shouted hoarsely. A look of genuine amusement passed over the Count's face.

"Pardieu," he exclaimed, "but you and I should be friends. Is it the wrestle you want or the box a l'Anglais?"

He was rolling a cigarette between his fingers and I looked at Ida de Riche without answering him.

"It is no use, it is too late."

"It is not too late to rid you of that man for ever. Monsieur, I will meet you where and when you will."

"If you are in Paris next February I shall be glad to accommodate you, till then I remain in England and I cannot disarrange my plans even for your convenience. *En passant* let me remind you that this is my apartment and that if you annoy me I shall most certainly ring the bell. Violent exercise, so early as this, has been positively forbidden me by my physicians."

He spoke quite gently, an amiable smile playing upon his lips, but with his hand upon the bell.

"Good bye," I said hoarsely, "Good bye for ever."

"Pour jamais."

The word haunts me still as I write these lines far away in a foreign land. It has rung in my ears as time has glided on,

and now that the end is not far off, I can afford to tell this story, and to bid farewell to the hopes and the longings of the past, *pour jamais*.
Toronto.

L. J.

SIR GERALD PORTAL AS LITTERATEUR.

The fragment of narrative which, like a broken column above a young man's grave, Sir Gerald Portal has left us of his mission to Uganda, illustrates anew a truth respecting which there exists one of the commonest of popular fallacies. The fallacy is that the temperament of the man of action and that of the literary man are incompatible; that there is necessarily a divorce between words and deeds, so that a man skilled in the one cannot be great or efficient in the other. It would be interesting to trace the causes which tend to give this notion currency at various times. Of course qualities have their defects; and the mere man of action may be a mere machine of silent motion, the mere man of words a hollow vessel of sound, *vox et praterea nihil*; and between these extremes there are numerous gradations in which the contrariety is also visible. In our day Carlyle, with his worship of so-called inarticulate heroes—neither Cromwell nor Frederick the Great was inarticulate, and the latter was a *litterateur*—and his denunciations of Parliaments, is responsible for giving a good deal of emphasis to the fallacy; the more so as the quantity of ineffectual wind he expended himself seemed to offer an illustration of his theory. But, as a matter of fact, history has a refutation of this fallacy on every page. Cæsar was a brilliant orator before he became conqueror of Gaul and founder of the Empire; and he wrote a great book. Perhaps Cicero was rather under the sway of the word; but there is no denying he was a great statesman, and though he has said it himself, he did save the city when he was consul. Napoleon's proclamations, carefully calculated for the effect of their phrases, are pieces of literature. No one can read Prince Bismarck's speeches or his letters in Busch's "Memoirs" without perceiving that he has the literary gift in great force; and so far from being a silent person, he has probably as great a propensity to garrulity as his present Emperor. One has only to think of the Sir Philip Sidneys, the Sir Walter Raleighs, and the Elizabethans and Cavaliers generally, and the numerous soldier-scribblers of other countries—coming down to the present, by the way, there is that excellent journalist and author Lord Wolseley—to realise how baseless is this notion that because a man is effective in the world of action he cannot talk and write and *vice versa*. The truth is, that for action in the highest sense a strong infusion of what is usually known as the literary, and even the artistic, temperament is necessary. In other words, imagination, sympathy, and even sensibility, are necessary to the understanding, and consequently to the management, ruling or leading of men. The theme would be an interesting one to pursue—examining the gifts of orator-statesmen whose speeches are a form of action, of artist-ambassadors like Rubens, and artist-engineers and astronomers like Leonardo, of great travellers like Burton who have also been great writers—but already this is too long a digression from Sir Gerald Portal.

Sir Gerald, in his brief but eventful career, had sufficiently proved himself an

able and daring man of action—as diplomat, administrator, organiser, leader. We confess we have found our best evidence that he was not merely an efficient second-rate man in his chosen walk of life, but likely to prove a first rate man, in the discovery from this volume that he possessed in a remarkable degree the faculty for expression, and was endowed with some of the best elements of the so-called literary temperament. Mr. Rennell Rodd—who, by the way, is himself a notable instance of the same blend of qualities—speaks of him as “one whose feeling for literary style was considerable;” and this fragmentary narrative, though it is printed in its first rough draft without that finishing touch which the editor says Sir Gerald would have been sure to have given it, amply bears out that statement. The gift it displays is not of the highest order; but still it is high, and indicative of better possibilities. Passages of graphic and animated description, touches of humor, touches of genuine poetry, little glimpses of strong human feeling—these alternate with passages of statesmanlike reflection expressed with a lucidity and closeness characteristic of the clarity of the writer’s thought; and the whole is infused with that impalpable tone, humane, just and chivalrous, which we can only describe as the essential belonging of a gentleman, and which is worthy of remark because it is so notoriously wanting in certain recent books of African travel. A narrative is thus constructed which, so far as it goes—and it stops halfway on its journey—it is a lively pleasure to read.

For a sample of the style, here is a bright passage instinct with feeling for beauty describing the column on its march—a picture which Sir Gerald says would have compensated them for many of the miseries of the journey: “The long line of white-clad, black-skinned porters, bearing on their heads loads of every color, size and shape slowly winds in single file along the narrow path like a brilliant and gigantic serpent, now almost dazzling to look upon under the rays of the morning sun, now gliding in dark and mysterious silence through the cool shade of a wooded valley. All around the richly clothed downs and park-like glades of pasture are dotted with clumps of mimosa thorns, interspersed with flowering shrubs of every hue, which shine like rubies and turquoises against the dark and massive background of some gigantic mango-tree; the fan-palm thrusts its bristling head high into the air; the frowning severity of the black rocks, which here and there break through the grassy covering of the hills, is softened by groves of graceful cocoa-nut palms, to whose swaying stems cling masses of the most lovely flowering orchids; while the palms, in their turn, are compelled to bend their heads in unceasing homage before the ponderous strength of the mighty baobab, which on every eminence displays a bloated and unwieldy trunk, and shaking itself clear from the festoons of creepers that try as in mockery to hide the ungainly nakedness, wildly stretches to heaven its distorted, gnarled, and leafless arms in a perpetual agony of despairing malevolence.”

The first glimpse of Kilimanjaro, the mighty giant of East Africa, whose double peaks tower 21,000 feet above the sea level, is described in a piece of writing for which we must also make room. The bards of Vigo Street might be challenged, in presence of a similar experience, to render it for us more poetically than this man of politics and statecraft. It was late in the afternoon;

“Before us opened an apparently endless vista of bold, rugged mountains piled up one behind the other till their outlines were lost in the red mist of the distance. It was with some disappointment that we selected the highest of these as being Kilimanjaro, and strove to make ourselves feel awestruck and impressed with the grandeur of this monarch of a continent. But, as though the insult of this mistaken identity were too great to be borne any longer, suddenly, just as the sun began to touch the broken line of the horizon, a hitherto imperceptible mist was rolled aside, as a curtain might be drawn back, and high above the highest of those ridges towered a gleaming mass of red-tinted snow and black rock. Frowning down upon the now humbled mountains around him, as though to reprove them for daring thus to depreciate his majesty, the snow-clad tyrant determined to show himself in his best aspect. Against his gleaming shoulder the setting sun nestled closer and closer; above and on either side dense masses of cloud enclosed the picture, the bold, irregular outlines of their inward edges gleaming with scarlet, purple and gold, until the snow of the twin-peak caught the reflection and transformed itself into the richest mantle of brilliant velvet and satin. Near us not a sound was heard; all Nature was silent, the tongue of even a Rifle Brigade subaltern was stilled. Spellbound we gazed as, slowly tenderly, an imperceptible veil of mist was drawn before the face of the glory, gently and unwillingly shrouding it as an Eastern Aphrodite dims her beauty with the transparent yasmak; darker, heavier, grew the veil, until we gazed, as before, into a confused sea of grey mist and black peaks in the middle distance. Silently, and with a sigh of relief from extreme tension, we turned away and wondered, Was it real, this which we had seen?”

Further examples of Sir Gerald Portal’s powers as a writer we have not room to quote. But if the reader possess the book, he may be recommended to look at the imaginative passage describing a midnight raid of the Masai (page 66); the description of a ghastly but instructive exhibition of primal savagery at the cutting up of a dead rhinoceros (page 69), with the well-told humorous incident which precedes it; the account of a weird night march through the desert (page 21); and such lighter pictures as the visit of some splendid young warriors of the Masai tribe, the terror of east Africa, to the camp, with their lordly bearings, their bold, gay, aristocratic manners, their superb caparisoning, and their fine barbaric contempt for the little half-civilized scrubs of Zanzibari infantry-men. Every passage, too, where the writer attempts to enter the native mind is worth reading, especially those excellent pages in the eighth chapter, in which he analyses the deceptive and contradictory character of the Waganda, for which he finds a parallel in the deceptive and contradictory landscapes and climate of their country. No African traveller has with simpler means managed to convey a stronger sense of the mystery of that God-forgotten continent, with its benighted, and yet not despicable races, and its hopeless, miasmatic wastes whose menace of inevitable disease seems to deride, in spite of all his powers, the advance of the white man. Sometimes the sense of mystery is given by some unexpected, startling incident breaking across the narrative; some incident typical of the place and of its life for countless ages since primeval man has been war-

ring for existence with the wild beasts and with his own kind. It is drawn upon the mountain side, the hills wrapped in a thick Scotch mist; Portal, far ahead of the column, is alone with his boy seeking to stalk game. Suddenly there is a rift in the mist, and a sight is disclosed which causes them to drop in their tracks as though they were shot, and lie prone on their stomachs in the grass. A long file of natives was crossing the hillside less than a quarter of a mile ahead at right angles with their path.

“A single glance showed us that this was no peaceful trading party; no women were visible, no sheep or goats, nobody carried a load, but we clearly saw that every man was fully armed; bright blades flashed through the mist, a long bow was in every right hand, and a quiver full of poisoned arrows hung at every back. Swiftly and silently these warriors, or mischief bent, defiled before us as we crouched on the plain; 550 men we counted, and then the long procession passed out of sight around the shoulder of a hill.”

When they had disappeared, no sooner did Portal and his boy rise to their feet than their nerves received another shock. At less than thirty paces from them, flat on their stomachs as they had been, watching them as they had been watching the native war party, were three lions, whose tails were wickedly thrashing down the grass behind them as they appeared to be weighing the question of attack and retreat. There is Africa, is it not, and the earliest life of man! Sometimes the sense of mystery is suggested by the gloom which the writer feels at the thought of the antiquity of the land—geologically, Uganda is the oldest spot in the world—its rocks of the archaic period thrusting their grey, weather-beaten heads above the surface, reproachfully conveying to the traveller an oppressive sense of the æons during which they have been “silent witnesses of innumerable and untold deeds of nameless horror.”

As for Uganda itself, Sir Gerald Portal’s word for it is “a whited sepulchre”; and he does not conceal his opinion, but lets it frequently be seen that the worst of its scourges has been the white man, the recent white man with his machine guns and his “punitive expeditions.”—*The Speaker*.

FRA CUPERTINO’S PENANCE.

The spring-time was bringing warm weather to southern Italy. Fra Cupertino drew a blue cotton handkerchief from his sleeve and wiped the broad tonsure shaven on his head, as he thought of climbing all the way up to his convent on the hill.

He was a Capuchin friar out for the *questua*; and it would soon be time for him to return home if his brethren were to have any bread for their dinner.

He had been very successful with his begging that morning. From further up in the same sleeve he drew out a snuff-box and took a great pinch, now that he thought it over. Besides the row of little hard loaves, which the baker had thrust into the wallet flung over his shoulder, he had cod-fish, and a few oranges, and a great lump of goats’-milk cheese. With a sigh of content he carefully put back the snuff-box, which had also been replenished by the charity of the faithful, into his capacious sleeve, and secured it in its place with the handkerchief. Like a good friar, he had no pockets in his gown of coarse brown cloth.

He turned into another street, intending

to work his way gradually towards the convent. The first house which he entered showed him that his luck had not been lost, but had changed its character. He stood on the doorstep with one hand to his breast holding the end of his wallet, and with the other resting on the staff which he used since he had grown so stout. The Madre Villana looked hard at his good-natured face, which was all aglow with the heat, while he asked something for his convent "for the love of God." Her black eyes twinkled shrewdly above her yellow cheeks.

"*Povero fratello!* what I give to you is given to the convent likewise. Here, take this and drink it," and she poured a full glass from the bottle of wine which she had on the table ready for her husband's dinner.

Fra Cupertino was very hot and thirsty. He could not put the wine in his wallet, and what he drank here he would not need to drink in the convent. The good woman was right; there would be no injustice done to his brethren fasting at home.

"May Saint Anthony repay your charity," he said piously, emptying the glass at a gulp.

