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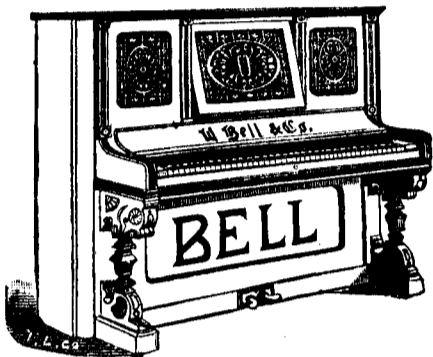
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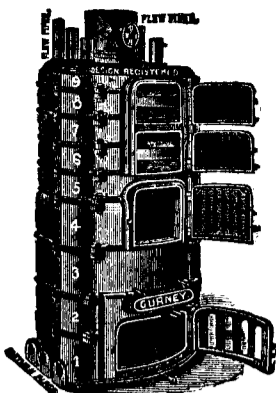
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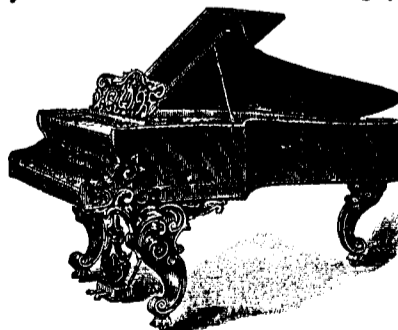
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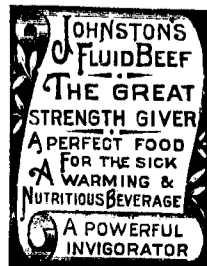
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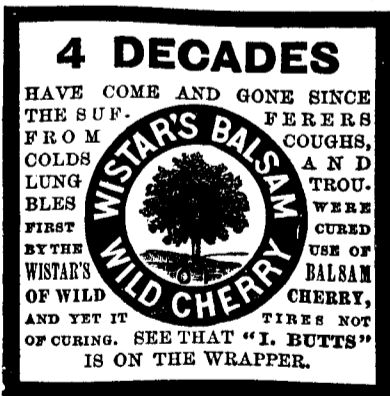
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All articles, contributions, and letters on matters pertaining to the editorial department should be addressed to the Editor, and not to any other person who may be supposed to be connected with the paper.

COMPLAINT has been made from time to time in the Legislature and out of it, in regard to the peculiar method now followed in Ontario in the publication of school text books. Most of our readers knew, we suppose, that in the contract between the Minister of Education and the publishers of these text-books is a clause providing that the price of any such book may be determined by arbitration between the parties to the contract, but few, we venture to say, were aware that such an arbitration has been going on until they saw the published deliverance of the arbitrators. The *Empire* says: "The appointment of arbitrators was quietly made, their meetings were held without public notice and in private, no reporters were present, and even, as we understand, the evidence of witnesses was under the seal of secrecy." If this be true, as in the main it undoubtedly is, it is surely a strange method of procedure in a democratic country and under a popular Government. One of the chief safeguards of the people in regard to both public legislation and the administration of justice is publicity. The proceedings of the Legislature are open to the public. The courts are open. Every citizen is entitled and enabled to know the facts and reasons on which the laws he is compelled to obey are based. If a man is apprehended and tried on a civil or criminal charge, the public is not satisfied, no matter what its confidence in the judges, with learning the verdict; it demands the fullest opportunity for knowing the exact evidence and arguments which led to conviction or acquittal. Can it be supposed, then, that complaint will be silenced and confidence established in regard to a matter which directly affects the pocket of almost every ratepayer, with the mere pronouncement of a small board of arbitrators, whose inquiries are prosecuted in private, and who do not even publish the evidence upon which their conclusions are formed? In saying this we make no reflection upon the competency and impartiality of the arbitrators, who are, so far as we know, gentlemen deserving of every confidence, but the method of procedure is a singular one to be adopted by a Liberal Administration.

THE gravamen of the hostile criticism to which the action of the Education Department in respect to the text-book business is exposed is not that the prices of the books are, as a rule, exorbitant, whatever may be the case in regard to particular books. The condemnation of the system is that it is unbusiness-like, autocratic, and prolific of opportunities for favouritism and caprice. We know of no other self-ruling Province or State in which the virtual control of the educational book trade is taken out of the hands of the publishers and placed under the hand of a member of the Government. Nor do we know of one in which the head of the Education Department, no matter what his literary acquirements and educational experience, is empowered to determine by his own absolute fiat what text-books shall be used and by whom they shall be published, and even to go to the absurd extreme of designating individual authors to prepare special text-books, which are thus virtually authorized before they are brought into existence. This system it is which, to our thinking and, we venture to say, to that of most impartial persons who have studied the question, is wrong in principle and mischievous in practice. It can be but a question of time when the educational opinion of Ontario will condemn it in no unmistakable terms, and insist on a return to safer and wiser methods—methods which will stimulate instead of crushing wholesome competition in the production as well as the publication of text-books, and no longer leave it in the power of a Government Department either to make or mar the fortunes of firms or authors. Beside these questions of principle or method the practical results of the system in specific cases are comparatively unimportant, save as illustrations. But as illustrations some of the facts brought out by the report of the arbitrators are, to say the least, suggestive, as for instance, the fact that of twelve text-books published for the Department by a single firm, at least three are published without profit, and a fourth at an actual loss, while a fifth, on the other hand, will bear a reduction of forty per cent. on the retail price. The questions suggested are many and perplexing. Why should any firm supply the people of Ontario with school-books without profit, or at a loss? Why do not the arbitrators insist on an increase of price for these books, as well as on a reduction of price for those on which the profits are excessive? Does not the arbitration rule work both ways? What guarantee have the arbitrators or the public that the best appliances for improving quality and cheapening production are used by these firms, now that the pressure of competition is removed? Why is no mention of the school readers, about which so much has been said in the Legislature, made in the arbitrator's report? We hope it is unnecessary to add that these criticisms are offered in no spirit of hostility to either the publishers or the Department, but simply in the interests of what we conceive to be sound political and educational methods.

RECENT discussions reveal a strange discrepancy in the school laws of Ontario, in so far as they bear upon the relations between Public and Separate Schools. According to the *Globe's* exposition, which is very clear and is said to have the sanction of the highest authority, the Attorney-General, the preparation of the Assessment Lists is the work of two officials, viz., the Assessor and the Municipal Clerk. The former collects and supplies the material from which the latter constructs the final lists, in accordance with which the taxes are collected and distributed between the two classes of schools. The singular and remarkable feature of the business is that these two officials entrusted with different parts of the same work, are required to proceed on quite different principles. The assessor is instructed to set down as a Separate School supporter every ratepayer whom he knows to be a Roman Catholic, or who claims to be such, or who is said by some one else to be such. The municipal clerk, on the other hand, though he uses the assessor's list in making up the roll for the collector is instructed to rate as Separate School supporters only those Catholic ratepayers who have given written notice that they wish to be so classed. Others, though they may be known to be Roman Catholics, are assessed as Public School supporters. Contradictory though these instructions are, it would appear at first thought that the Public School supporters, at least, have

nothing to complain of, as the municipal clerk's rating, coming after that of the assessor, and disregarding or correcting it in the matter specified, would work wholly in favour of the Public Schools. The supporters of the Separate Schools might, indeed, complain with apparent reason, that the clause of the law prescribing the assessor's course was delusive, seeing that the advantage thus conferred with the left hand is immediately snatched away with the right. The *Mail* points out, however, another peculiarity in the law which must go far to modify the effect of the above provisions, if indeed it does not quite turn the scale again in favour of the Separate Schools, viz., that while the notification of the ratepayer's wish to be classed as a Separate School supporter does not need to be renewed annually, that given by the one who wishes to have his name withdrawn from the Separate and placed on the Public School list has, so far as appears, not only to be annually renewed, but to be given two months earlier than the other.

RECENT announcements indicate that Premier Mercier has decided to call an autumn session of the Legislature, to be followed by dissolution and an appeal to the country. The forthcoming struggle will be watched from without with much greater interest than usually attaches to Provincial elections. The rumours of dissensions in the Cabinet and party, as well as the burning questions of race and religion whose heat has been greatly intensified by the attitude and legislation of Mr. Mercier's Cabinet, will give to the contest almost a national character. But unless the Premier fails in his accustomed astuteness, the probabilities seem altogether in his favour. The fact that he has decided to precipitate the election is adduced as a proof of his trepidation, but it may with greater plausibility be regarded as an indication of his confidence. The statement that he will propose a readjustment of the constituencies, with a view to adding eight to the present number of representatives, affords pretty good evidence that his political hand has not lost its cunning. It is quite probable that the readjustment and increase are needed to more nearly equalize the representation, but the temptation to manipulate the new divisions and sub-divisions in the interests of his party would almost surely be too great for a party leader with even higher moral standards than Mr. Mercier to resist. What a pity the Constitution had not provided some impartial machinery for determining constituencies and readjusting representation, instead of leaving it in the hands of the Government for the time being, thereby making it often possible for an unscrupulous first Minister, by a careful study of arithmetic and geography, to maintain himself in power for an unlimited period. Even should Premier Mercier, by a supreme effort of moral heroism, make the divisions with perfect impartiality, it would be forever impossible to convince his political opponents of the fact.

VICE-CHANCELLOR MULOCK, in his address at Convocation, admitted that the adoption of a general scheme of matriculation, "founded on sound principles," is desirable, and said that the Provincial University would heartily co-operate in such a scheme. Whether his dread of "denominational control" would lead him to conclude that no scheme devised and worked by a Board on which the denominational universities were represented could be founded on sound principles does not clearly appear. It may be worth while to observe that there is a somewhat important distinction between "denominational control" and control by a denomination. Nothing could be more undesirable than that the Provincial University should ever again come under the control of a denomination. It was rescued many years ago from such a position only after an arduous struggle, in which, it should be borne in mind, most of the denominations took part. They were, in fact, the chief agents in bringing about the complete secularization which makes the institution the University of the whole people. Nor should it be forgotten that some of the denominations were among the most uncompromising opponents of the subsequent movement for the partition of the University endowment. The recollection of these facts gives pretty good ground for confidence that the representatives of these bodies are not likely to inaugurate any movement looking to the undoing

of the work done by their predecessors a generation ago. While we should certainly be among the most earnest in opposing any scheme which might threaten to impair in the slightest degree the unsectarian and thoroughly national character of any of the provincial schools, from the University downwards, we cannot fail to recognize a degree of force in the contention that the other Universities of the Province, also holding their charters from the Provincial Legislature, and more or less responsible to it for the character of their work, are entitled to some voice and influence in regard to the standards of matriculation and the courses of the secondary schools which prepare for it. Nor can we quite forget that, however clear and sharp the distinction between the people and the denominations, it is still in the main true that the members and adherents of the denominations are the people, and that apart from the denominations the Provincial University would have few students or supporters.

EDUCATIONAL questions are rife this week. In the midst of all the discussions about matriculation standards, Separate Schools, French Schools, and so forth, comes the discovery that the Board of School Trustees in the great and good city of Toronto are actually requiring, as a *sine qua non* of the admission of a child to a Public School, that the parent or guardian shall certify, amongst other things, that he is a Protestant! But a dim light is thrown upon the matter by the explanation that some official or officials have taken it upon themselves to substitute "Protestant" for "supporter of the Public Schools." It is clear that some one has blundered; whether wilfully or not remains to be seen. The two terms are, happily, by no means synonymous. While it is but just that the taxes of those whose children attend the Public Schools should go for the support of those schools, it is obviously desirable, in the interests of the whole community, that every honourable inducement should be held out to Catholic parents to patronize the Public rather than the Separate Schools, instead of obstacles being placed in the way of their so doing. We feel sure that a healthful public opinion will quickly compel the removal of the odious clause from the certificate required, no matter by whom or for what purpose it may have been inserted.

NOW that these inconsistencies in the School laws of the Province have been set in so clear a light, it becomes the plain duty of the Government and Legislature to reconcile or remove them at the earliest opportunity. Nor is there room for any serious doubt as to the direction the necessary change should take. The present confusion has evidently arisen from the attempt made in the last amendment to meet the demand of the Catholic hierarchy that all members of their communion should be assumed to be supporters of the Separate schools, just as all Protestants are assumed to be supporters of the Public schools. On the surface this is somewhat plausible. Having entered into a solemn constitutional compact to maintain in perpetuity the Separate School System for the minority, the majority are bound in good faith to suffer no unnecessary obstacle to be placed in the way of its successful working. But on closer examination it will be found that the reasoning on which the claim in question is based is defective in two particulars. In the first place it rests on the false assumption that members of the Roman Catholic Church necessarily or with practical uniformity wish to support the Separate Schools, whereas, as a matter of fact, large numbers of them are known to prefer the Public Schools. In the second place, there is involved the equally fallacious assumption that the Separate Schools, because constitutionally permitted, stand to the Government and the people in precisely the same relation as the Public Schools, that they are the public schools for Catholics, just as the others are the public schools for Protestants. This, we conceive, was never intended. The so-called Public Schools are the schools of the Province. The Separate Schools are the schools of a class. The one are normal, the other exceptional. The one are for the people, the other for those who specially claim them under the constitutional provision. The case is not such that Catholicism makes one a Separate School supporter, and non-Catholicism a Public School supporter, but rather that citizenship makes every man *prima facie* a Public School supporter, unless and until he claims the special exemption which permits him to be classed as a Separate School supporter. Such, at least, unless we greatly err, will be found to be the meaning of the law and the constitution. Such surely ought to be their meaning.

THE Dominion Government has, it is pretty clear, attempted a compromise in regard to the export duty on logs. An Order-in-Council has been passed providing that all logs found to measure, inside the bark, eleven inches or less diameter at the butt end thereof, irrespective of length, when exported for piling purposes or as piling, be not subject to the export duty of \$1 per 1,000 feet board measure. Whether this will meet the usual fate of such compromises remains to be seen. There seems reason to doubt whether it will suffice to allay either the animosity of the American lumbermen who are demanding retaliatory legislation, or the fears of Canadian lumbermen dreading such legislation. Half measures are seldom very successful. If the Government made a mistake in putting the heavy export duty on logs, either through ignorance of the fact that Canada imports more logs from the United States than she exports to that country, or otherwise, it would be better to frankly admit the error in judgment by promptly repealing the Order-in-Council, than to incur danger of being compelled to do so by hostile legislation.

THE Convention which is about to meet in this city, on the call of the Citizens' Committee on the Jesuits Estates Act, will no doubt be large and enthusiastic. Our time for going to press will not admit of any comment in this issue. We may express the hope, however, that the proceedings will throw light upon a question which is now perplexing to a good many minds. We are well aware that it would be unreasonable to expect that those who enter upon a great movement of this kind should be able to see clearly the end from the beginning. That is not the way in which great reforms or great revolutions have been brought about. One clear step at a time has ordinarily and rightly been deemed sufficient. But this one step should be plainly in an onward and upward direction; not in the arc of a circle which leads one no farther from the central difficulty. The immediate end proposed in this agitation is the disallowance of the Jesuits' Estates Act. Suppose this end gained by one or other of the three methods proposed. Suppose even that the previous Act incorporating the Jesuits be also invalidated. The prospects of success in either respect seem exceedingly poor, but that does not matter. Suppose these immediate ends reached, what real advance will have been made at all commensurate with the tremendous efforts put forth? The hierarchy will still be supreme in Quebec. The Jesuits will remain in the land and go on with their work at some disadvantage, perhaps. The tithing system will continue to drain the resources of the *habitant*. The Roman Catholic Bishops will still erect and reconstruct municipal parishes at pleasure. The Separate Schools of Ontario will still flourish, and the so-called Public Schools of Quebec will remain to all intents and purposes, as they have been and are, recruiting and training schools for the Church. The reign of ignorance and superstition will continue. In a word the virus of Ultramontaniam will still remain in the country and in the constitution. Is the game, then, worth the candle? Is it worth while to organize and carry on a great crusade for the sake of spiking one or two guns of a powerful battery? Does it pay to build a huge scaffold in order to cut off one or two branches from the wide-spreading tree of race and religious sectionalism? Would not a more comprehensive and thorough movement have been both more logical and more inspiring?

IT is gratifying to learn that the loss of life in the Conemaugh Valley catastrophe was at first probably greatly over-estimated. But the sudden destruction of even five or six thousand people, should the figures be happily brought so low, is a calamity sufficiently dreadful to demand the strictest investigation. Pending such inquest it is but fair to suspend judgment as to the guilt of individuals, but it now seems only too probable that the result will be found to have been due to the astounding carelessness or parsimony of the Club to which the artificial lake belonged, and for whose pleasure it was made and maintained. The *Philadelphia Record* says that one prominent resident of Johnstown, who now mourns the loss of wife and daughter, was so convinced of the danger threatened by the reservoir that he had even tried legal measures to compel its removal, and had been laughed at as a "crank" for his pains; that an experienced engineer had, after careful examination, reported in unmistakable language that the dam was in an unsafe condition; and that one of the Club's watchmen had continued to warn the officers of the Club of the danger, until silenced by threats of dismissal. If these statements, in which names and particu-

lars are given, can be substantiated, the officers of the South Fork Club will have to render a stern account to the laws of the State and to the bereaved survivors, and a still sterner one, it must be supposed, to their own consciences. The horrors of the event seem multiplied; one can almost fancy it a mocking representation in miniature of the great tragedy of human life, when it is remembered that, whether due to culpable negligence or not, the danger was created and the catastrophe brought about, through the agency and for the gratification of a few pleasure seekers.

