

This Number Contains:—Comments on the Report of the University Commission ;
The Liquor Traffic ; Pew and Pulpit in Toronto.—XI.—Cooke's Presbyterian
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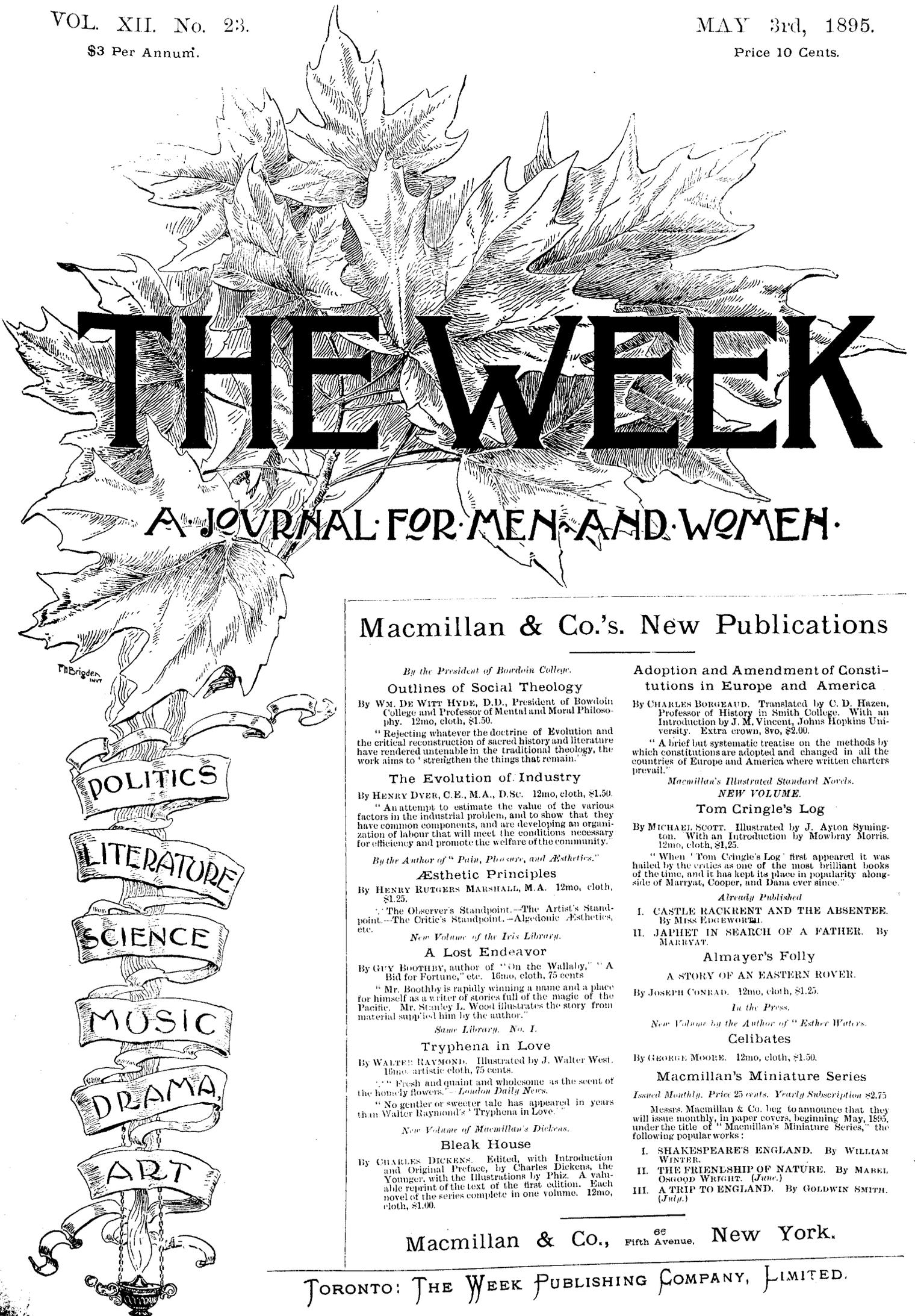
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THE WEEK.

Vol. XII.

Toronto, Friday, May 3rd, 1895.

No. 23.

Contents.

	PAGE.
CURRENT TOPICS.....	531
LEADERS—	
The Liquor Traffic.....	534
CONTRIBUTED ARTICLES—	
The Report of the University Commission.....	535
Comparative Colonization.....	Ernest Heaton, M.A. 536
Pew and Pulpit in Toronto.—XI.....	J. R. N. 537
A Plea for Toleration.....	Rev. John Burton, B.D. 541
MISCELLANEOUS—	
The Latest News From Paris.....	Z. 539
At Street Corners.....	Diogenes. 540
POETRY—	
Immortality.....	Rev. Frederick George Scott, M.A. 538
The Song of the Robin.....	Emily McManus. 538
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR—	
The Copyright Question.....	Prof. Goldwin Smith, LL.D. 542
Politics and Business Principles.—No. V.....	Critic. 542
The Desperate Tories and the Wily Grits.....	C. Guillet 542
BOOKS—	
Canadian Books for Canadian Libraries.....	540
Poetry, Art, and War.....	T. G. Marquis, M.A. 543
DEPARTMENTS—	
Periodicals.....	545
Music.....	545
Art Notes.....	546
Personal.....	547

Current Topics.

Grand Trunk
Railway.

The Grand Trunk Railway has done a great deal for Canada, and it is a matter of general regret amongst Canadians that the great railway has not been as prosperous as it deserved to be. The Company cannot expect substantial success as long as its head offices are in England. Sir Henry Tyler and the Board of Directors may not have been always wise in their management, but it is doubtful whether any other President or Board would have done much better under the disadvantageous circumstances which must attend the present method of management. The general in command of an army has to be on the spot. He would not succeed very well three thousand miles away from the scene of action.

The Scandal
Session.

The politics of the Dominion have now come to this pass, that the last session before each prospective general election is made pre-eminently a scandal session. Already, though the session is scarcely two weeks old, the scandal-heaps of years are being raked over, rusty weapons from dilapidated armories re-furbished, and the annual battle-grounds of a dozen years ploughed over in search of fresh material. The result is to make our national Parliament a most undignified spectacle at home and to expose it to reproach or contempt abroad. What is to be done? Far be it from us to say that if the Opposition honestly believe, as we must suppose them to do, that the long course of the Conservative administration has left a trail of misappropriations of public moneys, and corruption of individuals and constituencies, it is not their duty to make every effort to bring the evil deeds to light. But is there no possible way of making a clean sweep of the unsavoury business, so far as the past is concerned, once for all? Surely for the sake of the national reputation, as well as of the self-respect and dignity of Parliament and people, both parties should try to find some righteous way of making a perpetual end to this thing, so far as the past is concerned, so as to let the new Parliament be it Conservative or Liberal, commence with a clean slate in this respect.

Mr. Sifton and the
School Question.

It is difficult to understand on what grounds the Minister of Finance and some other members of Parliament denounced the action of the Attorney-General of Manitoba in addressing the electors of Haldimand, as one of political indecency. It was surely desirable, in view of an election in which the school question was understood to be specially involved, that honest and intelligent electors should get all the information possible upon the subject. Who more competent to inform them, in regard at least to some of its historical phases, than a member of the Government of Manitoba, who had full personal knowledge of the various steps in the process of doing away with the old and substituting the new system, from the beginning of the agitation? Moreover, is it not a free country? Has not a citizen of one Province a perfect right to defend his Province all over the Dominion, if he pleases, in a matter in which the interests of that Province are specially involved, provided the electors are willing to hear him? Have those electors not a perfect right to get all the information they can on the question? Mr. Sifton's official position could make it improper for him to argue the case, only on the theory that he and his Government were considering the subject in a judicial capacity, which they do not, we think, pretend. He appeared in the capacity of an advocate, rather than in that of a judge. Even the *Mail and Empire* was constrained to admit the fairness and moderation of his address in Toronto, and if he had a right to address an audience which was glad to hear him in Toronto, why not in Haldimand? On the whole does not Mr. Foster owe Mr. Sifton an amende for Parliamentary discourtesy to a visitor from a sister Province?

Three Points.

Touching the Manitoba agitation there are three questions which seem to us to be of a good deal of importance, upon which little has been said. The first regards the genuineness, or the reverse, of the alleged fourth Bill of Rights. It can hardly be denied that the interpretation of the clause in the Constitution upon which the case of the minority is based turns largely upon the question whether that clause was drawn up in the light of the third Bill of Rights in which no mention of Separate Schools was made, or in the light of the fourth alleged Bill, which contained specific reference to that question. If the Dominion Privy Council really acted in a judicial capacity, should it not have tried to set this question at rest by evidence? In the second place, there is an important group of questions clustered around the large judicial and moral principle which should determine to what extent, and for what length of time, the compact made with a few thousands of the original settlers of a country or province are morally binding upon hundreds of thousands or even millions of their successors, especially when, as Senator Boulton reminded his fellow-members of the Upper Chamber, the bounds of the original territory have been greatly enlarged. Surely the dead hand ought not to restrict the liberty and progress of the living multitudes through all generations? Thirdly, and to our thinking more important still, have we sufficient evidence in the case in question that the demand

for redress really represents the minds of the minority, as a body of free and independent citizens? We wish to cast no slur upon the religious system of our Roman Catholic fellow-citizens, who have a right to suit themselves in that matter. But this is a political question, and when the whole agitation is worked up and the whole business of appeal from court to court managed by the hierarchy, and when, in addition to that, spiritual intimidation is openly made use of to coerce reluctant laymen, who are denounced as bad Catholics and virtually threatened with excommunication, if they do not follow the lead of the clergy in this matter, does not a very important question of fact arise? In view of such coercion, which on its very face suggests that there are differences of opinion and that such coercion if found necessary—a suggestion further emphasized by the fact that one Catholic of some prominence came of his own accord to Ottawa to declare that he and many of his compatriots were satisfied with the existing public school system and did not desire a change—is it not, to say the least, exceedingly doubtful whether the Government of the day has any right to accept the hierarchy as empowered to speak for the Catholic people, and to interfere with the liberties of a Province on that assumption?

Was It
Justified?

There is nothing to find fault with in the University Commission except its existence. It was decidedly a strong Commission, individually and collectively. Every member was well chosen and the proceedings of the Commission were unexceptionable in all respects, conducted with ability and dignity. But the holding of such a Commission was an absurdity. Again we are careful to note that this remark casts no reflections upon the members of the Commission. We may quite understand why men like Professor Goldwin Smith, who have large experience of university life and work, should decline to sit upon such a Commission without in the least blaming those who did so. They knew that a Commission would be held, and probably thought it their duty to do their best for the University. But surely the occasion was very far from justifying such a proceeding. In the first place, the complaints of the students savoured of the ludicrous and the ridiculous. One professor had not been a specialist in the department to which he was appointed. Another was rather offhand in his dealings with the superfinely courteous young men whom he instructed. A third was accused of being irregular and unpunctual in his lectures. Of course only one of these charges was tangible, and that one, which the Commissioners were ready to entertain, was dropped! There can be no question that the students behaved badly, in the matter of the College review, in the matter of the lectures, in the whole conduct of their case. On this point there seems to be no difference of opinion among outsiders and those who consider the case dispassionably. But this is not the whole question.

Something
Amis

As we have already remarked, a whole body of men seldom break out into rebellion without some cause which is not merely imaginary. Granting that there were self-interested and disaffected men, round them and beside them, stirring up the students to sedition, granting that there were cabals of various kinds among the students themselves, ever ready to hatch mischief, there was evidently something amiss, or something lacking, with the governing body or bodies—a want of intelligence and of clear decision without which authority ceases to be

respected or to be respectable. The authorities did either too much or too little. If they were right in suspending Mr. Tucker, they ought to have gone further. They gave to the public the impression that they had not faith in their own action. In all such emergencies, two things are necessary: a calm consideration of the whole circumstances and the responsibilities of all concerned, and prompt, unhesitating, and decisive action upon the resolutions taken. The University authorities seem to have failed in both of these respects. One is compelled to think that they began with something of precipitation, since they failed to give effect to their first decisions. That an undisguised rebellion should have broken out among the students without an ultimatum being placed before them of submission or expulsion was something like a confession of weakness. It would not be quite fair, however, to throw all the blame upon the authorities of the College or the University. There can be no doubt at all that their action was rendered uncertain by the fact that an appeal had been made to the Government; and they could not be sure to what extent the Minister of Education or other members of the Government would have the power or the disposition to interfere.

Eliminate
Politics

It is generally believed that the unfortunate dependence of the University upon the Government has a great deal to do with the recent disturbances. So long as the department of education is run as a part of the political machinery of the Province, so long its influence upon education must be mischievous. It is no secret that Professor Goldwin Smith, although not a member of the Commission, was called in for consultation; and that he gave his opinion as being strongly opposed to the present relations of the University to the Government. We cannot be so sure, but it is extremely probable that the Commissioners will report in this sense. If this should be the case, then good will come out of evil; and these events, which, in themselves, are discreditable to almost all concerned, may be remembered as the occasion for greatly needed reforms. It is to be hoped that the relations between the University and the Medical School may be reconsidered, and we have no doubt that something will be done. We do not like to use strong language; but we are under the impression that very strong language indeed might be used, without any departure from truth, in the manner in which the Toronto School of Medicine was made a part of the University. We are pleased to think that there is a prospect of this junction being reconsidered, and we shall probably turn to the subject again.

Superannuation
of Teachers.

We are not enamoured of the superannuation or pension system for civil servants of any grade. It is not easy to discover any sufficient reason why those who are engaged in serving the public under Government control should not be left to their own wisdom and resources in the matter of providing for the wants of themselves and families in old age just as other citizens. But if there is any one class of public servants for whom the Government ought to make some special provision, it is surely the elementary school teachers. Probably no other class, whose work demands equal educational qualifications, receives so small an average salary, and as a consequence, finds it so difficult to make provision against a coming rainy day. Be that as it may, a special committee, which was appointed some time since by the Education Department of England, with Sir George Kekewich as its chairman, has, after full deliberation, made an elaborate re-

port in favour of a scheme of Government superannuation, which is in the main approved by *The Schoolmaster*, the organ of the National Union of Elementary Teachers. The scheme thus recommended provides for superannuation payments to the teachers who become qualified under its provisions, from three sources, the income derivable from these being termed *annuities*, *pensions*, and *auxiliary pensions*, respectively. The annuities are provided for by compulsory yearly contributions from teachers, the State pensions from funds provided by the Government, on a scale graded according to the number of years spent in the service. The annuities and the State pensions together constitute the superannuation income proper. The auxiliary pensions are intended for those who break down between the ages of fifty and sixty-five, the latter being the age of compulsory superannuation. The scheme is hailed, as we have said, by the organ of the elementary teachers, with much satisfaction, on behalf of those whom it represents. We fancy such a scheme would not find much favour with teachers in this Western world, seeing that it not only arbitrarily taxes their scanty earnings without their consent, but because it actually militates, as could easily be shown, against the large increase in salaries which they justly claim and the possession of which would enable them to safeguard much more effectively their own futures.

The Hudson Bay
Railway.

The loan of two and a half millions of dollars, said to have been pledged by the Ottawa Administration to a certain Company, as a loan to be employed in the construction of the first stages of the projected Hudson Bay Railway, is likely to cause a good deal of discussion, and prove not a little embarrassing to the Government. One needs really to have lived a year or two in the Northwest in order to be able to realize fully all that such a road in prospect, or even in hope means to a dweller on the prairie. If it be true, as alleged by some, that the Hudson's Straits are navigable for six, or even for four months in the season, the prospect is certainly alluring to the North-West farmer. That question of fact is the first which should be authoritatively settled. This can hardly be done save by years of careful observation and experiment. Assuming, moreover, that question to have been decided in the affirmative, it surely is not or would not be necessary to bonus the road up to or beyond the full measure of its prospective cost, which, over the level prairie, at least, would, there can be no doubt, be considerably less than the \$10,000 a mile which is being now talked of. If Government must advance the whole cost of construction it should at least build the road as public property, thus doing away with all the unfairness and uncertainty arising from having handed over that road with its immense value to a Company which had risked nothing of its own in the enterprise. If the people have to pay for the roads let the people own them, or at least have security for expenditures, and a deciding voice in the matter of freight and passenger rates.