The wine was cool and sour, like all the wines of that part of the country. He felt refreshed for the toilsome climb to the convent. He had little doubt he should be back in time to provide the brethren with a good dinner from his morning's work. As he walked on up the street, great drops of perspiration stood out on his forehead. The wine of the country-side was strong as well as sour.

It was nearing the dinner-time of all these good people of the village. They had not always too much food for their households, but wine was common and cheap. At the next house the husband was seated on the doorstep, sharpening his appetite in the cool shade. When he saw the friar, he muttered to himself "*Frattaccio!*" This was on account of his political principles. But he had a liking for the friars; they were of the people like himself and no friends of aristocracy. So he bestirred himself and poured out the contents of nearly a whole bottle for the perspiring friar.

Fra Cupertino resisted feebly as the man replenished his glass for the third time; but he gave way when the other insisted. The man was known to be not too religiously inclined; perhaps the humble acceptance of charity at his hands would change his heart. As the friar turned away, he felt a warm zeal for souls tugging at his own breast.

Farther up the hill, a devout housewife caught sight of Fra Cupertino slowly approaching her door. She noticed that he bent under the weight of his wallet, and that streams of sweat were pouring off his plump cheeks. Before he could make his usual request, she had poured out a glass from the bottle of wine which she was cooling in a copper vase just filled at the fountain. He declined resting for a moment on the chair which she brought to the door; but he thanked and blessed her when she put a savoury green *finochio* into his wallet.

From the street he tried to look up at the sun, with an uneasy feeling that the time of day was advancing. The bright light of the sky filled his eyes with tears.

"Plenty of time!" he said resolutely to himself; "besides, there is only the sacristan's house now. It would be pity if a man that lives by the Church should not be allowed the merit of giving to the Church in the person of her friars."

The sacristan was not irreverent at heart; simply his long familiarity with sacred things

had made him clear-sighted and a little callous in feeling towards the old Adam who remains even under the gown. His mind was soon made up when he looked at Fra Cupertino, standing with uncertain mien at his door, and with a face only less luminous than that of the sun.

"*Per Bacco!*" the sacristan said to himself. "Someone has played finely with the simplicity of this Capuchin. Directly he will be sleeping here in the shade, unless I get him started up the hill."

With this he jumped up so suddenly that the friar almost tumbled through the doorway. The other caught him by the arm, and, with a strong shake, steadied him on his feet.

"But you are late this blessed morning, Fra Cupertino!"

"In truth, the morning has been blest to me," answered the friar contemplatively.

Then, as the sacristan's words slowly passed through his brain, he asked, with a look of alarm, "Tell me, *signor sacristano*, is it then so very late?"

"Even now," said the sacristan, who knew well the customs of the friars, "I go to ring the AVE MARIA of the noonday."

"And I," gaped Fra Cupertino, pale with fright, "should be at the convent before the noon with this load which I bear for the dinner of my brethren."

"You bear a load, indeed," said the other drily. "Look out the *parde guardiano* does not take away your office of the *questua*." Seeing that the friar looked fit to cry, he continued, in a kindlier tone: "But you will still have time if you go at once without stopping to rest."

The sacristan knew that delay would be fatal; but he also judged prudently that something would be needful to raise the depressed spirits of the friar. Accordingly, he poured from his own bottle, which was of more generous vintage than that commonly used by the villagers, a brimming glass.

"Here, this will inflame your courage. Be quick, and I will help you a bit on your way before I go to ring the bells."

Fra Cupertino shut his eyes and obediently drank off the glass. His eyes were brighter when he opened them, and his forehead was again heavily beaded with sweat. The sacristan saw his chance, and led the friar firmly by the arm a little distance up the hill. Then, reminding him once more of reaching the convent in time to avoid the wrath of the Father Guardian, he gave him a gentle push on the shoulder, with the parting words:

"Now, then, there you go, like an old musket, loaded to the muzzle. *Avanti!*"

The friar, planting his staff resolutely on the ground, started toward the convent. At every step he repeated to himself: "Here I go, like an old musket, loaded to the muzzle. *Avanti!*"

After a few steps, he stopped to laugh at the sacristan's words. He was still shaking his sides, with the tears running out of his eyes, when a sound struck his ears which put an end to his merry mood. It was the Angelus of noon. His mouth, which was broad open to give vent to his laughter, remained gaping in silent dismay.

In a moment he was hurrying on again to the convent gate, which was now in sight but seemed to recede with each step he made. He breathed heavily, and almost sobbed.

"*Miserello!* that I should have lingered! The *frati* will already be seated at their meal, with no bread for their pittance. What a penance will not the Father Guardian impose on me!"

As he strode hastily forward, he tried

to think in what words he should declare his fault to the assembled community. It would be his duty to kneel down in their midst, to kiss the ground, and then, stretching out his arms in the form of a cross, to ask the pardon of the brethren and penance from the superior. All this was plain sailing, for it was a transgressing of their holy rule. But somehow the sacristan's words would keep mixing themselves up in Fra Cupertino's mind with the proper thing to say.

At last he reached the gate and rang the bell with a faltering hand. The brother porter opened the great door.

"You are late, Brother Cupertino; the *frati* are waiting. Father Guardian has bidden that you shall bring at once the alms of your *questua* to the table."

The dim light and the cool shade of the interior of the convent, after the blinding heat outside, were all that was needed to destroy the little composure left to the conscience-stricken friar. Hestumbled into the refectory where his brethren were seated in silence behind the tables that were placed round three sides of the great square room. He safely reached the centre, knelt down in proper manner facing the Father Guardian, and succeeded in depositing his wallet and staff by his side. Then he leaned over to kiss the floor.

The cold stone as it touched his forehead seemed to send a thrill through his clouded brain. Grasping his staff, he suddenly knelt upright. To the amazement of the open-mouthed brethren, instead of humbly spreading out his arms like a cross and asking pardon and penance, he held the end of his staff to his eye with his right hand, and with his outstretched left pointed it like a gun straight at their reverend superior. Before they could recover their wits, Fra Cupertino cried out in a voice dreadful enough to start them from their seats—

"*Padre guardiano*—bang!"

Then he relaxed the fierceness of his look and attitude, let his staff drop resoundingly on the pavement, and folded his hands on his breast.

The Father Guardian checked the broad grins which were beginning to appear on the faces of the community, and ordered one of the lay brothers to lead the now confused friar off to his cell.

For several hours Fra Cupertino lay on his pallet in dreamless sleep. At last he started up uneasily, as the last rays of the sunset stole through his little window. By his side the Father Guardian was standing gravely. His long grey beard gave to his venerable features the look of the Eternal Father painted in the Last Judgment on their chapel wall. Fra Cupertino suddenly remembered all his faults.

"*Mea culpa!*" he whimpered, throwing himself at his superior's feet and beating his breast. "It was the sun—the wine—I meant no harm!"

"*Ebbene,*" replied the older friar, "I will not judge your meaning, for truly I think you had none. But the indecorum of your behaviour was grievous; for your penance you will repeat your ceremony of the noonday before the brethren at their evening collation."

Fra Cupertino bowed his head silently, but his heart sank within him. He went out into the court-yard of the cloister and bathed his aching head at the fountain. Then he walked back and forth in the little wood of the convent and said his beads. With each AVE the unlucky words of the sacristan came back to his mind.

The evening bell rang and all the friars came trooping again into the refectory, dim-

ly lighted with a few flaring lamps. Last of all, with his head bent in shame, Fra Cupertino advanced and knelt down on the floor where he had been at noon. After the *benedicite* was said, he leaned over, kissed the floor, carefully picked up his staff, and, balancing it tremblingly on his hands, feebly broke the deep silence.

"Padre guardiano—bim!"

The stern face of the superior stopped short the titter which ran round the room.

"Thou wretched brother, now that thou hast thy penance to do, thou art like a whining kid; and this noon, when thou hadst kept thy brethren fasting and filled thyself with wine, thou couldst roar like a lion."

"Si, padre guardiano," answered Fra Cupertino meekly, "but then, *era caricato*—I was loaded!"

STODDARD DEWEY, in *The Speaker*.

THE PHARISEES OF SCIENCE.

The powerful Pharisees of the present day are not the Pharisees of religion, but the Pharisees of science. Even the most audacious men tremble before them. Yet these new Pharisees do not stand in the corners of the streets, nor do they compass sea and land to make one proselyte. But they certainly manage to sound the trumpet before them with the most tremendous effect, for theirs is the trumpet before the sound of which the secrets of steam and electricity have surrendered themselves to our keeping. Their methods have been so fruitful that they deem them the only methods by which anything that has the slightest claim to the name of truth can be attained; and they look down upon all beliefs which lie outside the sphere of their special investigations with a profound scorn, which infects almost the whole of the world of culture, and subdues even the most eminent men in other regions of thought with a sense of nervous dread that is quite unconquerable. Mr. Andrew Lang, who is a man of very great literary ability, has written a book full of shrewdness and singularly wide reading to show that whatever else may be said of the stories of the supernatural or preternatural, or whatever else you like to call those intrusions of inexplicable events into the ordinary series of familiar causes and effects with which the social history of our race has been in all ages plentifully sprinkled, it cannot truly be said of them that they do not recur under the most curiously similar aspects,—curiously similar even in the minutest features of their specific character,—and he demonstrates this, not always in a very methodical, but always in a very cogent, manner from the very earliest age of literature, as well as from the latest and most authentic observations on the beliefs and traditions of savage life. He proves his point with great and almost redundant learning; but he is evidently as nervous about being thought superstitious by scientific men if he attaches any undue importance to the singular pertinacity and coherence in the drift of these stories, as if he were a man of mere common-sense instead of one of very keen and discriminating insight. He is as sensitive on that subject as if he had no standing at all in the world of literature. He chaffs himself and everybody else who has a sort of belief in the preternatural, as if he were bound to show first and foremost how much he despises those who are not incredulous on all matters of this kind. He gives his book a half-satiric name, "Cock Lane and Com-

mon Sense" (Longmans & Co.), and then he is always telling you not only how much fraud and swindling there is in connection with this region,—which is of course true, and a most important truth,—but how many of these various kinds of persistent phenomena have been shown to be all legerdemain,—which is not true, for almost every one of the innumerable frauds has its counterpart in facts which have been satisfactorily verified by a considerable number, though a very much smaller number, of honest and shrewdly sceptical witnesses. In a word, while he laughs very justly at M. Littré for first examining carefully, and being unable to reject, the alleged facts, and then coming to the conclusion that while the topic is "very obscure and eminently worthy of study," the proper attitude to rest in is to "pooh-pooh the whole affair," he stops very little short of M. Littré in many passages of his own book, though his general drift certainly is that there must be some basis of law, whether subjective or objective, for such singularly recurrent and singularly specific phenomena. In one passage, after showing the extraordinary amount of evidence in all sorts of ages, in all sorts of countries, and in the presence of all sorts of observers, for the occasional movement of heavy objects in the most capricious and eccentric way without any visible agency which could account for the movement, he thinks it necessary to declare (p. 60) that it is "most probable" that the movement is wholly illusory, and is due to the power some men have of producing a false impression on even cool and sagacious minds, rather than to any physical fact whatever. Now, we venture to say without the least manner of doubt that this is accepting much the less probable, instead of the more probable, view of the two. If the many independent witnesses whose word is to be absolutely trusted, and who have attested these phenomena under the severest conditions, had been deluded by the mere determination of men of peculiar organization that they be so deluded, we should begin at once to doubt the reality of the most remarkable facts in history. Why might not all those who witnessed Charles I.'s execution, or Napoleon's defeat at Waterloo, or the Peterloo massacre, have been "biologised" in fancying they had seen what they never saw, or heard what they never heard, supposing that witnesses like Sir Walter Scott, Professor Barrett, Professor Crookes, and very many members of the Society for Psychological Research, are to be put aside as persons capable of being persuaded, not only separately but often in batches, that they had seen, heard and touched what they had never seen, heard and touched, though they had been mesmerized into believing that they had so seen, heard, and touched? We hold that even Mr. Andrew Lang has hardly the courage of his own opinions, when he produces such a mass of evidence, ancient, mediæval and modern, to facts which scientific men ridicule as old wives' fables, many of which have been examined in the coolest way by the most competent witnesses, and prefers the view that those witnesses were all of them subject to the most marvellous illusions, and often to simultaneous illusions, to the much more simple view that they saw or heard what they attested, but what the mass of mankind have never seen and heard, and therefore have never been able with any confidence to accept.

