

Pages Missing

THE WEEK.

Ninth Year.
Vol. IX., No. 9.

TORONTO, FRIDAY, JANUARY 29th, 1892.

\$3.00 per Annum.
Single Copies, 10 Cents.

THE WEEK:

AN INDEPENDENT JOURNAL OF POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND ART

TERMS:—One year, \$3.00; eight months, \$2.00; four months, \$1.00
Subscriptions payable in advance.

Subscribers in Great Britain and Ireland supplied, postage prepaid,
on terms following:—One year, 12s. 6d.; half-year, 6s. 6d. Remittances
by P.O. order or draft should be made payable and addressed to the
Publisher.

ADVERTISEMENTS, unexceptionable in character and limited in
number, will be taken at \$4.00 per line per annum; \$2.50 per line for
six months; \$1.50 per line for three months; 20 cents per line per
insertion for a shorter period.

No advertisements charged less than five lines. Address—T. R.
CLOUGHER, Business Manager, 6 Jordan Street, Toronto.

European Agents—SMITH, AINSLIE & Co., 25 Newcastle Street,
Strand, London.

C. BLACKETT ROBINSON, Publisher.

CONTENTS OF CURRENT NUMBER.

TOPICS—	PAGE
The Reconstructed Cabinet	131
The Situation in Quebec	131
Col. Davidson's Address	131
Resignation of Professor Workman	131
A Many-Sided Question	132
Industrial Peace	132
The Rossendale Election	132
The Famine in Russia	132
Some Sample Facts	133
The United States and Chili	133
THE NEO-CHRISTIAN MOVEMENT IN FRANCE	O. T. 133
A CANADIAN LITERARY EVENING	133
THE ROYAL FUNERAL. (Poem)	Fidelis. 134
PROMINENT CANADIANS, XXXIX.—CHIEF JUSTICE SULLIVAN	W. L. Cotton. 134
A FATAL CALL	W. E. MacLellan. 135
FROM THE WEST. (Poem)	F. H. Turnock. 136
PARIS LETTER	Z. 136
THE HANDCOCK MURDER CASE	Fairplay Radical. 137
CLUBS FOR WORKING GIRLS, AND THE RESULTS OF SUCH	W. F. Stockley 137
THE RAMBLER	138
GENERAL MONTCALM ON HORSE FLESH	J. M. LeMoine. 138
MUSIC AND THE DRAMA	139
OUR LIBRARY TABLE	139
LITERARY AND PERSONAL GOSSIP	140
READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE	140
SCIENTIFIC AND SANITARY	142
CHESS	143

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.

CONTRARY to general expectation the work of reconstructing the Dominion Cabinet, about which so much has been heard during the last few months, has been completed in advance of the meeting of Parliament, which it is now understood is to take place towards the end of February. The final act of readjustment has to some extent met the reasonable criticism based upon the strange lack of Ontario representation in the Government. The appointment of Mr. J. C. Patterson gives this Province whatever of justice or advantage is to be derived from having an Ontario man of high character and good abilities in the Privy Council, albeit in the somewhat unimportant position—Mr. Chapleau being judge—of Secretary of State. Mr. Patterson is of course new to the responsibilities of Ministerial life and has yet to prove the wisdom of Premier Abbott's choice, but there is good reason to expect that he will speedily develop the qualities requisite in an able and honest Minister. Of the other changes made there is less to be said. There is certainly some force in the objection that the elevation of the Minister under whose administration the extraordinary abuses in the printing bureau took place, to the headship of the still more important department of the Customs is hardly the best way in which to reassure the people that an era of reform has been entered upon. That Mr. Bowell would make a capable and efficient Minister of Militia no one will doubt, even were the duties of that office much more onerous than they happily are, or are likely to be. But the transfer of the Minister whose management of that department during the past years has given rise to so much dissatisfaction, to the much more onerous position of Postmaster-General, can scarcely fail to be a source of weakness rather than of strength to the Government. On the whole it is probable that Premier Abbott has done about as well as could have been done under the circumstances. The fact that the reconstructed Cabinet falls so far short of the ideal Government affords a fresh illustration of the disadvantages of the party system.

TWO things have occurred since we last commented upon the political situation in Quebec, each of which has an important and powerful bearing upon the result of the coming struggle. These are, respectively, the revelations before the Royal Commission and the pronouncement by Mr. Laurier. With regard to the first, it can only be said that the evidence that the Province has been shamefully robbed and the proceeds of the robbery devoted to party purposes is clear and astounding. The fact that a goodly portion of the spoil was deposited to the credit of Mr. Mercier himself, and drawn out by means of cheques endorsed with his signature, is too damning in its conclusiveness to be explained away by any number of affidavits to the effect that he had no personal cognizance of the transaction. The device of shutting one's eyes while a gross crime is being committed for one's profit is too transparent to serve in a court of justice, or to deceive anyone who does not wish to be deceived. We always felt that there was room for a certain degree of doubt in regard to Mr. Mercier's personal complicity in the Baie de Chaleurs iniquity, and that pending the final report of the first Commission he might with some show of justice claim the benefit of the doubt. We have also felt that the personnel of the second Commission, composed as it is wholly of political opponents of the accused parties, had an element of the unjust and the suspicious, which should have been avoided. But no accumulation of mistakes or wrongs on the part of political opponents can do away with established facts or offset political and moral crimes. With regard to the attitude of the Liberal leader we do not know that much fault can be found, at least by partisans. While refusing to excuse or condone Mr. Mercier's offence, and declaring in effect that he must be cast aside, he, as was to be expected of a party leader, denounces the dismissal of the Ministry by the Lieut.-Governor, his replacing of them with a purely Conservative Cabinet despite the Liberal majority in the House, and his dissolution of the Legislature, all on his own personal authority, as violations of the letter and spirit of the constitution. Hence he advises the people of Quebec first to vindicate their constitutional liberties and then to punish the dishonest Ministers and replace them with better men. Whether this is the best advice or not, there can be no reasonable doubt that it is that which would have been given by a leader of the other party in similar circumstances. In view of all the difficulties it seems to be more and more a matter for regret that Mr. Angers should have failed to take the course plainly marked out by the spirit of the constitution, as interpreted by usage. Had he summoned the Legislature, appointed an impartial commission, and caused the overwhelming proofs of dishonest administration to be laid before the House, it is inconceivable that there could have been any hesitation on the part of the majority to pronounce just judgment. But had the party spirit proved too strong and a disposition been shown to condone the rank offences, then would have been the time for an exercise of the prerogative which could not have failed to command the approval of all good citizens, irrespective of party. As the matter now stands the issue is so complicated that thousands of citizens who may honestly wish to support the right will find themselves in a dilemma which should not have been forced upon them.

THE address of Col. Davidson, the retiring President of the Toronto Board of Trade, on the occasion of the installation of his successor, is an able and important document, and one which every intelligent citizen would do well to study. There is much force in Col. Davidson's claim that the Board of Trade should play an important and influential part in the management of civic affairs, though recent events may perhaps be understood to emphasize the necessity of its doing this in conjunction with other organizations representing the various business and industrial interests of the city. The time has evidently come when all good citizens, and especially those who are most intelligent, and those who best understand the management of business affairs, should give much more study and attention than they have hitherto done to questions of civic and municipal administration, and Col. Davidson did well to urge the matter afresh upon the attention of the

members of this Board, which is coming to occupy so influential a position in relation to all matters affecting the public weal. Referring to particulars, probably the most important part of his address was that referring to the reclamation of the marshy tract known as Ashbridge's Bay, which covers an area of more than a thousand acres, now the property of the city. The question he asks is one which suggests its own answer so obviously that we cannot do better than repeat it in his own words:—

Why hand this property over to any man or company of men to improve it, and enjoy the rents of it for forty or fifty years, or an indefinite period, when the city itself may undertake the work, carry it on gradually and economically according to plans framed in the public interest, make our harbour the largest and safest on the lakes, and dispose of the reclaimed lands for parks and private dwellings, as well as for the seat of factories, warehouses and smelting works—the source of a perennial revenue for the city treasury?

There are of course many who will answer with the general statement that no corporation can ever do any large work of the kind so economically, or so satisfactorily as a private company. To this we fancy Col. Davidson would answer that, if true, that may be a very good reason for reforming and perfecting the methods of the corporation, rather than for a confession of incorrigible corruption or imbecility in the management of civic affairs. Whether he would be prepared to follow his recommendation in this particular case to its logical consequences as applied to other matters we do not know. That he is no pessimist so far as the future of Canada is concerned is abundantly clear from his further remarks touching the agricultural industry, the nickel ores, and the prospects of trade intercourse with the Mother Country.

THE enforced resignation by Professor Workman of the chair of instruction which he has for several years occupied in Victoria University introduces into the arena of theological discussion in Canada a vexed question. It is a question of no little difficulty, and of much moment, by reason of the important principles involved and the far-reaching results to which a general decision in one way or the other would lead. One might, at first thought, be disposed to say that it is a matter between those entrusted with the management of the University and the Professor, with which the public has no proper concern. But this can hardly be maintained. Every educational institution, by reason not only of its public charter, but of its relations to the people to whom it appeals for patronage and support, is in an important sense amenable to public opinion in respect to its management, the character of its instruction and discipline, etc. The gist of the question involved is really, as we understand it, what is the relation of the responsible managers to the theoretical aspects of the instruction given? In the present case the point at issue is a purely theological one. It is a question of Scripture interpretation. The fundamental problem may be stated somewhat as follows: Upon whom rests the responsibility of determining what views shall be presented, what theories adopted, touching points in regard to which the most learned doctors differ? Two modes of procedure are conceivable. The responsible managers, who are not themselves teachers and not necessarily students of the subjects taught, much less authorities on points of difference, may satisfy themselves with selecting men in whose characters, learning and abilities they have full confidence and leave these men free to propound such systems and advocate such theories as may commend themselves to their own minds as the result of the best investigation they may be able to make. Or the managers may feel it to be their duty first to decide just what is truth in all important matters in dispute among the learned, and then take care to engage and retain as teachers and professors only such men as may have reached the same conclusions, or are at least willing to adopt and advocate those conclusions. Stated in this way, it will be seen that the principle involved is by no means confined to theological matters. It is capable of wide, almost universal, application. There are broad and even fundamental differences of view in regard to truth in science, in philosophy, even in literature. One truth may be of greater relative importance than another by reason of its more direct bearing upon

character and conduct, but all truth is precious. We are not sure that it could not be successfully maintained that all truth is related more or less intimately to character and conduct. If, then, it might be argued, it is the province of the responsible managers of a denominational or theological school to determine beforehand just what shall be taught as truth in regard to disputed questions of religious doctrine or interpretation, it must be no less their duty and that of the managers of every school and college to determine in like manner what shall be taught as truth in all questions in dispute in science and philosophy.

WE do not present the above as a conclusive *reductio ad absurdum*, by any means. There is clearly another side to the question. If there is an element of absurdity in the idea that it is the duty of a board of managers, whose members may or may not be scholarly men, but the majority of whom cannot, as a rule, be supposed to have kept up their studies to such a degree as would qualify them to speak dogmatically upon such questions as that at issue in the case of Dr. Workman, to pronounce *ex cathedra* upon the subject matter of his teaching, it is none the less absurd to suppose that the managers of a denominational college, established and supported by those who regard certain views of religious truth as of the first importance in their relations to the highest well-being of those who embrace or reject them, have not a moral as well as legal right to control the teaching of the institution, so far at least as to prevent the inculcation of opinions which they regard as vitally inconsistent therewith. Here, then, are two apparently contradictory absurdities. How can we escape from the mutually destructive negations to which they seem to shut us up? There is, it is true, a third position, or what appears at first thought to be such. It may be urged with much force and plausibility that it is a radical misconception of the functions of the teacher to suppose that it is any part of his duty to maintain the truth or falsity of any one disputed theory in science or theology as against all others. It is, of course, impossible to deny the tremendous influence which an able teacher brings to bear, whether he will or no, upon the minds of those who are placed for months or years under his instruction, during the most susceptible stages of their intellectual growth. A student of more than ordinary independence of mind may now and then dissent from the conclusions of a professor of the stamp indicated, but the chances are ten to one in favour of his not only adopting the views of his admired teacher, but continuing to hold them during life, or a large part of life. But what those views may be in regard to any specific point is, so far as the student himself is concerned, usually determined for him by circumstances over which he has no control. Reasoning along such lines many might reach the conclusion that it is no part of the teacher's business to indicate to the student what his own personal opinions are, in regard to disputed points or conflicting theories,—that his duty is rather to put before him, with all the impartiality of a judge on the Bench, the *pros* and *cons* touching each moot matter and leave him to mature his own conclusions at his leisure. Every capable teacher no doubt finds it advisable to do this from time to time in respect to what he may regard as minor questions. But the difficulties in the way of such a course in matters which are deemed of radical importance are many and formidable, and too obvious to need particular mention. Especially is this the case in matters theological. After a good deal of pondering we confess ourselves unable to see more than a single clue, and that not a wholly satisfactory one, to lead us out of the labyrinth in which our cogitations bid fair to leave us. The whole question must, we fear, be relegated to that large class which, by their very nature, do not admit of a general and categorical answer. It belongs to the moral plane in which mathematical demonstrations and universal canons are alike inadmissible. The truth, or if not the absolute truth, the practical and practicable solution, lies between the extremes. That is to say, each case will have to be decided by itself on its merits. Responsible managers will have to act on their own responsibility with reference to the individual case, being amenable, first, to their own judgment and conscience, secondly, to those whose representatives they are in the discharge of their trust, and, thirdly, at the bar of public opinion. As a humble unit in the great mass which constitutes the latter, we venture to doubt whether, even assuming the erroneousness of Dr. Workman's personal opinions on the point in dispute, and admitting a certain degree of injudiciousness in his mode of propagating those opinions, greater

injury to the cause of truth is not likely to result from the sympathy sure to be aroused by his arbitrary dismissal and the consequent suspicion that the orthodox view in the case cannot be trusted to free discussion, than could possibly have resulted from the Professor's continued championship of an error which the ablest writers and logicians in the church were free to discuss and expose.

IT is encouraging to those who are looking forward to a time when hearty good-will between employer and employed shall be the rule rather than the exception, to observe a tendency on the part of thinkers and professional men to pay more attention to industrial problems. There is still far too much ground for the regret expressed by Professor Ashley in his lecture on Saturday afternoon at the University of Toronto, that these problems are so much neglected by the well-to-do and professional classes. We are glad that such men as Mr. Houston and Professor Ashley are doing what they can to arouse interest in them. They are more closely related than almost any others to the welfare of society, as expressed in the formula "the greatest good of the greatest number." A considerable part of Prof. Ashley's lecture was very profitably devoted to explanation and commendation of the "Boards of Conciliation," which are now playing so important a part in preserving peace in several very important industries in the Mother Country. These boards of conciliation stand in pretty much the same relations to the two parties concerned, in times of peace, in which boards of arbitration stand in times of industrial war. The lecturer was hearty in his commendation of the latter boards as a means of settling disputes after those disputes have culminated in strikes or lock-outs. He expressed surprise and regret that they were not oftener resorted to in this country, but explained the fact on the ground—no doubt partially correct—that industrial development has been later in this country, and that we are but now arrived at the stage of progress in respect to such questions which was reached in Great Britain twenty-five years ago. But as an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure, Prof. Ashley rightly exalted the board of conciliation above the board of arbitration, as a means of preventing the great losses in money, time and temper on both sides, which are the result of strikes. Indeed, with capable and qualified representatives of both parties on such boards, it would be very difficult for a strike to be brought about. It is interesting to note, too, that Prof. Ashley, in common with nearly all the political economists of the time, admits the usefulness and even the necessity of labour unions as the only means whereby the workingmen can enforce their rights, and denies that the forces of supply and demand can be relied on to secure them their just wage. Such admissions really mark a great step forward in the direction of industrial peace based on the only sure foundation of righteousness. Prof. Ashley, as reported, was emphatic in his condemnation of "that extraordinary hybrid of extreme individualism and extreme socialism which is known as land nationalization," and expressed also the opinion that profit-sharing, as a means of overcoming the dangers incident to the wage system, suffers from several fatal defects; the first and most formidable of which is that it does not even profess to meet the essential difficulty—the determination of the ordinary wage. Without undertaking the defence of the land nationalization theory, we may query whether it may not have a basis in natural justice which can hardly be swept away by a combination of epithets? As to the profit-sharing, we should like to suggest whether the first fatal defect above-mentioned may not rest upon an assumption in reference to its sphere which its thoughtful advocates would not admit. We were under the impression, moreover, that the last returns laid before the British Parliament indicated, not indeed satisfactory progress, but a measure of success such as to render the outlook for its future much more hopeful than Prof. Ashley's words would indicate.

SEEING that Rossendale has long been known as a strong Liberal constituency it would be easy to overrate the significance of the triumph of the Gladstonian candidate, in itself. The mere fact of the victory would have surprised no one who was acquainted with the character of the electorate. It is, we believe, an open secret that Lord Hartington's return after his secession to the camp of the Unionists would have been impossible but for an act of grace by Mr. Gladstone himself, who naturally did not care to see his old and valued colleague defeated. It is, therefore, only when we consider the

largeness of the majority in the present case, indicating as it does a change of side on the part of more than 1,300 voters, and when we remember that this is but the latest of an almost uninterrupted series of Gladstonian triumphs in the bye elections of the last two or more years, that we are forced to regard it as what it is claimed to be by the victors, an almost sure presage of the result of the approaching general election. Assuming the reliability of this prognostication, one can well understand that the breath of an old-fashioned English Conservative must almost be taken away as he takes in the full meaning of the coming changes. We say "changes," for though Home Rule for Ireland has front rank, it is far from being the only radical measure to which such representatives as the newly elected Mr. Maden stand pledged. Rossendale is largely a Nonconformist constituency, and Mr. Maden is committed even more distinctly, if possible, to Disestablishment in Scotland and Wales, than to Irish Home Rule. The same thing is no doubt true of nearly all the other candidates who have been elected on the Gladstonian ticket. But disestablishment in Wales and Scotland will be but the prelude to disestablishment in England, as is easily foreseen. If one did not shrink from becoming a prophet of what many would regard as an accumulation of deplorable ills, he might go on to say that home-rule for Ireland means home-rule for England and Scotland also, at no very distant day. It is quite possible that many of our readers may live to see each one of these great changes a fact accomplished. When we remember how many other changes almost equally radical in character have taken place in the United Kingdom within the last half-century, without having brought in their train the destructive evils foreboded by those who feared and fought against them, we may perhaps be justified in adding that those who see these changes will also, probably, see the British constitution still stable and the British Empire still flourishing in more than its pristine glory.

