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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 person who may be supposed to be connected with the paper.

WE do not envy the gentlemen, who are just now, in virtue of a roving commission from the Dominion Government, going from place to place and collecting evidence on the prohibition question, the task with which they will have to grapple when they come to summarize the testimony and draw a conclusion from it. We are not sure on what principle the commissioners are proceeding in the receipt of testimony. Do they depend entirely upon volunteers, or do they also invite selected individuals in each community to appear before them? In either case, by what rule do they proceed and where do they draw the limit? They clearly cannot examine more than a small percentage of the persons whose testimony might be available in each locality. Nor have we been able to discover anything either in the position of those whose testimony has been taken, or in the dispassionateness of many of the views presented, to convey the impression that the witnesses heard are always those whose opinions on the question are of most value. In fact the evidence, if such it may be called, so far as we have found time to read it, gives one the impression of a mass of contradictions such as might well throw any court of justice into despair. In so saying we mean no reflection upon the veracity of the witnesses. In the main they no doubt state candidly enough their own observations, impressions, and, it may be, prejudices. Each records what is visible from his standpoint. The result is just what might have been expected. If any new light has been thrown upon the subject it has not dawned upon the public so far. If the object were to demonstrate the impossibility of enforcing prohibitory legislation within the bounds of a township, a county, or even a province, while the prohibited article continues to be freely manufactured, sold, and distributed on all sides of the locality trying the experiment, the expense of a commission might have been saved. The history of the different local option measures which have been tried in various localities has pretty well settled that question. But if we remember correctly, the demand of the Alliance, whose yearly petitions and motions in Parliament have led to the appointment of the Commission, is not for another local option law, but for the absolute pro-

hibition of the manufacture and sale of liquors throughout the Dominion. The question whether such a law could be enforced is a very different matter from that on which the Commission is taking evidence, and one on which the experiments hitherto made can have but a partial bearing. There can be little doubt that such a law might be enforced, provided a very large majority of the people were in favour of it, and the various authorities, from the Dominion Government to the parish constable, were honestly determined to enforce it. But whether those rather large conditions are at present attainable is a crucial question which the Commission will do little or nothing to answer. A vote of the whole people would be much more to the point.

NO one who has had occasion to read the editorial pages of a considerable number of the leading Canadian newspapers can have failed to note a marked and pleasing improvement in the tone of many of them within the last few years. This upward tendency has manifested itself in two ways—in the increase in the number of independent journals, and in greater moderation and fairness on the part of some, though by no means all, of the party papers. The latter change was in some instances quite perceptible during the late canal-tolls discussion. Perhaps not very many of the writers, on either side politically, made any special effort to rise to the height of putting themselves in the place of their neighbours on the other side of the line and tempering their own partial judgments by this most effective of all processes. But it was noticeable that some of the journals supporting the Government did not hesitate to do a good deal of independent thinking, while some of those whose reason-for-being has generally been supposed to be to oppose the Government, actually gave even more support to its contention than strict justice seemed to demand. We are not sure that the last-named phenomenon may not have been due in some cases to the influence of the prevalent but immoral maxim, "For my country, right or wrong," yet we cannot, we think, be mistaken in our impression that a gradual change for the better in the style and spirit of Canadian journalism is taking place. Probably only those who have had personal experience know how difficult it often is to preserve the moderate tone and the impartial attitude in the face of the taunts and jeers with which such a style is sure to be met, and the misinterpretations to which it is equally sure to be subjected. The writer well remembers the somewhat bitter complaint once heard from one who had already had a few years' experience, and who has since attained considerable distinction as a journalistic writer. He was at that time on the staff of one of the leading party journals. He had entered upon the work with lofty ideals, determined, as far as in him lay, to be always scrupulously fair to opponents. But, to his intense disgust, he soon found that the slightest admission made for the sake of candour would invariably be seized by some rabid opponent, torn from its proper connection, and twisted or exaggerated into something most damaging to the man or the party whom he was defending. Justice, to say nothing of generosity to opponents, seemed at that time to be a thing incapable of being understood or appreciated in journalistic controversy. It might not be hard to quote fresh instances to prove that too much of the same spirit still survives in certain quarters, and that if a journalist is afraid of being taunted as "namby-pamby," or denounced as treasonable, in certain newspaper circles, he must needs take care not to let his moderation, or his love of fair play, be too conspicuous. But on the whole the improvement in the style and character of Canadian journalism is sufficiently marked to be a source of present gratification and of large hope for the future, to those who have high conceptions of what journalistic literature might be and may yet become.

FREE text books, as we have said on a former occasion, are the logical complement of free schools. It would be difficult to find an argument in favour of the latter which is not equally cogent on behalf of the former. Though the supplying of these books free to the pupils of the Toronto public schools, which is now being done for

the first time, is an experiment in Canada, the practice has long since passed the experimental stage in many cities and towns of the United States. So far as we are aware, none of these places has any thought of renouncing the plan, and returning to the old. The advantages of the free system to teachers will, we have no doubt, be very great. The chronic and vexatious delays inseparable from the old method will be done away with, and the teacher will have the gratification of being able to put the proper tool into the hand of each child worker, as soon as the particular work for which that tool is needed is required to be done. This advantage will, no doubt, more than compensate for any additional trouble or care, if indeed there be any, involved in the working of the free system. A good deal has been said about the additional expense for taxpayers imposed by the purchase of the books, but it is clear that on the whole the saving of expense will be considerable, as any one may see who will reckon the difference between the wholesale and the retail cost of the whole number of books required for the city schools. It is true that under the free system the expense will be distributed in proportion to ability to pay, rather than number of children to be supplied. But this, again, is in accord with the principle which underlies the whole free-school system. If the principle is right in the narrower, it can hardly be wrong in the wider, application.

A GOOD deal of discussion, some of it of the excited and indignant kind, has been caused by the despatch from Rome to the effect that the Pope has asked France to use her influence with England to prevent the carrying into effect of the decision of the Privy Council with respect to the Manitoba School Act. The despatch is so inherently improbable that we prefer to discredit it, in the absence of confirmation from some reliable quarter. In the first place, it is in the highest degree unlikely that, even if His Holiness thought the children of his Church in danger of being deprived of rights belonging to them by treaty, or in equity, he would take the needlessly offensive course of asking the interference of another nation before appealing directly to the British Government. To say nothing of the discourtesy of such a proceeding, it would be strange if the shrewd diplomatists of the Propaganda should betray such ignorance of human nature, and of the John Bull variety of it, as to suppose that the interests of their co-religionists in Canada could possibly be served by such a procedure. Again, the present relations between the Holy See and the French Republic are hardly such as to make such an appeal probable, save as a last resort. Still further, the ground, and the only one conceivable save possibly that of relationship, on which the alleged appeal is said to be based, viz., an article in the terms of the capitulation, is so far-fetched, and so manifestly inapplicable in the case, that its use is hardly supposable. It would require something more than the proverbial subtlety of even Jesuitic logic to convince either a French or an English Government that the right of the Catholics of Canada, the Canada of 1760, to the free exercise of their religion, is in any danger from the School Act in question. On the whole, then, we shall retain our incredulity until compelled to credit the strange story, by some unimpeachable evidence.

THAT so strange a statement has gained so ready credence in many quarters is, however, but another indication added to those given in most of the French and some of the English newspapers in the Dominion, of a tension of feeling that needs careful handling, if serious mischief is to be averted. There can be no doubt, we suppose, that many of our French-speaking and Catholic fellow-citizens are fully persuaded that some constitutional right is being taken away from them by that action of the Manitoba Government, which has now been declared by the highest judicial authority in the realm to be constitutionally valid. It is unfortunate, to say the least, that so many of the French newspapers should seek to confirm and intensify this unwarranted conviction, by their unreasoning and violent articles. Unfortunately the issue involved is of so great importance, not only to Manitoba

but to the whole North-West, with its chain of embryo provinces stretching to the Rocky Mountains, that the point cannot be yielded for the sake of conciliation. The freedom and autonomy of all these provinces, for all the future, is at stake. It is to be hoped, however, that a calmer moment will succeed the present excitement in Quebec, and that wiser and more reasonable councils will ultimately prevail. It is of good omen that none of the political leaders of French origin have so far given countenance to the agitation, though it is on the other hand to be regretted that none of them have pointed out to their constituents that the agitation is uncalled for as well as dangerous. Meanwhile, though sacrifice of Manitoba's rights is impossible, and would be a fatal mistake were it otherwise, we have only to put ourselves in the place of our French-speaking fellow-citizens in order to be able to understand and to a certain extent sympathize with them in their disappointment. The more thoroughly we can do this, the better and the more easily shall we be enabled to preserve that calm and judicial attitude which the crisis demands. The Confederation has more than once already been shaken by internal tempests, more or less threatening to its stability, but it is probable that never before has it been placed in circumstances in which the combination of the *suaviter in modo* with the *fortiter in re* were so imperatively needed on the part of all who combine Canadian patriotism with Canadian love of constitutional freedom, and determination to maintain it at all hazard.

I **CONTEND** that, unless the Government and Parliament of Canada do all that is possible under present circumstances to fulfil that solemn agreement, the country must stand disgraced in the eyes of the civilized world." These are the words of Mr. T. W. Anglin, in a letter to the *Globe* on the Manitoba school question. We quote them simply as a terse statement of the moral argument of those who are calling upon the Dominion Government and Parliament to compel the Government and people of Manitoba to cancel or amend the School Act which has just been declared by the highest authority to have been within their constitutional powers to enact. The "agreement" referred to is that said to have been "made with the delegates of the people of the North-West by the Canadian Government." "An Act to give effect to that agreement was," we are told, "after due consideration, passed by the Canadian Parliament." It is obvious that there are several questions of fact involved in these statements. Were the individuals with whom the alleged agreement was made qualified delegates and true representatives of the people of the North-West? Was the Act of the Canadian Parliament referred to distinctly understood by the Parliament which passed it to be in the nature of a "solemn agreement" with the people of the North-West, binding for all future time, and, like the laws of the Medes and Persians, unalterable? By what right or authority do those who speak in so strong terms of the disgrace involved in not fulfilling that agreement take it upon themselves to declare that the Manitoba School Act is in violation of the Act passed "to give effect to that agreement," when the highest judicial authority in the realm has solemnly declared that no violation of the latter Act is involved in the former? It is, we think, evident that clearer answers than we have yet had must be given to such questions as these before even those who are most anxious to fulfil every promise made in their name twenty years ago will feel bound either to do "all that is possible under present circumstances" to compel the perpetuation of the Separate School system in Manitoba and the North-West, or to plead guilty to the grave impeachment preferred against them.

ANOTHER and a larger question is, however, forcibly suggested by the attitude taken by Mr. Anglin and many of his co-religionists in the discussion. It is that of the moral right, since we are upon moral grounds, of the representatives of a few first settlers in an immense territory to enter into agreements binding, or intended to be binding, upon the people of that country for all time to come. Does not the very statement of the facts in this case reduce such a claim to the borders of the absurd? Let us grant, for the purpose of the argument, that the individuals spoken of as "the delegates of the people of the North-West" were such in reality, and were fully authorized to speak in the name of all the then inhabitants of that great country. Let us grant further that the intention of both parties in making the agreement, and

of the members of the Canadian Parliament in passing the Act to give effect to it, was to perpetuate a separate-school and a dual-language system in all that country. Admit that that agreement is solemnly and perpetually binding upon the Government and Parliament of the Dominion, the whole North-West included, and what follows? That a few hundreds or thousands of settlers on the shores of the Red and Saskatchewan Rivers, on the one hand, and the Government and Parliament of the four original Provinces of Canada, on the other, had the moral right to bind irrevocably upon the necks of the Canadian nation, even after it shall have grown, as it must one day grow, into a nation of twenty, thirty, or forty millions, not only the institutions in question, but any other political or religious yoke which the convictions or prejudices of the early settlers in question might have prompted them to insist upon as a term of union. Surely there must be a limit, and one, too, that is very soon reached, to such a right. The weight of the dead hand must sooner or later be lifted from the shoulder of the living and growing nation. The day must soon come when Governments and Legislatures and peoples will see both the wrongfulness and the folly of trying to project their institutions and opinions into a future which is hidden from their view, and to fasten them upon successors who will claim the right to discard garments which they may think themselves to have outgrown. If there seems to be, as there no doubt may be in such cases, moral wrong somewhere, may not the blame rest upon those who undertook to make agreements for those whom they had no right to bind, rather than upon those who refuse to be bound by such agreements? We state the case strongly for the sake of the argument. Of course there is another side to it, and it would be easy to show that such a view pushed to its extreme would lead to disastrous consequences and destroy the basis of faith between nations. Where then is the line to be drawn, for there must be a limit somewhere? Turning for a moment from the moral to the political aspect of the case, it is easy, we believe, to find a solution of the difficulty in the words, "all that is possible under present circumstances"; for nothing can be much more certain than that, under present circumstances, it is politically and physically impossible for the Dominion Government to coerce Manitoba in a matter in which she has been declared by the highest authority to be within her rights.

TO the considerable and probably increasing number of persons who are utterly sceptical as to the blessings conferred upon the human system by its inoculation with the attenuated virus of certain loathsome diseases, by way of rendering it impervious to the inroads of those diseases in severer forms, the announcement that it is proposed, on the strength of experiments at the Pasteur Institute, to experiment with the system with a view to the prevention of cholera, will add a new terror to life. The fact that modern science has done so much for the amelioration of human ills in various ways is a cause for gratitude and appreciation. But the fact that it has failed and is constantly failing in so many of its experimentations is equally a cause for declining to accept all its hastily formed conclusions, or to submit to every doubtful and dangerous mode of treatment which enthusiasts may proclaim as a talisman against some particular evil. There are not wanting men of high scientific attainments who are rash enough to doubt whether even vaccination is the safeguard against small-pox which it is both popularly and scientifically supposed to be, or whether, even granting its efficacy in the case of that dread disease, its universal application is not the means of spreading the germs of other diseases and thus inflicting life-long injury upon thousands. But be that as it may, there can be little doubt that the wonderful achievements of science in many fields in which it has been applied to practical uses has created a faith in its powers which sometimes borders on superstition. The failure of the Koch system, after it had probably wrought injury to hundreds of those who were voluntarily or involuntarily experimented upon, suggests a caution in regard to other similar "discoveries." Few evidences of the tendency to scientific credulity are more remarkable than the confidence with which reference is constantly made to the Pasteur method as if it were a proved success in the treatment of hydrophobia, though it is, we believe, a statistical fact that there have been more cases of death from hydrophobia in France since it came into somewhat general use than before, and though some of the highest scientific authorities in various parts of Europe have, after investigation, pronounced strongly against its claims.

And now the holocausts of dogs and rabbits and guinea-pigs are, we suppose, to be offered up on scientific altars, with all the horrible tortures which scientific ingenuity can devise, in the hope of discovering a means of propitiating the cholera fiend. That which makes the fact of special interest to the public is the danger that we shall all, one of these days, when the cholera scare is upon the authorities, be required by law to submit ourselves and children to some process of inoculation with we know not what contamination. If only the men of science could succeed in impressing upon the minds of the civic fathers and the people generally the demonstrable fact that these terrible epidemics are propagated by filth and that the natural and sure specific for their eradication is universal cleanliness, the boon to humanity would be indeed beyond all estimation.

MR. GLADSTONE has done what was to be expected from him in taking upon himself the sole responsibility for the non-appointment of Mr. Labouchere, the redoubtable editor of *Truth*, to a Cabinet office. His explicit statement will set the public mind at rest, in regard to the matter, even though it fails to satisfy Mr. Labouchere himself. The improbability that Her Majesty should have gone beyond her prerogative and sought to obtrude her own personal feelings to any extent upon the Prime Minister, in his choice of a Cabinet, was from the first very obvious. Then, it was far from complimentary to the veteran statesman to suppose that, even had she done so, he would have violated the confidence reposed in him by virtue of his office, by making known the fact, which could scarcely have been made known in any other way. He alone would have been, in any case, responsible to Parliament and the people, and it would have been for him to determine whether he would or would not modify his list out of regard for her wishes. The Queen, herself, has too long occupied her high position and has seen too many Ministries formed by the Premiers of her, or rather, of the people's choice, to be in any danger of making such a mistake. It is but attributing to Mr. Labouchere a very human weakness to suppose that he was rather gratified than otherwise to suppose that he had been singled out as a special object of the Royal displeasure, and that, too, by reason of his courage and zeal in the public service in a matter in which the sympathies of the nation were very largely on his side. It is, of course, quite conceivable that Her Majesty may have no special admiration of his career and no special liking for his person. The opposite would be, under the circumstances, rather too much to expect of poor human nature, of which even queens have no doubt their share. But in the face of Mr. Gladstone's distinct avowal, and in the absence of any possible evidence to the contrary, it is in rather bad taste for Mr. Labouchere to persist, as he is said to do, in intimating his suspicion of unconstitutional interference on the part of Her Majesty.

LITERARY circles in England have been a good deal stirred ever since it became known that the famous Althorp library was being offered for sale. This library, housed in Althorp Park, near Northampton, the ancestral home of the great family of Spencer, is the result of the accumulations of generations, and for half-a-century past has been the most magnificent collection of early-printed books ever owned by a private individual. A writer in the *Christian World*, who has more than once had the privilege of inspecting the treasures of this great literary store-house, gives an interesting glimpse at some of its contents. The visitor thus privileged could walk through room after room, the walls of which were "lined from floor to ceiling with quartos and duodecimos," all in rich and many of them in superb bindings—masterpieces of the most skilled workmen of past centuries. . . . On every hand were to be seen long sets of rare travels, great folios full of choice engravings; here a volume of his dictionary enriched by notes in Johnson's hand-writing; there a book splendidly bound by Roger Payne, and containing original sketches from the pen of Flaxman. But interesting and valuable as were the contents of each of the rooms throughout which these treasures were distributed, the enthusiasm of the book-lover would reach the culminating point when he entered the "Old Book-room." Our readers will, we are sure, gladly put up with a somewhat lengthy quotation:—

But as all roads lead to Rome, at Althorp all galleries led to the "Old Book-room." Within this one apartment, twenty-six feet long and twenty feet wide, were contained more rare and precious books than, perhaps, any similar space in England contains. It is reported that the official

valuer appraised the treasures in this one room at considerably over £100,000. One great distinguishing feature was the number of each kind of printed rarity it contained. For example, one block book glorifies a library. Here were to be seen about fifteen, including the dated 1423 St. Christopher print, which, had it come to auction, might have brought thousands of pounds. Five Caxtons would make the reputation of any great public library; here were fifty-seven, four of them unique. Most libraries are content with one or two Wynkyn de Wordes, Pynsons, etc.; here were whole shelves filled with fine copies. In this room also were to be seen such bibliographical trifles as Tyndall's Pentateuch, 1534, and the only perfect copy known of Coverdale's 1537 Bible, the quarto edition. The collection of early Latin and German Bibles contains splendid copies of all the rarest editions. Some years ago Mr. Quaritch gave nearly £5,000 for a copy of the Mentz Psalter. At Althorp could be seen fine copies of both first and second editions, and a splendid copy of the third edition, printed, unlike the others, on paper. The mere enumeration of first editions of the classics on vellum, of the Aldines, of the English Bibles, of the folio Shakespeares, etc., would fill columns.