Mr. Balfour and
Mr. Chamberlain

The apprehensions which were abroad in Opposition circles a week or two since, of a break-up of the alliance between Mr. Chamberlain and the Conservative leaders, has been pretty effectively quieted, for the present at least, by the somewhat remarkable effusiveness of Mr. Balfour's expression of admiration and regard for the Unionist leader, in his speech at the annual meeting of the Primrose League, on Friday last. This speech is believed to have saved the Opposition from the disaster of a rupture of the alliance which is their main hope

of victory in the coming struggle. But the speech is also taken to mean that, in the event of the Predicted Conservative and Unionist victory, the Unionist leader will be found leading the victorious parties in a programme which will involve, in addition to his well-known projects of local reform, the carrying out of the scheme of Local Government for Ireland to which he was formerly committed, and which was replaced by the more radical policy of Mr. Gladstone, in 1885. Serious doubts are, however, entertained as to whether some of the stronger of the old-fashioned Tories can be induced to submit to his leadership in such a matter. Seldom has the future of political parties in England been so uncertain as at the present moment, when it is quite among the possibilities that the Government may be defeated and an appeal to the country determined on before these lines go to press, while it is equally possible, judging from the history of the session thus far, that the Chancellor of the Exchequer may carry his party safely through the session and appeal to the country with all the prestige which belongs to a successful administration asking for a renewal of the public confidence. Thus far, it must be admitted, Sir William Harcourt has gained about as much as Lord Rosebery has lost in reputation for capacity in leadership. If the good luck which has followed the former thus far, continues till the end of the session, he will go to the country with a powerful influence of a reputation for success.

The British at
Corinto.

To a mighty and magnanimous nation nothing can be much more distasteful than to find itself obliged to employ force in order to protect its subjects against the insults and aggressions of some feeble state. There is neither glory nor gain in such an operation. And yet it seems to be sometimes necessary—a national duty, in fact. Much as we may dislike such episodes in the national history, it is really difficult to see what else Great Britain could have done in the case of Venezuela. It would never do to permit the petty Republic, because of its insignificance, to maltreat British citizens, to say nothing of British officials, with impunity. One of the first duties of a great nation is to protect its citizens in all parts of the world. It would be almost impossible to overestimate how much it means for civilization, for commerce, for humanity, in all parts of the world, that the simple words, "I am a British subject" should have power, not only to ensure proper treatment by the civilized, but even to check the rage and cruelty of the semi-barbarian, in all parts of the world. What then was to be done with "insignificant, insolent, impudent, arrogant, and anarchical Nicaragua," if we may venture to borrow from the opulent vocabulary of the *St. James' Gazette*, save to take the affair into its own hands and compel the payment of a fine for the past misconduct, leaving the memory of the smart to serve as a warning in the future? The impertinent little Republic has managed, certainly, to play a pretty sharp trick upon the British tars, by leaving them to collect the required indemnity from an empty city and a closed port. The joke is not a bad one, albeit a little trying to John Bull's temper. But that will be held in check, while some other means of collecting the fine is being found. Meanwhile he laughs best who laughs last. Britain's method of procedure, to her honour be it spoken, has been a model of forbearance, which should have its effect upon on-lookers.

Hypnotism and
Crime.

It now appears that the story upon which we commented last week, of the Kansas judge who was said to have ordered the conviction of a man alleged to have caused another to commit murder while under hypnotic influence, was "purely a fake," though it was telegraphed all over the country and was given

credence to by some of the most reputable journals. The case, as now alleged—we emphasize the word—to have been explained in a letter alleged to have been written by Judge Burnette, who is alleged to have been the presiding judge at the trial, was simply that of a man who, having a deadly grudge against another, influenced the mind of a third person, who is further alleged by other journals to have been weak-minded, made this third person believe that his life was in danger, and successfully instigated him to kill the enemy. The actual killer was acquitted on the ground of self-defence, and the instigator was sentenced for murder. Judge Burnette, it is alleged, says that no defence was offered or thought of on the ground of hypnotic influence; that the only allusion to it was a passing remark by one of the counsel that “we might almost say that Gray possessed a hypnotic influence over McDonald.” We are sorry to have been hoaxed into seriously discussing the case, but we had plenty of good company in our credulity. And, after all, there was a verisimilitude about the report, which forms a pretty good excuse, seeing that not only is Texas a land of startling innovations, but that the question of hypnotic influence is assuming a prominence which may, it is not unlikely, lead, sooner or later, to its being seriously pleaded in court as a palliation of crime.

The Liquor Traffic.

WE cannot agree with those who say that the recent commission on the Liquor Traffic was a mere waste of time and money. Undoubtedly it has cost a good deal; but we cannot accept the theory that it was a mere device by which Parliament escaped from the responsibility of legislating on the liquor traffic. If members of Parliament were asked to pass a measure prohibiting the manufacture and sale of alcoholic liquors, except for certain purposes, most of them—indeed, all who were not mere fanatics—could very properly make answer that they had not sufficient information to enable them to judge of the expediency of such a measure. It is quite easy to dogmatize on such subjects, on either side; but reasonable men do not dogmatize; they do their best to ascertain facts, to investigate principles, and to find out what is practically the best course to adopt.

On certain points there is no difference of opinion, or as good as none. For example, no one can deny that an immense amount of misery results from the excessive use of alcoholic liquors. It is possible that even here we make mistakes. In many cases in which we judge that men are bad because they drink in excess, it is probable that they drink in excess because they are bad. Still, there can be no doubt that much mischief has been done, especially among the poorer classes, by intemperance. Nor can it easily be denied that the social habits of our forefathers were such as were hardly worthy either of Christians or of reasonable creatures. Happily those days are gone by. A man who is drunk would no longer be compared to “a lord,” but rather to “a beast”; and if this is not quite justice to the beast, it is a kind of testimonial to the Lord and to the Upper Ten.

Even the most pronounced Teetotaler will hardly deny that temperance has made great strides during the last fifty or sixty years, and that, among the educated classes, drunkenness is a thing so exceptional that it is seldom to be met with. Even among the labouring classes it is far from common. If this is the case, it would seem not unreasonable to hope that the process might be continued until public opinion was so educated that intemperance would be practically unknown.

But here we are met by a new contention. It used to be said that total abstinence was the only remedy for drunk-

ness; further, that prevention was better than cure; and, thirdly, that it might be the duty of men who had never drunk in excess, and who were in no danger of drinking in excess, to become total abstainers for the sake of others; and such arguments prevailed with different classes of men. But now we are told that not merely the excessive use of alcohol is mischievous, but that it is not lawful for a Christian to use alcohol at all. Let it then be clearly understood that prohibition rests upon this theory. It would hardly be seriously proposed to stop the manufacture and sale of a thing which was a legitimate product of human industry, and might lawfully be used by human beings.

Are we prepared to accept these conclusions? Are we prepared to declare that it is wrong to use alcoholic beverages in any degree? We cannot say that we are. The utterances of medical science are extremely uncertain on this subject. Some recent statistics, if they are to be trusted, would seem to prove that the moderate use of alcohol, so far from being injurious to health, is an aid to longevity. If this is the case, it seems rather hard that hundreds and thousands of men who are quite capable of exercising self-control, and who actually do exercise it, should be deprived of some of the comforts of life for the sake of the small number who cannot control their appetites.

But there is another aspect of the subject. Supposing that temperate men should agree to submit to such limitation of their liberty as would cut them off from the use of wine and beer, would such limitation be for the good of the commonwealth? Here is a most serious question. We don't mean that it is the only one. The considerations already adduced are not unworthy of notice; and it may be that a majority of reflecting men will refuse to consider this last question. That is not merely conceivable, but is a fact beyond dispute. We may, however, for a moment turn our attention to the question of prohibition: and, as we have said, it is a very difficult one. On this point the conclusions of the commissioners are of real interest and value. Of the five members of the commission, Sir Joseph Hickman, Judge McDonald, Mr Gigault, Mr. E. F. Clarke, and Dr. McLeod, two had evidently made up their mind from the beginning, the one on the side of prohibition, and the other against it. Each of these endeavoured, throughout the whole enquiry, to bring out every thing that would tell on the side they espoused. We are not condemning this method. We are pointing to it, as an evidence that everything was brought out that could be elicited. The other three showed no partiality, but simply a desire to get at the facts. Indeed, there is some reason to believe that one important member of the commission began his work with a feeling in favour of prohibition, and ended by deciding against it. Four out of the five signed the report, declaring their inability to agree with those who regarded the manufacture of alcoholic beverages as a sin, and moreover pronouncing against prohibition as partaking too much of the character of coercive legislation, and as being incapable of being enforced.

This seems now to be quite established that whilst legislatures may pass acts for the prohibition of the sale of liquor, no administration can affectually enforce such a law; and not only so, but that the attempt to do so produces a variety of evils no less serious than the evil of drunkenness which prohibition is intended to prevent. The minority report is very much what might have been expected. The gentleman who signs it finds that the facts collected are in favour of prohibition. He began his inquiries with the firm determination that this result should be reached; and he reached it without any difficulty. We are where we were. But we have learned something. Perhaps the motto, *Festina lente*, has been enforced. Better to bear those evils that we have than fly to others that we know not of—especially when these fly to others that be of our own making, and the others have, so to speak, come to us.

The Report of the University Commission

THE Commissioners appointed by the Provincial Government to enquire into the recent University troubles have presented their report and the Government has allowed the early publication of some of their conclusions in regard to the matters investigated. They find that the articles in the students' organ, *The Varsity*, of which complaint was made, were "offensive and entirely beyond the line of fair comment upon the matters with which they professed to deal," and that the University Council and the University College Council were within their jurisdiction in dealing with its editor, Mr. Tucker, as they did, although they think that the University Council would have acted more consistently had it, instead of suspending the editor, withdrawn all the University privileges enjoyed by the paper. They state that "there is no foundation for any charge, or even suspicion, that the Chancellor, the Hon. Edward Blake, used his influence to have the appointment of Professor Wrong made, or that he, in any way, interfered about it," and they fully approve of the action of the University Council in dealing as they did with the Political Science Association, and in respect to the control of the Students' Union Building. They further find that the students completely failed to show any justification for their statement that President Loudon is unworthy of confidence or of belief, and in regard to the alleged infringements of the rights of the students they state that "they deem it their duty to express the opinion they have formed, based upon the evidence given by the students themselves, and the views by them freely expressed from the witness stand, viz., that in the past there has existed on the part of students, to say the least of it, a misconception as to the scope and proper construction of the statutes regulating discipline in the University, and the real position the students should, and do, occupy with reference to the Councils of the University and College and the degree of obedience that they are bound to render to the regulations of the University authorities." The final finding of the Commissioners is that "they see no reason for apprehension as to the future of the University of Toronto, nor for any fear that the wonderful increase in the number of its alumni during the past five years will suffer a check."

To any one who attended the sessions of the Commission these conclusions will appear justified by the evidence offered. Whether the Commissioners were justified in asserting that "there was a want of tact in dealing with the students at certain points during these troubles," must remain undecided with those who heard the chief undergraduate officer of the Students' Literary Society declare that the students' rights taken away from them were those of hustling, hazing, singing in the class rooms and other objectionable practices, and the President of the Political Science Association maintain that the promise, the non-fulfilment of which started the troubles, was not a binding one, while another officer of the same Society who was ruscated for a year for bringing note books into the examination hall stated that President London was unworthy of belief. It would appear as if the cause of the troubles were a want, not of tact, but of the finer sense of honour amongst some of the leading students. What tact could have averted the boycott which the students swore was directed against the Government and not against the Faculty or against the President? Was there lack of tact shown in the dismissal of Professor Dale concerning which the Commissioners hint that the Government could not have acted otherwise than they did? Was there a lack of tact evinced in dealing with Mr. Tucker who expressly announced to the University Council that he assumed the office of editor of *The Varsity* for the purpose of carrying out the wishes of the students in opposition to the commands of the Council? In what way could any college officer deal successfully with a student who, in his fanatical adherence to one idea, claimed the right to criticize the actions of the College authorities in a way which the commissioners regard as "offensive and entirely beyond the line of fair comment?" We confess that we are unable to answer these questions, and in regard to tact influencing the actions and sentiments of students, we might quote the statement of C. K. Adams, ex-President of Cornell University, that "many a college officer has found to his sorrow that a class meeting is capable of infinite folly." Perhaps President Angell, of the University of Michigan, a State institution, in many respects like our own Provincial University, has had an experience of college government suffi-

cient to vindicate his opinions, and yet he says of college students than "though not vicious, they may be thoughtless, and are often carried away in a whirl of temporary excitement to words and acts which they soon after condemn. What is wise treatment of young men in these moods is not always easy to say." It would, indeed, have been a service of great value to the University Council had the Commission pointed out in what matters a lack of tact had been displayed, and it would have been interesting also to have its views in regard to an unwieldy body, such as the University Council is, attempting to govern students through an officer who has no powers but that of a chairman, and who, if he possesses tact, has had no opportunity of displaying it.

Perhaps this feature of the report is the only unsatisfactory one and if it is remembered that but one member of the commission had any academic connection, it will appear difficult to imagine how it could have been otherwise. They are averse to the principle of self-government amongst the students and they appear to consider that a Students' Council, standing between the Faculty on the one hand and the students on the other, would be a continual cause of friction. They seem to think that there should be a stronger bond of sympathy between the students and the authorities and we heartily agree with them in this; but it is difficult to see in what way this sympathy may be created when four different and equally independent bodies share the control of twelve hundred students and when the unwise action of any one of these bodies may throw the whole machinery of government out of gear. When, as the report of the Commission itself shows, there was a widespread misconception as to the powers of the Councils, both amongst the students and the Faculty, there is, to a certain extent, an excuse for the thoughtless action of a mass of inexperienced students, but this very excuse condemns the constitution of the University which permits such a confusion.

It is greatly to be regretted that the Commissioners found no opportunity for inquiring into the constitution of the University. They have, however, forwarded to the Government the suggestions of the two Councils and Professor Goldwin Smith's views on the subject. If the report should be published in full, perhaps the facts brought out in the investigation may prepare the public mind for the consideration of a change in the government of the University as will make the machinery simpler, easier of action, less liable to be affected by the caprice of a group of either the students or of the Faculty, and at the same time permit the establishment of a bond of sympathy between the sober and thoughtful portion of the student body and the Faculty.

The part that the students of the Political Science Course played in all the late troubles was quite clear, but the evidence of Mr. Greenwood brought this out very markedly. He gave a list, thirty-one in all, of the speakers who addressed the student mass meeting at which the boycott was organized, of which twenty-one were students in the Political Science Course. When asked why so large a proportion came from one department, which does not contain more than one-eighth of the students in the Arts Faculty, he stated that he thought the majority of such students were intending to study law and that they were exercising themselves as a preparation. If this represents the matter correctly, it reveals a serious situation. Why should raw youths, anxious to "spout" and agitate, have their tendencies accentuated by a course of study which should be permitted only to adults of riper years? It would serve the purposes of the State better if these and other students were to receive annually a course of instruction on the *savoir-faire*, not of politics and agitations, but of ordinary, everyday life, in which also the *savoir-vivre* might be incidentally taught. The late master of Balliol College, Dr. Jowett, was in the habit of addressing his students on these things, and if English students are as raw as Canadian ones, his course of action was abundantly justified. One is tempted to wish there were a dozen Jowetts in Canadian collegiate life to increase the amount of sweet reasonableness in students.

We believe the report of the Commission will do much good and venture to hope that it will receive that careful attention which all University matters should receive from the public. Upon the students themselves, we believe, the greatest effect will be observed, and in all probability they will take greater heed of the character of their leaders in the future. If this result should obtain, then the University of Toronto may henceforth be free from these troubles which come from obdurate and perverse human nature. X,

Comparative Colonization.

CIVILIZATION moves quickly. The increased facilities for rapid communication by the shortening of distance and time have bound nations and countries more closely together. The government of men and the direction of civilization are no longer restricted in their progress by the limited experience of one country assisted by the wider history of the past; but, with the aid of method and skilful management, each can now learn and profit by the contemporary experiences of the rest.

We have not, as yet, accustomed our eyes to the wider range of vision, but important steps have already been taken in this direction, and gradually we can feel our way to take full advantage of the opportunities thus brought within our reach.

At a meeting of the Imperial Institute held in London last December, to discuss what steps could be taken to carry out the ideas suggested in a paper recently read before that august body by Mr. Ilbert, upon the motion of the Lord Chancellor a resolution was passed to the effect "That it is expedient to establish a Society of Comparative Legislation with the object of promoting knowledge of the course of legislation in different countries, more particularly in the several parts of Her Majesty's dominions and in the United States." In the course of his remarks at this meeting Mr. Ilbert is reported to have said that there were at present sixty legislatures at work in the different parts of the British dominions and that an accurate knowledge of their proceedings would do a great deal towards checking hasty and imperfect generalizations.

Important as the result of this meeting undoubtedly is in affording a convenient assistance both to the students and the makers of law in all English-speaking countries, the application of the main principle involved is a matter of far greater value and significance in the conduct of colonization in the truer and wider sense including the direction of the vanguard of advancing civilization; for colonization deals not only with the advertising of the natural resources of new countries, but with large movements of population, the peculiarities of different races and classes of men, and the many sides of human nature. The principles of colonization, therefore, are no less wide and far-reaching than the principles of law, and they can only be ascertained from the observance of phenomena throughout the whole length of the line in the countries to which immigration is directed. But unlike the science of law, the fundamental principles of colonization are as yet imperfectly understood, for the treatment of the subject has hitherto been desultory and confined to limited fields. Thinking men have not had access to concurrent reports and expressions of thought in other countries, and consequently the study has been neglected from lack of sufficient material, upon which accurate generalizations could be formed.