A PAINFUL fact in connection with the horrors of the Russian famine is the tardiness and comparative feebleness of the efforts put forth in other and more prosperous countries to succour the perishing. This is particularly noticeable in those English-speaking countries like Great Britain and the United States, and, let us not forget to add, Canada, which have always been found ready heretofore to contribute liberally for the relief of distress, wherever found. Of course the reason of this comparative indifference to the awful sufferings of the starving millions of Russia is not far to seek. It is to be found in the peculiarities of the Russian Governmental system and its administration. Not only has no official intimation been given to friendly Governments that the demands of the occasion were likely to overtax the resources of the nation and that help would be gratefully accepted to save the lives of the wretched inhabitants of the famine-stricken districts, but it has, up to within a few weeks, been apparently doubtful whether contributions in aid of the sufferers would be permitted to enter the country. So far as we are aware no satisfactory assurance has even yet been given by the Russian authorities that aid in money or food would be distributed as speedily and as judiciously as possible. Still further the notoriously inefficient and corrupt character assigned by almost universal consent to the Russian officials made it extremely doubtful whether the bounty of pitying foreigners would ever reach its destination, if entrusted to official hands for distribution. It was also for a time doubtful whether private philanthropists would be permitted to carry on relief operations on their own account. Now, however it, is understood that no obstacle will be thrown in the way of Count Tolstoi and his family and others who are striving so nobly to mitigate the horrors of the situation in the famine-stricken districts. There is, therefore, no longer any reason why those in every land who have means to bestow and hearts to feel for the miseries of their fellow-beings, should not do their best to send food to the famishing. This is being done to some extent in England and the United States. But so far as we are aware, no organized or systematic means of collecting and forwarding the offerings of the charitably disposed has been provided in Canada. This is a reproach to our humanity that should not be permitted longer to exist. If only some well-known person or society, whose name would be accepted as a guarantee for the right and prompt disposal of gifts placed in their hands for this noble purpose, would volunteer to receive and forward contributions and have this fact made widely known through the newspapers and otherwise, we cannot

doubt that very many of our large-hearted people would gladly give of their abundance to save the lives of at least a few of the perishing. It is said that every pound now contributed will save a life.

WE do not suppose that any one now doubts the reality or the intensity of the famine in Russia. The facts which are coming to light from reliable sources would fill volumes with the records of such misery as was never surpassed in the world's history. It is indeed impossible that anything of the kind could surpass it. When hundreds of men, women and children are to be seen, as Nicholas Shishkoff, one of the Relief Committee of the Society of the Red Cross, saw them in Samara (*vide* article in the *Nineteenth Century*), slowly perishing from hunger and cold, the acme of human suffering from physical causes must have been reached. Mr. Shishkoff saw numbers of men in their prime with drawn stony faces and hollow eyes, miserable women clothed in rags (having sold their best dresses), and children shivering in the keen October wind. They told him everything saleable had been sold or pawned; they had seen no bread for a fortnight, but had eaten once a day of stewed cabbages or pumpkins. "Many of us," the spokesman would say, "have not tasted any food for three days. Have mercy on us, we are dying." And all the while tears were seen trickling down the faces of stalwart men. At one place the local doctor had just rescued a lad of seventeen and his ten-year-old sister. For five days they had had no food. They were found huddled helpless in the corner of a room. The lad's jaws had to be forced open with a knife before a little tea and brandy could be introduced. The population of Samara province is 2,500,000. At least half will have to be kept alive by Government help and private charity. From 175,000 to 200,000 will have to depend exclusively on private charity. And this, be it remembered, is but one out of the many famine-stricken districts. Evidence of another kind, scarcely less horrible in its suggestiveness, is furnished by the *Christian World*, whose Editor says:—

A mute witness of the sufferings of the Russian peasantry lies before us. No living voice could speak so eloquently. It is a piece of what, by a bitter irony, is called "bread." It was cut from a loaf by the English manager of a Russian estate near Nijny Novgorod. The nauseous composition is almost inky black, and emits an acrid odour. What it is made of we can only guess, but apparently the bulk of it is a mixture of dirt, ground bark, and dried dung, and there are faint signs of a modicum of some grain, such as rye. The manager says, in a letter to Miss Hesba Stretton, who kindly sends the package on to us, that there are 120 cases of spotted typhoid fever within a mile and a-half of his office. Looking at this lump of "bread," we can believe it.

Surely it is time that there was in Canada a spontaneous opening of hearts and purses in response to such a call. We have no doubt that there will be as soon as the way is made clearly open by which the sufferers can be reached by those desiring to contribute.

THE message of President Harrison to Congress in connection with the transmission of the correspondence with the Government of Chili is a well-written and dignified document. The important question in connection with it is whether, on its showing, the United States Government has accorded to the weaker republic the same rights which it would claim for itself were the situation reversed—the rights it would claim as against China, were the latter nation some day to call it to account for the many unprovoked and brutal and murderous attacks which have from time to time been made upon its citizens by those of the United States—the rights it did and does claim for itself in the case of the dispute with Italy. So far from doing so, it has never, so far as appears, shown the slightest disposition to attach importance to any investigation which the Chilean Government was making or might have been willing to make in accordance with its own constitution and through its own courts. On the other hand it has insisted on the absolute correctness of the conclusions reached by its own officials, and on the testimony of its own citizens, prejudiced as these may fairly be supposed to have been. Thus it happens that the President's elaborate statement of the case to Congress is, after all, but an *ex parte* version of the affair. On the other hand it can hardly be denied that Senor Matta's circular to Chilean Ministers was needlessly offensive, if not positively insulting, and should be withdrawn and apologized for; and that the spirit which the Chilean Government has manifested throughout has been hardly

respectful, not to say regretful or conciliatory. In this there has been a manifest lack, not only of right feeling, but of statesmanlike discretion. Nothing can be more unwise than for a feeble nation in such a case to irritate and pretend to defy a powerful one, only to find itself compelled to humiliate itself in the end. That is about what has occurred in the present case, if the latest despatch from Santiago can be relied on. The most probable explanation of Chili's conduct in the affair would seem to be that the leading members of the Government were unversed in diplomacy and relied on the reluctance of the people of the United States to engage in war, while the people of Chili generally had no conception of the serious aspect the dispute was assuming. Hence the present necessity for abject submission instead of the dignified and self-respecting settlement which might probably have been made. What must strike the disinterested onlooker is the extreme injustice of settling such a dispute by brute force, or by the threat of it, between two parties so unequally matched, instead of by a prompt resort to arbitration.

THE NEO-CHRISTIAN MOVEMENT IN FRANCE.

UNDER the above title *Harper's Magazine* for January contains an interesting article from the pen of the Vicomte, Eugène Melchior de Vogüé. We have grown so accustomed to regard all that is called progressive in France, as given over to materialism of the most pronounced kind, that it affords a welcome surprise to be told that amongst the rising generation of educated thinking men, the tide of spiritualism which had fallen to such a low ebb is at length beginning once more to rise. The signs of this movement are at present neither very numerous nor conspicuous; they have not as yet risen to the surface of Parisian salons, nor supplied the material of the literature of the boulevard, but they are to be found "in the intellectual centre whence the influences of the future will start," in the Sorbonne, in the schools of law, and of medicine, in the more serious publications of the day, in the "nucleus of high culture wherein the directing ideas of the future are being elaborated—the writers, the professors, the students, the cultivated people in general who take an interest in philosophical speculations."

The attitude of the intellectual *élite* towards "the eternal want" which religion supplies can only be understood by reference to the influences which have swayed the preceding generations, and De Vogüé gives a lucid analysis of the trend of thought in France during the last hundred years.

At the close of the last and during the first half of the present century the influence of Voltaire ruled the free-thinking portion of the community, and religion was not so much a subject of argument as of ridicule. But by the middle of the century the scientific spirit was dominant, and the character of unbelief underwent important modification. The physical sciences were thought to contain a demonstrable disproof of the old arguments for the existence of a God, viz., those from Causation and Design. Historical criticism begotten and developed in Germany by Baur and Strauss was popularized in France by M. Renan, and the authority of the Bible long since contemptuously disregarded was now completely shattered. It was but a question of time and the very word theology would disappear from the dictionary.

Nevertheless the religious spirit was not altogether extinct; the very enthusiasm for science partook of the nature of a cult. Science indeed seemed "susceptible of indefinite progress." For a time the apparently illimitable field of its enquiry satisfied men's craving after the Infinite. Science in the abstract, apart from any concrete manifestation of it, was deified and fervently worshipped.

By the year 1880 Christianity was at its lowest ebb. The men who had grown up under the influence of the current of thought above described now held the reins of Government, and "everything seemed to have conspired against the religious sentiment—the official action of the legal power, the old Voltairianism of the middle-classes, the scientific disdain of the studios, the coarse naturalism of the literary men."

But human nature, as Carlyle never wearied of reminding us, demands realities not shams. It was no use loudly asserting that science sufficed to supply all human needs, when experience and fact proved the reverse. The present generation growing to years of discretion about the time of the Franco-Prussian war is experiencing a reaction against the philosophy of the schools and the maxims of the streets, in which they have been reared. For national life "revealed to them on all sides nothing but abortive hopes, paltry struggles of interest, and a society without any other hierarchy but that of money, and without other principle or ideal than the pursuit of material enjoyment. Literature . . . reflected those same tendencies; it was dejected or vile, and distressed the heart by its artistic dryness, or disgusted it by its trivial realism. Science itself . . . began to appear to many what it is in reality, namely a means and not an end. . . . Above all, it was clear from too evident social symptoms that if science can satisfy some very distinguished minds, it can do nothing to

moralize and discipline societies; criminal statistics loudly proclaimed this inefficacy."

Naturally enough the realization of these unpalatable truths was followed by a period of dismal pessimism. The authority of the Catholic faith rejected, the might of reason discredited, what else but pessimism was left. "Beware of deceitful nature, fear life, emancipate yourself from life."

It is from this slough of despond that the young men of France are emerging. De Vogüé notes three symptoms of this renaissance of hope, which will surely be followed by renaissance of faith. First, he notes a sympathetic curiosity for religious questions. In the schools the most influential teachers are those who oppose the negative spirit of the older generations, and "not infrequently go back to Christian sources in order to support their independent conclusions." The Catholic students have no longer to suffer the ridicule or contempt of their fellows. "On the contrary, . . . it is the antiquated sarcasms of Voltairianism that are nowadays received with smiles and shrugging of the shoulders."

In the next place the great social movement which so profoundly agitates all civilized countries is attracting the attention of young France. Their sympathies have been aroused by the wrongs of the working classes, and a deep-seated sympathy for our fellows is near akin to religion. True in the Revolution period, the doctrine of the brotherhood of man was held together with a violent opposition to religion, but it is to be remembered that this hatred was really directed against a spiritless, and rotten Catholicism. In political economy the general reaction against individualist principles is felt in France, and in a sense the Neo-Christians are socialists.

Thirdly, in the sphere of literature this new school revolts against the disgusting naturalism which has so long obtained in France. "They have a marked taste for what is nowadays called symbolism, that is to say, a form of art which though painting reality, is constantly bringing reality once more into communication with the mystery of the universe." They read with "delight and praise" the "Imitation of Christ," and the writings of St. Francis of Assisi, and St. Francis of Sales.

What is the relation of this movement to orthodox Christianity? In answering this interesting question we must bear in mind that it is yet young, indefinite, inchoate. It is but a formless spirit, not yet an organized body. Its leaders or its writers, of whom three are named, M. Édouard Rod, M. Lasserre and M. Pouilhan, are not Christians in any definite sense of that word. "Their reason still revolts too strongly against the rigidity of dogma. The religion of science in which they have grown up retains the strongest hold upon their intelligence; and . . . they cannot make up their mind to abjure it. As long as they cannot see the possibility of fully conciliating their scientific conception of the universe and of man with the teaching of the Church, they will repudiate the latter. They make desperate efforts to invent a religious and moral ideal on the margin of the traditional doctrine. . . . They flutter around faith like iron filings round a magnet, secretly attracted by it, and yet not strongly enough to adhere firmly to it."

Space forbids us to illustrate these remarks by quotations from the representative writers above named. Readers of *Harper's* will find a sufficiency to satisfy them of the truth of the delineation given.

"The sense of the eternal mystery has returned to their souls," so says De Vogüé. He makes no attempt to prophecy the future of the movement, and herein we think he shows his good sense. We shall study it none the less with interest and hope, believing with our author that "however imperfect and vague the nebula may be, men of good-will prefer it to the gloom from which we are issuing. They are of opinion that the search after the ideal is a great sign of the raising up of France, where everything was on the point of sinking into gross realism, both characters and minds, both public morality and the intellectual productions." Not altogether in the sense of the old saying do we "speed the parting, hail the coming guest." O. T.

A CANADIAN LITERARY EVENING.

FLETCHER of Saltoun's oft-quoted remark: "Give me the making of a nation's songs and I care not who make its laws," like many other antithetic aphorisms, is not absolutely perfect. Piquant *obiter dicta* are responsible for the currency of unsuspected half truths. In justice to the shrewd Scotchman, however, it is to be understood that he did not wish to convey the idea that it was a matter of indifference who legislated, but that the opinion and sentiment of a nation were formed by its gifted singers, and would, in due time, be embodied in prosaic Acts of Parliament. Much as we ought to value the gifted Canadian sons and daughters of song, we cannot afford to be negligent of the character and capacity of our legislators. Those dowered with "the vision and the faculty divine" can do much to give us "sweeter manners, purer laws," and especially in this young nationality they can awaken the fervid glow of an unsullied patriotism which the country so sorely needs.

The idea, therefore, of the Young Liberal Club of arranging for a Canadian Literature Evening, was in every respect an excellent one. That it was appreciated was clearly evidenced by the presence of a large and representative audience in the Art Gallery of the Ontario So-

PROMINENT CANADIANS—XXXIX.

SKETCHES of the following prominent Canadians have already appeared in *THE WEEK*: Hon. Oliver Mowat, Sir Daniel Wilson, Principal Grant, Sir John A. Macdonald, K.C.B., Louis Honoré Fréchet, LL.D., Sir J. William Dawson, Sir Alexander Campbell, K.C.M.G., Hon. William Stevens Fielding, Hon. Alexander Macenzie, Sir Samuel Leonard Tilley, C.B., K.C.M.G., Alexander McLachlan, Hon. J. A. Chapleau, Sir Richard Cartwright, K.C.M.G., Sandford Fleming, C.E., LL.D., C.M.G., Hon. H. G. Joly, Hon. P. J. O. Chauveau, Sir William Buell Richards, Hon. Wilfrid Laurier, M.P., Hon. Honoré Mercier, Q.C., Hon. William Macdougall, C.B., Rev. Principal MacVicar, D.D., LL.D., Prof. Charles G. D. Roberts, M.A., George Paxton Young, M.A., Hon. Auguste Real Angers, Principal Caven, D.D., William Ralph Meredith, LL.D., Q.C., M.P.P., Sir William Pearce Howland, C.B., K.C.M.G., Senator the Hon. John Macdonald, the Hon. John Hawkins Hagarty, D.C.L., Chief Justice of Ontario, Lieut.-Col. George T. Denison, Sir Antoine Aime Dorion, His Grace Archbishop O'Brien, Charles Mair, F.R.S.C., Chief Justice Allen, Sir John Thompson, K.C.M.G., Archibald Lampman, John Cook, D.D., LL.D., Grant Allen, and Rev. Doctor Dewart.

CHIEF JUSTICE SULLIVAN.

THE Honourable William Wilfrid Sullivan, Chief Justice of Prince Edward Island, is regarded by those who know him as one of the most fortunate of the prominent men of Canada. He was born at Hope River, New London—not far from the birthplace of Archbishop O'Brien—on the 6th of December, 1843. His parents were respectable Irish folk, who were able to afford their son the capital advantage of a good education; and he, on his part, appreciated and made the most of all that he received from them. He was early distinguished as a diligent and energetic scholar. Before he began to attend the Central Academy in Charlottetown, and St. Dunstan's College, he had to go about two miles each way every day to and from the school in the neighbouring settlement of New Glasgow. One of his fellow scholars of that time states that, notwithstanding the long distance he had to walk, he was, almost invariably, in winter as well as in summer, the first to arrive at the school in the morning.

The means by which he achieved success at school were those by which, with the aid of attendant good fortune, he won the high judicial position which he now occupies. Those who are conversant with his early, as well as with his later, career, say that as student-at-law, lawyer and politician he has ever been painstaking, laborious, persevering, prudent, calculating and wide awake to his own interests as well as to the interests of his clients, his constituents and his party.

When he came to Charlottetown to pursue his studies he was fortunate in being enabled to live under the same roof with one of his teachers, a Mr. Edward Roche, a man of a well-informed and original mind, and in having for his college companion and friend Mr. James Jeffrey Roche, the accomplished editor of the *Boston Pilot*, and one of the recognized poets of the great Republic. Leaving St. Dunstan's College, he entered as a student-at-law with Mr. William Johnson; and, upon Mr. Johnson's departure for Halifax, he was transferred to the office of the Honourable Joseph Henshy, who was at that time a leading lawyer and politician of the Island. Here again he was fortunate and successful. After being called to the Bar in 1867, he immediately became Mr. Henshy's law partner; and so he was ready when the latter was, a year later, elevated to the Bench to take full charge of the lucrative practice of the firm. Subsequently he entered into partnership with several rising young barristers of the Province, notably with Mr. W. A. O. Morson and Mr. C. B. McNeill. He was fortunate, too, in obtaining several excellent agencies, including that of the Credit Foncier, for which he invested large sums of money upon real estate.