It is not to be wondered at that when it became known that Lord Spencer had concluded that he could no longer afford to indulge in the luxury of a library representing a value of about a million dollars, much anxiety was felt as to its fate. Fears were entertained that some American, with one of the long purses for which our neighbours are becoming so famous, would fasten upon the treasure and bring it across the Atlantic, in the wake of the many precious volumes which have of late years been brought westward. It was, therefore, with a feeling of relief that it was learned that the purchaser was an English lady, Mrs. Rylands, widow of the late John Rylands, who had been one of the merchant princes of Manchester. Relief was no doubt succeeded in many minds by pleasure and admiration when it became known further that the library had been bought as part of a large scheme in furtherance of which this liberal-minded lady had already expended within a few years a hundred thousand dollars, that scheme being to found a great library for presentation to the city of Manchester. It may interest some of our readers who are familiar with the state of things in English society to learn that the lady who had the taste to appreciate and the wealth to purchase the richest literary possession in England, a possession which Earl Spencer thought himself unable longer to afford, is described as a staunch Nonconformist. A question of more practical interest must await its answer in the future—the question, namely, whether the munificent donor designs that Manchester shall retain this great literary monopoly, or whether it may not be deemed more useful for the citizens, as well as more in accordance with the fitness of things, that some of those rare volumes which are so many times reduplicated in this collection should be distributed among the destitute in both hemispheres. The money which they would bring would go far to supply the Manchester library with copies of all the modern books worth having in Christendom.

THE SITUATION IN THE EAST.

THE situation in India at the present moment is most critical, and it is difficult to see how its outcome can be anything except war. The position of the Government of India in regard to it is perplexing in the extreme. On the one hand it is confronted by a rebellion in Afghanistan, which at any moment may terminate in the overthrow of the reigning Amir. On the other hand it has to deal with the veiled, but none the less active, aggression of Russia in the Pamirs. In the present article we propose to explain briefly the causes and probable results of the disturbances in Afghanistan, and the meaning and aims of Russian activity on the Kashmir frontier.

The kingdom of Afghanistan is in no sense a homogeneous one. It consists of a number of wild and lawless tribes which acknowledge under certain explorations the suzerainty of the ruler of Kabul, which more often than not are engaged in hostilities amongst themselves, and which can only be induced to act in concert when their independence is threatened by a common foe. Living as they do amidst sterile mountains and rocky fastnesses, interspersed here and there with fertile valleys, they are a race of hardy mountaineers, possessing in many respects the characteristics of the ancient Scottish Highlanders. Their character is a strange mixture of bravery and of ferocity, of treachery and of fanaticism. Holding human life in no regard, and firmly confident in the future awaiting every true believer of the prophet, they are as callous in taking the lives of others as they are careless in the sacrifice of their own. In summer they live amongst the mountains and pasture the cattle, in winter and spring they descend to the valleys and cultivate their fields. Their wealth consists chiefly of herds of camels, of

sheep and of cattle, and to dispose of them they will often penetrate as far north as Bombay and Madras. In stature the Pathans excel the ordinary European, and, as a rule, their bodies are lithe and active. Inured as they are to hardship, and accustomed as they are to the use of arms, the Afghans have ever proved themselves to be a brave and formidable enemy. In the olden days before the introduction of breech-loading rifles, and when the matchlock of the Afghan and the Brown Bess of the British soldier were much on a par, it was only by superior discipline and organization that the British were able to emerge victorious from their wars with Afghanistan. It is obvious that a kingdom composed of so many discordant elements and peopled by so brave and warlike a race can only be governed by a ruler of great strength and resolution. Such a ruler is Abdul Rahman, the present Amir of Afghanistan. Possessed of an indomitable will, sagacious, progressive and unscrupulous, Abdul Rahman rules his people with a rod of iron. Judged from a western standpoint he is bloodthirsty, revengeful and rapacious, but according to the standard prevailing in the East he is a wise and beneficent prince. Intolerant of opposition, and suspicious alike of friend and of foe, the severity of his rule has at times driven many of his subjects to rebel, but hitherto those rebellions have been quelled in the most summary and relentless manner. Fire and horrid mutilation and death have been meted out with incredible swiftness and uncompromising ferocity to the rebels, and yet in the ordinary administration of his country Abdul Rahman has in many respects proved himself a just and capable ruler. Sitting at the gate of the city he is ever ready to hear the cry of the fatherless and oppressed, and woe betide a judge or a governor convicted of injustice or peculation. Like Haroun al Raschid he wanders amongst his people in disguise, and in person detects abuses and hears outcries on his own policy. In addition he has established a postal service throughout Afghanistan, and in Kabul, under European supervision, he has founded a factory for the manufacture of arms, of cannon and of ammunition. Unfortunately, with the consolidation of his power, has grown a desire for the extension of his territory, and it is partly on account of this ambition that the existing rebellion is due. One of the most important and powerful tribes which for years past has acknowledged the suzerainty of the Amir is that of the Hazaras. Not content, however, with receiving an annual tribute from them, the Amir last year determined to impose additional taxes on them, and with a view to the collection of these he quartered a portion of his army amongst them, but the exactions and brutality of the Afghan soldiery, aided by the machinations of Russian agents, at last drove the Hazaras into revolt. Whilst endeavouring to repress this rebellion the Afghan forces, under the command of General Gholam Hyder, were brought into collision with the Mahmuds, a tribe which claim to form part of Bajawr, an independent state lying between the frontier of Afghanistan and of India. Umra Khan, the ruler of Bajawr, then proceeded to the assistance of the Mahmuds and managed to inflict a severe defeat on Gholam Hyder. This action has given the Amir the pretext for which he has long been seeking, and he has now declared his intention of conquering Bajawr and annexing it. Since, however, the viceroyalty of Lord Dufferin, it has been the policy of the Indian Government to guarantee the independence of the frontier tribe, so that they may remain as a buffer between India and Afghanistan, and in view of Abdul Rahman's contemplated action, he has been warned that the Indian Government would not tolerate the absorption of Bajawr into the Afghan kingdom. To this intimation the Amir replied that he was an independent sovereign, and that he would do as he pleased. Lord Lansdowne then offered to send a British mission to Kabul under Lord Roberts to discuss the situation, but the Amir has replied that until the Hazara rebellion is repressed he cannot receive it. With this answer the Government of India are apparently satisfied, but when the Hazara rebellion is over they will undoubtedly insist that the relations of Afghanistan to India and the policy of the Indian Government on the north-west frontier shall be exhaustively discussed and clearly defined.

Simultaneously with the rebellion in Northern Afghanistan, the Russians have been displaying great activity in North-Western Afghanistan where a raid was recently made by a Russian officer on Fald Nao, and we learn from Gilgit that another Russian party under the command of Colonel Yanoff, who last year expelled the English officers from the Pamir plateau, has again appeared in that region. Of the designs of Russia there can be no doubt. Since the reign of Peter the Great the acquisition of Constantinople and the dismemberment of the Turkish Empire has been the constant policy of every succeeding Tsar. Against this policy England has ever resolutely set her face, and the maintenance of the integrity of the Ottoman Empire has become to be regarded as an integral part of English policy in the East. Early in this century Russian statesmen began to realize that the only valuable point which England possessed in the East was India, and ever since, slowly but relentlessly, Russia has been extending her frontiers until now Afghanistan alone lies between them and the frontiers of India.

It is a widely-accepted opinion that Russia has no real hankering wish of wresting India from us, but it is certain that the desire to be in such a position as to be able to seriously menace our continuance there in case she for

political reasons finds it expedient, exists. Hitherto the various invasions of India have been made through Afghanistan and generally through the Khyber and Kuram passes, but with a hostile Afghanistan to first of all subdue and our strong strategic position on the North-West Indian frontier to be reckoned with, it is absolutely necessary that Russia should obtain a base in Afghanistan itself. Such a base is Herat, and this hitherto has been the objective point of all Russian movements in Central Asia. Latterly, however, the Russian military authorities have appeared to think that a route through Turkestan, Gilgit, and the valley of Kadrium offers many advantages over the Herat route, and it is in order to test the value of this idea that another Russian exploring party is now on the Pamir Plateau. The Pamirs are "the roof of the world" as they are called in the figurative language of the East, and a belt of debateable ground. From this region radiate the three great mountain systems of the Himalayas, the Hindu Koosh and the Kuen Lun. The presence of Russia in this plateau is strongly resented not only by us but by all the Afghans and the Chinese, both of whom claim sovereignty over certain portions of it. If, therefore, the Russians continue to encroach on the Pamirs it is not impossible that they may find themselves in conflict not only with us, but also with the Government of China and Afghanistan.

The eventful result of the present rebellion in Afghanistan it is difficult to foresee. If the Amir succeeds in crushing it he may endeavour to annex Bajawr and Atnan, and so bring himself into collision with the Government of India. If he himself is defeated the tribes of Afghanistan will fall a prey to anarchy and internecine warfare, and this would afford a colourable pretext for Russian intervention and their seizure of Herat. At no period of the Eastern question has there existed a greater need for the presence of a strong and united Ministry at the head of English affairs. Any signs of weakness or of wavering will cause incalculable damage to our prestige in the East. It is significant that the increased activity of Russia on the Pamirs is synchronous with the return of Mr. Gladstone to power, and it is with feelings of apprehension and dismay that anyone conversant with the present situation in India can view the advent to power of a statesman responsible for the death of Gordon, for the abandonment of the Soudan, for the conclusion of a dishonourable peace with the Boers, and for the introduction of a measure which, if carried, will lead to the partition of the British Empire.

E. H. BERNARD.

THE ART OF FICTION.

OF the many strange books that have lately been thrust upon us, surely one of the strangest is Mr. Daniel Greenleaf Thompson's "The Philosophy of Fiction." What a boundless topic! For fiction, it may reasonably be presumed, comprises the limitless field of all human thought and action—and even of super-human thought and action. And what an inexhaustible treatment of this topic! For the philosophy of fiction, it may as reasonably be presumed, means the full exposition of the scope and purport of fiction. Nor does Mr. Thompson's Table of Contents narrow this view. He discusses in all seriousness "The Office of Fiction"; "The Scientific, Moral, and Aesthetic Values of Fiction"; "The Exhibition," in the heartless language of the Pharmacopoeia, "of Power, Suffering, Love, and Social Life" in Fiction; "The General Subject Reviewed"; "Art, Morals and Science"; nor does even this exhaust his list. However, it is not a book to rouse our surprise. It has many analogues. The *New Review* last year regaled us with what now goes by the name of a "Symposium" on "The Science of Fiction" in which the interlocutors were no less famous writers than Messrs. Paul Bourget, Walter Besant, and Thomas Hardy. And as if the Philosophy and the Science were not enough, there has been published lately a translation from Schopenhauer with the title "The Art of Literature." Nor has the craze stopped here. As if to get at the very kernel of the secret of the writer of fiction, we have been treated by Mr. Archer to a whole book on "How to Write a Good Play," and by the *Idler* to three articles by Messrs. Walter Besant, James Payn, and W. Clark Russell respectively on "My First Book." With this plethora of philosophic, scientific, and artistic disquisition, with this abstract reasoning and this concrete exemplification, surely would-be producers of fiction need be at no loss either for choice of subject or for manner of treatment. When the recognized romancers of the day undertake to set down in cold type the secrets of their art, we shall begin to think that that art is not so occult a one after all, and that the estimation in which hitherto the world has held its master-craftsmen has been misplaced.

But here, quite unbidden, there will occur to some less credulous minds the thought that, despite all this analysis and communicativeness, fiction is perhaps after all an art, the secret of which it is not quite so easy either to analyse or to communicate; that there is a radical difference between those arts which are called "economic" and those which are called "fine"; and that whereas an apprenticeship will initiate a person into the one, not even a life's study will perfect a person in the other, should certain capabilities happen to be wanting. Or does the world really believe that Art is a thing really teachable, and shall we soon have works on "How to Paint a Masterpiece," "A Royal Road to Epics," "Easy Lessons in Oratorio"?

Perhaps we shall. Indeed in the Symposium of the *New Review* Mr. Walter Besant actually goes so far as to say: "The Art of Fiction is ruled by the same laws as govern the Art of Painting. Almost word for word the same teaching might be given. Colour, light, shadow, drawing, grouping, proportion, selection, dramatic treatment, may all be considered for a novel as for a picture. . . . This is the *technique*—the science—of the Art." And he adds, "this *technique* each man has now to find out for himself. Can these things be taught? Most certainly they can. The young writer can be taught these things just as the young painter can be taught the elementary principles of his Art." This is plain speaking. But we must remember that it is Mr. Besant who is speaking. It often happens that he who excels in some particular sphere minimizes the difficulties of entering that sphere. So Sydney Smith held that anyone could sit down to the acquisition of wit as he might sit down to the study of arithmetic; and so M. Poincaré thinks "anyone who should dedicate his life to it could, perhaps, eventually imagine the fourth dimension"—both which assertions will appear to most of us utterly untenable.

Many circumstances contribute to foster this idea that the art of writing fiction can be learnt. The enormous, spreading, and apparently insatiable demand for reading-matter of whatever degree of excellence—or rather of mediocrity; the unappeasable craving for novelty; the consequent impressing of writers whose only qualification is rapidity and fecundity in production; the daily widening sphere assumed by the newspaper, which is now not only a vehicle for news and politics, but is also for a certain class a vehicle for the whole circle of art, science, and literature; the wonderful growth and increase of circulating libraries which foster the pernicious habit of hurried and desultory reading and depreciate the intrinsic value of a good book—such influences tend to lead those who are called upon to cater for this unhealthy literary appetite to forget that it was once said by one of the greatest of artists that the poet—that is, the artist—is born, not made. And this art of fiction is at once the subtlest and the most complex of arts. It takes as its object matter nothing less than the mind and heart of this subtle and complex creature man—his sublimest ideas, his deepest emotions. It is a depiction of that incomprehensible thing "character," and character in its most intricate aspects, as acting and re-acting upon character and environment. Its aim is the truthful yet artistic representation of thought and feeling—desperate hopes, patient longings, fantastic joys, entrancing thrills, hates, loves, jealousies—all the unnamable, unclassifiable contents of the human heart, and each of them portrayed, manipulated, shifted according to the untrammelled will of the romancer. Is this teachable, teachable by books? Not even could Mr. Besant say it was teachable.

In all works of fiction a rough classification may discover three component parts: the narrative or plot; the characters; and the philosophy or view of life. Only the first order of mind seems to be able to keep these three parts in perfect balance. Shakespeare, as might be expected, is unrivalled in this balance. In "Romeo and Juliet," to take only one instance, we feel as keen an interest in the fate of the hero and heroine as we do in themselves, in their characters; and we feel as keen an interest in the view of life, of love, as we do in their characters. Everything is in proportion. In Byron's dramas, to choose a quite antithetical example, the plot and the characters, both are wholly subservient to the dramatist's views of life as enunciated by his heroes. In Thackeray and in Dickens again—to pass from the drama to the novel—we find that admirable balance between plot, character, and philosophy. "David Copperfield," for example, could be read with thorough enjoyment for any one of these attributes alone; in fact it would not be rash to hazard the assertion that many a reader has perused it at fourteen for the story, at twenty for the characters, and at thirty for Dickens' solution of those puzzling enigmas of life, those problems of mind and heart, which cluster about our relationships with friends, lovers, and wives. George Meredith, on the other hand, inclines to a preponderance of philosophy. Wilkie Collins to a preponderance of plot. George Eliot to a preponderance of character—though she perhaps comes nearer the first rank of novelist and attains very nearly a perfect equipoise. The planes upon which each of these three factors may be placed may, of course, differ as the poles: the plot may be meagre as that of "Childe Harold," or intricate as that of "Altiora Peto"; the characters may be those of "Belinda" or those of "Adam Bede"; and the philosophy may be that of "Moll Flanders," or that of "The Egoist"; but these three component elements there always will be, and always in more or less perfect or imperfect balance. Now, even if one possessed the gifts of narrative, insight into character, and a capacity for formulating philosophy of life, would any tuition endow the faculty of combining these in artistic proportion? Surely not. Even Mr. Besant feels bound to say "He [the student in a hypothetical School of Fiction] would especially learn, unless his teachers were pedants, that mere knowledge of the *technique* is useless without a natural aptitude for the Art is present to begin with." Of course it is; just as a mere knowledge of grammar will not produce an essayist, nor a mere knowledge of logic a dialectician—nor, to clinch and enforce the point by an extreme example, a mere knowledge of metre a poet.

After all, the conclusion of the whole matter, is it not this, that Art is a product of the imagination, and imag-

ination is a thing which one may perhaps cultivate in one's self but can never implant in another? Why then take such trouble to insist upon what is after all a truism? Because there are too many who think that there is a royal road to the writing of romance. There are too many who think there is a royal road to all sorts of things. Once upon a time men served an apprenticeship of seven years to a trade. To-day the 'prentice is as extinct a species as the Dodo. The 'prentice now learns, or thinks he learns, his trade from hand-books, manuals, ready-references, and what not. With what result? With the result that mediocrity abounds, and with the further result that people are beginning to lose the faculty of discriminating between the mediocre and the excellent. And unfortunately the habit seems to have encroached even upon the sacred precincts of literature.

ARNOLD HAULTAIN.

SIR DANIEL WILSON.

OB. MDCCCXIII.

IN MEMORIAM.

"God gives to his beloved his good gift, sleep!"
After the long day's turmoil and the heat,
The weary moments, and the quickened beat
Of fevered pulses, comes a yearning deep
For rest, while o'er the slumberous senses creep
Benumbing shadows, and oblivion sweet
Enshrines the soul, until dawn angels greet
The sleeper's wondering gaze with rays which leap
Into a flood of glory. When life's shades
Gather, and evening falls, as in the west,
The sunset's splendour into softness fades,
With reflex gleamings from the land of rest,
So longed for,—at God's touch, the weary eye
Closes,—to wake in immortality.