WE have on previous occasions discussed the startling inequality in the sentences pronounced by the courts in Great Britain, and sometimes in Canada, for criminal offences. These inequalities are of two kinds. They appear in the great differences in length of terms of imprisonment imposed in cases where the offences are similar, and in the still more astonishing disproportion often observable between the degree of heinousness of the offence and the penalty inflicted. Such occurrences as the imprisonment of mere boys for years for petty pilfering, while hardened culprits are let off with briefer terms for the most brutal assaults, especially upon wives or children, are astonishingly frequent, especially in the Old Country. The marked tendency of many judges there, and a few here, to be much more severe in punishing crimes against property than those against the person is no doubt to be explained as the outcome of an aristocratic state of society, in which the laws were originally made and administered by privileged and property-owning classes against masses whose condition was little if at all better than one of serfdom, and whose lives were regarded as of much less consequence than their masters' possessions. Akin to this feeling, and the outgrowth of a similar state of society, is the tendency to ascribe to the husband and father a kind of absolute lordship over the persons of wives and children. But whatever the origin, the fact of glaring inequalities in the awarding of sentences is undeniable, and the wonder is that such cases awaken so little resentment or remorse in the public mind. Attention has, however, at last been drawn to the subject in the British House of Commons. A motion for a Royal Commission to inquire into the matter and propose a remedy was voted down; but the suggestion of a Court of Criminal Appeal for the reviewing of evidence and revising of sentences met with considerable favour. Sooner or later some remedial legislation will no doubt be had. Meanwhile the mere drawing of attention in this way to the matter will have its effect upon courts and people. Far too much is now left, evidently, to the discretion of individual judges and magistrates. It is not easy to see why the laws may not be made more explicit in proportioning the punishment to the offence. It may even be doubtful whether any sentence beyond a few months' imprisonment should be, in any case, determined by a single individual.

IT is, on the whole, a good omen that the members of the Senate Committee of the United States on relations with Canada seem to be making an honest and patient effort to acquaint themselves with the facts of the case, so far at least as commercial relations in the West are concerned. In proportion as knowledge increases prejudice usually dies out. It cannot be doubted that the lack of accurate information has had much to do with the unreasonableness that has so often been displayed by United States Senators when matters affecting Canada came up for discussion. The members of this committee have now visited many important points along the frontier and on the Western coast, and Senator Hoar, the Chairman, is reported as saying that everywhere along the route they have been met with the expressed desire for closer trade relations. The Committee has also had an opportunity of seeing how complicated and mutually dependent the railway systems of the two countries have become, while, happily, the great centres of trade, both in the West and in the East, have expressed in no doubtful terms their resolve that their commerce should not be left at the mercy of the great railway monopolies of their own country by the adoption of any such summary legislation in respect to Canadian roads as has been urged in the interests of those monopolists. Senator Hoar is also credited with the statement that legislation of some sort on the Fisheries question must take place next session. If Congress has at last resolved, as we may begin to hope, to put national prejudice and the fear of the Irish vote aside, and set about studying international questions on their merits, the day of a friendly and fair settlement of all matters in dispute

cannot be far distant. Should that settlement be followed by a lowering of some of the barriers to profitable trade which now exist on both sides the line, it would be a sensible and profitable arrangement for both parties.

COMMENTING on the tendency of growth by the cities at the expense of the rural districts which has marked the progress of the last forty years in the United States, the *National Economist*, which is published in Washington and is the thoughtful and well conducted organ of the Farmers' Alliance and other agricultural unions, sets out to seek for the cause. It finds it in "the simple fact that the laws of the country and the regulations of society and business have made the various lines of business conducted in the cities more successful and prosperous than agricultural pursuits." "This," says the *Economist*, "is a very simple reason, but it is a good one, and is sufficient to produce the result seen. The people may always be depended upon to find and follow such lines of business as are the most profitable, and if the conditions of the country are such that effort will secure a greater reward when expended in the city than like effort expended in the country, the tendency will always be toward city occupation, in spite of the most specious arguments to the contrary. Self-interest rules the masses, and it should rule them. Any reform worthy the name should be of such a nature that it will conform to this fact before it deserves success." It may be readily admitted that the legislation referred to is one of the potent causes of the phenomenon. Confirmation of that view is afforded in the fact that the same tendency did not become marked in Canada until after the adoption of her "national policy," at a much later period. But it may well be doubted if the one cause is the only one or adequate to the whole effect. Others have combined with it. One of the most potent is, no doubt, the wonderful improvements in labour-saving machinery, and as a consequence of its growing complexity and expensiveness, the failure of the small rural and village factories, and the tendency to manufacturing on an immense scale, such as is only possible in great commercial centres. But the point to which we meant to call attention is the evidence afforded by such an organ and such writing—for the *Economist* goes on to point out the changes in legislation which must be demanded in the interests of the agricultural communities—that the farmers in the United States are becoming organized and powerful, and are bringing to bear upon legislative questions an intelligent influence which must hereafter be reckoned with, and will not fail to leave its mark upon the legislation of the future.

VICE-CHANCELLOR MULOCK AND PRINCIPAL GRANT.

AT last Principal Grant has received some sort of attention from the University of Toronto. On a very great occasion the Vice-Chancellor of the University took the opportunity of pouring out the vials of his wrath upon the Reverend Principal of Queen's, and now the battle has begun in real earnest. If the Vice-Chancellor had been a little less angry, he might have seen that he had hardly touched the points of Dr. Grant's contention. Let it be remembered that what Dr. Grant insisted upon was not more numerous or more difficult subjects of examination, but that the work should be better done; also, that there was need of concert between the Universities, that some kind of unity of action might be secured; and finally, Dr. Grant complained that no notice had been taken by the University of Toronto of the appeal of Queen's University.

As far as we have remarked Mr. Mulock takes no notice of the imputation of rudeness on the part of his University or its Senate. We are, therefore, bound to believe that, in this count, he pleads guilty, or perhaps it may be that he regards rudeness on the part of a great institution like the University of Toronto to a weaker one like Queen's to be no act of impropriety, but something, under the circumstances, quite legitimate, or even meritorious. If so, the theory can be defended neither on Christian ground, nor on the principles of ordinary good behaviour which are accepted by men of the world. However, we may let this pass. It belongs to the accidents, not to the substance, of the matter in hand.

The Vice-Chancellor finds fault with Dr. Grant in two respects. In the first place, he complains that the Principal has proposed two different ways of meeting the actual difficulty, or rather that he proposed one and immediately afterwards abandoned it in favour of another which was proposed by Professor Dupuis of Queen's. Surely this is the strangest complaint. Principal Grant made it quite

plain that he was not at all desirous of reaching his end by any particular method, but only of reaching it. If there were difficulties about his first proposal, he was quite willing that something simpler or better should be devised. Only let us get quit of our present evils, and any lawful method of accomplishing this deliverance may be accepted. It is rather hard upon Dr. Grant that this readiness of his to give up his own proposal should be imputed to him as an offence.

The Vice-Chancellor complains that the original suggestion of Principal Grant, that the Universities should combine to devise some common scheme which they might together carry out, would be, in effect, to place a large portion of the education of the country "under denominational control;" and the most terrible results might be expected to ensue; for that control might be extended "until the whole system should have passed beyond the reach of the people's responsible representatives, and have become an element of discord among our people to the destruction of the whole system." We are a little sorry to draw attention to these remarks, because they show temper on the part of the speaker; and indeed the whole speech was evidently prepared and delivered under a feeling of irritation. It is really nothing less than absurd to draw such inferences from the very natural suggestion of the Principal. There was not the least necessary connection between his proposal and the denominational usurpation of power which the Vice-Chancellor seems to have anticipated. But at any rate, the proposal seems now to be abandoned, so that there was no necessity for dwelling upon its dangerous character, except for the purpose of having a fling at an adversary.

With regard to the proposition of Professor Dupuis, we will only say here that it seemed to us, on the whole, a scheme that might be worked quite easily and most usefully. In some of its details it might be modified; but, in its general design, it would certainly have the good effect of putting an end to all these unseemly squabbles as to the comparative standards of the different Universities. It does not seem of much use, for the present at least, to discuss it further, as the University of Toronto appears to have retired upon its papal *Non possumus*. The Vice-Chancellor is good enough, however, to wind up this part of his philippic with the asseverance: "Far from this University opposing the adoption of a general scheme founded on sound principles, I may say that it would heartily co-operate in order to the attainment of so desirable a result." It is impossible to say how much or how little these words may signify. We are quite sure that if the University of Toronto will honestly act in the spirit of them, Dr. Grant will cheerfully endure the rough handling to which he has been subjected at the hands of Mr. Mulock.

In the second part of his address the Vice-Chancellor proceeds to carry the war into the camp of the enemy; and to prove that it is the Queen's standard and not the University which is the lower. There is a great appearance of sincerity and *bona fides* about this part of the Vice-Chancellor's oration; and yet the fallacy involved in his argument is transparent. He first attaches his own meaning to Principal Grant's complaints, and then he proceeds to demolish that meaning. Let this point be made clear. Dr. Grant did not complain, as we understand him, either that the subjects of examination were not numerous enough, or that the papers were too easy. He complained that the standard of examination and passing was too low, that candidates were accepted who did only one-fourth of of the paper.

It will be easy to illustrate this point by what the Vice-Chancellor says of the examination in Latin for matriculation. It appears, from his speech, that the only persons who objected to the present standard were persons connected with Queen's University. Now, at first blush, this would seem to put the Queen's people out of court. We have no communication on the subject with those whom Mr. Mulock indicts; and therefore they are in no way responsible for any remarks which we may make on the subject. Now, simply reading what was spoken by Principal Grant on the one hand and by Vice-Chancellor Mulock on the other, we find no difficulty in understanding the perfect consistency of those who at once want the demands upon the candidates to be somewhat lowered, and yet the standard of examination to be raised. What they really want is, less pretension of scholarship and more reality, less work to be done, but what is done to be better done. Has Mr. Mulock ever seen the papers of those unfortunate young men (and women) who matriculate in classics at our Canadian Universities? Does he know that a good many

of them are very imperfectly acquainted with their Latin Grammar? Is he aware that a great number of them are unable to write simple Latin prose? And these unfortunates are required to bring up, we know not how much of Latin and Greek authors, and are supposed to be able to translate and parse them all before they can matriculate!

It is well that the Vice-Chancellor should have brought forward this particular instance, because, instead of its overthrowing Dr. Grant's contention, it does in reality confirm it. We do not want cram and pretence. We want good, solid work, a foundation upon which the structure of education can be soundly built; and we are not getting this at present, but we are getting the other, as many of the teachers in our High Schools are abundantly testifying. It cannot be otherwise. We are trying to cover too large an area, and we can do so only in such a manner as to have unsatisfactory results.

The Vice-Chancellor has apparently got up his case with great care and industry. He passes on to the examination papers of the different Universities, criticizing the comparative difficulty of those set in English Grammar and Mathematics. But here again he is only illustrating the point which we have been urging. We have taken the trouble to examine the English Grammar paper set for the University of Toronto last year, and nothing could better illustrate Sir Daniel Wilson's remarks on such examinations in the March number of the *Canada Educational Monthly*. The learned President said that he was sometimes unable even to understand some of the questions set in those papers, much less to answer them! And this from a gentleman who was, for many years, Professor of English in University College.

We did not wish to make these remarks in any way personal, we forget even the name of the examiner; but we have been required to look at the papers; and we deliberately affirm that some of them were, at least one of them was, absurd and ridiculous. There are many highly educated English scholars who would be puzzled to answer several of the questions, and a good many of them could be answered by persons not knowing English at all. If the Vice-Chancellor knew that youths who spell very badly are crammed to answer technical questions in philology, he would be less proud of these methods. Yet such is the case; and it is against this kind of thing, as seriously imperilling our whole educational system, that Dr. Grant and others who agree with him are contending.

It is probable that, before these lines come under the public eye, the controversy will have gone beyond the point at which we now find it. Let it be remarked, therefore, that Dr. Grant is responsible for nothing which is here written. We take the statements of both sides simply as they are before us and make our own comment upon them. Whether the authorities of Queen's will accept our position is a matter of comparative indifference. What we are contending for, and what we believe they are contending for, is soundness, reality, common sense in our educational methods, instead of pretence, imposture, and rottenness. This is the main thing.

MONTREAL LETTER.

THE Victoria Rifles Armoury was the scene of an incident unusually suggestive in our economic life a few evenings ago, when the Rev. Dr. Edward McGlynn lectured on "How to Abolish Poverty." The reverend gentleman, of New York fame, told his audience that he stood before them to talk to them of worldly matters, not in spite of his priestly ministry, but because of it. The Church regards it as her duty to nourish poverty, he looked upon it as his to abolish it. He drew a distinct line between abolishing poverty and abolishing charity. Charity should live for ever. Poverty is a disgrace for ever. He came before them as a priest, not as an ex-priest. He took his stand on a secular platform to prevent men from being estranged from God because they believe there is a lack of sympathy among the clergy about the needs and rights of humanity. The Church is like an army thinking only of nursing the sick and coddling the weak, with neither time nor thought for the brave and the strong in the battles they are fighting. Poverty is degrading. Carlyle had called it the Englishman's hell. The Church had exalted it, and would like us to believe it a school for the development of the heroic virtues. He had no hesitation in pronouncing it an unmitigated source of vice and crime. With an increase of wealth, the march of civilization seems to bring in its train an inevitable increase of want. Hood wrote his "Song of the Shirt" in London, under the shadow of the metropolis of the world, and in the noontide blaze of the prosperity of the nineteenth century.

The remedy Dr. McGlynn believes to be in "the land for the people." God had given it to the people, and not to a favoured few, and all improvements should go to the good of the people and not for the special over-enjoyment

of a few. Spencer and Mill admitted that the rented value of land was the product of the community and not of an individual. But this is no more a socialistic idea than free seats in a park, or a ride in the elevator of the Windsor Hotel. Give us, not less production, but proper distribution. Destroy monopolies, restore equality and brotherhood, let society make justice its aim, and our men shall have no long weary hours to groan under, but enjoy time and leisure for books, music, art, and all that refines.

The lecturer was greeted with a perfect storm of applause, and received a compliment which falls to the lot of few speakers in Montreal,—a few questions which insisted upon answers.

The Fifth Company of Royal Scots, three hundred strong, paraded to St. Andrew's Church on Sunday afternoon. The Rev. J. Edgar Hill preached a courageous sermon upon "Honour the King." Mr. Hill has adopted a rôle different from that of his predecessor. He has thrown himself into the questions of this country, instead of insisting upon this country throwing itself into the questions of Scotland, a somewhat surprising achievement for a clergyman trained among the Scots, who are famous for boasting that they carry their prejudices about with them wherever they go. Mr. Hill's sermon was alive with soldierly discipline and reverence for law. He touched on the moral sentiment in our laws, the laxity in the administration of them, and the abundant opportunities of evading punishment which our laws supply; and forcibly denounced two neighbouring states which shelter each other's thieves. We vote down the Orangemen and the Jesuits because of a secret fear that these societies will become stronger than the law, that the executive will prove itself too weak to control them. All true patriots should direct their attention towards strengthening the executive. We possess the power to carry these desires into effect. Let us send to Parliament only such men who shall honour the position and put down every intriguing schemer who plays off our party ties and our ecclesiastical prejudices to forward his own selfish ends. Such men, wherever found, ought to be tabooed by all honest men as traitors to their country and as enemies to religion.

The Protestant Associated Charities have had a meeting at which an important matter was introduced and discussed. After referring to the visible improvement in emigrants since the Government had ceased to supply assistance, and the convenience and economy effected by the steamships bringing them on to Montreal instead of leaving them at Quebec, the chairman stated that a committee had been appointed to wait upon the Government in order to secure accommodation for their arrival here, similar to what had been provided at Quebec, and that the City Council is to be asked to act with and aid the Government in this matter. The chairman then proceeded to lay before the meeting a circular in which the dwellings of the poor were described and their privations and possible improvement discussed. In this it is proposed to raise a fund for the purchase of a lot as an experiment, and to construct, upon the Peabody Model, blocks of houses four stories in height. These, with shops below, would each provide about fifty dwellings of three or four rooms apiece. If planned for dwellings throughout, the accommodation might supply as many as sixty-four homes for respectable working families. These are to face on an open square intended as a breathing spot and play-ground for children, and are to supply at the very lowest expenditure of outlay the very best possible accommodation with healthy surroundings. The gentlemen present appeared to think charity and business might be combined, and that the venture might be made in the form of a speculation yielding at least a fair percentage. The circular is to be printed for circulation.