There are few subjects more important from a national point of view. On the one hand, Great Britain is vitally concerned in the wise disposition of her surplus population and the relief of overcrowding in the cities. She is bidding farewell to thousands of her citizens, who, each year, by stress of competition, are forced to leave her shores, and, as the centre of the Empire, she is interested in keeping them, if possible, from straying outside the British dominions. On the other hand, each of the British colonies, to meet the expected demands of a rapidly increasing population, have burdened themselves with taxation for the erection of great public works. Their chief wealth consists in undeveloped resources, which are valueless without the magic touch of capital and labour, for which they depend upon colonization to supply; while in the conduct of colonization they annually expend vast sums of money with most disproportionate results.

There are few subjects of greater interest from a human point of view. To the young man, full of energy and hope, to the drudge in the city office, to the farm labourer with his apparent hopeless prospects in Europe, colonization offers great attractions. The contrast to the life under older civilizations, and the many difficulties to be overcome, all have a peculiar and irresistible interest of their own, both for the settler and the spectator, an interest which has lately become more general by the growth of the spirit of emigration, for there is now scarcely a hearth or a home in Great Britain,

where some member of the family, a relative or friend, is not making his living in a foreign country.

And yet, with all this, as we have said, there is no subject of public interest at the present day of which the scientific study has in the past been more generally neglected.

The difficulty lies in the lack of system. The official returns that lie on the minister's tables do not appear to reach, or at any rate to be understood by the people. The solutions of the problems suggested by these returns can only be arrived at by wide experience among the settlers themselves. There is no machinery to educate and collect the thoughts and observations of experienced settlers or to define the lines upon which information is sought, and there is no provision made for recording for future use the product of thought or the lessons of the past. Now and again, in the ephemeral literature of the day, we see valuable thoughts and suggestions. Rising like bubbles to the surface, they attract attention for a moment and then fall back without sign into the unfathomed sea of experience from which they come.

It may, perhaps, interest the reader, who has not given thought to the subject, briefly to mention a few of the more important questions which may be considered under the head of colonization. They may be divided into three heads: the movements of population, missionary work, and the direction of settlers.

Under the first head we may place the tendencies of emigration from different European countries, the difference between the gross and net immigration to each colony, the relation between the urban and rural populations and the reasons for the movement of population to the cities. These questions are at present more or less fully dealt with in the official reports of the different colonies. Under the head of missionary work we may consider a comparison of the cost of immigration, the effect and extent of misrepresentation, the best means of commanding the confidence of intending settlers, the power of social attraction between colonists and their friends in the Old Country, the influence of this element in affording pecuniary assistance to emigrants, the best means of stimulating this influence and the opportunities for imparting information through the schools. Under the head of the direction of settlers we may mention the assistance of the unemployed in migration from the cities in the colonies to the farm, the peculiar difficulties or adaptability of different nationalities and different classes of men, the effect of previous training, juvenile immigration, the success of philanthropic emigration, assisted immigration, the formation of government colonies as opposed to haphazard settlement, hamlet settlement, the best means of imparting instruction and advice to settlers, the effect of the sale of government lands to speculators, the formation of co-operative associations, the utility of irrigation and legislation affecting the control of irrigation. We might continue the list almost *ad infinitum*, but enough has been said to show the importance of the subject, the imperfect knowledge that we possess, and the necessity of some system of comparative record.

Just at the present time the consideration of this question has for us in Canada a peculiar and, indeed, overwhelming importance, for the rapid growth of the country in the near future greatly depends on the wise conduct of our colonization during the next few years.

Just as in the Southern States, where King Cotton reigned supreme, the fall of that monarch was followed by a period of gloom and depression, until, under the direction of an intelligent government, there suddenly sprang up a more healthy and prosperous civilization of diversified products, so, now, in our North-West, with the fall of the price of wheat, we are in a critical stage of transition, and the gospel of mixed farming and self-maintenance is driving out a civilization founded upon one product, and dependent upon a foreign market. The wave of immigration during the past ten years from several causes has passed in thousands through our country to the Western States, but already it is whispered that Canada offers better advantages for the immigrant. We have then a double task immediately before us, to blazon this report to the world, and to speed the return to prosperity, taking care that the new era of civilization is founded not upon the fancies of inexperienced settlers, but on the soundest and wisest principles. The opportunity calls for a supreme effort, and, in our actions, we shall need all the help that wisdom and experience can supply.

The importance of a right understanding of compara-

tive colonization has been demonstrated by the political speeches during the present campaign. Conclusions have been drawn on the public platform from the fact that we have not retained the immigration that we have gained, conclusions, which, if they had been left uncontradicted, would have misled the public mind, and which, we believe, would never have been made, if the speakers had had the opportunity to investigate the concurrent efforts of other countries, from which we learn that in the United States an immigration of 10,000,000 is unaccounted for in the census returns, and that New Zealand and Australia have only succeeded in retaining one third of the immigration to their shores.

In the construction of the machinery to produce a comparative record, it will be necessary to devise some means to provide a communicating link between the Government immigration department in each British colony and the men who have opportunities for practical experience among the settlers; and, by mutual consent, public attention must be simultaneously drawn, in each colony, to the solution of the same problems and to questions of common interest. To carry out this object, it will be necessary to form associations among the people for the discussion of these questions, or, as we have suggested before to use the Patriotic Societies for this purpose, to secure the co-operation of the press, and to establish at regular intervals in each colony a system of popular conventions to afford an opportunity for general discussion of the problems of colonization. From the reports of these conventions, assisted by the departmental reports of each colony and of the United States, the comparative record can be compiled.

The discussion of this subject would appear particularly opportune at the present time, as a possible further step in the work already commenced by the Inter-colonial Conference at Ottawa, and another link in the chain to bind the outlying portions of the Empire more closely together.

ERNEST HEATON.

* * *

Pew and Pulpit in Toronto.—XI.*

REV. WM. PATTERSON AT COOKE'S CHURCH.

I REMEMBER that when I first came to Toronto, some years ago now, the name "Cooke's Church" somewhat surprised me and excited in me a little distaste. Churches called by the names of apostles and martyrs I knew, but who was Cooke? Why not Brown, Jones, or Robinson's Church? Was Cooke the proprietor of that church, as the name seemed to indicate, or was he a "leading man," a "pillar" around whom an infant "cause" had grown up and prospered and waxed great? Then I found that Cooke was the patronymic of a famous Presbyterian minister, and that this church not only perpetuated his name but seemed to have preserved some of his zeal. At that time the church, though of respectable size, was not impressive. A vigorous work of the kind that churches do was, however, going on in it, and when Rev. Wm. Patterson came, as a young man—a student from Knox College—to take this his first charge—a foundation of many years of faithful labour had been laid, and the place already possessed traditions. They were traditions of the simple and faithful and earnest preaching of the gospel as it is understood by Presbyterians, and there were, if I mistake not, a good many Presbyterians from the North of Ireland on its church roll. They were traditions of a simple service, without ornamental singing or modern sensations to increase the attendance and income. They were congregational traditions, of large numbers of people coming out both to the morning and evening services, and of a group of earnest, simple-hearted men who gave themselves with energy to the work of the church. An early result of Mr. Patterson's ministry was that the church had to be enlarged—or rather that a new church had to be built on the site of the old one. The structure that now bears on its front in cast iron letters the name of "Cooke's Church," and which

stands at the corner of Queen and Mutual Streets, is said to be the largest Protestant church in the Dominion, and I suppose that Mr. Patterson preaches to the most numerous congregation that gathers on Sunday in Toronto. The architecture of the church is massive and dignified and does great credit to its designer. Its strongly-built, substantial walls of dark, brown-red brick, with their heavy piers and tall arched windows; its fine tower with a note of simple grandeur about it that everyone will admit, the arrangement of its porch and front gable, the latter crossed with an arcing of stone pillars and arches; its great, simple roof, and the low, tile-roofed tower that forms its west gallery-staircase, make up an exterior that will always excite the attention and interest of those who care for solidity and fitness in architecture. There is no showiness about it, but there is a great deal of character; such ornament as there is of a grave and suitable sort; it has the beauty of simple massiveness. You have no doubt that it is a place of worship. The whole of the land at disposal seems to have been taken up by the church, and accordingly the schoolrooms and other supplementary apartments are in the basement. This makes necessary a considerable flight of steps to the church proper. Very broad steps they are, and at service-time the words of the psalm come to one's mind—"thither the tribes go up." On such occasions the numbers remind one of those that crowd into some place of entertainment—the wide stairway is crowded and black with people. Entering the church you find the same noble simplicity of design that marks the outside. The semi-circular Roman arch is the prevailing note. The heads of the windows are of this shape, and there is a large semi-circular arch of terra cotta over the recess that holds the organ which is placed, as usual, behind the pulpit. The pillars that support the gallery fronts rise above them and from their capitals spring a succession of arches longitudinally with the church, as well as arches at right angles to form the ceilings of the galleries themselves. The ceiling of the central part of the auditorium is a plain arch of a flatter section. The shape of the church is oblong and the impression received by the visitor is one of great spaciousness. Such decorations as there are are serious and restrained—the decorator has not run riot. The designer has borne the total effect of the whole always in mind, which is what so many architects forget. The organ, organ gallery and preaching platform are somewhat sombre in colour, but they give the impression of substantial costliness of a somewhat old-fashioned kind. In fact the soberness and chastened taste of Presbyterianism peeps out in a variety of ways, as, of course, in a Presbyterian church it should. These North of Ireland men and women, these Scotch men and women have plenty of character in them, though they do not wear their hearts on their sleeves for daws to peck at. Thus the organ, though large, is not showy or glaring, the joinery is neat and severe, and so are the chairs at the back of the preaching platform. Yet just where the arch over the organ springs, on each side, the architect has placed an angel with a gilt trumpet and above the organ there is a blue arched firmament.

I sat in the gallery a little while, being early, to see the people come in. It is my opinion that the congregation at Cooke's Church is composed of grave, earnest, solid people, who have a conscience, who keep their word and who are not turned about by every wind of doctrine. I saw great, substantial, young men come in and sit down with quiet, child-like reverence, men whose complexion was red and healthy with outdoor work, you could mark where the tan lost itself in the whiter forehead which had been protected by the hat, and you knew that their arms were like iron, and their thews and sinews of the sort that come through temperance, self-restraint, hard work and the fear of God. I saw tall, well-built, self-respecting, unfrivolous young women with "Old Country" inscribed in legible characters all over them, and, of course, women of the same sort who were not tall. I saw old men, with the marks of years of faith and patience and pious thought in their faces, coming in with their wives and children. Then I went down below and was shown to a seat tolerably near to the pulpit. Of course there are a variety of types in Cooke's Church congregation, as in all others, but it struck me that it contained no drones. They all looked as though they knew what it was to work, and to meet and overcome difficulties. At some churches you find a number of lackadaisical people on the lookout for sensations, who, not having much to do in life, find church a

* The articles which have already appeared in this series are:— I. Sherbourne Street Methodist Church, Feb 22nd. II. The Jews' Synagogue, March 1st. III. A proposed visit that was stopped by fire, March 8th. IV. The Roman Catholic Cathedral, March 15th. V. St. James's Cathedral, March 22nd. VI. The Bond Street Congregational Church, March 29th. VII. Jarvis Street Baptist Church, April 5th. VIII. St. James' Square Presbyterian Church, April 12th. IX. At the Church of S. Simon the Apostle, April 19th. X. Rev. W. F. Wilson at Trinity Methodist Church, April 26th.

pleasant relief from *ennui*: bored people who are really tired of their lives and are anxious for something new. I don't think you find many of that sort at Cooke's Church, I should say there is a larger proportion there of people who earn every bit of bread they eat, and earn it well, than in any other church in the city. They are in the main, I should say, people who realize the serious responsibilities of life, and try to live up to them, and one of the responsibilities they live up to is that of coming out to church on Sunday morning. What a congregation it is that is filling up downstairs and upstairs!—in quietness for the most part, for there is no organ voluntary to lull the senses. Then a wide door opens in the organ front, and the choir, consisting of fifteen men and the same number of women, come in and fill the choir pews. The precentor sits in the centre of a lengthened row of feminine choristers. There is a long row of men at the back.

When Rev. W. Patterson comes in and takes his seat at the rear of the pulpit, you see before you a robust, aggressive young Irishman of thirty or thirty-five. He has more strength of character than intellect in his face, and more sincerity and earnestness than speculation in his eye. He is in deadly earnest in all he does, and the seriousness of the outlook he habitually takes on life is only modified by the buoyancy of his youthful vigour. He looks like a fighter, and if you were to tell me that he had once been a good boxer, and hadn't forgotten how to parry and deliver now, I should say that there is nothing in his appearance to belie the statement. His abundant hair is black and neatly brushed; his strong, earnest face clean-shaven. He has a very firm and preoccupied mouth and a very determined chin. He has a preoccupied air as he comes in and sits down, and in a few moments he opens the service with a few rapid, simple words of prayer. Then you know that he has a pleasant voice and that his pronunciation is provincial Irish. But there is a force and magnetism about him that are very attractive. The man is plainly so sincere and so much absorbed in what he is doing that you cannot but attend to all he does and says. He announces a psalm to be sung. It is the quaint, old Presbyterian paraphrase that looks so odd to unaccustomed eyes, and that pays no attention to the ordinary rules of versification. He reads a verse of it in a voice that makes you think it must to him be refigured by years of sacred associations. There is an artless appreciation of it in his voice that is very striking. He is not thinking of how he is reading it—his congregation has faded from his perception: he is absorbed in this quaint verse:

The Lord of us hath mindful been,
And He will bless us still.
He will the house of Israel bless,
Bless Aaron's house He will.
Both small and great that fear the Lord,
He will them surely bless,
The Lord will you, you and your seed,
Aye more and more increase.

When the organ strikes the tune of "Dundee" and the choir and the great congregation stand up to sing the psalm you can tell that they appreciate it too. The singing at Cooke's Church is earnest and massive; it is psalm-singing pure and simple, but there is a depth and volume about it that fairly sweeps you off your feet. The combined tone of that long row of female voices is a thing to be heard. There is no striving after effect in this psalmody, but it gives you the idea of a great reserve of strength. The male voices in the rear support the strain. The precentor seems to enter into the meaning of the words and sings away with a vigor and spirit worthy of a chief singer in the sanctuary. The congregation join in with a heartiness and vigor that are contagious. So far as I am aware it seems to me the best congregational singing in Toronto. I read in a Toronto newspaper not long ago a report of a meeting of a Presbyterian church at which one of the members advocated some more attractive features than plain psalmody being introduced into the service. He wanted solo-singing and ornate anthems, and said that the church "*must* keep up with the procession." There was a liking for these things abroad, and they tended to draw a congregation. That, to my mind, was simply looking at a church service as an entertainment, and from a purely commercial point of view. It is, of course, possible to regard a church service in that light, but I am disposed to think that anyone hearing the massive and satisfying singing in Cooke's Church cannot but feel that it is of the sort best adapted, on the whole, to the Presbyterian order of worship.

There were more psalms and paraphrases, and again the minister led the prayers of the congregation in a simple and heartfelt way. He read the scriptures twice and made one or two comments. While the collection was being taken up the choir sang the hymn with the refrain "Till He Come," with great sweetness and feeling. At some time during the service Mr. Patterson made the announcements for the week which were somewhat voluminous. They included a notice of the communion service which was to be held that night. Those communicants who had not received their communion tickets were to get them, as they went out, from the elders, who would be at the doors. At the communion service communicants would occupy the centre and east side of the body of the church. The weekly meetings of several societies and church organizations were announced.

When Mr. Patterson stands up to preach, he reads his text in a plain, straightforward sort of a way and begins to speak with a rapid and energetic utterance. His manner of speech is very direct, earnest, and to the point. There is not a trace of the academic about him either in language or manner. A man of the people, he addresses the people in the people's own language and they attentively listen to every word. His sermon on Sunday morning was upon Simon the Cyrenian who bore the cross of Jesus. The preacher used neither manuscript nor notes. He entered immediately upon a most interesting description of the trial and crucifixion of Christ, and showed how it was that Simon was compelled by the Roman soldiers to bear the cross. The simplicity and force of this narrative could hardly have been improved upon. It formed a starting point for several cogent lessons which seemed to flow easily and naturally out of it. It also placed the hearers in a suitable frame of mind for receiving those lessons. Mr. Patterson has the Irish gift of warm and moving eloquence, and he has a good deal of what I can find no better name for than mother wit. He sees the points in a subject that are likely to strike home; he gives little suggestive touches that, somehow, stay by one. "The Roman soldiers took off the purple robe from Jesus; we do not read that they removed the crown of thorns." "Simon found it very hard to have to bear the cross, but while he was bearing it, where was Jesus? Not far off."