With reverent hands I lay these cypress leaves,
Twined with the laurel he so meekly wore,
Upon his quiet grave, where evermore
The whispering wind a solemn requiem weaves.
Remember, though the wounded spirit grieves,
The words he spake, the life he lived, the store
Of heaven-born compassion that he bore
Toward the friendless ones whom Christ receives.
The nine-fold Muses miss his fostering care,
And the wide world of letters mourns. O heart,
So kindly and so earnest! with rare art
Didst thou stern duty's rugged tasks make fair,
So that the Master's mind, as in thee wrought,
Seemed, even here, to full fruition brought.

Mourn not the shadows, dark, intangible
That, like a veil, obscure his home from ours,
Ev'n while the darkening tempest o'er us lowers,
The fullest trust shall surely in us dwell,
With power, deep, abiding, that the soul,
Loved by his Maker, in His likeness grows,
And wisdom learns, as cycling ages roll,
Diviner than mere human dreams. He sows
Infinite realms of thought, and reaps,
And ever reaps the infinite in realms
From which forever grief and death and night
Are banished, and in the trackless deeps
Of love and light, no gathering storm o'erwhelms
His barque, no dimming doubts obscure his sight.

Oshawa.

MARGARET EADIE HENDERSON.

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TWO KNAPSACKS:

A NOVEL OF CANADIAN SUMMER LIFE.

BY J. CAWDOR BELL.

CHAPTER XV.—(Continued).

WHAT did those deceitful men, Errol and Perrowne, mean, by saying they had to go away to get up their Wednesday evening talk, and to visit their parishioners? There they were, in their old places at the table, Mr. Errol at Mrs. Carmichael's right, and apparently on the best of terms with her, and Mr. Perrowne dancing attendance upon Miss Halbert and her invalid father. Mrs. Du Plessis thought she would take up Mr. Wilkinson's dinner with the colonel's help, as Cecile had been reading to him so long. Accordingly, the Captain talked to that young lady, while Mr. Bangs monopolized Mrs. Carruthers. There was a little commotion, when Mr. Bigglethorpe walked in, and received the sympathetic expressions of the company over his singed face and scorched hands. In spite of these, the sufferer had been up early fishing, just after the rain. Fortunately, he continued, there was no cleared land about the lakes, hence there were very few grasshoppers washed in by the heavy downpour. Had there been, he wouldn't have got a fish. But he had got fish, a big string of them, in splendid condition. He had left some with his kind entertainers, the Richards, but had plenty remaining, which he had left in the kitchen in care of the young woman with the unpronounceable Scripture name. "Now," said the fisherman, "a nime is a very important thing to a man or a woman. Why do people give their children such awful nimes?"

Bigglethorpe is Dinish, they say, but Felix Isidore is as Latin as can be. They called me 'fib' at school."

"'Tis the hoighth av impartance to have a good name, say Oi," added Mr. Terry. "Moy fayther, glory be to his sowl, put a shaint's name an me, an' I put her own mother's name, the Howly Vargin rist her, on Honoria here. 'An', savin' all yer prisinces, there's no foiner Scripcher name than John; how's that, Squire?"

"It suits me well enough, grandfather," replied Carruthers. The Captain was feeling uneasy. He didn't want Ezekiel to come out, so he asked Miss Du Plessis how her young man was. Such a question would have either roused Miss Carmichael to indignation or have overwhelmed her with confusion, but Miss Du Plessis, calm and unruffled, replied: "I suppose you mean Mr. Wilkinson, Captain Thomas. He has been very much shaken by his wound, but is doing remarkably well."

"F'what's Mishter Wilkison's name, Miss Ceshile, iv it's a fair quishtyon to ax at yeez?"

"It is Farquhar, is it not, Mr. Coristine?"

Mr. Coristine said it was, and that it was his mother's maiden name. She was a Scotchwoman, he had heard, and a very lovely character. The colonel had just returned from his ministrations. "Did I heah you cohlectly, Mr. Cohistine, when I thought you said that ouah deah young wounded friend's mothah's name was Fahquhah, suh?"

"You did, Colonel Morton."

"And of Scottish pahentage?"

"Yes."

"Do you know if any of her relatives were engaged in the Civil Wahah, our civil wahah?"

"I believe her brother Roderic ran the blockade, and fought for the South, where he fell, in a cavalry regiment."

"Be pleased, suh, to say that again. Rodehic Fahquhah, do you say?"

"His full name, I have seen it among Wilkinson's papers, was Roderic Macdonald Farquhar."

"Tehesa, my deah," said the colonel, his voice and manner full of emotion, as he turned towards his sister-in-law, "you have heard me mention my bosom friend, Captain Fahquhah?"

"Yes, indeed, many times," replied the lady addressed.

"And ouah deah boy upstairs, the peshchveh of my pooah life, is his nephew, his sistah's son. I was suah there was something drawing me to him. I shall make that brave boy my heih, my pooah deah comhade Fahquhah's nephew. What a fohtunate discovehy. Kindly excuse me, madam, and you my deah ladies, and you Squiah; I must go and tell my deah boy." So the colonel bowed to Mrs. Carruthers, and went out, with his handkerchief up to his face.

After the colonel left the table, the Captain looked over at his niece, saying: "Too late, Marjorie, my lass, too late! Didn't play your cards right, so you're cut out. Shifted his sheet anchor to the t'other bow, Marjorie."

Miss Carmichael was annoyed with good reason, and, in order to put a stop to such uncalled for and vulgar remarks, said, playfully, but with a spice of malice: "Take care, Uncle Thomas, or, as that funny theological student said to the people who were talking in church, 'I'll call out your name before the hail congregation.'" This terrible threat caused Ezekiel to subside, and carry on a less personal conversation with Miss Du Plessis. Then Mr. Terry came to the fore again.

"My little grandchilders' coushin, Mishter Coristine, do be sayin' yer name is Eujane, an' that's Frinch, isn't it?"

"Yes," replied the lawyer; "my mother was of Huguenot descent, and her name was Du Moulin. Some say that the Irish Mullens were once Du Moulins. That I don't know, but I'm not like the man-servant who applied for a situation, saying: 'Me name is Murphy, sorr, but me family came from France.' Coristine, I think, is good Irish."

The name craze spread over the whole table. Miss Halbert thought Basil a lovely name. It was Greek, wasn't it, and meant a king? Mr. Perrowne thought that the sweetest name in the world was Frances or Fanny. Mr. Errol affected Marjorie, and Mrs. Carmichael knew nothing superior to Hugh.

"What made you so savage with the Captain for coupling your name with Wilks?" asked the lawyer in an undertone.

"Because he is the last man in the world I should want my name to be coupled with."

"Oh, but that's hard on Wilks; he's a glorious fellow when you get to know his little ways."

"I don't want to know Mr. Wilkinson's little ways. I am sorry for his wound, but otherwise I have not the remotest sympathy with him. He strikes me as a selfish, conceited man."

"Not a kinder soul breathing, Miss Carmichael."

"Yes, there is."

"Who, then?"

"Yourself."

"Miss Carmichael, you make me the proudest man in the world, but I'm not fit to black Wilks' boots."

"Well, I will not be so rude as to say I think you are. But, never talk that way to me again, if you want me to like you. I will not have you demeaning yourself, even in speech, before Cecile's friend. Now, remember, not a word!"

The test was a severe one between loyalty to his old friend and devoted obedience to the girl he loved. As all the memories of past friendship came before him, he was

inclined to be obdurate. Then, he looked at the golden hair which had brushed his awhile ago, and, as the head straightened up, at the pretty petulant lips and the blue eyes, lustrous with just a moist suspicion of vexation and feeling, and he wavered. He was lost, and was glad to be lost, as he whispered: "May I say it?"

"Yes; speak out, like a man, what you have to say."

"It's a bargain, Marjorie; never again!"

Somehow his right hand met her left, and she did not snatch it away too quickly. Then he said: "You won't hate poor Wilks, my old friend, Marjorie?"

She answered "No," and turned her face away to ask some trivial question of the Squire, who knew a good deal more than he saw any necessity for telling.

The kitchen partly still kept up its numbers. True, the absence of the constable and Maguffin left two serious blanks in the diversified talk of the table, but the place of these gentlemen was taken by no fewer than six persons, the three Richards and the three jurors, so that the dinner party numbered fifteen, of whom four were women. Old white-haired Mr. Newberry, with the large rosy face, smooth, save for two little white patches of side-whiskers, took possession of Matilda Nagle, and rejoiced in her kindly ways and simple talk. He was a Methodist, and a class-leader and local preacher, but a man against whom no tongue of scandal wagged, and whose genuine piety and kindness of heart were so manifest that nobody dreamt of holding up to ridicule his oft homely utterances in the pulpit. If he could do good to the poor demented woman and her afflicted boy, he would, and he knew that his little quaker-bonneted wife would second him in such an effort. So he tried to gain her confidence and the boy's, and, after a while, found that Matilda would like to help Mrs. Newberry in her household duties, and have Monty learn useful work on the farm. When informed by the fatherly juror, in answer to her own questions, that she would not be expected to hurt a fly, and would be allowed to go to church, read her Bible and take care of her boy, she expressed her readiness to go away with him at once. Mr. Newberry felt a few qualms of conscience in connection with fly killing, but, having made an express stipulation that mosquitos and black flies should not be included in the bond, he became easier in mind, and said that, with Mrs. Carruthers and the Squire's permission, he would drive her home in the afternoon. Mr. Johnson and the elder Richards discussed local politics, and the tragedy calling for the inquest; but Mr. Pawkins attached himself to the boys, and consequently to the girls. This gentleman had brought his six feet of bone and muscle, topped with a humorous face, from which depended a Lincoln beard, from the States, and was now, for many years, as he said, "a naturalized citizen of Kennidy." This disappointment at the absence of the constable was something pitiful, he did so want "to yank and rile the old Britisher." Still, that was not going to deprive him of his innocent amusement. He looked around the company and sized it up, deciding that he would leave the old folks alone, and mercifully add to them the crazy people; this still left him a constituency of nine, with large possibilities for fun.

"Rufus," remarked Mr. Pawkins, "I seen your gal, Christy Hislop, along o' that spry sot up coon, Barney Sullivan, daown at the mill. He's a cuttin' you aout for suttin, yes sirree, you see if he ain't."

"What's the use of your nonsense, Mr. Pawkins? Barney went home along o' fayther and old man Hislop, and I guess he turned in to say we was all right."

"If Andrew knowed you'd called him old man Hislop, he'd fire you aout o' the back door mighty suddent. When I see a spry, set up, young feller and a likely heifer of a gal a saunterin' through the bush, sort o' poetical like, daown to the mill, it don't take me two shakes to know that suthin's up. You're a poor, rejected, cast-off, cut aout strip o' factory cotton."

"What do you mean, Mr. Pawkins?"

"I mean overalls, and it's all over with you, Rufus."

Having planted this well-meant thorn in the breast of the younger Hill, and excited the commiseration of his sisters, the lover of innocent amusement turned to Ben, and asked that gentleman, whose attentions to Serlizer were most open and above board, "sence when he got another gal?"

Mr. Toner turned angrily, and asked what Mr. Pawkins was "a givin' him."

"I never see Bridget naow but she's a cryin' and rubbin' her eyes most aout with her cuffs," said the cheerful Pawkins; "she allaowed to me you'd the nighest thing to said the priest was ony waitin' for the word to splice; and here you air, you biggermus deloader, settin' along o' Newcome's gal as if you'd got a mortgage on her. Arter that, the sight ain't to be sawed that'll make me ashamed o' my feller-creeters, no sirree, boss, hull team to boot, and a big dog under the waggin!" Mr. Pawkins sniffed vehemently, and Ben and his affianced bride blushed and drew apart.

"Is that so, Ben?" asked Sarah Eliza in a half whisper.

"S'haylp me, Serlizer," replied the injured Toner in a similar voice, "that there Pawkins is the cussidest, lyinest old puke of a trouble-makin' Yankee as aiver come to Cannidy."

"Are you engaged to Biddy Sullivan, Ben?"

"No, I tell you, naiver said a word to Barney's sister I wouldn't say to any gal."

"Then, what did Barney come here lookin' for you for?"

"So did the tavern keeper and the store keeper, 'cause mother axed 'em, I suppose; you don't think they want me to marry their wives, do you?"

"Wives an' darters is different things, Ben. Ef I'd thought you had been havin' goins on with Biddy, I'd flog the pair of you."

"S'haylp me, Serlizer, it ain't so. Ef it was, you could whayull me till I was stripy as a chipmunk."

"Talkin' abaout whalins," remarked the mischief-maker, who kept one ear open, "Miss Newcome's paa is jest a waitin' to git up and git araound, to give somebody, as ain't fer off'n this table, the blamedest, kerfoundedest lammin' as ever he knowed. He wants his gal home right straight for to nuss him, so's he kin git araound smart with that rawhide that's singein' its ends off in the oven."

"What's dad got agin you, Ben?" enquired Miss Newcome.

"Oh nawthin'; it's only that Pawkins' double-treed, snaffle-bitted, collar-bladed jaw." Mr. Pawkins smiled, but Ben and Serlizer were more uncomfortable than Rufus and his sisters.

The naturalized Canadian turned his attention elsewhere. "I'm kinder amazed," he remarked, eyeing first Sylvanus and then Timotheus, "to see you two a settin' here, as cam as if you never done nothin' to be sorry for. I s'pose you know, if you don't you had orter, that there's a war'n't aout agin the two Pilgrims for stealin' aout o' the Peskiwanchow tavern, or ho-tel, as Davis calls his haouse. I calcla'e the constable 'll be back with that war'n't afore night. I'd make myself skeerce if I was in your shoes."

"O Sylvanus!" ejaculated Tryphosa.

"O Timotheus!" added Tryphosa.

"It's a lie!" cried Rufus; "it's a mill-dam, boom-jam, coffer-dam lie, and I won't believe a word of it."

"Fact all the same," said Mr. Pawkins, calmly, "they air guilty, the two on 'em, of stealin' aout o' the Peskiwanchow ho-tel."

"What did they steal out?" asked the Richards boys.

"Clothes, I guess, boots, some money, books, I don't know all what, and it don't consarn me any; but them boys had best look spry and git aout o' this." With these words, the gentleman of American extraction finished his last piece of pie.

Sylvanus rose cheerfully. He was so radiant over it that Tryphosa thought him really handsome. He whispered to Rufus and to Ben; then remarked to Timotheus that he had perhaps better remain, in case the Squire should send for him. Next, he turned to Mr. Pawkins, and said: "A man mought as well be hung fer a sheep as fer a lamb, Mr. Pawkins, and sence they's a warn't out to 'raist me and Timotheus, we ain't a goin' to put the law to no more trouble 'bout a new one. Ef you'll come outside, I'll show you some o' them things we stoled out'n the Peskiwanchow tav." So Sylvanus took the accuser of the brethren by one arm, and Rufus linked his lovingly in the other, while Ben, with a glance of intelligence at Serlizer, and another at his top boots, followed. Mr. Pawkins, confident in his smartness and in the ignorance of the simple-minded Canucks, went quietly with the courteous criminal and his cut-out friend, till, passing the stables, they led him through a broad gate into the meadow. Then he hesitated.

"The stoled things, leastways some on 'em, 'll be at the foot o' this yere slope soon's we will; so hurry, old man!" said Sylvanus. Mr. Pawkins demurred. "Look here, boys," he said, "a joke's a joke, ain't it? D'ye see, you did, the pair on you, steal aout of the hotel. I didn't go to say you took anythin' as didn't belong to you. I reckon your brother had clothes, and money, and books thar, and so, you and him took 'em aout. Lem me go, boys!"

Sylvanus and Rufus were obdurate. "Boost him, Ben," cried the former; "we ain't no time ter spend foolin' with the likes o' him."

Mr. Toner raised his boot and said, "One fer Serlizer!" which made the joker proceed. He had several other ones, before he was run down to the creek—for Timotheus and Tryphosa, and Tryphosa, and Christie Hislop, and Barney and Biddy Sullivan, and old man Newcome. Ben's boot did capital service. With difficulty the executioners found a hole in the creek about two and a-half feet deep, in which, at full length and with great gravity, they deposited the exile from the States. Then, they guessed the Squire, or the Captain, or somebody, would be wanting them, and skipped lightly back to the house. They knew Mr. Pawkins would follow, since he was the last man in the settlement to miss his juror's fee of one dollar. After their return, there was a good deal of merriment in the kitchen, and the two Richards boys roundly upbraided the elder Pilgrim for depriving them of a share in the fun. "He baygged an' prayed for massy," said Mr. Toner, with a grim smile, "but we was the most onmassifulest craowd you ever see."

Timotheus, still in Sunday garb, took his work-a-day suit, now quite dry, and went to meet Mr. Pawkins. Introducing him to the stable, he soon had that gentleman relieved of his wet toggery, when voices were heard without. It was the colonel, bringing his sister-in-law to see his horse, as a sort of relief to the strain on his feelings, consequent upon his interview with Wilkinson. Mr. Pawkins had only got Timotheus' flannel shirt on, when the stable door opened. "Shin up that ladder into the loft, Mr. Pawkins," cried the benevolent Pilgrim, and the spectacle of a pair of disappearing shanks greeted the visitors on their entrance. Timotheus had escaped into the

coach-house, but all the clothes, wet and dry, save the shirt, lay over the sides of an empty stall. Immediately the colonel perceived the vanishing heels of the Yankee, he interposed his person between them and Mrs. Du Plessis. "My deah Tehesa," he said, hastily, "I think we had better retiah for the pelsent, and visit the stables lateh in the day." Mrs. Du Plessis, however, once no mean judge of horseflesh, was scanning the good points of her brother-in-law's purchase, and seemed indisposed to withdraw. Soon a head and a pair of flannel-shirted arms appeared, hanging over the loft trap, and a voice hailed the colonel.

"Say, mister, you ain't a goin' to bring no wimmen folks up this here ladder, be you?"

"Cektainly not, suh!" answered the colonel, with emphasis.

"If it won't hurt you, I wisht you'd sling up them dry paants and things daown there."

The colonel looked at the man, and then at the articles, with impatience. Then he got a pitchfork, on the prongs of which he collected the garments, one by one, and so handed them up to Mr. Pawkins, who was still minus necktie, socks and boots. Befere, however, he was ready for these, the visitors had retired, leaving him to complete his toilet in private. Hearing steps again, he hurriedly picked up his wet clothes and re-ascended the ladder. The colonel had evidently asked Sylvanus to take the place of Maguffin about the two horses, for he was the newcomer. Now, Mr. Pawkins bore no malice, but, when jokes were going, he did not like to be left the chief victim. He had had some fun out of the boys; now he would have some more. The Yankee could mew to perfection. He began, and Sylvanus called the strange cat. It would not come, so he climbed the ladder after it, and had almost reached the top, when, with vicious cries, the animal flew at him, seized him by the back of the neck, and drew blood that he could feel trickling down his back. Tugging ineffectually at the beast, he ran out to the kitchen, calling upon everybody to take off that mad cat that was killing him. The cat was taken off, amid shrieks of laughter, and proved to be Mr. Pawkins' rolled up wet trousers and vest, the water from which was the blood imagined by Sylvanus. The owner of the garments entered immediately behind his victim, and from his banter the elder Pilgrim gladly escaped to resume his stable duties, feeling that he had been demeaned in the eyes of the laughing Tryphosa.