According to the theory of Dr. McGlynn, a scheme of this sort, with all its glamour of benevolence, is but a perpetuation of glorified poverty. So long as men will persist in under-paying their workmen and then easing their consciences by building them blocks of houses to pack themselves out of sight in, instead of paying them enough to enable them to enjoy the unheard-of and undreamt-of ecstasy of knowing they have houses themselves, it is but a wolf in sheep's clothing, robbing in the guise of generosity, mammon dressed up in robes of heaven.

A pretty little church, under the inspiration of our Wesleyan citizens, has broken ground, grown up, and been formally opened up at Côte St. Antoine since the last issue of THE WEEK. On Monday last the lot was secured, the timber laid down, and the building commenced. On Sunday the church was full-flown, opened, and consecrated. Two great sermons were preached. Crowds listened. A Sunday-school met. Superintendent, secretary, treasurer, teachers and organist were elected. The edifice is a neat and inviting structure, seated with chairs for 150 people, and cost \$2,000. Flowers decorated the desk; donations were handed in; a pastor is on the wing; and all in the space of six days. Verily the apostolic days are returning.

All who have enjoyed the trips of the steamer Prince of Wales through the lovely Ottawa River scenery and back by the Lachine Rapids, will be pleased to learn that after thirty years' service during which the good old ship boasts of never an accident, she is to retire on half-pay and half-service. A magnificent new companion is about ready to take up the route, with dining-room to seat sixty people, beautifully finished in cherry and ash, and an upper deck saloon 170 feet long. The steamer will run her first trip on Dominion Day, is built for 700 passengers, and goes by another royal name—The Sovereign. A reverend gentlemen has just arrived from England

bringing with him a batch of 100 emigrants, the first contingent of 600, who are being sent out on the new method, the Self-Help Society. The party consists of families, young men, and unattached boys, all possessing some means, and mainly destined for farms. They left England under the most favourable auspices, having been addressed at the railway station by the Earl of Aberdeen and Lady Balfour, who are interested in the Society.

VILLE MARIE.

A FLOWER LEGEND.

SWEET is the legend of a happy soul,
Pacing, in dreams, the sward of Paradise;
Above her hung fruits tinct with fiery flush,
Around her blew flowers myriad in device.

Low was the clime, a twilight arched with stars,
Long, arrowy lights on cedared hill and dale,
Filled with a mellow atmosphere whose heart
Breathed of myrrh and spice and galingale.

She, pausing underneath the tree of life,
Heard all its mystic branches palpitate,
And a low voice:—"Take thou the fairest flower
Between the eastern and the western gate."

And, rising up, she wandered forth amidst
Lilies beloved in time by Solomon;
And forest frankincense and wondrous blooms,
Whose chalices were dyed with moon and sun.

Rounding her path, there glimmered in blue dusk
Vast star-eyed blossoms, bright and marvellous—
Great charms of streaked splendour; living flowers
Lost to the fallen world and unto us.

At dawn the angel found her at the gate
Weeping, but looping in her vesture's folds
Of all the gorgeous blooms of Paradise,
Passionate violets and marigolds.

And lifting up her low eyes, dashed with rain,
"I paced," she said, "between the east and west;
Heaven's fairest flowers were subject to my hand,
But I did gather what I loved the best."

Answered the radiant angel:—"Sweet and wise,
Thy tender care hath chosen the fairer part,
Henceforth shall violets be loved of love,
And marigolds refresh the tired heart.

"Awake!" And she unclosed her eyes to see
The morning sunlight beating on the blind;
And round her bed the breath of marigolds
Swam with the violets on the garden wind.

Woodside, Berlin.

J. K.

BALLADE: WHO ARE THE CANADIANS?*

THEY whose homes have been made in this fair land of ours
Whether hard by the rocks of the wave-beaten shore,
Or 'neath some pine-clad mount that in majesty towers,
Or where rolleth the prairie, behind and before,
Perchance, where the forest is rich with the store,
Of pure, soothing fragrance from cedar and pine,
Wherever—the breadth of our heritage o'er—
Oh, Canada! are they not children of thine?

They whose hopes have been set on the growth of thy
powers,
Our country—while praying the God they adore,
To pierce through each national storm-cloud that lowers,
And choicest of blessings on thee freely pour,
Whose hearts, for thy sorrows, are saddened and sore,
Yet who see in thy fairness full many a sign
Of the glorious future that waits at thy door,
Oh, Canada! are they not children of thine?

They whose hearts have been filled with a strong love that
dowers
Our country with wealth that is countless more
Than the jewels barbaric the Orient showers
On her fierce-visaged Princes—such love as they bore,
Who have given the best of their work or their lore
To the land which has nourished their fig-tree and vine,
Whose waters have smiled at the dip of their oar,
Oh, Canada! are they not children of thine?

Canadians—they who would now, as of yore,
The bloom of the Rose with our Maple Leave twine,
Their patriot loyalty sound to the core!
Oh, Canada! are they not children of thine?

Montreal.

HELEN FAIRBAIRN.

ANGELINA—"And now that you have visited her school, Edwin, what is your decision regarding Madame François for our children? As to discipline, does she give that proper attention?" Edwin—"Indeed she does, my dear. I was there the whole morning, and Madame seemed to devote the entire time to preserving order."—*Editor's Drawer, Harper's Magazine for June.*

*Subject of Principal Grant's address before the Royal Canadian society.

A TOUR IN CAPE BRETON.

HAVING now accomplished our purpose of voyaging the length of Cape Breton, a distance of over one hundred miles, we determined to return as far as Baddeck by land. A railway is now in course of construction in another part of the island, between Sidney and Port Hawkesbury; but it will probably be a long time before the whistle of the iron-horse wakes the echoes of the north. The main roads in Cape Breton are fairly good, but our course over the mountains was not so easy. Setting out from North Bay in the morning, we jolted slowly, but without adventure, over the stones to the half-way house on the road to Ingonish. A few miles further on, however, we entered a bog, and came within a little of staying in it. Happily, we encountered a native rider, who, though seeming rather proud than otherwise of the disgraceful condition of the highway, was good enough to tell us that by unharnessing our horses and taking them round through the bush we might manage to pull our waggon across the slough. We attempted, with partial success, to carry out his advice. The bush-path was discovered, and our horses landed on *terra firma*, but our driver, in his praiseworthy solicitude for the waggon, treading between and not upon the slender timbers with which indifferent local charity had bridged the gulf, was fished up in a muddy condition, and treated to the condolence which, in lieu of anything better, we were glad to offer him. But not even the perils by the way could blind us to the picturesqueness of a scenery unsurpassed, perhaps, on the whole continent. A turn in the road revealed now and then the open sea, or a perpendicular cliff looked down upon us, or a dashing waterfall seemed to leap out of the heart of the forest. At night we reached Ingonish Bay, having accomplished, according to the Government survey, a paltry distance of twenty-six miles. Ingonish Bay is about eight miles across, and pretty fishing villages lie at both ends of it. Here we spent another day among the trout, this time with good success. It was cold work wading up to the waist in the pools, but the eager sport took away the discomfort, and the hours passed away merrily. Up the river we halted at a small farm-house and presenting part of our treasures begged the favour of hospitality. We were graciously received. The house boasted of only two rooms, one of them reached by a ladder. From the upper chamber descended, shortly after our arrival, a surprising apparition—a city-made girl, with all the modern appliances of dress, who, having spent a winter in Boston, was attempting to transplant into the wildwood the enticing manners of the Hub of the universe. We were quite unprepared for such an encounter, and involuntarily glanced at our bedraggled garments, painfully conscious that our general dishevelment would jar on the sensitive nerves of our hostess' daughter. That worthy matron, however, was intent on cooking our fish: and, with the aid of some salt, which, providentially, we had brought with us, the house not boasting that luxury, they were rendered quite palatable. A little embarrassment attended our departure. We felt unwilling to establish a precedent which might check spontaneous kindness in the future. But the deed was done; and even Mary Ann seemed visibly mollified by our trifling *solatium*.

The inhabitants of Cape Breton are chiefly of Highland Scotch and Acadian French descent. Among the former the Sabbath is observed with scrupulous exactness. It must be tantalizing to know that the fish are breaking the day of rest by coming in shoals into the bay; but they are not molested till the morning—when, alas! they may be gone. For nearly a week, at the annual communion seasons in July, no work is done at all, and it would be thought sacrilegious to indulge in any form of amusement. A vast concourse of people gather from all the country round, holding protracted services in the open field, and quartering themselves in case of need, upon the adjacent farm-houses. But the natural depravity of man seems to assert itself even in the face of such rigorous discipline, and, by a revolt not much to be wondered at, sometimes joins a great deal of religion with a meagre stock of morality. In many parts, English is an unfamiliar, if not unknown, tongue, and the Gaelic flourishes in its native grandeur. If you can say, "Cia-mar a tha sibh an diugh?"—a feat by no means easy of accomplishment—which being interpreted is, "How are you to-day?" you have open sesame to all hearts, and will be considered a person of some taste and culture. We admit having employed the shibboleth ourselves, with an effect to which our intrinsic merit scarcely entitled us. It must be hard work for the minister to discourse for an hour in English to a congregation, half of whom do not understand what he is saying, and then, after a brief respite, repeat the message to those who have grace to know the language of Paradise. But the critical spirit seems to be penetrating even into these remote regions. After a service, at which we were present, I ventured to say to a stalwart Highlander that the sermon was excellent. He stroked his beard, shrugged his shoulders, and replied, indifferently, "Aye, no' sae bad, for him."

In spite of the rugged character of the country the means of subsistence are easily obtainable, and there is little or no poverty. The land, though rocky, is fertile between the rocks, and even with indifferent care yields a good harvest. A greater pressure of material need, or a stronger desire for material possessions would do much to develop more fully the resources of agriculture. Many of the people exhibit that easy unconcern of the flight of time which under less favourable circumstances would probably

be called laziness. On one of our fishing excursions a man approached us as we were whipping the stream unsuccessfully, and remarked that he thought the fish would take better a "piece" up the river. We ventured to ask how far the "piece" might be, to which his reply was, "About fifteen miles!" It almost lengthened our holiday to encounter anyone with such a comfortable sense of leisure.

Fishing is the chief industry of Cape Breton, especially in the north, halibut, cod, haddock, mackerel and herring being all found in those waters. Among other things we learned that some fish favour an off-shore wind and others an on-shore wind, and that, as one would expect, they invariably follow the bait. When that is plentiful the toilers on the sea are sure to reap a rich reward. Last season the catch was considerably below the average, the fish having moved to better feeding grounds. The favourite bait is the squid, a gelatinous mass something like the cuttlefish in miniature. These squid are caught, or "jigged"—to use the technical term—by means of a circle of bare hooks, round which they twine their tentacles. It is worth seeing a full herring-net brought to land. The appearance of a shoal in the bay is indicated by a peculiar ruffling of the surface of the water, quickly noticed by the keen eyes of the lookout man from his perch of observation. The herring are usually meshed in a net stretched in a semi-circle near the shore, and drawn in at the right moment when the "run" comes. When division of the spoil has been made among the dozen or more who may be partners in the enterprise, the night after a good catch is usually spent in merriment. The aid of an amateur fiddler is called in, and the men, with their wives and sweethearts, enjoy a rustic dance on the floor of the largest cabin which the settlement happens to boast.

In fishing for cod the boats are anchored in from fifteen to fifty fathoms of water, or even more. A strong line with three hooks at the end of it, and a large piece of lead as a sinker, is dropped from the boat to within a few feet of the bed of the sea. Sometimes it is slow and dreary work, but if the fish are there at all one has not to contend with any dainty fastidiousness on their part. When the squid are not obtainable they will seize eagerly a slice of herring or mackerel. There is little play about the cod. It is simply a question of pulling through the water from ten to seventy or eighty pounds. Halibut, the largest fish caught in those regions, often weigh as much as four hundred pounds. When firmly hooked, they are hauled to the side of the boat, and despatched with pikes before being drawn into it. The haddock, though smaller than the cod, is more lively in its movements, and is usually fished for in somewhat shallower water. The hake is a kind of degenerate cod, lacking its delicate flavour, and much less valuable in the market. From two long, hair-like projections on either side of its gills it is commonly called the goat. At Ingonish we were shown a cod which had been cut in two as it was being drawn through the water by the swift rush of a shark. Some rumours also reached us of the proximity of the sea serpent, but in view of the prevalence of fog in those latitudes, we were inclined to discredit them. Yet, after making due allowance for those half-unconscious exaggerations called "fish stories," there remains plenty of interest and not a little adventure in the lives of the hardy fishermen. Their work is the chief source of wealth in the Eastern Provinces of the Dominion. Many of them every year fall victims at their post of duty, and, overwhelmed in some sudden squall, are heard of no more.

The drive from Ingonish to Baddeck presents to the traveller most varied and picturesque scenery. The first part of the journey leads over Smoky Mountain, where the road in places is perilously narrow. One trembles to think what might happen if the horses took fright and hurled the waggon down the cliff into the river whose murmur reaches us from far below. We were glad to get out for a while and pick the delicious raspberries which, in neglected luxuriance, covered the sides of the way. After the mountain had been safely passed, our road ran for some miles near the sea, and we could follow the course of a little fishing schooner which had left Ingonish before us, and with a fair wind was making for Sydney. Many of the farms which we passed were without fences. The live stock, we understood, was relegated to harmless quarters in the rear of the estate, and supposed to remain there, leaving the crops unmolested. The district of St. Anne's abounds in constant surprises of scenery. From a narrow neck of land which juts out at the head of the bay and is adorned with a lighthouse we were ferried across to the opposite shore. Our Charon was intent on making hay, and only the most persistent shouting brought him to our aid. The old scow which he commanded seemed altogether too small to accommodate our horses and waggon, but it did so, nevertheless, by the most rigid economy of space, and landed us in safety at Englishtown, a rather dilapidated village which in its struggle with time seemed to have had the worst of it. Possibly its deterioration began with the death of the Cape Breton giant who about thirty years ago brought glory to the place by having his home there, and who still gives it a measure of renown through the records of his prowess and the bequest of a suit of clothes which may be seen by the admirers of greatness.

George Eliot remarks that "among all forms of mistake, prophecy is the most gratuitous." But she is speaking of prophecy in regard to individuals. At all events, one can scarcely visit Cape Breton without hazarding some forecast of the future, and that of a hopeful kind. The population of the island is about 85,000, but its resources would enable it easily to maintain at least five times that number. More than half its area is well adapted for agri-

culture. It has large and valuable forests still untouched. The centre of the island consists of carboniferous rocks, and only a small beginning is as yet made among its rich coal deposits. The climate in many respects, is unsurpassed in Canada. The winters are milder than in the western parts of the Dominion, and there is less fog than on the Nova Scotia frontier. The summer heat is tempered by the sea within and around, so that the thermometer seldom rises above 75° or 80° Fahrenheit, whereas in Ontario and Quebec it is sometimes over 100°. Among the rugged hills of the north a Scotch crofter would find little difficulty in imagining himself at home, and would be in no danger of starving. If the variety and beauty of Bras d'or scenery were better known, it would become one of the favourite summer resorts of the continent. Every season a larger number, both of Canadian and American tourists, find their way to Cape Breton. While the success of the fishermen varies from year to year, there is no sign of exhaustion in this industry. The value of the fisheries of Nova Scotia and Cape Breton for 1887 was over \$9,000,000. The railway in course of construction will give a great impetus to the island. The work is being pushed forward vigorously, and tenders are now called for by the Dominion Government for the erection of a substantial iron bridge at the Grand Narrows. In spite of that minority of pessimists who can be found anywhere, the people of Cape Breton, as a whole, are industrious in developing its resources, confident in regard to the future, and loyal in their devotion to the British crown.

VIATOR.

FROM WHAT FAIR WESTERN LAND?

FROM what fair Western land, O crescent moon,
Where carnival is held this happy night,
Beams on our earth thy bow of silver light
The dusk air through, which moveless as in swoon
Stirs not the faint cloud-curtain whence thy boon,
To brooding thought brings store of fancies bright?
The stars, wan-misted, nod in drowsy plight,
E'en Mars glows meekly in this night's dim noon.

These sleeping dream, but thou, O beacon fair,
Lightest o'er liquid pathways of the deep,
To where Hesperian gardens bloom and bear,
To where Romance on many an airy steep
Her castles builds, where life knows naught of care
And Youth and Love unending revel keep.

Ottawa.

J. H. BROWN.

LONDON LETTER.