But he succeeded not alone to Judge Henshy's law practice. By means of the press, for which he was an occasional writer, and by means of an occasional speech upon the stump or at the hustings, he had become a factor in the politics of the day; and he was elected in 1872 to fill the seat for the first district of Kings County which his former partner had vacated. Important questions to the Province were then being considered, discussed and settled. One of these was that of the Prince Edward Island Railway and its location. Mr. Sullivan belonged at that time to the Liberal party, which was opposed to the railway. The Conservatives succeeded with great difficulty in carrying a measure which provided for the construction of a line extending from Alberton to Georgetown. A large proportion of the people were, however, opposed to it; those through whose districts and close to whose farms it did not run being particularly strong in their opposition. At the general election in 1872 the Conservatives were, as a consequence, defeated. The Liberals then formed a Government in which Mr. Sullivan filled the office of Solicitor-General. But the main line of the railway was by this time a fact. The contract for its construction had been let. The work was going on; construction of the railway could not be prevented. Then many of the people who didn't want it at all began to agitate for the construction of branch lines to extend to Souris in the east, and to Tignish in the west. But the Liberal Government was slow to appreciate the significance of this movement. Mr. Sullivan had in the meantime transferred his attentions to the second district of King's County, through which a branch railway to Souris, if constructed, would run. He seems never to have been quite at home with his Liberal colleagues. It is said that differences of opinion in respect to the school question and other matters, as well as personal incompatibility, stood in the way of his cordial co-operation with them. However this may be, it is certain that the young Solicitor-

General took an early opportunity to transfer his political allegiance to the leader of the Opposition and to advocate the construction of the branch railways. This action of his seems to have aroused the Government to the necessities of the situation. In view of the then prospective union of the Province with Canada, it was deemed expedient by the Government to adopt a course of procedure which one of its members pertinently termed "a Dashaway Policy." It is presumed that the Government were acting according to this policy when, contrary to their pre-election protestations and pledges, they followed the advice of Mr. Sullivan and authorized the construction of the branches. But they had lost forever the future successful leader of the Liberal-Conservative party in Prince Edward Island.

In the spring of 1873, they went to the country on the question of the acceptance or rejection of the Haythorne-Laird terms of union, which had, in the meantime, been arrived at in a conference with the Government at Ottawa; and they suffered defeat. The Hon. James C. Pope then formed an administration of which Mr. Sullivan was the Solicitor-General. Better terms of union with Canada were sought and obtained by a Government deputation consisting of Messrs. Pope, Haviland and Howland; and Prince Edward Island became part of the Canadian Confederation on the 1st of July, 1873.

By the terms of union the sum of \$800,000 was set apart at Ottawa as a fund from which to obtain means for the purchase of the proprietary estates of the Province. The lands of the colony had early been distributed among a number of officers in the British army who had done duty in America. Neither they, their heirs successors nor assigns had fulfilled the terms on which their grants were made. But they clung tenaciously to their possessions, and as absentee proprietors were paid rents which though comparatively small in amount per acre made up a large sum per year to be sent out of the country by a poor and struggling tenantry engaged in subduing the forest. Thus there had been for many years a ground for complaint and agitation. Mr. Sullivan as Solicitor-General for the Government took a leading part in the preparation and passage of the Land Purchase Act in 1875 under the provisions of which the \$800,000 were expended, the proprietors being compelled to give up the fee simple of their estates on terms somewhat similar to those by which the Seigneuries of Quebec were abolished. He was also, as Solicitor-General, one of the counsel for the Government before the Land Commissioners' courts by which the amount paid to each proprietor was fixed. Altogether he took a prominent part in the movements which resulted in the abatement of the land grievance.

But his grand opportunity occurred in the year 1876. In that year the school question, which had from time to time engaged public attention and caused a great deal of bitter feeling between the Roman Catholics and the Protestants, came to an issue in the general election. Bishop McIntyre had erected in Charlottetown and other towns and villages a number of collegiate and convent schools in which many Catholic children received secular as well as religious education. He asked the Government to grant annually to each of these schools a sum of money in payment for the secular education therein imparted. The leader of the Government with several of his colleagues, including Mr. Sullivan, and some of their supporters in the Legislature, were ready to make terms with the Bishop. But several other members of the administration with a strong Protestant following took ground against the proposition condemning it as the "thin edge of the wedge of Separate Schools" throughout the province, and denouncing the idea of religious denominations opposed to the Roman Catholic faith being compelled to contribute, directly or indirectly, to the support of colleges and schools in which Roman Catholic tenets were taught. Upon this ground they coalesced with the Leader of the Opposition, Mr. L. H. Davies, and upon this ground the parties took issue. The result was that Mr. Pope and those who continued to follow him suffered a heavy defeat. A strong Protestant Government, with Mr. Davies at its head, was then formed. Mr. Pope, who had fallen with his party, was soon after elected a member of the Dominion Parliament. The only man who was, at that juncture, available for the leadership of the Opposition was Mr. Sullivan; Mr. Sullivan was unanimously chosen for the position when the Legislature met on the 14th of March, 1877. His party was at that time numerically weak. The Government party was apparently very strong. But there were points of weakness in it which he was not slow to discover; and his reputation was considerably heightened by the ability and wit which he displayed in laying them bare.

After the passage of the Education Act, 1877, the main object of the coalition was accomplished. Divisions and complications soon appeared as a consequence of the fact that the several members of the administration took opposite sides in Dominion politics. The Liberal wing of the Government had been placed in charge of "the spending departments." The tax-payers soon began to feel that the spending was too lavish. An obnoxious Assessment Act was passed. Supporters of the Administration who had been steadfast, notwithstanding the split over Dominion politics, soon fell away when their pockets were touched. Agitation prevailed for a time. Finally, on the first of March, 1879, a little more than two years from the date at which the coalition was formed, Mr. Sullivan moved a vote of want of confidence in the Government, which was, five days later, carried by a majority of nine in a House of thirty members. Mr. Davies resigned at

ciety of Artists the other Saturday evening. Not only was the large and attractive rooms—on whose walls were displayed a large number of the best productions of our distinctive Canadian artists—filled to their utmost capacity, but several hundreds had to turn homeward disappointed, being unable to obtain even standing room.

Mr. Frank Yeigh, the President of the Young Liberal Club of Toronto, a young man himself of wide literary sympathies and attainment, worthily presided on the occasion, and delivered an appropriate opening address. Interesting also were the letters, sympathetic with the purpose of the gathering, read by him from a number of men of letters, whose names are household words in the Dominion, notably Louis Fréchet and the Canadian Burns, the venerable Alexander McLachlan. The key-note of the evening was struck by Miss Agnes M. Machar's, "The Mystic Singer." The fame of "Fidelis," many of whose productions have appeared in these columns, extends far beyond the Dominion, and her contributions find a place in the leading literary magazines of England and the United States. Miss Machar, though present, did not, like the poets in the brave days of old, recite her grand and beautiful ode, but found an excellent interpreter in her friend, the Rev. D. J. Macdonnell. Mr. William Wilfred Campbell made an excellent impression, a thing for him by no means difficult to do. His poems have already found their way to the hearts of Canadians; and his gentle, modest, yet effective, presentation of his story, "How Death Came to Mortgaged Concession," and above all his poem, "The Mother," were received with a measure of appreciation scarcely to be beheld. Mrs. Harrison, the well-known "Seranus," gave her characteristic, "In the Valley of St. Eustache," in which her dainty delineations of character and rhythmic word-painting found free expression, and was most heartily received and admired. Mr. H. K. Cockin, with much vim and good taste, gave his spirit-stirring and powerful "Gentleman Dick o' The Greys." Other contributors to the interest and enjoyment of the evening were Mr. W. D. Lighthall, Miss E. Pauline Johnson and Mr. Duncan Campbell Scott. A peculiar interest attached to Miss Johnson's poems, embodying, as they do, the emotions and reflections of the original inhabitants of this fair land. The enthusiasm with which this lady's recitations were received was amply merited by the beauty, force and originality of "A Cry from an Indian Wife." Very pleasing also was Miss Helen M. Merrill's contribution, "Regret." She is a young Canadian authoress who gives promise of excellent work.

The music interspersed was as appropriate as it was excellent, being thoroughly in keeping with the spirit of the evening. It was artistically and pleasingly rendered by Mrs. Scrimger-Massie and Mr. and Mrs. D. E. Cameron. There would be neither merit nor justice in differing from the general criticism expressed that the programme was too long, a mistake that can be easily avoided in the future. To the Young Men's Liberal Club of Toronto we are indebted for the conception and carrying out of a most excellent idea. What has been done so successfully and with such excellent results can judiciously be done again at proper intervals. There are many whose writings are fitted to convey profit and pleasure, besides those who so gracefully took part in the initial gathering, whose services could be made available for several "Canadian Literature Evenings" to come.

THE ROYAL FUNERAL.

The Princess of Wales remained for some time after the service was concluded, looking mournfully at the coffin of her beloved son. (Cable report of the funeral.)

SADLY the old flag droops its crimson folds
In all the lands that own our empire's sway,
Millions of hearts one common sorrow hold
About the bier they carry forth to-day.

Death claims a nation's hope, an empire's heir,
The first-born son,—his parents' joy and pride,
Our aged Queen's young bud of promise fair,
The cherished darling of his promised bride.

Slowly the sad procession wends its way
Through sorrowing crowds, to England's royal tomb,
—All the bright visions of the bridal day
Are quenched in darkness mid a nation's gloom.

Oh death and sorrow,—conquerors of kings!
Though nought terrestrial can resist your sway,
Yet, with the doom, one balm your presence brings
The tender touch of human sympathy.

The mother mourning o'er her first-born's bier
The maiden's tears that for her lover fall,
The grief of sorrowing age o'er child so dear
Are one in cottage or in royal hall.

From east to west, wherever true hearts beat,
Through the wide realm that knows no set of sun,
About that flag-wrapped bier to-day they meet
And multitudes of pulses throb as one.

Oh wondrous bond of sympathy divine,
Linking our hearts with unseen powers above,
Faith hails you, mid her sorrow as the sign
That death itself can never conquer Love!

FIDELIS.

once, and Mr. Sullivan announced on the 11th of March the formation of a Liberal-Conservative administration, of which he was the Premier. This administration continued to hold office until its leader was elevated to the Bench in succession to Chief Justice Palmer.

It was Mr. Sullivan's good fortune to have as his colleagues most of the ablest and experienced men remaining in Provincial politics. Mr. Donald Ferguson was his ingenious and energetic fighting lieutenant; Mr. William Campbell and Mr. George W. W. Bentley were successively placed in charge of the Public Works Department. He had the advice and assistance of such prudent and capable colleagues as the present Leader of the Opposition, Mr. Neil MacLeod, the late Mr. John LeFrigny, the present Senator Prowse, Mr. Stewart Burns, Mr. J. O. Arsenaull, Mr. James Nicholson and Mr. A. J. Macdonald. With the aid of these men he succeeded in retaining the confidence of the people for a longer period than any political leader who ever held office in the Province. The strong point of the administration was its economy. A reduction of about \$80,000 a year was at once made in the Provincial expenditures. Mr. Sullivan was as rigid in his examination of every account against the Government submitted to him for payment, as was his prototype, Mr. John Sanfield Macdonald, in the Government of Ontario. Several measures of retrenchments and reform were passed under the auspices of his administration; and Messrs. Sullivan and Ferguson succeeded in obtaining the recognition and payment of several important claims of the Province upon the Dominion. The finances of the Province were by these measures so greatly improved that it was deemed expedient to abolish Provincial taxes of every kind. This was the one notable mistake of Mr. Sullivan's administration. The Legislative Council in which the Opposition had a majority refused to pass the Government's measures for a reduction of the Legislature. It was found impossible to make the revenue balance the expenditure. An inroad was made upon the capital of the Province funded at Ottawa. The way of succeeding administrations was, as a consequence, made more difficult.

Mr. Sullivan's eminent success as a political leader was due, not to the possession of a magnetic influence over men, but to the punctilious care with which he performed his public duties, his deliberation and prudence, his clear and convincing statements to the Legislature and the country. He makes up his mind and adheres steadfastly to his opinions deliberately formed. He is a correct and powerful rather than graceful or eloquent speaker. His influence over his colleagues and the public grew and strengthened as his term of office extended. Even those who did not like him personally learned at last to repose confidence in his good judgment. In his public efforts, whether before the Courts or in the Legislature, he almost invariably bettered expectation. This was notably the case in his management of the Willman murder trial. Though opposed by the most brilliant and experienced criminal lawyer at the Provincial Bar, he succeeded, as Attorney-General, in obtaining a verdict of guilty on evidence which was purely circumstantial.

Fortunate as he has been in his professional and political affairs, he has been not less so in his social relations. While in his twenty-ninth year he married Alice Maud Mary, third daughter of John Fenton Newbery, Esquire, B.A. of Oxford. And now, with their family of six children, Chief Justice and Mrs. Sullivan dispense a kindly and generous hospitality at their handsome residence known as Brighton Villa. W. L. COTTON.

A FATAL CALL.

IT happened so long ago, and time is such a healer of even the cruellest wounds, that I feel I can now write calmly of an incident in my earlier life which has clouded all my succeeding days. This incident, the circumstances all connected with which I am about to relate, occurred in my graduating year a few months after I had left college.

Among a number of us, close friends in the class of which my brother Rupert and I were members, a trip to the land of "Evangeline" had long been under discussion and eagerly looked forward to as a treat to be enjoyed at our earliest leisure. We were all ardent admirers of Longfellow, and had so thoroughly familiarized ourselves with his poem on the Acadians that, I have no doubt, the muffled roar of the billows of "the mournful and misty Atlantic," breaking on the coasts where those unfortunate people once dwelt, sounded through more dreams than my own as the time for the carrying out of our plans drew near. We were all alike impatient for a sight of "the forest primeval," with its "murmuring pines and its hemlocks bearded with moss," under the shadows of which the home of "Evangeline" had stood, and upon the borders of which her "snow-white heifer" had grazed, peacefully unconscious of approaching days of darkness and trouble. In fancy we were wont to picture ourselves looking down from the commanding summit of Blomidon on the heart-stirring scene from which the Acadians had been torn,

Like leaves when the mighty blasts of October
Catch them and whirl them aloft and scatter them far o'er the ocean.

"Naught but tradition remains," says the poet, "of the beautiful village of Grand Pré." To our young and enthusiastic minds, however, the reality of Longfellow's vision still existed. I believe we almost expected to find the houses of the Acadians yet smoking and the deserted

cattle lowing about the smouldering homesteads of their exiled human friends.

It was not until well on in the summer of the year I have mentioned, that our arrangements were completed and all the members of our party ready for a start.

Rupert and I had anticipated with especial eagerness the pleasure which we foresaw in store for us. We two were alone in the world but for each other; our parents having died while we were still in infancy, leaving us well provided for so far as money was concerned, but to the care of strangers. We were nearly of an age, I being the elder by scarcely a year. We had lived in inseparable intimacy in boyhood, but college life had forced us somewhat asunder. We looked forward to the complete renewal of our old-time relationship during the quiet weeks we were to spend in Acadia.

In this expectation we were not disappointed. We became almost more than ever attached to each other as we roved side by side among the familiar scenes of "Evangeline," giving ourselves entirely up to the dreamy, poetic spirit of the time and place. We spent hours together daily, recalling the past and dipping into the future. Rupert had made choice of the legal, I of the medical, profession. After the completion of our studies we would select some place where each could pursue his life's work supported and encouraged by the constant companionship of the other. We discussed poetry and romance in the light of our own feelings and sentiments as we idly rocked in our skiff of an evening on the ripples of the Basin of Minas, or lay, of a sunny afternoon, beneath the bluest of skies, far up on the grassy slope of the mountains, where, in Nature's less cheerful moods, "sea-fogs pitch their tents." We loitered in moss-grown orchard paths which the feet of the Acadians must have trod, peopling the scene about us with the forms of bye-gone days. In tranquil happiness the time flew on.

Rupert and I would have been well content to remain in the vicinity of Grand Pré during all the time over which our holiday was to extend, but the other members of our party were for more active enjoyment. So at length we set out on a tour of the whole Acadian land. For weeks we devoted ourselves to rambling. We visited all the points of historic interest in connection with the long, hard struggle for supremacy between the French and English in Nova Scotia. We lounged about quaint little towns and villages dropped here and there in picturesque curves of coast or in beautiful inland valleys, drinking in health and pleasure with every breath of the deliciously fresh and invigorating air of the ocean-lapped land.

Our wanderings brought us in the early autumn to the southernmost point of the peninsula, where the French made their first landing, and where had once stood their celebrated fortress, La Tour. The time for returning home and to work was at hand, but as we were then in the neighbourhood of a district where moose were reported abundant, we resolved to allow ourselves a few additional days for a hunting expedition. Our imaginations had been fired by the circumstantial narratives of wonderful successes with the rifle which were poured into our ears by local nimrods. Each of us cherished the fond hope of being able to take back with him at least one set of antlers to his astonished friends. We made our preparations with the most confident expectation of coming triumphs in the forest.

Rupert, however, and another of our party, held back. They were less sanguine or more philosophical than we. They had no desire, they said, to immolate themselves upon the strength of the imaginations of the resident sportsmen, in whose veracity we were trusting so implicitly. They pointed out to us the overwhelming discrepancy between the number of tales of moose slaughter we had been told, and the sum total of the sets of antlers we had seen. But our faith was not to be shaken; neither was their resolution not to accompany us. So there was nothing for it but temporary separation. We engaged our guide and "caller," and completed our arrangements for a start. They determined to spend the time of our absence in canoeing along the neighbouring coast, promising to meet us on our return at a date agreed upon.

I was by no means pleased at the turn affairs had taken. I disliked the prospect of losing my brother's companionship even for so short a time. I felt somewhat uneasy, moreover, on account of the dangers to which so inexperienced a canoeist as he might be exposed on that uncertain coast. Rupert made light of my fears, assuring me that he knew how to take care of himself and promising to be cautious. "Possibly," suggested he, "we shall find a navigable stream near here; if so we may take a run up it and see or hear of you in the interior. We may, perhaps, arrive in time to bring back a cargo of moose meat for you, or at least a few dozen sets of antlers." With this laughing reply I was put off. Still, it was with considerable heaviness of heart and more or less of foreboding that I at last said good-bye to my brother.

Our supplies and accoutrements had been sent out in advance, and it did not take us long to reach the locality selected for our purpose. We drove as far inland as the roads were passable, only taking to our feet when the confines of the settlements had been reached. A day's walk after that brought us to the stamping ground of the moose; and then a period of novel and hearty enjoyment began. The season was delightful, and our surroundings charmingly picturesque. To these pleasing conditions was added the spice of excitement which came from the possibility of falling in at any time with the stately game of

which we were in quest. We had taken care to provide ourselves with a well-stocked larder, and were able to make additions to it daily with rod and gun. We filled the office of cook by turns, an arrangement which furnished us with a good deal of amusement without materially detracting from our enjoyment of our food, such appetites had we gained by our out-door life and bracing exercise.

The only drawback to my enjoyment was the thought which would from time to time obtrude itself, that all might not be well with Rupert. But when I mentioned my apprehensions to my companions, they appeared to consider them so unfounded that I soon almost ceased to entertain them myself.