Timotheus and Ben were busy cleaning out the coach house, putting tables and seats into it, and generally preparing for the inquest. Mr. Bangs, at the coroner's request, empanelled the jury, consisting of the Squire, the captain, and the two clergymen, the three Richards, the three cited jurors, with old Styles from the post office, and Ben Toner. The charred masses of humanity, pervaded by a sickening smell of spirits, were taken from the waggon, and placed in rough board shells, decently covered over with white cloths. The woman called Flower was brought from the post office, and kept in custody, till she gave her evidence; and Bangs himself, with Messrs. Terry, Coristine, and Bigglethorpe, Sylvanus, Rufus, and Timotheus were cited as witnesses. Some evidence was also expected from Matilda and her son. When the coach house doors were thrown open, all hilarity ceased—even the children seemed to realize that something very solemn was going on. A weight of trouble and danger was lifted off many hearts by the terrible tragedy, yet in no soul was there the least feeling of exultation. The fate of the victims was too awful, too sudden for anyone to feel aught but horror at the thought of it, and deep sorrow for one at least who had perished in his sins. The light-hearted lawyer took one look at the remains of him, whom, within the past few days, he had seen so often in the full enjoyment of life and health, and resolved that never again, in prose or verse, would he speak of the person, whose crimes and cunning had returned so avengingly upon his own head, as the Grinstun man. Mr. Pawkins joked no more, for, with all his playful untruthfulness, he had a feeling heart. The most unconcerned man outwardly was Mr. Bangs, and even he said that he would willingly have given a hundred dollars to see his prisoner safely in gaol with the chaplain, and afterwards decently hanged. The doctor was carefully carried out, and set in the presiding chair as coroner over the third inquest within two days.

CHAPTER XVI.

Inquest and Consequences—Orther Lom—Coolness—Evening Service—Mr. Pawkins and the Constable—Two Songs—Marjorie, Mr. Biggles and the Crawfish—Christine Falls Foul of Mr. Lamb—Mr. Lamb Falls Foul of the Whole Company—The Captain's Couplet—Miss Carmichael Feels it Her Duty to Comfort Mr. Lamb.

It is unnecessary to relate the details of the inquest. By various marks, as well as by the testimony of the woman Flower and of Mr. Bangs and his party, the remains were identified as those of Rawdon and his wounded henchman Flower. Some of the jurymen wished to bring in a verdict of "Died from the visitation of God," but this the Squire, who was foreman, would not allow. He called it flat blasphemy; so it was altered to: "Died by the explosion of illicit spirits, through a fire kindled by the wife of the principal victim, Altamont Rawdon." Nobody demanded the arrest of Matilda; hence the Squire and the doctor did not feel called upon to issue a warrant for that purpose. The widowed and childless Mrs. Flower, for the so-called Harding was her son, claimed his body, and what remained of her husband's; and asked Mr. Per-

rowne to read the burial service over them in the little graveyard behind his humble church. Mr. Bangs, his work over, got the use of a waggon and the services of Ben Toner, to take his dead comrade's coffin to Collingwood. Nobody claimed the remains of Rawdon, till old Mr. Newberry came forward, and said he would take the shell in his waggon, with the woman and the boy, and give it Christian burial in the plot back of the Wesleyan church. "We can't tell," he said, "what passed between him and his Maker when he was struggling for life. Give un the bairnifit o' the doot." So, Ben and Serlizer rolled away with Bangs, and Nash's coffin; and Matilda and her son accompanied Rawdon's remains, in Mr. Newberry's waggon. At the same time, with the sad, grey-haired woman as chief mourner, and Mrs. Carmichael beside her, a funeral procession passed from Bridesdale to the post office, and thence to the English churchyard, where old Styles and Sylvanus dug the double grave, around which, in deep solemnity, stood the Captain and Mr. Terry, the minister and the lawyer, while Mr. Perrowne read the service, and two victims of Rawdon's crime and treachery were committed, earth to earth, dust to dust, and ashes to ashes. Immediately the grave was covered in, the doubly-bereaved woman slipped away, and was never again heard of. There appeared no evidence, far or near, that she had done away with herself; it was, therefore, concluded that she had a child or children elsewhere, and had gone to hide the rest of her wasted life with them. The two clergymen went their ways to their lodgings, and the Bridesdale party walked silently and sorrowfully home.

Mr. Bigglethorpe wanted to go back with the Richards, so that he might have another morning's fishing; but Mrs. Carruthers thought he had better take Mr. Bangs' room, and nurse his eyes and other burned parts before going home. Marjorie and her young cousins dragged him off, after his green shade was put on, to the creek, and made him rig up rods and lines for them in the shape of light-trimmed willow boughs, to which pieces of thread were attached with bent pins at the other ends. Fishing with these, baited with breadcrumbs, they secured quite a number of chub and dace, and made the valley musical with their laughter at each success or mishap, by the time the Bridesdale people returned from the impromptu funeral. The Squire was busy in his office, looking over Nash's legacy, preparatory to sending it to Bangs, who had begged him to forward the documents without delay. The only thing of note he found was, that Rawdon did not bank his money; he had no bank account anywhere. Where did he stow away the fortune he must have made? There was a note of the casual conversation of an assumed miser with Rawdon, in which Rawdon was represented as saying: "Dry sandy soil, well drained with two slopes, under a rain-shed, will keep millions in a cigar box." That the Squire noted; then he sealed up the rest of the papers, and addressed them to Hickey Bangs, Esq., D. I. R., ready for the post in the morning. The colonel, Mrs. and Miss Du Plessis were all in Wilkinson's room. The colonel was commenting upon the four poor souls that had gone before God's judgment seat, three of them, probably, with murder on their hands; and thanked God that his boy had died in the war, brave and pure and good, with no stain on his young life. "When my boy was killed, my dear Fahquah, I felt like the Electoh Palatine of the Rhine, when young Duke Christopheh, his son, fell at Mookerheyde, according to Motley: he said 'Twas bettah thus than to have passed his time in idleness, which is the devil's pillow.' Suh, I honouh the Electoh Palatine foh that. What melancholy ghaves these pooah creatuhes fill." Then Mrs. Du Plessis wept, mildly, and Miss Du Plessis, and they all had to wipe a few tears out of Wilkinson's eyes. Had Coristine been there, he would have been scandalized. The lawyer's lady-love was engaged in very prosaic work in the sewing-room, with her aunt, running a sewing-machine to make much-needed clothes for the unhappy woman, whom the coroner's jury, by a euphemism, called Rawdon's wife. The two had seen her off in charge of good old Mr. Newberry, and had promised to send her the work, which she herself had begun; and, now, they were toiling with all their might to redeem the promise, as early as possible, in spite of the tears that would come also into their foolish eyes, blurring their vision and damping their material. Coristine, who longed for a sight of fresh young life after the vision of death, did not know what kept that young life within, and, like an unreasonable man, was inclined to be angry. He was overwrought, poor fellow, sleepless and tired, and emotionally excited, and, therefore, ready for any folly under the sun.

Mrs. Carmichael had entered the house, with the Captain and Mr. Terry. The lawyer remained alone in the garden, waiting for something to turn up. Something did turn up in the shape of the stage on its way to the post office, which dropped its only passenger at the Bridesdale gate. The passenger was a young fellow of about twenty-five, rather over than under middle height, of good figure, and becomingly dressed. His features were good enough, but lacked individuality, as did his combined moustache and side whiskers, that formed a sort of imperfect W across his face. He held his nose well up in the air, spoke what, in his ignorance, he fondly imagined to be aristocratic English, and carried, with an apologetic and depressed air, a small Gladstone bag. The newcomer dusted his trouser legs with a cane utterly useless for walking purposes; then, adjusting his eye-glass, he elevated it towards the solitary occupant of the garden, as he entered the gate.

"Haw, you sir," he called out to him; "is this, haw, Mr. Corrothers' plaice?" Coristine was nettled at the style of address, but commanded himself to reply as briefly as possible that it was. "Miss Morjorie Cormichael stoying here?" continued the stage-passenger. "Miss Carmichael is here," responded the lawyer. "Haw, I thort so. Just you run in now, will you, ond tell Miss Morjorie thot on old friend wents to speak to her." The lawyer was getting furious, in spite of himself. Taking his pipe out of his pocket, and proceeding to fill it with all apparent deliberation and calmness, he replied: "So far as I have the honour of Miss Carmichael's acquaintance, she is not in the habit of receiving visitors out of doors. There are both bell and knocker on the door before you, which servants will probably answer; but, if that door doesn't suit you, you will probably find others at the back." With this ungracious speech, he turned on his heel, lit his pipe, and puffed vigorously along the path towards the meadow gate. Then, he strolled down the hill and met the returning fishers, the two youngest in Mr. Bigglethorpe's arms, and with their arms about his neck, Coristine indulged in a kissing bee with the rest of them, so as to assure himself that he was the true old friend, the genuine Codlin, while the other man was Short. "Marjorie," he said, as that fishing young lady clung to him, "there's a duffer of a dude, with an eye-glass, up at the house, who says he's an old friend of your cousin Marjorie; do you know any old friend of hers?" Marjorie stopped to think, and, after a little pause, said: "It can't be Huggins." "Who is Huggins, Marjorie?" asked the lawyer. "He's the caretaker of Marjorie's school."

"Oh no, this dude is too young and gorgeous for a caretaker."

"Then, I think I know; its Orther Lom."

"Who is Orther Lom?"

"I don't know; only Auntie Marjorie said, she wouldn't be astonished if Orther Lom was to come and find cousin Marjorie out, even away up here. It must be Orther Lom."

This was all the information the lawyer could obtain; so he and Marjorie joined Mr. Bigglethorpe and the other anglers, and talked about making domestic sardines and smelts of the chub and dace they had caught.

The summons to tea greeted the wanderers before they had had time to cleanse their hands of fishy odours; consequently Mr. Bigglethorpe and the lawyer were a minute or two late. They found the man of the eye-glass seated on one side of Miss Carmichael, and, as she beckoned the fisherman to the other, she introduced her protégé to him as Mr. Arthur Lamb, a very old friend. Miss Halbert made way for Coristine beside her, and he congratulated her on the doctor's reappearance at the table.

"Mr. Coristine," said Miss Carmichael, and the lawyer, with a somewhat worn society face, looked across.

"Mr. Lamb, who is an old friend of ours, tells me he met you in the garden, but you did not introduce yourself. Let me introduce you, Mr. Lamb, Mr. Coristine."

Coristine gave the merest nod of recognition, and went on talking to Miss Halbert. He thought Perrowne was right; there was some satisfaction conversing with a girl like that, a girl with no nonsense about her. The minister's gloves had got fishy, handling Marjorie's catch, so he had taken them off when preparing himself for tea, and had left them in his room. Miss Carmichael looked at the burnt hands, and felt disposed to scold him, but did not dare. Perhaps, he had taken the gloves off intentionally. She wished that ring of his were not on her finger. Between Mr. Lamb and Miss Halbert, she felt very uncomfortable, and knew that Eugene, no, Mr. Coristine, was behaving abominably. The colonel and his belongings had been so much about the wounded dominie all afternoon, that Mrs. Carruthers insisted on her right, as a hostess, to minister to him, while her sister-in-law presided in her stead. Coristine at once rose to help the hostess, and regained his spirits, while rallying his old friend over the many attentions he was receiving at the hands of the fair sex. He could hardly believe his eyes and ears when he beheld the meek and helpless creature who had once been the redoubtable Wilkinson. How had the mighty fallen! "We'll put you in a glass case, Wilks, like the old gray horse that was jined to the Methodis, and kicked so high they put him in the museum."

"Corry," interrupted the still correct dominie, "I have no sympathy with that rude song; but if you will quote it, please adhere to the original. It was 'my old aunt Sal that was jined to the Methodists,' not the old gray horse."

"Thanks, Wilks, thanks, I'll try and remember. Any more toast or jam, old boy?"

"No, I have a superabundance of good things."

"Well, see you again, sometime when I have a chance. You're pretty well guarded you know. Au revoir."

Coristine followed Mrs. Carruthers down stairs; while the dominie sighed, and said: "It seems as if nothing will give that boy stability of character and staidness of demeanour."

"Who is going to service to-night?" asked the Squire. Mrs. Carruthers could not, because of the children; the doctor was unfit to walk; and the colonel and Mrs. Du Plessis had so much to say to each other over their dear boy that they desired to be excused. Mr. Bigglethorpe said he was a church-going man, but hardly cared to air his green shade in public; whereupon Mr. Terry volunteered to remain and smoke a pipe with him. Mrs. Carmichael and her daughter signified their intention of

accompanying the Squire, and Mr. Lamb at once asked permission to join them. Miss Halbert stated that she would like to go to week service, if anybody else was going. Of course, the lawyer offered his escort, and Miss Du Plessis and the Captain begged to be included. Thus, four of the party set out for Mr. Perrowne's mid-week service, and four to Mr. Errol's prayer meeting. Mr. Lamb did not get much out of Miss Carmichael on the way, and Miss Halbert thought her escort unusually absent-minded. Coming home, Mr. Perrowne deprived Coristine of his fair charge, and Mr. Errol relieved the Squire of his sister. Accordingly, the freed cavaliers drew together and conversed upon the events of the day. Good Mr. Carruthers was startled, when the lawyer expressed his intention of leaving in the morning, as he could be of no further use, and felt he had already trespassed too long upon his generous hospitality.

"Noo, Coristine," he said, falling into his doric, "what ails ye, man, at the lassie?"

"My dear Squire, I have none but the kindest and most grateful thoughts towards all the ladies."

"Weel, weel, it's no for me to be spierin', but ye maun na gang awa frae's on account o' yon daft havalal o' a Lamb."

"Who is this Mr. Lamb?"

"I ken naething about him, foreby that he's a moothin' cratur frae the Croon Lans Department, wi' no owre muckle brains."

Dropping the subject, the Squire proceeded to tell what he had found in Nash's papers, and proposed an expedition, ostensibly for fishing, in which the two of them, providing themselves with tools, should prospect for the hidden treasure of the former master of the Select Encampment. As it was unlikely that any claimant for Rawdon's property would appear, all that they found would belong to Matilda and her boy, unless it were judged right to indemnify Miss Du Plessis for any injury done to her land. There was no reason for the lawyer's departure. He had another week of leave, which he did not know how to put in. True, he could not remain until Wilkinson was perfectly well, but it would seem heartless to desert him so soon after he had received his wound. He had thought of writing the Squire about Miss Carmichael's position as her deceased father's next of kin, but it would save trouble to talk it over. All things considered, Mr. Carruthers did not find it a difficult task to make his pleasant new acquaintance reconsider his decision and commit himself to an indefinite prolongation of Bridesdale hospitality. Yet, as he entered the gate, he almost repented his weakness, on hearing the eye-glassed Lamb say: "What ohfully jawly times we hod, Morjorie, when you and I were sweethearts." He wished that he could recall some frightfully injurious and profane expression in a foreign tongue, with which to anathematize the wretched, familiar, conceited Crown Lands Department cad. While the Squire joined the doctor and the Captain in the office, he went over to a corner in which the pipes of the veteran and Mr. Bigglethorpe were still glowing, and, lighting his own, listened to their military and piscatorial yarns.

(To be continued.)

PARIS LETTER.

THERE are two classes of anarchists in France: one that rely on demagogic bunkum, Yahoo screechings and tearing each other's eyes out; the second confine themselves to dynamite. Nothing annihilates social imperfections like the destruction of society; since the decapitation of their chief, Ravachol, they have abstained from a display of their peculiar fireworks, but they seem to be improving the shining hour, and are as busy as bees stealing dynamite cases in transit on the railways. Judge how hard up the other class must have been for a Turk's head, when they had to fall back on denouncing M. Stambouloff to posterity, because apparently he did not consult them before stringing up the four conspirators for treason against Bulgaria, and so warn off those inclined to compromise the safety of the state. As a rule, we are all indulgent for every nation's rebels but our own. There was a time when even the stormy petrels of Paris would be on the side of a country gallantly fighting against odds to be free and independent.

Another proof of the dearth in opinion programmes is the discussion as to whether or not Napoleon I. played the Scotch fiddle? He was afflicted with cutaneous eruptions, but these it is alleged were due to a bad stomach; he died from a cancer of the latter and a gouty temperament, not through an oatmeal regimen or indifference to cleanliness. Of all the monarchs that reigned in France he was the most "addicted" to cold water; his valet relates that two domestics sponged him every morning with water from head to foot, while another sprayed him with perfume. He cared nothing for table luxuries; a beefsteak, a bottle of chambertin and a morsel of cheese, served on the corner of a buffet and disposed of in ten minutes, constituted his favourite repast. Besides, he told his invités that if they wanted a good dinner they must dine with his marshals. The only Scotch music Napoleon liked was "Ye Banks and Braes," but he was a fervent admirer of Ossian.

The Omnibus employés protest that their patience is exhausted against the vexations and annoyances of their directors, whose cup of iniquity is full to overflowing. The men must seek refuge in a strike, since the company

will not loyally execute the decisions of the law courts given against them for breach of faith and of contract with their servants. The moment would not be bad for the buss men to strike, but on condition that this time they will hold out till the municipality steps in and supersedes the company; then there will be cheaper fares, more vehicles, and additional lines.

Since the Pope consented to be interviewed by that lady socialist—some would even write anarchist—Madame Séverine, the socialists of other schools demand his Holiness to lend them an ear. Their requests are not couched in Lord Chamberlain's language, but in harmony with the proletaires "complete letter writer." In due course appear imaginary interviews that would be humorous and witty only for their irreverence. However, Leo XIII. makes allowance it is well known for such free and easy writing, and as he enjoys a laugh, he can indulge it. The late Pope Gregory enjoyed the whimsicalities of Paul de Kock.