IN one of the early numbers of *The Spectator* there is a delightful paper in which Steele gives the kindest puff to his friend Mr. Stubbs, rector of St. James, Garlick-hithe, a puff so strong that even now, two centuries after it was written, it has force enough to send me to the same church for the sake of the parson who conducted the service in such a commendable fashion that Steele declares his eyes and thoughts could not wander as usual, but were confined to his prayers. He who read the confession "with such resigned humility, the absolution with such comfortable authority, the thanksgiving with such a religious joy," would be sure to touch the soft heart of Prue's uncritical husband, who one can imagine joined fervently in the hymns, crying a hearty "Amen" to the reverend gentleman. The building is practically unchanged since Steele came in that Sunday morning a little late (I think), his round face very solemn, his periwig tossed by the wind. We have been re-seated, perhaps, and some of our windows have new lights, and an altar-piece has been presented, painted by Geddes, a cousin of William Collins; but beyond these trifling alterations he would find nothing different. The congregation might strike him as scanty when compared to that it must have been in the time of the eloquent Mr. Stubbs, but it is by no means as scanty as when Dickens wandered about here from his Covent Garden lodging on those days when he thought (so he says) he deserved particularly well of himself, and had earned the right to enjoy a treat, though there has been a revival in church-going since the time of "The Uncommercial Traveller." There are still many pews empty this summer morning, and the music from Father Schmidt's organ sounds shrill and loud as we stand in our broken ranks to sing those psalms to which the essayist describes himself as listening attentively. The pulpit to-day holds nobody so dramatic as the Queen Anne pastor, (was he of the same quality as Selwyn's friend, Dr. Warren, of whom Thackeray was thinking when he sketched Sampson's portrait in "The Virginians"?) so there is no one, I think, come out of that vast stretch of country to the west of Temple Bar except myself. You see the attractions these places possess are unknown to many, and even when they are known are not considered of much importance. It comes to pass then that I sit in solitary grandeur in the curtained seat, and (unlike Steel) I let my attention wander and find myself wondering if the Mummy still stands in his case behind the panel, and if these good folk who are saying their prayers tranquilly here are aware what a curious object is kept in their midst. For you must know this St. James is the original of "St. Leonard le Size" in Besant's "The Bell of St. Paul's," and the body of which he speaks in the story is the same as the one I remember seeing years ago, and about which when the service is over and the church is empty I question the sextoness, who gives me all sorts of information.

"We had thirty of them once on a time," she says as she brings out the key of the panel and lights the taper. "Thirty of 'em, men, women, and little babies. But we was come down upon, and they made us bury 'em all in the vaults but just one. We might keep one so we chose him. He's got his toe-nails perfect: so's his finger-nails: and his teeth. Its many years since the vaults were sealed: since then we've kep' him up here."

By this time we are standing in front of one of the walls under the organ gallery. With a twist of her wrist the panel swings solemnly open; and then, the little taper-flame held close against the glass, she goes on with her story.

"We've never found out who he was. Everything had decayed about him. He's over two hundred years old, they think. We are on a hill, so the wet runs down to the river, and the vaults are always dry. Some say its a peculiar chalky sand that has preserved 'em like this; but no one don't really know, it seems to me. Have you looked enough? Aint it a curious sight?"

From behind the glass the grey figure, reminding me in colour of the bodies one sees in the Museum at Pompeii, gazes out into the dim passage. He stands upright, his arms (crossed no longer over his breast as when for the last time his people looked at him in the darkened room) fallen to his side. "Who knows," says Sir Thomas Browne, "the fate of his bones?" It was meant as a compliment that he should be given this fine position in the church where he shares the honours with the beautiful carved pulpit and pretty old font; but I think had his wishes been consulted he would rather have remained down stairs in the dry vaults by the side of his friends and neighbours. There, no one would be disturbing his peace. His small gleaming teeth and long fingers would have remained unsung, certainly, but this unnatural popularity can only be embarrassing. Far better, if the poor Mummy has any delicacy, the quiet coffin, than their continual locking and unlocking of the oaken press, these perpetual exclamations of wonder or disgust. The gravedigger who said a man would lie eight or nine years in the ground ere he rot ("a tanner will last for nine years") perhaps knew nothing of the advantage of a vault on a hill; but I hear his opinion that water is a sore decayer of bodies confirmed this morning by my guide, who may or may not have remembered her Shakespeare. Then, after a few moments' survey, the panel swings back into its place, and the Londoner who last walked this narrow lane so many, many years ago is left for the present to his repose; and the light is blown out and the keys put away. So I find myself blinking in the sunshine on the steps of the church, under the clock crowned with the figure of the Saint and decorated with his cockle-shell emblem (the sextoness slips away down one of the little courts to her dinner) and I call to mind how on last Ascension Day I witnessed the Beating of the Parish Bounds from this vantage-ground, and how much the ceremony had entertained me.

I had arrived early to find the entrance encompassed by a handful of choir boys waiting to be let in. But the doors were not to open till eleven, and it wanted ten long minutes to that hour. At first it was stagnation; then a bright youth, discovering and producing a length of something from the pocket of his best suit, which does not, I hope, generally harbour anything so secular, there was suddenly a "corner" in string. The excitement, fraught with danger for the lucky possessor of the treasure, who gasped for air and bade his comrades cease scowdging, was an astonishment to one who, like myself, had never laid any particular value on this eagerly sought after commodity. After a deal of haggling, small portions were bitten off for the first two or three transactions; then the bluntest knife I ever saw was brought into play, and the irregular size of the pieces was a source of pride, or the reverse, to the eager lads who claimed them on certain conditions connected, I think, with buttons; but nothing was paid up, only promises made. I took my courage in both hands and asked one proud young speculator what he was going to do with his length of five inches—insufficient for a parcel, or a toy, or to fly a kite—and I was answered with contempt, "Tie it round my stick, o' course." I saw no stick. I don't believe he had one. If he had, why not have brought it with him? But granting the stick, why should whip cord be considered such a superior decorative? Leaning up against the great key-holes and locks, we were so absorbed in our stock exchange excitement that no one heard the bolts being withdrawn, and it was only by great presence of mind that we did not fall over the threshold when the doors were of a sudden flung open.

In a few minutes a pious little procession, bearing tall osier-wands in their hands and headed by the beadle in his black cape trimmed with gold, were gravely paraded round the empty aisles to the music of the organ. The clergymen, guardians and wardens of the church followed the boys, wearing blue rosettes and carrying bouquets of flowers, of which they tried not to look ashamed. When they had gone round the consecrated bounds they came, two and two, into the street, amid the cheers of the spectators, and there, being taken in hand by a couple of policemen to keep off the crowd, they proceeded at a fast trot round the parish. It is not a large one, and yet it took nearly an hour before we returned, breathless, to the church. For each of the boundary marks had to be touched with the tall wands whenever we came upon them, and the choir-boys must cheer, hip, hip, hurrah. Then there were side courts to go down, and warehouses to enter, and offices to go through, in at the front, out at the back. During the walk I was told that till compara-

tively recently the beadle would save up all whippings due for this day, and beat the culprits at the Boundaries to make the charity boys always remember the limit of their parishes, and so save disputes; and I hear that some of the marks are in cupboards in warehouses and on stair-cases; and that in one case at least the front of a chapel is in one parish and the back is in another, and a small window is used close by the pulpit for the passing of the boundary beaters. The old custom is not kept up everywhere, and in many cases it only occurs every three years. "Ah, those were fine times," sighed a lady belonging to All Hallows Barking. "We and the Tower people used always to have a fight. Now we don't beat at all, and they only come out very seldom."

The papers say it is Miss Elizabeth Balch (writer of some good descriptions of castles in the English Illustrated Magazine) who has puzzled us over "An Author's Love." The notion of personating "L'Inconnue" was an excellent one, but it has not been well carried out. Miss Balch's hand is too heavy. Violet Fane would have been wise to attempt it: she is so full of life and originality and humour. "A woman without a laugh in her is the greatest bore in existence," says Mr. Brown to his nephew Robert in "Travels in London." Surely the real "Inconnue" (did she exist? or, like Mr. Toots, were Merimée's epistles not meant to be published?) must occasionally have been in a gay humour when she sat down to write? If the author received no better letters from his love than these I am at a loss to imagine why he took the trouble to keep up the acquaintance.

WALTER POWELL.

MARY JANE AND I.

I WAS out last night in the orchard, a-talkin' to Mary Jane, Leanin' over the gate at sundown, when the gal happened up the lane.

She kind o' stopped short when she saw me—"Good evenin', marm," she said; While her cheeks took on a colour like the apple blossoms overhead.

Mary Jane's my next neighbour's daughter: she's powerful set on my Joe;

I haven't got much agin' her—she's a good enough gal as gals go,

But she can't make a shirt if you paid her, and her butter's none o' the best;

I'd been stiff, I own—never said so, but I think that she somehow guessed.

So she blushed and stammered a little when she found me there at the gate

'Stead o' Joe. I felt ugly, forgetting that every young thing seeks its mate.

She's on one side and I on t'other, with a river o' years between—

I was nine and forty last birthday, and Mary Jane is nineteen.

And we stood and looked at each other, and couldn't find much to say.

Joe's my youngest—the feelin's o' twenty years can't take second place in a day.

So the best I could do was—nothin' but keep tongue and temper still;

Till suddenly, out from the thicket, there started a whip-poor-will.

Sudden and loud and throbbin', and a lump riz up in my throat,

As it all came back in a minute how I'd heerd that self-same note

The night Rube kissed me and asked me, and I didn't tell him no—

Oh, my heart! how well I remember it all, though it's thirty year ago.

The long day of hard work and hard livin', and the evenin' when I could slip

To the turn of the road and get full pay in the touch of my Reuben's lip,

And the heavy scoldin' borne cheerful, because 'twas for Reuben's sake.

It's a lovely dream—oh, the pity that the daylight comes and we wake!

And afterwards, when together we fought for our daily bread

On the little rough farm on the hillside, in a home scarce more than a shed.

What did Reuben care for my sewin', if I never had set a stitch?

And we'd eaten dry bread for ever if we'd had to part to be rich.

It's all over—I'm widowed this ten year. The best farm in the county's my own;

And I wished I was back on ten acres as I leaned on that gate—alone.

It's all over—but still I've been happy, so maybe I shouldn't complain.

Then the thought shivered thro' me like lightnin'—ought I grudge it to Mary Jane?

Life comes pretty hard on most of us, and it's none too sweet at the best;

Ain't it rather a shame when our own is spoiled to wish the same by the rest?

My Joe is his father's born ditto—can the gal help her likes more than me?

She's nineteen, and a rosebud—Joe's twenty-one; what hinders the lad to see?

Can I keep the dew from fallin', or forbid the growth of the pine?

Just as soon as stop young folks from lovin' because I'm forty-nine!

Can I blame 'em for likin' the fresh sweet cup that only young folks can taste

When I'd give all I've got for that one June night with Reuben's arm round my waist?

So the whip-poor-will taught me my lesson, I choked down the jealous spite,

And I got my reward in a soft shy smile, for I kissed Mary Jane good night,

Though I swallowed a sob as I turned away when Joe came over the hill.

Well, it's hardly likely they'll ever know what they owe to that whip-poor-will.

ANNIE ROTHWELL.
Kingston, May 20, 1889.

A DAY IN VENICE.

MY last letter was broken off somewhat abruptly in Venice. Though but a few hours by sail from Milan, the contrast between the two is striking. One is the home of a stirring, eager democracy; the other, even yet, shows unmistakable signs of aristocratic influence, not alone outwardly in its decaying palaces, but in a certain graceful, easy-going life and urbanity of manners. If a well-bred reserve and melancholy be the mark of high birth—and Goethe heartily believed it, the Venetian ladies are still noted throughout Italy for their *morbidessa*.

If you have only a day to spend in Venice, contrive to arrive by night and to leave by night, for then it is astir, and gas light enhances the charm. By leaving Milan about noon, you get in at the right time—and you're doubly fortunate if it is moonlight. The last three or four miles is over the enormous bridge supported by 222 arches, the water shining like a mirror on either side, and thousands of lights ahead. The scene at the station is of an altogether unique description. No cabs, no omnibuses or cracking of whips; the only noise, that of human voices and the splash of the oar. You are led to the hotel gondola, and take your seat in the cabin. In a few minutes the baggage is all on board, and you feel your bark gliding smoothly and noiselessly through the city. It seems like a dream, or a visit to the fairyland of boyhood. The four stalwart gondoliers in uniform shoot past a crowd of humbler vehicles—I cannot say one-horse concerns, but one-man gondolas; and marble palaces flit before you as in a vision, as you pass down (or up?) the grand canal, the main street of Venice, the Broadway of this "city of beavers"—to use Goethe's expression. We now glide under the famous *Rialto* bridge, that for centuries was the only one uniting the two portions of the city, and soon pass along the *rio* or small canal leading to the Italian Hotel to which we are going; for we want to see Italy and not a piece of England, France, or Germany, as we are apt to in many hotels. It is possible to travel over the principal routes in Italy, or the continent generally, have pale ale, ham and eggs, and beefsteaks all along, speak nothing but English or French, and see nothing of the country but the buildings.

The sleek, well-fed landlord was at the "sea-board entrance" of the hotel to welcome his guests and conduct them to the reception-rooms. A few minutes later we were seated in the hospitable dining-hall, with the steaming soup before us, that here regularly twice a day forms the second course, and a formidable *fiasco* of native wine at each elbow. *Apropos* of wine, which more than takes the place of our tea, I often think of the remark of an American friend I met in Milan: "It is very difficult to convince these people of the necessity of total abstinence." I suppose it is in a land where every hillside is covered with vines, and where many think that temperance is a higher, if sometimes more difficult, virtue than total abstinence. However this may be, after due attention to an elaborate bill of fare, we descended by the land entrance—to speak semi-nautically—to the narrow street below. A new sensation this—to walk along streets where there are no houses and no wheeled vehicles of any kind, nothing but foot-passengers. A few minutes' walk brought us to the great square of St. Mark—the rendezvous of pleasure, wit and fashion. Filled with people, ablaze with light, the moon divinely shining on the lagoon beyond, it is a sight once seen never to be forgotten. "Visit the *Piazzetta* by moonlight," says Gsell-Fels, "and the longing to return to Italy will never leave you after." Here it was, then, right in front of us, between us and the water; the Palace of the Doges on the one side, "rising on its slender pillars like an island out of the lagoons," and the Old Library in its luxuriant Renaissance style, on the other. To our left, as we stand bewildered and enchanted, rises St. Mark's, rich in oriental pomp and gold; and to our right stretches the immense quadrilateral, the scene of so much history, paved with trachyte and white marble, and closed on three sides by rows of public buildings in keeping with the surroundings. Before us, at the corner where this square and the *Piazzetta* meet, like a huge sentinel, stands the belfry or Campanile, that rises some

350 feet, and dates from 911. The ascent is by a winding inclined plane—no vulgar, narrow stair-case—and from the top a noble view is to be had, embracing the city in detail, and Padua, the Alps and the Istrian mountains in the distance. But this we reserved for the next morning, and shortly before midnight retired to dream of the ancient grandeur and fame of the Queen of the Adriatic.

Early next morning I was awakened by the splashing of oars under our window—not that it was loud or disagreeable, but unusual. I got up and watched the workmen passing to and fro to their work. This gondola was filled with bricks and mortar that three masons were taking to repair a chimney; that other belonged to a carpenter, as his saw, adze and other tools lying before him plainly showed. These had scarcely passed when a long slender gondola filled with milk cans came shooting along; that was evidently the milkman making his rounds. And all this with so little noise and bustle—the fisherman that shouted the names of his beauties was the noisiest of the lot. A good place this Venice must be for sensitive nerves! No steam-whistles, no railways, no street-cars, no omnibuses, no cabs; no inconsiderate coachmen to startle you at unbecoming hours, nothing but that musical, half-melancholy splash to warn you that some one is passing. The streets, again, are clean as the deck of an ocean steamer, and dust and mud are things unknown in this earthly paradise. There may be ills and drawbacks that I know not of, probably there are; but I shall leave to-night for Florence, and keep one illusion, if illusion it be, untouched by those ruthless iconoclasts—facts. At a time when so much of life is fading into the light of common day, I shall have spent one whole day in fairyland. For once in my life I shall have had roses without thorns, in spite of proverbs and the botanists; and I shall henceforth preserve one little spot on earth to which the imagination can return and fill out at pleasure the vision of happiness it has been my good fortune to have had a glimpse of.

I dress quickly and descend to see how it looks by daylight. It is nearly eight o'clock, and yet all the chairs in the dining-room are on the tables, half of them standing on their heads. Looks somewhat dissipated, certainly; but now I remember that the guide book says that in Venice they turn night into day. This is confirmed on the streets where the early risers are just beginning to stir. The square before St. Mark's is almost deserted yet—only a few workmen repairing the pavement and clerks taking down the shutters. But now is the time to have a good look at this Byzantine Church and the Doge's Palace alongside of it. How different from anything else in Italy! In it we see the blending of east and west—eastern luxuriance and pomp and western energy. And that graceful palace was once the centre and house of art and science when our forefathers were semi-barbarians. From this port went forth merchants and explorers to every sea; and when the world's shipping was still in its infancy, Venice had over 3,000 vessels manned by over 40,000 sailors. A few hundred yards behind the palace is the arsenal, which at one time employed 16,000 men, and which about the year 1300 Dante visited and used to describe one of the circles of *Malbolge*—

As in the Arsenal of the Venetians
Boils in the winter the tenacious pitch
To smear their unsound vessels o'er again,
For sail they cannot; and instead thereof
One makes his vessel new, and one recaulks
The ribs of that which many a voyage has made;
One hammers at the prow, one at the stern,
This one makes oars, and that one cordage twists,
Another mends the mainsail and the mizzen;
Thus, etc., etc.