Well, we do not wonder at Mr. Andrew Lang's timidity when we encounter such a

specimen of the Pharisaism of science as Professor Huxley's letter in Monday's *Times*. No doubt he, like Mr. Andrew Lang, is a man of very uncommon ability and unusual power, a man of singular astuteness and sagacity, so long as he is not asked to believe what he cannot reduce to any known law. But the moment that is asked of him, he makes broad his phylacteries, poses as the Pharisee of science, says in effect to Mr. Andrew Lang or Mr. Russell Wallace, like the Pharisees of old to the man who was born blind, "Thou wast altogether born in ignorance, and shalt thou teach me?" and casts them out of the synagogue of science with the most scornful and magisterial air. But even while he is pronouncing his contemptuous anathema, he shows his weakness as Pharisees—even Pharisees of science—are only too apt to do. His letter to the *Times* on "Cock Lane and Common Sense" is singularly arrogant, but also singularly weak and unscientific. He is asked to show cause why he should not inquire into phenomena of the most persistent kind, which, if true, indicate a new kind of force of which all orthodox physicists are as yet utterly sceptical,—phenomena which show that no organs of physical life are visible in cases where acts only intelligible as proceeding from rational or semi-rational creatures, appear to proceed from empty space; and he makes answer that he has no interest at all in such phenomena, "For if, after death, I am fated to take part in Cock Lane pranks and Sludge séances, I must put up with the degradation. But I will no more occupy myself with thinking about that unpleasant possibility now, than I will waste my time in considering my future if I should be so unfortunate as to live through a portion of senile decay and dotage." Could the Pharisee of science by any possibility speak less scientifically? Whoever asked Professor Huxley to take part in "Cock Lane pranks and Sludge séances," except just as he might be asked to take part in studying a new case of cerebral eccentricity or typical delirium? Would any sagacious physician ignore the specific symptoms, however minute or however mean, of a new nervous disturbance? If a new kind of hysteria were brought under his notice, would he sweep by on the other side and declare that the symptoms of any malady clearly due to mental deterioration are quite beneath his notice? When would the laws of electricity have been discovered if the physicists had held that such trivialities as the sparks emitted when glass is rubbed by silk are too intrinsically mean for study? When would anaesthetics have been discovered if the rather trivial effects of what used to be laughing gas had been declared too despicable for attention? All phenomena, whether physical, intellectual or moral,—whether the phenomena of idiotcy or that of genius,—that seem to betray or suggest new planes of being, are of the highest interest. And unquestionably the phenomena for which Professor Huxley shows such supreme disdain do both betray and require study and careful explanation. The attitude of the Pharisee of science who says in effect to such seekers after truth as Professor Barrett, or Professor Oliver Lodge, "Stand by, I am holier than thou," is a childish and unworthy attitude. Of course, if the so-called phenomena imply nothing but fraud, he is quite right. Fraud is as old as human history, nay, as old as the history of many an animal far beneath the rank of man. But in the belief of the

present writer, it has been demonstrated over and over again,—if the best human evidence be worth anything,—that beneath the mass of fraud under which this subject is buried, there is a great basis of fact which suggested the fraud, and determined its various types. And even though this often shows how deep is the folly, not to say idiotcy, of what must still be called a half-intelligence, it may well be just as worthy of attentive study and classification as if it were instintot with wisdom and marked by the characteristics of the deepest reflection. That which opens out a new field of force or law, may just as easily be the cry of an infant as the wisdom of a seer.—*The Spectator*.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE PULLMAN-CAR STRIKE.

To the Editor of The Week :

Sir,—As your leader-writer again reverts to this subject, contending for unwise measures, which, if carried out, would result in mischief all round, I ask leave to refute one or two of his errors. It is somewhat difficult to follow him. In one sentence he alleges that the action of the President in protecting life and property was "wrenching their only effective weapon from their hands." Then, on the other side, he says, "We do not say that he was not right in doing so. His action was approved by the popular feeling. . . He also acted on the sound and common-sense principle that the whole business and even the health and the food supplies of the nation should not be left at the mercy of a combination of any kind." Then the pendulum swings back. "The former (the employed) is deprived of the natural right of combination by which alone he can hope to equalize the contest." Pardon me for saying that this last assertion is absurd. Neither the President nor any one else tries or wishes to interfere with the right of combining to abstain from work ; but only with combining to commit lawless acts, outrages, arson, and murder.

This is the age of sham-liberalism and of false pretences. There is plenty of sympathy for lazells and ne'er-do-wells, but little for honest, hard-working, law-abiding men.

In the *Toronto Mail* of Nov. 16th, there was an interesting account of the Free Labour Association in London, England. At its congress held on Oct. 31st, some instructive facts were stated anent the tyranny of some working men over their fellows. The Association is a movement by working men to emancipate themselves from the tyranny of the new unionism which has done so much harm in the Old Country—even to the extent of driving work abroad.

The thesis of compulsory arbitration to settle wages should be clearly stated and tested in the manner stated in Grote's *Aristotle*—see vol. 2, pp. 63,64. He says, "You ought to test every thesis by first assuming it to be true, and then by assuming it to be false, and following out the consequences on both sides."

If it is fair for one trade it is fair for every avocation. Take the case of domestic servants who on this continent probably are nearly a million. Their wages have nearly doubled in our time without combinations or strikes. What would the fair sex say on being told : "Mrs. Smith, your husband gets what we and your servant consider to be a reasonable income ; we there-

fore, at the instance of Bidy, order you to pay her twice as much as you now pay her?" The meekest of women would rebel against such tyranny. At such a time there would be no chance of "entertaining an angel unawares." The absurd and unjust results of such a law must be apparent to all sensible persons.

When wages are unnaturally forced up, outsiders are unduly attracted, with the result that there are too many men seeking for work. This was the case with the old coal-strikes in England. Workmen complained in the *London Times*—corroborating official statistics—that ultimately there were one-fourth too many seeking employment. The same effect resulted from the great dock strikes in London.

If compulsory arbitration is to be agitated for, let the thesis be stated clearly so that all can understand ; but don't blow hot and cold. Its absurdity could be very easily shown. Yours, etc.,

FAIRPLAY RADICAL.

Toronto, August 6.

THE TRANSMIGRATION OF JOKES.

To the Editor of The Week :

Sir,—The instances of the transmigration of jokes given by Mr. F. Blake Crofton in your issue of the 27th ult. are very interesting. The subject is one, the pursuit of which leads to much curious information. I will add one to Mr. Crofton's list in the hope that he will trace it to its *fons et origo*. It has reference to the modern Yankee yarn of a traveller who boasted of an enormous cabbage he had seen until his story was capped by a man who had seen a huge cauldron in which to boil it. Yankee yarn, forsooth ! Read the following : "Every one knowes the tale of him, who reported hee had seen a cabbage under whose leafes a regiment of souldiers were sheltered from a shower of raine : Another who was no traveller (yet the wiser man) said, hee had passed by a place where there were 400 brasiers making of a cauldron, 200 within, and 200 without, beating the nayles in ; the traveller asking for what use that huge cauldron was ? he told him, sir, it was to boyl your cabbage."

I copy the above from Howell's 'Instructions for Forreine Travell,' A.D., 1642. As the story begins, "every one knows the tale." It was evidently an old one then. Who was the author of the original tale ?

Yours truly,

WM. TRANT.

Cotham, Assa., 8th August, 1894.

ART NOTES.

George Inness, who died the other day in Scotland, was one of our best-known landscape painters. Though a pupil of Regis Giguoux, and in his early days addicted to the mannerisms of the old Hudson River school he quickly struck out a new and broader way for himself, and was one of the few men of the last generation who understood and welcomed the influence of the modern French school in landscape. The change seems to have been the result of a visit to Italy, the scenery of the Campagne, especially, having made a strong impression on him. On his return he painted several views of the neighborhood of Rome and Florence, remarkable for breadth of effect, vigor of coloring and carelessness of detail. He had a strong imagination, not always properly supported by memory ; hence he did much that is

obviously defective in parts, though, as a rule, well composed. His studies from nature were usually of passing effects of cloud and storm, and in that sort of work he had few equals. He was unhappily fond of crude greens, chrome yellow and other colors difficult to harmonize, and this makes some of his best canvases repellent to many who would otherwise be among his admirers. Of late years these defects were notably less apparent, and he devoted himself to effects of light and atmosphere, in which he was very successful. "A Winter Morning, Montclair," which was shown a few years ago at the National Academy of Design, is one of his best pictures. The hilly foreground, covered with snow, the purplish distance and the pale blue sky give a quiet harmony of tone which is not commonly to be found in his work, and the peculiar quality of the atmosphere on a fine winter day is exceedingly well rendered. Of a number of works shown more recently, "Sunset on the Lake" is an ambitious and not wholly unsuccessful attempt to paint the effects of shadowy forms of houses, trees and figures, seen against the blinding light of the east just before sundown. A "Moonrise," painted about the same time, is a view of a village street, with the moon rising in a sky of wonderful depth and transparency. Among others of his best pictures are his "Pine Grove," broad Italian landscape, with a dark grove of pines in the middle distance ; "Niagara," an "American Sunset," which was shown at the Paris exhibition of 1867, and a "View near Rome," with the castle and bridge of St. Angelo seen over across the Tiber. Mr. Inness was born at Newburgh, N.Y., July 1, 1825, and was for a long time a resident of Montclair, N.J., where he found many of the subjects of his more recent pictures. He was elected a member of the National Academy of Design in 1868.—*The Critic*.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

Mr. Louis C. Elson, in a book on "Musical Humbugs," combats the view which obtains in many minds that "anybody will do to teach a beginner." It is a fact frequently forgotten that the child-mind, as being further removed from that of an adult, is so much the more difficult to understand. It is absolutely necessary for teachers to have some grasp of psychology. This may be acquired through actual experience, or it may be gathered from study. Better still it may be the result of both practical experience and theory. But this fact must impress itself on every teacher, viz., that his general knowledge of other minds is based very largely on introspective analysis. The teacher has only *one* mind from which he may gain *direct* knowledge of mental phenomena. That mind is his own. His own thinking itself becomes the object of his thought. The more nearly other minds approximate in culture to his own, the more easily can he communicate with them. It may be doubted if children are introspective, and if they are, they are not able to record the results of their analysis. It happens, then, that the knowledge of child-mind is inferential, and so the more difficult to acquire. It is therefore necessary to secure the most skilled teacher for the youngest pupils, the teacher who can best communicate with a mind in which the factors, though similar to those present in his own mind, are crude and undeveloped. And he has to guard carefully against the

Acc. 17th, 1894.]

pre-supposition of knowledge and interest which are entirely absent. A new fact is only of value when it can in some way be brought into connection with past experiences. The teacher's difficulty, then, is to find out what are those past experiences, so that he may bring new features into connection with them. Why is it then that our teachers, if one may judge by text-books, almost always begin at the wrong end? It is almost invariably to begin with a definition, whereas the definition is only a way of summing up a large experience. The scales should be taught before ever the definition of a scale can be of value to the pupil, and though text-books may be admirable for securing success in examination, and though they may be useful after a considerable experience of the subjects with which they deal, yet there is a strong tendency to use them indiscriminately, and at far too early a stage in the pupil's progress. The best teacher is certainly needed for the youngest pupils, but it is by no means necessary to secure the best musician. The question of teaching is not sufficiently considered. Though it does not demand so much knowledge of music to teach music to a child as to an advanced student, it certainly demands a greater knowledge of the art of teaching. The two things are quite separate.—*Musical News.*

LIBRARY TABLE.

THE SIGN OF FOUR. By Conan Doyle. London: Longmans, Green & Co.; and New York: 15 East 16th Street.

Mr. Conan Doyle needs no introduction to novel readers either on this or the other side of the Atlantic. Mr. Sherlock Homes has also been introduced to us before, and it is with the analytic acumen of this gentleman that the novel before us deals. Mr. Homes is always interesting and always brief; his analysis is perhaps hardly so subtle as that of the celebrated M. Le Coc, but then it is given in a minimum of phrases. For the rest, if one reads "The Sign of Four" at all, one reads it without stopping. The interest never flags from the first page to the last.

CHURCH WORK: ITS MEANS AND METHODS. By the Lord Bishop of Manchester. Price 3s. nett. London and New York: Macmillan. Toronto: Copp, Clark Co. 1894.

Bishop Moorhouse delivered the addresses contained in this volume at successive visitations of his diocese during a good many months. Few men are better qualified, by experience and successful labour, to speak on the topics here handled. Incumbent of an important parish in Paddington, then Bishop of Melbourne and now Bishop of the great diocese of Manchester, he has had an unusually varied, clerical and episcopal life; and the result, to some extent, is seen in the volume before us. Utterances more sound, manly, devout, seldom proceed from the episcopal bench, and we are assured that no clergyman will study them without being the better for them. Among the subjects treated, seventeen in number, we may mention the Lord's Supper, the Lord's Day, Preaching, Catechizing, the Sunday School, Rate Aid to Voluntary Schools, the Old Testament.