M. P. Leroy-Beaulieu gives a kind of consumptive puff to the expiring embers of the Panama Canal scheme. But no Phoenix is destined to rise from the ashes, despite the rescue aid of the eminent economist. When the bubble and swindle was at its height, M. Beaulieu warned his countrymen to abstain from investing in the scrip. Now that the wreckage and the wreckers have been cleared away, he believes the completion of the scheme affords some elements of practicability. A sum of 720,000,000 frs. would be necessary, but the works might be re-started hopefully with 300,000,000; now, where obtain these—that's the rub? He urges to appeal to the foreigner; there is no use knocking at that door. He wants the Columbian Government not to foreclose on the concession next February, a favour not likely to be granted, and that a delegation of engineers be sent to examine if the Americans are in earnest over the Nicaraguan Canal. *Punch's* advice about matrimony may be safely applied to putting money in the played-out venture now being galvanized—"Don't."

Foreigners—Russians excepted—are not in the odour of sanctity with the French. This was comprehensible in the case of laymen, but imagine a patriotic Abbé calling upon his fellow-labourers in the Lord's vineyard to agitate for the expulsion of those members of the cloth who officiate in the Paris churches; among the latter A. Philippe-du-Roule is cited, where an Italian, Spanish and Polish priest receive salaries of 5,000 frs. a year, while many French priests are unemployed and next to starving. They are the vicars and the archbishop who are held responsible for the unpatriotic conduct. Of the eight clergymen attached to the cemeteries, seven are foreigners; this may explain the rapidity with which the service is gone through. It was bad enough to put a prohibitive tax on imports, but to erect a China wall against foreign soul-savers! McKinley never thought of that form of rank protectionism.

The strange agitation that has so suddenly sprung up against the reform of the Presidentship is now extending to the abolition of the office itself. No one finds fault with M. Carnot, except he be ostracized for his merits, like Aristides. It is proposed to declare a President ineligible for a second term, and to limit the latter to four years, instead of seven, which is too long for the ambitious. The economists rally to the late M. Grèvy's 1849 proposition, to have no President at all, but make the Prime Minister head of the executive for the time being, or to nominate an executive for twelve months as in Switzerland. Though chief of the state M. Carnot's signature is valueless to any public act unless it be guaranteed by a Ministerial autograph. The *Figaro* views the Presidency as a bastard royalty, incompatible with modern democracy, whose tenant is reduced to the rôle of pardoning some murderers—happily less frequently than M. Grèvy, to expending 1,250,000 frs. yearly, and to residing in an urban and a rural palace, besides periodical tours through France. These are not the less advantages for the country and have not the slightest chance to be abolished.

M. Marinoni, the famous inventor of the rotative printing machine called after him, and that throws off 40,000 copies of a paper an hour, has just entered upon his seventieth year. He is the son of a country policeman, is self-educated, and commenced life as an humble apprentice in the factory of which he is now the owner, and that covers three acres of ground. He is not the exclusive owner, but the principal shareholder of that magnificent property *Le Petit Journal*, remarkable for its circulation—nearly one and a-quarter million copies daily, its chauvinism and anglo-phobism. Marinoni is several times millionaire, and his business assistants are his son-in-law and very obliging nephew. The coloured supplement of the *Petit Journal* is struck off at the rate of 20,000 copies per hour, and the polychrome, consisting sometimes of five or six colours, passes but once through the machine and comes out as perfect as if mere black and white. M. Marinoni has supplied no less than eighty ingenious machines for printing the notes of the Bank of France.

French juries, as a rule, do not accord heavy damages; in presence of the increasing number of accidents that cyclists inflict on the public and then wheel off, a jury at Havre has mulcted a bicyclist in 10,000 frs. compensation to a lady, plus doctor's and lawyer's bills, whom he had run down.

Deputy Leon Say's Popular League for the observance of Sunday as a day simply of rest is rapidly succeeding in

its mission. One abuse is attacked, till conquered; then comes the turn for another. On Government works Sunday is now a close holiday. M. Say at present agitates for the non-holding of fairs and markets on Sundays; the fight in this case will be more obstinate, as the farmers and their hands select Sunday to buy and sell. The materialists ought to work in with M. Say, as neither approach the subject from a religious side; it is solely by the reformation of manners and not at all by laws the ultimate victory must be won.

M. Charles Saller is the best French authority on Morocco, and claims to know Muley Hassan and his people. It is by commerce that the latter are to be gained, and in this respect England, through Colonel MacLean, the Sultan's military adviser, and a British subject, has the advantage over other Europeans. In commercial importance, Germany comes next. France relies upon her pure diplomacy, and, as a proof of its superiority, points "to the glorious check of the Sir Ewan Smith mission." That lamentable spirit will only precipitate the disruption of the Sultanate; but the spoils will be divided only after the big Continental war.

It is officiously stated that the cause of so many once promising collegians, failing at the recent annual examinations, either for prizes or honours, is due to their disease "amnesia," or loss of memory, caused by excessive tobacco smoking. That will preserve them at least from over mental pressure.

Literary amenities. M. Ledrain states the Emperor Commodus had statues everywhere in the East, because he was a monster, the god of licentiousness and of debauchery, but which secured him success and popularity. M. Zola, on the same principle it appears, will be elected academicien on account of his "want of taste." The conclusion of the parallelism is lame and impotent, but humane. Z.

PATRICIA.

I SING to thee, and reck not if my song
Dies in its utterance, neither short nor long
Is there in this my love, nor life, nor death—
So what if it expire with a breath?

I sing to thee! No thought of praise or blame
Is in my soul; I seek no further fame,
Through earth's chaotic dream of destinies,
Than that which springs unbidden to your eyes.

I sing to thee, unconscious of an art,
Or world! I sing to thee with all my heart,
Inspired alone by some sweet spell benign,
Of peerless beauty, which is only thine.

I sing to thee!—and this is all my song,
In yellow day, in ebon night along
The road of life,—“There is naught else but thee
And thou art all and all and all to me.”

JOS. NEVIN DOYLE.

SHORT STUDIES IN RUSSIAN LITERATURE—III.

THEY say that one of the first littérateurs in Europe has ceased to exist; they tell us that Count Lyof Tolstoi is dead. It is true that instead of the somewhat sceptical littérateur Russia possesses a man of conviction, an enthusiast; instead of a dispassionate novelist, a preacher of almost fanatical eloquence. Again, it is true that the present Tolstoi has shown by self-sacrifice the force of the light which is in him; he has come down to the peasants, shared their pleasures and their toils, worked not only for them, but with them, and proved by his life's example the beauty of "*homo sum nihil humani a me alienum puto*," that saying which is so often mumbled half in cynicism, half in the spirit of cant, but which with Tolstoi rings with the echo of truth. Still, what a comparatively small section of humanity has gained by devotion, the whole world has lost in art, and it is with a somewhat complex feeling of admiration and regret that we view this great man's efforts in philanthropy. Without going over the facts and details of his life, which have been already published in "My Confession" and noised abroad by the numerous *solidant* Tolstoi societies, let us take a glance at one or two of those works which are in some respects the best illustrations of the man himself.

"Russian Realism" had reached the culminating point of artistic merit with Turgéniéff. Tolstoi is not a classic, he is something more. If Turgéniéff represents the *taste* of this school of fiction, Tolstoi represents the *intelligence*. If Turgéniéff was content to draw us an exquisite picture of life in somewhat sombre colours, he was also content to allow us to deduce our own abstractions from the presentation. With Tolstoi, however, it was otherwise; he was always apt to lose sight of the individual man and woman in the midst of psychological problems evolved from *his own* inner consciousness. In short, as M. de Vogüé remarks, "L'erreur de Tolstoi est de vouloir toujours insister par des raisonnements abstraits sur des idées qu'il a le don de faire vivre par l'expression plastique." He has *l'expression plastique*, but with him it is always subordinate to analysis.

Even in "Sebastopol" we find the same close analysis of motive and definition of shades of feeling. The

characters are brave men and soldiers, human beings with human affections and human vanities, but in most of them there is also that spirit of self-questioning which is inherent in Tolstoi himself.

"Kill him! Kill him! What are you waiting for?" A hand seized his gun. The point of his bayonet buried itself in something soft.

"Ah Dieu!"

"The words were uttered in French, in a tone of mingled terror and agony, and not until then did the yunker realize that he had just killed a Frenchman. A cold sweat moistened his entire body; he shuddered and threw down his gun. But this feeling lasted only for a second. The thought that he was a hero flashed through his mind, and picking up his gun he again rushed forward, shouting 'Hurrah!' with the others."

The thought that he was a hero: everything around him, the dead slain by his own hand, the excitement of battle, the ghastly horrors of war, all fade before that brief flash of thought!

In this book Tolstoi gives us an admirable picture of the muzhic in uniform with his patient and unostentatious courage strangely contrasting with the self-consciousness of his officers, and we cannot help wondering if even then the young Russian aristocrat was not developing his ideas on the problems of sociology as well as observing the details of Sebastopol.

Previous to these sketches Tolstoi had written "The Cossacks," in which he foreshadowed that spirit of "simplification" which is the very centre of his sociological conclusions. It is a story of a young Russian, who, wearied of a life of amusement in Moscow but not yet blasé, goes as a yunker to the Caucasus, that land which has stimulated the genius of Pushkin and Lermontof. Dmitri Olyenin, the hero of the book, finds in the unconventional life of the Cossacks a peace of mind, a quietude that he had never found before. He comes close to nature, and the following extract, written before the Crimean war, might well be taken for a passage from the lips of the Tolstoi of to-day.

"And it became clear to him that he was not in the least a Russian nobleman, a member of high Moscow society, the friend and relative of this person and that, but a mere gnat, like these others, or a pheasant, or a stag, like those that now have their haunts in the woods around him."

Surely this is the voice not of the brilliant Russian boyard of the past, but of the man who makes boots and tells us that if the peasant can sleep upon the ground he does not require a bed. In fact, the more we study his earlier works the less clear becomes the line of demarcation between the Tolstoi of the past and the Tolstoi of the present. The latter is only the logical result of the former, the practical exemplification of a theory which underlies all his works, a theory which is not so much the result of rapid intuition as of careful induction.

In "My Husband and I" the novelist gives us a charming sketch of a girl who had married under the influence of a romantic passion. Little by little the glamour dies away, but it is not merely the old story of illusion and regret; upon the ashes of this dead passion there arises a calm and constant affection, and, although Katia has looked unflinchingly into the mirror of life, although the dream fancies which appeared so beautiful before are now as cloud pictures far away and sombre, she sees something in the world that is worth retaining—duty and hope. It is the "simplification" of romance.

Before passing on to Tolstoi's more serious works, let us glance at one or two of his short stories. "The Scorer" is a close study of a young man who ruins himself in a billiard-room; it is an old subject, but never has any author treated it with such power. Objectively, the hero is a picture; subjectively, however, he is more, he is the type of ruin, the incarnation of weakness and décadence: he is a man no longer, he is the abstraction of human folly working surely towards its goal. Nowhere does Tolstoi show us this habit of drawing a beautiful and artistic portrait from life and then building upon the presentation a problem that he himself is unable to solve, more forcibly than in a singularly pathetic tale entitled "Lucerne."

A native of the Tyrol is playing before a large hotel in Lucerne. All are entranced with the music; ladies and gentlemen in evening dress lean forward from the balconies to catch the strains, the crowd presses round him absorbed and motionless. Suddenly he stops playing, and nervously in French patois tells them that he is poor and that this is his means of earning his bread. The rich people on the balcony stare coldly down into his face; not one of them throws him a centime; the crowd laugh at him and he goes off, he who had given so much and received nothing in return, *ashamed*.

"But the episode," writes Tolstoi, "which took place in Lucerne on the 19th of July seems to me something entirely novel and strange; and it is connected not with the everlastingly ugly side of human nature, but with a well-known epoch in the development of society. This fact is not for the history of human activities, but for the history of progress and civilization."

"The Three Deaths" is a curious sketch of the deaths of a member of the noblesse, a muzhic and a tree. The third is nearest to nature and therefore the best; the story might almost be called the "simplification" of death. Speaking of "Anna Karénina," M. de Vogüé remarks: "Le héros abstrait de ce livre, c'est le Devoir, opposé aux entraînements de la passion." It is true, but Anna

is very real and very human for all that. But real and human as she is, in spite of ourselves we regard her not so much as *Anna* but rather as Woman fighting a losing battle against public opinion. In no other book has the author so showed us his own gropings after the answer to the riddle of life. Levin tries to find the secret in the resources of science, but it is the voice of a simple muzhik that turns the current of his whole life. Science, philosophy, all the productions of ancient and modern thought, all fall before simplicity. Levin becomes a Christian, but the spirit of self-questioning is still with him.

"I shall continue to pray without being able to explain to myself why, but my inward life has conquered its liberty. It will be no longer at the mercy of circumstances, and my whole life, every moment of my life, will be, not meaningless as before, but full of deep meaning, which I shall have power to impress on every action."

Stiva, as Prince Stepan Oblonsky is called, is a careless, good-natured scape-grace, with no particular object in life and with no sociological problem to solve. Count Vronsky is in reality a far more complex study than Levin. Like *Anna*, he attempts the impossible and fails to find the *rose bleue* of life. At once sincere and egoistical, a brilliant dilettante and a brave soldier, *Anna's* lover can be viewed in many lights. Like her, he had to drink the cup of bitterness, but upon the woman, as is ever the case, the hand of fate was heaviest.

It is useless to sketch the outline of this book in which every character is in itself a study, and in which are contained some of the deepest questions which finite man has ever addressed to infinite God. *Anna Karénina* must be read and thought over; it is not merely a novel or a sermon or a problem in sociology, but it contains something of all three; above all it is sincere and free from cant, concealing nothing for pity, blackening nothing for scorn. It is the product neither of hatred, nor of love; it is inexorable truth.

Tolstoi, that is to say the Tolstoi of *Anna Karénina*, has been called at once a pantheist and a pessimist; this appears a contradiction to those, who, being neither themselves, have failed to see how the one may be evolved from the other. The pantheist centres the "ruling power" in the universe which is to him "the all." Of what use then is the effort of man against that which is in itself unalterable, incomprehensible? What can the infinitesimal unit effect for or against that which absorbs it?

But from this mixture of pantheism and pessimism a stranger and more subtle phase of thought arises, *Potchaïanie*, that vague mingling of fatalism and despair which is both simple and inexplicable, childish and profound. We meet with this in the works of Tolstoi, but we find it in every page of Dostoiévsky.

And now let us turn our attention to that heroic eastern figure, half mystic and half stoic, Count Lyof Tolstoi of to-day. Pessimism has vanished with the contraction of pantheism; the belief in a personal God has removed despair. The Tolstoi of the present admitting the data of the Bible, preaches numerous sermons upon its ethics. In the gospel of "non-resistance" he would show us a reflexion of the divine, in his cry of "simplify! simplify!" he would draw us nearer to Nature, which is also a reflexion of God.

"The Kreutzer Sonata" written by any other man would have been the sermon of a monomaniac; written by Tolstoi it shows merely the exaggeration which necessarily arises from concentration of thought upon certain phases of moral deformity. "Ivan Ilyitch" is at once a physiological and psychological study of a dying man, and in this also it is the peasant who casts the only gleam of comfort in the book. His other "stories" have been written for the most part as tracts to the people for whom he is sacrificing everything.

Whatever our opinions may be of his work, however our beliefs may differ from his own, there is something in the existence of this solitary figure toiling for the love of humanity, which brings with it feelings akin to reverence. J. A. T. L.

RELICS OF CHAMPLAIN ?

SOME weeks ago an interesting caller entered my door in Montreal. He was a tall, pleasant Englishman of perhaps forty-five years, and upon his visiting card was a name of unusual attraction to anyone acquainted with the history of Montreal, or indeed of America. The name was Amherst, and its bearer was of the family of the famous Sir Jeffery who commanded the armies which captured Montreal in 1760 and brought about at the same time the capitulation of all "Canada and Cape Breton." In the course of conversation he described to me "Montreal" in Kent, his own English home—the estate which Sir Jeffery named from the town of his great capture and which passed, with the title of "Baron Amherst of Montreal" to his nephew, and thence directly to the present Earl, whose brother the speaker was.

It was a rare pleasure to take such a man about the town and show him the encampment site of his ancestor's army, the house which tradition asserts to have been his headquarters, the gate whereby he entered the town, the Square where the French army laid down its arms before him, and other scenes of a hundred and thirty years ago. During the day a drive was arranged to the landing-place of the army at Lachine, nine miles away. The others in our carriage were not unconnected with history. They were Gerald E. Hart, the author of "The Fall of New

France," and Charles Mair, author of "Tecumseh" and veteran of both the North-West rebellions, and the conversation naturally ran much on historical subjects. The Lower Lachine Road, along the Rapids, was chosen, and a stop was made to see the elm embowered "La Salle Homestead," the ancient building owned by the hospitable John Fraser in that neighbourhood, situated, he contends with much reason, on the very grant of 400 acres originally taken for his private domain by La Salle during his years at his settlement of Lachine about 1666. Mr. Fraser's claim is disputed by D. Girouard, Q. C., the historian of Lachine, but is set out with some concessions yet much force in a late pamphlet on "The La Salle Homestead." However it may be as to La Salle, Mr. Fraser now claims that at any rate the chimney of the house is an extremely old one. He admits the body of the dwelling (now considerably ruined) to be the erection of a merchant named Cuillerier about the beginning of the eighteenth century. The chimney, however, he claims stands separate and was the chimney of a dwelling built by Champlain in 1616. It was to investigate this assertion that we made our stoppage. We found the walls of the house in fair preservation, showing a strong rubble exterior of one storey, faced with cut-stone about the doors and windows. The roof and floors were half fallen in. The great chimney, Mr. Fraser pointed out, was separate from the walls, and stood by itself in the house, adjoining, instead of, as usual, being part of the gable wall, or standing directly in the centre, as in several early "forts." This part of his claim we admitted, namely, that the chimney appeared to be part of a former building on the site. But, was it enough to carry the place back to the time of Champlain? That was still the question. While wandering inside, however, something peculiar, and theretofore unnoticed, struck me in the wall adjoining the great chimney. Several tiers of brick seemed to be inserted in the wall, as if to repair it towards the bottom. A second glance made it evident that these bricks were built in curved form, making the segment of a circle. Looking closer and picking up one of those which had fallen out, I discovered that it was of grey, uncooked colour, and crude shape. Calling the attention of the rest of the party, we quickly came to the conclusion that they were sun-dried bricks made by hand, of a flatter and larger pattern than those of present times. Their position, too, showed them to be built into the wall during its construction, instead of added to patch a breakage, and their line of construction seemed to indicate their being part of a turret or round oven, built at the time of the great chimney which they adjoined. Now, though familiar with historical French-Canadian buildings, I do not know that brick enters into the construction of any other house in the Province of Quebec of early date. Only one man is recorded to have used brick for construction. That man was Champlain. The place where he made it was the Island of Montreal. During his visit of 1611 to the site of the future city, he writes: "There is also much meadow-land of very good rich pottery clay, as well for brick as for building, which is a great convenience. I made use of a part of it, and built a wall there four feet thick and three to four feet high and ten rods long, to test how it would keep during winter, when the waters descend." Such bricks would not stand the climate, however, which is very hard upon even the kiln-dried article of to-day. If Champlain built a house around the old chimney, it is quite natural that he should have used them; and if, therefore, as is possible, they were made by Champlain, they are perhaps the most interesting and precious relics in Canada. W. D. LIGHTHALL.