J. R. N.

Immortality.

The immortal spirit hath no bars
To circumscribe its dwelling place;
My soul hath pastured with the stars
Upon the meadow-lands of space.

My mind and ear at times have caught,
From realms beyond our mortal reach,
The utterance of eternal Thought,
Of which all nature is the speech.

And high above the seas and lands,
On peaks just tipped with morning light,
My dauntless spirit mutely stands
With eagle wings outspread for flight.

FREDERICK GEORGE SCOTT

The Song of the Robin.

Singing still and swinging, happy lover,
"Tho' the quiet wings that cover all thy
hopes are hid from sight,
Singing where the cherry-blooms, that,
nodding sweet above her,
Shower in a scented flow
Petals white as whitest snow,
Till thou safety mayst defy, sharpest eye,
Save the eye by love made bright,
That enchanted nest t'espy.

Oh, thou tawny throated! never floated
Thro' my charmed senses sound so sweet,
As doth now each silver note, set afloat,
Like linked pearls of music from thy palpitating throat!
Rosy-red I see thy breast
Glitter in its ruby breast,
That flames like crimson poppy tall, that nods along the wheat.

What far land enchanted, hast thou haunted,
That no thought of pain may follow where you pass?
Know you naught of sorrow, that you borrow,
Only sweetest notes of love to tell us of to-morrow?
Bird of joy and promise! all the rest thou dost surpass.
Listen! where the cherry-boughs are nodding to the hollow!
"Spring is here! Spring is here! Summer's soon to follow!"
Can't you hear it in the tinkling of the winds along the grass?"

EMILY McMANUS.

The Latest News From Paris.

(By Our Special Correspondent.)

M. HANOTAUX, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, continues to score all the innings, respecting the Anglo-Franco African disputes. The English here, while regretting the fact, admit their diplomacy is nowhere, in presence of the cool head and masterly hand of M. Hanotau. He has arranged the Sierra Leone frontier by obtaining all he claimed from England. "To give in" makes this a very good world to live in. And what constitutes the secret of the success of the French Palmerston? He knows his mind, has a fixed end to attain, and, like a certain little boy and a cake of soap in a certain advertisement, "will not be content till he gets it." And what does England oppose to that resolute and defined action? "Words, words, words," served in linguistic syrup, and handed in with up-to-date blandishments. Naturally he accepts the flummery, and all the pretty things dished up about the two great civilized nations, dwelling in brotherly love, and the usual diplomatic trimmings, but M. Hanotau, not the less, will give no pledge that French explorers, like other land-grabbers, will cease to penetrate into the Niger Company's territories and into the abandoned Egyptian provinces of Central Soudan. And he accuses England squarely, and in the Legislature, of shirking the solution of these difficulties.

Now, nothing but very plain speaking and very vigorous action on the part of England will prevent a collision between her and France. If she pursues the ostrich policy of shilly-shally and scuttle, France may dance the *Bouvre* or the *Carmagnole* upon her prestige. Never were the English more unpopular in France than now; detestation is passing into contempt—there is no use cloaking or mincing matters. There is a certain class of journals that make it a specialty to "pitch into England"; the respectable French have no sympathy with that, but at a certain zenith of excitement, it might be awkward for English residents. Such sensational journals do not spare Germany nor Italy—they like to fish in troubled waters from time to time; then the French press is free to either yell or to remain silent as a carp. Happily the screechings have no echo outside France. The serious matter is that M. Hanotau has "cornered" England; his primary aim is to compel her to call a congress, where Egypt would of course be the *piece de resistance*, or to make a compromise about the Niger and the Nile valley. He challenges the right of the Niger Royal Charter Co. to exercise any sovereignty powers, and quotes Liverpool merchants who also take that view. Hence the Company cannot forbid the advance of French Joshuas into its hinterlands. That's nut number one to crack.

Though it be the twelfth hour, England ought to proclaim her protectorate over the Nile Valley. The great blunder was not to have done so before. To evacuate means making way for the French occupation—a fact as certain as that England has no intention of leaving. If France kicks is England prepared for a fight? That must be the issue; who are her allies? what are her retaliations? While England fiddles—so far as is known—at Cairo, it is not denied that French armed explorers advance into British hinterlands, recognized by the same kind of vapour treaties as France holds her own like takes; France pushes also Nile-wards by the Madhi-conquered provinces of Egyptian Soudan; England forbids that encroachment, as the trustee of Egypt and the defender of Ottoman rights. France requests to be told where the frontier of the Khedival Soudan begins or ends. As well demand the map of the freehold of the man in the moon's allotment. If Anglo-Egyptian authority "shirks" supplying that information, as M. Hanotau says it does, he will apply to the vice-roy's sovereign, the Sultan himself, for a copy of his ordinance survey of Dongola and its Tom Tiddler's environs. That may provoke for one occasion in His Majesty's life a laugh, though Turks are smileless, as well as proverbially "silent." If France cannot obtain the demanded topographical information, nor from the Mahdi, who has no land surveyors' department, she will march ahead, till pulled up by force. By whom? England is the only barrier. However, it does not follow that Anglo-Franco disputes about African grabs will necessarily be settled in Africa. That's nut number two to be cracked, and explains how fragile are the "amicable relations" between the two powers; how near the sparks are flying about the heaped up inflammable materials in Old Europe; and

why palavers and sugar candy will not weigh with M. Hanotau.

The situation between France and England is very grave but that between France and her budget is not less so. The revenue for the quarter ending 31st March, shows a drop as compared with that of the corresponding quarter of 1894, of 40,000,000 frs., and in place of a surplus for the current budget, a deficit of 10,000,000 frs. for three months has resulted. This permanency of deficits cannot continue; it must end in a collapse. One fact has been demonstrated that the experiment of protection has failed. France has, during its operation, lost old clients, who have found new markets, and has learned to her cost, that to her locking out of the foreigner, the latter has retaliated by a counter-lock-out. As a scape-goat for their mining the commerce of the country, the protectionists lay all the blame on the anti-bimetallists. How cause the stream of Pactolus to reflow? By retrenchment.

Another proof of the "decline and fall" of the English in France: the Military, Polytechnic, and other colleges prefer to study German, than the language of Shakespeare. In the war of 1870-71, the French suffered dreadfully from their ignorance of German. It can be said, we have cured all that. Despite the reluctance of collegians and Léon Sais' alliance to propagate the German tongue, the latter is a long way behind the official language of the United States and Great Britain.

One of the most terrible defects in French justice is that when an individual is arrested, he is not allowed to see a relative, friend, or legal adviser till after he has been threshed and winnowed—his whole life included—by the *juge d'instruction*. That secrecy is not justice. So believes Ex-Home Minister Constans, who has brought in a bill authorizing an accused to be represented by counsel, who is merely to observe, during the committal examination by the *juge*. The institution of coroner's inquest is sadly needed. In presence of presumed sudden death or suicide, the inquiry remains wholly in the hands of the police and law officers. General Ney, grandson of the "bravest of the brave," was found dead under circumstances that his friends believe did not justify the conclusion by the legists that he destroyed himself. He was bringing a large sum of "hush money" to a certain lady; the rendezvous was a lonely house in the suburbs; his body was found in the cellar with two balls in the head—the money had disappeared. His chums demand, now, a full inquiry, but the family decline—it is their legal right after the lapse of seven years—to have the case reopened.

Strange reply to threatened eviction, and never tried in Ireland; when rent is due either for land or housing, in France; if not paid by noon on quarter or six month's day, the landlord hands a writ to the police inspector, who orders the tenant out, bag and baggage; to resist, is to resist the police. Then if the sticks block the roadway, and be not removed, the police will seize them as a nuisance and auction them off. That's sharp and swift. Two old men were in arrears for the rent of their room, since two years. The landlord finally resolved to expel them. On last Saturday night, the eve of ejection day, they passed their time preparing an infusion of poppyheads; they drank their brew. It was their last big drink. The bodies lay on a mattress on the floor—all their household goods—linked arm in arm. A sheet of paper was attached to their joint breasts, on which was written: "We bequeath our bodies as a souvenir to our millionaire landlord."

Deputy Descobes is in quest of a law to regulate the situation of the foreigner in France: the latter ought to be tolerated, or next to, on condition of taking out letters of naturalization, the cost of which is 175 fr. For this, the foreigner would be entitled to serve three years in the army, and then to enjoy all political and civil rights. Of the one-and-a-half millions of foreigners in France, 93 per cent. are composed exclusively of Belgians, Germans, Italians, Swiss and Spaniards. A poll-tax would do no good, and might provoke reprisals. On an average, two bills are presented every year for coming at the foreigner, either for the blood or the money tax. That average includes Deputy Michelius' bill, declaring only the third generation or the grandchildren of naturalized parents to be viewed as patriotic French citizens. That's not very complimentary to the new nationalists. The collected foreigners in France, it seems, threaten to submerge the native population, as the English are doing in the

Transvaal. The small fractional increase in the French population is wholly due to the natality courage of the foreigner. It cannot then be the interest of France to accelerate the decay of her people.

Z.

At Street Corners.

THE idea has often occurred to me that the national societies in Toronto, numerous as they are, have a grand opportunity for popularizing the history, traditions and literature of the countries they represent. Thus, Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespeare ought to be recited, described and expounded in the Sons of England Lodges until all the members obtain a familiarity with these prime authors. Likewise should the old castles, the old abbeys, the old regalities, towns, cities and historic families and topography furnish material for many essays and lectures, while the battles, ancient habits, wise sayings and antiquities generally should supply food for instruction and entertainment such as would prove useful and elevating. Ireland and Scotland, Germany, and even France and Italy have their representative societies, the members of which ought to do similar good service. It is true that the members of the national societies dine together once a year, and hold annual concerts, but the other features named are practically ignored. In this busy age such easy studies as my suggestions would imply would be a good antidote to the rush and bustle after gold, which is the curse, as it is the characteristic, of our day.

I was set a-thinking in this way recently by the programmes of the Gaelic Society, of Toronto, two of whose meetings it was my pleasure to attend. The first was devoted to an Ossianic programme, consisting of six papers of ten minutes duration each, dealing with various phases of Ossianic poetry, such as the authenticity of the poems, their mythology, their heroes and heroines, battle scenes, etc., a veritable study of an ancient literature not accessible, except through the medium of translation to the English reader. There were songs and musical selections sandwiched between, and after a two hours' intellectual and artistic treat the floor was cleared and young and old joined in the antique dances of old Scotland until the midnight hour had arrived.

The next meeting to which I was attracted was, if possible, a better one from the educating standpoint. This time there were three papers devoted to Celtic art. First came one on the ancient melodies of the Gael, with illustrations by voice and bagpipes. It was by a young lady, as were also the other two papers, and displayed an acquaintance with the subject, and an ability to write which were of a high degree of excellence. The second paper dealt with the engravings on metal preserved in personal ornaments. It was a highly technical piece of description, in every respect admirable. The third, and last, was a paper on "Ancient Celtic Pottery and Sculpture." For both papers illustrations by lime-light views were provided and thrown on the screen by a good lantern. The whole affair came as a revelation to the audience. Few present had been aware of the wealth of art the old Celts possessed, but before the proceedings of the evening were over there were few of them who did not agree with Grant Allen as to the prevalence and far-reaching influence of the Celtic element in European art, modern and ancient. And a feature, as suggestive as it was striking, was that the young ladies undertook to write their papers as the beginning of a study by themselves of the subjects assigned to them. It gives me pleasure to commend the course thus inaugurated by the president of the Gaelic Society to the other national societies of the city. It will pay. The national feeling will be deepened, broadened and preserved for noble and useful work in the dear land of our adoption.

There was a tyro who went to a certain expert and said unto him: "I am thinking of buying me a wheel, tell me now of thy experience which is the best in the market." And the expert said unto the tyro, "Come with me; I will show a jim dandy," and he took the tyro into a woodshed and shewed him his own wheel. And the expert said unto the tyro, "Behold now since the world began never was there such a wheel as this. It flieth faster than the sand storm before the desert wind; the antelope hath not a more graceful shape, nor the lord of all the elephants greater

strength, and for lightness the thistle down upon the meadow is not a circumstance. And behold now I will sell thee this my king of wheels for half what it cost me last year."

And the tyro marvelled greatly and communed with himself what manner of game this might be. And he said: "Oh, expert, how may this thing be? If thy words be true and this wheel all that thou sayest, why shouldst thou part with it for so small a sum; expound I pray thee." Then the expert beat his bosom and said: "Oh, tyro, thou art yet a man without experience and knowest not of the folly that falleth upon us experts. Behold three days ago this wheel was all that I could desire and my soul rejoiced in its beauty and strength, but now is my heart turned away from its perfection and the sight of it is like the taste of bitter fruit in my mouth. For I have learned that there is a wheel which exceedeth this in lightness by three ounces, and my soul yearneth greatly after it. Therefore will I give thee this one for the price I have named, that I may buy that which I lust after." And the tyro marvelled at his words and bought the wheel and it was a joy unto him. And the expert likewise bought the wheel which his soul lusted after and in two days it crumpled up and cast him against a telegraph pole so that his brains, of which he had but little, ran out upon the sidewalk. So he died and went to his own place and it was written of by the scribes to be a warning to all men that they should not seek after lightness to their own destruction.

In his office of secretary of the recent horse show Mr. Stewart Houston worked appropriately, that is, he worked like a horse. The ability to do this in addition to being able to work like a "gentleman and scholar" is one to be coveted, and Mr. Houston has received numerous congratulations from his friends on the success of the venture with which he had so much to do.

I was very glad to see that Mr. E. Wyly Grier's portrait of the Hon. Edward Blake, M.P., had been hung in a good place in the Royal Academy exhibition in London. The very mention of that annual show takes me back to the metropolis of the season. I can fancy just how it looks in Hyde Park. "O, to be in England now," wrote Robert Browning in Italy. "O, to be in England now," I echo in Canada.

DIOGENES.

Canadian Books for Canadian Libraries.

OF recent years there has been a gratifying increase in the demand for the best works of Canadian writers in college and other libraries, though there is yet a great indifference manifested by many. A publishing house in this city, who have made a commendable effort to push the sales of Canadian books, whether of their own issue or published by others, received an order from a leading Nova Scotia college recently for a number of Canadian books, the professor who gave the order accompanying it with the following words:—"I am much interested in the patriotic tone of your letter. You may like to know that the reason we have not ordered Canadian poets is that we have them already. These books are for 'the Canadian Corner' of our library, which is for books by the Canadian authors, or about Canada, or with the Canadian imprint. It was the idea of the students themselves; and one of their societies, the 'Philomathic,' having about twenty dollars to spend, decided to buy Canadian books, and asked me to make a selection. And this is in a Province that is supposed to be in favour of repeal."

A "Canadian Corner" for the library is a good idea—one that other colleges and public libraries may adopt with advantage. There is plenty of "good stuff" to draw from: Dawson, Chapman, Wilson, MacIlwraith, Mrs. Traill, Gosse, in the field of science; Kingsford, Bourinot, Macmullen, Dent, Stewart, Withrow, Gow, Mrs. Edgar, the two Begg, Read, Mary Agnes FitzGibbon, in history; Lanpman, Roberts, the two Scotts, Campbell, Rogers, Lighthall, Mrs. Harrison ("Seranus"), Dewar, Bliss Carmen, Mrs. Curzon, Stuart Livingston, Mair, Edgar, Pauline Johnson, and a score of other clever poets; Grant Allen, Mrs. Cotes (nee Sara Jeannette Duncan), Gilbert Parker, Miss Dougall with reputation world-wide in the realm of fiction; J. Macdonald Oxley, Egerton R. Young, Roberts, with stories of stirring adventure for boys, and a host of other writers whose names

might be mentioned as contributing books that would do credit to the literature of older lands.

The shame is that so many of our best Canadian books have been allowed to pass out of print, such, for instance, as Ryerson's "Story of My Life," and his "United Empire Loyalists and Their Times"; Heavysege's "Saul," probably the strongest drama since Shakespeare; Sangster's poems; Mrs. Traill's "Studies in Plant Life"; Mrs. Moodie's "Roughing it in the Bush." McLachlan's poems, if yet in print, are seldom asked for, and few Canadians know that some of his verses were truly Shakespearian in their terse strength, and worthy of place among the most brilliant efforts of the English poets. Poetry must, indeed, find congenial soil amid the smiling fields, the towering forests, and the broad lakes of Canada. We have W. D. Howells declaring our Archibald Lampman as the foremost among the younger Anglo-Saxon poets; Chicago *Inter-Ocean* venturing the opinion that Campbell's "'The Mother' is the nearest approach to a great poem we have had for many a long day"; and within the last fortnight the London *Speaker* quoting Frederick George Scott's "Samson" at length and claiming it as "probably the best American poem in many years." The assertion may safely be ventured that no country of any continent can claim a brighter band of poets than our Canada possesses to-day.