Our days in the wilds were the sunshiny, mellow ones of late September. The leaves had not quite assumed the brilliant hues of autumn, but had taken on a yellowish tinge, and their quivering in the sunlight gave to the hardwood colonnades of the uplands the appearance of being bathed in a luminous, golden mist. Sometimes in our trappings about we would pass, almost at a step, with sensations of delight which can hardly be described, from long, warm, shining avenues of maple, beech or oak, into the sombre and cool depths of an evergreen-shaded valley, where the feet sank noiseless in great beds of moss, where the knees were brushed by luxuriant thickets of fern, and where gaily-tinted berries hung clustering in dewy freshness about the head. In places, the forest suddenly opened, revealing stretches of grassy meadow broken by soldier-like clumps of bulrushes, and streaked here and there with patches of dull colouring in faded shrubs or late wild flowers.

It was usually on the outskirts of one of these meadows, or "savannahs," as our guide called them, that our nightly stopping places were selected, they presenting the most favourable conditions for "calling." Our guide pointed out that, should a moose be tempted to approach us, it would be more likely to afford a fair target in the open than in the deeper woods.

However, no moose was so tempted to its own destruction for our gratification. Several times, indeed, we heard answers in the distance, and one night a buck came quite near us in the darkness; but as he kept well within the shadow of the trees, we had the mortification of hearing him retreat, alarmed, probably, by some incautious movement of ours, or by a false note in the "call," without being able to get a shot at him. Our hopes were kept up by these evidences of the certainty of the existence of game in our vicinity, and our interest and enjoyment did not flag. But the time for home-going soon arrived, and we were compelled reluctantly to turn our faces towards civilization.

Every scene and incident of our backward march is indelibly impressed on my memory.

All day we plunged through varying woodlands, now flaming in crimson and gold, a yellow sun overhead sending soft, warm rays from a sky of deepest blue, aslant through the billowing masses of gorgeous colour around us; the perfume of slowly dying summer in the forest, filling all the air and intoxicating the senses with its deliciousness; a carpet of moss and leaves under foot, woven with trailing vines, covered with mystic, moving patterns, and tinted with inconceivable delicacy by the sunlight, which filtered through the quivering foliage above; the lazy hum of insect life, the gentle twitter of birds and the soft rustle of the leaves blending together in harmony exquisitely in accord with the surroundings.

There was but little conversation among us. The goddess of nature, through whose inner temple we were passing, had cast the spell of her presence over us.

On the evening of such a day we reached an elevation overlooking the first of a chain of small lakes, the headwaters of a stream which, we were informed, flowed into the Atlantic, not far from the point whence we had set out on our expedition. The colouring of the western sky, beneath which the sun had just sunk, was reflected in the water before us, giving it a dull crimson hue. It looked beautiful enough then, but I shudder as I recall it now, with its deep shoreward shadows and its central bloodlike tint.

We pitched our camp there, intending the next day to follow the course of the stream, which we were assured would bring us without a very lengthened walk to the settlements. Our guide affirmed that we were still on excellent moose-calling ground, and our quarters were selected accordingly. We dispensed with a fire, lest it might alarm game in the vicinity, and, having hastily partaken of a cold supper, were ready for what of sport our last night out might have in store for us.

At the foot of the declivity upon which we were encamped lay a strip of tangled woods, a few hundred yards in breadth, fringing the edge of the lake. The slope itself was destitute of trees, having evidently been swept by fire at no distant date, but was dotted here and there with huge boulders. Under cover of various of those the members of our little party now took up positions at the suggestion of our guide, who seemed in high spirits and confident that good fortune was in store for us. I, for one, imbibed much of his hopefulness, and was not in the least surprised, after a few "calls" had been sounded, to hear a faint response in the distance across the lake in front of us. This answering soon grew more distinct, evidently drawing nearer. But it suddenly ceased.

For half an hour, which seemed to me an age, nothing broke the stillness but the prolonged and melancholy notes

of the "call," and the echoes which they awoke along the shores of the lake.

I had been assigned a position in front of the place where our caller had taken his stand, and within about one hundred yards of the strip of woods already mentioned. The nearly full moon shone from a cloudless sky, and as I lay in the shadow of the boulder I could distinctly see a considerable distance about me. Listening there with breathless intentness to catch the first tone of a renewal of the answers to our calling, or any other sound indicating the approach of the moose, which I fully believed to be in our immediate neighbourhood, I heard the snapping of a twig in the bushes before me. The quick ears of our caller had caught the sound too, as I gathered from his sudden disappearance from view.

All was still after that for some minutes, and then I heard from time to time the rustling of branches, from which I inferred that a moose was cautiously advancing upon us. The feelings which I experienced as I lay there can only be understood by those who can recollect the sensations with which they first found themselves face to face with large game. Every nerve in my body thrilled and trembled. I naturally felt but little confidence in my marksmanship under such conditions, so, raising myself cautiously to a kneeling posture, I rested the barrel of my rifle in the angle of a sharp projecting point of rock, and aimed as well as I could at the spot where I expected the moose to break cover.

I had not long to wait. Almost immediately the bushes moved and parted directly before me. I caught what I believed to be the gleam of antlers, and saw the outline of a dark object beneath. I fired on the instant. There was a heavy crash in the underwood, followed by a chorus of cheers from myself and companions as we rushed forward to ascertain the result of my shot.

I shrink still at the thought of the wild exultation of that moment. Panting, shouting, trembling with excitement and delight I leaped on in advance of the others. I tore recklessly through the intercepting bushes. How can I speak, even after all these years, of the terrible sight which awaited me! The moonbeams fell directly into a little glade before me, and there, doubled limply backward over a fallen tree, his face showing with ghastly distinctness against a background of dark, wet moss, lay the body of my brother, blood oozing slowly from a jagged hole in his forehead.

I had killed him!

I knew nothing more for months. Reason and almost life forsook me.

When at last I struggled slowly back to sanity and a measure of strength, I learned how it had happened. Rupert and his companion, after our departure from Fort La Tour, had spent some time in their cruise upon the coast. Then, coming to the mouth of the river, upon the head waters of which we were encamped that fatal night, and knowing that we were in the not-far-distant interior, they had resolved to push up stream in the hope of running across and surprising us. They had reached the lake where death was awaiting my brother only a short time after us. Not knowing of our presence, they were preparing to encamp for the night when our "call" came to them over the water. Hastily concluding that the sound proceeded from a moose, they had re-embarked and paddled towards us, answering a few times as best they could on the way. Upon reaching the shore near us Rupert had taken off his boots, and, gun in hand, started to creep towards us in the hope of getting a shot at the supposed game.

It was the noise made by him in his approach that I had heard. It was the gleam of his gun-barrel that I had caught in the moonlight. It was the dim outline of the upper part of his body that I had seen for a moment through the bushes, and so fatally mistaken for the head of a moose. Rupert had just risen to look about him on reaching the edge of the clearing when the bullet from my rifle went crashing through his brain.

Thus ended the excursion to which my brother and I had looked forward for so much of happiness. Thus was my own hand the means of cutting me off from companionship, and for many years almost from hope in the world, making the burden of my life "seem greater than I could bear." W. E. MACLELLAN.

Pictou, N. S.

SIR GEORGE CHESNEY told this tale just before leaving India. A short time ago, when at a Calcutta dinner table, he observed a fine-looking young fellow at the end of the room, who, from his likeness, was evidently a son of the hostess. Sir George asked her how he came to be there. He was not clever enough for the army, and so they were going to make a lawyer of him.

THE most preposterous of prices are paid nowadays for polo ponies. That particular species of quadruped has increased in value at a prodigious rate in recent years, and now a hundred pounds goes for nothing towards purchasing one of the best specimens of the animal in question. The climax of absurdity was reached recently when Lord Dudley paid no less than three hundred and fifty guineas for a pony belonging to Mr. Watson, the great Irish poloist. Mr. Watson's prestige is, of course, enormous, and a good pony is after all more important in a game than a good player, which Lord Dudley can hardly claim to be at present.—*Piccadilly.*

FROM THE WEST.

A CRY of grief has burst from Britain's breast,
And, moaning 'cross the wild Atlantic main,
Has reached the prairies of the New World's West,
Where its sad throbbing wakes an answering sob of pain.

Cut down, alas, Great Britain's future King!
Gone, Greater Britain's coming Emperor!
We Britons far from home are sorrowing
For the dead Prince our Island-brothers sorrow for.

With them we mourn the unexpected Fate
Which ends that royal life, for which long years
Laden with happiness appear to wait;
The nuptial songs we thought to sing giv'n place to
tears!

With sympathy our stricken hearts expand:
Chiefly, for her he loved, the Princess May,
His bride-to-be. May the Almighty's hand
Sustain the widow-maiden in her grief, we pray.

Heart-broken parents, who your firstborn weep
At silent Sandringham! Could you but know
Our sorrow, 'twould assuage your anguish deep,
If there be any solace in an Empire's woe.

And thou, our Queen, upon whose palace door
The spectre Death so oft hath set his seal,
Now Albert's grandson, Albert, is no more,
Again thy people with thee in thy sorrow kneel.

Waft, western wind, our western sympathy,
Breathing it gently with thy balmy breath,
To these bereaved ones across the sea,
Who mourn a lover's, son's, the grandson's early death.

F. H. TURNOCK.

Calgary, Alberta, Canada, January 14, 1892.

PARIS LETTER.

THE death of the Khedive is giving rise to a great deal of wild writing in the French press. Let us appeal from Demos drunk to Demos sober. When France refused to execute her part of dual duty in Egypt, by voluntarily abdicating her Nile valley responsibilities, leaving all the risks and sacrifices to England, she, in her heart, knows that the opinion of the world outside France is on the side of the Central Powers that delegated England to organize Egypt, after her suppressing, single-handed, mutinous troops led by Arabi Pacha. And till the proof be forthcoming that she has failed in her work and in her mission, she will be left by the Central Powers to decide when she may be able to retire. England is not of course bound to France, but to all the Central Powers, for her administration of Egypt.

The hard heads here recognize the logic that, if English help was a necessity for the late Khedive, it is more than ever so for his lad-successor. Odd that the French press were ignorant that the question of the succession to the eldest son had been regulated by the Padichâh several years ago. The sovereignty-nominal, 'tis true, of the Sultan over Egypt is just the same to-day as it was under the Franco-English protectorate. European opinion would not permit Turkish troops to occupy Egypt, and Gambetta has left on record that the day such a calamity was sanctioned it would be impossible for France to hold Algeria, as it would set the Mussulman world there in a blaze.

The Sultan, it is now clear, will not pull the chestnuts out of the fire for France, neither on account of the Bulgarian nor the Egyptian questions. England, acting on the motto that what is good to take is good to keep, will always be ready to quit Egypt when the Egyptian Government is able and willing to govern justly, but will oppose naming a day for departure until satisfied no other power shall replace her, and that Egypt shall never be placed under either dual or international control. The French are not so hot on the Egyptian question as to risk a collision with England, because she will not name the date when the regeneration of the fellaheen shall be accomplished, and their hereditary enemy, the old Turkish party, as extinct as the dodo. That would be to drive, not an English government, but the English nation, into the beckoning arms of the Triple Alliance. It is to be hoped that matters will never come to that pass.

It is something akin to a sterile Byzantine discussion, the proposal to buy Germany out of Alsace, either for hard cash or by exchanging Tonquin or other protectorate for the amputated provinces. This is putting the cart before the horse. Outside Fatherland most people would like to see France re-possessed of her lost provinces; but the first step ought to be to ascertain, is the victor willing to buy or barter? There is no evidence that "Barkis is willin'"; but much that he is opposed to the transfer, so the sad question is just where it has ever been—only war can effect a change. The mooted of the proposition has revealed the existence of the colonial expansionists, who object to exchanging Tonquin, a promising El Dorado, for Alsace. This must make M. Jules Ferry stroke his newly grown beard, and add fresh strength to his running or the succession to President Carnot.

Democrats, Royalists, Liberals, Conservatives, Catholics and Protestants agree that the stomach is the god of

all ages and of all peoples, and that, as Voltaire observed, the greatest things depend on a good or a bad digestion; and the *bon* in culinary is more easy to feel than the *beau*. Practically arts, science, Governments and all the socialisms depend on the kitchen. Hence the importance of the Culinary Exhibition now taking place in the Champs Elysées (Pavillon de la Ville de Paris). Madame de Staël observed that cookery and politics ought not to be examined too closely. The exhibition in question contradicts that saw of the great blue-stocking; one can there witness how the Alpha and Omega of life—our meals—are prepared free from repulsive surroundings, and be convinced of the importance of good cookery. It is said that Charles IX. ordered the massacre of St. Bartholomew under the influence of an after-dinner colic; it is a fact that Rousseau's pessimism was the output of indigestion. Carlyle might have been ranked among the blessed of his epoch had he had a good plain cook to save him from dyspepsia. "Madame," said Brillat Savarin to a hostess, "your cook resembles the Marchioness de Briuvilliers in everything save in motive."

This is the tenth annual Culinary Exhibition. Originally the show was very humble; to-day it is aided by the State, by the municipality, the syndicate of restaurateurs, whilst Madame Carnot and others of lesser note offer prizes. There is the head culinary college in the Rue Bonaparte, and there are branches in the suburbs, notably at St. Denis. The soul of the movement is Professor Charles Diesseus, who, in addition to practical knowledge, possesses the enthusiasm of a Zealot and the patience of a Benedictine. He is the right man in the right place to head the movement for educated cooks, or rather educated housewives. Twenty-two of his female pupils, aged from nine to twenty, competed before a crowd of spectators in the preparation of calf's liver, omelettes and fried potatoes—*à la Française*, of course. The pupils were in cook-toilette, and each had her own gas furnace. The Professor gave instructions as the cooking proceeded, solicited questions, pointed out faults and corrected them. The audience was allowed to taste the *plats*, freely expressed their opinions, and a jury of six leading restaurateurs named the prize winners.

Order, cleanliness and economy were strongly inculcated on the pupils, who when in the lecture-room act on Captain Cutler's advice, and make notes. The exhibition had, as usual, many prepared dishes, and art constructions in pastry and sugar work. Naturally the "Kremlin" served as a motif; there was a hare pie, where on the crust the head and ears and paws of the animal figured, while from the sides the heads of quail peered out. There is the model of a picnic, where sportsmen exist in the mind's eye, but the good things are ranged on the ground. The rewards comprise medals in gold, silver and bronze and diplomas of honour, while in a livre d'or is inscribed the names of the laureates and of the patrons of the schools; the latter include the Ministers of Commerce and of Public Instruction, Senator Jules Simon, etc.

Every ill that flesh is heir to will soon be baptized by the generic name of influenza, from sprained joints to toothache. A German professor is, it is said, well on in a treatise of six volumes on the reigning malady. Five of the leading Paris physicians have each given their prescription against the epidemic, and pronounce them to be "cures fit for a king." As for the names of the simples, some of them would crack the trumpet of fame itself. However, no remedy has so many partizans as a stiff tumbler of punch, a cosy fire and a warm bed; keeping the mind exempt from anxieties. One philosopher traces the influenza to a diminution of oxygen in the air. A balloon is to be sent up to test the point. Meantime, savant Jansen might tell us from his tower at Meudon if that physical misfortune be exact. The poetic astronomer, M. Flammarion, has been sounded to know if the "spots on the sun" were in any way connected with influenza. He scouted the idea. He affirmed *en passant* that the sun would continue to warm us during twenty millions of years—a mere flea-bite of time in point of astronomy.

Instead of the partizans of quarantine endeavouring, at the International Sanitary Congress of Venice, to choke British Commerce by stopping her ships from entering the Suez Canal, why not, a sensible American asked the other day, the advocates of quarantine try the preventive measures that have so well succeeded with England. The experiment would secure the thorough cleansing of European ports, those breeding grounds for all the bacilli, present and to come.

There is a medical authority in Paris who declares that it is possible for a man to live healthily on half a franc a day, provided he be a hydropath and a vegetarian; perhaps the day may come when man can be grazed out, like Nebuchadnezzar, plus free access to a running brook. At Lyons, the Prefect of the Department has inaugurated a "People's Tavern," where, for 95 centimes, the common purchase measure for articles in bazaars, the customer receives soup, bread, wine, meat (or fish, if he be engaged in brain work), vegetables, dessert, coffee and a *gloria*; that is, a thimbleful of cognac—Prussian potato whiskey. After that bill of fare, a prolétaire merits to be classed as a veritable bourgeois.

The very newest theory in circulation to account for the decadence of the French population is that by M. Vannacque, the official statistician, who attributes the excess of deaths over births to the influenza! But he does not show why, in the basin of the Garonne, where

the diminution of the population is greatest, the influenza rages less severely than in Brittany—the Irish region of France in point of family fecundity and chronic misery.

As usual, light comes from the north. A Russian, Duroff—but not from Batignolles—is making hats full of money by exhibiting his trained 230 rats, of all sizes, ages and colours. He has imported his pets from Moscow, though he fills up vacancies in his troupe from rats born where he may be exhibiting. He addresses them in Russian, and summons them to him by means of an enchanted flute or a Pandean pipe. And they promenade over his body, climb upon chairs and tables, play hide-and-go seek on the stage, and indulge in numerous acrobatic feats. On the summit of a pole is a huge, black cat that would make the mouth of the president of the "Consolidated Company for the Amelioration of Black Cats"—object, sable production—water; this licks the famous happy family. It only requires two hours to tame a rat, and eight days to train one. Duroff is also a successful trainer of wild boars, game cocks, etc.

The suicide of M. Choubersky attracts attention on account of his popularizing the Russian stove in France, and by which he made a fortune. Lord Randolph Churchill maintains, only the Russians know how to heat a house in winter. Domestic trouble led the deceased to blow his brains out, and his medical adviser carries the extracted and flattened bullet in his pocket-book. The Church buried him. Z.

THE HANDCOCK MURDER CASE.

THIS is the worst case that has happened in this century among an Anglo-Saxon race, of charging innocent parents with the awful crime of murdering their own child; especially having regard to the fact that after the second examination of the skull of the poor victim by really competent medical men—the prosecution, on the supposition of being gifted with average intelligence, ought to have known that the parents were innocent. If they were not convinced by such proof, then it is clear that they have mistaken their vocation.