Montreal, August 12, 1892.

DOES OUR EDUCATION EDUCATE ?

THE recent controversy concerning the Ontario examinations for teachers and others will have accomplished some good if it is a means of directing attention to the practical results of our present system of education. We are in the habit of congratulating ourselves that we have in Canada a very excellent system of education, and in some respects we undoubtedly have. But is it, as a matter of fact, doing all that it should accomplish? A recent experience has caused me to wonder whether, after all, our educational methods do not fail in really educating, whether they do not result in turning out a large number of pupils and teachers possessed, perhaps, of a certain amount of book knowledge, but destitute of nearly all the other attributes of true education. It also serves to demonstrate that our official means of testing the educational qualifications of pupils and teachers must be sadly deficient; that is, in the words of THE WEEK, that "examination by writing is unreliable as the sole test of the results of a prolonged course of study or of the mental acquirements of a given student."

The experience I have referred to was not, by any means, an unique one. It was merely looking through the applications of a number of teachers for vacant teacherships. The positions applied for were the head mastership of the High School and the principalship of the common school in the largest and most important town in the North-West. For these positions there were over sixty applicants. All the applicants possessed at least second-class certificates, a large number were university graduates, the great majority of them had secured their qualifications in Ontario, and, for the most part, they had

been actively engaged in the teaching profession. The positions and the salaries attached were such as should have secured applications from the highest class of teachers, and I have no reason for supposing that the large number of applicants who offered their services did not represent a fair average of the teachers who consider themselves able to fill and hold the necessary Government qualifications to occupy the higher positions in their profession.

In such a class one would naturally look for some of the best results of our Higher Education. It would be taken as a matter of course that those competent to take charge of the education of our youth should at least be able to write, to spell, and to use the Queen's English correctly; and it would not unreasonably be expected that they should exhibit some evidences of that good sense, sound judgment, culture and refinement which the best education is expected to produce and which, unless possessed by himself, a teacher cannot impart to those placed under his control. In these qualities, however, as well as in the elementary attainments first mentioned, the applications in question showed a large number of the applicants to be lamentably deficient. Fully seventy-five per cent. of them could be passed over without a second reading—many of them without being read through at all—and of the remainder it did not take long to discard all but half a dozen.

In the first place, the writing of most of the applications was bad; and the badness was not of that order which, because of its character, is often condoned in the writing of scholars and geniuses. A number were written in those large, irregular and clumsy characters which one is accustomed to find in the exercise books of young scholars. A still larger number were written in a prim, copy-book hand, some fairly good of its kind, some rather shaky, particularly in the flourishes, but all quite characterless, so much so that it was generally impossible to distinguish the sex of the applicant until the end of the letter was reached. The spelling was somewhat better than the writing, but mistakes in that were numerous. One applicant, for instance, announces that she is a "Gold medalist" of some educational institution. Another, who states he holds both Ontario and North-West Territory Second Class Certificates, spells the capital of the Territories "Reginna," not once but several times. One makes "through" a word of two syllables and divides it thus, "throu-gh"; one divides "reasons" into two syllables thus, "re-asons"; another divides "application," "applicat-ion"; another, "furthering" in this way, "furtheri-ng". The applications containing these latter mistakes were not type-written, or one might be inclined to excuse the errors, nor do the mistakes appear to have been rendered imperative by great lack of space at the end of a line. The Queen's English suffers rather severely at the hands of these its guardians. One who holds an Ontario First-Class Professional Certificate and states he has "taught English with good success," writes thus: "Having noticed your advertisement for a Principal to take charge of your Public School, I wish to apply for the same." This gentleman's specialty, according to his own statement, is mathematics, but it does not appear that his study of the exact sciences has taught him to avoid ambiguity of expression. It is not clear whether he is applying for an "advertisement," a "principal," or a "public school." An awkward arrangement of words such as the following is by no means infrequent: "Sir, Would be pleased to accept the situation you advertise as Principal of the Common School at a salary, etc." It is not uncommon for an applicant to state he encloses a "recommend," and tautological expressions such as "gave good satisfaction," "taught with good success," abound, not only in the applications themselves, but also in the "recommends" of school inspectors and others. Punctuation is apparently considered to be of very little importance.

Besides defects such as the foregoing, one finds in connection with a considerable proportion of the applications some *gaucherie* giving evidence of boorishness and lack of judgment which it is difficult to imagine a highly-educated person being guilty of. One sends his application written on a big sheet of thick blue paper (10" x 14"), ruled in blue and red, evidently torn from some register, dirty withal, and folded fearfully and wonderfully. Another young man uses small sheets of thin, sea-green tinted paper, very suitable perhaps for *billets d'amour* to some village Amanda, but hardly calculated to win the favour of an urban School Board. One begins with the confidential "My dear Sir," and concludes with the ultra-formal "I have the honour to be, sir, your obedient servant," and some original souls, scorning conventionalities, place their "Dear sir" at the extreme right instead of at the left of their note paper. An individual may lack worldly wisdom and yet be a genius; but the genius who prefaces his application by censuring his would-be employers for having dismissed their previous Principal, courts the treatment genius is but too often accorded by its contemporaries. The country dominie who thought it an important point to submit the information that on one occasion he was presented with "a costly inkstand, graced with the antlered head of a reindeer, a fancy china cup and saucer, an elegant fountain pen, a box of finely-tinted paper and envelopes and some other articles, accompanied by an address" is no doubt even yet wondering why he failed to secure the desired position. A similar feeling may perhaps be entertained by one who wrote "Should your Board, sir,

be pleased to accept my application they may depend upon it that they will not regret their choice." But the serene self-confidence which inspired the following is probably superior to disappointment: "I feel confident that should you honour me with the appointment, I shall be able to afford you every satisfaction, and achieve for your school distinguished success." The philosopher whose lengthy application is chiefly a disquisition on the advantages of "experimental psychology," concerning which he has made an "exhaustive study" and some "unique experiments," would appear either to have omitted from his investigations one important class of humanity, viz., practical business men, or to have profited but little from his experiments. And the gentleman who seeks to impress the trustees with the splendour of his intellectual attainments by informing them that he is a "graduate of the American Institute of Phrenology" has apparently not a very high estimate of Western intelligence. Many of the applicants think—and, it may be, rightly—that to be a Methodist, or a Presbyterian, or a member of some other denomination, is a very important recommendation; but one appears to base his claims almost entirely on the following qualifications: "I am a member of the Methodist Church, the Christian Endeavour, and the Royal Templars of Temperance, have never used tobacco in any form, and can supply references from those who know me showing my character to be blameless." It is indeed sad to think that one so excessively immaculate should have to content himself with the reflection that virtue is its own—and often its only—reward. The lack of intelligence shown by some applicants in submitting "recommends" and testimonials is indeed surprising. One is not impressed favourably with an applicant's past experience by looking through a dirty, greasy package of letters, some in red ink, some in violet ink, some in black ink and some in pencil, execrably written and spelled, certifying to the opinion held by the school trustees of some obscure township as to the holder's abilities. I cannot forbear quoting one of this class of testimonials: "We the undersgd Trustees for School District do hereby certify that they have known _____ for a number of year in the capacity as School Teacher and that he is thorogly competent to teach a graded school according to the laws of the School act for the Dominion of Canada and we take great pleasure in recommending him to any community in want of a teacher. You very truly." Unless assured that the applicant who relied on a testimonial such as this held a Second Class Teacher's Certificate, one would not suspect that his intelligence had been expanded and elevated by high education. One cannot but tremble for the interests of education in a community where such trustees have the management of school affairs. Some of the applicants send printed copies of their testimonials, but apparently they do not realize that this creates the inference either that they are so often applying for situations as to render copying their recommendations in each case too great an undertaking, or that they are displaying vanity and bad taste. One individual has not only his testimonials printed, but prints even his application itself, blanks being left for dates, salary, etc., the whole being surrounded with a very fancy border; and he evidently intends to make use of the application elsewhere if unsuccessful, for he concludes: "Return this pamphlet (sic) if my application is rejected."

It is, of course, not possible to cite every instance of lack of knowledge, culture and intelligence, but enough has been said to indicate what a large proportion of the sixty applications in question gave evidence of these defects in the applicants. And it must be remembered that in making an application for a situation the applicant naturally endeavours to present himself in every way in the most favourable light. When so much is gathered from merely letters of application, what would be the result of a more complete and searching examination into the applicant's abilities and characters? As I have said, these teachers are, or should be, the best results of our advanced education, and it is they who are conducting the education of the rising generation. Under the circumstances a doubt as to the practical results of our educational methods cannot but arise. I do not at present attempt to assign a cause for what I can only regard as a failure somewhere or to suggest a remedy. I merely call attention to the serious fact.

F. H. TURNOCK.

CORRESPONDENCE.

FORESTRY.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

Sir,—The general principle that an undue clearance of the timber is harmful to the fertility of the land is understood by very many people who take little practical interest in forestry for the reason that they are unaware of the extent to which the process of stripping away the woods has been carried. It needs only a perusal of the forestry report for 1891 to convince the most indifferent that the danger from this source is by no means remote, but a peril that must be faced at once unless our agricultural interests are to suffer greatly.

The report reviews the existing condition of the counties of the Province as regards forestry, and discloses a state of affairs which ought to arouse public opinion to the urgent need of measures to arrest destruction and preserve the remaining forests. It ought to afford food for reflection to learn that in some localities the process of

clearance has been so thorough that only some five per cent. of the total area of the land remains in timber. In many neighbourhoods wood has become so scarce that the farmers have difficulty in procuring a supply of fuel, being obliged to haul it from a distance to their homes.

The greatest injury inflicted upon agriculture by the cutting down of the forests, however, is the alteration for the worse in the climate and the fertility of the soil. Observers of climatic conditions for many years are practically unanimous in testifying to the increasing frequency and severity of droughts and floods, the only assignable cause for which is the wholesale clearance of the forests. The rainfall is now rapidly dissipated, whereas when a considerable area of the country was heavily timbered a large volume of moisture was absorbed by the light soil and vegetation and given out again gradually mitigating the dryness and heat of the summer season. The creeks and streams which formerly ran full all the year round have dwindled in volume or dried up altogether in some instances. As a consequence both crops and stock suffer greatly from drought whenever there is a long dry spell in summer.

It will be thus seen that no class has a stronger or more direct practical concern in forestry than the farmers. Yet the number of them who throw any active interest in those measures intended to arrest the evil is comparatively few. The Ontario Government deserves much credit for having grappled successfully with the problem of the prevention of destructive fires—which are now of rare occurrence—and also for the setting apart of a forestry reserve in the Northern portion of the Province which will be kept permanently timbered. But it must be remembered that the Government is not in a position to do everything that is needed as the lands in the settled part of Ontario, where the evils and deforestation are necessarily greatest, are mainly in private hands.

The farming community should take the matter up themselves. Men of local influence ought to set the example of replanting and the preservation of such strips and patches of woodland as remain. Public opinion should be educated as to the urgent necessities of the case, or else in a very few years far worse injuries than any already inflicted upon our prosperity will be experienced.

Let me say in conclusion that I shall be pleased to send a copy of the report free of expense to anyone sending me his name and address.

R. W. PHIPPS.

251, Richmond Street W., Toronto.
August 24, 1892.

THE BALLADE OF THE LOST FAIRIES.

THE long, bright day is drawing to a close,
The purple hues of sunset fade away,
Beneath the forest boughs a soft wind blows,
As yet the moon wields not her silver sway;
But when she starts upon her upward way,
The denizens of night awake once more;
The whip-poor-will is calling from the shore
Of the dark river, vocal yet unseen.
But, though the moonlight dapple all the floor,
Alas! no fairies dance upon the green.

The Northern Light its soundless lightning throws
In errant spears across the blue astray
An endless phantasy; from green to rose,
And back againt to green, the colours play.
Sure 'tis a night for every jocund fay
Who waits the coming of the moonlight hour
To prank himself to dance his Queen before.
But all unpeopled is the woodland scene,
No magic can the buried past restore,
Alas! no fairies dance upon the green.

Where are they, then, the little folk, who knows
Where they have gathered 'neath the moon's pale ray?
They are not where the Western forest grows,
And those old haunts in which they used to stray
Have been deserted by them many a day.
They will return to England nevermore,
Ousted from all their haunts by that harsh roar
Of smoky furnaces, which nightly screen
The moon from bosky dell, and silent moor,
Alas! no fairies dance upon the green.

ENVOI.

Gone are the good old times they knew of yore,
And this new world holds not within her store
Sweet fancies of another world, unseen,
And, though we may be wiser than before,
Alas! no fairies dance upon the green.

BASIL TEMPEST.

A SUDDEN lie may be sometimes only manslaughter upon the truth; but, by a carefully-constructed equivocation, truth always is with malice aforethought deliberately murdered.—*Morley.*

WHENEVER vanity and gaiety, a love of pomp and dress, furniture, equipage, buildings, great company, expensive diversions, and elegant entertainments get the better of the principles and judgments of men and women, there is no knowing where they will stop, nor into what evils, natural, moral, or political, they will lead us.—*John Adams.*

ART NOTES.

To M. Maignan has been awarded the Medal of Honour of the Salon for his picture of "Carpeaux," representing the death of the great sculptor among the vivified figures of his creation.

AMONG those who have been elected as associates of the Société Nationale des Beaux-Arts, better known as the Champ de Mars Salon, are Burne-Jones, Elliot I. Guthrie, Jan Van Beers, and Hubert Vos.

SIR FREDERIC LEIGHTON and Sir Everett Millais have received from the German Emperor the Order of Merit, the highest distinction that can be offered to achievement in Germany—a reward that must be fairly earned to be obtained.

THE magnificent marble pavement in Peterborough Cathedral, the gift of Dean Argles, has now been completed, and the Italian artists who have for many months been engaged upon the work have proceeded to Truro Cathedral to carry out a similar scheme.

AN American artist, Mr. Arthur Jule Goodman, has established himself in London, at 57 Alexandra Road, where many of his studies may be seen. These include his portraits of Richard Watson Gilder (editor of the *Century Magazine*), William Winter, George William Curtis, Salvini as Othello, and Edwin Booth as Shylock.

THE latest rage in the matter of house decoration is for Japanese embossed wall papers. These, owing to their cost, have hitherto only been used in big houses; but they are now creeping into more general use, and big manufactories in Japan are making them specially for the English, American and Continental markets. But the designs of these embossed papers are not native; the Japanese have borrowed some of the most beautiful Venetian, Dutch, French and old English designs, and adapted them to their purpose, as will be seen from the papers which may be found at any of the London West End decorators. If the fashion grows, it will be a bad time for the artists, for people will desire no pictures. The Japanese are also devising a broader artistic scheme for wall decoration, though the fashion is not altogether new. Their water-colour workmen are designing panels, some of them twelve feet in height, full of flowers, birds, or fishes, for decoration of the room. Each in itself is a painting in water-colours, and is a work of original art; and, without a doubt, the idea promises to open up a new road to our younger artists if they will but take the hint, though it is doubtful if they could work at the low rate of wage that must be paid to these Japanese folk. Possibly there may be some secret in the matter. The *Pall Mall Gazette* suggests the submerged tenth in Japan may all be born artists.

Two more new pictures have been hung in the London National Gallery. One of these is a little work entitled "The Ratecatcher," by T. Woodward, the animal painter (1801-52). It was bequeathed by Mr. E. Archer. It is numbered 1,374 (in error, we understand, for 1,379, as "Hogarth's Servants" is already numbered 1,374), and hangs in Room XIX. The other is an addition to the portraits bequeathed by the late Lady Hamilton. It contains life-size portraits of two sons of Frederick, Prince of Wales, with their tutor, Dr. Ayscough—the father of the Lady Cockburn whose portrait by Reynolds is in the same room (XVI.). Though this large canvas is by Richard Wilson, R.A., its artistic merits (says the *Pall Mall Gazette*) are not conspicuous. Here are some authentic figures showing the investment side of pictures. An admirer of the modern Dutch school bought a mauve for £48. He was setting out for a holiday, and asked the dealers to keep it for him till his return. Meantime the painter died. On the purchaser's return he was asked if he would part with the picture, which he readily did, to the dealer, it never having left the gallery, for £60 (£12 profit). After changing hands once or twice again the picture fetched £180; the dealers again bought it back for £220, and resold it for £280. The market value of the picture is now probably £400. In the report of the Department of Science and Art just issued is a statement by Mr. Armstrong, the director of art, concerning his visit to Italy in 1891, when he noted all the works of art which might be interesting for purchase or for reproduction. It seems that the drain on specimens of decorative art of a moveable kind in Italy has been so constant during the last twenty years that the supply of genuine works that can be offered for sale must soon have been exhausted. The Government, however, has stepped in, and works cannot be sent out of the country now without the certificates of local councils.—*Exchange.*

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

TORONTO COLLEGE OF MUSIC.

THE recently issued calendar for 1892-93, of the Toronto College of Music, is an interesting pamphlet: By it we see that the progress of the institution has been something remarkable, not merely from the standpoint of attendance, but also in its symmetrical and complete development. Mr. Torrington, the musical director, has moulded the college upon an evidently clearly and carefully preconceived plan, and he, with his board of directors, is to be congratulated upon the results attained.

In building up the large staff of teachers, Mr. Torrington keeps a watchful eye upon the work of each

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member and the constantly growing necessities of the institution. We learn, for instance, that some notable additions have just been made to the staff. Besides Mr. H. M. Field, the distinguished piano *virtuoso*, there have been engaged for the coming season, opening Sept. 5, Herr R. Klamroth, of Leipzig, a specialist in theory, composition and instrumentation, and who studied five years with Jadassohn, of Leipzig. Herr Klamroth's father, Edouard Klamroth, was musical director in the service of the Emperor of Russia, and the son's experience has been of exceptional value. He will teach in the theoretical and piano departments.

The vocal department receives an important addition in the person of Mr. Herbert W. Webster, graduate of the Royal College of Music, London; a pupil of Signori Pozzo and Blasco, of Milan, Italy; has been bass soloist at St. Paul's Cathedral, London, and at the Church of the Heavenly Rest, New York; and was recently vocal principal of the De Pauw School of Music.