And yet ask any prominent bookseller in Canada how many customers he has who make a specialty of procuring the best of the books of our native writers as they appear, and the chances are ten to one he can count them on the fingers of his hands, and possibly may require but the one hand to reach the sum. Is it that the public libraries supply our people with all the reading they want, that one so seldom sees in Canadian homes a well-filled library, or even a corner shelf that gives evidence of the wisest selection? However, this is a new country, and we doubt not with growing wealth will come increasing culture and refinement, which nowhere shows to better advantage than in the choice of books.

A Plea For Toleration.

IT is to be hoped that in the burning question of Manitoba and her school legislation, Canadian patriotism will rise above all party and local considerations, avoid all appeals to religious prejudices, and endeavour for that unity which alone will prevent disintegration, and lay the foundations secure for a social and political home worthy of the memories of those patriots whose blood mingled on a common field—Wolfe, Montcalm—and of the great heritage of lakes, rivers, hill, prairie and plain constituting the Canada of this closing nineteenth century. Removed from the sphere of active politics without claiming freedom from all political bias, the writer can claim exemption from the bitterness inseparable from participation in the strife, and from sectarian antagonism in so far as he has bowed his head with unfeigned reverence under the vaulted roof of Notre Dame, and in the little log school house where "Dundees' wild warbling measure" rose. He has lived in Canada long enough to appreciate the light-hearted simplicity of the *habitant*, the unbending integrity of the Puritan, the sterling worth of the Covenanter, and would fain behold all these varied elements blend with the courtliness of the squire and culture of the scholar in making the Canadian a character which in the coming century shall be second to none in moral worth and national enterprise. Is he presumptuous in thinking some few words of his on the matter before us may be at least one infinitesimal influence in the process of evolution? In a paper such as the columns of THE WEEK demand, brevity is a prime consideration; a dogmatic rather than an argumentative style becomes necessary, and that thrown into the paragraph form.

The peoples inhabiting our fair Dominion, with comparatively few exceptions, are, in the broad sense of the term, Christian; even agnostic altruism owns the ethical teaching of Jesus of Nazareth. Among such a people to talk of a system of education purely secular is to talk of an impossibility. Religion is so interwoven with the very texture of all our nationalities, that neither our history nor our literature could be read with intelligence on purely secular lines. Think of Canadian history without its religious enthusiasm; or of Shakespeare with

"Earthly power doth then show likest God's
When mercy seasons justice"

eliminated! Unless we are prepared to banish all history and literature from our curriculums and confine our education to mechanical writing and reading, geography and mathematics, our only choice is between religion and irreligion; who would choose the latter?

There is an ancient community representing the Samaritans of gospel history whose division of the "Ten Words" of the Mosaic law differs from either that followed by Augustine or by Origen, and whose tenth commandment as written upon the old parchment of the Pentateuch reads "Thou shalt build an altar on Mount Gerizim and there only shalt thou worship." Unfortunately this is the prevailing spirit in all the sects into which our broader Christianity is divided, hence the difficulties in the way of teaching or of even recognizing the Christian religion in our public schools; which difficulties will be felt with greater or less intensity in proportion as men realize that religion does not consist in developing dogma from the Bible, but in obeying its precepts; for "whosoever shall do the will of my Father which is in heaven, the same is my brother and sister and mother"; and that, whether under the shadow of the Vatican, or impelled thereto by the unpretentious quiet of a Quaker's meeting.

While, therefore, the representative government of a people all but wholly Christian in sentiment must in its educational system recognize Christianity; it should not be asked to recognize religious distinctions. The legal status given to Separate Schools not only recognizes but perpetuates and legalizes a religious cleavage, destroying to that extent the homogeneity which alone renders a nation strong. The public training of our children on practically antagonistic religious lines is an evil which no true lover of his country can view with equanimity, and only the sectary can take delight in. They who seek to perpetuate such an anomaly take upon themselves a fearful responsibility, sowing the wind, that their children should reap the whirlwind.

On the correctness of these two principles the writer has not the shadow of a doubt, nor shall we find political peace till they are recognized and acted upon. But, alas! the ideal is not the actual, nor the desirable always the possible. "Practical politics" is an expression not without suggestive import. Let us turn for a little to the consideration of its bearing upon the question before us. In this land the representatives of the discoverer and of the victor mingle; alas! not yet as one united stream. That distinction derives greater persistency from difference both in language and religion; our politicians have aggravated the evil by their appeals to prejudices as they would win votes for "the party," our ecclesiastics in their blind sectarian zeal. Accursed be the hand that sows the seeds of religious strife! No one who has watched the course of our political life for the past quarter of a century with unimpassioned eye can feel otherwise than that racial and religious lines appear more deeply drawn than they were. We must, nevertheless, take things as we find them and seek impartially to amend.

We live under representative Government, in which, though the majority rule, or are supposed to do, the minority have recognized rights. In the question of Separate Schools in Manitoba, as now before our Government, a minority, comprising over forty per centum of the population (41.21 the exact figure), ask for the action taken by our Privy Council. Is it possible to refuse? For be it remembered that it is asked with an unanimity at least as intense as any conceivable refusal would be given by the residue. We may deplore the demand. I do most deeply, but demand it; and it is the demand of the pioneer as against that of the victorious after-settler. Moreover, for weal or for woe, we have a written constitution. Britain's constitution is to be found in meeting the progressive wants of a progressive people, that of our Dominion is "enrolled in the Capitol;" and our highest court of appeal has decided that the minority in question have a right to ask for remedial measures. We may think the decision wrong, view it as another instance of the glorious uncertainty of the law; but there it is, and the only further step in resistance is practically revolution. The issuing of the remedial order appears to have been a political necessity; so much so that neither of our present political parties would have dared to refuse the issue. True, the *Globe* came out plainly for non-interference, but as plainly stated that it spoke simply for itself. It dare not connect the party. As a direct party issue remedial legislation vs. non-interference has not appeared. Nor can it, unless we put the matter

plainly, Latin against Teuton; *habitant* against Saxon; Protestantism against Ultramontanism. And who would thus disintegrate our fair Dominion or complacently view a cloud upon the political horizon, though not bigger than a man's hand that shadowed a storm, burst after the fashion of Europe's Thirty Years' War?

What then is to be done? Patience. Time works wonders if we use its intervals in allowing judgment to enthrone itself as against passion, and sympathetic reason to overcome prejudice. Delays are not always dangerous; the Fabian policy saved Rome; better spend fifty years in honest endeavour after unity and peace, than hastily rush into a position from which our children will vainly strive for deliverance. The Maine boundary, the Newfoundland coast difficulty, with the constant experience we suffer therefrom in being handicapped, ought to make us hesitate ere we leave a heritage of strife for those who come after us. Discourage the politician, and encourage the statesman, and let patience have her perfect work.

The position is sometimes assumed that with such antagonistic elements as Protestantism and Roman Catholicism, there can be no permanent political peace; oil and water will not mingle. It should be remembered, however, that a little alkali will from those discordant elements produce an article without which our domestic economy would prove sorry indeed. We are slowly, let us trust surely, developing a Canadian spirit. Allow that to become sufficiently strong to overcome these racial differences, and to unite the excellences of both in a coming race. It is to be hoped that neither side will precipitate a final issue. Few events are more to be feared than the appeal to the electorate at this present moment on an issue as yet in its consequences little realized. Such a step would let loose the rage of fanaticism and fan the flames of sectarian strife to such an extent that the present generation would find it impossible to repair. Keep the question free from party issues; think well ere the leap be taken.

This leads me to notice an illustration of the counsel for the Roman Catholic minority given before the Privy Council to show the utter impossibility of harmonizing the two interests in common school education. "Protestants say to Catholics, we both like porridge, we can eat together; the Catholic says, not without salt; the Protestant replies, you can have your salt on Sunday." I can understand such an *ad captandum* argument made on the hustings, or before a jury of bushrangers, but not as calmly given before a Privy Council or for an intelligent public. Education is the directing and encouraging of growth, not a process of gulping down ready made mixtures. A much more apt illustration—not for the learned counsel's object 'tis true, but for the general weal—could be drawn from a nursery where the cultivator plants seeds to produce the stock on which afterwards the gardener grafts the special fruit or flour he desires to produce. There are stock truths common to all forms of Christian teaching; elementary education can recognize them, the grafting may be done elsewhere.

To sum up these desultory fragments on a momentous subject: We are at the parting of the ways. Shall we force upon an unwilling Province in perpetuity a dual system of public education, thus absolutely preventing political integrity; or can we so endeavour to rise above the strife of partyism as to set ourselves earnestly to work by each side, entering patriotically into the convictions of the other until a common basis may be found on which permanently to rest our Canadian nationality and elementary education?

Gravenhurst, April 1st, 1895. JOHN BURTON.

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Letters to the Editor.

THE COPYRIGHT QUESTION.

To the Editor of The Week:

Sir,—Is it not possible that the Copyright Question may be practically settled without the adoption of a law which, especially if American interlopers take advantage of it, seems almost certain to lead to injustice and to trouble?

The main object of the advocates of the Act, as I believe I am informed on the best authority, is to obtain the liberty of reproducing works of fiction on reasonable terms. Could not this be attained by the formation of a syndicate to negotiate with English authors? The syndicate would

be able to guarantee to authors the payment of their royalty, and it might fairly look for reasonable terms, because it would be the means of introducing the authors to a public to which otherwise they might remain comparatively unknown.

Yours faithfully,

GOLDWIN SMITH.

Toronto, April 29th, 1895.

POLITICS AND BUSINESS PRINCIPLES.—NO. V.

To the Editor of The Week:

Sir,—If the generally accepted axiom, that gold and real property securities always flow towards the country in which the rate of interest is lowest, be true, then there is nothing that will preserve a favourable economic condition but a rigid observance of those principles upon which a low rate of interest depends. The economic condition of Canada is unfavourable to her prosperity and advancement, because she has become depleted, to such an alarming extent, of her active capital; and thus her invested capital has become impaired. An inflow of money would rectify this adverse condition, but how can we hope for a change so contrary to natural law? Up till the present time in the history of Canada the flow of money and securities has been outwards in strict conformity to the accepted axiom. If we cannot induce money to flow contrary to the accepted axiom then it is quite evident that we must bring such action to bear on our finances that will give us as low a rate of interest as the country enjoying the most favoured economic condition, or else we need not expect an influx of money and therefore the power to compete in foreign markets, which is the only level by which we can attain to anything like material prosperity.

Gold is the only international money, because it is the standard of value of the largest creditor country. The standard by which all market values of the world are measured, irrespective of the standards of all debtor countries. Debtor countries might far better conform to Great Britain's standard than be taught the lesson through ignominious defeat and ruin to their trade and industries, that high interest is not a disadvantage to themselves, that high interest is a disadvantage to themselves, that the largest creditor. It is only under one condition that they could establish a standard of value different to that of the largest creditor country with advantage to themselves, and that condition would depend upon the rate of interest being as low as it was in the largest creditor country; then, I say, a debtor country might establish its own standard of value of some different metal to that of the largest creditor country, because the flow of money would be towards such country, and therefore the country could take its payments in whatever metal it wished.

By the adoption merely by us of the standard of value of the largest creditor country, our economic condition is not by any means assured, there is something of far greater importance required.

CRITIC.

THE DESPERATE TORIES AND THE WILY GRITS.

To the Editor of The Week:

Sir,—The people of this country are being afforded an interesting but not altogether edifying spectacle by the attitude of the two political parties on the Manitoba Question. Both parties in the House seem to be playing with this question—the one a desperate game, and the other a wily game. This may be all very well for the Parties, but it is disastrous for the country. People are beginning to wonder why the example set by Sir John Macdonald and Mr. Blake in regard to the Jesuit Estates Question is not followed by Sir Mackenzie Bowell and Mr. Laurier to-day in regard to the Manitoba School Question. The firm and consistent stand of the *Globe* and the conciliatory attitude of the *Mail* look in that direction; but what about the leaders? Mr. Laurier has as good as committed himself to oppose any interference with Manitoba as long as her public schools are not "Protestant" schools; and as the Privy Council distinctly stated that the schools are not Protestant but "entirely unsectarian," by the very statute that created them, Mr. Laurier may surely be relied upon. He has moreover assured us that he has no desire to make political capital out of this question. Is it Sir Mac-

kenzie Bowell who is going to stand in the way of an amicable arrangement? One would think so from his speech in the Senate! Are there not enough independent men in the Conservative ranks to call the Premier back from so untenable a position? I am loath to believe that there are not. The vast majority of Canada's thoughtful, honest, and patriotic citizens are ardently hoping that just as Parliament united to leave Quebec alone to spend her money as she saw fit, so it will now unite to leave Manitoba alone to manage her own educational affairs as she has an undoubted constitutional right to do. Parliament would not heed Mr. McCarthy though he had much reason on his side; will it now heed Senator Scott?

Meanwhile let me remind your readers of some utterances on the Clergy Reserves question that may aptly be applied to Manitoba at the present moment. In his famous appeal to the British Parliament in 1851, Dr. Ryerson said: "What the Canadians ask they ask on grounds originally guaranteed to them by their Constitution, and if they are compelled to make a choice between British connection and British constitutional rights, it is natural that they should prefer the latter to the former." And the same sturdy yalist quoted with approval these words from the organ of the Church of Scotland in Upper Canada in 1840: "Year after year, at least during the last decade, the general sentiment in this Colony has been uttered in no equivocal form, that no Church invested with exclusive privileges derived from the State, is adapted to the conditions of society among us." Note also the wise words addressed by Lord Stanley to England in a speech delivered in 1828: "It is important that His Majesty's Canadian subjects should not have occasion to look across the narrow boundary that separates them from the United States to see anything there to envy."

C. GUILLET.

Toronto, April 29th.

* * *

Poetry, Art, and War.

SCARCELY a month passes by but some new volume of Canadian poems comes from the press. William Kirby, the author of that intensely powerful tale, "The Golden Dog," has just published a volume of poetry under the attractive title "Canadian Idylls."* Mr. Kirby is no "idle singer of an idle song." There is an intense seriousness about every one of his poems. He loves Canada, he loves the country, her institutions, and her people. This love voices itself from the opening lines of the book—

"A calm of days had rested on the broad
Unruffled waters of Ontario"—

to the rousing national song at the close, "Canadians Forever."

The prelude to the opening poem shows the poet at his best. He is a lover of Nature, and has the power of expressing his love. His sunrise scene on the Queen's Birthday is charming:

"The sun was rising seaward of the point
Of a low promontory thick with trees,
Which, like the sacred bush by Moses seen,
Were all ablaze with unconsuming fire.
A smooth horizon cut with clear divide
The sky above it from the sea below,
Each touching other, save one spot of white
Where stood a glistening sail, caught by the sun
And held becalmed upon the distant verge.
Landward the orchards were in bloom, the peach
In red and pink, the apples white and red.
While every bush, after its kind, in flower,
Wrought once again the miracle of spring."

The opening poem, "Spina Christi" is a tale of old and new France; of woman's love and man's faithlessness. It is told with poetic vigor and ease, and has a few strikingly beautiful passages. The opening lines of the second part are particularly strong:

"Atlantic gales come winged with clouds and voices of the sea
The misty capes uncapt to hear the ocean melody."

But while we have beauties, there are many blemishes, and a little judicious pruning would greatly improve all the poems. Mr. Kirby is a scholar, and his scholarship is constantly obtruding itself. It would take a good deal of poetic excellence to make the reader forget such a blemish as:

*"Canadian Idylls." By Wm. Kirby. A. P. Watts & Co., Toronto. Price \$1.50.

"In old Niagara fort a cross stood loftily in view
And Regnat Vincit. Imperat. Christus, the words did show
Carved on it."

Again we find such lines as:

"He conquered." In Hoc Signo—meaning that," etc.

and:

"The 'trinoda necessitas' of yore."

But these are knots on the oak, and when he is in his epic mood, viewing nature with sympathetic eye, he has something of Wordsworth's insight. His lyrical poems and his romances are weak, and his dramatic power in his poetry is immeasurably inferior to that in "The Golden Dog." His fishermen talk like university professors, his Indians like philosophers, and his peasant girls like high-born ladies. But when he is in the presence of nature there is a power that strongly reminds one of "Tintern Abbey," and "The Prelude." "The Lord's Supper in the Wilderness" is one of his most characteristic poems. A passage from the beginning of it will suffice to show his appreciation of the autumn mood of nature:

"The bushes stood adrip with glistening dew,
And flowers that blossom last and are not spurned
Because they labour at the eleventh hour,
And deck God's footstool, asking no reward—
Immortelles for the dead, and gentian blue,
Bright golden rod, and late forget-me-nots,
The timest and last—give service sweet
When all the rest are gone—and clothe the year."