THE ELEMENTS OF METAPHYSICS. By Paul Denissen. Price 75 cents on paper. Macmillan's Colonial Library. Toronto: Copp, Clark Co. 1894.

This volume, intended as a sort of text book for lecturers on Metaphysics, has already obtained a considerable circulation, and has passed into a second edition. Nor can we wonder at this; for, apart altogether from the

particular opinions of the writers, we have seldom examined a manual on this subject which is clearer and more interesting. On one point we think it proper to say that we entirely dissent from Dr. Denissen, namely, in his opinion that Kant, and especially Kant developed by Schopenhauer, speaks the last word in philosophy, and that his distinction between phenomena and the thing-in-itself, clears up all our difficulties. It is needless here to say more than that this is the very point at which we leave Kant, the "rift within the lute," which destroys the harmony of his system. At the same time the volume is useful, valuable and interesting, and in one respect gives information not generally furnished in text-books of this kind, namely, the parallels of Indian philosophy to the teachings of the Westerns.

A VALIANT IGNORANCE. By Mary Angela Dickens. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co., Ltd. 1894.

Under this very attractive title, one of the burning topics of the day, the question of individual responsibility versus inherited tendency, is powerfully dealt with. It is impossible to read the book without being forcibly reminded of Ibsen's "Ghosts," indeed the authoress herself, by a reference to that drama in one of her chapters, seems to suggest the association of ideas. Valiant indeed is the life-long battle which the unfortunate mother wages, according to her lights, against the awful fate which hangs over her boy; and not the least pathetic part of it is the inevitable effect which her misguided policy—followed out with almost superhuman heroism according to the inherent laws of her own character—produces on the young man's nature. The anguish she experiences when, as a natural result of her training and environment, Julian, instead of giving her his confidence, presents to her that impenetrable mask of conventional ease and good breeding with which it has been the aim and object of her entire life to hide all real emotion in herself, is depicted with great truth and originality. The contrast, at the conclusion of the story, between the conventional morality of the woman of the world, consistent with itself to the very end, and overlaid so deeply with shams, customs, and traditions as to be incapable of any but its out point of view, and the clear, pure-eyed vision of an innocent, uneducated girl, fresh and untainted by any worldly wisdom, seeing, as by inspiration, straight to the vital point of things, is vividly and powerfully presented, and cannot fail to leave a strong impression on the reader's mind. But we are nevertheless compelled to respect the unwavering courage, the suffering, the life-long devotion of the unhappy mother, and when, at the end, we take leave of her heart-broken, dying, crushed by the sense of failure, it is with profound pity and sympathy for a nature which could endure so much in following out its ideas, ignorant and mistaken though they were. The book is a fine study, its tone is pure, healthy, and free from the morbid tendency which prevails so largely at the present day, and no one need fear that the time devoted to its perusal will be lost.

ADELINE GRAY. A TALE. By Hampden Burnham, author of "Canadians in the Imperial Service." For sale at the News Companies. Price 25 cents, 8vo, paper, pp. 135.

If we are not mistaken this is Mr. Burnham's first essay into the realms of fiction. The author is already well and favourably known to all who take an interest in contemporary Canadian literature by his biographies of Canadian soldiers and sailors. It will be with no little interest accordingly that readers will take up the present romance. In taking up "Adeline Gray," one is at once struck by the extreme and refreshing simplicity which pervades its every part—its plot, its characters, its scenes, its incidents, even its style; and with this simplicity is joined a purity of tone, an absolute avoidance of that sensationalism which to-day we see in so many works of

fiction. So conspicuous are these two qualities and so healthy is its tone that we venture to think its author had youthful as well as mature readers in his mind as he wrote, and it certainly will appeal to the refined and unsophisticated imagination of many a boy and girl.

The tale of "Adeline Gray" introduces us to many different parts of the world. The scenes in which the heroine plays her part open at a rural town of Sussex in England, then shifts to a village in the South of France; while the marvellous exploits, escapes, and hardships of the hero carry us all the way to Afghanistan, and from thence through the forests of Africa, from the western coasts to the banks of the Nile. The plot is the ever-interesting one of three hearts, one feminine, two masculine. How these three are related, what hopes or disappointments each experiences, how the problem of their fate is worked out, these we shall not spoil the story by revealing.

Mr. Burnham's tale cannot be altogether acquitted of some of the faults which seem inevitable to the earlier attempts of an author to produce a work of fiction. It is difficult, for example, to understand quite how the detailed narration of the hero's exploits in Afghanistan and of his travels in Africa develop the plot. It may be that these are introduced for the purpose of developing the character. But should not both ends be attained by a single process? However, subtle questions as to development of plot and character may be left to other critics; we prefer here to point out how absolutely free is "Adeline Gray" from the sensationalism—or worse—with which so much of our modern fiction abounds.

KATHARINE LAUDERDALE. By F. Marion Crawford. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: The Toronto News Company.

A book with F. Marion Crawford's name on it is always welcome to the great majority of readers. Experience has taught us to expect something new from him with each book or series of books that he brings out. He knows that the public will tire of sameness, and he has carefully studied to give us annually something fresh. We have had him delighting us with such noble souls as the hero and heroine of "Dr. Claudius;" with the attractive mysticism that seems to breathe through Indian life and character in "Mr. Isaacs;" with the finely worked romance of "A Woman Singer;" with the ghastly tragedy of "Greifenstein;" with the scholarly representation of great bygone souls in "With the Immortals;" and so on through endless variety; and now once more, in "Katharine Lauderdale," he deals with a theme as yet untouched by him, and a life that is more interesting than the life in any of his other works, as it is near enough to us to have the charm of personal understanding. The book is an exceedingly unusual one. It is a piece of New York life, and a very small piece at that. The characters are almost limited to one family, the Lauderdals, and in the four hundred pages before us a little less than five days of their existence are given us. But so skilfully is the work done that we feel we know them all more intimately than many characters whom we have traced from childhood to mature years. There is little, almost no attempt at story interest; in fact the book is but a fragment, and leaves us with a yearning desire to know what became of the characters; and Mr. Crawford will no doubt enlighten us in the course of six months or a year with an equally brilliant novel. The life depicted is life that the author evidently knows at first hand, the life of the four hundred, and the club life of New York city. At first the Lauderdale family, with all its ramifications, is a little difficult to grasp, but as we get into the book the threads become untaugled, and are easily followed. The book is not without its defects. It is difficult to understand why Mr. Crawford should have introduced Katharine's tendency towards Romanism, suggestive of ideas more appropriate to some of his Italian novels, and apparently bearing out very slightly on the development of the story. Again, her very

urgent appeal to Ralston to marry her at once and secretly is another unusual piece of work, but then Katharine is an unusual young woman. These, however, are but faint blemishes. The book is a most charming one and the reader's interest is sustained to the very last page. The conversations are brilliant and entertaining; that in Chapter XXV, between Griggs, the artist, and Crowdie, the painter, is a particularly fine piece of work, and on the whole the book is quite worthy of its author's reputation.

PERIODICALS.

Littell's Living Age for the 4th of August contains some interesting gleanings from the current reviews, including a critical paper on Dante and Tennyson, which appears in *Temple Bar* from the pen of Mr. Francis Thackeray. The translation of "The Dean of Killerine" is continued in this issue.

E. Ellsworth Carey commences the August number of "The *Oerland Monthly*" with a little romance entitled "Kaala, the Flower of Lanai." "Four Women Writers of the West" are discussed in an appreciative tone by Mary J. Reid. "Two City Girls' Experiences in Holding Down a Claim" is the rather alarming title of a Montana Pastoral by L. G. M. Smith. Charles Howard Shinn makes some good observations in his paper entitled "Among the Experiment Stations," but to our taste the most interesting paper in the number is the continuation of that entitled "Building a State in Apache Land," by the Hon. Charles Debret Poston, formerly representative of Arizona when a Territory, at Washington, subsequently leader-writer on a London daily, and a writer of wonderful power and force. The issue also contains other readable matter.

Chapters V. to VII. of that seemingly most readable novel "The Adventurers" make their appearance in the August *Temple Bar*. "Kismet" is the title of some verses by William Woodward, which are something more than pretty. "A West-End Physician" is the title of an extremely well written sketch of an impressive personality. "The Last Fight in Armour" is a well told incident "from the forthcoming work, 'The Marshals of Napoleon,' by Colonel Phipps." Elliott Lees writes some good lines entitled "Experto Crede." A short but interesting contribution to this issue is "William Collins, Poet, a Study." Mrs. Andrew Crosse writes a paper on the "Records of an All-Round Man," which is very well worth reading. The issue contains other able contributions, amongst which may be noticed the charming tale from the Russian, "Snow Blanche."

Speaking of "The New Christian Socialism," a writer in the July *Quarterly* observes: "Ye must be born anew. The regenerated individual influences society. This, in our opinion, is the Christian method of social regeneration." Another very interesting paper in this issue is that on "English Castles." "Iceland To-day" is an article for the most part devoted to facts and figures, but here is a touch of speculation: "The fuel subject is indeed a 'burning' one. But we cannot help thinking that in her illimitable water-power (not to speak of wind-power) Iceland possesses stores of light and heat, that the electrical key of an Edison could unlock." Dr. Pusey is the subject of a carefully written and discriminating article. "Latin Poetry of the Decline" is treated in this issue very evidently from the standpoint of a Virgilian to whom the "After Bloom" of the decadence is little better than a stain. The following according to this writer is the worst line in Latin poetry:

"Orbitas omni fugienda nisu."

And this the best:

"Sunt lacrimae rerum et mentem mortalia tangunt."

Amongst other excellent contributions to this number we would call particular attention to those on "Irish Folk-Lore" and the "Old Haileybury College."

LITERARY AND PERSONAL.

Mr. Gladstone's translation of the Odes and "Carmen Sæculare" of Horace will be published in September or October next.

Mr. T. Wemyss Reid, editor of the *Speaker*, and author of "Charlotte Bronte, a Monograph," and other good books, has been knighted by the Queen.

The last work on which the late Sir Henry Layard was engaged was the condensation of his "Early Adventures" into one volume, of which he has just finished the revision.

Messrs. T. Y. Crowell & Co. have in press for immediate publication a complete edition of the poetical works of Sir Walter Scott, in two volumes, illustrated, with introduction by Professor Charles Eliot Norton.

Charles Ashton, a constable of Dinas Mawdduy, Wales, is known as the "Literary Policeman." He has written a "Life of Bishop Morgan," a "Bibliography of Welsh Literature" and several other learned works.

The literary historian Herr Heinrich Duntzer, who celebrated last week his eighty-first birthday, has completed an exhaustive monograph on J. H. Merck, who exercised such a remarkable influence on the development of Goethe's genius.

Professor Fiske is lecturing at Oxford this summer on "Virginia and Her Neighbors," and will repeat the course before the Lowell Institute next year. Eventually, the lectures will make a new volume in the author's history of America.

Rudyard Kipling has four books in preparation: a second series of "Barrack-Room Ballads," a second series of "Jungle Stories," and two other volumes of short stories. One of these will consist of sketches which have not appeared in any periodical.

In our last issue, under the head of "Library Table," by a printer's error, we regret to observe that the review relating to *Katharine Lauderdale* appears to have been misplaced and that intended for *A Valiant Ignorance* improperly inserted in lieu of it.

A circular signed by 105 members of the House of Commons, has been sent to the editors throughout England, asking them to cease to demoralize the people by reporting sensational cases of immorality or brutality, and in other ways appealing to the sensual nature of man.

Mr. Bliss Carman, Canadian poet, who was formerly literary editor of that great American paper, the *Independent*, and assistant editor of *Current Literature* in New York, has recently been appointed editor of *The Chap-Book*, the literary periodical published by Stone & Kemball in Chicago.

It is said that on the fly-leaf of an old volume of Emerson's works, accidentally picked up by Professor Tyndall at an old book-stall—a volume which first made him acquainted with the writings of the New England seer—are inscribed these words, "Purchased by inspiration."

The large body of literature attributed to Paracelsus will shortly be published in unabridged form in two volumes in London, under the title, "The Hermetic and Alchemical Writings of Paracelsus." The text from which the translation has been made is that of the Geneva folio of 1658 in Latin.

The *Eclectic Magazine* for this month reproduces in full Mr. Arnold Haultain's article entitled "Mayfair and the Muses" which first appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine* for June. It would be interesting to know what arrangement exists between the New York *Eclectic* and the English magazines from which it culls matter with which to supply its own pages.

Professor Maspero's great work on "Les Origines," treating of Egypt and Chaldea, will appear some time in the autumn, simultaneously in Paris, London, and New York. It will consist of over eight hundred pages, copiously illustrated with drawings and maps made expressly for the work. The English translation, edited by Professor Sayce, will be published by the S.P.C.K.