Another important acquisition has been Herr Fritz Burckhardt, at one time solo violoncellist with the Lamoreaux Orchestra, Paris, and who severs a similar connection with the celebrated Damrosch Orchestra, New York, to join Mr. Torrington. Among several other new additions to the college faculty, mention must be made of Mrs. Helene Webster, who will teach the mandolin, an instrument which of late years has sprung into great popularity in Europe and America, and in which both as a player and teacher Mrs. Webster is a specialist.

THE dramatic-loving portion of Torontonians will shortly have the opportunity of witnessing the latest of Tennyson's productions, "The Foresters," which, it is announced, is to be presented here by Augustin Daily's theatrical company with Ada Rehan, whom we all so much admire, at its head. The name of the play is suggestive of wild-wood scenes, unconventional life, and open-air freedom; and is founded on the old story of Robin Hood, the out-lawed Earl of Huntingdon, and his merry men, not forgetting "Maid Marian" who will be personified by Miss Rehan, and we venture to say most acceptably.

ALPHONSE DAUDET has pronounced himself on the subject of music in the Paris *Figaro*. He confesses that writers, as a rule, are not music lovers, and gives Théophile Gautier, Victor Hugo, Lewate de Lisle, Bauville and St. Victor as examples. Goncourt "turns up his nose" when a pianoforte is opened. Zola vaguely recollects to have heard certain pieces, but can never remember by whom they are composed. But Daudet himself loves music of all descriptions, cheerful, sad, or learned, that of Beethoven or that of the Spanish *Estudiantina*, Glück and Chopin, Massenet and Saint-Saëns, Gounod's "Faust and Marionette," the folksong, the barrel organ, the tambourine, even the triangle; music to dance to, music to dream by, all speak to him, all arouse his emotions and feelings. Wagner seizes hold of him, shakes him, hypnotizes him—and the gipsy bands always draw him wherever they perform.

FROM the *Musical Courier* we gather that a despatch from Etretat, Department of Seine-Inférieure, announces the death of Zelia Trebelli-Bettini, the well-known contralto. Zelia Trebelli was born in Paris in 1838. Her parents' name was Gilbert, and this, by a slight change, was transformed by the singer in later years into Trebelli. A precocious child, Zelia learned to play the piano at the age of six, and, guided by a German teacher, soon thoroughly appreciated the works of Bach and Beethoven. When she was ten years of age her training for the lyric stage began, and after some years of close study she made her début at Madrid as Miss Trebelli under the most favourable circumstances and with complete success, Mario playing "Almaviva" to her "Rosina" in "Il Barbière." Her subsequent appearances in the opera houses of Germany were a series of brilliant triumphs. Public and critics were alike carried away by enthusiasm when they heard her rendering of the parts of "Rosina," "Arsace," "Urbano," and others. In London, where she appeared for the first time on May 9, 1862, at Her Majesty's Theatre, as *Orsini* in "Lucrezia," she received an equally enthusiastic welcome, and thenceforth she was a recognized favourite with English concert and opera audiences. She frequently appeared in co-operation with Titiens in the chief Italian operas, and won much praise for her impersonation of the captive "Fatima" in "Oberon." More recently she attracted wide attention owing to her fine rendering of the character of the heroine in "Carmen." The circumstances of the death of Madame Trebelli were pathetic. On Wednesday, August 17, she was in excellent spirits and apparently in her usual health. She had invited a large party of friends to breakfast on the following day, and was looking forward with manifest pleasure to the gathering. At night a heavy thunderstorm visited the town and kept her awake until past 2 o'clock. Suddenly, while chatting merrily with a pupil who was staying with her at her villa, she was seized with an attack of heart disease and died within a half hour. Her decease has thrown quite a gloom over Etretat, France, where the lamented artist was greatly beloved.

THE great enemy of knowledge is not error, but inertness. All that we want is discussion; and then we are sure to do well, no matter what our blunders may be. One error conflicts with another, each destroys its opponent, and truth is evolved.—*Buckle*.

A TALE OF A LONELY PARISH. By F. Marion Crawford. London and New York: Macmillan and Company. 1892.

This is another of Macmillan's well-known series of Marion Crawford's works. This novelist is so well known and so popular that it would be superfluous to recommend a novel of his, even one that has been less widely read than "A Tale of a Lonely Parish."

GRANIA: The Story of an Island. By the Hon. Emily Lawless. London and New York: Macmillan and Company.

This descriptive and original story is marked by most rare graphic power, and contains so much of real life that, notwithstanding its gloomy revelations, it never, from beginning to end, ceases to interest the reader. Its defects, if it has any, are greatly over-balanced by its merits, and we think the latter places the authoress, even had she produced no other book, in the foremost rank of modern novelists.

THE LANCE OF KANANA. By Abd el Ardavan (Harry W. Kench). Boston: D. Lothrop Company.

This is a story of Arabia, or rather of the Arab boy, who saved his country from conquest and dishonour. The book opens with a description of the young Kanana, taunted and insulted by his tribe, scorned even by his own father. The boy resolves to cross the desert and bring back his brother, who has been captured by the enemy and the "white camel" that plays so important a part in the story. Kanana was considered a coward. Three times his father had come to him and asked: "Are you ready to be a man?" and three times the reply had been: "My father, I cannot raise a lance to take a life, unless it be for Allah and Arabia." At last the time came, and the peaceful boy is transformed into a daring warrior. The tale is well and simply told, and will not fail to prove acceptable to all those who love the stories of wild, adventurous lives.

THE POISONED CHALICE: A Novel. By W. Pryce Maunsell, B.A., Barrister-at-Law. London: Roper and Drowley.

This book, as the author remarks in his preface to the latest edition, is "an almost literally true story, dealing with the quaint life of an old Irish city and county." It is not a sensational shocker, but a tale of real life lived in those far-away days when men indeed had much to learn, but also remembered much that we have forgotten. "The Poisoned Chalice" is the old story of "for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap," but the author has not burdened us with psychological problems. He shows us "an almost literally true character of a young man, brought up in the selfish, egotistical, morbid school of the Byronian literature of the day, and the necessary consequences of such a bringing up." The book sparkles from page to page with brilliant dialogue and witty sayings; we see before us Lord Garryowen, that "roué of the old school, but in manners most courtly and agreeable," and we forgive him everything as we listen to the anecdotes of his adventures. Eyre Elton, Esq., D. L., J. P., of Elton Towers, is himself an old family picture which the author has taken down from the walls of some gallery and endued with life. The book, however, is not merely a series of racy anecdotes and good stories stitched together into a loose plot; here is a passage which shows the author in quite another vein: "In the beautiful myth of Orpheus, the loved one is recalled, even from death, by the power of music; and so, alas! it is still; the singer can recall the past, the loved, the lost, even the dead, can recall as vividly as in the bright days gone by. Recall, but not restore, as Eurydice came back for a moment from Hades to her lover, so now in many a cold and withered heart, the loved, the lost, the dead, the spring-time of life, the vanished joys, the long cold kisses, and those by fancy feigned for lips that are for others, all came back and lived a moment, then to fade away forever." To those who appreciate a story of real life, told in a style at once brilliant and graceful, this book will prove an interesting volume; to those who wish for something more than this, for some clear insight into that drama of *thought* which is the meaning of life, to those also "This even-handed justice commends the ingredients of 'our Poison'd Chalice.'"

THE ODES AND EPODES OF HORACE. Translated into English Verse with an Introduction and Notes and Latin Text. By John B. Hague, Ph.D. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1892.

"The first peculiar excellence of Horace," says the author of "Pelham," "is in his personal character and temperament rather than his intellectual capacities; it is his genial humanity." Everybody is fond of Horace because he treads upon nobody's corns, and if he does preach a sermon or two on occasions, they always refer to one's neighbour, never to one's self. He satisfies our conscience by telling us the truth, our vanity by telling it pleasantly; in short, while men are able to read in any language, Horace will not be forgotten. The volume before us is an edition worthy of Horace, and we have to congratu-

tulate Mr. Hague upon his text and notes equally with his translation; here is a specimen translation from the celebrated ode commencing with

Quis desiderio sit pudor aut modus
Tum cari capitis?
Come, O muse, in mournful numbers
Grief unmeasured swell thy strain,
Dear to all, in death he slumbers,
Let thy heaven-taught harp complain.

Compare with this Stephen De Vere's rendering of the same passage:—

Blush not for tears in ceaseless sorrow shed
For one so loved, Melpomene, inspire
The dirge low-breathed, the sobbing lyre,
And pour from sacred lips the anthem of the dead.

And, in some respects at least, though more restrained, Mr. Hague's version can bear the test of comparison.

Nestor is not always weeping
Though Antilochus lies low,
Troilus in death is sleeping,
Priam's tears not always flow.

This last is from Odes II., 9.

On the whole Mr. Hague's translation, although not equal in poetic fire to De Vere, is both agreeable and accurate, his notes concise and full of information, and his book a valuable addition to the book-shelves of all lovers of Horace.

THE NAULAHKA: A Story of West and East. By Rudyard Kipling and Wolcott Balestier. New York and London: Macmillan and Company; Toronto: The Copp Clark Company. 1892.

This, as the title tells us, is a story of west and east; it is a story told by two authors, and it is not difficult to detect Mr. Kipling's share in the work. We are introduced to a young American with "a brown sad-eyed little woman" sitting beside him in Topaz, a small town in Colorado. They are respectively Nicholas Tarvin and Kate Sheriff, and they are in love with one another. The girl considers that her mission in life is to be a hospital nurse in India, and in spite of Tarvin's protests goes east. Tarvin's life-objects are two: to make the girl his wife and to build up the fortunes of his native Topaz. To attain the first he must go to India, and conveniently enough his second project leads him in the same direction. Tarvin meets the president of the "Three C's," who has recently married a very pretty wife. He tries to influence the president in regard to bringing the railway to Topaz. It is no use; Tarvin applies to the wife and asks her to use her influence. A bargain is struck. When he shall have placed in her hands the celebrated necklace, the Naulahka, the railway is to be brought to Topaz. Tarvin leaves instantly for India and meets Kate there a day or two after his arrival. How he wins the girl, how he gains possession of the necklace, and how, finally, he has to make his choice between the two objects of his journey; all this has to do with India and Indian life and is obviously, most of it at least, the work of Mr. Kipling. The hero himself is the creation of the author of "The Light that Failed" in spite of his American slang, and one cannot help regretting that this book is the work of two authors. The Maharajah and his son, the little Maharaj Kunwar, are drawn to the life, as is also that strange, murderous gipsy queen who is ever in the background of the story and from whom Tarvin obtains the precious jewels. This book does not appear to us, in spite of the adventures and wild improbabilities it contains, as unrestrained, one might almost say as ferocious, as some other of Mr. Kipling's works. Here, however, is a passage of intensified horror: "He fancied that he saw the outline of a pillar, or rows of pillars, flickering drunkenly in the gloom, and was all too sure that the ground beneath him was strewn with bones. Then he became aware of pale emerald eyes watching him fixedly, and perceived that there was deep breathing in the place other than his own. He flung the match down, the eyes retreated, there was a wild rattle and crash in the darkness, a howl that might have been bestial or human. . . ." What is the most surprising, and at the same time most admirable, in this book is the manner in which Mr. Kipling seems to grasp the character of the native women; we know of nothing in the English language, of its kind, to compare with chapter XX. in its delicacy and genuine sympathy. There is no need to recommend this book; the names of its authors are its own guarantee.

THE *Queries Magazine* for July contains the following short papers which are worth glancing over: "How Labour Disputes are Settled in Germany" and the "Uses of Silk in the Middle Ages." In the "Questions" department, "Nicknames and Sobriquets" on the one hand, and "Classical Literature" on the other, are *en evidence*.

"BARBARA MERIVALE," by Arabella M. Hopkinson, is continued in the August number of *Cassell's Family Magazine*. E. Burritt Lane, Mus B., contributes a paper on "More Musical Examination Oddities." "Our Belongings: The Boys" is well illustrated and amusing. John K. Leys writes a short story entitled "The Doctor's Blunder." "A Lay of Boat of Garten," from the pen of John Stuart Blackie, is vigorous. This number closes with the usual "Literary Notes."

"STAGING in the Mendocino Redwoods" is the name of a paper by Ninetta Eames which commences the August issue of the *Overland Monthly*. Carrie Blake Morgan writes some pretty lines entitled "A Voiceless Soul." "The President's Substitute," by Sybil Russel

Bogue, is readable. Elizabeth S. Bates contributes some fair lines under the heading "Tahoe." "Salt Water Fisheries of the Pacific Coast" is the name of a long and interesting paper by Philip L. Weaver, jr. By far the best contribution to this number is "The Bath of Madame Malibran," translated from the French of A. de Pontmartin by V. G. T.

THE August number of *Lippincott's* contains a complete story in fifteen chapters from the pen of Jeannette H. Walworth entitled "The Martlet Seal." John A. Cockerill writes on that perplexing subject "The Newspaper of the Future." Clinton Scollard contributes four charming lines—"The Stream's Song"—

What sings the stream? Ask him whose heart is sore.
"Woe," he will answer, "is the song thereof;"
Ask him whose heart with joy is brimming o'er,
And he will tell thee "Love."

"The Indian's Hand," by Lorimer Stoddard, is a curious and powerful story. "A Professional Plaindealer" is the name of a short but vigorous article from the pen of J. K. Wetherill.

"DON ORSINO" is continued in the August number of *Macmillan's* and is followed by "Chapters from Some Unwritten Memoirs; My Witches' Calderon—IV.," by Mrs. Ritchie. H. C. Macdowell writes a most interesting paper entitled "Margaret Stuart." George Edmondson contributes a most readable account of "Some Legends of the Vaudois." "Notwithstanding," says J. Cuthbert Hadden in a paper entitled "Auld Robin Gray"—"the great popularity of the ballad, author of 'Auld Robin Gray' has always been more or less of a shadowy figure," and then the writer proceeds to give us some interesting information in regard to Lady Anne Lindsay. Hannah Lynch tells a good story—"Armand's Mistake," the philosophy of which is; *tout casse, tout lasse, tout passe*. This number closes with "The Ruins of Baalbek," a most readable descriptive paper from the pen of Haskett Smith.

A most interesting and ably-prepared statement of the work accomplished by the *Toronto Humane Society* during the period embracing the years 1880-1891, together with the annual report of the Society for the past year, has lately appeared. Amongst the objects of this Society may be named, the enforcement of the laws designed for the protection of animals and children, the establishment of Bands of Mercy among children, and the erection of drinking fountains and horse-troughs, better horse-shoeing, improved cattle cars, and humaner laws. The Society invites information in regard to the treatment of animals, and especially asks citizens to report cases of neglect and cruelty at its office, 103 Bay Street, or telephone 1958. We most cordially congratulate Dr. J. George Hodgins upon this creditable little book and the Toronto Humane Society upon the success of their efforts up to the present date. The publication is illustrated and contains reading matter to interest people of all ages. Dr. Hodgins has taken for his text,

He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small,
For the dear God that loveth us
He made and loveth all,

and we prophecy that his object, namely, "the diffusion of a humane public sentiment," will most certainly be forwarded by this scholarly and unique publication.

THE July number of the *Edinburgh Review* fully maintains that long-established journal's reputation. "Crime and Criminal Law in the United States" is the opening article, and is a weighty indictment on the Great Republic, which even now is on fire with labour riots in the north, the south and the west. It is satisfactory to note that the writer of the paper remarks Canada's immunity from the lawlessness, which he holds is a characteristic of the United States. "Irish Spies and Informers," a *resumé* of Mr. Mr. W. J. Fitzpatrick's books upon the subject, throws an interesting light upon Irish history of a century ago. "Recollections of Marshal Macdonald" give equally interesting information as to the armies of the French Republic and the First Napoleon. "Travels in Equatorial America," "Wellhausen on the History of Israel," and the "Memory of Madame de Goutant" are other articles, while "The Discovery of America" is a timely review of the several books which the coming anniversary has evoked. "The Isle of Wight," "Formal and Landscape Gardening," and an article on the recent elections, fill up a very readable and interesting number.

"THE Social Condition of the Poor in Glasgow" is the title of a paper commencing the July number of the *Scottish Review*. After a forcible account of the hopeless condition of these "unclassed" members of society, the author observes: "The work of the Church and the work of the social reformer are each helpful to the other, and must proceed simultaneously." Surely the value of this statement is not limited to Glasgow, and all who are interested in the cause of suffering humanity will read this paper with interest acknowledging with the writer that "the serious and complicated question presses for an answer." J. B. Bury contributes a paper entitled "The Coming of the Hungarians: Their Origin and Early Homes." "The Reminiscences of Marshal Macdonald" is the name of a contribution from the pen of William O'Connor Moris. These reminiscences would form a good companion volume to that containing the reminiscences of Marshal Marbot. C. T. Hagberg Wreight contributes a paper full of information on the subject of "The Russian

Universities." The July number closes with "Contemporary Literature" which includes critiques on "Social Ethics Abridged and Revised; Together with The Man versus the State," by Herbert Spencer, and Tennyson's "The Foresters."

THE August number of the *Library Review*, that recent and interesting addition to the monthlies, contains for its frontispiece a portrait of Shelley. J. J. Britton contributes a sonnet for the Shelley Centenary, from which we quote the following:—

A hundred years a pin-point on the ground,
The æons with their myriad atoms strow;
Sand-centuries, where all unheeded go,
Man's footsteps in the mist enwrapped profound.

William A. Boyd writes an interesting critique on the already famous "La Débâcle" "M. Zola," says the writer, "has here given us his finest work, and one which will live by virtue not only of its historical interest, but of its immense artistic merit, when the turgid and obscene horrors of 'La Terre' and 'La Bête Humaine' shall have been blotted from the memory of literature." T. W. Rolleston writes on "The Fairy Tales of Ireland." A review of Frederick A. Durham's "The Lone Star of Liberia" is a further paper from J. J. Britton. Mr. Durham, it appears, has claimed as his fellow-Ethiopians a list of distinguished names commencing with Hannibal and ending with Alexandre Dumas! F. G. Kitton writes a good paper on "Nickleby and Chuzzlewit," while "Italian Travel Sketches, etc.," by Heinrich Heine, are taken up by Jas. Stanley Little in a short but readable review. The August number promises well for this new venture.

LITERARY AND PERSONAL.

THE discovery of a new text of the old Syriac version of the Gospels is announced by Mr. Rendel Harris.

It is said that Mr. David Christie Murray will probably be seen in his play, "Ned's Chum," in New York during the coming season.

THE statue of Edward Irving, which has been set up at Annan, in Dumfriesshire, where he was born on August 15, 1792, was unveiled on the anniversary of his birth.