"Pontiac" deals with the famous siege of Detroit. The material is well worked up, but, as in the case of the two following poems, "Bushy Run," and "Stony Creek," we cannot help feeling that the proper vehicle of expression for such subjects is prose. Mr. Kirby has tried his hand at the sonnet too, but he lacks the lyrical intensity necessary for making such formal verse attractive. The one "On General Gordon's Death," has, however, several strong lines:

"All England weeps hot tears of angry grief,
Bowed neath the shame of it, words sharp and brief
Find fierly utterance in the nation's gloom."

The book is a valuable contribution to our literature, and will tend to foster a national spirit, and create a worthy patriotism. There is but one altogether unworthy poem in it, a fulsome piece of praise of Lord Metcalfe. The poem was written in 1845, and, in the light of our records, if Mr. Kirby has not changed his views about the despotic governor "who jeered at responsible government," he should, at least, for his reputation's sake, not ask us to believe such lines about him as:

"O! Thrice ennobled in Canadian love,
Metcalfe, the wise and good, the sure defence
And bright adornment of our Northern land."

As we hinted in the beginning of this review, Mr. Kirby is a scholar, and this scholarship displays itself not only in the thought and phrasing of his poems, but in several translations from the French and German. He has evidently been a careful student of the masters of English verse, and his style, both in manner and matter, is often clearly modelled on Wordsworth and Tennyson.

It was a happy thought of Mr. William Briggs to ask Mrs. Rand's consent to have her letters † on art, contributed to the *McMaster University Monthly*, published in book form. They seemed to him "admirably adapted to awaken interest in a subject of which Canadians are indifferently informed," and now, with the little book before us, we feel that all readers, whether acquainted or unacquainted with art, will peruse it with pleasure. As the writer says, "the letters were not written to present original views, but simply to give an orderly and brief account of Italian art from its dawn till its noonday splendor." While this is true Mrs. Rand is, at times, strongly original in thought, and although no technical terms that could puzzle the reader are used, a clear, comprehension of painting is shown, an accurate knowledge of the pictures studied is displayed, and where some knowledge of the life of the artist will aid in adequately understanding his art a sympathetic sketch of his life is given.

The book begins with Margaritone (1216 to 1293) and closes with Titian and Tintoretto. The writer keeps in mind

† "Letters on Italian Art." By Emiline A. Rand. Wm. Briggs, Toronto.

the evolution of painting and traces the growth of Italian art with great clearness from the Madonna of Margaritone, "a grim, gaunt, forbidding-looking figure," to the rich pictures of Titian, who, in the details of his art, and especially as a colorist, surpassed even a Raphael.

The third letter is the finest. The writer is dealing with "the meridian glory of Italian art," and Leonardo da Vinci's picture, "Our Lady of the Rocks," fascinates her, and we, too, are fascinated by her description of that "wonderful conception of ideal womanhood," with its "expression of tender love, and soft, gentle beauty." The companion study in this letter is Michael Angelo. Sympathy again gives the writer an understanding mind. There is something more than a painter here—there is a man. "The very strength and dignity of Michael Angelo's work were a true expression of his sterling principles and massive character." His "full, strong drawing," his "perfect shading," are noted with a truly critical eye; and although she gives it as the opinion of the critics that "boldness, vigor, and mastery of form are combined in this great artist above all others" we feel it to be her own judgment from first-hand observation.

The closing letter deals with Raphael and his noble pictures, and with Titian and Tintoretto, and an able closing paragraph is given in the Eclectics, the Mannerists, and the Naturalists.

We cannot have too many books of this kind. Our artists have, as yet, met with but little recognition. We are merely grping in art. And the general public must be educated to some extent in what has been already done in the world of painting before great pictures can be expected from Canadians. This little book will go a long way towards giving us higher ideals of art.

No series of books is more welcome to the reader of British descent than the "English Men of Action." The publisher in choosing the writer of the life of Colin Campbell † for this series has made a wise choice. Archibald Forbes, by his experience with battles and soldiers, by his robust, nervous style, is well fitted to depict the career of the man who died "the foremost soldier of England." The writer's genius does not seem adapted for depicting the ordinary commonplaces of life, and the early part of the opening chapter is somewhat tedious. But even here we meet with such a sentence as: "Since the Peninsular days Colin Campbell had been soldiering his steadfast way round the world, taking campaigns and climates alike as they came to him in the way of duty." From this sentence we are led to expect unusual vigour when the writer has settled down to a detailed description—

"Of moving accident by flood and field
Of hair breadth 'scapes' the imminent deadly breach."

The book is interesting not only as a picture of the life of a hero, but as a contribution to history. The life of Colin Campbell is almost synonymous with the history of England's wars from the beginning of the century. We find him a mere lad, passing through both the Peninsular campaigns, fighting bravely under Wellesley, at Vimiera, and enduring nobly in the retreat of Sir John Moore. Although he played a gallant part at Vimiera he left no record of his deeds save the brief note: "Twenty-first of August, was engaged in the battle of Vemiera." This modesty seems to have been one of his leading traits, for from the beginning of his career till the close he rarely spoke of his own deeds. He was essentially a man of action, not of words, and it has been left to others to chronicle his exploits. At Barrosa he first came prominently before the military public. At San Sebastian, where he led the forlorn hope, he signally distinguished himself. He was then in his twenty-first year, but was already a veteran in experience. His daring at this time is tersely described in the sentence: "Twice he ascended, twice he was wounded, and all around him died." This baptism of fire would have left his name permanently on our military history if he had never known another engagement. So ardently did he desire action that he left the hospital, "limped" to the front, and at the passage of the Bidassoa materially aided in the capture of the Croix des Bouquets, but was so severely wounded that he was compelled to return to England. The story of these days of active service is told

by Forbes with the graphic powers of a man accustomed to glancing an eye over battlefields.

A long period of comparative inactivity followed, and the story of this period is told with less power, as the "doing nothing, expecting nothing" time of Campbell's life seems to be as little inspiring to the writer as it was attractive to the soldier.

From 1842, when he was called to take part in the Chinese war, till 1863 his life was a fiercely active one. His constitution was of iron: crowded vessels, fevers, marches, wounds that laid others low affected him but little. On the field and in the barracks "he was a rigorous taskmaster, but if he did not spare others, he never spared himself." Although he loved fighting, the motto he selected when elevated to the peerage, "be mindful," is characteristic of the man, and the key to his success. He hated a "big butcher's bill," and was careful of his soldiers' lives. He loved his men, and they returned his affection. Only once in his career does he seem to have been accused of timidity, and that was when Lord Dalhousie reprimanded him for displaying "over-cautious reluctance;" a more unjust reprimand than which was never uttered.

The book rapidly follows the hero's brilliant career through India till his return to England in '53, and then takes us with him to the Crimea in the following year. His daring at Alma, the calm generalship at Balaclava, when he met the Russian charge with his "thin red streak, tipped with a line of steel," largely helped that war to a successful conclusion.

In 1857 England's ablest and most experienced soldier was required for the Indian mutiny, and Sir Colin Campbell was appointed to the command. This part of the book is by far the most brilliant. The description of the inspection of the troops before the march on Lucknow is a most vivid piece of word-painting—perhaps the finest paragraph in the book. The struggle at the Begum's palace and the slaughter that followed are told with graphic, thrilling power; and ever, through it all, the writer keeps prominently in the foreground the striking figure of old Sir Colin, saving his men, enduring with them, fighting night and day, for only the utmost skill and watchfulness could give success to his small army going out against the Eastern hordes. He was successful, completely successful, and at the close of the war "India had relapsed into a state of profound peace and security."

He was made a peer and a field-marshal, the highest honours in the gift of the nation, and at the age of 71 passed to his rest, and was honoured with a place in Westminster Abbey. It is hard to realize as we lay down the little book that this hero lived in our own days—that the man of many wars was a nineteenth century hero. What makes it all the harder to comprehend is the fact that he was born into the world the son of a Glasgow carpenter, and that he died the foremost soldier of his age, a peer, and a field-marshal.

T. G. MARQUIS.

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Press Opinion on The Week.

THE last issue of THE WEEK is of considerable interest to Albertans. Amongst other matter, it contains a principal Grant's article on the Reverend John May in reply to Mr. May combats the contention that the Province of Manitoba should be given a free hand in the matter. On the principle that individual liberty ends where the liberty of the community is violated, he holds that, if pressing Provincial rights too far is likely to disturb the whole of Confederation, the Federal Government should intervene. "An Alberta Settler" writing from Calgary comments on an article by Professor Shortt in the *Queen's University Quarterly*. The "pernicious results" of the "vigorous immigration policy" are commented on. Irrigation and Free Trade are said to be what Alberta requires; and the railway monopoly and the "professional politicians" are condemned.

There are also an excellent article on literary matters by Dr. Bourinot; a thoughtful contribution on Religion in Schools, by Professor Clark; a criticism of the Ontario Educational System from a taxpayer's point of view, by Ernest Heaton; as well as several excellent minor contributions.—*Alberta Tribune*.

† "Colin Campbell." By Archibald Forbes. New York: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co., Ltd., Toronto.

Periodicals.

Christian Reid contributes the complete novel in the May number of *Lippincott's*. It is entitled "The Lady of Las Cruces" and the scene is laid in Mexico. The incidents are both picturesque and dramatic. Those who begin the tale will not stop till they have reached the last page. William Trowbridge Larned has a short paper on "Effacing the Frontier," in which he says that the whirligig of time has brought a reversal of conditions and that the West is more secure now than the East. "The blood-and-thunder novelist of the future will go further and fare worse if he leaves the lairs of the New York policeman for the uneventful regions where the war-whoop is no longer heard." The story of a young Corean rebel, Soh Kwang Pom, is interestingly told by Haddo Gordon, with whom we agree in saying that it reads more like a tale of one of Dumas' heroes than like the adventures of a lad in the last years of the nineteenth century. Amongst the short stories which enliven this good number we may mention "Odds on the Gun," "The Ghost of Rhodes House," and "The Heart of the Fire Spirit."

"The dreamer is purely immoral; he is reduced to the state of the merely natural man," is one of the theories advanced by W. D. Howells in *Harper's Magazine* for May in the course of an article entitled "True, I Talk of Dreams." Observing by way of introduction that "Every one knows how delightful the dreams are that one dreams one's self, and how insipid the dreams of others are," he shamelessly proceeds to relate in a most entertaining manner his own personal experiences. The number contains besides the continuation of Mr. Hardy's "Heart's Insuperable," three short stories by Owen Wister, Robert Grant, and Julian Ralph. Mr. Ralph also contributes an article called "In Sunny Mississippi," beautifully illustrated, as, indeed, are the majority of the others. Fifteen fine reproductions of famous paintings are included in "The Museum of Prado," by Royal Cortissoz. A pleasing feature of the issue is the second instalment of "Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc." "The Story of the Liver," by Dr. Andrew Wilson, of Edinburgh, will attract the attention of those conscious of the possession of that influential organ. The subject is handled rather technically for general readers.

The May number of *Scribner's Magazine* assigns the place of honour to a story by Mrs. Humphrey Ward, begun in this number and to be continued in June and July. It is called "The Story of Bessie Cottrell." The scene is laid in rural England, and the incidents of the opening chapters lead us to expect some telling situations later on. It is the first story, we believe, she has ever written for a magazine. Robert Grant's series on "The Art of Living" deals this month with the subject of "Occupation." The new calling, he points out, which America has added to those of Europe, that of stock-broker, is rather crowded, and the vast fortunes which have sometimes been made in it are now likely to be the lot of but very few. He regrets, and rightly, that so few of the best of the youth of the U.S.A. are inclined to become clergymen and utters a note of warning against the haste to become rich. The historical article by Benjamin Andrews deals with the downfall of the carpet-bag regime and the state of public affairs in the South at the close of the war. It ought to be most interesting to those who had connection with the South in those calamitous times. The present instalment of Meredith's serial, "The Amazing Marriage," describes a bit of low life in the Whitechapel region of London in a manner that will surprise even Meredith's admirers. There is an article on golf, written evidently by an enthusiast, with many illustrations, grave and gay, some of them being "striking" in more senses than one. It is an article which may be thoroughly enjoyed even by a man who has not yet been bitten by the golfing mania, though we suppose that in time he too "may regret the neglected opportunities of his youth, and the disease which has no microbe and no cure will be chronic and seated on him for life."

A prominent place in *The Atlantic Monthly* for May is given to a paper on Mars by Per-

cival Lowell. It is the first of a series, and deals with the atmosphere of that planet which has so interested astronomers on this one of late years. It is not written in a technical style, and is easy reading for any one interested in our neighbours in space. There are two political articles, one dealing with "The Political Depravity of the Fathers," and intended to administer the consolation, such as it may be, to our American cousins that the politicians who managed the affairs of the States at the close of the last century were no better than they are now, and explaining the origin of the word, now only too well known, "gerrymander." The other deals with an event in the History of the Rebellion generally passed by in silence—an attempt on the part of Dr. Rush to discredit General Washington and remove him from command of the army. The letters of Dr. Rush to Adams are published and we see much of the animus which pervaded the set of which Dr. Rush was a leader. We are apt in these days to think General Washington had no rivals or detractors among his countrymen. Fiction is well represented by "The Seats of the Mighty" (Gilbert Parker), in which the hero—one Captain Stobo, of Virginia—in a Quebec prison and condemned to death, seems in a rather tight place; also by "A Singular Life" (Elizabeth Phelps), and a pleasant short story called "A Faithful Failure." An article, one of a series on "New Figures in Literature and Art," is devoted to Richard Harding Davis, the author of "Van Bibber" and "Gallegher," which have been so widely read and appreciated. His latest collection, "The Exiles, and Other Stories," seems to show that the dramatic faculty is becoming more prominent in his writings than the mere pleasure of story telling. Mr. T. R. Sullivan writes in advocacy of the establishment of a standard theatre to encourage advance in the art of acting in the U.S.A. and to put an end to the vicious "star system." "A Week on Walden's Ridge" is the account of an outing—much enjoyed apparently in spite of constant rain—in the eastern part of Tennessee. Some of the customs in that part of the land seem rather singular and the conversations are very amusing.

The May *Century* appeals to readers of most varied tastes. It opens gaily with a novelette, "The Princess Sonia," by Miss Julia Magruder, in which the writer's lightness of touch is supplemented with striking sketches by Charles Dana Gibson. The story is laid in the art colony of Paris, and the principal characters are two art students, one of whom is an American girl and the other the Princess Sonia herself. Professor Sloane narrates the conclusion of Napoleon's campaign in Northern Italy. The picturesque features of this important event are further reinforced by a large number of portraits and pictures by French artists of that time and by French and American artists of the present day. An article of general interest, which is also of special interest to musical people, is a sketch of "Rubinstein: the Man and the Musician," by Alexander McArthur, correspondent in Paris of the *Musical Courier*, who was for many years his friend and pupil, and who writes of the great pianist and composer from intimate knowledge, making a well-rounded study of his musical theories, admirations, and prejudices, and of his personal qualities. Accompanying the article is a faithful portrait of Rubenstein, drawn by Pape, after a favourite photograph of the composer. *The Century* also contains the third and concluding paper of Miss Harriet W. Preston's narrative of her trip "Beyond the Adriatic," along the Dalmatian Coast. She was accompanied on this voyage by Mr. Pennell and his wife, and the artist's sketches record picturesque aspects of that part of the coast lying between Spalato and Cattaro. The fact that this "new field of travel" has been made conveniently accessible to the Western world by steamer lines from Trieste lends additional interest to the unique material. This magazine for many years has been a staunch advocate of forestry reform, and in the current number it follows up the recent symposium on the forestry question with an editorial article calling attention to the fact that in the last Congress conservative measures for the preservation of the public forests were defeated by Western members, and appealing to that section of the country to give to the subject the attention which it

urgently demands. When will Canadians awake to the importance of this great matter—forest preservation? If it is left to the politicians, nothing will ever be done.

Music.