But the discovery of the Indies and the consequent change of commercial centres ruined Venice; though for a long time it sustained alone an unequal struggle, in the name of Christendom, against the Crescent. And although the golden book, the register of the old aristocracy, was solemnly burned as late as 1797, the Republic of St. Mark existed but in name for long years before that.

If there are few persons abroad yet, the pigeons are up and plenty of them. Every nook and cranny of the great Basilica is filled with them. These are the famous pigeons of St. Mark that are daily fed at the city's expense. Admiral Dandolo while besieging Candia in the 13th century was materially aided in his operations by carrier-pigeons. He sent the news of his success home by these same messengers, and since then their descendants have been pensioners of the State, fed at the public cost and lodged about St. Mark's. Talk of the ingratitude of Republics after that!

It was now getting late, so I returned to the hotel to have breakfast; that is to say, the customary coffee and rolls. After this we ascended the Campanile and had a view that well repaid us for our trouble. At our feet lay the city rising directly out of the water, built upon one hundred and twenty islets, and bound together by four hundred bridges—thirty thousand palaces side by side; and as they are no longer visible, let us forget the 25,000 paupers. The Grand Canal, like a huge S, divides the city into two unequal portions, united by the historical marble *Rialto* and two meaner bridges. Along the south of the city, some four or five hundred yards, lies the *Giudecca* or Jew's island, on which the sons of Israel were safe, but which at one time they dared not leave under pain of death. These three large islands are situated in a basin of water some eight miles long by three wide, and protected from the storms of the Adriatic by a long strip of land—the Lido. The water rises and falls with the tide about two feet, but is always calm and placid. If it were otherwise traffic in the canals would be impossible, and Venice would cease to be habitable.

Now that we had an idea of the city as a whole, we descended to see the sights, and to wander up and down at will. We spent several hours in the Ducal Palace, admiring the pictures and other decorations; but of pictures I have nothing to say. We passed with a shudder the *bocca di leone*, or hole in the wall, where they used to throw in the secret denunciations that brought you before the terrible Ten, and entered the *Sala del Maggiar Consiglio*, a hall 150 feet long and about half as wide, the walls of which are covered with frescoes commemorating the glorious deeds of the Republic. The frieze under the ceiling contains the portraits of seventy-six Doges, but where one of them ought to be a black tablet catches the eye with the words: "*Hic est locus Marini Falettri decapitati pro criminibus.*" Poor old Doge! His eighty years did not save his head from the block. Then we go down into the gloomy subterranean dungeons, into which whatever light and air get there have to pass through a narrow opening in the thick wall. The prisoner sat bound hand and foot, on a stone seat, with a rope round his neck, that passed through a hole in the wall and was fastened to a screw-jack in the corridor outside. You might sit there for days, for weeks, for months perhaps, until at last some fine morning you feel your hempen collar suddenly tighten. On the order of the inquisitor the jailor gives it a twist as he passes, and your troubles on earth are over. Nothing now remains but to take your body out under the *Ponte della Paglia*, which is close by the Bridge of Sighs, out beyond the *Grudecca*, to the thick, slimy water of the canal *Orfano*, that quickly devours its prey. In the palmy days of the Republic, fishermen were strictly forbidden to cast their nets there—the place was reserved.

But all this belongs to the past—up out of these gloomy *pozzi* or wells of unhappy memory, a dinner chosen from a generous bill of fare and eaten with a tourist's appetite, one more peep by gas-light at the glorious square and arcades before St. Mark's, filled with brilliant, easy-going, pleasure-loving Venetians, and we are off on the mid-night train for Florence, with the courteous gondoliers' *Buon Viaggio, Signori*, in our ears.

JAMES W. BELL.

Florence, Italy, May 11th, 1889.

SCOTTISH PROVERBS.

IN former ages, when few men read, and still fewer I wrote, and when history and poetry were mostly transmitted orally, proverbs became the channel by which a great deal of good, and sometimes bad, philosophy, experience and wisdom were handed down.

Many proverbs are substantially the same in all languages, not that nations have borrowed them from one another, but because the experiences that suggest them are the same to all the race. Others take their hue and form from the language, the country, the peculiarities of the race using them. Thus with the proverbs of Scotland. Some of them so smack of the heather that they could not have been invented anywhere else. It is rarely that anyone deliberately sits down to "invent" proverbs; yet there have been instances of it. Dr. Franklin must have done it in his "Poor Richard" series; Scott no doubt invented now and then a proverb to serve his purpose in the text, even as he invented an apt quotation from some "old play" to answer for a motto at the head of a chapter. And I imagine all Spurgeon's wise saws in "John Ploughman" were not natives of the clover fields of Essex, but were rather elaborated on the "Surrey side." Nay, as a certain proof of it, we ourselves constructed a few dozen Canadian proverbs a few years ago which, if it were not for the tell-tale periodical literature of the day, might ere now have been accepted as veritable antiquities of the backwoods.

But if proverbs could be traced, no doubt they would, in general, be found to owe their paternity individually to as many authors, and to have arisen out of special circumstances. How many of us remember some favorite saying of some old friend, peculiar to himself, and original with him? And if it was quaintly or wittily expressed, we had the material at once of a new proverb.

As to the form of a proverb, take that universally-known one, "Every dog has its day," which has been wittily answered (the age is apt in answering old accepted saws!), "Yes; a great consolation for puppies!" Much of the aptness of this proverb consists in the alliteration, "dog" and "day" coming "trippingly off the tongue"—alliteration again! Very many Scotch as well as other proverbs are alliterative, and good as a saw may be without it, it can always be made better with it. "A burnt child dreads the fire," say the English. "Burnt bairns dread the fire," say the Scotch: and it is better. Here is another alliterative one, "Better my friends think me fremit than fashious." Neither of the two Scotch words here have any connection with modern English. The first is found in old Saxon and modern German speech, the latter is French. But the proverb would not sound so well in English—"Better my friends think me distant than troublesome."

The Scotch say, "A bonnie bride is sune buskit, and a short horse is sune wispit." Kelly, a noted collector of "old saws," comments on it thus:—"For little adornment is required to set forth the bride's charms; and the smaller the horse, the sooner it is the 'wispit' or cleaned." But isn't there a large "wisp" of fun in the very expression, "a short horse?" as in the humorous (apocryphal) advertisement of a lazy "saddler," that "he had got in a side of leather, and was now prepared to take orders for harness for a short horse!" and shortness suggests

length. Henry Dundas once sent by a messenger a note to William Pitt, asking, in his Scotch way of wording it, "If he could let him have a horse the length of Highgate?" Pitt sent back a horse with the servant with this message, "I haven't a horse the length of Highgate, but I send you the longest horse I have got."

The English say, "A cat may look at a king," but the Scotch intensify it a little by an adjective, "A bawbee cat may look at a king." Some things, as water, air and mutual inspection, are common rights which no king nor kaiser can ever abridge. "A beggar's wallet is a mile to the bottom." It does not fit the modern tramp, whose modest ambition and interest it is to personate the honest labourer seeking employment, but it suited the old style "Gaberlunzie man," who rather gloried in his profession, and whose "meal pocks" were a standing curiosity, which nothing modern can ever equal except occasionally a schoolboy's trouser pocket!

"A blind man's wife needs nae painting"; not that any adornment would fail to make her prettier, but that the eyes for which the true wife busks herself are incapable of appreciating it. It is the voice, and the manner, and the sweetness of disposition, that in this case must be the charm. A friend told me of meeting an old but stately clergyman, nearly blind, leaning on the arm of his young and pretty wife. Some of his friends asked him how he came to marry so young a woman in his very old age? "Oh," he admiringly replied, "she has a voice like an angel!" Perhaps the self-satisfaction of a shallow brain was never better expressed than "A fool is happier thinking weel o' himself, than a wise man is o' others thinking weel o' him." And it is well that it is so; though, no doubt, the proverb is aimed at self-conceit; which even wiser men than fools sometimes display. While the Highlanders, in their rendering of English, almost invariably make the hard "s" soft, the Lowland Scotch do it with some words. One of those thus treated is, "wise" and "wiser." Thus, Hately Waddell, in his "Psalms o' David, out o' Hebrew intil Scotis," in a note to Ps. lx. 9, 10, says: "If God gangna' to the stoure, Kings wad be wysser at hame!" A salutary truth indeed; and well worth learning. Indeed, many of Waddell's expressions, in the two volumes he has issued, "Psalms" and "Isaiah," will doubtless (as they well deserve to be) become proverbial. Nothing could be finer than his heading to the twenty third Psalm; "The Lord's sheep-keepin's kind and cannie, wi' a braw howf at the lung-last! Dauvid keeps his sheep; the Lord keeps Dauvid!" that is, "The Lord's sheep-keeping is kind and gentle; with a grand rendezvous at the last!"

A proverb is like an illustration; it does not necessarily prove anything, and may be fallacious or untrue. A mother-in-law has been made the subject of much cruel and ill-timed jesting: nor are the Scotch free of it. "A gude green turf," says the proverb, "is a gude gude-mither." *Per contra*, an old schoolfellow, whom I met again after many years, told me, in speaking of his family—I knew his wife was dead—"My mother-in-law keeps my house;" and added with much feeling, "I have a lovely mother-in-law!" The conceit of the race is well stated in the proverb, "A' complain o' want o' siller, but nane o' want o' sense." And a good excuse for natural infirmity, as well as a sly hit at ungracious behaviour, may be found in the Lowland proverb, "A crookit stick will thraw a crookit shadow!" The only difference is, that a man, unlike a stick, is generally responsible for his crookedness.

"As sure as death!" asseverates the Scotch boy; and that generally ends the matter. So firmly has it taken hold on the average "callant," that it would be worse than perjury to "go back" on such an objurgation, and many amusing anecdotes might be told of it: one must suffice. A little boy, a playmate of an old friend of mine, was in the occasional habit of inviting the other boys to a field his father rented to pasture some cows. The old man did not like his field trodden by boys playing ball, and would order them out. At last he began to suspect that Jimmy brought them there, and tried to catch him; but the boy was too nimble to be caught. He then tried diplomacy. "Here, Jimmy, my man!" he called out, in a wheedling tone, "here's a ha'penny for you!" putting his fingers in his waistcoat pocket. "Ye want to lick me!" said Jimmy. "No, I'll no lick ye; I just want to speak to ye," said the old man, who thought it was better merely to give Jimmy a "talking to," than miss the opportunity altogether. "Say, 'sure as death,' father!" demanded Jimmy. The assurance was given, and sacredly kept! and Jimmy got a bit of advice, instead of the rod his father intended for him!

"A horn spoon hands nae poison," say the Borderers: as much as to say, that among the humble poor treachery is little to be dreaded. What Scotchman doesn't remember the horn spoons his mother brought out on grand occasions, for "kail"; or once a year, some family-anniversary, for haggis? the humbler representatives being "cutties" used for the morning parritch. I once called at a gypsy's house in Yetholm, belonging to a professed and hereditary spoon-maker, to get a few of his finest spoons. I found the lazy fellow in bed. He told me he was "sick." I never heard the broad Scotch spoken with such a "burr." "I hae nae spunes enow," said he; "I canna get nae horns to mak' them: an'I'm no weeleneuch to mak' them!" He told me he could make them of any pattern ordered—"the siller-spune paittern, or the fiddle paittern, or any paittern ye like it." I was sorry I did not get them. "Cast ye ower the house rigg'n," said one Scotchman to another, "and ye'll fa' on your feet!" a tribute, if taken in good sense to the national thriftiness of the Scotch; but may also be applied to over-reaching and sharp dealing.

WILLIAM WYE SMITH.

TO ADA.

LITTLE lady Ada in thy lambent eyes,
Subtle-coloured fancies fall and rise—
Rise and fall on a brown ground rare,
Float and fade like the passing of a shade
Or the tremor of the sunlight in the air.

Fancies of the sky, fancies of the sea,
Gladness of the green grass, freedom of the tree,
Tossing all its glossy leaves and blowing branches bright,
Fancies of the heart, shining through in part,
Like a light behind the shoulders of the night.

Little lady Ada, be thy fancies green or gray,
Castles built of sunbeams or slighter dreams than they,
Holding thee in laughter or in tears,
Beneath it all, remember, true life lies low, an ember
That shall live in what comes after all the years.

Ottawa.

COLIN A. SCOTT.

ADJOINING FIELDS.

I.
My bosom, life-giving,
Yields toilers their bread.
I nourish the living,
My bosom life-giving,
Till weary of striving,
They envy the dead.
My bosom life-giving,
Yields toilers their bread.

II.
The weary, toil-laden
Lie down on my breast,
And find the lost Aiden,
The weary toil-laden;
Life's tree throws its shade on
This haven of rest.
The weary toil-laden
Lie down on my breast.

WILLIAM MCGILL.

A CANADIAN VIKING.

HE is not a dazzling personage. The sun falling in mid-summer brightness upon him does not glint on cap of burnished steel, nor ripple over gleaming hauberk, nor flame upon the edge of trenchant axe or lethal sword. The light is lost upon his sombre figure, save only for the dull gleam of the oilskin sou'wester which covers his head and the duller sheen of the well greased dreadnaughts which encase his legs halfway to the hip.

Yet, as he stands upon the verge of the little jetty, in sharp contrast with the foreground of light green waves, he is good to look at—a theme for a master's brush or chisel. Rolf Ganger himself had not among all his followers a warrior more heroically proportioned than this child of the sea. Beneath his closely-fitting, dark blue jersey are incomparable thews and sinews; biceps and deltoid, resembling more than aught else bunches of knotted cord; shoulders and neck invested with bands of supple steel. Such part of his face as is not concealed by the dark beard is the colour of "heart of oak." His eye is deep, vigilant, certain; unerring in following the changes of the most restless of all the elements; bold to dare without blinking the lash of the fiercest storm, and, in the white, of that pearly hue significant of a healthy body. Add to these details the stride of a Colossus, with the stature and bulk of a guardsman, and you have a picture, in no whit overdrawn, representative of perhaps the most virile and self-reliant of the factors which go to make up our national life; the hardy race which garners the harvest of our coast waters.

Within the bays and lesser inlets, breaking the continuity of our rock-bound Eastern coasts, are to be found as true specimens of the fisherman, and as perfect types of muscular humanity, as the world can produce. Trained from infancy in the use of the oar, upon waters that are never calm, they become perfectly inured to all the sudden perils and dangers of the deep. Pursuing their finny prey, they make daring flights seaward, in boats which, compared with those employed in the fisheries of the old country, seem the veriest cockle-shells. Alertness of sight, activity of body, prompt decisiveness of character, are prime necessities, and consciously exercised. Fear is practically an unknown quality, magnificent powers of effort and endurance are evolved, yet close intimacy with nature in its grandest aspects acts as a preservative from that coarseness of mental fibre so often associated with the highest development of the body. The possession of more than average strength seems, amid artificial surroundings, to exert a greater or less brutalizing effect. From this blemish, however, our fishermen are notably free. As a rule, they are charmingly unsophisticated, with a fine trait of manly tenderness and gentleness indescribably attractive to one accustomed to the rigorous conventionalities of inland life.

Such is Pierre, the subject of our sketch: a lineal descendant it may be of hardy Breton or Norman stock; in strength and manliness and faultless courage, peer of the noblest of his prototypes, sung by scald or celebrated in saga; in skilful and successful seamanship, more than their equal; in robust honesty, frugality, self-control, patient endurance of privation, and all the homelier virtues, far above them. Life-long use of ponderous ashen sweeps

have given his hands a grip of iron and a palm of horn. But they can be very patient betimes to help toddling vikings over rough roads, or to teach them intricacies of knots and splices. The eyes, now bent with a seaman's keenness upon the tumbling offing, have in their quieter moments the sheen of dripping dulce, newly torn from the darkest recesses of a rock-pool. The wildest paroxysms of the elements are to him familiar things, powerless to blanch his cheek or cause his heart to quail; yet the feeblest cry of distress or the slightest word of affection may stir his nature to its depths. Presently, we shall see the weather-beaten face glow beneath its oak-tints at the evening welcome of his comely wife, and at sight thereof will be convinced, once and for all, that, whatever may be said to the contrary, matrimony is not always a failure.

But while we digress the beauty of the afternoon is quickly passing away. Veil after veil of thinnest mist is being drawn, as if by magic fingers, across the dappled sky, until its innumerable fleecy cloudlets are finally merged in one common pall of silvery gray. Through this, the declining sun sends a faint, yellow radiance, scarcely powerful enough to define the shadows. The emerald of the wave-crests yields little by little to a neutral tint, and here and there, as they eurl over and break, a deepening sepia tinge appears. Far out, beyond the limit of protection afforded by the beetling cliffs, the rising wind churns the tops of the swells into flying spray. Everything foretells a tempestuous night.