THE Mansion House fund for the relief of the sufferers by the late fire in the Newfoundland capital now amounts to close upon £20,000, and donations still continue to come in.

MR. THOMAS J. WISE, Hon. Secretary of the Shelley Society, is preparing a volume of Mr. Ruskin's unpublished letters. It will be for private circulation, and not more than thirty-three copies will be printed.

PROFESSOR SANDAY, Ireland, professor of Exegesis of Holy Scripture at Oxford, has been elected Brampton lecturer for 1893. We understand that his subject will be "The Early History and Origin of the Doctrine of Biblical Inspiration."

PROF. J. A. FROUDE has lately visited Oxford in order to be inducted into his official fellowship at Oriel. But it is stated that he has deferred his inaugural lecture to next term, that is, until after the long vacation; and that he will not enter upon residence before 1893.

"THE CRITIC" writes to acknowledge the correction by a correspondent of two errors in his contribution of last week: (1) the enumeration of Sir William Hamilton among mathematicians; and (2) the unfortunate and impossible phrase "quadratic of a fifth power."

AT the Lyceum Theatre, London, Lord Tennyson's "Becket" will be presented next winter. Mr. Irving has had the manuscript in his possession for several years. Next July Mr. Irving and his company will come to the United States under Mr. Abbey's management.

MISS E. PENROSE, a student of Somerville Hall, who has just obtained a first-class in the Honour School of Literæ Humaniores ("Greats") at Oxford, is the first woman who has attained to this distinction since the examination was opened to women, some four years ago.

CAPTAIN TROTTER, well known by his biography of Warren Hastings and other works on Indian history, will write a "Life of Lord Auckland" for the Rulers of India Series. In preparation for the English Men of Action Series are "Marlborough," by Col. Sir William Butler, and "Sir John Moore," by Col. Maurice.

THE organization of the American Psychological Association has been entrusted to President Hall, of Clark University, and Profs. Fullerton of the University of Pennsylvania, Jastrow of the University of Wisconsin, James of Harvard, Ladd of Yale, Cattell of Columbia, and Baldwin of the University of Toronto.

AT a recent meeting of the Berlin Geographical Society, the chairman, Baron von Richthofen, announced that the Society was about to publish, in commemoration of the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America, a work descriptive of the ancient manuscripts and maps in the Italian libraries relating to the history of this event.

STEPNIAK AND VOLKOWSKI have already achieved success with the German edition of "Free Russia," which is published in Switzerland and from there is distributed over the German-speaking part of Europe and down the Danube. Pretty soon we shall hear of the "Friends of Russian Freedom" having a branch in Berlin and besieging the Tear's frontier with paper ammunition more dangerous to Russian autocracy than anything yet devised by Krupp. Steps to this end have already been taken.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS offer to send to any person who has purchased their edition of "Talleyrand's Memoirs" a four-page sheet for insertion at the close of the last volume. It contains Talleyrand's latest act, a "retraction" of the errors of his life, and a letter of submission to Pope Gregory XVI. The documents were strangely withheld from the English translators of the Memoirs.

POE'S Cottage at Fordham, N.Y., has again changed hands. A wealthy Catholic publisher has just bought the quaint and fast-decaying house, and as soon as the present litigation over the title to the property is settled the new owner will have the cottage lifted up and carried to his country seat a few blocks away. There it will be transformed into a studio and library for the use of the new owner.

WILLIAM H. COOPER, the artist, died at Hammonton, N.J., on Sunday, August 7th, aged 40. He was a graduate of prominent French schools, and his work has frequently won high honours at the Philadelphia Academy of Fine Arts and other American exhibitions. One of his productions, a landscape, was recently bought by a New York connoisseur for \$5,000. It is said his death was due to overwork.

BURNS in Bohemian has a curious sound, but no less an enterprise has been undertaken by Prof. J. V. Sládek, the editor of the Prague newspaper *Lumir*, than a translation of some one hundred and fifty of the songs and ballads of Burns into Czech. This version is shortly to be published by the Royal Academy of Science and Letters in Prague. In every instance the Bohemian translator has preserved the metrical form of the original, an extraordinary feat of skill and patience.—*The Athenæum*.

THE American Library Association has established, under the name of the A. L. A. Council, a kind of library senate. The Association elected by written ballot those whom they considered the ten leading librarians of the country, and these in turn enlarged their number to twenty. Each member serves for five years. The body has important advisory powers, and it is expected that the smaller body, being more manageable, will be able to hold more frequent meetings and to undertake certain important library work which would be impracticable for the general association with its hundreds of members.

CASSELL AND COMPANY, London, will publish, on September 1, "The Diplomatic Reminiscences of Lord Augustus Loftus." These reminiscences will extend from 1837 to 1862. Lord Augustus has been connected with the diplomatic service for upwards of half a century, and has visited in an official capacity nearly every country in Europe; whilst of the diplomatic life of the three great empires of Germany, Russia, and Austria he knows perhaps as much as any man living. The volumes will throw light on many subjects which have been and still are of world-wide interest.

HARPER AND BROTHERS are about to publish a new volume in the "English Men of Letters" series, which seems to have stopped with Sidney Colvin's "Keats" in 1887, although the promise that "other volumes will follow" was never withdrawn. The new volume will be "Carlyle," written by Prof. John Nichol, author of "Byron" in the same series. The same firm will also publish F. D. Millet's "The Danube: From the Black Forest to the Black Sea"—the record of a canoe voyage of 1,775 miles, made in the summer of 1890, through Germany, Austria-Hungary, Servia, Bulgaria, Roumania, and Russia; and an interesting volume by Julian Ralph, "On Canada's Frontier."

THE sixth International Geographical Congress is to assemble in London in June, 1895, but, although there would seem to be ample time in hand, active preparations are already being made for the meeting. The organizing committee is not quite completed, and the Royal Geographical Society is still adding to it. Among those already nominated are the president of the Society (Sir M. E. Grant Duff), the honorary secretaries of the Society (Messrs. Douglas Freshfield and Henry Seeböhm), Sir George F. Bowen, Sir Charles Wilson, General J. T. Walker, Major Darwin, M.P., Mr. J. Scott Kelcie, Sir Frederic Abel, Sir Henry Barkly, and General Donnelly.

THE ninth International Congress of Orientalists will be held in London, from September 5 to 12, under the presidency of Prof. Max Müller. Among the Vice-Presidents are named the Marquis of Ripon, Lord Northbrook, Sir Henry Rawlinson, Sir John Lubbock, Sir Wm. Muir, Sir W. W. Hunter and Sir Edwin Arnold. The list of Presidents of sections comprises Professors Cowell, Sayce, Robertson Smith, B. H. Chamberlain and Le Page Renouf, together with Sir Thomas Wade, Sir Arthur Gordon, Dr. E. B. Tyler, Mr. Gladstone, Sir M. E. Grant Duff and Lord Reay. Mr. Gladstone's section will be "Archaic Greece and the East."

CHICAGO will have even less scruples than New York in offering grogshop and "dive" attractions on Sunday while the great Exposition is closed. The contemplation of this result of their efforts will, no doubt, cause much gratification to Wilbur F. Crafts and the hosts of his thoughtless, foolish colleagues, who have succeeded admirably in making all necessary arrangements for having a pandemonium of wild orgies and dissolute debauchery at Chicago during the World's Fair on every Sunday from its opening to its close. The diabolical nature of their work would lead pessimists to surmise that some of the leaders are in the employ of the liquor and allied interests.—*Hebrew Journal (New York)*.

SCIENTIFIC AND SANITARY.

ARTIFICIAL PRECIOUS STONES.—A new process for the artificial production of those precious stones which consist essentially of crystallized alumina has been devised by Mr. James Morris, of Glasgow. Some few years ago a process was shown in Paris for the preparation of small artificial rubies, but Mr. Morris has succeeded in obtaining crystals one-sixteenth of an inch in diameter. We shall await with interest further information as to the method of production. There appears to be no reason why the ruby and sapphire should not be obtained artificially, but attempts in this direction have hitherto proved failures.—*Industries.*

PROFESSOR MOSSO, of Turin, has demonstrated the importance of keeping the surface and extremities of the body warm during brain work by clearly proving that when the brain is active, much more blood is sent to it from the peripheral parts of the body. Professor Mosso has also found that the circulation of the blood in the brain is subject to fluctuations which are apparently not dependent on physical activity. Fatigue caused by brain work acts as a poison, which affects all the organs, especially the muscular system. The blood of dogs fatigued by long racing also acts as a poison, and when injected into other dogs makes them exhibit all the symptoms of fatigue. Sense of fatigue seems to be due to the products of the nerve-cells rather than to the deficiency of proper substance.—*Illustrated American.*

THE LARGEST FLOWER KNOWN.—In Mindinac, the farthest south-eastern island in the Philippine group, upon one of its mountains, the volcanic Apo, a party of botanical and ethnographical explorers found recently, at a height of 2,500 feet above the sea level, a colossal flower. The discoverer, Dr. Alexander Schadenberg, could scarcely believe his eyes when he saw amid the low growing bushes the immense buds of this flower growing like gigantic cabbage heads. But he was still more astonished when he found a specimen in full bloom, a five petalled flower nearly a yard in diameter, as large as a carriage wheel, in fact. This enormous blossom was borne on a sort of vine creeping on the ground. The native who accompanied Dr. Schadenberg called it "bolo." The party had no scale by which the weight of the flower could be ascertained, but they improvised a swinging scale, using their boxes and specimens as weights. Weighing these when opportunity served, it was found that a single flower weighed over twenty-two pounds. It was impossible to transport the fresh flower, so the travellers photographed it and dried a number of its leaves by the heat of a fire.—*Pearson's Weekly.*

"August Flower"

Biliousness, "ed with biliousness
Constipation, "and constipation
"for fifteen years;
Stomach "first one and then
"another prepara-
Pains. "tion was suggested
"to me and tried but
"to no purpose. At last a friend
"recommended August Flower. I
"took it according to directions and
"its effects were wonderful, reliev-
"ing me of those disagreeable
"stomach pains which I had been
"troubled with so long. Words
"cannot describe the admiration
"in which I hold your August
"Flower—it has given me a new
"lease of life, which before was a
"burden. Such a medicine is a ben-
"efaction to humanity, and its good
"qualities and
"wonderful mer- **Jesse Barker,**
"its should be **Printer,**
"made known to **Humboldt,**
"everyone suffer-
"ing with dyspep-
"sia or biliousness **Kansas.**
G. C. GREEN, Sole Man'fr, Woodbury, N.J.

In certain affections of the throat, such as acute pharyngitis, catarrh of the eustachian tube, with pain in the ear, a Swiss confrere says that he obtains excellent results from making the patients yawn several times a day. It produces, it seems, almost instantaneous relief; the symptoms rapidly subside, and the ear-ache disappears. Frequently the affection is cut short by this novel treatment. Yawning produces, as everyone knows, a considerable distension of the muscles of the pharynx, constituting a kind of massage, and under this influence the cartilaginous portion of the eustachian tube contracts, expelling into the pharynx the mucosities there collected. According to M. Naegeli, yawning is much more efficacious for affection of the tube than the methods of Valsalva or Politzer, and more rational than the insufflation of air, which is often difficult to perform properly.—*Medical Record.*

THE APPLICATION OF THE ELECTRIC CURRENT TO THE OXIDATION OF ARSENIC.—Stimulated by the good results obtained by E. F. Smith in the oxidation of metallic sulphides by the electric current, L. K. Frankel has tried with success the oxidation of arseniferous minerals by means of the same agency. His general mode of procedure is to drop the pulverized mineral into fused potash contained in a nickel crucible, attached to the positive pole of an electric circuit, a platinum wire, dipping in the molten potash, serving for the other electrode, and when sufficiently electrolyzed, to disintegrate the mass with water, filter, acidify with hydrochloric acid, made strongly alkaline, and again filter. The arsenic is then precipitated as ammonium magnesium arsenate, collected in a Gooch crucible, and weighed as pyroarsenate. The following minerals may be treated by this method, viz., zersdorffite, niccolite, arsenopyrite, cobaltite, proustite, orpiment, rammelsbergite, chloanthite, smaltite, domeykite, and enargite.—*Electrical Review.*

A LAND OCTOPUS.—Another carnivorous plant has just been discovered in Central America, where it would seem that plants and trees have a dangerously voracious tendency. The particular plant now in question is indigenous to the Nicaragua country, where it is known to the natives as the "devil's snare." Mr. Dunstan, a naturalist, has just returned from that region, where he has spent two years in studying the flora and fauna of the country. In one of the swamps which surround the great Nicaragua Lake, he was engaged in hunting for botanical and entomological specimens, when he heard his dog cry out, as if in agony, from a distance. Running to the spot whence the animals cries came, Mr. Dunstan found him enveloped in a perfect network of what seemed to be a fine, ropelike tissue of roots and fibres. The plant or vine seemed composed entirely of bare interlacing stems, resembling, more than anything else, the branches of the weeping willow denuded of its foliage, but of a dark, nearly black, hue, and covered with a thick, viscid gum that exuded from the pores. Drawing his knife, Mr. Dunstan attempted to cut the poor beast free; but it was with the very greatest difficulty that he managed to sever the fleshy muscular fibres of the plant. When the dog was extricated from the coils of the plant, Mr. Dunstan saw to his horror and amazement that the dog's body was blood-stained, while the skin appeared to have been actually sucked or puckered in spots, and the animal staggered as if from exhaustion. In cutting the vine, the twigs curled like living, sinuous fingers about Mr. Dunstan's hand, and it required no slight force to free the member from its clinging grasp, which left the flesh red and blistered. The gum exuding from the vine was of a greyish-dark tinge, remarkably adhesive and of a disagreeable odour, powerful and nauseating to inhale. The natives showed the greatest horror of the plant, and recounted to the naturalist many stories of its death-dealing powers. Mr. Dunstan said he was able to discover very little about the nature of the plant, owing to the difficulty of handling it, for its grasp can only be shaken off with the loss of skin, and even of flesh. As near as he could ascertain, however, its power of suction is contained in a number of infinitesimal mouths of little suckers, which, ordinarily closed, open for the reception of food. If the substance is animal the blood is drawn

off and the carcase or refuse then dropped. A lump of raw meat being thrown in, in the short space of five minutes the blood will be thoroughly drunk off and the mass thrown aside. Its voracity is almost beyond belief.

ADVANTAGES OF FOGS.—No less an authority than the president of the Institute of Civil Engineers has declared that the sulphurous vapour produced during the combustion of coal is most beneficial to the health of the inhabitants of London, disagreeable though it undoubtedly is. As many as 350 tons of sulphur are thrown into the air in one winter's day, and the enormous quantity of sulphurous acid generated from it deodorizes and disinfects the air, destroying disagreeable smells emanating from refuse heaps and sewers and killing the disease germs which find their way into the atmosphere. There may be a good deal of truth in this view, but there is undoubtedly another side to the question. It is an old comparison that a doctor and his drugs bear a relationship to the patient and the disease like that of a policeman towards a householder attacked by a garrotter. The policeman lays about with his truncheon, sometimes he hits the householder, sometimes the garrotter, and the good or ill which results from his interference will depend upon which party happens to get the most and the heaviest blows. This simile is admirably suited to sulphurous acid in London fogs, for although it may be beneficial to the London householders by destroying microbes, it certainly frequently does them harm by attacking their lungs and bringing on bronchitis and asthma which sometimes prove rapidly fatal, to say nothing of the minor discomforts of a disagreeable taste, filthy smell, stuffed nose, husky throat, smarting eyes, and headache. We think that, healthy though the London fogs may be, the discomforts they cause are so great that Londoners would be really better without them, and that less disagreeable and equally efficient means might be found to clear the air of microbes, while at the same time these other remedies would be enormously cheaper, for they would not entail the almost complete stoppage of traffic or the enormous expenditure of gas and electric light which a bad fog occasions.—*Lancet.*

WHEN weak, weary and worn out, Hood's Sarsaparilla is just the medicine to restore your strength and give you a good appetite.

CURRENTS of water serve to a vast extent the purpose of distributing seeds, says the *Boston Globe*. Walnut, butternut and pecan trees are found close to streams where they drop their nuts into the passing flood, to be carried far away and start other groves perhaps hundreds of miles distant. Tree seeds of many sorts are carried by oceanic currents.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

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Cape Island.

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Emma J. Frederick

Our Baby

Was a beauty, fair, plump and healthy. But when two years old **Scrofula Humor** spread over her head, neck and forehead down into her eyes, one great sore, **itching and burning**. Hood's Sarsaparilla gave her new life and appetite. Then the humor subsided, the **itching and burning ceased**, and the sores entirely healed up. She is now perfectly well." I. W. FREDERICK, Danforth street, near Crescent ave., Cypress Hill, Brooklyn, N.Y.

HOOD'S PILLS cure all Liver Ills, biliousness, nausea, sick headache, indigestion.

MACHINES AND MEN.—A writer in one of our exchanges bewails the decay of mechanical skill in the following words: "The decrease of manual skill and of artistic sense among mechanical workmen results not merely from want of such all-round practice as they got half a century ago, but from a want of that sort of loving interest in their work the old-timers used to feel, when they could put something of their individuality into everything that they made. Nowadays the workman has simply to work out a design—or rather to run a machine to work out some part of a design—prepared by some artist whom he does not know and never has seen. The general result may be beautiful when the different parts are assembled, but the workman feels that he has no personal share in the production of its beauty. He has become a regulator of a machine; he simply sharpens tools, adjusts them, keeps his machine oiled, and puts into it the material to be worked upon. All the precision, the nicety of operation are due to the inanimate rather than the living tool. What interest can such work beget? What lofty ambition can it stimulate? What workman, when the bell rings the time to quit work, feels reluctant to leave his task, or lingers over it to bring out some beautiful effect or interesting combination that he feels he must see before he can depart contentedly! If machines were invented to play billiards, and only by their use could this kind of games be played, how long would the game be a favourite? If violins could be performed upon only by automatic mechanism, or pictures painted only by machine-actuated self-charging brushes, who would be charmed any longer by art? Neither the artist nor the dilettante; the artist and the dilettante would cease to exist. So, while we have gained much from the enormous increase in labour-saving machinery that has characterized the latter half of the present century, we have lost what probably will not soon be restored, the love of work and pride in work for its own sake, the love and pride that were the parents of mechanical skill, skill which, now they are dead, is itself decaying. The loss appears inevitable to those who scan the social horizon philosophically; it is, however, no less to be regretted because unavoidable. This tendency of labour-saving machines was many years ago pointed out by Ruskin, who, in the light of the fulfilment of his prediction, proved only too true a prophet. It is this effect upon the masses, more than unequal distribution of wealth, that is separating society in America into distinct classes."

Minard's Liniment cures Distemper.