The Yaw Concert Company drew an immense audience to the Massey Music Hall, last Friday evening, the 26th inst. Great expectations had been awakened owing to the very flattering press notices which had heralded the coming of Miss Yaw, and I am glad to be able to say they were more than realized. Miss Yaw is certainly a very gifted and extraordinary singer. One can scarcely imagine more dulcet, clear, crystal tones than she emits throughout her entire compass of nearly four octaves. I need not enlarge upon this remarkable scale, which so far as I am aware has never been previously recorded. It is so wonderful that one becomes dazed in endeavoring to account for its possibility. Her lower and medium tones have the richness of a mezzo-soprano of superior quality, and her very high ones are ravishingly sweet, pure and clear. This voice, so astoundingly, abnormally elastic, is so cultivated as to produce all manner of runs with perfect intonation, and also with consummate ease. In a number of selections including, "The Russian Nightingale," *Alabieff*; "Theme and Variations," *Pruch*; "The Echo," *Celli*; and Mascagni's "Ave Maria," with several encores besides, she both astonished and delighted every listener with her brilliant virtuosity. All the characteristics mentioned above were exhibited, and these, coupled with a manner childishly simple and graceful, made an effect which will long be remembered. Miss Georgiella Lay, pianiste, and Mr. Maximilian Dick were the assisting artists, and each made an impression most favorable. The former has a very finished technic, and a graceful touch, and while her tone is not distinguished for its volume, it is nevertheless entirely musical and pure. Her solo numbers were: Liszt's "Venice and Naples" (Taran-telle), and Joseffy's "At the Spring," and "An Arietta of Gluck's," transcribed by the same composer. Mr. Dick proved himself a very superior violinist. He played Vieux-temp's Ballade and Polonaise, and a Rondo, by Bassini, with great dash and vigor. He has an eminently musical tone, and, of course, a technic of mammoth proportions. He received in each instance two recalls and gave two encore numbers. In addition to Miss Lay's abilities as a solo pianist, she showed herself to be an accompanist of much ability as well. Mr. H. M. Hirschberg deserves the thanks of Toronto people for his enterprise in providing this concert, and the skill with which it was managed.

Gilmore's Band, which still retains the name of its late leader, Patrick Gilmore, gave three concerts in the Massey Hall on Monday and Tuesday evenings of this week, with Tuesday matinee, to large audiences. On Monday evening especially the hall was almost filled, and this certainly does not show that our people are suffering to any great extent from the hard times which has been the universal cry for the past few years. Mr. Victor Herbert, the present leader of the band, conducted a varied programme in a manner unmistakably proving his ability in that art, and his excellent musicianship. The band is made up of exceedingly capable players, and the general effect is very fine. The opening number on Monday evening was Wagner's "Jannhauser March," which was well interpreted, following which, perhaps the most successful numbers were two movements from Grieg's "Peer Gynt Suite," an overture and march by the conductor, and "Canadian Patrol" by Herbert L. Clarke, which latter composition was performed for the first time. It is cleverly put together, being made from several well-known airs dear to the heart of the Canadian public, and won an instantaneous success. Mr. Herbert's compositions are brilliant and characterized by excellent workmanship and particularly striking themes. Mr. Herbert L. Clarke and his brother Mr. Ernest H. Clarke played a "Duo" for cornet and trombone and were so lustily cheered as to receive a double encore. They are both excellent performers, Mr. Herbert L. Clarke being particularly distinguished throughout America for his beauti-

ful tone and admirable playing. The soprano soloist, Mme Louise Natalia, sang for her first number Verdi's "Ah fors'è lui" from *Traviata* and received an encore; why I know not, because, while she possesses a good vocal technique, her voice is hard and rough in character, with very little sweetness in it. Perhaps it was her general attractive appearance which pleased and not the efforts of her vocal organ. Great interest was centred in the playing of Frieda Simonson, the child pianist, who played Liszt's arrangement of Weber's brilliant "Polonaise in E, with band accompaniment, afterwards playing, with great rapidity and neatness, Mendelssohn's "Spinning Song." For an eleven year old child she is the largest I ever remember seeing, for her arm and hand are as big as a woman's. She takes wide extensions of chords with ease and certainty, and her runs are both clear and distinct. Most children at that age are not able to span more than a sixth, let alone over an octave. She is remarkably gifted, and will if nothing happens, achieve greatness some day. One would think that when she is old enough to play so well, she could likewise be taught to bow a little more gracefully. Her squatting movements in this connection are as humorous as they are absurd. A solo for auto-harp by Mr. Aldis J. Gerry was so skilfully played, and received such applause, that a second number was given. It is sufficient to say that these concerts, being under the management of Mr. I. E. Suckling, were, of course, carried through, from a business standpoint, in a manner highly creditable to his judgment.

I have much pleasure in submitting to the readers of this column, the following letter written by the eminent violinist, Ysaye, to Herr Heinrich Klingensfeld, of this city, regarding a new violin school which he has recently written and will shortly publish.

Hotel Martin,
New York, April 21, 1895.

Monsieur H. Klingensfeld :

Mon cher collègue,—I have read your violin school (Méthode Elementaire) with the greatest interest, and find it well worked out, finely graded and full of interesting features, and the result of great experience. Believe me, I am not exaggerating when I tell you I recommend it to all, and when necessary I will use it myself. Allow me to congratulate you for this high work of art and herewith send you my most affectionate salutations.

Yours,
(Signed) E. YSAÏE.

I am unable to furnish my readers with an account of Trew Gray's recital in St. George's Hall on Monday evening last, as, being at the Gilmore concert above spoken of, I was unable to be present.

A report of the Toronto Vocal Club's concert in Association Hall is unavoidably held over until next issue. W. O. FORSYTH.

NOTES.

Our readers are reminded of the Nordica-Aus der Ohe concert, in the Massey Hall on Friday evening, the 10th of May. These two artists are among the best living and should draw an immense audience. The prices are extremely reasonable also, as will be seen by the daily papers.

Mr. W. E. Fairclough will give his eighth and last organ recital next Saturday afternoon at four o'clock, in All Saints' Church.

Art Notes.

No periodical amongst those that have recently come into existence has taken a stronger hold of the art-loving public than *The Yellow Book*. And the interest in it is not confined to those of aesthetic tendencies but unfortunately a morbid curiosity to fathom its muddy depths—or, perhaps, I should say, prod its muddy shallows—is apparent in so many grades of society that the book threatens to commit the enormity of continuing to live.

Not that it is exactly a bad book. It is only baddish. It is rather difficult to define what is wrong with it; one only has a vague disrelish for it—a feeling akin to that instinctive antipathy which one experiences in relation to certain persons on the first occasion of meeting them.

There are, however, a few definable objections to the book in question; and the most conspicuous is the dominance of Beardsley. Of course if you remove Beardsley the book has no longer a *raison d'être*. Such a course would be absurd; it would be like taking the canker out of a Stilton; and there is not a literary *gourmet* of us all who could find in it, after such an elimination, a single morsel wherewith to tickle his jaded palate. The whole fabric of the publication, literary and artistic, is supported by Beardsley; and by Beardsley it is damned.

A notable feature in quarterlies is that they only appear four times a year; and I believe that one of the concessions to conventionality which is made by the publishers of *The Yellow Book* is that they adhere to this traditional limit. So that the sadness of our century's decay is not deepened very perceptibly by the appearance, at long intervals, of this unhealthy book: just as the physical decline of an individual is not much accelerated by an occasional recourse to morphia, or a rare indulgence in lobster at unseasonable hours of the night. The Board of Management of this book is a subject which fills me with wonder. I take it for granted that there is a Board, because the theory of a single dominant editor is quite untenable except on the supposition that he is a hydra, any one of whose heads is unaware of the mental processes of the other six, and whose general character is sinister. The Board is a matter for marvel; and on the Board is a man yearning after better things. He is the man who inserted in the October number (1894) the lyric by William Watson and the sonnet on George Meredith by Fullerton. Not that he was altogether well advised in so doing. The act shows him to be wanting in the sense of fitness and proportion. The purity of these contributions excites one's pity almost more than one's admiration. They remind me of the face of a beautiful child that I once encountered—in Seven Dials. But one cannot help liking this neophyte of the Board; and, with all its dread consequences, it is hard to condemn the casting of pearls.

Sprinkled through the three first volumes of the book are many gems of literature, and here and there a picture of a very degree of merit. But these latter are very rare. The illustrations are much more limited in their range than is the letter-press. The writings cover a large area of the world's interests, but the pictures seldom go beyond Leicester Square. There is the same Cockney narrowness in the choice of illustrations as is exhibited in the hanging of the walls of the New English Art Club; and the same prurient desire to display a laxity in morals is shown through a thin cover of pretended unconsciousness. But the wickedness of the artists would be deplored chiefly by Taine's critic "with the white tie." What is much worse is their taste. Underlying a large proportion of the drawings is a hopeless, fundamental, ineradicable vulgarity. These people are merely in bad taste. I have met villains who were fascinating. I could form a watchful and wary friendship with Mephistopheles, but my soul abhors a cad. Beardsley, with his indisputable inventive faculty, is perhaps the most original of all the contributors to this book. He has great power of design, versatility, and breadth. He reaches the highest point in design and the lowest in depravity. There are several competitors in the class of cheap vulgarity. Steer reaches a pretty low level with his Skirt Dancing (in the October number), a cleverish, ill-drawn figure; and he is run close by Beerbohm, whose George the Fourth reminds one of the sort of trash one draws on one's blotting-pad when the mind is engaged on questions of grammar and syntax.

No one familiar with the mode of life of half of the feverishly clever painters of London can be surprised at the material which they use for their work, or their manner of painting. Their subjects are reminiscences of the night before, and their manner the outcome of the morning after. A night at the Hogarth will introduce you to half the brilliant painters in London: the others will be sober. E. WYLY GRIER.

Art needlework, tapestry-painting, china-painting and general work in oils represent rather a wide field for one artist's work; yet a visit to Miss N. Woodburn Davidson's

studio, at the corner of College and Yonge Sts., at once convinced us of its possibility and furnished us with some useful information regarding these schools of art. Miss Davidson is probably the authority of North America on art needlework, and it was principally to learn something of it that we visited her studio. Our trouble was well repaid for the beautiful effects possible to the commonplace needle were indeed surprising. This work, the artist informed us, is destined to become very popular by reason of the cheapness of the necessary materials. China-painting, she explained, is a most fascinating study, but the cost of the materials puts it beyond the reach of many people. Certainly the beautiful specimens which we were permitted to see should captivate the feminine heart. Flaring poppies after the order of South Kensington, all sorts of table centres, doyleys, cushions, etc., decorated with exquisite designs in softest shades from white to pink, blended as only South Kensington crewels can blend; in silks, sweetest mignonette, luscious strawberries, and scented clover: all were calculated to delight the eye of woman—or of man either, for that matter. We were shown also an artistic piece of work in opal-shading, by a promising pupil. The walls of the studio were decorated with beautiful specimens of the artist's work. Two tapestry panels in the Louis XVI. style were especially suitable for hall or dining-room, and there was also a music-room screen representing Grecian figures holding musical instruments. To china-painting Miss Davidson has devoted much of her time, and the shelves of her studio bear evidence to her skill in this branch. We were shown plaques, table-tops, jars, tea-sets, dessert, and game sets, all most beautifully done and complete in every detail. Of the specimens we saw some of the most effective were in oil. Two screens were especially noticeable, one of richly-hued hollyhocks beside a thatched cottage, and the other a boudoir screen of soft, gray palms and La France roses. An hour passed all too quickly, admiring the pretty things and gathering information about schools of needlework and of painting, and being initiated into the technique of both. Miss Davidson studied for years in London, England, and, until a year and a half ago, resided in St. Louis, where she attained to a great and enviable distinction.

The Napoleonic Exhibition of water colours, fac-similes, etchings and engravings at Messrs. Roberts and Sons, which opened a few days ago, will be continued until May 11th. The collection, as we mentioned in a previous issue, is of great value and beauty, which no one at all interested in art matters can afford to miss. Special attention should be given to a fine artist proof etching by Lamotte, "The Eve of Austerlitz." The picture illustrates this striking passage from Thiers: "After having spent the day at the bivouac with his marshals, Napoleon desired to see his soldiers so as to personally judge of their moral disposition. The first who perceived him, wishing to light his steps, gathered the straw of their bivouacs, and formed burning torches which they placed at the end of their muskets. In a few minutes this example was imitated by the entire army, and, along the vast front of our position, was seen to shine this singular illumination. The soldiers followed the steps of Napoleon to the cry of 'Vive l'Empereur', promising to show themselves on the morrow worthy of him and of themselves."

Quality, if not quantity, is the characteristic of the promising little art exhibition which opened on the 22nd ult., in the Canadian Club rooms at Hamilton. There are less than a hundred pictures, principally water colours and black and white, but the exhibit is all original, and, as the work of young

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local artists, is probably the most promising display yet held in Hamilton. The idea in getting up the affair was to give the friends of Mr. J. S. Gordon an opportunity to see that young artist's work prior to his departure for two or three years to study in Paris. A few of his friends were invited to contribute to the exhibition, with the result mentioned. Mr. Gordon's water colours occupy the west wall of the room, and are, of course, the central feature. Amongst the other contributors are Miss Galbraith and Miss Wright and Messrs. Allan and Heming.

* * *

Personal.

Mr. Boyd, M.P., has gone to Manitoba on Hudson Bay Railway matters.

Judge Barry, of the Circuit Court, died at Montreal after two days' illness of peritonitis.

Viscount Peel, the late speaker of the House of Commons, is to receive the freedom of the city of London.

The law faculty of Ottawa University last Saturday elected Judge Formier dean, Solicitor-General Curran vice-dean, Hon. R. H. Scott delegate to University Senate.

The Hon. Andrew G. Blair, Attorney-General and Premier of New Brunswick, passed through Toronto last Monday on the way to Montreal, en route for St. John. Mr. Blair was accompanied by the Hon. Wm. Pugsley, formerly Solicitor-General of the Province.

The late James W. Scott, editor and publisher of the Chicago *Times-Herald*, gave good advice to a young man who had just bought a new paper in the Far West. "Don't make your paper as good as you can afford," said Mr. Scott, "make it as good as you know how." There is a world of wisdom in this advice.

Mr. John Mackie, the author of "The Devil's Playground," is a resident of Edinburgh. The strange title of his story was suggested by the conflicting passions that swayed the hearts of his characters. To give his story a double right to the title, moreover, he introduced into its scenes a valley in the Bad Lands, which he himself had named while in charge of a Northwest Mounted Police detachment.

The annual meeting of the Parliamentary Press Gallery was held last Saturday. Mr. R. N. Macleod of *The Citizen*, Ottawa, was elected President; Mr. W. Mackenzie, of *The Herald*, Montreal, Vice-President; Mr. Geo. Simpson, of *The Globe*, Toronto, Secretary. The following constitute the Executive Committee: Messrs. J. A. Phillips, *Gazette*, Montreal; R. A. Payne, *Sun*, St. John; A. Oliver *La Minerve*, Montreal; A. J. Magurn, *Globe*, Toronto, and J. D. Clarke, *Advertiser*, London.

Mr. Edmund Gorse, whose father began his natural history studies in Newfoundland, has written an interesting prefatory note to the history of Newfoundland which Judge Prowse will publish through Messrs. Macmillan at the end of this month. Judge Prowse and his son have spared no pains to make their researches into the past of the Island Colony complete. They have paid especial attention to the literary treasures of the Elizabethan and other periods which are stored at Hatfield house, and the result should be to throw much new light upon the subject.

Mr. Paul M. Potter's dramatization of "Tribby" has made a popular success in New York as well as in Boston. Hundreds of people were turned away from the Garden Theatre on Monday night. Mr. Potter has just signed a contract with Mr. Beerbohm Tree, giving that actor the right to produce the play in London. Mr. Tree will play Svengali. What a pity that Mr. Irving did not secure the play! He would have made a wonderful Svengali, and Ellen Terry would have been Tribby without trying. Another popular novel to be dramatized is "Tess of the D'Urbervilles." Mrs. Patrick Campbell is to play Tess.

An Old Lady's Story.

— — —
A SUFFERER FOR YEARS FROM KIDNEY AND LIVER TROUBLES.

Lost Her Appetite and Suffered from Lameness in the Back and Soreness Throughout the Body—Despite Advanced Years She is Again Hale and Hearty.

Brantford Expositor.

Scotland is the name of a pretty little village in the county of Brant, twelve miles from Brantford. One of the oldest residents of the village is Mrs. Mary Bowman, widow of the late James Bowman, and to say that she is known to every person in the community and to many outside the county is but stating a simple fact. A reporter of the Expositor, who recently had occasion to visit the village, was informed that Mrs. Bowman is another of the numerous army of sufferers made well by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and interviewed her with a view to getting the particulars. Mrs. Bowman is now nearly 72 years of age, but from all appearances is enjoying the best of health and bids fair to be spared to see more years than the allotted three-score and ten. Her story can best be given in her own words. She said:—"I had been afflicted with liver and kidney complaint for many years past, and a year ago this spring I was nearly used up and barely able to do anything. The symptoms of my trouble were lameness in the back and soreness all through the body. I had a kind of neuralgia in my head nearly all the time and had completely lost my appetite. For relief I had tried many remedies, but they were of no assistance, and I continued to be troubled with these severe pains. One day a lady friend urged me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and I purchased a couple of boxes. While taking these my appetite returned and my lameness did not bother me so much. I then purchased seven more boxes and continued taking them, and continually felt an improvement, and by the time I had used up the pills I was enjoying better health than I had done for years, and I am now entirely free from aches and pains. I know that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a grand medicine, and I have recommended them to many of my friends." Mrs. Bowman is so well known that no person will for a moment doubt the statement she makes as to great benefit she has found from the use of Pink Pills.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y., at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50. The price at which the pills are sold make a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.