It brings to mind the celebrated Cowper case in 1699, referred to by Macaulay, in Vol. V., of his "History of England." In that instance Cowper (an ancestor of the poet), who was a lawyer, had had occasion to call upon and pay to a Miss Stout a considerable sum of money, which he had collected on a mortgage due to her. She being in love with him (a passion not reciprocated), had pressed him to accept the hospitality of her parents; which he premeditatedly declined—staying elsewhere. The disconsolate young woman committed suicide that night. Opposite politicians, anxious to make political capital out of the affair, caused him to be arrested on a charge of murder—he having been the last person seen in her company. The charge was utterly preposterous, and was practically on the same mental plane, and with the same absence of evidence as that of the unfounded charge against Mr. and Mrs. Hancock. Of course Cowper was acquitted.

Hancock (a stranger to me) is a man of good character, of religious habits, and fond of his children—especially of his unfortunate child, Sophia. Being also a total abstainer, one fruitful cause of crime, was excluded from the enquiry. As he had donated a house to his daughter, he could not correctly be called a poor man. The detective also knew that the girl had been robbed of her purse and brooch, and that her handkerchief was missing, and that her habit was only to keep coppers in the till; also that her mother was absent from the house when the awful deed was done.

It appeared that the lives of the father, mother and daughter were insured in one of our Provident Societies, and with such institutions, in nineteen cases out of twenty, policies are made payable to the party who is to receive the sum specified to be paid. In the daughter's case it was the mother who was to receive the amount. But it will be news to tens of thousands of such insurers to learn that, according to Toronto officials, if a person so insuring dies by lawless violence, that that is sufficient evidence to warrant the arrest of the beneficiary for the awful crime of murder. Yet that actually happened in this case—the doubly outraged mother was arrested on a false charge of murder, and kept in prison for a week in the society of criminals, without the slightest shadow of any evidence against her. Had such an event happened in England, the whole country would have been roused, and justice would have been swiftly meted out to all offenders.

The unfortunate father was also arrested—the reasons for this appear to have been (1) that he had on discovering and lifting up his unfortunate daughter—then insensible—got some blood on his hands. (2) That, not dreaming of murder, he had made a foolish mistake as to the cause of the wounds, and that he stuck tenaciously to this unfounded belief—practically making the same sort of blunder as the coroner and the other doctor made at the post mortem examination; Hancock's theory being that they were made by a blow from the cellar trap-door, and that of the doctors that they were caused by a blow from an iron hammer, or some such article. (3) That, owning a grocery store elsewhere, he had, like the rest of the Toronto grocers at that period of financial stress, found it very difficult to collect debts due to him, and that in consequence he had murdered his favourite daughter in order to obtain a little ready money.

The theory formed by the prosecution—strengthened by the inefficient *post mortem* examination—was that the father had killed his daughter with the blow of a hammer, and a vain search was made for the imaginary lethal weapon. The real murderer—unless he had fled—doubtless did his best to strengthen these groundless suspicions against Hancock.

Up till then one can credit the fact that moderately gifted officials really believed that there was a slight case of suspicion against Hancock, but subsequent to the inquest, and after the second examination of the poor girl's skull by competent medical men, the case was altered. These skilled experts conclusively showed that she was killed by a pistol bullet, which had glanced off, leaving pieces of lead in the skull—and one of the experts searched for and found the spot where the bullet had struck. The detective—doubtless to prove the contrary—cut out the piece of wood where the bullet had struck and had it subjected to scientific examination, when it was proved that there was a trace of lead there also. Hancock never had a revolver and did not understand the use of fire-arms. These facts, combined with the other evidence, destroyed the case of the prosecution, and conclusively proved to unprejudiced people able to reason that the prisoner was innocent. As the judge pointed out, how was it possible that a blow from a hammer or other iron instrument could leave traces of lead upon the object struck? Sydney Smith's famous saying must be varied thus: it takes a surgical operation to get common-sense into some persons' skulls.

For nearly five months after he was thus proved to be innocent this outraged citizen was kept in prison to associate with criminals, bail being persistently refused—even when the prosecution in the absence of evidence declined to go to trial; and the exonerating fact of the lead on the woodwork was withheld from public knowledge, otherwise public opinion would, at the very least, have compelled his release on bail.

To speak plainly, it looks like this: that one or more persons connected with the prosecution then became aware that an awful blunder had been made, but had not sufficient moral courage to confess it. The poet who sarcastically wrote: "and wretches are hanged that jurymen may dine," might now write: "The innocent are outraged that the infallibility of officials may be maintained."

The fact of the prosecution still holding fast to their original blunder of the hammer theory, after the second examination, brings to mind the case of the ignorant coloured woman narrated by the greatest of American authors. She sets forth an argument under discussion, which the poor creature had not sufficient intelligence to understand or reason out; and she makes her wind up by dogmatically observing: "I am going to believe." But Canadians require a higher mental status than that in responsible and highly paid officials.

It is satisfactory that the judge did not stop the case when the prosecution had finished, because it allowed the overwhelming evidence of Hancock's innocence to be produced—otherwise the withheld evidence of the trace of lead on the woodwork, would not have been publicly produced. The jury of course did their plain duty.

Prosecuting counsel should make themselves acquainted with the manner in which counsel in England conduct prosecutions in difficult murder cases, and note their judicial style of dealing with such—presenting the facts impartially, and not imitating the style of an Indian stalking his foe.

My theory is this—that the deed was done by a neighbour who was known to and who knew something of the ways of the family; probably some one who desired (July) to go far away and needed funds. If he had been a stranger he would have fled when discovered on the wrong side of the counter. The evidence showed that a man could unperceived have got in by the cellar door. The murderer was secreted in the house—only premeditating robbery, and knew that the father (rather hard of hearing) was engaged in the garden, and he waited for his opportunity. When the girl went down into the cellar he came out from his hiding-place, and finding only coppers in the till, lost time by searching elsewhere, and she, returning quicker than anticipated and hearing sounds in the store, went there, and unfortunately for herself saw him on the wrong side of the counter. He being recognized knew that there would be trouble and fired, dragged her body so that no one coming into the store would see it, searched for and took her purse and also her brooch, and seeing the bullet on the floor put it into his pocket. Her handkerchief being missing shows that the murderer had some blood on him which he carefully wiped off. This strengthens the belief that he was a neighbour, for a tramp would be unlikely to stay a moment longer than he could help, or care so much about the blood. All the evidence points to the fact that he was an intelligent, quick, ready and prompt man, one used to handle firearms. A novice would probably have aimed at her body, but he pointed at her head, knowing that if not instantly fatal the wound would preclude the victim from speaking—whereas even a fatal wound in the body would probably have left her able to say a few words. The girl's brooch having been taken tends to show that the murderer had some female to whom he was attached. Had the father come in at the time he would also have been shot.

Probably it was some one who talked (July) of going a great journey and who needed funds. It seems likely, by his carefully picking up the bullet, that the pistol was one of unusual calibre, and one that would lead to his

guilt being traced—for at that awful and hurried moment he could not have thought that the medical men would make the blunder they did. He must have been certain that all would know that it was by a bullet. Are there any data to show whether covering any part of a revolver—say with the skirt of one's coat—will somewhat deaden the sound?

The Government should take some steps in the matter. Only last summer two policemen—one being an inspector—were proceeded against by the British Government for exceeding their duty. In other recent cases juries have awarded damages.

We must bear in mind that if Hancock had been a really poor man, and unable to go to great expense, innocent blood might have been shed a second time—for then there would not have been a second examination, and even if there had, the woodwork rebutting evidence would not have been forthcoming. Some of the points to be considered are:—

1. When very strong exonerating evidence comes to the knowledge of prosecuting officials in criminal cases, is it right to withhold it from the public?

2. Should they be allowed to arrest and keep in prison, upon such an awful charge, any person (in this instance the outraged mother), without a shadow of evidence in support of it?

3. Should officials be allowed to keep a man in prison for nearly five months, refusing bail, in the teeth of very strong evidence of his innocence?

4. Is any man who really believes that lead will come out of iron, a fit person to fill a responsible public situation?

FAIRPLAY RADICAL.

CLUBS FOR WORKING GIRLS, AND THE RESULTS OF SUCH.

A BOOK with the title, "Clubs for Working Girls," was published last year by Macmillan and Company, in London, written by the Hon. Maude Stanley. It is suggestive of the tragedies without end that a great city shouts down with its roar—those mistakes so fearfully punished, those struggles of good and evil, those lost chances; as when Tennyson says of the young daring fellow—a robber for once indeed, but with little or nothing base, and fitted in a less tragic world to be a blessing to himself and others:—

The king should have made him a soldier,
He would have been one of his best.

Those tragic lines might be taken as a motto for the fundamental reflections and suggestions in Miss Stanley's book concerning the other sex, with whom it is no less true that mirth means ruin; rather with women it is more true, at least as far as worldly consideration and position go.

And so, in the midst of such a population of working girls as live near the great business houses of Oxford Street and Regent Street—in the west end of London, be it remembered, often more wretched and neglected than the other quarter whose name has become a by-word—in the midst of all this young undisciplined life, generous enough often, weak enough perhaps more often, with frequent determination to be pure and honest, and with constant enticements to be just the opposite, there has been established the Soho Club for working girls, which is in connection with many other such institutions, both Catholic and Protestant, in various parts of London. These clubs are one of the many signs of how serious and unwearied are the efforts to prevent evil and to check it, even if the evil too is so tremendously strong. And the efforts made in any great city are an incitement to generous effort everywhere directly or indirectly; in no city are we without the evils; perhaps they are greater than we imagine, though not identical in one place with those in another; and even in smaller places or in the country (if freer from social dangers and evils) it is perhaps there above all that generous sympathy, and active sympathy, has to be called out for those whose difficulties seem in the time of youth especially almost insurmountable. And practically whatever be our theories, is there anything more ungenerous than the attitude of "civilized" society toward young fallen women, far more sinned against than sinning often, not sinned against so much by men indeed, as by their own natures, their mirthfulness, their *abandon*, their youthful longing for relief from monotony, their good looks, nay by their very spirit of devotion to others and their womanly self sacrifice?

This book is an unpretending account of what has been done by some who recognize this almost inevitable tragedy of many young lives if left without guidance, sympathy, and help; by some who are working in the spirit of that helper Maggie Tulliver looked for half blindly and could not find till too late. And Miss Stanley and her supporters are not only devoted and earnest, but seem also unaffected and sensible by their realizing what sort of a world this is they live in and what really are the natures of those around them; not like those good ladies who, to the present Bishop of Chester, not long ago remarked that they did not approve of these young women of the lower classes dancing; since needle-work or basket-making would be much more suitable and profitable in their clubs. The Bishop thought it would be well if the upper class young ladies would set the example among themselves, if indeed, he said, girls' physical bounding health can be satisfied by the recreations proposed. In the Soho Club and the others dancing is allowed, and with apparently good results; and

we are, in this book, reading the words of no unpractical enthusiast for the idea of human nature being all good. As with dancing, so with other freer amusements, it is found that prevention is better than repression, and that by this judicious freedom there are enlisted on the side of good and wise life all the instincts for self-respect, and self-preservation; and gradually ties are formed with those who gratify the instincts for good, and interests are aroused in innocent pleasures, and in occupations tending to their own good and to the good of others.

This last above all. That is the grand result of such work on all the workers. And the authoress modestly but frankly appeals to the experience of all whether indeed this going out of the nature towards others in sympathy and infinite forms of mutual help is not the true way of salvation. It lies in everyone's way to prove that trust of true texts, "He that loseth his life shall save it." If only some bit of human feeling could find practical expression in every daily walk, what a tonic the now wearying "constitutional" would be; for every one of us would find we were taking the best tonic, happiness; of course we are cynics in theory often; we are irritated, and really full of envy, hatred and malice often, too; but our cynical theories and our blue devils alike vanish when some one depends on us; who will refuse to help a blind man across the street, to show a lost child its way, to answer a civil request? And more than that, who is not made really happier by a moment's kindly interchange of courtesy with even a stranger—alas! that our British want of courtesy saves us from knowing those moments of kindly happiness, of more effect than we imagine on digestion, on family jars, on health and clearness of mind and soul. With all our silliness and hypocrisy, and infinite self-deception, few of us are at bottom brothers of *The Spanish Cloister* or Holy Willie's.

Another result of these clubs for developing human interests and saving lives is the putting off of marriages. The authoress of this book means that quite seriously. Far from some gaiety and amusement urging the young girls to marry very young, their more truly happy lives, their varied interests, their knowledge of better companions, and through the better girls their knowledge of more honest men—all those causes and others prevent wild and thoughtless marriages, as much as they prevent easy seductions. And that is a great gain in the "lower classes." It is preventing poverty and large families going together; and preventing in a right way.

For the rich and the well-to-do have a natural but brutal way of condemning the poor for breeding too fast; just as we condemn the poor and the wretched for drinking more than many of their better-off fellow-creatures. They breed and they get drunk because they have had no discipline, no guidance, because they had and have no hope. Just as the too frequent early engagements in this country might be compared with such early marriages, and might both be set down to "Satan finds mischief still, etc." Only, among the ordinary fairly comfortable classes with us the evil is lessened by the hopes for the future; and also indeed by the extraordinary facility with which our engagements can be made and broken; if that be a sign of advanced civilization, we are probably the most civilized and the coolest-blooded people in the world, here in North America.

Work, and work for others, with all the infinite interest that that means—since it involves intercourse of our human being with his or her fellows—there is no use writing about such things; but practice teaches every minute we live that it is the way to make ourselves wiser, better and happier, and the way to lay in the best insurance against the changes and chances of this mortal life. Such a book as the above-mentioned shows us once again how ennui may be killed at the root, and how in its stead may be planted the tree of interest in life, whose growth is not dependent altogether on even the severest trials that may be awaiting us, nor on anything external; and which grows within us as something ineradicable, as long as we ourselves are alive. W. F. STOCKLEY.

Fredericton, N.B.

THE RAMBLER.

I WAS delighted to find that in the February *Popular Science Monthly* there is a short pithy paper advocating the Homely Gymnastics in connection with house-work and cooking as in contrast to the fads of Delsarte and so-called Physical Culture. One likes—being but human—to find oneself corroborated by a good authority. The reaction is bound to come, has in fact already arrived. Who are the women who practise Delsarte? Those who have nothing to do with their time; very likely the rich young, not yet *fiancée* and bored by the enforced absence from tennis, lawn or court, and very positively the rich married who have no children. The latter must dabble in something—thank Heaven it is not often literature—and so when dogs and dinner decorations pall Delsarte arrives to promote digestion. What has the Higher Education done for us, if this be all? But have you heard that a man's class has recently been formed, to include only bank clerks, brokers and curates? Oh! yes, and already the results are being watched in society. The curates are specially fitted to become good Delsartians, while the ten-inch collar of the bank clerk is relegated forever, exchanged for a limp jabot of whitest lawn. There is a rugged sturdiness about the broker however that renders him a difficult pupil; there are hopes that he may eventually over-

come his stiffness and learn to use those neglected muscles which give so much pain to the Delsarte instructor, but at present the outlook is gloomy.

The New York papers in characterizing Professor Goldwin Smith, speak of him as possessing a "broad accent" and of displaying "unlike the majority of Englishmen, a keen appreciation of humour." These perfectly imbecile remarks would not be worth noticing did they not serve to show how much obstinate shortsightedness still survives in the United States with regard to things English. Either some stupid speech of the kind I have quoted or a desperate degree of Anglomania seems to distinguish the daily press—there is no happy medium.

If the literary and journalistic activities of Toronto were focussed in one place and under one reliable head there might be some prospect of a new paper or magazine which would weather the shocks of time. How pathetic it is to see the announcement of a "new Canadian journal"! I have assisted at the christenings of a larger number than I care to look back upon. I have climbed dark dull stairs in search of the office, and found the young and curly-haired editor absorbed in contemplation of the title page with elegant coloured frontispiece and a brimming list of contributors "culled from the best talent in the Dominion." I have taken the wrong turning and found myself face to face with the "plant," presided over by a foreman of sad experience who knows the end thereof, but maintains on the whole that air of wise decorum which nearly all foremen possess. Being escorted gallantly back to the office, the young and curly-headed editor has jumped up in shyness and consternation and attempted to look business-like by rummaging through the exchanges on the table, and clearing off two ink-bottles, three mucilage-pots, an old hat and an enormous pair of shears from the one available chair. When we came to "business," however, there was very little to say, and so I departed. Alas—the magazine never appeared. The editor fled—the elegant frontispiece never saw the light—and the "plant" (which belonged to the *Grocer's Bulletin*) and the wise foreman went back from whence they came—three doors down, second floor up.

Or—I have answered magnificent high-sounding, confident, type-written letters, emanating from a company desirous of founding a really national magazine, something genuine and splendid, no mistake about this, anyhow. So I reply in a grateful key asking them what they will take, and they say—they wouldn't mind a Serial, and so I send them my very best Serial, on a Canadian subject of course—and then I wait a long, long time and hear nothing more. In six months or so back comes the Serial, smelling strongly of smoke. And no wonder—for the magazine itself has gone up in smoke, and the splendid promises are *nil*. Or—there is the modest friend who aims at starting a little weekly of his own, and so gains your ear and gets you to assist him by writing about five hundred letters—very weak of you, of course—to the *literati*, and so forth, announcing the prospect and asking for assistance. After you have done this and so committed yourself to the inauguration of the paper, it transpires somehow that the modest friend has no capital. In this connection I must state that I have never heard anything more from the promoters of that *Colonial Magazine* who issued such a delightful programme a few months ago. Here is a case in point. It seemed to promise so well, too, and was so sanguinely worded—the circular I allude to.

The meagre cablegrams sent out of London doings reveal no more than the outside of things. No case of late years has attracted more attention than the Osborne-Hargreaves trial which ended so peculiarly. The *Times* in an editorial sees fit to preach a sermon upon the foolish extravagance of the age, showing that Mrs. Osborne is very likely no worse than a thousand other women of her class. One remembers poor little Becky Sharp dilating upon the chances of her being an honest woman if she had had five thousand a year. Indeed the temptations that assail fashionable men and women are so very great that the wonder is such cases are the exception rather than the rule. The multiplication of fashion journals and fashion columns has a great deal to do with the insane emulations which destroy the female soul.

What is the motive which can thus transform the ordinary young lady of society into a daring and unscrupulous adventuress? So far as appears at present, there is none in any degree adequate to explain the puzzle. It does not appear that she was in any desperate pecuniary straits. Debts she may have had, but she was not without resources, and still less was she without friends who on the eve of her marriage would certainly have given her a clear start. Even overwhelming debt would not account for the phenomena, since mere extravagance does not count as a mortal sin in the feminine code.