Our friend Pierre, who ekes out his sometimes scanty fare by occasional service as a pilot, is on the lookout for an ocean steamer, now some days overdue. The faintest shade of anxiety gathers in his countenance as he reads the warning signs of the sky. Will his comrades, who are down the coast with their seines, be caught by the storm? A moment's reflection assures him of their safety—the wind cannot reach them, in its present quarter. Suddenly, he draws from beneath his arm a scarred and ancient telescope, and levels it upon the horizon. A glance is sufficient to inform his practised eye that yon black thread is not a steamer's smoke, but a tenuous cloud-bank, forerunner of heavier masses not yet visible. He closes the glass with a snap. A second glance at the now almost obscured sun, convinces him that there is no need for further watching. The captain of the *Neustria*—an old "sea dog"—would not dream of making the neighbouring port on such a night as this promises to be. So, after looking carefully to the moorings of the staunch little craft tossing restlessly by the wharveside he turns homewards. The strain of watching being now relaxed, all the native genialness of his face becomes perceptible.

Away up the hillside, one of a score, its exact counterparts stands his tiny cottage. Its white walls start out from the bosom of the gathering shadows, which as daylight wanes, seem to creep out from their hiding places in the crannies and fissures of the black basalt jutting out everywhere through the scanty herbage. Still higher up, dominant over all in its solitude, stands the village church. The last dim rays of the setting sun brighten for a moment the summit of the cross that tops the shingled spire: symbolizing perfectly the faith which invests the sorrows of this world with the halo of an undying hope. The unpretentious edifice is dedicated to our Lady of Good Succour, whose rudely carved effigy looks out from its niche beneath the belfry, over the waste of waters below. As the last sunbeam parts lingeringly from the holy sign above, the vesper bell sends out to all within hearing a clanging call to prayer, and Pierre, the devout son of a devout race, breathes a fervent petition for all who may have business upon the deep, during the coming night.

The village is almost depopulated, by the expedition already referred to. None remain behind save the patriarch of the community—old John Pettipas—and the women and children. Of sick there are none—a sportive tradition is current among the younger folk, that the old people cannot die until they are sent inland! To John, who looms dimly from his seat on the doorstep, through a nimbus of tobacco smoke, the young man flings a boisterous greeting and halts for a moment to exchange prognostications for "old John" is weather-wise. Here and there, in his upward course, he slows his swinging gait in order to answer some anxious matron's enquiry concerning the absent men. "There is no danger," he says, with a confident air, full of comfort to the most apprehensive ones. "The lads are close in shore where the storm cannot reach them. However, before it breaks they will be home."

At the gate of his own diminutive garden, stands Katrine, cherry-lipped, ruddy-checked, black-eyed, a picture of brightness. Her shapely arms bared to the elbow, enfold the infant son and heir of her stalwart lord. She smiles happily at his coming, revealing as she does so, a set of teeth that a princess might envy. Pierre's eyes flash back the welcome, which beams upon him, while Pierre, junior, leaps and crows lustily at sight of the approaching form. As the infantile challenge falls on his father's ear, it is answered by a resonant, hearty roar of mirth that echoes and re-echoes among the rocks. At the same time he unconsciously quickens his pace.

The waiting pair are reached at length. "Come!" he cries. The youngster bounds from its mother's embrace into the strong hands outspread to receive him. For thirty seconds he is held aloft, full eight feet above mother earth, in which position he laughs fearlessly and endeavours to reach with his dimpled fists the merry, swarthy visage beneath. Suddenly he is drawn down to the broad breast, where he is held for another thirty seconds in a close but tender hug. Then the hug relaxes, and a vigorous impulse of the muscular arms sends the urchin on a breathless flight

skyward. He is safely caught on the descent, and the operation repeated again and again, he all the while screaming in very ecstasy of enjoyment. Pierre's deep bass and Katrine's melodious contralto mingle with the child's shrill treble in a delightful harmony which might charm the most hopeless cynic into graciousness. Finally, tiring of this sport, the fledgling rover is perched upon his sire's massive shoulder, from which vantage he leans forward in gleeful chase of Katrine, who retreating up the shell strewn path, invites the pursuit which she nimbly eludes. And as the first brown sail of the returning boats creeps round the headland, the viking and his household divinities vanish from our sight within the darkness of the open portal.

Sackville, N. S.

R. R. J. EMMERSON.

ANTICIPATING THE WEDDING-DAY.

(From an Old Man's Mss. of long ago.)

"Let us dream on; it can do no one any harm, and it will do us some little good."

"Let us dream on," the darling woman said,
Waiting with hope for that auspicious day
For which I, too, with eager longing pray,
Though only for some fleeting weeks delayed.
Let us dream on! it is the time of dreams,
Wherein the glowing future to us seems
In all imagination's hues arrayed.

Let us dream on! of love's undying flame,
Of tenderness, and trust, and joy that conquers death,
Of happy days and nights till latest breath,
And all that goes to make a blessed name.
Sweet dreams! ye innocent visions of delight,
None do ye harm; but oh, how blissful bright
Ye make our hearts, as joy ye silently proclaim.

THE POET'S GENIUS.

THOUGHT born of fancy free—
Like wild bird's warbled glee.

ITS EMPIRE.

MAN's heart e'en swayed by glorious song,
Rich boon of ages all along.

Toronto.

T. E. MOBERLY.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—It may possibly rest in the recollection of some of your readers that in an earlier number of your journal, some three or four years since, I addressed a letter to you on the above subject. As I have more to say now than I had then, I may claim sufficient motive and excuse for entering upon it again. The interest of any light that it may be possible to throw on the Lord's Prayer can not be doubtful. It is, if I am not very much mistaken, the general, if not almost universal, opinion among theologians that the Prayer was taught on two occasions to different hearers. I venture to suggest that that view is not correct, and, with your leave, I will proceed to state my reasons for that opinion. A greater breadth of view than seems to be generally taken is, I think, required. It is not enough to take the Prayer, as it occurs in the third Gospel, as an isolated fact. It must be considered in conjunction with its contexts, as well as must the Prayer as it occurs in the first Gospel. There will then at once be found much in common between them. In the first Gospel the Prayer is imbedded in the teachings of the Sermon on the Mount. So it is in the third. In Luke xi., where the Prayer is found, and in the following chapter, there are no less than twenty-three verses of the same teachings, not similar, but the same, identical, verbatim. Then we have in both Gospels the presence of the multitude. And we find another curious fact. The two Gospels differ as to the place where the Sermon (known as the Sermon on the Mount) was delivered. According to Matthew, it was "up in a mountain"; according to Luke, "down in the plain." For it is incontestable that the discourse in Luke vi. is the same as the Sermon in Matthew v., vi., vii. It begins with like beatitudes, and it ends with the same parable, and is almost identical throughout, as far as it goes, not containing more than thirty verses of the hundred and eight which the Sermon comprises. But it is to be remarked that, while there is this dissimilarity, there is none affecting the Prayer, for it is not contained in Luke vi. As to the place where the Prayer was given, there is agreement between the Gospels. In Matthew it was "up in a mountain;" in Luke, "in a certain place." Now, the "certain place" had been sought by Jesus for the same purpose of prayer as the one described in Luke vi. as "out into a mountain," which is the same as "up into a mountain," and thus we reach the conclusion that that the latter expression and "a certain place" mean the same thing. We have then already what approaches very near to proof that the two Gospels refer to one and the same occasion on which the Prayer was taught. It remains to be considered whether the learners, to whom it was taught, were also the same. In the third Gospel they were the disciples alone; that is sure. Were they so in the first? It may be answered with next to certainty in the affirmative. Matthew's words are, "When He was set, His disciples came unto Him, and He taught them,"

them, the disciples. We are not told that the multitude was taught. A promiscuous multitude of people could surely scarcely have been addressed as "the salt of the earth," "the light of the world" (Matthew), and as "little flock" (Luke). Again, Luke tells us that the multitude was "innumerable, insomuch that they trode one on another." There must, therefore, have been more or less of tumult, and, so far as conjecture is admissible, the correct interpretation of "going up into a mountain" may be a withdrawal out of reach of interruption from a mass of people in an unruly condition. Moreover, if the disciples had already been taught the Prayer in the Sermon on the Mount, they would not have required to be taught "to pray" again and been given the same form of words (Matthew vi. 9-13; Luke xi. 1-4). All this, taken all together, would certainly seem to leave little doubt of its having been the disciples exclusively to whom the Prayer was taught, and of its having been on one occasion only.

So the matter stood when there came into my hands a work of which the following is the title page: "Studies of the New Testament." By F. Godet, D.D., Professor of Theology, Neuchatel. Edited by the Hon. and Rev. W. H. Lyttleton, M.A., Rector of Hagley, and Honorary Canon of Worcester. Third Edition. London: Hodder & Stoughton, 27 Paternoster Row: 1879," the English edition being a translation by the wife of the editor. Here follow extracts from the work: "On a closer study of the first gospel, we are struck with a salient feature which may help to put us on the right track. Interwoven into the text of the narrative we meet at intervals with certain grand discourses, fitted into the framework of the history. These discourses are five in number: 1. The sermon of Jesus commonly called the *Sermon on the Mount* (v.-vii.)—the other four being specified (p. 12). "In such a work as this, of which the historical side was almost completely effaced, it might happen that the author, in order to set forth with greater clearness and fulness the mind of the Lord on each of these five subjects, put together words spoken by Jesus on different occasions, and grouped into one whole the parables which His wisdom as a Teacher would not have allowed Him to accumulate in this way in preaching to the people; and this explains quite naturally how it is that the elements, combined together in these discourses of Matthew, are found in Luke scattered among five, six and even ten different sets of circumstances." (Here is appended the following foot note: "It occurs no less than nine times that words grouped together by Matthew in the Sermon on the Mount are found in Luke referred to particular and very different circumstances.") "It does not appear to me that, in the majority of those cases, a thorough student of the subject could refuse to give the preference to the position indicated in the third gospel." (Here is appended the following foot note: "Compare, for example, the manner in which the Lord's Prayer is placed Matthew vi. 9-13, and Luke xi. 1-4.") Pp. 15, 16: "Luke is in each case like a botanist who prefers to contemplate a flower in the very place of its birth, and in the midst of its natural surroundings. Matthew is like the gardener who, with a view to some special object, puts together large and magnificent bouquets." Here we have proof positive that, in the opinion of this Swiss professor of theology, there was but one instance of the teaching of the Prayer, and that it was transposed by Matthew from its "preferable position" in Luke to the Sermon on the Mount, in course of carrying out a special purpose and method in the construction of his gospel.

In his recent "Reply to Professor Huxley," the Rev. Dr. Wace, Principal of King's College, London, speaking of the "Sermon on the Mount and the Lord's Prayer" says "allowing for variations in form and order;" also, "many good critics have thought that the Sermon on the Mount combines various distinct utterances of our Lord."

That it is true, then, that the Lord's Prayer was taught on one occasion only there can scarcely, I think, remain a doubt. But, if so, very grave misapprehension has arisen. Of that there could be no stronger proof than a printed and published sermon in my possession. It is earnest, eloquent, and, in my humble opinion, entirely right in spirit though entirely wrong in letter, and was preached to a large congregation by a minister in all respects worthy of it. The purpose of this sermon is to enforce the (assumed) fact of the teaching of the Lord's Prayer on two occasions to two different classes of hearers; to point out *why* that course was taken—and here, if in error, the matter becomes very serious indeed—and to inculcate the lessons to be derived from it.

Faithfully yours, D. FOWLER.

THE PROPOSED IMPERIAL CONGRESS.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—In presenting the idea of an Imperial Congress as a simple form for giving practical effect to the principle of Confederation of the Empire, I limited myself to the barest outline of the plan, leaving details to be evolved by discussion. You have, while refraining from direct criticism or judgment of the scheme, noted some important points for consideration. In reference to these I desire space for a few explanations.

The new Cabinet Minister would be simply the representative and mouthpiece of the Imperial Congress, and his functions would not interfere with those of the Premier of Great Britain. The Imperial Congress would designate, through its minister, such of the measures before the Parliament or Senate as should be submitted to the vote of the Congress. Thus measures of only local

interest would not be brought under official purview of the Congress, unless called up by that body on the ground of interference with the Imperial interests. The ordinary business of the British and other parliaments could not be blocked by the Imperial Congress, because the assent of the latter would always be assumed to any measure not called before it prior to the passage of the measure by Parliament and Senate.

The relation of the Imperial Congress to the British Parliament would be simply—*independence*. Each body would be supreme within its own department. The Imperial Congress could not legislate for Great Britain apart from the rest of the Empire: the British Parliament could not legislate for the colonies apart from Great Britain. All matters of mutual interest, such as shipping, import and export duties, immigration and emigration, defence, etc., would be the proper subjects of legislation by the Imperial Congress.

The number of members of the Imperial Congress might be regulated *pro rata* with population, if the members were chosen only by the elective parliaments of the empire; but as the Senatorial bodies consist largely of Government nominees the "tight little isles" would have their due preponderance under the simple arrangement of giving three representatives to each existing Legislature. This feature of the scheme is, however, introduced merely for the purpose of conserving vested interests. Limitation of the electorate of the Imperial Congress to the popular Representative bodies would otherwise be preferable.

The benefits to Canada and the other individual colonies would be many. Prominent among them may be specified the enhanced respect of the outside world. As integral parts of the British Empire, the dignity of each would be raised to a higher plane. The whole power of the Empire would be behind each part to sustain its rights against the attempted violence of any national bully. And surely the British Empire would gain, not only in glory, but in commerce and in world-influence.

A. M. B.

THE MEDICAL MOVEMENT IN MONTREAL.

IN the regulation orders of a certain religious society who, let us hope, if they ever receive their endowment, will enjoy it with a zest enhanced by the conflict to win it, *the end justifies the means* adopted to secure the end; and we ought to record our gratitude to these gentlemen that they still at least appear to preserve some reverent respect for the end. With the most of us it is otherwise. We have so pledged ourselves to the pursuit of means that the end has become *non est*. We scarcely recognize it when we stumble upon it. We decline to accept it. At best we do so under protest. Give us the chase. Let who will pick up the game.

When Samuel Johnson wrote, "We have all the same general desires, but how these desires shall be accomplished will for ever be disputed," he might have phonographically sealed his wisdom and labelled it "to be opened in Montreal in the closing years of the nineteenth century when certain persons shall be found to go on their knees humbly craving the crumbs of education which fall from the table of certain other persons."

After a quarter of a century's experiment of the training of women in medicine, the United States now possess not only hundreds of successful lady doctors, but many vigorous medical colleges entirely governed and officered by women. Within our own fair realm the movement has made headway, and the schools at Toronto and at Kingston, are, no doubt, destined to meet with the local support they deserve. At last, in Montreal, educational circles are being disturbed by the skirting eddies of the great current, and as these circles show indications of stemming the tide, the eddies are gathering and compacting themselves for patient and united service. Some of our fair maidens having gone elsewhere for what they cannot procure at home, and others waiting, prepared to follow the example if necessary, a small working committee of Donalda students, animated and supported by a lady who for some years has been anxiously desirous of putting to usury a special talent with which she has been endowed, have banded themselves together, and in course of the last few months have drawn around them a large organization who now call themselves the Association for the Promotion of the Professional Education of Women. Executive and Advisory committees have been at work. A request was forwarded to the Faculty of Medicine in McGill University asking for two things:—1, that the Faculty supply the Association with a formal expression of opinion on the general question of the medical education of women, and 2, that it grant a conference of members of the Faculty with members of the Association, to consider the probability of securing such education in Montreal.

It is important to remark at this stage that so long as the question remained purely one of *end*,—a question of whether or not women ought to receive a medical education, the Association met with a great deal of what it was justified in setting down as encouragement. In private interviews, and through the process known as *interviewing* by reporters of the daily press, many of the leading members of the Faculty expressed themselves as quite prepared to take up the question. But so soon as the second request of the Association was formally laid before them, and the discussion of *means* was hinted at, a sudden silence ensued. "They were too busy to think about it." "Their opinions had not yet crystallized." "The women were in too great a hurry," and "expected the work of fifty (!) years to be done in three months." With one or two brave exceptions,

the distinguished gentlemen all placed themselves safely on the fence.

The consequence was that in the reply to the association no notice whatever was taken of the first item—the broad general question. As far as the association is aware, it seems to have been by common consent confided to the cold shades of neglect. The entire strength of the Faculty appears to have been concentrated upon the question of *means*, and upon making *that* decide the end. The conference, however, was granted, and was held in the Medical Library. The Faculty was represented by the Principal, the Dean, the Registrar, and another member; and the association by its vice-president, its secretary, one of the proposed students, and a successful lady medical student who is a resident of Montreal, though a graduate of Kingston. This committee of the association was authorized to lay before the conference a request that the Medical Faculty extend its educational advantages to women upon one of three bases: 1. The system of co-education throughout. 2. The system of separate education throughout. 3. The system of combining both, that is, of co-education in so far as it might be deemed practicable, and of separate education in such classes as may be considered absolutely desirable to be divided. The association further authorized its committee to press the claims of the last proposal as the only one which the association was inclined to advance, and to assure the Faculty of its determination to use every exertion to procure the necessary endowment.

At a public meeting of the association held at the end of May, to receive the report of the committee, a very large audience indicated their interest by their presence in the hall of the Young Women's Christian Association. Amongst the speakers was Prof. Davidson, of New York, who was delivering a short course of lectures under the auspices of the University Literary Society, and who in a most pointed and telling address said it *amused* him to come to Montreal and find us in the position regarding this question in which he had found our great neighbours twenty (!) years ago. The reports were adopted by the association, and in absence of any communication from the Faculty, although many weeks had elapsed, the ladies adjourned for the summer months.