Henrik Ibsen, the Norwegian author, loves to keep his hair in disorder. This is said to be his one vanity. He always carries a little toilet case, says a Danish writer, containing a looking-glass and a comb, attached to the lining of his grey hat. He often removes his hat to look into the mirror to see how his hair is lying. If it is not rough enough to suit his fancy, he uses the comb to give it the requisite tangle.

It is interesting to learn that Leonardo da Vinci's "Codice Atlantico," which contains 1,750 writings and drawing by this celebrated man, is at last to be published, presumably by private subscription, in 35 parts, each containing 40 heliotype plates of reproduction, together with a double transcription of the text and notes. The entire work will be printed on special hand-made paper. U. Hoepli is the publisher who has been entrusted with this great Italian work.

Oliver Wendell Holmes said recently of Hawthorne's well known diffidence: "It was always an adventure whether one would succeed in enticing Hawthorne into anything like communicative intercourse. He went his solitary way through life like a whale through the crowds of lesser fishes in the sea. You might stand in your boat and hurl your harpoon at him as he passed—it was hit or miss. If you succeeded in bringing him to, he was genial enough company for a while in his abstracted Olympian way. If you missed him, you would hardly have another chance for a year."

"The Untempered Wind," by Miss Joanna N. Wood, a new Canadian author of promise, will be issued soon by J. Selwin Tait & Sons. It is a picture of American village life and character. The same house issues a new novel by John Strange Winter, entitled "A Seventh Child," in which this versatile author introduces as heroine the seventh child of a seventh child. "Before the Gringo Came," by Gertrude Atherton, a number of stirring stories of old California, is also ready for issue by Messrs. Tait. They announce the fourth edition of the Sandow book in the form of a cheaper unabridged volume.

The Boston *Home Journal* has the following note on Sala's home: George Augustus Sala, journalist, novelist, traveller and many-sided man of the world, lives in a beautiful home in London, to the furnishings of which he has devoted the larger part of his princely income for many years. The rooms in which he receives his visitors are filled with books in fine and costly bindings; rare and beautiful bits of art in bronze, marble and oil; valuable mementos of the many

famous men whose friendship Mr. Sala had enjoyed, and out-of-the-way curios reminiscent of the journeys which have taken him to all parts of the world. Mr. Sala's home has long been his favorite hobby, and he has gratified his hobby to the full.

The sword carried by General Wolfe at the taking of Quebec is for sale. One of the owners of this interesting weapon, according to our contemporary the *Ottawa Citizen* was an inhabitant of Ottawa, the late Mr. Stuart Derbyshire, for many years Queen's printer, and formerly a member of the Legislative Assembly of Canada for Bytown. Mr. Derbyshire gave it to Major, afterwards Lieutenant-Colonel, Dunn, of the 100th Regiment, on his departure from Canada in 1858. Major Dunn, it will be remembered, was at Balaklava, and won the Victoria Cross for bravery. He was a native Canadian. On his death, in 1868, the sword passed to his brother-in-law, Mr. Thurlow Dowling, of the War Office, and it is now in the possession of the son of that gentleman. We hope that arrangements may be made by which the most interesting relic may find a resting place in Canada.

"The most pleasant feature of the advance in female education," says a writer in *The Sketch*, "has been that we are finding ladies who have a distinctive style and a sense of the value of words. Often they go wrong and take tinsel for gold, and speak of what they do not know; but even failure in a good cause is hopeful. Ill-chosen finery betokens a higher ambition than mere slovenliness; and in time our female novelists will learn, as some have learnt, to study the dictionary, as Gautier advised his disciples, and to learn that the preposition 'to' does not rightfully follow the adjective 'different.' There are some words and phrases that connote an inadequate literary education. 'Different to' is one specimen. 'To prefer * * * than' is another terrible combination. 'Sphinx' with a γ is another test-word, so is the dreadful locution 'weird-like.' I wish that 'tyro' were also recognized as a miss-spelling; but here corrupt usage has had its way, and the name rightly belonging to an obscure heroine of Greek legend has usurped the place of the good Latin *tyro*. Perhaps 'Sphynx' will be forced on us by printers, who verily 'persecute us without a cause.'"

READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

THE WORLD IN ARMOUR.

THREE SONNETS ON THE EUROPEAN OUTLOOK.

I.

Under this shade of crimson wings abhorred
That never wholly leaves the sky serene,—
While Vengeance sleeps a sleep so light,
between
Dominions that acclaim Thee overlord—
Sadly the blast of Thy tremendous word,
Whate'er its mystic purport may have been,
Echoes across the ages, Nazarene:
Not to bring peace Mine errand, but a sword.
For lo, Thy world uprises and lies down
In armour, and its Peace is War, in all
Save the great death that weaves War's dreadful crown;
War unennobled by heroic pain,
War where none triumph, none sublimely fall,
War that sits smiling, with the eyes of Cain.

II.

When London's Plague, that day by day enrolled

His thousands dead, nor deigned his rage to abate
Till grass was green in silent Bishopsgate,
Had come and passed like thunder,—still,
'tis told,
The monster, driven to earth, in hovels old
And haunts obscure, though dormant, lingered late,
Till the dread Fire, one roaring wave of fate,
Rose, and swept clean his last retreat and hold.
In Europe live the dregs of Plague to-day,
Dregs of full many an ancient Plague and dire
Old wrongs, old lies of ages blind and cruel.
What if alone the world-war's worldwide fire
Can purge the ambushed pestilence away?
Yet woe to him that idly lights the fuel!

III.

A moment's fantasy, the vision came
Of Europe dipped in fiery death, and so
Mounting reborn, with vestal limbs aglow,
Splendid and fragrant from her bath of flame.
It fled; and a phantom without name,
Sightless, dismembered, terrible, said: "Lo,
I am that ravished Europe men shall know
After the morn of blood and night of shame."
The spectre passed, and I beheld alone
The Europe of the present, as she stands,
Powerless from terror of her own vast power,
'Neath novel stars, beside a brink unknown;
And round her the sad Kings, with sleepless hands,
Piling the faggots, hour by doomful hour.

—William Watson, in *The Spectator*

THE SUICIDE OF A SERPENT.

Are venomous serpents susceptible to their own poison? In other words, what would be the result if one of them should happen to bite himself—would it kill him? Indeed, it would.

I remember seeing that very thing happen once, when I was in the northern part of Wyoming, north of the Rattlesnake range of mountains. We had been making a survey for a waggon road from Rawlins, a town on the Union Pacific Railroad, northward to Fort McKinney, and had finished the work and were returning, and had reached the place I have described. The region seemed to be wholly given over to the occupancy of prairie dogs, burrowing owls and rattlesnakes. I never saw so many snakes anywhere except in the swamps of Louisiana during an overflow. You could see them crawling about in all directions, and they were constantly springing their rattles in the glass under foot, and frightening our horses, for you know a horse fears these creatures quite as much as a man does. In riding along I happened to see a particularly large rattler, sunning himself on a spot of bare ground, and tried to ride up near enough to strike him with my quirt. But my horse was afraid, and I could not make him approach the snake. I did not blame him very much either, for the old *Crotalus* threw himself into a coil, raised his head, sounded his rattle and prepared to assume the offensive as soon as he saw us. Finding that I could not reach him with my short quirt, I rode over to one of the waggons, and got from the driver his long four-in-hand whip, and with this I returned to the snake. I found him about where I had left him, and when he saw me tried to run away. They are sluggish creatures, however, and cannot go very fast.

I had a fancy to tease him a little, and I swung the whip so that the end of the lash in falling would tap him gently on the nose. As soon as he felt it, he snapped back like a watch spring into a coil, sounded his war note, and turned his head quickly from side to side to discover his enemy, his forked

tongue darting incessantly from his mouth. I was some 20 or 30ft. away, keeping perfectly quiet, and he did not appear to notice me at all. I fancy their range of vision must be very short. After a few minutes, he lowered his ugly head to the ground and prepared to glide away in another direction. I let him get fairly started, and then tapped him as before, and again he coiled to strike. This was repeated a number of times. The snake always started away in a new direction only to meet that uncomfortable and exasperating little tap. After each stroke he would prepare to fight and would look in vain for his assailant; and with each encounter his anger seemed to increase.

At last, having tried unsuccessfully every avenue of escape, he became beside himself with rage. His rattle buzzed incessantly. He raised his head nearly half his length above the ground, and swayed from side to side. His eyes glittered like jewels, and his forked tongue flashed from his mouth like miniature lightning. His head became broad and flat, and his whole body seemed to swell with venom. Suddenly, in an excess of fury, he turned his head, and with the force of a swinging blow of his neck, like the down stroke of a sabre, he drove his fangs into his own body. He kept his hold and did not withdraw his fangs. His body writhed and twisted for an instant, and his muscles contracted violently once or twice. Then his head sank down, the fire faded from his eyes, his coils relaxed, and he was dead.

I was astonished. I did not think it was possible that the poison could be so instantly effective in a creature of such sluggish circulation.

There can be no mistake about it, he meant to kill himself, and he did it, too. Of the last I have the most satisfactory proof, for I picked him up and examined him carefully from one end to the other.

There was not a mark (save the bite) or a bruise on him. The light strokes that he had received from the whip were not enough to hurt him, still less to kill him, yet he was dead; for I put him in my saddlebag and carried him to camp, and then skinned him and I am sure he could not play possum through all that.

Yes, he bit himself with malice aforethought knowing perfectly well what the effect would be; and his act can only be regarded as the suicide of a serpent.—*Forest and Stream*.

SANITY AND LITERARY ART.

In reading Homer, Dante, Shakespeare and Goethe, one is constantly impressed not only with a range and power of these great artists, but with their sanity and health. The supreme authority in the realm of art resides as much in their clearness of vision as in their artistic quality; they were essentially sound and wholesome natures. They had the fresh perception, the true vision, the self-control of health. The world was not distorted or overshadowed to them; they saw it as it was, and they reported it as they saw it. Health is, indeed, one of the great qualities of the highest art, because veracity of mind and of emotion depends largely upon health, and veracity lies at the base of all enduring art. To the reader of contemporary books Homer is the greatest of antiseptics; after so many records of diseased minds, so many confessions of morbid souls, the "Odyssey" is

whiff of air from the sea borne into the suffocating midsummer atmosphere of a city street. To exchange Marie Bashkirtseff's "Journal" for the great epic of the sea is like coming out of some vaporous tropical swamp into the sweep of the ocean currents, free airs blowing from every quarter, and the whole stretch of sky visible from horizon to horizon.

Vitality, the power to live deeply and richly, is perhaps the surest evidence of greatness; to be great one must have compass and range of life. The glorious fullness of strength which prompts a man not to skirt the shore of the sea of experience, but to plunge into its depths, has something divine in it; it confirms our latent faith in the high origin and destiny of humanity. The ascetic saints, about whose pale brows the mediæval imagination saw the halo slowly form, were noble in self-sacrifice and heroic purity; but there will come a nobler type of goodness—the goodness which triumphs by inclusion, not by exclusion; by mastering and directing the physical impulses, the primitive forces, not by denying them. For the highest spiritual achievement is not for those who shun life, but for those who share it, and the sublimest victory is to him who meets all forces in the open field.

The men and women whose judgment of the nature and value of life has any authority are few; for the phenomena of life are manifold, and most men and women have neither the mental grasp, nor the range of knowledge, nor the breadth of experience requisite for a mastery of these phenomena. Other men and women are disqualified to pass judgment upon life because they are too constantly subject to moods to see clearly and to report accurately what they see; and a deep dispassionateness lies at the foundation of all adequate judgment of life. For obvious reasons, the testimony of the diseased mind is untrustworthy; it is often deeply interesting, but it has no authority. The "Journal" of Marie Bashkirtseff has a peculiar interest, a kind of uncanny fascination, because it is the confession of a human soul, and everything that reveals the human soul in any phase of experience is interesting; but as a criticism of life the "Journal" does not count. The novels of Guy de Maupassant have a great charm; they are full of a very high order of observation; they are true works of art; but they are misleading interpretations of life, because they were the work of a man of diseased nature—a man of distorted vision. Beauty of form does not always imply veracity of idea; and while beauty has its own claim upon us, the ideas which it clothes have no claim upon us unless they are the product of clear vision and sound judgment. It is one of the tragic facts of life that a thing may be beautiful and at the same time poisonous; but we do not take the poison because it comes in a beautiful form. We are too much the prey of invalidism; we give too much credence to hospital reports of life. We need more Homers and Scotts, and fewer Rousseaus and Bashkirtseffs. We need to rid ourselves of the delusion that there is any distinction about disease, any rare and precious quality in morbid tastes, temperamental depression and pessimism. The large, virile, healthful natures, who see things as they are, and rise above the mists and fogs of mood, are the only witnesses whose testimony about life is worth taking, for they are the only witnesses who know what life is.—*Hamilton W. Mabie in the Outlook.*

PUBLIC OPINION.