Mr. Andrew Lang's literary dialogues in *Longman's* are the best things he has done for some time. The charge of writing to order is one too easily made. However, Mr. Lang has a whole month in which to make ready this new feature of the day, whatever hurry he may be in with regard to other matters. He is at all events one of the genuine critics of the time. I cannot recall one mistake he has ever made either touching old authors or new. He has plenty of reverence, some enthusiasm, and a great deal of breadth. In this symposium are associated Jane

Austen, Mr. Sterne, Dr. Johnson, Scott, Hannah More, and Cervantes. We have had this kind of thing before; it is not absolutely new, but it is difficult to do well, and only an expert ever succeeds in it.

GENERAL MONTCALM ON HORSE FLESH.

A GRAPHIC and novel portraiture of Montcalm and Levis* is revealed in their correspondence, just published by that industrious searcher of the past, Abbé H. R. Casgrain, F.R.S.C. These hitherto unpublished letters exchanged between the two Generals, during the last lustre of the French regime in Canada, entirely corroborate and complete the spicy narrative of the unknown hand who wrote the "Mémoires sur les Affaires du Canada," 1749-60—one of the publications of the Literary and Historical Society of Quebec.

The scarcity of food noticeable in 1755—through war, bad harvests and plundering public officials—ended in a famine in 1757-8. The Commissary Doreil wrote on the 28th February, 1758: "The people are dying of hunger. The refugees from Acadia, for the last four months, live on horse flesh and dry cod fish, without bread; more than three hundred of them have died. Horse flesh is quoted at six *sols* per lb. . . . Half a pound of bread is the daily ration of the soldier; his weekly ration consists of three lbs. of beef—3 lbs. of horse flesh—two lbs. of peas and three lbs. of codfish. Since 1st April, the famine being on the increase, the people are restricted to two oz. of bread . . ." Dussieux adds that during this time, the *carnaval*, until Ash-Wednesday, was taken up at the Intendant Bigot's with gambling at a fearful rate "un jeu à faire trembler les plus déterminés joueurs," Bigot losing at cards more than 200,000 livres.

There is, among others, a characteristic letter, written from Quebec, on December 4th, 1757, by the lively Marquis of Montcalm to his second in command at Montreal, Brigadier-General Levis. The following is a short excerpt: The General, whilst directing his able lieutenant at Montreal to stop the beef rations for the troops and to substitute in lieu, horse flesh, jocularly enumerates the various dishes which a horse flesh *menu* can supply, and adds: "At my table horse flesh is served in every possible form, except in soup." The bill of fare reads quite artistic in French:—

Petits pâtés de cheval à l'Espagnole.
Cheval à la mode.
Escalopes de cheval.
Filets de cheval à la broche avec une poivarde bien liée.
Semelles de cheval au gratin.
Langues de cheval en miroton.
Frigousse de cheval.
Langue de cheval boucanée, meilleure que celle d'Original.
Gâteau de cheval comme les gâteaux de lievres.

Montcalm adds that this noble animal (the horse) is far superior (cooked) to elk, caribou or beaver.

There was some grumbling, and there might well be, among the troops and the people when it was attempted to impose horse flesh for nourishment. The reduction in the quantity of food had, the month previous, caused disorder. The soldiers, billeted on the town folks for want of barracks, had been spurred on by the citizens; the colonial corps, less broken to discipline than the regulars, refused to take their rations, in Montreal.

In the absence of de Vaudreuil, then in Quebec, Levis held the supreme command in Montreal. He overcame this first outbreak by firmness combined with tact. His explanations were so persuasive that the soldiers even cheered him.

On de Vaudreuil's return it was the people who rose in rebellion on finding the daily quarter of a pound of bread replaced by horse flesh. The women crowded round the Governor's palace and demanded an interview. He admitted four within, demanding what they wanted. They replied "that the horse was the friend of man—that religion protected his days—that they preferred to die rather than feed on his flesh."

De Vaudreuil cut short the interview saying, "That should any of them again cause trouble, he would cast them into prison and hang half of them." He then told them to go to the slaughter house and ascertain for themselves that the horses killed were in the same good condition as the oxen slaughtered.

This failed to satisfy them; they returned home uttering seditious remarks. The mob held that the Commissary, Cadet, gathered up all the broken down horses in the country to have them converted into food, so much so that a used-up *plug* was named a Cadet. This, however, did not prevent the army from grumbling.

An instance is mentioned of four troopers of the *Beaune* Regiment having brought to the Chevalier de Levis a mess of horse flesh, cooked in their style; Levis made the soldiers breakfast with him on a dish prepared by his own *cuisinier*, and they declared their own preferable. He then handed them four *livres*, for them and their comrades to drink his health.

Then follows, in this curious series of letters, the recipe given by the Regiment *La Reine* for making soup—by combining horse flesh with beef; the boiled beef to be eaten in the morning and the horse flesh to be made in a *fricassée* for the evening meal.

Reserving for another article glimpses of Montcalm's every day life in that boodling era, as disclosed in his

* "Guerre du Canada," 1756-1760. "Montcalm et Levis," par l'Abbé H. R. Casgrain. Quebec: L. J. Demers and Frère. 1891.

letters, now for the first time brought to light, and in which the charming goddesses he worshipped in Parloir Street, Quebec, will be introduced, I shall close these cursory notes of the learned Abbé's volumes by dwelling on the more varied style of *menu*, which war in modern times has supplied to starved cities and garrisons. Bismarck's white cuirassiers, in 1870, had reduced the cultured Parisians to live on horse flesh—when an inventive *maitre d'hotel*, possibly, recommended as a side dish—the “white black and red” rats of the *égouts*. The Parisian gourmets, if reduced as to their *carte de cuisine*, had, however, a delightful poet to sing the praise of their new esculents and to promise them, in 1870—the *revanche* which, however, is to begin next spring only. Hark! to the cheering lines of Theophile de Banville, now recently deceased:—

Dans un coin reculé du parc,
Les rats assis sur leur derrière
Regardent monsieur de Bismarck
Sous les ombrages de Ferrières.

Les yeux enflammés de courroux
Et lui tirant leur langues roses,
Les petits rats blancs, noirs et roux,
Lui murmurent en cœur ces choses :

“Cuirassier blanc, qui te poussait
A vouloir cette guerre étrange?
Ah! meurtrisseur de rois, c'est
A cause de toi qu'on nous mange?”

Mais ce crime tu le paieras,
Et puisque c'est toi qui nous tues,
Nous irons, nous, les petits rats,
En Prusse, de nos dents pointues.

Manger les charpentes des tours,
Et les portes des citadelles,
Plus affamés que les vautours
Qui font dans l'air un grand bruit d'ailes.

Tu nous entendras dans le mur
De ton grenier, où l'ombre est noire,
Tout l'hiver manger ton bled noir,
Avant de grignoter l'armoïre.

Puis, nous rongerons l'écrêteau
Qui sacre un nouveau Charlemagne,
Et même le rouge manteau
De ton empereur d'Allemagne,” etc.

J. M. LEMOINE.

Quebec, January 28, 1892.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

THE GRAND.

“BLUE JEANS,” a thoroughly sensational comedy-drama by Joseph Arthur, which has enjoyed a long run and a really phenomenal success in New York city, has been delighting large audiences at the Grand this week. A realistic scene is presented when the rustic in the play, being filled with jealousy, attempts to murder his rival in the mill; a couple of circular saws are being fed with lumber just as in a real mill. During a quarrel the rival is laid across the feeder by a blow, his assailant instantly flies to the lever with the intention of carrying the senseless body to the teeth of the flying saw, but the heroine of the play opportunely bursts open the door where she is barred in and flies to the rescue of her husband, dragging his form out of the most imminent danger. The climax of the piece is here reached, the audience being worked up to an intense tension. Miss Burt as the heroine showed great intelligence in her acting, and filled to satisfaction a very trying rôle. A feature worth noticing was the old style village brass band, with the *grandioso*, drum major, which caused great hilarity.

Monday, Feb. 1st, for three nights, Gus Williams, ever welcome to Toronto, will appear with his fine company. The last three nights and Saturday matinee Charles Frohman's company from the 23rd Street Theatre, New York, in the sparkling comedy-drama entitled “Jane,” will appear at this theatre. This play has the credit of endangering the breaking of ribs, the laughter being said to be side-splitting.

THE ACADEMY.

“NIOBE,” the successful comedy by the Paulton brothers, which proved its great drawing powers a few weeks ago at the Academy, is to make a return visit next week, beginning Monday, Feb. 1, at the same house. This is a comedy of the “Galatea” order, but abounding in genuine fun and comical situations.

TORONTO LACROSSE CLUB.

The Toronto Lacrosse Club have secured the patronage of the Lieut.-Governor, Miss Marjorie Campbell, and Colonel and Mrs. Otter for their musical performance at the Academy on Feb. 5th and 6th, when these scions of athleticism will entertain their hosts of friends and admirers, especially amongst the fair sex, with a well-rehearsed and refined “Nigger Show.”

ADELINA PATTI.

LA DIVA PATTI, the poetical princess of modern *prime donne*, has once more warbled, delighted and vanished from the scene of her conquest. The Pavilion was crowded with the *élite* of Toronto, whose demonstrations of enthusiasm must have impressed the charming songstress as to Toronto's appreciative musical powers. Her assisting artists were Miss Fabbri, well known in European operatic circles, who, while not presenting the same ideal contralto as Scalchi has given us, possesses a magnificent voice, under great command, as evinced in the selection from “Gioconda,” and later on in the solo and duett with

Patti from “Semiramide”; her powerful voice and freedom of execution being marked. Signor Novara was most impressive in the duett from “Semiramide” with Miss Fabbri. The French tenor, Guille, whose high chest C (*ut depoitrine*) in the solo from “William Tell,” was repeated with still better effect in an encore, “Di quella pira,” from “Trovatore”; he also sustained the trying tenor part in the trio from “William Tell” with Signori Novara and Del Puente, magnificently, causing a genuine encore. Del Puente sang his “Torreador” song in excellent style, albeit that it lacked much of his old-time *verve*. Patti, who retains at times her pristine tones of twenty years ago as brilliant as the diamonds that bespangled her throat, received an ovation. In her selection from “Lucia di Lammermoor,” she introduced some marvellous chromatic scale passages, the perfection of clearness in execution. The resonance and purity of her voice are marvellous still. As encores, she gave “The Last Rose of Summer” and “Home Sweet Home,” in her own inimitable style. “Bel raggio” and the duett “Serbami Ognor,” from “Semiramide,” only served to emphasize La Diva's undisputed supremacy in the vocal constellation of artists; the duett especially serving to weave a charm difficult to obliterate. The orchestra, under the veteran Arditi, did some very fine work; suffering, however, from the absence of the necessary stringed instruments, especially in the overtures. Tuesday night last deserves a musical red letter mark in the city's history.

PADEREWSKI.

THIS prince of pianists, whose splendid performances have captured his critics in all places where he has been heard and seen (for he is picturesque and naively modest at one and the same time), is to delight Toronto's *dilettanti* on Friday, Feb. 12th, in the Pavilion. The plan is at the music store of Suckling and Sons, Yonge Street.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

BACK TO LIFE. By T. W. Speight. Price 30 cents. New York: John A. Taylor; Toronto: P. C. Allen. 1891.

There are a good many sensational incidents in this story, and the interest of the plot is not badly sustained. We do not think, however, that we can give it a high place among the works of fiction of the day, even although the level is lower than it used to be.

LIGHT O' LOVE. By Clara D. Maclean. Price 75 cents. New York: Worthington; Toronto: P. C. Allen. 1891.

A very pretty addition to the admirably printed and illustrated International Library. So much may be said as to the appearance of this book. The author seems to be an American, and the scene is laid in the States. One thing will rejoice many readers, that everything or almost everything comes right in the end, and the obstacles to this consummation are not of a too harrowing kind. The book is not badly written and it is interesting.

CHATS WITH GIRLS ON SELF-CULTURE. By Eliza Chester. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company; Toronto: Hart and Company.

This is one of the Portia Series of books for young women, and its value cannot be overestimated. Without pedantry or fussiness, the author displays sound literary gifts and a thorough understanding of the needs pressing upon the educated girls of to-day, hampered as much, it may be, by their advantages as their grandmothers were by the lack of them. To define and depict the true culture, to point out what is genuine and what superfluous, to suggest a fine train of thought and to open up new vistas for aspiring and thoughtful women, has been throughout the aim of the highly intelligent author. It is a really useful book.

HOUSE AND HEARTH. By Harriet Prescott Spofford. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company; Toronto: Hart and Company.

We have here twenty-three little essays upon interesting domestic topics, which cannot fail to make a healthy and pleasurable impression upon scores of married—and unmarried—minds. Whether the continuity and consistency of the holy state of matrimony is really aided by the multiplication of such volumes is a subject upon which we do not wish to enter. The people who need to read such books are the last perhaps to encounter them. Certainly all should be the wiser for reading Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford's sensible and sympathetic pages, in which our domestic duties, burdens and responsibilities are so faithfully sketched. Perhaps the “brightest” of these chapters, to borrow a much-used American adjective, is that which takes up the question of woman's fitness for intellectual work and proves that the longevity at least of the sex is no way threatened by literary and artistic pursuits.

A ROSE OF A HUNDRED LEAVES. By Amelia E. Barr. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company; Toronto: Hart and Company.

If Mrs. Barr's stories were all as charming as this one, or half as much so even, we should be inclined to chronicle

her efforts as among the best in contemporaneous fiction. Sometimes, however, there is a heaviness which detracts from the charm of her historical writings, but which is, happily, entirely and most conspicuously absent from this little love-tale. The strong English local colour, with its simplicity, its provincial idiom, its whole unusual fascination must show us very plainly how much material there is still—and will ever be—in that wonderful though small island bearing the name of Britain. The conclusion is the only unsatisfactory part of the story; Aspatria seems altogether too genuine and lofty a heroine for the laggard in love, whom she ultimately marries. “A Rose of a Hundred Leaves” will certainly prove an excellent antidote for Mrs. Barr's previous novel, “Friend Olivia.” The cover is, we must not forget to say, one of the prettiest of this season, while the illustrations are finely executed.

ELTON HAZELWOOD. A Memoir. By Frederick George Scott. New York: Thomas Whitaker, Bible House.

The name of Frederick George Scott is, we presume, familiar to many of our readers. While Mr. Scott's record is already a very good one, we are glad of the opportunity to welcome the present volume, which is an essay in fiction, we take it, of a somewhat didactic style. The story is laid in London and near it, and we are shown the very remarkable personality of a richly-gifted artist nature struggling with the great truths of religion and morality, very morbid, introspective and altogether highly coloured. Some of the reflections with which, by-the-by, the story is perhaps too lavishly strewn, appear to us as if the author were but imperfectly acquainted with the stage and its followers. Hazelwood so contrives to belittle the profession which he has chosen and to contrast it with the Church that one fancies his was an unstable nature after all, and that whatever he might have followed, still would he have been unsatisfied. But there is no denying the charm of the author's style; it is likely that Hawthorne's introspective tales have not been without their influence on Mr. Scott, already known as a poet. We can heartily congratulate our whilom contributor on his latest success.

PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT AND EXERCISE FOR WOMEN. By Mary Taylor Bissell, M.D. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company; Toronto: Hart and Company.

Another number of this excellent series—the Portia—in which the interesting questions of Dress, the Corset, Exercise, the Influence of School, of Society, of Environment generally, are debated at length and, on the whole, with remarkable ability. The subject of Dress Reform is one so mysterious to the ordinary reviewer that we think it calls for an experienced specialist to treat it adequately. The old question of Shoulders versus Waist, or Braces against Belts, appears to be as incapable now of honest settlement as when it originally came up, and when was that? Perhaps in every age there may have been a crusade against woman's dress. There surely must have been one in the Tudor period. There was one, we know, in the days of Queen Anne. A curious point raised by no authority that we remember is, that whereas men, when aiming at the most comfortable and healthful style of costume and one pre-eminently suited to athletics of all kinds, uniformly discard the braces for the belt. Tight lacing is, of course, injurious, but loose lacing is a very different thing, and Dr. Mary Taylor Bissell would be the last person, we are convinced, to recommend to her sister women any course which would result in a sloppy, floppy, fad-ridden order of beings.

The book contains some highly interesting illustrations and diagrams, and is charmingly printed and bound.

THE DIVINE ENTERPRISE OF MISSIONS. By Arthur T. Pierson. Price \$1.25. New York: The Baker and Taylor Company. 1891.

This work, as the title-page informs us, consists of a series of Lectures delivered at New Brunswick, New Jersey, before the Theological Seminary of the Reformed Church in America, upon the “Graves” Foundation in the months of January and February, 1891.

The book is one of considerable value in various respects. It will serve to stimulate an interest in the great subject of which it treats, and it places the subject in its right light, and enforces the duty of missions by the proper arguments. It is not, in any sense, a history of missions, although many interesting illustrations are given from the mission field. In the preparation of these lectures, the author remarks, two paths lay open before the lecturer. He might, acting as an annalist, trace that march of missions, which is the marvel, if not the miracle, of this modern age; or, like the historian, he might seek to examine into those fundamental laws and philosophical principles which are the keys of history. The author has chosen the latter course, selecting as his theme, the Divine Enterprise of Missions; and, as he says, modestly attempts a Philosophy of History, dealing with the “Theocracy” rather than the “Kingdom.”

Beginning with the “Divine Thought of Missions” the Lecturer quotes seven leading passages from the Gospels in which the commission of Christ to His apostles, to evangelize the world, is set forth; and the meaning of this commission is ably expounded. In the second he sets forth the Divine Plan of Missions; remarking that the Plan of God is akin to His thought, although not identical with it; differing from it, he remarks, as the draught of a cathedral

differs from the conception of it. The third Lecture, on the Divine Work of Missions, brings out the idea that mission work is not only toil for God, but toil with God. It is an admirable lecture. The subjects of the remaining lectures are the Divine Spirit of Missions, the Divine Force of Missions, the Divine Fruit of Missions, and the Divine Challenge of Missions. It is a most excellent and useful contribution to the subject. There is a good Index, but it would be all the better for a Table of Contents and an analysis of each lecture.

THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND IN NOVA SCOTIA AND THE TORY CLERGY OF THE REVOLUTION. By Arthur Wentworth Eaton, B.A., Presbyter of the Diocese of New York. New York: Thomas Whittaker. 1891.