In submitting to the Faculty the three plans which accompanied the petition for the admission of women to the study of medicine, the association was understood to have covered the entire ground of what is practical, and its object was simply that, and nothing more. The system of co-education had not been entertained by the association, although some of the medical professors had publicly intimated their readiness to adopt it throughout. That of separate classes was not discussed in any shape, as being too costly, in a great measure unnecessary, and out of harmony with the public sentiment in Montreal upon which the association expected to rely for any endowment which may be anticipated. The system of the two combined received unanimous advocacy, as being the only natural, economical and efficient means of securing the object in view, as the movement had adopted the basis of equal-education, equal examinations, and, therefore, equal degrees. In the absence of any literal transcription of what took place at the conference, the association was compelled to rely upon notes taken by the secretary as fully as time permitted. From these a sufficient indication of the attitude of the University was supplied.

As may have been expected, the Principal undertook to be the chief, if not the only spokesman for the Faculty. He suggested a few counter systems, such as a special temporary endowment for a term of, say, ten years; or a postponement of the whole question till after the erection of the Royal Victoria Hospital, when some arrangement might be made in connection with it; impressed upon the conference his conviction that co-education, even in the modified form adopted by the association, would practically kill any prospect of endowment in Montreal, and intimated that the movement must necessarily be of slow growth. The practical result of the meeting was that the Faculty counselled the association to lay the petition before the corporation; that, when that was done, the corporation was instructed to send it down to the Faculty again; and said Faculty was authorized to return it to the corporation—the *slow growth* to be entered upon in a most business-like fashion.

So far, the association must be congratulated upon the energetic, candid, and systematic manner in which it has commenced its work. It has proved that it possesses not only organizing but administrative ability, and has set forth its aim in a clear and unmistakable fashion. At the origin of a movement of such importance, coming as it did from the town as an expression of a desire to aid the University in its high and important work, a fair and candid discussion of the plan suggested by the association would have been as little as could have been expected, instead of assertions on the part of the Principal which were distinctly calculated to bias the minds of the conference against it. The learned gentleman said that co-education had been a failure even in Arts, not only in the United States but also in Toronto and Kingston. If such had been the case, the association would not in all probability have adopted it in medicine, even in a modified form. The facts regarding the United States are so overwhelmingly on the other side that the Principal must have been perhaps too busy to give the matter much attention. And as far as our country is concerned, that any educationalist should make a statement of that sort presupposes that the association had undertaken a work for which it was evidently unprepared. So far from the combined plan operating against endowment, in proposing to carry out

co-education in every class and in every detail where it is possible to do so, the association is convinced that it is proceeding upon the secret of the *only prospect* of endowment in Montreal, and the chief obstacle which is anticipated, and which has already been proved, in the way of securing any adequate endowment for medicine for women lies in the separate classes for women in Arts.

This may be a matter of surprise to the distinguished Principal. But the association is a body of practical women who have laid their foundations broad and sure. They have no policies which are dearer to their hearts than the object they are aiming at. They know the value of a thousand or a hundred thousand dollars. They know the labour on the part of their husbands and brothers which it means, and the labour on their own part of wise and self-denying expenditure. They know the sentiment of the public they intend to appeal to, and already they have been met with the taunt that a college which spends so much upon the unnecessary luxury of separate classes in literature and history, languages and science, ought surely to be able to supply its own endowment for medicine. It has also been struck with the curious fact that of all the colleges in Canada where women have been admitted the only one in which there has been any trouble is the only one which has *not* accepted co-education.

It may be important to add in conclusion that the association is fighting for the University the battle which it ought to have been fighting for the town. It asks no *boon*. It insists upon a *right*. It has no intention of losing itself in fears of *means*. It will go right on to its *end*. Already it has proposed, if necessary, to direct its strength towards Toronto or Kingston. And it is to be hoped that McGill University will show herself alive to the policy of retaining and maintaining the energetic aid of a band of women so thoroughly in earnest, and so thoroughly in sympathy with the work in which they and the University ought to have a common interest.

RAMBLER.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

BURGOYNE'S INVASION OF 1777. With an outline sketch of the American Invasion of Canada, 1775-76. By Samuel Adams Drake. 1889. Boston: Lee & Shepard; New York: Charles T. Dillingham.

This is a short historical sketch written from a United States standpoint in a lucid and interesting manner, but with a palpable bias which deprives it of the merit of being an impartial narrative. Witness the statement in the opening paragraph of the invasion of Canada: "Though they did not love their new masters, prudence counselled the Canadians to stand aloof, at least till the Americans had proved their ability to make head against the might of England." To this characteristic American assertion, the meagre account with which its author has contented himself—compressed within some six or eight pages—to record the defeat and disaster which befell the invaders of our country, is a sufficient refutation. No, it was not the prudence of the traitor that animated our forefathers of either race in those dark and stormy days, but a noble and exalted patriotism which led the brave Anglo-Saxon and the gallant Celt to stand united for king and constitution, and to pour out their blood like water in defence of hearth and home and country as their sons and daughters are ready, if need be, to do to-day.

SOCIETY GYMNASTICS AND VOICE CULTURE, adapted from the Delsarte System. By Genevieve Stebbins (Mrs. J. A. Thompson). New York: Edgar S. Werner, 28 West 23rd Street.

Great is the importance of the ancient maxim, "a sound mind in a sound body." It is, alas! too true that the wondrous skill which produced the exquisite physical grace and beauty of the ancient Greek—immortalized in voiceless marble—may be almost considered one of the lost arts. The above manual is an intelligent attempt to compensate for the loss, and at the same time, by a few clear directions and exercises, to stimulate the culture of the voice and phonetic basis.

A SUBJECT CATALOGUE: or finding list of books in the Toronto Reference Library with an Index of Subjects and Personal Names, including additions made up to February 1st, 1889. Toronto: James Murray & Company.

This compact, convenient and well-arranged volume is a boon to that ever increasing portion of our community who consult the literary, artistic, scientific or other branches of our public library of reference, and for all that goes to make a catalogue a ready and efficient aid, a help and not a hindrance. It may favourably court comparison with that of any other library, whether public or private. The arrangement is of the simplest, yet most comprehensive character. The indices of subjects and names are admirable features. The striking subject and section headings, the clear type and excellent paper are all commendable, and the especial prominence given to Canadian subjects is well worthy of note. It may not be out of place here to say that this catalogue is in keeping with the ability and efficiency of its compiler, Mr. James Bain, Jr., the chief librarian, who, with his efficient assistants, have won the regard of all literary workers who have had occasion to approach them in their official capacity.

THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD. By Oliver Goldsmith. Edited, with a Preface, by Ernest Rhys. London: Walter Scott, 24 Warwick Lane; New York and Toronto: W. J. Gage & Co.

Was ever a sweeter story told than that of the innocent, kindly, noble English vicar, and the trials and troubles, the joys and sorrows of himself and his family? This first of English novels stands first, not only in order of time, but of merit, and we question whether in many respects it will ever be equalled or surpassed in the realms of fiction. The kings and potentates of literature, not of the English race alone, have done homage at its shrine, and its pure, ennobling influence, and the tender touch of its profound humanity, will melt and move the human heart, and chasten and refine the human mind, so long as there is a heart to beat or a mind to think.

Welcome! Thrice welcome, Immortal Vicar! in thy new and attractive dress!

We commend the pleasing preface by Mr. Rhys, and congratulate the publishers and the public on the new appearance of one of the most illustrious favourites of fiction.

THE RECLUSE. By William Wordsworth. London and New York: MacMillan & Co. 1888.

The prefatory note to this chaste little volume announces that "it consists of the first book of the first part of 'The Recluse,' which was left in manuscript by Wordsworth, and is now published for the first time *in extenso*." Those who are familiar with the "Excursion" will remember that the concluding part of this portion of "The Recluse" ends its preface. "The Recluse" its author characterized as "a philosophical poem, containing views of man, nature and society, and having for its principal subject the sensations and opinions of a poet living in retirement." The lovers of this great master of the Lake school will find him here at his best. We give a short extract:

The station whence he looked was soft and green,
Not giddy, yet aerial, with a depth
Of vale below, a height of hills above.
For rest of body perfect was the spot,
All that luxurious nature could desire;
But stirring to the spirit: who could gaze
And not feel motions there? He thought of clouds
That sail on winds: of breezes that delight
To play on water, or in endless chase
Pursue each other through and through,
In billow after billow, evermore
Disporting—nor unmindful was the boy
Of sunbeams, shadows, butterflies and birds;
Of fluttering sylphs and softly gliding fays,
Genii, and winged angels that are lords
Without restraint of all which they behold.
The illusion strengthening as he gazed, he felt
That such unfettered liberty was his,
Such power and joy; but only for this end,
To flit from field to rock, from rock to field,
From shore to island, and from isle to shore,
From open ground to covert, from a bed
Of meadow flowers into a tuft of woods;
From high to low, from low to high, yet still
Within the bound of this huge concave; here
Must be his home, this valley be his world.

AMERICAN SONNETS. Selected and edited, with an introduction by William Sharp. London: Walter Scott; New York and Toronto: W. J. Gage and Co.

That eminent English poetic critic, Mr. J. Addington Symonds, says of certain poets and the sonnet: "When they have mastered its conditions they can pour into that deftly fashioned vase a liquid thought or feeling which shall afford refreshment to many generations." We may gratefully acknowledge that the learned editor has amply proved his fitness for the task by his charming and appreciative introductory note, and his admirable selection from the representative sonnets of this continent. Heavysege, Roberts and Lampman win added lustre and renown for Canada in this bright and brilliant company. The quatrain receives due notice in this anthology. The notes are terse and clear, and the volume (one of the Canterbury series) is a credit to the publishers.

AN ELEMENTARY HISTORY OF ART: ARCHITECTURE AND SCULPTURE. By N. D'Anvers. Third edition, with introduction by Prof. Roger Smith. London: Sampson Low, Marston and Company. 1889.

Mr. D'Anvers' illustrated handbook of art is so well-known, and has been received with so much favour by students in art schools and studios in the Old World, that this new edition ought to be welcome on this side of the Atlantic. Though designated an "Elementary History," it will be found for popular use, in the departments of architecture and sculpture, sufficiently full to enable the general reader to make himself acquainted with the essentials of art history and with the more notable examples, ancient and modern, in the two fascinating subjects with which the book deals. Of its value to art students we need hardly speak, as it is the recognized text-book in England for the examination of candidates on art subjects, and perhaps the most sought after of elementary prize books in the science and arts departments of the Government schools. To the lover of art, and particularly to those who are interested in the public and domestic architecture of the present day, and who would understand something of the technicalities of the subject, the work will prove an instructive and attractive guide. Its range is considerable, comprehending not only ancient art, from the Egyptian to the Roman and the Gothic, but all the phases of architectural art in Britain, from the Early English to the revived Gothic and Classic types of the present day.

In sculpture the book presents the same wide range, being particularly full in its discussion of Greek and Roman art and that of the Renaissance. The illustrations are at once a help and an attraction; they include the chief works of universal admiration and the most characteristic of each period represented. As a key to the two great departments of the world's art achievement, the book well merits the favour with which it is regarded.

THE HISTORY OF PROFESSOR PAUL. By Stuart Livingston. Hamilton: Hunter and Grant; Toronto: The Toronto News Company.

Readers of THE WEEK will be familiar with the title at least of this Canadian story, which recently appeared in instalments in our pages. Those who have read it in serial form will, we think, agree with us that it well deserves the honour of separate publication. Its author is understood to be a resident of Hamilton, and, if this is correct, the "ambitious city" may felicitate itself on possessing a writer not only capable of giving to Canadian literature a well-conceived and well-written book of fiction, but of interesting the reader in the story and of holding the interest steadily to the close. The tale, moreover, has the merit of brevity, a circumstance which must commend it to the novel-reader of the day, who is but too conscious of what he is made to suffer at the hands of prolix novelists and writers of padded-out fiction. Nor are the author's simplicity of style and artlessness of manner the least of his claims upon the reader. The story is told in the form of a direct recital of events occurring in the experience of an old artist and alchemist who, nearing the close of his life, interests a young brother professional in his personal history, and who interviews him nightly for the purpose of receiving his sad story and of rendering him assistance in a singular experiment he hints to him he is about to make. Having appeared in our columns, it will be unnecessary to do more than to give the briefest outline of the story, for the benefit of those who may not have read it in serial form. The artist, Paul Arrall, in his youth falls in love with a maiden who, like himself, is an inmate of his aunt's household in a country town near London. His love is returned, but being laudably ambitious he goes off to Paris to achieve fame in his profession before marrying the object of his affections. There he works hard, and just as he has succeeded in painting a picture which wins him a patron and repays him for his unceasing toil, he learns that the young lady to whom he had been engaged had been forced by her father to marry a wealthy suitor for her hand and she is now lost to him.

This intelligence unsettles his reason, and for seven years he is an inmate of a lunatic asylum. At the end of this period Prof. Paul's reason returns, though he is physically a wreck. He goes back to his aunt's village, to learn that his affianced, who always loved him, and was now a widow, had become a nun. He goes to the Continent in search of her, and at length meets her at the bedside of a dying priest, whom she is tending; and though recognition and reconciliation come about, the nun herself dies with confessions of love on her lips. The blow falls heavily on the now lone and sorrowing artist, though he finds some consolation in a picture of his beloved he had painted in his youth. Such longing as was his, however, could not be contented with a mere pictured face. With great daring the sorrow-stricken artist turns to alchemy, and in that occult science seeks to restore to his arms the living form of his departed love. How the story now goes, and what success awaits the lover in the necromancy to which he resorts, it would not be fair either to the author or to the reader to relate. This portion of the tale is skilfully and pathetically told, while curiosity is heightened by the novelty and weirdness of the resuscitating experiments. Though the ending is gruesome, there are some delightfully idyllic passages in the early parts of the book, particularly in the narrative of the artist's wooing of the heroine. "Every woman born into the world," says the hero, "has it in her power to be either the sunlight or the shadow in some man's life." How much of one or the other was Winnie to Paul Arrall, the reader will discover who makes their acquaintance in the pages of this novelette.

EOS: AN EPIC OF THE DAWN, and other Poems. By Nicholas Food Davin, M. P., Regina, N.-W.T.: The Leader Publishing Company, 1889.

Mr. Davin, in addition to his journalistic work and his parliamentary duties at Ottawa, as member for West Assiniboia, happily finds leisure to woo the Muses. Set down a cultivated Irishman, with the temperamental fervour and varied endowments of his race, on the great plains of our North West Territories, with all the inspiration which he may drink in from the vast green sea about him, and the wonder would be that he did not break out into song. But Mr. Davin did not wait till he drank in the exhilarating ozone of the Far West before he lapsed into verse, nor were the warm Chinook winds which woo the flower-scented prairies into bloom an essential to his Muse. Long ere he deserted the maidens of the East for the compulsory asceticism of the West, he was known not only to possess an original and individual gift of poetry, but to exercise with more or less *abandon* that fatal gift, to the perturbation of many feminine hearts in the charmed circle which he delighted with his presence and good company. We are not sure that we have gained all that we ought to have gained by the author's residence in the North-West. "A Prairie Dawn," the last dozen pages of the new edition of

"Eos," and perhaps the fine poem, "The Canadian Year," would seem to be all that we owe to the influences of the Great West, if we accept the amusing lines on "Regina," with their scathing rebuke of Winnipeg journalism. The chief interest in the volume will be found to centre in "Eos," the long and ambitious poem which gives its title to the book. In the chariot of this goddess of the dawn the poet makes the circuit of half the globe, from the far east to the far west, describing as he passes over in his aerial flight the countries'neath his gaze, with the thoughts and reflections to which they give rise. The poem has many fine and quotable passages, which are as happy in their composition as they are in the idea that suggested them. The verses, entitled "The Critics," which precede "Eos," good-humouredly deal with criticism passed on the first edition of that poem. In dash and facility they are quite Byronic, with just a *soupeon* of Byron's caustic wit to give them spice. Of the minor poems in the volume, "Christmas day at Ottawa," "Parted," "Good Night," and "Numbers," are the best. We must also commend the "Dedication," and the remarks in the preface on intellectual life in Canada. Mr. Davin is courageous to say that "He thinks the cultivation of taste and imagination as important as the raising of grain." We trust that he may get many in the North-West to agree with him, and by their countenance and support to encourage him to continue to pay court to the Muses.

LITERARY AND PERSONAL GOSSIP.

MR. B. P. SHILLABER (Mrs. Partington), is writing his reminiscences of the last half-century.

THE editorial management of the *North American Review* is at present in the hands of Mr. William H. Rideing.

ROBERT BUCHANAN has arranged Scott's "Marmion" for the stage, without sacrificing the metrical form of the original.

ESTES & LAURIAT, Boston, are to be the American publishers of the annual photogravure record of the Paris Salon, whose text will this year be Englished.