* * *

"Hold up yer hands!" sternly commanded the footpad. "I'll throw up one of them," said the sour-looking man, suiting the action to the word. "If you want the other one up you'll have to raise it yourself. I can't. Say, do you know of anything that's good for rheumatism."

"I've heard your preacher half a dozen times," said the boy who was whittling a stick. "You people pay him \$3,000 a year. He ain't a bit better'n our preacher, and all we pay our'n is \$900." "Yes, but our preacher says eyether and nyether, and your'n don't," replied the boy who was sharpening his knife on his shoe.

"Here is some angel food I made myself," she said. He paled. "Thank you, darling," he faltered, and partook. That night the painter dreamed, whereat he rose and in feverish haste painted an art poster, which brought \$756. Then he kissed his wife fondly, called her a brave little woman, and wondered what he would do without her.

Mr. Newman (tearfully): Maud, I'm sure you don't love me as you used to. We've been married only two months, yet you've bolted your dinner to hurry away to the Municipal Protective League. Mrs. Newman: Hush, willie. Your tears quite unwoman me, dear. Be a good, brave little husband, and I'll hurry home and bring you a lovely box of cigarettes.

Mamma: You and your little visitors are doing nothing but sitting around and looking miserable. Why don't you play something? Little daughter: We are playin'. Mamma: Playing what? Little daughter: We is playin' that we is growed up.

"My," said the shoe clerk boarder, "but I did get a fine lot of sarcasm from my tailor when I had to stand him off again. Still, I rather think I deserved it." "In other words," giggled the Cheerful Idiot, "you deem his remarks both cutting and fitting."

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Personal.

The *Lawyer* says that Professor Huxley, though suffering seriously from influenza and bronchitis, is slightly better.

Ellen Terry is again able to appear at the Lyceum Theatre after her illness. Miss Terry has not been well all winter.

About three hundred and fifty ladies voted in the recent mayoralty election in Halifax. It is said that they kept very good order. We are glad to hear it!

Commander Stokes, bearer of Great Britain's ultimatum to the Nicaragua Government, is a son-in-law of Mr. Isaac Simpson, of Kingston, Ontario. Mrs. Stokes is now visiting the Limestone city.

Mr. Smalley, the well-known London correspondent of the *New York Tribune*, whose cables are widely read in Canada, is soon to take up his duties in New York as American correspondent of the *London Times*. Mr. Smalley is a good writer, and though an American, he is looked upon as quite a strong Tory in England—so much so that his American colleagues have christened him "The Squire."

Hon. Timothy W. Anglin, ex-Speaker of the House of Commons, has been appointed to the position of Clerk of the Surrogate Court, in succession to the late Sir James L. Robinson, who died in August last. The salary of the office is \$2,000. The appointment is a becoming tribute to one who has done the Reform party yeoman service for many years by his hard work, his brilliant oratory, and magic pen. Everyone will hope Mr. Anglin may long occupy his new position.

The male American is beginning to feel uneasy about many of Uncle Sam's daughters marrying abroad. He wants to stop it. This resolution was unanimously introduced in an American legislature the other day: "Resolved, That the members of the General Assembly of the State of Illinois do hereby request the daughters of Illinois not to accept the hand in marriage of any person not a citizen of the United States by right of birth or naturalization, as we are of the opinion that the daughters of Illinois should be patriotic in their views and should disregard the title of any foreigner, and marry none but a citizen of the United States."

Public Opinion.

Regina Leader: It is with no wish to be too sanguine that we hail with pleasure certain signs which seem to point to better days in the near future.

Vancouver News-Advertiser: We must not be too severe on Mr. Laurier, especially when we remember that he has got to satisfy both Mr. Martin and Mr. Tarte.

Montreal Herald: If the Manitoba Legislature should refuse to enact a remedial measure, would Sir Mackenzie Bowell's Government submit remedial legislation to the Dominion Parliament, or would it decline to submit such legislation?

Hamilton Spectator: The Dominion prohibition commission having reported, Sir Oliver Mowat's toll-gate commission will now take the field. This happy country is never without its farce. They come high; but we must have them.

Winnipeg Tribune: If the people of Manitoba want national schools let them stand by them and the politicians can be trusted to look after the technicalities. If they want national schools now, now is the time to strike. Elect no man for any office who is not sound on this question, and when he is elected, see that he is not allowed to waver.

Halifax Chronicle: Sir Hector Langevin won't feel so much alone as he has been for several years when Mr. Thomas McGreevy takes his seat in the House of Commons. Sir Hector, Sir Adolphe and Mr. McGreevy, when they have nothing else to do, can indulge in confidential chats over the cleverness which they displayed in collecting and distributing the corruption fund of 1887.

Montreal Gazette: Some papers are printing a story that Lieutenant-Governor Schultz, of Manitoba, intends to dismiss the Greenway Ministry. It is understood to have had its origin in a mahatma's attempt to fathom the mind of a Liberal statesman at Ottawa, who was trying to think of things that might happen to help Mr. Laurier to avoid expressing an opinion on the Manitoba school issue.

Owen Sound Times: It is not to the credit of the Dominion Government nor of the Ontario Government (either could stop the shipping of Canadian logs to the United States) that the Americans are able to make a profitable business out of the manufacture of Canadian logs into lumber, while Canadian sawmills are lying idle. It is abominable that Canada should throw away her most valuable asset to make work and wages for the people of Michigan.

Montreal Witness: The Bowell Government speaks in one breath of the necessity of retrenchment and in the next of taking the preliminary steps for the building of the Hudson Bay Railway, the construction of the Trent Valley canal and the digging of a tunnel between the mainland and Prince Edward Island, each one of which will cost millions upon millions of dollars, which will never yield a cent's return to the government, but will, on the contrary, necessitate further expenditure for maintenance.

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asked Mr. A., despondently. "I declare, my wife is so nervous and irritable that I don't stay in the house a moment longer than I can help. My home isn't what it used to be." "Mrs. A. is suffering from some functional derangement, I presume," said B. "Yes, she has been an invalid for years." "Exactly. Her experience is that of my wife, but she was cured by Dr. Pierce's Favourite Prescription. Get this remedy for Mrs. A., and the happiness of your home will soon be restored." Mr. B. was right. For prolapsus, painful periods, irregularities—in short, all "complaints" peculiar to the female sex—the "Favourite Prescription" is a sovereign specific.

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POET-LORE
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 LETTERS
 Shakespeare Anniversary Number.
 April, 1895.

SCHILLERS "JUNGFRAU VON ORLEANS": Its Points
 of Contact with Shakespeare. *J. N. Willan.*
WHEN SPENSER DIED. *Julia C. R. Dorr.*
**SHAKESPEARE'S "JOHN-A-COMBE," "THE MOV-
 ING WOOD," AND A FORGOTTEN ESTIMATE
 OF BACON.** *Charlotte Carmichael Stopes.*
**MORAL PROPORTION AND FATALISM IN "HAM-
 LET."** *Barnes Shakespeare Prize Essay. Elta
 Adams Moore.*
URIEL ACOSTA, Act III. Conc. *Karl Gutzkow. Trans-
 lated by Richard Hovey and Francois Steuart Jones.*
HORATIO AS A FRIEND. *H. P. Goddard.*
SUCH A COMMONPLACE MAN. *Esther Jackson.*
MRS. MOULTON'S "OSHAUGHNESSY." *C.*
**ELIZABETHAN LYRICS.—THE TECHNIQUE OF
 THE DRAMA.—TEN BRINKS SHAKESPEARE
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Scientific.

Artificial india-rubber from cottonseed oil is one of the latest industrial products, says *The Tradesman*, London. The discoverer states that, while experimenting with cottonseed oil to produce a varnish for painting, he obtained a substance entirely foreign in its make-up and properties to what was sought—not a varnish, but a rubber. So simple is the process, as alleged, that it is not within the protection of a patent—the only safeguard being, therefore, in the secrecy of the process, by the use of which, it is asserted, only fifteen per cent. is required of the genuine rubber to produce an article which can in no way be distinguished from the ordinary crude india-rubber.

The largest derrick in the world is said to be that used in the granite quarry of C. E. Tayntor & Co., at Barre, Vt., says *Stone*. Its mast is 99 feet high, and is held by 10 guys, each running out about 200 feet to heavy anchorages. The boom can swing around a circle 142 feet in diameter, and like the mast, is built of Phoenix columns. The loads are hoisted by means of a steel wire rope 1 1/4 inches in diameter, and the boom itself is handled with a similar rope of 3/4 inch in diameter. Over a mile of steel rope was used in rigging the derrick, and its weight exclusive of the rope, is about 50,000 pounds. It is operated by means of a hoisting engine, and so well are all parts designed that a pull of 300 pounds at the end of the boom will revolve the whole appliance when the boom is horizontal and loaded with 37 1/2 tons. The derrick has been tested with a load of 57 1/2 tons, although designed to carry only 40 tons; and if the ropes were heavy enough, the remainder of the apparatus has had sufficient strength to carry loads of 80 tons.

Most observing persons have noticed that, as twilight comes on, red objects lose their color sooner than others, finally appearing black while other colors are yet visible. We quote the following explanation of this fact from a review in *The Lancet* of Captain Abney's lectures on "Color vision," just published in England: "When the luminosity is gradually reduced, the various colors in great measure disappear, a person with normal vision passing through a stage of red-blindness as the intensity is diminished before he arrives at absolutely monochromatic vision. Captain Abney points out that the curious color of a moonlight landscape is entirely accounted for by this fact. White light becomes greenish-blue as it diminishes in intensity, and the reds and yellows, being reduced or absent, are not reflected by surrounding objects. Hence, moonlight is cold, while the sunlight is warm owing to their presence. The loss of colors in flowers as night draws on may be easily followed. Thus orange-colored flowers may be plainly distinguished, while a scarlet geranium appears black; green grass will be gray when the color of yellow flower may yet be just visible."

* * *

A thing that is not to be beaten: A drum with a hole in it.—*July.*
 "Did you manage to explain to your wife why you got home so late last night?" asked a convivial friend. "Y—yes." "What did she say?" "She said she wished I could be a little more original."—*Washington Star.*

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 The transfer books will be closed from the 17th to the 31st May inclusive.
 Notice is also given that the general annual meeting of the Company will be held at 2 p.m. **TUESDAY, JUNE the 4th**, at the office of the Company, for the purpose of receiving the annual report, the election of directors, etc.
 By order of the Board.
S. C. WOOD, Managing Director.
 Toronto, 17th April, 1895.

Literary Notes.

D. Appleton & Co. will be the American publishers of Count Tolstoi's new work of fiction, "Master and Man."

J. B. Lippincott Co. have in press for early publication a novel by Dr. C. C. Abbott, the popular writer of books on natural history, entitled "A Colonial Wooing." The author has for many years been collecting documents, etc., concerning the beginnings of the settlement by English Quakers of the Valley of Crosswick's Creek, Burlington Co., N.J., and this story is based on old journals, deeds, and other papers pertaining to the people and country as they were in 1695. The heroine is the author's own great-great-grandmother.

Macmillan & Co. have decided to issue in their "Eversley Series" a uniform edition of the following works by the late Sir John Seeley: "Ecce Homo," "Natural Religion," "The expansion of England," and "Lectures and Essays." To the miscellaneous works of Dean Church in the same series will be added a selection from his more important contributions to the *Guardian*, and also, by the courtesy of Messrs. Longman, the volume on "The Beginnings of the Middle Ages, which the Dean contributed to the well-known series of "Epochs of Modern History."

Dr. Breckenridge's *Canadian Banking System 1817-1890* was advertised in a recent number of *THE WEEK* among a list of Macmillan's publications. It is, however, copyrighted in Canada by the Canadian Bankers' Association and Messrs Macmillan's book, which was reprinted from the Canadian edition for the American Economic Association, is, therefore, not for sale in Canada. It is announced, for the information of those who were disappointed on seeking to obtain a copy of the advertised book, that the work is being published in the current year's volume of the *Journal of the Canadian Bankers' Association*, and the last part is to appear in an extra number to be issued probably in July. It can also be obtained from the Bankers' Association in book form bound in cloth. See advertisement on page 523 of *THE WEEK* for 26th April.

Messrs. Frederick Warne & Co., 3 Cooper Union, New York city, will issue immediately "The Royal Natural History," Part I, and continue, fortnightly, until complete. Edited by Professor Lydekker, F.R.S., F.Z.S., etc. "The Sheep Doctor," an entirely new work on this important subject, by Prof. Armatage. "Wayside and Woodland Blossoms:" a pocket guide to British wildflowers, with 128 colored plates. "The Spirit of Cookery," a popular treatise on the History, Science, Practice, and Ethical and Medical import of Culinary Art, with a dictionary of terms, by Prof. Thudichum (Lond.) on "Dinners Up to Date," with menus in French and English. "Paul Heriot's Pictures," by Alison M'Lean, author of "Quiet Stories from an Old Woman's Garden." "The Legends of King Arthur and His Knights," compiled and arranged by James Knowles (of *Nineteenth Century Magazine*). "Eliza Cook's Poems," with additions, will be added to the "Albion" Edition of the Poets. "Angling and How to Angle:" a practical guide, by R. B. Marston, Editor of *The Fishing Gazette*.

Montreal Star: The critical condition of affairs at Nicaragua has attracted new attention to the Nicaragua canal scheme. Sooner or later some one must solemnize the wedding of between the two greatest oceans; and if Britain should become located in Nicaragua, this Suez of the west might possibly fall under her control. She has a curious way of laying her hand upon the commercial gateways of the world; and the canal that pierces the Central American isthmus will be one of the greatest of these gateways. Last week's reference to the stupendous promise of the wing trade of the Pacific makes this abundantly clear.

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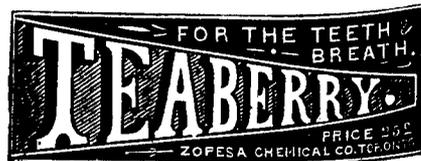
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"A feller don't know what to do," complained Tommy. "The kids that maw wants me to play with, their mothers don't want 'em to play with me."

Napoleon (bracing himself to keep his place on the pedestal)—Stop that! Who's pushing me? The Goddess of Fame—Shut up and move over! It's Bismarck.

Miss Blanc (contemplatively): That a nice looking watch. Did you have to buy a suit of clother to get that? John Ware (reflectively): No; on the contrary, I had to sell one.

Teacher: Do you understand the meaning of the terms capital and labour? Small Boy: Yes'm. If a boy has a sled, that's capital; if another boy rides down with him and then pulls the sled up, that's labour.

"Well," said one bacillus to another, "how are you and your human being getting along?" "It's a pretty close struggle," was the reply, "as to which of us can hold out the longer under the doctor's medicine."

"Can I write my name under the received payment on this bill?" asked the bill collector who likes to put things as delicately as possible. "No, thank you," replied Mr. Brokely, "I'm no autograph fiend."—*Washington Star.*

"Don't you find it—ouch—pretty hard pulling to make a living at this business?" asked the disagreeable man. "Yes, sir," said the dentist, applying the forceps again; "I live principally—hold still—from hand to mouth."

The husband of a new apostle of Malapropism had betaken unto himself a costume for a fancy ball. And his wife thus describes him to the people who drink her wine and eat her dinners: Then he came in in the garbage of a monk; and all I could say was "Exit homo!"

In a prominent church the choir sang one Sunday morning an unusually brilliant Te Deum which had a grand *fortissimo* ending. At its close the rector arose, and in his quiet voice read the second lesson, which, on this particular Sunday, was the twentieth of Acts, beginning, "And after the uproar was ceased."

WANTED TO KNOW HOW HE KNEW.

"Last Sunday," said the clergyman to his congregation, "some one put a button in the collection bag. I won't mention names. I will merely say that only one individual in the congregation could have done so, and I will expect the same member, after the service, to replace the button with a coin of the realm." After church a well-to-do but close fisted individual sought an interview with the clergyman in the vestry.

"I—er," he began hesitatingly, "must apologize for the—er—button incident, which I can assure you was an accident. I happened to have the button in my waist-coat pocket, together with a shilling, and took out the former by mistake. However, sir, here is the shilling."

"Thank you," said the clergyman, taking the shilling and gravely handing him the button.

"By the by, sir," said the man, "I cannot understand how you should have known that it was I who—er—committed the—er—much-to-be-regretted mistake."

"I didn't know," replied the clergyman. "Didn't know! But you said, sir, that only one individual in the congregation could have done so."

"Just so. You see, sir, it is scarcely possible that two individuals could have put one button in the bag; is it now?" said the clergyman with a bland smile.

It was so much easier for the button contributor to say "good day" than to answer this puzzling question that he made his bow at once.

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