Mr. Eaton has had the happiness to strike a somewhat unexplored vein of history, and has made a most valuable and interesting contribution to the history of the Dominion. A native of the province and a priest of the Church of England, and with access to sources of information not generally known, he has had singular advantages in writing on the above subject. He has not confined himself to educational affairs, and his book is as much a history of the province as it is of the church. The first chapter, which deals with the Annapolis Garrison, gives an interesting sketch of the various occupations, French and English, from 1604 till 1713, when Acadia was finally ceded to the British Crown. He mentions the fact, not generally known, that Port Royal, afterwards called Annapolis, and founded in 1605, "is, save St. Augustine, in Florida, the oldest European settlement on the American Continent."

The two most important events in Nova Scotian annals were the settlement of Halifax in 1749, under Lord Cornwallis, and the influx of the Loyalists, 1776-1783. Mr. Eaton gives full particulars of them, especially their influence on the church; and its rise and progress are faithfully portrayed. Incidentally we have sketches of leading clergy and laity, notably of the first Colonial Bishop, Charles Inglis, D.D., a noted Loyalist, who was rector of Trinity Church, New York, and who took a prominent part in that city during the stirring times of the Revolution.

Mr. Eaton is an ardent lover of his native Province, as well as a zealous clergyman of the church, and is evidently in love with his subject. We have only space for a short quotation: "There is, as has been said, a rare charm about the Nova Scotia scenery. It is true it has none of that semi-tropical luxuriance which makes the southern landscape, with its spreading palms, drooping cypresses and rich odour-breathing magnolias, so attractive to the student of southern pioneer history; but there is a charm of outline, a visible grace in the landscape of Nova Scotia, a clearness in the skies, a vivid beauty in the fruits, and a brilliancy in the wild flowers that in abundance come to bloom, that compensate for the lack of southern profusion." This work is accurate, full of interesting details and charmingly written, and will interest all who desire to know the history of the early days of the church, and of the country in which it was planted and has taken root.

DR. W. H. WARD treats clearly and ably on "The Biblical Conditions of Salvation" in the *Andover Review* for December. Morrison I. Swift makes a trenchant attack on the drones of capital under the caption of "The Halo of Industrial Idleness." "Three critics—Howells, Moore and Wilde," is a sprightly and incisive review article by Professor R. George Carpenter. Other able articles, editorials and useful information complete the number.

F. MARION CRAWFORD begins his bright new Italian story, "Don Orsino," in *Macmillan's Magazine* for January. H. Clarence Bourne has a philanthropic article on "Hungry Children." The fine old Englishman and poet, "Andrew Marvel," is presented to the readers in an appreciative article. Professor Rhys contributes a sweet poem on "A London Rose," and C. F. Keary a moving story of the French revolutionary times, entitled "The Four Students."

AN interesting story of Dutch colouring by Maarten Maartens, entitled "God's Fool," opens *Temple Bar* for January. An appreciative poem on that charming writer, "Richard Jefferies," is from the pen of Mary Geoghegan. The article on "The Wedded Poets," by Mrs. Andrew Cross, and "Amiel's Journal" will find many readers. William M. Hardinge begins a story called "Matthew." "Mirabeau" is a brightly-written historical sketch of that brilliant yet infamous Frenchman, and the contribution on the famous soldier, "Charles James Napier," is all too short.

A VERY serious note of warning is given by the writer of the opening article in *Blackwood's Magazine* for December, on "The Russians on the Pamirs." A strongly written character story is that of J. M. Scott-Moncrieff, entitled "Pearlin' Jean." A most timely and graphic article is that of Walter B. Harrison, "The Scene of the Riots in China: Twelve Hundred Miles on the Yiang-tze-Kiang." The serial story, "The Chronicles of Westery," is well sustained. Professor Blackie in "Lord Lynedoch: A Historical Ballad" proves that his poetic hand has by no means lost its cunning. The January number opens with a by no means pessimistic article on "Fifty Years of Conservative Influence, 1842-1892." Sir Herbert Maxwell, Bart., M.P., contributes an agreeable, philosophical article on "Pleasure," which he defines to be

"not a thing, but a sensation caused by the fitting together of desire and accomplishment." More than musicians will be interested in the able article by Frederick J. Crowest, entitled "An Estimate of Mozart." Those interested in travel will be pleased with "The Sketches From Eastern Travel." Sportsmen will not pass by a contribution of "A Son of the Marshes." "On Fowling and Wild Fowling," cricketers will find "Cricket and Cricketers" very good reading, as will politicians "A Chapter of Reminiscences" on "Lord Roseberry's Pitt."

LITERARY AND PERSONAL GOSSIP.

MRS. BURTON HARRISON, the author of "The Anglo-maniacs," has written a story, "Monsieur Alcibiade," for the February *Century*.

THE many friends of Sir Daniel Wilson, the venerable President of University College, will be pleased to learn that he is now in a fair way to convalescence.

THOMAS WHITTAKER has just ready a second edition of St. Clair's "Buried Cities and Bible Countries," the work on Palestine exploration that was well received last fall.

THE next volume in the new series of political biographies, "The Queen's Prime Ministers," will be a life of the Marquis of Salisbury, by H. D. Traill. It will be published immediately by Harper and Brothers.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON'S serial, "The Wrecker," now running in *Scribner's*, is one of his longest romances. It will run through twelve numbers, each containing a long instalment of increasing interest, and will end in the issue for July, 1892.

IN the February *New England Magazine* Walter Blackburn Harte writes a thoughtful estimate of Walt Whitman's genius, in which he avoids the extremes of adulation and depreciation, into which most critics of Whitman have fallen.

THE members of the Japanese Club in New York City issue a Japanese newspaper. It is printed on a hektograph, and only a small number of copies are made. It is intended chiefly for the information of their friends at home.—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

ONE of the next great features of the *Century Magazine* will be a new, thorough, scholarly and yet popular life of Napoleon I., by a distinguished American student and professor of history. The life will be illustrated in the *Century's* most complete and artistic manner.

RUDYARD KIPLING was married on Monday of last week to Miss Balestier, sister of his friend and collaborator, the young American novelist, Wolcott Balestier, who died recently at Dresden of typhoid fever. The wedding took place in All Souls' Church, Portland Place, London.

IT was supposed that only two copies of Matthew Arnold's prize poem, "Alaric," were in existence, but a third has come to light. The owner recently said that when he was a small boy at Rugby he heard Arnold recite the poem, "rapturously admired it," and bought then and there a copy, which he still possesses.

THE production by Henry Irving in the London Lyceum Theatre of "King Henry VIII." has been the means of exhausting the edition of this play issued in Cassell and Company's "National Library." On the authority of Frederick Hawkins, Irving's revival of "Faust" several years ago created in England a sale of over 100,000 copies of Goethe's masterpiece.

THE success of Mr. Griffith's translation of the Abbé Fouard's "Life of Jesus," on this side of the Atlantic, has encouraged the translator to undertake another volume of the author's series on the origins of the Church. "St. Peter and the First Years of Christianity" is in the printer's hands and will be published shortly by Longmans, Green and Company.

THE son of Dickens who was named after Tennyson has been lecturing in Australia on the life of his father. He was the first of the sons to emigrate, being two or three years in Australia before his younger brother, E. B. L. Dickens, Member of Parliament for Wilcannia, joined him. They entered into partnership, and are said to have done well as stock and station agents.

MISS MADGE ROBERTSON, a graduate of Toronto University, and a bright, clever writer, has been appointed editor of the *Ladies' Pictorial Weekly*, a position she is well fitted to fill. Miss Robertson is already known as a contributor to the *Globe* and other journals, and it is safe to say that in her new sphere of labour she will soon win a wider recognition of her literary ability.

DICKENS had a whimsical dislike to being called "Grandfather," and to being "regarded in that light." In a letter to Mrs. Milner Gibson, now in the Victorian Exhibition, he says: "I can never imagine myself grandfather of four. That objectionable relationship is never permitted in my presence. I make the mites suppose that my lawful name is 'Wenerables,' which they piously believe."—*New York Tribune*.

JEAN LOUIS ARMAND QUATREFAGES DE BRÉAU, one of the most illustrious members of the French Institute, died January 12 from influenza. He was born in 1810, and graduated at Strasburg as Doctor of Medicine and Doctor of Sciences. In 1830 he published "Sur les Aérolithes," a work which made him famous. Since 1855 he has been Professor of Anthropology and Ethnology at the Museum of Natural History at Paris.

IT seems to be the frequent penalty of genius that it is denied the privilege of perpetuating its name and kind beyond a few generations at most. Thus it is said that there is not now a single descendant in the male line from Chaucer, Shakespeare, Spenser, Milton, Cowley, Butler, Dryden, Pope, Cowper, Goldsmith, Byron or Moore; not one of Sir Phillip Sidney, nor of Sir Walter Raleigh; not one of Drake, Cromwell, Hampden, Monk, Marlborough, Petersborough or Nelson; not one of Bolingbroke, Walpole, Chatham, Pitt, Fox, Burke, Grattan or Channing; not one of Bacon, Locke, Newton or Davy; not one of Hume, Gibbon or Macaulay; not one of Hogarth, Sir Joshua Reynolds or Sir Thomas Lawrence; and not one of David Garrick, John Kemble or Edmund Kean.

A CHARMING little anecdote of Browning's courtesy is told in *Temple Bar*. On one occasion Mr. Browning's son had hired a room in a neighbouring house in which to exhibit his pictures, and during the temporary absence of the artist, Mr. Browning was doing the honours to a room full of fashionable friends. He was standing near the door when an unannounced visitor made her appearance. Mr. Browning immediately shook hands with her, when she exclaimed: "Oh, I beg your pardon, but please, sir, I'm the cook. Mr. Barrett asked me to come and see his pictures." "And I am very glad to see you," said Mr. Browning with ready courtesy. "Take my arm and I will show you around."

IT is the design of the *Modern Science Series*, published by D. Appleton and Company, to provide brief untechnical treatises for the educated layman who has neither time nor inclination to become a specialist, but who feels the need of informing himself on the present status of the various branches of science. The second volume is entitled: "The Horse: A Study in Natural History," and is intended to especially illustrate some important principles in biology. It outlines the principal characteristics of the comparative anatomy of the horse and his near relations the tapir and the rhinoceros, and shows incidentally how a "missing link," described by Professor Huxley in 1877, has since been found in the Lower Eocene deposits, thus identifying a connection believed to have existed in the ancient ancestry of the animals. The author is William H. Flower, C.B., Director of the British Natural History Museum.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

- Bourdillon, F. W. Ailes D. Alouette. 75c. Boston: Roberts Bros.; Toronto: Williamson & Co.
Crawford, F. Marion. Mr. Isaacs. New York: Macmillan & Co.
Fitch, Clyde. The Knighting of the Twins. \$1.25. Boston: Roberts Bros.; Toronto: Williamson & Co.
Gore, J. Howard. Geodesy. \$1.25. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.; Toronto: Williamson & Co.
Mabie, Hamilton Wright. Short Studies in Literature. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.; Toronto: Williamson & Co.
Morton, Chas. Ledyard. A Handbook of Florida. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.
O'Rell, Max. A Frenchman in the United States. Toronto: William Bryce.
Russell, W. Clark. A Strange Elopement. New York: Macmillan & Co.
Smith, Jno. Doubting Castle. New York: Jno. B. Alden.
Ward, Mrs. Humphrey. The History of David Grieve. \$1.00. Toronto: Copp, Clark Co. (Ltd.); New York: Macmillan & Co.

READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

TRUST.

THE same old baffling questions! O my friend,
I cannot answer them. In vain I send
My soul into the dark, where never burn
The lamps of science, nor the natural light
Of Reason's sun and star! I cannot learn
Their great and solemn meaning, nor discern
The awful secrets of the eyes which turn
Evermore on us through the day and night
With silent challenge and a dumb demand.

Proffering the riddles of the dread unknown,
Like the calm Sphinxes, with their eyes of stone,
Questioning the centuries from their veils of sand!
I have no answer for myself or thee,
Save that I learned beside my mother's knee:
"All is of God that is, and is to be;
And God is good." Let this suffice us still,
Resting in childlike trust upon His will
Who moves to His great ends unthwarted by thee.

—John G. Whittier.

THE London *Times* think that it is a pity that there is not a Charles Reade left in English fiction to take note of the many odd things which take place in the courts and transpire in the newspapers. Reade used to cut all such things out of the papers and paste them in a scrap-paper which he kept for that purpose, and use them as he needed or as they were suggestive in his stories. The *Times* states that the journals are just now full of good stuff, and quotes the case of a young American lady who said, in a suit for nullity of marriage, that a young gentleman, her cousin, whom she had permitted to escort her to service at St. Paul's cathedral, took her instead into St. Bride's church, where, falling into a "dazed" condition, she was married "unawares." What an opening chapter for a three-volume novel that "dazed" wedding will make for some William Black or Walter Besant of the future!

SIGN OF GRACE.

In 1843 the great mass of Scotchmen left the Established Church, and cast in their lot with the Free Church. Those who remained were called moderates, and were rather despised as lukewarm church members by their more decided brethren. In "Scenes and Stories from the North of Scotland" is an anecdote concerning a new minister in the parish of Alness, who resolved that he would act as if all church members were his parishioners, whether they would or not. One day he visited a Free Church elder, who was no friend of the moderates. The minister did his best to be affable and conciliatory, but his reception was cold, and, in fact, little more than civil. At length, without any special intention in the act, the minister drew his snuff box from his pocket, and invited the elder to make trial of its contents. A decided thaw set in immediately. "Oh, ye take snuff, do ye?" said the Free Kirk man, yielding to a gentle smile. "Oh, yes," said the visitor, somewhat afraid that the admission might lead him into trouble. "I take snuff; but what of that?" "Well," said the elder, "that's the first sign o' grace I've seen about ye." "Sign of grace! Why, how do you make out that snuff-taking is a sign of grace?" "Nothing easier," said the elder, with a knowing twinkle in his eye. "Don't you remember that in the ancient temple all the snufflers were of pure gold? That denotes the best of all qualities."

COURAGE.

WHAT is true courage? People do not half know. Two men facing each other, with six-shooters, calmly and steadily awaiting the signal to fire. Is that courage? Some think it is; but I do not. I would not do it. An orator, standing alone before a surging multitude, fearlessly uttering words which may goad them to fury—such words as "pants," for instance. That is courage: but how many think it? But fighting men and orators, in the matter of courage, are not the peers of gentle woman. Harry Earnliffe was engaged to marry a sweet girl who loved him for himself alone. She had one peculiarity among others, and this was a horrible superstition regarding the number thirteen. She would never sit down to a dinner table where covers were laid for thirteen. She would never sit down to a multiplication table that had "thirteen times" in it. She was just as superstitious as that. She was twenty-five years old, and had for years refused to be twenty-six; because twenty six is twice thirteen. One day Harry, who well knew of this peculiarity in his betrothed, came to her with dismay and hope struggling in his countenance.

"Oh Gertrude! Gertie! Oh, my Trudy!" he exclaimed; "is your horror of the number thirteen as strong as ever? Speak darling? Is it? Is it?"

"What has happened, Harry? Tell me!" she cried, her face blanching slightly as something within warned her not to answer the question.

"My uncle has just died," said Harry, "and—and left me thirteen million dollars, and"—here hope struggled with dismay again—"and I didn't know but perhaps you would want to break off the engagement."

She smiled like a June morning. "Harry," she said; "my own Harry. When your happiness is at stake I can not falter;" and as she took him in her arms hope ceased to struggle with dismay forever more.

But self-abnegation exists even in children. "Willie!" said I to my little boy, "if you tear that book I shall whip you." The little fellow gazed at me with a quiet smile, opened the book, and tore out the pages six to eleven, inclusive. And Willie is but three years old.

Courage! The yellow dog possesses it. The unthinker might say that the appearance of the yellow dog does not denote courage; but it does. It takes genuine courage for a yellow dog to make his appearance.—*Morris Waite, in Puck.*

HOW FAST DOES A TRAIN TRAVEL?

To average it is easy enough—so many miles from station to station, so many minutes running the distance; nothing can be easier. But this gives no clue to the speed at any portion of the journey, the laborious toiling uphill, the free running on the level, the flying down the incline. Last time we came out of the Box tunnel, a fellow-passenger informed us we were going sixty miles an hour. We were going fifteen. In about half an hour he again told us we were doing a mile a minute. So we were, and rather more, for we were going sixty-five miles an hour. It is curious what a charm there seems to be in this mile a minute, which is the rarest of speeds to run exactly. When the Midland engines are tried in the silence of the night, they are worked up to seventy-five miles an hour, and on the North-Eastern there is one engine at least which has accomplished eighty-six miles an hour; but, of course, no train is run at this rate from stop to stop. If we want speed we must try the Great Northern, and even on that, our fastest line, the average is but fifty-four, though the fifty-four is obtained by an alternation of spurts and slows varying with the gradient of the road. Second in point of general speed is the North-Western, and third is the Midland. Let us take our example of running from the Midland, so as to have something in reserve in case we are accused of exaggeration. Here is the run of the Glasgow up-mail between Leicester and Bedford on a certain

day last year, as checked by the watch. In this section of the line there are fifteen stations—Wigston, Glen, Kibworth, Langton, Market Harborough, etc., and working out the line between each, the rate of travelling between each came out at 34½, 50, 55, 66½, 72, 47½, 58, 72, 79½, 75, 78, 57, 52, 64, 63 miles an hour; total, 49½ miles, done in 52 minutes, 50 seconds, at an average of fifty-seven miles per hour. This is not given as a best on record; it is probably a common achievement, and is merely a sample of what is done in every-day work on what figures show to be the third fastest line in Britain.—*Leisure Hour.*

THE LANGUAGE OF THE SEA.

WHERE'er beneath the scudding clouds
The good ship braves the blast
That, roaring through the quivering shrouds,
Flies furious and fast—
Where Stars and Stripes and Union Jack,
To every sea-gull known,
Career along the ocean's track,
Our English holds its own.
Our English tongue to every shore
Flies onward, safe and free;
It creeps not on from door to door—
Its highway is the sea.

Oh, glorious days of old renown,
When England's ensign flew,
Nail'd to the mast, till mast fell down
Amid the dauntless crew—
Where Rodney, Howe and Nelson's name
Made England's glory great,
Till every English heart became
Invincible as fate.
God rest the souls of them that gave
Our ships a passage free,
Till English, borne by wind and wave,
Was known in every sea!

Our ships of oak are iron now,
But still our hearts are warm.
Our viking courage ne'er shall bow
In battle or in storm.
Let England's love of freedom teach
The tongue that freemen know,
Till every land shall learn the speech
That sets our hearts aglow.
Long may our Shakespeare's noble strain
Float widely, safe and free;
And long may England's speech remain
The language of the sea.