Hamilton Spectator: Judging from the press comments on the police of New York, Chicago, Buffalo and other United States cities, the American public stands very badly in need of being protected from its protectors.

The Montreal Herald: Li Hung Chang is called the Bismarck of China and Jacob Broennum Scavanius Estrup the Bismarck of Denmark. Who, oh! who shall be the Bismarck of Canada; shall it be Mackenzie Bowell, or John Costigan; Clarke Wallace, or our own J.J.?

The Ottawa Citizen: The weakness of the American system of government which excludes the members of the Cabinet from Congress, is conspicuous at present. Mr. Cleveland, instead of judging his party on the floor of the House can do nothing but write letters or hold private interviews with individual followers.

The Hamilton Herald: The *Globe* has a commissioner in Montreal writing up the French-Canadians, and he has made the important discovery that a good many French-Canadians speak English. If he keeps his ears open conscientiously and uses his eyes to good purpose he will discover also that the French-Canadians are French first and Canadians afterwards—and a considerable distance afterwards at that.

The Montreal Gazette: The *Toronto Globe*, commenting on the year's work of the British Columbian sailing fleet, says the sealers who have put in claims for damage through the closing of Behring Sea will have some difficulty now in proving them. It adds that "the claims might be amended to call for compensation for failure to close the disputed waters in past years, and the consequent prosecution of the fisheries in a less favorable region than that now frequented." The theory that Thompson's and Tupper's blunders and failures before and in the Paris arbitration tribunal had practically destroyed a growing Canadian industry seems to have been officially retired from service.

St. John Globe: Over thirty seats are protested in Ontario on charges of bribery, corruption and intimidation at the last election. All parties are affected. This is calculated to give one a low idea of the political morality of that highly educated province. But many, if not all, of these protests are part of the election schemes. The protests are not entered so much for the purpose of purifying electoral contests as to play one charge against another so that matters between the parties may be evened up at the right time. The laws against bribery are presumably put upon the statute book in the interests of morality. They are used in the interest of party, and benefit the lawyers more than they do the public. As at present operated, they are not worth retaining, for if, in spite of all such laws, one-third of the Ontario constituencies are corrupt some other means of stopping corruption than ineffective laws should be tried.

¶ On great occasions it is almost always woman who have given the strongest proof of virtue and devotion; the reason is, that with men the good and bad qualities are in general the result of calculation, while in women they are impulses springing from the heart.—*Montholon.*



CROSS-GRAINED, sour, irritable, so that the whole world seems wrong. That's the way you feel when your liver is inactive. You need Doctor Pierce's Pleasant Pellets to stimulate it and correct it, and clear up your system for you. You won't mind the taking of them—they're so small and so natural in their effects. All that you notice with them is the good that they do.

In the permanent cure of Biliousness, Jaundice, Constipation, Indigestion, Sour Stomach, Dizziness, Sick or Bilious Headaches, and every liver, stomach, or bowel disorder, they're guaranteed to give satisfaction, or the money is returned.

Don't tinker at your Catarrh with unknown medicines. It's risky and dangerous. You may drive it to the lungs. Get the Remedy that has cured Catarrh for years and years—Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. The makers guarantee it to cure, or benefit, in the worst cases.

THE WIND.

Sea sands that lie
Lonely and bare beneath the wintry sky,
What mighty symphony, what vast emotion,
Sweeps o'er thee from the ocean?

Ne'er have I known,
Not when the blue-eyed Spring
By stillest mountain pools was wandering,
When palest lilies on the steepes were blown,
And the dim wood with madrigals resounded,
A rapture so unbounded!

The rain clouds gather darkly in the west
Till all the world is robed in sombre gray;
The swift gull wheels above her rocky nest;
The breakers moan away;
But through the rising storm my heart rejoices,
Moved by the wild-wind voices!

—*Martha T. Tyler, in Lippincott's.*

SERVICE AT RIDEAU HALL.

Who would not be a domestic servant at Rideau Hall just now? It is, of course, pure fiction to say, as some have done, that their Excellencies give up their drawing-room to the servants once a week, and also dine with their entire household. But it is a fact that the Haddo Club, which includes Lord and Lady Aberdeen and every member of the household, down to the humblest of the servants, holds classes in the evenings from 6 to 7.30 two or three times a week in wood-carving, French, painting, singing, and needlework. Mr. Gordon, the military secretary, and Mrs. Gordon are the instructors in the art of wood-carving; Lady Aberdeen herself superintends the sewing class, and the singing is conducted by Miss Wettermann, Lady Marjorie's governess, and consists of glees and pretty cantatas. Every Thursday evening an entertainment is given in the ball-room, generally a concert. Perhaps the most enjoyed of these entertainments was one when "David Copperfield" was presented, with Lord Aberdeen as the ever-sanguine "Micawber," waiting for "something to turn up," and Lady Aberdeen as the good-natured "Pegotty," Lady Marjorie Gordon as "Aunt Betsey," the Hon. Dudley Gordon as "Mr. Dick," while "David Copperfield" fell to the Hon. Archie Gordon.—*Canadian Gazette.*

Where no interest is taken in science, literature and liberal pursuits, mere facts and insignificant criticisms necessarily become the themes of discourses; and minds, strangers alike to activity and meditation, become so limited as to render all intercourse with them at once tasteless and oppressive.—*Mme. de Stael.*

Professional.

SCIENTIFIC AND SANITARY.

Educational.

A. M. ROSEBROUGH, M.D.
EYE and EAR SURGEON.
 137 CHURCH STREET, TORONTO.

CHAS. LENNOX & SON,
DENTISTS.
 CONFEDERATION LIFE BUILDING,
 COR. YONGE & RICHMOND,
 TORONTO.
 Telephone, 1846.

MR. J. D. A. TRIPP,
CONCERT PIANIST and TEACHER,
 Only Canadian pupil of the great composer and pianist, MOSKOWSKI. Concert engagements and pupils accepted.
 TORONTO CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC
 AND 20 SEATON ST.

MR. W. E. FAIRCLOUGH, F.C.O., ENG.
 ORGANIST AND CHOIRMASTER ALL SAINTS' CHURCH, TORONTO.
Teacher of Organ, Piano and Theory
 Exceptional facilities for Organ students. Pupils prepared for musical examinations. Harmony and counterpoint taught by correspondence.
GLEBE ROAD OR TORONTO COLLEGE OF MUSIC.

MR. W. O. FORSYTH,
 Teacher of piano playing and composition. Pupil of Prof. Martin Krause, Prof. Julius Epstein, and Dr. R. Jadassohn. Modern Principles—Hand Cultivation (technic) and musical intelligence developed simultaneously. Pupils are expected to study diligently and with seriousness.
 Toronto Conservatory of Music, and 112 College St. Studio for private lessons, room 2, Nordheimer Building, 15 King St. E.

WALTER H. ROBINSON,
SINGING MASTER AND CONDUCTOR
 Gives INSTRUCTION IN VOICE PRODUCTION
 Pupils received for study of Musical Theory.
 Open to accept engagements as Tenor Soloist at Concerts.
 Concerts directed.
 Studio—Care R. S. WILLIAMS & SON, 143 Yonge St.

MRS. & MISS DRECHSLER-ADAMSON,
VIOLINISTS.
 Will receive a limited number of pupils at their residence, 67 BLOOR ST. EAST.


J. LEWIS BROWNE,
 (Organist and Choirmaster Bond St. Cong. Church)
CONCERT ORGANIST
 Pupils received in Organ, Piano, Harmony and Instrumentation. 130 MUTUAL STREET.
 Reception hours 3 to 5 p.m. daily.

DONALD HERALD, A. T. C. M.,
TEACHER OF PIANO,
 Conservatory of Music, or 271 Jarvis St., Toronto.

MR. A. S. VOGT,
 ORGANIST AND CHOIRMASTER JARVIS STREET BAPTIST CHURCH.
 Instructor of Piano and Organ at the Toronto Conservatory of Music, Dufferin House and Moulton College.
 Residence - - - 605 Church Street.

MR. V. P. HUNT
 Pupil of Dr. Carl Reinecke, Herr Bruno Zwintser, etc., of Leipzig, Germany. Pianoforte teacher at the Toronto Conservatory of Music, Musical Director of the Ontario Ladies' College, Organist Zion Congregational Church. Teaches Piano, Organ, Harmony.
 Address Toronto Conservatory of Music
 Or Residence, 104 Maitland Street.

MISS DALLAS, Mus. Bac.
 Fellow of the Toronto Conservatory of Music, Organist Central Presbyterian Church. PIANO, ORGAN AND THEORY. Toronto Conservatory of Music and 99 Bloor Street West.

 **A. McLaren, Dentist**
 243 Yonge Street,
 First Class \$10.00, Sets teeth for \$5.00.

Keep Minard's Liniment in the House.

The so-called raft spider is among the largest of the British species. It receives its name from the fact that it constructs a raft of dry leaves and rubbish united by threads of silk, and thus pursues its prey on water.—*Boston Journal of Commerce.*

A special mouthpiece for public telephones is being introduced in Germany with the object of avoiding the spread of diseases carried by the condensed moisture of the breath. A pad or a large number of disks of paper, with a hole in the middle, is inserted in the mouthpiece, and the upper disk of paper is torn off after every conversation.—*Electricity.*

Certain species of ants make slaves of others. If a colony of slave-making ants is changing the nest, a matter which is left to the discretion of the slaves, the latter carry their mistresses to their new home. One kind of slave-making ants has become so dependent on slaves, that even if provided with food they will die of hunger unless there are slaves to put it in their mouths.

The success of Austin Corbin's 28,000-acre game preserve in New Hampshire has stimulated English sportsmen and naturalists to form a plan for the construction of a similar preserve in South Africa. It is proposed to inclose 100,000 acres and stock it with game, such as giraffe, zebra, eland, gnu, koodoo, and other antelopes, many of which animals are threatened with extinction by the indiscriminate slaughter of too enthusiastic hunters.

R. J. Grosse has just registered a trade mark in Germany for a new thermometer, in which toluol is substituted for the mercury and alcohol that have been employed up to the present. The advantages of such substitution are claimed to be many. In the first place, toluol is a liquid of a deep black color, which renders the column very visible; in the second place, the freezing point of this liquid is very remote from its boiling point, and, finally, it costs less than mercury, and the manipulation of it is attended with no danger to the health of the workmen.—*Die Natur.*

Dr. Vaughan Harley, of London, has found that sugar is a great promoter of muscular power. He added 200 grammes to a small meal which increased the total amount of work done from 6 to 39 per cent. Sugar (250 grammes—about eight ounces) was now added to a large mixed meal, when it was found not only to increase the amount of work done from 8 to 16 per cent, but increased the resistance against fatigue. As a concluding experiment, 250 grammes of sugar were added to the meals of a full diet day, causing the work done during the period of eight hours to be increased 22 to 36 per cent.

J. A. Lintner, the entomologist of the State, has issued a circular about the cicada. Six distinct broods of the insect are known. The cicada with which we are now afflicted has been designated as the "Hudson River brood." Its northern limit is in the vicinity of Schuylerville and Fort Miller (Saratoga and Washington Counties), and thence its territory extends south along both sides of the Hudson to its mouth, east to New Haven in Connecticut, and west across the north part of New Jersey and into Pennsylvania. The State Entomologist admits that comparatively little is known about this pest.—*New York Tribune.*

BISHOP STRACHAN SCHOOL
 FOR
YOUNG LADIES
Michaelmas Term Begins Sept. 5th.

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

UPPER CANADA COLLEGE
 (FOUNDED 1829.)

A fully equipped residential Boys' School. Besides the Classical and Science Courses, for which the College has long been famous, a thorough Business similar to the one adopted by the London (England) Chamber of Commerce is now taught—eight exhibitions entitling the winners to free tuition are annually open for Competition. Winter Term begins January 8th.
 For Prospectus apply to
 The PRINCIPAL, U. C. COLLEGE,
 DEER PARK, TORONTO

ALBERT COLLEGE,
 BELLEVILLE, ONT.

SPLENDID RECORD of six candidates for Senior Matriculation. All were successful. Candidates prepared for Teachers' certificates, Diplomas awarded in Commercial Science, Music, Fine Arts, Elocution. Will reopen Thursday, September 6th, '94.
 For calendar address,
 PRINCIPAL DYER, M.A., D.D.