LADY COLIN CAMPBELL is said to have written a novel dealing with political and journalistic life in London, which she expects soon to see through the press.

THE Worthington Company have ready a large-paper edition (limited to 500 copies) of David M. Main's "Treasury of English Sonnets."

AN outcome of Professor J. P. Mahaffy's tour of Greece will be a book on the monasteries of that country.

MARGARET DELAND's new novel will be entitled "Sidney Page." Though not dealing directly with theology, it will have a religious motive.

ROBERT CARTER & BROTHERS will publish, by arrangement with the author and English publisher, the autobiography of John G. Paton, missionary to the New Hebrides.

A. C. ARMSTRONG & SON are preparing "The Complete Works of William Wordsworth." They are to be known as the "New Handy Volume Red Line Edition," and will be issued in eight volumes.

"FOLLIES, Foibles, and Fancies of Fish, Flesh and Fowl," a small quarto collection of amusing pictures of animal life, about to be brought out by Frederick Warne & Co., is the work of the son of Birket Foster.

LADY RANDOLPH CHURCHILL contributes to the June number of *The New Review* notes of travel called "A Month in Russia," and another American, Mr. Hugh James, supplies an article entitled, "After the Play."

"EIGHT HUNDRED Miles in an Ambulance" is the title of a little volume of papers republished from *Lippincott's Magazine*, and describing the adventures of Mrs. Laura Winthrop Johnson in a journey across the Western plains.

MACMILLAN & Co. will publish shortly an appendix to Grove's "Dictionary of Music and Musicians," which completes the fourth and concluding volume of the work. A full index to the work is in preparation, which will be published later in a separate volume.

SWAN, SONNENSCHNEIN & Co. have published the collection of early letters of Jane Welsh Carlyle, edited by Mr. D. G. Ritchie. In addition to those of Mrs. Carlyle, the volume includes eleven unpublished letters of Carlyle, dealing chiefly with his studies in connection with the projected history of German literature and his "Cromwell."

THE political prisoners at the mines of Kara, having considerable liberty and being allowed to live in their own cabins, are known as the "free command." In Mr. Kennan's Siberian paper in the forthcoming *July Century* he relates the story of a remarkable evening spent at a gathering of "politicals" in the cabin of Miss Armfeldt, one of their number.

MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS will publish about June 14th another illustrated volume in their Young People Series, "Uncle Peter's Trust; or, Following the Drums," by a new writer, George B. Perry. The scene opens on the wild coasts of Cornwall, near the Land's End, and later is shifted to India during the period of the great Mutiny.

IN the first number of *The New Review* which Longmans, Green & Co. will issue at once, Senator Naqeb, a partisan of General Boulanger, states the General's case

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by authority and is answered in the following pages by M. Camille Pelletan. Another burning question, "The Unionist Policy in Ireland," is discussed in the same number by J. W. Russell, M.P.

LORD TENNYSON recently sent to the Gordon Home at Manchester, for the use of the boys, the full musical score of his national song, "Hands all Round." Lady Emily Tennyson, in her letter conveying the gift, said: "Lord Tennyson gains strength but slowly; still he can walk a little now and take short drives. We hope to be able to go to a warmer climate before long." Some time ago Lord Brassey placed the *Sumbeam* at Tennyson's disposal, and two or three weeks ago he set sail from Yarmouth. He wished to touch at various Spanish ports, but his physicians advised him to confine his cruise to the English Channel.

A. D. F. RANDOLPH & Co., New York, will publish at once "How They Kept the Faith," a tale of the Huguenots of Languedoc, by Grace Raymond. Messrs. Randolph announce also "Unknown Switzerland," by Victor Tissot, translated by Mrs. Wilson; "Fishin' Jimmy," by Annie Trumbull Slosson, with illustrations; a new illustrated edition of "Stepping Heavenward," by Mrs. E. Prentiss; and "Imitation of Christ," by Thomas à Kempis, "now for the first time set forth in rhythmic sentences, according to the original intention of the author, with a preface by the translator and an introductory note by Canon Liddon of St. Paul's."

A. S. BARNES & Co. will publish at once ex-United States Minister Theodore S. Fay's long-promised work "The Three Germanies." Dr. Philip Schaff, who read the work in manuscript, says of it, "Few men have had better opportunities to study the history of Germany than Theodore S. Fay, who for twenty-five years occupied diplomatic positions in the service of the United States at Berlin, London, and Berne, and has been residing near Berlin since his retirement from public life. He was an eye-witness of the important events of 1848, 1866 and 1870. His personal experience and long observation give a fresh and life-like character to his interesting work on 'The Three Germanies,' especially the greater part of the second volume from the reign of King Frederick William III., to the death of Emperor Frederick III. in June, 1888."

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

THE WEEK.

FOR once the week has gone by without any performance that should be chronicled in these columns, a sign that the holiday season is approaching. The winter, which we have accustomed ourselves to look upon or to name as the limit of the musical and dramatic season in Toronto, has passed by and only a few events remain to afford subjects for local notice. The rest that is foreshadowed by this vacancy of doing will be welcome to all, performers and audience alike. A continual succession of sweets is apt to cause surfeit, and a cessation of such delights makes us all the more ready to enjoy them when they come again. While in our own sphere and that of our neighbours there is comparative inaction, there are other parts of the artistic world, in which energy and enterprise offer novelties of both conception and representation that are worthy of chronicling, and the notes that follow will show the action of minds and hearts that are wedded to the service of the great muses of music and the stage. For many of these particulars we are indebted to the *American Musician*, a paper which is the foremost of its kind in America.

At a recent performance of "Martha" at the Grand Opera House in New York, in which the solid man, Muldoon, took part in an interpolated wrestling match in the "Fair Scene," the trick did not secure the favour of the audience: and justly so. In "As You Like It" this is proper, as "Orlando" and "The Wrestler" are distinctly in Shakespeare's work, but to introduce such a "fake" into a standard opera is too much of pandering to the groundlings, or rather to the gallery.

AND now the pretty story that the band of the U. S. S. *Trenton* played "The Star-Spangled Banner" while H.M.S. *Calliope* steamed out to sea at Apia in the Samoan Islands, during the recent hurricane, is destroyed by the statement of one who was on board to the effect that the band was roused out of blankets to play "St. Patrick's Day" to encourage the Irish sailors who were working the pumps.

IN South America the opera houses are built in grand style. The new Municipal Theatre, of Buenos Ayres, is to be built by Angelo Ferrari; it will be located in Plaza General Lavalle, and will seat 4,000 spectators, and is to cost \$700,000.

MR. AUGUSTUS HARRIS has issued the prospectus for his coming season of Italian Opera in London. No novelties are promised, although revivals are announced of Gounod's "Romeo and Juliet" in French, Meyerbeer's "Le Prophète," and Bizet's "Pearl Fishers." It is also hoped that the "Meistersinger" will be given in Italian, but the cast has not been finally settled. The cast of "Romeo and Juliet" will include J. de Reszke, "Romeo;" E. de Reszke, "Friar Lawrence;" Lassalle, "Mercutio," and Mlle. Melba, "Juliet." Lassalle will also appear in "Rigoletto."

THE latest news about Patti, who is again under Abbey's management, is that she will begin her American

tour in December in Chicago, where she will give eight performances. Then she goes straight to San Francisco, where she gives six performances; then to the City of Mexico, where she also gives six performances; then she will give six performances between San Francisco and New York, and six in New York.

M. LAPISSIDA, for the last twenty-five years co-director and stage manager of the Monnaie Theatre, at Brussels, has been appointed director of Alhambra Theatre in London, Eng. He proposes a series of innovations whose development will be followed with interest; he intends to engage the entire Bayreuth troupe for several performances of the most successful works of the Wagnerian repertory, to be followed by Rossi the Italian, and Irving the English, tragedians. The season thus announced promises to be one of unusual artistic importance and should its results be satisfactory, the example set by M. Lapissida will find numerous imitators among those managers who rely more on public than on governmental support.

HERR VON BULOW has arrived in Hamburg from America, and expresses himself as highly satisfied with the American public, who received him with a warmth which he declares surpassed his most sanguine expectations. Herr von Bulow will court repose during the summer at some watering place, and return to Hamburg in September to take part in the music festival to be given there.

MR. W. L. HAYS, of London, Eng., has invented a transposing piano, which acts by a movement of the string frame, thus avoiding the trouble arising from moving the action, which has hitherto been the obstacle to success in devices of this sort.

MME. ALBANI appeared in "La Traviata" at Covent Garden in London, on June 1, and scored an immense success. Mme. Van Zandt, another cis-Atlantic singer, sang in "La Sonnambula," on June 3.

MME. MELBA, the Australian soprano, has been engaged for the autumn season at the Grand Opera in Paris, and will be supported by the De Reszke brothers.

THE Carl Rosa English Opera Company will be, during the next season, under the management of Mr. Augustus Harris.

CONTRARY to general expectations, Theodore Thomas will, with his orchestra, give a five weeks' season at the Exposition Building in Chicago, commencing July 1.

A NEW opera, "Ardrielle," by J. Adam, was produced at the Union Square Theatre in New York on June 3, and was not a distinct success. The libretto is spoken of as being inane and tiresome, and the music has no particular character of its own, though it is put together with a certain amount of skill, and cleverly orchestrated.

MUCH has been said in musical papers and circles about the alleged straitened circumstances under which Ilma di Murska, the Hungarian Nightingale, died. It now appears that she had every attention that she possibly needed at the hands of her first husband, Herr Joseph Eder, and of her daughter, whose self-destruction was the result of overwhelming grief rather than of bitter pangs of poverty, as was said.

NEW YORK now revels in five opera companies which promise to be active solicitors for the patronage of summer visitors. At the Grand Opera House a company is playing with a change of bill every night, presenting the best works of the most popular composers. At the Broadway "The Oolah" is making a great success. At the Casino "The Brigands," is being played to the delectation of thousands. At Palmer's a work of Strauss' is finding melodious interpretation, and at the Union Square "Ardrielle," already spoken of, is being played.

AT Boston Mr. Adolf Neuendorff is giving promenade concerts with a fine orchestra of fifty musicians, and is meeting with deserved success. These concerts will be continued all summer, and, strange to say, have been accompanied.

AMERICAN art will be represented at the Paris Exposition by Mr. Fred Van der Stucken, who will conduct a programme of music by American composers, as follows: Overture, "Melpomene," G. W. Chadwick; concerto for pianoforte, No. 2, E. A. MacDowell; suite, "The Tempest," F. Van der Stucken; overture, "In the Mountains," Arthur Foote; romance and polonaise, for violin and orchestra, H. H. Huss; "An Island Fantasy," J. K. Paine; overture, "The Star Spangled Banner," Dudley Buck. I am sorry for Dudley Buck, for a good musician can hardly have a sorer subject upon which to write an overture than the sprawling American National Anthem.

STRENUOUS endeavours were made four weeks ago to arrange for a series of concerts by Herr Joachim, the king of violinists, who was then, and probably is now, ready to sign a contract similar to that entered into with Dr. von Bülow. Herr Joachim was willing to give sixteen concerts in the United States for the sum of \$10,000, all his personal expenses, of course, being defrayed by his manager. Unfortunately the negotiations have fallen through, though it is hoped that they may yet end in success.

NOTES.

MEYERBEER'S "Huguenots" reached its 45th performance at the Vienna Opera on the 10th ult., its first having been given in December, 1839; only one opera, "Don Juan," has reached a higher number (476) but it was produced for the first time in 1788, fifty-one years before "Huguenots." Next on the list comes "Frey-

schütz" (441) followed by "Robert le Diable" (430) and "Barbieri di Siviglia" (413).

A RECENT Berlin paper says that Minnie Hauk made a disastrous failure in "Carmen" at Posen, where her best numbers were hissed.

MISS LOUISE MEISSLINGER, of the Metropolitan Opera Company, New York, who was here with the Kellogg Opera Company will be a member of the English Opera Company that is to sing all summer at Milwaukee.

EUGENE D'ALBERT the coming pianist is said to have refused an American offer of \$50,000 for a tournee in the United States, as he prefers finishing the composition of his opera to public playing.

MARIE JOACHIM, the daughter of the celebrated violinist, is likely to prove a very acceptable soloist. She has made quite a sensation in Bremen.

IT cost \$478,187.12 to run the Metropolitan Opera House last year. The box office receipts were \$213,630, leaving a deficit of \$264,557.12. The assessment on the boxholders realized over \$200,000 and \$57,028 were realized from rentals.

THE well-known critic, Vitu, of the Paris *Figaro*, talking of Bellini's operas, relates the following interesting anecdote: When, twenty years ago, Carvalho was about to have Bellini's "Norma" translated for performance at the Théâtre Lyrique, Georges Bizet proposed, in the interest of the opera, to review the orchestration and reinforce it with modern retouches. Carvalho willingly accepted the young composer's offer. Bizet got to work and having finished the first act requested to have it tried by the orchestra, and his request was complied with. When the rehearsal was over he said to Carvalho: "The experiment is conclusive: leave 'Norma' just as it is, there is nothing to improve upon. What Bellini has done is well done, and we would be wrong in altering in the least his ideas. And 'Norma' was given in its original form.

HANSLICK, the great German critic, says of Brahms' new (third) violin sonata in D minor: "This sonata is the most satisfactory work yet produced by the master in the line of chamber music. It is widely different from both of its predecessors; it is more powerful, more interesting and of greater length."

THE following new operas are about to be produced in Italy: "Clara," by Grazioso Panizza, at Milan; "La Vergine Sevrà ad il ritorno di Jefe," biblical drama in three acts, by Foschini, at Turin; "Parisina," the music by Signorina Gilda Ruta, well-known as composer and as pianist; "Il Castello di Lora," by Angelo Ballardini; "Fides," by Giovanni Anfossi; "Farnese," by the Neapolitan composer and pianist Constantino Palumbo.

A ONCE famous tenor Giacomo Galvani, died recently at Venice, aged sixty-four. From 1850 to 1865 he was one of the most esteemed light tenors of the Italian lyric stage, and in "Barbieri," "Linda," "Italiani in Algeri," and "Don Pasquale," was almost unrivalled. For many years past he was professor of singing at the Imperial Conservatory of Moscow, where he was well known and liked by all for his social accomplishments as well as for his artistic qualities.

AN interesting article in the *American Musician* on "Phenomenal Voices," says:—The average singing voice has only fourteen notes, and the fact that the youthful Californian, Sybil Sanderson, in her recent Parisian debut struck G in alt, four lines above the staff, in a sensational cadenza has created quite a sensation in the musical world. A California authority candidly states: "If Miss Sanderson did this phenomenal feat, she must have merely uttered a 'glorious shriek.' The general range of the soprano voice is D in alt. Mozart in 'The Queen of a Night' aria, 'O zithre nicht mein,' that occurs in 'The Magic Flute,' introduces F in alt; but there is no G in any Italian opera. The exceptional Maria Felicità Malibran who could sing 'Rosina' in Rossini's 'Il Barbieri' one night, and the 'Priestess' in Bellini's 'Norma' with equal facility and completeness the night following—and of whose larynx, it may be said as the deacon remarked of the strawberry, doubtless the Almighty might have made a better one for singing purposes, but doubtless the Almighty never did—had a compass which extended from D on the third line in the bass to D in alt. Fanny Persiani's voice embraced a range of two octaves and a half or about eighteen notes from B to F in alt. Teresa Tietjens' ranged from C below the line to D in alt. Clara Anastasia Novello's voice was two octaves in compass, from D to D. Guilia Grisi, who originally had a mezzo-soprano organ, almost a contralto, which she had much difficulty in softening, acquired, in later years, a pure soprano, extending over two octaves, from C to C in alt. By sheer industry the stately Jewess, Giuditta Pasta, extended the range of her voice till it reached that of Persiani's, two octaves and a half, from A above the bass clef to C flat, and even to D in alt. Jenny Lind, who lost her voice at one time, sustained, when she regained it, a C or D in alt with unerring intonation, and surprising power. Angelica Catalani's pure soprano embraced a compass of nearly three octaves, from G below to F in alt." Another authority says: "Only one singer, Lucrezia Ajugari, at the moment occurs to us who has outdistanced the young Californian. Mozart assures us that while on a visit to Parma in 1770, he heard Lucrezia Ajugaria actually sing three tones higher than Miss Sanderson's famous G, while she was able, without difficulty, to trill on E in alt. In her prime, by an effort, Christine Nilsson could take the upper G. It was the crowning success of her work in 'Die Zauberflöte.' Yielding to the

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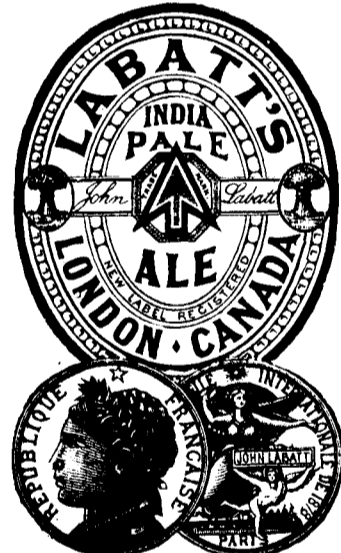
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