—*Walter W. Skeat, in the Academy.*

HOGARTH'S GREATEST WORK.

WE are now nearing his greatest work. In April, 1743, he had advertised the forthcoming engravings of the famous "Marriage à-la-Mode," and in the "Battle of the Pictures" he had given a hint of the same series by exhibiting one of them viciously assaulted by a copy of the "Aldobrandini Marriage." His announcement laid stress upon the fact that in these "modern occurrences in high life" care would be taken "that there may not be the least objection to the decency or elegance of the whole work, and that none of the characters represented shall be personal," an assurance which seems to imply that objections on these grounds had been taken to some of his former efforts. The plates, six in number, were issued in April, 1745, the subscription-ticket being the etching called "Characters and Caricaturas." In accordance with the artist's promise, they were "engrav'd by the best masters in Paris," G. Scotin executing plates i. and vi., B. Barron plates ii. and iii., and S. E. Ravenet plates iv. and v. Fifty years later (1795-1800) they were again reproduced in mezzotint by B. Earlom. For a description of this excellent social study the reader must go to the commentators; or, better still, to the paintings themselves, which, fortunately, have found a final asylum in the National Gallery. As in the case of the previous series, Hogarth, unwarned by experience, again resorted to an auction after his own fashion, in order to dispose of the original canvases. The bidding was to be by written tickets, and the highest bidder at noon on June 6, 1750, was to be the purchaser. Picture dealers were rigorously excluded. The result of these sagacious arrangements was disastrous, only one bidder, a Mr. Lane, of Hillingdon, near Uxbridge, putting in an appearance. The highest offer having been announced as £120, Mr. Lane made it guineas, at the same time magnanimously offering the artist some hours' delay to find a better purchaser. No one else presented himself, and Mr. Lane became the possessor of the artist's best work and the finest pictorial satire of the century for the modest sum of £126, which included "Carlo Maratti frames" that had cost Hogarth four guineas apiece. It may be added that the plates were described in Hudibrastic verse in 1746; that they prompted Dr. John Shebbeare's novel of "The Marriage Act" in 1754; and that they are credited by the authors with suggesting Colman and Garrick's farce of "The Clandestine Marriage" in 1766. Hogarth also meditated a companion series depicting "A Happy Marriage." But after some tentative essays he abandoned his project, doubtless because the subject presented too little scope for his peculiar qualities.—*The Dictionary of National Biography.*

THE MODERN GIRL.

THOSE wits of the virgin young, quickened to shrewdness by their budding senses—and however vividly—require enlightenment of the audible and visible before their sterner feelings can be heated to break them away from a blushful dread and force the mind to know. As much as the wilfully or naturally blunted, the intelligently honest have to learn by touch: only their understandings cannot meanwhile be so wholly obtuse as our society's matron, acting to please the tastes of the civilized man—a creature that is not clean-washed of the Turk in him—barbarously exacts. The signor aforesaid is puzzled to read the woman, who is after all in his language; but when it comes to reading the maiden, she appears as a phosphorescent hieroglyph to some speculative Egyptologist; and he insists upon distinct lines and characters; no variations, if he is to have sense of surety. Many a young girl is misread by the amount she seems to know of our construction, history and dealings, when it is not more than her sincere ripeness of nature that has gathered the facts of life profuse about her, and prompts her through one or other of the instincts, often vanity, to show them to be not entirely strange to her; or haply her filly nature is having a fling at the social harness of hypocrisy. If you (it is usually through the length of ears of your novelist that the privilege is yours) have overheard queer communications passing between girls—and you must act the traitor eavesdropper or Achilles masquerader to hear so clearly—these, be assured, are not specially the signs of their corruptness. Even the exceptionally cynical are chiefly to be accused of bad manners. Your moralist is a myopic preacher, when he stamps infamy on them, or on our later generation, for the kick they have at grandmother decorum, because you do not or cannot conceal from them the grinning skeleton behind it. Nesta once had dreams of her being loved: and she was to love in return, for a love that excused her for loving double, treble; as not her lover could love, she thought with grateful pride in the treasure she was to pour out at his feet; as only one or two (and they were women in the world had ever loved. Her notion of the passion was parasitic: man the tree, woman the bine: but the bine was flame to enwind and to soar, serpent to defend, immortal flowers to crown. The choice her parents had made for her in Dudley, behind the mystery she had scent of, nipped her dream, and prepared her to meet, as it were, the fireside of a November day instead of springing up and into the dawn's blue of full summer with swallows on wing.—*From One of Our Conquerors, by George Meredith.*

WOULD NOT FACE THE MUSIC.

MR. WALTER BESANT tells the following story of a disputed cab fare: "A friend of mine drove from Piccadilly to some place in the suburbs outside the radius. On getting down he tendered three shillings and sixpence for his fare—this was a little over the proper fare. The driver wanted five shillings. The passenger refused. 'I'd like to fight you for it,' said the driver. 'The very thing!' cried my friend, who had never in his life put on a boxing-glove, and was almost as ignorant as Mr. Pickwick even of the fighting attitude. 'The very thing! Capital! We'll have the fight in the back garden; my brother will look on, hold the stakes and see fair!' The cabman got down slowly. 'I was pleased,' continued the narrator, 'to discover that he appeared almost as much afraid as I was myself, perhaps—if that was possible—even more. He followed into the back garden, where there was a lovely little bit of turf, quite large enough for practical purposes. I placed my five shillings in my brother's hands, took off my coat and waistcoat and rolled up my sleeves, all with an appearance of cheerful alacrity. 'Now, my friend,' I said, 'I am ready as soon as you are.' The anxiety of the moment was, I confess, very great. But it decreased as I watched the man's face express successively all the emotions of bounce, surprise, doubt, hesitation, and abject cowardice. 'No,' he said, 'gimme the three and six; I know your tricks, both of you. I've been done this way before.' And so, grumbling and swearing, he drove away."

DURING the last two centuries the Lapps of Norway have been moving gradually southwards, preserving their uncivilized and nomadic mode of life in their new environment. Dr. Yngar Nielsen of Christiania has recently studied this interesting ethnological question (*Le Tour du Monde, Nouvelles Géog.*, p. 137). According to him, the southern limit of this people is now marked by the railway from Trondhjem to Ostersund, nearly along the 63rd parallel of north latitude. To the north of this line are found ancient tombs, places of worship, and names of Lappish origin. Here the Lapps of the present day, though nominally converted to Christianity, retain in secret some of their pagan customs, whereas farther south they are good Christians, and have changed even in type. About the year 1600 the southern limit of the Lapps was on the parallel of the northern extremity of the fiord of Trondheim; since then they have made several excursions southward, and have been repeatedly checked by the Norwegian Government. In 1890 they advanced as far as the plateaus of the Hardanger Fjeld. The Norwegians do not resort to violence, but defend their property by legal processes. The question of the Lapp invasion is, however, one that demands the serious attention of the Government.—*Scottish Geographical Magazine.*

A LARGE meeting of all the city chapters of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew was held in St. Margaret's school house Monday evening last. After an address by the Rev. A. J. Broughall, the time was devoted to considering the coming Canadian convention, to be held in Toronto, on Friday, Saturday and Sunday, the 12th, 13th and 14th of February, at which a large number of delegates from all parts of the Dominion and also quite a number of American visitors will be present. In addition to the business and conference sessions, which will be held on the Friday and Saturday in St. James' school house, extensive preparations are being made for special services and open meetings. The mass meeting in Association Hall, on the evening of Saturday, the 18th of February, will specially appeal to men, when the subject of "Christianity and Humanity" will be dealt with by such powerful speakers as the Rev. Canon Dumoulin, Mr. James L. Houghteling, president of the Brotherhood in the United States, and Mr. G. Harry Davis, a prominent Philadelphia lawyer. At the special service on Friday evening, the 12th February, Bishop Leonard, of Ohio, will be the preacher, whilst the Bishop of Algoma will preach the anniversary sermon in the church of the Redeemer on Sunday morning, the 14th February. On the Sunday afternoon at 3.30, special services will be held in St. Luke's, St. Margaret's and St. Mark's, to be addressed by leading visiting clergy and laymen, whilst the final service, with special preacher, will be held in St. James' cathedral on the Sunday evening at 7 o'clock. The convention last year was a decided success, but the arrangements for that of the present year are being made on a much larger scale, and testify to the increasing interest being taken by young men in matters of practical Christianity.

A LARGE steel vessel has recently been built in Norway, among whose fittings is a patent oil distributor, by which oil can be thrown upon the waves during severe storms. Within the vessel there is an iron reservoir from which a pipe extends alongside of the vessel near the water line and as close to the bow as possible. A valve in the pipe, close to the reservoir, regulates the distribution of the oil. This is probably the first case in which provision for throwing oil upon the waves has been made from the first designing and building of a vessel.

"German Syrup"

We have selected two or three lines from letters freshly received from parents who have given German Syrup to their children in the emergencies of Croup. You will credit these, because they come from good, substantial people, happy in finding what so many families lack—a medicine containing no evil drug, which mother can administer with confidence to the little ones in their most critical hours, safe and sure that it will carry them through.

ED. L. WILLIAMS, of Alma, Neb. I give it to my children when troubled with Croup and never saw any preparation act like it. It is simply miraculous.

Mrs. JAS. W. KIRK, Daughters' College, Harrodsburg, Ky. I have depended upon it in attacks of Croup with my little daughter, and find it an invaluable remedy.

Fully one-half of our customers are mothers who use Boschee's German Syrup among their children. A medicine to be successful with the little folks must be a treatment for the sudden and terrible foes of childhood, whooping cough, croup, diphtheria and the dangerous inflammations of delicate throats and lungs. ☉

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest.

CATARRH

Sold by druggists or sent by mail. 50c. E. T. Hazeltine, Warren, Pa.

Minard's Liniment relieves Neuralgia.

SCIENTIFIC AND SANITARY.

It has been found that incandescent lights, in which the filament has been brought to incandescence by direct currents, are less harmful to the eyes than those in which the light has been produced by alternating currents. The alternations have an injurious effect on the retina, and the remedy proposed is that of frosting the globes.

A RECENT writer, says the *Journal of the American Medical Association*, states that the view that brain workers should go supperless to bed is not good advice. Most medical authorities of the day think it wrong. It is a fruitful source of insomnia and neurasthenia (sleeplessness and nervous prostration). The brain becomes exhausted by its evening work, and demands rest and refreshment of its wasted tissues, not by indigestible salads and "fried abominations," but by some nutritious, easily digested and assimilated articles. A bowl of stale bread and milk, of rice, or some other farinaceous food, with milk or hot soup, would be more to the purpose. Any of these would ensure a sound night's sleep, from which the man would awaken refreshed.

THAT is an interesting story of the way in which the New Zealand veteran, Sir George Grey, became a total abstainer. Many years ago a tribe of Maoris were fast being decimated through strong drink, when Sir George called the *rangatiras* of the *hapu* together and advised them to take the pledge, as an example to their people. The chiefs were fond of the firewater of the *pakeha*, however, and protested. "You drink plenty grog yourself," they said to Sir George; "if it does not hurt you it cannot surely hurt us." "Well," said the Governor, "I will never drink grog any more," and he at once signed the pledge, getting all the chiefs to follow his example. The tribe was saved from destruction, and Sir George has faithfully kept his pledge ever since.

AN important discovery of Roman remains has been made in Lincoln. In laying down a new water-main the workmen came upon the bases of three Doric columns in an admirable state of preservation. These bases are in a straight line with the shattered pillars, discovered in May, 1878, and correspond exactly with them in character and arrangement. The discovery proves that the building of which these columns formed the facade, instead of presenting, as was thought, a six-columned portico of 70 feet in breadth to the street, must have shown a colonnade of at least eleven columns, that number being already accounted for, and extending to the length of 160 feet. It must have been a fabric of great size and magnificence, occupying the north-western angle of the north-western quarter of the Roman city.

THERE are at the present time in Canada about 121,000 Indians distributed as follows: Ontario, 17,752; Quebec, 13,500; Nova Scotia, 2,059; New Brunswick, 1,574; Prince Edward Island, 314; Manitoba and North-West Territories, 24,522; Peace River district, 2,038; Athabasca district, 8,000; Mackenzie district, 7,000; Eastern Rupert's Land, 4,016; Labrador, a Canadian interior, 1,000; Arctic Coast, 4,000; British Columbia, 35,755. Canada has nearly 7,000 Indian children on the public, school rolls, either day, boarding or industrial, besides private schools. Our industrial schools in Ontario, Manitoba, the North-West Territories and British Columbia are splendid institutions, and are doing a great work. We have instances of Indian boys graduating in art and carrying off medals in some of our best universities.

TOWARDS the end of last March the citizens of Sydney were astonished, as we learn from *Nature*, by the sudden discolouration of the water in Port Jackson. In the harbour the water presented in many places the appearance of blood. This remarkable phenomenon, which was soon found to be due to the presence of a minute organism, has been made the subject of a paper, by Mr. Thomas Whitelegge, in the *Records of the Australian Museum* (Vol I., No 9). On March 31, Mr. Whitelegge went to Dawe's Point and got a bottle of water, in which there was a good supply of the organism

in question. At first he thought it was a species of the genus *Peridiniidae*; but further research convinced him that it was a new species of the closely allied genus, *Glenodinium*. So far as Mr. Whitelegge is able to judge, fully one-half of the short fauna must have been destroyed by these small invaders. The bivalves were almost exterminated in those localities where the organism was abundant during the whole of the visitation. Mr. Whitelegge is of opinion that the great destruction of life brought about by an organism apparently so insignificant is of the highest interest from a biological point of view, showing, as it does, how limited is our knowledge of the causes which influence marine food supplies. This, he points out, is particularly the case in regard to the oyster, which has often mysteriously disappeared from localities where it formerly abounded.

NORTH AMERICAN LIFE.—In accordance with the practice of previous years, the North American Life Assurance Company of this city completed, on the evening of December 31st, its full report of the business for 1891, and mailed the same to the Dominion Government.

The statement discloses that the past year has been the most prosperous one in the Company's history, and the directors and policy-holders are to be congratulated upon the splendid results attained.

The new insurances granted exceeded those of 1890, thus attesting to the popularity of the plans and management of the Company.

The income from premiums and interest was largely in excess of 1890, while the receipts from interest alone more than paid the death claims of the year by the substantial sum of \$11,000.

The assets now amount to about a million and a quarter of dollars, and the net profit of the year was more than \$70,000.

Canada's "Grand Old Man," the Hon. Alex. Mackenzie, M.P., ex-Prime Minister of Canada, has been president of this Company since its organization, and has always evinced a deep interest in its welfare. He returned especially from Sarnia, where he had been spending the holiday season with his brother, to complete the annual report to the Government in time for its despatch to Ottawa promptly on the close of the year's business.—*Toronto World*, January 2, 1892.

LIFE GRIP BEST OF ALL GRIPS.—Had such bad attack of grip could not shake off its deadly hold until I got a barrel of St. Leon Mineral Water, of which I indulged freely, and glad to say it soon freed me from the deadly grip, and soon filled me with the grip of fine, vigorous health, and I am sixty-seven years of age; St. Leon is great; try it everybody. T. Rivard, saddler, Joliette.

"It leads them all," is the general reply of druggists when asked about the merit or sales of Hood's Sarsaparilla.

THE output of asbestos from the Canadian mines last year was 8,000 tons.

THE BEST AUTHORITIES, such as Dr. Dio Lewis, Prof. Gross, and others, agree that catarrh is not a local but a constitutional disease. It therefore requires a constitutional remedy like Hood's Sarsaparilla, which effectually and permanently cures catarrh. Thousands praise it.

HOOD'S PILLS cure liver ills, jaundice biliousness, sick headache, constipation and all troubles of the digestive organs.

C. C. RICHARDS & Co.

Gents.—I certify that MINARD'S LINIMENT cured my daughter of a severe and what appeared to be a fatal attack of diphtheria after all other remedies had failed, and recommend it to all who may be afflicted with that terrible disease.

JOHN D. BOUTLIER.
French Village, Jan., 1883.

DR. T. A. SLOCUM'S

OXYGENIZED EMULSION OF PURE COD LIVER OIL.—If you have a wasting away of Flesh—Use it. For sale by all druggists. 35 cents per bottle.

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, etc.

Out of Sorts

Describes a feeling peculiar to persons of dyspeptic tendency, or caused by change of climate, season or life. The stomach is out of order, the head aches or does not feel right,

The Nerves

seem strained to their utmost, the mind is confused and irritable. This condition finds an excellent corrective in Hood's Sarsaparilla, which, by its regulating and toning powers, soon cures

Indigestion,

restores harmony to the system, gives strength to mind, nerves, and body, while it also purifies the blood and removes all trace of Scrofula, Salt Rheum, etc.

Fast Eating

And irregular meals are causes of Dyspepsia, which will soon become incurable except by careful attention to diet and taking a reliable stomach medicine like Hood's Sarsaparilla. Read this:

"Owing partly to irregularity in eating, I suffered greatly from dyspepsia, accompanied by

Severe Pain After Meals

I took two or three bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla and entirely recovered, much to my gratification. I frequently have opportunity to praise

Hood's Sarsaparilla

and am glad to, for I consider it a great medicine." C. I. TROWBRIDGE, Travelling salesman for Schlotterbeck & Foss, Portland, Me.

N.B. If you decide to take Hood's Sarsaparilla do not be induced to buy any other.

Hood's Pills cure liver ills, constipation, biliousness, jaundice, sick headache, indigestion. Sold by all druggists. Price 25 cents.

PERFECT DIGESTION

INSURED

BY A

NEW METHOD

HIGHLY recommended by the most eminent and distinguished men of the medical profession.

Indigestion, Dyspepsia and all Nervous Complaints absolutely cured without medicine by this new and delightful method.

Free pamphlet sent on application, or to rapidly introduce this genuine article a sample will be sent postpaid to any address on receipt of 25 cents.

ADDRESS—

E. BELLINGER,
60 YONGE ST. TORONTO, ONT.



If with your friends you've been dining, And get home so late in the night, "DUNN'S FRUIT SALINE" in the morning Will make you forget you were

DUNN'S
FRUIT
SALINE

DUNN'S
FRUIT
SALINE

DUNN'S FRUIT SALINE makes a delicious Cooling Beverage, especially Cleanses the throat, preventing disease. It imparts Freshness and Vigour, and is a quick relief for Biliousness, Sea-Sickness, etc.

BY ALL CHEMISTS.