An important paper has been issued in England, bearing the signatures of the archbishops and all the bishops of the church of England save one, against the proposed disestablishment of the Church in Wales. The paper characterizes the proposal of the Government as an attempt to dismember the Church. The bishops see in the movement a step toward disestablishment in Great Britain, and they are not slow to use every resource in their power to prevent its being taken.—*Outlook.*

416 Sherbourne St., Toronto,
 March 20th, 1894.

Dear Sirs,—
 "It is with great pleasure that I bear testimony to the efficacy of your Acetocura. Owing to a chill I was suffering great pain from a severe attack of toothache, and my gums were also very painful and much inflamed. Knowing from previous experience the effects produced from Acetocura, I was assured that the nerves, causing the trouble, could be relieved and soothed. The acid was first applied, as directed in your pamphlet, at the back of the head, until a smarting flush was produced, and then over the temporal muscle immediately behind the ear, with the Acid diluted. After the application there was little pain, and this mainly owing to the gums being in such an inflamed condition. I then fell into a refreshing sleep which lasted until morning and awoke to find the pain gone and the inflammation in the gums much reduced.

"My wife, who suffers from severe headaches, has also derived much benefit by applying the Acid to the top and back of the head, and using the spray producer, which has a refreshing effect on the forehead."
 Yours truly, ALEX. COWAN.
 COURTS & SONS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Marquis of Lorne is said to have written the libretto of an opera, which Hamish MacCunn will set to music.

A bill providing for the payment of members of Parliament will be introduced by the Government at the next session.

Brazilian Bishops are advised by the Pope to establish charitable associations for laymen, and use their influence in politics.

The Hungarian Government will try to enforce the colonizing of gipsies, of whom there are said to be 270,000 in the country.

Enrico Lucchesi, the Anarchist who was arrested in Corsica three weeks ago, charged with the murder of Editor Giuseppe Bandi, of Leghorn, has confessed his guilt.

Chicago, Ill., U. S. A., Oct. 13th, '93.

Gentlemen,—I find your Acid Cure, but I do not find your pamphlet. I expect to use your Acid Cure extensively this winter, in practice.

DR. R. O. SPEAR.

COURTS & SONS.

A wire message from New York to Auckland traverses a length of line of 19,123 miles, nearly three-fourths of which is submarine cable. It has to be repeated or rewritten fifteen times. The longest cable is between America and Europe, say 2,800 miles, and the longest land line is across Australia from Port Darwin to Adelaide, 2,150 miles.—Philadelphia Press.

The amount of railroad stock paying no dividends during the year was \$2,859,334.572, being 61.24 per cent of the total stock outstanding. Of stocks paying dividends, 5.25 per cent of the aggregate stock paid from 4 to 5 per cent, 11.62 per cent paid from 5 to 6 per cent, 5.24 per cent paid from 6 to 7 per cent, and 5.32 per cent paid from 7 to 8 cent. The total dividends paid was \$11,929,885.

The religious union of Christendom can never be established on dogma, nor can it be secured through liturgies or politics. These unite men to a certain extent, but just as surely divide them. The union which is most possible is that which is most desirable; namely, a union of spirit of ideal—a union seeking to embody Christianity as a life, as a spiritual force made manifest in different forms and organizations, but producing the same fruit.—Christian Register.

South Africa bids fair to hold second place among the world's gold producers this year. The May output of the Transvaal mines shows an output above that of the past year. The total output of the Witwatersrand mines for the five months ending with May was equivalent to 650,000 fine ounces of gold, indicating a possible production of about 1,600,000 fine ounces for the present year. Other mines are being opened up in new districts.—Age of Steel.

The exportation of beef has greatly enlarged in late years, although the total for 1893 was decidedly reduced in comparison with several years previously. In 1890 the total reached 389,000,000 pounds, the maximum recorded; for ten years ending with 1892 the annual average was 261,000,000 pounds; in 1893 it was 290,000,000 pounds, having a value of nearly \$25,000,000; the annual average exports for ten years ending with 1892 was \$21,000,000.—Cincinnati Price Current.

A GRATIFYING RESULT.

The ten-year investment policies of that thriving home institution, the North American Life Assurance Company, Toronto, Ont., which have been maturing the past three years, have afforded the holders in every case abundant satisfaction. The following is but one of the many letters the company has received from holders of its matured investment policies:—

"Seattle, Wash., May 15, 1894.

"Wm. McCabe, Esq., Managing Director North American Life Assurance Company, Toronto.

"Dear Sir,—I am in receipt of your check, No. 127, on the Union Bank of Canada, for the sum of \$300.52, being the cash value of matured ten-year investment policy No. 1887, issued on my life in 1884. The cash result of this policy is most pleasing and has equalled my expectation. I understand that the result of this policy, like those on your ten-year investment policies, which have been maturing for some years past, is in excess of what you are now holding out to intending insurers as probable results.

"The total amount that I have paid in premiums for the ten years is \$322.50, thus the cost to me, not considering interest of the \$1,000 insurance, has been but \$2.20 per year for each \$1,000. This I consider to be a very favorable result. Truly yours, P. J. Shannon."

Three thousand three hundred and forty-one ships, of 7,659,000 tons, passed through the Suez Canal in 1893, yielding \$68,000,000 in dues. Three thousand and eighty-two of the ships, or 92½ per cent, passed through by night. As to the nationality of the vessels, the English were 2,405, German 272, French 190, Dutch 178, Austro-Hungarian 71, Italian 67, Norwegian 50, Ottoman 34, Spanish 29, Russian 24, Portuguese 10, Egyptian 5, American 3, Belgian 1, Brazilian 1, Japanese 1.

CHILDREN WHO SUFFER

from scrofulous, skin or scalp diseases, ought to be given Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, for purifying the blood. For children who are puny, pale or weak, the "Discovery" is a tonic which builds up both flesh and strength. What is said of it for children applies equally to adults. As an appetizing, restorative tonic, it sets at work all the processes of digestion and nutrition, rouses every organ into natural action, and brings back health and strength. In recovering from "grippe," or in convalescence from pneumonia, fevers, and other wasting diseases, it speedily and surely invigorates and builds up the whole system.

For all diseases caused by a torpid liver or impure blood, as Dyspepsia and Biliousness, if it doesn't cure in every case, the money is returned.

From a commercial point of view the new South of to-day is a quarter of a century in advance of the South of ten years ago. Where ten years ago cottonseed went to waste, to-day 500 cottonseed mills are transforming this waste into a handsome income for the cotton planter. These mills exported during the year ending May 2, 1894, \$41,033,000 worth of cottonseed oil; \$6,084,200 worth of oil cake and meal, and \$5,203,675 worth of other grades of oil. This industry alone adds about \$53,000,000 annually to the wealth of the South.—Kansas City Times.

The mere power of saving what is already in our hands must be of easy acquisition to every mind; and as the example of Lord Bacon may show that the highest intellect cannot safely neglect it, a thousand instances every day prove that the humblest may practice it with success.—Dr. Johnson.

THE JUDGE'S STORY.

Hon. John M. Rice Tells How He Was Cured of Sciatica Rheumatism—Crippled for Six Years.

The Hon. John M. Rice, of Louisa, Lawrence county, Kentucky, has for many years served his native county and state in the legislature at Frankfort and Washington, and until his retirement was a noted figure in political and judicial circles. A few days ago a Kentucky Post reporter called upon Judge Rice, who in the following words related the history of the causes that led to his retirement: "It is just about six years since I had an attack of rheumatism, slight at first, but soon developing into sciatica rheumatism, which began first with acute shooting pains in the hips, gradually extending downward to my feet. My condition became so bad that I eventually lost all power of my legs, and then the liver, kidneys and bladder, and in fact my whole system became deranged. I tried the treatment of many physicians, but receiving no lasting benefit from them, I went to Hot Springs, Ark. I was not much benefited by some months stay there, when I returned home. In 1891, I went to the Silurian Springs, Wakeshaw, Wis. I stayed there some time, but without improvement. Again I returned home, this time feeling no hopes of recovery. The muscles of my limbs were now reduced by atrophy to mere strings. Sciatica pains tortured me terribly, but it was the disordered condition of my liver that was I felt gradually wearing my life away. Doctors gave me up, all kinds of remedies had been tried without avail, and there was nothing more for me to do but resign myself to fate.

"I lingered on in this condition sustained almost entirely by stimulants until April, 1893. One day I saw an advertisement of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. This was something new, and as one more drug after so many others could do no harm, I was prevailed upon to try the Pink Pills. The effect of the pills was marvelous, and I could soon eat heartily, a thing I had not done for years. The liver began to perform its functions, and has done so ever since. Without doubt the pills saved my life, and while I do not crave notoriety I cannot refuse to testify to their worth."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent post-paid, on receipt of price (50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50) by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y.

When men have become heartily wearied of licentious anarchy, their eagerness has been proportionately great to embrace the opposite extreme of religious despotism.—Whateley.

As a man loves a gold, in that proportion he hates to be imposed upon by counterfeits, and in proportion as a man has regard for that which is above price and better than gold, he abhors that hypocrisy which is but its counterfeit.—Cecil.

"Never less idle than when idle," was the motto which the admirable Vittoria Colonna wrought upon her husband's dressing-gown. And may we not justly regard our appreciation of leisure as a test of improved character and growing resources?—Tuckerman.

At the recent annual meeting of the Flax Supply Association, held at Belfast, it was stated that out of the 1,134,813 flax spindles in the United Kingdom, 846,642 are in the North of Ireland, and all are fully employed. The spindles have decreased in England and Scotland from 566,854 in 1875 to 294,363 last year, while the number in Ulster has been maintained almost without diminution. The total exports of yarn last year realized £1,005,355, and of linen £4,778,996.—Boston Manufacturers' Gazette

QUIPS AND CRANKS.

Ethel: Do you allow Charles to kiss you when you are not engaged to him? Maud: It isn't an allowance. He calls it a perquisite.

"I notice that you always sit at your wife's left, Mr. Meggs." "Yes," frankly returned Mr. Meggs, "that's the side her glass eye is on."

Mrs. Henpeck (soliloquizing): It is when I read of Solomon's many wives that I begin to doubt the great wisdom he is said to have had.

Young Gotnix (sadly): I saw a sign in a window down the street that exactly described my condition. Jinks: What was it? "Cash girl wanted."

Jones: I walked ten miles to help a man poorer than myself. Brown: Well, what did you get for that act of charity? Jones: Blisters on my heels.

A doctor was asked what he would do first in the case of a man who was blown up by gunpowder. "I should wait until he came down," he replied.

What is the difference between a donkey in the possession of the Shah and a spiteful accusation? The one is a Persian ass and the other is an aspersion.

The borrower has evidently a high regard for cleanliness. He generally treats his friends to a little "soft soap" before he begins to "sponge" upon them.

Daughter: The Count comes of a very old family, papa. Papa: Yes, I know. His father and mother kept an ice-cream stall, and both lived to be past ninety.

Mrs Bungle (looking at card left by insurance agent): I don't 'old with a man putting on 'is card that 'e's a gent. If 'e thinks 'e is a gent, 'e should let people find it out.

"Who is that raw-boned fellow who nodded to you as he passed us?" "Oh, he does hack work for a living." "A journalist?" "No; he's a professional football player."

"I shall certainly join the Women's Volunteer Medical Corps, John. But I don't like the name—it doesn't sound military enough." "Why not call yourselves the lancers, dear."

Pat was trying on a new pair of boots, and they were rather hard to get on. "Bedad," says he, "I shall never be able to get these boots on till I've worn them a time or two."

Hawkes: Hullo! I've got to leave to-day because I haven't paid my rent for over a year. Brown: Funny! Just my case. Hawkes: Oh, well then, just exchange lodgings, then.

Mrs. Newrich (back from honeymooning in Switzerland): Do you remember that lovely gorge up in the mountains, Arthur? Mr. Newrich: I do. It was the only square meal I ate in Switzerland.

"Hullo, old boy! Heard you're going to be married—a fine girl, too, eh?" "Well, yes, she has a very comely figure." "Oh, but that's aside from the question. How about the incomely figure?"

Bertha: This is the very day to ask papa's consent, Arthur. Arthur: Why? Is he in good humour? Bertha: No; he's frantic over my dressmaker's bill, and will let you take me off his hands at once.

"Say, waiter, I reckon you've taken my order all wrong. I ordered a spring chicken and a bottle of '71 claret; I think from the quality of the goods, you've brought me a '71 chicken and a bottle of spring claret."

Foreman: (of the *Sharptown Star*)—I see you've marked the paragraph about water-melons being in our midst for the editorial page?

Editor: Well, and what if I have?

Foreman: Don't you think it would be safer to put it between the pain killer and Jamaica ginger ads?

"Can't you stay a little while longer?" asked the criminal, as his friend was about to leave. "No, Bob, I haven't time to-day." "Well," said Bob, "take some of mine; I've got ten years more than I want here."

A Shiny Feature: Dear Creature (speaking metaphorically): The absurd Maud Forsyth can't see an inch beyond her nose. The Other Dear Creature (speaking spitefully): Perhaps she is dazzled by its brilliance.

Dr. M'Sikker: Hech, man Fobson, but ye maun be the vera happiest man i' a' creation! Fobson (flattered): Why, doctor? Dr. M'Sikker: For why? Sure, because ye're in love wi' yersel', an' ye hae no a rival on earth, laddie.

Little Ethel: Johnny took my banana. Mother: Johnny! what do you mean—It was all in the game, mamma. I said: "Let's play Broadway," and she said "All wight," and so she got a table for a banana stand, and then I was a policeman and walked past.

French has, as I am told, become a popular study at the night schools which are now so general throughout the country, for the purpose of what is called "higher education." At a recent examination a young lady was asked the English equivalent for "pas deux." She promptly replied: A father of two.

"By the way, Miss Hanby—I meant to tell you last Sunday to meetin'—ye know that last lot o' sugar you bought o' me?" "Do I? Waal rather. Made a cake with it, an' all the family took sick." "Well, I forgot to tell ye. It was rat pizen ye took, stead o' sugar; an' it's fi' cents more a pound."

"How far is it to Worcester, mum?" "We don't harbor tramps here." "I ain't no tramp, mum. I'm one o' them Hartvard stugents, an' I bet \$17 an' me return ticket on de foot ball match at Springfield on de crimson." "Say no more. Come in and have dinner with us, poor fellow!"

"Josiar," said Farmer Cornrossell's wife, "the roof's a-leekin' agin." "Is it? Well, I'll investigate it ter morrow." "Josiar"—and she spoke with something like asperity which was not usual with her—"I don't read the newspapers fur nothin'. Whut thet roof wants ain't investigation. It wants tendin' to."

A braw and bonnie laddie from Banffshire, says a Scotch paper, who visited London for the first time, was much exercised in his mind at seeing some policemen signalling to each other by flashing their bull's-eye lanterns. The following conversation ensued between him and a Londoner whom he accosted in the street. Laddie (piano): Fat is a' thae loonies daein' wi' the wee bits o' lichties? Londoner: I beg your pardon, sir. Laddie (forte): Fat is a' thae loonies daein' wi' the wee bits o' lichties? Londoner: How much? Laddie (fortissimo): Fat is a' thae loonies daein' wi' the wee bits o' lichties? Londoner: Get out, you bloomin' Portuguese!

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

FOR INTERNAL AND EXTERNAL USE.

Instantly stops the most excruciating pains, allay inflammation and cures congestions, whether of the Lungs, Stomach, Bowels, or other glands or mucous membranes.

ACHES AND PAINS.

For headache (whether sick or nervous), tooth-ache, neuralgia, rheumatism, lumbago, pains and weakness in the back, spine or kidneys, pains around the liver, pleurisy, swelling of the joints and pains of all kinds, the application of Radway's Ready Relief will afford immediate ease, and its continued use for a few days effect a permanent cure.

Strong Testimony of Emigrant Commissioner, the Hon. George Starr, as to the power of Radway's Ready Relief in a Case of Sciatica, Rheumatism.

VAN NESS PLACE, NEW YORK.

DR. RADWAY—With me your Relief has worked wonders. For the last three years I have had frequent and severe attacks of sciatica, sometimes extending from the lumbar regions to my ankles, and at times to both lower limbs.

During the time I have been afflicted I have tried almost all the remedies recommended by wise men and fools, hoping to find relief, but all proved to be failures.

I have tried various kinds of baths, manipulation, outward application of liniments too numerous to mention, and prescriptions of the most eminent physicians, all of which failed to give me relief.

Last September at the urgent request of a friend (who had been afflicted as myself), I was induced to try your remedy. I was then suffering fearfully with the one of my old turns. To my surprise and delight the first application gave me ease, after bathing and rubbing the parts affected, leaving the limbs in a warm glow, created by the Relief. In a short time the periodical attacks approaching a change of weather, I know now how to cure myself, and feel quite master of the situation. RADWAY'S READY RELIEF is my friend I never travel without a bottle in my valise.

Yours truly, GEO. STARR.

INTERNALLY—A half to a teaspoonful in half a tumbler of water will in a few minutes cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Nausea, Vomiting, Heartburn, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Sick Headache, Diarrhoea, Colic, Flatulency and all internal pains.

Malaria Cured and Prevented.

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 READY RELIEF.

25 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists

RADWAY & CO.,

419 St. James Street, Montreal.

Ask for Minard's and take no other.

ACETO-CURA

FOR NERVOUS AFFECTIONS & RHEUMATISM.

May 2nd, 1894.

MY DEAR SIRS,—I may say that I have used your Acetocura with great results in my family. It has given great relief, especially in Nervous Affections and Rheumatism, and I can confidently recommend it to any troubled with these complaints.

I am, yours truly,
J. HENDERSON, M.A.,
Principal of Collegiate Institute,
St. Catharines.

To Coutts & Sons,
72 Victoria street, Toronto.

Pamphlet Free on Application to COUTTS & SONS, 72 Victoria St., Toronto.

POET-LORE

THE MONTHLY MAGAZINE OF LETTERS.
196 Summer St., Boston.

JUNE—JULY, 1894.

- SAGA LITERATURE. *Johannes H. Wisby.*
THE SAGA OF THORSTEIN STAFF STROKE. From the Icelandic, by *J. H. W. Archibald MacMechan.*
THE IDYLL OF A NORTHERN RIVER. *Archibald MacMechan.*
A MODERN DANISH POET: Einar Christian sen. *Prof. Daniel Kiham Dodge.*
THE TORTURE BY HOPE. *Villiers de V Isle Adam.*
A RUSSIAN PIETIST: Feodor Dostoyevski. *Arthur L. Salmon.*
THE ASTRONOMICAL SCIENCE OF MILTON AS SHOWN IN 'PARADISE LOST.' *Prof. Maria Mitchell.*
LITERATURE AND THE SCIENTIFIC SPIRIT: May there be a Science of Aesthetics? *Prof. L. A. Sherman.*
A BRIEF DEFENCE OF CRITICISM. *Carolyn B. Lamont.*
SHAKESPEARE'S OPENING SCENES AS STRIKING THE KEYNOTE OF DRAMATIC ACTION AND MOTIVE. II. *Charles W. Hodell.*
CLOUGH AND EMERSON. Papers of the Philadelphia Browning Society. *F. H. Williams.*
THE ART AND MORAL OF IBSEN'S 'GHOSTS.'
BOOKS OF LITERARY AND AESTHETIC CRITICISM. C.—Recent British Verse. *P.*
NOTES AND NEWS. Browning's "Sagacious Swede." *Prof. Hiram Corson.*

YEARLY, \$2.50. This double number, 50 cents.

Order of your local book-seller or dealer, or of the Publishers.

POET-LORE CO.,

196 Summer Street, Boston.

Her Majesty's Table Water
By Appointment.



GODES-BERGER

A natural mineral water highly approved by Her Majesty, the Queen of England's medical advisers, also by numerous leading physicians in London and throughout the world.

Dr. C. Finkelnburg, Professor and Member of the Imperial German Sanitary Office, writes:—"The Godes-berger Natural Mineral Water may, on account of its pleasant taste, and easiness of digestion, be continuously used as a Table Water, and is a refreshing and wholesome drink. It is to be HIGHLY RECOMMENDED."

For sale by all first class Wine Merchants, Hotels, Chemists and Restaurants.

Str. Garden City.

—DAILY—

- Leaving Toronto for St. Catharines:
Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, Fridays at 7 p.m.
Wednesdays and Saturdays:
Special cheap Excursion, only 50 cents, at 2 p.m. and 10.30 p.m.
Leaving St. Catharines for Toronto:
Wednesdays and Saturdays at 8 a.m. All other days at 7 a.m.
Leaving Toronto for Wilson Park, N. Y.:
Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Fridays at 10 a.m. Telephone 235.
A. COWAN, Manager Str. Garden City.

INCORPORATED 1888 TORONTO HON. G. W. ALLAN PRESIDENT

CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC

COR. YONGE ST. & WILTON AVE.

University Affiliation for Degrees in Music.

Artists' and Teachers' Graduating Courses. Scholarships, Diplomas, Certificates, Medals, Equipment, Staff and Facilities Unsurpassed.

ALL BRANCHES OF MUSIC TAUGHT, FROM RUDIMENTS TO GRADUATION.

Free tuition in several departments. Pupils received at any time, Many "Free Advantages" for Students.

CONSERVATORY SCHOOL OF ELOCUTION, (H. N. Shaw, B.A., Principal.)

Elocution, Oratory, Voice Culture, Delsarte and Swedish Gymnastics, Literature, etc.

CALENDAR of 132 pages, giving particulars of all departments mailed free.

EDWARD FISHER - Musical Director.

PENINSULAR PARK HOTEL

BIG BAY POINT - LAKE SIMCOE.

This beautiful Summer Resort (nine miles from Barrie) opened on

Monday, June 18

Beautiful playgrounds for children, Lawn Tennis Courts, Boating, Bathing and Fishing. The house has all the latest modern improvements, including electric lighting, and will be under the most careful management. Table unsurpassed. Rates reasonable. For terms apply—M. MCCONNELL, 46 Colborne St., Toronto; and Manager, Peninsular Park Hotel.

PATENT AGENCY

Wilson, Killman & Co.,

General agents for the sale of Patents and Novelties. Head Office, 19 Yonge St., Arcade, Toronto. Patents bought, sold and protected. L. F. Hayde, Attorney at Law for the firm, W. J. Graham, Patent Solicitor for the firm

NIAGARA FALLS LINE STEAMER

Empress of India

Daily at 7.40 a.m. and 3.20 p.m., from city wharf, foot of Yonge street (west side), for

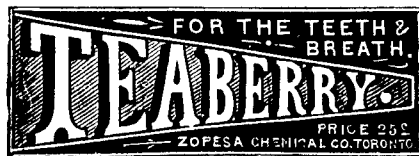
St. Catharines, Niagara Falls, Buffalo, Rochester, New York

and all points east and south. This is the only steamer connecting with railway at Port Dalhousie. Family books for sale, 40 trips for \$8. Low rates to excursion parties.

Tickets at all G. T. R. and principal ticket offices, and at office on wharf.

Free Art Galleries.

The Society of Arts of Canada, Ltd., is an institution founded to create a more general interest in art. The Society has large galleries in Montreal and Toronto as well as Free Art Schools in both these cities. They have about 150 artist members and sixty of these are exhibitors at the Paris Salon. The paintings in these galleries are sold at artists' prices and the Society also holds a drawing weekly in which the public may take part on payment of 25 cents. Canada is too young a country to rely entirely upon sales of good paintings and hence the privilege is given to this Society to hold distributions. If a painting is not drawn the sender has the satisfaction of knowing that the 25 cents will assist in maintaining the free galleries and free schools. Scrip-holders are entitled to purchase the paintings of the Society at 5 per cent. reduction. A postal card sent to Mr. F. E. Galbraith, 108 King St. West, Toronto, will send you all information.



Minard's Liniment is used by Physicians.



Parisian Steam Laundry
67 ADELAIDE ST WEST
PHONE 1127.
Shirts, collars and cuffs a specialty. Mending done free.
Established 1873.
E. M. MOFFATT, Manager.

RECENT WORKS BY MISS A. M. MACHAR

ROLAND GRAEME, KNIGHT. Fords, Howard & Hubert, New York; W. Drysdale, Montreal; Williamson Book Co., Toronto. Cloth \$1.00; Paper 50 cents.

MARJORIE'S CANADIAN WINTER: STORIES OF NEW FRANCE. D. Lothrop Co., Boston; Williamson Book Co., Toronto. Cloth \$1.50.

J. YOUNG,

(ALEX. MILLARD)

THE LEADING UNDERTAKER.

Telephone 679.

347 YONGE STREET.

H. STONE & SON,

UNDERTAKERS

Corner Yonge and Ann Sts.

Telephone 931.

THE WEEK

AND

EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTIONS.
(Universities, Colleges and Schools.)

THE WEEK

claims superiority over every other Canadian Journal as a medium for advertising

EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTIONS.

THE WEEK

—a journal for educated men and women—is without a rival in Canada.

HENCE

THE WEEK

is taken and read by all who are interested in the intellectual development of

CANADIAN YOUTH.

THEREFORE

THE WEEK

is the journal in which to advertise

EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTIONS.

THE WEEK

5 JORDAN STREET,

TORONTO, CANADA.